IF——

You wish to return the compliment by reciprocating in some way for some Gift—

We give you a chance to select any of our Fancy Boxes at a reduction of twenty-five per cent.

You can select any piece of Fine Jewelry at a rebate of one-fifth.

You can select any of our Fancy Atomizer Sets and deduct one-fifth off the price. And besides all this we have taken lots of Odd Pieces of certain lots and cut the price to about one-half.

SLIGHTLY MUSSED HANDKERCHIEFS

Much less than their cost.

HOW ARE YOU FIXED ON NEW YEAR'S CARDS?

We do the engraving for at least three-fourths of Washington. Why not let us do yours? Our engraver is an artist. All work done in the best form.

50 Engraved Cards and Plate, 80c.

Reprint of 50 Cards from Plate 40c.

Orders left now can be delivered before New Years.

Lansburgh & Bro.

420, 422, 424, 426 7th St.

For Wines, Liquors, and Cigars

Come to our Thirty-second street store. The best of them are here. Priced like everything else we sell.

Emrich Beef Co.,

Main Market and Grocery.

1306-1312 32d St.

(Telephone 367.

BRANCH MARKETS:

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CLEAN, PURE COAL.

2,240 POUNDS TO TON.

PEA COAL . . . $4.25.

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A CORD.

THOMAS W. RILEY,

Riley's Warves, Foot of 11th and 12th Sts. S. W.

Telephone 1754.

WHAT A BLESSING

It is to think that there is at least ONE place where you are not measured by the depth of your purse—ONE place where your credit buys just as much—and buys it just as economically—as CASH could. That place is HERE—it's six stories high—two floors wide—it's packed and jammed full of Furniture and Carpets—and our name is over the door.

Come Right In Help Yourself!

Get anything you WANT—get all you want of it—tell us that you'll pay for it—a little at a time—weekly or monthly—there isn't but one price—whether you pay cash or accept of our easy payments—that price is marked in plain figures—on everything—and it's a price that we'll match against any you can find—ANYWHERE.

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

Plush or Haircloth Parlor Suite—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, $1.50.
40-pound Hair Mattress, $7.
Woven Wire Springs, $1.75.

GROGAN'S

MAMMOTH CREDIT HOUSE,

819, 821, 823 7th St. N. W.,

Between H and I Streets.

THE SHOPPERS' GUIDE

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

Grogan—All makes and styles Heating and Cooking Stoves at prices and terms to suit.

John F. Ellis—From the lowest to the finest grade pianos—priced accordingly.

Julius Lansburgh—Beautiful Brass and Onyx Lamps at prices $2.50 up.

Emrich Beef Co.—The lowest prices for fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

A. Gude & Bro.—Beautiful Cut Flowers and Potted Plants at low prices.

Robinson, Chery & Co.—Dress Suits for New Year's calling, prices from $20 to $50.

George Spransy—Well-fitting Blue Kersey Overcoat for $15.50.

Chas. Schneider—A fresh loaf of Quaker Bread for 4 cents.

Thomas W. Riley—Clean chestnut coal cheap at $5 a ton.

H. Walker Tucker—Shoes for the Ladies' 80c pair.

Arthur B. Smith—A full ton of the best Pea Coal, $4.50.

House & Herrmann—Furniture, carpets, and draperies sold for cash or credit.

W. B. Moses & Son—Finely finished wardrobes for $8.65.

TO-MORROW'S MENU.

BREAKFAST.

Oranges.
Breakfastina. Cream.
Fried liver and bacon.
Cream potatoes. Hot rolls.
Coffee.

LUNCH.

Chocolate soup.
Turkey hash.
Sponge cake. Stewed pears.
Tea.

DINNER.

Mullegatawny soup.
Roast lamb.
Baked potatoes. Creamed carrots.
Celery.
Mince pie. Cheese.
Coffee.

Chocolate Soup.

Chocolate soup is prepared by putting into a saucepan about a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate with three pints of milk; these quantities can, of course, be proportionately altered to suit the occasion; the milk must be boiling. Put in a lump of sugar, and let the whole boil for an hour. Before serving, stir in the yolks of four eggs, previously beaten up in a little milk. Four this over fried dice of rolls, and serve very hot.

MERRY CHRISTMAS CAUSED IT.

Few Votes Were Cast in the Coupon Contest Yesterday.

Santa Claus was so favorite an old fellow yesterday that the boys and girls gave him all their time and forgot for a day about that magnificent TIMES Chickering on exhibition at Ellis & Co.

But this week will bring forth many votes. Get ready, everybody.

Gales	35,031
Brent	29,360
Jones	24,869
Blake	21,102
Patterson	7,557
Peabody	3,903
Franklin	1,896
Taylor	1,584
Corcoran	1,308
Madison	1,044
Maury	983
Pierce	959
Lincoln	750
Harrison	479
Henry	395
Business High School	314
Twining	309
Jefferson	1[illegible]
Central High School	148
Eastern High School	131
Adams	120
Dennison	72
Romaine	54
Arthur	28
Seaton	24
Blair	19
Smallwood	17
McCormick	16
Webster	10
[illegible]	9
Abbott	9
John F. Cook	8
Colored High School	5
Cranch	5
Morse	1

THE TIMES' PIANO CONTEST.

The Most Popular Public School is

(Name of School.).....

Location.....

The Queen and Her Ladies.

The Queen's thoughtfulness for others is quite wonderful; from the mistress of the robes down to a footman each is considered individually and their pleasures thought of. Abroad the Queen always arranges that the servants shall see the principal sights—galleries, etc. Years ago in a foreign city almost everyone had left the chateau except her Majesty and the lady in waiting. The latter heard a tap at her door, and on saying "Come in," to her astonishment the Queen came in, bringing her a souvenir of their time together—a beautiful bracelet, with medallions of the various places they had visited, behind portraits of the various members of the royal family, surrounded, if I remember right, with jewels; and an inscription: "To the ——, from her affectionate but sorrowing friend, the Queen of England."

A PORTRAIT IN DISTEMPER.

As if the sun had kissed and fled,
So were her cheeks embrowned;
A little dot of dusty red
Inside a russet round,
Like rose leaves that are all but dead,
With slender sereness bound.

A hat thereto of plaited hay,
Which shaded half her face,
Whence fell the curls of hair away
Down to her collar's lace—
They trembled if she talked, or lay
In the loops of yellow grass.

A kerchief lay about her breast
Unto her breathing rose,
And midway was a little nest
For beauty to repose,
But the laughter made more manifest
The sweets therein a-doze.

Ah, me! I've turned a tender flute
By all her garden ways;
Apollo, playing ripe the fruit,
I vow no sweeter plays;
And yet she'll never hear my suit—
Young Midas better pays!

Blow, breeze, about her ringlet curls
And twist them in a knot,
And puff her skirts with blustry whirls,
And, sun, shine overhot;
Hang in her eyes a pair of pearls,
Night, for she loves me not!

—HARRISON S. MORRIS.

The Fortune Teller.

"Da——!"

"Oh! papa, pfui! how can you?"

The old high bailiff of Krohn pushed away the pretty little hand that his eldest daughter sought to place over his mouth.

"No," he said, "I will not keep quiet. I repeat that the whole custom of sending New Year's cards is a d—n bad one, and it is time to put an end to it. What are the results of such nonsense?

"First, I get my mail bag an hour later than usual, and, secondly, it is crammed so full with the stupid stuff that I can hardly get it open!"

At length the old gentleman's efforts were rewarded, the bag sprang open, and he emptied its contents with impatience on the breakfast table.

"'To Fraulein Katharine von Krohne,'" he read. "My God! are they all for you, Kathinka?"

"Don't be so unbearable, papa, and please don't call me Kathinka."

The old gentleman replied to his daughter's request with an unintelligible growl and went on drinking his coffee.

"Just look what a lot there are for me!" cried Katharine, piling the letters upon the table in front of her and her face lighting up with pleasure.

"Are they all for you?"

"Yes, all. Now you can see what it is to be known as a beauty."

"And an heiress," added the father.

"Yes, and an heiress," she repeated thoughtfully.

"But is there nothing there for my little Lili?" asked her father.

Katharine shrugged her shapely shoulders impatiently.

"Why, of course not. If a girl expects to be shown much attention she must be a little more pushing and important."

"And an heiress, too," was the father's laconic addition to the sentence.

"I really should be very grateful, father, if you would not allude so much to my money," was the rather curt protest.

"I can't help it, Katharine, when I see my little Lili here, as beautiful as the flower that gave her the name, and—well, she is not an heiress, do you understand? That's the whole thing."

Katharina made no answer. She was busy studying the handwriting on the envelopes.

A young girl who had hitherto sat opposite to her in silence left her seat, went up to the high bailiff, and putting her fair young arms round his neck gave him a kiss.

A world of love shone in his eyes as he looked at her with pleasure and stroked her soft cheeks.

"Never mind, Lili," he said slowly, "I am glad that you don't get such a pile of letters. I'm grateful, too, that you're not an heiress. Perhaps then no one will take you away from me."

Tears came into the girl's eyes, for, though she said no word, yet the thought that no one had remembred her or cared enough for her to send her a New Year's card made her sad. But she forced herself not to cry and tried to conceal the few tears that would not be kept back by kissing her father again lovingly on the eyes and lips.

The high bailiff of Krohn, the father of these two girls, had married twice. His first wife, a lovely, proud, but vain woman, died soon after the birth of a little daughter, and left her the whole of a large fortune. His second wife, the daughter of a country clergyman, brought him no wealth but a sweet and beautiful disposition. When she, too, died after two years' married life, he felt overwhelmed, and had never since wholly recovered from the blow.

Katharine, the elder of the stepchildren, had just finished her twentieth year, and, as she was as proud, pretty, and just as vain as her mother, had already laughed at many proposals for her hand—and money. No one has so far been able to take her fancy.

Lili was in almost every respect the opposite of her sister. Small of figure, quiet and retiring, it happened that she was often entirely overlooked. It certainly was not right of a father to love one daughter more than another.

Still he did so, and it was plain to everybody that it was the soft, sweet, patient Lili who was his favorite.

It made Katharina feel annoyed to see her father so gentle and affectionate toward her sister, for she said, with a sharp look at them both:

"What! kissing again! I cannot understand how you find pleasure in always lying round each other's necks."

"You are out of sorts, Katharina," said her father. "One of the cards you expected has not come, perhaps. I would almost wager that among all those letters there is none from Baron Horn, eh?"

Katharine grew a shade paler at these words.

"I certainly expected a card from Baron Horn," she replied, trying to conceal her annoyance. "He surely has sent me one! Are you sure you emptied the mail bag thoroughly?"

"Yes, I think so. But you had better look yourself; it would not be the first time that a letter has remained stuck in one of the corners."

"Ah! I thought so," exclaimed Katharine, pulling a crumpled letter out of a deep corner of the bag.

She glanced quickly and sharply at the address, and then with an exclamation of vexation let the letter hurriedly drop.

"Not from Baron Horn, after all?" asked her father, picking it up, "and yet—that is his writing. Heavens! Why, it's for you, Lili; it's addressed to you."

"Oh! impossible," said Lili, quietly, while a faint blush rose to her pretty cheeks. "It must be a mistake."

"By no means," returned her father, smiling. "Here, open it. Let us all see it. Oh, what a lovely card. Why, Katharine, where are you going?"

But the father received no answer, Katharine hurriedly gathered up her letters and left the room in a whirlwind.

* * * * * * *

The above-mentioned Baron Horn was a young nobleman who had just returned from Africa. It was well known that he took great pleasure in visiting the Von Krohn family, and under all manner of pretexts took every opportunity to be with them. Of course every one thought that the attraction was the rich and beautiful Katharine, and she herself took particular pains to spread this view of the matter.

Accustomed as she was to a large number of enthusiastic admirers she had never for a moment imagined that the baron could interest himself in her quiet little sister until she was reminded to-day in a rather unpleasant manner of the possibility of such a thing.

She read her letters through and became better humored.

"How stupid of me to get so cross," she said, as she smiled at her lovely face in the glass. "It is not possible that he favors Lili when he knows me."

There came a gentle knock at the door, and the servant girl came in and announced that the carriage was at the door.

Katharine at once rbmembered that Baron Horn had promised to go for a drive with her, and with this thought her face grew bright once again.

A charitable bazaar was to be opened in a neighboring town, and, as the father was not able to go, Baron Horn had offered his escort to the two young ladies.

The baron was as punctual as most lovers—that is to say, he came half an hour before the time, and found Katharina quite ready, to his great astonishment, for as a rule she kept everybody waiting half an hour at least.

Her purpose of frustrating a tete-a-tete between Lili and the baron was completely successful, for she did not move from his side until they all three were ready to get into the carriage.

The father stood with beaming face on the doorstep and waved a fond farewell after them.

"This Horn is a very sensible fellow," he thought to himself, "and I admire his choice. It will be very hard to lose Lili, but I would let him have her rather than any one else."

* * * * * * *

Although the bazaar was crowded the arrival of Aaron Horn and his two lovely companions caused considerable excitement and they were speedily surrounded by a quaintences.

Among these was a Capt. Linke, a tall, blond fellow, and one of Katharina's most sincere and faithful armirers.

"How glad I am to see you here," he said.

"Really? Why?"

"May I show you why? Please come with me. At the other end of the hall there is a fortune teller, and I want you to see what she will tell you."

"May we join you?" asked the baron.

"Certainly. Come, we will all go together."

The mysterious room that held the fortune teller was reached. The fortune teller proved to be a little figure in the middle of a disc.

Round the disc were figures and numbers and slips of paper arranged. Anyone who wanted to see into the future paid a mark, set the figure revolving, and took the slip of paper opposite which it stopped.

"Now, my genaediges fraulein," said the captain, taking out his purse, "won't you try you luck?"

But Katharina refused positively to be a party to such nonsense, and, inasmuch as Lili could not be persuaded either, the baron asked permission to inquire of the oracle himself.

He set the figure in motion and took the slip of paper opposite which it stopped.

"Seek her hand and buy the ring. Thy life will then be full of joy," ran the words on it.

The baron tried to catch a glance from Lili, but she appeared to be absorbed in the nature and character of the floor and would not raise her eyes.

"Potz Blitz!" cried the captain, turning to Katharina, "that is famous; you really must be persuaded to try it now. Or, shall I do it for you?"

"You may do it for me," she replied in such sharp tones that every one looked at her.

The captain turned to the figure and read the words: "Hast thou not often heard it said——" He hesitated; then tore the paper up and threw it on the floor. The conclusion of the sentence seemed to suit the many proposals that Katharine had received too well for him to read it.

"What was the rest, captain?" asked the baron, in all innocence. But the captain looked so displeased that the question was not pressed.

"I wonder what it was?" Lili whispered to the baron.

"We shall learn later, perhaps," he replied, "but did you get my New Year's card this morning?"

"Yes," she answered, softly, with a blush.

"And do you remember what the fortune-teller told me just now? If I buy a ring will you wear it?"

He drew a deep sigh of relief as he saw his answer in her happy, blushing face.

She lowered her eyes and said: "I don't know. You must first speak to papa.—From the German.

ORIGIN OF DANCES.

How the Jig, the Country Dance, the Lancers and Others Came Into Being.

Our national pride should to some extent be satisfied by the admission, in which all foreign exponents of the code of Terpsichore are unanimous, that the French "contredanse" is a deportation from England and is a corruption of our country dance and old English rural exercitation belonging to Maypole times says a writer in London Telegraph.

With equal frankness our neighbors acknowledge that they owe the jig to John Bull, although their etymology of the word is somewhat eccentric. They spell it "gigue," for the reason that the rapid bounding movements of the dance agitate the top of the calf of the leg, or "gigot;" but although "jigot" is a well-known Scotticism for a leg of mutton, "gigue" is synonymous with the old English word "gig," which means a fiddle, any little thing which is whirled around in a play, a top, a romp, a long, narrow rowing boat, a one-horse chaise, and a short dart or harpoon. According to old Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry," "fisgig," or "fishgig," was a common name for a dog, and it is tolerably clear that the verb "to giggle," meaning to laugh in a rapid and inelegant manner, is also derived from "gig."

The gavotte is a French dance racy of the soil and derives its name from the Gavots, a race of mountaineers in the environs of Gap, while "Israel's rigaudon," the meaning of which so sorely puzzled English eighteenth-century critics, is simply a dance called the rigodon, invented by one Rigaud, a dancing master of Marseilles.

The saraband, so often written about and so little understood, was a grave and noble dance of Spanish origin, in which Ninon de l'Enclos was a charming proficient, accompanying herself as she did with the castanets, while the coranto, in which Charles II excelled, is only an adaptation of the Spanish seguidilla. When the allied armies invaded France in 1814 they found that the favorite dance, both in the most aristocratic salons and the humblest ville guinguettes, were the "contredanse," which is an English pastime, and the quadrille, the development of the country dance, the five fingers of which—namely, the "poule," the "pantalon," the "ete," the "pastourelle" and the "trenise," or "trenitz" (the last possibly the name of a German dancing master)—have long been the despair of philologists, nor, again, should it be forgotten that under the restoration this now almost non-dancing England of ours favored France with a delightful dance called the lancers, probably so called because it was favored by the officers of British light-cavalry regiments.

For some inexplicable reason the lancers were hung up early in the Victorian era, but some twenty years ago or so the lancers, to the intense gratification of all lovers of a most graceful rhythmical exercise, were revived. The allied armies brought with them the waltz, which prior to 1814 had been danced at Almack's and bitterly satirized by Byron.

Modern French experts, however, asseverate that the waltz is a very old Provencal dance, which so far back as the twelfth century was known as the "volta," but however that may be, it seems undeniable that the world-famous polka, which the dancing master, Coulon, introduced into France about 1844, and which owed much of its popularity to its figures being illustrated by the brilliant pencil of Gavarni, originally came from Poland or Hungary or from some remote district of Southeastern Europe.

And the Cat Came Back.

"I have got a kitten at home," said W. L. Slocum, of Manchester, N. H., which I think has traveled about as rapidly and as far in one day as any other animal in the world. One morning about a month ago the kitten strayed into my factory a short time before the machinery was started up. It got playing around the floor and soon took up its position in the big fly-wheel, where, without being noticed, it nestled down and went to sleep. Soon the machinery was put in motion, the wheel moving so rapidly that the poor kitten could not escape. Indeed, it is probable that puss was soon unconscious from dizziness.

"A little computation shows the distance the cat traveled. The wheel moves at the rate of 250 revolutions a minute, and at every turn pussy went seventeen feet. As the wheel was kept in motion 300 minutes without stopping, the kitten must have traveled during that time a little over 300 miles. When the wheel was stopped the kitten was discovered and taken out, more dead than alive, but it shortly recovered, and, although it has remained about the factory ever since, it is observed that it always gives the fly-wheel a wide berth."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

For the Fancy Worker.

Some sideboard covers lately finished have on the wide hems a sprinkling of little rosebuds, daisies, bachelor buttons, buttercups, and violets. A dresser cover that is much admired has the same flowers, as well as poppies and delicate brown grasses, all with long stems, laid inside the hem and projecting toward the center, and having the appearance of being carelessly laid on the cloth. While there is a quaintness and a pleasing primness in these small designs for tea cloths, center pieces, and plate doylies, they are not as effective as larger flowers, such as roses, carnations, or white chrysanthemums worked solid, or a border of large leaves.

Looks Are Everything.

Miss Jumpatit—How much is it?

Telegraph Clerk—Twenty-five cents, please."

Miss Jumpatit—For that one word "yes?"

Telegraph Clerk—Same price for ten or less. You can repeat the "yes" if you wish.

Miss Jumpatit—Um—no. That wouldn't look well.—Truth.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Now testimonials of the wonderful skill of Dr. R. A. Walker in curing difficult diseases that have baffled other physicians are constantly appearing in our columns. Each gives the residence of the party, so they can be easily found and interviewed should it be desired.

Judge James H. Lane, a well-known justice of the peace, residing at Arlington, Alexandria county, Va., in a long statement subscribed and sworn to before M. A. Ballenger, notary public, says he suffered for years from aggravated constipation, partial paralysis of the bowels, and nervous debility resulting from past follies and excesses. His nervous system was shattered, and his memory failing. Dr. Walker restored him to strong, vigorous manhood and perfect health.

It is now a well-established fact that Dr. Walker cures all disorders of the brain and nervous system, diseases of the skin and blood, catarrh, asthma, consumption, rheumatism, malaria, hemorrhoids, heart troubles, diseases of women, and all affections of the liver, stomach, kidneys, bladder, bowels, or other organs, sexual weakness, &c.

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

Charges for treatment very low.

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

GOOD CHEER IN HARD TIMES.

I know an old Virginia housekeeper who achieves results with a short purse that many with long purses might envy. She varies her fare by constant reference to her legacy of old recipes, by experiments and exchanges, till some of her household transformations well nigh equal those of Cinderilla's fairy godmother. She has accomplished the next thing to drawing blood out of a turnip, she has coaxed wine from a parsnip, delicious wine it has been pronounced, too, the details of which feat, after the scarce season just passed, may not come amiss to the frugal housewife.

PARSNIP WINE.

Over one quart of finely chopped parsnip pour one gallon of cold water and boil an hour. Then strain it off and add one pound of raisins and three pounds of brown sugar. As soon as it is cool mix in one tablespoon of hop yeast. Cork tightly and do not use for six months.

Then that homely, uninteresting vegetable, the carrot, yields her the following wholesome and agreeable dish:

CARROT PLUM PUDDING.

One pound suet chopped fine.

One pound carrots boiled and rubbed through a collander (weigh carrots before they are cooked).

One half pound raisins, stoned.
One-half pound currants.
One-half pound sifted flour.
Four tablespoons brown sugar.
One egg.
One teaspoon each of mace, cinnamon, and ginger.

Put on early, keep covered with hot water, and boil until firm. Serve with wine sauce. This same charming home fairy always sprinkles a pinch of sugar over steak as it is broiling and the improvement is decided.

On Christmas eve she follows the old Virginia custom of brewing egg nogg during Christmas week she makes apple toddy, both by these famous and time-honored recipes:

EGG-NOGG.

One dozen eggs.
One dozen tablespoons of sugar.
Six wine glasses of whisky.
Four wine glasses of rum.
Two wine glasses of apply brandy.
One whole nutmeg, grated.

Beat the yolks of the eggs till very light; add the sugar, and beat again till thoroughly dissolved and light; then add half of the whites (beaten until stiff as possible). Add the whisky, a glassful at a time, stirring all the time; then the rum, then the brandy. After putting in the liquor, add three pints of fresh milk, having stirred in the nutmeg before adding the milk.

APPLE TODDY.

Put six apples to bake. When nearly done pour over them half a pint of water, then a large teacup of white sugar just before taking up, letting them scorch brown a little at the bottom. Pour all in a bowl and add

One pint of whisky.
One pint of apple brandy.
A little grated orange peel and two-thirds of nutmeg grated. Add water to adulterate.

JANEY HOPE MASS.

Mock Crab Salad.

One-half pound pickled shrimps, one-quarter pound good old cheese, one tablespoonful salad oil, one-half teaspoonful cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful white sugar, one teaspoonful mixed mustard, four tablespoonfuls celery or onion vinegar. Mix the shrimps and grate the cheese. Work into the latter, a little at a time, the various condiments enumerated above, with the vinegar last. Let all stand together ten minutes before adding the shrimps. When this is done stir well for a minute and a half and serve in a glass dish or in a crab shell.

DIED.

COLBERT—At his residence, 506 Sixth street southwest, at 12 o'clock, December 25, 1894, MATTHEW COLBERT.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

BARTLETT—Entered into rest on December 25, 1894, PHOENIX BARTLETT, beloved husband of Jennie S. Bartlett and only brother of Mrs. John Boyd, Mrs. Amanda Baily and Mrs. Sarah Briggs.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday, December 26, 1894, at 4 o'clock p. m., at his late residence, 509 B street northeast. Friends and relatives respectfully invited to attend. Interment Thursday.

BUTLER—Sunday, December 23, 1894, at 5:35 p. m., at her residence, 1511 Madison street, SARAH BUTLER, beloved grandmother of Carrie B. Butler, aged seventy-five years.

Funeral to-day (Wednesday), December 26, at 2 o'clock p. m., from Central Church.

DIXON AND GUNNELL—On December 22, 1894, at 3.30 a. m., after a short illness of five days, ELIZABETH, beloved wife of the late David W. Dixon, mother of William H. Hamilton, Rosina Parry, and Elizabeth Gunnell, in the eightieth year of her age, and LUDWELL GUNNELL, the beloved husband of Elizabeth Gunnell, departed this life on the 25th of December, 1894, at 2:20 a. m., in the fifty-fourth year of his age, after a long illness.

Funeral from their late residence, 1032 New Jersey avenue northwest, December 27, at 1 p. m.

KALUSOWSKI—On Sunday evening, December 23, 1894, Dr. HENRY R. KALUSOWSKI, aged eighty-nine years.

Funeral services this (Wednesday) morning, at 10 o'clock, at his late residence, 911 L street northwest. Interment private.

MARTIN—On December 25, 1894, at 8:13 a. m., GEORGIANA MARTIN (nee Nicholson), wife of John R. Martin, in the fortieth year of her age, at her residence, 740 Ninth street southeast.

Funeral from the Fourth Street M. E. Church Thursday at 2 o'clock. Friends and relatives invited to attend.

O'CONNOR—On December 25, 1894, at 4:30 a. m., CHARLES O'CONNOR, beloved husband of Katherine O'Connor, at the age of fifty-six years, a native of County Kerry, Ireland.

Funeral from his residence, 2036 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, Thursday morning at 8:30. Mass at St. Stephen's Church. Friends and relatives respectfully invited to attend.

O'NEILL—On Monday morning, December 24, 1894, at 8 o'clock, at her residence, No. 912 Seventh street southeast, Mrs. MARY O'NEILL, in the sixty-eighth year of her age.

Funeral services at St. Peter's Church this (Wednesday) morning at 8 o'clock sharp.

PITCHER—On Tuesday, December 25, 1894, at 12:30 p. m., MARY JANE PITCHER, at 2132 Wyoming avenue.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

SNOWDEN—At Snowden Hall, Tuesday morning, December 25, 1894, ELIZABETH H. SNOWDEN, aged thirty-three years.

Interment at St. Philip's Church, Laurel, Md., to-morrow (Thursday), December 27, at 11 a. m. Carriages will meet 9:30 train from Washington and 10:15 train from Baltimore.

SPECHT—On Sunday, December 23, 1894, GEORGE, youngest son of Mary and the late Philip Specht.

Funeral private to-day (Wednesday), December 26, at 10 a. m.

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CORRALED BY RATTLERS.

An Army Engineer's Exciting Night on a Mountain in the Northwest.

"We reached the Wolf Mountain, in the Big Horn country, one day in September," said H. P. Tuttle, formerly an Army engineer, "while to the south were dimly visible the outlines of the Rattlesneak Mountains. These names were given to these mountains by both the Crow and the Sioux Indians, who regarded them with horror. Late on the afternoon of our first day in these mountains I sent all of my party to camp about two miles to the southwest. Going forward with my transit to where I had sent my head flagman, I placed it in position and told him he could return to camp, as I had to remain in order to make an astronomical observation early in the evening.

"Taking off his belt, which held a huge revolver and a sheath knife about a foot in length, he handed it to me, saying that I might need it after dark, as he had just seen a small pack of wolves ahead. After he had gone I looked over the ground about me and saw that I was on a flat-topped hill covered with large boulders and small stones, but entirely destitute of vegetation. Seating myself beside a big boulder I took out my notebook and began writing up my notes for the day when darkness suddenly reminded me that it was about time to make my astronomical observations. This was soon over, and I started off at a brisk walk toward our camp.

"I had not gone over a hundred yards when I saw, a few feet ahead of me, a long, black object, lying directly in my path. I wanted a walking stick badly, and was stooping down to pick it up when I noticed the end of it furthest from me was white. Taking a match from my pocket and tearing a leaf from the back of my note-cook I soon had the desired light, and what was my horror to see that the supposed stick was nothing but one of the deadly green rattlesnakes, completely paralyzed by the chilly night air.

"Another light showed that the white object was the snake's rattles! So old was he that his rattles had turned white. Holding my revolver within a foot of his head I fired and blew it entirely off; but now came another surprise, which for a moment made me tremble. The report of my revolver had awakened dozens of rattlers who had sought shelter under the loose rocks before sunset. The sounds came from all directions, and some seemed close to my feet.

"To one who has been in the forest and heard the noise made by hundreds of locusts, he can readily realize my situation, for the buzz of a rattlesnake is exactly like the buzz of a locust. The only thing now for me to do was to stand in my tracks all night or make my way back to the boulder from which I started; but there was a difficulty, for in the excitement I had forgotten the direction. But 'where there is a will there is way,' and by stooping low down and scanning the horizon I soon detected the outline of my transit against the sky, and cutting off the rattles I was soon beside the boulder and filled with excitement enough for one night.

"Sitting down by the boulder I made up my mind to pass the night at that spot, and was soon sleeping as soundly as one can in the open air, with only a canvas coat and the mercury below freezing. About midnight I was suddenly aroused by something trying to pull off the shoe from my left foot. In an instant I caught the glaring eyes and outline of a wolf. He had given up his grip as he saw me move, and mechanically I seized my revolver, which I had left lying in my lap, and fired as best I could with my half frozen hand.

"A loud yell showed that he had been struck, and immediately a dozen or more wolves who had been close by set up a howling, which in the still night air could have been heard for miles around. For an hour or two all was quiet, when a solitary howl a few yards from me was answered by a dozen others not a hundred yards away. It was too dark to see an animal of the size of a wolf more than twenty feet away, but, trusting to luck, I took the direction of the pack as near as possible, and sent three shots at them as rapidly as I could fire.

"A couple of yells showed two had been hit, most probably by glancing bullets. Soon after this the howling of the wolves ceased, and for a while all was quiet again. I had no fear of a direct attack from the wolves at that season of the year; but had it been winter I should have had to take refuge on top of the bowlder and use my revolver, when every shot would have had to tell.

"As soon as it was light enough I picked up the string of rattles which I had secured the night before and found there were nineteen, and, as the 'button' was missing, he may have had several more. A few rods from my transit lay the cleanly picked bones of a wolf which one of my random shots had killed during the night, and on which the coyotes had made a substantial meal, but, not satisfied with this, they had devoured the big rattler I had killed, head and all.

"Returning to camp I ordered one of my men to cut ten small poles, not less than eight feet in length, and to wake me up at 10 o'clock. At that hour we all started for the place where I had passed the night. Here we found, as I had expected, the warm rays of the sun had brought out the snakes from their hiding places to bask in the sunshine.

"We were greeted with a defiance not unlike that of 1,000 July locusts, and the work of destruction began in real earnest. In one hour and ten minutes our bag contained 213 rattlers, varying from one foot to over three feet in length, and of a dark green color. Only two were found whose rattles had turned gray. We could have destroyed hundreds more had our time not been too valuable to waste in such sport. We saw but few rattlers after leaving this point, but the wolves made night hideous until we reached the Little Missouri River, a month later."—Kansas City Journal.

Love's Dream Shattered.

As the old man gazed thoughtfully at the smouldering embers, she came with radiant face and kissed him.

"Papa," she whispered, fondly caressing his silver hair, "I have found my affinity."

He turned suddenly and confronted her.

"Daughter," he demanded, "is he a good young fellow?"

"Yes, papa."

Her eyes were directed to the floor, and she saw not the play of emotion upon his countenance.

"Doesn't he smoke?"

"No, papa."

"My child"——

His voice was unsteady.

"—— after all the money I've spent on your education"——

"—— I don't propose to buy my own cigars in my old age if I know myself. Don't come to me with your affinity racket. It won't go, I tell you, right now."

Her tears were of no more avail to melt his heart than the touch of the zephyrs upon adamant.—Puck.

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Refreshments at a Card Party.

A menu for a card party consists of oyster patties, celery, rolled bread, cocoa, individual creams in the form of grapes, apples, and pears, and small cakes. For an afternoon card party, when the guests constitute a club, meeting weekly at different houses, much simpler refreshments should be offered, as an elaborate menu spoils the appetite for dinner and upsets the digestion to a degree that should not be encouraged to any one but one's enemies. Wafers, tea, and chocolate, or sandwiches of a light and appetizing variety, a light salad, like sweetbread, or a chestnut salad with thin slices of brown bread, bouillion, and wafers, or cream, very light cakes, and coffee, or two or three articles that are not too heavy should be the limit.—New York Evening Post.

Only Women Voted.

The interest which women are taking in the subject of equal suffrage in California is evidenced by the recent election in which only women took part. A writer from California says: "The movement which originated in San Bernardino two months ago soon spread not only over this country, but women in adjoining counties caught the idea, and in Riverside, in Los Angeles, and San Diego counties they have been marching up to the polls and putting in a ballot which might indicate their rights as citizens. 'For God and home and native land' was the motto everywhere in sight about the polling booths. About 20,000 votes were polled."

An Example Worth Following.

Those women who have spent unnecessary car fare, time, and strength in seeking helpers of various kinds to carry on the work of their households would do well to follow the example of a Syracuse club that has divided its city into wards, and found out in each of those wards the names and addresses of those who can do different kinds of work, and the conditions under which it can be done. These things they have printed in a little book called "Household Register." The plan seems a most commendable and efficient one for putting those who are in need of service promptly in communication with those who can render it.—New York Evening Post.

Good Arithmetic.

Johnny Green, at school, was asked by his teacher: "If I give you three cakes and your mother gave you four, and your aunt gave you five, how many cakes would you have?"

"Huh!" said Johnny, "I guess I should have enough!"—Youth's Companion.

HOTEL ERRORS.

New Arrival—I can't see my hand before me in that room!
Hotel Clerk—Beg pardon, saw your camera, gave you a "dark room."
New Arrival—I'm not a photographer; I'm a corn doctor.

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