A Little List of One Day "Drives."

We pick these hap-hazard from the stock. The store is fairly teeming with hundreds of other equally good bargains.

WRAPS.

$8 All-wool Cloth Capes..... $1.98
$7 All-wool Cloth Capes, 2 rows of lace inserting..... $2.98
All $4, $5, and $6 Jackets, to close..... $2.98
All $7, $8, and $9 Jackets, to close..... $4.98

NOTIONS.

5c card Hooks and Eyes..... 2c
12½c Taffeta Ribbon..... 7c
48c box of Spool Silk..... 25c
4c paper of Pins..... 1c
10, 12, 15c Cambric..... 4c
15c Curling Iron..... 8c
21c King's Palace Dress Shields..... 12c
15c to 25c Tooth Brushes..... 10c
21c Basting Cotton, one doz..... 13c
5c box of Hairpins..... 3c
6c cake Oatmeal Soap..... 3c
48c skeins of Silk, one doz..... 15c

MILLINERY.

23c 5-in. Moire Ribbon..... 15c yd
42c 4 and 5-in. Moire Ribbon..... 23c yd
25c Jet Aigrettes..... 15c
75c Jet Hats..... 39c
25c Children's Straw Sailors..... 15c
38c Untrimmed Straw Hats..... 25c
$1.25 and $1.37 Untrimmed Hats..... 95c
$5 Trimmed Hats..... $2.98
$6 Trimmed Hats..... $3.75

FURNISHINGS.

12½c Ladies' Richelieu Ribbed Vests, all colors..... 8c
17c Ladies' Richelieu Ribbed Vests, neck and armholes run with tape..... 12½c
31c Children's Corded Caps..... 19c
87c Child's Embroidered Gretchen Caps..... 47c
69c Ladies' Laundered Shirt Waists, pink, lavender, light blue, and tan..... 48c
$1 Ladies' Shirt Waists, all colors..... 75c

KING'S PALACE,

812-814 SEVENTH STREET.

FALLING FROM A BALLOON.

How It Feels to Shoot Down from a Great Height.

Mrs. Romig, or as she is called professionally, Miss Hazel Keyes, is a balloonist and jumper in a parachute. She has described how she feels in jumping from a balloon to a reporter of the Salem (Oregon) Statesman. She said: "The sensations are diametrically opposite to the general idea that prevails among people who never made such attempts. Instead of feeling yourself lifted bodily and swiftly up into space, you have a realistic sense of staying just exactly where you were and of the earth falling away and downward from you. This feeling continues just so long as your balloon continues to rise; when it comes to a standstill you realize for the first time that you have moved upward, and, of course, the wonderful panorama spread out below you gives you instant advice of the immense altitude you have attained.

"The descent from such a tremendous height by the parachute is another thing, though it, too, involves something of the same sensation, reversed. You seem to see the earth ascending to meet you, but your progress downward is so gentle and so much more deliberate that you cannot but know you are going down. The fact is forcibly impressed on your mind when you cut loose from the balloon.

"The descent then, until the parachute fills, is as sheer and sudden and direct as any unpremeditated fall you ever experienced, ranging in depth, according to the volume of wind, from 25 to 100 feet, and this is the most unpleasant part of my business. The same precaution of holding the breath is as imperatively necessary in this first fall as it is when you are submerged in the water, and in default of such precaution you are equally liable to strangulation and death as in the water."

In response to a question as to the longest jump she had made in her career as an aeronaut, Mrs. Romig said that in 1890, at Baker's beach, just inside the Golden Gate, at San Francisco, she made a perfectly successful jump from an altitude determined by mathematical instruments to be just a fraction over two and one-half miles. She alighted in the bay, but, being fully protected with a life-preserver (which she always does when exhibiting near rivers, lakes or other large bodies of water), she was all right when picked up by boatmen who went instantly to her relief.

Mrs. Romig says: "The easiest place in which to land is a body of water or a plowed field, but of the two I prefer the field."

Two Curious Divorces.

John Derryberry, of Metropolis, Ky., followed his wife, who had eloped with another man, and, after having her arrested, persuaded her to return home. W. Predue, of Cambridge, Neb., whose wife had eloped with the hired man, went after her, and was going to have her arrested, but was melted by the tears of the erring couple, relented and let them go in peace.

Intelligible Italians.

Bridget—D'ye moind th' way thim Oytalians motions wid their hands an' arrums an' heads an' bodies whin they talks?

Patrick—Begorra, how else could they undirshtand phat aich other do be chatterin' about?—New York Weekly.

Look Out!

We Are Loaded.

This is the way we will shoot them off, viz:

Ladies' $3 Patent Tip Button Shoes for $1.50.

Ladies' $3 High Russia Bluchers for $1.95.

Ladies' $2.50 Russia Blucher Oxfords for $1.50.

Ladies' $2 Oxfords for $1.35.

Ladies' $2.75 Oxfords for $1.85.

Ladies' $3.50 Oxfords for $2.50.

All fresh Spring Goods. All colors and styles to select from.

— THE —

Warren Shoe House

GEO. W. RICH,

919 F STREET.

That Tired Feeling and Its Real Cause.

A great many persons find themselves feeling languid at this season of the year, and since they cannot account for it in any other way they conclude they have been overtaken by that queer and unclassified disease known as "Spring fever." You all know what that is.

It is more than likely that the only thing that really ails them is an overloaded stomach. That does not sound nice, but it may be true all the same.

They go on eating just as much fatty and heating foods as they did in midwinter, and their poor stomachs, their individual laboratory, is soon in a state of revolt that amounts or will soon to a revolution.

Then woe betide that unhappy man or woman who will have a nervous or sick-headache so distressing they will wish they were dead, and they will be so cross and disagreeable in consequence that their best friends will heartily sympathize with them in their last wish!

Many a long friendship that has withstood failures and scandals will break like a thread when one or the other becomes a victim to Spring fever.

Laziness is no word to express the "cussedness" contained in that state of body, and its usual accompaniments of mind, ill-temper, and distraction.

Then it is so exasperating to a one-time victim, who has learned the way to miss it, that one's friend will still be such a fool as to endure its trials, its languors, and ready-to-die feeling just because he will not believe you since you have not a doctor's certificate to back up your remedy.

Why, it is just as easy to avoid the Spring fever as it is to get it when you know how. You merely want to leave off a midwinter diet, one thing at a time, as you do your flannels and extra wraps as the weather grows too warm to render those garments anything but a burden to carry around.

You see how easy that is? You no longer need beefsteak for breakfast and roast beef for dinner, with rich gravies and warm desserts, and all that sort of thing.

Your poor stomach is tired of carrying round that kind of food since the weather has grown warmer; and your liver is sighing for "greens" and boiled eggs, and fish, and salads, and new vegetables as fast as they come in!

Now since one's stomach is not a reasonable being, and knows nothing about prices, you have to decide for it as a wise mother does for her child when she knows what is good for it.

You are not bound to feed your stomach on everything it "craves," but you can satisfy its longing by giving it a taste of fresh fruit, an orange and apple or a banana every morning.

You can give it a lettuce salad, young onions, cress, an occasional radish and "greens," with the bit of rhubarb sauce or a lemon tart for dinner, until vegetables come down where common mortals who work for a living can afford to buy them! And you can save on meat as the weather grows warmer.

Did you know that meat has in it a certain amount of "calorie," which is a simply heat in animal substance, but when converted into mind it becomes anger in the blood, or something worse.

Well, those who ought to know what they are talking about say that that is so, and if so, don't you see where it leads us?

Too much meat clogs the physical system. It overheats, and it then makes men passionate, women cross, and children irritable. We can lay a host of sins to too much meat eating.

No wonder man or woman is driven into a "fever" if one eats more than nature knows what to do with.

Oranges, apples, bananas, lemons, shaddocks or grape fruits to begin the day with; remember that and be saved!

They are cheaper than meat. They furnish the natural acids the system craves; and meat once a day is quite enough if one will only think so. There are people who never eat meat Summer or Winter, and they insist they never feel lazy or physically out of sorts. Well, not being of a cranky disposition, we will not advise total abstinence from animal food, but just say, indulge in it moderately during warm weather, and you surely will feel better, be better, and have a little change left out of the market money towards the Spring shopping!

It may not be best to read this article clear through to John. It is to be hoped he will be convinced of the truth in it before you get quite to the end; and he might think you were more interested on economizing on what he likes best for the sake of the shopping, instead of the advantage he might reap from it. Some men do have such queer ways of looking at our reasons sometimes when they do not happen to gibe with their own!

Newspapers in Court.

Last Tuesday the editorial staff of the New Haven Register was taken to court and gently reprimanded by the judge for publishing an interview with the witness in the murder case before him. The court (Judge Robinson) said:

Newspapers must comply with the ordinary proprieties due themselves, their paper, and the court. The reporters are not allowed to make comment on a case on trial or to contrast testimony of different witnesses, or to sum up the evidence. Reporters are here by the courtesy of the court. It is always pleasant for the court to afford all facilities in the pursuit of their duties, but they mustn't indulge in any breach of the proprieties. Confine yourself to the report of facts, and make no comment on the probable result, as it is highly improper.

PRESENT WEEK IN CONGRESS

Senate Will Continue Its Past Programme of Tariff Discussion.

QUAY READY TO SPEAK AGAIN

His Remarks, When Completed, Will Make a Large Volume on the Tariff—Senator Mills to Reply to Attacks on the Finance Committee—Appropriations in the House.

The prospect is that the tariff debate in the Senate will continue this week much on the same lines as have been observed since the agreement for the regulation of the hours of debate was entered into, notwithstanding the arrangement that the reading of the bill by paragraphs shall begin on Wednesday at 1 o'clock.

The Republican Senators are counting upon the continuance of this programme for at least another week, and expect to go on with their general speeches just as they have been doing for the past three weeks.

"General debate," said Senator Aldrich, in discussing the outlook, "will conclude Tuesday at 5 o'clock and will be resumed Wednesday at 1 o'clock."

Senator Aldrich is among those who have not yet spoken upon the general features of the bill, and he will not now have time to get in before the reading of the bill is begun. He will possibly speak on Wednesday or Thursday, though probably not until the beginning of next week.

Besides replying to Senator Mills, he will devote himself especially to the revenue features of the pending bill. The speeches announced for the week are those of Washburn to-day, Mills and Palmer to-morrow, Higgins on Wednesday, and Cullom on Thursday or Friday. Other speeches, among them one by Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky, may be made on any of these days, and if no one else should be prepared to proceed at any time, Senator Quay will continue the speech of which he has already delivered several installments.

It is understood that he has not exhausted more than half of the material he has collected upon the various features of the bill, and that when his speech is finally concluded and printed it will make a large book on the tariff. Senator Dolph may also at any time conclude his unfinished speech.

Senator Mills is expected to reply in a general way for the members of the Finance Committee to the attacks which have been made upon the bill, and his speech will be about three hours in length. Senator Higgins will discuss the Hawaiian question, basing his speech upon the provision contained in the first report of the Senate bill for the nullification of the reciprocity treaty with the islands, and will advocate their annexation to the United States.

Republican Senators will make manifest their disposition to contest every inch of ground at the very beginning of the discussion of the paragraphs as such on Wednesday by attempting to have the provision of the first paragraph providing that the new bill shall go into effect on the 30th of June changed.

They will contend that the custom has always been to give at least six months notice in making a change of the tariff laws. They also say that there are other provisions in this paragraph which will require careful consideration, and a number of them agree in saying that it is probable that the chemical schedule, the first on this bill, will not be reached before next week.

Senator Harris, upon being asked, said that no agreement had been reached for the continuance of the present agreement as to hours for debate, and he was not prepared to say what would be done in that respect when that stage of the consideration of the bill should be reached.

"It will depend upon circumstances," he said, "whether we shall go on as at present. We possibly may during this week, but I should say not longer. We have already had the bill under consideration for three weeks, and its opponents have consumed the greater part of the time. They certainly should have had opportunity to exhaust their long speeches, and if a disposition should be shown to continue to make them, I shall ask for an extension of the daily time for debate. We shall have to come to that soon if it becomes apparent that those who are unfriendly to the bill mean to adopt dilatory tactics. I think we shall begin by meeting earlier, and if that change does not suffice to effect sufficient progress, we shall gradually extend the hours into the night, and will then begin a contest which must either exhaust the Senators or exhaust the debate and result in final action upon the bill."

Appropriation bills will continue to occupy the attention of the House during the coming week after to-day, which, under the rules, will be devoted to the consideration of business reported from the District of Columbia committee. On Tuesday the diplomatic and consular bill, which consumed the major portion of last week, will probably be finished, and on Wednesday the post office appropriation bill, the consideration of which was interrupted by the departure of Chairman Henderson, of the Post Office Committee, as one the committee to attend the funeral of the late Senator Vance, will be resumed.

The only item in this bill undisposed of is that providing a special subsidy for the fast southern mail. As a strong fight is being made to cut off this appropriation, it may require two days to get it out of the way. The general impression seems to be that the adversaries of this appropriation bill will not be able to defeat it, as it has earnest champions, not only in the South, but in the North and West.

Business is so far advanced in the House that no attempt will probably be made to deprive the Committee on Claims of Friday, the day set apart under the rules for the consideration of bills on the private calendar. After the post office bill is completed, the army bill will be taken up, and should it be completed the river and harbor bill will follow. There is little chance, however, that the latter bill will be reached this week. The only possibility of varying the monotony of this programme is the precipitation of a debate on some resolution in connection with the coming of Coxey's army of the commonweal. The Populists in the House, as in the Senate, have come to the front as advocates of fair play for the industrial army, and they may spring some resolution bearing on the subject which would throw it open for discussion.

What Appendicitis Really Is.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Many uninformed people were doubtless surprised to read in the papers that although both Norman L. Munro and his son were operated on for appendicitis no foreign substance was found in the appendix of either of them. The notion is widely prevalent that appendicitis is always caused by the lodgment of an orange seed, a grape seed, or something of that kind in this intestinal appendage, producing inflammation. This is not the fact, but according to a surgeon who has performed nearly 200 operations for the removal of the appendix such cases are comparatively few. The prevailing opinion among those who are wise on this subject is that appendicitis is caused by a microbe, but the investigations have not advanced far enough to enable this to be determined with accuracy. It is believed that many cases formerly supposed to be acute colic were really cases of appendicitis. According to the authorities, by the way, this word (which is so recent that it is not to be found in the Century Dictionary) is pronounced with a long "i" in the last syllable but one, and the ending "itis" has the same pronunciation in "bronchitis," "peritonitis," "tonsilitis," and other words of that class.

LOST $40,000 AT BUNCO POKER.

He Himself Got Together the Party of Sharpers Who Skinned Him.

[From the Denver Republican.]

During the past week a gentleman from California has been stopping at the Brown Palace hotel. Last night he left for the East. Besides possessing the desirable qualification of being extremely wealthy, this gentleman is also the hero of a regular hair-rising bunco poker game. He lost $40,000 over a table between 3 o'clock one Saturday afternoon and 9 o'clock the next morning, but telegrams sent out to country banks early on Monday managed to stop payment on about half the checks that he had given out during the game. The funniest part of the whole story is that with three men working him the victim himself proposed the game and introduced the three steerers to each other, all of which was part of the play.

The gentleman was stopping at a little seaside resort eighteen miles out from Los Angeles, and while there met a man representing himself as an official of the Canadian Pacific railroad on his way to San Francisco on business. For two days the pair chummed together. Another guest arrived from Chicago, who also made known the fact that he was destined to San Francisco. It is superfluous to relate that the strangers were affability itself. Anxious to make things pleasant for his friends, the old gentleman introduced one stranger to the other, seeing that they both intended remaining at the hotel over Sunday and then going on to San Francisco. The newcomer was in the boot and shoe line.

Soon there was another arrival, and he proved a high roller. He was a stockman returning to his ranch from market, and he had a roll of bills as big as his head. He ordered everything and paid in big bills. There seemed to be nothing less than a tenner in the whole lot. It did not take him long to get acquainted with the old gentleman. He got acquainted with every soul about the place before he had been there a night—all but the Canadian Pacific man and the boot and shoe man. When he did meet those two worthies, it was through the medium of the genial old gentleman.

With such good fellows around him a poker game was the only result, and soon it was going. The railroad magnate did not know much about the game, the boot and shoe man hoped it would be a small limit, and the stockman did not care how high it went—the higher the better for him, he said. So the game started. It opened at 3 o'clock that Saturday afternoon and was still going at 9 the next day. Then it ended. The old gentleman was out $700 in cash and $40,000 in checks. The stockman had not a dollar of his big roll left, which was easily $10,000, and he, too, had given checks for $25,000. The game had simply been a ripsnorter and everything went.

It was the stockman who threw up his hand. He said he could not stand it any longer. The three agreed to give him a revenge game after dinner, and so the matter rested for a time. When dinner ended a note was handed the old gentleman signed by the railroad magnate, expressing regret that a telegram had been received necessitating his going to San Francisco without delay and that the boot and shoe man had decided to accompany him. With the wings of a bird the old man flew to the apartments of his fellow sufferer, the stockman, and recited the facts within his knowledge. "Buncoed," said the stockman, and thereupon a plan was made to head off the pair. Telegrams were sent out to all the country banks on which the checks had been given, they being scattered to places where the players had deposits. These the old gentlemen himself filed at the telegraph office, while the stock grower hastened to the police headquarters to invoke aid from that source.

"Now let us wait till to-morrow," knowingly said the stockman, "and we will save all that money and most likely bag our game."

Monday morning there was another surprise awaiting the now thoroughly surprised old gentleman—the stockman was missing. He had been in the deal bigger than any of the trio. His roll had been good only for a hundred or so, the balance being counterfeit, and he had remained behind to keep the old gentleman off the trail while his pals cleared out.

Lobster or Chicken.

Edwin—"Is this canned chicken or canned lobster, Carrie?"

Carrie—"I couldn't tell you, Edwin. The label was torn off the can when I opened it."—Chicago Herald.

Couldn't Afford It.

Doctor A.—I wonder you do not advise your patient to have a thorough change—go to Italy, say.

Doctor B.—My dear fellow I really couldn't afford to let him go.—Tit-Bits.

Liked Wagner.

Brown—Tell me truly, do you really admire Wagner's music?

Gray—My dear boy, I haven't the moral courage to do likewise.—Boston Transcript.

Curious Casualties.

At Elk City, W. Va., Miss Eunice Johnson was seized with an epileptic fit while she was standing over the fire cooking. She fell forward and was fatally burned.

The breaking of an ox chain attached to the lever with which J. B. Clement, a Kentucky farmer, was prying up stumps, sent the long lever back into the farmer's face. His skull was broken, and he died almost instantly.

Carl Pepercorn, a man with a broken leg, at Racine, Wis., was put into a room where the ceiling was loose. He had to leap out of bed to escape falling plaster, and broke his leg a second time after it had once knit firmly. He may be a cripple for life.

Mrs. J. B. Newton, of Milano, Texas, left her infant on a bed while she stepped across the road to gossip with a neighbor. When the mother came back she found that a big pillow had fallen on the child's face and the poor little thing had been smothered to death.

A North Geneva farmer was holding a lighted kerosene lamp in his hand when his big and playful dog jumped on him. The fire was put out before the house had been entirely destroyed. The farmer was badly burned about the head, and may lose his eyesight.

Is Love One-Sided?

Is love, as commonly understood, self-dependent? asks Junius Henri Browne in the latest Bazar, or does it require, for continuance, some degree at least of mutuality? If sentimentalists and romancers are to be trusted, the former question should be answered affirmatively. They have so long and so persistently maintained the self-dependence of love that any adverse intimation is regarded as gross heresy. Love can be genuine, unblemished only, they affirm, when it springs from and sustains itself, when it is spontaneous, motiveless, permanent.

Producers of fiction, assuming to depict life, have generally taken this ground and held it firmly. Their heroes and heroines, having once experienced the passion, become incurable, and remain unswervingly loyal to its object until death. In order to keep up the interest of the story the passion, toward the close, is generally returned. But if it had not been, the love would have gone on undiminished and undiminishable, and its total unchangeableness is accounted the crown of emotional virtues.

Certainly this is a romance, sovereign and superlative. But is it real, or does it approach reality?

The best way to settle the problem is to observe human nature for ourselves, instead of trying to get an idea of it from books. How do the mass of men and women, whether in youth or maturity, bear themselves when they are supposed to be smitten? Do the men become enamored of the women, or the women of the men, and so continue, month after month, year after year, without reciprocity or any sign of it? Usually love generates love, or what passes for such. Hymen lights his torch at their enkindled hearts, and presides at the subsequent ceremony.

But presuming that he falls in love, as the phrase is, with her, or she with him, without arousing any response? What then? Does either of them nurse in secret the hopeless attachment and steel his or her breast against any other? Does either withdraw from society and resort to sorrowful solicitude as a blighted being, because, forsooth, one mortal out of the millions has not given what has been sought? There are such morbid unbalanced creatures, many of them, in chapters of literature, but not in chapters of actual life. Here, when a man is disappointed in his affections, he naturally feels the smart, perhaps the deep pain, of his refusal, and may be desolate for a while. He rallies, however. His egotism, stronger than his vanity, comes to his aid and rescues him from repining. His affection is apt to change to indifference or resentment, and in a few months he is as good as new and ready for a fresh attachment.

What a woman may suffer in like circumstances it is hard to conjecture, for she, in most cases, keeps her own counsel. It is popularly believed that she never knows her own feeling until she has received a regular proposal; and not then even, before she has taken ample time to examine it. If this be true, she is secure against the annoyances, griefs, or agonies—choose the word you like—to which the other sex is exposed from unrequited passion. But, inasmuch as she is commonly accounted much more susceptible, more sentimental, than her brother, it is fair to infer that she has her disappointments as well as he.

Besides we are continually hearing of young women whose engagements have been broken entering into new ones. Hence we are induced to believe that the fact of having loved once does not debar them from loving again, with an equal degree of fervor in both cases. Indeed, it is often whispered, though we decline to credit it, that certain erratic damsels get a high reputation for personal charm by the number of betrothals they have assented to before settling down to matrimony. There are, in truth, both men and women who acquire by varied experience a singular facility in erotic affairs. Their capacity to fall in love is only measurable by their capacity to climb out of it. And they are reported to make atonement at last by exemplary conjugal devotion.

On the whole, there can be no rational doubt that to love, with or without return, by no means destroys the power of loving anew when conditions favor. And if we can love more than once when we are beloved, it seems absurd to suppose that we must continue to love the creature who has rejected our love peremptorily and unconditionally. There may be natures eccentric and abnormal that so idolize their passion and its object as to regard either succession or successor as impossible. Thus believing, they may avoid opportunity, hold themselves aloof from temptation, and so escape a repetition of ensnarement. If they continue to mingle with the world, however, and to be governed by common sense, they are sure to discover that they are still susceptible, and they can arouse in others the tumults of their own soul.

It is incontestably true that any healthful, earnest, deserving love must meet with reciprocity. If it does not, after rational prosecution it languishes, decays, and becomes extinct, perforce. Reciprocity is to love what oxygen is to flame, atmosphere to existence. One-sided love is unnatural, unhuman, uncentainable. Pride, egotism, self-esteem, vanity itself, forbid it. No man is sufficiently slavish, no woman sufficiently silly, to want or to care for a love that has been stubbornly withheld.

A certain amount of deliberate discouragement will wither the intensest passion that has ever raged. Sound persons, masculine or feminine, do not humiliate themselves and beseech what is theirs by right, if at all, and what in the nature of things cannot be long denied. They may make a mistake; they always do if they ask that which is not freely rendered, but they speedily correct it and fall back to the intrenchment of their self-esteem.

Their sentimentalism, blind passion, complete infatuation, may commit any folly. But honest, human love cannot endure without the active agency of two.

Household Hints.

Keep an old blanket and sheet on purpose for ironing.

Clothes carefully folded and sprinkled are half ironed.

Cream boiled makes the coffee richer and does not chill it.

Hot milk is a regularly recognized drink in some of the German cafes. It is served in a cup with a saucer, and two lumps of sugar always accompany it.

It is well before having a room repainted to clean the old paint with two ounces of soda dissolved in one quart of water and applied warm, then washing off all traces of the soda.

Grapes and pineapples are blessings in the sick room. Only the juice of either should be swallowed. It allays the thirst and is nourishing, acting upon the liver and kidneys beneficially.

In France the cooks have salad baskets made of wire, in which they swing the leaves after being washed until they are thoroughly dry, this being considered better than serving them on the table wet.

Always use cotton holders for irons. Woolen ones are hot to the hand, and if scorched, as they often are, the smell is disagreeable. In ironing a shirt or dress turn the sleeves on the wrong side and leave them until the rest is done, and then turn and iron them.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW NATIONAL THEATER.
Every Evening. Mats. Wed. and Sat.
BRONSON HOWARD'S Masterpiece.
ARISTOCRACY.
Next Week NAT. C. GOODWIN, In "A Gilded Fool."

METZEROTT MUSIC HALL,
THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1894, 8 O'CLOCK.
The Washington Mask and Wig Club,
—In the—
MIKADO.
N. Dushane Cloward, Director.
Under the Auspices of
THE LEGION OF LOYAL WOMEN.
Reserved seats $1.50 and $1 at Metzerott's, 1110 F st. nw. General Admission, 50 cts. 26

KERNAN'S LYCEUM THEATER.
All this week.
THE NEW
CITY SPORTS BIG SHOW.
4 NELSON SISTERS 4
4 MIDWAY DANCERS. 4
Next Week—Griffin's Athletic and Specialty Co.

Grand farewell, 2 nights only, Convention Hall, corner Fifth and L streets, Friday and Saturday, April 27 and 28,
Prof. O. R. GLEASON,
King of Horse Tamers, will handle and train 5 Wild, Vicious, Wicked Horses. The most wonderful entertainment on earth. More exciting than a ball fight. Nothing like it ever seen before. Admission only 50c; reserved seats, 75c and $1. Doors open at 7.30, exhibition at 8.15.
JOHN I. SHANNON, Proprietor and Manager.
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BILLIARDS.
14 Tables—Largest and Finest Billiard Room South of New York. Buffet Attached. M. B. SCANLON, Proprietor, 408 Ninth street.

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Prescriptions Compounded by Graduates of Pharmacy.
Easterday's Drug Store,
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Dealer in Pure Rye Whiskies, Wines and Foreign Liquors, and a full line of Tobacco and Foreign and Domestic Cigars. Store
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Separate rooms if desired. Goods hauled, packed, and shipped. Lowest rates. EAST END EXPRESS, D. C. SMITH & CO., General Forwarding Agents, 8th st. and Md. ave. n.e.
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MISCELLANEOUS.
NOTICE—ALL PERSONS HAVING HAD REpair work at our sewing machine office for more than 30 days are hereby notified to call and pay for same or they will be sold for charges. COON & CO., 1329 7th st. nw. 26
BLUE LABEL CIGARS, UNION MADE. J. M. HALL, Man'fact'er, rear 936 D st. sw. ap3-1m
FOR SALE—CHEAP; STYLISH FAMILY horse, carriage, harness, etc. Address BARGAIN, this office.
FOR SALE—LOT ON N ST. NEAR N. Y. AVE. n.w.; lots 42 and 43, sq. 617; lots 17x95 each to 10-ft. alley. Price per ft., $1.30. A. S. CAYWOOD, 903 9th st. n.w. 24
JOHN SCHLOTTERBECK, JR., Our Homestead, Beers, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars, also oysters in every style. S. E. Cor. 4th and K sts. n. w., Washington, D. C. ap18-1m
OF COURSE YOU WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT, but as a matter of fact we will paralyze you on low rates for desirable property. Come and see us. PEAKE & SMITH, 8th and Md. ave. n.e.
apr17-2w
WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY.
Buy your Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Pants, etc., from JOHN N. GATES,
1253 Eleventh street southeast.
And notice how much you save.
HELP FURNISHED FREE BY MRS. L. C. Moore, Employment Agency, 306 G St. nw., Washington, D. C.
Send postal card.
TELL YOUR WIFE TO LOOK AT THOSE FINE Sewing Machines selling so rapidly at $10 at Auerbach's Capitol Hill branch. Domestic sewing machines. Pattern agency, corner Fourth and Pennsylvania avenue southeast. Complete with attachments and warranted for five years.
WILLIAM FUNK, Manager.
LEGAL BLANKS. LAW PRINTING. THE LAW REPORTER COMPANY, Printers and Stationers. Law Printing. 518 Fifth st. n.w. M. W. MOORE, Manager.

GEORGE T. KEEN,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 1312 F Street N. W.
POPULAR PRICES.
I employ local labor, therefore patronize
BUCKLEY,
mr24,3mo THE TAILOR, 810 F ST. N. W.

Retiring from Business
Every article in our immense stock reduced.
Buy now and save money for yourself and family.
BAUM'S
416 SEVENTH ST.

PERSONAL.
IT IS AS PLAIN AS MUD ON A WET DAY that we are offering extraordinary rates for gents' discarded garments. Have a fast trotter; will call at a 2:40 gait. JUSTH'S OLD STAND, 619 D st. nw.
PERSONAL—INFORMATION FREE TO OBtain guaranteed permanent cure of blood poison; no failure; cure or no pay; write for proofs. GUARANTEE REMEDY CO., 84 Adams st., Chicago, Ill. 26
PIANO EXCHANGE—YOUR SYSTEM OF INstallment is at first tempting, but once in your clutches a man deserves sympathy. It cost me $155. B.
FOR SOMETHING GOOD IN THE CIGAR AND Tobacco line, call on PALMER, Blue label cigars. Hutchins' Building.
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 L. P. Hollander, Boston, Mass. 1749 Pa. ave.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
SALOON AND RESTAURANT. CHOICE Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Meals at all hours. Board by the day, week or month. JOHN E. BONINI, Prop., 741 N. Cap. street. ap22-1mo
CROSS BROS., DEALERS IN CIGARS, TOBACco, Stationery, Periodicals, &c., cor. 1st and H streets, nw, Washington, D. C. ap22-1m
CARPENTERS, ATTENTION! THE members of L. A. No. 1748, are requested to attend the next meeting, MONDAY, 16th instant. Very important business is to be considered. 24 By order of the Assembly.

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

WANTED.
WANTED—TWO GERMAN GIRLS IMMEdiately, to do general housework. Call at 815 12th st. nw. 26
WANTED—WASHING AND IRONING TO DO at home, or work by the day. Address or call at 420 N st. nw.
WANTED—SOLICITORS TO REPRESENT the Covenant Mutual Benefit Association of Illinois. Persons of energy and intelligence can succeed without having had previous experience; liberal compensation; company in 18th year of its existence; insurance in force, $101,500,250; paid to beneficiaries, $8,000,000; $100,000 deposited with Illinois Insurance Department; nearly $1,000,000 in surplus; popular features; low rates; easy payments. For further particulars apply to B. F. CRAWSHAW, Manager for District of Columbia, rooms 42, 43 McGill building, 908-914 G st. n.w. 24
WANTED—BOYS TO SELL THE WASINGTON TIMES. A prize of $10 to the boy selling the largest number during a week; $5 each to the next four. Apply TIMES office between 3 and 4 p. m. 23

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 120; stable in rear; price for all this only $2,250; see me about it.

MONEY TO LOAN.
HONEST PARTIES CAN GET SMALL LOANS at once. National Loan and Investment Company, 615 E st. n. w. A. C. GLANCY, Sec.
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

PIANOS
FOR SALE AND RENT.
DEPOT FOR STEINWAY
AND OTHER LEADING INSTRUMENTS
EDW. F. DROOP & SONS.
925 Pennsylvania Avenue.

A Young Marine's Peril

Day after day the poisonous malarial vapors from thickets and jungles, combined with the heat of an equatorial clime, told even upon some of the hardy sailors and marines who had been sent from the sloop-of-war Trenton to protect a party of engineers away up in the Gaboon country of lower Guinea, near the mountains, in western Africa.

In a tent where the marines were encamped they had put little Jack Winton, the lieutenant's nephew, a boy of 14, ill with a fever; and, one morning, as he lay there, with burning cheeks and parched lips, a vision of big, red cherries, smooth and round, kept rising in fancy before his wistful eyes. His delirious mutterings were of those cherries, and his hands now and then crossed and recrossed his pillow, as if he thought the fruit must be there. Then it was that Will Worth, a marine private of 16, hearing him, made up his mind to hunt for what he knew the invalid coveted, a cherry-like fruit, to be found among the glens and ravines of the mountains, and to bring some, as a surprise, to the sufferer. Without mentioning his purpose to any one he left the camp, being at present off duty, and sped on his way.

Mr. Dale, a youthful ensign, noticing how hurriedly he plunged into the upland thicket ahead, suspected that he meant to desert. His lieutenant had already found fault with him for one soldier's desertion, and he did not relish the idea of another reprimand of this sort. He therefore resolved to follow the lad, watch him, and, if he went far, order him back to the camp.

Entering the thicket, he moved rapidly on. The foliage and the brush became denser as he proceeded. He heard the tapping and humming of bees in the hollows of trees. In and out of the great bell-shaped flowers around him they flew, spitefully buzzing at the big green gnats in their way. Hundreds of large, white lilies, enormous tulips and wild roses brightened the shrubbery. High above hovered the scarlet cardinal bird sounding its shrill "fife." Below the hook-nosed falcon boldly confronted the youth as if inclined to dispute his progress.

At last he caught sight of Worth down in the jungle, on the opposite side of the deep ravine, which he had evidently reached by a roundabout direction through brambles and vines leading past the front of the chasm. Down where he was could be seen gleaming in profusion the small, red globes of the cherry-like fruit he had come to gather for his sick little comrade. The ravine was evidently hundreds of feet in depth, the bottom hidden by the black shadows of the jungle on both sides. A few yards below Worth the chasm, which was about eighteen feet wide, was crossed by a tree trunk—a mere sapling, eight inches thick—probably all that remained of a former bridge. The trunk was smooth, except within five feet of the end nearest the boy, where there was a clipped branch. This end was in a sort of long hollow, overhung by tough roots.

The ensign cautiously descended on his side of the ravine and watched Worth until he had filled a haversack at his side with the "cherries" and was about to ascend, when he called out, sharply:

"That fruit will make you a poor meal, my boy, if you mean to desert!"

The startled lad looked across the gorge, saw the ensign, and answered, much hurt by the officer's suspicion:

"I had no intention of deserting, sir. I came here after the fruit for Jack Winton."

"Now, upon my word," said the ensign, who was a good fellow at heart, "I believe you, Worth, and am sorry I made the mistake of suspecting you. Those 'cherries' are just the thing for little Jack."

Worth was going to respond, when behind and above him he fancied he heard a low, guttural voice. Turning and looking up, he saw two human-like but fierce eyes shining amidst a thick, dark screen of interlacing vines.

"Who's there—a 'Pongwe?'" he inquired, thinking one of the natives of the Mpongwe tribe had been watching him pick the fruit.

There was no reply to his question. But the leafy bower rustled, and now, from out the dark screen, there rose an awful roar, that was echoed to the chasm's very depths. From among the concealing vines stepped forth a hideous monster, which the boy at first thought was a chimpanzee, but which, from its black color and ferocious aspect, he concluded must be a gorilla. Nearly erect it stood, beating its breast with its hands.

Being a greedy lover of fruit, it glared in a fierce, remonstrative way at the lad's full haversack, as if enraged at his having come to pluck the "cherries" it wanted entirely for its own use. The animal, about five feet high, was covered with black hair, had very broad shoulders and enormous hands, while its stomach bulged as if nearly filled to bursting with the "cherries" it had been eating, the red stain of which was all about its mouth. The diabolical face, with its great, flat nose and projecting jaws, the latter disclosing two enormous hooked lower teeth and a row of smaller ones above as sharp as a saw, was thrust slightly downward, showing the encircling edges of the hair on its head so distinctly defined as to give it the grotesque appearance of wearing a sort of big, furry cap.

It was plain that the brute meant to attack the boy. In fact, it suddenly raised one of its big paws and, with a rush, came crashing toward him through the shrubbery. Unfortunately, he had left his musket, thinking it would be in his way, near the edge of the ravine above. But his bayonet was by his side in its sheath. He drew the steel and, flourishing it before him, retreated toward the tree trunk that extended across the chasm. He had once heard a hunter say that the gorilla, unlike the common monkey, is not a very skillful climber. Neither would it, he thought, attempt, for the same reason, to follow him should he creep out on the horizontal sapling. But, just as he got close to the tree, the ferocious brute, uttering a terrible roar, aimed a blow at him with its uplifted paw. He held up his bayonet. It was dashed from his grasp, but not before the point had infl