LADIES,

Please tell your gentlemen friends about these bargains, viz:

Men's $2.50 Razor-toe Calf Bals (sizes 5 to 10) for $1.95.
Men's $4.00 Sample Shoes for $2.65.
Men's $5.00 Sample Shoes for $3.50.

Then come and see what we will do for you.

Ladies' $2.00 Shoes for $2.35.
Ladies' $3.50 Shoes for $2.65.
Ladies' $5.00 Shoes for $3.50.
Several lots Ladies' $3.00 and $4.00 Shoes (small sizes) at $1.50 per pair.

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

Drop a Postal

Or telephone 1754 — we'll promptly answer. The lowest price we quote on GOOD coal is $4.25. Best order now—no telling how soon the price will go up, but you can depend on us for lowest prices.

Thos. W. Riley, {RILEY'S WHARVES.}
FOOT 11TH AND 12TH STS. S. W. TELEPHONE, 1754.

No Introduction

needed. Come alone—just pick out FURNITURE, CARPETS, DRAPERIES, STOVES, to any amount you want—our

Equitable

Credit

System

Will trust you and take your promise to make weekly or monthly payments as sufficient security.

We don't want notes. We only want you to do as you agree. Only want you to agree to do what you can.

Help yourselves!

HOUSE & HERRMANN,
917, 919, 921 and
923 7th St.
636 Mass. Ave.

Price's Eggs
Are the Best.

944 La. Ave.
TELEPHONE, 293.

MILLARD PRICE & CO.

HURRAH!
For

Credit—OUR kind of Credit—the poor man's friend—the rich man's convenience—the kind of credit that ACCOMMODATES—and does not asks a premium for doing it. Our patrons live on every street in this big city—lots of them could write their check for TEN times the amount they owe us—they would pay CASH if there was anything to be gained by it—but there isn't. Our

Credit
Is Free!

For you—or your neighbor—now or any other time—not a note to sign—not a penny of interest to pay—just a plain promise—and a little money—weekly or monthly. Our prices are marked in plain figures—they are cash or credit—and just as low as you'll find anywhere.

We make and lay all carpet free of cost. No charge for waste in matching figures.

Plush or Haircloth Parlor Suits—choice—$22.50.
Solid Oak Bed Room Suite, $13.
Splendid Brussels Carpet, 50c. per yard.
Reliable Ingrain Carpet, 35c. per yard.
Solid Oak Extension Table, $3.50.
40-pound Hair Mattress, $7.
Woven Wire Springs, $1.75.

GROGAN'S
MAMMOTH
CREDIT HOUSE,
925-927-929 7th Street Northwest.
Between H and I Streets.

Cork Sole Shoe, $3.
The "Regent" Cork Sole Shoe for men. Can be resoled by hand. See it. Far better than the price.
EDMONSTON'S, 1334 F St. N.W.

THE SHOPPERS' GUIDE

[Consult to-day's TIMES for full details.]

Julius Lansburgh—Quarter-oaked ladies' rocker for $2.35.

G. Warfield Simpson—Suits made to order of fine English cloth for $25.50.

Wilkins & Co.—Guaranteed eggs.

George Spransy—Overcoats for $10, $12, and $15. All the latest styles.

James Y. Davis' Sons—Electric seal capes, $25 up.

Millard Price & Co.—Fresh eggs received daily; at wholesale only.

John F. Ellis—All grades Pianos from $20 up, payable $5 per month.

Grogan—Splendid Brussels Carpet 50 cents per yard; laid free.

Warren Shoe House—Men's $5 sample shoes for $3.

Baum's—French and German ribbed dress goods, 33 cents a yard.

House & Herrman—Carpets, Furniture, Stoves, etc., sold for Cash or Credit at lowest prices.

Buckley—Suits made to order, of good Cheviot cloth, $20.

Robinson, Cherv & Co.—Overcoats, all the latest styles, from $10 up.

Emrich Beef Co.—Fresh bread 3c. loaf—2 for 5c.

Lansburgh & Bro. — Children's Rockers only 25c.

R. Harris & Co.—Gold-filled, Waltham or Elgin watch, $10.50.

M. Dyrenforth & Co.—Suits and Overcoats from $10 up.

TO-MORROW'S MENU.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Rolled rice with sugar and cream.
Broiled chops. Fried potatoes.
Cornmeal gems. Coffee.

LUNCH.

Bouillon.
Ham toast. Potato chips.
Swedish rolls. Tea.

DINNER.

Bisque of tomato soup.
Roast beef. Baked sweet potatoes.
Rice croquettes. Boiled onions.
Celery salad. Wafers.
Mince pie. Cheese. Coffee.

Ham Toast.

Mix with one tablespoonful of finely chopped ham the beaten-up yolk of an egg and a little cream and pepper. Heat over the fire and then spread the mixture on thin slices of hot buttered toast.

SHE NEEDS MANY HATS.

Yet the Economical Woman May Manage All Winter on One.

Women need just as many hats as they can afford. Occasions are always arising which demand a certain style of hat. Then it is that the woman with one hat comes to grief. If possible she should own a dashing picture hat, a felt, Alpine for rainy day weather, a velvet toque, a walking hat, and a little theater bonnet. But if she can't, then let her select her winter hat with prayerful thought. It must be suitable for the theater, and yet not too gay for church. She will have to also wear it walking, driving, and calling.

A little French hat, which might serve on all these occasions, is of golden-brown felt, shaped in front like the loops of a big bow. The edges are embroidered in jet, and the hat is trimmed with fascinating little black wings, mingled with loops of black and pale green striped taffeta ribbon. At the back waves a feathery aigrette, in light green. Three or four of these aigrettes, in different colors, may be bought and used in changing the hat a little.

A Room of Resources.

Here is what is required in the sitting-room of a healthy person, a room in which he would have to sleep, or do any very litter-making manual labor. First, a bookcase with a great many books in it; next, a table that will keep steady when you write or work at it. Then several chairs that you can move and a sofa that you can sit or lie upon. Next, a cupboard with drawers; next, unless the bookcase and cupboard be very beautiful with paintings or carvings, you will want pictures or engravings, such as you can afford only, not stop-gaps, but real works of art, upon the wall, or else the wall itself must be ornamented with some beautiful or restful pattern; and last, a vase or two for flowers. This is all we shall want, especially if the floor be good; if it be not, as, by the way, in a modern house it is pretty sure not to be, I admit that a small carpet, that can be bundled out of the way in a two minutes, will be useful, and we must also take care that it will be beautiful. We can add very little to these necessaries without troubling ourselves and hindering our work, our thought and our rest.

AMBITIOUS OF AQUATIC FAME.

Another Girl Wishes to Row for Championship Honors.

Ever since Miss Rosa Mosentheim, of St. Louis, became champion oarswoman of America by easily defeating an Eastern rival, another St. Louis girl has been sighing for a chance to try conclusions with the winner. The new aspirant for aquatic fame is Miss Anna Fabian, who has for a year or so passed most of her leisure time on the river in some kind of a boat. She is nineteen years old, tall and graceful, yet muscular. She is well known in South St. Louis as an expert with the oar, her two younger sisters being also perfectly at home in a skiff. Anna is anxious for a race with Rosa Mosentheim, and is not particular as to distance—anything under two miles will do. She has not had much experience with a skiff, but is confident that with a few weeks' practice she will be able to give a good account of herself.

THE SILENCE CURE.

Women Hurt Their Nerves by Talking Too Much.

"I have two or three patients who are ill with nervous prostration and who could be cured if they would stop talking," said a nerve specialist the other day to a New York Sun man. "They waste their nerve tissue as fast as I can supply it, and they are on the verge of hysterics and acute nervous pain all the time. A woman, if she is inclined to talk too much, should time herself just as she would take medicine, and allow herself only just so many minutes of talk.

"Now, the other day a woman who is troubled with insomnia, came into my office for treatment. She had been taking drugs. She told me about her troubles and her tongue ran like the clapper of a farmhouse bell at dinner time. I thought she never would let up. Finally I stopped her.

"'Do you talk as much as that very often, madam?' I asked.

"She drew herself up and said in an offended tone: 'This is no laughing matter, doctor, I assure you. I am worn out from lack of sleep; and though my family do all things possible to divert my mind, and I make calls and see people all the time, I get steadily worse. I am worn to a shadow. Why last summer——'

"And so her tongue rattled on until I again had to stop her.

"'Now listen to my prescription,' I said. 'Go home and keep still. Don't talk. Time your tongue-waggings. At breakfast allow your husband to read the newspaper without interruption. After breakfast sew a little in your own room. Read as much as you please. Walk long distances if you are strong enough. Do not make many calls. At dinner talk all you please, but spend a quiet evening. If you go to the theater do not talk much during the play. Exercise a little self-denial. It will be hard at first, for you are a chatterer, but if you persevere you will succeed and your nervous system will get rest.'

"What did she say to that? Well, I do not think she liked it. But if she took me seriously I think I can cure her in a month.

"Do I have many such cases? Well, I should say I did! It is almost safe to declare that there never is a case of real acute nervousness unless the woman is a talker. With a man it is different. He may worry himself into insanity, or complete loss of brain power, if his business goes wrong. But the very nervous woman is seldom a worrier. She is the woman of leisure with a small family—few in numbers I mean—to direct. She buys their food, their clothing, hires the servants and 'keeps house.' She has no real worries. But does she think she has? Oh, dear, yes. She thinks she has more to do than any other woman of her acquaintance.

"'Keep quiet a few hours every day and you will be a well woman,' is what I tell half my women patients. When I can persuade them to try it they come back and say: 'Why, doctor, I haven't been nervous enough to fly since I began to try your queer prescription.'"

MOURNING CLOAK AND GOWN.

The figure on the left shows a dust wrap made of crannanette marcellita. The upper piece is cut perfectly straight and shirred to fit the shoulders. The home dress on the right is of cendora cloth with English crape folds and upper sleeves. There is a watteau plait in the back, of crape.

Killed and Thrown Into a Fire.

BOONE, Iowa, Nov. 11.—A party of tramps, camped on the edge of town, had a row last night, and one of the number, a marble-cutter, named Hendricks, was beaten to death with a coupling pin and his body thrown into the fire. The police have captured six of the gang.

Saved by a Burglar.

While Madame, the countess, was busy entertaining her husband's guests downstairs, Jack Briggs, the professional burglar, stepped lightly through her ladyship's boudoir and proceeded to inspect her ladyship's bedroom and dressing apartment.

The countess had not been her ladyship very long; indeed, this was her first dinner party since her elevation in the social scale, at which she had acted the charming hostess; before that she had been known to the world as the Hon. Mrs. Daring, and one of those fashionable beauties who so unselfishly allow their charms to be displayed along with those of the pretty maidens from the Empire and Alhambra, and other innocent celebrities in the shop windows of Piccadilly, the Strand and Holywell street, as well as in the far East.

As the countess, her ladyship, was as yet, among her sister peeresses almost a stranger, there were not so many ladies present on this occasion as might have been expected, but the peers, their lordly husbands, were all there, as they had mostly been during the previous untitled period of her matrimonial career; for as the Hon. Mrs. Daring she had been very popular among the male portion of baliety, and like the noble animals males usously are, they still support their old favorite cycoming to feed at her new mansion.

Jack Briggs also was fairly well known in certain quarters as Jack Briggs; but like the countess, of late he had been figuring in quite a new character, a little less bohemian—if I may use so mild a term to express his ordinary way of living; and much more respectable if humble. In fact, while the fascinating Mrs. Daring was doing her utmost to behave as a countess ought to do who desired to become a favorite at court, Jack Briggs, the burglar, did his best to pose as one of her most sedate and highly respectable flunkeys.

The world of fashion was taking approving notes of the former Mrs. Daring in her new role, as the little world below the dining-room flat was of Mr. John Briggs, and both being splendid specimens of humanity in their different ways, the approval to a certain extent was deserved.

The countess was twenty-five, tall, divinely fair, and so exquisitely shaped that her dressmaker used her as the model to fashion her other customers from; the burglar was twenty-seven, with the most perfect lower limbs in the world for knee breeches and silk stockings, and fists capable of cracking the skull of even the most solid-headed of po licemen, while surmounting his strong bull-neck was a good-looking face that, with the stalwart figure, had made many a servant girl's heart throb in the past as well as the present.

Jack had been in the service of the countess for the last three weeks—that is, since her marriage with the earl. He had changed his name and position, he had come with a bushel of forged recommendations and as his young mistress was allowed to choose her own servants, had him picked out from a number of other candidates by reason of his noble proportions and good looks. The countess liked good-looking men about her and had never been very particular about character.

He had acted up well to what he professed to be, for this was his special method of working at his own lay, and he had received a careful training as a flunkey before going into the more venturesome profession of crib-cracking, and on this night, when he purposed taking leave of the service, the servants were under the impression that he was in his own room prostrate with a sick headache or some other flunkey and lady-like complaint, so that he had the coast clear before him.

He proposed going away that night, but not just yet; not until he had taken another look at her ladyship and the diamonds which she was at the moment wearing, so he seized the chance when the lady's maid was out of the room to make his silent entrance, his present intention, after he had examined round a little, being to wait patiently in the capacious wardrobe until her ladyship had retired and then get away quietly without disturbing any one.

He knew that the maid was at that moment walking in the square with his friend "Flash Jim," whom he had introduced her to at a ball, and that she was not likely to hasten in, so he proceeded leisurely enough with his skeleton keys to open the different drawers in a scientific fashion, abstracting what he thought would be most useful to himself and leaving the other articles undisturbed, while he stuffed the goods which he decided to take with him carefully into a bag that he had brought for the purpose. In this selection he was judicious and discreet. All such treasures as love letters and banknotes he laid back in their right places again after a very cursory examination, confining his attention strictly to articles of jewelry and gold pieces.

With a soft sigh of pensive satisfaction he relocked the last drawer, murmuring to himself gently as he looked affectionately at the well-filled receptable: "A better haul than I expected, 500 quids and double that in stuff. Now, for a spell of the wardrobe until this blooming party is over and then for the crystals."

He was just about to take another glance round the boudoir in case any article of furniture had escaped his first scrutiny when he saw the door open and had just time to bolt behind the heavy hangings of the doorway leading to the dressing-room as the countess, with her priceless jewelry about her, entered, followed by one of the guests, a heavy cavalry officer, whom Jack recognized as one of her most attentive cavaliers.

"Ho, ho!" thought Jack, "a bit of a flirtation I suppose is what I have to witness next; yet she doesn't look over fond, and he is anything but smiling. What's the game I wonder?"

He was soon to know the game and take a hand in it also, for with an ugly parting of her rosy lips and a nasty scowl upon her pretty brow, the countess faced round upon her companion as soon as she had shut the door and turned the key in the lock and said:

"Now, Capt. Dick Marr, I can only give you a few moments before we are missed, have you brought my letters back?"

"Yes, Blanche, have you the price of them here?"

"I have, as you desired the price of them in notes and gold, fifteen letters, that is the number I wrote."

"Exactly, I have them here intact."

"Let me see them before I get you the money."

"Get the money first, Blanche, and then you will have them."

"No; I'll not run the risk of being cheated again, Capt. Marr. Show me my letters and I'll get you the money."

The captain and the countess looked at each other with the suspicion of two Whitechapel hawkers. It was the ignoble termination common enough to most fashionable intrigues after the gilt and glamor has worn off the sentimental romance which is so charming to read about, when deftly treated, with its artistic surroundings of moonlight, shimmering silks, and highly spiced language, and Jack Briggs, the solitary spectator, built up the whole drama from this last act, being still romantic in spite of his wisdom teeth having been cut early.

For a moment the ex-sentimentalists looked at each other with the calculation of two pickpockets, and then the captain took the packet of letters from his breast pocket, and holding them out so that her ladyship could count them, he said, with a laugh:

"You see, they are all here, Blanche."

"Yes," returned the countess, sullenly. "Now I will get you the money."

She turned to go into her dressing-room, and as she did so the concealed burglar made a sudden resolution, and like the man of action that he was, acted upon it.

"Excuse me, my lady," he said, deferentially, as he stepped from his cover, "but if you please there's no need to pay the captain; besides, I don't think you'll find sufficient to satisfy him in there. Permit me to help you. Her ladyship's packet, if you please, Capt. Marr."

The countess uttered a stifled shriek as she saw her flunkey emerge from the curtains, and with a nervous wrench at her necklace she sunk on the nearest couch and covered her face with her hands.

The gallant captain muttered a word beginning with a large D as he looked into the barrel of a revolver which Jack covered him with and then he passed over the valuable correspondence to the victor.

"See if the list is complete, my lady," remarked the faithful servant softly, as he passed the packet on for her inspection.

"Yes," murmured the countess in a very faint voice.

"Thanks, madame. Now, captain. I think you'll be missed if you don't join his lordship. Will you pardon me not going before you to the door."

As the captain unlocked the door and went out Jack stopped to pick up the bag he had laid down for the time and absent-mindedly also lifted the diamond necklace which his lady had dropped in that sudden wrench, after which he, too, went out like the well-bred flunkey he was, shutting the door softly behind him and following the captain down the stairs and into the square, where, like other shadows of the night, they both disappeared, leaving in the mansion a woman wonderfully light hearted, even though she had seen the last of the most valuable article of her diamond set as well as of her good-looking servant man.—Hume Nesbet, in Chicago News.

SEVEN BRIDAL COUPLES.

A Census of One Hotel Gives a Startling Negative to the Question "Is Marriage a Failure."

"It is rather too soon to expect the statesmen back," said the clerk at the Hamilton last night, "but we are great when yout ake a census of the brides."

Asked for the particulars, he said:

"We have twelve brides in the house to-day. It is a mere coincidence, but it shows that Cupid can get a majority of votes as early and as often as the most popular politician in the land."

Consulting the register, the following names were checked off, showing that seven bridal couples are making the house their abiding place while enjoying a honeymoon visit to the Capital:

George H. Findley and wife, of New York; Thomas Jones and wife, Hampton, Va.; William A. Frey and wife, Somerfield, Pa.; D. C. Anthony and wife, Providence, R. I.; F. H. Plumb and wife, Springfield, Mass.; J. Walker and wife, Winthrop, Mass.; Charles C. Kelley and wife, Sersey City, N. J. The groom last named is a son of the ex-postmaster of Jersey City.

THE TIMES extends its cordial greetings with an expression of best wishes to these happy visitors, hoping that fortune may bestow upon each a liberal share of her broadest smiles.

HERBERT TO GHERARDI.

Graceful Letter from the Secretary to the Retiring Admiral.

Secretary Herbert sent the following letter to Admiral Gherardi on Saturday:

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
"November 10, 1894.

"SIR: It is with regret that the department issued the order, made necessary under the law, retiring you from active service in the Navy.

"Your gallant services when in command of the Port Royal at Mobile attracted the commendation of your superiors and the admiration of the whole country; and in peace you have performed whatever duties were imposed upon you with fidelity and ability. Your twenty-five years of service at sea have caused you to be known as a 'sea-going' sailor, and your four years and more as an admiral in command of a squadron is without precedent in the Navy.

"In command of the international naval review fleet you had under your command ships representing more nations than were ever actually commanded by any admiral in the world, and the manner in which you discharged the duties devolving upon you called forth the praises of the commanding officers of every vessel in the fleet. The 'loving cup' presented by them all as a joint testimonial of their esteem was a tribute the value of which cannot be overestimated.

"During the long acquaintance with you, covering a period of years, our intercourse has been pleasant and agreeable and now, as our business relations are about to be severed by your retirement, I beg to express my appreciation of your valuable services, which have deserved the gratitude of your country, and to add thereto an expression of my high personal regard. Very respectfully,

"H. A. HERBERT, Secretary of Navy."

FOREIGN VIEW OF FINANCE.

London Times Takes a Pessimistic View of the Situation Here.

LONDON, Nov. 22.—The Times, in its financial article this morning, says:

The Stock Exchange view, that the Republican victory in the United States will insure stability in American finances, is intelligible and sound, but it would be dangerous to prophecy on such a subject. No doubt President Cleveland would veto any mischievous Republican measures, but Congress could injure trade by the mere discussion of contentious bills.

"It cannot be insured that no attempt will be made to reform the tariff. It is by no means impossible that a coalition of a section of each of the great parties may not introduce a free coinage of silver bill which would obtain a majority in both Houses. It would not become a law during Mr. Cleveland's term of office, but its discussion would delay the revival of European confidence in American securities.

"Even if Congress refused to issue a 3 per cent. loan, the President can issue a 5 per cent. loan, but no loan will really help the Treasury while the currency system remains what it is now."

PROMPT AND KIND RESPONSES

In Aid of the Destitute Family Whose Story Was in "The Times."

The pitiful condition of an unfortunate working man and the touching appeal of his wife for aid published in THE TIMES yesterday have been of much service to the suffering family. Quite a number of persons desiring to assist them with clothes, etc., called at THE TIMES office yesterday to learn the address of these worthy people, and one kind-hearted friend of the poor left $1.50 to be sent there.

Those who called were given the address, which is No. 503 Maine avenue southwest, and is now published for the benefit of all those who wish to communicate with the sufferers directly.

TOOK A DAY OFF.

No Votes Recorded Yesterday, but Plenty Expected To-day.

No new votes were recorded yesterday in the school children's contest for the beautiful TIMES piano on exhibition at Ellis & Co.'s

Everybody took a day off, as indeed they should for it is a day of rest.

But to-day the battle begins anew, and the little white ballots will come in more merrily than ever.

To-morrow's TIMES will tell a different story than the stand-still record given below.

Votes received after 5 p. m. will not be included in the next day's score, but will be held over for one day.

At the close of the polls yesterday the vote stood as follows:

Gales	11,111
Blake	7,013
Brent	6,469
Jones	5,4 3
Patterson	4,112
Peabody	3,898
Taylor	1,584
Franklin	1,348
Madison	1,081
Maury	983
Pierce	950
Corcoran	794
Business High School	314
Twining	209
Henry	115
Dennison	44
Jefferson	25
Central High School	20
Blair	19
Smallwood	17
Eastern High School	13
Webster	10
Abbott	8
John F. Cook	8
Colored High School	5
Cranch	5

THE TIMES' PIANO CONTEST.

The Most Popular Public School is:

(Name of School.).....

Location.....

WINTER WINDOW DRAPERIES

How to Select Effective Hangings for Sash and Drape Curtains.

AND ON WALLS AND DOORWAYS

Gold Embroideries Will Be a Notable Feature of the Winter Furnishing and Oriental Effects Will Be Seen More Than Ever—Art Woven Tapestries in Favor.

A transformation is going on in every household. The airy, gossamer draperies that have floated in the summer breezes, are being displaced by heavier fabrics of warmth and color. The woman who takes special pride in selecting and superintending her home furnishings is at present deeply engrossed in the subject.

First and foremost, she takes her woodwork into consideration. Where it is in any of the dark, natural tints, delicate colorings may be employed, particularly the clear greens and quiet blues. But if the woodwork be light, far better effects are produced by warmer rose and yellow tints, with the shades deepening in the heavy hangings. Select all of your colors with a view to the sunlight. Unless you are furnishing a room that will be used only occasionally, have an effect that will admit of the bright afternoon glow.

POPULAR MATERIALS.

You will have but little difficulty in deciding upon the material. There are any number of beautiful fabrics at reasonable prices, the most popular being those which suggest Turkish or Oriental effects. The French silks are woven in to similate them, and others show the fine tapestry weaves that are always so handsome.

Skin silk, a reversible material, is very reasonable, and can be draped with excellent effect, since both sides can be utilized. These have large, splendid armorial and heraldic designs.

The velours are better adapted to warmth and weight where little draping and striking results are sought for. They may be lightened by bands of gold embroidery. Richer materials are the heavy Spanish satins, the damask brocades in large flower effects, and the material known as Bolton. Derby satin, a combination of silk and linen, makes exquisite panel hangings. But the economical and tasteful home decorator will get wonderful results from ordinary jute and tapestry cloths, that cost less than a dollar a yard.

There are just as many varieties in the lighter fabrics. Chameleon silk, with shot and iridescent impression, drapes beautifully and can be made to subdue and harmonize conflicting tints. There are also the light Japanese cloths—crepe and shiffu—Japan and India silks, the new Merris crestonnes, and, if all else fails, the accommodating and softly falling Madras. The Japanese materials are especially good, for they are woven in beautiful Oriental designs in well-chosen tints, and give the slight barbaric touch which our modern civilization seems to yearn for.

Gold embroideries promise to become a great feature in winter furnishings. And this is not to be wondered at—for they suggest sunlight and brightness when combined

EFFECTIVE CURTAINS.

with the dull tints of velours and jute. They are done in fine threads of gold, in heavier bullions, or in combinations of yellow silk and gold threads.

All drapery must be judicious. Do not overstock your room. Do not fill it with flimsy scarfs that are absolutely unskilled for. Do not drape a picture or an easel. If you do your room will never be restful. Have all the hangings giving simple and rich ensemble.

First of all, consider your windows. Here, as many as three, and often four, materials hang. Next to the glass are the sash curtains, generally the full length of the panes; after that the shade; and beyond that fall the heavy draped curtains. Sometimes there are two sets of these—a curtain of rich material, and one of lace—but this does not often occur. The full sash curtains are made in simple swiss, finished with a small ruffle and are

WINDOW DRAPERY.

of pure white. If a richer effect is sought for, there are more expensive lacey materials—guipures and Irish points.

The heavy curtains for the inside come in the materials already mentioned—jutes, velours, tapestries and the like. Where only the lace curtain is desired, there are the tambours and Brussels varieties; the ecru laces—Marie Antoinette, Cluny, Colbert, Russian, and antique; the Persian materials in dotted swiss; the embroidered Gregorian curtains; and, last of all, but most popular, the Irish point.

DRAPERIES FOR DOORWAYS.

In the matter of portieres, the home decorator has an infinite number of styles, or she may make her own, always remembering that the long lines produce high effects, and that the simple folds are most restful. An easy drapery is the straight valance, with the sides caught back simply and trimmed with plain bands of braid at the sides. A lighter drapery has the valance slightly caught up at each corner, in a puff, and long cords, proceeding from these puffs, catching up the sides (as shown in the sketch). Half way down each side, another and a larger puff is made, catching the material so that it falls in an easy jabot at the bottom.

All mantel draperies are very light. Nothing more than the oriental or dainty silky scarf is employed. So far as walls are concerned, panel hangings and draperies are very popular.

Where draperies are employed, satins, fine damasks and tapestries are the materials. But the flat panels admit of almost any material one cares to employ, barring, of course, the excessively light and dainty ones. Tapestries woven to closely resemble the hand-made Gobelins, made large enough to stretch an entire wall, and representing some beautiful group or scene in nature, are coming to be more and more fashionable. More modest decoration reproduces this fancy in panels only; and these panels, banded with wide plush, make admirable portieres which promise to be very fashionable.

Where the piano stands in a position that exposes its back, it should be hung with an unobtrusive material that blends with its wood; and if lounging chairs or a couch can be placed just below the drapery, an effective background is thus secured, and the awkwardness of the flat back done away with.

E. SOMERBY.

HAPPY AS A KING.

Miserable for Years, but Now Able to Enjoy Life.

The victory is to him who never gives up. In proof of this Mr. J. Foster Miles writes from Marshall county, W. Va.: "I had suffered so long that I was in despair. So many doctors had failed to do me any permanent good that I had lost faith in all of them. But I persevered. Every new remedy and every new specialist that I could hear of were given a fair trial. I was slowly dying of kidney disease and complicated stomach troubles, and for years was miserable. But the turning point came when I placed myself in the care of Dr. Walker, the specialist. He cured me, and instead of being miserable I am now happy as a king."

Mr. Louis J. Allen, an employe of the Interior Department, says: "About three years ago I became afflicted with sciatica. My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys, and bladder, and, in fact, my whole system became deranged. I tried several physicians, but received no lasting benefit from them. With the same result I tested the waters of Hot Springs, Ark. I was failing rapidly when I heard of Dr. Walker, but under his treatment I immediately rallied and began to improve. The pains left me, my liver, kidneys and other organs began to perform their functions. I recovered my lost flesh and strength, and to-day I am as well as I ever was."

Every day brings additional testimony of this kind, proving Dr. Walker's wonderful control over all disorders of the brain and nervous system, diseases of the skin and blood, catarrh, asthma, consumption, dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism neuralgia, hemorrhoids, diseases of women, sexual weakness, and all affections of the lungs, throat, heart, liver, stomach, kidneys, bladder, bowels, and other organs.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from loss of vitality, through their own indiscretions, should consult Dr. Walker, who has been the means of restoring hundreds of such unfortunates to health, strength, and vigor.

Dr. Walker may be consulted free of charge personally or by letter. His well-known sanitarium, at 1411 Pennsylvania avenue, adjoining Willard's Hotel, is open daily for consultation and treatment. Office hours, 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12.

Charges for treatment very low.

All interviews and correspondence sacredly confidential. No cases made public without consent of patients.

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DIED.

McHUGH—On Sunday, November 11, 1894, at his late residence, 139 Second street northwest, LAWRENCE J., beloved husband of Katie C. McHugh, nee Hughes, and son of Mary and the late Denis McHugh.

Funeral Wednesday morning at 8:30 o'clock. Requiem mass at St. Aloysius' Church at 9 o'clock.

CROWLEY—November 10, 1894, JOSEPH McGEE, youngest son of Dennis and Mary Crowley, aged nineteen months and eighteen days.

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