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YOUNG GEORGE ROBINSON of Brooklyn had an experience last Saturday which may or may not do him good. With others, he was watching some workmen engaged in the interesting task of making sewer connections. Young GEORGE on this occasion happened to be the member of the crowd—there is generally one or more such in gatherings of that kind—who was wrought up to a high pitch of uneasiness over what he considered the workmen's lack of skill. Accordingly, he jumped into the breach and proceeded to set things right, only to be carried away a few minutes later overcome by sewer gas, from the effects of which, fortunately, he was relieved at a hospital.

Young GEORGE's case would scarcely be worth this notice were it not for the fact that it points a moral. There are any number of men in this wide world, in various relations of life, who have an insane propensity for interfering on the slightest pretext with affairs not conducted according to their own particular plans and specifications, for the reason that they have failed to grasp the truth of the homely adage that "there is more than one way of skinning a cat." A horse can not fall down in the street, you cannot dig a hole in the ground in public, an iron safe cannot be raised to a second-story window, without the appearance of one or more of these kindly disposed individuals overladen with able suggestions and haunted by the fear that the world will slip a cog if some of those suggestions are not at once put into operation. It seems to be impossible for this class of men to consider what the great mass of their fellows finally realize in all humility, that fallen horses will still be put on their feet, holes dug in the ground with neatness and dispatch, and safes lifted without accident into second-story windows when they are no longer present to help matters along by the contribution of big chunks of gratuitous counsel.

It may be added that in politics, as well as in other fields of human thought and action, the man is an especial nuisance, if not worse, who habitually views things from the narrow platform of self or of a class and attempts to light the path of progress through a fog of egotism. His method of "skinning a cat" may be thoroughly scientific or it may be clumsy and impracticable. But in any event, he is not unlikely to retard whatever work may be in hand by insisting that his method is the only true one. This individual will be present in force in the Fifty-second Congress. He has already pointed out a number of things appertaining to the National Government which he thinks will continue to go wrong until they are readjusted in accordance with his own nicely constructed but narrow views. Doubtless he will roll up his sleeves and go to work on Uncle Sam's sewer connections with an heroic self-confidence that will command some degree of admiration, if not entire approval, on the part of the on-looker. Nevertheless, his fate will probably be that of young GEORGE ROBINSON, and pretty soon we shall find him laid up for repairs in the political hospital.

A PROVOKING NUISANCE, and one which should have been done away with long ago, is the sweeping of streets, and especially the down-town streets, at an hour in the evening when they are thronged. Frequently when the streets are alive with people on pleasure bent and attired in accordance with that laudable purpose, the street-sweepers, with the ponderous nonchalance of which only a big, healthy, self-reliant street-sweeper is capable, fling clouds of filthy dust through the air to settle in the eyes, ears, nostrils and necks and upon the more or less spick-and-span clothing of the multitude. And not only is this the case, but the rank, suffocating odor that arises is utterly unwholesome, and frequently drive sensitive persons into a convenient doorway or up a cross street for at least temporary relief. In fact, the street-sweepers do the very thing they are expected to prevent the wind from doing, and they do it in a thoroughly diabolical way that a Western cyclone would have some trouble in discounting. The proper time for street-sweeping is between the hours of midnight and dawn, and the proper authorities should lay down a rule to that effect and see that it is observed. Indeed, it is not easy to see why the making of such a nuisance should not be forbidden off-hand by the police department. Certainly there are hundreds of individuals fined every year for the maintenance of nuisances not one-tenth as objectionable, not to mention those who abate supdry nuisances upon being duly warned by the police. The public are thankful, it is true, that the watchful eye and vigilant nostrils of authority are ever on the alert to ferret out and summarily dispose of the malodorous slop barrel. But why a hundred-slop-barrel nuisance should be overlooked or undersmelled, as the case may be, the public fail to understand.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT has been informed that the Administration will favor a modification of the McKinley tariff law by the Fifty-second Congress with a view to the encouragement of the importation of Havana tobacco into the United States. If this kind of thing continues Mr. McKINLEY may begin to wonder what he fathered the bill for.

NATIONAL BANKS may come and go, but the Domestic Bank of the Old Stocking will continue to hold its own.

HAVING PLAYED a dirty trick on Uncle Sam, the Itata showed him a clean pair of heels.

BISMARCK CAN SPEND the time between now and the meeting of the Reichstag putting a razor edge on his tomahawk.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND spoke in Buffalo last night. He didn't forget to fetch his ego with him.

SENATOR CALL GAINED two votes last night, but it's a long cry from that to election.

THE PEOPLE OF LEADVILLE have put the seal of their approval on the saying that speech is silver by presenting a silver brick to the President.

PERSONAL.

Mr. James Lyons of Richmond, Va., is at Wormley's.

Mr. Hugo Carleson of Stockholm, Sweden, is stopping at the St. James Hotel.

Mr. Wm. A. Stone of Allegheny City, Pa., and Captain A. C. Moxomb, U. S. A., are at the Arlington.

Mr. R. H. Edwards and wife from Oshkosh, Wis., and Mr. A. A. Vance of Morristown, N. J., are at Willard's.

Messrs. C. H. Gildersleeve of New Mexico and R. Freeman and George P. Tuckett of Canada are at the National.

Lieutenant G. P. Hawk of the U. S. S. Chicago, McCarty Little also of the U. S. Navy, and Mr. T. Amory Coffin a well-known citizen of Phoenixville, Pa., are at the Ebbitt.

Miss C. O. Doyle, Mr. S. W. Harlington, Miss Jennie Potter and Mr. H. W. Slade of Providence, R. I., are at Willard's.

Ebbitt—W. S. Brown, New York; E. D. Powell, Louisville, Ky.; James W. Perkins, Boston; J. E. Greene, Worcester, Mass.; R. L. Rythtman, U. S. Naval Academy; H. P. Woodruff and wife, New Haven, Conn.

Wormley's—B. B. Whitridge, Boston; Chester Holcombe, New York; James W. Elsworth, Chicago; Mrs. E. E. Harvey, St. Paul, Minn.

Willard's—T. D. Gardner, St. Louis; W. B. Houston, Cincinnati; William Hamilton and wife, Mrs. C. P. Lockhart, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; James Stalin, Richmond, Indiana; J. N. Walker, Grand Rapids, Michigan; John K. Linenweaver, Columbia, Pennsylvania; W. M. Reese and wife, Cleveland; F. H. Hill, Chicago.

St. James—C. J. Goff, Clarksburg, West Virginia; A. T. Townsend, Warren, Ohio; R. M. Moore, San Antonio, Texas; C. L. Biddle, Clearfield, Pennsylvania; Mrs. F. B. Land, Hughesville, Pennsylvania; Thomas Atkinson and F. W. Havenickel, Richmond; Philip J. O'Reilly, New York; C. J. Hall, Atlanta, Georgia; W. T. Eagan, Philadelphia.

Metropolitan—E. S. Goodman, Americus, Ga.; S. C. Hazlett, Philadelphia; W. S. Burke, Staunton, Va.; J. H. Moore and wife, Lexington, Va.; D. F. Hogan, Philadelphia; W. J. Parker, New York.

National—J. C. Riley, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Lewis J. Lippman, Newark, N. J.; W. F. Earle and wife, Philadelphia; George Marsh and wife, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Paxton and Mrs. Winston, Leesburg, Va.; C. W. Lewis, jr., Erie, Pa.

Hotel Johnson—J. P. Van Hook, Philadelphia; D. G. Schenck, jr., Greensboro, N. C.; W. B. Willis, Virginia; E. R. Richards, Sheboygan, Wis.

ON DIT.

Commodore and Mrs. Irwin are visiting Mrs. Williams, No. 2420 K street.

Miss Jackson will spend the summer at York Harbor on the Maine Coast.

Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., is at the Astor House, New York.

James A. Dumont, Inspector General of Steam Vessels, is at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York.

Mr. Frederick H. Winston, formerly United States Minister to Persia, is at the Windsor Hotel in New York.

Commodore W. H. Shock and Civil Engineer A. G. Menocal of the Navy are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York.

Commodore and Mrs. McCalla will shortly occupy their own house, corner of Massachusetts avenue and Twentieth street.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Soley will leave for Boston to-morrow to deliver an address at the Porter Memorial Service.

A very young gentleman from Chicago, whose father is reputed to be worth $5,000,000, is creating a flutter of excitement among the buds and full-blown roses of society.

Remember that the strawberry fete for the benefit of the Washington Foundling Hospital begins tonight at Mrs. Tisdel's, No. 1323 Thirteenth street, and lasts from 5 to 11 p. m., to-day and to-morrow. A number of well-known ladies have charge of the affair.

Thursday and Saturday will be "pink coat" days in equestrian circles. The steeplechases will give the gallant members of the Dumbiane Club an opportunity of "switching the world with feats of horsemanship" in the presence of a large, fashionable and appreciative assemblage of invited guests and friends.

Mrs. Colonel Stevenson of the Ethnological Bureau will go out in June to the Zuni Indians for six months, to continue her interesting researches and excavations, and will devote herself to the study of the religion, rites and traditions of those people. She has already spent five or six years among them, speaks their language, and is well equipped, through her personal popularity and energy, to gather a rich harvest of information.

What with the unions of the Loyal Legion, the Sons of the Revolution and no end of societies, nearly every other man one meets "in the gilded saloons of the bloated and effete aristocracy" has the decorated look of the forlorn of distinction. The Society of the Cincinnati will have to show up now with its hypocrene insignia to crowd and emphasize our republican simplicity and hatred of decorations and badges of distinction.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Breton gave a very pleasant *musicale* last night at their elegant residence, No. 1132 N street. Mrs. Jungen, Mr. Fralley, Mr. Rice and Mrs. Heber May were among those who contributed vocal and instrumental music, Mrs. Jungen's singing and Mr. Fralley's violin playing forming the chief attractions. Colonel and Mrs. Heywood, Mr. Blackford, Miss Condit Smith, Mrs. Campbell and Miss Knowles of England, Mr. and Mrs. Heber May, Mr. Rice, Mr. Gresham, Lieutenant Jungen, Miss Kelton, Mrs. and Miss Kelly, Lieutenant Dougherty, U. S. N., Miss Anna Key and Lieutenant Woodworth, U. S. N., were among those who enjoyed the affair. Mrs. Le Breton, who is one of the handsomest of the California colony here, is a daughter of the late Commodore McDougall of the Navy, and was educated in Europe. She is one of the most gracious of hostesses.

The drawing-rooms of Mrs. William Morris Hunt, 1105 Sixteenth street, presented a brilliant array of charming people invited to meet Mrs. Whelan of Philadelphia, one of those lovely Southern women who adorns a Northern home and whose circle of friends is only bounded by our country. Mrs. Whelan was in fine voice and sang several exquisite things with all of the skill and feeling for which she is remarkable. Mr. Hansen of the Russian Legation, who is not only a popular and accomplished diplomat, but a pianist of extraordinary talent and a thorough musician, created a furore by his magnificent rendering of several concert pieces, and the finished and artistic way in which he played Mrs. Whelan's accompaniments. One of the most delightful things of the evening was the performance of Streletzki's song, "Dreams," by Mrs. Hunt (piano), Mr. Paul Hunt (violoncello), and Miss Mabel Hunt (violin). Nothing could have been more beautifully played. The evening was in every way most enjoyable from a social and artistic point of view. Among the fifty or more present were Admiral and Mrs. Pelouze, Commodore Selfridge, U. S. N.; Mr. Hansen and Mr. Botkin of the Russian Legation, Mr. Boeufve of the French Legation, Mr. Blair Lee, Miss Brooke, Miss Wilson, the Misses James, Miss Jackson, the handsome niece of the late Admiral Baldwin; Mrs. Barney, Miss Hudson, Miss Everitt, Miss Cammack, Miss Walker, the daughter of Admiral Walker, and Mr. Pierre Stevens.

Scotch-Irish Convention.

A special train passed through this city last night, having on board a large delegation from the east and north, en route to Louisville, Ky., via the Chesapeake and Ohio railway, to attend the Scotch-Irish Society of America's Convention, which is to be held in that city from May 14 to 17. It was a section of the famous F. F. V. train of that road, and was in charge of the President of the Society, Mr. Robert Bonner of the New York *Ledger*, and among the prominent people on board were Dr. John Hall and Dr. James McIntosh of New York, Col. A. K. McClure of the Philadelphia *Times*, Dr. Thomas Murphy, and others.

Palmer Not in It.

ATLANTA, GA., May 12.—The Atlanta *Journal* to-day publishes a letter from General Palmer of Illinois, in which he states emphatically that he is not a candidate for Vice-President or President, and that a political dissertation from him would be very much like an impertinence. General Palmer says: "'Speech is silver, but silence is golden,' and though I favor the liberal coinage of the white metal, I have a preference, at least, for the yellow."

[Written for THE CRITIC-RECORD.]

LINES TO MONTE CARLO.

Over the river, the beautiful river,
Where the winds blow fair and the waves roll free;
I love to meander these calm summer evenings;
For I know that the bookies are waiting for me.
The distance is long and the roadway is dusty,
The sun is so hot that a fellow can broil
Ham and eggs on the brow of the beautiful river
As he moves to the front in pursuit of the spoils.
I know that they are longing to have me come over,
To scatter my dust like the stars on the sea,
Then, over the river, the beautiful river,
I'll hasten for the bookies are waiting for me.

I strike a bee-line for the beautiful river,
Where the pilgrims are wending their way to the south;
Each one with his fondly-clasped wad in his pocket,
And a hide-bound cigar in his know-it-all mouth.
Each has a dead, open clinch on the winners,
Each has a tip that is certain to pay;
And my eyes are beginning to bulge as I listen
And I sigh for the bookies just over the way.
I long for to reach them, I yearn to get at them,
And the way that I jump is a caution to see;
For over the river, the beautiful river,
I know that the dollars are waiting for me.

I size up my wad when I reach Monte Carlo;
The odds are immense and I want to win all;
So I purchase a tip from a "tout" who is in it,
And stake my last nickel on noble Skewball;
"They're off! with Skewball in the lead," shouts the bookies,
(I winked at the "tout" with the air of a blood);
The same at the quarter! They're over the water!
Skewball and his jocky are "stuck in the mud!"
I reach for a brick from a pile that's convenient;
I hunt for that "tout," but he's clean out of sight.
Then, over the river, that beautiful river,
I sneak to my home like a thief in the night.

WILL WHELAN.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

"Did you ever bring yourself to reflect about suicide," asked an antiquated doctor of surgery as we came ambling down Capitol Hill on one of those really cheerful new carettes.

"You never did? Well, you should and you will find it an interesting subject to think about. Probably, as a newspaper man, you know that the word suicide is derived from two Latin words, 'sui,' meaning one's self, and 'cedere,' to slay or kill. Blackstone defines it 'as an act of designedly destroying one's life committed by a person of years of discretion and of sound mind,' but that great lawyer is clearly wrong in both of his premises. Suicides nowadays are not confined to people of years of discretion and I believe it is the custom of careless talkers always to declare that the victim was of unsound mind.

"That soldier out at the Marine Barracks the other day—why he understood suicide as a science," remarked the old surgeon, reflectively, "killed himself instantly—as quick as a Kodak snap or a stroke of electricity. His life was thrown down in the thousandth part of a second. Think of the muzzle velocity of a rifle shot and then calculate, if you can, the space betwixt the instant he pulled that trigger attachment and his death. The fellow had grit, I must say, plenty of it.

"Suffer? No, not a pang. His brain was crushed before he could bat an eye—shot into a jelly.

"Ah, the brain," continued the old practicioner enthusiastically. "What a noble organ, the seat of thought, intellect, life itself.

"Its a very sensitive organ, as you know, and nature has thoughtfully encased it in walls of hard bone. Suppose people wore their brain on their sleeves, as some people are popularly supposed to do their hearts?

"My observation is," continued the doctor, "that male suicides generally use firearms, while women prefer to drug themselves. This may be accounted for by a woman's known antipathy to blood and to vanity.

"No handsome woman, or ugly either, would care for her family or friends to gaze on her dead features distorted and swollen and blackened by gunpowder. Not she. In all my practice I have never known a woman to kill herself either by shooting or by stabbing, and I have been called to view the poor remains of several unfortunaters.

I believe it was Sidney who wrote—

"Vanity posseseth many who are desirous to know the certainty of things to come?

"That is what I meant to say in the beginning, remarked the doctor, as he reached for the bell pull and dismounted."

The great majority of people, according to Agent Minter Preston Key of the Humane Society, know absolutely nothing about watering horses.

"A horse should never be given water from a bucket," said the agent to a CRITIC-RECORD man this morning. "He can't get his nose and half of his head down in the water, and that's just what a working horse, especially in warm weather, wants. He doesn't care for the water so much, but he likes to draw it up into his nostrils and then blow it out again.

"An illustration of this was given me when I first became connected with the society. They are then working on the extension of North Capitol street, and it was summer. Scores of teams were engaged in the work, and the dirt was cut so fine that when it once got into the air it was not heavy enough to come down, but just floated there. Probably a dozen horses a day were becoming disabled. The contractors were at their wit's ends and didn't know how to remedy the evil. The horses were made to drink from buckets half filled with water. I saw that the trouble lay right there, and I told the contractors to put up a barrel, tap the water main and give the horses a chance to be their own physicians. They followed my advice. The horses would souse their noses down into the water almost to their eyes and hold their breath. Then they would blow and the bubbles would rise, muddy-looking bubbles. By this means they kept the tubes of the heads clean, and from that day not a single horse was sent to the stables exhausted."

Smith Fry's dog Fidge can give many a man lessons in courtesy and he did it the other evening in a Fourteenth street car. Fidge can stay up with the best of them, but when he takes a notion in his head to go home and his master doesn't agree with him, he carries it out. And he doesn't walk, either, for the distance is not short and when Fidge starts home he is rather tired. The other night Colonel Fry was tarrying with some of the boys at the Press Club and Fidge became impatient, but the Colonel wouldn't pay any attention to the efforts of the dog to attract his notice. Then Fidge left his master and stalked down the stairs to Fourteenth street, where he caught a car on the move. There was but one seat vacant and Fidge leaped nimbly into that and sat observing with attentive eyes the ladies on the opposite side of the car. The conductor came along to collect the fares and Fidge glanced up at him from the corner of his eye with an expression that seemed to say:

"Say, young fellow, I'm Smith Fry's dog, and I'm a privileged person on this line, see?"

The conductor passed on and Fidge again turned his attention to the passengers on the other side. The car stopped and a lady got on. There were two or three men comfortably seated, but they didn't see the lady. Fidge is a gentleman, however, and he did. In an instant he was out of his corner, his tail wagging. The lady didn't see him at first, but she heard his quick sharp bark, and then saw the vacant seat. She took it and almost paralyzed the men in the car by saying: "Thank you."

Then Fidge walked out on the platform and stood with the driver.

He came to the door on tiptoe and, thrusting his head in in a suggestive sort of way as if there was more to follow, inquired—

"Is this the rinktum?"

"How's that?"

"Is this the rinktum—sinktum—sanktum, or some such place, where the editor lives, moves, and does his lying?"

"Yes, sir; this is the editorial room. Come in."

"No; I guess I won't. I jes' wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Great Jehosephat! ain't it dirty and don't it loom up with old papers! And this is the rinktum! Well, good day."

And he departed the rinktum.

A BIG BAND.

Guatemala Will Send Her Band to the World's Fair.

Lieutenant George P. Scriven, Special Commissioner of the World's Columbian Exposition to Central America, reports that the Government of Guatemala will send its national band to Chicago during the Exposition. This band is the third largest in the world, that of Austria being first and the Mexican National Band second. It is proposed to increase the number of instruments to 200, when it will be larger than the Mexican band.

The Government of Guatemala has also arranged as a feature of its representation at Chicago to send a group of natives, who will live on the Exposition grounds as they live at home, carry on their industries, bringing their material from Guatemala with them, and give exhibitions of their music, games, etc.

MRS. BAKER'S CHILDREN

Detained in an Asylum and a Writ Asked For.

Susannah Baker has filed a petition for a writ of habeas corpus, stating that her children, Estell and Willis Baker, were unlawfully detained and imprisoned at the Children's Orphan Asylum, corner of S and Fourteenth streets.

She says that her husband died in January, 1875, leaving her the natural and only guardian of the children. She has frequently appealed for the custody of the children, but always been refused.

The children are 6 and 12 years of age. Judge James ordered a writ issued requiring Mrs. S. D. Lee of the asylum to produce the children in court to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

Our boys' long pants suits for $4 are beauties; better qualities proportionately low. Eiseman Bros., Seventh and E.

THEOSOPHY'S THEORY.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE SCIENCE A LAYMAN MAY UNDERSTAND.

The New Science Not Altogether New, But Founded Upon the Writings of the Ancients, of the Schools of Pythagoras and Plato, the Vedic and the Chaldean Teachings.

It is more than two years since Colonel Henry S. Olcott, whom the death of Mme. Blavatsky places at the head of the Theosophical movement, left the United States for the East. In 1875, when the society was formed in New York by Mme. Blavatsky and the Colonel, not a dozen adherants were to be found, now the membership exceeds 100,000. The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the phychical powers of man became the first object of the Western members of the order. Mme. Blavatsky, however, was herself the centre of interest to all, and in the beginning Colonel Olcott was simply her pupil and representative in practical matters.

After having aroused an interest and founded a society she and the Colonel sailed for India. Her book, "Isis Unveiled," which appeared just previous to her departure, created a nine days' wonder, but the character of its contents and the great size of the work prevented it being read by the general public. In 1881 the society had grown to such proportions that the founders were invited to visit England where a branch of the society had been formed with A. P. Sinnett, the author of "The Occult World," as president. Mr. Sinnett was editing an English paper published in Allahabad, when Mme. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott went there in 1879 to organize society.

Colonel Henry S. Olcott.

The recent announcement of the death in London of Mme. Blavatsky seems an opportune occasion for an outline sketch of some of the teachings of that wisdom religion, to the exposition of which all the energies of her life were so unselfishly devoted, writes Alex. W. Goodrich, F. T. S., in the Philadelphia *Times*.

The fundamental, principal and one broad platform of this system lies in the acknowledgment of the brotherhood of humanity. From this it follows that all humanity and all nature, in their essence one homogeneous spiritual substance, are slowly progressing on the path of evolution, whose tendency is always upward, from the mineral kingdom through the vegetable and animal kingdoms into the human kingdom (for humanity is said to constitute so important an advance that it may be classed by itself), and that the end has not been attained even here, but that evolution continues in the same direction, and there comes a time when man may attain through a pure life and spiritual growth to an existence entirely above anything we can form a conception of now, but which may be called the godhood of humanity, and that above this condition are higher and still higher ranks of spiritual beings, constituting the hierarchy of heaven, the angels and archangels and all the powers thereof.

Further, that this progression is under the guidance of one universal and unvarying law. That all men who will may alike attain to this superior condition and in the course of this growth find themselves endowed with vast powers over nature and the forces of nature if they succeed in proving themselves absolutely pure and absolutely free from all taint of selfishness.

The divine principle overshadowing all men is said to manifest itself only in the nature of law, a law that knows no variableness—neither shadow of turning—a law governed by an intelligence which finite reason can never comprehend and which affects all creatures alike from the least even unto the greatest; a law which is not subject to caprice or vengeance or any other human passion, but whose infraction surely leads to a discipline which will neither be postponed nor nullified by any special pleading. In its application to science it is known as the law of cause and effect. The same law rules upon both planes—the material and the spiritual.

In the Indian religions it is called the law of Karma (a Sanscrit word of various applications). The same truth is variously formulated in Christian ethics, as for instance, "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," and "He who sows dragons' teeth, must reap the whirlwind." And, secondly, if all humanity and all nature proceed from one source, it must follow that all forms of religion, however antagonistic on the surface, spring from the same root and lead to the same result. Hence follows the desirability of a study of the Aryan Scriptures as formulated in the statement of the objects of the Theosophical Society. To arrive at results having any real value, this study must be pursued with pure motives—that is, with a mind unbiased by prejudices or preconceptions.

European Sanscrit scholars are few; and little aid can be expected from the Indian Pundits to those who have no sympathy with their forms of thought and who may both use and abuse them. But that this aid will be graciously given to those seeking only the truth and the advancement of humanity is abundantly proved by the great work of the society in India and Ceylon. No well-informed man who is familiar with the history of civilization can fail to see in this revival of interest in these ancient religious writings a force destined to have a powerful effect upon future generations, a revival for which the world stands largely indebted to Mme. Blavatsky.

This remarkable woman has never claimed to formulate a doctrine of her own and thrust it down men's throats. It has rather been her object to call attention to some basic principles which appear in primitive Christianity as well as in Buddhism; were taught in the ancient mysteries of Egypt, Greece and Rome, in the schools of Pythagoras and Plato, by the Gnostics, the Neo Platonists and later by Averoes, Bruni and Spinoza, and that all are identical with the pure teachings of the Vedic and other Indian Scriptures, unquestionably the oldest and at least probably the source from which the Chaldean and the Egyptian priests drew their inspiration.

In these old writings we learn that the cause of sorrow and suffering is man's selfishness and the way to happiness the abandoning of self. We are taught to do right for the sake of right and not in hope of reward or for fear of punishment. We are further taught that no Scripture, not even the Vedas themselves, should be accepted as infallible.

In these simple statements are some mighty truths which, if they should permeate all Christendom, would alleviate much misery and bring relief to many souls now struggling with doubt and despondency and materialism. If no further advance is made during the present century than the tendency to more liberal views, which is perhaps not so apparent in this country, but which has certainly been accomplished in many parts of the world through the instrumentality of the Theosophical Society, at least that step in advance is well worth having taken.

Finally, Theosophy is in no sense the antagonist of the Christian or of any other religion. It recognizes that all religions have alike become encrusted with the barnacles of dogmatism and overlaid with a ritualism that has long since lost its meaning, both of which were of small consequence in primitive times; but to those who dig deeply into these things the hidden spirit will become a new life indeed—a deep well of living water springing up into life everlasting.

This excellent spirit of Christianity which leads men to become as little children and to accept God's wisdom from any and every source, and to devote one's life, as did Jesus of Nazareth, to all humanity, this Theosophy cannot antagonize, for it is Theosophy. It is hoped that its mission may yet be to synthesize all religions and to oppose with them the common enemy of mankind—the spirit of cant, hypocrisy and intolerance.

CRIMINAL COURT.

The McClelland Case.

The first witness called yesterday by the Government in the trial of Edward L. McClelland charged with manslaughter, was William T. Etes. He certified to having seen McClelland shoot Benton and afterward heard four other reports, but could not swear positively whether the shots were directed at Benton. He went out and notified the police and when they reached there Benton was on the floor in a dying condition. The witness said that Benton's wife was McIntosh's daughter, but that they had lived seperate for some time. On the evening of the shooting Benton came into McIntosh's shop and said to McClelland, "Seems to me you loaf around here a good deal." "Well, that is my business," was the reply, "and I do not care to have any words or trouble with you." Benton then approached McClelland with his arm in a threatening position, but do not think he struck him. The shooting immediately followed.

Sergeant Barry of the Fourth precinct was the first witness called when the Court opened this morning. He went to McIntosh's shop and saw Benton dead upon the floor; also found a bullet hole in the wooden partition. Afterward saw McClelland at the station, where he was visited by a woman named Fanny Blair. The prisoner told the witness that he had thrown his revolver away in the Smithsonian grounds.

Frank McIntosh testified in substance as follows:

"McClelland used to drop into the shop as often as two or three times a week, and occasionally saw his daughter, Mrs. Benton, there. The night of the shooting McClelland and I were seated by the stove. Benton came in through the store and said, 'You are paying a d—n lot of visits here lately,' speaking to McClelland. 'I do not know as that is any of your business,' answered McClelland. McClelland got up from his chair and stepped back, and Benton advanced toward him. 'Go way and let me alone,' said McClelland, but Benton followed him. Then Mac pulled his revolver and shot. I heard four shots fired, but others say there were five.

"After the shooting McClelland stated that he would give himself up and did so. I went for a doctor and when I came back there was a crowd about the house and Benton was dead."

Christian Sprosser testified that McClelland came to his shop, pushed open the door and handed him a pistol with a request that he put it away. "I have done Henry Benton," he said. Afterward we went to Fanny Blair's house and from there to the station, where McClelland gave himself up.

McClelland Case.

After several more witnesses were examined an adjournment was taken until to-morrow at 10 o'clock.

NOT LIABLE TO TAX.

Rag-Pickers Not Classed as Second-Hand Dealers.

Attorney Hazleton this afternoon delivered an opinion as to whether under the provisions of the bill imposing a license tax upon second-hand junk dealers, those persons who are engaged in gathering and collecting for sale to others in push-carts or other like means, old iron, bones, rags, etc., are liable to tax. The question came up, it will be remembered, upon the petition of Mr. Weed, the attorney for Broderick Bros., who gave employment to a number of dealers, and whose statement has already been printed in the CRITIC-RECORD.

The attorney decides that these smaller dealers are not liable to the tax. The law was evidently intended, he says, to reach another class of dealers where the law failed to fix the amount of license tax, although designating the class of business in the body of the law.

"A PEPPER POT."

Major Brock Spread a Bavarian Feast Last Night.

Major Brock, the genial proprietor of the Congressional Hotel on the Hill, spread a "pepper pot" feast last evening, complimentary to his friend, Col. W. E. Spencer, Journal Clerk of the Senate. People who have never partaken of the savory Bavarian dish are to be condoled with. It is not a soup or a hash, and yet it has the consistency of one, and the liquified form of the other. The Major himself was in great shape and full of excitement and fun. No "pepper pot" had ever been mixed in good old Bavaria that outstripped that big stew last night. There was nothing lacking to make the occasion enjoyable, except the unavoidable absence of Colonel Spencer, who sent a card of regret, damp with tears of disappointment.

Among the guests who gathered around the big tureen were C. S. Draper, ex-District Attorney Shillington, Colonel Benjamin Durfee, ex-Senator McKay of New Jersey, Neil Bryant, THE CRITIC-RECORD representative and others.

Colonel Spencer, to whom the feast was dedicated, was called suddenly to Racine, Wis. His letter of regret was ordered spread on the minutes of the meeting, and a vote of regret that he was *non est* was taken.

Bear in Mind

the frock and sack suits in serge, cheviot and cassimere materials we advertise $10, $12.50, $13.50 and $15. Eiseman Bros., Seventh and E.

CONSUMPTION
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can be cured
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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
It soothes
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ROYAL is the only Baking Powder yet found by chemical analyses free from *all* impurities and unwholesome ingredients. Thus it makes the purest, lightest, most delicious and healthful food.

A MARYLAND LYNCHING.

Indignant Citizens of Centreville Wreak a Summary Vengeance.

CUMBERLAND, MD., May 12.—Asbury Green, colored, who was sentenced yesterday to twenty-one years' imprisonment for an assault upon Mrs. Tolson, was lynched at Centreville, Md., shortly after midnight by a crowd of masked men, who stormed the jail. The community were exasperated at Green's escape from the death penalty, and took the law into their own hands.

MR. BLAINE BETTER.

May Remain in New York Several Days, However.

NEW YORK, May 12.—Secretary Blaine, who has been ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Damrosch, was very much better this morning. He passed a comfortable night and ate a hearty breakfast this morning. Mrs. Damrosch said that Mr. Blaine would not go to Washington to-day. He would probably remain in town several days.

GOVERNMENT OF THE FUTURE.

Professor Ward of the Smithsonian Gives His Views.

The True Commonwealth Club met last night at the parlors of Dr. Bland, 1121 Tenth street northwest, and were addressed by Professor Lester F. Ward of the Smithsonian Institution. His subject was "The Government of the Future," which he claimed would be a business rather than a political enterprise. It will not so much protect people against foreign invasion, for that is obsolete, nor from the criminal classes, who are dying out, and in a short time will become extinct. Its chief function will be the protection of the producing classes against the schools of speculators.

He held that the methods adopted by grain gamblers are little better than highway robbery, and that in the "future government" this would be regarded as a criminal class of people. In the government which he contemplates railroads, telegraph, express and other monopolies will be run for the benefit of the whole people, and not for private institutions or corporations.

The Hon. John H. Oberley followed in a fifteen minute speech which was characterized with eloquence as well as logic. His ideas are in line with those of Professor Allen and he spoke strongly in favor of thorough civil service reform.

The club then adjourned to reconvene the second day of October. Dr. Bland has been elected a delegate to the conference of the Farmers' Alliance, Knights of Labor and other such organizations which will convene at Cincinnati shortly.

Among those present were Rev. M. G. Kemball, Rev. Alexander Kent, Mr. M. A. Clancy, Mr. M. G. Edson, Mr. George A. Baker, Mr. Allen, editor of *Public Opinion*; Mrs. Professor Ward, Mr. Adams, Mess. Washington, E. J. Fullman, C. J. Thyson of Gettysburg, Pa.; L. Granlund and others.

The club comprises about fifty resident ladies and gentlemen who are interested in political economy, and also corresponding members in the various large colleges throughout the country.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

K. of P.

Ten years ago last night Pythian Division of Knights of Pythias of Baltimore came to this city and instituted Washington Division, No. 1, of this place. To celebrate the anniversary of their institution, Pythian Division was invited to come over yesterday and participate in a celebration, which invitation was accepted. Washington Division, headed by the Third Artillery Band, under the leadership of Professor Hoffman, met the Baltimoreans at the Baltimore and Potomac depot at 3:30 and escorted them up Pennsylvania avenue to Fifteenth street to G, and to the National Rifles Armory, where a banquet was served.

The officers of the Baltimore Division are Colonel Kohler, Major Geddes and Sir Knight Welsh.

In the evening there was dancing until a late hour.

Among the Baltimore ladies present were Mrs. Captain J. W. Welsh, Mrs. Lieutenant George Padgett, Mrs. William Rochester, Mrs. Forney, Mrs. Walter Berry, Mrs. J. H. Schuster, Mrs. Kerzel, Mrs. Hazel, Mrs. Kerby, Mrs. Neasbitt, Mrs. Trilet, Mrs. R. Frank, Mrs. Gernlay, Mrs. Clancy, Miss L. Forney, Miss Grace Forney, Miss Y. Hazell, Miss Clancy, Miss Berans, Miss A. Berans, Miss Ida Colton and numerous others.

Captain Coggins, First Lieutenant Columbus and Second Lieutenant Brown of Washington deserve great credit for the successful manner in which the celebration was conducted. The Monumental City's delegation returned home at 11:30 p. m.

F. A. A. M.

Thirty-four years ago Dawson Lodge, No. 16, Free and Accepted Masons, was instituted in this city, and the event was celebrated last night by an entertainment and banquet in the lodge room at Masonic Temple, Ninth and F streets. Grand Master Thomas F. Gibbs and High Priest Alexander were present and made remarks.

G. A. R.

Dr. Godding's little speech at Anacostia last night has dampened the prospects of the Decoration Day celebration.

The State of Tennessee proposes to pension at from $8.33 to $25 per month all her disabled Confederate veterans.

A fund of $50,000 is being raised by subscription to defray the expenses of the National Encampment of the G. A. R. at Topeka, Kan., in 1892.

An equestrian statue of General William H. Harrison is being made in Cincinnati. It will be fourteen feet high and will cost over $25,000.

Miscellaneous.

The Social Brotherhood of Bartenders has filed its certificate of incorporation.

The Junior O. U. A. M. will have a big time in Washington Hall, corner of Third street and Pennsylvania avenue southeast to-night.

Twenty-four Hours' Burial Permits.

The following burial permits were issued at the Health Department during the twenty-four hours ending at noon, May 12, 1891: Rachael Coleman, 40 years, colored, dropsy; Julia Coleman, 65 years, colored, pluerisy and grip; Florence J. Johnson, 31 years, colored, bronchitis; Stephen Clark, 11 years, colored, whooping cough; William Henry Wilson, 2 years, colored, spinal disease; Ellen Cruser, 65 years, colored, bronchitis; Julia Cooper, 55 years, white, tuberculosis; Archie T. Shackleford, 26 years, white, phthsis; William M. Emmett, 11 months, white meningitis; Mary Washington, 31 years, colored, suffocation by gas; Ellen Farrell, 41 years, white, influenza; Charles H. Homer, 52 years, white, grip; Elizabeth Gant, 1 year, colored, dentition; Andrew Boyd, 94 years, white, old age; Thomas Scrivener, 83 years, white, heart failure; Albert Beyer, 39 years, white, tuberculosis; Wellington Penn, 5 months, colored, pneumonia; Singleton Penn, 1 year 11 months, colored, pneumonia; Louisa Collins, 9 months, colored, spasms; Mary Gould, 63 years, colored, apoplexy; Annie Mason, 34 years, colored, congestive chill; Gladnes H. Wetzel, 1 month, white, congenital debility; William Warren, 1 year, colored, convulsions; William Evans, 18 years, white, phthisis; Isabella C. Frazier, 63 years, white, phthisis.