LANSBURGH & BRO.

THESE ARE BUSY DAYS.

With the fact of stock-taking staring us in the face, and the desire to close out a great bulk of merchandise, and straining every effort to accomplish same—by tearing the prices out of any shape of former semblance—keeps our hands and minds going all the while.

The cutting of prices in our Dress Goods stock is especially severe.

12½c Plaids, 7½c.

Excellent for Waists and Children's Entire Dresses—Double fold.

29c Wool Cashmeres, 18c.

The big assortment of colors includes Cream, Pink, Cardinal, Garnet, Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Sapphire, Heliotrope, and Old Rose.

30c Wool Storm Serge, 19c.

Excellent for Children's wear. In Navy and Black. 36 inches wide.

35c Henriettas, 19c.

Two-toned striped effects in ten beautiful color combinations. Suitable for House Gowns.

These are only "IDEA GIVERS" of what you can expect.

Lansburgh & Bro.

420, 422, 424, 426 7th St.

We Can Talk Bargains

As well as the dry goods men, and we intend to do it.

Every day we'll publish a list of special quotations on Meats and Groceries that are not to be equaled in town. Watch for these lists—profit by them and your household expenses will be cut down considerably in '95.

Fresh Eggs, dozen	21 CTS
2 cans Standard Tomatoes	15 CTS
2 cans Shriver's Corn	15 CTS
Best Bread, loaf	5 CTS
Best Beef Liver, pound	5 CTS
Salt Water Oysters, gal	85 CTS
Round Steak, 3 lbs	25 CTS

Emrich Beef Co.,

Main Market and Grocery.

1306-1312 32d St.

(Telephone 347).

BRANCH MARKETS:

1728 14th St. N. W. 21st and K Sts. N. W.
3206 14th St. N. W. 2d & Ind. ave. N. W.
4th and I Sts. N. W. 7th and I Sts. N. W.
8th and M Sts. N. W. 3067 M St. N. W.
20th St. & Pa. ave. N. W.
13th St. & N.Y. ave. N. W.

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 LO F—why not get the best? Every loaf bears our red—white—and blue label.

We'll serve you promptly if your grocer doesn't handle it. Or phone a postal or telephone.

CHAS. SCHNEIDER,

413 1 St. N. W.

DIED.

MURPHY—ELLEN MURPHY, wife of Daniel Murphy, at her late residence, No. 10 I street northeast, January 1, 1895, in the fifty-sixth year of her age.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

UNDERTAKERS.

NICHOLS & CO.,

Undertakers and Embalmers,

Penn. ave. and 2d st. se.; 'Phone 764-3, Capitol Hill. Prompt attention; reasonable terms. de4-1mo

What Is Prose? What Poetry?

Professor of Philosophy—Do you want to write in verse?

M. Jourdain—No, no; not verse.

Professor—You prefer prose?

Jourdain—No; I don't want either prose or verse.

Professor—But you must have one or the other.

Jourdain—Why?

Professor—Because, monsieur, there is no other way to express ourselves than prose or verse.

Jourdain—Is there nothing but prose and verse?

Professor—Nothing, monsieur. All that is not prose is verse; all that is not verse is prose.

Jourdain—When we talk, what is that?

Professor—Prose.

Jourdain—What! When I say, "Nicole, bring my slippers and give me my night-cap," is that prose?

Professor—Yes, monsieur.

Jourdain—Goodness! Then I have been talking prose these forty years without ever knowing it.—Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Miss Wormley's Translation.

He Knew.

Pat was an Irishman who never would admit that there was any subject that he did not know about. One day a gentleman said to him:

"Well, Pat, do you know anything about the Wilson bill?"

"Oi do, sor; Oi know all about it."

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Well, Oi'll tell ye," said Pat, with an air of profound wisdom, "Oi think thot if thot man Wilson is anything av a gentleman he'll pay thot bill."—Youth's Companion.

THE SHOPPERS' GUIDE

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

Lansburgh & Bro.—Excellent quality plaids suitable for waists, 7½ cents per yard.

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

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

Emrich Beef Company—The best of everything edible at lowest possible prices.

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.

Robinson, Chery & Co.—A stylish, perfect fitting overcoat, $10.

Julius Lansburgh—Beautifully finished parlor suites for $23.50.

Eiseman Bros.—The finest quality seasonable clothing at a reduction of 33⅓ per cent. on former prices.

New York Clothing House—New stock of men's and boys' stylish garments at popular prices.

TO-MORROW'S MENU.

BREAKFAST.

Oranges.
Minced Chicken on Toast.
Hot Muffins.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Oyster Broth.
Broiled Ham.
Cream Toast.
Corn Starch Pudding, with Strawberry Jam.
Tea.

DINNER.

Soup Crecy.
Celery.
Broiled Smelts, Tartar Sauce.
Filet of Beef, a la Bearnaise.
Fried Squash. Baked Sweet Potatoes. Peas.
Queen Pudding. Vanilla Eclairs.
Coffee.

Soup Crecy.

Take three good sized carrots, scrape and cut into small dice. Cook in boiling salted water two hours. Press through a strainer, put in a double boiler three cupfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one-half salt spoonful celery salt, one of salt, one-half salt spoonful white pepper, boil five minutes, then pour over the grated carrot. Put all through a fine puree sieve and return to the double boiler. Blend smoothly one tablespoonful flour with a little cold water, add to the soup and stir until it thickens. Serve with croutons.

Queen Pudding.

Take two cups of grated bread crumbs, one-half cup of sugar, yolk of an egg, one cup of milk and one-half of lemon rind grated. Beat all together; bake to light brown. When done spread over top of a thin layer of currant jelly, beat the white of an egg, with a little sugar, to stiff froth, and pour on top; put back in oven and bake again to light brown.

PROCTOR'S DAUGHTERS.

The Younger Shows Much Talent in Very Many Directions.

Miss Agnes Proctor, daughter of Richard Proctor, arrived in Chicago Friday to spend her holidays with friends. Proctor, like many another great man before him, died, leaving no large amount of this world's goods behind him. His daughter Mary is making a name for herself by following in the footsteps of her illustrious father. Her lectures on astronomy for children, begun under the auspices of the World's Fair congresses, met with success everywhere. She is now in Washington, where she is preparing a more elaborate course for grown people. Having developed a taste for the "heavenly science" beyond even her own expectations, she bids fair to rival her father in her researches.

Agnes is a young daughter, only recently out of school in Munich, Germany, in fact—and until now has been overshadowed by the mature genius of her father and sister. But she is a brilliant girl, and has been pursuing a course in music and art in Munich. She is already an accomplished violinist, while her success in art has been so great her teachers have begged her to give up music and devote herself exclusively to painting. As yet she is wavering between the two, loving neither art less nor music more, unwilling to give up the one or exclude the other. Besides the violin she plays the piano, guitar, and mandolin and is a successful teacher of all these instruments in a college in Kansas City.

Between lessons she spends every leisure moment at her easel; for unlike many talented people, she is an indefatigable worker. Miss Proctor in appearance is strikingly like her father, and one who is familiar with his pictures at once would recognize in her the same broad squareness of jaw, evidence of an indomitable will. She has dark, hazel eyes, with a decidedly greenish tinge. Her hair, wavy and abundant, in what artists call burnt umber. She is petite and vivacious, and, although she was born in England, has spent the major portion of her short life in this country, and prides herself on being very much American.—Chicago Tribune.

Pork Cake.

It is not quite an elegant name for a cake, but as no one is required to adhere strictly to truth, the word "pork" can be dropped and "fruit" substituted, which seems to be the case as far as its palatableness is concerned. No milk, eggs, or butter are required, and as the average fruit cake takes one-half dozen of eggs and a pound of butter, it means a considerable saving. It keeps well and in no respect is it inferior to pound fruit cake. Country housewives are familiar with it, and even city housekeepers are not above placing it on their tables. The ingredients are:

Fat, salt pork	1 lb
Raisins	1 lb
Currants	1 lb
Citron	¼ lb
Hot water	1 cup
Dark brown sugar	1 lb
Molasses	1 cup
Soda	1 teaspoonful

Dissolve soda in a little hot water. Have the raisins seeded, currants picked over, and citron shaved, all being floured well to prevent sinking to the bottom. The pork must be free of all lean and rind, and chopped till fine almost as lard. Add the hot water, then sugar, molasses and sifted flour to make a pretty stiff dough, three or four cups full. Add fruit, and any spices desired, teaspoonful of mace, cloves, and tablespoonful of ginger, or nutmeg, cloves, and cinnamon. The soda is added last. Bake slowly, about two hours, in a moderate oven. Test with a straw. Leave in the pan until thoroughly cold, and then wrap up and let lay in a cool place for a couple of weeks before cutting.

If beaten well and baked nicely it is not inferior to the richest fruit cake. The whole cost for a large cake is not over 60 cents, while fruit cake with butter and eggs comes to about $1.25, and the one tastes almost as well as the other.

KENNET WOOD.

WHIMS OF THE HOUR.

Evening Gowns Are Hand Painted and Silk Petticoats Lavishly Adorned.

Cloth, the most fashionable material this winter, is combined frequently with velvet, while for exclusively out-of-door wear it is trimmed with fur and astrakhan.

The skirt of nearly all daytime gowns is plain in cut and decoration if the latter is employed at all. The majority of skirts, both for day and evening use, are long enough to touch the ground all around, but do not trail.

The latest silk petticoats are marvels of beauty and extravagance. Made of brocade or damask, they are elaborated, quilled and embroidered and lavishly decorated with fine

CREPE DE CHINE TOILET.

lace and ribbons. Twenty years ago they would have been used as the skirt of a ball or reception gown, but now they are merely petticoats and are relegated to a position of obscurity, the wearer alone being conscious that she has come up to the highest requirements of fashion in that particular line.

Hand-painted silks are to be worn for evening dress again. They are expensive and easily defaced and do not compare in richness of effect with brocade or embroidery, but doubtless they will be adopted by women who have unlimited means, as painted silk is out of the reach of the rank and file of persons and is in no danger of becoming common. The painting is done after the gown is made, and floral designs are usually chosen.

Old-fashioned cross-stitch embroidery has been revived as the fancy work of the moment in Paris, and napkins, towels and luncheon cloths are being adorned with this simple style of decoration.

An extremely attractive gown lately seen on the Parisian stage was of water-green crepe de chine. The plain skirt was very wide and rested upon the ground at the back. The bodice, of embroidered gauze, was cut down a little at the neck, and was made with a blouse effect in front. A short bolero of green mirror velvet was arranged to form revers falling in coquilles on either side of the blouse. Embroidery of peacock-blue spangles covered the upper part of the blouse and sleeves.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

ATHLETICS IN CHURCH.

Here Is a New Method of Drawing People to the Service.

The ecstwhile autocratic custom of urging people into the church by forcible means, which was in turn abandoned for the gentler methods of moral suasion, has evidently been revived since the movement was inaugurated for coaxing recalcitrant ones inside the borders of salvation with clubs. In addition to the use of Indian clubs to that end, there is also the advantage that the warriors chosen and uniformed for the flank of the army will be primed for their conflict with satan by trained and physically superior bodies.

The physical culture mania has insinuated into about all the grades of society, but it remained for the young women of Jersey City to push it into the church. The young ladies of the Epworth League, in connection with the Emory Episcopal Church, have organized an athletic brigade, where divided skirts and horizontal bars are supreme.

The class originated with the Epworth League, but has been enlarged by the admission of members outside the church until the present size of the club, fifty members, has made it necessary to close the membership.

The uniform of the members is made with the divided skirt and blouse of green broadcloth, with lapels and facings of white cloth covered with white braid.

Miss Annie Lowrie, the instructor, is the daughter of the pastor of the church, and an enthusiastic physiculturist, who naturally sees nothing unusual in the entrance of the bloomer into the church.

Not a Temperance Ship.

A remarkable encounter with a strange sea monster is reported by the crew of the bark Loogana, which arrived from the Gilbert group recently. The vessel was drifting along somewhere in the vicinity of the Santa Cruz group when the helmsman shouted out that there was a whale alongside. According to the mate the visitor, which almost touched the vessel's side, was not a whale at all but a monster 30 feet long and 11 feet broad, completely different from anything ever seen before by any one on the ship.

It had a mouth large enough to take in half a dozen men. It resembled a whale about the tail, but was differently formed about the head, and was of dark color, spotted with white. The eyes were visible. Fearing an attack from the strange monster two shots were fired at its body from a Winchester rifle, but the bullets appeared to have not the slightest effect. A third shot, which struck its head, had the desired result, and with one sweep of the tail it turned and disappeared as suddenly as it had hove in sight.—London Telegraph.

The Very Same.

Old Glumm—Ahem! I saw your old flame, the count, down at the capital——

Miss Yankeeprince—The dear old fellow! I presume he is the same affable, humble, polite old darling?

Old Glumm—Yes. He is begging the Governor's pardon.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

You will pick this album up, dear, one day in the distant years,
Look o'er all its time-stained pages, now smiling and now half in tears;
You will come at last to this, dear, to this dusky yellow page,
You will find my name and verses waxing pale and dim with age.
And it may be you'll be gray, love, wrinkled that now placid brow,
And it may be I'll be dead, dear, unknown, as I live now;
But I know that when you note this name fading from days gone by,
That the thoughtful look will deepen in your dreamy, hazel eye;
And you'll think of how I met you, of our friendship, of the end,
You will close the old book gently, your mind with a bygone friend.
So within one gentle heart, dear, and within one musing smile,
Memories of me will live, if only a little while.

—H. M. WOOD.

MAN'S GREATEST GLORY.

Health, Happiness, and Strength to Do and Dare.

Strength is the glory of manhood and womanhood. Health is the foundation of contentment. To lose these requisites of happiness and physical comfort is the greatest misfortune that can befall any one. To recover them again after they have been lost is to appreciate their value a hundred times more than ever before. Such is the

opinion of Mr. Rufus B. Barnes, the popular life insurance agent. "I lost both health and strength two years ago," said Mr. Barnes. "I didn't know what was the matter; neither did the doctors apparently. I got thin and weak; had no appetite; was extremely nervous and irritable; was wakeful at night, and couldn't get enough rest. I neglected my work because I dreaded exertion of any kind. Then I became a victim of dyspepsia and liver trouble. I took medicines constantly, but without benefit. Finally, however, I tried Dr. Walker, the specialist. The result seemed absolutely marvelous to me, for I immediately began to mend, and in a short time I was perfectly well. I am now in robust health, as you see. All my ailments are gone, and I think I am the most grateful man living."

Mr. W. L. Karney, who resides at 1519 Tenth street northwest, is another member of the great army of people who are loud in Dr. Walker's praise. A few years ago he contracted a severe attack of la grippe, which left him with a wrecked constitution, continual headache, loss of appetite, and a severe case of nasal catarrh. Until he came to Dr. Walker he could not obtain relief. Mr. Karney is a plate-printer in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Quickness of relief and permanency of cure are insured by Dr. Walker's treatment in 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 heart, liver, stomach, kidneys, bladder, bowels, or other organs.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from the results 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 without 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.

SOMETHING ABOUT TRUFFLES.

"Ten thousand dollars' worth at a time and three orders a year," was the reply of one New York firm when asked if America liked truffles. This output from one establishment emphasized the fact that New Yorkers like the stimulating French mushroom.

But the land of sunshine has not the monopoly on the truffle trade; England and Germany are taking quite a bit of interest in their yield; still the opinion of the chef agrees with that of the milliner—France is the country for perfect truffles as well as bonnets.

The French variety is very dark, without attaining the blackness of the German species. It is found in loose, light soil, about a foot from the surface, preferring the ground where chestnut trees grow. Its whereabouts is discovered by pigs, who scent out the palatable acorn and root it up, trained, however, like good pointers, not to despoil their prize.

In Wiltshire and Kent, where the English kind has been discovered, dogs instead of pigs are used, and the folks of Kent divide their time between hop-picking and truffle finding as a means of livelihood. Great Britain, seeing the enormous profit to be made in this vegetable luxury, has been endeavoring to grow it, rightfully fearing that it will soon cease; but so far all efforts have failed.

The last attempt of the French to force the production was in Poiton. There they sowed a profitable bit of soil with acorns, and they claim that when the oaks are large enough to shade the grounds, truffles will be found in abundance at their roots. This is certainly dealing in futures, and the sower's great grandchildren must reap the reward.

A trial that may prove of quicker benefit is watering the ground from rinsings where parings of the truffle had soaked. This method has already had a small harvest, and it is the hope of epicures that the genius of tillers of the soil will find some way to originate and perpetuate the culture of this succulent bit of vegetable growth.

It has been reported to the fish commissioners that lobsters will soon be an appetizing dream of the past, and if truffles also are to be numbered among the by-gone luxuries of the palate, what will the world of fashionable dinner-givers do then?

HENRY STIRLING.

This Is No Joke.

There lives in a certain small town a poor minister who has a large family and his salary does not begin to cover their expenses. So the congregation have donated cast-off clothing for the children, and even the poor minister's wife goes to church in the last year's bonnet and cloak of a deacon's wife. The poor lady has grown used to this, and does the best she can with the conglomeration of dresses, cloaks, and hats which are sent her, though the result is sometimes rather tragic. However, she has always felt that she did nobly by the children, and if the dresses and coats and cloaks and trousers were misfits, none were ever unkind enough to say anything about it. Last summer, however, she dressed the nine hopefuls with great care and marched them to the church. She was a little late, and just as she opened the door and started up the aisle, her husband thundered from the pulpit: "Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." He did not see the joke, but the congregation tittered and the mother was ready to cry.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

He Got a Job.

A manufacturing firm which was besieged with applications for work hung a sign near the entrance of its establishment with the legend: "No Help Wanted."

One morning there appeared before the head of the house, to whom he was known, L——, a ne'er-do-well, who devoted his time to dreams of political glory rather than to books and accounts.

"Mr. S——, I want a job. As usual, I'm out of work. Can you give me something to do?"

Mr. S——had formerly employed the applicant and was compelled to discharge him, not so much for neglect as for general incapacity to knuckle down to good solid work.

"My dear fellow, I'm very sorry, but didn't you see that sign when you came in?" said Mr. S——, very kindly.

"Yes, I saw it," L—— replied, "but you've often told me I'm no help."

L—— was employed.—Harper's Bazar.

It Was Easy Enough.

A nicely-dressed young man, with an air of "jack-pots" and "ace-fulls" about him, walked into a pawn shop in Sixth street, near Market, recently, and said to the proprietor:

"Have you got any poker chips?"

"No; but we have some nice second-hand billiard balls," answered the pawnbroker.

"What in the world would I want with billiard balls?" asked the young man.

"Why, slice 'em, and there you have all the poker chips you want."

Everybody within earshot grinned, and the young man walked away with the expression on his face of a man who had been a victim of a good practical joke.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LOCAL NEWS OF ALL SORTS

The Weather To-day.

Fair; warmer; westerly shifting to southerly winds.

Suffering Children Cared For—Seven children, four white and three colored, were turned over to the Board of Children's Guardians yesterday by Judge Miller. The white children were those of Mrs Fannie Silverberg, who said her husband had deserted her and left the little ones and herself destitute. The colored tots were found in a suffering and illy-clad condition in a hovel in rear of No. 1011 Four-and-a-half street southwest. Their mother is dead and the father, whose name is Lavis, eks out an existence by driving an ash cart.

Trouble at a Watch Meeting—A two weeks' sentence in the chain gang was imposed upon Henry Gassaway by Judge Kimball yesterday because Henry started an incipient riot at a watch night meeting Thanksgiving night.

Why Johnson Stole the Coal—For stealing a quarter ton of coal from Richard A. Johnson, as noted in yesterday's TIMES, was jailed for three months by Judge Miller yesterday. Johnson's excuse for taking the coal was: "Deed, boss, it's too cold this cold wedder ter go widout heat in your stove."

Razor Carrier Sent to Jail—Jesse Butler, a South Washington colored tough, was sent to jail for six months by Judge Miller yesterday for carrying a razor on New Year's eve, with which he attempted to cut a colored girl in Northeast Washington.

One Good Resolution That Failed—Oliver Dorsey, a tall colored man, told Judge Kimball yesterday that it was his purpose to "swear off" from the use of strong drink on New Year's night as the clocks were striking twelve. Oliver fell by the wayside, however, having imbibed too much firewater in the meantime, and at 11:40 o'clock he was arrested by an unsentimental copper. He appeared before Judge Kimball yesterday charged with being drunk and disorderly. The judge told Oliver that it was a bad scheme to end the year drunk, and fined him $5 or fifteen days.

New Year's Officers Elected—The members of Anchor Lodge, No. 9, Independent Order of Mechanics, held a happy meeting New Year's eve and elected the following officers: W. E. Mooney, S. M.; W. E. Puthury, W. M.; George Thomas, J. M.; Charles Johnson, R. S.; A. G. Stevens, F. S.; U. T. Evans, treasurer; W. B. Butler, chaplain; Carlin Estridge, conductor. Trustees: Thomas H. Watson, S. T. Ernest, and A. G. Stevens. After the election of officers the doors were thrown open to the public and a pleasant evening spent. Selections were rendered by the Washington Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Club, also recitations and humorous sayings by members of the order. Refreshments and the closing address by Mr. Thomas Watson followed.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S SMILE.

Its Brightness and Her Cordial Handshake Made All Feel Happy.

The point of view par excellence of the reception was a station just behind Mrs. Cleveland in the Blue Room. She stood about ten feet from the door entering the Red Parlor, which door she faced as the stream of people came in in almost endless variety of costume and complexion.

On Mrs. Cleveland's left was the President, and by his left Col. Wilson. Behind Mrs. Cleveland and the ladies of the Cabinet, who were in line with her, there was a very admirably dressed assemblage of ladies who, at first, took an interest in what was going and coming, but after a little they became interested in almost anything else and particularly themselves. They talked about the theater, and the snow and the rest of the weather, and along about 1 o'clock some of them began to yawn, as if to say there were quite too many people in the world to make it interesting.

There was one thing, however, which tired nobody and which was quite cordial, and as intermittent as the several thousands of the line, and that was the

SMILE OF MRS. CLEVELAND.

She grasped everybody by the hand and looked direct into everybody's face.

At every new approach she leaned forward and, as the act of shaking hands is a continuing process, she apparently pulled her guests along, and handed them with muscular energy to the good and beautiful who had gone before. Every now and then she gave somebody an extra shake, the ordinary greeting being three shakes and a smile as the equivalent for the visitor's happy New Year.

Occasionally there would be an additional shake, making four, and an increase in the quality of the smile and lighting up of her eye. She leaned very much forward to receive Dr. Sunderland, grasped his hand and, keeping it in her grasp, leaned over foward and to the right, talking rapidly and pleasantly, and only released him when "next" had his hand ready for the shake and his eye for the New Year smile.

A few moments after this a little boy went through whom nobody appeared to think could come in for a special greeting, but the President leaned down and said, "Hello, Jack," and this was repeated by Mrs. Cleveland.

By and by a lady came along with a bright, curley-haired little fellow on her shoulder. Mrs. Cleveland patted him on the cheek, and as he was disappearing through the door of the East Room, he called back, "Hurrah for Grover!" to the great amusement of the audience.

JACKSON CITY DISORDER

Transferred to the Streets of Washington After Midnight Last Night.

A couple of Jackson City habitues left that disorderly settlement last night and came over to Washington about midnight to indulge in a scene of disorder.

They soon discovered, however, that the laws and law officers here are very much different from those in the across-the-river colony, and in almost a jiffy the pair were taken in by Policeman Garroway, and landed in the First precinct station house.

About 12:30 o'clock this morning Policeman Garroway's attention was attracted by loud cries of "Help! police!" at the corner of Twelfth street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest. Proceeding to that point on a run he found that two race track men, who gave the names of Patrick Cole and John B. Young, had grappled with a night-line hackman named James Eccles.

According to the statement of the latter the Jackson City men had assaulted him and another hackman, named James Burley, of No. 476 M street southwest, after using their teams without pay for several hours. On the way to the station Cole made another attempt to assault Eccles.

In the station Young stated that the hackman had promised to drive them over to Washington to be introduced to a sixteen-year-old lady." Both of the race-trackers, who wore rakish-looking Bowery caps, were held for assault and refusing to pay hack-hire.

Why They Preached.

It was a little town down on the Maine coast where the folks, old and young, knew all about the fishing business, that the minister who was teaching a Sunday-school class on a recent Sunday, propounded the question:

"Why were the disciples taken from among the 'everyday people,' fisherman and others?"

The reply: "Because they had been a fishing so long and made so little that they were likely to starve, so the Lord took pity on them and made them preachers," is said to have surprised him.

Almost a Hint.

He had been courting her for five or six years, but he never proposed. One evening they were at the Harlem Opera House together when he remarked:

"These modern playwrights put such silly declarations of love into the mouth of the hero."

"Yes, but they do pop the question at last. That's one point in their favor, anyhow," she replied with a reproachful look.—Texas Siftings.

Contrast.

The dude in swell attire was commenting adversely upon several well-known men in Washington who wore slouch hats.

"Why," he said to the man next to him, "do they wear those soft hats?"

"For the sake of contrast," was the reply, "just as you wear a hard one.—Detroit Free Press.

ON VERY GOOD TERMS WITH ALL THE WORLD

Washington's Good People Were Just in That Frame of Mind.

THE NEW YEAR HAPPILY BEGUN

It Was a Good Thing and Everybody Pushed It Along.

Hospitable Homes of the Capital City Thrown Open—The Scriptural Declaration Controverted By Ocular and Manual Demonstration That It Is Better to Receive Than to Give—Resolutions Made and Broken.

Well! here we are again! That is a salutation you became familiar with when, as a little boy or girl, you attended your first performance of "Punch and Judy." We are off again, as they say at the races, down the steep incline of 1895. The start was a very pretty one. There was plenty of sunshine and blue skies to conjure with for a whole volume of fancies; for the sun, who has been for many days sulking behind the clouds, and peeping out only occasionally with the watery, blear eye of a post-Christmas Bacchanal, tore the cloudy veil asunder at dawn yesterday and was himself again all the way from Paradise to the Potomac.

The whole town was mobilized early and rotated and gyrated and gravitated with centripetal force towards the White House. There is nothing like that to the whole world of Washington, but more especially when the representatives of royalty and South American, Central American and Mexican Republicanism are there with their trappings of state, gold eagles, trefoils, hatchings, quarterings, golden fleeces, dragons, peacocks, crosses, horse-tails, yellow jackets, Louis XI's, Henri Quatres, chains, lilies, thistles, roses, corn-flowers, and all in gold, glittering, shiny, hard-to-get and always-at-a-premium gold. The way the blue bonnets got over the border was a circumstantial trifle to the way

FOLKS FORGED THEIR WAY

among the carriages and through the janizaries at the White House into the red royal Star Spangled Banner presence yesterday morning in the White House. Every man, woman, and child seemed to be labeled with the "push" or "pull" that you read on the outside doors of public buildings.

All this was, of course, the big incident of the new year, but public functions did not monopolize the public mind all day. Being that blessed day on which the scripture text, which says it is better to give than receive, is rebuked, reception on a big and less scale was the order of the day and night everywhere in the city. For this reason there was not such a big crowd on the more popular thoroughfares in the morning or early afternoon, as is usual on the average festal occasion. After dinner, however, men and women with good intentions came out quite numerously, going to and coming from the many hospitable homes where they believed it was better to receive than to give.

There was also a good deal of animation in the picture which was worked in by the people on wheels. There were afternoon jaunts on the avenues in gay equipages and on horses with banged tails and horses with the ordinary unimproved

TAIL OF THE LAST DECADE.

Maybe the most interesting feature of New Year's Day in Washington and the other half of the world is the "Wheres" and "Be it resolved" contingent. It is rather threshing old straw to refer even to the fact that people make up their minds on New Year's morn, as Betty makes up the bed, and that on New Year's night the made-up mind and made-up bed are quite in ruins. In the morning men are sad, contemplative, sadly retrospective, busily introspective, and "couleur de rose" prospective.

It is different at night in the gaslight or electric light when Whereas meets Be It Resolved on the corner near the friendly "point d'appui" of a lamp post. "Here we are again" may be then translated "there you go again," as it was in the beginning, is now and and ever will be, etc., to the end of the chapter.

Didn't you see a lot of that kind of thing last night? Didn't you meet lots of people who went out in the morning with a pocketful of preambles going home in the dim religious night three sheets in the wind and the breeze slightly freshening as they neared the doorbell? These are the people who touch the electric button, and the home folks do the rest. Not that there were not plenty of people who did keep their

HIGH AND MIGHTY RESOLVES.

Scores of them went out to celebrate, and they did celebrate in a genteel sort of way, and were carried as unanimously as their resolutions. This all comes of mixing the elixir of life with eggnogg and laying the whole set of resolutions on the table for future consideration.

However, in a city which numbers its people by the hundreds of thousands, a great many preamblers and "busted" resolvers do not amount to a big percentage. New Year's Day on the whole, was quiet in the home circle, with the usual quantity and quality of merry-making, handshaking, kissing, and courtesies.

There isn't a bit of doubt about it that all the sensible and pretty things one imagined or said yesterday will be fully verified before time becomes eternity. At least, they all said so in the glow of the firelight last night, and what everybody said must be literally true.

ONE DAY MORE.

At Noon To-day Only Twenty-four Hours Will Be Left for Voting.

How they are hustling—the school boys and girls—for that magnificent Chickering at Ellis & Co.'s, which THE TIMES will present to the most popular school in Washington.

The contest closes at noon to-morrow, after which no votes will be received. Only twenty-four hours remain after 12 o'clock to-day. Get your votes in before 6 o'clock to-night if you want to get them counted early.

Gales	33,087
Brent	29,916
Jones	24,846
Blake	21,162
Patterson	8,952
Peabody	3,911
Franklin	1,896
Taylor	1,584
Corcoran	1,538
Madison	1,041
Maury	983
Pierce	967
Langdon	739
Harrison	459
Henry	455
Business High School	314
Twining	309
Jefferson	201
Central High School	148
Eastern High School	131
Adams	120
Dennison	72
Randall	53
Seaton	52
Arthur	38
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.....

A Bright Fire

On these crisp, frosty mornings feels exceedingly good, but your coal bill's bound to be costly unless you use

Riley's Coal.

$4.25 For coal that burns freely and down to nothing but a small ash. 2,400 pounds to the ton. Clean coal, honest weight, quick service guaranteed.

RILEY'S

WHARVES, FOOT 11TH & 12TH STS. S. W. TELEPHONE 1154.

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 medley—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—$22.50.
Solid Oak Bed Room Suite, $13.
Splendid Brussels Carpet, 35c. per yard.
Reliable Ingrain Carpet, 25c per yard.
Solid Oak Extension Table, $1.50.
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.

ICE CREAM SODA FREE!

Special To-day and To-morrow.

To introduce the superior quality of our Candies and Ice Cream Soda, we will give to-day and to-morrow a glass of 10 cent Ice Cream Soda free to every purchaser of one pound or more of candy.

Prices, 25c., 40c., and 60c. pound.

W. S. GILL CANDY CO.

1223 PENN. AVE. (Formerly of F St.)

BAD AIR OF SHOPS.

Breaks Down Attendants More Than All the Rush of Christmas Shoppers.

"It is not the overwork, the long hours, and rush of trade that during the Christmas holidays has so much to do with, the weary bedraggled expression of New York shop girls as the air they are forced to breathe all day," explained an indignant and disheveled woman on Broadway yesterday. "I shall appoint myself an urgent committee on fresh air for the popular retail shops where all other commodities except good, clean oxygen are for sale.

"It is just at this season, however, that one appreciates the inhumanity of the powers that govern our big dry goods emporiums, for though the air is mild and balmy outside and dry and clear as well, saving the swinging street doors, there is no loophole for an entrance. Far worse, however, is the fact that there is not offered an adequate opportunity for the escape of exhausted air on any floor. Thousands of women are standing from 9 in the morning till 6 at night about the counters aiding in the exhaustion of the atmosphere, until in the afternoon the odor and temperature is almost intolerable. Few of the shoppers who can ease their oppressed lungs at short intervals in the open air appreciate what the shop girl is called upon to endure, breathing for ten hours an atmosphere little short of poisonous.

"There is certainly a reform needed somewhere. If the shops' superintendents cannot be persuaded into more liberal ventilation on the plea of hygiene and humanity, they are certainly open to the conviction that women as well as men work more willingly, cheerfully and with more endurance in fresh than in foul air. Both shoppers and shop girls would feel capable of double duty were they braced for the strain now put on strength and temper by what is the most inexpensive convenience the thoughtful and obliging merchants could offer.—New York Exchange."

The Chameleon Spider.

"It has always been a hobby of mine," said T. L. Grimshaw, of Raleigh, N. C., "to collect strange bugs and insects during my travels, and I think I have succeeded in getting together a pretty choice collection. Of the whole assortment I think the chameleon spider, which I got last summer on the coast of Africa, is the most valuable. The capture of this insect was highly interesting to me. One afternoon, while tramping along a dusty road, I noticed in the bushes which grew along the side what appeared to be a singular-looking white flower with a blue center. Stopping to examine it, I found to my astonishment that it was not a flower at all, but a spider's web, and that the supposed light blue heart of the flower was the spider itself, lying in wait for its prey. The mottled brown legs of the spider were extended in such a way as to resemble the divisions between the petals of a flower.

"The web itself, very delicately woven into a rosette pattern, was white, and the threads that suspended it from the bushes were so fine as to be almost invisible. The whole thing had the appearance of being suspended in the air upon a stem concealed beneath. Upon knocking the spider from his perch into the white gauze net which I carried my surprise was greatly increased upon seeing my captive instantly turn in color from blue to white. I shook the net and again the spider changed color, this time its body becoming a dull greenish brown. As often as I would shake the net just so often would the spider change its color, and I kept it up until it had assumed about every hue of the rainbow.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Excess