Two Little Waifs

A Local Christmas Story.

[Written for the NATIONAL REPUBLICAN by G. H. B.]

Christmas was drawing near. The time when civilized mankind celebrates the birth of the Saviour of the world was almost at hand. From the upper windows of huge brick and stone churches shone bright lights, and on the still evening air sounded out sweet strains of music that told the world that choirs were rehearsing the old, old story of "peace on earth, good will toward men."

The city of Washington had almost completed its preparations for the merry making that was to come, and the well-to-do people and crowded stores were alike clad in holiday attire.

Trudging slowly toward Fifteenth street, through the freezing slush that covered sidewalk and street, were two little children—a boy and a girl. The boy was the older, and, though his clothing was ragged and his feet bare, he marched along as bravely as the stoutest-hearted man. Holding fast his left hand with a chilly grip, and dragging a little, was the girl, a poor wee thing, with evidences of hunger printed on every angular and pallid feature of the miserable pinched face. She was not more than 8 years old, but in that brief existence had been crowded so much of suffering that life was a burden to the attenuated form, and the last spark of that spirit which marks the line between life or mere existence was on the verge of taking its flight.

"Jimmy," said the little one, bravely endeavoring to restrain the tears that would course down her cheeks, "Jimmy, where's we goin'? I'se so tired and cold."

"Ain't goin' much futher," was the boy's reply. "Right down there," pointing to the junction of New York avenue and Fifteenth street, "is lots o' people. Maybe, Mag, somebody 'll give us a nickel an' then we kin git sumthen to eat."

"Ooh!" exclaimed the little one, "look at that bew'ful place." And tempted by the brilliant store windows the weary pair crossed the street to gaze at the magnificent array of the necessaries and luxuries of life as displayed in the windows of a huge grocery store. Baskets filled to overflowing with luscious grapes and oranges were near the door, while around them rosy cheeked apples mingled in contrast with bright colored lemons. Huge pyramids of glass jars filled with jellies and preserves reared themselves on high. Shelves loaded down with every description of edible dainty stretched out their apparantly endless length, and in the brilliancy of the scene the two little starvelings forget the hunger and the cold.

"See there, Mag," said the boy, "look at them cakes on that there table."

The little pinched nose was flattened against the window and the sad eyes peered in the direction indicated at a number of home made fruit cakes, of which the house was making a specialty.

So absorbed were they in looking at the newly found world that they heard not the footsteps of an elderly man who, seeing the ragged little waifs at the window, had stopped to watch them.

"Don't I wish I could git some o' that cake for ye, Mag," came from the boy's lips. "Ye'd like it, and," he added, "so'd I, 'er I hain't had nothin' this blessed day."

Somebody's hand touched his shoulder and he turned quickly. Somebody's voice sounded out through a huge muffler:

"Come in, both of you. I'll fill you for once."

And in they crept—into the grateful warmth of the beautiful store—and while they munched the preserve-besmeared crackers which their benefactor bought for them he profusely scattered around. In one glass case were fancy boxes of imported chocolates—the most delicious of confections; in another were arranged wax candles of every conceivable shade and hue and artistically decorated, while alongside of that were ornamental candle shades in colors that rivaled the beauties of a rainbow.

Busy clerks bustled around and waited upon the crowds of customers, who realized that there was but one store in the city from which to buy their Christmas fruits, nuts, cakes, and candy, and that store was the one which they were in. Mr. Magruder was tueying himself in not only seeing that every one was being waited upon, but was ready at any moment to charm a customer with his persuasiveness.

Upstairs could be heard the rumbling of barrels and the rattle of boxes, as the huge stock was rapidly being decreased by heavy purchases. From the basement came the clinking of bottles, for down in its gloomy recesses was gathered every variety of "strong waters," and the voice of the season was calling them forth.

The present appetite of the children was stayed, and after shyly thanking their generous but unknown friend, the children found themselves once more on the cold street, still looking with a genuine but more familiar admiration at the beautiful store.

"Harry!"

"Yes, dear."

"Why will you bring me such stories as this?"

And the young and pretty bride held out the book she had been reading.

"It's a Christmas story, puss, and I thought that was the variety of literature best suited to the season," was the husband's reply.

Mrs. Franklin laid down the volume with a sigh.

"It's so sad," she said, mournfully. "Why is there so much of misery at a time when all the world should rejoice. We are so happy ourselves that I wish everyone else could be happy too."

And the soft-voiced wife gazed sorrowfully at the burning logs which crackled and roared in the open fireplace.

Every surrounding was beautiful. The walls were plastic and of a light amber color that glowed and changed in the firelight with a peculiar beauty. Every decoration was suggestive of Flora's brightest offerings. The tones of the cornice and ceiling were soft blues and old pinks with all the complementary colors in their varied and exquisitely blended beauties. A carpet of the thickest English moquette covered the floor, and compelled the heaviest footsteps to be noiseless. Every article of furniture was in perfect harmony with the decorations that had been so lavishly yet artistically bestowed. The hangings, in heavy folds, of deep rich hues, were so graceful, so warm, that nothing more could be desired. The room was a poem of color and beautiful design worthy the genius of Milne.

Money to Mr. Franklin was useful only for what it would buy, and he had expended it lavishly on the cage to which he had brought his "birdie" but a few weeks before. Anything that he considered necessary, and a great deal that was not necessary, had been purchased to complete the furnishing of his home. But even to him, accustomed to luxury from his infancy, his home was more beautiful, viewing it critically, than any he had ever seen, and when Milne, two days before the wedding, escorted him through the house he could scarcely find words to express his admiration, and as he thought of it, reclining in his beautifully upholstered easy chair, watching his wife's thoughtful face, he was indeed a happy man; proud of his wife and proud of their home.

Suddenly the wife's reverie was broken by Mr. Franklin saying:

"Suppose we hunt up a few Christmas presents?"

"I'm agreeable," was her reply, as she arose from her seat and walking around to his side, leaned over and kissed him tenderly.

Then she tripped upstairs and returned in a few minutes ready for the walk down town.

"Where shall we go?" he asked.

"To the Palais Royal, of course," was her reply, given in a tone that seemed to say, "You men never do know anything."

Down the avenue they went, and, after a little squeezing, they succeeded in elbowing their way through the crowd at the door into that beautiful emporium of combined art and usefulness. What a bewildering array of pretty things! Here the crush was not so great, for the upper floors occupied by Mr. Lisner had relieved the pressure downstairs.

"Now we are here, what shall we buy?" queried Harry.

"Just wait awhile," was his wife's response.

"You keep still," she added. "You are simply doing escort duty; I am the shopper."

While his charming wife was examining the contents of various cases, Harry stood back on the lower step of the stairs and looked at the scene. How pretty did it seem! Dolls, fans, jewelry, canes, umbrellas, gloves, furs, leather goods, plush goods, handkerchiefs, and ten thousand articles for all uses—decorative or useful—were all around; suspended from the ceiling, covering the walls, crowding the shelves, stacked on the counters—presents, nothing but presents; richer in its contents than even the fabled Aladdin's cave did the Palais Royal appear to his eyes.

"The goods will be sent out in the morning," said the young lady of whom Mrs. Franklin had bought most of her presents, and then the loving couple made their way to the street and were about to continue down the avenue when Harry said:

"Come over here, little woman; I want to show you something."

And together they crossed the broad thoroughfare and entered the store of the Smith Cycle Manufacturing Company.

"Mr. Childs," said Harry, addressing the president of the company, who was seated at his desk, "this is my wife," and, he continued, as Mr. Childs smiled and bowed, "I want you to show her that beautiful tandem machine I was looking at yesterday."

With a mysterious look on his visage Mr. Childs complied with the request, and out in the center of the outer office stood the machine asked for. It was a beauty; perfect in every respect, and finished in the most minute particular. How it was admired by everybody and praised by the salesman; until at last Mrs. Franklin was compelled to say that she wished it was hers.

"It is, dear," said her husband; "that's your Christmas present. How do you like it?"

Of course she couldn't express her thanks—not before those strangers—but she looked them, and Harry continued:

"Now we can go out every fine day and take a nice ride together. I'm going to sell the extra horse, for we shan't have much use for the team, except, of course, when you want it to go shopping with or to drive out during the day with somebody. This," touching a new "Dart" safety bicycle, "is mine; I'm going in for lots of exercise, and when we cannot go out on the tandem then I'll take a spin alone."

"You'll please send them up in the morning," said he to the salesman, and that gentleman nodded assent, and as his customers were leaving the store said, "If you want a nice bicycle or tricycle for the children we have a splendid stock on hand—nothing better anywhere south of New York," but the only response he received was a laughing shake of the head from Harry and a tiny blushing smile from his wife.

"Papa, we're just like a pair of conspirators; we're afraid somebody will see us or hear us, and then all our plans will be spoiled. It's real nice, though, to have a sure-enough secret."

The speaker was a girl of about 16 years of age, and a jollier one never lived. She was of medium height, with soft brown hair and dark eyes of the same hue, and was possessed of a disposition to love everybody and everything. Clad in a warm, closely-fitting garnet dress, Kitty Rivers was a model for any artist who desired to place on canvas a picture of "Sweet Sixteen."

Her father, elderly and gray haired, had just returned home after an excursion down town and the two were holding their conversation in the hall so that none but themselves might know the secret to which Kitty had referred.

"Did you buy it?" she asked.

"Yes, little one. I bought it."

"And you think it's real nice?"

"Yes."

"Won't mamma be pleased, though. She hasn't any idea that you are going to give her a sewing machine, although she needs one, because the old one is pretty well used up. What kind did you get?" she continued.

"Well, I went into half a dozen different descriptions of machine and no one of them took my fancy or impressed me with its real worth so effectually as the Silent White Machine."

"Oh! I know, that's the machine Mr. McKenney sells."

"Yes; but listen; here it comes," and he softly opened the front door and watched a man lift the beautiful Christmas present out of the wagon and then helped him carry it up the steps and put it down in the hall.

"It's the same place," said Kitty, looking at the tag, "427 Ninth street. That's where I buy the "Universal Patterns."

The wrappings that covered the machine were speedily removed, and just as that operation was finished a door on the floor above was opened and Mrs. Rivers called out, "What are you people doing down there so long. I heard papa come in more than ten minutes ago, sad!"—here she came quickly down the stairs—"I declare he hasn't his hat or overcoat off yet." Then her eyes fell upon the machine, and by intuition she knew it was for her.

"Oh, you dear old husband," she said, "how dare you to buy me such a beautiful present," and she gave him one of those kisses that was the sweeter for the twenty years of married life that had blessed the couple.

"That isn't so much of a Christmas present," said Mr. Rivers, as he deliberately got out of his overcoat. "You ought to see the magnificent Estey organ that Mr. Hamilton bought for his wife. I don't know how much it cost, but it is a perfect beauty. There is no gingerbread about it; it's solid goods, and far more reasonable in price than the organs made of poor material by inferior firms. I was in his house about an hour ago and it had just come, and, of course, Mrs. H. was almost crazy with delight, but she gradually got herself sufficiently under control to sit down and play a few tunes, so that we might judge of the power and tone of the instrument. She says there isn't a "dummy" stop in it. Oh, it's a beauty, I tell you."

"By the way, old lady," he continued, "I met two poor starved little youngsters down on New York avenue to-night, and the little wretches looked so miserable that I took them into Magruder's grocery store, and gave them enough to last them till morning. Right, wasn't it?"

"Halloo," exclaimed Mr. Franklin, as they arrived at their door, "What's this? Well, I declare; it's some poor boy, almost frozen to death," and he shook the lad vigorously, but no sign came from the cold form.

Very speedily was the door opened, and in a few seconds the boy was on the old carved oaken bench in the warm hall, where the gaslight had its cheerful gleams reflected in the mirror that stood above the pent roof which surmounted the old-fashioned "ingle-neuk," in which laid the andirons and other accompaniments of a fire-place in the good old baronial days.

It was a work of time, but after the doctor, who had been hastily summoned, and Mr. Franklin had labored without cessation for almost an hour, the patient began to show some very definite signs of life, and an hour later was comfortably tucked in a warm bed in one of the upper rooms.

Then he told his story. In some inexplicable manner he had been separated by the crowd from his little sister, and he had wandered around looking for her until, despairing, tired unto exhaustion, and cold almost as the grave, he had laid himself down on the nearest doorstep to die; and, as he related the simple but sorrowful tale and mourned for lost "Mag," tears filled the listeners' eyes and hearts grew sad as they began to realize how much of misery there was abroad at Christmas time.

Without delay Mr. Franklin informed the police of the boy's narrative, and when the relief went on duty at midnight every man had been instructed to look out for a little ragged girl, whose distinguishing features were large blue eyes and a head of unkempt hair. The mark of a severe burn could also be seen on her right arm. But no such little waif was found, for, after crying until her tears ran dry, the child, whose wanderings had taken her near the Center market, crawled into a wagon in which was a lot of hay, and there sobbed and shivered herself to sleep.

The morning of the day preceding Christmas broke cold and clear, and just as the clocks were striking the hour of 6 little Mag unrolled herself from her wrappings of hay, and, dropping to the sidewalk, stretched her stiffened limbs. A generous-hearted German woman who had come to the market to sell her few herbs took pity on the child's woe-begone appearance and shared with her the cup of hot coffee and the two or three slices of raisin bread off which she was making her breakfast, and then the child wandered off—anywhere—to find Jimmy; her dear brother Jimmy, who at that time was sound asleep in the home of Mr. Franklin.

It was after 8 o'clock when Jimmy had his breakfast, and then, weak and sick as he was, insisted on going out "to find Mag."

"Come with me first," said Mr. Franklin, "We've got to put a decent suit of clothes on you. You look like a little scarecrow now." So after the morning meal had been dispatched the carriage was ordered around and the ragged little urchin stepped in and seated himself alongside his benefactor.

"Where to, sir?" asked the coachman.

"To B. Robinson & Co.'s, 909 Pennsylvania avenue," was the reply, and the sleek, handsome horses whirled the carriage to the required destination in a few minutes.

"Step out, Jimmy," said Mr. Franklin, and the wondering youngster obeyed and followed his friend into the store.

"I want you to give this boy a complete outfit," said Mr. Franklin to a polite clerk who came up to him as soon as he entered.

Even at that early hour there were a number of customers in the store, and while the clerk bustled around getting the numerous articles of attire which he deemed necessary for the proper clothing of the boy, Jimmy stood near the cashier's desk and watched men come in and go out. They bought shirts and collars and cuffs. They tried on suits of clothes and examined the hundreds of beautiful specimens of neckwear which were shown them. All the minutiae that goes to complete modern and civilized man's toilet were to be seen, and the large number of purchasers was convincing proof that the goods were all of the best quality.

"No better place in town to buy clothing or furnishing goods," Jimmy heard one man say; to which the party addressed replied: "When they tell you that the things are first-class, you can rely on their statement. They never deceive."

Then Jimmy was conducted behind a screen, and, with the clerk's assistance, was so spruced up that when he appeared again in the open store Mr. Franklin did not recognize him.

The bill was paid, Mr. Franklin remarking that the prices were extremely reasonable.

Jimmy then had orders to return to the house at noon, and then he might, if necessary, go out again until evening, and on those terms he resumed his search.

The day wore on and a little while after the sun had passed the meridan and was hurrying down behind a bank of dark clouds wee, ragged, dishevelled Maggie stood in front of a store window on Ninth street gazing intently at the creations of a world of artists. There were the lamps; infinite in variety, brilliant in color, beautiful in design; adapted to any description of illumination, and at figures to suit every pocket. Fancies in brass—chased, hammered, cast or wrought, burnished or dull—bewildered her eyes. Glittering crystal chandeliers and globes of every hue dazzled her sight, while beautifully tinted lamp shades and innumerable combinations of glowing color fascinated her senses. Ranged tastefully down the length of the great store she could see gems of art, but knew not what they were. Rare bronzes and lovely terra cotta and terra verte goods had less value in her mind than the smallest pendant crystal that decked the beautiful hall lamp she admired so much, while the exquisite lace and ribbon shades in the most fashionable and desirable tints were not as much to her as the magnificent array of Christmas lamps which decked the shelves of the great establishment.

There was an admiring crowd in front of the windows, and Mag stayed there some time, for it was comfortably warm when hemmed in by heavy overcoats and fur cloaks.

Mag heard one gentleman say, "Isn't that beautiful!" and then he added, "There isn't a better firm in town to buy such goods from than from S. S. Shedd & Bro," and the lady whom he addressed said she was sure of that.

Just as Mag crept out of the crowd she brushed against a lady who, accompanied by a gentleman, was going into Jarvis's to lunch, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Franklin, for they were the couple, paid any attention to the ragged urchin, who, unobserved, followed in their wake, and after some little squeezing succeeded in seating themselves at one of the many little social tables in the lunch room of that famous house.

What a crowd it was. Ladies who had been out shopping were there, accompanied by their bundles, and ladies who were just starting out on a tour of the beautiful business palaces were also present. Gentlemen, too, were numerous.

"I like to come to Jarvis's to lunch," remarked Mrs. Franklin. "Everything is so clean, and you always feel satisfied when you order anything that what you get will be of unquestioned purity and will be well served."

"I understand," said her husband, "that the proprietor takes special pride in the quality of his goods, for I heard him say a little while ago that he had no candy in his house but what was of the very best materials, made only by standard firms."

"I haven't any doubt," rejoined Mrs. Franklin, "as to the truth of any of his claims. You cannot get better ice cream or water ices than he makes, and his cakes are delicious."

"I don't know what I would do if it wasn't for this place," remarked a lady who sat at an adjoining table. "Whenever I want to find any friend who happens to be down town I just come in here about 2 o'clock, and I am almost sure to find her. I believe everybody comes here to lunch."

The light meal was soon finished, and after purchasing some choice candy Mr. and Mrs. Franklin continued their walk.

Poor, weary Jimmy, sick at heart, and with a brain dizzy from the mental strain he had undergone, wandered without paying the slightest heed to the passing crowd. Soon he left the busy street and dragged his tired limbs along in front of a row of handsome residences, and when near the gate of one of the most striking houses exhausted nature gave way, and he fell fainting on the snow-covered sidewalk. How long he remained unconscious he knew not, but when his eyes opened he was in a warm room, and the first thing he saw was a big policeman bending over him, while watching him with anxious eyes was a beautifully dressed lady. The policeman poured some liquid in a teaspoon and gave it to the lad, and he swallowed it, although the taste was hot and disagreeable.

"Where do you live?" asked the lady.

"I ain't got no home," was the boy's reply; "but I kin stay with Mr. Franklin on Seventeenth street. I wuz out hunt'n' for my sister Mag, as wuz lost," and Jimmy burst into tears.

"He's all broke up, ma'm," said the officer; "he wants rest and good food. I know Mr. Franklin," he added, "and I'll take him to the house as soon as he can walk."

"I kin go now," said Jimmy. "'Taint far, is it?"

"No; only about five squares," replied the officer.

In the next room stood a piano, and near it was a young lady who had evidently been playing on it when Jimmy had been brought in. The boy saw her as he sat up on the sofa, where he had been placed, and then he looked at the instrument.

His eager gaze attracted the lady's attention, and she said: "Little boy, do you want me to play something for you?"

He nodded assent, and she sat down at the piano, and a moment or two later the sweet, soulful notes of that song of the world—"Home, Sweet Home," sounded softly on the ears of the listeners. It was very beautiful, and as the keys of that magnificent Decker piano were touched by skillful fingers the air seemed to be endowed with new charms and a more divine sympathy.

When the lady arose from the piano Jimmy murmured his thanks, and, putting his little hand in the policeman's gigantic palm, marched away.

"Where do they make them things?" asked Jimmy, referring to the piano.

"Don't know," said the officer, "but you can buy them at Sanders & Stayman's, on F street.

"The Decker is the boss piano," he added.

Christmas eve. What a whirl of memories it brings up. What fancy pictures of bygone holidays and happiness. What visions of hopes long dead and of loves that perished years ago.

It was bitter cold. The keen north wind tore through the streets wildly, venting its rude force on man and beast, and howling like a legion of demons. It forced its way through every cranny and crevice and caused even the parsimonious householder to stir up his fire and put on more coal.

Christmas Eve. The children in comfortable homes sat around the stove and, gazing into the depths of the flames, saw strange faces and things uncanny peering at them through the burst out holes in the mica. Quietly and confidentially did they whisper to each other of the presents that Santa Claus was going to bring them on the morrow, and the heavy eyelids drooped and the heads nodded until bedtime was announced; then the stairs were climbed and dreamy sleep succeeded.

Christmas eve. In a partially sheltered doorway was huddled up a little girl. For an hour or more, in spite of the cold, she had slumbered uneasily, and now, in a semi-somnolent condition, with numbed hands, and weary, ice-cold feet, she arose and stood on the upper step of the great office building the doorway of which had been her refuge for a little while. Down the stone steps she went slowly until the sidewalk was reached. Up the street, shivering in the storm, struggled the little one until the junction of Ninth and F streets was reached. For a moment she halted, attracted by the brilliant display of cut glass bottles, plush dressing cases, beautiful vases, and dazzling mirrors which filled the windows of Standiford's drug store, located at that point; then, with head bent down, she started to cross the street.

The rattle of a street car brake; a man's voice lifted in gruff warning; a child's shrill cry, and then the shriek of the wind swept on with no interrupting sound.

Tenderly was the little vagrant lifted up and carried into the warm store, and there experienced eyes saw the extent of the injury and skilled hands did all that humanity and science could do to relieve her, but in vain. The dark eyes opened wide and looked out of their hollow depths at the brilliant electric lights, at the well-stocked shelves, at the glass cases filled with Christmas goods of all kinds, and at the sorrowful faces of strong men who watched her with tears in their eyes.

She essayed to speak, but failed; the fragile form seemed to make one last attempt and she almost sat up, then fell back again.

"Jimmy," whispered the faint voice; "Jimmy," it repeated, fainter still, and in that final utterance nature exhausted itself and "Mag" was dead.

Dead, with her large eyes staring at the beautiful things she had admired so much, with a bubble of blood on the otherwise colorless lips, and with her tiny shriveled hands clenched tightly.

"Mag" spent her Christmas at home.

HOMESTEAD ENTRY SUSTAINED

Important Railroad Land Decision by Acting Secretary Muldrow.

Acting Secretary Muldrow yesterday rendered a decision in the case of the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad Company vs. Nathaniel P. Clabourn, on appeal, by the railroad company, from the decision of the general land office. The decision affirms the commissioner, and holds that a homestead entry made in November, 1868, on land included in the indemnity belt of the grant in aid of plaintiff's road must be sustained under the act of April 21, 1876, such entry having been made "by permission of the land department" after "the expiration of the grant."

The act of April 21, 1876, is construed to mean that, so far as concerns lands covered by entries otherwise regular, the prior actual "expiration of the grant" (by lapse of time) shall be deemed to have revoked the withdrawal, even though such "expiration" may not have been declared and insisted on as a ground of forfeiture as to such lands—that is to say, the act of 1876 is itself the "legislative proceeding" needed as the expression of the will of Congress that the forfeiture be insisted on.

The act of April 10, 1869, "reviving and renewing" the grant, the acting secretary holds, does not prevent the operation of the act of 1876, as the act of 1869 must be taken to have been made with reference to the state of things existing at the date of its enactment.

Department Changes.

The following official changes have taken place in the Interior Department:

Pension office—Appointment: T. P. Randolph, California, stenographer, $1,600. Resignations: George Jennings, New York, $1,200; Archer L. Carroll, Texas, $900. Promotions: [illegible] $1,200 to $1,400; C. H. Jonas, jr., Louisiana, and Mrs. Adelaide H. Woodall, Illinois, $1,000 to $1,200.

Snow, tree ornaments, Xmas cards, toys, scrap pictures. J. Jay Gould's 421 9th street.

Supreme Court Marshal.

There have been no new developments in regard to the intimated changes in the marshalship of the Supreme Court. Nothing definite has been ascertained as to the proposed retiring of Col. Nicolay or the appointment of his successor, and many persons are inclined to think that no change will take place in the office.

Free Admission Refused.

The Secretary of the Treasury has declined to admit Canadian horses free of duty for lumbering or other temporary purposes on the ground that it would be an interference with the contract labor act.

Christmas and New Year's Excursion Tickets.

The passenger department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company announce that, in accordance with their usual custom, they will sell excursion tickets during the holidays between all stations east of the Ohio river.

Tickets will be sold on Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26, 30, 31, 1887, and Jan. 1 and 2 1888, good for return passage until Jan. 3, 1888.

THE COURT RECORD.

United States Supreme Court.—The following business was transacted in the United States Supreme Court yesterday:

Henry DeWitt Hamilton, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., was admitted to practice.

No. 112. The United States, plaintiff in error, vs. Harrison Johnston. Argument continued by Mr. Assistant Attorney General Maury for the plaintiff in error, and by Mr. H. H. Bristow for the defendant in error, and concluded by Mr. Assistant Attorney General Maury for the plaintiff in error.

No. 114. John W. Brazee, appellant, vs. Nicholas Schofield et al. Argued by Mr. Lysander Holmes for the appellant, and submitted by Mr. Rufus Mallory for the appellees.

No. 105. D. H. Williams, plaintiff in error, vs. Edward D. Conger et al. Argument commenced by Mr. Eugene Williams for the plaintiff in error.

Adjourned until Monday.

Circuit Court—Justice Cox—Jones vs. Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company; verdict for plaintiff for $10,000. Keyser, receiver, vs. Hume's administrator and Pickrell's executors; on trial.

Equity Court—Justice Merrick—First National Bank of New York vs. District of Columbia; reference to special auditor ordered. Taylor vs. Duncanson; motion to repay surplus deposit overruled.

Criminal Court — Justice Montgomery.—Albert Green and Finney Webb, murder of James Lucas; Green guilty of murder and Webb acquitted.

Probate Court—Justice Merrick—Estate of Ambrose W. Thompson; will admitted to probate and record. In re minor children of Martha R. Baker; order of publication issued. In re will of Jacob Homiller; will filed for probate and record. Estate of William C. Costen; letters testamentary issued to Cecelia B. Costen; bond, $800. Estate of Carrie McL. Weed; will admitted to probate and record, and letters testamentary issued to John L. I. Weed; bond, $1,000. Estate of Wm. H. Brown; will fully proved and letters testamentary issued to Mary E. Brown; bond, $900. In re will of Michael B. Sullivan; will filed for probate. In re will of Susan Walker; will filed for probate. Estate of Susan J. Young; letters of administration issued to Jas. A. Suit; bond, $600. In re Carrie E. Dabney, minor; order appointing Mary E. Dooney guardian; bond, $600. Estate of Edward Fee, alias Alexander; first and final account of administrator approved and passed. In re F. L. McLane, minor; order appointing Blair Lee guardian. Estate of Charles L. Bailey; letters of administration issued to Robert L. Bailey; bond $400. Estate of Metta Eichstadt; letters of administration issued to Adolph H. Eichstadt; bond $5,000. In re will of Agnes M. Smith; will filed for probate. In re Albert J. and Lena J. R. Stoerzer; order appointing Alice H. Stoerzer guardian; bond $1,000. In re Laura G. Golden; order authorizing John Golden, guardian, to advance ward $250 as marriage portion. In re E. A. McIntire; guardian filed answer and reference to W. H. Dennis. Estate of Catharine Monahan; order to sell sufficient to pay debts. Estate Samuel A. Appold; first and final account of E. B. Hay, administrator, approved and passed. Estate of Elizabeth Smith; first account of the executor passed. Estate of Charles H. Payne; supplemental and final account of administration passed. Estate of W. C. King; first account of executor passed. In re T. J. Pullin, guardian; first and final account passed. In re Thomas O'Brien and Bridget Joyce, guardians; first account passed. In re Richard B. L. Macrol; seventh, eighth, and final guardian's accounts passed.

To the Public.

We respectfully notify the public that we have no authorized solicitor for the Hazleton, Opera, or any other of our pianos. A new and large assortment of pianos and organs just received—call and examine. BEAUMANN & TASIET, 816 F street northwest.

NEARING THE GALLOWS.

The Jury Find Albert Green Guilty of Murder.

The arguments in the case of Albert Green and Finney Webb, charged with the murder of Albert Lucas last September, began at 10 o'clock in the circuit court yesterday morning. Counsel for defense requested the court to instruct the jury, first, that if Lucas brought on the fight, during which Green struck the fatal blow, a verdict of murder could not stand; second, that if the blow was struck, after provocation, by Green in self-defense, he should be acquitted; and third, that Green's drunken condition was known to Lucas and should be considered.

District Attorney Worthington began his argument at 11 o'clock and traced the history of the crime, claiming it was murder, while from Green's testimony it was shown that he was guilty of manslaughter.

Messrs. Browning and Lewis followed for the defendant, Green, claiming the murder to have been the result of a general fight, and that Green cut Lucas in self-defense.

District Attorney Worthington then closed the arguments, after which a recess was taken.

On reassembling the court recited the theory of the prosecution and defense to the jury and instructed them that if they found Green was the aggressor and made the attack on Lucas while the latter was being led away, and that Green was at no time on the defensive, and that he beat and cut Lucas, who died from the effects, a verdict of murder should be returned. Also, no matter who was the attacking party, if it was found that Green used his knife at the outset, intending to kill Lucas, it was murder. If Green was found to be the assaulting party Lucas simply defending himself, and Green inflicted injuries on Lucas, from which he died, it was murder. It was the duty of Green, also, to have used every means of retreating from the fight.

The court then defined the limits of manslaughter. If Lucas assaulted Green several times and in the heat of passion he drew a knife on the last occasion to protect his life, he should be acquitted; but if Green began the fight and cut Lucas he should be convicted as charged. After the instructions from the court were given to the jury they retired, at 1:35 o'clock, returning at 2:15 o'clock, having agreed on a verdict. The court and counsel were sent for, the jury polled, and the verdict, "Green guilty as indicted (murder) and Webb not guilty."

The jury were then discharged, Green remanded, and Webb ordered to stand up, when Judge Montgomery severely lectured him for the part he had taken in not getting Green away from the church, he knowing his condition. He hoped that Webb would lead a better life, and remember the narrow escape he had from the gallows.

A COMPLETE line of children's and youths' bicycles, tricycles, and velocipedes for the holiday trade at the Smith National Cycle Manufacturing Company's store, 1216 Pennsylvania avenue.

A Complaint from Denver.

A hearing was given yesterday by the interstate commerce commission in the case of John H. Martin and M. H. Martin, of Denver, Col., who alleges violation of section 4 of the interstate law (the short and long haul section), on the part of the Southern Pacific Company, the Central Pacific, and the Union Pacific roads. The complainants allege that in the transportation of dried fruits from San Francisco to Denver the railroad company charges $2.30, while from San Francisco to Omaha, a distance much greater, the charge is only $1.05. It is further stated that the rate back from Omaha to Denver is only $1 40. John H. Martin, one of the complainants; ex-Senator McDonald, Jeremiah Wilson, and John S. Blair, of this city, represented the company, and ex-Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, and C. S. Thomas, of Denver, the complainants.

$13.50 overcoats in many colors and shades. Eiseman Bros., manufacturers, cor. 7th and E.

Rewards for Heroism.

Secretary Fairchild has awarded life-saving medals to Capt. Wm. Babb, of Canada, and the members of his crew—Thomas Finn, Daniel Sullivan, Neil McIver, Malcomb McDonald, John McDonald, and John McLean—for heroic services in rescuing the crew of the American schooner A. C. Maxwell, in Canadian waters, in 1885. To Capt Babb is given a gold medal and each of the crew a silver medal. Silver medals have also been given to Henry H. Everett and Wm. R. Everett, of Chicago, and to John F. Kilty, of Boston, for heroic services in rescuing drowning persons during the past year.

Kane's Assailant Captured.

Officers Matthews and Morrisey, of the the sixth precinct, deserve credit in arresting, yesterday morning, John Goodrich, the colored youth who stabbed Thomas Kane, also colored, Wednesday night. The affair occurred on the officers' beat, and since then they have worked hard to get the culprit. Goodrich was taken to Freedman's Hospital and identified by Kane as his assailant. A companion of the wounded man called at the station house and also fully identified the prisoner. Goodrich lives at 39 I street, which is only three squares from the scene of the stabbing.

For medical purposes a fine lot of old whiskies, such as 1866, 1869, 1873, 1878, mellow with age. Convince yourself by calling at the reliable establishment of Chr. Xander, No. 999 Seventh street northwest.

UNDERTAKERS.

W. R. SPEARE,
Undertaker,
940 F Street Northwest.
Everything strictly first-class and on the most reasonable terms.
[Camp Chairs to hire for all occasions.]
TELEPHONE CALL—840.

KENFIELD'S,
No. 1205 F Street Northwest.
Christmas Presents.
LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.
GENTLEMEN'S GOLD WATCHES.
SILVER WATCHES.
SILVERWARE.
RINGS.
BRACELETS.
CHAINS IN GENT'S AND LADIES' WEAR.
CLOCKS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
GOLD-HEADED CANES.
OPTICAL GOODS A SPECIALTY.
All of which can be bought at reasonable figures.
KENFIELDS,
No. 1205 F Street Northwest.

FOR CHRISTMAS.
Richardson & Robbins Plum Pudding.
1-lb. cans only 20c, usual price 25c.
2-lb. cans only 40c, usual price 50c.
3-lb. cans only 55c, usual price 70c.
4-lb. cans only 75c, usual price 90c.
Whitman's Candies.
1-lb. boxes only 40c, usual price 50c.
1-lb. boxes (best) only 65c, usual price 80c.
Mandarin Oranges,
Tangerine Oranges.
English Jams and Marmalade,
20c. per jar, $2 25 per dozen.
Geo. R. Kennedy & Son
1209 F Street Northwest.
Champagne & Imported Cigars.

Christmas Gifts

Days of Holly and Mistletoe; shorter for shopping and longer for reading the holiday news. Let us carry your thoughts along with brief suggestions that you will welcome through this stock of things that fill the truest sentiment and measure of Christmas cheer—things to give for use and for wise giving:

SILK AND SATIN LINED OVERCOATS (as luxurious as clothing can be made) and plainer ones.
STORM COATS and ULSTERS to resist the winter shower.
DRESS and BUSINESS SUITS.
NECKWEAR, all the most fashionable shapes and shades, elegant quality, and made for us.
GENTLEMEN'S SILK MUFFLERS.
" SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.
" LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.
MEN'S and BOYS' UNDERWEAR.
" " DRESS SHIRTS.
" " FLANNEL SHIRTS.
" " COLORED SHIRTS.
BOYS' REEFING JACKETS.
" SCHOOL AND DRESS SUITS.
" OVERCOATS.
KILT SUITS, shirt waists.
SATIN EMBROIDERED SUSPENDERS.
FANCY HOSIERY.
CROWN COLLARS AND CUFFS.
MONARCH SHIRTS for Men and Boys.
CARDIGAN JACKETS.
SILK UMBRELLAS with attractive carved handles.
MEN'S AND BOYS' RUBBER COATS.
Best kind of GLOVES, Fur Trimmed and otherwise.
REAL BUCK GLOVES.
Also PERRIN'S CELEBRATED MAKE OF GLOVES.
ACME PANTS STRETCHERS.

OPEN EVENINGS.

B. Robinson & Co.
909 PENNA. AVE.

THE FINEST
—IS—
THE BEST
FOR YOU TO PRESENT.
The Great Holiday Gifts
IN RARE AND NEW
Confections and Chocolate
IN $1, $2, $3, $4, and $5 BOXES.
Stephen F. Whitman & Son
S. W. cor. 12th and Market Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Must Be Sold,
OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF
First-Class
SHOES!
RUBBERS
—AND—
ARCTICS
BY DECEMBER 31,
—AT—
PRICES NEVER HEARD OF.
L. Heilbrun,
Largest One Price Shoe House.
402 SEVENTH STREET N. W.
See The "Old Lady in Window."
P. S.—Large Chromos and Tickets for all.

Opening of Furs.
Our display of LADIES' FURS AND WRAPS is now complete.
SEALSKIN GARMENTS in every shape.
PLUSH WRAPS in every shape.
FUR TRIMMING in every variety.
LADIES' AND MISSES' MUFFS AND BOAS.
All Goods at New York Prices.
Willett & Ruoff,
HATTERS AND FURRIERS,
905 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

A Christmas
OFFERING
TO THE BOYS.
****
A discount of ten per cent. on all Boys' Overcoats, from 14 to 18 years, and on all our Kilt Suits for Boys from 2 to 5 years. This is a direct cash present to each and every boy of from 50c. to $2. Nothing more useful as a Christmas present to the boys than one of our Kilt Suits or Overcoats.
Don't forget it—
That our stock of Men's and Boys' Fine Suits is complete and is at your disposal, either for inspection or purchase, at the usually low prices for which our house has earned its well-merited reputation of selling fine and reliable Clothing at very moderate prices.
THE
Golden Eagle
CLOTHING COMPANY,
400 Seventh Street N. W., Corner D.

A BARGAIN!
****
Below you will notice a very accurate representation of one of our special holiday presents, suit a bleas a common sense gift to some gentleman friend.

PRICE, $6.48.
A fine, Silk-Plush Box, satin lined, containing the best zylonite hand glass, hair brush, shaving brush, coth brush, and soap dish; also two fine razors and an elegant porcelain mug. We guarantee this to be most complete and elaborate shaving set in the city for the price, $6.48, and nothing could be more appreciated by a gentleman who shaves. Our Plush Goods Department is worth visiting.
We are open nightly until 9 o'clock.
****
The Bon Marche,
316-318 Seventh Street N. W