

Addressed To Your Wife!

There's going to be "company" at your house next Friday—isn't that SO? You'll want everything in apple-pie order for the occasion—a little touch of newness here and there—in the furnishings of your parlor and dining-room will add greatly to their appearance.

CREDIT IS FREE HERE!

You are perfectly welcome to all the things you need. We are in no hurry for the money—pay the bill a little at a time, weekly or monthly. Now is a good time to test the merits of our peerless credit system.

- Sideboards, Reception Chairs, Extension Tables, Parlor Lamps, Dining-room Chairs, Hall Racks, Rockers, Rugs.

Our prices are marked in plain figures—and they are LOWER than you can buy elsewhere for cash.

GROGAN'S

Mammoth Credit House, 817-819-821-823 Seventh St. N. W. Between H and I Sts.

Parker, Bridget & Co., Clothiers, 315 7th St.

"Straws show which way the wind blows." You can draw your own conclusions from the fact that this December's business is far ahead of that of last December, making it the "banner" December of our business experience.

PARER, BRIDGET & CO., Clothiers, 315 7th St.

THE NEW STORE,

621 7th St. N. W.

For an opening leader I am offering Wool Fleece Underwear, non-irritating, non-shrinkable, at

50c a Garment.

True value, 75c.

Theo. von der Luhe.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.

FOR RENT—Unfurnished, three rooms on second floor, with heat; \$19 per month. 302 E. Capitol st.

WANTED—Colored boy, 16 or 17 years of age, neat appearance, to work in store, run errands, and make himself useful; must have good references. Apply, Monday, 618 14th st. n.w.

WANTED—Agents to drum retail grocery trade for matches. AMERICAN MATCH CO., 1121 7th st. n.w.

WANTED—By a respectable colored man, place as driver of horse man; best references. Address 2224 E. st. n.w.

WANTED—A nurse girl, to assist with chamber work. Apply 1312 Pa. ave.

WANTED—Horse, for his keeping; light work; responsible party. Address 412 N. st. n.w.

WANTED—Men, not boys, to introduce a new match and sell them from house to house; \$1 or more per day can easily be made with 5c investment. AMERICAN MATCH CO., 1121 7th st. n.w.

FOR RENT—2406 Pa. ave., 2 unfurnished rooms on second floor; bath adjoining; suitable for light housekeeping; terms reasonable. de27-3t

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING—Unfur. rooms. 717 9th st. n.w.

WANTED—1,000 ladies to call at 402 9th st. n.w., for free samples of "Fairy Crispettes." de27-7t

FOR RENT—Twelve acres, eight rooms; fruit; \$10.50; near boundaries. Call 261 1st st. de27-3t

Up to Date.

"Did you hear what Brief, the lawyer, has for his motto?"

"No, what?"

"Where there's a will there's a way to break it."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Funny Man.

Elinor—My fiance is such a witty man.

He—To be sure, his mouth itself is a funny crack.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

RAIDY'S GREAT CHANCE.

His Friends Say He Will Whip Game Dick Moore.

There is a vast amount of interest being shown by the sporting fraternity in the boxing contest between Fat Raedy of this city and Dick Moore. The men are both middleweights, but will fight at catchweights. The ability of Raedy is well-known to the lovers of fistie sport about Washington. He has fought and won some of the best of the best, and is by many regarded as a very promising pugilist.

Junior Basketball Game.

At a late hour last night it was agreed by the management of the Carroll Institute and Washington Athletic Club junior basketball teams to play the fourth game in the championship series on the second Friday in January, at Carroll Institute.

IN A BURNING BARN.

Pennsylvania Farmer Robbed and Bound in Building.

Edie, Pa., Dec. 26.—Roscoe Finley, the tax collector of Greenfield township, Erie county, was robbed, beaten into insensibility, bound and placed in a burning barn from which he was rescued by a neighbor, and today rallied sufficiently to tell briefly the story of his experience.

Valuable Pair of Trousers.

The boys of Yale in the old days used to bribe the printers' "devils" to get proofs of the examination papers for them. The college authorities put a stop to this practice, a bright idea seized one fellow, and he saved the whole suffering party. He hired one of the printers (it was a humor) to wear a pair of white trousers to the office, and at noon to sit down on the "form" in which were locked the precious questions. The key set of that pair of trousers, sold for a great many dollars, the clothes were worth in their original spotlessness.—Chicago Chronicle.

Answered Correctly.

The German emperor, while recently inspecting a body of naval recruits, noticed an unusually stalwart man in the ranks and asked him where he hailed from. The recruit, in broad Bavarian dialect, replied: "From Weisbach, your majesty." "Did you understand what I meant," the emperor asked, "in addressing your saliors about the foreign foe?" The recruit: "Yes—Bavaria." The emperor: "And enemies at home?" Recruit: "Prussians, your majesty."—Exchange.

Of Ancient Lineage.

The negro race can be traced back to 2300 B. C., when the Egyptians became acquainted with them through the conquests of their rulers. The origin of the race and their history previous to that time is unknown.—Exchange.

G. A. C. ATHLETIC SMOKER

Spirited Program Carried Out at the Club Home.

SOME GOOD RECORDS MADE

Low Bar for Distance and Heights Made an Interesting Contest—All the Experts Were Entered in the Various Events—Capt. Barber and Prof. Darzalat With Foils.

The announcement of an athletic smoker, to be held at the Columbia Athletic Club, last night, seemed to bring to the big clubhouse a very large number of the members and their friends.

The affair was a success in every way, and the management is to be congratulated upon the splendid manner in which the enjoyable occasion was run off.

The several features of the evening indicated very plainly the good results of Prof. Crossley's training and coaching, and the high class work of the athletes reflects credit upon the management.

Bailey's orchestra enhanced the evening with excellent selections.

Among the interested spectators were: Capt. Duncan Ross, the famous broad sword fighter, who was accompanied by his manager, Capt. Casey, who announced that the invitation to Sergt. High, U. S. A., to another sword combat on horseback, had been accepted by the latter, and that the match would come off at Brightwood Park, on New Year's Day, at 2 o'clock.

Low Bar Experts.

The first number of the athletic exhibition was the low bar for distance, which was followed by the low bar for height.

The first event was won by Crossley with a jump of 9 feet 5 inches; Spare second, with a jump of 8 feet 10 inches.

The second event was won by Ross, with a jump of 5 feet 10 inches, and Crossley and Spare tied at 5 feet 8 inches.

Others who took part in these events were: Gittis, Waters, Allen, Lyons, Mather, Cabrera.

Following these came a clever and finished exhibition of sword at the parallel bars by Dr. Harry Harding, spars, Avails and Ross.

The fence vault brought out a lot of the best talent, and the contest was extremely spirited and finally narrowed down to Allen, who won with a vault of 6 feet 3 inches; Spare and Consola tied at 6 feet 3 inches; Cabrera; Franz, Curtis, Avails and Ross.

Avails gave an exhibition of muscular dislocation and showed a most wonderful and well-trained muscular development.

Waters, Midge, Ross and Prof. Crossley gave a brother act, in which a number of difficult and very clever movements and tricks were shown.

Spirited Fencing Bout.

On account of the lateness of the hour, the pole vault contest which was intended to come next and was to have been an effort to break Dudley's record in the door vaulting, was omitted. Franz was in fine form and ready to make the effort of his life for a new record.

A very spirited contest with foils by Capt. Barber, of M. H. Herd's Guards, and with the Duncan Ross company, and Prof. Darzalat, fencing instructor of the club, was won by Capt. Barber by 6 to 4 points, after a most stubborn and on both sides very clever contest.

The two sparring bouts, which closed the program, and which were exhibitions of boxing, were hotly contested and by no means tame affairs, in which no decisions were rendered; honors for the most part being even.

The announcements were made by Lieut. J. B. Nolan.

After the athletic exhibition, the company adjourned to the club parlors, where an informal musicale was held.

DEFEATED THEIR VISITORS.

Carroll Institute Bowlers Won From Baltimore Catholic Club.

The Carroll Institute bowling team played as host last night to the bowlers of the Baltimore Catholic Club. The game was played over the splendid alleys of the home club and the visitors were beaten in every contest. The totals were as follows:

First game—C. I., 734; B. C. C., 549.

Second game—C. I., 658; B. C. C., 652.

Third game—C. I., 741; B. C. C., 643.

The highest individual score made was by Stone of the Institute, in the third game, when he was credited with 194 points. Several players rose above the usual high figure of 150 points.

The Baltimore players were accompanied by a number of friends and during the evening numerous visitors from the city dropped in to witness the game. At the close of the last game the players were served with supper in a neighboring cafe.

A CIVIL ENGINEER

Of the B. & O. R. R. Testifies for

Dr. Walker

1411 Penn. Ave., Adj. Willard Hotel.

Mr. I. L. Pence, a civil engineer by profession, and a resident of Lawton, Okla., who has been in the employ of the B. & O. R. R. for many years, and during that time I have been a sufferer from indigestion, flatulence, headache, neuralgia, and always felt tired and weak.

Dr. Walker's cure of my general health has been the greatest benefit I have ever enjoyed. Since placing my case under Dr. Walker's care my general health has improved. I can eat, sleep and feel well, and in fact, feel like a new man. The hundreds of testimonials from well-known citizens published by Dr. Walker should prove to the discouraged sufferers that

He Cures When Others Fail.

The highest fee charged by Dr. Walker, when you are beyond the reach of other doctors, is \$5 a month. This includes all medicines. DAILY OF FEE, 10c.—10c to be Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 6 to 8. CONSULTATION FREE.

A DEER HUNT IN TENNESSEE

Experience That May Not Be Possible a Few Years Hence.

Big Game Not Plentiful in the State, But Good Sport May Yet Be Had.

Tennessee is not a sportsman's paradise, as many of the railway companies in the North and West say of the lands that their lines traverse; it is not a good hunting section at all, or at least would not be considered so by a man who has made it a point to hunt in the best territory.

But for all that, some excellent sport can be had in the state, and there is an infinite variety of game, though not very much of it. By hunting, in this article, shooting is meant, not hunting in pink and pig skin, as an Englishman has it, but "hunting" after deer, birds, etc., with a rifle or shotgun. The list of game of Tennessee is very interesting, but in this sketch a Tennessee deer hunt on Signal Mountain, Hamilton county, will be described and passing reference made to other game indigenous to that section.

To begin with, no sportsman should undertake to hunt deer on the Tennessee mountains unless he feels able to undertake a bush tramp of ten or fifteen miles before dinner. If he feels equal to the task, let him buckle on his cartridge belt and shoulder his Winchester, for we have a long walk before us to Otter Creek, before we get to the runways where we expect to find a buck. A "runway" is the course that a deer takes through the woods, generally on the ridges, and to one accustomed to deer hunting it is an easy matter to get a shot if there are any deer to be found. Men are placed on various runs around a certain location and the leashes of the dogs are slipped when the tracks are found, and the dogs are sent away to go the dogs, giving tongue at every bound, and some one gets a shot.

It is a bright, frosty morning in December, with about an inch of snow on the ground, and as the first man up through the "fence" of the tent at night, about half daylight, he remarks: "Turn out lively boys, it's getting early for deer." In the time we have been down to the creek to wash and have not had to eat, breakfast is ready, and we are ready to go, for the odor of that frying bacon has permeated the whole atmosphere, and the aroma of the black coffee floats around on the open-air in a most tantalizing fashion. We have no time to lose, so during breakfast the plans are laid. They are as follows:

A man hauling turk had the day before said that near the henlock ridge, and near it and the rocks to be made, had seen three deer, a buck, a doe and a good-sized fawn. They were headed for the headwaters of Signal Creek, and would probably be found in the beech groves in the bottom, so it was decided that our camp should be fixed on one of our party, the doctor, were to take the dogs and go for the bushes, and the three other men were to be distributed on the most likely runways round about. Breakfast over, the men started over to the creek and the party separated, every man to his post.

There is an unwritten law that makes it a heinous offense for a person to break faith on the hunting field. When a man is placed on a runway he must stay there until he is called. If there is any chance around to do, let the guide do it and let a man steady yourself. There is a great deal to learn about deer hunting, and it is a most interesting lesson. In the first place, keep quiet; do not tramp around, no matter how you may feel, to make any noise. The deer will scent you and you long before you will see him, and unless the dogs are close behind, will head off some other way, and you'll lose a shot probably spoiling the day's sport. Another thing to be remembered is that you have come out for a deer, so if you see a fox or a wildcat—you're not likely to, but you might—do not fire, you will mislead your companions and get "cussed" for your pains.

Our camp was located near the Burnt Cabin spring on Signal Mountain, in one of the most picturesque spots imaginable. Two hundred yards down the hill from the camp, was a beautiful waterfall, winding in and out amid moss-covered rocks and graceful ferns and laurels. About 1,000 yards away was Signal Point, and there the view is indescribably grand. The point, indeed, overlooks the valley, where, 2,000 feet below, the Tennessee River winds its sinuous course; to the right stretches as far as the eye can reach the tableland of Cumberland Mountain, and to the left a keen eye probably could see the horizon, where the mountain peaks mingle with the clouds. The great Smoky Range of mountains, whose deep shadows tell of mysteries of nature's handiwork about which little is known. On the other side of the river is Lookout Mountain, with its wealth of scenery, is placed in the background when the beauties of Signal Mountain are made apparent.

But such a showy view will not get a deer. A walk of nearly a mile is taken before I find myself encircled on my runway and alone in my glory. It is really a very likely spot, and commands a good view all around for about 200 yards, and be it remembered that not one deer in a hundred is killed at more than that distance, and by far the greater number are shot at a range of less than fifty yards.

A Tennessee deer hunter must have a quick eye, for there is so much red and brown about that it is difficult to distinguish a deer standing still amid the red leaves of the oak underbrush, rocks covered with the red frosts of frost-bitten sword-ferns and with reddish tinge in the soil itself. A deer in motion does not give you much time to observe it any way, and unless you are sharp, you see nothing but a red flash with a white end, and that is the end of it—the tail end; and a minute or so after, when you see the hounds rush along the trail, the fact dawns upon you that you have lost one of the chances of your life.

The runway upon which I was placed would have been called a "bummock" in Florida. It was a little knoll about three feet higher than the surrounding country and thickly covered with chestnut oaks. As I stood waiting to catch the first sound of the dogs, a fox squirrel came down from his nest in a fine old oak and frisked about within one hundred feet of me, and shortly afterward a bevy of quail walked across the path in Indian file, as stately and deliberate as guard-mounting dragoon patrols. But they did not tempt me a bit, and almost before they had passed I heard the music of the hounds far away on my right. It came nearer and nearer, and then suddenly ceased altogether, and the next instant the crash of a rifle told me that one of the party had got a shot.

I knew who it was by the sound, for the "crack" of an old Kentucky snootmore is very different from the "ping" of a Winchester, and both can be distinguished from the "boom" of a buckshot Greeney or the "snap" of a Henry or a Martin. It was the doctor who had fired, and he had evidently followed in quick succession, then, after an interval of about a minute, another shot from a Winchester was heard, and then all was quiet.

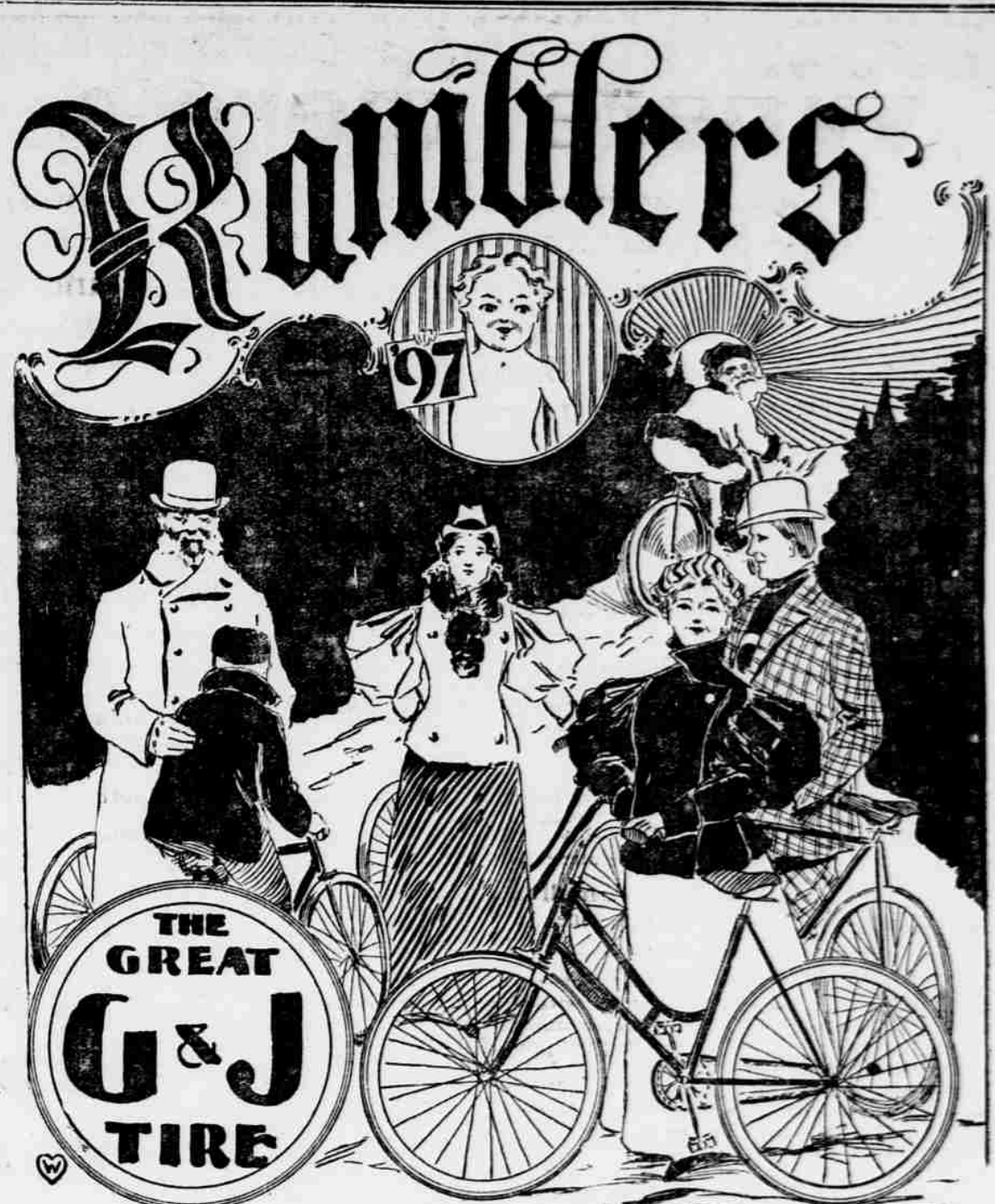
I waited patiently, I suppose for about five minutes, when away to my left I heard music break out upon the morning air that shocked me like an electric battery. It is evident that the dogs had struck a hot trail and were coming my way, and I instinctively knew the deer was away ahead of the dogs and might be upon me at any moment.

I was right. In less than it takes to tell it, the big crack almost deafeningly straight ahead, and then the bushes swayed and out jumped a doe into the open, closely followed by a buck. She scented me about the instant I caught sight of her and swerved off to the right, the buck following, and then I had a splendid view for over a hundred yards. Almost in line with me was a fallen poplar about two feet in diameter, which the doe leaped so gracefully that Hogart's line of beauty would have been noticed in every movement could it have been possible to have flashed a kodak on her. In another instant the buck followed, and as he rose to take the timber I fired, aiming behind his left shoulder, and he was my meat. The dogs were upon me in an instant, "Pat" and her running mate, "Sancho," and they took in the situation at once, they lay down beside it in full consciousness of having done their duty.

Then followed details that are the same everywhere. Bending down a snipping stick hanging up your deer; waiting for the guide; carrying the deer to camp; congratulations and then supper—a supper fit for the gods. The ortolone in little paper boats that you can get at Delemico's on Broadway, at Simpson's on Chesapeake, or at Gatti's on the Strand, are nothing beside fried deer's heart, and the pea cock's brains of a Nero or the quintessence of liver de foid gras cannot compare to deer's liver fried in the kidney fat.

Oh, what suppers can be eaten after a successful deer hunt! And then the yams around the camp fire, a "doch a doink," or nightcap of moonshine whiskey; and then the sleep of the just.

Tennessee deer are fast becoming extinct, and the fur-bearing animals that were once plentiful have nearly all gone. I have yet to meet a trapper or a hunter in East Tennessee who ever killed a ledger, but still there may be some left. Beaver still exist in one or two sections, but are very scarce. Otter are by no means scarce, and mink, raccoon, fox, opossum, wildcat, and martens are found in every well-watered timbered district. The finest specimens obtainable of the fauna of Tennessee will be exhibited at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, that opens in May next at Nashville, and every student of natural history should see them, for it is more than probable that such a collection of the native



EIGHTY DOLLARS ONLY! Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., 1325-27 14th St. N. W. -- 429-31 10th St. N. W.

The Fight for the Standard

Remember that there is no place in or out of Washington where cycling can be learned so easily, so quickly, and so profitably as at the Columbia Bicycle Academy, 223 and P streets northwest.

Standard of the world." has been a severe one in cyclodrom this year. Many rivals have attempted the task of equaling the "standard of the world"—the "Columbia" wheel—but have signally failed. "Columbias" are now, as they have been in past years, the premier wheels of the world. "Columbias" have rivals, but no peers. The '97 model is now on view. See it and so dispel the doubt on your mind as to the wheel you intend to ride.

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GOVERNORS' APPEAL HEHEDED.

Missouri Mob Dispersed Without Lincyngh Tobe Lanahan.

Jefferson City, Mo., Dec. 26.—Gov. Stone addressed a mob of about 600 people at the jail about 8 o'clock this evening. The crowd gathered there for the purpose of lynching Tobe Lanahan, the man who is supposed to have assaulted and murdered Neddy Gates last night.

The governor spoke to the mob for about fifteen minutes, trying them not to be too hasty in their action, as the evidence against the man is only circumstantial.

After the governor had concluded his speech, the crowd began to disperse. Gen. Wickham, with fifty deputies, was kept on guard until the mob had disappeared and then took the prisoner to the State prison for safe keeping.

A Bone of Contention.

"What's the fuss in there?" inquired the New Yorker, interestedly, of the Brooklyn Bridge brakeman, calling attention to two gentlemen squabbling quite heatedly in the next car.

"Oh," indifferently returned the brakeman, "that's only two Brooklynites, each insisting that his baby carriage is the best make."—Puck.

A Mutual Friend.

Bobby—Popper, what is a mutual friend? Mr. Ferry—He is generally one who makes it his business to see that you don't miss hearing the mean things your friends say about you.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

animals of the State will never be gotten together again. The buffalo left Tennessee long, long ago, but the trail that he made, when countless herds crossed the Tennessee River, is still visible, and skulls and bones are occasionally being found. In West Tennessee the bones of the wild horse have frequently been unearthed, and innumerable bones of the wolf and bear. In southern middle Tennessee the wolf once had numerous haunts, and places still bear the name, the most remarkable being Wolf Den Hollow, in the shadow of Ridge Top, on the waters of Kolnette Creek, in Wayne county. The deer are few and far between in the State now, and the persistent refusal of Tennessee legislators to pass a comprehensive game law will soon cause the deer to follow the buffalo, and the rising generation will have to rely on history for an account of "A Deer Hunt in Tennessee."

A Long Bridge.

A bridge forty-one miles long would certainly be a novelty, and yet that is the kind of a bridge they are talking of building across Polka Strait, to connect the Island of Ceylon with the mainland of India. The strait is forty-one miles across in some places. Surveyors have been at work and the cost of construction is estimated at some 25,000,000 rupees. The plan of the work contemplates the connection of the ends of the bridge by 145 miles of railroad with Colombo, the great harbor of Ceylon, and by ninety miles of road with Madras, the nearest point of the Indian railway system.—Chicago Chronicle.

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You Can't Feel it--no cold or bitter chill gets through one of our Chinchilla Storm Coats—they are well and stylishly made—they're cheap at \$12—they cost \$7.20. LOEB & HIRSH, 910-912 F St.