You will have To move faster Than Coxey's army

In order to secure a pair of these SPRING SHOES or OXFORDS at these Bargain Prices, viz:

1 lot Ladies' $3 Dongola Button Shoes, Patent Tip, for $1.50.
1 lot Ladies' $3 High Russia Bluchers for $1.95.
1 lot Ladies' $2.50 Russia Blucher Oxfords for $1.50.
1 lot Ladies' $2.50 Dongola, Patent Tip, Oxfords for $1.50.

Your size is here to-day, but may not be to-morrow.

The Warren Shoe House,

GEO. W. RICH, 919 F Street.

A Good Deal About Corsets.

A short time ago all the beautiful corsets came from France. Women who went to Paris to shop were faultlessly fitted; those who bought from the importers were not so successful. Now fine corsets are made in America, and in style, finish, and workmanship they are equal to the best productions of any foreign manufacture. French corsets are made for French women, and do not fit the American or English woman. If they are made to measure that is a different story. There are several dry goods stores in New York where a business is made of trying on all imported corsets, and it is a rare occurrence to find a pair that fits without being altered. None of these corsets sell for less than $8, and many cost the simple-minded buyer $22.

There are two capital reasons why American corsets are better for American women than other corsets in trade. First of all, they are made from American models. Second, corsets of equal value can be bought for much less money than imported corsets.

Live American girls, with as true forms and as pretty figures as can be found anywhere, pose and are measured; the corset is draughted, made, fitted to the figure, and then finished. Not one, but a dozen, girls having the same waist measure are fitted perfectly, to make what is called the "popular sizes." Odd sizes, for very slender and very large figures, are made to fit women of those extremes.

Making corsets from life, as the artist would say, made the reputation of a factory at Bridgeport, Conn., where 1,000 women and girls are employed the entire year. These bonny Yankees are treated with extraordinary consideration. They have, without exception or exaggeration, the finest clubhouse for factory girls in the world. The Seaside Institute, as it is called, is open free of expense to all the girls in the factory. There is a night school with class instruction in college branches, choral work, the domestic arts, business methods and physical development. The auditorium has a seating capacity of 500, and from time to time lectures, concerts and special entertainments are provided. In connection with the circulating library there is a reading room abundantly supplied with current literature. There are six marble baths, and a well-kept restaurant, where foods are served at actual cost. These benefits naturally attract a very nice class of labor. Girls who might otherwise take up clerical work learn to stitch corsets, weave coraline, make garters, coraline dress stays, etc.

Corset making is clean, cunning work, and clumsy hands are not available. A clever operator can become expert in any department in six months. Wages vary from $7.50 to $12 per week, and there is work 300 days in the year. The girls are well fed, well dressed, fairly well schooled, happy and contented. All this to show the condition and character of the young women from whose supple and graceful figures 2,400,000 pairs of corsets are modeled every year, or an average of 9,000 pairs a day. With 1,600 American-born girls in the house all the time, the corset designer has only to put a bust measurements, the corset is warranted to fit. There is no guesswork about corset modeling; it is art work.

In this establishment, where the art department is one of the most important features of the industry, corsets are made in twenty-four sizes, and each size in twenty-five shapes, the variations of which are as subtle and distinct as the human anatomy from which they are modified. It takes six months by the calendar to design a new style of corset. The story is a long one, very hard to tell, and a jealously-guarded secret of the trade.

Skirt hooks cost about 5 cents apiece, and they are worth $50 to any woman whose figure is not true. The average man bends forward when he begins to ape, but his wife goes the other way—she sinks. Fat girls, middle-aged women and old ladies are generally short-waisted in the front and long-waisted in the back. As model corsets are made from model figures, these deformities have to be corrected. But it is a great mistake to wear a long-waisted corset; a medium or even a short waist will be far better. And if a hook is properly stationed in front and two in the back the clothing will be held in place and the waist apparently lengthened.

There are better things in corsets to-day than whale. In the first place, choice whalebone is a luxury far too precious for everyday wear. The whale catch is a great uncertainty. When it is small the prices go up; when it is large they remain near the top, because the supply could not begin to cover the demand. A large percentage of the imported corsets are boned with horn. Whalebone goods are very rare and very expensive. So far, the best substitute known is coraline, a vegetable fiber obtained from a variety of the century plant, which has all the elasticity of the choicest whalebone, weighs considerably less, and is absolutely indestructible. Coraline corsets of the very finest French coutil, designed for any style of bodice, in or out of fashion, prettily trimmed and as light as a lady's fan, are sold in New York at $2 a pair.

There are cheaper and more expensive goods, but nothing better in the trade. A silk corset is more delightful to the senses of a genteel woman, and a jean corset is far more durable, but coutil will outwear one and outlast the other, for the goods are elastic and holds its shape as no other fabric will. These coraline corsets are made in twenty-four sizes, and there are twenty-five different models and seventy-five styles to select from. These goods are designed to wear with all the fashionable bodices, from the dainty baby waist of the first empire to the smart high-bust English riding habit. There are corsets for the growing girl, the young mother, the bicycle rider, the pretty athletes who fence, use dumb bells, and study Delsarte—seventy-five styles in all—at prices ranging from $1 to $12.

THE DANGERS OF PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.

A young woman in New England, says the Ladies' Home Journal, who has, judging from her note, apparently given much study to the relations of the sexes, asks this question:

"Do you believe in a Platonic friendship between a man, young or mature, single or married, on the one hand, and a girl or a young married woman on the other?"

It is not so much a question of what I believe or do not believe; it is more a matter whether a Platonic friendship is possible or desirable under either ordinary or extraordinary circumstances. To my mind it is not. Where a man or a woman feels the need of a close friend or confidante of the opposite sex in any phase of life, it is far better that a friendship should exist without the Platonic element entering into it. A Platonic friendship which means, in other words, a spiritual friendship that regards only the mind and not material things, is best suited for an ideal world, and that is not the sort of a world the most of us live in. The men and women capable of understanding a capable of understanding a Platonic relation are rare—very rare indeed. To a girl such a friendship is particularly dangerous, since she is scarcely capable of discerning that almost invisible line which divides Platonic friendship from love. Her mind is incapable of the division, and the border line, all to apt to be unconsciously passed by her, is followed by results that are never desirable and rarely partake of happiness. With the married woman such a friendship should have no reason for existence. The married woman's Platonic friend should be her husband, and it is unfair to him to have any other to assume or hold the position that is his by right. If a woman occupies her mind aright, and is self respecting, the inclination or desire for a friendship, from which the element of danger cannot be eliminated, is never present. Platonic friendships do not appeal to the right sort of women. Their minds are otherwise engaged, their time is too fully occupied. Danger always lurks where idleness exists.

Vaccination Against Snake Bites.

[From the London Daily News.]

The latest novelty in inoculation is inoculation for the bite of vipers. Two French physicians of the Paris Museum of Comparative Pathology, Messrs. Phisalix and Bertrand, have been experimenting, with the result that they have succeeded in communicating a slight attack of snake poisoning to some guinea pigs. By heating some viper virus at a temperature of eighty-five degrees centigrade they succeeded in weakening it to such an extent that the guinea pigs were none the worse for the operation. Messrs. Phisalix and Bertrand claim that animals so treated are "protected from the effects of future snake bites." They hope to see their plan adopted in India and elsewhere where venomous snakes abound.

An Important Afterthought.

[From Life.]

He—And what would you do if I kissed you?

She (with dignity)—I'd call mamma. (After a pause.) But mamma's out this evening.

Ambiguous.

[From the Cape Cod Weekly.]

"Did she receive him when he called?"

"She not only received him, but introduced him to her father to boot."

Hints to Housewives.

Never put tea leaves on a light-colored carpet; they will surely leave a stain.

In packing bottles or canned fruit for moving, slip a rubber band over the body of them.

Two tablespoonfuls of kerosene boiled with white clothes will add to the whitening process.

A little flour dredged over a cake before icing it will keep the icing from spreading and running off.

Sift a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar over the top of two-crust pies before baking and see how delicious it makes them.

After a room has been newly papered there should be ample opportunity given the paper to dry upon the walls before a fire is built in the apartment.

Piano keys, yellow with age, can be cleaned by a dilution of one ounce of nitric acid in ten ounces of soft water. Apply with a brush and wash off with flannel.

If by some means a white spot has come on your varnished furniture you can remove it by heating a fire shovel right hot and holding it close above the defacement.

A MASTERPIECE OF ORATORY

Major Ben Butterworth's Great Speech in Defense of Breckinridge.

PERSUASIVE AND DRAMATIC

Appeals to the Jury in the Name of American Mothers and the Home Fireside—Nearly Nine Hours of It—Judge Jere Wilson Will Begin His Speech To-day.

The defense of Col. Breckinridge, which Ben Butterworth made yesterday, is concluded, even by his opponents, to have been one of the greatest speeches ever made in a Washton court.

It was effective as a masterpiece of oratory, and was made such largely by the winning personality of the orator. Mr. Butterworth was persuasive, was dramatic, was friendly, conciliatory, and artful. Whether he was convincing remains to be seen when the twelve men who are to pass upon the case return their verdict Saturday night, for it will be Saturday night when they are called upon to decide.

Men were saying last night that if the jury hangs fire Col. Breckinridge can thank the eloquence of his winning Quaker friend from Ohio. Particularly is this the expression of the lawyers who heard the speech, and it was probably the finest compliment that the ex-Congressman could have received that so many of his professional colleagues were willing to stand all day to listen to his utterances.

For nearly nine hours Major Butterworth carried the speaking part in the great case. He conjured by the name of mothers, the fireside, and American womanhood most effectively, making it appear that all of these forces were enlisted on the side of his client. Through all the speaking the white-haired member of Congress from Kentucky sat facing the jury, much of the time with his face shaded by his hand, occasionally nodding assent to the points scored by the speaker.

The slender plaintiff has heard none of the denunciations of herself, and her attorneys have sat smiling throughout the onset of the opposition.

Judge Jere Wilson is a living sphinx, imperturbable as stone, and no one could guess how he was taking the assaults upon his client. He did not care to begin last night after the close of the Butterworth speech, and will commence to-day, consuming the greater part of two days in his argument. His style is as different from Col. Phil. Thompson's or that of Mr. Butterworth as can be imagined—cool, deliberate, analytical and generally effective. That his style is different from Mr. Butterworth's is probably well for his cause, for he could hardly expect to overshadow that gentleman in his own particular field.

Major Ben Butterworth had the floor again when the Pollard-Breckinridge case was resumed yesterday. He began with the consideration of Miss Pollard's letters to James Rhodes, which, he said, were the foundation of the case. He did not care anything about the top, he said, if there was no foundation for it to rest upon. After reading some of those letters at length, he came to the ones which were dated in New Orleans and which she had said were written in Cincinnati and sent to her mother to mail to him. He laid great stress on these transactions, declaring that there was a great mystery surrounding the letters, and exclaimed:

"There is one human being alive and well who could clear up the mystery of those letters; that is the mother who gave birth to this woman, and she is not called. That woman is alive and well in Kentucky, and she is not called. They may ask why we did not call her, but we do not go into the enemy's camp for soldiers and ammunition."

He dwelt particularly on her demands for money from Rhodes, and when he came to an allusion in one of the letters to her great enjoyment at reading Washington Irving, Mr. Wilson made the request, "Give me that Washington Irving letter, please."

In addition to reading the letters, Mr. Butterworth consumed much time threshing over the testimony of Miss Pollard from the record and pointing out a few discrepancies on minor points.

There was a little passage between the speaker and Mr. Wilson when the former expressed doubt whether the books had ever belonged to Miss Pollard.

Mr. Wilson suggested that since Mr. Butterworth would not have a chance to reply to him, he might answer a question which would be asked, why Miss Hoyt and Miss Ketcham had not been a chance to identify the books.

This Mr. Butterworth answered after the Yankee fashion by another question, namely, why Miss Pollard had not described the books before they were unsealed, and why Miss Pollard had not gone before the sisters for identification when she was within the tinkling of a bell.

"That shows all you know about it," replied Mr. Wilson. "She was not there, and neither was Breckinridge."

"Breckinridge did not claim to have been confined there," was the reply, and this sally drew a laugh which provoked Judge Bradley to threaten to clear the courtroom again.

The attorneys for the other side would claim, Mr. Butterworth resumed, that the woman was dominated by a stronger mind. They would say that she was a moral potentiality, "a pawn on a moral chessboard."

According to Mrs. Lowell, the Capitol typewriter, and of Miss Pollard herself, Col. Breckinridge had endeavored to conceal his letters to her in 1886 by first writing them in his own hand, taking them to a woman to copy on House of Representatives paper, and then signing his name to them in lead pencil.

When the noon recess came Mr. Butterworth was just working up to the coming of Madeline Pollard to Washington. She had testified that Col. Breckinridge insisted upon her coming.

"Oh, they will say, but he did it," exclaimed the lawyer, dramatically. "That is a cowardly surrender of womanly qualities, a base betrayal of womanly courage, to say that he did it."

Soon afterwards, as the lawyer was speaking of the child born in Washington, Col. Breckinridge leaned forward over the table to correct him. "You are mistaken," the colonel said. "I didn't know she had a living child until Miss Pollard testified. I had heard she had a miscarriage."

Then Mr. Butterworth portrayed the opportunities to elevate herself here in Washington which Miss Pollard had before her if she had only minded to embrace them; how she should have shrunk from continuing a life of shame with a man with wife and family. He told next a dramatic incident of how a man had met him on the street the day before and talked with him about the case. "Been, I don't see why Breckinridge didn't break this thing up right here," the man had said, and he (Butterworth) had faced the man with an incident from his own life, asking: "Do you remember twenty-six years ago when a man with a child and a family got the fingers of a woman in his hair how he sweat blood and faced ruin?"

"Ben, your memory goes back too far," the man had said.

"Yes, but what did he get tangled for, you will ask," said the lawyer to the jury. "Oh, but that's the sin that's to be condemned, but is this man to be offered up as a vicarious sacrifice?"

Mr. Butterworth then went on to tell of the weaknesses of Robert Burns in spite of his brilliant talents, to tell how men who controlled empires and framed financial systems had been unable to resist their passions.

"You have all heard how the poor, tired soldier, yielding to nature's demands, slept upon his post," he continued, "not that he did not love his country, and you know that to answer the demands of military laws he was taken out to be shot. But never was a soldier to be shot because another man had slept at his post."

He drew another picture of Col. Breckinridge "crouching helpless at the woman's feet," and went on to say how horrible and revolting was her story that he could meet his mistress before the mold gathered on the grave clothes of his buried wife, and that he had taken her to a bawdy house for two hours to convey to her the tender message that she was to follow in the footsteps of that wife.

"Yes, and that's what makes it so bad," interrupted Mr. Wilson.

"Yes, and that's what makes your manly manhood know that that's not so," retorted Mr. Butterworth. "If such things are true, why don't they send another deluge to wipe out this pestiferous wretch. It implied that a woman of corrupt life from choice, who had held doubtful relations with Rhodes, who had had illegitimate children at sundry and divers places and miscarriages at others, was to sit at his table in a union that was the acme of all that was vicious and contemptible."

That woman who had lived ten years without earning a cent as the mistress of his life wanted money and nothing else. Mr. Butterworth firmly believed that the woman knew of that secret marriage in New York on the 29th of April.

After the noon recess Mr Butterworth recurred to the first meeting at the house of Sarah Guess, quoting the testimony of Miss Pollard that she thought since she had successfully resisted Col. Breckinridge twice she could do so again, and her later statement that she had deliberately waited there half an hour for her would-be seducer to return and consummate the purpose of their trip, arguing the improbability and inconsistency of the two statements.

Advancing to the life of the pair in Washington, he represented that Col. Breckinridge was one of the busiest men in Congress, without time for the constant association with her which Miss Pollard had described. He thought that the attorneys for the plaintiff had been skillful in pushing to the front the few estimable characters they had been able to get into the case that they might obscure the background of the beginning of the relations. Mrs. Blackburn was an estimable and cultured lady, but she had been imposed upon. She had been for two years a friend of Miss Pollard, moved by a generous impulse to protect a Kentucky girl, but no one pretended that Col. Breckinridge had introduced Miss Pollard to the lady. It was asked why Col. Breckinridge had not led Miss Pollard away from her, but he had no more power to lead her than the lawyer had to guide a cyclone by its tail. Mrs. Blackburn had naturally felt indignant at having been imposed upon, and she confused some of the things said to her, because everybody knew that it was out of the range of possibility that those things could have been said under the circumstances.

Miss Pollard had told Mrs. Blackburn that they were engaged, and Col. Breckinridge was obliged to go down with her and disentangle them from that net. A marriage was impossible under the circumstances; Miss Pollard knew it, and had been told so. A marriage under the circumstances would have been impossible and infamous. The other lawyers had expressed horror because the pair had lied. The two were in the business of lying at that time. "The course of those two was justified and sanctified because their deception injured no one and extricated a family from ruin," said Mr. Butterworth. "It was to rescue a home, to rescue a woman, to open to her a better life, and it was more than justified."

The visits to Mrs. Blackburn had no other purpose. Rightly Mrs. Blackburn had visited her resentment upon Col. Breckinridge. That Miss Pollard had insisted in the presence of Mrs. Blackburn that the colonel should name the day for the marriage showed the consummation of her action. From this scene the colonel had gone to New York to marry Mrs. Wing, and about this little matter that only concerned one household the brethren on the other side had been greatly exercised. To ask anything about it was a meddlesome impertinence, but Col. Breckinridge had seen fit, as he was not obliged to do, to explain all his reasons for it. It was not of consequence that the other scenes at Mrs. Blackburn's should be rehearsed. There could have been but one motive for him to speak of marriage before Mrs. Blackburn when marriage was impossible, and that motive he had declared.

Once when Mr. Butterworth was saying "Now on the 17th they had more pistol practice," Col. Breckinridge interrupted him with "No, the pistol practice was on the 13th, when I went to Mrs. Thomas," and proceeded with an outline of his own testimony on that point.

Proceeding to the second scene in the office of the chief of police on the 17th, the attorney declared that if the statement of Col. Breckinridge to the chief, that he had not seduced the woman, that he had taken liberties with her the first night and slept with her the second, had not been true, she would have instantly resented it.

The letters which Col. Breckinridge had written to Miss Pollard after the alleged engagement in 1893 were produced by Mr. Butterworth and afforded considerable fun, the colonel himself laughing heartily. Mr. Butterworth was unable to decipher them, and declared that a man who wrote such a hand should be punished. Attorney Stoll tackled them with the same fruitless result. Col. Breckinridge had two or three times suggested "better let me read them," and was finally permitted to do so. He rose, facing the jury, and reread the epistles in his effective, mellow tones.

Then Mr. Butterworth pointed out that on her first appearance on the stand the plaintiff had declared that while she was boarding at the house of Miss Hoyt in Lexington in 1885 she and Col. Breckinridge met at the public library or the house of Sarah Gess, but that on her second appearance, in order to better fit the circumstances, she had declared that she went to his room in the boarding house.

Beginning his conclusion, the lawyer told the jury that the inherent probabilities arising from the course of human nature were to be considered more deeply than the statements of witnesses. The question was not whether William C. P. Breckinridge had violated any ordinance, human or divine, had been guilty of moral turpitude, conduct which should bring upon him condemnation, but whether these two parties had agreed that he was to become her husband and she his wife. To awaken horror before the public there had been a tale that Col. Breckinridge had led astray a guileless little girl, and had led her down the path of nine years of immorality to a marriage contract ruthlessly violated. The jury was to determine whether there had been any such guileless little country girl, whether she had not been a mature and knowing woman, come to court to redress a great wrong. No wrong could be redressed in that way. Nor had she wanted the balm of money, for she had said there was none. Her motive did not rise to the quality of revenge, nor even of hate, but sent abroad to every home a leaven she knew to be vile, the influence of which was measurable.

"For what motive does the desperate woman walk on any stage. She deliberately turned from everything that a man or woman could desire and proclaimed her shame. This is the vestibule of a wider stage upon which she desires to enter. Is it the right of any individual to corrupt public morals by the excuse of seeking reparation for wrong? What is there of reparation for wrong but to go home to her mother's fireside, to him who alone can grant reparation for wrong?

Her early life was not what it should have been, he continued, but was what her letters showed it to be. It would be said, "Butterworth, you are defending sin," but no, he had a little family of his own, one son who had to fight the battle of life against fearful odds. No, he was defending the standard of womanhood, the virtue of city and of country girls.

No man could say that seduction was possible under the circumstances which had been portrayed here. He protested against such a standard being raised for virtue. As for his client, no one knew through what mire that man had been dragged, and such was the penalty of sin. He did not want the jury carried away by the whisper floating in the air that a verdict for the defendant would be a ratification of his sin. He asked them also not to commend a woman who had borne herself as this plaintiff had, not to elevate her for the degradation of him. Such a verdict would mean to the girls that virtue was but as a cloak, to be thrown off or put on. American womanhood should be vindicated by the standard to which wives and mothers must be held.

At ten minutes after 3 o'clock Major Butterworth finished. There was some consultation among the attorneys, and then Mr. Wilson, stating that he was hoarse, asked the court to adjourn. So the crowd dispersed, and several gentlemen pressed forward to congratulate the lawyer.

Will Stay in the Race.

FRANKFORT, Ky., April 12.—A letter to a personal friend in this city was received from Col. Breckinridge yesterday. It states positively that he will make the race for Congress at all hazards. The following extract from the letter will show the tenor of the epistle.

"I see from statement going around through the papers that in the event of averse verdict I will withdraw from the race for Congress. I am in this Congressional race to the bitter end. I am not going to be on the defensive, but am going to make an aggressive fight."

TO SEE MEN ON MARS.

Inventor Louis Gathman Makes a Bold Statement.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"For $50,000 I will undertake to construct a telescope with an objective ten feet in diameter, better in every respect in proportion than the forty-inch $500,000 Yerkes telescope, and to finish it sooner. For a proportionately larger sum I will undertake to construct a telescope with an objective 100 feet in diameter, more efficient in proportion for every scientific purpose than the Lick or Yerkes telescope. There is no reason in telescopic science why we should not see the inhabitants of Mars and see to pick up a pin on the moon."

This is the bold but intelligent utterance of Louis Gathman, an amateur optician, astronomer, scientist, and inventor of this city.

Mr. Gathman's scientific career has been something like that of Edison. That is, he has been dependent on his own resources, and has been an all-around inventor.

But he has taken the greatest interest of all in optics and astronomy. He has had a telescope and has been a student of the heavens for fifteen years. Ten years ago he erected an observatory in connection with his residence, and placed in its dome a seven-inch telescope, with which he amuses himself at spare moments. He makes no pretensions, however, to a scientific knowledge of astronomy.

Saved the Pope's Life.

Alexander Divine tells the following anecdote of the late Sir Harry Verney: One of his famous exploits was his riding across Argentina. One day his attention was drawn to a figure lying on the roadside some miles from Santiago, under the shelter of a rude hut of leaves and branches. Pulling up, he discovered a priest, who turned out to be in a high condition of fever. Verney obtained assistance, had the prostrate man carried to his own rooms, and practically nursed him into convalescence and eventual recovery. After some months of friendly intercourse and companionship the two separated, and probably never thought to meet again. Many years passed, so many that the majority of men had lived their lives and died, but the two who had met under such striking circumstances still lived, the one Sir Harry Verney, the other no less a person than Leo XIII, Pope of Rome.

Maine's Male Housekeepers.

One of the oddities of life in the Maine factory villages is the class of men who can appropriately be called "housekeepers." In almost any town where much manufacturing is done numbers of these men may be found. If one calls soon after meal time he will be likely to find them with aprons on washing dishes. At other hours they may be seen sweeping up, making beds, cleaning and washing the children, cleaning house or cooking. Whether any of them do the family sewing is not so certain. These men are housekeepers for the simple reason that their wives can earn more working in the mill than they can, and it becomes a matter of money-saving to let them do it. Some of them saw and pile the wood in the shed, and do the chores, and take care of the garden, and do other man's work around home, as well as the housekeeping, and the arrangement seems to be profitable.

Fashion Fancies.

All shades of gray and tan duck will be fashionable this Summer.

A little variation from the wrinkled collar is three flat bows of bias velvet set on a standing band, one directly in front and two on the sides, which meet in the back.

Fluffy tresses are now the fashion. Women who were wont to brush their hair down now comb it up and then blow it up with a fan to produce the effect of thistledown and corn-tassels. The hair is crimped all over, and the coiffure is suggested by the style of the hat.

Berthas of every shape and description, both double and single, are used on dresses for young girls. Double berthas, edged with lace or embroidery, are especially pretty for ginghams and muslins, and make a nice finish for guimpe waists.

A simple gown is made of wool in pale pink, flecked with green. The waist is of green bengaline, and over this a piece of the material is folded to form a jacket, back and front alike. A bertha of green silk, cut wide and full over the sleeves, and tapering toward the back and the top. A belt and sash of bengaline complete the trimming. The sleeves are of the reculation leg-of-mutton shape, finished at the wrist with silk cuffs.

The cheviots and shirtings this season are extremely pretty. There is to be very little difference from those of last year in the making. The swellest ones are made by tailors and have turned-down collars, with which are to be worn the neat four-in-hand tie. Light blue, light pink, checked, and white shirts are all equally fashionable. This article of one's wardrobe is eminently satisfactory, for laundrying really does these shirts good.

IMPORTANT SALE AT THE ECONOMY SHOE HOUSE.

Owing to our rapid increasing trade we have been forced to make considerable extensions to our store. We must have room, and in order to do so we quote the following extremely low prices for our thoroughly reliable SHOES AND SLIPPERS, Men's, Ladies', Misses', Boys', Youths', and Children's.

DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE, as the prices quoted will surely run us out of sizes. So delay is dangerous. Prices as follows:

Infants' Shoes	23c	Ladies' Common Sense	98c
Children's Worked Button Spring Heel	49c	Ladies' Opera Patent Tip	98c
Youth's Solid Leather Shoes	75c	Misses' Finest Oxfords	98c
Boys' Solid Leather Shoes	98c	Ladies' Strap Slipper, Patent Vamp	98c
Men's Solid Leather Shoes	98c	Ladies' Strap Slipper, All Leather	75c
Ladies' Spring Heel Button	98c		

The best $2 Men's Shoe in the city. The best $1.50 Ladies' Shoe in the city. Our Famous $2 Guaranteed Ladies' Shoes. The Famous $1,25 Boy's School Shoes,

And we are Agents for the Celebrated Stacy, Adams & Co. Men's Shoes

Morgan, Violett & Co., 706 Seventh St. N. W.

Sorrow and Disappointment as Diseases.

It is claimed by some of the more advanced of modern writers, says N. S. Stowell in the Ledger, that excesses of all sorts are produced by a morbid condition of mind, brought about by the presence of microbes in undue numbers. From tuberculosis to temper, from murder to melancholia, these theorists declare that microbes are the cause of all conditions anywhere outside of the normal. And may be the day will come when these people will be found not so far from the right as scoffers now profess to believe. Those who dive deep into the hidden mysteries of existence find many quaint and curious things not seen by average eyes. There is an invisible, intangible, mental as well as a material microscope, and they who understand its handling and adjustment learn much of interest, much that is suppressed because of the storm of ridicule that it would provoke, and which for this reason they care nothing about exhibiting to the outer world.

It is no secret to many persons of extreme temperament that a thought microbe can be so increased and multiplied that it dominates not only the entire mental but physical system. There are cases where the memory takes possession of the individual; a sudden flash lights the fire of thought; a suggestion opens the doors of the past, and all conditions are right for an absolute overwhelming of the entire being with this living tide. And many doctors would at once diagnose the malady as malaria, nervous fever, depression of the vital forces, or in some cases inflammation of the brain. This state of affairs, simple enough at the outset and characterized by a little fever, a slightly accelerated pulse, a trifling flush of the cheeks and like indications increase with rapidity until the sufferer is in a condition bordering on mental distraction. The doctor comes in, prescribes draughts and a few regimen, reduces the diet, orders cooling applications and goes away much worried lest the patient runs into brain fever or some new complaint with an unpronounceable name and a fatal termination.

Had this professional adviser of the sick and suffering the power to use the mental microscope, it would take him but a short time to discover that the malady was not in any sense physical or dependent upon any of the bodily functions. He would find hordes of bacilli, disappointment microbes, unsatisfied ambition germs infinitesimal in themselves, but in the aggregate forming an immense army of devouring adversaries slowly consuming the life forces of their helpless victims. Just what they feed upon no one has as yet been able to determine; but that they speedily sap the vital forces, those who have suffered in this way know but too well, although they may not know the cause.

If, instead of morphia, tonics, and antimalarials and anodynes, they could take the suffering one from present environments, start a new train of thoughts, awaken other interests stronger for the moment than the invading forces, and bring back the departed delights or some that would to an extent fill their place, the dealing out of drugs would be superseded by an entirely different form of practice.

But the day of this enlightenment has not yet come. Maybe in the far off hereafter our doctors will be philosophers as well, and instead of confining themselves strictly to the material, they will search for the hidden sources of the sorrow and care that more than any other cause destroys the best and brightest members of the human family.

Queen Victoria's Model Dairy.

Probably the largest dairy in the world is that owned by Queen Victoria at her model farm near Windsor. It has floors of porcelain tiles of white and blue, containing medallions of the Queen, her husband, and each of their children, marble columns supporting the roof and windows of stained glass bordered with daisies, buttercups, primroses, and May blossoms. Bas-reliefs of the seasons and various agricultural designs complete the ornamentation, and marble tables and basins are ranged around the walls at intervals, while a perpetual stream of water runs through the building.

Grains of Gold.

Consult duty, not events.—Hannah Moore.

All love is sweet, given or returned.—Shelley.

Life's choicest blessings center all in home.—Cowper.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.—Pope.

Our life is March weather, savage and severe in one hour.—Emerson.

Our conversation should rather be laid out on things than persons.—Dr. Watts.

Sometimes speak to God; at other times hear Him speak to you.—St. Cyprian.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—Carlyle.

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—Wordsworth.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.—Antoninus.

The company in which you will improve most will be least expensive to you.—General Washington.

Surmise and general abuse, in however elegant language, ought not to pass for proofs.—Junius.

The more we limit and concentrate happiness, the more certain we are of securing it.—Deverant.

A noble heart, like the sun, throweth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.—Sir Philip Sidney.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY—Every Evening and Saturday Matinee. PRICES, 25, 50, 75, and $1. CHARLES FROHMAN'S COMEDIANS. Original Company, in Gillette's Master Comedy **Mr. Wilkinson's Widows.** Next Week—JANE, with Jennie Yeamans. Seats now on sale.

NEW NATIONAL THEATER. **WILSON BARRETT.** This (Friday) Evening, "OTHELLO." Saturday Matinee, "Ben My Chree." Saturday night, "The Silver King." Next Week—ROSE COGHLAN, in "A Woman of No Importance." Seats selling.

BASEBALL! THE GREAT TEST GAMES. FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, NATIONALS vs. Y. M. C. A., FOR BENEFIT Y. M. C. A. BUILDING FUND. MONDAY, REGULARS vs. PICKED NINE. TUESDAY, NATIONALS vs. GEORGETOWN COLLEGE. WEDNESDAY, REGULARS vs. PICKED NINE. ADMISSION, 25 AND 50 CENTS.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

IN NEW BUILDING, 618 9th st. nw. For rent beautiful fur. or unfur. at reasonable prices; cafe first floor.

FOR SALE—HOUSES.

FOR SALE—BY AUGUST DONATH, 611 7TH ST. I have a 5-room cottage for sale on Rosedale st., just north of Hygienic Ice Company, that is a cosy home for any man. It has water, gas, and sewer, slate mantels, latrobe, etc.; lot 24 by 130; stable in rear; price for all this only $2,250; see me about it.

WANTED.

WANTED—TO DO WASHING AND IRONING; will take home; also to go out by the day. Best refs. Call or address 2041 16th st. nw. 12

WANTED—BOYS TO SELL THE TIMES. From $2 to $3 a week made by hustlers.

WANTED—ENERGETIC BOYS MAKE GOOD money selling THE TIMES.

BOYS TO SELL THE TIMES. YOU CAN MAKE good money.

PERSONAL.

PIANO EXCHANGE—YOUR SYSTEM OF INstallment is at first tempting, but once in your clutches a man deserves sympathy. It cost me $155. B.

PLANKED SHAD IS A FEAST FOR THE GODS. You may have plenty if you will accept the astonishing rates we offer for gents' discarded garments; send for us; will call at once. JUSTH'S OLD STAND, 619 D st. nw.

STEADY OCCUPATION THE YEAR AROUND to persons under middle age; no agency or canvassing; pleasant, attractive, legitimate work, local or traveling; either sex. For interview send address to MONEYMAKER, TIMES OFFICE. 13

FOR SOMETHING GOOD IN THE CIGAR AND Tobacco line, call on PALMER, Blue label cigars. Hutchins' Building.

BLUE LABEL CIGARS. UNION MADE. J. M. HALL, Man'fact'er, rear 936 D st. sw. ap3-1m

SPECIAL FOR THE SPRING—LADIES WHO wish to wear tailor-made garments, correct fitting and latest styles, kindly call and see J. GLYDER, Late of I. P. Hollander, Boston, Mass. 1749 Pa. ave.

G. L. WILD'S BROS. & CO. 709 Seventh Street N. W. PIANOS, ORGANS, AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS. Sheet Music, Music Books and Strings. Tuning and Repairing Pianos and all Musical Instruments a Specialty and Prices to suit the times. G. L. WILD'S BROS. & CO., 709 Seventh Street N. W.

WHITEHAND'S OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. 804 D Street Northwest. Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating. Soft Metal Repairing. Brass and Metal Signs a Specialty mr24.2mo

Candidates for the Fool-Killer.

John Eli Wade, of Clark county, Ky., has named the latest girl arrival at his home Madeline Pollard Wade.

There is an idiot in Liberal, Mo., who refused to take 2,000 silver dollars in payment of a note. He is still whistling for his money.

John W. Woods, who has a wife and nine children, went into the lynching business down in North Carolina. He is now hiding in the mountains of Tennessee.

A lawsuit in Stratton, Neb., over the killing of a hog that was at large was settled out of court after each of the litigants had spent four times as much as the animal was worth.

Mrs. Samuel Detwiller, of Goshen, Ind., got a divorce from her husband a few months ago, and within a fortnight had been remarried to him. Now she has left home, and nobody knows where she is.

A similar case is reported from Chadron, Neb. Here two citizens quarreled over a $5 bill, and at last left the matter to an arbitrator, who insisted that the amount be blown in for drinks, and ordered champagne for himself.

CHIEF DRUMMOND'S STORY

The Great Detective Writes of His Experiences for the "Press."

My first arrest!

How well I remember it, and how proud I was when I received the praise of my superior officers.

It was back in '71, when as a young man I entered the secret service in New York city. My first case caused a big sensation here, for men prominent in metropolitan business and social life for years, regarded as citizens of the highest respectability and sense of honor, were sent to prison for swindling the United States government by means of spurious money.

Our headquarters were at that time at 52 Bleecker street.

In '71 one of the most skillful passers of counterfeit money known to the secret service was Dave Kirkbride. He had long evaded detection and had succeeded in passing many thousands of dollars' worth of bogus bills, principally tens.

He had the ill-luck to quarrel with a companion, who at once visited headquarters and told how Kirkbride was about to leave the city with $2,000 in bogus ten-dollar bills, which he intended to put in circulation.

Men were detailed to cover the various points of exit from the city. Accompanied by Kirkbride's companion, I went to the Hudson River railroad depot, at that time at Thirtieth street and Ninth avenue. After waiting around in the rain for about three hours Kirkbride came up.

"There is your man buying his ticket," said the informer.

I walked up to him, and when I touched him on the shoulder he turned quickly.

"What the —— do you want?" he exclaimed in anger.

"You are my prisoner," I said, as I put my arm in his.

I hailed a carriage and took him to headquarters. I was given a hearty reception, for the taking of Kirkbride was considered a very big capture, indeed. We took $500 in counterfeit tens from Kirkbride's pockets, and the balance of the $2,000, less $20, was found on the seat of the carriage which brought us from the station. He had endeavored to get rid of the bogus money before reaching headquarters.

Kirdbride confessed.

Kirkbride told the story that he secured the bogus money from David Keene, a wholesale liquor dealer in Warren street. Keene was a big man in this city at that time and a power in politics. He lived in a splendid mansion in grand style at One-hundred-and-seventeenth street and Second avenue. Kirkbride agreed to enter into the plan to capture Keene. He consented to take marked bills, with which to buy more counterfeit money from Keene.

On the night agreed on for the taking of Keene, with the marked bills in his possession, eight or nine of us were sent up to the One-hundred-and-seventeenth street mansion. Myself and a man named Newcomb were to cover the rear of the house to prevent Keene escaping that way in case he took alarm.

Kirkbridge was to enter and buy the counterfeit money with the prepared bills. After he had accomplished his object, he was to go out of the house, and, after the doors closed behind him, return and ring the doorbell. That was to be the signal to the men in waiting that his part of the work had been successfully accomplished and that the door was open for them to enter.

I remember climbing over five fences that stood between one-hundred-and-eighteenth street and the rear of the mansion. Just as I was getting over the fence surrounding Keene's back yard Mrs. Keene came to the rear of the house with a large lamp.

It was one of the reflecting sort, that threw a ray of light on any given point without lighting up the surroundings. This lamp she placed at a rear window and focused it on a big stone slab in the corner of the yard not ten feet from where we lay hidden.

"That's the money hole," I whispered to Newcomb.

And sure enough out came Keene in a moment and went over to the slab.

We crouched as low as possible in the corner, fearing we would be detected, and that would have spoiled all our plans of catching Keene in the very act of