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A FAMOUS THEORY confronts the coroner of Minneapolis. Mr. John Jonsson, a steam fitter, undertook yesterday morning to mend a leak in one of the pipes of a 14,000-gallon oil tank belonging to the St. Paul City Railway Company. The tank was full. Whether Mr. Jonsson was full also will never be known now. At any rate he got in under the tank with a lighted candle and proceeded to look for the leak. The natural and inevitable consequence ensued. The flame of the candle came in contact with the escaping petroleum gas and in an instant the whole inflammable volume exploded. Needless to say that Mr. Jonsson was obliterated. He disappeared as utterly as though he had never been. For a few hours there was a conflagration that laughed at fire departments, and when it finally subsided there was no trace of Mr. Jonsson. Now a baffled and bewildered coroner is looking for enough of the late steam fitter to sit upon, but finds it not. Several promising cinders have been submitted to him by anxious citizens, but they have been reluctantly rejected. Heartless scientists identified them as slag or scoria or pyrites, and flatly denied the presence of Mr. Jonsson in even the most infinitesimal proportion. And so the search goes on with rapidly diminishing prospects of success and with fast-fading hope of escape from the dilemma. At last accounts the coroner was willing to compromise on anything. His once proud spirit, which in happier times would have scorned to notice anything less than a complete and thoroughly equipped corpse, is now ready to stoop to a tooth, a toe nail, even a lock of hair or a collar button. His pride is gone. His self-respect lies shattered on the ground. He gropes amidst the debris with a microscope and in the distance hears the sneering laughter of his St. Paul rival. Poor coroner! Inconsiderate Mr. Jonsson!

CAN IT BE THAT no Washington baseball club is genuine without the word "defeat" blown in the bottle?

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a problem in euchre as follows: "Last night I was playing euchre, a two-handed game, with an acquaintance. I noticed that in dealing he would sometimes give two cards first and three cards next; but at other times he would reverse this, giving three first and two afterward. It struck me there was some monkey business going on and I objected to changing the form of the deal, insisting that my opponent should stick to one way of doing it—either deal two first and three next or *vice versa*, but to keep up one style right through. I hope you will decide this for me and inform a constant reader whether or not he was in the wrong when he wants to."

We fear our correspondent has no case. It is permissible to change the deal as often as the dealer wishes. There is no rule requiring the dealer to give either two or three cards first. It simply says that five cards shall be dealt in all, two at one time and three at the other. The dealer, however, cannot change the order during any one deal. That is to say, he cannot give himself two cards on the first round and his opponent three. If he begins with two he must give all two and so on. The best thing in a case like this is not to play with a man who seems to be tricky and as to whose perfect fairness you have any doubt. When you are playing with the right sort of man you won't care whether he deals two cards or three at a time, or how often he changes the arrangement.

IT WOULD BE INTERESTING to know just how THOMAS B. REED is affected by the political thought-waves from Ohio as they impinge on his intellect in far-off Rome.

THE OBSERVATIONS ON THE death of LAWRENCE BARRETT by the Paris *Figaro* must have been gratifying to his family and his admirers. *Figaro* referred to BARRETT as the well-known American actress" and added, "Mme. BARRETT was 53 years old, but she always appeared so young and pretty that her admirers could not believe her to be over 30." There is more of it, but this is quite enough to illustrate the ignorance of foreign journalists about our American celebrities. The truth is that BARRETT was unknown to the Parisians, and the writer in *Figaro*, seeing the announcement of the death of LAWRENCE BARRETT, an American actor, made the very natural mistake of supposing the deceased was a woman. LAWRENCE is a feminine name is France, the masculine thereof being LAURENT. It is quite easy to understand how a Frenchman, knowing nothing of the case except what he could gather from the mortuary notice, concluded it was a madame and not a monsieur who had died.

RUBINI AT LAST SEEMS to be giving his thinker a chance.

AS SOON AS THE BRILLIANT paragrapher gets through with his attempt to show that Mr. HARRISON is jealous of Mr. BLAINE because Mr. BLAINE has got ahead of him in the reciprocity matter, perhaps he'll sit down quietly for an hour or two and consider whether Mr. BLAINE is an independent force in this Administration, or whether Mr. HARRISON is it's head, and, therefore, responsible for all its acts. The brilliant paragrapher needs rest for his mind. He has fuddled himself with the idea that Mr. HARRISON and Mr. BLAINE are rivals in the conduct of the Government, and that Mr. BLAINE can inaugurate policies without Mr. HARRISON's approval. The result of the paragraphers adumbrations are ingenious and interesting, but they are not valuable as contributions to the people's stock of knowledge. What he wants is less brilliancy and more sense.

IT IS TO BE HOPED that the BLAINE idea and the MCKINLEY idea will not lock horns in the President's field of thought during his spin around the circle.

A GIFTED YOUNG FELLOW of the name of BOK, who compiles "syndicate" letters on a variety of trivial and insignificant questions, has been getting himself into hot water recently. He selects, for example, a topic of such moment as "Views of the Next World" or "What the Coming Novel is to Be," or something equally thrilling, and then he writes to a number of people celebrated in literature or public life asking them for expressions of opinion. Some reply briefly, others dismiss the subject in a contemptuous line or two, but it makes no difference to BOK. He amplifies the line or two into a column and he supplies the silent ones with opinions out of whole cloth. Naturally the water in Mr. BOK's neighborhood is heating. He is altogether too able.

ON DIT.

To-night the Choral Society will present at the Academy of Music Dvorak's great cantata, "The Spectre's Bride," which has long been in rehearsal. Madame Sophie Zeta, soprano, will be the Bride; Mr. W. J. Lavin, tenor, the Spectre; Mr. William Ludwig, baritone, the Narrator. The Baltimore Symphony Orchestra will assist.

Next Wednesday night, April 29, the Boston Symphony Orchestra give their last concert here this season, at the Academy of Music.

Admiral and Mrs. Gorsey give an informal little dinner to-night to a few friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Walsh gave to some friends last night as pretty a family dinner as one would care to sit down to, and a dozen or more came in afterward and there was music and dancing till. Mr. Walsh, who was a Miss Jeanie Patterson, one of the most admired women in Mississippi, married a prominent physician here whose general information and culture are on a par with his high attainments in his profession. Mrs. Walsh is one of those sweet, gentle, spirited southern women whose minds are stored with all that is richest in literature and art, and whose charm of manner and sympathetic kindliness endear her to all who know her.

Mrs. Evans, the daughter of Mrs. Hornsby, will be with her mother until the 1st of May. Mrs. Evans inherits much of the *esprit* and social accomplishments of her charming mother, who has always been conceded to be one of the brightest and most agreeable of those who have scored triumphs here.

Mrs. Clifford Barney will receive informally on Friday afternoons this spring. Her house is one of the pleasantest on its list.

The ball to be given at the Arlington on the 27th instant will probably be the best of the season and a brilliant affair. The cards are issued by the lady patronesses of the dancing class, Mrs. Admiral Walker, Miss Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Parke, Mrs. John Bancroft, and Mrs. Winder. The Arlington ball-room, with its magnificent drawing-rooms and dining-room en suite, afford ample space for dancing, promenading, and the serving of supper. The germans and dances given by the dancing class during the past winter have been among the most elegant, select, and enjoyable entertainments of the season.

Mrs. W. T. Carroll gives a 5 o'clock tea this afternoon in honor of Miss S. Carroll Brown and the Misses Fitzhugh. The Carroll mansion, corner of F and Eighteenth streets, has been for half a century the seat of refined hospitality. In that historic old house all the famous men and women who have figured in high life here have been honored guests during that period. Mrs. Carroll, who is a grand dame of the old regime, will be assisted in the reception of the guests by her daughter, the Countess Esterhazy, whose warm heart, gracious manners and loyalty to old friends are the qualities which have always made her a favorite and a power in Washington society.

The latest reports of Dr. M. L. Ruth, U. S. N., who was so critically ill last winter, and who, a few weeks ago, went to Bermuda in search of health, are to the effect that he is improving and will return shortly. He communicated with the Surgeon-General of the Navy, quite recently, announcing his convalescence, and saying that he wished to retain his assignment to the new Cruiser Newark, and to go to sea with her.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank B. Loring gave a handsome dinner of twelve covers last night, at their elegant and artistic residence on K street.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Hon. L. E. Chittenden, Register of the Treasury under Mr. Lincoln, has a very entertaining book in press, entitled "Recollections of Mr. Lincoln and his Administration."

Joseph Jefferson and William J. Florence were entertained by the Twentieth Century Club in Chicago last Thursday evening, and made speeches after dinner.

Dr. E. Farley, aged 60 years, the best known oculist of Missouri, died of consumption at Marshall, Mo., April 20.

Ex-Chancellor Warren Cowan died at his home in Vicksburg, Miss., April 20, aged 52 years. His death resulted from heart disease.

Eugene Field, by the way, is writing his first novel. He has given to it the title of "The Wooing of Miss Woppitt."

The President to the Texans: "Thanking you for your cordial greeting, thanking all your people, and especially the Governor of your State, for courtesies which have been unfailing; for a cordiality and friendliness that has not found any stint or repression in the fact that we are of different political opinions [Great cheering.], I beg to thank you for this special manifestation of respect."

It is hinted that one reason why the Empress of Austria manages to keep away from Vienna at Eastertime is to escape the distasteful usage of washing the feet of a dozen old women, while the Emperor amuses himself in the same manner with as many ancient men.

Apropos of the recent visit of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter to England, they are telling this story of the Prince of Wales: Being asked on one occasion who was the cleverest women he had ever met, he promptly answered: "My sister, the Empress Frederick."

The United States Minister and Mrs. Lincoln and most of the Americans in London are patronizing the Dosen matinees given by their country women, Elizabeth Robins and Miss Marion Lea. Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree and Mr. James took boxes for the first performance.

John P. Green, the colored Ohio lawyer and orator, does not like the new term "Afro-American," for the people of his race. "I like the word 'Negro,' with a big N," he declared at a Cleveland banquet recently.

To Cure La Grippe.

The following letter, giving directions for the cure of the grip, has been addressed by Dr. Porcher of Charleston, S. C., to the *Medical Record*:

I read your able editorial on grip with great interest. It has been again prevalent in this city for some months, and it is reported to be severe in Chicago, with unusual fatality. There seems to be no concise and definite treatment decided upon—some physicians relying upon phenacetine or anti-pyrine, others giving quinine or salicylate of cinchonidine, etc.

I have seldom or ever had occasion to visit any one with this disease more than from three to five days, using the following method. As in yellow fever, a mercurial purge is required at the inception of the attack, the following formula being used:

℞.—Calomel.....gr. iij
Rhubarb.....gr. iv
Calc. magnesia.....℥ss
Soda.....gr. iij
Ipecac.....gr. ss

And if fever exists, a fever mixture:

℞.—Spirits of mindererus.....one ounce
Sweet spirits of nitre.....three drachms
Tincture of aconite.....thirty drops
Paregoric.....two drachms
Water to.....four ounces.

A dessert spoonful in water every two hours.

If, as is often the case, the lungs threaten to become implicated, wine of antimony and syrup of senaga, three drachms of each are added; with the use of local applications to the chest, or to the seat of pain, of mustard or turpentine.

Three grains of quinine are given thrice a day, and port wine freely used, after the first day. I prefer California port, because it is sound and inexpensive. Milk punch may also be used, as it prevents the tendency to weakness and prostration. If there is much pain, headache or insomnia, phenacetine, five to seven grains, can be prescribed for their relief, preferably at night.

In a youth whom we saw with his father, a physician, and who was suffering from a relapse, the high and persistent fever and repeated and violent delirium—occuring day and night—were completely relieved by five grains of phenacetine given twice at an interval of six hours.

As soon as the purgative produces a medicinal effect the force of the disease seems to be broken. Antimony is to be preferred to ipecacuanha to prevent the tendency to pneumonia or to congestion of the lungs.

F. PEYRE PORCHER, M. D.
Charleston, S. C.

MY LADY.

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
And into such a rage she flew
On learning this from me;
And yet she's lovely, nay divine,
Judged by her own peculiar line.

She's deeply read. She knows as much
As average sixth-form boys;
But not the greatest sage could touch
The high, aggressive joys
That imp her wing, like birds of prey,
When in my states I go astray.

Not only learning's pure serene
Her searing mind can charm;
The tradesman, shrinking from a scene,
Regards her with alarm.
And many a 'bus conductor owns
The power of her metallic tones.

Contentiously content, she takes
Her strident way through life,
And goodness only knows what makes
Her choose to be my wife.
Courage, poor heart! Thy yearnings stifle.
She's not a girl with whom to trifle.

—*Puck.*

CRITIC ABROAD.

The dude of dudes lives in this town. He is a masher from way back, and outshines either Perty Wall or Bob Hilliard in the matter of dress. For the purposes of this story we will call him T. Willie. T. Willie's weakness is chorus girls. He is a first nighter, and invariably occupies a front seat at the theatre. During Pauline Hall's engagement two weeks ago T. Willie sat pretty close to the leader of the orchestra. As usual one of the pretty girls caught his fancy. She was a maid with dreamy black eyes and a face that was more than attractive. In vain did the dude try to "mash" her, but he failed. The next night he ordered an expensive bouquet at Freeman's, and sent it to the black-eyed girl. The card attached to the floral offering simply bore this:

"The gentleman in the front row with pink flower in coat."

Sure enough, there was T. Willie in the front row, dressed in his best suit of clothes and wearing a pink bud. By actual count there were eight other dudes in the same row, and each wore a pink bud. This was too bad. T. Willie gave up after the second act, and retired without getting the faintest recognition from the girl behind the footlights.

He was on hand the next night. During the day he had sent more flowers, with a card saying that he would try the front row again, and would this time wear a boutonniere of violets, extra size. Luck was against T. Willie again, for three other men in the same row wore violets, and plenty of them.

T. Willie said something about it being too bad that there were so many imitators in this world, and left the theatre.

He then went to his boudoir, there to "think thoughts" and devise schemes to capture the girl with the black eyes. He spent a restless night, but, as he believed, not a profitless one, for during his battle with the pillows he actually evolved from his little head a plan that would surely result in victory.

This great scheme was to hire a lower box for the fourth night and occupy it all by himself.

This time he told Freeman to make up a "paralyzing bouquet." Freeman did his best, and sent enough flowers to fill a bushel measure. T. Willie this time sent a little note saying that as he had been baffled twice in the front row he would occupy a box, and begged that the young lady might during the evening look his way, even for one small moment. She looked, and what a look it was! It was a scowl, and of such a portentous nature that even T. Willie could not mistake its meaning. T. Willie did not see the show through. He left the theatre, swearing that he would never, never again attempt to cultivate chorus girls; they were too horrid for any use.

There are fewer vagrants brought before the Police Court during this bright, sunshiny weather than have been there for months. The tramps are going out of winter quarters now and taking to the country by scores, and at this season the farmer locks his barn door with more care than usual and looks in his hay loft for knights of the road. A month ago Judge Miller had before him every day from ten to twenty men charged with being vagrants. Yesterday there were only four, and they were given shorter sentences than usual. Washington is a well-known headquarters with tramps. The workhouse here is tolerably comfortable, and from two to three hundred tramps winter there every year for three or four months. Then when the springtime comes again they betake themselves to the country roads and fields, and Mr. Stoutenburg is relieved of his guests.

Out on the Woodley Lane road, in a valley made by a tilling on one side and a hill on the other, is a little tumble-down cottage. It is made up of a number of rooms, some half-dozen or more, and the builder of most of these additions was a son of the late Admiral Porter. Here for a number of years he lived a lonely batchelor life. His days were spent at his work in the Navy-Yard, where he labored as a machinist.

The establishment he kept out there on the road was a unique one in every way. It's nucleus was a big hen-coop, and around this was built the house. The coop is still there, and it is also still the most prominent part of the house. The reason that Porter lived so long in this shanty was that he had a quarrel with his father, the Admiral, and for years they did not speak to each other. Afterward, however, there was a reconciliation, and the young man returned home.

"It's funny," said the Curbstone Philosopher. "I met Jones just now and he told me he'd cured himself of a bad cold, which threatened to develope into the grip by getting 'bilin' drunk.' And the fellow had such a cold then that he could hardly talk. It simply justifies that mouldy old bit of philosophy which holds that tribulation is a good thing, because, if it wasn't for tribulation, there would be no background against which to throw happiness into relief, and consequently there would be no such thing as happiness according to our positive experience of it. Jones' drunk put him in a worse condition than he was before, and his rapid recovery from it makes him feel, by contrast, that he is a new man, although he has a worse cold than before. Isn't that an excellent illustration of the fact that happiness is only relative? And are not all of us—each in his particular way—happily haunted by the Jones' delusion in our every-day relations with mortal existence? Do you remember the pauper boy in the quaint, Rembrantesque poem, whose only protection from the cold was a couple of boards placed over him with as much motherly care and tenderness as if he had been 'tucked in' by motherly hands after the fashion which is the most cherished reminiscence of your own childhood? That little chap was a little Jones, and so it was the most natural thing in the world for him to ask his mother that question, full of contentment with his lot and solicitude for others:

What do the poor boys do who have no bowds?

"And humanity is made up of Joneses—all of it except those who their 'quietus make with a bare bodkin.' Funny, ain't it?"

SIR JOHN ROSS.

He Visits the Scenes of His Grandfather's Campaign in '14.

For some few days past there has been in Washington a distinguished visitor, whose presence in Baltimore would be, perhaps, quite as interesting and as reminiscent as is the present visit of the gentlemen from Worcester, says the correspondent of the Baltimore American. It is no less a personage than one Sir John Ross. Sir John is historical by descent—that is to say, his father was very historical, for he was the famous Sir John Ross who sacked Washington in 1814, and who came to an untimely end at North Point, near Baltimore, while progressing toward that city, with highly hostile purposes. The present Sir John is the second son of his father, and, though the commandant of her British Majesty's forces in North America, is an entirely harmless old gentleman. He has been cordially received here, and has shown that his popularity is well deserved. His present visit is entirely pacific, and it is not believed that he has been out to survey the battlefields of Bladensburg, where his distinguished father, with 4,000 British regulars, met a handful of Maryland volunteers.

Kicked by a Horse.

Edward Quigley, the horse dealer, was kicked on the leg by a horse this afternoon and had his knee-cap fractured. He was taken to the Emergency Hospital by Officer Galway, where his injuries were attended to by Drs. Hall and Boss. Mr. Inigly was then taken to Providence Hospital.

Work on the New Cable Road Begun.

Work was commenced on the new cable road to-day by moving the water pipes on Fourteenth street and on the Avenue.

A young poet, Charles Henry Luders, who had written for the "Century," and whose work is represented in the Stedman-Hutchinson library, died recently in Philadelphia. The April "Century" prints four of his poems, with a notice of him, and a sonnet to his memory by his friend, Frank Dempster Sherman.

VETERAN SIXTH.

MEMBERS OF THE FIRST REGIMENT TO ARRIVE IN '61

Revisit the Scenes of Their Trials and Triumphs—They Enjoy Themselves, and Find the City Vastly Finer Now Than Then.

Thirty years ago the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, full of patriotism, marched with warlike front and belligerent step up the full length of Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol to the Treasury.

Yesterday twenty-three survivors of that band again marched up Pennsylvania avenue, this time upon a peaceful errand bent, and without the note of war in the clank of their accoutrements.

The veterans were accompanied by the Worcester (Mass.) Light Infantry. They were met at the B. & O. depot by the Washington Light Infantry, commanded by Colonel William G. Moore.

The line of march was up Pennsylvania avenue to the Treasury Department, where the troops were photographed. The procession then proceeded up Fifteenth street and down F to the Ebbitt House, the headquarters of the visiting military during their stay here. Inside the hotel Colonel Moore bade the visitors welcome to the Capital City, and Captain Davis responded in a happy vein. Last night, by special invitation, many of them attended George Wilson's minstrel show at Albaugh's.

They spent to-day in sight-seeing, this evening a reception will be tendered them at the W. L. I. Armory. To-morrow they take a trip to Mount Vernon and the next day return home.

The active members of the company are:

Captain Fred G. Davis, First Lieutenant H. B. Fairbanks, Second Lieutenant P. L. Rider, First Sergeant F. A. Hatch, W. T. Gilman, H. W. Bates, F. D. Breeman, F. M. Clark, jr., James Logan, E. S. Clark, L. W. White, W. L. Adams, H. L. Blood, W. E. Booth, F. W. Brigham, J. P. Casey, W. L. Cheney, J. S. Dresser, P. T. Daly, Howard Frost, John Fuller, A. E. Fairbanks, F. E. French, S. F. Gates, J. H. Gannon, A. F. Hyde, C. S. Holden, J. J. Herron, F. E. Hopkins, A. C. King, R. L. Kingston, H. J. Kettel, F. Knight, W. S. Lincoln, C. R. Macomber, A. G. Pritchard, William Stevenson, J. F. Shea, G. A. Smith, A. P. Shaffer, F. W. Taft, W. E. Tarbell, A. T. Townshend, F. L. Ward, H. H. Warren, T. Walters, jr., F. W. Wesson and R. L. Ward.

The veteran and honorary members of the company and the guests are:

Colonel E. P. Clark, commander, and staff officers Surgeon George Brown, Lieutenant Bumstead, Captain C. D. Colston, and Lieutenant John E. Lancaster of the Second Regiment; and G. Jennison, E. J. Smith, J. P. Fay, Lieutenant H. A. Johnson, John Bradley, C. H. Prentice, A. A. Logan, Major E. G. Stiles, R. Kessell, J. McDuffy, O. H. Wood, E. R. Brigham, E. C. Thompson, G. H. Woodis, A. A. Lelandt, J. R. H. Mooney, T. C. Wood, Levi Lincoln, C. G. Gilman, E. B. Fairbanks, Colonel James M. Drennan, A. S. Lowell, H. A. Currier, G. Hubbard, William Baker, F. C. Barnard and wife, Colonel Levi Parker, Edward Kendrick, William Rush, C. M. Stewart, Dr. George Woodbury, Alzirus Brown, D. M. Prescott, T. Calvert, E. Harriman, E. B. Hosmer, C. P. Trumbull, J. Whitaker, Captain W. A. Gile, wife and daughter, Mrs. E. B. Hosmer, and others.

The veterans of the old Sixth Regiment are: Captain George W. Prouty of West Sutton; Captain John A. Lovell, John W. Bacon, E. M. Rice, Joseph M. Dyson, Adam Gernhardt of Worcester; Charles E. Whipple, of Toledo, Ohio; C. H. Wilson of Boylston; Henry H. Lawrence of Westborough; Henry E. Bernis, of Lyon, all of old Company G, which hailed from Worcester; Major S. P. Blodgett of Hyde Park and E. P. Tuttle of Company C, Lowell; Captain J. B. White, Secretary D. E. Sisson and W. P. Chester of Company K, Boston; D. Moody Prescott, Frank Calvert, Major B. I. Peabody of Company C, Lowell; A. E. Cate of Company F, Lawrence; John E. Harriman of Company I, Lawrence; W. L. Braddock, E. B. Hosmer and M. E. Chandler of Company L, Stoneham, and Messrs. Nash and Whittaker of Stoneham.

WHAT THE VETERANS DID TO-DAY.

Bright and early this morning the members of the Sixth were out of bed, and, separating into quartettes, twos and couples, went about the city visiting the various points of interest. The veterans were astonished at the changes that have taken place during the past three decades, and expressed themselves in terms of amazement at the transformation, by which the city had been changed from almost a mud hole in 1861 to the magnificent city of to-day.

To-night the Washington Light Infantry Corps will give the visitors a reception at the Armory. The hall has been handsomely decorated. Potted plants and tattered flags, relieved by the regimental colors of the men from the East, have contributed to make the hall almost a wonderland.

To-morrow afternoon the visitors will be taken to Mount Vernon on the steamer Corcoran.

A REMINISCENCE.

In connection with the visit of the Sixth Massachusetts, Mr. Samuel Williams today told a good story:

"I was a barber," he said, "in Brown's Hotel, now the Metropolitan, in 1861, when the regiment arrived. It was the day after the attack had been made on it in Baltimore, and there was lots of excitement here. The Avenue was crowded and Brown's was then as now a Southern headquarters. In rooms adjoining the hotel Ben: Perley Poore, the deceased journalist, had his quarters, over Todd's hat store. Being a Massachusetts man, he commenced to clap his hands as the regiment was passing.

"This demonstration was followed by loud hissing on the part of the crowd in front of Brown's. Instantly the order 'Halt!' was given, and simultaneously came the sharp 'click, click' of the cocking of the guns in the hands of the Yankee soldiers. The crowd, of course, tumbled over each other in their haste to get out of harm's way, I with them. A moment later the command resumed its march. Had a stone been thrown or a word said it is hard to predict what the results might have been. It was a scene I will never forget."

BISHOP DISNEY DEAD.

A Prominent Member of the African M. E. Church Passes Away.

Bishop R. Disney, a distinguished divine of the African M. E. Church, died at Chatham, Ontario, Monday evening, after a lingering illness. The news was received in this city yesterday by Bishop Brown, and will be heard with regret by churchmen and others in this city, where Bishop Disney was well known.

The Rev. Richard R. Disney was made Bishop eight years ago and since that time has addressed many audiences in this city.

Two years ago he spoke at the colored camp-meeting at Good Hope to an audience of 8,000 persons and not long after went to Chatham, Ontario.

As soon as Bishop Brown received the telegram announcing his demise he departed for Chatham.

The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon and Bishop Brown will return here Tuesday.

The Detroit Strike Still On.

DETROIT, MICH., April 22.—The street car strike in this city continues to-day. Some disorder has occurred on the Woodward, Michigan and Jefferson Avenue lines, but none of the episodes have resulted seriously.

A number of disturbers have been arrested. The street car companies are giving fair service. On the Jefferson Avenue Line a mob of 500 strikers patrolled this morning.

Change of the Ministry.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 22.—The local ministry of Prince Edward Island resigned to-day. The Lieutenant-Governor has decided not to dissolve the Parliament, and sent for Frederick Peters, one of the Liberal members, for consultation. Mr. Peters has called a meeting of the Liberal members of both Houses of the Legislature to discuss the situation.

FROM THE DISTRICT CAPITOL.

Items of Interest from the Commissioners' Office.

A NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.—The Commissioners have decided to locate a new school-house at the southeast corner of Second and P streets northwest. The new building will be 87 by 70 feet, and the plans will shortly be prepared by the building inspector.

BLOCKING THE PAVEMENT.—A few days ago the Commissioners received a complaint from Trainmaster McKeever of the B. & P. R. R., stating that a policeman had ordered the employes of the company to remove the mail wagons from the sidewalk on Sixth street. The Commissioners referred the matter to Major Moore, and he to Lieutenant Kelly, who reports that the police had no intention of interfering with the permit of the railroad company, and that the mail wagon was ordered to be moved because it was unnecessarily obstructing the pavement.

AN ALLEGED NUISANCE.—Mr. William A. Mullory, attorney for Trinity Church; Rev. Dr. Addison pastor of the church; Dr. Buckley, Rev. Dr. Anderson, and Mr. E. A. McIntire, were given a hearing before the Commissioners this morning in regard to their complaint made against Dr. Robinson's veterinary stable on Third street, near G northwest.

Building Inspector Entwisle and Assistant Attorney Thomas took part in the discussion, and it was finally decided to refer the matter to the attorney for his opinion as to whether Dr. Robinson can legally occupy the premises as a veterinary hospital.

WAS IT AN ILLEGAL ARREST.—Some time ago THE CRITIC published a complaint made by Mr. M. J. Stern that he had been illegally arrested for running a gambling-house. The complainant was referred to United States Attorney Cole, who has submitted his opinion to the District Commissioners.

Mr. Cole states that he learns that the arrest was made as stated by Stern and admitted by Lieutenant Vernon. The case was not prosecuted in the Police Court, the attorney says, because that court had previously made a ruling that the law against gaming or keeping gaming apparatus does not apply except in cases where the gaming is habitual, or continuous to some extent, and as there was no evidence to show any but the one act of gaming against Stern and his associates, it was impossible to bring the case within the law as construed.

The attorney, however, takes exception to the ruling, as he says:

"I am by no means satisfied that his ruling is correct, and propose at as early a day as a proper case can be made for this purpose to obtain a construction of said act by the Supreme Court of the District; but until such ruling can be obtained the construction of the act as settled by the Police Court must be followed."

Captain Cole, however, believes that the police officers were perfectly justified in making the arrest.

ORDERS.—The followings orders were issued to-day by the Commissioners: J. A. Sibley appointed temporary draughtsman in the office of the Inspector of Buildings at $4 per diem.

James G. Wilson appointed private in the Fire Department.

Water-main tax of $274.21 against a portion of square 505 be canceled, the same having been quashed and annulled by decree of the courts.

Following steam engineers' licenses granted: First class, Frederick Weber. Second class, F. E. Cranford, Joseph Neuland and Harry A. Wilvert.

GEORGETOWN STATION.—Colonel Moore, Assessor Trimble and Inspector of Buildings Entwisle this afternoon made a visit to Georgetown to look after a site for the new station-house of the Seventh precinct.

BOARD SESSIONS.—An order was issued by the Commissioners yesterday to the effect that hereafter board sessions will be held from 10 o'clock to 11 o'clock daily except Saturdays. In order to permit them to attend to matters relative to the office and public business the Commissioners will not be accessible to personal interviews between the hours of 9 and 10 a. m. daily. Between 11 and 2 o'clock personal and official callers will be received. The District Building will be closed to the public after 2 o'clock p. m.

PROTESTING AGAINST A RAILROAD.—B. H. Warner & Co., on behalf of Mr. James M. Varnum, who owns nine houses in square 298, have written to the Commissioners protesting against the use of a portion of that square for railroad purposes, as proposed by the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad.

BARON FAVA AT ROME.

Prolonged Conference With Rudini—Now Look Out.

ROME, April 22.—Baron Fava, late Minister of Italy to the United States, has arrived in Rome and had a prolonged conference with Marquis Rudini, Italian Premier, and Minister for foreign affairs, upon the subject of the New Orleans massacre. The result of the conference is not yet known.

Evictions and Riots in the Coke Region.

SCOTTDALE, PA., April 22.—This morning Deputy Sheriff Crawford and a large posse of deputies went to Adelaide to serve writs of ejectment and were met with a determined resistance.

After evicting a couple of families they were attacked from all sides by an infuriated mob of strikers and women. A riot followed in which both sides put up a game battle.

The deputies were routed, however, Sheriff Crawford and a few assistants being injured.

Afraid of More Silver Talk.

NEW YORK, April 22.—Ex-President Cleveland refused last night to confirm or deny the statements contained in the published conversation said to have taken place between State Treasurer Leon V. Stephens and himself on the silver question. The ex-President said he had not read the article in question. He was too busy and did not care to say anything concerning it.

Sad Drowning Accident.

ENFIELD, N. H., April 22.—Frank V. Emerson, with his wife and child, was driving from Lebanon to his home at East Lebanon yesterday afternoon, when his horse appeared to have a fit and plunged over a bank into Mascoma River. Mr. Emerson succeeded in getting out and saving the child, but Mrs. Emerson was drowned. The horse swam ashore.

A Ghastly Tragedy.

PITTSBURG, April 22.—Miss Mary Sullivan, aged 65, of unsound mind, seriously cut her aged husband while he was asleep in bed early this morning, and killed herself. The man will recover.

Very Important

The importance of taking a good Spring Medicine cannot be overestimated. The changing weather affects the human system in such a way that it is now in great need of and especially susceptible to the benefit to be derived from a reliable preparation like Hood's Sarsaparilla. To make your blood pure, give you a good appetite and make you strong, this spring you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best

Spring Medicine.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla is invaluable as a spring medicine; it invigorates the whole system and tones up the stomach, and since I became acquainted with Hood's Sarsaparilla I always take several bottles in the spring and as occasion requires, the rest of the year."—L. U. GRAHAM, Amrella, Iowa.

N. B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MENTIONED IN ORDERS

FOR SPECIALLY GALLANT AND MERITORIOUS CONDUCT IN SERVICE.

Major-General Schofield Issues an Order Complimenting a Number of Brave Men for Acts of Daring and Fortitude in the Line of Their Duties, Giving Deserved Praise Where It Belongs.

The third of the series of orders issued by General Schofield, mentioning the names of officers and enlisted men who distinguished themselves by "special meritorious acts or conduct in the service," was given out to-day. It is No. 41 of the current series of general orders, Headquarters of the Army, and is as follows:

"The Major General Commanding takes pleasure in publishing in orders to the Army the names of the following officers and enlisted men who, during the year 1885, distinguished themselves by "specially meritorious acts or conduct in service:"

"January, 1885, First Lieutenant David N. McDonald, Fourth Cavalry (now out of service): For judicious, prompt and energetic pursuit and gallant attack and capture of a body of armed Mexican mutineers en route from Lower California to Sonora through the United States.

"June 8, 1885. Private John Schnitzer, Company H, Twenty-third Infantry (then of Troop G, Fourth Cavalry): For gallant conduct in action against hostile Chiricahua Indians, Guadaloupe Canon, Sonora, in carrying the sergeant commanding the party, who had been three times wounded, from the bottom to the top of the canon, where the sergeant received a fatal wound; this under heavy fire within a short distance of the hostile Indians concealed in the rocks. (Certificate of merit.)

"July 7, 1885. Sergeant Frank E. Legros, Troop D (then of L), Fifth Cavalry; Corporal Carl Barnestein (then farrier, Troop L, Fifth Cavalry), Troop D, Eighth Cavalry; Private Christian Schultz, Troop D (then of L), Fifth Cavalry, and Pierce Echoelkopf (now out of service), then private, Troop L, Fifth Cavalry: For skill and fortitude in crossing General Sheridan and party over the Cimarron River, Indian Territory, during a freshet, necessitating the swimming of men and horses.

"Summer of 1885. Major Wirt Davis, Fifth Cavalry (then Captain, Fourth Cavalry): For highly meritorious services in command of an expedition composed of his own troop and a battalion of Indian scouts against hostile Chiricahua Apaches in Arizona and Sonora, displaying good judgment, energy and persistency in a pursuit of over 900 miles, successfully attacking them September 22 in the Teres Mountains, Mexico.

"August and September, 1885. First Lieutenant Matthias W. Day, Ninth Cavalry: For soldierly conduct, August 7th, while commanding a company of Indian scouts, in successfully surprising Geronimo's camp of hostile Apaches in the Sierra Madre Mountains, Mexico, and for gallant conduct in action against hostile Apache Indians in the Teres Mountains, Mexico, September 22.

"September 22, 1885—First Lieutenant Robert D. Walsh (then Second Lieutenant Fourth Cavalry), for gallant conduct against hostile Apache Indians while commanding a company of Indian scouts in the Teres Mountains, Mexico.

"Summer of 1885—Major-General Crook mentions in operations of the season against hostile Apaches: Captain Emmet Crawford (since died of wounds received in action), First Lieutenant Marion P. Maus (now captain), First Infantry; Second Lieutenants (now first lieutenants) Harry C. Benson and Charles P. Elliott, Fourth Cavalry; Second Lieutenants (now first lieutenants) Leighton Finley and William E. Shipp, Tenth Cavalry, and Second Lieutenant Samuel L. Faison, First Infantry (now first lieutenant, Thirteenth Infantry).

"December 19, 1885—Sergeant Frank Moore, Troop C, Eighth Cavalry, for great coolness and bravery against hostile Apaches at Little Dry Creek, New Mexico.

"December 18, 1885—Corporal Wallace McFarland, Troop J, Second Cavalry (then of Troop C, Fifth Cavalry), for highly meritorious conduct in action against hostile Apaches at the same fight, continuing after being severely wounded."

IN THE CRIMINAL COURT.

Case of Dade, Higgins and Grayson.

William Dade, John Higgins and William Grayson, all colored, were tried for housebreaking yesterday. Dade pleaded guilty and was sentenced to Albany for four years.

The offense with which they are charged consisted in the theft of three boxes of oranges from Hendrickson & Co.'s store on Louisana avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets, on the night of January 30. They were caught in the act by Mr. Hendrickson and Officer Heller.

There was quite a sensation in the court room when Cecelia Boaz, a colored woman, fainted while on the stand giving rebutal evidence, and had to be carried from the room.

Other witnesses were heard in rebuttal. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty as to William Grayson, but guilty as to Higgins, with a recommendation for mercy.

The Nicolaides Robbery Case.

Daniel and William Castor, two young and quite respectable-appearing colored men, were on trial in the Criminal Court to-day, accused of breaking into the store of Kimon Nicolaides, No. 1106 F street northwest, on the night of February 26. William Castor testified he had made a confession in the station-house, when arrested, under the influence of liquor given him by Policemen Boardman and Kendall. He said they threatened him, if he did not confess. The officers denied this. Dan Castor denied the robbery.

Lieutenant Amiss, in rebuttal, swore positively that John Castor had not been given any liquor at the Twelfth street station in his presence. In his charge to the jury Judge Bradley instructed the discharge of Daniel Castor, as there was no evidence introduced against him.

The jury shortly after 2 o'clock brought in a verdict that William was guilty, but Daniel could be discharged. Judge Bradley sentenced the guilty brother to