B. MOSES & SONS.

Storage Warehouse: 22d st. near M.

Our Annual Furniture Clearance Sale ends September 20. You can't be too quick about buying.

Our Annual Furniture Clearance Sale

—Affords an unusually rare opportunity for you to become possessor of some long-wished-for comfortable—or ornamental chair. We've culled a few of the most enticing offerings to be found in our Chair Department.

—Reductions of similar proportions have been made throughout our mammoth stock.

$60.00	Mahogany Arm Chair	$32.00
50.00	Silk Damask Chair	22.50
20.00	White Enamel Parlor Chair	8.75
18.00	Overstuffed Sofa, Broeatelle	11.45
16.00	Mahogany-finish Rocker	7.45
15.00	Solid Mahogany Parlor Chair	9.00
12.50	Blue Enamel Corner Chair	8.85
11.00	Arm Chair, Brocatelle	5.20
10.00	Corner Chair, Brocatelle	4.85
10.00	Parlor Chair, Mahogany finish	6.45
10.00	Mahogany-finish Window Chair	6.95
9.00	Side Chair, Brocatelle	4.00
6.50	Gold Corner Chair	4.45
4.00	Mahogany-finish Corner Chair	2.97
4.00	White Enamel Tabourette	2.75
3.00	Gold Chair	1.95

MR. HARDIN OF TEXAS.

Preacher's Son, Bad, and a Very Straight Shooter.

El Paso Letter to Globe-Democrat.

Constable John Sellman, who put an end last night to the earthly career of John Wesley Hardin by shooting the latter through the head, had a preliminary hearing this afternoon, when there was a clash of authority between Justice Howe and City Recorder Patterson. Howe had heard the testimony, but Recorder Patterson's officers had charge of the prisoner and turned him loose on his giving bond in the sum of $10,000.

Hardin was one of the most notorious characters in the west. He was born in Kimball county, Tex., in 1852. His father was a Baptist minister, and lived for many years at Comanche, Tex. Young Hardin at the age of seventeen allied himself with the Taylor brothers in the famous Taylor-Sutton feud, which originated in 1868 in De Witt county with the killing of old man Sutton by the Taylors. Hardin was a leader of the Comanche county contingent of the Taylor gang. The counties of Comanche, De Witt and Gonzales were the stamping ground of the two factions, and they had many bloody fights, resulting in the killing of forty men between 1868 and 1874. Hardin is credited with having killed sixteen of the Sutton men in hand-to-hand combats at different times. In 1874-5 Hardin and his gang of outlaws terrorized Comanche county. They would ride into the town of Comanche every night and "shoot it up." In the fall of 1874 Deputy Sheriff Webb of Brown county, Tex., went to Comanche to arrest one of Hardin's gang and Hardin killed the officer and defied arrest. He went to Jacksonville, Fla., in the fall of 1875 and was doing a prosperous market business there, under the assumed name of Swhane, when he was captured in the spring of 1876. He was brought back to Texas, and sent to the penitentiary for twenty-five years for killing Webb. He was pardoned out by Gov. Hogg in February, 1894, and immediately went to Pecos City and became mixed up in the Frazier-Miller fights, and came to El Paso as attorney for Miller. Hardin having studied law while in jail. He has been into numerous rows with the officers in this city.

Hardin always wore a mail shirt and was the quickest and best shot in the west with a pistol, and always carried two. The officers feared him, and the citizens of El Paso held him in dread. His body when undressed by the undertaker showed the scars of ten old bullet wounds and two knife wounds. Constable Sellman, who killed Hardin, has been an officer on the border for many years, and has put an end to the career of six tough characters. Hardin was buried this afternoon. The wives of Alderman Whitmore and Chief Powers of the fire department, this city, were cousins of the dead man, and he has a son somewhere in east Texas. John Wesley Hardin was known to everybody who has lived in Texas and New Mexico during the last twenty years.

Joe Hardin, a brother of the man killed last night, was lynched by the citizens of Comanche, Tex., in 1878, for being a brother of the desperado.

How to Eat Corn at Table.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The old point of etiquette about the proper method of eating corn is involved this year with the question as to the comparative wholesomeness of the various ways of consuming the delicious and nourishing grain.

The old trouble about eating corn from the cob has disappeared. Nearly everybody is agreed that there is no other way to eat it. Those persons who at one time thought they could not overcome their horror of the spectacle presented by another person holding an ear of corn with two hands and biting out the grains from the space between the hands are now content to insist only that the ear shall be held with but one hand at a time. The concession has been forced by the nature of the sweet or sugar corn, a delicate article of diet, which undergoes great changes in flavor when removed from the cob. There are sections of the country where it is maintained that the ear should not be removed from the husks, but that after being stripped of the silk, should be rebound, and cooked in its natural protector, and that thus prepared the grain possesses a deliciousness unknown when cooked in any other manner.

The hygienic problem produced by the consumption of table corn grows out of the indigestibility of that hull of the grain which is removed in the making of hominy from maize. The daily papers contain numerous letters from physicians and other correspondents giving suggestions for the overcoming of the toughness of the hull. One recommends thorough mastication of the grains, which, breaking the hulls, permits the digestive juices to perform their work. Stomach and bowel disturbances following the consumption of corn are attributed to the passing into the stomach of grains whose hull has not been broken by the teeth.

A certain method of breaking the hull of each grain is to pass a knife from one end of the cob to the other along each row of grains. Old people can still further improve upon this device by scraping the ear gently with the back of the knife after each row of grains has been cut. The scraping will squeeze the tender part of the grains out of the hulls, leaving the latter clinging to the cobs. By using one or another of the methods described sugar corn can be consumed with safety and comfort by almost any person in ordinary good health.

So His Hair Could Grow.

From Pearson's Weekly.

Father—"And what would you like to be, Tommy, when you grow up?"

Tommy—"I'd like to be an artist, or a poet, or a musician, father."

Father (highly gratified)—"These are difficult callings, my son. But why should you like to choose one of them?"

Tommy (promptly)—"Because then I would not have to get my hair cut, father."

Restricted to Milk Diet.

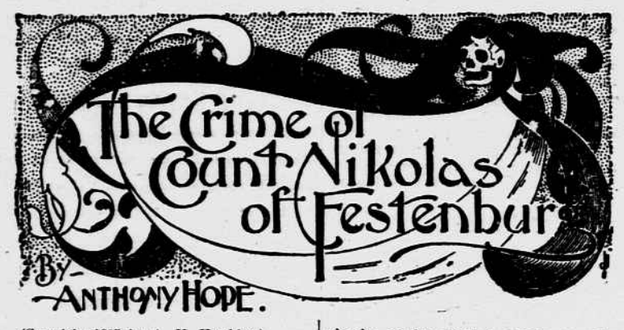
From Tid-Bits.

Dobbs—"Maria, that beast of a dog of yours must go. She has just bitten a piece out of the calf of my leg."

Maria—"Oh, this is too terrible."

Dobbs—"It is a comfort to have some sympathy for once."

Maria—"I was not thinking of you at all, but the veterinary surgeon yesterday ordered poor Florrie to be restricted to a milk diet."



(Copyright 1895 by A. H. Hawkins.)

(Continued from Saturday's Star.)

CHAPTER IV.

At this instant in the room in the gate tower of the castle, overlooking the moat, there had fallen a dead silence. Here Count Nikolas had raised the princess, set her on a couch, and waited till her faintness and fright were gone. Then he had come near to her, and in brief, harsh tones told her his mind. For him, indeed, the dice were now cast; he had in his fury and fear dared all. He was calm now, with the calmness of a man at a great turn of fate. That room, he told her, she should never leave alive, save as his promised wife, sworn and held to secrecy and silence by the force of that bond and of her oath. If he killed her, he must die, whether by his own hand or the king's mattered little. But he would die for a great cause and in

"If I have a fair face it should inspire fair deeds."

a great attempt. "I shall not be called a cheating gamester, madame," said he, a smile on his pale face. "I choose death sooner than dishonor. Such is my choice. What is yours? It stands between death and silence, and no man but your husband will dare to trust your silence."

"You dare not kill me," said she, defiantly.

"Madame, I dare do nothing else. They may write murderer on my tomb; they shall not throw 'cheat' in my living face."

"I will not be silent," cried Osra, springing to her feet. "And rather than be your wife, I would die a thousand times. For a cheat you are—a cheat—a cheat." And her voice rose, till he feared that she would be heard, if any one chanced to listen, even from so far off in the hall. Yet he made one more effort, seeking to move her by an appeal to which women are not wont to be insensible.

"A cheat, yes!" said he. "I, Nikolas of Festenburg, am a cheat. I say it, though no other man shall while I live to hear him. But to gain what stake?"

"Why, my brother's castle of Zenda."

"I swear to you it was not," he cried, coming nearer to her. "I did not fear losing on that cast, but I could not endure not to win. Not my stake, madame, but yours, lured me to my foul play. Have you your face and yet do not know to what it drives men?"

"If I have a fair face, it should inspire fair deeds," said she. "Do not touch me, sir, do not touch me. I loathe breathing the same air with you or so much as seeing your face. Aye, and I can die. Even the women of our house know how to die."

At her scorn and contempt a great rage came upon him and he gripped the hilt of his sword and drew it from the scabbard. But she stood still, facing him with calm eyes. Her lips moved for a moment in prayer, but she did not shrink.

"I pray you," said he, in trembling speech, and mastering himself for an instant. "I pray you," and he could say no more.

"I will cry your cheating in all Strelsau," said she.

"Then commend your soul to God, for in one minute you shall die."

Still she stood motionless; and he began to come near to her, his sword now drawn in his hands. And, coming within the distance from which he could strike her, he paused and gazed into her eyes. She answered him with a smile. Then there was for an instant the utter stillness in the room; and in that instant the bishop of Modenstein set his foot on the staircase and came running up. On a sudden Osra heard the step, and a gleam flashed in her eye. The count heard it also, and the sword was arrested in its stroke. A smile came on his face. He was glad at the coming of some one whom he might kill in fight; for it turned him sick to butcher her, unresisting. Yet he dared not let her go to cry his cheating in the streets of Streslau.

The steps came nearer. He dropped his sword upon the floor and sprang upon her. A shriek rang out, but he pressed his hand on her mouth and seized her in his arms. She had no strength to resist, and he carried her swiftly across the room to a door in the wall. He pulled the door open—it was very massive and heavy—and he flung her roughly down on the stone floor of a little chamber, square and lofty, having but one small window, high up, through which the moonlight scarcely pierced. She fell with a moan of pain. Unheeding he turned on his heel and shut the door. And as he turned he heard a man throw himself against the door of the room. It also was strong; and twice the man flung himself with all his force against it. At last it strained and gave way; and the bishop of Modenstein burst into the room, breathless. And he saw no trace of the princess' presence, but only Count Nickolas standing, sword in hand, in front of the door in the wall, with a sneering smile on his face.

The bishop of Modenstein never loved to speak afterward of what followed, saying always that he rather deplored than gloried in it, and that when a man of his sacred profession was forced to use the weapons of this world it was a matter of grief to him, not of vaunting. But the king compelled him by urgent requests to describe the whole matter, while the princess was never weary of telling all that she knew or of blessing all bishops for the sake of the bishop of Modenstein. Yet the bishop blamed himself, perhaps, if the truth were known, not for the necessity that drove him to what he did, as for a secret and ashamed joy that he detected in himself. For certainly, as he burst into the room now, there was no sign of reluctance or of unwillingness in his face; he took off his feathered cap, bowed politely to the count, and, resting the point of his sword on the floor, asked:

"My lord, where is the princess?"

"What do you want here, and who are you?" cried the count with a blasphemous oath.

"When we were boys together, you knew Fredrick of Hentzau. Do you not now know the bishop of Modenstein?"

"Bishop! This is no place for bishops. Get back to your prayers, my lord."

"It wants some time yet before matins," answered the bishop. "My lord, where is the princess?"

"What do you want with her?"

"I am here to escort her wherever it may be her pleasure to go." He spoke confidently, but he was in his heart alarmed and uneasy because he had not found the princess.

"I do not know where she is," said Nikolas of Festenburg.

"My lord, you lie," said the bishop of Modenstein.

The count had wanted nothing but an excuse for attacking the intruder. He had it now, and an angry flush mounted in his cheeks as he walked across to where the bishop stood. Shifting his sword to his left hand, he struck the bishop on the face with his gloved hand. The bishop smiled and turned the other cheek to Count Nikolas, who struck him again with all his force, so that he reeled back, catching hold of the open door to avoid falling; and the blood started dull red under the skin of his face. But he still smiled, and he bowed saying:

"I find nothing about the third blow in Holy Scripture."

At this instant the Princess Osra, who had been half stunned by the violence with which Nikolas had thrown her on the floor, came to her full senses, and, hearing the bishop's voice, she cried out loudly for help. He, hearing her, darted in an instant across the room and was at the door of the little chamber before the count could stop him. He pulled the door open and Osra sprang out to him, saying:

"Save me! Save me!"

"You are safe, madame, have no fear," answered the bishop. And, turning to the count, he continued, "Let us go outside, my lord, and discuss this matter. Our dispute will disturb and perhaps alarm the princess."

And a man might have read the purpose in his eyes, though his manner and words were gentle; for he had sworn in his heart that the count should not escape.

But the count cared as little for the presence of the princess as he had for her dignity, her honor, or her life; and now that she was no longer wholly at his mercy, but there was a new chance that she might escape, his rage and the fear of exposure lashed him to fury; and, without more talking, he made at the bishop, crying: "You first and then her! I'll be rid of the pair of you!"

The bishop faced him, standing between Princess Osra and his assault; while she shrank back a little, sheltering herself behind the heavy door. For, although she had been ready to die without fear, yet the sight of men fighting frightened her, and she veiled her face with her hands, and waited in dread to hear the sound of their swords clashing. But the bishop looked very happy, and setting his cap on his head with a jaunty air, he stood on guard. For ten years or more he had not used his sword, but the secret of its mastery seemed to revive, fresh and clear in his mind, and let his soul say what it would, his body rejoiced to be at the exercise again; so that his blood kindled and his eyes gleamed in the glee of strife. Thus he steped forward, guarding himself, and thus he met the count's impetuous onset; and he neither flinched nor gave back, but finding himself holding his own he pressed on and on, not violently attacking and yet never resting, and turning every thrust with a wrist of iron. And while Osra gazed with wide eyes and close-held breath, and Count Nikolas muttered oaths and grew more furious, the bishop seemed as gay as when he talked to the king, more gally, maybe, than bishops should. Again his eye danced as in the days when he had been called the "wildest of the Hentzaus." And still he drove Count Nikolas back and back.

Now behind the count was a window which he had himself caused to be enlarged and made low and wide, in order that he might look from it over the surrounding country, but in time of war it was covered with a close and strong iron grating. But now the grating was off and the window open; and beneath this window was a fall of seventy feet or hard upon it into the moat below. The count looked into the bishop's face and saw him smile, and suddenly he recollected the window and fancied that it was the bishop's design to drive him on to it so that he could give back no more; and, since he knew by now that the bishop was his master with the sword, a despairing rage settled upon him, and, determining to die swiftly since die he must, he rushed forward, making a desperate lunge at his enemy. But the bishop parried the lunge, and, always seeming to be about to run the count through the body, again forced him to retreat, till his back was close to the opening of the window. Here Nikolas stood, his eyes glaring like a madman's; then a sudden devilish smile spread over his face.

"Will you yield yourself, my lord?" cried the bishop, putting a restraint on the wicked impulse to kill the man, and lowering his point for an instant.

In that short moment the count made his last throw; for all at once, as it seemed, and almost in one motion he thrust and wounded the bishop in the left side of his body, high in the chest near the shoulder, and, though the wound was slight, the blood flowed freely; then, drawing back his sword, he seized it by the blade half way up and flung it like a javelin at the princess, who stood still by the door, breathlessly watching the fight. By an ace it missed her head, and it pinned a tress of her hair to the door and quivered deepset in the wood of the door. When the bishop

By an Ace It Missed Her Head.

of Modenstein saw this, hesitation and mercy passed out of his heart, and though the man had now no weapon, he thought of sparing him no more than he would have spared any cruel and savage beast; he drove his sword into his body, and the count, not being able to endure the thrust without flinching, against his own will gave way before it. Then came from his lips a loud cry of dismay and despair, for at the same moment that the sword was in him he, staggering back, fell wounded to death through the open window. The bishop looked out after him, and Princess Osra heard the sound of a great splash in the water of the moat below. For very horror she sank against the door, seeming to be held up more by the sword that had pinned her hair than by her own strength. Then came up through the window, from which the bishop still looked with a strange smile, the clatter of a hundred feet running to the gate of the castle. The bridge was let down; the confused sound of many men talking, of whispers, of shouts and of cries of horror, mounted up through the air. For the count's men in the hall also had heard the splash, and run out to see what it was; and there they beheld the body of their master dead in the moat; and their eyes were wide open and they could hardly lay their tongues to the words as they pointed at the body and whispered to one another, very low, "The bishop has killed him—the bishop has killed him." But the bishop saw them from the window and leant out, crying:

"Yes, I have killed him. So perish all such villains!"

And when they looked up and saw in the moonlight the bishop's face, they were amazed. But he hastily drew his head in, so that they might not see him any more. For he knew that his face had been fierce and exultant and joyful.

Then dropping his sword, he ran across to the princess and drew the count's sword that was wet with his own blood out of the door, releasing the princess' hair; and seeing that she was very faint he put his arm about her and led her to the couch, and she sank down upon it, trembling and white as her white gown and murmuring, "Fearful, fearful!" and she clutched his arm and for a long while she would not let him go, and her eyes were fixed on the count's sword, that lay on the floor by the entrance of the little room.

(To be concluded on Tuesday.)

PROFESSOR RILEY'S DEATH

He Never Recovered Consciousness After His Terrible Fall.

Eminent as an Entomologist, Whose Practical Investigations Benefited Agriculturists Everywhere.

Prof. C. V. Riley, who was thrown from his bicycle Saturday morning at the corner of Connecticut avenue and 16th street, died at midnight of the same day from the injuries he received without regaining consciousness. The force of his terrible fall fractured his skull at the base of the brain.

In the death of Prof. Riley practical science loses one of its most original investigators and entomology its most brilliant and successful exponent.

Prof. Riley was an Englishman, having been born in Chelsea, London. He was educated in France and Germany, and early displayed a remarkable aptitude for both natural history and art. He carried off the first prizes in drawing at Dieppe, in France, and Bonn, in Germany, but withstood the advices of his instructors to follow art as a profession and devoted himself to the practical and exhaustive investigation of insect life and its disastrous effects upon agriculture and the determination as to the means by which such ravages could be prevented. He came to America to follow his chosen craft, and settled on a farm near Chicago. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private in the 134th Illinois volunteers and served as such from 1861 to 1865. In 1868 he was appointed state entomologist of Missouri, and there began a career which quickly attracted the attention of scientists and agricultural economists throughout the civilized world. He was the first to examine and report upon the characteristics of the various insects so common and fatal to cultivated fields, and rapidly gained a reputation for absolute accuracy in his conclusions regarding them. When the locusts swept through the western states during the seventies Prof. Riley proceeded to their study, and his reports upon their habits and history resulted in the creation by Congress of a commission to investigate the pests. This body consisted of Prof. Riley, Prof. Cyrus Thomas and Dr. A. S. Packard. While superintending the publication of the first report of the commission in 1878, Prof. Riley was made the entomologist of the agricultural bureau by commissioner Le Duc.

He resigned after a while to take the superintendency of the cotton commission, but returned to his position in June, 1881, where he remained until a year ago, when he tendered his resignation, and devoted himself to private work in a line with his profession. He was the inventor of the Riley system of nozzles, universally used for spraying insecticides, and almost every preparation now holding favor with agriculturalists for the purpose of preventing the ravages of insect pests are made from formulae advised by him. He was a ready and voluminous writer in his field, and his reports, articles and books number nearly two thousand. He was the founder and first president of the Entomologist Society of Washington, one of the founders of the Biological Society, a member of the American Agricultural Society, the Association of Scientific Agriculturists, the Philosophical and Anthropological societies of this city, and a fellow of the American Philosophical Society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science and a number of others. For his eminent services in the study of the great phylloxera he was presented by the French government in 1873 with a gold medal struck in his honor, and in 1884 he received the gold medal of the international exhibition of forestry, held at Edinburgh, Scotland.

He was honorary curator of the section of entomology in the National Museum, and had presented to that institution one of the most valuable entomological collections in the world.

Prof. Riley, while completely devoted to his life work, was peculiarly free from anything like a hobby. He was socially popular, a member of several clubs, among others the Cosmos. It was in his domestic relations that he was happiest. His devotion to the children and wife was the subject of pleasant remark even among those who were strangers to them, and merely saw the superficial evidences of it.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock at his late residence, 2135 Wyoming avenue.

ABOUT THE FIREPLACE.

The Symbol of Hospitality and Its Various Expressions.

From the Ladies' Home Journal.

The motto, whose revival is noted, is the expression in architecture of some sentiment suitable to the place to which it is applied and eternal in its significance. It is more frequently and more noticeably in domestic architecture than elsewhere that the motto is found. Scarcely a country house of sufficient size to boast a hall and fireplace but announces in script or text a welcome to all guests or some appreciation of the comforts of its four walls. The favorite place for this motto is over the fireplace, either above or below the mantel shelf, and of all the old ones, "East or west, home is best," with its variety of expressions, is the favorite. "A man's house is his castle;"

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace;"

"A man's best things are nearest him;" "Our house is ever at your service;" "You are very welcome;" "Take the goods the gods provide thee." Any one of these will as appropriately welcome the stranger as the friend.

"Be thou familiar" is a striking welcome, and the first phrase of Captain Cuttle's famous toast, "May we never want a friend," is also inspiring.

It is said that in the hall of Mark Twain's home at Hartford, Conn., the following is graven over the fireplace: "The ornament of a house is the guests who frequent it." The scriptural, "O! ye fire and heat, bless ye the Lord," has been used also over a fireplace with appropriate effect.

Latin phrases are frequently used. A great favorite is: "Omne meum est autem tuum," which is easily translated as "All mine is thine."

"Deus nobis haec otia fecit" is also appropriate—"God has given us this ease."

"Nullus est locus domestica sede jucundior"—"No place is more delightful than one's own fireside"—is equally effective.

The space over library doors and windows, as well as over the fireplace, is also used for the inscribing of suitable sentiments. Some few that are appropriate for this purpose are: "There is an art of reading," "The monuments of vanished minds," "Infinite riches in a little room," "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested."

The inscription, "Medicine for the soul," which was found over the door of the library at Thebes, should be used over the entrance to every library. Over the fireplace might be placed with effect:

"Old wood to burn,
Old friends to trust,
Old authors to read."

Another favorite place for such inscriptions is the nursery fireplace. Mother Goose rhymes are frequently used for this purpose. Pope's familiar couplet,

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,"

is also successfully used.

"God rest ye, little children," and "A child in a house is a well spring of pleasure" are also favorites.

Over a dining room buffet there has been engraved, "Now good digestion wait on appetite." In a music room the walls bear, "Music is said to be the speech of angels," "The hidden soul of harmony" and countless other suitable devices.

And so it goes—scarcely a room in any house but might properly bear some sentiment of welcome or advice.

His Son's Identity.

From Tid-Bits.

"Augh-waugh!"

It was the baby. He had repeated the remark sixty times in the last hour.

Mr. Newleigh's hair, such as it was, stood on end.

"Gwow ahwb wowbdgow filwaugh!" added the baby, while people living across the street got up and closed their windows.

Mr. Newleigh ground his teeth. "To think," he groaned, burying his face in the pillows, "that I should grow up to become the father of a railway porter!"

AFFAIRS IN ALEXANDRIA

A Narrow Escape of a Young Horseback Rider.

Other Local Notes of General and Special Interest—In the Mayor's Court.

Little Willie Brawner, a son of Mr. Wm. Brawner, had a very narrow escape from death yesterday, near the intersection of King and Peyton streets. He was out exercising a horse and stopped near that point to converse with a friend, when his horse became frightened at a passing carriage and wheeled and started to run. Brawner lost his balance and fell from the horse with his right foot caught in the stirrup. Fortunately Officer Lyles was standing about thirty feet off and right in the horse's course. He grabbed the bridle and jerked the horse up and extricated the boy from his perilous position. Brawner escaped with a few bruises and a badly twisted leg, but was extremely fortunate at that, as a hundred feet further, had the horse not been stopped, his brains would undoubtedly have been dashed out on the rough cobble stones.

Death of a Clerk.

Mr. W. T. Kimmell, who has been a clerk in the Southern railroad office for some time, died at his residence on Prince street yesterday, after a long illness of typhoid fever. Mr. Kimmell was about twenty-eight years old and had made many friends during his residence in this city. He was a native of Winston-Salem, N. C., and his remains will be carried there for interment.

Mayor's Court.

Mayor Thompson disposed of the following cases this morning:

John and Coleman Cashen, Wm. Thomas and William and Arthur Jackson, small colored boys, were charged by Joseph Moore with assaulting his little son. The Jacksons were dismissed, and Thomas and the Cashens were fined $2.50 each.

Daniel Girts, colored, was charged by Hester Carroll with breaking into her house late Saturday night and attempting to assault her. He was fined $5 for each offense and costs, amounting in all to $12, in default of which he will go to the chain gang for ninety days.

A young man named Downey was charged by Jas. Clift with assault. Clift did not appear and the case was postponed until 7 o'clock tonight.

A number of people were charged with maintaining nuisances on their premises. Most of them had had them remedied since they were summoned on Saturday, and the others were ordered to do so at once.

Vicious Negro Boys.

Mr. Joseph Moore carried his family out for a drive yesterday and his little son accompanied them, mounted on a pony. As they came down Franklin street, on the edge of town, the little fellow rode some distance ahead of the carriage, and several negro boys, evidently thinking he was alone, made an attack on him with sticks and stones. The pony was badly frightened at the licks he received, and as the boy whipped the animal up to get out of reach he had a narrow escape from being hit by a stone thrown by one of the negroes. They were arrested, and this morning three of them were fined by Mayor Thompson.

Notes.

Dr. Laurence Stabler is expected home from Europe the latter part of this week.

Mr. Lysle Gillis has accepted a position in the Roanoke machine works and left last night to take charge of it.

Mr. Wythe White of the Bell Telephone Company is in Occoquan on business.

ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY.

On the Face of Them Statistics Do Not Give Much Comfort to Abstainers.

From the Boston Transcript.

We have not the figures at hand, but it was shown by life insurance statistics published in Great Britain a few years ago that total abstainers from intoxicating drinks were shorter lived than the moderate drinkers among policy holders; and now comes the International Medical Association with statistics in the same direction, but more startling. The association has made careful inquiry into 5,234 cases of deaths of persons of over thirty-five years of age, and of all callings, which were divided into five groups—total abstainers, moderate drinkers, drinkers who were careful not to drink too much, heavy drinkers, and excessive drinkers. The investigation showed that the age reached in these five classes was always the shortest with total abstainers; that they were shorter lived even than the excessive drinkers. With regard to wine drinkers the results were: Moderate drinkers, 63 years; heavier but careful drinkers, 58 years; intemperate drinkers, 55 years; excessive drinkers, 52 years; abstainers, 50 years.

It has been said that statistics can be made to prove anything you want to prove; but in this instance, as well as in the insurance figures, they seem to prove what those collecting the statistics had no intention or desire to prove. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the use of intoxicants, even moderately, is conducive to longevity. The statistics only show that, with a good constitution at the outset, one may attain to more advanced age than is reached by a person of feeble physique, though the latter be a total abstainer; for we think it will be found from observation and inquiry that a very large proportion of the abstainers are abstainers because they saw in early life that they were not physically strong enough to wrestle with King Alcohol, and another large class of non-drinkers are the sons of drinking parents, whose sins, as well as their deterring example, have descended to their children, and so shortened the latter's lives.

The statistics quoted are misleading, inasmuch as they do not show what the state of the health of each class was in early life, and especially because they do not tell anything as to the habits of the parents of the individuals in the several classes. A man may drink to excess, may be intoxicated regularly every day, and yet live to be an old man, but it will generally be found that his offspring are feeble, if not sickly, and of short life, notwithstanding they never drink a drop of intoxicating liquor from first to last.

Statistics are potent helps toward the solution of great social problems, but when they seem to prove what is against common experience and against common sense it is best not to trust in them too confidingly.

The Biter Bit.

From Pearson's Weekly.

In a Pullman car on the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire railway the other week a young traveler noticed an old, white-bearded gentleman trying to get into a light dust coat. The young man rushed to his assistance, and in helping him with the garment noticed a good-sized whisky flask protruding from one of the pockets. Being of a waggish nature, he appropriated the bottle, helped the stranger on with his coat, and then pulling out the flask said, "Will you take a drink?"

The old man did not recognize the bottle, and drawing himself up remarked rather severely:

"No, sir, I never drink."

"It won't hurt you," insisted the wag; "it's the best."

"Young man," said the old gentleman, speaking loud enough for all in the carriage to hear, "if you persist in drinking whisky you will be a ruined man at forty. It is the curse of the land. When I was a boy my mother died, and the last thing she did was to call me to her bedside and say: 'John, promise me that you will never touch a drop of liquor.'"

"Oh, well, in that case," said the joker, "I must drink it myself," whereupon, suiting the action to the words, he pulled the cork out and took a good drink.

A moment later he dropped the bottle with an exclamation which certainly didn't sound like a blessing, and yelled out: "Ugh! ugh! my mouth's all raw!"

Then it was the old gentleman discovered his loss, and to the amusement of the other passengers said: "Ah, young man, you will be careful in future before you take other people's property. I am Dr. —— and that bottle contained some quinine and iron for one of my patients."

The young man got out at the next station.

THEY ARE AGAINST THEM

Melba and Bernhardt Dislike Knickerbockers.

Both Think They Are Horrid, and Bernhardt Says It is Immoral, Yet Bernhardt Once Wore Trousers.

From the Boston Herald.

It is the least little bit diverting to read in the letters of the various foreign correspondents that both Nellie Melba and Sarah Bernhardt are violently opposed to donning knickerbockers in any form by women who will ride the wheel, or, for that matter, to the wearing of any imitation of the male attire by women.

Mme. Melba is quoted by one writer as saying: "I abhor masculine costume for women. It is ugly, and I have, on the stage, even, never consented to wear it. I add that I never will wear it, without, however, blaming other actresses who have not the same dislike as I for it. That will explain to you how wounded I feel in my artistic and feminine preferences when I see women dress themselves as they do."

Then Mme. Melba, after stating that she does not care for the bicycle, states that the necessities of conveniently riding the machine are simply a pretext. "It is less," she adds, "for motives of convenience than for more mysterious reasons that the skirt is sacrificed for the ample trousers."

Now, of course, to one who knows Mme. Melba this does not sound in the least like her, but, accepting it as a true report of her words, it is wondered if she has forgotten that she sang "Rigoletto," or what she calls the attire she wore in the last act with its tights and tunic? It is true that she kept herself well draped in her long black mantle, but there were moments when for a brief flash the drapery was dropped and the straight, well-rounded figure stood out against the long black cape hanging down behind, and those who saw her in the role in Boston the only time she appeared in it here will recall one capital exit, where she flew across the stage with the long black drapery floating behind her. Perhaps Melba regrets singing Gilda, and hopes it will be forgotten, and yet, in spite of the fact that she was not in good voice when she was heard in it here, the violent enthusiasm with which she was greeted was hardly likely to make her give it up. No, one can only suppose that the interviewer did not take the singer down just right, or that dear Melba is forgetful.

Again, one would like to know just what she means by the "mysterious reasons" that women have for putting on the ample trousers. Some of us have thought that there was a mystery in the impulse that led women to don that form of male attire, and an equally mysterious reason which induced other women to don trousers that were not ample. For if you watch the crowd that spins over toward the entrance to the fens at dusk every evening you will note that it will almost invariably be the slight, straight, girlish figure that is attired either in the short skirt or the full trousers, while the figure that is most strikingly feminine—broad of hips, full of bust—will be noted in the few skin-tight fits that are out.

All things considered, Bernhardt is equally amusing. Harold Frederick states that she is more vehement on the subject than any one who was interviewed. She is violently opposed to trousers on women for any purpose, and bases her strong objections on "moral grounds." Seems to have imbibed her present spirit from her visits to America. It really is a pity that Sarah did not visit us when she was young. Still she is not quite logical when she says that in her visits both to the states and to England she has seen too much of the results of giving indiscriminate liberty to girls to wish to see the French maiden subjected to the same dangers.

Evidently Sarah also is forgetful. What about that famous attire for her atelier in the days when sculpture was the fad of the great French actress and famous men were quite willing to guide the slender hand to results that were hailed as most promising? Did she not needlessly wear male attire then? Was she not photographed some eighteen, and possibly more, years ago, in this dress, which was white and consisted of perfectly plain straight trousers, small in the leg, as was the fashion of the male attire at that time, with a straight double-breasted pea jacket buttoned to her neck, which was encircled by a fluff of lace? At that time Mme. Bernhardt used to receive her friends, and even interviewers, in that attire, of which she was very fond. The photographs taken of her thus habited were for some years shown in all the Paris shop windows exposed for sale, and even brought to this country, while no enterprising newspaper writer thought he had quite done with Sarah, at the time when the papers both here and abroad were filled with interviews of her, jokes about her, anecdotes that were quaint, queer, and impossible, or humorous, according to the author—all preparatory for her first American tour—until he had seen a reproduction of one of these pictures in his paper.

Has Bernhardt forgotten all this? Does she not remember the great number of newspaper people that she received in that attire in the days when she was living in the house she designed in the Avenue de Villiers? But, of course, that was all before she had come to the states, and observed the American girl, and then, Sarah is a woman who believes, evidently, that she can do as she pleases, and other people should do as pleases her, also.

How just speaking of all this carries one back to the Bernhardt of other days; the days when Claron painted her picture with her hound beside her; that long, lithe figure reclining in a pillow of lace in the corner of the couch, which was facetiously called in Paris "the dog and the bone." The days when Bastien Lepage painted her in profile sitting bolt upright, as if a ramrod was up her back, were a little later and were still of the period when Sarah was uniquely thin. It is an epoch, by the way, that dates from about 1869 to after that first visit to America. For Sarah was never just the same after she saw the possibilities of money-making in this broad land of theater-going people. It was Mathieu-Meusnier who, in 1869, inspired her with that taste for achievements in art, of which America seems to have cured her, for, although her first visit was heralded by an art exhibit, neither uninteresting nor, considering it as the work of an actress who had achieved fame in her own art, was it discreditable as an effort in another art. But did any one ever hear much about Sarah's art achievements after that?

How He Made Bells Ring.

From Tid-Bits.

Recently, at one of our large hotels, while a party were holding an argument on the subject of spiritualism, one young fellow expressed his belief that there was something in it, as he himself was a sort of a "medium."

"How a medium?" inquired one of the speakers.

"Why," replied the wag, "I can do a good many mysterious things; for instance, I can make a bell ring without touching it."

The other offered to wager that he couldn't. The wag persisted, and said that he would lay him five pounds he could make at least a dozen of the bells in the passage ring within two minutes, without leaving his seat.

"Done," exclaimed the skeptic, and the money was staked.

The young fellow turned round on his seat, opened a closet door, and turned off the gas from the upper part of the building. In less than one minute half the bells in the passage began to ring violently, the persons above having lost their lights.

And so, of course, the money was fairly won.

Soon Managed It.

From Tid-Bits.

A Liverpool merchant recently went to his head clerk and said:

"John, I owe about £10,000, and all I possess is £4,000, which is locked up in the safe. I have been thinking that this is the right time to make an assignment, but what plausible pretext I can give my creditors I know not. You have plenty of brains; think the matter over, and let me know your decision in the morning."

The clerk promised to do so.

On entering the office next morning the merchant found the safe open, the money gone and in its place a letter, which read as follows:

"I have taken the £4,000 and have gone to South America. It is the best excuse you can give your creditors."

THE RULE OF THE ROAD

Why Americans Keep to the Right and Englishmen to the Left of the Road.

Condition of the Roads—If Our Highways Were Different We Might Well Adopt the British Method.

From the New York Herald.

In America the rule of the road is always to keep to the right. In England, on the contrary, the unwritten law declares that the left is the side to be taken. How this divergence is to be explained has puzzled many persons.

It would be folly to suppose that the variation was caused by any reason less substantial than real necessity. The English rule has existed from time immemorial, and an arbitrary alteration would have occasioned extreme and altogether needless confusion.

Those who introduced the change into this country were the first settlers in New England—persons who were habituated to the ancient order, persons who would never have dreamed of a revolt against it, despite the rebellious spirit lurking secretly in their blood. They made the change for the simple reason that careful driving demanded it.

Influence of Good Roads.

Since the time when the Romans built their magnificent roadways in "the furthermost isles of the sea" the Britons have enjoyed good roads. The driver naturally sits at the right end of his seat, where he has the free use of his right hand, while the reins swing clear. Sitting in that position the hub of his right forewheel is just beneath his eye. It is where he can best see it, and as he follows the English rule, keeping to the left, if he be timorous, it is easy for him to be sure that he is a yard from the threatening hubs of any passerby. If he be a Cockney Jehu he can deftly skim by the other vehicle with never a bit of space to spare. On those crowded roads there is need of care in passing, lest the hurrying wagons come in collision. But the roads are broad and smooth, and he would be a fool, or blind, who drove dangerously off the road. Were the English driver to turn to the right in passing he would be obliged to sit at the left end of his seat, or else, sitting on the right, he would not have before his eyes that projecting hub which is the danger point for collision.

The case is altogether different in this country. The cowlike manner in which Indians pursued their way has given a name to that method of movement, known as Indian file, and that habit of the aborigines seems to have exerted a disastrous influence on the white men who conquered them. How else can we adequately explain the atrocious fashion in which generation after generation of otherwise intelligent and forceful men up and down this republic have made roads which at the best can be driven over only in Indian file, and with never a shunting place