

WASHINGTON CRITIC



EMERY SMITHING.

THE WASHINGTON CRITIC COMPANY, HALLET KILBOURN, PRESIDENT.

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THE WASHINGTON CRITIC, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 23, 1889.

PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTIONS.

The Cabinet meets on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12:30 p. m.

Senators and Representatives in Congress will be received by the President every day, except Mondays, from 10 until 12.

Persons not members of Congress having business with the President will be received from 12 until 1 on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Those who have no business, but call merely to pay their respects, will be received by the President in the East Room at 7 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

THE LATE JUSTICE MATTHEWS.

The death of Mr. Justice Matthews of the Supreme Bench yesterday has afforded his friends and his enemies a fruitful opportunity for the expression of varying opinion of his public career.

His friends are not less hearty in their approval of the man than are his enemies in their disapprobation of him politically and he is left upon the middle ground of general sentiment as a man of unquestioned ability, possessed of political feeling from which none mortal is entirely free.

As a maker of laws he had filled a place equal in elevation to that which he filled as a judge when death called him away and his place was among the highest, as a private citizen his name was without reproach, and he goes to his final rest sincerely mourned by friends in all sections of the Union.

AMBIT AND NEWSPAPER.

The prominent American daily newspaper is now generally illustrated.

It is recognized that the newspaper as a means for telling the story of the day must be aided by every device for making that story complete, and that pictures often tell more than words.

As the art of making swift newspaper pictures progresses, the illustrations will be more and more in the nature of an aside to reporting, and the picture will in time accompany the pen sketch as a matter of course. The artist will be another faithful reporter. He will be a newspaper man. It is his righteousness recognizing that with the training of the press he is becoming a journalist, not a painter, that impedes his progress.

Too many artists employed on the press still forget that they are not making something to hang upon a wall, but something that will be reproduced on an ordinary printing press in ordinary ink on soft paper. They forget that clear lines and a general light effect are the first requisites. They persist in putting in heavy shading. They produce something that looks well on cardboard, and does not look well in a newspaper.

A good rule for a newspaper artist to consider is that he should bear in mind the effect of the page rather than of the picture. The picture must be in lightness in keeping with the tone of the page. It would, perhaps, be a good test to place the newspaper at a distance of say thirty or forty feet and if at that distance the picture stand out distinctly to consider it too dark. An editor does not want his page blotched up with black spots. He wants the picture which assists in telling a story about as light as the rest of the story. This would not be the manner in which a sketch should be drawn for an art exhibition. A feature of art must be sacrificed for newspaper necessities.

An illustration of what is here referred to was afforded in *The Critic* of yesterday. There appeared upon the first page of this newspaper two portraits, one that of the late Justice Matthews, the other that of a young lady. The portrait of the young lady was carefully drawn and made dark, that of the late Chief Justice was in lighter style. The result, when the newspaper press had done its work, was that the hurried picture of the man did more justice to its subject.

Advice to newspaper artists: Make all your newspaper work light. If you must do heavy shading do it on work not intended for the daily press.

DEALING WITH TRAMPS.

The Anderson, Indiana, method of dealing with the tramp nuisance has many admirable features.

People in the town named have been annoyed of late by the advent of a particularly vicious group of the class of tourists who neither toil nor spin nor are arrayed like Hilites of the valley, but who get a living somehow, and are impudent about it. These tramps in general disrespected and made themselves generally disagreeable until a night or two ago. They had taken possession of a railroad station for the night and were surrounded by the town marshal and a small regiment of indignant citizens, after which there was a great deal of fun—for the citizens exclusively. A double-line of the citizens was formed along the railroad track, each man in the line being armed with a barrel stove, and the tramps were one by one compelled to run the gauntlet. They were thumped unmercifully and have fled the town. This sort of thing is not new in Anderson, the old custom there being to run tramps through the gauntlet into the river, but the

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

Everyone must admire the sturdy manhood of the Rev. Dr. Scott. Despite the accidental circumstance of his being the father-in-law of the President, he still keeps steadily at work at his desk in the Pension Office, and although his daughters and the President himself have tried to make him believe that there is no longer any necessity for his continuing to work, he cannot be induced to surrender his position.

Shortly after the election Mrs. Harrison wrote to her father, asking him to resign, and saying that as soon as they came to Washington she would expect him to live at the White House. This letter was accompanied by a note from the President who made the same request that Mrs. Harrison had, and the President's note was written in such a cordial and friendly strain that there was no doubt as to its sincerity.

But the old gentleman wrote to his daughter, saying that while he should be very glad to be a frequent visitor at the White House, and perhaps spend some part of his time there, he could not think of passing the rest of his days in idleness; that because his son-in-law had been elected President of the United States, himself having tried to make him believe that there is no longer any necessity for his continuing to work, he cannot be induced to surrender his position.

It would be interesting to know what the Secretary of the Interior thought when he got that despatch from the astonishing editor of the *New York Mail and Express*, asking that the Senate change its hours of meeting.

MR. WASAMAKER should give the *New York Times* a lesson for its big Philadelphia store and change the tone of its editorials. The *Times* is a good advertising medium.

THE NEW YORK SUN is giving Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Hayes a rest, while it devotes a few touching remarks to Colonel Freed Grant.

THERE ARE STILL A FEW Republicans who are no better off than if Cleveland had been elected.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK, under Grant, seems to be edited from the *Hotel office*.

CRITICALLY.

We are pleased to announce that Mary Anderson is not suffering from mental Abeyation.

The *New York Herald* of to-morrow will contain a novelette entitled, "A Snob's Autobiography," by Edgar Sawsett. Edgar's autobiographical sketch is interesting.

"I'm a Cleveland Democrat," remarked a Democratic holdover to a Dave Hill politician in the Ebbitt House lobby last night.

"Yes, I understand," replied the D. H. P., in evidence of disgust. "It's the same thing as a man being a—of a Christian."

The first note of spring—March 1st. Thirty days after date I promise to pay, &c., &c.

IN THE SPRING, in the spring a small boy's fancy. Lightly turns to swimming holes; in the spring his mother's fancy. Lightly turns to slippers' soles.

Shelterless sorrow is his who would not shed a tear.

A PRINCELET PEN. "I hope," remarked Albert, the good Prince of Wales, as he looked at a list of American names, "I hope—and he sniled at his own little joke."

"The Hon. Chauncey deputed to the Court of St. James."

WILD WESTERN IMAGINATION. (Chicago Herald.) Several counties in California, which are notoriously infested with mosquitoes, are riding themselves of the pest by planting eucalyptus trees in the vicinity of which mosquitoes are unknown. The California mosquito is evidently not as big and powerful an insect as the *Texas* specimen, or he would gnaw the trees down, or pull them up by the roots as fast as planted.

COLDY TRU. (New York Sun.) Miss ANDERSON and HER ILLNESS.—The temporary breakdown of Miss Mary Anderson, a young and beautiful beauty, has been widely noted, and the dangers of the fast business life which modern methods make possible and invite.—(Baltimore Sun.)

No; what teaches is that colic and the pursuit of an arduous, intellectual, brain-exhausting profession do not go well together.

BETTER GOOD-BY. (New York World.) Perhaps Mr. Bayard will be able to sell his misfit foreign policy to Cuba.

A TRUE TALE. Through a half open door in the Hotel Arno the murmur of a low, musical voice floated into the hallway. The door opened into an elegant apartment decorated with rich drapery and bijouterie that gave the place an air of voluptuous refinement. Seated on a soft Turkish rug of luxurious soundness a woman, whose face, the face of exquisite sweetness, yet with an uncanny brilliancy about the eyes, lit up by an uncanny radiance, looked towards the speaker. The little hand rests a head whose golden-embroidered tresses fall a glittering shower over her shoulders, and in the other is a safety circular with grotesque of arabesque exaltation, through which brilliant colored globes wheel and circle in bewildering madz.

"My God," says the fair girl with a smothered sob—"I cannot do it—I cannot!"

"The girl gives the duty circular her a swift glance at it with a look of intense determination, and drawing herself up to the height of her ascendant stature casts it from her into the fire as if it were a thing too low for her superb contempt. For an instant her face rests in her hands, then with trembling steps she propels her chair across the room to a table, sits down and writes another novel. It is Amelia Bive Chandler and she has been trying to get the "Pigs in the Pen."

HINTS ON DRESS.

The double-breasted frock coat waistcoat, with three or four-button buttons, will be worn altogether as the correct thing this spring.

Trousers of rather larger designs than last year, and cut mediocrity in width, will predominate.

For shoes, either patent leather or light tan, but patent leather will probably have the preference.

Collars may be either the style with the point turned out or the straight standing up with the ends meeting, the height depending upon the wearer's neck.

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MATTER WORTH READING.

A Model Town. The diminutive cañon of Basel (city) is setting a shining example to all the great European powers in the matter of popular education, says the *Paris American Register*.

Thoughtful and thoughtful only are the schools of every description free, but the cantonal government also furnishes all school books and utensils gratis. Public instruction up to the point of entering a university, therefore, does not cost the pupil or his parents a cent. In addition to this universal liberality, the cantonal government also defrays the expense of a series of commemorative of the great earthquake in 1856, an institution was founded which annually distributes gratis a large quantity of cloth to needy boys and girls, amounting last year to 1,000 meters of cloth, given to 1,675 boys and 1,287 girls. It is for the foregoing that the cantonal government is so proud of its school system, and the cantonal government is so proud of its school system, and the cantonal government is so proud of its school system.

Happy Islanders. The natives of the Gilbert group of islands have just enjoyed a veritable windfall. A large ship with full cargo and nobody on board sailed into their harbor. The vessel was the British Ship *Rock Terrace*, and the strange part about the matter is that the ship was abandoned by her crew about twelve months ago, and instead of foundering soon, she drifted on and on until she reached the Gilbert Islands. She left Philadelphia for Japan in September, 1887, with a cargo of oil and phosphates valued at \$250,000. When near the Philippine Islands the crew abandoned their vessel, and she drifted on and on until she reached the Gilbert Islands. She left Philadelphia for Japan in September, 1887, with a cargo of oil and phosphates valued at \$250,000. When near the Philippine Islands the crew abandoned their vessel, and she drifted on and on until she reached the Gilbert Islands.

California Economy. The following economy comes from *Franklin's* on the *Los Angeles Times*: A fashionable and wealthy party of people, whose worldly possessions foot up near a million dollars, drove into the city from a lively little town not far distant. As it was late, a hotel must be sought at once. The place was found, and the parties quartered for the night at 55 cents a head. Next day one of the guests went down town and bought 10 cents worth of doughnuts. With a pitcher of water and the pastry the whole outfit sat around in their rooms and breakfasted. The visitors, after such a healthy meal, sought their conveyance and left the city.

Noiseless B. France, Austria and Germany have stopped smoking for ammunition for their armies and are conducting experiments to get an explosive also as useless as possible. A fair degree of success has been reached and experts have no doubt that by the time the next European war begins the smoke and noise of battle will have been done away with. It is alleged that a regiment of an Indian man says "It's after office."

Another Comparison. Why is a French mirror like a pretty girl? Both are good looking (g) lasses. Dreadful!

What is the difference between a man sending a flirt to a Jacquemotte and one ordering dinner at a restaurant from a dead waiter? One orders his rose, while the other roars his orders.

A Difficulty. What makes it almost impossible to know the time of day in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General? The clock watches there "the clocks and watches there."

The First One. Why is the first Irishman mentioned in the Bible? The Gal Ilagar, when Abraham "let her go."

Another on the "Critic." Why should the *Critic* be especially far-seeing and sagacious? It has two capital 'I's in its head, and C's both sides.

Of Course. How would you send a message to a friend who was overboard? Drop him a line.

What He Would Do. Would a bodycatcher pursue an argument with a policeman? No; he'd drop the subject.

Why He is Like Them. When does a conservative poker player imitate an affectionate couple in a parlor? When he doesn't raise the blind.

What Do You Do. What do you do when you beat a drop-nickel machine? You steal away.

Oh, Dear! Why is an old piece of string like patriotism? Because it's a common chord.

Theological. What is the difference between celestial harmony and an orthodox minister? One is a divine sound and the other a sound divine.

Aluminum. Is any metal used in the composition of baking powder? Yes; there's aluminum in 'em.

Tropical. What's the difference between Baron Sachville and regions like Sahara? The baron has had nothing but his just deserts, and the deserts have nothing, but they're just barren.

A Vile One. Why is a medicine bottle like tobacco? Because it is a vital thing.

Why should Harrison never go riding in a small boat? Because he might "tip-ticeance." (Tippecanoe.)

Why is the new Minister to France very poor physically? Because he is "a field shaken by the wind." H. M. R.

A Light One. Why is a candle-light like a book agent? Because they are both slow to go out.

Footwear. Why is a shoe deaf, dumb and blind? It has eyes and can't see; ears and can't hear, and a tongue and can't talk.

When is a goat not a goat? When it's a huttin'.

Fetch'd From Afar. Why is the President a child of satan? Because he is "O'od Harry's" son (Harrison).

From Indiana. What does the President say to two-thirds of the office-seekers? Hooster (who's here).

Criticisms. Why is a person with smallpox like a brand of champagne? Because he is *Held* (held-side).

Confession. Why are the points of the above conundrums like oysters in boarding-house soup? They are invisible.

An Alexandrian. My father takes your paper. I read it every night. I have been interested in your conundrum column. I am a boy of 14 years. I think I have a conundrum that will take the 85.

Why is a State of Kentucky like a deed-and brick yard? Because R. Yarnum the loss of its best clay (Henry Clay).

CHARLES E. HAWKINS, 919 King Street, Alexandria, Va.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM CONTEST.

All classes of people are contributing to *The Critic's* conundrum column and the contest is becoming decidedly curious and interesting.

As announced the prize of \$5 is for the best lot of "original" conundrums with their answers, to be sent in to this office before April 1. These will be given daily. The conundrums may be sent in at any time—the sooner the better. The award will be made by Mr. W. J. Langston of *The Critic's* editorial staff. The prize offered is insignificant, but the contest is droll and it is hoped *The Critic's* readers will continue to enter into it heartily for the amusement it will afford. Here are another lot.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—I beg to send *The Critic* another lot of conundrums, warranted the "toughest" yet.

I do not think I shall trouble it again if I can break myself of looking for analogies or contrasts in everything and of saying "why is," "what is," "when is," every night before going to bed. The enclosed are two good hours of rest last night and my only consolation is that they may cost other boys nights of sleeplessness.

Until *The Critic* instigated me I never made or tried to make a conundrum in my life, but I now know what misfortune is going to befall us.

St. Stephen's English, 1. Why may a fellow who has spent his last cent for a meal be considered lucky? Because he is fortunate, (he his fortune was "lucky.")

When They Meet. 2. When a doctor meets a philosopher who looks like the latter as "Doctor?" Because he's metaphysical.

Mutual. 3. Why can't you carve a tough without help? Because it's a joint under-talking.

They'll Agree. 4. Who are the best looking men in the city? The Hansom-car drivers.

For the Health. 5. When does a baseball take up a collection? When it passes the plate.

A Paradox. 6. Why is it seemingly absurd to have two physicians in attendance upon a sick man? It's a job for "Two Doctors."

For the Minister Stage. 7. Why is changing a new \$5 bill like taking a case before another court trial? It's a change of V. venue.

Eau de Vie. 8. Why is a \$5 debt like glass of brandy? It's owed a V. (au de vie).

Why like a picket? It's a V. debt. (vidette).

From the Possible Past. 9. What is the difference between a passenger on a Cunarder about four days out and an intoxicated man? One is half over seas and the other is half seas over.

Just Alike. 10. When you make an engagement with a department clerk for 4:15 p. m. why does it remind you of an Indiana man? "It's after office."

Another Comparison. 11. Why is a French mirror like a pretty girl? Both are good looking (g) lasses. Dreadful!

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INTERESTING TO CHURCH-GOERS.

[Clergymen are requested to send weekly to the editor of *The Critic* the text and general subject of Sermons for Sunday. Such information should reach this office as early as Friday evening. It will be published in Saturday's *Critic*, free of charge, as of interest to church-going people.]

Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, Ninth and D streets southwest, Rev. John W. Phillips: 11 a. m., "Personal Responsibility" evening, "Salvation Possible Only To Those Who Strive for It."

Wesley Methodist Episcopal Chapel, F and Fifth streets northwest, Rev. James P. Wright: 11 a. m., "The Blessings of Self-Denial" evening, "Salvation Possible Only To Those Who Strive for It."

St. Paul's English Lutheran Church, Eleventh and H streets northwest, Rev. S. D. Domet: Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Second Baptist Church, Fourth street and Virginia avenue southeast, Rev. Edmond Hoz Swem: Services, 11 a. m.; evening, "Stoppers Stopped."

Concordia German Lutheran Church, Twelfth and G streets northwest, Rev. J. Maehler: 11 a. m., "The Fellowship With Infidelity" evening, "Our Preservation in the Truth."

First Congregational Church, corner Tenth and G streets northwest, Rev. E. Whitley, D. D., at 11 a. m. and Rev. L. E. Pangborn at 7:30 p. m.

Sixth Presbyterian Church, corner Sixth and C streets southwest, Rev. Dr. Hersey: 11 a. m., "Surrender" evening, "One Thing You Lack."

West Street Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, now of Buffalo, but for ten years the beloved pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, will preach to-morrow evening at 7:30.

Twelfth Street M. E. Church, near Pennsylvania avenue, Rev. J. D. Still: Services, 11 a. m., "Kingdom Suffers Violence" 7:30 p. m., "How Can These Things Be?"

Tabernacle (Congregational) Church, Ninth street southeast, near B, Rev. William C. Scofield, Services, 11 a. m., "Sustaining, Yet Increasing," and at 7:30 p. m.

Next week at Albough's will be presented the latest and greatest comic opera success, "Said Pasha," with new and special scenery, costumes, etc., and a fine cast, including Helen Dingo, Carlo Coffery, Alice Gallier, Pete Selby, Hubert Wilco, Edwin Stevens, Stanley Felch, Joseph Greenfield and Francis Galliard. "Said Pasha" was first presented in San Francisco, and in New York, Philadelphia and other cities it has made a palpable hit everywhere. It is bright and funny with a happy faculty of getting on good terms with an audience on short notice.

Gus Hill's World of Novelties and Greatest All-Feature Show, with new acts, new faces, new novelties, will be the winner at Kearsaw's next week. In the list are the Fisher Brothers, on the flying trapeze; the French Novelty Troupe; Bryant and Scoble, musical comedians; Stanley Felch and Maggie Bertrando, Irish artists; Miss Estelle Wellington, queen of song and dance; Mlle. Alberta, queen of the wire, and Gus Hill in his \$10,000 champion club act. These are only a few. It's a world of novelties.

Austin's World of Wonders Company, headed by George Austin, the intrepid aviator, is the bill for the Globe next week. The olio includes the finest assortment of variety talent of both sexes and concludes with the "Clodoche Kickers" by a car load of new beauties from New York.

Mr. "Pete" Baker and his sparkling company will commence a week's engagement at the Bijou on Monday night in Mr. Baker's musical comedy, "The Emigrant." The play is said to be one of the best dressed pieces of its kind in existence, the costumes alone costing over \$10,000. Manager Harris has been very successful in his selection of good attractions this season, and "The Emigrant" is to be classed with the best.

This is the last week of the Battle of Shiloh and the Royal Midgates, Lucia Zarate and Major Atom. In order that everybody may have a chance to see these wonders of art and nature, the price has been reduced to twenty-five cents. The exhibition is open daily and evening.

Amusement Notes. Miss Minnie Palmer appeared at the National last night in "My Sweetheart," with new songs and dances, and a musical comedy. The audience was big, and her success has been during the entire engagement. Again to-night.

If the best looking girl in the "Adonis" chorus didn't quit so well herself and show it, she would be fifty per cent. better looking.

John Rogers is agitated because a Washington audience didn't get on with "My Brother's Sister," and proposes to put up a big blackboard diagram on the c. p. side of the stage so everybody can see. John swears there's nothing the matter with the jokes.

Miss Amy Hare of the Royal Academy of Music, London, will give a grand piano recital at Universalist Church, Thirtieth and L streets northwest, Wednesday evening, March 27, under the auspices of Mrs. J. G. Blaine, Mrs. Macfarland Laughton, Mrs. Washington McLean and other well-known society ladies. Tickets at Droop's, Breantano's and principal places.

Funeral of Mrs. Berry. The funeral of Mrs. Sarah B. Berry takes place at 4 o'clock this afternoon at All Souls' Unitarian Church. She was a woman who had a very large circle of friends. She was over 70 years old. In 1849 she made the trip from New Orleans to California, and was one of the first American women to enter San Francisco. She went to New York, where she lost the property she had accumulated in San Francisco, and came to Washington in 1855. For several years she lived in the house on G street, now used as the Regis Hotel annex. James W. New and Allen G. Thurman were prominent in her circle of friends. She was greatly admired for her wit. Many of the most intelligent people make their home with her at her residence on L street.

A Verdict for \$5,000. The jury in Judge Montgomery's court yesterday gave Rosa Meade, a little colored girl, a verdict of \$5,000 against the Richmond and Danville Railroad. She slipped down an embankment and was run over by a moving train, sustaining injuries which will leave her lame for life. Mr. Linden Kent, who appeared for the railroad, gave notice of a motion for a new trial.

An Excellent Picture. The likeness of Judge Andrew C. Bradley which appeared in this journal a few days ago was taken from an accurate negative furnished by Mr. J. D. Morrison, a prominent and prompt photographer, whose studio is centrally located at 225 Pennsylvania avenue northwest. *The Critic* is indebted to the courtesy and promptness of this establishment.

Prate is unthatched concerning the effects of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price only 35 cents.

The best in the end is the cheapest, and in the