LANSBURGH & BRO.

EVERY REQUISITE

To complete your Toilet for New Year's Day is here awaiting your selection. Whether it be--

NECKWEAR, HOSIERY, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Jewelry, Toilet Articles,

MEN'S FULL DRESS SHIRTS, BOWS, ETC. NEW STYLES IN COLLARS AND CUFFS. The Studs, Link Buttons, The Conventional Gloves,

and everything else needable.

We are open until 12 o'clock to-day. Should you have forgotten something we will be glad to serve you.

Lansburgh & Bro.

420, 422 424, 426 7th St.

COAL Pure and clean. ARTHUR B. SMITH, 4th and I sts. no; Mass. ave. and F st. ne., and 9th and K sts. nw. 'Phone 1077.—ja1-1m

You Can't Buy Or Bake Bread

At home that equals our famous "QUAKER BREAD." It's the whitest, lightest, most wholesome, most delicious made. It costs no more than poor bread—4C TO F—why not get the best? Every loaf is marked red—white—and blue in color. We'll serve you promptly if your grocer doesn't handle it. Drop us a postal or telephone.

CHAS. SCHNEIDER, 413 I St. N. W.

Begin the Year Well

By getting COAL from Riley. We've turned over a new leaf in coal prices. Best quality fuel—without dirt or slate—at snapped off prices like these: Pea Coal $4.25; Chestnut $5.00 the ton. Wood—$4 for Pine, $5 for Oak. Full weight and quick service every time.

RILEY'S

WHARVES, FOOT 11TH & 12TH STS. S. W. TELEPHONE 1264.

UNDERTAKERS.

NICHOLS & CO., Undertakers and Embalmers. Penn. ave., and 3d st. sw; 'Phone 701-3. Capitol Hill. Prompt attention; reasonable terms. de1-1mo

MARRIED.

GRANGER—DAYTON—In Baltimore, Md., August 29, 1894, by Rev. Frank H. Lewis, Mr. WILLIAM R. GRANGER, of West Swanzey, N. H., and Miss M. VIOLA DAYTON, of this city.

DIED.

RAYSSELL—Suddenly, on Monday, December 31, 1894, at 12:30 a. m., LOUISA, relict of Augusta Rayssel, aged sixty-one years and two months.

Funeral private, from the late residence, No. 2558 Birch wood avenue northwest, on Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2:30 p. m. Interment in Glenwood cemetery.

BECKETT—On December 31, 1894, at 8:30 a. m., at his residence, 1104 Twenty-first street northwest, WILLIAM H. BECKETT.

Notice of funeral to-morrow.

DONALDSON—On the morning of December 31, 1894, at 7:30 o'clock, WILLIAMSON DONALDSON, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Funeral from the residence of his son, J. T. Donaldson, No. 1116 Twenty-fourth street northwest, on Wednesday, January 2, at 2:30 p. m. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend.

DULEY—At his home, Croome station, Md., at about 10 p. m. Saturday, December 29, 1894, CHARLES H. DULEY, aged twenty-two years and six months.

Funeral from house at 10 a. m. to-day (Tuesday), January 1. Burial at Croome.

HILGARD—At the Bancroft, Sunday, December 30, 1894, at 2:30 a. m., of pertussis, Mrs. CATHARINE HILGARD, widow of Prof. Julius E. Hilgard, late United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

MANN—On December 30, 1894, at 8:30 p. m., MARY BILL, youngest daughter of Richard C. and Ida M. Mann, and granddaughter of George Hill, jr., aged ten years five months and nine days.

Funeral from chapel at Oak Hill Cemetery today (Tuesday), January 1, at 2 p. m. Friends of the family are invited to attend.

TOMKINS—Departed this life December 29, 1894, at her daughter's residence, No. 1313 First street southeast, at 6:30 o'clock p. m., LOUISA TOMKINS.

Funeral from Rehoboth Baptist Church, First street southwest, to-day (Tuesday), January 1, at 1 o'clock p. m.

WALLACE—On Sunday, December 30, 1894, at 11:15 a. m., JOHN, beloved son of Sophia and Moses Wallace, aged eighteen years and ten months, at his parents' residence, 2127 Virginia avenue northwest.

Funeral will take place from Liberty Baptist Church to-day (Tuesday), January 1, at 2 o'clock. Relatives and friends invited.

Medical Women in Bosnia.

In connection with the hygienic congress recently held at Budapesth, it is reported that a document was issued on behalf of the government of Bosnia and that of Herzegovina in which it is stated that there is reason to hope for an important improvement in the sanitary condition and health of the female population of Mahommedan countries through an increase in the number of lady doctors. Mohammedan women have, on religious grounds, an invincible antipathy to treatment by men. The sad consequence of this repugnance is that they are almost exclusively attended by ignorant and superstitious nurses. Under such circumstances it is easy to conceive what a high death rate prevails. The Bosnian administration is endeavoring to lessen this evil by the introduction of lady doctors.

Turkey a Good Digestant.

The time required by the stomach to digest turkey is two hours and thirty minutes. Chickens require four hours, and ducks four hours and a half.

THE SHOPPERS' GUIDE

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

Lansburgh & Bro.—The latest styles in men's fine furnishings at lowest prices.

George Spransy—Blue or black cheviot coat and vest for $10.50.

Grogan's—Elegant Brussels carpet, 50 cents per yard.

W. B. Moses & Sons—The most recent productions in rugs, rich and attractive colorings.

Parker, Bridget & Co.—Full dress suits as low priced as $20.

Julius Lansburgh—Solid oak bedroom table, 59 cents.

Emrich Beef Company—21 cents a dozen for fresh eggs. Other table supplies at correspondingly low prices.

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

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

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

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

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

M. Kaufman—Serviceable storm overcoats, $7.50.

Garner's—Stylish all wool suits for men $6.00 and $7.50.

Sass & Co.—Special values in suits and overcoats at $7.00.

TO-MORROW'S MENU.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Hominy with sugar and cream.
Broiled beefsteak. Mashed brown potatoes.
Buckwheat cakes. Honey. Coffee.

LUNCH.

Creamed oysters.
Cold meat. Baked potatoes. Onion salad.
Baked apples. Tea.

DINNER.

Tomato soup.
Roast pork. Apple sauce.
Mashed potatoes. Turnips. Peas.
Lettuce salad.
Waters. Charlotte russe. Cheese.
Coffee.

Creamed Oysters

A chafing-dish recipe for cooking creamed oysters is slightly different from the usual way. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a very hot chafing-dish. Quickly add some oyster juice, and a cupful of celery chopped very fine. Then stir in a gill of cream and a teaspoonful of paprika. When all this is coming to a boil the oysters are turned in and cooked for not more than four or five minutes. Just before serving stir a glass of sherry into the sauce, though this may be omitted if preferred. Quickness is the necessity of the dish. Not more than six minutes in all should elapse between start and finish.

COLORS AND COMBINATIONS.

Tints Trying to the Eye and Complexion Placed in Proximity.

The immediate colors of fashion are blue and green. Every color is in vogue at present, of course, but these two are considered "the thing" at present. Costumes composed of several shades of blue or several shades of green are worn, and occasionally the two colors are combined. For walking costumes a smoke blue shade of goods is popular, and it is often heavily braided with black. Braiding is seen on both gowns and wraps, and is a serviceable as well as a rich sort of trimming. A serge or cheviot dress of good quality decorated with fine worsted braid will stand any amount of wear and exposure, and with conscientious brushing now and then will look well for the entire season.

The new combination of brilliant pink and russet is not at all satisfactory to the eye, but being fashionable a certain number of persons will wear it. Green and brown, which are always worn in juxtaposition, are pleasing when put together, especially in the moss and dead leaf shades. Black is combined with vivid tones as much as ever, and enhances their effect, while rendering them more becoming than they would be alone. A few chiffon evening waists are seen in solid tones of cherry and blue, unbroken by touches of any other color, but they are extremely trying and less attractive than those where the bright tints are not used in all their unmitigated strength.

Dahlias are the fashionable flower just now, consequently all the dahlia shades are also

RECEPTION GOWN.

fashionable. The illustration shows a rich reception gown of dahlia peau de sole. Fine soutache embroidery extends upward in a point on either side of the otherwise plain bell skirt. The figaro, like the skirt, is of peau de sole, while the corselet, which has a basque, is of "tige d'veillet." The round points of the figaro are widely separated and show a full chemisettee of cream mousseline de sole. The corselet also is slightly parted in front. The balloon elbow sleeves are of peau de sole and have an epaulet of the same goods set in points. The high collar of peau de sole has a mous cline de sole frill.

Origin of Oxtail Soup.

During the Reign of Terror in Paris in 1793 many of the nobility were reduced to starvation and beggary. The abattoirs sent their hides fresh to the tanneries without removing the tails; and in cleaning them the tails were thrown away. One of these noble beggars asked for a tail, and it was willingly given to him. He took it to his lodgings and made (what is now famous) the first dish of oxtail soup. He told others of his good luck, and they annoyed the tanners so much that a price was put upon them.

Hour For Hour.

But for the crowded streets, the well-lighted stores filled with busy buyers, the tooting of a tin horn now and then, or the protruding head of a turkey from a poorly wrapped package, one would have little supposed that it was Christmas eve; for the 24th day of December in '84 lacked a single sign that would enable one to picture the ideal Christmas of a snow-covered ground without and a turkey feast within. It was a green Christmas; an incessant rain made walking disagreeable, and to an observer it seemed that the thousands of bundle-carriers preferred to shield their precious packages from the rain rather than protect themselves. Each hurrying individual carried a package of happiness for dear ones at home, with his mind and thoughts at his own fireside far in advance of his arrival.

No exception to the above was James Farron, who, on quitting his business for the day, set about making purchases for the family reunion on Christmas night. Having completed his purchases, there was still a task before him; he would go to the telegraph office and send a message of Christmas greeting to his eldest son, who was spending the winter in California for his health. This son would be the only one missing from the family circle this Christmas night. Meeting an acquaintance also about to send a telegram, they entered the office together, and after their messages were delivered his acquaintance addressed the operator with the remark: "Your office seems deserted to-night; what's the matter?"

"Oh, all gone to hang up their stockings 'cept Shorty and me," replied the operator, at the same time adding, "and he wouldn't be here if he had a home to go to."

"Whom do you call Shorty?" asked James Farron.

"Why, the little messenger asleep over on the bench," replied the operator.

Heads were turned at once toward the little lad in blue, who at the first mention of his name righted himself on his seat.

"Do you know," remarked James Farron, "I have peculiar ideas about some things—I believe a man's sorrows and pleasures are about equally divided in this world and that it is a duty we owe our fellow-men to secure for him when possible an hour of happiness rather than one which would be, in the ordinary sequence, an hour of anxiety, care, or trial, and practicing what I preach," he continued, "I am going to start in on Shorty, as you call him."

Going up to the lad he asked him where he expected to eat his Christmas dinner and where he would hang up his stocking. A tear trickled down the boy's cheek as he answered:

"Mister, maybe Jimmie, what's on with me nights, will bring me up to his house, and if he don't—"

Here the little fellow covered his eyes with the shreds of an old handkerchief, and between sobs tried to explain how happy his Christmas was a year back with his mother and how he was now alone and neglected. Had words been at his command he would have told Mr. Farron that the flame of his boyish hopes went out with the death of his dearest treasure, his mother.

It was evident the men were deeply affected by the little lad's tale, for immediately James Farron bade the boy look up, remarking: "There is a brighter day in store for you, my boy; so cheer up and tell me what will make your Christmas a happy one. What would you have Santa Claus bring you?"

Here the boy's eyes brightened, and with a look clearly doubting the existence of such an individual as Santa Claus he replied:

"Turkey and a rain-coat."

With that James Farron placed a new crisp $10 bill in the boy's hand, adding, "Now you will have both," and turning to his acquaintance he remarked: "I've yet to see the day when I gave an hour of pleasure to another that I did not receive one in return."

Tightening their coats about them, and after wishing Shorty and the operator a merry Christmas, they left the office for their happy homes.

Shorty's cup of happiness was filled to overflowing; he could not get out soon enough to purchase the rain-coat, and in less than twenty minutes he was back in the office with a rubber coat that reached to his heels. The temperature of the office was in the 80's, nevertheless he persisted in wearing the coat throughout the night, and even when the first light of day dimmed the gas jets in the office the coat was still doing service for Shorty in his nap upon the bench.

Christmas day was a bright one for Shorty and on entering the office for the night's work, his only regret was that it had cleared up, and for the present his coat must hang from the nail on the wall. Glutted with turkey, dressing, and cranberries, he sat upon the bench, hands in his pockets and feet outstretched. The look upon his face revealed a picture of contentment; it was evident he was satisfied with the world. Presently the click of the "receiver" caught his ear, and, anticipating a trip, he stepped to the operator's table, where he was informed there was "a run" for him. Reading the message before the operator sealed it, he observed it was a notification to James Farron that his son had died that night in Los Angeles, and he immediately exclaimed:

"Why, that's the man that bought me the raincoat."

Receiving the message, he started on its delivery and was soon at his destination. He found the home of James Farron a blaze of lights from cellar to garret, and ascending the steps he peered in through the half-drawn curtain. The family reunion was at its height; even the babe in the high chair, blessed and securely fastened, beat time with a turkey leg on the arm of his chair to the romps of the older ones around the Christmas tree. With his hand upon the bell Shorty hesitated, and after pondering a moment, withdrew it with the remark:

"That kind man made Christmas happy for me, now I'll do it for him and deliver my message in the morning."

Noiselessly stepping down the steps he was back at the office, but never for a moment did he mention the fact of the non-delivery of the message.

The next morning after quitting work he headed for James Farron's house, and found him in front of his residence about to start for his office. Shorty handed him the message; he opened and read it.

The blow to James Farron was a terrible one, and for a moment he stood bewildered. When reading it a second time he observed it was a day late in its delivery. Angry over its delay, he informed the boy he would cause trouble to the one responsible for it. The boy then spoke up.

"Mr. Farron," said he, "you made my Christmas happy and I heard you say as how you never gave an hour of happiness to any one that you did not get it back. I came to your house with the message last night, and peeping in, I found you all happy as I used to be, and knowing that the message would do just as well in the morning, I says to myself 'that kind man will enjoy his Christmas, too, and he won't know his troubles to-night.' So when I kept that message from you on Christmas night I was doing what you said about being paid back."

At this James Farron receipted for the telegram, and, clasping the boy by the hand, answered:

"My boy, you did indeed give a fitting illustration of its truth, and in withholding the worst from me last night you paid me back—'hour for hour.'"

Dresses for Dancers.

Dancers avow that the winter's style in ball gowns have never been so rational and comfortable. The plain, voluminous skirts are not in the least burdensome. They are held well away from the figure and feet by the sparp goring, first, and after by the free stiffening, which almost without weight, serves a most useful office. The bodices are simple and not rigidly stiffened, and the balloon puffs which form the sleeves cumber space, perhaps, but not the wearer. There are almost no flounces worn, and catching laces and ribbons are no longer the terror of the awkward dancer.

A HOPELESS AND INCURABLE CASE

J. B. GATTON.

"For the past three years I have been a great sufferer from nervous debility. My entire nervous system was unstrung; I felt blue, miserable, wretched, and misanthropic most of the time, and was disgusted with life. My memory was rapidly failing, and I felt constantly tired and languid; I would frequently wake up in the morning more fatigued than when I went to bed. I tried doctors and patent medicines over and over again, but all failed to give me relief. I had about reached the conclusion that mine was a hopeless and incurable case, when I was induced by a friend to make one more trial, and I placed myself under the care of Dr. Walker. His treatment worked like magic. My troubles ceased, my nerves became steady, my brain clear, and life once more looked bright to me. I have talked with dozens of Dr. Walker's patients, and all are loud in their praise. I have been employed for the past year at the St. Elizabeth Insane Asylum, at Anacostia, and reside with my family at Congress Heights.

(Signed) "J. B. GATTON."

Sworn to before me this 21st day of November, A. D. 1894.

[SEAL.] HENRY STEWART, Jr., Notary Pubile.

Such is the invariable outcome, for Dr. Walker's treatment never fails to cure all disorders of the brain and nervous system, diseases of the skin and blood, catarrh, asthma, consumption, malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, hemorrhoids, diseases of women, sexual weakness, and all chronic or deep-seated troubles of whatever nature.

Men whose loss of strength and vitality may be attributed to mental worry, overwork, sexual excesses, or the follies of youth are restored to healthy, vigorous manhood by Dr. Walker's treatment.

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.

ROSE WHIST PARTY.

Flowers Used in a Novel and Pretty Idea for a Social Evening.

Any novel idea which will help to solve that difficult question of how to entertain a number of guests is always a welcome suggestion, and one very pretty form of entertainment is a rose whist party.

To begin with, the invitations are sent out on pale pink paper, and announce that rose whist is to be the order of the evening. The game played is that familiar one of progressive whist, with the exception that each player keeps account for herself of all the red cards which are taken, and nothing else is counted. When the time is up the fortunate player who holds the most red cards takes the first prize, while the one who has the least gets the "booby."

The prizes should all be something pertaining to the rose. Numerous articles can be thought of, such as rose bowls, rose candlesticks, rose sachets, bottles of rose perfume, bonbonieres, with candied rose leaves, etc. Upon each table are placed four full-grown La France or Mermet roses, with long stems and green leaves, as well as a dainty dish filled with pink and white bonbons. Each player also has a tally card of pink paper and a pink pencil attached for keeping the score.

The ices served are pink and white, and the supper-table should be gracefully draped with pink ribbons, with rose petals strewn about on the cover. In fact, roses in profusion should be everywhere, and the lights should be softly shaded in pink.

This can be made a pretty form of amusement, and one's own ingenuity could suggest many more features to make it a great success. It would be an added attraction if the hostess were dressed in a rose pink gown.

ARE HOOP SKIRTS COMING.

Truly fashion is exacting a heavy tribute from her votaries this season. From every direction comes the same complaint: "The weight of the new skirts with their horsehair and silk linings is beyond all reason;" and yet the victims submit! And herein is seen the diplomacy of the French modistes. Having failed a year ago to carry their point by storm—i. e., the introduction of crinoline—they are now endeavoring to render it impossible for fashionable women to carry the weight of the new skirts without some support and one or two of the most advanced are already commencing to "bone" their skirts.

"It is so much lighter than hair cloth," they say, crastily; and so it is. If women are going to be idiotic enough to wear skirts measuring six yards around and heavily lined they would better by all means adopt some kind of support. But why, in the name of common sense, cannot they be persuaded to adhere to the short, straight, slightly flaring skirt that is at once so becoming and so comfortable, leaving all the eccentricities of fashion to develop in the bodice, which one would think would afford abundant scope for the wildest fancy?

It is to be hoped that women will take a stand against these abnormally wide and weighty skirts, and by refusing to wear them prevent the introduction of crinoline and the consequent triumph of the French dressmaker over the American woman. The most encouraging symptom of the rebellion against crinoline is the growing knowledge of beauty among women. They are becoming perfectly well aware what shapes and outlines add to their charms, and they are disinclined to be made hideous at a dressmaker's will.—New York Tribune.

A Fault in Piano Playing.

A well-known piano teacher says that one of the most common faults in piano playing is the practice of playing the hands out of time with each other. Nine players out of ten permit the left hand to lead the right, when the two should strike the keys simultaneously. Of course there are rare cases where this dilatoriness of the right hand may be legitimate, but it should be remembered that in general it is reprehensible and should be carefully avoided. If the composer indicates the simultaneous performance of the notes belonging to the two hands let not the slightest discrepancy be manifested. To play the two hands out of time with each other is to be not only inaccurate, but to appear affected. Shallow players resort to such devices to cover up the lack of ability to play with expression. It takes the place of shading and phrasing with the superficial.—New Yor Sun.

Favorite Colors.

At the opera white and rose pink are seen to be the favorite colors, just as they were last year. There are also many other delicate tints that are of uncertain hue under the electric lights, and many of these appear white, though tinged with color. Indeed, white is in such favor that it is worn by women no longer young, and is seen on a handsome matron as on the debutante daughter beside her.

Austrian Coffee.

Austrian coffee is a novelty served oftener at evening receptions than at forenoon teas, though it aspires to a place on milady's tea table. A pitcher of strong, cold, coffee, creamed and sweetened, is provided to be poured for serving into small glasses. Just before it is handed round a tablespoonful of rich ice cream is carefully placed in each glass. This with New Year's cakes makes a very satisfying refreshment.

Marriage Licenses.

Licenses to marry were issued yesterday to the following: Leonard Grekter and Florence Baber, both of Staunton, Va. Charles James and Esther Terrell, both of Prince William county, Va. George Couth and Electra G. Clayton, both of Richmond, Va. Elliotte Weidiman, of Columbia, S. C., and Edith Jackson, of Bennings, D. C. Joseph C. Chilton, of Warrenton, Va., and Ellen D. Lounge, of Richmond, Va. Samuel L. Lane and Josephine Brockman. W. D. Smith and Annie Simms.

If You Keep House

You're looking out for every saving you can make. Watch our daily announcements. The qualities we'll put on meats and Groceries will allow you to cut down household expenses considerably and yet live as well as ever. To-day's—

FRESH EGGS, PER DOZ. N. ..... 21 CTS.
2 CANS STANDARD TOMATOES ..... 15 CTS.
2 CANS SHRIVER'S CORN ..... 15 CTS.
BEST BREAD THAT IS BAKED—LOAF ..... 3 CTS.
SALT WATER OYSTERS—GALLON ..... 85 CTS.
ROUND STEAK—3 POUNDS ..... 25 CTS.
BEST BEEF LIVER—POUND ..... 5 CTS.

EMRICH BEEF CO.,

MAIN MARKET—1306-1312 32d St.

BRANCH MARKETS:

1718 14th St. N. W. 4th and I Sts. N. W. 20 and Ind. Ave. N. W. 29th St. Pa. Ave. N.W.
2026 14th St. N. W. 8th and M Sts. N. W. 5th and I Sts. N. W. 14th St. & N.Y. Ave. N.W.
2138 Penn. Ave. N. W. 3037 M St. N. W.

SCHOOLS OF HOUSEWIFERY.

Reviving Primitive Sciences for the True Advancement of Women.

Neglecting the lower for the higher education is now apt to be the fault in training girls, contend magazine contributors. And the public joins in fearing that the present system will result in disaster. Why can't a woman learn to make bread as well as Greek plays, and control a house as well as she does a bicycle. A race of physical and mental athletes of the softer sex may be the outcome, but what of the hand that rocks the cradle and thereby rules the world?

Still, if the mothers are allowing their daughters to go into life and matrimony unversed in the laws of the household, they are seeing to it that children of other classes are learning the most primitive and useful of sciences.

The big schools that are in progress this winter for the teaching of good housewifery are a credit to the country. Mrs. D. Willis James, the elder Mrs. Astor, Miss Stevens, the Laring Braces, and a number of other rich philanthropists have established, with their capital, such schools in the most thickly populated wards of the city.

To those unfamiliar with the work, it would seem strange to enter a large academy where hundreds of pupils were engaged in cooking, bed-making, room-sweeping, and window washing. The procession of white-capped, white-aproned girls who were marching to market with baskets and account books in their hands, would impress the onlooker from the standpoint of novelty. However, these are the lessons which are combined with the rule of three and the learning of the three "R's."

Every need necessary to the conducting of a household is here taught these young girls. They are not only instructed as to the cooking of a meal, but as to its "whys" and "wherefores." What ingredients are savory and salutary and which detrimental, is drilled into them by severe examinations. They are taught by charts to judge of meat and learn by experience the reason of the variation in its price according to its parts. All other food articles are carefully attended to in the same manner.

The reasons for keeping a room healthily ventilated and clean are also part of the curriculum. One day is devoted to bed-making and sweeping, another is given to dusting or polishing, until there is nothing left in the domain of excellent housekeeping to master.

The beneficial effects of this teaching will be felt throughout every artery of the city. On first flush its effort seems to be in the direction—a primitive and wise one—of obtaining good, hygienic house keeping among the classes who serve themselves, or those who are desirous of becoming hired housekeepers. But the result will be more far reaching than this, for the art of living well "though" simply, has an influence, direct or indirect, on the whole nation's good, mentally, morally, and physically.

These same healthily-inclined capitalists are placing farm schools in the country for the boys. At these will be taught all the skill and secrets requisite for a successful farmer. They argue, these philanthrophists, that the United States has too much waste or ill-cultivated land, and its cities too many badly nourished, scantily clothed children. So they are going to work in a manner that shall force supply and demand to meet each other.

Young men won't go into the country, they continue, because they know nothing of its possibilities, and are ignorant as to how to master its difficulties. Consequently, boys shall be taken this month from the crowded by-ways and alleys and put into big comfortable farm houses with strong food and clean clothes. There, under competent instructors, they will learn the scientific side of sowing and reaping.

The idea has met with the approbation of all the sociologists who are busy working for the good of the race, and if the plan promises a mean of success, capital will at once be advanced for the erection of more farm-houses.

Both schemes for the perfection of the primary science of living are worthy of adoption in any of the large towns. The world after all doesn't progress very far away from its elementary needs, and as long as a nation has good housekeepers and fine farmers, it promises a great deal of prosperity.

JOCELYN DAVIES.

She Misunderstood Him.

They were sitting together in the parlor of a palatial Fifth avenue mansion. She was the beautiful daughter of a man who had made his fortune in a single week in Wall street.

The young man who was watching her so intently was the son of a man who had been on the other side of the market during the week which had been so sunny for her father. He was interested in her. "Not because her face was fair like that of the maiden in the song. He was fascinated with her on account of the money which her father possessed.

There was a grand piano standing in the corner of the parlor.

"Awe, do you touch the keys with those tapering fingers?" he asked.

A dreamy, far-away look came into her deep brown eyes as she looked at him.

"Not now," she said, with a sigh of relief.

"Before pa managed to accumulate his fortune I was one of the most expert operators in New York, but now the very mention of a typewriter makes me ill."

Just then the clock in the hall struck the hour of 11 and he went out to get something to steady his aristocratic nerve. Then he went home and lay awake all night trying to decide whether it was true love or merely fascination that was troubling him.—New York Herald.

The Difference.

Two men were standing on a street corner recently talking of the responsibility of contractors for damages to life and limb by reason of building material and excavations. A policeman came along and listened while one of the party appealed to him for corroboration.

"I was saying," said the excited debater, "that if a man should come along and fall down a coal hole and break his leg or be otherwise injured he has a good case of damages against the property-owner or the city."

"Sometimes," put in the policeman, mildly. "I know of a case of that kind where a man has got $10,000 damages," said the citizen. "He was pulled out of a coal hole."

"And I know of a case where a man was pulled out of a coal hole," retorted the policeman, "and he got six months."—New York Herald.

"Of All Sad Words."

Algy (to jeweler)—I have to bring back this ring.

Jeweler—Ah! but it is impossible that it should be a misfit.

Algy (savagely)—No; but the engagement was.—Exchange.

HOW SHALL I LOVE YOU?

How shall I love you? I dream all day,
Dear, of a tenderer, sweeter way;
Songs that I sing to you, words that I say,
Prayers that are voiceless on lips that would pray;
These may not tell of the love of my life;
How shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife?

How shall I love you? Love is the bread
Of life to a woman—the white and the red
Of all the world's roses, the light that is shed
On all the world's Pathways, till life shall be dead;
The star in the storm and the strength in the strife;
How shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife?

Is there a burden your heart must bear?
I shall kneel to lift and lift it, dear!
Is there a thorn in the crown that you wear?
Let it hide in my heart till a rose blossom there!
For grief or for glory—for death or for life,
So shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

SHE COULD AND DID FIGHT.

A Pretty Girl Stampeded a Young Man and None of the Crowd Knew Why.

She had a temper fiery enough to turn her black hair red. Her eyes flashed fire. Her slender frame trembled with rage. Her tongue was tipped with red-hot denunciation. She was a sweet brunette of petite form, clothed in a dark-colored dress and a neatly fitting dark-brown cloak, with puffed sleeves and bell skirt, and rows of black braid running around the waist. A big black hat, trimmed with flowers and feathers, shaded her rosy cheeks, while her piercing black eyes shot angry glances at the object of her hate. She could not have been over twenty years old.

This young lady was tripping down the stone steps at the east front door of the courthouse at 2 o'clock p. m. yesterday, looking as lovely as a budding rose on a summer morning. She then betrayed no excitement.

But at the same time a slender young man of the blond type, whose upper lip was ornamented with a fuzz as soft as eiderdown, and who was stylishly dressed in a dark suit, a dark-colored overcoat, and a black derby hat, came walking along the street.

It was at the sight of this blond young man that the pretty brunette flew into a rage and exclaimed in loud and quivering tones: "Oh, you mean, deceitful thing! I could just——" But she never finished the sentence. She was choked with anger. With one bound she sprang upon the defenseless little blond young man and let her tiny fists fall on his face like the movement of a meat chopping machine. The young man stood there and never offered resistance, but the expression on his pale face seemed to say: "Now, don't do that, law you might hu't me, don't yo know."

By this time the pretty brunette—and what is a more thrilling sight than a beautiful woman boiling over with rage—grabbed the young man's derby hat, threw it upon the sidewalk, danced a jig upon it, and then picked it up and tore it into pieces with her fair, alabaster hands.

The young man muttered something about "keeping still and not creating a scene," but the enraged girl was as uncontrolable as a tigress with the jimjams. She landed with the left and then with the right on his face. She was evidently determined to "even up old scores," and she continued to handle him without gloves.

But a brilliant idea happened to pierce the young man's mind. A Fourth street cable train, south bound, came whizzing by, and he took to his heels and boarded the rear coach. The young lady was equal to the occasion. She lifted her skirts, and with the speed of a sprinter and the agility of a cat she ran and jumped on the moving train. She followed the young man into the coach where he was sitting, and again began pummeling him with her fists.

The train disappeared and the large crowd of spectators, who had been attracted by the thrashing which the plucky, petit, and pretty brunette gave the blonde young man, did not learn the names of the participants nor the cause of the girl's anger.

It was rumored around the courthouse that the girl came from the marriage license office, where she had been waiting to meet the young man. When he did not appear at the hour set she started to walk away and then saw him sneaking off. The whole affair remains a mystery.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Secret of True Decoration.

It is essential to good decorative design, whatever its kind, whether it be a book-cover or wall-paper, a carpet or a tapestry, a carved panel or an inlaid floor, that the artist shall recognize technical limitations, shall perceive technical possibilities and shall be in sympathy with the material employed. The decorative artist must be swift to seize that one of the processes presenting themselves which will best suit his immediate object. "One reason for our modern failures lies in the multitude of our facilities," suggests Mr. Lewis F. Day in his little book on the "Application of Ornament," and he adds that "the secret of the ancient triumphs is often in the simplicity of the workman's resources." Where a man has but a single tool he must perforce devise ornament which that single tool can accomplish or else go without ornament altogether. Out of the struggle comes strength.

And yet, nothing venture, nothing have; the decorative artist, if he wishes to get outside the little circle of every-day banality, must try the hazard of new fortunes as often and as boldly as the explorer or the soldier. Often he will discover strange countries fair to see, which he will annex forthwith.—Brander Matthews in Century.

An Archbishop's Robes, 1205.

In our own time, when, from antiquarian curiosity or some other reason, ancient tombs have been opened, we have come face to face with the long buried specimens of olden needlework. An instance occurred not long since in Canterbury Cathedral, when the tomb of Hubert Walter was opened. This ecclesiastic was archbishop of Canterbury when he died, in 1205. Only his bones remained when the investigation in question took place, but these lay in the vestments in which the body was interred nearly 700 years ago, and on these robes are various embroideries in silk and gold.

The linen was found to be considerably decayed, but the amber-colored silk on which the embroidery is worked is in fair preservation. This work consists of angels, the evangelists and other sacred figures arranged chiefly in roundlets. In the same cathedral may also be seen another specimen of even greater interest; this is the velvet jupon (a surcoat worn over armor) of the black prince, which is suspended over his tomb. It is embroidered with his arms in gold. The robes of the Saxon bishop, St. Cuthbert, in the library of Durham Cathedral, are also enriched with needlework.—Chambers' Journal.

Now Your Hair Must Be Black.

Black is the latest fashionable tint for "ceveux teints" is the last word from Paris. A noted American beauty who seems to possess the secret of eternal youth and good looks—and who, since the days when her childish head was crowned with the curly brown locks with which nature endowed her, has been successively a blonde doree, a blonde cendree, and a Titian beauty—has now the blue-black tresses that in a pure Irish type of beauty is so effective with blue eyes and a fair skin. It is a most refined-looking conjunction if the hair is arranged simply and without refined "crimps." It may be either worn light and loose, like a dusky cloud, or drawn back smoothly from the forehead, where, however, it should in such a case grow low and in those becoming points on the temples which form such an undoubted beauty.

Where the face can stand it, the coiffure a lingenue is the favorite style of hairdressing in Paris. This means brushing the hair straight back from the face all around; it should then be slightly rippled and loosely twisted into an artistic knot a la Grecque.

Of Benefit at Any Time.

Dispensary Physician (writing our prescription)—Now you are to take the medicine three times a day after meals.

Poor Patient—But it is only a very rare thing when I get a meal, doctor.

The Doctor—Well, in that case you had better take it before meals.—Truth.

Safe, Thank Heaven.

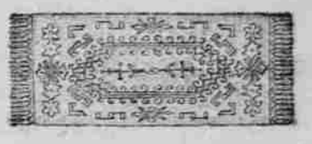
Philanthropist—Is not your heart touched by all these sights of poverty?

Millionaire—Yes, indeed. But as long as my bank account isn't I can stand it, I guess.—New York World.

MOSES'.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1895.

Closed after 1 o'clock.



An immense variety of the most celebrated American and Foreign Rug productions. An endless assortment of shapes and sizes, colorings, and styles, representing in every one the exercise of much artistic thought. Two rooms, each 100 by 25 feet, are devoted to the Rug Department, one to Oriental Rugs; the other to Rugs of American make.

We show above a Rug of Domestic manufacture, one of many reproductions of famous Oriental creations. In Wilton, with fringe, size 54x27 inches, for..... $2.50

W. B. MOSES AND SONS, 11th and F Sts.

TREAT YOUR WIFE BETTER

This year than you did last—Make things more comfortable for her about the house—We'll fix it so that you'll never miss the money—that's what we're here for. In a nutshell here's just exactly what we're doing: We're selling

FURNITURE AND CARPETS ON CREDIT

At as low price as you can buy for anywhere in this city—cash in hand. Maybe you think we say that because it sounds brave—our answer is—FIND OUT—and the only way to find out is by comparison. We tell you to pay as you can—weekly or monthly—no notes—no interest. Our prices are marked in plain figures—It's the cash price or the credit price—Please yourself.

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

Plush or Haircloth Parlor Suite—choice—$27.50.
Solid Oak Bed Room Suite, $13.
Splendid Brussels Carpet, 35c. per yard.
Reliable Ingrain Carpet, 35c. per yard.
Solid Oak Extension Table, $4.50.
40-pound Hair Mattress, $7.
Woven Wire Springs, $1.75.
Heating and cooking stoves—all sizes—reliable makes.

GROGAN'S MAMMOTH CREDIT HOUSE, 819, 821, 823 7th St. N. W., Between H and I Streets.

CANDY TALK.

Can we add you to our list of customers? You will find our Candies exactly right in every respect. Prices—25, 40, and 60c. pound. All we ask is a trial. Try our Ice Cream Soda.

W. S. GILL CANDY CO., 1223 PENN. AVE. (Formerly of F St.)

Notes on Lions.

The tongue of a lion is so rough that a close look at it will almost take the skin off the looker. It is not safe to allow a lion to lick your hand, for if he licked the skin off and got a taste of the underlying blood, supposing it to be there, he would want the hand and everything adjoining thereto. Nothing more perfect in modern machinery exists than the mechanism by which a lion works his claws. He has five toes on each of his fore feet, and four on each of his hind feet. Each toe has a claw. Nothing about a lion is without reason, and the reason he has more toes and claws on his fore than on his hind feet is that he has more use for them. If this were not so, the majority would be the other way. The lion is nocturnal by choice. He has no particular objection to daylight, but likes to spend it in the bosom of his family, or at least adjacent to it. It should not be supposed that