WASHINGTON CRITIC

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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.

Personal calls upon the Secretary of the Interior must be made between 10 a. m. and 12 o'clock noon.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

We have, until now, believed that the New York *Sun* was truthful when it said of itself, "It shines for all," but after to-day we look upon that paper as a vile and loathsome contemporary, in which there is no spark or odor or perception of truth. It does not shine for all; it does not shine for anybody but iconoclasts and traitors, and we despise it and all its editors and reporters and subscribers and readers, who are with it after to-day.

And why?

Because this morning, in a reference to the danger to our (G.) Washington Monument from the floods, it said editorially:

If the thing could fall down without hurting anybody it would be well. It is an ugly and senseless structure, and quite silly as a monument to George Washington. The old obelisks had a reason for their existence, and when people believed in the religion which they symbolized, it was not so idiotic to put them up; and now they are only interesting as monuments of a forgotten civilization. To build a new one in the Capital of the United States without any idea of significance or use or beauty, and to call it after G. W. only because it is bigger than any ever built before, is an act worthy of Bedlam. Let the floods continue to weaken it, and let the people be warned in time before it topples to the ground!

To this tirade we simply and emphatically remark "Rats"! If there is one thing pleasanter than another that falls upon our attendant ears it is the sound of a New York person's voice wafted toward a monument. New York has a record on monuments which is monumental without the monument. The difference between Washington and New York is that it took Washington a long time to put up her monument, while it took New York a long time *not* to put up hers, and she is not improving in that respect in the slightest. Of course, anybody can see that Brother Dana is envious and that the ugly adjectives he puts on our "obelisk"—which, by the way, is not the proper word—are only warty excrescences on a diseased utterance. We do not care to argue a point which needs no argument. We have got the highest monument in the world, to the biggest man in the world, in the prettiest city in the world, and if Mr. Dana stays around New York city until he can say that much about any monument in that town he will be so old that Methuselah will rise bawling from his grave and extend his baby hands to Grandpa Charlie for the milking bottle.

When that monument falls, Mr. Dana, the Heavens will fall with it and the wreck of a universal Republic and the crash of worlds will add their ruin to its eternal dust! Selah!

KEEP THE DOORS OPEN.

There are certain well-managed Governmental institutions in Washington which accomplish a great deal of good, but of which it is safe to say that they have not yet attained to a maximum of usefulness. Among these are included the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum, the National Library and similar places of public resort and information. These institutions are for the good of the people, or intended to be so, as much for the good of the workers as of those of leisure. The worker, however, has a hard time of it in getting any benefit from them. He cannot visit them outside of contracted business hours.

Take the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institution as illustrations for the subject here considered. Opened at a comparatively late hour in the forenoon, they are closed at 4:30 in the afternoon. There is a stern alacrity in the movements of the employes when the hour of closing comes. The deadly statistical clock in the Gradgrind observatory never knocked every second on the head as it was born and buried with greater regularity than do the doors of the institutions named turn on their hinges and shut out the public from what is theirs. The throngs of citizens from all parts of the country, their business at the departments complete for the day, find closed portals when they seek relaxation or information in the places named, and, as for the local worker, he may reside here for years and never get at books or specimens or curiosities. Only for those blessed with abundant leisure are the benefits indicated.

It would not be a terrible thing—it would be a most desirable thing—were certain of our public institutions opened to the public Sundays, but, if this be not yet desirable, there is certainly no reason why they should not remain open week days until at least 6 o'clock in the evening. This does not imply extra work on any save a small number of attendants, and if these be now too few, or if they be overworked, the Government can at least afford the slight additional expense involved, in giving to its great collections a far greater value to the people. The present system is in some respects grotesque, and one which must inevitably be changed.

WHILE EVERYBODY is exercising his generosity in providing for the sufferers at Johnstown the sufferers along the C. & O. Canal should not be overlooked. There are not many, as compared with those of the great disaster, but they are proportionately quite as needy, and contributions of food, clothing and money will be most thankfully received and gratefully appreciated.

THREE OR FOUR well-known citizens and statesmen won the largest purses at the late Brooklyn Jockey Club meeting. Mr. August Belmont picked up $36,830, Congressman "Bill" Scott swiped up $9,230, and Senator Hearst raked in $7,470. As all these gentlemen are poor and deserving the entire community joins in congratulations upon their success.

NEW YORK has raised already over half a million for the benefit of the flood sufferers in Pennsylvania. This will do something to offset the city's past reputation for meanness in contributions. The masses responded to a call this time. It is New York's rich men who are not as generous as those of some other cities.

GEN. JUBAL EARLY made a speech at Winchester, Va., yesterday, and furnished a text for Republican editorials in the North. The mouth of the back number Southerner should be hung up to dry.

NOTHING CAN shut off the joker. Even the Johnstown disaster furnished him with food. The Boston *Globe* suggests that Governor Beaver is the right kind of a man to repair a dam.

CRITICULAR

The various Chinese opium manipulators are contemplating holding a "joint" convention.

—

Mr. Gladstone is doing England on a stumping tour. Now we know why the G. O. M. chops down trees for exercise.

—

The mule kicks with his last legs.

—

"So," remarked the old gentleman to an aspiring son-in-law, "you want my daughter, do you? Well, you know she has lost her fortune, and is now, to all intents and purposes, a bankrupt."

"That's all right," responded the brave young man; "you appoint me receive her and I'll attend to the business."

—

A correspondent writes: "Is it true that the wife of General Lew Wallace has Ben Hur-d from?" Yes, and we are pleased to say the fair goddess is all right.

—

A man who was not at Johnstown sends in this:

"Strong indignation is manifested at the alleged failure of the Pullman car conductors to warn the passengers of the train, which encountered the Conemaugh flood, of their danger. The conductors assert that they went through the train and notified everyone: 'The flood is coming! run for your lives!' What they said, no doubt, was: 'Flaw—caw-w-w!—Paw—faw—law-w-w!' and if the passengers couldn't understand that it was their own fault."

—

A milk-white horse, ridden by General Grant during the war, is now owned by Mr. D. B. Flint of Boston, and Mrs. Flint's hair is ——, however, we don't see what Mrs. Flint's hair has to do with it.

—

PHILA. 6, WASH. 1.

"The Washingtons one in that game with the Philadelphias yesterday," said the funny man to the religious editor in a serious tone.

"Yes," replied the religious editor, unmoved: "I know they did, and the Philadelphias sixed, which accounts for another defeat for the Senators. Selah!"

—

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew has discovered that Washington laughed on one occasion. It is the only instance recorded and it happened, too, long before the funny Doctor ever got off one of his famous speeches.

—

The coal man knows the weigh to wealth.

—

Custom-house officials can wear ready made clothing if they wish.

"BOB WHITE"

My love is just a little quail,
So plump, so bright;
Methinks I hear her pretty hail:
"Bob White! Bob White!"

I would she were a bird indeed,
With what delight
Would I the gentle summons heed:
"Bob White! Bob White!"

We'd flit above the meadow's breast
In quivering flight,
And there would be our cosy nest:
"Bob White! Bob White!"

We'd hush our little nurslings' cry
At night, at night,
And softly croon our lullaby:
"Bob White! Bob White!"

Hid where the clover blossoms be,
Away from sight;
Oh, who so happy then as we?
"Bob White! Bob White!"

My love is just a little quail,
So plump, so bright,
I almost hear her gentle hail:
"Bob White! Bob White!"

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

There has been in town for a matter of a fortnight or so a clever young man who wants to fight anybody who don't weigh over 138 pounds, with skin gloves to a finish for a purse. He is a pugilist of established reputation, and is known as a good and gamey fighter. A Baltimore lightweight has announced a willingness to accept his challenge and everything is in readiness for a fight; all but the purse. The purse must not be less than $200. Probably there is not a town half Washington's size in the country in which such a purse would not be raised in two days. But the matter has never got beyond a dozen people yet here, save that the newspapers have published the challenge in brief paragraphs. This fight, if it comes off as proposed, would settle the lightweight championship of Maryland.

***

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and so too it's an exceptional flood that floats nobody profit. An enterprising local photographer got up early Sunday morning and hied him to various points in the flooded districts. He made lots of pictures of the watery streets and bare-legged boys and dismayed-looking female church-goers on flooded street corners with their dressed gathered dismally above their ankles. These pictures have just been finished and placed on sale. And you ought to see these watery photographs of the town. You remember, perhaps, how years ago when you just had a picture of yourself made. You went to the little country photographer's shop, perhaps—for a surprising percentage of Washington people are country-bred—and, perhaps, you sat cross-legged in front of the camera. The resultant portrait was a miracle of distorted prospective. So you probably remember what a distorted appearance of distance a photographer can get into a picture even when he does not try. Now this wily photographer fixed his camera some way so as to get a very exaggerated prospective into his pictures of the flood. One picture for instance is looking down Fourteenth street across the water. The puddle looks a mile wide, though in reality only about three squares wide. Of course the more expansively watery the pictures look the better they will sell and that's the reason the clever photographer put an excessive perspective into his pictures of the flood.

***

Every once in a while some staid, reputable citizen, who never violated the law in his life before, even to the extent of a little mild disorder or an impulsive swear word, finds himself a defendant in the Police Court. This is especially so when the season for building opens. The defendant sits in a discouraged manner and listens while some special officer elocutionizes over the fact that he found a pile of building material at night without sufficient light on it, or discovered a hydrant which was wasting Potomac water in a reckless and unseemly manner. The law with reference to the lighting of obstructions is very strict in Washington, owing to the fact that the District is liable to damage suits in cases of accident.

***

One of the greatest nuisances in Washington is the public man's colored coachman. In many cases he is an importation from some provincial stable and is so swollen by his advancement in life that he almost rolls off the box. He is the man who, on catching sight of some common pedestrian humbly trying to cross the street near the Treasury Department, whips up his horses and chases the poor man down to the Peace Monument. He feels his superiority over his fellow-man in a way that is very dangerous to life and limb. He owns both sides of the street and doesn't assert a claim to the sidewalk because he doesn't want it. It is pitiful to see his proud spirit chafe when a policeman arrests him, as occasionally happens, and takes him to the station-house. His employer is in many instances a good, substantial man, who wouldn't let anything short of a bone-felon cause a constituent to pass him by with unshaken hand. He is used to greatness, but his coachman isn't.

THE "LONE FISHERMAN" SPEAKS.

"No, ther're not many bass about this season," replied George E. Dyer, more familiarly known as the "Lone Fisherman," in answer to the question of a CRITIC reporter. "You see, the fish mostly stay where there is clean water, an' the water around here has been so muddy and turbulent of late that they can't live in it.

"What sort of bait do I generally use? Well, for bass you can use several different kinds; for instance, there's the lamper-eel, crawfish, grasshopper, cricket and several others, they are all good. The largest bass that was caught this season was, let me see, five pounds and nine ounces, I think.

"There's two styles of bass, the small and the large mouth; both are black. The small mouth is much livelier of the two, at least they are so considered, but I generally found them about equal. The large mouth bass sometimes grows to eight or ten pounds, while the other rarely reaches five."

"What was the largest bass you caught this season, Mr. Dyer?"

"Well, I landed one out of the falls this spring weighing six and a half pounds; that was pretty good considering the scarcity of them.

"The best time to troll for bass are cloudy days and when the water is a little rough. There are two advantages to be gained in such weather. First, the fish can't see you, and second the ripple keeps the bait a moving. As a rule bass conceal themselves under some grasses or pond lilies if there are any and lay in wait for the bait. The bass also loves to lurk in among the rocks at the base of a pier and under sunken logs."

At the conclusion the "Lone Fisherman" told the reporter that he had fished longer than any man in the trade, having been an angler for sixty years. The old man had the misfortune recently to meet with quite a serious accident, which has temporarily laid him up.

Speaking of bass there was a rather humorous paragraph in a daily paper some time ago relative to their sagacity.

"If on a clear day," ran the story, "you take up a position on some prominent jut or pier, the bass is sure to spot you. He swims lazily up to the tempting bait that is offered him, stops, looks at it, shuts one eye, smiles at the fisherman and once more swims around the pier to see that no fresh young fly is trespassing in his domain. I remember one old loafer of this kind that got to be as familiar as the pier itself. He must have weighed three pounds, looked well fed and was fat and lazy. Many a time have I stood on the pier and dropped the bait almost in his mouth. Some days he would pay no attention to it, and on others he would root it aside with his nose. He was never known to lose his temper or move quickly, and I have no doubt that he is still there, to the aggravation of the local anglers."

THIS is the best time of the whole year to purify your blood, because now you are more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to take, and it is the most economical—100 Doses One Dollar.

STORIES OF THE FLOOD.

The Washington Survivors.

Mrs. Mary L. Town, who is employed in the Dead Letter Office, and H. T. McGrath of Charlotte, Mich., who was on his way here on a visit when caught in the Johnstown flood, arrived here last night at the same time Mrs. and Miss Halford did. Mrs. Town's experiences were horrible. She was on the day express, and when the cry "run for your lives up the hill" was raised the train was on the hillside. Below stretched the doomed valley, and on the up-hill side of the train a long line of vestibule cars was standing. Mrs. Town jumped from her train and climbed up the steps to cross the other train and found the vestibule doors locked. The roar of the approaching wall of water was growing louder and louder, and there was no time to be lost. Stooping low and nerved by her danger, Mrs. Town crawled under the train and ran up the hill till she became exhausted. She was unable to go farther alone, though not yet far enough up the hillside to be out of the flood's way, and then Mr. McGrath helped her on. The party were all cared for by people who lived on the hillside until Saturday, when they were driven over the mountains to Altoona.

Mr. McGrath told a CRITIC reporter the awful story of the flood last night. "We had been running along slow with frequent stops, but apprehending no particular danger, till the engines set up their awful shriek. Then everybody got out of the cars and took to the hills. That same night, Friday night, I drove over the hill to Evansburg. I was anxious to let my wife and children know that I was safe, but could not send a message. The Western Union's wires were all down, and the Railroad Company only succeeded in getting up one wire and that was kept busy. The next day, Saturday, the most of the party went to Evansburg, and thence we all went to Altoona. Yesterday we drove over the mountains from Altoona to Bedford, and went from Bedford to Cumberland over a new track, that had never been tested. We went at the rate of a mile a minute some of the way. From Cumberland we were rushed right through to this city with all possible dispatch. It has made me about sick, this awful two days of horror, and I shall go back home as soon as I can. Miss Halford told her story of the flood to a reporter last night, but it differed little from Mr. McGrath's.

Titles to Johnstown Property.

It will be a difficult matter for Johnstown survivors who had property in the ruined sections to find exactly the sites of their homes. A few large buildings, such as the Catholic Church, with its flame-scarred walls, the Baltimore and Ohio Depot, the storehouse of the Cambria Iron Company and the works of that company, one or two street corners and lines drawn from prominent points on the surrounding hills, will be about the only guides for the surveyors. Records of deeds, paper securities, bank-books and money went out with the wreck. Some few of them may be recovered, but the bodies of many of their owners may never be found.

Scenes at the Hotels.

Some people are besieging the contracted hotel dining-room, in which about fourteen persons by tight wedging can get a meal. A plate of bread passed down the table is emptied before it gets to the person asking for it and some grab two and three pieces at a time, holding them upon their laps, while the others impatiently storm about it. A man hardly lays down his knife and fork before the chair is snatched from under him, and he is hustled out to make room for another. At this time a lady is pleading with tears in her eyes for a hotel room for to-night, but she is being informed that she cannot get it.

Mrs. Town's Thrilling Experience.

Mrs. M. S. Town of the Dead-Letter Office of this city had a thrilling escape. She was in the day express at Conemaugh, and after trying to get through the doors of the Chicago limited found them locked and so was obliged to crawl under the train. Mr. H. F. McGrath, also of this city, was with her and helped her across and then carried her up the mountain side.

Two Trains Overtaken.

There were two trains of sleepers on the track at Conemaugh at the time of the flood. The Chicago limited was nearest the mountain side, while the day express was lying parallel with it on the outside track. They had been at the depot five or six hours, and the passengers were tired. While they waited two old ladies from Chicago, who were off on a pleasure trip, remarked that they expected to have a good trip, for they were going for pleasure, and pleasure only. It is thought that they were lost, for they were on the day express where so many were killed.

Fatal Delay.

The train was held at Conemaugh at about 10 o'clock by the news that a landslide had occurred ahead. The railroad people could not move, as they didn't know when the track would be cleared. Two freight trains were ahead. At 4 o'clock on Friday the break came. The engine shrieked, and thus gave warning. Then the passengers in the cars began to leave and rush to the hillside. The trains were vestibule, and the cars on the track nearest the mountains had their doors locked, so that the passengers in the day express could not open or get through them, but were obliged to crawl under the cars, and in doing this lost so much time that they were caught by the water, and thus the loss of life among the day express people was so much greater than of those on the other train.

Johnstown's Motley Police.

Johnstown presents a peculiar appearance from its motley gang of police. Almost all of the males wear tin stars and carry baseball bats for batons. The work is mostly done by out-of-towners; the bossing is by the suddenly-created guardian, who is arrayed in garments of many cuts, tears and patches. One of these was found engaged in angry dispute with an Irish woman. They are beginning to quarrel over rations. The lady claimed to be a "dacint woman," and proved it by some extraordinary oaths. The policeman said if no work was done by the "dacint woman's" husband the latter gentleman would get no grub.

A Mother's Love.

One of the saddest of all sad sights met the eyes of the workers yesterday. While pulling away rubbish they came upon the body of a woman. In her arms were three children. When the building had crushed upon them she had gathered them in her arms, and the children were all found huddled together on her breast. She had raised her arms to protect the little ones. Her efforts were in vain, and in death she gave a proof of what a mother's love is.

Exaggerated Descriptions.

A Johnstown special to the Baltimore *Sun* says: The talk about the stench from the dead is vastly exaggerated. It can be detected at the bridge jam. There is nothing beyond the fearfully mutilated faces of the dead. Even in the morgues there is nothing repulsive. A bad smell arises from some of the heaps of vegetables and of wet and decaying matter in the streets. That is all. Persons have also started the idea that on every street heaps of distorted corpses may be seen with arms and legs protruding, and that this thing will keep up for weeks. It is not so. Bodies are found by searching under ruins of houses and in the twenty acres of drift and clay at the stone bridge. Even there the sightseer must wait long to gratify his morbidity. Dynamite blasts in the solid mass yesterday assisted the searchers.

A Fight for Food.

A carload of supplies was unloaded on the track in Johnstown yesterday by a relief committee. There was a rush for the goods. The strong overpowered the weak and got the best. A fight occurred. A carload of goods from Cleveland also came to hand. It consisted of water-buckets containing bread, butter, coffee, etc. To each bucket was tied a big coffee pot. Logan states that money is now needed, and that ladies should be sent to this point to attend to the wants of the women. At South Fork supply trains for Johnstown are stalled. The people have, it is said, broken some of them open, and are helping themselves to what they want, notwithstanding they are not suffering. At Conemaugh, Mineral Point and Woodvale provisions and clothing are still badly needed.

A Maryland Lady's Escape.

Miss Sarah Thomas of Cumberland, Md., who was visiting friends in Johnstown, had a miraculous escape. When the flood came the family all went to the top of the house and finally to the roof. The house was swept away from its site and floated down nearly to the bridge and the pile of wreckage. Here the house was overturned and those on the roof were thrown on the debris. Wet, bruised and frightened Miss Thomas climed over the piles of wood and wreckage and finally reached the shore and fled to the hills. Here she was lost in the underbrush and trees, and finally, after much fatigue and hardship, found a farm-house, where she was housed and cared for. The next day she made her way back to where the town once stood and managed to notify her friends of her safety. Her brother came from Cumberland and took her home.

The Crowds at Johnstown.

Johnstown is more crowded with people than when the people were alive and in the flesh, and if this sort of thing keeps up the railroads will make enough to encourage them to get up little floods of their own occasionally as inducements to travel. The Baltimore and Ohio is pouring people into the town, and they are tramping up and down the streets, with no place to go. The people slept in all kinds of indescribable places last night, and where they will go to-night is a problem, as the palatial Fourth-ward Hotel can only take twenty-five people. As yet nothing wrong has been done by the crowd, but a telegram has been received at headquarters stating that two procuresses have started from Pittsburg. The authorities are anxious that the police in all cities should look after all such personages sharply. The danger to be feared from their coming cannot be over-estimated, for the breaking up of families has bereft many young girls of every protection. They do not know where to turn their steps for a livelihood, and when the supplies of donated food and clothing cease coming there will be trouble on the hands of the people.

A Coffin Boat.

A Baltimore *American* correspondent says: One of the Philadelphia relief committee who came up here with us on our special press train had a thrilling experience. Mr. H. L. Neall is his name. He had friends on the day express—Mrs. J. W. Latta, wife of General Latta, and daughter, of Philadelphia—and as soon as he arrived here he hurried to find if they were alive or dead. Mr. Neall had to walk over hills, and at one place he found a man with a coffin. It was his only chance to get across a river, so he offered the man a dollar to ferry him across the raging stream. The coffin went over all right, and he trudged on to Altoona, where he found his friends safe at the Logan House. He got conveyances and brought them across the country to Bedford, and found a train there and went on to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Latta's Experience.

Mrs. Latta, who was on board the sleeper Aragon, of the Chicago limited, had her little daughter Edith with her. When the news came the people rushed from the cars. The Pullman car conductor, Mr. Abner, took Edith in his arms and ran out, calling for Mrs. Latta to follow. She was the last one to leave the car. "I never looked to the right or the left," she said, "but ran. It was dark from the storm. I could hear the awful rush of water. The porter was afraid I could not get over the ditch, and ran out to call me back; but I heeded him not, and ran across a plank, and sprang upon the grass upon the hillside and clambered up. There I found others. Edith was safe. I dared not look, but when I did I saw the water all over the trains; at least, I only saw the ventilators above the flood I hid my face. Then a gentleman—a passenger who had traveled with us—advised me to come with him and make our way to Ebensburg, where we could telegraph to our friends that we were safe. We got a conveyance and drove over there, but found, of course, everything cut off."

A Little Baby's Agony.

Yesterday afternoon, as the men were working in a pile of truck, they came upon the body of a little girl not more than 5 years old. Her fair hair was covered with dirt and her face was all smeared with smut, and her little limbs were drawn up as though she had suffered agony. Her small baby fist was clinched tight, and when they placed the baby form upon the rude bier and covered it with a black cloth the clinched little fist was not hidden, and as the men passed along with their tiny burden many gazed at the baby's hand and turned away with tears, thinking, perhaps, of some little one who was still missing.

How Mrs. Halford Was Saved.

Secretary Halford's wife and her daughter were in the car Hebron, of the Chicago limited at Conemaugh. She gathered up her valise and called her daughter. The porter, J. L. Hugson, called to her to hurry, and she fled out the door and ran across the track to the hill. The porter took Miss Halford by the shoulders and fairly carried her on ahead. "Fly!" "Fly!" he cried, as he urged her on. The water was only three lengths of the train from them, and looked like a great wave of water over forty feet high. Just as they reached a place of safety, the water broke over the train.

Repeated Warnings Neglected.

Two hours before the final break came the telegraph operator at the station above Mineral Point sent a message to his wife at Mineral Point to prepare for the flood. It read: "Dress the three children in their best Sunday clothes. Gather together what valuables you can easily carry and leave the house. Go to the stable which is on the hillside. Stay there until the water reaches it; then run to the mountain. The dam is breaking. The flood is coming. Lose no time."

His wife showed the message to her friends, but they laughed at her. They even persuaded her not to heed her husband's command. The wife went home and about her work. Meanwhile the telegraph operator was busy with his ticker. Down to Conemaugh he wired the warning. He also sent it on to Johnstown; then he ticked on, giving each minute bulletins of the break. As the water came down he sent message after message, telling its progress. Finally came the water. He saw houses and bodies sweep past him. His last message was: "The water is all around me; I cannot stay longer, and, for God's sake, all fly." Then he jumped out of his tower window and ran up the mountain just in time to save himself. A whole town came past as he turned and looked. Great masses of houses plunged up. He saw people on roofs yelling and crying, and then saw collisions of houses, which caused the buildings to crush and crumble like paper. All the time he felt that his family was safe.

But it was not so with them. When the roar of approaching water came the people of Mineral Point thought of their warning. The wife gathered her children and started to run. As she went she forgot her husband's advice to go to the mountain and fled down the street to the lowlands. Suddenly she remembered she had left the key of her home in the door. She took the children and ran back. As she neared the house the water came and forced them up between the two houses. The only outlet was toward the mountain, and she ran that way with her children. The water chased her, but she and the children managed to clamber up far enough to escape. Thus it was that an accident saved their lives. Only three houses and a schoolhouse were saved at Mineral Point.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

[Communications on any matter of current interest will be cheerfully printed in THE CRITIC under this head. Letters should in all cases be as brief as possible.]

The Virginia Difference.

Editor Critic: I see by your very valuable paper that the "Kickers" of Virginia have at last held that long-threatened convention in the city of Washington. The place of meeting strikes the Republicans of Virginia as strange. If as asserted by Bosses Cameron, Grover and Brady in their secret circular, it was called in the interest of the Republican party of Virginia to redress great wrongs, then these self-constituted leaders should have issued no private circular to a few malcontents, but a public call to all the Republicans of the State to assemble in Richmond by duly accredited delegates, there to take into consideration the interest of the party and its future welfare. But there was a reason for them not persuing this manly course, in fact, several reasons.

First. They know there is no dissatisfaction in the rank and file of our party either with the plan of organization or our able and untiring State chairman.

Second. That they have no following in the State and are only influential when they are out of it.

Third. That they had neither part nor lot with the Republican party in the State, and their attempts to call a convention would have been treated with ridicule by the party. After months of intrigue and mean, contemptible villification of those who did not chose to be led by them, and in their desperation they determined to corner all the kickers in Washington city and by well-timed threats and brags to coerce President Harrison into recognizing them as the Republican party of Virginia, and with the assurance begotten of long indulgence, presumed upon his forbearance and deliberately attempted to bulldoze him into deciding political differences in Virginia. This performance seems the more remarkable to us from the fact that Mahone's ex-Governor, Cameron, the chosen leader of the Kicker's Convention and spokesman of the interview, did not vote for President Harrison last fall.

This is the same distinguished citizen who so hotly denounced James D. Brady, Mahone's candidate for Congress, in 1884, and led the fight for a colored bolter against him. We are thankful that President Harrison received them as he did, and in the interest of decency we trust that all other attempts to bulldoze him may be met in the same dignified and prompt manner.

Now, Mr. Editor, President Harrison has seen the column, all there is left of it, just about 120 kickers, including all the Generals, all the Colonels and Captains—there are no privates. We trust and believe that he will treat the Republicans of Virginia with the same justice that he has accorded to those of other States, and that he will recognize the Republican organization of this State as he finds it—the one and the only one that made the great fight for him and Republican principles last fall, and which, but for the rascality of the Democratic returning board and aid given them by these same kickers, would have delivered the electoral vote of Virginia for him.

This is all we ask, absolute recognition, and, if it is given, our next State convention will name the next Governor of Virginia. We can and will settle all of our local differences in that convention, and that is the place for such things and not in Washington. We must have organization, and the majority will rule. Respectfully, Q.

WIDE OPEN.

Chesapeake and Ohio Route.

Trains commence leaving B. & P. Station to-day 11:24, Cincinnati fast line. Sleeper to Cincinnati. The F. F. V. Vestibule at 9:40 p. m., the only solid vestibule train with Pullman magnificent dining car to Cincinnati. Connections in Union Depot, at Louisville and Cincinnati for all points. Ticket office, 513 Pennsylvania avenue.

Rail and Boat Excursion.

The B. & O. R. R. will run a grand rail and boat excursion from Washington down the Chesapeake Bay to Sharp's Island on Sunday, June 9. Special train will leave B. & O. Depot 9 a. m. The route is via rail to Locust Point, thence the palace steamer Columbia; capacity, 2,500, giving the excursionists a magnificent view of Baltimore harbor, elevators, Steelton, Forts McHenry and Carroll, etc., and a beautiful sail down the Chesapeake of seventy-five miles, stopping one hour at Bay Ridge to view the immense improvements at that popular resort. Returning, passengers will arrive Washington 9 p. m. First-class dinner and supper served on boat at moderate prices. No intoxicating drinks will be allowed on the steamer. Round-trip fare, $1.25. Positively limited to 800 people. Secure your tickets early at ticket offices, 619 and 1351 Pennsylvania avenue, and at depot. Remember the date, June 9; B. & O. Depot 9 a. m.; rate, $1.25.

Madame Ratazzi.

Mme. Ratazzi affected a gushing and passionate love for her second husband, testified by girlish demonstrations, kissing him in public, etc., and even going so far that when she invited a party of twelve to dinner she had only eleven chairs in the room, so that she was compelled, as she archly expressed it, "to sit in her old man's lap."—[From Recollections of Court and Society.

The Piedmont Air Line.

Through train service resumed from Washington via Piedmont Air Line to all points South and West. In consequence of completion of repairs to the Long Bridge the trains of the Piedmont Air Line will arrive at and depart from the B. & P. R. R. station, corner 6th and B streets, on schedules as heretofore advertised. Connecting service via Seventh street ferry is discontinued. Through Pullman palace cars to Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Birmingham and intermediate points.

PEARS' Soap secures a beautiful complexion.

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

SIDE BY SIDE.

In this Special Boys' and Children's Sale of ours that closes to-morrow night are suits that the little fellow just breaking out of kilts will want, side by side with those that will make the last short pant appearance for the lad. It's a wide sweep in sizes, 4 to 14 years—a mere song of price—$4.80.

America's best creations side by side with the latest European novelties leveled to one price—$4.80.

The lot, you know, embraces every short-pant two-piece suit that's marked $7.50, working down to $5. You'll find some $8 suits, and some suits with vests, but the majority are of the others (two piecers $7.50 or under) within those limits it's every stitch of clothing in the house. There are all sorts, except the unreliable sort; that we never have at any price. They're made up in weights that'll be found comfortable right along now, day in and day out all summer. To-morrow finishes it up. Superior excellence—and we vouch for it—is the pitch they're tuned on, and $4.80 is the time they're set to.

SAKS & COMPANY,
MARSHALS OF BARGAINS FOR CHILDREN,
300 to 308 Seventh Street.

DIED.

MAXWELL.—Suddenly, June 3, 1889, Mrs. Miriam Kay, wife of Medical Director Charles D. Maxwell, U. S. N., and daughter of the late Evan Clement of New Jersey.
[Camden, N. J., Philadelphia and Wilmington, Del., papers please copy.]

BABSON.—On Friday, June 7, at 5 a. m., of endo-carditis, Bertha Belle, youngest daughter of J. W. and E. A. Babson, aged 14 years and 10 months.

MUSSON.—On June 6, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m., at her late residence, 1237 W street, Elizabeth E., the beloved wife of Poyntan Musson, after a short illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude.

TAYLOR.—On June 6, 1889, after a short illness, Mrs. F. H. Taylor, artist. Her very many friends will learn this with sorrow.
It is the living that suffer.
Funeral from 1013 T street northwest, Saturday, at 3 o'clock p. m.

BLAND.—At his late residence, 700 E street southeast, on Sunday, June 2, 1889, at 9:15 p. m. of pneumonia, William Harwood Bland, in his 80th year.
Funeral from Fourth Street M. E. Church, Friday, at 5 o'clock p. m.

UNDERTAKERS.

J. WILLIAM LEE
(Successor to Henry Lee's Sons),
—UNDERTAKER—
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Branch office, 498 Maryland ave. s. w.

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FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
816 Penn. ave. n. w., between 3d and 4½ sts
Everything first class.

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BOARDING — ONE FURNISHED ROOM with board to accommodate two gentlemen. $5 per week. 607 N st n w.

BOARD FOR ONE OR TWO LADIES OR gentlemen, or man and wife; second-story front: large, shady grounds; tennis, hammocks, convenient to car lines; private family. Address 301 Deleware ave n e.

REAL ESTATE.

Advertisements under this head, four lines or less, 25 cents for three insertions; 50 cents for six.

BENJ. P. DAVIS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
1319 F st, adjoining Sun Building.
Suburban property a specialty.

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.

THE BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES.
TERMS BEGIN NOW.
723 14th street northwest.

H. D. BARR
Importer and Tailor,
FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
All of the Latest Novelties.
ENGLISH, FRENCH AND SCOTCH SUITINGS, ETC., JUST ARRIVED.
MR. BARR personally fits all garments made in our establishment.
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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, Polly Fairbairn, Wm. Pruett, Sig. Brocolini, Chas. Lang, Geo. Broderick, Louis De Lange.
GENERAL ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.
Reserved Seats, 50 and 75 cts.
Next Week—AMORITA AND MIKADO.

NEW NATIONAL THEATRE.
FRIDAY EVENING, June 7, 1889, at 7:45 p. m.
J. Palgrave Simpson's 3-act comedy-drama,
TIME AND THE HOUR,
—BY THE—
FREDERICK WARDE DRAMATIC CLUB,
Under the management of
MR. GEORGE BUCKLER,
For the Benefit of the
JOHNSTOWN SUFFERERS.
PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Orchestra chairs, $1; orchestra circle (reserved), 75c.; balcony (reserved), 75c.; general admission, 50c.
Box office open at 8:30 a. m.

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.—80 hours.
HOAGLAND, McGOVERN, MESSIER, DWYER
200 MILES NECESSARY FOR A PLACE.
CONCERT, SUMMER GARDEN.
Matinees, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Next Week—International Six Day Race, All Day and Night.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9,
First performance of the
PHONOGRAPH
—AT—
—BATTLE OF BULL RUN—
ADMISSION..............25 CENTS

EXCURSIONS.

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.

MARSHALL HALL.
Steamer W. W. Corcoran leaves 7th-st. wharf daily for Marshall Hall, leaving at 10 10 a. m., reaching Washington about 3:30 p. m.
SUNDAYS two trips, leaving at 10:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., reaching Washington at 2 and 7:30 p. m. Fare round-trip, 25c.

ALEXANDRIA FERRY AND RIVER EXCURSION.
Two Saloon Steamers. Every hour from 6 a. m. to 7:15 p. m.
12 MILES ON THE POTOMAC FOR 15c.
Free Excursion for Babies. See Schedule.

TO NORFOLK AND FORTRESS MONROE.
DAILY LINE OF STEAMERS.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1889, Steamer GEORGE LEARY will leave Seventh street wharf on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5 p. m.
Steamer LADY OF THE LAKE on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays at 5 p. m. from Sixth street wharf.
LEARY will stop at Piney Point down and up, weather permitting, until further notice. No boat for Cornfield Harbor.
Fare, $1.50 each way. No round trips.
Both steamers land at Boston wharf, Norfolk, and make close connection with Boston and Providence and New York steamers of Old Dominion Line; connect also with all other rail and steamer lines. Secure rooms and tickets on boats. Knox and Lloyd's express will check baggage from hotels and private residences. Leary's telephone, No. 745-3; Lake's telephone, No. 94.
GEO. R. PHILLIPS, Supt. L & S. C. Co.
WM. P. WELCH, Supt. P. S. Co.

THE NEW STEAMER CECILE, THAT will accommodate 200 people, makes hourly trips to Holtzman's and Upper River landings from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Round trip 15c. All kinds of pleasure boats for hire at the same wharf.
JOS. PASSENO, 3134 Water st.

HO! FOR GREAT FALLS AND CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.—Steam Packet EXCELSIOR makes her regular trips on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, leaving High st. and Canal, Georgetown, at 8 a. m. Will commence April 21. Fare, 50c., round trip.

SUMMER BOARDING.

PERSONS CAN BE ACCOMMODATED with good country board at Halpine, Md., on Metropolitan Branch B & O R R; plenty of shade, fruit, etc. Address JAMES E. LEAMAN, Rockville, Md; five minutes' walk from station.

ORKNEY SPRINGS AND BATH, VA.—THIS magnificent property, recently purchased by the Orkney Springs Hotel and Improvement Company, will open June 15. Added to many new attractions and improvements is a swimming pool—largest in the United States—enlarged ground, walks and drive, an excellent livery, equipment unsurpassed; seven different mineral waters, superb climate, especially beneficial for malaria, asthma, catarrh and hay fever, exhaustion and depression; capacity, 1,000; grand scenery. Pamphlets at principal drug stores, depots, etc.
F. W. EVANS, Manager.

THREE BOARDERS WANTED—1 DOUBLE room and one single; terms from $25 to $30 per month; delightful location; in sight of Blue Ridge Mountains. Address Lock Box 39, Warrenton, Va.

WANTED—SUMMER BOARDERS; LARGE airy rooms; beautiful shady lawn; high location. Address Mrs. M. A. BISPHAM, Warrenton, Va.

COUNTRY BOARD—$4 WEEK—BEAUTIfully situated, three-quarters of a mile south Front Royal, near Shenandoah River; plenty fruit and shade, and three kinds excellent water. W. W., Front Royal, Warren County, Va., Box 118.

SUMMER BOARDERS ACCOMMODATED—First-class board. Mrs. Dr. A. B. PRICE, Frostburg, Allegany County, Md. Parties without children preferred. Pure water and plenty of rich milk. Altitude, 2,300 feet. Terms: $6 and $7 per week.

THE UNDERSIGNED, PROPRIETOR OF the Kennen House, at Riverton, Va., (situated at the junction of the two branches of the Shenandoah River, and unsurpassed for beauty of scenery, health, society and bass fishing), wants summer boarders, who will be furnished nice airy rooms, good fare and attention. Terms moderate and made known on application. Address
JOSEPH W. KENNEN,
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WOODLAWN,
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Will be opened for the reception of guests June 15. Newly built and newly furnished. Modern improvements, electric bells, gas, water.
MRS. M. J. COLLEY,
Of the Clarendon,
Proprietress.

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"Unquestionably the finest location in the 1,000 Islands."—Harper's Magazine, September, '81.
Rates $2 to $3 per day, $10 to $17 per week. Special rates to families and parties. Send for illustrated pamphlet.
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3,378 square feet of ground for $10,000; s. e. cor. New Hampshire ave. and R st.
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4,127 square feet of ground for 3,000; s. w. cor. Virginia ave. and 24th st.

FOR SALE—ABOUT ONE HUNDRED LOTS in squares 617 and 668, near North Capitol, N and O sts. n. w.; on line of the Eckington street Railway, and near the new depot of Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company; fair price, long time and small payments to suit purchasers.
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