On the 22d of last month King Carnival paid his annual visit to Georgetown, and in the evening gave his merry subjects an audience in Memorial Hall.

A better day could not have been chosen, for the same was also the birthday of our immortal Washington was celebrated, thus noting the day with a double cretan mark.

All had looked forward to the jolly king's coming, and for many a night visions of the banquet to be served in his honor crowded upon us. From the strange movements of the Dramatic Society and the nightly assemblies of this body in various class-rooms, we inferred that they too would make merry the night, thus showing their devotion to the old monarch. The disappointment which awaited us as far as they were concerned will be spoken of further on.

On the morning of the eventful day all who were not otherwise engaged paid a visit to the city to give homage to the glorious "Father of his Country." Returning at 5 P. M. our peculiarly constituted organ, aided perhaps by a keen appetite, was assailed by the odors of sundry choice dishes, all of which took the form of reality upon entering the refectory.

Had the tables not been of the strongest make, and had the college appetite allowed the bountiful supply of fish, flesh and fowl to remain long enough, verily the festive board would have groaned and an awful crash might have followed. But from this, owing to the afore-stated conditions, we were happily delivered. The turkeys flew around like things of life in the hands of the nimble waiters, and hardly had they settled on the table before they were despoiled of their brown breasts and swelling calves. Course after course was gone through, and when the last morsel of mince pie had disappeared and coffee had made its appearance, every one took of them showed a woeful lack of knowledge of their parts, and, of course, not only hurt themselves, but were a constant drawback to the other characters.

The ghost scene was startlingly unrealistic. For our own part, from childhood we have been taught to associate ghosts with shrouds and such like funereal appurtenances, but it really was refreshing, to say the least, to be able to catch a glimpse of the familiar trappings of our friend, P. D., through the shroud, which ought to have surrounded him, but which was, unhappily, about two sizes too small, and gave glimpses of a pair of unghostly shoes. If we might be allowed to suggest, we should advise the stage-manger to devise some means by which it would not be necessary to drop the curtain at the end of every scene. Our drop curtain may be a beautiful work of art, but when in the space of an hour we are compelled to gaze upon it, by actual count, nine times, we lose sight of its beauty.

After the farce came an original song and dance, by two of our number, the music of the song being composed by the leader of our orchestra, Mr. R. C. Garland, and the words by Mr. Harry Butler. The dance, as performed by Messrs. Donnelly and Butler, was certainly as fine a performance as we ever had the pleasure of beholding on our stage. Too much praise can not be given to these gentlemen, both for their fine performance and for redeeming the first part of the evening's entertainment.

When the play was ended there was a scurry for the dormitory where the costumes were to be donned, for, as we all knew, it would be highly improper to appear before such an august merry-maker as King Carnival in our ordinary garbs. Many groans were heard issuing from as many alcoves as belt after belt was tightened, and an ineffectual attempt had been made to seize the uncatchable button in the small of one's back; but all good things have their drawbacks and the numberless buttons, the too frequent pin, and numerous acts of constitution must be put up with, for they come with King Carnival and the costumes. At last a little imp appeared outside the small boys' dormitory, after first asking the invariable question:
"Do you know me?" informed us that the youthful revelers of that division were ready.

This was welcome news to the assembled subjects in the lower corridor; then when the ushers had made one more round to hurry the tardy, the line of march was formed and all was ready to take the hall by storm.

The strains of the "Standard Bearer" wandered down the dark stairway, and meeting us in the corridor invited us to advance. Mr. Semmes then, aided by five handsome ushers, marshaled the maskers into line; in this order we moved forward and took possession of the hall.

Little time was given to admire the decorations, but a glance told us that the committee on arrangements had done their work well and many thanks were due them. Most conspicuous was our own dear native flag proclaiming the day we celebrated, while on either side our own talent, Messrs. Garland, Tureaud, and Siewerd, bade us not to dally but step it in the grand march. This was one of the features of the evening. The maskers led by Mr. Semmes, assisted by the aforementioned ushers, first circled around the hall, thus giving each character an opportunity to display himself before the admiring gaze of the spectators; after circling, all formed and marched down the center, thirty-two abreast, then the square was made, and after that each sought a partner for the dance.

Away they went, the merry dancers, proving that we could still be happy and enjoy our dance even though the fairer element were missing. The dance being over the usual number of Indians grunted, un-Indian like, and shook hands; cowboys, too, went with them, while a peaceful colonist was seen to slap one on the back, plainly showing the advancement of civilization. Mexicans were also plentiful with their brilliant costumes, and princes so far forgot themselves as to hobnob with peasants. Jockies, too, were there, and needed but their ponies, and the course, to start the ever ready book-maker. The Mikado, you may be sure, was on hand, Mr. Morosi cleverly performing Koko's grotesque part.

A happy lack of negro swells was noted, but the dude or "shrimp," as it is now, was everywhere. The "Tycoon" when last seen was chatting with one who had escaped from Sing-Sing.

A visible proof of the evolution theory was given by the appearance of a monkey in the full dress caudal appendage, followed by a fellow monk, who having most likely been with the parade, had lost the object of his pride; this lone one was in turn followed by a perfect dude, as far as silly looks went; and last came the "noblest Roman of them all," thus giving four striking links to this theory. Whether it was a coincidence that they danced in the same set afterwards or that it was planned beforehand is not known, but at all events they seemed mutually pleased with one another. The fine music rendered by the orchestra made the moments fly lightly by until the "I will show myself" on the programme announced that unmasking was in order. This was the time of surprises, for deprived of the unsightly mask the manly features of friends were revealed. Then the Roman nose gave way to the normal pug; the comic mask showed how out of place was the flushed, perspiring face with its mournfully enduring look beneath it.

Then we saw that the princely cloak with its gorgeous lacing and the golden locks, transformed Mr. Geary into Prince Edward; that Ko-Ko was Mr. Morans; that the Siamese, inseparable, were Messrs. O'Byran and Bradenbaugh. Other characters too were revealed; the "jolly old couple" were Messrs. Brady and McLaughlin, the broad-shouldered Mexican, with innumerable girt buttons, many-colored kerchiefs, and the showy sash, was Mr. Allain. Louis XIV. was Mr. Denver, and the Knight of Ivanhoe Mr. Dwyer. The younger boys were for the most part imps or clowns.

The trombone blurted louder and louder, the bass viol clammered for a hitch was noticed, and that the music therefore was going on, and that the music hence the twinkling) still kept time, occasionally grunting forth its melody, with schottisches to relieve the sameness, (many were encased in patent leathers, hence the twinkling) still kept time, and went the faster as the music grew furious.

At last, after many polkas and waltzes with schottisches to relieve the sameness, "The Black Hussar" claimed our presence in the Landers. This was the fore-runner of the Virginia Reel, and after that the programme announced—

"To bed, 'tis almost fairy time,"

and "fear we should oversleep the morn. As much as we this night had overwatched," "Home, Sweet Home," was not as welcome as it has been on former occasions, but the thought of the chocolate and sandwiches waiting for us in the refectory argued strongly against any wish to remain; so all trooped to the place of promise and relished the welcome lunch which the committee had provided.

Then all slowly wended their way roomwards, sorry that the day had ended, but glad to press the inviting couch.

In their dreams many tripped it again with, 'may be, fairer partners; many, tricked out in princely raiment, inhabited their stately palaces far off in the "Land of Nod."

Thus King Carnival passed away, assuring us that he had found us as faithful as in former years, and promising to return again, when he hoped the same grand display and pomp would attend his arrival.

All the committees deserve great praise, for it was evident that they worked hard. From the fact that not a hitch was noticed, and that the music was pronounced on all sides to be exceptionally fine, one could well see the fruits of the arrangement committee's labor. Speaking of the music we should all join in thanking Messrs. Tureaud, Garland and Siewerd, who had worked so hard, and had given all their spare hours to promote our pleasure.

CARNIVAL AT THE ACADEMY.

Through favor and courtesy, which not all the energy of a Herald driving specials from New York to Washington in five and a half hours, could secure for its reporter, the Journal's representative found himself the sole member of "the fourth estate" who enjoyed the privilege of admission to the Mardi-Gras ball given by our fair neighbors "over the garden wall." His pleasure left him, however, painfully conscious that he was present for a purpose, the accomplishment of which his descriptive and narrative powers would fail far short of. This confession may not be any plea worthy of the name for securing lenient consideration for shortcomings that this notice will yawn with, but at least it may forestall the "I-told-you-so" critics. We have already told ourselves so.

To the strains of a splendid and inspiring march the troop of maskers who, in daily life, are fair young girls, on letters, music, art, and science bent, drifted beneath the flashing lights of
the Odeon, for the occasion converted into a salle de bal. (The reporter feels that nothing short of French will meet the requirements of his task just here.) Then counter marching, figure forming, and tableau grouping gave brilliancy and beautiful effects, and left the mind about as dazed as eyes were dazzled.

To tell all who walked and danced would be to catalogue all the tribes and nations and pursuits of the human race. And if the scene was beautiful when masks made piquant the curiosity that sought to identify the wearers, how shall we tell of the enhanced beauty of the scene when, at the sound of the bell, masks were laid aside, and bright eyes flashed in merriment, rich checks glowed in color, and lips were wreathed in smiles or parted in bewitching laughter.

"Summer days" found themselves sandwiched between "Life" and "Death." "Night" and "Morning" found themselves confronted by the "Queen of Flowers," and "Marguerite" skipped around, though a "Rainy Day" was nigh, as much at home with the "Quakeress," as if she had not just left "Noah's Ark." The Greeks were great navigators, but we had never heard of any successful expeditions piloted by them to our shores, and still they must have got here, for we saw a "Grecian Girl" from Little Rock, and we suppose the "Crusaders" must have come over about the same time.

There was a "Baby" from Pennsylvania and Helen had sent her "Babies" to the dance; and perhaps for the delectation of these infants appeared "Punch and Judy," two of the best masks in the room. "The flowers that bloom in the Spring," as also those of other seasons, were garlanded on this night: Pansies, Forget-me-nots, Finks of Perfection, Snowdrops, watched and loved by "Flora" and the "Queen of the Flowers," "Pocahontas" evidently took dancing lessons from Captain John Smith or Mr. Rolfe, for she frisked around as lightly as the "Swiss Girl," the "Roman Peasant," or "Dinah," "Ophelia," all robed for her drowning, was on her feet for a P. P. C. dance; and the "Tambourine Girl" made music for twinkling feet. So the dance went merrily on and the carnival hours flew by; and the reporter watched the gay scene, while his thoughts ran back to others whom the same lights had looked down upon, and he wondered if the joy bells of former carnival nights still rang clear and sweet in the bosoms of other maskers, who came troopying by in the guidance of memory's wand; the stately "Parthenia" from the Valley of the Susquehanna, the "Fair Priscilla," "Katrina Van Tassel," and others, whom earthquake's rude shocks have shaken, since all merrily danced across the floor of this same Odeon.

DE QUIBUSDAM REBUS.

It is generally conceded that when a writer takes up an indefinite subject, he is either about to write nonsense or something that was sense in the time of Julius Caesar, and which is consequent-ly by this time a little worn at the edges. So I can only plead in excuse, if my writings be classed in one or the other of these styles, the very indefinite nature of my subject. To students who understand that to obtain the teacher's favor and a good translation after one failure to render the word rebus, the surest way is to give it a meaning as entirely opposed to the first as is possible, this statement of mine needs no demonstration, and as for the others since they have not learnt so common a trick as that with all their years of opportunity, I am afraid that upon them all demonstration would be lost.

Rebus in this case means the gymnasium, and a look at it should convince anyone that the word rec used in describing it would not be at all misapplied. At present it is without doubt a thing of great possibilities. With a little effort in either direction it could be changed into a good gymnasium or into a wood-house, and the determining into which of these it shall change rests entirely with the boys. It is useless to have a gymnasium unless it is well patronized. At present a certain class is starting a steady system of patronage, but it needs a more vigorous interest still. Insufficient as it is, the exercise to be obtained there far surpasses no exercise at all, and there is no sense in that feeling which fills the minds of some with a vague fear that their dignity is entirely lost if any part of their anatomy attain a higher level than their head. If the authorities once see the boys taking a proper interest they will not be behindhand. It would cause only a slight expense to enlarge and enclose the gymnasium as it stands and make it suitable for winter as well as summer exercise. Even as it stands now it has a peculiar charm for a daring spirit, for he has the added excitement while performing some dangerous feat of feeling that the apparatus may give way at any moment, an excitement almost doubling the fascination of the act.

It would be no injustice, however, to ignore this small minority and most of us, I am sure, would rejoice in the hope of a better gymnasium, with the added probability that at some future day it might become something to be proud of as well as something useful.

Even taking no count of future possibilities, with a very slight amount of labor a wonderful improvement could be effected in the apparatus as it stands. The parallel bars are the least bit unsteady, the horizontal bar the least bit too large, the rings a little uneven. With little time and trouble these defects could be remedied, and with them the boys would remain contented until our great gymnasium of the future superseded and entirely provided for the wants and deficiencies of the old.

P. S.

OUR GRADUATES' GALLERY.

In a recent issue of our paper the intimation was given that we should endeavor in the near future to present sketches of the post-collegiate career of as many of our graduates whose likenesses hang in our collection of class-pictures as we should find it possible to trace. As all old students are aware, who have had any experience in alumni affairs, too generally our graduates are lost sight of in college circles the day they receive their diplomas, some never revisiting the scene of their academic labors, though within easy reach of the spot, and others not even writing to say how it has gone with them in the battle of life. Gladly would Alma Mater see it otherwise. With some hope that the imperfect sketches, which this series of papers must, by reason of insufficient information, offer to our readers, may prompt some of our alumni to furnish details, that we would be delighted to incorporate herewith, we commend to lenient consideration our first picture, that of...
planation premised, that in 1858 it was the custom to announce the names of the graduates in the order of their class-standing. Afterwards the existing rule of announcing them in alphabetical order was introduced.

BEVERLY C. KENNEDY, of Louisiana. Though graduated with the class of '58, Mr. Kennedy had been but one year associated in college with its members. For reasons which are not known to the writer, Mr. Kennedy, who had been in the senior class at Mount St. Mary's, left that institution before graduating, and came to Georgetown to enter philosophy in September of 1857. The following official announcement is printed in the catalogue, after the award of honors for the class of '58: "A medal of excellence in philosophy and chemistry was likewise awarded to Beverly C. Kennedy, of Louisiana, who, having previously studied a considerable portion of the annual course, was not considered a competitor for the honors of the class." The early death of Mr. Kennedy, which occurred not very many years after his graduation, leaves little to add of his career. In college he was esteemed both for his ability and for his attractive social qualities.

CONELIUS O'FLYNN, of Detroit, Mich., was the medal man of his class. Mr. O'Flynn's name appears on the college record first in 1854-5, when he entered First Humanities. That year and in succeeding years up to the date of his graduation, we find him among the honor men, and in the literary and social organizations among the students he soon became a leader. "In the yard," as the college phrase goes, he was always popular. After graduation Mr. O'Flynn read law, and has been for years in excellent standing at the bar of Detroit. Meanwhile his pen has not been idle, and his contributions to the press have been numerous, various and able. In behalf of Catholic interests, and in defense of Catholic truth, he has shown himself ever prompt, vigorous and formidable. In loyal devotion to Alma Mater, Mr. O'Flynn is a model alumnus, taking a prominent part in the work and in the festivities of the Society of Alumni, though removed from the center of its activity here near the college.

EDWARD WOOTTON, of Maryland, comes next in order, having taken the premium in the class of Philosophy of that year. At college Mr. Wootton was the typical student, and while enjoying the esteem and respect of his fellows, displayed few of those qualities which stamp as "popular" a college man. At present he is a physician of excellent repute in Montgomery county, Md., but seldom gratifies old college friends with news of his success. His elder brother, Henry E. Wootton, a member of the class of '54, did not return to graduate, going hence after Rhetoric to Yale. He is one of the first lawyers of the Howard county bar, in his native State of Maryland.

CHARLES B. KENNY, then, as now, a resident of Pittsburgh, Pa., comes third on the class-roll. He was the Nestor of his year, but enjoyed as widespread a popularity in college as the youngest of his fellows. He was the poet laureate of his day, and his "Ode to Saint Cecilia" bears the same relation to our College collection of lyric song that Dryden's does to the general literature of our language. His visits to the college, rare though they have been, must convince him that something more substantial than his "pictured self" keeps him in affectionate remembrance in the old spot. He was a leading actor in our amateur theatricals, and there are many old students who will recall with pleasure and appreciation his Shylock, King John, Sir Anthony Absolute, etc.

NICHOLAS S. HILL, of Maryland. Should any of our readers have business with the purchasing agent of the B. and O. Railroad, and visit for that purpose the palatial structure on the corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, Baltimore, he will probably not recognize in the rotund, portly and most courteous officer, who will receive him, the slight, youthful figure, whose picture is before us, that of one of the most popular men of his class. When the war between the States broke out, Mr. Hill went South and was engaged in the service of the Confederacy up to the cessation of hostilities. Returning to Baltimore with the restoration of peace he there engaged in mercantile pursuits. His exceptional business qualities commended him to the favorable notice of the late John W. Garrett. He entered the service of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and is now the head of the department for the purchase of supplies. Mr. Hill is recognized as one of the prominent public-spirited citizens of Baltimore, and is foremost in all enterprises looking to its development. His son, Nicholas Hill, Jr., was in attendance at Georgetown up to the present year, but withdrew to take up a technical course preparatory to engaging in railroading.

JAMES A. WISE, of the District, was noted while in college for his literary ability and for his powers of oratory. He went to Texas, and either there or after returning to Washington, died not many years after his graduation.

CALEB C. MAGRUDER, of Prince George's County, Md., left at college an enviable reputation as a modest, painstaking and successful student. He read law and has been among the foremost of his profession in his native county, which more than once he has represented in the General Assembly of Maryland.

SAMUEL A. ROBINSON, of the District of Columbia, now holding office under the Commissioners of the District, was also a member of this class. He has changed less in appearance than any member of it, and his picture, taken in 1858, is still a good likeness.

PHILIP A. MADAN, who then claimed Cuba as a place of residence, has been for many years a merchant in New York, and his career has justified the expectations which his college associates entertained in his regard.

DOMINGO TORO, whose likeness is in the group, read philosophy with the class, but was not a candidate for the degree of A. B. He has since become a prominent political leader in his native country, Chili, and retains affectionate regard for his old associates.

Should this notice of the class of 1858 fall under the eye of any member thereof, it will gratify him to know that the Rev. Edw. H. Welch, S. J., who was their professor of Metaphysics, is again the occupant of that chair, and is in the enjoyment of excellent health, and fully as energetic and devoted to his work, as when he led '58 through the mazes of Aristotelian dialectics.

PERSONALS.

Dr. P. J. SIMMONS, M. D., '78, and the winner of the Faculty Prize in that year, has been in poor health for some months, and on the 24th February sailed from Boston, where he is in successful practice of his profession, for Ireland. Many friends were aboard the "Germania" to wish him God-speed. His return is set for the 1st of May.

Rev. WM. GASTON PAYNE, A. B., '79, who has just returned from Rome, paid his old friends a visit last month. The ill effects upon his health of his long residence in the Eternal City have left him in a much weakened condition; and before entering upon missionary work in the diocese of Richmond, he will be obliged to take some time to recruit his strength. At his first mass he was assisted by his former Georgetown professor, Rev. John A. Conway, S. J., now in Rome.
LOCALS.

—It has been rumored that the Toner Scientific Circle is considering the advisability of changing its time of meeting from Sunday morning to some evening during the week. Any change would certainly be more convenient for many of its members.

—Now that the Lenten season has begun, and the Mardi-Gras festivities are something of the past, all, but most especially those who intend visiting their homes, are anxiously looking forward to the coming Easter recess.

—On Saturday, February 19, the Junior Class enjoyed the fruits of their recent hard studying, and the banner victory which they gained over the other university classes. The day was pleasantly spent in the city, and from all reports the pleasure and honor enjoyed was worth the study.

—On Ash Wednesday evening began the annual retreat, and the earnestness with which all entered upon it gave evidence of the successful end which awaited it. Father Cassidy, S. J., who had been appointed director, while being an orator of the highest stamp and a most interesting speaker on any subject, is also one of the many noted missionaries in the Society of Jesus. His discourses consisted of appeals to the reasoning powers of his hearers, and the effect which he produced was clearly shown when, at the end of the retreat, every Catholic in the house knelt at the communion rail and partook of the Sacred Bread.

—We were greatly surprised to learn from the members of the base ball committee that there were some who had refused to contribute to the “Yard” Base Ball Fund. We have not seen the names of these gentlemen, but we feel satisfied that the majority of them are of that number who are always grumbling and protesting that there are not enough games with teams outside of the District, or of those who are always on hand with advice and feel slighted if no attention is given to them. Both of these classes should remember that it requires money to support a base ball team, and that the college team has no means of support, except that given by the “Yard.”

—The much-talked of new base-ball suits for the college team have at last been ordered. Messrs. A. J. Reach & Co., of Philadelphia, will furnish them, and they promise to surpass both in neatness and durability any that have been worn by the nine for some years. The suits will consist of gray shirt, pants and cap trimmed with a light blue, and judging from the sample suit which was forwarded before the order was given, the prediction made above will prove a true one. We also feel assured that when the nine appears in them for the first time, the alumni will feel the same satisfaction that the majority of them are.

—The annual tournament of the billiard Association is now in progress and promises to be as successful as those of former years. The handicaps were made out by a committee of three appointed by the contesting members, but were not announced until each contestant had paid his entrance fee. By this method the usual dissatisfaction of the modest members who, according to their own verdict, can not play at all, is done away with, and it also prevents any possibility of the entrance fee not being paid. The tournament does a great deal towards the promotion of interest in billiards, and the excitement ensuing helps to kill the monotony of this damp season of the year.

—All arrangements are now perfected for the annual contest between the nines of the Classes Base Ball League. Special rules to govern the games, the names of the umpires and a schedule has been pinned on the bulletin board for the last three weeks. The captains of the different teams have been elected and are as follows: Senior Class, Harry Butler; Junior Class, James A. Taylor; Sophomore, Charles F. O’Day, and Freshman, Arthur J. Doyle. The first game was scheduled for February 20th, and if all were played as scheduled the contest would end on March 27th. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, however, there are already six postponed games, but it is earnestly hoped by all interested that the contest will have reached its end before the 1st of June, and not interfere, as it did last year, with the final examinations.

—At its first regular meeting in February the Billiard Association held an election for officers, and the following gentlemen were elected: Vice-President, Mr. James A. Shanahan; Secretary, Mr. Eugene E. Seery; Treasurer, William J. Tracy, and First Censor, Mr. Arthur J. Doyle. Besides these gentlemen Messrs. Charles F. O’Day, Henry E. Brooks, J. P. Martin, Benj. F. Turcaud and James P. McNally were elected to fill the position of Assistant Censors. Just before adjournment Father Coward, S. J., who has held the office of President for the past six years, stated that he found it incompatible with his duties as Vice-President of the College and Prefect of Discipline to continue longer in the office, and that the rector had appointed Mr. J. Pittar, S. J., to fill the vacancy. That the members were opposed to his resigning was evident from the murmurs of disapproval which arose when the announcement was made. Mr. Pittar, from his experience in this office gained while residing in other colleges of the order, will doubtless prove an excellent president.

SOME TIMELY ADVICE.

Not often does our staid neighbor, the Baltimore Sun, descend to the plane of the facetious, but when it does it does itself, as the following extract will show, to be in this, as in every other line of literary work, a first-class journal. Coming on spring or in the prospect of the summer vacation, the notion of indulging in serenades may hit the fancy of some of our lady-killers. If such be the case, we commend to them the following:

“A subscriber wishes to know if it is lawful to serenade any one by singing after 10 P.M.” There is no law on the statute-books on the subject, but there may be enough danger in the proposition to suggest a warning to the serenaders. Much depends on the quality of the voices engaged, and if there is an instrumental accompaniment, let it not be a bass drum or a bugle call. Some concern should also be felt for the temperament of the next-door neighbor, and it would be well to ascertain in advance whether his stock of bootjacks has been exhausted. It ought to be known at the same time whether his cat-and-rat rifle is or is not in working order. If the serenading party should stop in a saloon on the way it would be wise to postpone the serenade and stay in the saloon all night, unless they are on good terms with the police on the beat. A serenade should be an exquisitely tender affair. The music, vocal and instrumental, should be as soft and low and sweet as the whispering of a zephyr in a canebrake. To howl and scream in operatic style is—like the blaring of trumpets and beating of drums—in bad form at the midnight hour. So do the thing gently. It won’t require a cataclysm to wake up the girls.”
The College Journal is published by
a committee of the students. Its purpose
is to aid their literary improvement, to
chronicle the news of the College, &c.
It also serves the Society of Alumni as an
organ and means of inter-communication.
Being principally devoted to matters of
local interest, it must rely for its patron-
sage chiefly upon the students and alumni
of the College and its Departments, and
their friends. These and all former
students are urged to give it substantial
support.

Address,

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Mardi-Gras, 1887.

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Editors.
J. Fendergast, ’89.
D. J. McGovern, ’88.
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Jas. A. Gray, ’88.
Roger M'cSherry, ’90.

Business Manager.
Thomas V. Bolan, ’88.

Assistants.
John R. McPheer, ’87.

Thos. Guy, ’90.

Every year at this time the “yard” is
refused to give, and these are the very
men who are continually attacking the
management, and who, though they
know nothing about the good or bad
points of a ball game, are ever ready
with their advice, never with their
cash. We would suggest to the Presi-
dent of the Athletic Association that it
would be a good rule to allow none but
those who have contributed to the fund
to attend games played away from the
College. This, we think, would have the
desired effect.

We admire the enterprise of the junior
division in their praiseworthy attempt
to level their ball-field. By the use of
a heavy roller and a few hours devoted
to the work each day they have succeeded
in obliterating the inequalities which
were so annoying to the in-fielders.
Had their larger brothers of the senior
division half as much energy and as
much foresight, instead of waiting until
the season opened to think of having
the work done, they would see to it now,
while the ground is soft and the field is
not in use. Late in the fall would be
the proper time to have it done though.
As the present field is too small there
is no use in making any great improve-
ment until we can see our way clear to
a complete reconstruction and enlarge-
ment of it. However, a word to the
wise is sufficient.

The Centennial of the College.

At the annual meeting, in June last,
of the Society of the Alumni, the exec-
utive committee of the association
received instructions to devise some
plan embodying the part which the
body of junior students should take in
the celebration of the event—so full of
interest and so pregnant of good—we
may hope, for the college. We are
pleased to learn that the committee has
taken up with earnestness and determin-
ation this work entrusted to them; and
at the next meeting in June, the mem-
ers composing it hope to have a scheme
to submit to the association, which, if
adopted as presented, will at least offer
the frame-work of a splendid celebra-
tion.

Wherever the suggestion of carrying
out such a celebration has been men-
tioned it has been received with en-thu-
siasm by old students; and there seems
to be no grounds for anticipating fail-
ure. The college authorities will, of
course, have the charge of elaborating
a general scheme for the aforesaid cele-
bration, and what plans the alumni
may adopt will, without difficulty, find
embodiment in the same. The Jour-
nal bespeaks on the part of all hearty
courage and active co-operation.

A word on this subject to the students
now in actual attendance. No feature
of the proposed centennial would con-
tribute so greatly, not only to the
renown, but to the solid advantage of the
college, as for its year of jubilee to find
housed under its roof a larger number
of students than any other year of its
history has drawn together. This can
be accomplished if each student now on
its roll will secure the attendance of one
additional matriculant. This would not
be a difficult task, nor can one suppose
that any one would be deterred from un-
tertaking it through lack of interest in
Alma Mater’s welfare. May we not
hope to see the suggestion realized?

Exchanges.

The Bellevue College Star, from Ne-raska, is a new exchange of seven
pages, containing four articles which all
show crudeness. The exchange column
shows a spirit of anything but indepen-
dence, and without that you may as
dwell discontinue your exchanges.

The Saint Mary’s Sentinel.—It con-
tains some good articles, notably that on
“Self-Education” and the description
of the “Trappist Abbey.” Like some
other of our esteemed contemporaries,
it has the idea that the local column is
the place to trot out and air every anti-
quated joke on anybody in the college.
If you wish to know from Joe “whether
they were playing seven up,” or from
Jake “why he didn’t shake hands,”
why in the name of our Business Mana-
er don’t you go and ask him, and not
inflict two columns of such trash on
your readers under the impression that
it is wit?

The Hamilton College Monthly, pub-
lished by the ladies of Hamilton Col-
lege, is an exchange that always gives
pleasure. It is full of good, readable
literary articles, and all of them are
short, a virtue that is too often missed
in college papers. There is nothing
light or silly in the whole paper, and it
serves as a refreshing contrast to those
aforementioned locals.

The Kalamazoo College Index for
February is full of good articles. “The
Fame of Cicero” is well written, but
could be improved by omitting the
“haec fabula docet,” which is tied on
at the close. In “Johnson and Vol-
taire” the antithesis is sometimes lost,
but the comparison is good and the sen-
timents are just. We beg leave to disa-
gree with the author of "What Scotian owes to Scott" in his expressed estimation of Burns. While not wishing to disparage Scott, we think that Burns' works have left as lasting an impression as the poetical works of Scott. Of course, it is rather difficult to draw a comparison between the two men, as they wrote in an entirely different sphere.

Again we beg to differ, when you say that "Ireland is the very synony
m for degradation and oppression, the per
sonification of utter depravity." This
is absurd. In the first place you have al
lowed your rhetoric to run away with your
good sense. Ireland is not the personifi-
cation of anything; it is a country and
capable of being personified itself.
Next, the idea is false. True, Ireland
has been oppressed, but that it is de-
praved can not be truly said. On the
contrary, it is justly celebrated for its
high moral standard. The remainder
of the paper is well gotten up, and the
locals and the exchanges are pretty fair.

We were somewhat struck by a rem-
ark in the Boston Beacon, in reply to
some paper complaining of the Beacon
not having an exchange column. It says:

"A college paper is primarily for
the students of its college. They sel-
don or never read the exchanges, and
consequently have no possible interest
in criticism and comment upon matters
of which they are ignorant. Further,
the exchange columns which we have
noted in many of our contemporaries
are, we grieve to say, worse than wasted
space — mere twaddle, unworthy, the
name of criticism. They have no pos-
sible help nor suggestion. For instance,
in what respect does it help us to read,
as we did a few days ago, that 'the No-
vember number of the Beacon is a very
readable number'? Even supposing we
had read that 'the November num-
ber of the Beacon is not a very readable
number,' should we thereby have been
led into better ways? Therefore, al-
though we may have been interested in
the pages, never—do the editors travel
above, and scarcely ever — with some
remarks, and when they are enticed out,
it is to make some angry reply to a just
criticism from some one of the few
papers that do criticise. There can be
no doubt, therefore, that it is lost work to
have an exchange column such as some
have.

Let us, then, one and all, endeavor
to criticise, not merely to bestow some
general words of praise, but to take
each department of a paper and praise
what is good, and point out what is
bad. Otherwise it is utterly useless to
have an exchange column.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The members of the senior class of
Georgetown University of Law com-
pleted their election of officers for the
class of '87 last month. The following
gentlemen were elected: C. H. Brice,
of South Carolina, president; J. B.
O'Neill, of California, vice-president;
W. S. Bridges, of Illinois, secretary; J.
B. Contee, of Maryland, treasurer. The
friends of the university may expect a
commencement of which they will be
proud.

Never in its history has the Law
School been in so flourishing a condi-
tion, and it rests upon the representa-
tive men of the class of '87 to show
themselves equal to the large expecta-
tions held by friends of the college.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

There has been sent to the President
of the college, by the members of the
family of the late Mr. James W. Jen-
kins, of Baltimore, whose death was no-
ticed in our last issue, an old-time
specimen of lithography. It is a first
communion certificate, testifying that
"James Jenkins made his First Com-
munion on Passion Sunday, 1822, Col-
lege Chapel, Georgetown, D. C." The
work was executed by "W. J. Stone,
Sc. Wash." The name is of a mem-
ber of the family which owned the
Stone mansion, now familiar under the
title of Calumet Place, as the residence
of the late Senator Logan.

The certificate, carefully framed and
preserved by our worthy alumnus, hung
in his room up to the time of his death,
and, as we look upon it, it is eloquent-
ly suggestive of the consoling fact, that
his after life was to the end worthy of
the pious intents which the event, hereby
witnessed, gave birth to.

—The few days of clear weather
which we have had lately, seem to have
been taken advantage of by many
strangers in the city, to visit our Alma
Mater.

MARRIED.

McLaughlin — Clary. — In this city,
February 15, 1887, at the rooms of Mr.
and Mrs. D. McLaughlin, parents of the
groom, by Rev. Father Walsh, pastor of
St. Ambrose’s Church, William Law Mc-
Laughlin to Miss Sara Patterson Clary.

It has never been our pleasure to
chronicle a wedding in which the par-
ties to the event have been more highly
esteemed or more properly so than are
the lady and gentleman whose nuptials
were celebrated yesterday evening.
Both have resided here for a number of
years and both are universally loved and
admired for their many rare qualities of
heart and mind.

The groom is the present district at-
torney for this county, to which office
he was elected last fall by a majority so
handsome as to be a compliment of the
highest nature, especially when coupled
with the fact that he was the only suc-
cessful candidate on the entire ticket on
which he ran. He is a young gentle-
man of the highest ability and probity
and of a sterling worth of character,
which has won for him the respect and
admiration of all. Of a naturally brilli-
ant mind, he has had the advantages
of a thorough education in one of the
most famous seats of learning in the
country, namely, the Georgetown Uni-
versity, Washington, D. C., from which
he graduated with the highest honors,
after a course of studies extending over
eight years. -He successively took the
degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of
Arts, and Bachelor of Law. The esteem
and favor in which he is held by the
faculty is plainly shown by the follow-
ing congratulatory telegram which he
received yesterday evening from Rev.
James A. Doonan, president; Rev.
William Cowardin, vice-president; and
Rev. James B. Mulloy, treasurer, of
the school: “Congratulations from
your Alma Mater on this happy day.”

The bride is the sister of F. M. Clary,
cashier of the Central City Bank, and
was recently one of the most popular
teachers in the Deadwood public school.
Handsome, cultured and refined; of
amiable disposition and lovable man-
ners, she is a lady to be admired, re-
spected, and esteemed, and fortunate
indeed is the happy groom who suc-
cceeded in gaining her heart and hand
as a companion on life’s uncertain and
too turbulent journey.

The marriage was a quiet affair and
only a few intimate friends and immedi-
ate relatives were present. The groom
was attended by Wm. C. Ickes, and the
bride by Miss Irene Cushman. Those
who witnessed the ceremony were Mr,
and Mrs. D. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Fox, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Ickes, Mrs. Sligerland, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Sparks, and Mrs. H. O. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Clary, M. G. Lincoln, Miss Ida Fowler and Miss Ida Clemens. After the ceremony the party went to Central City, where a wedding supper was served at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Clary.

The Pioneer, with other friends and admirers of Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, extends its sincerest congratulations and best wishes for their future happiness and hopes that only sunshine and perfect peace may be theirs, and when they shall have reached that tide in life when the setting sun shall throw its slanting rays upon them, may they have only joyful and fond recollections of the past, with no bitter or sorrowful thoughts to mar the beauty of a perfect picture.—Black Hills Pioneer.

The Journal joins the Pioneer and other friends in extending congratulations and good wishes to our A. B., of '82, who is the first of his class to fall before the shafts of "the blind god." To his other friends in extending congratulations. A wife and five children survive him. The vacancy will note the loss to Georgetown of one of her oldest and most devoted sons.

Died in Prince George's County, on February 26th, Mr. John D. Bowling, an alumnus of Georgetown, who attended college in the years immediately preceding the war. From the Baltimore Times correspondence we gather the following particulars of our friend's demise:

DEATH OF MR. JOHN D. BOWLING.

UPPER MARLBORO', MD., Feb. 27.—Mr. John D. Bowling, a prominent citizen of Prince George's county, died at his residence, near Marlboro', yesterday morning. Mr. Bowling had been confined to his home during the entire winter, suffering with consumption, of which he finally died, aged 50 years. Mr. Bowling was the son of the late John D. Bowling of Woodville, Prince George's county. He married a daughter of the late Mordecai Plummer, and has since resided on a portion of the Plummer estate, near Upper Marlboro', jointly with Henry W. Claggett, his brother-in-law, and Joseph K. Roberts, collector of internal revenue, he was executor of his father's will and trustee of a large portion of his immense estate. Though never holding any political office, and devoting his time to farming, he was well known and influential in the Democratic party and its conventions. A wife and five children survive him.

The following particulars of our friend's life are given by his brother, the Rev. Charles K. Jenkins, S. J., who has been engaged in mercantile pursuits in Savannah, Norfolk, and New Orleans, and has made the acquaintance of many of our readers.

Mr. Jenkins. Proud of his faith, but humble as a child in accepting its tenets and practising its precepts, he was a model Catholic. His religion was of the real, positive kind, which not only found a place in his daily life, but was in fact the motive principle and guiding influence of that life. In his domestic relations the fullest share of happiness came to him, tempered only by such losses as are entailed by the mortal character of our existence. His eldest son, the Rev. Charles K. Jenkins, S. J., has been at various times connected with our college as professor, minister, treasurer, and vice-president, and he has also filled the position of president of Gonzaga College in Washington, D. C. At present he is pastor in Davenport, Md.

OBLIGUARY.

Died in Baltimore, Md., Jan. 21, 1887, James W. Jenkins, in the seventh-ninth year of his age. May he rest in peace.

Of many sons whom Georgetown, in the hundred years of her existence, has been called upon to mourn, no one was ever more loyal in his love for her or more worthy of the affection and pride she feels for her deserving children, than the venerable alumnus, whose death is chronicled above. He entered college in 1820, and left in 1824, and the residence of those brief years left upon his heart and memory impressions which nothing could efface. Returning to Baltimore to engage in mercantile pursuits, his name was for years a synonym for honesty, integrity and straightforward dealing. Less successful than in virtue of such sterling qualities he should have been, he never lost the respect and regard of his hosts of friends who admired his patient endurance of adversity, which served only to bring more positively into relief the strong character he possessed.

Few men of our acquaintance live up more fully and faithfully to the demands of the Christian ideal than did Mr. Jenkins. The Pioneer.

A COMMENT.

MR. EDITOR: I could not refrain from writing a few lines to you in regard to the lack of true interest taken in our "college music." Perhaps at first this will appear false, as some one will say, why we hear nothing but base-ball. Ah! that is just the trouble, as nothing but advice is given, and perhaps it would be well for some to know that cash and not advice supports our nine. All should take enough interest in the nine to at least pay the small tax imposed. But when we hear such an excuse as "we derive no benefit from it and won't pay," then we become disgusted. Yet, invariably these same gentlemen are the ones to criticise both the management and playing of the members. I think it would be a waste of time to say anything of the excuse offered above. I would merely say that to all games played away from home, permission is given to all to accompany the nine, and I ask is not this permission alone worth the small amount asked? So now let all do their share of the work, and show our nine that they have our united support, and rest assured that they in return will work zealously as heretofoe to uphold the reputation of the Blue and Gray.

Yours, S. O.
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