WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN.

TELLING OF THE BARN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Dr. Talmage's Christmas Sermon—A Picture That Painters Cannot Reproduce—Astronomers Will Yet Recognize the Star of Bethlehem—Keeping Jubilee With God.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 25.—Services to-day at the Brooklyn Tabernacle were jubilant. Professors Browne and Ail, with organ and cornet, were unusually powerful, and Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox sang three solos. The thousands of people who packed the church and all the approaches seemed to join in the great chorus:

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took as the subject of his sermon, "The barn and its surroundings." His text was taken from Luke, ii, 15: "The shepherds said, one to another, let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass." Dr. Talmage said:

One thousand years of the world's existence rolled painfully and wearily along, and no Christ. Two thousand years, and no Christ. Three thousand years, and no Christ. Four thousand years, and no Christ. "Give us a Christ," had cried Assyrian and Persian and Chaldean and Egyptian civilization, but the lips of the earth and the lips of the sky made no answer. The world had already been effluent of genius. Among poets had appeared Homer and Thespis and Aristophanes and Sophocles and Euripides and Alexis Æschylus, yet no Christ to be the most poetic figure of the centuries. Among historians had appeared Herodotus and Xenophon and Thucycides, but no Christ from whom all History was to date backward and forward—B. C. and A. D. Among conquerors Camillus and Manlius and Regulus and Xantippus and Hannibal and Scipio and Pompey and Cæsar, yet no Christ who was to be conqueror of earth and heaven.

But the slow century and the slow year and the slow hour at last arrived. The world had had matins or concerts in the morning and vespers or concerts in the evening, but now it is to have a concert at midnight. The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud chanted a peace anthem, until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encored the Hallelujah chorus.

At last the world has a Christ and just the Christ it needs. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cottages, though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw with her pale face and the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the nativity. All the great painters have tried on canvas to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael, in three different masterpieces, celebrated them. Vinteret and Guirlandjo surpassed themselves in the Adoration of the Magi. Corregio needed to do nothing more than his Madonna to become immortal. The Madonna of the Lily, by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. Murillo never won greater triumph by his pencil than in his presentation of the Holy Family. But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the Sistine Madonna. Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna, and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants and that we hope to have under our head when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of the stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new born babe. And well might they kneel. Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days and nights of His life on earth, be surrounded by the chief beasts, whose beasts of burden had been following have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood. Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on towpath, not a herd freezing in the poorly-built cowpen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the beeves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer He heard in their pitiful moan He will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes. They surely have as much right in this world as we have.

In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created fifth day, and the quadruped on the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defense all over the land are the faithful watch dogs. And who can tell what the world owes to horse, and camel, and ox for transportation? And robin and lark have by the cantatas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God you strike its creator, and you insult the Christ who, though he might have been welcomed into life by princes, and taken his first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush and canopied couches, and ripples of warm waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on the level with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril, that he might be the alleviation of brutal suffering as well as the redeemer of man.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, Look out how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that bridle that is galling that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for sun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat, or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle and under her wing there may be three or four prima donnas of the sky in training. And in your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvelous Bible picture of the Nativity while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant let them also hear the ass's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world when He said: "Consider the lilies," than He showed sympathy for the ornithological when He said, "Behold the fowls of the air," and the quadrupedal world when He allowed Himself to be called in one place a lion and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle pen have mercy on the suffering stock yards that are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our American households.

Behold also in this Bible scene how on that Christmas night God honored childhood. Christ might have made his first visit to our world in a cloud, as He will descend on His next visit in a cloud, or in a chariot of illumined vapor He might have rolled down the sky escorted by mounted cavalry with lightning of drawn sword, Elijah had a carriage of fire to take him up, why not Jesus a carriage of fire to fetch Him down? Or over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended. Or Christ might have had His mortality built up on earth out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No, no! Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces. Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the sored, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star, and ages quadrillennial. God has infinite resources and He can give presents of great value, but when He wants to give the richest possible gift to a household He looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. The greatest present that God ever gave our world he gave about 1,887 years ago, and he gave it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that heaven adjourned for a recess and came down and broke through the clouds to look at it. Yes, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child, either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap gazing into the face of its mother. It was a child in Nazman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ set in the midst of the squabbling disciples to teach the lesson of humility. We are informed that wolf and leopard and lion shall be yet so domesticated that a little child shall lead them. A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two confederate generals in a conversation in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg, and this, reported to Gov. Curtin, the federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And the child of to-day is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies, and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all heaven, behold the child! Is there any velvet so soft as a child's cheek? Is there any sky so blue as a child's eye? Is there any music so sweet as the child's voice? Is there any plume so wavy as a child's hair?

Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the divine infant? Not boors, not peasants, but Casper, Belthasar, and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. They had studied stars, studied metals, studied physiology, studied everything. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe to see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the electric batteries, and all the observatories, and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living, lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like our own Joseph C. Hutchinson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abercrombie and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the Gospel, and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said: "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." To-day the greatest doctors and lawyers of Brooklyn and New York, and of all this land and of all lands, revere the Christian religion, and are not ashamed to bow before juries and legislatures and senates. All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem. And physiology and anatomy will join hands and say, we must by the help of God get the human race up to the perfect nerve and perfect muscle and perfect brain and perfect form of that perfect child before whom nigh twenty hundred years ago Cespar and Belthasar and Melchior bent their tired knees in worship.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Beth'chem and see the child. "No," they say, "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are; come in." Sure enough, the storms, and the night dew, and the trambles have made rough work with their attire, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wiseacres that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of government, who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at their door, and knocking till at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. Yet the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!" Ah, yes; the fields were honored. The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing—our United States pasture fields and prairie about forty-five million sheep—and all their keepers ought to follow the shepherds of my text, and all those who toil in fields, all wine-dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history God has been honoring the fields. Near all the Messiahs of reform and literature, and eloquence, and law, and benevolence, have come from the fields. Washington from the fields, Jefferson from the fields. The Presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln, from the fields, Henry Clay from the fields, Daniel Webster from the fields, Martin Luther from the fields. And before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when he woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and he will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when the reaper's sickle and farmer's plough, and woodman's axe, and ox's yoke, and sheaf binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country as man made the town.

Behold also that on Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of December 26th, awoke, by divine arrangement and in some unexplained way, the child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother. St. Bernard had a good mother. Samuel Budgett's good mother. Bodenlige a good mother. Walter Scott a good mother. Benjamin West a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna make it a Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ. When you hear some one in sermon or oration speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears while you say to yourself, that was my mother. The first word a child utters is apt to be, "Mother," and the old man in his dying dream calls "Mother, mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles seated by the broad fireplace, with great back log ablaze, on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna here would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible you used to read, and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. But, no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heartbreak since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of heaven to the valleys of earth. Hall, enthroned ancestry. We are coming. Keep a place for us right beside you at the banquet.

"Slow-footed years! Moreswiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun,
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea."

A Thriving Club.

Excelsior Literary Club, an organization for social enjoyment and mental improvement, composed of ladies only and limited in number to twenty, is thriving. Its last meeting was at the residence of Mrs. J. L. McCreary, 1004 B street southeast, and many bright thoughts concerning Washington Irving were evolved. Mrs. Frear, president, conducted the exercises, which included a piano duet by the Misses Flora and Lulu McCreary and a reading by Miss Lulu. The club will give a social at the same place next Thursday evening.

Couldn't Run Fast Enough.

Sandy Clark, colored, and a waiter by occupation, took two turkeys from the store of Hezekiah Waples, on Twelfth street, and after making a little rapid running delivered up his prey to Officer Bast and accompanied both policeman and turkeys to the first precinct station.

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

A PLEASANT SESSION.

Perseverance Lodge, I. O. G. T., Will Watch the New Year In.

Nearly every elective officer answered to roll-call in this fraternal lodge in Elks' Hall last Saturday evening, though it was "the night before Christmas." Among the visitors present were Brother Hicks, of Sidney Lodge, one among the eight Good Templar Lodges in Richmond, Va., Past Grand Marshal and Past Grand Guard, Brother and Sister Money, of Star of Hope Lodge; Past Secretary Harrison, of Clement's Lodge, and Past Chief Cole, of Friendship. In the order of new business, on motion of Past Chief Templar Lee, it was resolved to meet at 8 o'clock next Saturday evening, transact the routine business, and then have open doors and a most entertaining social, literary, and musical seance, to extend a little over the dividing line between 1887 and 1888.

It is proposed to have one of the most enjoyable reunions of members, visiting Good Templars, and outside friends, in the history of Perseverance Lodge. Sister A. H. Frear announced a New Year's reception at her residence, 224 Eighth street northeast. Sister Mollie Phillips also announced New Year's reception at her residence, 410 Second street northeast, between the hours of 7 and 10 p. m., Monday. In the good of the order, conducted by Sister Frear, the financial secretary read the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Kansas prohibition case; Brother and Sister Edson sang a choice selection; Josie Lee presented in vivid character the incorrigible young intoxication point and the man of bald head; Sister Brookfield gave an agreeable piano solo; Marshal Frear and Brother Edson propounded some difficult conundrums; Sister Edson read in a very acceptable manner "Too Late for the Train," and the exercises closed with an excellent vocal solo by Sister Mollie Phillips.

A NEGRO DESPERADO

Fractures Police Officer Dent's Skull With a Brick.

Officer Dent of the second precinct was told at 9 o'clock yesterday morning that some colored men were fighting in Goat alley, which is near Seventh and M streets. He discovered that the principal in the affair was a notorious colored desperado named Henry Fortune, who has but recently returned from the penitentiary. The latter was found in the alley acting in a drunken and disorderly manner and the officer placed him under arrest. By some means Fortune got loose from Dent's grip and ran like a deer up the alley, followed closely by his pursuer. The fugitive made a turn up a branch of the alley and darted into his sister's house. As he went out the back door the policeman entered the front door. He had hardly got into the place when several women obstructed him, and he was compelled to fight in order to get out the rear way. He at length succeeded, but hardly got into the yard when Fortune threw a brick at him, striking him on the side of the head, making a terrible gash, and knocking him senseless. The assailant then fled. Some of Dent's fellow-officers heard of his trouble and went to his assistance as quickly as possible. The injured man was taken to his home, where Dr. Snyder attended him. Late last night his condition was quite serious, and the belief was that the officer's skull had been fractured. The police are scouring the city for Fortune.

TEMPERANCE FOR LITTLE ONES

A Temperance Normal School to Be Established in the District.

At a recent meeting at the residence of Dr. Bond, 813 First street northwest, of the grand superintendent of juvenile temples, members of the committee on juvenile temple work, and others, the proposition to establish a temperance normal school for the special preparation of superintendents and teachers engaged and to engage in instructing the young in this important branch of education was very carefully considered and unanimously agreed upon. It was also urged that in this connection the "scientific course of study"—a project most earnestly commended to Good Templars by their late chief, John B. Finch—might be practically entered upon. The movement will be given form and impetus soon after New Year's.

A preliminary meeting, which proved very encouraging to those present, was recently held in the Methodist Church, Anacostia, for the purpose of re-establishing the Band of Hope work under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. in that place. Mrs. Anderson, of the Union, taking immediate charge. Mrs. Gilbert, who has had general charge of the Band of Hope work in the District of Columbia, was present, as were also Past Grand Chaplain Lee and Mr. La Fetra, who gave the movement hearty commendation and material support.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Mr. Haynes and Others of the Bijou Remembered.

When the curtain fell on the second act of "My Aunt Bridget," on Saturday night Manager E. C. Haynes, of Harris's Bijou Theater, was incidentally called behind the scenes, and when he was fairly in the center of the stage, the curtain was rung up. Then Mr. Billy Ford, of the NATIONAL REPUBLICAN, presented Mr. Haynes with an elegant, jeweled insignia of the Order of Elks (of which the popular manager is an honored member) the gift of his associates in the theater. The entire affair was a complete surprise to Mr. Haynes, but that readiness born of long public experience enabled him to make the following unique response:

Mr. Ford, friends, and ladies and gentlemen: This is indeed embarrassing. I have no words with which to express either my surprise or gratification at the receipt of this beautiful present. To those of you who are Elks I need not explain the four cardinal virtues of which this gem is emblematical. To those of you who are not Elks I would say that this insignia represents brotherly love, charity, justice, and fidelity. I can only say that, as in the past, I promise you I shall endeavor to dwell among you in the spirit of brotherly love to dispense charity to the extent of my ability, and in my humble capacity as resident manager of this theater to administer justice and discharge my duties to all concerned with fidelity. Again I thank you, one and all, over and over again.

Mr. Ford then called Mr. Wm. Easton on to the stage and presented the popular advertising agent of the theater with an elegant locket, the gift of his brother employes. Mr. Easton gracefully bowed his acknowledgements, the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne," and the regular performance was resumed.

THE POLICE VIGILANT.

A Very Quiet Day Yesterday and But Few Arrests.

During the twenty-four hours ending at 8 a. m. yesterday the police made ninety-six arrests, mostly "drunks." The first precinct made 29, the second, 19, the third, 7, the fourth, 10, the fifth, 4, the sixth, 18, the seventh, 5, the eighth, 3, and the detectives 1. During the holidays the police have been doing extra duty in citizens' clothes, and their vigilance has been the means of preventing petty thieving. There were but few arrests made yesterday, and the police at a late hour reported the day to have been unusually quiet.

Beautiful diamond bracelets from $12 to $200. R. HARRIS & CO., 432 7th st.

Mr. Brotherton and the Elks.

Washington Lodge of Elks last night received from Mr. George Brotherton, proprietor of the Little Tycoon Company, a portrait of himself, finely framed. Between the donor and many members of the lodge, also the members of the Tycoon Company, a strong friendship exists, and in his present last night Mr. Brotherton has, if possible, still further endeared himself to the Elks.

A Woman's Extraordinary Courage.

An unknown negro took a purse containing $22 from the pocket of Mrs. F. G. Calvert on Saturday, while that lady was standing in front of Lansburgh's store. He was immediately collared by the courageous lady and gave up his booty. There being no policeman in the neighborhood Mrs. Calvert let the rascal go, and he lost no time in making himself scarce.

Don't buy those diamond earrings till you see Jack and prices of R. HARRIS & CO., 432 7th st.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY REPORT

A Volume of Interesting Statistics and Conclusions.

The United States geological survey, Maj. Powell director, has issued the statistics of the production of minerals during 1886, in a volume entitled "Mineral Resources of the United States, 1886." The report gives primarily the production and value of every prominent mineral substance mined in the United States, and in addition to a compact statement of prices, sources of supply and the technical matters which proved important during the year. It appears that the total value of the mineral products, taken as nearly as possible at the points of production, was more than $465,000,000, the largest mineral production yet recorded in any country. In 1885 there was about $420,000,000. Many substances shared in this increase, but particularly iron and steel, which alone showed an increase of $30,000,000. In 1885 bituminous coal was the most valuable mineral product, but in 1886 it was passed by pig iron, which had a higher total value than silver and gold combined. Wonderful progress is shown in the use of natural gas, the consumption being more than double that of 1885. It is estimated that the value of the coal displaced by natural gas in 1886 was more than $9,800,000. This is slightly less than half the value of the petroleum. The report has been under the charge of David T. Day, and is a remarkably complete and creditable production. It is made especially valuable by the work of many prominent authorities on mineral statistics. The special chapter on iron was prepared by Mr. James M. Swank, general manager of the American Iron and Steel Association. Mr. Charles A. Ashburner contributes a chapter on coal. Mr. C. Kirchhoff, jr., writes on copper, lead, and zinc. The statistics on natural gas, petroleum, coke, and manganese were collected by Mr. Joseph D. Weeks. Dr. Wm. C. Day, of Swathmore College, compiled a valuable table showing the relative progress in building in the principal cities. Mr. George F. Kunz, of Tiffany & Co., gives an interesting statement of the production of American gems, including a diamond from North Carolina. More than fifty industries are considered in the report, and they show that the year was generally prosperous in spite of unusual labor disturbances.

It should be stated that this report can be obtained by any one with unusual facility by sending 50 cents, the cost of printing and binding (no stamps), to the director of the geological survey.

DISAPPOINTED SOLDIERS

Eating the Supper Prepared for the Guests.

For a month past the Washington Continentals, Capt Mills, have been arranging for the reception of Company D, 1st regiment, Virginia National Guard, of Richmond, Va. Letters and telegrams were received stating that the company would reach here on Christmas day and remain five or six days. This gladdened the hearts of the Continentals, as they had twice been the guests of the Richmond soldiers, and the handsome receptions they received made them the more eager to give in return something as cordial if not superior. Accordingly the Continentals were at their armory at 6 a. m. yesterday in readiness to meet their visitors, and an hour later they were at the Baltimore and Potomac depot. As the Virginians did not arrive at that hour it was concluded that the dispatch meant that they would arrive at the depot at 7 p. m. During the afternoon the boys, who were kept in the armory all day long, were cheered up by another dispatch stating that company D would leave on the 7 p. m. train and arrive here about four hours later. Lieut. Ludwig marched his command to the depot, headed by a drum corps, and there they were met by Capt. Mills, who left the bedside of two sick children so as to participate in the welcome. The train from Richmond rolled in on time, but company D did not materialize, nor was there any explanation for their absence. Capt. Mills ordered his men back to the armory, and in a few words thanked them for their attendance and good attention and obedience to orders. He expressed regrets at the disappointment they felt and the great expense they had been put to. He could give no reason for the non-appearance of the Virginians. The boys then filed down into the supper room and partook of the sumptuous repast intended for the visitors.

There was no excuse offered for the failure of the visitors to appear except a rumor that the company commander of the Richmond soldiers had forgotten the desired permission to leave the state. The boys of the Continentals felt very much aggrieved at the treatment they had received.

TAKEN UP IN SHOVELS.

The Mangled Body of the Late Chas. H. House.

A gloom was cast over the Christmas gayeties at the home of Mr. Charles H. House, of U. per Prince street, about noon yesterday by the announcement to the family that Mr House had been run over and killed by the 12 m. south bound train on the A. F. R. R. about three-quarters of a mile from Alexandria, near St. Asaph's junction. It seems that Mr. House left his brother's residence on Payne street about 11:30 for the purpose of visiting the greenhouses of Mr. John Robinson at St. Asaph's junction. He was walking up the tracks of the Virginia Midland railroad when he saw a train coming which he supposed was on the same track on which he was walking. He stepped over to the A. & F. track, which meets the Virginia Midland at that point, when he was struck and instantly killed. His remains were so terribly mangled that the different parts of his body had to be taken up in shovels, and after being placed in a sheet were deposited in a small box and taken to Alexandria. His head was mashed to jelly, and when the engine, which was in charge of Engineer Desmond, reached the city a large portion of the man's brains were found on the front part of it. The engineer stated that he blew his whistle several times and endeavored to stop his train, which at the time was going at a high rate of speed, but he did not succeed in time to save the man's life. Mr. Desmond was terribly overcome by the accident, and he expressed great regrets that the man should have met so untimely a death.

Coroner Powell will this morning hold an inquest at B. Wheatley's undertaking establishment. Mr. House was 46 years old, a printer by trade, and recently appointed chief printer for the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

Mr. Buell Don't Want It.

The story that Mr. A. C. Buell is a candidate for the position of chief clerk of the bureau of steam engineering is untrue. Mr. Buell, so a friend says, is not willing to throw up a business which yields him more money than a Cabinet officer's salary for an ordinary government office.

Burned to Death.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 25.—Miss Annie Cane, of Dallas, Tex., was burned to death at Ward's Seminary yesterday. She was in her room, partially dressed, and climbed up in a chair to arrange a picture over a mantel, when her clothes caught fire from the grate.

DIED.

WIMSATT.—December 25, at 1:30 o'clock p. m., MRS. SARAH WIMSATT, widow of the late Richard Wimsatt, at the residence of her son-in-law, J. H. Johnson, aged 71 years.

Funeral from St. Dominic's church Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. No flowers.

WEBB.—On Sunday, December 25, 1887, EDDIE, beloved son of Henry and Josephine Webb, aged 3 years, 7 months, and 25 days.

Funeral on Tuesday, December 27, at 3 p. m. Friends are respectfully invited.

BARCLAY—On the 24th instant, at his residence, 1112 Tenth street northwest, JOHN M. BARCLAY.

Interment at 2 p. m., Tuesday, Dec 27th.

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THE BITING OF POVERTY

Drives a Despondent Mother to Attempt Suicide.

A piteous story was heard last night about a respectable and hard working woman living on Ninth street, in the vicinity of Boundary, who attempted suicide last Friday by taking arsenic. Hard luck had come upon her and the little work she had failed to pay the month's rent. She became very despondent and feared that her household would be turned out of doors. As she is a woman of great sensitiveness her mind gave way under the strain, and in an unfortunate moment she determined to die rather than brave the shame and disgrace that would follow her eviction and took poison. The act was discovered by a friend who happened to enter the house shortly after the woman took the drug. A well-known physician was summoned and his skill saved the unfortunate one's life. Efforts were made by kind hearted people who were informed of the facts in the case to do something for the woman, and her Christmas was probably made brighter for her than she expected it to be.

THE COURT RECORD.

Circuit Court—Justice Cox—Keyser Receiver, vs. Pickrell's Executors; time extended for filing bond. Adjourned to Dec. 29.

Equity Court—Justice Merrick—Beckham vs. Simms; dismissal of bill with costs. Nimmo vs. Grayson; decree of interpleader granted. Condon vs. Gray; payment of portion of legacy ordered. Walker vs. Herang; order appointing E. N. Waters guardian ad litem. Adjourned to Tuesday; no assignment.

Criminal Court—Justice Montgomery.—Frank H. Fally, influencing juror; nolle pros. entered. Frederick C. Shaw, influencing juror; nolle pros. entered. Joseph A. Nelson, influencing juror; nolle pros. entered. Alex. Adamson, forgery; nolle pros. entered. Chris B. Stratton, larceny; nolle pros. entered. Maier King, grand larceny; nolle pros. entered. John W. Drew, presenting false vouchers; 17 cases; nolle pros. entered as to all. G. A. Whitaker, presenting false vouchers; (3 cases) nolle pros. entered. Bell Mann, presenting false vouchers; (4 cases) nolle pros. entered. E. C. Kirkwood, perjury; (21 cases) nolle pros. entered. Daniel Carrigan, forgery; (27 cases) nolle pros. entered. William H. Dempsey, presenting false vouchers; (3 cases) a nolle pros. entered. Robert Graw, larceny; pleaded guilty. Julius Lee, housebreaking and larceny; pleaded guilty. Walter Lumsden, assault; pleaded guilty; six months in jail. Frederick Ames, larceny; pleaded not guilty. Ed. Washington, embezzlement; pleaded not guilty. George Weeks, assault with intent to kill; pleaded not guilty. James B. Holt, embezzlement; pleaded not guilty. James H. Myers, rape; pleaded not guilty. Daniel Magruder, convicted of robbery; sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. Henry Pyfer, forgery; order for removal to district of New Jersey. W. Hunter, affray; admitted to bail. John Catey, forgery; motion for new trial filed.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are going to take a long summer's holiday. Since the introduction of Salvation Oil, they have almost nothing to do now but to run occasionally.

$15 overcoats; they are handsomely lined throughout with satin. Eiseman Bros., manufacturers, corner 7th and E.

CITY ITEMS.

HOWLAND DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 711 Fourand-a-half street northwest, three doors north of Pennsylvania avenue. E. P. Howland, M. D., G. H. Howland, D. D. S., surgical operators, and mechanical dentists. Extractions, under nitrous oxide, 50 cents each tooth, and only 50 cents extra for gas, whether one or a number of teeth are extracted at the same sitting. Have administered nitrous oxide to over 45,000 persons. Artificial teeth $7 per set. Gold, amalgam, and white fillings inserted in the best manner. All work warranted first class.

BERKELEY, a pure rye whisky, the best on the market for the price, 84 per gallon, $1 a quart, and 50 cents a pint, 25 cents a sample bottle. Tharp, 518 F street northwest.

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