

THE DAILY CRITIC
The Only Democratic Daily Paper Published in Washington.
EVERY EVENING.
BY THE WASHINGTON CRITIC COMPANY.

It is a shame—from a Republican standpoint. Thomas C. Platt, the New York boss—almost a duplicate of Quay in methods, manners and cleverness—was blackballed last Tuesday night by the Harlem Republican Club. Fourteen sable spheres locked the door of the redoubtable manager. He is always successful in attempts to get other men in, but sometimes he cannot get in himself, and this was one of these times. Fifty-five members were present, and fourteen of them were not willing to do with Platt. "When President Colvin made the announcement," says the New York Herald, "there was silence for a few moments, and then the fifty-five members were in an uproar. Significant glances shot from member to member, to be followed by a decidedly audible whispering."

JONES AND OTHERS.
Jones, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Alabama—as says a correspondent of the New York Times—at one of the first Confederate Decoration celebrations in Alabama, perhaps in 1890, delivered an address before Northern and Southern soldiers so replete with patriotic sentiments, so manly and so generous as to attract attention and commendation throughout the entire country.

SATISFIED.
The Frederick (Md.) Examiner, a thick-and-thin Republican paper, is pleased with the appointments that have been made by the Harrison Administration in that State. The Examiner says: "In the appointments already made this Congressional District has certainly been most liberally provided for, and there should be no room for complaint against the Administration in the matter of its generous appointments. Among the appointments from Western Maryland are the following: The Naval Officer of the Port of Baltimore, United States Assistant Treasurer at Baltimore, Cashier of Customs, Deputy Naval Officer, Indian Inspector, Special Agent of Internal Revenue Department, Chief Doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, Consul at Marselles, an important Consulate in South America, Supervisor of the Census, Chief of Division of Bank Examiners in the United States Treasury, besides a most liberal representation in the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue, the Navy Yard, and the various Departments at Washington."

REED ON HORSEBACK.
So the respective followers of Congressmen Lodge and Rowell in the matter of a National Election law have pooled their issues. There is to be a bill of composite architecture—a combination of the stern Dedic simplicity of the Rowell bill and the florid and ornate Corinthian splendor of the Lodge bill. Each side has conceded something. Each has yielded some pet expedient for carrying the South, and thus a pet and harmonious fusion has been achieved. Speaker Reed, intoxicated with the power and authority of his position—while, by the way, he uses in a fashion that would have made Nero ashamed of himself—Speaker Reed, we say, believes that he sees in this joint product of the Lodge and Rowell minds, the magic wand whereby Republican majorities are to be perpetuated and himself anchored on the throne. He is rushing the measure through the House under whip and spur, and bringing to bear every influence he can imagine or contrive to spur the Senate to an imitation of his despatch arrangements. Where are Mr. Reed's memories of the reconstruction era? Did he not teaching or instructing that lawful tragedy penetrate to Portland in 1874 with a list that might be of value later? He entered Congress after the country had pronounced its verdict on just such measures as he is now endeavoring to revive. Perhaps in the whirl of corporation politics away down in the frost-bitten bowels of his native Maine, he did not hear or was not sensitive enough to heed the lesson of that tremendous episode. But whether he did or not, or whether, having heard, he has forgotten, or whether his elevation has made him dizzy and his vanity has dulled his senses, Mr. Reed will feel the rather tight before he gets through with this last enterprise of his. He has set on foot a movement which will restore the conditions that existed South from 1865 to 1874. They were conditions which General Grant found to be beyond his control, and which, in 1876, he at last recognized as being the outward fruit of vicious and abhorrent legislation. Does this fat Home Guard think that he can achieve results which Grant, the soldier patriot, the Mol of his army, were incapable of?

THE FLOODS OF 1880.
Speaking of the visit to Washington of the committee appointed by the New York Chamber of Commerce, to urge on Congress a suitable appropriation for the improvement of the Mississippi River and the protection of the lowlands, the New York Times says:
"Congress, however, cannot fairly be accused of showing indifference to the needs of the great river. It has appropriated many millions for its improvement, and is now preparing for the expenditure of still more money. The enormous and repeated destructions by the overflowing of the river of all these outlays, naturally aroused doubt as to the wisdom of such an outlay of the Federal treasury. The system adopted by the Mississippi River Commission for confining the river to its natural bed.

The Times is too intelligent and high-minded a paper to make such a statement as the above, except in honest misapprehension. The damage done by the flood of this year was not enormous, and it was not unprecedented. On the contrary, although the flood itself was vastly greater than any ever known before, the inundation of arable lands was not comparable to that of 1874, or 1882 or 1883. So far from there being any significance unfavorable to the levee system, the fact is exactly the reverse. The experience of this year proves that the theory of the United States engineers and the River Commission is entirely correct, and the plan upon which they have been proceeding wholly feasible. The Mississippi Valley has never known a flood even approximately equal to that of the present year, and yet it has been abundantly shown that the damage done has been comparatively insignificant. If this proves anything, it proves that levees are capable of confining the river to its channel, and of absolutely preventing the overflow of cultivated lands. We believe the New York Times to be incapable of wilful misrepresentation, and, in that view of the matter, we venture the hope that it will inform itself more fully in the premises and lend its great influence to a good and much misunderstood cause.

PERSONAL.
Mrs. D. Brand and her niece, Miss Margie Davis, started for the seaside yesterday morning by the Boston and Albany, and on the Massachusetts coast.
Mrs. C. B. Shaffer, wife and daughter of the late General, returned from Rome on Monday.
Mrs. Schaefer and her daughter May will be the guests of Mrs. Dr. Brand at Oast Bay.
President Harrison, in company with Mrs. Dimick, visited the Fischer Art Store yesterday evening.
Carmenita, the famous dancer, can neither read nor write, but possesses a pair of highly educated feet.
Rudyard Kipling has been proposed for Tinsley's successor as poet laureate on account of his brilliant and original genius.
Countess de Kersaint has the most successful salon in Paris. She will receive no guests unless she is clothed in an eye color and as few stars as the sun.
Genevieve Ward, who has been teaching elocution in Paris, is about to return to the States, and has begun serious preparation by ordering a pair of new costumes from Felix of Paris.
"Mr. Quad," the humorist and sketch writer of the Boston Free Press, is paid \$125 a week for his work. He weighs 120 pounds, is very eccentric, and is a perfect genius in business matters.
Jay Gould has resumed his former habit of spending one or two evenings each week in the crowd of Wall street men at an up-to-date restaurant, but he is a close listener of talking himself, but he is a close listener to what others have to say.
Miss Courtney Walling, daughter of the senator from New York, is married by all odds the prettiest young woman in the senatorial circle at Washington. She is a stocky girl with a well-rounded figure, clear complexion and beautiful hazel eyes.
The German Emperor always has a large box filled with cigars when he is on his travels, the value of which is some \$20,000. He is fond of suddenly producing one of these, and giving it to somebody who is not expecting anything of the kind.
Mrs. John P. McElroy, wife of the late President Arthur, is a quiet little home body, and lives at Albany. Her love of domesticity, her charm of manner and her beauty are still as notable as when she was the first lady of the land, presiding in the White House.
King Deak Sablon, the dusky monarch of the Nation, who attended the Paris Exposition, is expected to visit the city for a little "sojourn" if he can secure political opponents as hostages for peace in his absence. It is not dead, despite the reports that he was poisoned, or strangled for introducing European customs.

SHOOTING WATER SNAKES.
Water snakes have become such a nuisance to Dr. Hessel, curator of the carp ponds and superintendent of shell propagation, that he has declared a war of extermination against them. They are voracious devourers of young fish, lying in wait for them in the shallow water near the banks, and gliding stealthily by their conical bellies, which they finally swallow before they have time to fairly realize the nature of the tragic occurrence. One snake will consume, on an average, at least six little carp or shiner fish, and at this rate it will be seen that a few of them, with ordinary appetites, are likely to shockingly deplete the stock in a preserve within a comparatively brief period. However, the inventor of the electric net, as Dr. Hessel's watery domain may be judged by the fact that during the past twelve months he has himself killed 1,200 of them.

IN THE LOBBIES.
F. S. Bradley and wife, New York; John A. Gray, North Carolina; E. D. Conighauser, Dallas; and J. R. Johnston, Pittsburg, are at the Metropolitan.
F. A. Spencer, Bristol, N. C.; Walter F. Peck, Atlanta, N. C.; and J. H. and B. M. Knicker, South City, Iowa, and Charles Hovet, Newark, N. J., are among the arrivals at the National.
J. W. Bates, Louisville; W. H. Hall and wife, New York; R. W. Croton and wife, Goldsboro, N. C.; and H. P. Hall, St. Paul, are registered at the Hotel James.
A. L. Pitney, Pittsburg; Willie T. Strawn, New Jersey; and Lewis South, Grand Rapids, Mich., are registered at the Hotel Johnson.

THE SENATOR IN CALIFORNIA.
Mr. Crane Tells Something About His Attitudes to a Phonograph.
"Senator" William H. Crane clings as fondly to his phonograph and his dog Pete in San Francisco as he did in this city. The phonograph has some advantage over the ordinary letter which make it very valuable to those who possess the wonderful machine and can make it talk. It is illegible to all who do not have the machine, and one may not be certain his secret thoughts will not be read by some eavesdropper who is eavesdropping into whose hands the cylinder may accidentally fall.

DAIRYMEN FULL OF FIGHT.
They Resist Government Agents Bent on Killing Diseased Cattle.
In obedience to orders from Secretary Rusk, W. Judson Smith and Dr. A. K. Robertson, his subordinate officers in the State of New York, recently planned a raid through Long Island for the purpose of capturing and killing all diseased water-milk cows. It is a small mark to hit, but the distinguished curator's aim is unerring, and it is his particular pride always to break the neck between the base of the skull and the first vertebra. This accomplished, the prey invariably gives up the ghost, and the sportsman looks out for the next.

GRADUATING EXERCISES AT WEST POINT.
Distinguished Persons Present.
Secretary Proctor arrived at West Point yesterday and was greeted with a salute of seventeen guns. He is a guest of General Wilson, superintendent of the Military Academy. General Sherman arrived this morning. A review of the cadet corps was given in honor of the arrival of Secretary Proctor. The farewell hop to the graduates occurred last night in the grand hall.

STARS AND STRIPES STAY.
Canadian Hunt is Said to Have the Flag Hauled Down.
On Tuesday, says a dispatch from Kingston, Ont., Mayor Dronnon engaged the band of Battery A to go with an excursion of Canadian Foresters down the river on the steamer St. Lawrence, an American boat owned by Folger Brad, a resident here. Colonel Cotton, the commandant of the battery, when he saw the Stars and Stripes flying, ordered the band not to go on board unless the Yankee flag was hauled down and the Union Jack allowed to run up. About 300 people were on the boat at the time.

A BRUTAL NEGRO.
He Assaults Two Lone Women and Nearly Kills One.
Detective Garrison of Gloucester County, N. J., is searching for Charles Paynter, a burly negro living near Red Bank, who is charged with a double crime. On Tuesday Paynter attacked Miss Annie Shott, the 16-year-old daughter of Frank Shott, and attempted to drag her upstairs in the house where she and her mother were alone. The girl's screams attracted her mother's attention, and she flew to the rescue. Bravely attacking the negro, Mrs. Shott forgot her own danger, and so fiercely did she fight, that Paynter relinquished his hold upon the girl and turned to the mother. Felling her with a savage blow in the face, Paynter kicked her into insensibility, fled from the house and escaped.

THE DISEASE STATISTICS.
How the Christian Scientist Meets the Census Enumerator.
The only people who can really afford to laugh about these disease statistics are the Christian Scientists. They can conscientiously answer that they do not now suffer, and never have suffered, from any disease whatsoever, acute or chronic. You can imagine a census taker in the fever and ague district of Indiana enquiring of a lady, "What woman yellow and shaking with chronic ague?" "Madam," says the census taker (Mr. Jones last night), "these dollar and a-half day enumerators will be a-must have all the urbanity of my Lord Chesterfield himself, 'madam,' you say kindly state whether you are suffering from any acute or chronic disease, with name of disease and length of time afflicted!"

WORK OF THE TYPESETTERS.
At Atlanta, Ga., yesterday the International Typographical Union voted \$1,000 to the Chattanooga strikers. The report of the committee of the whole on the proposed home was adopted, the first being in making the name "The Childs Hotel Home for Union Printers." The Wade eight hour bill was introduced. Permission was given to grant a charter to a union in New York City. The finance committee reported \$25,000 on hand. Resolutions looking to a World's Typographical Congress at Chicago in 1893 were adopted. The American Federation of Labor were instructed to forward the idea of a universal congress of workmen at Chicago in 1893. The delegates were given a barbecue yesterday afternoon at Stone Mountain.

THE MOUNT VERNON.
AND MARSHALL HALL STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
On and after JUNE 12, 1890, the new iron and steel steamer, CHARLES MACALESTER, will leave her wharf foot of SEVENTH ST., for MOUNT VERNON and MARSHALL HALL, on TUESDAY EVENING, every day (except Sunday) at 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., returning at 6 a. m. and 9 p. m. On FRIDAY and SATURDAY, Special Monthly Excursions down the river to MOUNT VERNON until second boat leaving if desired. Fare, round trip, \$1, including admission to the Museum and round-trip boat fare on the boat. Meals and lunches served on board.
For MARSHALL HALL—Same as MOUNT VERNON, but on SUNDAY at 11 a. m., 2 30 and 6 p. m., returning at 6:30 and 9 p. m. Special Monthly Excursions down the river to MARSHALL HALL, leaving at MARSHALL HALL, on TUESDAY, at 10 a. m., returning at 6:30 p. m., reaching city on return at 10 a. m. Meals and lunches at all times at MARSHALL HALL.
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CULTIVATE DEMAND.
THE TIDE IS FAST GOING OUT FOR SPRING-WEIGHT CASSIMERES.

Are we going to be left? WE GUESS NOT.
We're Now in the Swim. HEAR THE SPLASH!

All Men's Cassimere Suits, Sack Style.
All Men's Cassimere Suits, Cutaway Style.
That have been selling all season and were good values at \$12, \$15 and \$18. Come and take one.

Now, \$9.88.
Now, \$9.88.
NOW GO, \$9.88.
NOW GO, \$9.88.

"WHY IS THIS THUSLY?"
You Inquire.
WE'RE OVERSTOCKED WITH CASSIMERES.

This Price FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.
The Cassimeres are not selling, and we cannot afford to PAY THEM A PENSION.

E. B. BARNUM & CO.,
931 PENNA. AVE.
Finest Ready-Made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring.

AMUSEMENTS.
THE COMEDY.
PARADISE FLATS.
HUBBARD T. SMITH.
NEW NATIONAL THEATRE.
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