WASHINGTON CRITIC

EVERY EVENING.

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BALLET KILBOURN, PRESIDENT.

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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 11 until 12.

Persons not members of Congress having business with the President will be received from 12 to 12:30 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 1 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

VISITORS TO THE DEPARTMENTS.

Secretaries Blaine, Proctor and Tracy have issued the following order for the reception of visitors:

Reception of Senators and Representatives in Congress, from 10 to 12 o'clock.

Reception of all persons not connected with the Departments, at 12 o'clock, except Tuesdays and Fridays, which are Cabinet days; and Thursdays in the Department of State, when the members of the Diplomatic Corps are exclusively received.

Persons will not be admitted to the building after 2 o'clock each day, unless by card, which will be sent by the captain of the watch to the chief clerk or to the head of the bureau for which the visit is intended. This rule will not apply to Senators, Representatives or heads of Executive Departments.

The Secretary of the Treasury receives Senators and Representatives from 10 to 11:30 a. m. and other persons from 11:30 until 1 p. m., except Tuesdays and Fridays, Cabinet days.

The Postmaster-General receives persons having business with him from 10 a. m. until 1 p. m., except on Tuesdays and Fridays, Cabinet days.

The Secretary of the Interior receives Senators, Members of the House of Representatives and officers of the Executive Departments from 10 until 2, except Tuesdays and Fridays (Cabinet days). The general public is received from 12 until 2, except Tuesdays, Fridays and Mondays, which is Interior Department day at the White House.

THE JOHNSTOWN HORROR.

The news from Pennsylvania is still incomplete regarding the extent of loss of life at Johnstown and in the immediate region. That thousands have perished, that the disaster is the greatest of its kind in the history of the country does not seem to admit of doubt. Days may pass before the full extent of the horror is appreciated. Renewed telegraphic facilities, but result in additions to the list of casualties rather than, as at first hoped, in reducing it. Though the first wild reports of 10,000 or 15,000 deaths have been proved wrong, yet that thousands have been drowned is assured and the shocking details which are obtainable add to the ghastly effect of the story of the floods.

The first thing to be considered everywhere is what can be done for the survivors in the stricken region. They are homeless and penniless. The appalling extent of the calamity which has befallen them should have the effect of inducing prompt action everywhere. Washington, where the loss by flood has also been heavy, and where, fortunately, there has been no loss of life, should not be unsympathetic in time of emergency. Relatively, the suffering in this city is nothing. Such contributions as can be afforded for sufferers in the permanent Johnstown region should be sent to the office.

Our Tailor-made Suits.
Why should we wear such ill-fitting clothes when we can get a tailor-made suit for $15 at the Boston?

CLEAN THE CELLARS.

The cellars of much of the business portion of Washington as well as a limited residence district are filled with muddy water. This water will not retire of its own impulse with the falling of the river. Hundreds of cellars were filled by the overflow through the streets and not by backwater from the sewers, and the water in them must be pumped or bailed out. This work should not be neglected for a single day.

The hot season is close upon us and unless a regard is shown for sanitary laws, Washington may suffer. There is possible pestilence in the contents of the cellars and the danger should be reduced to a minimum. Where the occupants of buildings do not themselves realize the danger, and show proper energy, the authorities should at once apply the needed spur. Washington has already had enough malaria for 1889.

Clean the cellars.

NO NEED FOR IMMIGRATION.

What the importation of cheap labor from the lower classes of Europe means has been illustrated in the sequel to the great Johnstown disaster. Groups of Hungarian laborers have, it is reported, been discovered robbing the dead, mutilating their ears and fingers to recover jewelry. Swift retribution has been inflicted in a few cases, but in nine cases out of ten, no doubt, the ghouls have escaped all punishment. They are of the class whose presence in this country has been invited of late years by greedy employers and as greedy immigration agents. Are they needed here? Is there any necessity for their presence? Certainly not. They but enrich the few while their presence is a menace to the many. Have we not about enough of Europe's scum? We have no more land than we need for our own children and grandchildren. Immigration is not a tiling to be encouraged. We want no bastard race formed here. We are Anglo-Saxon.

THE *Post's* relief fund, in aid of the Johnstown sufferers, affords a means by which the generously disposed may contribute to the relief of the sufferers in Pennsylvania. It is a commendable thing and affords a practical machinery for doing direct good to those who are now in need and enduring in a way compared with which physical suffering is belittled. Let the aid which Washington gives the victims of the great flood go through this channel.

ACCORDING to Senator Gorman, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal has ended its existence in the flood, and it will no longer be a medium of communication and transportation. The canal-day has about reached its end, anyway, but the C. & O. Canal has been a source of business to Georgetown, and large quantities of Cumberland coal have been brought down it to the yards in that part of the town and from there ships have carried it to all points. It has been a feeder to the greatest industry of the town, and just what the result of its destruction will be cannot yet be determined. A railroad along the bed of the canal will, no doubt, be one of the results of the flood.

CONGRESSIONAL economy has received a set-back by the flood's effect on the Potomac Flat improvements. Congress, in its mean, miserly, pinching, poverty-stricken manner of appropriating in dribs for that work, has been caught with it in such shape that thousands of dollars have been literally swept away and all the work will have to be done over again. It is only another case of trying to save at the spigot while the bung hole is left open.

MR. EDWARD BODEE of Freehold, N. J., has written General Greely, calling his attention to the fact that the rainstorms in June, '86, '87 and '88, which damaged the hay crop in the Middle States, were not foretold by the Weather Bureau and asking that more care be taken this year. Mr. Bodee ought to know better than be bothering General Greely about rainstorms in Middle States. He's got all he can attend to right here at home.

MR. JOHN R. MCLEAN, proprietor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, denies absolutely, without qualification, the report in Saturday's New York *Herald* that the *Enquirer* was about to be sold to an Eastern syndicate. The *Enquirer* is only for sale by newsboys and carriers and over the counter. Now is the time to subscribe.

EXAGGERATION is not needed to make the Johnstown disaster the most terrible which has occurred in the history of this country.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND people remarked yesterday that Washington was in the soup, or words to that effect.

THAT Johnstown disaster is the most appalling which has happened since November 6, 1888. Signed: Many Democrats.

THE very elements protest against the design of putting a tax on water in Washington—as is now suggested.

FOR THE Johnstown sufferers: Stand not upon the order of your giving but give at once.

THE floods have swept politics and all the lesser evils out of mind.

THE water-metre companies have their eye on this city.

CRITICULAR.

An amateur versifier (E. H. M.), sends in the following:

IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

An old couple living in Gloucester,
Had a beautiful girl, but they loucester;
She fell from a yacht,
And never the spacht
Could be found where the cold waves had touchester.

An old lady living in Worcester,
Was given a handsome young rorcester;
But the way that it crough,
As 'twould never get through,
Was more than the lady was uorcester.

At the bar, in the old inn at Leicester,
Was a beautiful bar-maid named Heicester;
She gave to each guest
Only what was the buest,
And they all, with one accord, bleicester.

THE FLOOD.

Say, Greely, look around and see,
The waters whirl and whoop,
And tell us if you're glad to see,
The city in the soup.

Yesterday was a great day for a Baptist revival.

The Analostan Boat House will change its name to "Any-lost-one."

If Noah had landed at the B. and P. station yesterday, he would have felt perfectly at home.

The artist had a fine field for water color sketches yesterday.

Yesterday was Washingdown's birthday.

The Secretary of the Navy has plenty of water right at his door; now, where's his navy?

The Potomac is still the current item of conversation.

"In the soup," was not slang yesterday.

There are ferry many ways of getting across the flooded parts of town.

There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, wipes out more property in ten minutes than they can accumulate in ten years.

Property near the river hadn't a shore thing of it by any means.

Most of the Avenue merchants took water in their's yesterday.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Raise the very dickens
All throughout the land.

Flood sufferers should stop at the Ebb-it House.

Washingtonians had a summer watering place close to hand yesterday.

Letters of introduction were not necessary to get "into the swim" yesterday.

Private Secretary Halford.

(New York Herald.)

"President Harrison's private secretary, Elijah Halford, and wife, were on the train which was swept away, but escaped and were in the mountains when I left."

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

"It is Sodom and Gomorrah again," said an old man in awe-stricken tones yesterday evening as he gazed at the water flowing through streets which twenty-four hours before had rung with infamous revelry. And for a moment it seemed possible that the water had deliberately sought out that quarter of the city which is devoted to the traffic of shame. Instead of fire from Heaven it was water from the depths. Faces on which the paleness of terror made cosmetic blotches stand out in hideous garishness peered from upper story windows at the boats which plied up and down the street. A few blocks away a little band of Salvation Army people were singing and praying with even more than their accustomed zest. Through the gathering darkness the sounds of their hymns were carried across the water to the ears of the terror-stricken women who stayed in their old haunts because they had no where else to go.

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Yesterday morning the spot where now a waste of asphalt replaces the tranquil flow of Pennsylvania River was a favorite parade ground for the bicyclist. As his wheel went dashing through the water it cast up a spray which sparkled merrily in the sunshine. The surroundings were in every way calculated to add to the picturesqueness of the ride, and a number of young men were disporting themselves before the admiring eyes of the crowd. One of them was a colored youth, who was gotten up in exqisite style. His tight-fitting stockings and breeches showed the contour of his legs in a way which plainly was most gratifying to his soul. His spotless flannel shirt and his jaunty bicycle cap completed an outfit which made him the object of a general stare. He passed through the water with graceful ease, the very slowness of his progress serving to emphasize his skill in handling the machine. Suddenly the wheel caught in the car track; there was a confusion of spotless shirt, jaunty cap and symmetrical legs, followed by a splash in the water. For a moment the bicycle and its rider were lost to view. When the young man reappeared he was but a faint reminder of his former self. Wet, slimy and dishevelled, he looked the very picture of dispair. He didn't lose his head, however, but remounted his bicycle and rode out of the water amid the gleeful applause of the spectators on both sides of the street.

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One incident of the flood, which is attracting very general attention, was the rescue of several comparative strangers in Washington from a comparatively perilous position. The strangers, all men of prominence, by the way, were seeing the sights of the National Capital. They had strayed south of Pennsylvania avenue and were enjoying themselves somewhere so completely that they forgot how the hours passed. Daylight came and they found themselves cut off from the world. The basement and first story of the building they were in were flooded by the Potomac's angry waters. There was but one course for them, trying as it was. They must hail a boat and get down by ladders. They did so. It was an event in their lives not one of the visiting statesmen will forget. It was one of the great incidents of Sunday morning.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Paymaster Deering and family will spend the summer at "The Bluffs," Mount Desert, Me.——Mr. and Mrs. David Walker will also spend the summer at "The Bluffs."

Miss Genevieve Paul, Miss Marie and Miss Elise Butler have gone to Annapolis.——Mrs. Romero has taken a country place near Falls Church and will occupy it this week. She will be accompanied by Miss Aldrich.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Dr. Cuthbert and Rev. Dr. Meador conducted the funeral services held yesterday over the remains of the late Dr. Burrows at 715 Sixth street northwest. A large number of friends of the deceased attended the funeral. The remains were interred in the family lot at Glenwood Cemetery.

Mr. W. H. Bland, an old resident of this city, died at his residence, 700 E street southeast, last night. For sixty-one years he was a trusted employe at the Washington Navy-Yard.

Mr. Thomas J. Brashears, the well-known printer, and publisher of the *Hotel Reporter*, is dead. His funeral will occur to-morrow at 9 o'clock from 1624 Marion street.

Dr. James E. Morgan, one of the most prominent physicians of the city, died at his residence yesterday morning in the 67th year of his age. He commenced the practice of his profession in this city forty-five years ago. He held many positions of honor, and at one time was president of the Medical Association and Medical Society of the District, on the judicial council of the American Medical Association, and at his death a director of Columbia Hospital. For a number of years he was dean of the medical department of Georgetown University. He leaves a widow, three daughters, one the wife of Judge Spear, of Georgia, and three sons, Doctors E. Carroll and J. Dudley Morgan and Cecil Morgan, clerk of the Circuit Court of Atlanta.

The Bull-Terrier.

"The bull-terrier is a capital watch-dog," said a prominent dog fancier of New York to a New York *Sun* reporter. "He never barks, because he feels that he can deal unaided with any burglar, and in nine cases out of ten he is right. It is all tooth with him, and a robber rarely knows that he is present until he feels him. But in this line of business he is not a favorite with refined people. You see, there are no bounds to the ferocity of a bull-terrier when he is once aroused, and the lifeless body of a robber is an unpleasant thing for the servants to find on a kitchen floor when they get up in the morning. I once sold a good bull-terrier to the widow of a clergyman. She lived in a lonely house in Westchester County, and before she had owned the dog a week a burglar climbed through the basement window. He saw the terrier in the dining-room and managed to clamber up on the high mantel-piece. It was a bitterly cold night in midwinter and he clung there shivering for several hours, while the dog hungrily licked his jaws underneath. The lady kept no servant, and when she entered the room in the morning she was at first terribly frightened, but the fellow told such a pitiful story of his sufferings that she was moved to compassion. She gave him $2 and a good breakfast and allowed him to go away. Then she sent the dog back to me, advising me to shoot him, as such a savage, remorseless brute was clearly unfit to live. Bull terriers and the widows of clergymen have no common ground upon which they can amicably meet.

Thought to be Safe.

Some anxiety has been felt for two days about the safety of Frank Hatton, the editor of the *Post*, who was a passenger on the Chicago limited express of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The minds of his friends were somewhat relieved yesterday by the announcement made by the railroad company that the train was safe at Ebensburg.

THE STORY OF THE STORM.

A Thrilling Race for Life.

H. M. Bennett and S. W. Keltz, engineer and conductor of engine No. 1,165, an extra freight, which happened to be lying at South Fork when the dam broke, tell a graphic story of their wonderful flight and escape on the locomotive before the advancing flood. At the time mentioned Bennett and Keltz were in the signal tower at that point awaiting orders. The fireman and flagman were on the engine and two brakemen were asleep in the caboose. Suddenly the men in the tower heard a loud booming roar in the valley above them. They looked in the direction of the sound and were almost transfixed with horror to see two miles above them a huge, black wall of water, at least 150 feet in height, rushing down the valley upon them.

One look the fear-stricken men gave the awful sight and then they made a rush for the locomotive, at the same time giving the alarm to the sleeping brakemen in the caboose with loud cries, but with no avail. It was impossible to aid them further, however, so they cut the engine loose from the train and the engineer, with one wild wrench, threw the lever wide open and they were away on a mad race for life. For a moment it seemed that they would not receive momentum enough to keep ahead of the flood, and they cast one despairing glance back. Then they could see the awful deluge approaching in its might. On it came, rolling and roaring like some Titanic monster, tossing and tearing houses, sheds and trees in its awful speed as if they were mere toys. As they looked they saw the two brakemen rush out of the cab, but they had not time to gather the slightest idea of the cause of their doom before they, the car and signal tower were tossed high in the air to disappear forever in engulfing water.

Then, with a shudder, as if at last it comprehended its peril, the engine leaped forward like a thing of life and speeded down the valley. But fast as it went, the flood gained upon them. Hope, however, was in the ascendant, for if they could but get across the bridge below the track would lean toward the hillside in such a manner that they would be comparatively safe. In a few breathless moments the shrieking locomotive whizzed around the curve and they were in sight of the bridge. Horror upon horrors. Ahead of them was a freight train, with the rear end almost on the bridge, and to get across was simply impossible. Engineer Bennett then reversed the lever and succeeded in checking the engine as they glided across the bridge, and then they jumped and ran for their lives up the hillside as the bridge and tender of the locomotive they had been on were swept away like a bundle of matches in the torent.

A View of the Deserted City.

The Philadelphia *Times'* correspondent, who has just returned from Johnstown says:

"House is piled upon house, not such as we are to see ruined in occasional floods of the Western rivers, but the remains of two and four-storied buildings piled upon the top of each other. The ruins of what is known as the club house is in perhaps the best condition of any in that portion of the town, but it is certainly damaged beyond possibility of repair. On the upper floor five bodies are lying unidentified. One of them, a woman of genteel birth, judging by her dress, is locked in one of the small rooms to prevent a possibility of spoliation by wreckers, who are flocking to the spot from all directions and taking possession of everything they can get hold of.

"Here and there bodies can be seen sticking in the ruins. Some of the most prominent citizens are to be seen working with might and main to get at the remains of relatives whom they have located. There is no doubt but that wild as the estimates of the loss of life and damage to property has been, it is even larger than there is any idea of. Close on to 2,000 residences lie in kindling wood at the lower end of the town. An idea of the eccentricity of the flood may be gathered from the fact that houses that were situated at Woodvale and points above Johnstown are piled at the lower end of town, while some massive houses have been lifted and carried from the lower end as far as the cemetery, at the extreme upper portion of the town, where they have been visited by friends. All through the ruins are scattered the most costly furniture and store goods of all kinds.

"I stood on the key-board and strings of a piano, while I watched a number of ghouls break into the remains of houses and pilfer them, while others again had got into a supply of fine groceries and had broken into a barrel of fine brandy and were fairly steeping themselves in it. A great fear is felt that there will be some difficulty in restoring the stream to its proper channel. Its course now lies right along Main street and is about 200 yards wide. Something should be done to get the bodies of the dead decently taken care of. The ruins are reeking with the smell of decaying bodies. Right at the edge of the ruins the decaying body of a stout colored woman is lying like the remains of an animal, without anyone to identify and take care of them."

Cheerful to the Last.

"At 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon," said Chief Night Operator Bender of the Western Union at Pittsburg, "the girl operator at Johnstown was cheerfully ticking away that she had to abandon the office on the first floor because the water was three feet deep there. She said she was writing from the second story and the water was gaining steadily. She was frightened and said many houses around were flooded. This was evidently before the dam broke, for our man here said something encouraging to her and she was talking back as only a cheerful operator can, when the receiver's sounder cars caught a sound on the wire made by no human hand. The wires had been grounded or the house had been swept away in the flood from the lake. No one knows which now; anyway at 3 o'clock the girl was there, and at 3:07 we might as well have asked the grave to answer us." The operator was Miss Minnie Ogle. Her office was carried away by the flood.

Human Jackals Lynched.

On occasions like the Johnstown disaster men's worst natures, as well as their best, are brought to light. Human jackals have been found among the dead cutting, slashing and plundering. An old railroader, who had walked from Sang Hollow, stepped up to a number of men who were congregated on the platform station at Curranville yesterday and said: "Gentlemen, had I a shotgun with me half an hour ago I would now be a murderer, yet with no fear of ever having to suffer for my crime. Two miles below here I watched three men going along the banks stealing the jewels from the bodies of the dead wives and daughters of men who have been robbed of all they held dear on earth. He had no sooner finished the last sentence than five burly men, with looks of terrible determination written on their faces, were on their way to the scene of plunder, one with a coil of rope over his shoulder and another with a revolver in his hand. In twenty minutes, so it is stated, they had overtaken two of their victims, who were then in the act of cutting pieces from the ears and fingers from the hands of the bodies of two dead women. With revolver leveled at the scoundrels, the leader of the posse shouted, "Throw up your hands or I'll blow your heads off." With blanched faces and trembling forms they obeyed the order and begged for mercy. They were searched, and as their pockets were emptied of their ghastly finds the indignation of the crowd intensified, and when a bloody finger of an infant, encircled with two tiny gold rings, was found among the plunder in the leader's pocket a cry went up: "Lynch them! Lynch them!" Without a moment's delay ropes were thrown around their necks and they were dangling from the limb of a tree in the branches of which an hour before were entangled the bodies of a dead father and son. After the expiration of a half hour the ropes were cut and the bodies lowered and carried to a pile of rocks in the forest on the hill above. It is hinted that an Allegheny county official was one of the most prominent factors in this justifiable homicide.

Help for Johnstown.

The Pennsylvania residents in this city held a meeting at 503 H street last evening for the purpose of taking steps toward the relief of the flood sufferers at Johnstown. A relief committee, of which Mr. H. J. Gray was elected chairman, was appointed and the following announcement promulgated: Persons having contributions to make may send the same to room 6, first floor of the Pacific building, or to any member of the committee whose names are appended. Contributions of clothing, etc., will be called for if persons will send their addresses on postal cards. Prompt action is desired, as help is needed at once: H. J. Gray, chairman, 700 Tenth street northwest; Mrs. Susanna Wilson, 701½ Rhode Island avenue northwest; Miss Julia Maedel, 613 North Carolina avenue southeast; George E. W. Sharretts, 1451 Corcoran street northwest; Wm. Berlin, corner of Twelfth and H streets northwest; James H. Vermilya, 624 H street northwest; Armat Stoddart, 503 H street northwest; S. W. Bogan, M. D., 421 G street northwest.

The Warning Was Old.

Mr. Crouse, proprietor of the South Fork Fishing Club Hotel, says that when the dam at Conemaugh Lake broke the water seemed to leap, scarcely touching the ground. It bounded down the valley, crashing and roaring, carrying everything before it. For a mile its front seemed like a solid wall twenty feet high. The warning given the stricken city was sent from South Fork Village by Freight Agent Dechert. When the great wall that held the body of water began to crumble at the top he sent a message begging the people for God's sake to take to the hills. He reports no serious accidents at South Fork. Richard Davis ran to Prospect Hill when the water raised. As to Mr. Dechert's message he says just such have been sent down at each flood since the lake was made. The warning so often proved useless that little attention was paid to it this time.

Cambria Will Build Again.

The following statement was sent to the Mayor by those most largely interested in the Cambria Iron Company: "The assets of the company are found largely beyond Johnstown proper. In their mining and coke ing operations and their furnaces at Johnstown, the rolling mill and the wire works known as the Gautier department, and the rolling mills all have doubtless suffered.

"The heavy machinery of the rolling mills leads to the belief that, though crippled, these mills are not entirely destroyed. The company has no debts of any kind, bonded or floating, either for materials or labor, except current daily expenses, which no doubt were on the eve of being paid when the disaster came. We have no mortgage of any kind and as stated no bonded or floating obligations for materials or otherwise. Whatever the loss at Johnstown may have been, as soon as the moment comes to deal with it, the structures will rise again whether in that district or elsewhere. The great loss which the Cambria suffers is in the loss of officers, men and women who have devoted their lives to the prosperity of the concern."

Using the Lehigh Valley's Tracks.

The Lehigh Valley's tracks from New York to Buffalo, via Lyons, N. Y., are open, and it is running through freight for the Reading and Pennsylvania railroads carrying through West-bound and East-bound. Adams Express Company goods are also running via this route. Passengers and emigrants over this line, who were laid out on the Erie road by washouts Saturday, were brought back to Sayre and sent through via Lyons. The Lehigh River at Easton, Pa., is over its banks; canal boats cannot run, and the cotton and wire mills in South Easton will be unable to start to-day.

Newspaper Men's Daring.

A story of newspaper enterprise comes from Sunbury, Pa. The news from Williamsport was brought there by two men in a boat. The trip was frightfully dangerous and it was a wonder they reached Sunbury alive. Their names are Richard P. Rothwell, mining engineer, and editor *Engineering and Mining Journal*, New York, and Mr. Ernest Alexander Thomson, 298 Madison avenue, New York. Superintendent Walters and Vice-President Frank Thomson of the Pennsylvania Railroad, went North on separate special trains with workmen yesterday to open up the Philadelphia and Erie Road to Williamsport. Miners from Shamokin were blowing up wooden bridges lodged against the Reading iron bridge last night with dynamite. At Lock Haven the damage done cannot at present be calculated, but is very great. Nearly every store in the city is said to be full of water.

An Ill-Starred Organization.

The South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, which owned the dam that burst with such terrible effects Friday night, is small and select. This was the largest body of artificial water in the world, and one of the highest, being near the top of the Alleghany mountains in an exposed position and over a thousand feet above the city of Johnstown. As explained by a young lady in this city who spent last summer at the club-house, Conemaugh Lake and nearly all the surrounding land belonged to the club, which was a close corporation of Pittsburg rich men, about 100, and many of whom are Standard Oil millionaires. James Suydam of Pittsburg was president of the club last summer.

Although all the members were very rich men, the club was not a wealthy organization, being in debt to a considerable extent on account of improvements which it has recently made, and it has all along been unlucky. Last year was the most prosperous in the history of the club; its house was full and all the cottages for rent at Conemaugh Lake were taken and it was thought the troubles of the organization were at an end. But scarlet fever broke out in the middle of the summer and everybody left at once.

There was sixteen cottages at Conemaugh Lake, belonging to members of the club and clustered about the club-house, which was about a quarter of a mile from the fatal dam. The cottages were all new, having been erected within the past five or six years, elegantly furnished, and costing many thousand dollars apiece. The club-house, which was a three-story Queen Anne structure, furnished with billiard tables, piano and containing a large dining-room and nearly two hundred rooms for guests, cost over $50,000. The cottagers took their meals at the club and nobody was allowed in the building or at the lake who was not a member or introduced by a member.

The dam was originally built some thirty years ago by the Pennsylvania Canal Company, but never used by them, and it was, perhaps, the largest in the world, being eighty feet high, nearly as thick at the base, 1,000 feet in length and twenty feet wide at the top, across which ran the stage road to the club-house. Some ten years ago the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club was formed and it bought the dam, which had been abandoned, paying only a small part of its cost. The club had the structure examined by competent engineers, and, while it never was considered unsafe, they advised that it be strengthened and reinforced by buttresses of new masonry at the base. When this was done the water was shut off and it took two years for the lake to fill, although fed by a couple of active running streams.

From time to time since then the dam has been regularly examined by engineers of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and one of the leading members of the club, Chester Albre, who sailed for Europe last week, a competent civil-engineer, also frequently examined the structure. But nobody ever saw a weakness in the dam, which was built of the heaviest kind of masonry.

The menace to all the towns in the valley of this vast body of water, held back by a single wall, was apparent to all, and the question was frequently asked: "What if the dam should burst?" only to be answered by the statement that it was the strongest structure of the kind in existence, and equal to its work.

The overflow from Conemaugh Lake ran through a sluice on the left side of the great dam, but it is not known that the club ever kept a watchman to regulate it. The nearest building to this sluice was the farm-house of Colonel Unger, proprietor of the Monongahela House, at Pittsburg, and this was only about twenty yards distant from the dam. It was occupied by farmers through the winter, who must have realized the danger when the water began to rise. Now that the lake has disappeared, it is believed that the club is ruined and that no attempt will be made to rebuild the dam, which would entail enormous expense, even should the inhabitants of the Conemaugh Valley consent to such a proceeding, which is not likely. The club-house and its surrounding cottages are left stranded high and dry miles away from the nearest running water, which is at the bottom of the valley, once covered by the lake and 100 feet below.

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Merit Wins a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

English Art Critics Amazed.

Queen Victoria's selection of the sculptor Boehm for a baronetcy sends a cold chill of rage through the whole English art world. There are numerous foreign-born artists in England, like Alma Tadema, whom Englishmen cordially like and would delight in seeing selected for marks of distinction, but the Austrian who is now made a baronet is distinctly not one of them. The effigy he made for the jubilee coinage rendered English modeling a laughing-stock to the whole world, and the manner in which for years he has subordinated his own tolerable knowledge of art to the manufacture of monstrosities which should please the Queen is a common subject of angry comment among artists everywhere.

Regular Schedule in Effect Between Washington and New York via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The regular schedule via the Pennsylvania Railroad to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and intermediate points has been resumed, and trains are now being run as heretofore on schedule time, the temporary suspension being caused by the overflow of Eastern Branch Bridge.

Jennie Lewis, for four months a patient at the Freedmen's Hospital, was removed by her mother to 464 N street northwest yesterday, and thence removed to the Second Precinct Station, where she is not expected to live.

NO MAN OR WOMAN can afford to be without Wolff's Acme Blacking.

Last Saturday Michael Dougherty went to Kernan's Theatre to see the walking match, and got into an altercation with William Hutchinson, the bartender, about some beer that he had ordered. He was charged with assault, but the case was dismissed.

PEARS' Soap is the most elegant toilet adjunct.

WASHINGTON Safe Deposit Co., 916 Pa. ave. Storage Department all above ground.

DIED.

MORGAN.—Sunday morning, June 2, 1889, Dr. James E. Morgan, in his 67th year.

Funeral from from St. Patrick's Church Tuesday, at 4 o'clock. Interment at Mt. Olivet.

The remains can be viewed at his late residence by his friends and old patients on Tuesday from 11 to 1 o'clock.

KEEN.—Died at his residence in this city, 902 Twelfth street northwest, after a brief illness, Mr. Samuel William Keen, son of Ellen W. and the late W. E. G. Keen.

Notice of funeral later.

BLAND.—Sunday, June 2, 1889, William H. Bland, in the 80th year.

LAWTON.—On Sunday morning, June 2, 1889, at her late residence, 1633 P street northwest, Miss M. Adele Lawton.

Funeral services at the Berean Baptist Church Monday, June 3, at 5:30 p. m. The remains will be taken to Boston, Mass.

WEBB.—Suddenly, of heart disease, Sunday morning, June 2, 1889, Mr. William Webb, at 1416 N street northwest.

(Eastern and Western papers please copy.)

BRASHEARS.—On Sunday, June 2, 1889, Thomas J. Brashears, in the 52d year of his age.

Funeral on Tuesday morning from his late residence, 1624 Marion street northwest, at 9 o'clock. Mass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception at 9:30. Friends and relatives are respectfully invited to attend.

UNDERTAKERS.

J. WILLIAM LEE
(Successor to Henry Lee's Sons),
—UNDERTAKER—
332 PENN. AVENUE N. W.,
South Side.
Branch office, 498 Maryland ave. s. w.

AUGUST BURGDORF,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
316 Penn. ave. n. w., between 3d and 4½ sts
Everything first-class.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

The Programme for this Week

Two of our characteristic sales will hold attention.

The $15 suit offering in the Men's Department on the third floor is a step in advance of anything we've ever had before.

Here it is the first of June only—just the time you want light clothing in pattern and weight—and we offer you One Hundred different styles of the nattiest designs that have been produced for many a day at

$15

Made to order—and wherein would they be better?—you'll pay, anyhow, $35 per suit, maybe more. Ready made—if you'll find them at all they'll not be less than $20 or $25 per suit, but just now, when you can put them right on, with us they are $15. All sizes, all cuts of sacks and cutaways and made to fit—not passably well—but PERFECTLY.

The other sale is in the Children's Department, on the second floor. A whole complete stock driven down to

$4.80

By that we mean every short-pant, two-piece suit from $7.50 to $5 has been reduced to $4.80. Not some, but EVERY ONE. There are some $8 ones and some three-piece ones—but from $7.50 to $5 EVERY ONE.

Not the rakings and scrapings from everywhere, but "weather-delayed" stock that ought to be in your service doing duty instead of on our counters, so we're trying the reduction plan. As soon as they catch your eye you'll see they are in weight and coloring essentially suits for NOW. That makes the bargain double a bargain. Sizes from 4 to 14 years. Seventy-five different styles strong, and five days left to buy them in—until Saturday night.

SAKS & COMPANY,

MID-SEASON BARGAINS,

300 to 308 SEVENTH STREET.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

84 acres, Fort Pendleton Farm, Garrett Co., Md., stables, ice house, etc.
30 acres on the Conduit Road.
100 acres in Fairfax Co., Va., 2 miles from Alexandria, Va.
158 acres in Anne Arundel Co., Md., 16 miles from Annapolis.
180 acres in Westmoreland Co., Va.
321 acres near Centreville, Va., $30 per acre.
A valuable mill property at Orange C. H., Va., with improved machinery.
127 acres in Fairfax Co., Va., improved.
338 acres Montgomery Co., Md., 12 miles from city.
175 acres in Westmoreland Co., opposite Piney Point, known as Pecatone; will trade.
170 acres near Leesburg, Va.
50 acres at Forest Glen, near new subdivision.
An elegant plantation of 1,900 acres near New Bern, North Carolina; brings an annual income of $2,500.
30 acres near Alexandria, Va., for sale cheap.
65 acres ½ mile from Beltsville; sale or trade. House and lot in Takoma Park.
An elegant home in Warrenton, Va.
191 acres in Loudoun Co., Va., improved by an elegant mansion; will trade for Baltimore or Washington property.
257 acres at Fort Foot, Md., improved.
167 acres near Bowie, improved.
25 acres in Maryland, opposite Alexandria.
185 acres in Montgomery Co., Md., elegantly improved.
25 acres on railroad near Mt. Olivet.
One acre, Benning's Road.
I have a number of other farms in Virginia and Maryland; also in Florida, North Carolina and California, and many tracts of West Virginia timber and mineral lands.
THOMAS E. WAGGAMAN,
917 F st n w.

FOR SALE—THE MACLEOD FARM, ADJOINING the property of Mrs. Fowler and C. Herick, near Brattsville; $100 per acre. Apply to JOHN STEPHEN, Real Estate Broker, Bladensburg, Md.

TAKOMA PARK.

LEWIS & HEATON'S WEST END ADDITION.

The highest and best part of Takoma Park, just subdivided, only three squares from the station, and adjoining the most thickly settled portion of the old Park.

A never-failing spring of pure water permanently reserved for the use of the lot owners. The only lots anywhere near the station at first prices.

A complete abstract of title for all lots in Takoma Park kept up to date.
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629 F st n w.

EDUCATIONAL.

SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, COR. 7th and D sts. n. w. Founded 1864. Location central; commodious halls; appointments complete. More than 50,000 young men and women have been trained for business in the Spencerian Colleges of America. Day and night sessions. Tuition fee moderate. Five courses—Business Course, Shorthand and Type-writing, Practical English, Spencer's Rapid Writing, Telegraphy, Reading and Oratory, Delsarte method. Business men furnished with competent employes. Illustrated announcements free. SARA A. SPENCER, Vice-Principal; HENRY C. SPENCER, LL. B., Principal.

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TERMS BEGIN NOW.
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AMUSEMENTS.

ALBAUGH'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE
Evenings at 8:15. Only Matinee Saturday.
THE LAMONT OPERA CO.
Under the management of Mr. NAT ROTH.
AMORITA.
HELEN LAMONT, Alice Carle, Mabella Baker, Laura Millard, Dolly Fairbrain, Wm. Pruett, Sig. Broccolini, Chas. Lang, Geo. Broderick, Louis De Lange.
GENERAL ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.
Reserved Seats, 50 and 75 cts.
Next Week—NANON.

KERNAN'S THEATRE AND GARDEN.
Eleventh street, south of Pennsylvania ave
CHAMPION HEEL AND TOE WALK
Every day, 4 p. m. to 12 p. m., except Saturday, 2 p. m. to 12 p. m.—50 hours.
Champions in Baltimore contest: HOAGLAND, McGOVERN, MESSIER, DWYER, etc.
200 MILES NECESSARY FOR A PLACE.
CONCERT SUMMER GARDEN.
Matinees, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2,
First performance of the
PHONOGRAPH
—AT—
—BATTLE OF BULL RUN—
ADMISSION.....25 CENTS

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MOUNT VERNON!
STEAMER W. W. CORCORAN
(Capt. L. L. Blake) leaves 7th-st. wharf daily (except Sunday) for
MOUNT VERNON
Leaving at 10 o'clock a. m., returning, reaches Washington about 3:30 p. m. Fare round-trip, $1, including admission to grounds and mansion.

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