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ANOTHER WEEK

—OF OUR—

SPECIAL

Closing-out Sale

—OF—

ODD PIECES OF TAPESTRY AND BODY BRUSSELS, VELVETS, AND MOQUETTE CARPETS.

A large portion of above Carpets advertised last week having been sold we have concluded to let the balance go at the same unprecedented low prices.

Note the prices given below:

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS.

No.		
3.	16½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	60c
5.	27 yards Tapestry Brussels at	65c
6.	22½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	65c
7.	34½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	65c
8.	54 yards Tapestry Brussels at	70c
9.	48 yards Tapestry Brussels at	70c
10.	42½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	70c
11.	84 yards Tapestry Brussels at	50c
12.	41½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	70c
14.	43½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	70c
15.	45 yards Tapestry Brussels at	60c
18.	43 yards Tapestry Brussels at	60c
19.	35½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	60c
20.	23 yards Tapestry Brussels at	60c
22.	57½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	60c
23.	16½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	60c
24.	50½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	60c
25.	40 yards Tapestry Brussels at	60c
26.	8½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	50c
28.	25½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	50c
29.	25½ yards Tapestry Brussels at	60c

BODY BRUSSELS.

No.		
1.	18½ yards Body Brussels at	85c
2.	20½ yards Body Brussels at	90c
3.	23½ yards Body Brussels at	85c
4.	40 yards Body Brussels at	90c
5.	12½ yards Body Brussels at	75c
7.	28 yards Body Brussels at	90c
8.	18½ yards Body Brussels at	75c
9.	14½ yards Body Brussels at	75c
11.	31 yards Body Brussels at	80c
13.	16 yards Body Brussels at	80c
16.	28 yards Body Brussels at	90c
17.	34½ yards Body Brussels at	$1
19.	15½ yards Body Brussels at	75c
20.	37½ yards Body Brussels at	90c
21.	38 yards Body Brussels at	80c
22.	37½ yards Body Brussels at	90c
23.	45½ yards Body Brussels at	90c
24.	19 yards Body Brussels at	80c
27.	15½ yards Body Brussels at	75c
28.	50½ yards Body Brussels at	90c
29.	49½ yards Body Brussels at	85c
30.	49½ yards Body Brussels at	85c
31.	58½ yards Body Brussels at	85c
32.	62 yards Body Brussels at	90c
33.	27 yards Body Brussels at	85c

WILTON VELVETS.

No.		
5.	11½ yards Wilton Velvet at	80c
6.	10½ yards Wilton Velvet at	80c
7.	20½ yards Wilton Velvet at	90c
10.	15 yards Wilton Velvet at	85c
12.	9½ yardsWilton Velvet at	$1.00
13.	39½ yardsWilton Velvet at	$1.00
14.	48½ yards Wilton Velvet at	$1 00
15.	40½ yards Wilton Velvet at	$1 00
16.	40½ yards Wilton Velvet at	$1 00
17.	51½ yards Wilton Velvet at	$1 00

MOQUETTES.

No.		
3.	14½ yards best quality Moquette at	90c
4.	19 yards best quality Moquette at	90c
5.	21½ yards best quality Moquette at	$1.00
8.	27½ yards best quality Moquette at	$1.00
9.	26½ yards best quality Moquette at	$1.00
11.	25½ yards best quality Moquette at	$1.00
14.	22 yards best quality Moquette at	$1.00
16.	13½ yards best quality Moquette at	90c

We would state that the above goods are perfect in every respect and mostly of the best makes and good desirable patterns. Persons availing themselves of this opportunity will save from 25c to 50c per yard. We would advise your calling early, as at these prices they will not remain upon our shelves but a few days.

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1111 Pennsylvania Ave.

HOW TO REFORM.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON TO A CHICAGO CONGREGATION.

He Explains How a Man Who Has Fallen Into Bad Habits May Return to the Pale of Christian Sympathy.

CHICAGO, Mar. 25.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., pastor of the Tabernacle, Brooklyn, N. Y., preached here this evening. His subject was, "Reformation from Evil Habits," and his text, Proverbs xxiii, 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." He said:

With an insight into human nature, such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better, he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by uneradicated habit and forced down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more."

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck, suppose he is already off the track, suppose he has already gone astray, how is he to get back? That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this evening to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear this discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incarcerated. Now, if there be any in this house, come with an earnest purpose, yet feeling they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then, at this moment, I give them my right hand and call them brother. Look up. There is glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound the trumpet of Gospel deliverance. The church is ready to spread a banquet at your return, and the hierarchs of Heaven to fall into line of bannered procession at the news of your emancipation. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the obstacles of your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles.

The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything which you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up; it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right. Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad. Which most affected you? Call to mind the associates that you have heard in the last five or ten years—some of them are pure and some of them impure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed certain courses of conduct—some of them good, some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield? Ah! my friends, we have to take but a moment of self-inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation. That moral gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward earth and toward heaven. Force of moral gravitation in every one of us, but power in God's grace to overcome that force of moral gravitation.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I do not believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is impoverishing his family, destroying his property, ruining him, body, mind, and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man, and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves it to be hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil impulses of our hearts and our bad habits, we are sailing down stream; but the moment we try to turn, we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row up stream. Take a man given to the habit of using tobacco, as most of you do, and let him resolve to stop, and he finds it very difficult. Twenty-one years ago I quit that habit and I would as soon dare to put my right hand in the fire as once to indulge in it. Why? Because it was such a terrible struggle to get over it. Now, let a man be advised by his physician to give up the use of tobacco. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot sit down in a chair of ease. He cannot sleep night. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over this earth and shaken a paralysis in the heaven? It has tried to stop smoking. After awhile he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor doesn't understand my case. I'm going back to the old habit." And he returns. Everything assumes its normal condition. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and given purple to the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has gone back to smoking. Oh, the fact is, as we all know in our own experience, that habit is a task-master. As long as we obey it, it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion whips, and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking juggernauts. During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night and tossed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit coming down through the rapids and through the awful night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. Oh, how hard it is to arrest them. God only can arrest them. Suppose a man after five or ten or twenty years of evil doing resolves to do right. Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He lays down on his bed in the midnight and cries: "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clenches his fist in determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the windows of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with inbarned, tantalizing, and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh! how suggestive. Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but he is riding a monster wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death leap. How many there are who resolve on a better life and say, "When shall I awake?" but seized on by their old habits, cry, "I will try it once more; I will seek it yet again." Years ago there were some Princeton students who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the company back from the air hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place. But one young man with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out, "One round more." He swept around and went down, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is the one round more.

I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices society repulses him. Desiring to reform, he says: "Now, I will shake off my old associates and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church door some Sabbath day, and the usher greets him with a look as much as to say: "Why, you here? You are the last man I expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the door." Instead of saying: "Good morning; I am glad you are here; come, I will give you a first-rate seat, right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters a prayer meeting, and some enthusiastic man with more zeal than common sense says: "Glad to see you; the dying thief was saved, and I suppose there is mercy for you." The young man, disgusted, chilled, throws himself on his dignity, resolved he will never enter into the house of God again. Perhaps not fully discouraged about reformation, he slides up by some highly respectable man he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street. Well, the prodigal wishing to return takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand, offers him the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face. Oh! how few Christian people understand how much force and gospel there is in a good, honest hand-shaking. Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fiber of your body, mind, and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable. We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is we must keep our respectability, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there came to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, people almost threw up their hands in horror, as much as to say: "Isn't it shocking?" How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven, I don't know unless they have an especial train of cars corded and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with the great host of publicans and sinners. Oh, ye who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell you plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured, and the refined, and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination. It is not because you are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that, brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

I think men also are often hindered from return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of a church he is going to join. Oh! my friends, it is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechisms, and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist love-feasts, and baptistries to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the Gospel. Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a life boat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man out of the boat: "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going into Jones my church? First get him ashore, and then talk about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? Oh! you ought to have, my brother, an illuminated face and hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way. Take hold of the same book with him, though his dissipation shake the book, remembering that "he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall hide a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps, and how the shackles may be unriveted, and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly, and earnestly, and tell Him these habits you have, and ask Him if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go with a long rigamarole people call prayer, made up of "ohs," and "ahs," and "forever and ever, amen!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! and if you cannot cry for help, just look and live. I remember, in the late war, I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle and said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded arm, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh, it is so small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around him, and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, but I will never fall you." And then as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, God lifts his right hand and takes an oath, an affidavit, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Blessed be God for such a Gospel as this." "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children. Cut the slices thin." Blessed be God, there is a full loaf for every one that wants it. Bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. I remember when the Mastersteet Hospital, in Philadelphia, was opened during the war, a telegram came, saying, "There will be 300 wounded men to-night; be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows as they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or from Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags the most gently, and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask questions. You come just as your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Then also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, to quit all your old associations. The unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed. Go home to-day, open your desk, take out a letter paper, stamp and envelope, and then write a letter something like this:

"My old companions, I start this day for heaven. Until I am persuaded you will join me in this, farewell."

Then sign your name and send the letter by the first post. Give up your bad companions or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five bad companions, nor three bad companions, nor two bad companions, but one. What chance is there for that young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, halting in front of a grogshop and urging him to go in, resisting, violently resisting, until after awhile they forced him to go in. It was a summer night and the door was left open and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also, seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. If you find no other human ear willing to listen to your story of struggle, come to me, and I will by every sympathy of my heart, and every prayer, and every tell of my hand, stand beside you in the struggle for reformation and as I hope to have my own sins forgiven and hope to be acquitted at the judgment seat of Christ, I will not betray you. First of all seek God, then seek Christian counsel. Gather up all the energies of your soul, body, mind, and soul, and, appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now, and you are lost. Push on and you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock near which he was dying: "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Oh! what glorious news it would be for some of these young men to send home to their parents in the country. They go to the postoffice every day or two to see if there is a letter from you. How anxious they are to hear! Nothing would please them half so much as the news you might send home to-morrow that you had given your heart to God. I know how it is in the country. A night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack, through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses, just having trisked up through the meadow at the nightfall, stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under the feathers. In the old farm house at night, no candle is lighted, for the flames clap their hands about the great back log and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of. After a while the father breaks the silence and says: "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town to-night," and the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you; we always could trust him when he was home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." Then at 8 o'clock—for they retire early in the country—at 8 o'clock they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian general, "What was the proudest moment of your life?" He thought a moment and said, "The proudest moment of my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment of your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents in the country that you have conquered your evil habits, by the grace of God, and become eternal victor. Oh! despite not parental anxiety. The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think, and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name. God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart. Better if he had never been born—better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands, and crying: "Mother! mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God. May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever.

A Return Visit.

To enable Washingtonians to pay a visit, at small cost, to their friends in the Monumental City the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company announces that excursion tickets to Baltimore will be sold for all trains next Saturday and Sunday at rate of $1 for the round trip. All tickets will be good returning until Monday, April 2, inclusive. In addition to the regular schedule two special fast express trains will leave Baltimore and Ohio depot next Sunday at 9 a. m. and 11 a. m. Parlor cars will be attached to both these trains, and the run to Baltimore will be made in 50 minutes.

GEN. JOHN B. HENDERSON and wife, of St. Louis, are at the Arno. Gen. Henderson will remain in Washington several days, having business in the Supreme Court.

THE POLICE RANK AND FILE.

Where Increase of Pay Should First be Made.

A representative of the NATIONAL REPUBLICAN recently stepped into one of the precinct police station houses just as the squads were changing duty, and the men going out were drawn up in front of the railing receiving their instructions from the sergeant. The scribe paused a moment to inspect the brave guardians of the peace in their blue uniforms and brass buttons, and a thought flashed through his mind that it was not such disagreeable employment to be a whirler of the baton. But the thought speedily vanished as he beheld another member of the force all covered with mud enter the station dragging a drunken colored man after him. The officer's face was bleeding, while the prisoner's head was swollen from the clubbing that the officer had been obliged to resort to in order to subdue his quarreling propensities. To gally walk the streets, swinging a baton and flirting with the girls on the beat, would be nice enough, but the latter phase of the policeman's lot destroyed the charm of the calling and removed all envy of the cop.

After seeing the squad start out on duty the reporter entered the sitting room, where those that had just come off were resting themselves. As he entered the door the loud talking of a veteran sergeant of the force attracted his attention. He seemed much in earnest, and the scribe inquired the cause of his agitation, saying, "What is the matter?" "What is the matter?" said he, "Why, enough is the matter! Look at that article," and he held up a newspaper which devoted nearly a page to the history of the force. "Do you call that a history of the force? Not by a long shot. Do those fifteen men whose pictures adorn that page comprise the whole Metropolitan police force of this city? Where are the privates, the men who do the work? See, they get their names in the paper and that is all. Then, again, to read that article one would think that those men were the only ones that suffer from being poorly paid, and the poor, dear creatures ought to have their wages raised. Oh, my! I wonder they don't resign." He became short of breath at this time, and the reporter was given a chance to get a word in.

Drawing a chair up beside the latter the veteran told his story, and the other members of the force setting around the room nodded their heads in approval of his complaints. It appears that each policeman had subscribed to take from three to ten copies of the paper, which was to contain a history of the force. When it came they found, to their surprise, that it contained nothing but complimentary notices of the officers and gave a private history of the sergeants' names only being given. The article urged that the officers' pay should be increased, but omitted the others. This was too much for the veterans, and they had just been having an indignation meeting in the absence of the lieutenant. Rain or shine, hot or cold, day or night they are obliged to attend to their duties, and some of them have very large beats to cover, while the lieutenant is furnished a house and buggy (if he has a large precinct) to ride around in, and at night goes home to his bed, well knowing that the sergeants, who are taken from the ranks and given the munificent addition of $5 per month to their salary, will conduct the duties as well as if he were present.

The pay of the sergeant is very inadequate for the duty he performs, and the responsibility placed upon his shoulders when he is promoted to his position is worth more than the sum given. Many of them would be glad to return to their old place in the ranks were it not that they hope some day to have enough "graft" to keep them in comfort as a lieutenant, with the horse and other incidentals that go with the position. Next to the sergeants come the 800 per month privates, and then the $75 per month ones. Although their pay is not enough for the duties they have to perform still the majority seem satisfied with their lot. Next below them in rank come the station keepers, and they are by all odds the poorest paid class. They are compelled to be on duty twelve consecutive hours and have full charge of the station house, prisoners, and property in the absence of the sergeant and lieutenant. They also keep all the books of the precinct, and receive the munificent sum of $60 per month for their labor.

If there is to be any increase in compensation the men believe that those who do the real work should be the first to have the benefit of the increase, or at least have an equal increase with the officers. They are all agreed that the two classes that should be first increased are those of the station keepers and sergeants. Not a word was heard from any one detracting from their superior officers' ability, but they all seemed to feel the slight cast upon them.

"SHALL WE DRINK?"

The Question Answered Negatively in Odeon Hall Last Night.

The Good Templars, through their grand chief, John B. Mahoney, were extremely fortunate in their platform representatives in Odeon Hall. Miss Bessie Starr Keefer, B. A., superintendent of Juvenile Temples in Toronto, accompanied by Mrs. McDonald, formerly occupying the highest office in the juvenile department of the order, came to the stand, and by aid of her colored anatomical charts captivated the large audience.

After a few opening remarks by Chairman Mahoney, prayer was offered by Major Walker, several hymns were sung by the audience, led by Dr. Hensley, of Clements Lodge, and then Mrs. Keefer proceeded to answer the question propounded by herself: "What shall we drink?" opening with the remark that there were two revelations—one of these was in the Bible, the other in ourselves. "Ye are the temple of the living God; if any man defile this temple, him will God destroy" was a fact and a warning (said the speaker), written no more clearly in the Scriptures than in our own bodies. Theologians, she said, had interpreted this word "temple" as referring to the church only—Adam Clark notably so—but the theologians were wrong. The exposition made on this point by this eloquent woman from Toronto, who, under severe tuition of the ablest medical and scientific teachers in the world, has become most thoroughly equipped for her chosen vocation, bore ample evidence that she, at least, was a devout believer in the doctrine preached by one who has reverently declared "there is divinity in the thumb."

Mrs. Keefer presented, in a clear, natural, and logical manner, the "House We Live In," as affected at every stage by those who use either alcohol or tobacco. Beer, she asserted, upon the highest medical authority, contains 10 per cent., alcohol, wine 25 per cent., and whisky 50 per cent.; declared alcohol to be fully as volatile, inflammatory, and extremely greedy of water; that it always entered the stomach a poison and was never changed in passage through the system; that it paralyzed, or cut off, the telegraph wires of the great nerve system so that information of damages being done by itself could not be communicated to the nerve centers and instructions and warnings sent out from the brain.

The nature and effects of nicotine, the vital element of tobacco, were set forth with equal clearness and with greater emphasis. She was free to acknowledge that this was a land of liberty, but all men who use tobacco should remember that "their liberty ends where our noses begin."

The Most Popular Numbers.

[Pack.]

Most people believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number;" and their greatest number is number one.

RAILWAY NOTES.

It is expected that all the roads in the northwest, west, and southwest, except the Burlington and Northern, will advance freight rates to-day as per agreement. The Burlington and Northern will advance rates on Apr. 5. After the advance takes place it is certain that a great effort will be made to hold the rates up, although as the important questions which caused the disastrous demoralization of rates have not been settled, some of the railroad managers are not sanguine that the advanced tariff will remain in effect for any length of time.

General Freight Agent H. W. Hibbard, of the Vandalia road, returned to St. Louis from Cincinnati Saturday night, where he went to consult President McCrea. The latter decided to support Mr. Hibbard in his recent cut of coal rates to St. Louis. A contract has been made at the cut rate with the Consolidated Coal Company of St. Louis for one year, making a return to old rates impossible. Other roads must meet the cut or get no business. The present transportation committee of the Merchants' Exchange have decided to abandon the charge of discrimination formulated by the old committee to be presented to the interstate commerce committee.

AFTER HIM WITH A PISTOL.

The Way a Wronged Girl Pursued Her Faithless Lover.

As Officers Shehan and Haas, of the second precinct, were patrolling their beat on Sixteenth street, near Rhode Island avenue, northwest, last Saturday night about 8:30 o'clock, a pistol shot rang out on the still air, and they ran in the direction from whence the sound came. They met a young colored man, who was being followed at a short distance by a mulatto woman. The man, on meeting the officers, hurried up to them and demanded the arrest of the party behind him, charging that she had fired with the intention of killing him. The officers took her into custody, and found clutched in her right hand a 32-caliber revolver, of the kind known as a British bulldog. It was still smoking, and investigation showed that one barrel had been discharged.

She was taken to the station house, but could not be induced to talk, and would not give her name. The man connected with the affair stated that his name was John Lawson and that her's was Hattie Champ. He also stated that they had formerly worked at the same place together but could not give any good reason for her attempt on his life. Lieut. Greer tried to get the woman to talk, and, as he is generally successful in such work, was surprised when his efforts proved of no avail. Other officers also attempted to break her silence, but were similarly rebuffed. At last they were forced to give it up, and she was conducted to cell No. 4 and locked up.

A representative of the REPUBLICAN was sent out to the station house last night to get the particulars of the affair. He was given all the information in possession of the officers and station keeper, but they told him that it was no use to see the prisoner, as she would not talk to any one. "However, if you would like to try you can," said the sergeant. The reporter assented, and was at once conducted to the cell. She was found lying on her rude bunk and crying bitterly. After the officer had retired she told her story amid tears and sobs.

Her name is Hattie (or Annie) Champ, and she is 22 years old. She has known John Lawson (she called him Thomas) for quite a while and worked as a servant at the residence of Col. Hoyt, on Sixteenth street northwest, where he was also employed. They began to keep company, and after awhile were engaged to be married. He was a gay young man, spent his wages as fast as he got it, and borrowed of her. She had loaned him a great deal of money. In the fall of last year she quit her place and was installed as his mistress in a house on Vermont avenue. All went well until about the middle of last month, when he stopped coming to see her and gave no reason for his action. She says she does not know why he acted so unless he was tired of her. She denied seeing him on Saturday night or of shooting at him. He had given her the revolver as security for the money she had loaned him. She also claimed that since his desertion he had told a number of her friends that she had been discharged from her last place because of stealing, which she proved to be false.

ALEXANDRIA MATTERS.

Items of Interest Gathered for the "Republican's" Readers.

The condition of Mr. Adolph Dickel, whose illness has previously been mentioned in the REPUBLICAN, was last evening considered to be much worse.

The Rev. Rumsey Smithson, of the M. E. Church South, preached his farewell sermon last evening to a large and sorrowing congregation. He leaves during the week for his new charge at Winchester.

Gus Williams's Comedy Company will hold the boards at Lamon's Opera House to-night.

It is understood that at the next meeting of the city council a resolution will be offered to dispose of at public auction the city gas works and its franchise.

THE SUIT AGAINST GOULD.

The Millionnaire Wizard Attributes It to Three Causes.

NEW YORK, Mar. 25.—To a *Tribune* reporter, who asked Jay Gould yesterday what was the motive for the attack made by Kansas Pacific bondholders upon Messrs. Gould and Sage as trustees, Mr. Gould replied: "The motives behind this assault are a newspaper, a cable company, and a woman. That is all I have to say at present as to the causes instigating the suit. I may in good time determine to speak my mind more freely." Mr. Gould added that he was always ready to have the management of the trust ventilated in court or submitted to arbitration.

At the close of the interview Mr. Gould said: "I have said a good deal more perhaps than is necessary, but it may be about time for me to let certain people and interests see that it is not always necessary to keep silent while other people do all the talking."

Mr. Gould also said that Missouri Pacific was worth 150, and a 1½ per cent. dividend would doubtless be declared Monday. Its net income this year was $6,000,000. He had invested more in this stock than all his other investments put together. The stories about George Gould were all false.

STILL UNDER THE BAN.

Catholics Should Not Attend the McGlynn Meetings.

NEW YORK, Mar. 25.—In an interview outlining the present relations of the Roman Catholic Church to Dr. McGlynn, Henry George, and the Knights of Labor, Vicar General Preston said yesterday that no Catholic can attend the meetings of Dr. McGlynn or have anything to do with him, but now that Henry George is not identified with Dr. McGlynn the church has no quarrel with the George land doctrine, except that it considers it poor political economy. As to Mr. Powderly, he has fallen in the estimation of the church, because he promised Cardinal Gibbons what he could not or at least did not carry out, namely, to have the constitution of the knights submitted to the church for its approval or censure, and the knights are still under the ban attaching to all secret societies.

Smallpox on Board Ship.

NEW YORK, Mar. 25.—The steamship Italiana from Gibraltar, which arrived yesterday, was detained at quarantine with a case of smallpox in the steerage. To-day the disease attacked thirteen other steerage passengers, and the vessel will probably be kept in the lower bay for several days.

Water Too Low to Float Logs.

OTTAWA, ONT., Mar. 25.—Lumbermen are uneasy because they fear there will not be sufficient water in the tributary streams to float logs to the Ottawa river. The ice remains firm and the break up may find low water, over 400,000,000 feet of logs have been cut.

CITY ITEMS.

HOWLAND DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 211 Four-and-a-half street northwest, three doors north of Pennsylvania avenue. E. P. Howland, M. D., C. H. Howland, D. D. S., surgical, operative, 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, $4 per gallon, $1 a quart, and 50 cents a pint, 25 cents a sample bottle. Thos. Ryan, 218 F street northwest.

"ALDERNEY DAIRY WAGONS." Fresh Alderney Butter churned every morning and delivered in 1 pound "Ward" prints at 40 cents per pound. Also cottage cheese, 5 cents per half; buttermilk, 5 cents per quart, and sweet milk at 5 cents per quart.

TRADE MARK BULL'S HEAD. J. & J. COLMAN, London, Eng. FOR OUTWARD APPLICATION.

COLMAN'S CONCENTRATED MUSTARD OIL.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Colds, and Muscular Pains. Sold by all Grocers and Druggists, and wholesale by

JAMES P. SMITH, 45 Park Place, N. Y.

THE FORECAST.

Inside Information as to What Will Occur in Congress This Week.

It is probable that one or two subjects will occupy nearly all the time in the Senate this week. To-day Mr. Palmer will ask that the bill providing for the establishment of a bureau of animal industry, known as the pleuro-pneumonia bill, be taken up under consideration. Mr. Platt will also ask for the consideration of his bill to divide Dakota and admit the southern half to statehood. Either measure will consume several days in debate, and it may be that an arrangement will be entered into by which one will be taken up for two or three days and then give way to the other, so that their consideration may be by a kind of see-saw. Mr. Harris will speak on the Memphis bridge bill at the first opportunity, and Mr. Wilson, of Maryland, on the mail service, in reply to Mr. Paddock.

The obsequies on the late Chief Justice Waite will be held in the hall of the House of Representatives on Wednesday, and will necessitate an adjournment of Congress from to-morrow to Thursday.

To-day, being the fourth Monday in the month, will be devoted to the consideration of bills from the committee on the District of Columbia in the House of Representatives. Tuesday and Wednesday were on the 5th instant set aside as a special order for bills from the committee on commerce. The first bill the committee will call up on Tuesday will be the one providing for the loan of articles belonging to the government for exhibition at the Ohio centennial. Then will follow bills for the incorporation of the Nicaraguan Canal Company; for the benefit of vessels sailing in Alaskan waters; establishing the national board of health; equalizing the salaries of inspectors of steam vessels; prohibiting the licensing of commercial travelers in the states; extending the ports of entry at New Orleans and Memphis; preventing fraud on American manufactures; authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to name ports of entry; to test chains and anchors used on commerce; establishing permanent quarantines at Charleston, S. C., and elsewhere; dividing the waters of Hampton Roads, Va., and establishing new boundaries for the port of entry there; providing for revenue cutters at Charleston, S. C., and elsewhere, and various light house and life saving station measures. The bill providing for postal telegraphy will be called