LANSBURGH & BRO.

LADIES' KNITTED SKIRTS, 39c.

We place on sale To-day 1,000 Ladies' Knitted Skirts in White, Plain Colors, and Combination of Colors. Some worth 63c, some worth 75c, some worth 85c. You can take your choice for

39c.

FLANNELETTE WRAPPERS, $1.48.

Stylishly made, new effects, warm, serviceable, and dressy. Sizes, 32-44. For

$1.48.

19c.

For Children's, Misses, and Ladies' Worsted Mittens, worth 25c.

Lansburgh & Bro.

420, 422, 424, 426 7th St.

A Happy New Year

To one and all. Begin the year well, in a new leaf—do your marketing with us. We're pioneers in lowest prices and finest quality goods.

Emrich Beef Co.,
Main Market and Grocery.
1300 7th St.
(Telephone 567).
BRANCH MARKETS:
1328 14th St. N. W. 23rd and K Sts. N. W.
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8th and M Sts. N. W. 1057 M St. N. W.
20th St. & Pa. ave. N. W.
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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, 25c per yard.
Solid Oak Extension Table, $1.50.
45-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.

Begin the Year Well

By getting COAL from Riley. We've turned over a new leaf in coal prices. Best quality fuel—will not slack or slate—at snapped off figures like these: Pea Coal $3.25; Chestnut $5.00 the ton. Wood—$4 for Pine, $5 for Oak. Full weight and quick service every time.

RILEY'S
WHARVES, FOOT 10TH & 12TH STS. S. W.
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Candy Special Monday For Only 25c. Pound.

The finest assortment of Chocolates and Bon Bons ever sold for the price. Many new styles; 50 kinds from which to select; suitable for New Year's presents; must be seen to be appreciated. Try our Ice Cream Soda.

W. S. GILL CANDY CO.
1223 PENN. AVE.
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UNDERTAKERS.

NICHOLS & CO.,
Undertakers and Embalmers.
Penn. ave. and 3d st. s.e.; 'Phone 763-2. Capitol 1411. Prompt attention; reasonable terms.
del-1mo

DIED.

LAWYER—On December 29, 1894, at 9:30 p. m., Junius Boner Lawyer, aged seventy-two years, formerly of this city. Residence, 817 A street southeast. Interment at 2 p. m., October 31. Interment private.

[New York papers please copy.]

THE SHOPPERS' GUIDE.

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

House & Herrmann—Stoves, furniture, carpets, etc., at lowest prices for cash or credit.

New York Clothing House.—Last day of extraordinarily low price Clothing Sale.

Robinson, Chery & Co.—Men's Fine Furnishings for New Year's wear.

The Famous—Suits and Overcoats for Men and Boys at Lowest Possible Prices.

Eiseman Bros.—One-third Off Regular Prices for Men and Boys' Winter Clothing.

W. B. Moses & Sons—Solid Oak Rocker with Upholstered Seat, $2.75.

Thos. W. Riley—$4.25 a ton for the best pea coal.

A. Gude & Bro.—Beautiful Roman hyacinths priced to please.

Lansburgh & Bro.—Ladies' Knitted Skirts, 39c.

Edmonston's—Regent cork sole shoes for men, $3.00.

John F. Ellis & Co.—Sweet-toned Stewart banjos, reasonable prices.

Grogan—Handsomely finished plush or haircloth parlor suite, $22.50.

H. Walker Tucker—80c. a pair for ladies' shoes.

Arthur B. Smith—Clean Shamokin coal, $5.75 a ton.

Geo. Spransy—Ulsters of unusually fine quality for $15.00.

Emrich Beef Co.—Lowest-priced Produce procurable.

Julius Lansburgh—Finely finished Furniture for Home Furnishing.

McAllister & Co.—Excellent eyeglasses and spectacles for $1.00.

TO-MORROW'S MENU.

BREAKFAST.

Cream toast. Baked apples.
Ginger snaps. Graham bread.
Coffee.

LUNCH.

Bread and butter. Canned berries.
Cookies. Milk.

DINNER.

Oyster soup.
Chickens. Cranberries.
Celery. Mashed potatoes. Squash.
Apple marmalade. Angel cake.
Oranges.
Nuts and homemade candies.

FADS AND FANCIES.

Shall Men Wear Colored Waistcoats?—A Frenchy Evening Toilet.

The masculine contingent of Parisian and Viennese society has grown restive under its restraints of costume and would fain rise to an equality with women in emulation of the array of the lilies of the field. The question of colored evening suits has again arisen, and an effort to introduce the use of scarlet and blue masculine vestments has created a degree of social agitation. If the attempt should finally succeed, it will be a puzzle to tell a gentleman from a liveried lackey at first glance, and this is probably the chief objection in the minds of many persons. Another drawback which women will be quick to perceive is the fact that their own brilliant toilets will be deprived of the advantageous contrast afforded by the conventional black and white of men's evening dress as it is worn at present.

Apropos of the subject of men's fashions it may interest women who have brothers and husbands to know that dark, dull red cravats and neckties are now the proper wear, the seal of approval having been placed upon them by the Prince of Wales. This gentleman, who some time ago was the cause of the custom among slim American young men of wearing the lower button of the vest unbuttoned, is now the author of another mannerism for which he would seem to have less excuse—that of turning back the glove of the right hand, showing the lining. Probably when Hamlet appeared at court with his stockings "ungartered and down gyved to his ankle" all the men of fashion in Denmark went about with their hose similarly disordered.

As far as women's evening apparel is concerned, possibilities this season are unlimited. No color is too bright, no combination too daring, to find fashionable favor. The thickest possible brocades and the thinnest possible grenadines and chiffons are worn, with an the grades between these extremes. A pretty gown in the 1830 style is shown in the cut. It is composed of four kinds of goods. The bell skirt is of striped moire, cobalt blue in

EVENING GOWN.

color, and brocaded with pink roses. A pointed tablier of plain blue faille falls over the front and is trimmed with a full flounce of pink mousseline de soie. The round waist of plain blue silk has a frill of pink velvet coming forward from under the arm on each side. The decollete corsage is square, and close epaulets of black embroidery cover the shoulders. The balloon sleeves are of blue silk.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Feminine Jurymen.

Two women sat on a jury in a justice court in Cripple Creek. Constable Hathaway, when he went out to get his panel, concluded that as the fair sex could now vote they could also act as jurors, and so brought in a bevy of women and a few men.

The case on trial was that of a landlady who was charged with stealing a ring valued at $12 from one of her boarders and sending it to her daughter at Des Moines. The two women, along with a number of men, found the defendant guilty, and assessed a fine of $1 and costs against the landlady, after an absence of five minutes from the jury box.—Denver Republican.

NEW YEAR'S.

[Translated from the French of Edward Cadol.] (Copyrighted, 1894, by Benedict Papot.)

The weather is bad, distressing and cold; the streets are dirty. What of it! Paris is all agog; it goes, it comes, it perambulates, and all its carriages are crowded. All Saints is past—the day of the dead: to-day is the day of the living.

Carriages and coaches throng the Elysee, the offices of the secretaries, ambassadors, and the great administrations. Through the windows of the cabs one can see golden epaulettes upon military uniforms studded with decorations, official dress suits, and magistrates' gowns. In other vehicles, private or public, families are crowded, large and small, looking their best—a white necktie for monsieur; velvet, lace, ribbons, flowers, and feathers for madame; the children dressed like performing monkeys, with nurses on the box-seats and a whole wagon load of toys between the legs of the coachman.

On the sidewalk is a crowd of people in their Sunday clothes, loaded down with dainty packages, and bags tied with multi-colored ribbon, surging, hastening, picking their way, jostling and jostled.

Indoors, parlor floors are waxed so that you could skate upon them. The covers have disappeared from the furniture, new wax candles fill the candlesticks, a fire brightly burns on the hearth, green plants adorn the dressers, and an odor of good thing to eat greets one as soon as he steps into the anteroom.

* * * * * *

Early in the morning a worthy fellow a little old man, already shaved and "spick and span" went down his six flights of stairs. With a little flat basket hanging from his arm, and his pipe in his mouth, he goes slowly through the neighborhood, watching the display of establ s, entering the shops and asking prices. When he comes back his pipe is out, but the basket is no longer flat.

"Ha, ha! It's easy to see that some one is going to have his boy to dinner to day," said the janitor.

The old fellow smiles and climbs up to his lodgings; two small rooms and a kitchen to match. Once there, he takes out, spreads, and gazes at the contents of his basket. A brill—think of it—with six splendid mushrooms!

"And that?"

"Hush!"

"A partridge!"

"Quite so—ready drawn, and larded."

"And what is that over there—that black thing—spoiled fruit?"

"No, indeed."

"Truffle, perhaps?"

"As you say."

Why not, since his boy is coming to dinner! And that is not all. Smell that quarter of a pound of butter; the real article; no margarine in that; and fresh! Smell it, I tell you! It s to go with those pink radishes, the earliest of the season if you please! And that, also—a head of salad, which will be followed by a square of Brie cheese (isn't it white and creamy). "And—guess: two bunches of grapes! What do you think of it?"

"You must be quite a rich old man?"

"Very, yes." His pension of non-commissioned officer and what he has be n able to put aside and to pay into an annuity insurance company after leaving the army; in all about a thousand francs.

"Per month?"

"Per year. But when one does not ask anything from anybody, what of it?"

And who is going to cook all that? He himself! He knows; an old soldier is never embarrassed. And then the worthy woman whose artless picture is hanging on the wall—his wife, the mother of his boy—was a splendid cook during her lifetime. He used to watch her, while smoking his pipe. He learned from her. You'll see if his boy does not lick his fingers.

The time comes; the old man starts to work. With what care! It must be good, and it must look good. He does his best, enjoying in advance the effect produced upon the beloved guest by these luxuries and this tempting food. The hours pass unnoticed by him. Twilight is coming; fortunately night comes early in the winter. He is not late; everything is going on well. What a tempting odor permeates the lodging!

The little old man is happy. His son will be surprised. It will be a treat for him. Still more so than one thinks; for, since the day before, a long-necked bottle has been placed upon the mantle-piece, to get lukewarm, to bring forth the full flavor of its aroma. It is claret! And besides, when the young man will take up his napkin! "What s that, father?" "Undo the paper; open the box!" "A watch? A gold watch? Ah! pa; I know it. It s mother s watch!"

And the worthy fellow sees his boy rising from the table, throwing his arms around his neck, kissing him, with a tear in his eye; for his boy is a brave fellow.

"After all, it is not worth while to be affected. The watch was there; it was no use to anybody. The watchmaker repaired it, and now it goes." That is what the little old man thinks, but he is moved nevertheless.

Bracing up, he begins to set the table. From the sideboard he takes old relics. A tablecloth, the only one which remains from the household which the good wife has left. Napkins are added; they belong to the same time, hemmed and marked by the absent one. There is the plated caster, which was given him on his birthday; other things of small value—souvenirs—which the lone man carefully puts down, looking at the picture that is watching him, and seeming to smile as if she whom it represents was awaiting her boy.

"Well! He may come now. It's ready."

He will not delay much longer; it is 6 o'clock. In the meantime the old man sits down, looks at the waiting table and thinks, remembers, sees again in his mind the New Year's of former days. The mother was seated opposite him; the youngster between them, perched on his high chair. Parents, dead also, and friends, scattered now, came to exchange greetings. They were happy; they were hopeful; they thought life would always go in the same way; and then—

"Why, it's 6:30. Can it be possible for the boy to be detained at the shop? And yet he was complaining the other day of the little work that there was. If he is late, the fine dinner will not be go good. Oh, he'll come; he never fails. Let's wait."

And while the hand pushes on over the dial of the old clock a painful suspicion takes root in the father's mind. If his son were not coming! Where is he? What detains him? The tick tack of the timepiece resounds like so many blows in the heavy heart of the old man. His breathing becomes shorter in his unspeakable agony. Suddenly a crash resounds in the mournful silence of the room, and seven times the gong strikes—7 o'clock.

Intently listening to every noise from outside, the poor man starts every time the street door is shut. He seeks to recognize the ascending step. "Is it he?" No, it stops on the fourth floor. He rebels against the despair which slowly overwhelms him. He wishes the clock were fast—he would wish to stop the flight of time—but it is a quarter past. The atrocious truth imposes itself, and, heart broken, the poor man thinks: "He is not coming!"

"What can he be doing? Is he at the cafe?—in bad company? Or—God!—if he were sick!" It s the last hope, cruel as it is; but the old man tortures his mind to find an excuse for his son. He wishes to go and find out. No! If he were to come and find his father is away

Everything becomes confused, and seems to crumble down; his bewilderment is complete. The poor man no longer struggles against his sorrows. Crushed, he yields to the bitterness of his abandonment, and the only thing that subsists in him is the regret of having lived so long—the desire to go away, to die. "What is he to do henceforth? Who thinks of him? Who loves him? No one any more. He is de trop!"

Without expectations, tired of the present, he has but one refuge: the past. He wishes to take down his wife's picture, to place it opposite him at the table, to try to eat. "Eat! When one's heart is so heavy there is no room for food. No, it's all over with him—it's all over!" And he keeps on repeating this, struggling against the sob which rises, contracts his throat, strangles him, is going to burst forth, when——

The key grates in the keyhole, the door flies open, showing a tall, lusty fellow, who shouts:

"Happy New Year, Pop! I am late! But I'll tell you"——

"Nothing, my son, my boy! You are here; I have you, that's enough! For now, you see, my whole life can be told in one word: You!"

The poor people cannot do what they please. Work was slack, and not wishing to come empty-handed, the boy had taken extra work. He had worked all night and all day, finishing only at 5 o'clock. Delivering his work, drawing his pay, buying the present—a meerschaum pipe—and dressing, were the causes of the delay.

But he is there. Never mind the rest. They are at the table, they have finished the soup. The father pours the wine from the long-necked bottle, and the son, raising his glass and looking at the picture, says:

"To mother!"

SOCIAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

New Year's Day will not be observed with any degree of general receptions in Washington society this season as each year the custom of the residents being at home to callers on that day has been more perceptibly marked in the omission rather than in the observance. There will be, of course, the usual number of official receptions to mark the day, as such is in great measure obligatory upon the families of those holding prominent offices under the government.

So generally is this state of affairs understood at the present that the formality of the men calling and leaving cards at the houses of their friends in the fashionable world is in the great majority of cases altogether omitted. At some of the West End residences to-morrow there will be hung on the door handles fancy baskets for the reception of the cards of those who are minded to go through the empty formality of a call in this manner. At many of the houses, however, even this observance of New Year's Day will not be apparent. But there will be no occasion for any man with either inclination or intention of paying New Year calls to be at a loss to gratify himself in this respect, as the number of official households in which there will be receptions is sufficiently large to gratify any and every one.

The one place at which the woman, if so minded, can take part in the calling is at the White House. It goes without saying that many of the fashionable women will make the New Year call upon the President and Mrs. Cleveland as this is quite in order for the day and the practice instead of being on the decline is decidedly on the increase. Mrs. Cleveland always asks a certain number of the matrons and debutantes to be present at the New Year reception and stand back on the line in the Blue Room. This year the number is quite a large one and during the earlier portion of the reception there will be quite a good attendance on the part of society generally.

Mrs. J. Thomas Swann has returned to the city, and is now at her residence on I street.

Miss Learned, of Albany, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. N. S. Lincoln.

Lieut. Julius Conrad, son of Col. J. Conrad, retired, is home from the West spending the holidays at the Bancroft

Lieut. Ladue and Miss Ladue, of Willett's Point, N. Y., are spending the holidays with Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Mackay-Smith.

Miss Hattie Weisel, daughter of Dr. Weisel, will shortly visit Mrs. Howe at the Barracks.

Mrs. Gannett has her son from Cornell spending the holidays with her in this city. On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Gannett gave a tea to the Cornell boys and their friends.

The Misses Myers have returned to Washington after an absence of several years in Europe, and are again established in their former residence on the corner of I and Seventeenth streets.

Lieut. and Mrs. Dunlap will give a dinner at the Navy Yard on Wednesday.

The marriage of Miss Sophie Langworthy Heaven to Mr. George N. Morang, of Toronto, Canada, will take place early in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson A. Winner will return this evening from their wedding trip. They will be at home to their friends tomorrow afternoon at No. 1801 New Jersey avenue northwest.

IN ROSE GOWN.

Doucet of Paris has capped the climax of exquisite creations in feminine toilets in a gown that arrived the other day on La Bretagne for Miss De Wolf to wear, in the drawing-room scene of "The Masqueraders."

The rose is the text, so to speak, of the dress. The full flaring skirt in sweeping length is of pale yellow shimmering satin, embroidered to the knee with a trellis of roses in lovely pink and blush rose tints. This embroidery is done by hand in relief, the rose petals being actual leaves of silk wrought upon the satin in such wise as to make them stand out quite as real roses would clambering upon a lattice. Above the trellis the skirt is spangled to the waist with minute gold paillettes.

The bodice represents a cluster of pink roses tied with a sash. There is a foundation body of yellow silk and chiffon, and across the front are set three full blown, long-stemmed roses, the stems of which are thrust under a girdle of pale leaf-green velvet, which forms all the lower portion of the bodice; this is slightly wrinkled instead of being perfectly smooth; the stems fall below the girdle upon the skirt, carrying out the quaint conceit that the bodice is a bouquet. One large rose is also set on each short puff sleeve.

A new Worth dress that Miss De Wolf wears in the first act at the hunt ball is also a novelty. The skirt is of palest silvery gray satin, opening at the left side to the waist over a petticoat panel of pale green velvet embroidered all over in festoons of silver; the satin is bordered where it falls apart over the green with a leaf pattern into which the satin is actually shaped, each leaf richly embroidered by hand in silver. Bodice very low back and front of white chiffon, above a deep ceinture of darkest green satin; shoulder knots of the same above short puffed sleeves of lighter green velvet, strapped with silver.

DIXAN STURGIS.

Cream of Rice, With Angelica.

Pick and wash four ounces of rice and cook it till tender, with a pint and a half of milk, into which has been added half a split vanilla bean; pour it at once into a basin. Put into another vessel six egg yolks, stir in six ounces of powdered sugar, and dilute with half a pint of boiling milk; pour this into a saucepan to thicken over the fire, and add two ounces of gelatine, softened in cold water, and as soon as the gelatine is dissolved strain the whole over the rice and mix well. Incorporate four ounces of angelica, cut in small three-sixteenths of an inch dice, and steeped in maraschino. Set the preparation on ice to get thoroughly cold, and as soon as it begins to thicken stir in as much whipped cream; pour the whole into a plain cylindrical mould, and keep on ice for two hours. Unmould on a cold dish and garnish around with lady fingers.

Chocolate Cake.

One-half cup butter, creamed, one cup sugar, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; one-half cup sweet milk, two cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Boil together not quite one-quarter cake chocolate grated, one-half cup milk, yolk of one egg, one cup sugar and one teaspoonful vanilla. When cool add to the above mixture. Bake in jelly tins and put boiled icing between the layers.

When She Wears a New Dress.

A woman with a new dress that is becoming isn't satisfied until the man she likes best and the woman she likes least have seen it.—Atchinson Globe.

They're Usually Misfits.

The great trouble in life seems to be that we can't keep our ambitions pinned down to our salaries.—Atchison Globe.

CORRECT COSTUMES FOR COLD WEATHER

Madame Mode Makes Stunning Costumes from Warm Goods.

CHINCHILLA QUITE POPULAR

Chamois Lining Is One of the Tailors' Winter Tricks.

Materials Range from English Blanket Serges, Diagonals, and Smooth-faced Goods to Brown and Mouse-colored Corduroy and Boucle Cloth—The Model for Street Skirts Has Front and Side Gores.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—She was walking down Fifty-seventh street, like Hamlet in his flowering hour, the observed of all observers.

Slim as a young reed, in her tight fitting severely plain tailor gown, she yet seemed the very mold of correct form; and as she tripped by beautifully unconscious of her admiring audience, and sweetening the

FOR STINGING WEATHER.

wintry air with a huge breast knot of violets, an eager young woman in her wake took in the glass of fashion.

Her costume was of heavy chinchilla wool, marked like a bird's egg, with distant black and white speckles. The smartly flared skirt was cut just long enough to be becoming to her little walking-booted feet, and was just short enough to escape the ground all round.

The jacket, a sort of young Newmarket, came down half way between the waist and knees; and to flatten them on the shoulder after the present approved pattern, the tops of the big gigot sleeves were laid each in a heavy triple box plait.

From one hand dangled a muff of black lynx, as large as a modest beer keg. The other slender, white kidded member caressed at moments a large black beast that served as a throat muffler, or again tilted the skirt to show a rich white silk lining, and which, by the way, is a late fad in skirtdom.

A turban of black lynx, that came well down on the forehead and hid the tops of the ears, formed the head covering. It was trimmed only with stiff paint-brush aigrette that stood straight up in front.

Altogether, the dainty winter's morning vision had reached a point of modish excellence that even the most iron-clad superiority might envy; but the question that distracted the woman behind her was not "How does she do it all?" but "Is she cold?" And herein, considering the freezing moment, lies material for serious discourse

FOR REAL PROTECTION.

One of the winter tricks to make the always popular tailor gown comfortable on bitter days, is to interline the jacket throughout with chamois.

Again, where this cosy protection is only desired on occasions, an entire snugly fitting jacket of chamois will be worn under the outside one. Sometimes, over the coat, a short full fur cape will be pressed into service; but the very up-to-date tailor girl prefers the leather interlining, with a muff and tippet by way of additional wrappings. In this way, the very fiercest winds can be braved and the unity of the tailor gown preserved. In lieu

OF ROUGH CLOTH.

of flapping petticoats, cloth leggins and chamois lined riding breeches are sometimes worn under the flared outside skirt.

It is too late, of course, to expect anything new in the way of winter dress materials, but to many the stuffs that distinguish some of the stunning gowns that now dot the streets will be entirely unfamiliar. The English blanket serges, diagonals, and smooth faced cloths long known are still used. Other and more elegant textures for plain gowns are brown and mouse colored corduroy boucle cloth, which is covered with curly rings of hair, and crepons grained and figured.

The rougher the crepon the more distinguished it is considered, but along with other coarse surfaced and hairy wools will be seen sometimes an effective gown in shining black mohair serge.

The tailor-made costume may or may not be trimmed. Braids put on in stiff military fashion can be called into stylish account, and for bedecking as well as useful purposes, great button of tortoise shell, enamel, or hand-painted metal can be used. Again, on a gown of perhaps green boucle cloth perhaps little animal heads may take the place of buttons for the jacket, and over these will be looped frogs of heavy silk or Persian sewed round to simulate cord.

SEVERELY PLAIN.

The most fetching street costume of the moment, however, has only a gay lining by way of ornamentation.

For example, a plain French walking suit of black crepon as rough as sand paper will reflect an entire petunia or magenta under surface.

A captivating English model, a shortish box coat and flared skirt of liquor brown corduroy, has a lining of bright orange silk; a delicate mouse-colored cloth is made over white, or if more wear is desired than this fashionable but easily damaged foundation will afford, the lining may be of corn-flower blue.

The irritated eyes—the wearer of the dar-

LINED WITH WHITE.

ling rig may seem a somber creature. But that proper black, brown, or blue gown has chameleon possibilities. A moment before a demure deer, or inky crow maybe, let there come a gust of wind to rattle frock tails and jacket ends, and lo! the tailor girl is transformed into a paradise bird of the very highest order.

A good model for these street skirts is the one that has a front and two side gores and from three to seven godet plaits at the back. These open and shut with movement like a fan, and from hem to belt the entire skirt is stiffened with haircloth. Nowhere should it touch the ground, and if so desired a wire braid under the inside foot facing will increase the stand-off effect at the bottom.

But instead of any of the brilliant flower silks—after all mere trans to catch the unwary dollar—the girl of brains and a slim purse chooses instead a solid black gros-grain or neat, easily cleaned alpaca as a lining for her street skirt.

EDITH HARPER.

GALES IN THE LEAD.

Thirty-five Thousand Votes to Her Credit in the Great Contest.

A mistake of the types yesterday made Gales appear 25,036, instead of 35,036. The score is now correct and no more friends of Gales need feel it necessary to come to THE TIMES' office in behalf of their favorite school, unless it is to bring more votes.

Interest in the outcome of the contest is at boiling point, notwithstanding the weather is at freezing point. Which building will be the recipient of the splendid Chickering on exhibition at Ellis & Co.? That question will be answered before another week is out.

Gales	35,036
Brent	29,591
Jones	23,856
Blake	21,162
Patterson	8,232
Peabody	3,011
Franklin	1,896
Taylor	1,584
Corcoran	1,358
Madison	1,041
Maury	943
Pierce	950
Langdon	723
Harrison	459
Henry	482
Business High School	314
Twining	209
Jefferson	188
Central High School	158
Eastern High School	133
Adams	120
Dennison	73
Randall	61
Seaton	28
Arthur	28
Blair	19
Smallwood	17
McCormick	16
Webster	10
Logan	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 .....

"FOR MONTHS PAST."

STRANGE STORY TOLD

By a Virginian Judge.

"For months past," said Judge James Henry Lane, of Arlington, Va., "I have been a great sufferer from aggravated constipation and partial paralysis of the bowels and nervous debility. My nervous system was an entire wreck, as a result of past follies and excesses. I could not sleep, I had no appetite, my memory was failing, and life to me was an almost complete failure. So many doctors had treated me and had failed to help me that I had about lost all hope. As a last resort, and with hardly any faith, I tried Dr. Walker. He has cured me sound and well, and I can never can say enough in his praise. I have been a justice of the peace for Alexandria county, Va., for the past three years, and reside in Arlington, Alexandria county, Va.

(Signed) J. H. LANE, J. P.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of November, 1894.

(Seal.) M. A. BALLENGER.
Notary Public.

Those who are competent to speak from experience or observation agree that Dr. Walker has acquired a wonderful mastery 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, loss of vitality, sexual weakness, and all affections of the lung, throat, heart, liver, stomach, kidneys, bladder, bowels, and other organs.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from the effects of their own follies, vices, or excesses, or men contemplating marriage who are conscious of any impediment or disqualification, or those who feel their youthful vigor and power declining should consult Dr. Walker, who has been the means of restoring hundreds of such unfortunates to health, strength, and happiness.

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.

MOSES'.

Monday, Dec. 31, 1894.

—We'd like to sell you one or more ROCKERS if you need them. We feel eminently well qualified to suit you, for there never was a more wisely selected stock of better values than ours.

These are strong values:

Imitation Mahogany Rocker with cozzie woven cane seats, for..... 79c

Same Rocker as the one just described, with arms..... $1.47

Solid Oak Rockers, with nicely upholstered seats, covered in tapestry, strong and pretty, others $3.75 grade, to $2.75

ARM ROCKERS TO MATCH.

Beautiful Finished Rockers, in oak, natural birch or imitation mahogany, with embossed—like the one illustrated above—leather "cobbler" seats, others $5.75 grade, for.. $3.95

Large Reed Rockers, with full roll back and arms—big, strong, comfortable, handsome. Best $7 Rockers. While they last..... $4.90

W. B. MOSES AND SONS,
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Listen To Us

And you'll never have any trouble keeping the house furnished with all the necessaries—the luxuries—and the comforts. Our

Equitable Credit System

Is the buyer's agents. Negotiates any purchase of FURNITURE—CARPETS—Draperies—Stoves, etc., on a cash basis with credit accommodation. In other words you are given your own time in which to pay. Make it weekly or monthly. Make the amounts large or small. Fix these matters to suit yourself—and you'll suit us. But do what you promise to—that is all we ask of you.

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

THE PRESENTS SHE GOT.

They Drove Out of Her All Respect She Ever Had for the Masculine Mind.

"My dear," sighed the tall girl in the wine-colored gown, dropping wearily into a chair near the window, "any respect I may have had for the masculine mind in the past is gone."

"What is the matter with the masculine mind?" demanded the short girl in blue, buttering a roll and beginning her luncheon in a business-like fashion.

"If you had spent the entire forenoon in trying to exchange the gifts bestowed upon you by hapless men, you'd know," was the gloomy answer. "There was Fred White. I have quoted Lizette Reese to him and we've re-read her poems together from my volume. The lunatic sends me another volume for Christmas, with the statement that he remembers how I like her poems. But he doesn't recall the fact that I have them. Then George Grey, for whom I have made tea every Tuesday afternoon, sent me a brass tea kettle! And some substantially got hold of poor Alonzo Brown and persuaded him that the desire of my soul was for a manicure set, and the misguided youth sent me that! What he imagines I've been cleaning my nails with all these years I don't know. Do you wonder that I have no respect for the masculine mind any more?"

"No, I don't," said the girl in blue.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH FORM.

A New Convention to Be Introduced from France by Ultra-fashionables.

It is reported that ultra-fashionable persons in New York are now trying to enforce the French conventionalities regulating the meeting of boys and girls before their formal introduction into society. They do not approve mixed dancing classes for youths of both sexes. The boys must dance by themselves and the girls in separate classes. It is not good form, they say, the old American notion of putting boys and girls on a footing of natural equality and frank, unconscious comradeship.

On the other hand, most sensible Americans will say, we think that this is the best possible "form," and that to abandon it would be to exchange one of the most wholesome characteristics of American social life and training for an artificial French way of regarding the relations of the sexes during the youthful years.—Buffalo Commercial.

Baffled, but Not Discouraged.

A Chanute woman who put an ad. in the paper asking for "two young men boarders without any bad habits" has now applied for a yearly rate.—Topeka State Journal.

Three 5 lb. Boxes Creamery Butter at $1.60 Tickles the palate of the most particular people. James P. Dwyer 930 Pennsylvania avenue.