WASHINGTON STOCK MARKET.

Quotations of Bonds, Railway and National Bank Stocks.

Sales—Regular call—12 o'clock m.—Metropolitan Railroad conv. 6s, $1,000 at 104. Belt Railroad, 25 at 30.

Government Bonds—U. S. 4s, registered, 113 bid, 114 asked. U. S. 4s, coupon, 113½ bid. U. S. 5s, 117¾ bid.

District of Columbia Bonds—30-year fund 6s, 103½ bid. 30-year fund 6s, 112½ bid. Water stock 7s, 1901, currency, 112½ bid. Water stock 7s, 1903, currency, 117 bid. 3.65s, funding, currency, 112 bid. 3-65s, registered, 2-10s, 100 bid.

Miscellaneous Bonds—Washington and Georgetown Railroad conv. 6s, 1st, 130 bid. Washington and Georgetown Railroad conv. 6s, 2d, 130 bid. Metropolitan Railroad conv. 6s, 101 bid. Belt Railroad 5s, 95 asked. Washington Gas Company 6s, series A, 114 bid. Washington Gas Company 6s, series B, 115 bid. Washington Gas Company conv. 6s, 130 bid. U. S. Electric Light conv. 5s, 123 bid. Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone 5s, 104 bid. American Security and Trust 5s, F. and A., 100 bid. American Security and Trust 5s, A. and O., 100 bid. Washington Market Company, 1st, 6s, 108 bid. Washington Market Company imp. 6s, 103 bid. Washington Market Company ext. 6s, 102 bid. Columbia Hall Association 5s, 103½ bid. Washington Light Infantry 1st 6s, 100 bid. Washington Light Infantry 2d 7s, 100 bid.

National Bank Stocks—Bank of Washington, 310 bid, 330 asked. Bank of the Republic, 275 asked. Metropolitan, 280 bid, 297 asked. Central, 280 bid. Farmers and Mechanics', 190 bid. Second, 135 bid, 150 asked. Citizens', 135 bid, 150 asked. Columbia, 136 bid, 150 asked. Capital, 115 bid. West End, 109 bid, 113 asked. Traders', 100 bid, 108 asked. Lincoln, 96 bid, 103 asked. Ohio, 84 asked.

Safe Deposit and Trust Companies—National Safe Deposit and Trust, 140 asked. Washington Loan and Trust, 121 bid, 125 asked. American Security and Trust, 129 bid, 132½ asked. Washington Safe Deposit, 100 asked.

Railroad Stocks—Washington and Georgetown, 235 bid, 310 asked. Metropolitan, 97 asked. Columbia, 60 bid, 65 asked. Belt, 31 asked.

Gas and Electric Light Stocks—Washington Gas, 48½ bid, 49 asked. Georgetown Gas, 50 bid. U. S. Electric Light, 126 bid, 128 asked.

Insurance Stocks—Firemen's, 42 bid, 47 asked. Franklin, 45 bid, 55 asked. Metropolitan, 70 bid, 78 asked. Corcoran, 60 bid. Potomac, 75 bid. Arlington, 150 bid. German-American, 250 bid. National Union, 12 bid, 15 asked. Columbia, 13½ bid, 15½ asked. Riggs, 7 bid, 8 asked. People's, 5¾ bid, 6 asked. Lincoln, 7¾ bid, 8¼ asked.

Title Insurance Stocks—Real Estate Title, 110 bid, 117 asked. Columbia Title, 7¾ bid, 8 asked.

Telephone Stocks—Pennsylvania, 54 bid, 50 asked. Chesapeake and Potomac, 56 asked. American Graphophone, 5½ bid, 6 asked. Pneumatic Gun Carriage, 22 bid.

Miscellaneous Stocks—Washington Market, 15 bid, 20 asked. Great Falls Ice, 130 bid, 150 asked. Norfolk and Washington Steamboat, 92 bid. Lincoln Hall, 85 bid, 100 asked. Inter-Ocean Building, 85 asked.

New York Stock Exchange.

Furnished by Silsby & Co., bankers and brokers, Metropolitan Bank Building, Fifteenth street, opposite Treasury, Washington, D. C.

	Op.	High	Low	Closing
American Tobacco	88½	88½	87⅞	87½
Atchison, Topeka & S. F.	5	5	4¾	5
B. C.	36⅞	36¾	36⅜	36⅜
Canada Southern	48½	48½	48½	48½
Chesapeake & Ohio	16¼	16¼	16¼	16¼
C. & Quincy	76½	76½	75⅞	76⅜
Chicago Gas	77½	78⅛	77⅛	78¼
C. Rock. Island and W.	161	161	161	161
Delaware & Hudson	129½	129½	129¼	129¼
Dividers & Cattle Feders	23	23⅛	23	23⅛
General Electric Co.	35¼	35¼	35⅛	56
Illinois Central	89⅞	89⅞	89½	89½
Lake Shore	107	107	107	107
Louisville & Nashville	43¾	44¼	43¾	44¼
Manhattan	114⅞	115½	114⅞	115½
Missouri Pacific	26	26	25	25⅞
Northwestern	104½	104½	104	104½
Northern Pacific	3¾	3¾	3¾	3¾
Northern Pacific pfd.	14	14	13¾	14
National Lead	38½	39¼	38½	38⅞
New Central	96¼	96¼	96	96¼
Ohio	35¼	35¼	35¼	35¼
Rio & Western	14¾	14⅞	14¾	14⅞
Union P. C. Co.	158	158	155½	158
Sugar	15⅞	16¼	15⅞	16¼
Texas Island	67¾	67	66¼	67
Western Pacific	18	18	18	18
St. Paul	59	59¼	58¾	59⅛
Sugar Trust	101	101	99	100¾
Tennessee Coal & Iron	19¼	19¼	19¼	19¼
Union Pacific	10	10⅛	10	10⅛
Wabash Cordage	22¼	22¼	21⅞	22¼
Western Union	83¾	83¾	83½	83¾
Wabash preferred	13⅞	13¾	13½	13¾
Wheel & L. E.	10⅞	10¼	10¼	10¼

Licensed to Marry.

Marriage licenses granted yesterday: Mason Taylor, of Orleans, Va., and Dora Coxley, of Clarke, Va. Jacob A. Turner and Carrie Roberts. Allen Collis and Elizabeth Neville, both of Fairfax county, Va. William St Clair and Lettie Williams, of Charles county, Md. William H. Brand and Estella Thompson. Jonas Dixon and Susan Johnson. John S. Webb and Linda Hutchinson. Rudolph Bross and Jennie McGlynn. Frank Bell, of Baltimore, Md. William Beavers and Virginia A. Linkins. Charles W. Baldwin and Lizzie Mason. Thomas S. Lake and Lillian A. Clark.

You Must Wear Something.

WHY NOT A PAIR OF

Russet Shoes

They Are Inexpensive Now at Our Prices, viz.:

$1.19 for Ladies' $2.00 Oxfords.
$1.39 for Ladies' $2.50 Oxfords.
$1.49 for Ladies' $3.00 Oxfords.
$1.85 for Ladies' $3.00 Blucher Shoes.
$1.95 for Boys' $3.00 Blucher Shoes.
$2.65 for Men's $3.00 Blucher Shoes.
$3.10 for Men's $5.00 Low Kangaroo Shoes.

The above are all fair leather goods, but we've the Black Oxfords and Shoes equally low priced.

THE WARREN SHOE HOUSE,
GEO. W. RICH,
919 F STREET.

A Romantic Voyage.

[Written for THE TIMES.]

By G. B. BURGIN, author of "His Lordship," &c., &c.

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When a would-be philanthropist finds himself dissatisfied with the results of his philanthropy it is time that he changed the scene of his operations. At any rate so it seemed to Peter Merivale one dull March morning as he gazed at his own lank and melancholy face whilst shaving. It was a very unlucky face—a face which betokened a huge trust with recent experiences. Merivale had meant well, but his credulity or inexperience (call it what you will) had been grossly imposed upon and he was very sore. Most impulsions are expensive—even a passion for philanthropy.

The heaven-born artist whom he had often insisted on the faith of a great picture coming to light had taken to strong waters, and was perpetually sending pathetic appeals at all hours of night or morning to Merivale to come to Bow street and bail him out. The fellow woman from "Cark" had pawned the bangle which he had somewhat rashly provided, and came and "keened" under his window with a howling pathos at such a bereavement, which worked upon the better feelings of all the cats for miles around until they formed a sympathetic chorus on the neighboring roofs which hoots, necks, brushes, slippers, water bottles, and strong language equally failed to disperse, and, to crown all, the dispenser of his alms—the Pecksniffian almoner who undertook, for a "casca"—had not only embezzled grandiloquent objects of pity, but had pocketed a commission from each "case" and, in addition (with a large sum of money belonging to Merivale) to Constantinople, whither he ultimately became a much respected and flourishing music hall proprietor.

Yes, Merivale was undoubtedly very sore. He had meant to do well, but had failed. It was not so much that his self-love had been wounded, but that he felt the helplessness of any individual effort to stem the vast tide of human misery which exists in London. All that he could do was but a drop in the ocean of want, and it grieved him to think that even so small a drop should have been wasted.

"My dear fellow," said his old college chum, Sidney Balfour, "you're still refreshingly verdant enough to 'weep for pitie to see a goslinge go barefoot.' It's about time you enlarged your experiences. You don't know your fellow-creatures. In your present state of indiscriminate compassion you're a direct incentive to crime. The Madonna of the future will never be painted by your red-nosed artist; I told you so, but you didn't believe me. You're well rid of that double-faced humbug. Send back the widdy to dear dirty Dublin. Pack up your portmanteau and come with me to the happy hunting grounds of Canada for a brief trip. Nothing like change of scene when a man's been done or jilted.

"'Know ye the land of the maple and beaver?
Of Lo, the poor Injun, that festive deceiver.'"

"I don't want to go to Canada," said Merivale, doggedly. "I know I'm an ass, but I don't disbelieve in mankind because I've made a few stupid mistakes."

"Its a duty to enlarge your experiences," said Balfour. "At present you commit a double crime. You help the wrong people."

"Ah, well," said Merivale, indifferently, "how can I guard against that by going to Canada?"

"You'll see people under more primitive conditions and become wiser. A man who has plenty of money ought to travel, if only to expand his homely wit. But you'll have to go, old man. I've taken tickets for the 'Pandora,' and we leave Euston to-morrow night. Three months in Canada will make a different man of you. You'll develop with all the suddenness of that dried ball of earth, a Jericho rose, when it is put in water. There is freedom from obsolete conditions in Canada which you'll find charming.

"People take nothing for granted; they work out their lives for themselves. That's what you ought to do. You can live a nobler life there than by haunting Seven Dials to look after depraved washerwomen with a perpetual thirst. On your return, you'll be able to distinguish the good from the bad, make a fresh start, and rig up a colony of nice, clean, deserving poor."

"Oh, very well," said Merivale, resignedly. "I want to get away from failure, to enlarge my perceptive faculties. If the depraved washerwomen go athirst in my absence"——

"Blame me," said Balfour, promptly. "That's settled, mind. I'll meet you at Euston to-morrow night at 8 sharp. Ta-ta."

Then he came back. "I say, Merivale, I've thought of another dodge to restore your moral fiber. It's bound to work."

"Yes? What is it?"

"Oh, just transfer your attentions from a lot of old women to a young one. Concentrate the experiment more, as it were. You'll be able to put more soul into it. Do yourself justice and attain the highest experiences of all. Try it, old man; try it. But I must be off. To-morrow at 8, mind. Jam your things into a couple of portmanteaus; trample 'em down, and bring your guns. I really must go now," and he disappeared.

Merivale thought no more of Balfour's unwarrantable suggestion until two days later. As they went on board the tender a telegram was handed to Balfour: "Aunt Jane dying; come at once."

"Suppose I must go; she generally does this every few months when I'm going anywhere," said Balfour. "She isn't really dying, you know, but as she's very fond of me, I can't wound her feelings by pretending I didn't get her telegram. It's probably nothing more than over-ripe Stilton, too much sweetbread, or an injudicious assimilation of 'salmon and cowcumber.'"

"Of course, I'll go back with you," said Merivale. "You don't imagine I'd leave you?"

"Not a bit of it," interrupted Balfour, stoutly. "You go on. Stop for a week at the Windsor in Montreal, and I'll join you there," and he was gone.

Thus left to his own devices, Merivale made the best of the situation. As the tender puffed and fussed in the direction of the Pandora, and the gulls wheeled overhead in the clear March sky, he experienced a keener delight in the mere pleasure of living than he had ever felt before. He ceased to worry himself about the gruesome facts and equally gruesome problems of existence. The bustle of getting under weigh stirred his young blood, brought a color to his cheek, and he found himself inwardly thanking his decayed washerwoman, drunken artist, and Pecksniffian coadjutor for thus setting him free.

A tall, fair-haired, beautiful girl at Merivale's side appeared to share his enthusiasm, but she shivered slightly as the keen wind whistled by.

"Let me offer you a part of my rug, Miss Grandcourt?" said Merivale, as she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Wherever did you spring from, Mr. Merivale?" the girl asked.

"Oh, from town, with Balfour. His aunt's overeaten herself, he's had to go back. And you?"

"I am going to join my brother in Manitoba. After mamma died I tried teaching, but Dick declares I shan't waste my life at it any longer. Of course, I shall have to rough it; still that is better than stopping at home, where there isn't room for me."

He listened with grave sympathy. Merivale had known Dick Grandcourt well in the times of Grandcourt's prosperity, and now that evil days had overtaken them, and they were scattered to the four winds of heaven, he was very glad to meet with the sister of his old friend.

They soon began to recall all manner of trifles interesting enough to people who remember them and so utterly flat to the outside world. Presently the stewards came around demanding tickets. Merivale's companion produced hers. "It is for the intermediate," she said, with a slight blush. "I should have told you before. Of course, you are a cabin passenger?"

Then Merivale did an incomprehensible thing. It suddenly occurred to him that this would be a good opportunity to enlarge his experiences. In the first-class saloon he would only find people of his own rank; they could teach him little or nothing. If he were to travel by the intermediate he would probably see some fresh phases of human character which might serve to enlarge his own. He decided to travel as an intermediate passenger, and, drawing the steward on one side, told him so. Merivale would have been rather alarmed that evening had he overheard a conversation between the chief steward and the captain of the Pandora.

"Well, what is it, steward?" asked the captain, a little hawk-eyed man, whose mild bearing and manner contrasted strangely with his keen looks.

"If you please, sir," said the steward, "there's a genelman, leastways he calls hisself a genelman, as has paid for a cabin passage and is going intermedjit."

"Well, what of that, Simkins?" said the captain. "You wouldn't have him pay for an intermediate ticket and let him go in the saloon."

"P'raps he's wanted," suggested Simkins. "There's somethin' about him isn't right, sir. P'raps he's been in a bank and left in a 'urry."

"Simkins, you're a purple old idiot," said the captain. "If he's done anything of the sort he would have been stopped at Moville. However, let the officers know when we reach Quebec. If he's 'wanted' for anything you'll get the credit of it."

"Yes, sir, and the reward," said the mercenary Simkins, seeing a golden harvest in the near future. "I'll keep my eye on him, sir. He shan't dodge me," and he went back to his pantry to gloat over prospective profits.

For a couple of days after leaving Moville Merivale saw nothing of Miss Grandcourt. Sea-sickness had occupied a large portion of his own spare time. It did seem to him that he ought to have had some option in the matter, but he hadn't. It was a new sensation for which he was altogether ungrateful, and the results were appallingly monotonous. There was a nauseating, deadly sufficiency about it which left little room for the due appreciation of anything else, although all around him were white-crested waves rising and falling, down-up, up-down, with a strange, rhythmic, intense force which each moment gathered strength and tossed the vessel from billow to billow as if they were responsible agents working out some Great Will which hurried on this nutshell, with its freight of human souls, to the shores of the great unknown world they were so soon to see. There was something in this fierce, wandering, waste of waters which filled Merivale with ever fresh delight.

The salt air—the gray gulls—the all-pervading spray—the charmed circle, which only decreased with dusk to reappear at dawn! The candid, albeit tobacco-stained, giants who kept the watch or toiled at the ropes were beings of another race. There was a take-no-heed-for-the-morrow kind of philosophy about them which was as inexpressibly soothing as the thought of some far-off song of happy days before the first rose leaf of life has been crumpled.

Merivale said as much to Miss Grandcourt when she came on deck one morning.

"I am afraid," she answered, with grave directness (they sat under the shelter of the funnel), "perpetual rose leaves would be rather insipid."

"When you join your brother you won't find many rose leaves. You'll make a practical acquaintance with the Canada thistle. It is twice as big as the English."

"Oh, no; I shall have a mission—something to take hold of. There is so little chance for a woman to take hold of anything in England. Now in Manitoba (she drew a long breath of exquisite enjoyment) life is real and earnest, there will be no sitting with folded hands; one can meet fortune half way."

Miss Grandcourt labored under the delusion that Merivale was as poor as herself. She thought he might take a farm "on shares" with her brother. She told him so on the evening they reached Quebec. The grand old citadel had not yet appeared to their eager eyes, but, strange to say, neither of them were now thinking of it. During the last few days Merivale had made the discovery which can come but once to a man in his lifetime. There is something too sacred in that bewildering ecstacy of first love to talk much about it. The mingling of sorrow and joy, the haunting dread of unworthiness (a dread which sometimes ceases to trouble a man after matrimony), the rosy mist which envelops the beloved object, and throws a graciousness on her every movement and speech, however trifling, are things to be felt in one's own heart and to be treasured there for all time. The great ship swung round to her moorings and lay at rest.

"It's a thousand pities the voyage is over," said Miss Grandcourt. "I shall ever remember it with pleasure."

"It is hard to leave so abruptly," said Merivale. "I should like to ask you a question before we part. You won't think I'm taking advantage of the situation, will you?"

"Certainly not," she said.

"You wanted me to go 'shares' with Dick. Do you—that is—do you think that for Dick I might substitute you?"

"You forget," she said, gravely, "we are entering a new world, and it is not well for you to do so with an encumbrance like myself."

"But you won't be an encumbrance," he pleaded. "It is I who am the encumbrance. You are really stronger than I. You will be the motive power."

"You would grow tired of a wigwam," she said, jestingly, although her eyes filled with tears. "You see that I am lonely, discouraged; that I have had a hard battle with life; and in your heart you mistake generosity for love."

"It isn't that," he said. "My whole being is filled with love for you. It is something too holy to speak about, even in the gloom of the night. I want to consecrate myself to you and thus rise to higher things."

"'Ere 'e is," said the irrepressible Simkins, coming up with a stern-looking man. "Harrest 'im in the Queen's name. Mr. Merivale, or whatever you call yourself, you're wanted."

Pathos became bathos under these circumstances. Merivale flushed at the red-headed steward and caught him by the throat, but the bland detective intervened with a calm "One moment, sir."

"Fair, tall, and rather slight," said the detective, consulting a memorandum book which he took from his pocket.

Miss Grandcourt stepped forward. "Will you allow me five minutes' conversation with Mr. Merivale?" she asked. "He will not attempt to escape."

When the detective drew back, Miss Grandcourt approached Merivale. She was very pale, but there was a light in her eyes which he had never seen before. "Would you mind again asking me to be your wife?" she inquired sweetly. "I want to show you I don't believe this ruffian."

Merivale could have hugged the red-headed rascal who had brought about such a situation. "Isn't this almost more than you can take hold of?" he whispered, clasping her hand.

She smiled. "But I may be a felon," suggested Merivale.

"Of course, you are," said Simkins. "Nobody but a felin would take a cabin passage and then 'ide in the intermedjit."

The detective intervened. "I must apologize for my intrusion. Kick that ass down the hatchway," and he was gone.

"Kick me down the 'atchway!" ejaculated Simkins.

"With pleasure," said Merivale, suiting the action to the word.

When Balfour reached Montreal a week later—the old lady had really eaten too much, and both the crisis and the funeral were over—he inquired for Merivale.

"Do you mean the young Englishman who was married yesterday," asked the diamond be-pinned hotel clerk.

"Married!" said Balfour aghast. "Is it a decayed washerwoman?"

"The girl's awfully pretty," said the hotel clerk, with the air of a connoisseur. "She left with her brother and husband yesterday. They handed me this note for a Mr Balfour."

Balfour took the note, and his surprise gave place to content. It was very short. "Of course you've heard all about it. Come on at once." He went on the next train.

"This," he said, as he dismounted from the high-wheeled buggy which had brought him to Dick Grandcourt's farm, and gazed around on the rolling prairie, "this is truly pastoral. Here in the abandoned haunts of the red man so lately bowled over by the fire-water of his brother let me linger awhile in peace and forget all the ills that flesh is heir to. Ugh! I have spoken. Merivale, old fellow, lead me to my wampum, or wigwam, or whatever you call it, and give me a piece of birch bark instead of soap. I must acquire the habits of the natives at once."

They led him in to a meal, the touching abundance whereof made his eyes glisten and his mouth water with thankfulness. "It is worth coming all this way to get such an appetite," he said, after he had eaten. "Bring me the calumet of peace, and fill it with the Indian equivalent for tobacco, O my white brothers;" and Mrs. Merivale filled the calumet with her own fair fingers.

SHALL BONDS BE ISSUED?

More Opinions from Leading Citizens on This Question.

GENERAL SENTIMENT ADVERSE

District Has All the Burden It Can Bear. Citizens Ought to Vote Upon It—Power of Discrimination Should Not Be Given to Three Men—Single Tax Idea Advanced.

The majority sentiment of the local labor organizations, as expressed in the interviews that have heretofore appeared in this paper, and those of to-day, as well as in the resolutions adopted at the mass meeting held at Bricklayers' hall recently, seems to be averse to the incurrence of additional indebtedness by the District.

The proposed bond issue for the purpose of public improvements, while regarded as a temporary advantage in the matter of supplying the unemployed with work, is nevertheless considered by many as the foundation of a burden which the taxpayers of the District ought not to be asked to shoulder. Direct and indirect taxation will be greatly increased, they say, and those affected by indirect taxation are believed to have already as much pecuniary obligation as they can meet.

Those whose opinions are published below are officially representative of the District workers, and, although speaking for themselves only, they are believed to reflect in the main the sentiments of the organizations to which they are accredited:

TENANTS SHOULDER THE BURDEN.

E. W. OTSTER, ex-president of the Federation of Labor, No. 1422 Q street northwest: "I recognize the fact that the expenditure of the amount of money to be obtained under the loan would be a temporary advantage to the laboring people, but at the same time the people of this city are still paying the last bonded debt in the increased rents that resulted, and the debt is still hanging over us, in other words, an amount sufficient to liquidate that loan two or three times over has been exacted from the renters of the city by reason of the increase in the rents. I am opposed to any further addition to the bonded debt. If we had a republican form of government in this District, which Congress should give us without delay, so that the citizens could vote upon the proposition and upon all like questions of importance, I should be willing to abide by the will of the majority, but I do not believe in permitting a few men, no matter how much money they represent, to say what burdens shall be placed upon the people at large. I am in favor of raising the revenues of the District by a direct tax on land values, exempting all other property."

DISTRICT CARRIES ALL IT CAN BEAR.

GEORGE J. SUTER, president of the District Carpenters' Council, said: "I am opposed to the issue of bonds for any purpose at this time. I have not given the matter very much thought, but I believe the District has about all it can attend to without incurring more debt. There may be a time when it can be done."

W. E. SHIELDS, president of Columbia Typographical Union 101, No. 104 E street northeast: "I am opposed to the issue of bonds—opposed to the creation of additional debt for the District to pay."

JAMES E. COLLINS, member of Painters' Assembly, 1788, K. of L., No. 508 H street northwest: "I fully concur in the views expressed by D. A. 66 and the Federation of Labor upon that question in the resolutions as published in THE TIMES several weeks ago."

C. L. HERFURTH, secretary of the Cigar Makers' International Union, No. 601 Louisiana avenue: "I believe it will be a good thing. It will be a grand thing for the laboring men, and give many of them a comfortable Winter. It will give employment to many who would not otherwise get it, and who will need it, no doubt, before the Winter is over."

PEOPLE OUGHT TO VOTE UPON IT.

S. H. Bell, delegate to the Federation of Labor from L. A. 2672, K. of L., and ex-delegate to D. A. No. 66, also member of Columbia Typographical Union, No. 101: "In the first place, I think the people should have a vote upon the question. I believe that all the money necessary for improvements from year to year ought to be raised by a tax on the value of the lands, without reference to the improvements thereon. I am opposed to this particular loan unless the people are permitted to vote upon it, because otherwise a few individuals will have the entire say as to where and in what way the money is to be expended. Certain localities will be favored and others discriminated against, as always has been the case. What is needed here above all other things is a municipal form of government, which should be a model of all the cities of the country, and by means of which the people resident here should have full control of all their local affairs."

WOULD GIVE WORK TO UNEMPLOYED.

A. M. COOKE, No. 509 Ninth street northwest: "I believe every citizen ought to be willing to do all he can for Washington, and, if possible, make it the model city of the world. When I say that I do not mean merely to make it such from an artistic and architectural point of view, but in the matter of government as well. I believe a part of the object in getting the loan placed is to give employment to the unemployed, and that is a main consideration with me at present. If obtained, the money should be equitably distributed, and not used to improve the suburbs exclusively, when there is so much work necessary to be done in the city to make the streets and sidewalks presentable. We are proud of Washington, and there are many unsightly sidewalks in plain view in the heart of the city that do not make a very favorable impression upon strangers who visit the capital city of the nation."

DECREASE IN IMMIGRATION.

About 150,000 Foreigners Less Came This Year Than Last.

A report on immigration issued by the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department, shows that during the eleven months of the fiscal year ended May 31 the total number of immigrants arriving in the United States was 288,020, as against 430,210 for a corresponding period of last year.

The greatest decrease was from Poland, the number being only 1,379, against 13,046 during the first eleven months of 1893. The number from Russia was about the same as last year. The number from Italy decreased from 62,227 to 40,338. The rate of decrease from all other countries is approximately the same.

During the ten months ended April 30, 1894, the whole number of immigrants barred from entering the United States was 2,102, of which 1,426 were contract laborers and 652 paupers. Of the whole number barred 1,949 were men, 83 women, and 70 children.

Appointments in the Interior Department.

Appointments in the Interior Department have been made as follows: A. B. Wells, of West Virginia, principal examiner of land claims and contests, General Land Office; S. B. Weeks, of Maryland, confidential clerk to the Commissioner of Education, and R. K. Dos, of Minnesota; Battie McCardle, of Mississippi, and Patrick Phelen, of New York, special pension examiners. The reappointment of 140 special examiners in the Pension Bureau was also ordered.

DIED.

AMES—On Sunday, July 1, 1894, NELLIE, the beloved granddaughter of Elizabeth Garrison and Virginia Ames.
Funeral from Galbraith church, Sixth street, between L and M streets, to-day at 2 o'clock.

BOYD—Departed this life July 1, 1894, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock, ELLIOTT BENJAMIN, son of George W. and Mary P. Boyd.
Funeral services will be held at Mount Zion M. E. church, Twenty-ninth street, West Washington, D. C., to-day at 4 o'clock.

BRAUND—On July 2, 1894, CHARLES FRANCIS BRAUND, aged 16 months and 21 days.
Funeral from his parents' residence, 53 C street southwest, to-day at 3 o'clock. Friends and relatives invited.

CARPENTER—At Cazenovia, N. Y., on Saturday, June 30, 1894, ELIZABETH TEN EYCK CARPENTER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fairfield Carpenter, aged 7 years.

ELKINS—On Sunday, July 1, 1894, at 8.35 p. m., WILBUR CARTER, infant son of I. R. and Sarah E. Elkins, aged 10 months and 19 days.
Funeral from parents' residence, 120 M street southeast, to-day at 11 o'clock a. m.

HARRINGTON—On Sunday, July 1, 1894, at 1.30 a. m., HELEN VAUGHAN, wife of Delavan W. Harrington.
Funeral from No. 1331 Vermont avenue at 5 p. m. to-day.

HARRIS—At 3 o'clock Monday morning, July 2, 1894, MARIE L., twin sister of the late Rosa F. and beloved daughter of Ida Jones and Henry Harris, aged 8 weeks and 3 days.
Funeral to-day at 4 p. m. from 1836 Eleventh street northwest. Friends invited to attend.

HEAD—On June 29, 1894, at 6.30 p. m., at her residence, near Vienna, Va., Mrs. ELENORA HATCH, daughter of the late Capt. Wells Hatch, and wife of Andrew J. Head, aged 77 years.

HYDE—On Saturday, June 30, 1894, THOMAS, infant son of Thomas Hyde, jr., and the late Ellen Adair Hyde.
Interment private. Kindly omit flowers.

LANGLEY—On July 1, 1894, at 1 o'clock p. m., departed her life, JESSIE MAY, beloved daughter of Aloysius Langley, aged 26 years and 4 months.
Funeral from her late residence, 134 North Carolina avenue southeast, to-day at 9 o'clock. Mass at St. Peter's church.

LANSDEN—On July 2, 1894, at 5.30 a. m., after a lingering illness, STELLA A., beloved wife of Thomas G. Lansden.
Funeral at 1 p. m. to-day, at their home, 206 A street southeast. Interment at Springfield, Ill. No flowers.

MORRIS—On Saturday, June 30, 1894, at 11.40 a. m., at his home in Fayette, Lawrence county, Pa., Rev. N. MORRIS, in the seventy-third year of his age.

RICHARDSON—On July 1, 1894, at 8.30 p. m., CHARLES H. RICHARDSON, beloved husband of Anna Bancroft Richardson.
Funeral from 132 Tenth street northeast to-day.

RIDGWAY—On Sunday, July 1, 1894, at 12.45 a. m., CATHERINE V., beloved wife of the late James H. Ridgway, in the sixty-third year of her age.
Funeral from her late residence, 1426 Thirty-fifth street, at 9 o'clock a. m., thence to Trinity church, where requiem high mass will be celebrated, Tuesday, July 3, at 9.30 a. m.

THONSSEN—At the residence of his son, in Baton Rouge, La., on Sunday, July 1, 1894, in his eightieth year, J. D. THONSSEN, a native of Holstein, Germany, father of Dr. William J. R. Thonssen of this city.

THORNTON—On July 1, 1894, at 1 o'clock a. m., MARGARET, beloved wife of Thomas Thornton, in the 67th year of her age.
Funeral from her late residence, Twentieth and Gales streets northeast, to-day. Requiem mass at 8.30 o'clock a. m. at the Church of the Holy Name. Friends and relatives invited.

WATERS—On Sunday, July 1, 1894, at 2.30 p. m., ETHEL IRENE WATERS, daughter of Joseph A. and Katherine Waters and granddaughter of Margaret Waters, aged five months.
Funeral to-day at 3 p. m. Services at house, 924 Twenty-second street northwest.

WIGHT—On Sunday afternoon, July 1, 1894, at 3.45 o'clock, MARY ISABELLA, wife of Otis C. Wight.
Funeral services will be held at the residence of her son, John B. Wight, 1767 Q street, this afternoon, July 3, at 5 o'clock. Friends are invited to be present. Kindly omit flowers.

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