

AFFAIRS IN ALEXANDRIA

TWO PRISONERS ESCAPE FROM THE CITY JAIL.

Dug a Hole in the Wall—Citizens' Association Meets—Other Matters of Interest.

Evening Star Bureau, 1010 K Street, N. W., Bell Telephone, No. 100. ALEXANDRIA, Va., May 17, 1901.

Edward Miller and Frank Anderson, awaiting the action of the grand jury on felonious charges, dug their way to liberty through the massive masonry of the city jail this morning.

Reaching the other room they experienced but little difficulty in wrenching aside an iron bar in a window, thereby enlarging a hole through which they escaped.

Miller was sent to jail April 8 to await the action of the grand jury on the charge of forgery. He is a native of this city.

Citizens' Association Meets. A meeting of the Citizens' Progressive Association was held last evening in the rooms of the Business Men's League.

The annual session of the State Council, Improved Order of Red Men, which convened in Srepta Hall Wednesday morning.

Officers Elected. The annual session of the State Council, Improved Order of Red Men, which convened in Srepta Hall Wednesday morning.

Information has reached this city to the effect that a man and woman who were run down and killed by an engine on the Pennsylvania railroad at Powell's creek Tuesday night were named, respectively, Walter and Mary Jane Lively.

Instructed for Montague. District meetings were held at 8 o'clock yesterday afternoon at six precincts of Fairfax county for the election of delegates to the democratic gubernatorial convention.

General Notes. Funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Margaret Cook, whose death occurred Tuesday night, took place this morning at 9:30 o'clock at St. Mary's Catholic Church.

Mr. William Taylor, familiarly known as "Buck" Taylor, died last night at his home near Four-Mile Run, in Alexandria county.

A Near View of Gen. De Wet. The figure of middle height was stock and well-set, conveying at a glance an impression of physical strength.

Unexpected. Operator—"This message, ma'am, is a little too long if you want it to go for that amount of money. If you would omit the last two words, 'with love'—"

Young Wife—"No, sir. You would like to have me live with you, wouldn't you? I printed some newspaper man and you could have printed among the funny stories! How much more money do you want for those two words?"

Goldenberg's. The "Dependable Store," 922-24-26-28 7th St. & 7th St. Goldenberg's.

Cool, comfortable Oxfords.

COOL Footwear is what is wanted now and we have just the styles that are correct and easy for the feet—there's smartness in every line. Our Oxfords and Slippers never had so much life and snap in them—they're graceful and proper.

Not Three Dollars, \$1.95

Another surprise—500 pairs of Women's Oxfords, \$1.29

Insured Shoes. 95c. Insured Oxfords.

For Boys or Girls—big or little—in stylish patent leather—kid-skin—donkey hide.

Shirt Waist Hats.

We have some pleasant surprises for Saturday in the Millinery Department. We have prepared a very large and tempting pretty assortment of advanced styles in trimmed summer Millinery, including Dress and Shirt Waist Hats.

Special Sale of Skirts. Saturday Specials in Silk Skirts.

Children's Hats.

Saturday is Children's Day.

Corsets for Saturday.

Sailor Collar Waists, 98c.

100 dozen New Sailor Collar Waists will be ready tomorrow.

WRAPPERS WORTH UP TO 79c.

Cutting the Prices Low in Ladies' Tailored Suits.

Our Popular Jap. Silk Waists, \$2.98

Special Sale of Skirts. Saturday Specials in Silk Skirts.

Toilet Articles and Perfumery.

Leather Goods and Belts.

Refrigerators.

Housefurnishings.

Men's Summer Underwear.

The Right Kinds—Special Saturday Pricing.

Bring the Boys Saturday.

39c. Ribbons, 25c. yd.

Underwear and Hosiery.

Merino Underwear.

Trains Hit a Balloon.

Engineer of a Fast Freight Describes the Queer Collision.

World's Oldest Sovereign.

No More Drammas.

Use of Injection Dangerous.

Stringent Turf Laws.

Reciprocity.

A Matter of Form.

LITERATURE AS AN ANODYNE

THE POWER OF GOOD READING ON THE SICK BED.

Some Testimonials From Famous Men as to the Efficacy of Books in Relieving Pain.

From the London Spectator.

That was an interesting story told the other day by Mr. Choate about James Russell Lowell.

When Lowell was lying on his couch waiting for death he was visited by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who asked him brother poet how he was.

Lowell replied that he had forgotten all his bodily pains, for he was deep in "Rob Roy." The story is not only a testimony to Scott, it is a testimony to literature as the most powerful anodyne we know.

Modern science has taught us more and more that many of the ills of the body, however they may be caused—and their causes are often very mysterious—may be cured by mental and moral means rather than by mere material devices.

To rally the moral and mental forces of the torpid nature of the mind is the best way to make the mind supreme over the body.

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"DOPE" AN AMERICAN TERM

ITS USES AND ABUSES ON THE WORLD'S RACE TRACKS.

English Authorities, Aroused by Talk of American "Touts" on Foreign Courses, Are to Act.

From the New York Times.

Since the turf attained the dignity of a language of its own there has never been coined a term which has attained the popularity that the one "dope" has achieved.

For a number of years the expression has been common on American race tracks, but it has not been known in England.

In the past two seasons it has gone further afield and extended its usage to England and continental Europe.

Not only do British turfmen nowadays chatter of "dope," but the French turfmen taken up the term, and Paris has as much to say of the "doping" of horses as has the community that has its being close about the confines of Tattersall's in London.

Even in Austria the term has made its way, and at the further side of the earth, in distant Australia, the use of dope is known if not practiced.

Though the word, if it be permissible to so classify it, is used most frequently in connection with the "doping" of horses, it is used in many other ways.

In England last year "dope" meant for the unscrupulous American "touts" who swarmed to the English race tracks to take advantage of the sudden popularity of all things American, that no chance must slip when the impression might be spread that the word "dope" was a new term.

It was a term which implied that a horse was being "doped" by the use of stimulants, and it was a term which implied that a horse was being "doped" by the use of stimulants.

In England it has been less the actual practice of "doping" horses than the scandal that grew out of the talk that the American "touts" indulged in.

The impression that they managed to spread throughout the country by their mysterious hints of trickery had stirred the turf writers to the discussion of a new measure.

The English Jockey Club will take action on the matter this coming season can hardly be doubted.

What shape the proposed racing legislation will take is conjectural, but even if it does not put a stop to the use of the prohibited drug there will be cause for congratulation.

Stringent Turf Laws. In America there are stringent turf laws against "dope." On most of the great race tracks special officials are employed to keep a supervision over the horses as they are being prepared for the track, and to see that they are not "doped" in any way.

Reciprocity. "But you are several years under age, you know," said the friend of the family. "How did you persuade your mother to consent to your marrying so young?"

"I told her," replied the youthful bridegroom, "that if she died I'd never give my eyes to her, and she said she'd rather have me than her." "How did you persuade your mother to consent to your marrying so young?"

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TRAINS HIT A BALLOON.

Engineer of a Fast Freight Describes the Queer Collision.

From the New York Sun.

"One pitchy dark night, early last summer," said the fat engineer, wiping his long-nosed old can with a piece of waste.

"As we were approaching the top of Pecano Hill I noticed a queer flying object in the sky. First I thought it was a new star, but as the sky was all bedecked and I could see no other stars I concluded that I was mistaken.

The light seemed to be descending, but as we pitched over the top of the hill, I discovered that it was a balloon. I reached up for the whistle rope to pass a tip to the train crew in the dog house, but even my whistle rope was all smashed up by five brake wheels when 'em smashed' we went into something.

"Some darned kind of a rubbery blanket enveloped the whole cab, and as we came down over the windows, just as if some one had lassoed us with a big rubber bag, I made a frantic jerk at the whistle valve, but instead of the whistle blowing, the train usually handled off, the noise it gave out then was like the shriek of a penny horn.

"I slammed the air valve in a length, I notched, but I had kept it on so long for a service application that the pressure was so great that it would not stop. I had to throw straws under the car wheels. There was 'nothing doing' with the air.

"I was getting mighty scared, because I didn't know what kind of a thing it was, but I thought I'd better get out of there. I reached up for the whistle rope to pass a tip to the train crew in the dog house, but even my whistle rope was all smashed up by five brake wheels when 'em smashed' we went into something.

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