

Anniversary of the Fall of the Capital.

NEGROES ON WARPATH

Members of the Lincoln Club, Returning from One Funeral, Provide for Another. Industrial Association to be Organized.

(Special to the Daily Press.) RICHMOND, Va., April 4.—Thirty-three years ago yesterday occurred the fall of Richmond. That is an historic event that, while not so down in history, was quite interesting as a whole. To show their loyalty and high sense of appreciation of their deliverer, the members of the Lincoln Club, several of them organized the Lincoln Club. The club's objects, aims and purposes were enumerated in their constitution and by-laws. The principal feature of the organization is the burial of deceased members with great pomp and ceremony.

The Sunday funeral is the one thing dear to the society. The Lincoln Club had a funeral on the anniversary of the fall of Richmond. Tomorrow they will have another, probably two.

The Lincoln Club, as stated above, had been out to bury a deceased member. They were coming back, headed by a brass band. The important features of the funeral were a gorgeous drum major, the cyanochrome of the band, and the brass drum. When Jackson Ward "Darkest Africa," was struck, some of the band broke at the drum major. At that time there was a fusillade of bricks, and incidentally razors were flying through the air. The police were quieted down finally, when it was found that no other damage than a few cracked skulls, bruised shins and other minor injuries had been sustained.

Forward march was then given and the procession moved on to Broad and Third streets. There was another halt and hostilities were again declared. Irving Allen, a member of the Lincoln Club, played the police off the horse and stuck it into the left eye of David Finch, removing that organ on the end of the blade. The feat was so successfully done that Finch remonstrated and in his remonstrance he was joined by several friends. Then there was a sound of revelry by night. During the progress of the festivities Irving Allen's hat was cut off and he was hit on the head and bore other evidences of having been in the game. A squad of police appeared on the scene at this stage of the game.

Here is what the police found: Irving Allen, throat cut; dead. David Finch, left eye cut out; seriously injured.

There is a score or more who have cuts, bruises, scratches, sprains, strains and all of whom have reason to remember "the day they celebrated."

The police made these arrests and then a coroner's jury held a preliminary examination on the 6th: William Brown, Ernest Mimms, Joe Carter, David Finch, William Robbins, N. Williams, J. Anderson, William Patterson, William Price, William Oliver and John Brown.

Saturday night a negro man went to the place of Mr. Morrisette and beat him up. The man was taken to the hospital and a serious operation in one of the leading drug goods stores of this city last Saturday evening. The place was crowded with shoppers and for a while the greatest there is a movement on foot to organize an association with an immense capital looking to the procuring of new enterprises and furnishing capital therefor. It is proposed to establish here a mammoth steel plant and other manufacturing industries. The men who are engineering the scheme have unlimited capital.

Robert H. Hays, president of the Virginia State Bar Association, will meet tomorrow in Rockledge, Va. It is not known what important business will be transacted.

Mr. Way T. Knight, the recently appointed postmaster to succeed Mr. W. H. Caldwell, is expected to be confirmed in his job, though considerably delayed.

The funeral of Capt. W. L. Thomas, who died on Saturday, took place this evening at 4 o'clock and was largely attended.

Notwithstanding the peaceful tenor of yesterday's papers, the outlook is regarded as more critical now than at any time since the present trouble began.

The telegram to the Press on Saturday night relative to the notice to hold the State troops ready to move was obtained from a man who was in a position to know the facts. Why he gave out the report has not been explained. The same report was sent to several papers. Governor Tyler denies the story.

Crisis in His Career. "Cyrus," asked his wife, "what are you moping about?" "It is thirty-seven years ago to-day, Keturah," replied the gloomy man, who had thrown himself on the lounge "since I became cashier of the bank."

"Well, what of that? Are you worn out? Is the salary too small? Have you ever had the slightest trouble with the bank? Is there anything wrong with your accounts? Are they thinking of replacing you with a younger man?"

"No, there's nothing wrong in any way," replied the bank cashier, "but the very fact that I have been the bank's most trusted official for thirty-seven years, that I have never done a dishonest thing in my life; that never made an injudicious loan; that my accounts are perfectly straight, and that no man on earth can say a word against me, is making people suspicious, and they are beginning to talk about me."

Sample Testimonials. We append a few testimonials which may be of benefit to proprietors of patent medicines: "I have been unable to walk without crutches for many years, but after using your liniment I ran for office."

"I lost my eyesight four years ago. I used a bottle of your eye wash and I saw wood."

"I have been dumb ever since I was married, but the day after using your remedy I had a speaking likeness taken at the photographer's."

"Some time ago I lost the use of both arms. Shortly after buying a box of your pills I struck a man for ten dollars."

Royal Revenge. "Has another American paper published a caricature of our royal person?" inquired the Kaiser. "Yes, Your Majesty," replied the dignified lackey. "This will," replied His Majesty, "I exclude the American baked

FOOD AND TEETH.

Poverty Produces the Strongest and Most Lasting Molars.

"It is a remarkable fact," said a prominent New York dentist to the writer recently, "that the teeth of the poor are stronger and generally last longer than those of the well-to-do classes. The reason for this is that what food the poor give their children is of a variety that goes to make bones and teeth. This food consists of the outside of all the grains of all cereal foods, that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime and traces of other earthy salts, all of which nourish the bony tissues and build up the frame. If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that pabulum they require, they cannot possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley, and the like, or the bran, so called, that we sift away and feed to the swine that the teeth require for their proper nourishment."

"The wisdom of man has proved his folly shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more fragile and weak. Our modern flouring mills are working destruction upon the teeth of every man, woman and child who partakes of their fine bolted flour. They sift out the carbonates and the phosphates of lime in order that they may provide that fine white flour which is proving a whitened sepulchre to teeth. Oatmeal is one of the best foods for supplying the teeth with nourishment. It makes the dentine, cementum and enamel strong, flint-like, and able to resist all forms of decay. If you have children never allow any white bread upon your table. Bread made of whole wheat ground, not bolted, so that the bran, which contains the minute quantities of lime, is present, is best. Nothing is superior to brown bread for bone and tooth building. This is made out of rye meal and cornmeal. Baked beans, too, have a considerable supply of these lime salts and should be on everybody's table, hot or cold, twice a week."

"Is the habit of chewing gum injurious to the teeth?" "Gum chewing is liable to enlarge the muscles which control the movements of the lower jaw, thereby changing, possibly for the better, both the contour and expression of the face. If the gum be pure I see nothing in the habit to condemn, except its vulgarity, as it has no beneficial effect upon the teeth, and is a good teeth-cleansing agent."

Uncle Sam's Biggest Gun. The ingot for the biggest gun ever ordered by the United States has just been cast at the Bethlehem Steel Works. When it is all completed it will be six tons heavier than the monster Krupp gun shown at the World's Fair in Chicago, and five feet longer.

The diameter of the ingot as it is shown in the picture is six feet two inches. Its length is forty-nine feet two inches. It will be by far the most powerful gun ever constructed. Lieutenant John F. Meigs, formerly of the United States Army, under whose supervision the gun is being built, says of it:

Its projectile will weigh about 2,300 pounds, and its velocity will be in the neighborhood of 2,000 feet per second.

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COCK'S SPURS ON HIS HEAD.

They Grow Out Like Horns and He Fights With Them.

At the exhibition of the Arapahoe Fanciers' Club at Denver is a cockerel and his name is Johnny Bull—fitting to his stubborn and invincible disposition. The fanciers call him a freak, which, though far from a misnomer, is displeasing to his owner, sixteen-year-old Willie H. Setzer. The bird is a Plymouth Rock, not of pure breed, but he attracts crowds where others receive only a passing glance. His nickname is "The Terror of the Barnyard," and all because of his fighting proclivities, augmented by two distinct and formidable horns. These unusual adjuncts to a rooster are placed just above each eye and are at least one and one-half inches long. When Johnny was born there was no sign of his horns, but when he was about 3 years old they began to push their way through the skin, and have steadily grown. Johnny was born without the spurs usually worn by game cocks, and it is evident that nature, discovering her mistake, sought to remedy it by putting the spurs on his head instead of his feet.

At any rate this freak of birth has not discouraged the bird of fighting proclivities, for it has learned to fight with its weapons so strangely placed. He has had the usual number of encounters falling to the share of a bird of his disposition, and in every one of these he has been victorious, killing his antagonists. The left horn is broken and crumpled as the result of a blow given by him in a fight a few months ago, but which missed the other contestant and struck a stone.

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A Rich Woman's Unique Charity. A San Francisco doctor performed a successful operation for a rich woman, and when asked for his bill presented one for \$50. The woman smiled and said: "Do you consider that a reasonable charge considering my circumstances?" The doctor replied, "That is my charge for that operation; your circumstances have nothing to do with it." The lady drew a check for \$500 and presented it to him. He handed it back, saying, "I cannot accept this. My charge for that operation is \$50."

"Very well," the woman replied. "Keep the check, and put the balance to my credit." Some months after she received a lengthy itemized bill, upon which were entered charges for treatment of various kinds, rendered to all sorts of odds and ends of humanity, male and female, black and white, who had been mended at her expense. She was so delighted at it that she immediately placed another check for \$500 to her credit on the same terms, and it is now being earned in the same way.

Patagonian Giants. The tribes to the east of the Cordilleras in Southern Patagonia belong to Araucanian stock, and are a superior race. The Tehuelches—as they call themselves—of Southern and Eastern Patagonia are the people whose unusual stature gave rise to the fables of early days to the effect that the natives of this region were giants, averaging nine or ten feet in height. It is a fact that they are the tallest human beings in the world, the men averaging but slightly less than six feet, while individuals of four to six inches above that mark are not uncommon. They are in reality by no means savages, but somewhat civilized barbarians. They are almost unacquainted with the use of fire-arms, notwithstanding some contact with the whites, but they have plenty of horses and dogs. Unsurpassed hunters, they capture the guanaco and the rhea, or South American ostrich, and from the skins of these and other animals they make clothes and coverings for their tents. They make beautiful "capas," or mantles, of fur and feathers, which are highly prized by Europeans and find a ready market, most of the proceeds being spent for bad whiskey, which is brought into the country in quantities by traders.

Course of True Love Swerved. The following letter, which was recently picked up in the street, is full of homely pathos: "Dear Jane—I owe you my life for me not larlin' at you when you larfed at me last night. I've a ble under me arm, and can't larf as I would like to. Yours affectionately, JOHN."

Literature and Rabies. In Kansas City, Kan., one-half of the dog tax is used for the maintenance of the public library of the city.

Big Fossil Birds. Professor J. B. Hatcher, of Princeton University, has newly returned from a remarkable trip of exploration in a hitherto unknown region of South America—namely, the wild interior of Patagonia. He visited Washington this week for the purpose of depositing with the Bureau of Ethnology a rich collection of objects illustrating the mode of life of the various tribes of aborigines in that part of the world. These natives are among the strangest and most picturesque savages in existence, some of them being described as representing almost the lowest stage in the scale of human development. Their country, too, is more than ordinarily interesting, being associated since the earliest times with rumors of gigantic human inhabitants and an astonishing fauna. Quite recently some skeletons of birds that had heads as big as those of horses have actually been dug up. They stood at least nine feet high, and had short wings, claws like an eagle's and a beak like a condor's. It is likely that they attacked with success the largest mammals contemporary with them, being the biggest fowls of prey that ever lived; but they became extinct long ago, and so there was no opportunity for Professor Hatcher to secure a living specimen.

Granulated Cork. It is only a few years since the manufacturers of cork stoppers, and life preservers threw away their chips. Now every particle of the refuse is carefully saved and utilized, first having been pulverized by special machinery. In fact, owing to the constantly increasing number of uses to which this stuff can be put, the price of what was once a waste product is steadily rising.

One of the ingredients of linoleum is cork. The latter is also employed extensively in filling the hollow walls of refrigerators. The manufacture of a light, porous bicycle handle opens still another field of usefulness, and it is now proposed to mix pulverized cork with plaster of paris in moldings, in order to render the latter cheaper and lighter. The article is placed on the market in about half a dozen different degrees of fineness, ranging from a flourlike powder up to grains as large as split peas. The price varies from three to eight cents a pound, and depends on the fineness of the product.

HE WAS A REMINDER.

Polite Drummer and the Lady Who Told Him Something Startling.

The drummer who was talking had a jerky style of speech as if he were afflicted with St. Vitus' dance of the vocal chords or some similar difficulty. "Had a blamed funny experience once," he said. "Had plenty, I suppose, but this was different. It was out on the Southern Pacific. Don't know what town it was. Don't know what state. Perhaps it was a territory. As many territories along that road as there are states. That's all right. At the town I'm talking about a pretty woman about twenty-five got aboard. Pretty woman scarce as hen's teeth in that country. Hadn't seen one for a month. Couldn't keep my eyes off of her. At last couldn't stand it any longer. Got up and went over to her. Asked her if I couldn't raise the window for her. She said I couldn't. Takes a strong man to raise a car window sometimes. Asked her if I couldn't let her have a paper or a book. She said I couldn't. Tried her again on buying something from the train butcher. Wouldn't have it. Offered to get her a glass of water. Wasn't dry. Tried everything I knew. Got turned down every time. The last time I tried was with a game of whist. Whist was all the rage in the east, I told her. She said she didn't play. Then she looked at me for a minute—maybe it was longer. Then she spoke. "Do you know who you remind me of?" says she, looking at me admiringly.

"No," says I. "Is it some dear dead friend of yours?" said I, trying to do the funny act.

"Not exactly," said she, laughing. "Not exactly, but of one that will be dead in about seven seconds after my husband set eyes on him at the next station."

"What's the name of it, madame?" says I, making believe I was ready.

"Morseville," yelled the brakeman. "That's it," says she, laughing more than ever, and I fell all over myself trying to make connection with the sleeper at the far end of the train."

Precious Stones Here. Diamonds have been found in Wisconsin. In 189