THREE PIRATES HUNG.

THEY PAID THE PENALTY IN RICHMOND FOR CRIMES ON THE SEA.

A Day of Intense Excitement for this Unusually Quiet City—The Procession Up Main Street to the Gallows.

An inquiry appears in one of the daily papers as to whether any one in the city can furnish information concerning "three Portuguese Pirates named Pepe, Curo, and Felix, who were living a number of years ago on Gamble's Hill." Such is history! In the year 1827 occurred an event which stirred the emotional part of Richmond's inhabitants to the depth. For many years after it took place the people had not forgotten it. Children, who had heard accounts from older lips, and old people who had witnessed the scenes of that August day, took equal pleasure in referring to what they had known and heard of that occasion. The facts, then so well known, became in time tradition.

Tradition, ever capricious and willing to indulge the fancy of her worshippers, varied the accounts to suit occasions. One might easily suppose that somewhere in the past pirates might have inhabited the rocky haunts of the island opposite Gamble's Hill, which now divides James river in twain, and where it is said the Indians made their last stand when wending their way westward before the advance of the white man in this region. Whether Broad-rock Island, as it was once called, or Bell Isle, as now known, ever gave refuge to murderers we cannot say, but it is quite certain that no pirate ever lived on or near Gamble's Hill.

The Crime.

The inquiry referred to, doubtless, has grown out of the fact that in the month of August, 1827, three pirates were executed in the ravine near the penitentiary. So far as we have been able to get the facts of this notable event, they are as follows: In the spring of 1827 the brig Crawford, of Troy, Massachusetts, was taking in a cargo of sugar and other freight from a port of Cuba, and was on her way to Europe. It is said that she sailed from Matanzas, and had on board besides her freight several well to do passengers. Among these were four Spaniards and one Frenchman. No one knew or suspected the character of any of these. It was customary at that time for trading vessels to take passengers, especially if the latter would agree to furnish their own supplies. There were few regular "pacquets," as they were called, and, of course, no ocean steamers.

When the Crawford had been out a few days the four Spaniards took advantage of their unsuspecting fellow-voyagers, and in one night killed the captain and his entire crew, except the mate. The latter in the midst of the cruel emeute took refuge in the upper rigging of the vessel, out of the way of the murderers, until they had disposed of his defenceless friends. The passenger Frenchman was about to be murdered by one of the pirates when he gave a signal well known to the Masonic fraternity. This fortunate circumstance saved his life. It proved in his case a much more important factor than even "honesty among thieves." He was allowed to live, not only because he was a Mason, but because he spoke several foreign languages and could act as interpreter. After all but the mate and the Frenchman had been disposed of, one of the Spaniards took charge of the vessel, and endeavored to navigate her. This was Capt. Alexander Tardy, chief of the gang.

After some days of struggling with the waves and drifting out of their course, the captain found it necessary to make some neighboring port, where he could ship a crew, who, of course, would know nothing of the bloody event which had so lately occurred. In the meantime Tardy had found it necessary to make terms with the mate; and while the latter was at bay in the rigging, had agreed to spare his life if he would join the gang and undertake to direct the movements of the vessel. This, of course, met the views of the mate, so far as appearances went. He determined, however, to bring the murderers to justice if it were possible, and shaped his policy accordingly. When Capt. Tardy found it necessary to find a crew he advised with the mate, who cheerfully agreed to his suggestions. Tardy was ignorant of the American coast, and willing to trust the mate. The latter determined to take the brig into Hampton Roads, and with this intention persuaded the pirate that the only way to secure the vessel and cargo was to commit them to his control. Meantime the decks had been cleaned, and every sign of the recent murder obliterated. In a few days the vessel entered the capes of Virginia, and arriving late in the evening near Old Point dropped her anchor close to the Fortress.

The Mate Ashore.

Early next morning the mate, having completely deceived Tardy as to his purpose, took a boat with the supposed intention of going ashore to get the proposed crew. As soon as he had stepped into the boat, and without waiting for any of the others, he vigorously skulled off towards land. The captain hailed him in vain. Before he could realize the purpose of the mate, the boat was too far away to be reached by firearms. They had no other available weapons. It was now apparent to Tardy that he and his gang were about to be betrayed. While the mate had been making his preparations to leave the brig Tardy was in the cabin arranging his morning toilet, and razor in hand, was preparing to shave when informed of the mate's movements. He rushed on deck, and, as just stated, hailed the mate. It was in vain. He took in the situation at once, saw at a glance his impending fate, and in a moment of despair returned to the cabin, and with the same razor cut his throat and died on the spot.

As soon as the death of the captain was known the other three pirates threw overboard all the arms on board the vessel, and jumping into the sea, swam ashore and hid themselves in the neighboring swamps. The mate had succeeded in his designs. He gave the alarm to the officers at Fortress Monroe, who soon effected the capture of Felix, Pepe, and Curo. These three were brought to Richmond, and of course tried in the United States Court, the offence having occurred on the high seas in an American vessel.

This Dr. Alexandre Tardy, it was discovered during the trial of his associates, had been a noted and "experienced man-killer"; had been heard to boast that he "had committeed more murders than any one man in the world." He was the only well educated one of his gang; is said to have been a large, handsome, and powerful man. His body was buried on the neighboring shore, it is said, with the face downward. Why this was done does not appear.

The trial of the three pirates took place in the hall of the House of Delegates, was a short one, but excited the greatest interest in the town, not only on account of the enormity of the crime, but from the character of those engaged in it. The accused were defended by Chapman Johnson, one of the ablest lawyers of a bar then distinguished for its legal learning and the number of its prominent advocates. The witnesses against the culprits were the very persons whom they had allowed to live. The Frenchman, because he was a Mason, and the mate, because he was the only man who could navigate the vessel. The testimony was of course all against them, they having nothing to rebut the evidence of these two eye-witnesses of their crimes.

They were condemned to die on the gallows on Friday, the 17th day of August, 1827. In the mean time, they were lodged in the old Henrico county jail. The news of this noted event spread over the entire State, and attracted many curious people to witness the execution.

Day of Execution.

When the day arrived nothing else seemed to occupy the minds of the people. All other subjects were forgotten. At 10:30 A. M. the condemned were taken from the jail, clad in purple gowns and hoods covering their heads and faces. A military guard, consisting of the Richmond Light Horse, Capt. Richard Crouch; the artillery, Blues, and Public Guard, Captain Blair Bolling, were ordered by the Governor to attend the execution. As the dismal procession moved up the entire length of Main street the populace lined the way on each side. They listened with pathetic awe to the moans and prayers of the prisoners, who, sitting on their coffins in a wagon, filled the air with their melancholy notes. The execution was to take place in the ravine on the northeastern side of the present penitentiary. By the time the head of the procession reached the point the neighboring slopes and hilltops were crowded with spectators. The gallows was rather a novel one. It was made of two strong vertical posts, the tops of which supported a heavy piece of timber, into the under face of which were fastened three staples at regular distances apart. The object was to hang all three at the same moment. Midway up the two posts was the platform upon which the doomed men were to stand. The ropes had been placed around their necks before they were taken from the jail, so that when they arrived at the place of execution the other ends had only to be tied to the aforesaid staples. About midday the cortege arrived at the place of execution. The infantry formed a square around the place, while the cavalry and artillery stood apart. As soon as the culprits had mounted the platform, and after all preparations had been completed, Father Hore, a Catholic priest, ascended the steps to give religious consolation to the three unfortunate men. After he had officiated according to the rites of his church and sprinkled them with holy water several Spanish citizens went up to speak to and console the sufferers. Immediately after the ceremonies had ended the Rev. William Carr, of the Baptist church, attended them, and from the platform made an eloquent address to the crowd. Mr. Carr was followed by the Rev. Stephen Taylor, of the Presbyterian church, in an earnest prayer. During all this time the culprits exhibited unusual calmness; especially was this the case with Pepe, who from the first seemed resigned to his fate.

The Bodies Fall.

The United States marshal, Mr. Anthony Thornton, was now notified that the religious services were at an end, and that the prisoners had expressed themselves ready. It is said by some who were present that the silence in that vast multitude was singularly oppressive at the moment, and that with intense emotion the people stood awaiting the moment when the trap was to fall. The platform upon which the men stood was divided in the middle like a large folding-door, so that when the props were removed it would open downwards and leave the culprits hanging free. At length the signal was given, the two wings fell, and with them the three bodies. Two of these, Pepe and Curo, broke their ropes and came to the ground, where they writhed in agony for some seconds. The crowd, already wrought up to unusual tension, now gave free vent to their feelings. Men and women wept tears of sympathy, and although they acknowledged the justice of the law's decree, human tenderness to human suffering condoned for the time the wickedness of poor human nature.

The marshal and his deputies were firm and prompt in mending the accident. Curo lay as if dead, but was soon roused to a sense of his terrible position. Pepe rose to his feet without assistance, and with Curo again mounted the scaffold. The ropes were now tied up much shorter. At the second fall of the platform both men died. Felix had died at the first fall. The officers were not blamed for this unfortunate mishap. They had successfully tested the capacity of the rope the same morning with the weight of 470 pounds.

During the trial, and all through the exciting incidents of this event, Dr. I. Lemoky, a French citizen of Richmond, had taken an active part. Just before the execution he visited the condemned on the scaffold, and in the kindness of his heart gave them all the comfort he could. In accordance with the request of the prisoners, he told the people that they freely acknowledged their guilt for this crime and many others they had committed; that they deserved their punishment, and, asking the forgiveness of the multitude, begged that they would unite with them in prayer for the salvation of their souls.

The Doctor was an educated practitioner of medicine; had for many years been identified with the interests and people of the town, and by his genial nature and benevolent character, had won the esteem of the entire community. He lived on the north side of Broad street, when that thriving thoroughfare was without pavement, a highway of mud, and the haunt of the country cart and mountain wagon. Old (Dr. Lemosy's burly, familiar figure was known to all the men, women, and children of the neighborhood for many years after the events just narrated had passed out of memory. He was particularly fond of the latter, and they, of course, well knew it. Children are never wrong in their appreciation of those who really love them. We well recall the appearance of the old man in his last days, as he hobbled along with his heavy gold-headed cane over the rough ways of the town. Dr. Lemosy was one of a small colony of Frenchmen who came early to Richmond, and during their lives contributed much to the social attractions of the place, each in his peculiar way. Among his contemporaries was the elegant and accomplished John A. Chevallie, a typical gentleman of the ancient regime. Another was old Claude Muse, the molasses candy and horse-cake vender, whose sugar sanctum on the southwest corner of Broad and Sixth streets got all the cents and fourpence ha' pennies the boys could command, and whose beaming face will ever live in our memory. The last who survived was the venerable and gifted Benjamin Poitiaux, a Belgian gentleman, scholar, and musician, whose learning and genius for many years had charmed a large circle of friends, who loved him in life and deplored him in death.

Their Remains.

But to return. The last act in the bloody tragedy was over. The pirates were dead and buried. They had requested that their bodies should not be disturbed. The Marshal assured them that he should do his duty according to the law, which required that the remains of executed criminals should be properly interred after death; but that he had no power over them after that was done. Dr. John Cullen who was at that time a young practioner in Richmond, was permitted to remove the bodies to a room in the old State armory. There, in the presence of several other medical men, electrical experiments were made upon them. But these were not satisfactory because the corpses had been too long bereft of the vital spark.

The curious enquirer referred to at the beginning of this article may now perceive that the short history of the pirates just given perhaps will account for the tradition he has heard of the three Portuguese adventurers, said to have lived on Gambles' Hill, "long time ago." Whether the shades of the three Spanish murderers, Pepe, Curo, and Felix, ever appeared after death in that neighborhood we cannot say. But we well recall a couplet, which for many years lingered among the legends best known to boys, which expressed in brief, the consummation of that eventful episode in the history of Richmond.

"Felix hung! Pepe and Curo fell,
Tardy died, and went to h——l."

W. P. P.

About a year ago I took a violent attack of la grippe. I coughed day and night for about six weeks; my wife then suggested that I try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. At first I could see no difference, but still kept taking it, and soon found that it was what I needed. If I got no relief from one dose I took another, and it was only a few days until I was free from the cough. I think people in general ought to know the value of this remedy, and I take pleasure in acknowledging the benefit I have received from it.—Madison Mustard, Otway, Ohio. 25 and 50-cent bottles for sale by Owens & Minor Drug Co., P. M. Slaughter, E. P. Reeve & Co., and H. G. Forstmann, druggists.

HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

THE TROTTERS IN WILLIAM BASS' STRING AT ACCA STOCK FARM.

Notes from Ellerslie—The Home of Eolus. Mr. Beattie's Stock—Morello Still Lame—St. Saviour in California.

The coming season promises to be an active one among the trotting horse trainers in this vicinity. The unusually mild weather prevailing thus far has made out-door work pleasant, and as a consequence quite a number of horses have been kept in shape by regular exercise and road work. Mr. Pomeroy is handling a promising lot of younsters at Whitby Farm, in Chesterfield county, as are the Cox Brothers, at the Hundred Farm, in the same county. Other breeding and training establishments around here are also kept busy in proportion.

* * *

William L. Bass, who for a number of years held the position of trainer at Acca Stock Farm, has now leased that well-known establishment, and will conduct a public training-stable on the place. Bass is wintering about twenty head, from yearlings to aged horses. The bay stallion Willis, 2:34 3-4, by Jay Bird, out of Mild May, by Lumps, 2:21, is running out in a paddock, but will be taken up in a few days and jogged in harness during his stud season, after which he will go into regular training, and Bass hopes to mark him in 2:25 or better.

Probably the nicest yearling on the farm, certainly one that attracts the most attention, is a bay filly by Willis, out of Miss Lassiter, dam of Miss Nelson, 2:17 1-2. She is owned by Mr. J. D. Chamberlain, of Baltimore, who also owns her dam. Among other horses at the farm are Branchwood, 2:25, pacing, bay gelding (9), by Woodburn Hambleton, dam Belle; Bellwood, bay colt (4), full brother to Branchwood; bay gelding (4), by Norfolk, dam Callie Mark, by Greenwood; Zilla B., 2:30, brown mare (6), by Woodburn Hambletonian, dam s. t. b., by Ethan Allen; bay colt (4), by Havelock, dam Baroness, by Rothschild; bay gelding (3), by Toodles, Jr., dam by Romney. This youngster is a full brother to Nelly D., 2:31 1-2, Ellen Caskie, gray filly (3), by Willis, dam May Bee, by Carlos; William Bass, bay colt (2), by Willis, dam Haze, by F. F. V.; Bay filly (2), by Willis, dam Margaret, by Woodburn Hambletonian, second dam Easter, the granddam of Edge Mark, 2:16; Gordon Smith, gray colt (2), by Willis, dam May Bee, by Carlos.

* * *

A chat with Messrs. Harry B. and Bobert M. Beattie, of Henrico, is pleasant at all times, as each of them possesses an interesting fund of horse lore. They are owners and breeders of both thoroughbred and trotting stock, and have been interested in that direction for some time past. As a road and pleasure horse, the bay stallion Rover, is still in active service. He is now eighteen years old, a prompt, cheerful roadster that can pull a road wagon at a three-minute clip with ease. In his prime he could take up 170 pounds and clear a five-foot fence without trouble, in cross country work and live through the thickest of the fray, however stern the chase might be. Save the single trotting cross received through his dam his blood lines are all thoroughbred. He is by Abd El Kader, dam Rosa Meadows, by Cedric (trotter), next dam Rosalie, by Deucalion, and she out of Prima Donna, by imp. Priam. Rosa Meadows, the dam of Rover, is a bay mare twenty-four years old, by Cedric out of Rosalie. She is in foal to Egwood, 2:18 1-2, and is expected to assume the cares of maternity in the spring. Baroness, a black mare seventeen years old, is by Rothchild, son of Mambrino Patchen. She was purchased along with the gray stallion F. F. V., by Mambrino Patchen, a number of years back in Kentucky from Dr. Herr and brought to Richmond by Mr. O. J. Schoolcraft.

Her breeding on the maternal side is lost. She was registered with the Turf, Field, and Farm, and its records were consumed by fire some years ago. A copy of her pedigree was likewise destroyed when the Beattie homestead, near this city, fell a prey to flames but a few years back. Baroness is in foal to Rover. A bay colt, four years old, out of her by Havelock, son of Princeps, is a natural pacer, and William Bass thinks he will make a fast horse. Sadie, a handsome dun mare, six years old, prompt and stylish in harness, is by Woodburn Hambletonian, out of a mare of untraced breeding. She was bred last season to Norfolk, and appears to be in foal to the sire of Miss Nelson, 2:17 1-2. A bay filly, three years old, by Browning (son of Mambrino Dudley, 2:19 3-4, and Electa, by Electioneer), out of Rosa Meadows, and a bay filly, two years old, by Bourbon Baron, out of Baroness, are both good individuals, and should learn to trot fast. A couple of handsome thoroughbred mares are Miss Heimdal, a bay mare five years old, whose name indicates her paternity—viz., by Heimdal, dam Lucy Hunter, by Abd El Kader, next dam Dimple, by Planet, and she out of Maggie Hunter, by imported Australian. Miss Heimdal will be bred this season to that high-class race horse, Eon, son of Eolus, and War Song. Natalie B., a chestnut mare seven years old, and bred like Miss Heimdal on the maternal side, but having for a sire Wilful, the beautiful son of imported Australian and imported Pussy, by Diophantus. Natalie B. will be bred in the spring to Eon, and her produce by such a game and consistent turf performer should prove a race horse of high calibre.

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A recent letter from Captain R. J. Hancock states that the horses at Ellerlie are all in good shape and doing well. Eolus' book is full, and some grandly bred mares have been sent from widely different sections to the court of the aged monarch of noted Ellerslie stud. Charaxus, the beautiful bay son of Distin, and Sappho, by Kingston, will be mated with some very choice matrons, and his book is rapidly filling. A highly tried and successful turf performer himself, his get possess wonderful speed and staying capacity. As the sire of such first-class race horses as Ma Belle, Capstone, Lester, Charado, Hammie, Chateau, and others, his fame is secure. Eon, the magnificent son of Eolus and War Song, is young and untried as a sire, but his distinguished career as a race horse in addition to being a full brother to the great ones, Eole, Eolist, St. Saviour, etc., indicate a brilliant future in the stud. Montfort, the youngest of the quartet of sires at picturesque Ellerslie, is fast developing into a grand-looking horse. He was sired by the French-bred Mortimer, that stood his importer Pierre Lorillard a big sum of money and brought glory to Rancocas Stud Farm commensurate with his cost. Montfort's dam, Revolt, was by Lexington out of Sue Washington, full sister to Fanny Washington, the dam of Eolus, and the latter fact induced Captain Hancock to purchase him. Such breeding is rare, and during my last visit to Ellerslie Captain Hancock remarked, during a stroll around the stallion stables, that he would breed the son of Mortimer to such mares as Thimasia, sister to Knight of Ellerslie, and Miss Gra, sister of Diablo, with a view of getting four-mile race horses. I was impressed with the force of the idea and the reunion of the stout old-fashioned strains of blood in the produce certainly seem conducive to the results sought for.

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Morello has not been out of his stall since the day of his mishap at Bay District track, San Francisco, in the Rancho del Paso stake. The blistered leg is badly swollen, and the great son of Eolus is unable to walk.

The American-bred stallion Foxhall, by King Alfonso, out of Jamaica, by Lexington, will make the season of 1894 at the Crofton Stud, in England. He will stand at a fee of thirty guineas, or a little more than $150. Sixteen of the first of his get have proved winners.

The Ellerslie-bred stallion St. Saviour, the property of Fred. Gebhardt, is making a stud season in California. He is full brother to Eole, Eolist, and Eon, by Eolus out of War Song. St. Saviour was sent West some years ago, along with Eole and other thoroughbreds. The express train conveying the lot was wrecked in Western New York, killing Eole and several others, while St. Saviour's escape was miraculous. The latter is coming to the front as a sire, having to his credit the grand colt Zobair and another good performer in DeBracy.

St. Saviour was sent by Captain Hancock to Major Doswell, at Bullfield, in his yearling form, where he was kept till three years old, and then sold to Mr. Gebhardt for $12,000 before he ever started.

* * *

We often hear of race horses having broken down, yet comparatively few know what the term means. A writer thus describes the injury: "Break-down is the name given to a rupture of a tendon or ligament. In trotting horses it is usually below the knee or hock at the back of the limb, affecting those structures known as the flexor sinews, or the suspensory ligament. The mishap is most frequent in aged animals that have had a deal of track work or racing, or whose sinewy structures may be naturally too weak for the severe stress put upon them, or speeded too much before properly conditioned. It is diagnosed by an acute and sudden lameness, a turning up of the toe of the foot, and descent of the ankle towards the ground, with rapid swelling, heat and much pain at the point of injury. Within a short time in many cases, owing to the degree of suffering thereby created, we find considerable symptoms of irritative fever. A sprain of these structures is a less severe form of break-down, and in which a laceration or yielding of a portion of their constituent fibrous tissue takes the place of a rupture. Here the lameness may be just as sudden, and though sufficiently pronounced, is not so intensely painful, there is no tendency to turning up of the toes or dropping of the ankle, but rather the reverse, the horse standing and walking on his toe as much as possible, keeping the ankle at the same time flexed to relieve the sinews and ligaments of tendons.

Beau Lyons, the well-known Hackney stallion that will be sold in New York at auction next week by the estate of T. C. Eastman, cost that gentlemen over $10,000 in England, not including transportation. Beau Lyons is out of the dam of the celebrated hackney stallion Matchless of Lodesboro, that was formerly owned by Mr. Henry Fairfax, of Loudoun county, and sold by him to Dr. W. Seward Webb, of Vermont, for $15,000.

The Deep Run Hunt Club will meet on Wednesday, the 31st instant, on Brook road, near Major Ginter's Westbrook farm. This well-known and highly popular organization is in a flourishing condition, and numbers among its members some of the highest social element of this city and surrounding counties. Mr. P. A. S. Brine, of this city, is secretary and Mr. S. H. Handcock, of Henrico, is master of hounds.

BROAD ROCK.

Excitments of Mexican Agriculture

At the Casa Camadra are two other log houses, and in them live some squalid, yellow-hided humans, who are to farm a little stretch of bottom land this year. They require work-steers to do their ploughing, and Mr. Bell has brought up half a dozen vicious old "stags," which are both truculent and swift of foot. The Mexicans insist that they are not able to handle them, and Mr. Bell orders his punchers into action. I strolled out to the corrals to see the bulls "gentled." After a lot of riding and yelling they were herded and dragged into the enclosure, where they huddled while seven punchers sat on their ponies at the gate. I was standing at one corner of the corral, near the men, when out from the midst of the steers walked a big black bull, which raised its head and gazed directly at me. The bull had never before in his stupid life observed a man on foot, and I comprehended immediately what he would do next, so I "led out" for the casa at a rate of speed which the boys afterwards never grew weary of commending. No spangled torero of the bull-ring ever put more heart and soul into his running than did I in my great-coat and long hunting-spurs. The bull made a "forlorn hope" for the gate, and the gallant punchers melted away before the charge.

The diversion of the punchers made the retreat of the infantry possible, and from an intrenched position I saw the bulls tear over the hill, with the punchers "rolling their tails" behind. After an hour of swearing and hauling and bellowing, the six cattle were lugged back to the pen, and the bars put up. The punchers came around to congratulate me on my rapid recovery from a sprained ankle, when they happened to observe the cattle again scouring off for the open country. Then there was a grunting of ponies as the spurs went in, some hoarse oaths, and for the third time they tore away after the "gentle work-oxen." The steers had taken the bars in their stride. Another hour's chase, and this time the animals were thrown down, trussed up like turkeys for the baking, and tied to posts, where they lay to kick and bellow the night through in impotent rage. The punchers coiled their ropes, lit their cigarettes, and rode off in the gathering gloom. The morning following the steers were let up, and though wet and chilled, they still roared defiance. For agricultural purposes a Mexican "stag" would be as valuable as a rhinoceros or a Bengal tiger, and I await with interest the report of the death rate at Casa Camadra during spring ploughing.—From "In the Sierra Madre with the Punchers," by Frederic Remington, in Harper's Magazine for February.

Branding a Maverick.

In a dell in the forest we espied some "mavericks," or unbranded stock. The punchers are ever alert for a beef without half its ears gone and a big H P burned in its flanks, and immediately they perceive one they tighten their cinchs, slip the rope from the pommel, put their hats on the back of their heads, and "light out." A cow was soon caught, after desperate riding over rocks and fallen timber, thrown down, and "hog-tied," which means all four feet together. A little fire is built, and one side of a cincha ring is heated red-hot, with which a rawhide artist paints HP in the sizzling flesh, while the cow kicks and bawls. She is then unbound, and when she gets back on her feet the vaqueros stand about, scrape in hand, after the bull-fighter method, and provoke her to charge. She charges, while they avoid her by agile springs and a flaunting of their rags. They laugh, and cry "Bravo toro!" until she, having overcome her indignation at their rudeness, sets off down the canon with her tail in the air.—From "In the Sierra Madre with the Punchers," by Frederic Remington, in Harper's Magazine for February.

A Distraction.

"Did you hear that yarn about Gov. Altgeld's learnin' to waltz," said the Anarchist.

"Yes. I'm agin his doin' it."

"Why?"

"It'll take his mind off his pardonin' business."

Preparing for the Market.

By his oil stove sits the poet
Shivering often, so they say,
Getting springtime poems ready
For delivery in May.

"During the epidemic of la grippe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy took the lead here, and was much better liked than other cough medicines."—H. M. Bangs, druggist, Chatsworth, Ill. The grip is much the same as a very severe cold, and requires precisely the same treatment. This Remedy is prompt and effectual, and will prevent any tendency of the disease toward pneumonia. For sale by Owens & Minor Drug Co., P. M. Slaughter, E. P. Reeve & Co., and H. G. Forstmann, druggists.

It's So!
We are offering the Biggest Bargains in BLACK DRESS GOODS Ever shown, Don't fail to see those ALL-WOOL SERGES at 39c.

THREE BIG DRIVES
.. FOR THE ..
Big Trade Sale
.. AT ..
Miller & Rhoads'
... THIS WEEK ...

Do You?
Do you want to get a big bargain in Dress Goods? Then see our ALL-WOOL SERGE and ALL-WOOL HOP-SACK, 38 inches wide. 39c.

Hamburg Carnival!!

Dainty Edges, in narrow and wide effects, new designs. 5c.

The general style and quality of Edges we always sell! large quantities of at 5c. a yard, are now 8c.

If you have fine underwear to make or infants' dresses, and rwear, &c., you should not fail to see the beautiful line and great bargains we are offering in fine Nainsook Edges and Insertions at 10c., 12½c., 15c., 17c.

WE'RE WINDING UP our Cloak Department. If you need such an article and if we have your size, you would save about half by seeing us first.

Decidedly the best range of neat Cambric Edges ever shown at 6 and 7c.

We are sure no values offered anywhere at retail can be compared to the splendid line of fine Cambric Edges we are now offering at 10 and 12½c.

Without a doubt, you can secure better values here in Cambric and Nainsook Edges, all over Embroidery, Tucking, Yoking, &c., than you have ever seen.

Gent's Wool Cassimeres, several styles just in for ca by spring wear, in several weights 27 inches wide, 50c.

Coat and Vest, Trouser, and Suit Patterns 40 per cent. below tailors' prices. Trimmings a specialty.

White Goods and Linen Sale!

GREAT LINEN VALUES!

We will place on sale to-morrow an entire new line of STILLER'S FAMOUS UNDRESSED GERMAN LINENS in TABLE DAMASK and NAPKINS—
58 inches wide..... 50c. a yard.
64 inches wide..... 75c. a yard.
68 inches wide..... $1.00 a yard.

NAPKINS to match, $1.50, $1.75, $2.25, and $3.50 per dozen.

Unquestionably the best line of GOOD-WEARING LINENS on the market at popular prices.

25 DOZEN
Fine quality KNOTTED FRINGE DAMASK TOWELS, never sold under 25c. a piece, will go on sale to-morrow
—AT—
20c. each, $2.40 the dozen.

We are noted for the sterling values we give in CHECKED and STRIPED MUSLINS for infants' wear, wrappers, aprons, &c.

All sizes NAINSOOK CHECKS for 5c. yard.

Five styles NAINSOOK CHECKS and ten new styles of SHEER MUSLINS in LARGE PLAIDS, only 8 1-3 and 10c. yard.

A great bargain in very fine SHEER MUSLINS—only 15c. a yard; worth 20c.

Beautiful DIMITIES, only 12 1-2c.

Fine CAMBRIC, only 10c.

Fine ENGLISH NAINSOOK, only 16c.

Muslin Underwear Sale!

Cambric Corset Covers, square neck, back and front, finished with rows of very fine tucks and dainty Hamburg edge, pearl buttons, lock-stitched seams: wont rip. 50c.

A score of other bargains at this price.

A tastily made Gown, finished in 2-inch hand-made Linen Torchon Lace and Insertion rows of tuck on either side, lace plaited around neck, sleeves likewise. $1.00.

Ladies' Pants, neatly tucked and finished in beautiful 3-inch embroidery. One of the neatest and prettiest garments on sale here. Ask to see this "special"; 25 other bargains at this price. $1.00.

We have as fine a Glove as can be bought anywhere at $1.00.

Such brands as the celebrated "P. A. P." and the Foster, Paul & Co.'s make. A great drive this week in those beautiful shades of Red and Tan, large buttons.

Beautifully finished "Home Made" Brand Skirts, rows of tucks, &c., finished with lock-stitch seams, and a beautiful Night Dress, V neck; neck, yoke, and sleeves finished in fine Hamburg edge and insertion. 75c.

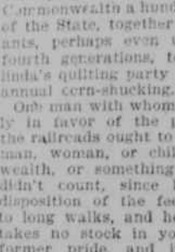
Finest quality Cambric Corset Covers, perfect fitting, seams all covered with beading, square neck, back and front; the trimmings are of fine quality Hamburg 18-inch embroidery, arm bands, finished with narrower edge, pearl buttons and seams that won't rip. $1.00.

A very great bargain in a single made Skirt, finished with two rows of fine tucks and 4-inch finest Hand-Made Linen Lace. This is a great bargain indeed. Ask for No. 410 and you will be pleased. $1.25.

IT'S FOR YOU! We mark down every pair of these exquisite Tambour Curtains this week. Special prices on odd pairs of Lace Curtains.

Broad, between 5th and 6th streets. MILLER & RHOADS. The Lowest Prices on Dry Goods, &c.

Your Uncle Fuller's Diary.



I HAVE talked with some prominent citizens about the recent action of the House of Delegates on the question of whether or not the railroad companies ought to haul free of charge State officers. With one exception, they all agreed with me that the authorities ought to pay their fares or walk. This is a generation of free lunches, free medical remedies, free advertisements, free speech, and it may be, free tariff; but the dignity of Virginia's official representatives, I was told, would be greatly reduced should they adopt the dead-head or dead-beat policy, and make the railroads haul them hither, thither, and yonder, just for the honor of the thing, as it were. "It might be a feather in the advertising cap of the general passenger agent to secure this kind of patronage," said an acquaintance of mine, "but most of the railroad companies already have an ample sufficiency of such traffic, and there's no money in it. Since railroads were not constructed for the purpose of hanging out flaming notices on the coaches to the effect that 'This car contains the physique of State Senator Dumsquizzle, from Pumpkintown,' and while the various companies no doubt appreciate the fact that Delegate Uzzlephonta made a ringing speech in behalf of granting the right to establish a cross-road sign at Juniper Station, there still remains a question in the minds of the railroad officials whether or not any material advantage could be derived from continually carrying back and forth across the Commonwealth a hundred or more officers of the State, together with their descendants, perhaps even unto the third and fourth generations, to attend Aunt Malinda's quilting party or Uncle Ephriam's annual corn-shucking."

One man with whom I talked was greatly in favor of the passes. He thought the railroads ought to issue them to every man, woman, or child in the Commonwealth, or something like that. But he didn't count, since his well-known indisposition of the feet is not conducive to long walks, and he, naturally enough takes no stock in your true Virginian's former pride, and inborn tendency to shrink from anything suggestive of humiliation or compromise.

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If there ever was a picture of happiness it is a pretty, vivacious, young girl for the first time wearing her dazzling solitaire engagement ring. Why, she bubbles over with happiness, makes friends with everybody, and forthwith ceases to utter disparaging insinuations about her contemporary across the street, who is less fortunate—at least in her estimation—than herself. I venture to say there are more engaged girls in Richmond to-day than for ten years past. Why, "the woods are full o' them," to use an antediluvian phrase, and you cant board a trolley-car going east, when there's anything worth seeing at the play-houses, without having your attention snatched to the left third finger of a blossoming young debutante—old ones, too, for that matter. I saw seven members of the weaker sex yesterday, who wouldn't have a "cinch" on the blue ribbon at a beauty fair, all wearing solitaires. A fellow-sexegenarian remarked that he thought I was too old to notice such things; but I always look for causes when I see effects, and I've pondered over this revival of romance no little. 'Twas clear enough that there was some reason for it. Men don't grow sentimental during these hard times for nothing.

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Peeping in at a jewelry auction a day or two since I was almost in the act of crying "Eureka!" when half a dozen or more young men purchased diamond rings at figures half the original price. Some of them looked a trifle cheap, and a subdued expression crept over their physiognomies when the auctioneer announced the low figure at which the jewels were "knocked down." There was no question in my mind that each one of the purchasers had a bright-eyed Venus somewhere.

Between you and me, there have been a number of these jewelry auctions in Richmond during the financial pinch, and if they go on, why every prepossessing maiden in the city and suburbs will be considering the question of adorning her lily-white hand. It's bad enough on the bachelors already. Goodness only knows where it will terminate if the present conditions prevail much louger.

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People say Richmond is a very moral city. They are right. I do not pretend to say that there's no devilment going on in Richmond. No, not for a moment, you can't get a hundred thousand saints together these days. There'll always be some who deem it an enviable accomplishment to color up their records with small original sins. When one takes into consideration the number of churches in this city, however, the high standard of moral tone to be found among the public officials and the police, the comparative absence of heavy crime and the like, he can't very well close his eyes to the fact that Richmond is, perhaps, the most moral city of its size in the country. Why, only a few weeks since, Frank Wonso, the Indian pugilist, made an effort to have a sort of set-to in Richmond. At once there was a vigorous protest against the affair, and the authorities took a determined stand in opposition to it. Wonsgo, however, did the pugilistic act in Norfolk with comparatively no opposition at the time, and city authorities witnessed the affair. But the unusual high tone of morality in this city seems to be a sort of cordial invitation to fakirs generally. Of late every type of the crooked individual has operated here. 'Twould seem strange that so many citizens bite at the tempting little morsels offered by the fakirs; but, after all, it's a good sign, for people who always suspect are usually more apt to be a little "shady" than those who are inclined to trust their fellow-men.

YOUR UNCLE FULLER.

Scylla and Charybdis.

The whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis are situated in the strait of Messina, between Sicily and Italian Apulia, and although dangerous to the mariner of the ancient world are not very formidable in the present day. The whirlpool of Scylla lies at the base of the cliffs on which stands the village of Scylla. The circling waters have worn the cliffs into caves, which in heavy seas emit sounds like the barking of a dog. Charybdis is near the port of Messina, nine sea miles from Scylla, and, according to Signor Spallanzani, is 500 feet deep. The old danger in sailing between them has recently been explained by M. Keller, an engineer, who shows that the currents in the strait depend both on tide and wind. The currents are strong because the tide is low in the Ionian sea when it is high in the Tyrrhenian sea, and vice versa, and whirlpools more or less energetic are formed at various points of the strait.

When the wind is from the southeast, the waters pour from the Ionian sea into the strait and form whirlpools north of the port of Messina, and also near Faro, where ships at anchor are sometimes carried out to sea and borne by the current on the rock of Calabria, toward the point of Pezzo, a little farther off than Scylla. It is probable therefore that the ancients meant by Charybdis the casual whirlpools near the port of Messina, and by Scylla those at Point Pezzo. Between these two points the currents are extremely rapid, strong, and variable. The danger is really serious for sailing vessels, which were all the ancients had, and an inexperienced pilot might in avoiding Charybdis find himself in Scylla.—London Globe.

Sorry He Kicked the Cat.

A remarkable case of hair turning gray in one night is that of James Cannavan, a young school teacher, living south of Birdseye, Ind. Mr. Cannavan's explanation requires more than average credulity in the supernatural to believe; the gray hair shows for itself. Cannavan avers that while he and a companion, William Flaherty, were passing through a neighborhood called Sodom, en route home from a dance night before last, says the St. Louis Republic, they were met several times by a large black cat, which persisted each time in passing so close to him as to rub his leg. He grey angry at last and expressed his mind very rudely, but Flaherty pleaded mockingly for the cat, saying jocosely: "You don't know but you shall be a cat in the next life." Scarcely had these words been uttered when the cat repassed and rubbed him again, and without more ado he kicked it high in the air.

The young men proceeded toward their parting place, from which each had more than a mile to travel homeward. When Flaherty was half way home he met Cannavan, who exclaimed: "Hello! Where are you going?"

"I'm going home," said Flaherty. "What in thunder are you doing here?"

On comparing notes Cannavan found his error, and instead of accepting an invitation to go home with his friend started homeward, only to be lost again and meet his comrade once more. This time he admitted being bewildered and requested his friend to accompany him to the place where they first parted, which Flaherty did. When this point was reached they stood a minute to speak.

The cat appeared again! They began to inwardly curse the cat, each reading the other's thoughts in their silence. At this moment voices were heard overhead near by.

The first voice was: "Oh, the blood!"

The second: "The earth is deluged!"

The third: "Woe! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!"

"That last voice," said Flaherty, "is Threena Una na Cardle's voice! That is the banshee that follows our family, and is never heard except preceding the death of some member."

The couple now became thoroughly frightered, and Cannavan readily accepted his companion's invitation to go home with him. Nor was