



Two Tramps.

If this were not a true tale it would not be worth the telling.

A freight train was wrecked by a rock-slide on one of the railways running between Chicago and St. Paul. The Superintendent had come up from Lacrosse in a hurry with a wrecking train, a doctor and some stretchers.

On the side of a cut a little way from the engine a man sat with the pallor of death upon his unwashed face. As the surgeon and the Superintendent approached he waved them back. "Don't mind me, Doc," he said; "I'm done for. I had no business here, anyway," he added after a pause. "But there's one of your men—poor beggar," he said, pointing toward the wreck. "He's got a locomotive on his lap and he ain't making a murmur. Get him out—he's one of your men."

Going down to the wreck they found the fireman with one leg under the engine. They cut the leg off, but the poor fellow failed to rally and died on the way to the hospital.

Having rescued the fireman, the doctor turned to look after the tramp; but he, too, had crossed the dark river. His life had been wasted, but at the door of death he had been almost heroic.

A little way down the line they found another man seated by the roadside, his clothing disarranged and his face stained with blood.

"Have you had trouble?" asked the railroad man.

"I've had a dream," said the man, and he pointed to the wreck where almost every conceivable sort of freight was heaped up in picturesque confusion. "Do you see that pyramid?" asked the man on the bank, and the other two nodded. "You see the few cars of coal at the bottom, and then the ordinary merchandise, and above that there is a car of household goods, then comes the merry-go-round—and there's a man and a monkey and a hand-organ in there somewhere—and, at the top of the heap, a harvester."

"And is this your dream?" asked the railroad.

"Oh, no—I was just going to tell you; I was sleeping peacefully in the top of that harvester when this thing happened. I dreamed that some careless person had started the machine up, forgetting that I was in it. I was dreadfully frightened, but when the wheels stopped I was perched, practically unhurt, on the pinnacle of that pyramid, looking down on the tops of the telegraph poles."

"Have you had breakfast?" the Superintendent asked.

"No," said the man; "just a dream's all I've had."

As the two men moved on toward a farmhouse, the dreamer, taking a nod of the head as it was meant to be taken, followed. After breakfast the railroad man asked the tramp if he was looking for work.

"Do I look it?" asked the tramp, shooting a quick side glance at his questioner.

"We want men. Suppose you be a man and go to work right now."

The tramp put up a hand as a stop signal. "I thank you for the compliment, and I'd like to oblige you, but it is a matter of principle with me. I simply won't work; so if you're a workman I'll have to say good-bye to you. Good-bye and good luck."—*Cy Warman, in Collier's Weekly.*

Lost in a Crater.

Joseph Burkam, a Minnesota lumber dealer, had, if a Western newspaper is to be believed, an experience in an extinct crater in Arizona which nearly cost him his life, and has all but destroyed his health. Mr. Burkam is an enthusiastic explorer. One day he came upon the crater of an extinct volcano, and climbed about it for an hour without mishap. Then he discovered a hole about as large as a barrel, and started to crawl in. Suddenly he slipped and slid a long distance, striking his head against a ledge of lava. When he came to he was in total darkness and absolute silence.

He had nine matches. These he struck one after the other, holding each one until it burned his fingers. He groped along the passage, thinking he must soon see daylight. Suddenly it came on him that he was not finding the entrance as soon as he ought to.

Then fear seized him. He sprang forward like a crazy man up the passage, struck a projection and fell. When he recovered he moved on again, cutting his hands and bruising his head and shoulders against the lava.

Sometimes he lost consciousness for hours. Then finding strength again he struggled on.

Once a luminous spot led him on overjoyed. He struck with awful force against a phosphorescent wall, which had deceived him. By rubbing it he was able to make better progress for the next few rods.

Without warning he pitched headlong into a pit of thick fluid. It was sulphurous and choked him. He struggled out and lay down to rest.

When he looked around again he saw several pairs of gleaming eyes. Shrieking shrieks told him that they belonged to rats. The rats made a dash at him, but were kept off, fortunately, by the sulphur, which was too strong for them. Otherwise he might have died a horrible death.

He turned a corner in the passage, followed by the rats. A growl sent them scampering and two larger eyes glistened at him.

Then he saw a streak of daylight, and pushing toward it fell senseless into the open air.

When he recovered his senses and straightened up a wildcat was sitting near him with an army of rats behind her. She was keeping them off, intending evidently to have the prey to herself.

Mr. Burkam and the wildcat stared at each other, the latter apparently wondering whether the man was weak enough to conquer. Summoning all his strength he threw up his hands and rushed at the cat, which fled. Then Mr. Burkam scrambled up the lava bank to the surface of the earth once more.

A Narrow Escape.

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, although he has seen plenty of sharp fighting and been often under fire, once came nearer to losing his life on board his own ship and when not engaged with the enemy than during any battle in which he ever had part. He tells the story in "A Sailor's Log."

A little before the destruction of Cerbera's fleet he had gone below to his cabin with Commander Kimball of the torpedo fleet, who had brought despatches. They were sitting at the cabin table studying the situation, when a startled voice exclaimed, "Look out, captain!"

"I threw my head to one side," he writes, "to see what I was to look out for, when there was a tremendous crash, and I was aware that I was hurt and more or less dazed. My first impression was that one of the Spanish gunboats had sneaked up on us and put a shell into my cabin. I had been thinking all the afternoon what a fine chance it would be for them that night. But when I was really conscious I saw that that was not the trouble."

"My cabin was full of men, all staring at me, their eyes fairly sticking out of their heads. They thought I was killed, and I suppose they wanted to see the last of the 'old man.' I was soon aware that one of the doctors was feeling and twisting my right arm, and that my right shoulder was in pretty bad shape. Through it all I was sorry for Kimball, who, I thought, was surely killed, and I was greatly relieved when I heard his voice, which sounded a mile away."

"The accident was soon explained. The men were running in a steel hawser, and it had picked up the steel battle hatch, weighing something over 400 pounds, which was lying on deck ready to be put on the cabin hatch when needed. The line had carried it along until it came directly over the hatch under which I was sitting, when it slipped off, came down edge first, and caught me on the shoulder instead of the head."

"The man who called to me to look out held on to it in his effort to stop it, and came down with it."

"My shoulder was badly mashed and dislocated, but the excellent medical men soon wiped the blood off, reduced the dislocation, bandaged my arm to my side and turned me in."

"If my head had been four inches farther forward I should never have had the pleasure of writing this book."

Harpooning a Drowning Man.

"Talking about curious experiences," said a man who had spent his life along the coast, "I had an experience some years ago and it tried my nerve more than any incident in my whole career. It was a little above the east coast of Florida. There is a section of water there which is as clear as a mountain brook, and at points where the water is eight or ten feet deep the bottom can be seen as plainly as if it were only six inches down. It was one of those white sand bottoms, and this made it even easier to see any object at the bottom of the water. One afternoon I had been cruising around the coast with a party of friends. We had been out fishing and having a good time generally. Several of them were old-timers, regular ducks when it came to the water. A severe wind struck us, and in some way, we never knew exactly, one of our men was hit a violent blow on the head, fell overboard and went to the bottom. He remained on the bottom with his face apparently buried in the sand. We thought he would come up again, and then we would grab him and pull him out. But he remained there, and we began to figure rather hurriedly on what to do. 'Throw the gig into him,' said one of the rougher and older fellows. This made me shudder, but the old man reasoned it out that our friend was a dead man sure if we didn't get him out in some way. If we pulled him to the surface by throwing the gig into his neck he might get off with a light scar. Anyway, it was a chance. I blazed away, and fortunately just caught the skin in the side of the neck. The prongs of the gig held and I pulled him to the surface. We dragged him out of the water and onto the boat, and in a few hours he was all right. So? Well, I should say so, but really, you can believe it or not, just as you please. It was the only time I ever actually threw the harpoon into a friend, and is the strangest experience of my life along the coast."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The Pottery Tree of Brazil.

The pottery tree, found in Brazil, is curious and useful. One would scarcely expect to find pots and jars and pitchers growing in it not on a tree, but the material for them certainly grows in this tree. It is found in the form of silica, chiefly in the bark, although the very hard wood of the tree also yields it. To make this curious pottery the bark is burned, and what remains is ground to powder and mixed with clay.

THE PHILIPPINE WOMEN

THEY DO THE WORK AND ARE MASCULINE IN STRENGTH.

The Men, in Consequence, Are Frail, Stupid and Puny—Domestic Duties Are Simple—The Women Make Their Own Clothes—Social Life Quite Gay.

Interesting views from a woman's standpoint of certain phases of the life of the Philippine women are expressed to her many friends in Atlanta by Miss Hermione Nare, who has just returned from the islands, where her father's position as chaplain in the United States army called him for many months.

"We were stationed during most of our stay in the Philippines," said Miss Nare recently, "in Pampanga, one of the northern provinces, and the people with whom we came principally in contact were of the middle and lower classes. Before the war there had been many families of the wealthy and aristocratic class there, but their beautiful homes had been burned by the Spanish and they had moved away to Manila or to other cities. The Governor and a judge with their families lived in Pampanga, but for the most part the people were not of the leisure class—that is, they are not of the class which we call idle, meaning those whose financial condition is such that work is not necessary. None of the Filipinos deem work necessary, and, therefore, they are all idle or comparatively so."

"What work is done among these two classes, at least, is done principally by the women, and the principal work is the cultivation of rice. In Pampanga rice, bamboo and bananas are the chief growths encouraged, and it is the women who give these things the little care they need. It is not at all unusual to see a man with his wife on the streets, the wife carrying the baby and perhaps some other burden, and the husband bearing a rooster under his arm. As a consequence of the fact that the women are the laborers and the men spend their time betting on cock fights, the contrast in the male and female physique is opposite to that of the white race. The women are sturdy looking—broad shouldered, broad hipped and erect, their backs masculine in strength—and the men are frail, stupid and puny, even their hands frail and slender, all of them apparently and actually fit subjects for consumption."

"The men let their wives do the work, but they are very affectionate, as they can well afford to be. It is easy to caress and say sweet things, and so the women, as far as words go, are treated well."

"Their domestic duties are simple, because their homes and their lives are so simple. The houses are bare, and, therefore, there need be but little cleaning done, but the houses are well kept and the people are also neat in person."

"The women make their own clothes, as a rule, but they do no other hand work. There is some embroidery at times on their waists, but even this is often imported from Germany. It is not unusual, too, to see a woman on the streets, her loose-flowing waist of handsome material and carefully made, and her skirt of the cheapest cotton goods and in a remarkable state of limps and neglect. Over a thin skirt, sometimes with a shapeless train, they wear at times a straight piece of black cloth merely pinned about them, two corners tucked in at the waist in front, and the others hanging in points on the sides. They wear no hose, but only sandals, which they carelessly slip off their heels when they are seated at ease, and hats were unknown to them until they saw those of the Americans, who, by the way, enjoy the Philippine custom of going bareheaded. Since the advent of several hundred American teachers, hats are being more commonly worn by the Americans."

"The social life is quite gay, dancing being the favorite amusement. Many of the young men play the violin or the guitar, and at frequent intervals, family parties—which are quite large, because everybody seems to be in some way related to or connected with everybody else—are formed for a dance, and they have their own pretty square dances and the same waltz we know. In the square dances chairs are brought for the ladies to sit upon while the opposite members of the set are dancing, and the young men are very chivalrous in their attentions at this time. When the dance is over, however, their partners usually leave the girls in their seats on one side of the room, while they talk among themselves in another group. The same thing occurs at dinner parties. The girls sit in rows facing one another and the men talk among themselves, occasionally joining the girls to say a few words to them, when not actually at the table."

"The Filipinos are very fond of the theatre, and although in the provinces the actors and actresses are not of a striking ability, being natives of apparently medium education, the natives themselves seem well pleased."

"The education of the women of these classes, which would be called working classes in an industrial country, is neglected. Many of them are sent to the convents, but as a rule their education is weak and their accomplishments meager. The only native women of superior culture I met there were speakers and musicians at a demonstration commemorating the deeds of Rigal, a beloved patriot, and I was told that these women were actresses there for the occasion."

"The native women in the province where we lived did not call on the American women, whether from prejudice or custom I could not discover. In some parts of the islands the women did exchange visits, but in Pampanga,

even when the Philippine young men, who enjoyed calling on the American girls, were asked to bring their sisters, the sisters declined, and it was difficult, therefore, to learn of their lives and thoughts and feelings."

COAL IN ALASKA.

It Will Be the Supply Upon Which the Pacific Will Draw.

Westward from Kenai, the greatest and most extensive coal field in Alaska is reached, cropping out in many different seams, in two harbors on the Pacific and one on Bering Sea. These Chignik-Unga-Herenden Bay coal measures are the most extensive and most accessible fields in Alaska, containing coal in quality next to Kyak, standing in the front rank of North Pacific coals. The coal is hard, brilliant, clean and very strong, not crumbling under severe exposures to water, freezing and sun, nor with very rough usage.

This field is of unique value because of its location in the keystone of the North Pacific. Not only does the shortest possible steamer line from the United States or British Columbia run within twenty miles of this field, but it is also the nearest of all American coal mines to all the island possessions of the United States on the Pacific, the nearest point in fact of the American mainland to Hawaii, to Samoa, to Guam and to the Philippines, and also by nearly 2000 miles nearer than the Puget Sound mines or San Francisco to all parts of Asia, and especially to the great mining region recently developed on the shores of Bering Sea. From Portage Bay it is 1482 miles shorter to Manila, 1463 miles shorter to Guam, 344 miles shorter to Honolulu, and from Herenden Bay, 1460 miles shorter to Dutch Harbor, 1790 miles shorter to St. Michael's, 1702 miles shorter to Nome, than from the coal supplies of Seattle, Tacoma and Vancouver.—*Cassier's Magazine.*

WISE WORDS.

He who will not learn of all shall teach none.

It takes a brave man to retreat from temptation.

A life without storms will be without strength.

The modern Tower of Babel is built out of dollars.

God's essentials may be hidden in our incidentals.

Hard times try our valor and good times our virtue.

The man who is willing to work is not kept waiting.

Nothing paralyzes the love of right like lust for riches.

Better not write at all than write that which is not right.

Prosperity becomes a poison when it grows at the expense of piety.

Uncharitable thoughts will deface the most charitable actions.

A man must be consistent with his present and not with his past.

A steady shining, though small, is better than a great scintillation.—*Ram's Horn.*

Count De Rochambeau's Army.

Much was said by contemporaneous writers of the gallantry and martial appearance of America's French allies. There was the noted regiment of Auvergne, in command of which the Count de Rochambeau had gained his first laurels, but which was now commanded by his son, the Viscount, thirty years of age. A legion of 600 men was also especially admired; it was commanded by the Duke of Lauzun (Lauzon-Biron), who had gained reputation in the preceding year by the capture of Senegal.

A feeling of adventure and romance, associated with the American struggle, had caused many of the young nobles to seek this new field of achievement, who, to quote the Rochambeau's words, "brought out with them the heroic and chivalrous courage of the ancient French nobility." To their credit be it spoken also, they brought with them the ancient French politeness, for it was remarkable how soon they accommodated themselves to circumstances, made light of all the privations and inconveniences of a new country, and conformed to the familiar simplicity of republican manners.

Another officer of rank and distinction in this force was Major General the Marquis de Chastellux, a friend and relative of Lafayette, but much his senior, being at the time of the landing of the French troops in America forty-six years of age. He was not only a soldier, but a man of letters, and was familiar with courts as well as camps. Indeed, the general culture of the French officers seems to have been very high, and in this respect, as well as in their manners, they were a notable contrast to the sport-loving young squires who officered the British army.

Russian Economics.

The Russian population cannot be regarded as prosperous, or even fairly well-to-do, when it consumes per capita only one-twenty-fifth of an ounce (about one-third of a teaspoonful) of tea and two-fifths of an ounce (about a teaspoonful and a half) of sugar per day. But there are other indications that the railroads, and the vast sums of money spent in their construction, have not materially benefited as yet the laboring population. The commission appointed in 1890 by the Ministry of Finance to ascertain the reasons for the progressive impoverishment of the people in the so-called "black-earth" provinces—the most fertile part of the empire—has recently made a preliminary report in which it says that in European Russia as a whole the people are now sowing thirty-five per cent. less grain per capita than in 1865, and that in the "black-earth" provinces the decrease amounts to forty-four per cent.—*The Outlook.*

SPOKEN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Many Different Languages in Use Among the Islands.

Here are the languages they speak in the Philippines: Ilocano, Igorote, Pangasinan, Pampangan, Tagal, Biscol, Bicol, Visayan, while in the northern part of Luzon there is still another tongue, and the Jolo tribes speak still another, making ten languages for the 10,000,000 people. The dialects and languages of the "non-Christian tribes," as Governor Taft designates a large proportion of this 10,000,000, are beyond comprehension. In answer to a question when he was before the House committee on insular affairs a few weeks ago, Governor Taft gave the following idea of the linguistic qualities of the inhabitants of the Philippine archipelago:

"Beginning at the north of Luzon there is a language in Cagayan and Isabela that is different from any other in the island. On the west side of the northern end of the Island of Luzon is the Ilocano. In Benguet they speak an Igorote language, and also Ilocano to some extent. Coming down the map, there are the Pangasinanian and the Ilocano. In Pangasinan both are spoken. Pampangan is spoken in Tarlac, in the southern part, and Pangasinanian is spoken in the northern part. In Bulacan, Cavite, Batangas and Tayabas Tagal is spoken, and in the northern part of Ambos Camerines, in Albay and Sorsogon and the southern part of Ambos Camerines the Bicol is spoken. In Masbate, where the three tribes meet, the Bicol, the Visayan and Tagal are all spoken. In Samar, Leyte, Cebu, Bohol and Negros Visayan is spoken, and also Romblon. In Mindoro the Tagal is spoken. Where the Visayan language is spoken they have two dialects, the northern and Cebuano. The Jolo tribes speak a language of their own."

Natural Cave in Montana.

A remarkable natural cave has been discovered in Montana, about fifty miles east of Butte. A large river with a cataract of about 100 feet was explored for a distance of several miles without discovering its source or outlet. A few articles of stone and copper utensils and some human bones were also discovered in one of the large apartments explored. There were other evidences that at some time in a prehistoric period the cave was used as a habitation. The present entrance to the cave was made by some lime quarries at a point 1600 feet above the bed of the Jefferson River while engaged in blasting rock. The formation of stalactite and other natural decorations throughout the cave are pronounced the most beautiful and varied ever seen.

Sand Pillars.

Travelers in the celebrated Death Valley of California have described the wonderful contortions of the sand pillars that small whirlwinds sometimes send spinning across the hot plain. Even more remarkable are the "dust devils" seen by H. F. Witherby, the English explorer, in the valley of the White Nile. Sometimes two of these whirling columns, gyrating in opposite directions, meet, "and if they be well matched the collision stops them and a struggle ensues as to which way they shall twist. Gradually one gains the mastery, and the two combined begin to gyrate alike and then rush on together." Some of these whirls will strip the clothes from an Arab's back, or twist a goat round and round like a top.

The Use For Funeral Flowers.

"The clause 'please omit flowers,' so often seen in funeral notices, doesn't mean such a loss to us as you might suppose," says a florist. "It used to be that all the flowers received at a funeral were sent to the cemetery and placed upon the grave to wither. A great many people object to this procedure as a sinful waste, and these are the people who advertise, 'Please omit flowers.' But the flowers are seldom really omitted. Some people don't see the announcement, or, if they do, they don't heed it. The flowers come, just the same. In such cases the blossoms are usually given away, after the funeral services, to some hospital or institution where they contribute to the happiness of the living."—*Philadelphia Record.*

London's Postal Arrangements.

So complete are the postal arrangements of London that there is not a house more than 200 yards from a letter box or 400 from a postoffice and money order office. There are over 10,000 letter boxes, which are cleared every hour from 10 in the morning till five in the evening, and there are twelve deliveries a day in the city. About 200 of the chief sub-offices receive letters and parcels to be delivered in London and its suburbs by special messenger at a charge of three pence a mile. Special deliveries handed in at other offices are forwarded in the ordinary course of post (our American system) to the nearest express delivery office, whence they are sent on by special messenger.

Wives by Purchase.

Wives are still obtained by purchase in parts of Russian Europe. In the Russian district of Kamyschin, on the Volga, for example, this is practically the only way in which marriages are brought about. The price of a pretty girl from a well-to-do family ranges from \$50 to \$100, and in special cases a much higher sum is obtained. In the villages the lowest price is about \$25. It is customary for the fathers of the intending bride and bridegroom to haggle for a long time over the price to be paid for the lady. A young farmer whose father cannot afford to pay for a wife for him need not think of getting married.

LIVE NEWS OF THE OLD DOMINION.

Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

TRAIN RUNS DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

Franchise Article of the New Constitution—How It Will Work This Fall—Drouth Is Burning Up Tobacco Crop—Engineer Killed by Electric Wires—To Raise Fund for Preachers—Drank Ice Water and Died.

Virginia pensioners: Matthew Klumbach, National Military Home, Elizabeth City, 8; Ulrich Grogg, Kilmarnock, \$12; James T. Tynes, Smithfield, \$8; Georgianna Richardson, Glens, \$8; Lawrence Ruden, National Military Home, Elizabeth City, \$12; John Stacom, National Soldiers' Home, Elizabeth City, \$12. Original widows, etc.—Florence Lewis (mother), Steels Tavern, \$12; William Myers, Petersburg, \$6; James Bivans, Pungoteague, \$8; Alexander Sheppard, Suffolk, \$8; William Cummings, National Soldiers' Home, Elizabeth City, \$12.

The fact that the franchise article of the new Constitution, including the understanding clause and all, is to be applied to the coming Congressional election in Virginia, is attracting attention from the leaders. It was not expected that an object-lesson of the workings of the new law would so soon be presented the people of this State. Indeed, not only will the law apply to the general election in November, but seemingly to the primaries for Congressmen in cities and counties where these contests are legalized. That is to say, wherever a primary is legalized the voter in such city or county cannot vote at the primary unless he is qualified to vote at the general election. Another interesting point is whether in the new registration, which is to take place in August or September, the people will turn out. The leaders are asking this important question. It is certain that the candidates for Congress in each of the 10 districts in the State will be expected to make powerful efforts to induce the voters to register.

A few days ago Mr. Taylor, the furnace superintendent of the Victoria furnace, at Goshen, undertook to run a special to the recently opened iron ore mines of the mountain, adjacent to the Rockbridge alum springs, and take some of the owners with him. As only freight flat cars are in use on this new road, an engine and coach were borrowed from the Springs company's road for the occasion. The party was carried safely to their destination by Mr. Grady, the engineer in charge, up the mountain. Just after the disembarkation for the return trip, the brakes refused to work. Down the mountain side sped the train. With coolness the engineer called to the fireman and brakeman to jump for their lives, which they did, and landed in bushes adjacent to the track without much injury. The engineer also jumped and was saved by the dense undergrowth which caught him. The train and engine rushed down the incline with terrific speed and finally left the track, and a general smash-up and demolition occurred with the abutting rocks adjacent.

Lieut. Richard C. Croxton, of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, is in a critical condition at the Virginia Hospital, Richmond, with a pistol bullet in his brain. His wife had just recovered from a severe spell of sickness, and the two were to leave for Plattsburg, N. Y., where Lieutenant Croxton expected to resign his command. Lieutenant Croxton, who seemed to be in the best of health and spirits, went to an upper room. A few moments later a loud report was heard. Members of the family hastened there and found him lying wounded on the floor, with his nephew's pistol beside him. As there was no known reason why he should have wished to take his own life, it is presumed that the pistol was accidentally discharged.

Information from various sections of this State and North Carolina shows that a widespread drouth is burning up the tobacco crops already in the ground and making it impossible to make any headway in setting out plants. Generally, at this time of the year, the crops in full have been planted, but now not half have been set out, and unless there is speedy relief in the shape of copious rains the result will be disastrous to the tobacco market. The manufacturers have but little old stock on hand, and are looking to the new crop to supply them. If this fails, as it seems almost certain to do, the effect will be felt in an advance in prices. The outlook is better for bright tobacco than dark, since the former is planted earlier.

Rev. Dr. James W. Lynch, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, Roanoke, will offer his resignation to his congregation. Dr. Lynch will return to Wake Forest, N. C., to again become pastor of the congregation he left six months ago to come to Roanoke.

J. William Dulancy and Miss Ella Hawkins, of Lynchburg, were married at the Hotel Roanoke, in Roanoke.

It is reported that the Norfolk and Western Railroad will spend half a million dollars on road improvements.

Irby Swaney, of Wytheville, has been arrested, charged with robbing the Wytheville Postoffice on June 3, when several hundred dollars, registered letters and stamps were taken.

Charles Ryan has become general passenger agent of the Seaboard Air Line, with headquarters at Portsmouth, Va.

Mrs. Mary Gerhardt, one of the few women wounded in battle during the war between the States, died at her home near Fort Lee, below Richmond.

James Whitacre, of Clark county, aged 19, committed suicide.

John Brady, a farmer of Frederick county, was killed by lightning.

The arrest of Miss Lee for violation of the Jim Crow law has started a movement to repeal the law as far as the Washington, Alexandria and Mount Vernon road is concerned.

The Old Dominion Steamship Company's river steamer Hampton ran down a canoe in Hampton Roads, and Washington Carey, one of the three occupants of the canoe, was drowned.

Mary Green, of Grafton, headed a raid on a disorderly house, arresting two women and three men, one of whom was a city policeman.