AS ENGLISHMEN SEE US.

SOME ERRONEOUS IMPRESSIONS OF THINGS AMERICAN.

The Britain Who Has not Visited Us Got His Ideas of America From Mark Twain and Bret Harte.

SURRY, ENG., May 4.—A friend, writing from Richmond, says: "Things run on very much the same as over here. Financial matters are no better, and we are in a bad fix. What the end will be no one seems to know." This is, indeed, gloomy. Perhaps all hands will give up fighting cruel fate, as a bad job. Form a battalion in front of the Lee monument. Then, headed by the leading financiers of the town, clothed in sack-cloth and ashes, and preceded by the band, playing the "Dead March," from Saul, sadly meander out to the poor-house!

But the writer is inclined to take, if not a happier, at least a less gloomy view of the situation. Bird's-eye views are generally more comprehensive and accurate than the glance of the surroundings which those obtain who have a place to picture. Thus, the United States, lying three thousand miles away, form a bird's-eye view for those in London.

Now the financial editors of the papers here are sometimes asked, by their subscribers questions such as these: I have fifty shares in an American railroad, bought at par, now 45, shall I sell?—Anxious.

The answer invariably is: "No, hold on. You may get out, or even better, if you wait."

But, as a broad rule, to which, of course, there may be exceptions, Englishmen in England, at least, are not inclined to say much in favor of Americans, or things American, unless they are compelled to. So when such by no means unprejudiced critics, men of ability in their subject, can discern a gleam of hope where the American brother sees only unbroken darkness, it is a safe inference that said gleam is really there. Let us hope then that the orient speck will spread like the dawn. That sunlight will come again, and that we will all eventually, not only "get out," but do "even better."

Now, very likely some reader takes offence at the statement that English people are not inclined to be partial in their speech concerning things American. Then, we often hear of our being of the same blood and speech; of the mutual veneration of the British lion and American eagle for each other; of the admiration which the representatives of the two countries have for each other—at dinner parties, late in the evening. But appearances are oft-times deceitful. Let any son of the Star-Spangled-Banner people come over here, and abide long enough to investigate the matter. Then said Star-Spangled Banner person will very likely have to admit that the supposed feeling of brotherly love, on the part of the Anglican, is of the nature of what is called an empty dream. Of course, there are exceptions to this state of feeling on the subject. Some have visited the "States." Others have read with the object of informing themselves. Then, Dean Hole, who recently went over on a lecturing tour, returned with 500 pounds for restoring his cathedral at Rochester, and much impressed by the magnitude of the country and the pleasant way in which he had been received. But the great mass of the nation has formed its opinion of the people of the United States in quite another way. What is that way?

MARK TWAIN AND BRET HARTE.

The answer to the question is best begun by asking another. What two American authors have been most widely read in England? In the writer's opinion, Mark Twain and Bret Harte. These two are, to a great extent, responsible for the way in which people over here picture to themselves people over there. And this is the way that it comes about: The Englishman at home can hardly be considered an example of a man carried away by a keen sense of the ridiculous. On the contrary, he takes everything very much in earnest. You may not have thought so, but the appreciation of the ridiculous is very keen in the German at home. I have always considered the German comic weekly, "Fliegende Blatter," the most amusing paper of the kind published. But in what contrast, at least, to an American, is the English pictorial exponent of the ludicrous, Punch. Why, sometimes you can read it through from end to end, and feel quite as much amused and inclined to laugh as if you had been perusing an account of a recent cremation. But, to return, many English readers think that these characters are types of those in the flesh, with which America is populated. So, to put it mildly, a country must present to them indeed, an odd aspect, whose inhabitants are tinged with the characteristics of men and women who have stepped from the pages of Mark Twain!

Another basis which they have for their very flattering opinion is the "Coal-Oil Johnny," who used to come over. A man had been digging potatoes all his life. One fine day he found an oil well in his back-yard. Sold it for a big pile. Then came leisure and time to meditate. He felt his lack of refinement and education. He had money now. Why couldn't he acquire these things as well as anything else? He decides it by going and buying a broadcloth suit, a silk hat, and ticket for Europe. Not knowing the "furrin" language, he confines himself to London, where he can talk. He proclaims himself an "Amerikin" from one end of that metropolis to the other. Throws away his money, and makes a fool of himself generally. Then the Britisher, who cannot help seeing the sight thrust under his nose, recalls Puck's opinion of mortals, in general, and, judging the one he sees a representative of the American portion, murmurs: "What fools these Yankees be."

These are a few of the ways in which the English have derived their opinion of Americans. But very likely you think it overdrawn. The Englishmen you have known, about Richmond, weren't a bit like that. "They thought such a lot of us." Oh, what a jolly fellow he was; that Englishman you met going over on the steamer. But these are hardly sufficient experiences on which to base an accurate judgment.

SAY AMERICANS ARE VULGAR.

To close this topic on the English opinion of Americans, let a quotation be inserted from a letter that appeared in the London Standard last week. One correspondent had said that the English people failed to travel for pleasure in Ireland. That the only people that did visit those regions were rich Americans. Another Englishman, criticising the statement, sarcastically remarked, in his letter: "It is to be hoped that the influx of rich Americans may do Ireland good. May the day be far distant when the still unvulgarized and wilder parts of Italy and Switzerland are thus vulgarized."

That's rather strong. Still, I have no doubt that the majority of the readers of the Standard that morning uttered, as they perused the above prayer, a fervent amen.

To turn to another subject, one feels, at the present moment, like asking, who will rise up as a second Martin Luther, and when will a new reformation begin? At the time of the first, the Church of England, at the cost of life and suffering, shook off the dominion and practice of the Church of Rome. But now great numbers of her priests and people are striving again to place themselves under her protection, and eager to be one with her in dogma and doctrine. That's the way of the world, though. A certain affair is in an evil state. It is reformed, and put into that condition which according to righteousness, it ought to be. After that, its career is ever onward and upward in righteousness, is it? Not necessarily. It is said that from the moment we are born we begin to die. So, oftimes, from the very moment an evil affair is set on the road to better things, it begins, though we may not clearly see it, to degenerate to what it was before.

Now the writer makes no excuse for putting this subject into a news-letter, for it is a topic of the day, talked about by all. Still, it might be lacking in general interest were a detailed account given. Only let it be said that there is now a powerful body in the Church of England, comprising the majority of the bishops, and some seven thousand clergymen, who are avowed supporters of the "Romeward movement." "The teaching of these men is, in many particulars, in direct opposition to the Prayer Book and 'The Thirty-nine Articles of Religion.'" The current sets Romeward with increasing speed, bearing with it the ship. How it will end, no one seems to know. In a word, as one competent to speak has said: "In the present day the Church of England occupies a more perilous position than of any period of her existence."

IMPORT A NOBLEMAN.

So the White Sulphur Springs are soon to be opened again! That's right! There are few more pleasant places to spend the summer. But, in order to draw and hold the crowds, these springs must be managed by those who know how to keep them up with the times. If this is done, there is no place in the mountains of the Virginias that can successfully rival them. But it must be remembered that people cannot sit about all day, and talk love and nonsense. There must be other diversions. The usually miserable roads should be put in good order for driving. Towers might be erected on some of the hills, where the views are good, with pleasant paths leading to them through the woods. This is what makes the forests and hills so charming in Germany. Footpaths, innumerable, carefully tended, all of which lead somewhere. To a tower; to a summer house, or to a pleasant little rustic restaurant, where it is pleasant, to sit down after the walk, and enjoy good and simple refreshments at a moderate price. The White is very lacking in all these sort of things, and the management would find it, in the end, profitable, were they to devote some thought to the subject.

There is a reason why the youth and beauty of the South leave the White so much more to itself, than in former years. Because the young ladies, who regard the summer not only as a time of pleasure, but business also, find, it is said, that the eligible young man is more to be found at the northern watering places. Now it is well known that the American article stands no chance when brought in competition with the nobility from abroad. Ha! therein lies a charm that will turn the tide of love's young dream from Bar Harbor, Narraganset Pier, Atlantic City, and the rest of them, back to the White of fifteen years ago. Let the new management send over, and engage for the season, a specimen from the nobility of each country. That would be difficult; they are not so rare over here as some people think. Get a duke from England, a count from France, a prince from Italy. Ship them over, and turn them loose at the White. Let the manager quickly whisper—telling the person to whom it is whispered not to tell—that each of these noblemen has a castle in the midst of a park, and money, no end of it. However, each having read a story of Mark Twain's, and become enamored with a female character therein, each has, in consequence decided to come over, and offer castle, heart and ducats, to an American girl. Thereupon, adieu Bar Harbor! Glide romantic and fascinating Atlantic City into forgetfulness! But the White Sulphur Springs, from the front gate to Lover's Leap, will swarm with every type of budding loveliness, eager and anxious to possess the castle, park, and heart, of one of these genuine nobility from abroad.

SX.

Old-Time Amusements.

It seems that games and sports had their beginning as well as other things. It happened, one day, that a king, whose name I have forgotten, found out that by hitting a ball with a stick he could make it go farther and straighter than by striking it with his hand or foot. At least the London boys, who use sticks in driving a ball about, broke off parts of a branch or tree that happened to be handy, when they were playing near the woods; but after a time they took more trouble to prepare a stick or club for their games. There were two kinds of sticks which were used by the Normans and perhaps by the Saxons in ball games.

I remember seeing in the Royal Academy in London two pictures showing persons playing at club ball in the thirteenth century. The club they used was short and stout, and there seems to have been several ways of playing the game. One picture represents a boy holding both the club and the ball. He is evidently going to strike it, and another boy stands a little way off to catch it. In the other picture a girl is about to throw the ball to a man. Around these are several more players ready to catch or stop the ball. Some say this club ball was the beginning of cricket; but others say it came from bandy ball. In the time of George I. the cricket bat was not straight, but curved a little. The old cricket had the face smooth, while our cricket is rounded; also the old cricket had the face smooth, while the modern bat is rounded. As to length the cricket bat is nearer the club than the crooked stick or bandy, which was often three or four feet long.

The Romans played at a game having a ball stuffed with feathers, and was something like that of bandy-ball. It is very likely they taught it to the Britons and Saxons. It was a game which the Londoners liked when they had large fields and commons not far from the town, for in this game it is necessary that the players should have plenty of room. In the reign of Edward the Third the game of bandy-ball was called cambuc, from a Latin word which meant the bishop's crosier or staff. They thought the bandy was not unlike the bishop's staff in shape. No one can tell to a certainty how the old game of bandy was played, but it is thought they put up two goals a good way from each other, and the players had each one a bandy. They were divided into two parties and each party tried to drive the ball toward its own goal and away from the others, and so the game went on until one or the other was successful. Another old author tells us that the game of bandy-ball was played sometimes much in the way that hurling was, only that the players had no sticks; it was all catching and throwing. But the bandy players, like the hurlers, chased the ball over hills, hedges and ditches. The game of goff, or golf, is a kind of bandy which we do not read about until the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The son of James the First, the much-loved Prince Henry, was very fond of this game. The golf club was like the bandy, only it had a piece of horn at the bottom. The young nobles of the seventeenth century spent much of their leisure at golf, at which two or four played together. Holes were made in the ground, and he who sent the ball into every hole with the fewest strokes was the winner.—Playmate, in Mail and Express.

Whisky in Khama's Country.

King Khama of the Bamangwatos, South Africa, has long been known for his antipathy to liquor dealers. Perhaps there is no other country where liquor is so rigorously excluded. Khama makes all his own laws, and he endeavors to have the punishment fit the crime; and as the drink habit, in his opinion, is a crime little less heinous than murder, it goes hard with the unfortunate subject who is seen to be unsteady on his legs or is caught with a surreptitious whiskey bottle. Of late years, however, the king has been having a great deal of trouble with the white men who flock into his country, and insist that interference with their potations is an infringement of their rights.

A short time ago Khama, who is getting well along in life, paid a visit to Cape Town and made his first acquaintance with a railroad, a steamship, the sea, and other wonderful things. While in the capital he received a deputation from the various temperance societies, and to these kindred spirits he poured out his grievances. His language shows that he does not approve of all features of the "higher civilization."

"I rejoice greatly in your words, my friends. I have no difficulty in keeping liquor from my own people, but my difficulty is that the white people will have liquor, and I do not know how I am to succeed in carrying out the law. I have been almost in despair on the subject on account of this; but, so far as my own people are concerned, I never will give in. I began when I was quite a boy, and determined that I would have nothing to do with liquor; and one of my indunas present, who is an older man than myself, is one of those who have supported me in this matter; and I have others who are faithful to me, and who are doing their very utmost to assist me in the entire prohibition of liquor in our country. The one difficulty is that we have white people there who have another government, and I cannot control them. I feel that I shall go back much stronger, and greatly cheered and comforted by your words."

Trying for the Wheel.

The handsome Prince wheel to be given by the ladies to the boy or girl who brings the largest number of cash orders for the Woman's Edition of The Times is creating quite a flutter among the young people, and the town is being thoroughly canvassed. Any one who wants a fine wheel must work, and work hard. The orders will be received as late as 10 P. M. Wednesday evening, May 29th. One of the ladies is at The Times office from 5 to 6 every afternoon to answer questions. The addresses must be brought in, in every instance, with the money, and the papers will be mailed to all orders in and out of the city.

Goethe pays several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother.

HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

TROTTERS IN TRAINING AT THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS TRACK.

Mr. Kline Will Train and Drive William Penn—Notes From Reidsville and Other Places—Mr. Fairfax's Sale.

The Exposition grounds present rather a deserted appearance since the recent race meeting of the Richmond Riding and Driving Association. Joseph Staton is at Baltimore with S. B. Nelson's string, and C. A. Pusey is there also with Bay Wilkes and other horses owned by James C. Smith. Both Messrs. Nelson and Smith had entries at the Pimlico meeting last week.

Little Betz, 2:23 1-4, that Pusey has been working for speed this season, has been turned out and is enjoying the freedom of the inner field of the track. She has shown that she has all of her former bursts of speed, and will be taken up later and worked again. Pat Arnold has quarters on the grounds and is driving and breaking some colts, among them a two-year old black filly by Phalanx, son of Phallas, that he thinks is very promising and a yearling colt by Phalanx, dam by Hampton. W. G. Bryan, who has charge of the track, has fifteen head in his stable, and the majority of them are being worked for speed. One of the handsomest and most promising members of his string is the bay mare Ruth, four years old, by Aaron Wilkes, dam Naomi, by Col. Jeuffer's imported Arabian Ismael Pasha. Bryan thinks very highly of this mare, and looks for her to make a trotter. She is owned at Laburnum farm, where she was bred. Other members of Bryan's string are the bay pacing gelding Branchwood, 2:25, by Woodburn Hambletonian; Lady Dudley, by Norfolk, dam by Mambrino Dudley; Our Fancy, chestnut mare, by Egwood 2:18 1-2, dam by Motion, brown colt, 2, by Quartermaster; Avis, bay mare, by Syndic, dam by Woodcraft; Halli Anderson, 2:29 1-4, bay mare by Woodburn Hambletonian; Albert C., bay gelding by Clay, son of Walker Morrill, and Gordon Smith, gray colt, by Willis, 2:24 3-4.

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Mr. H. E. Kline, formerly proprietor of the Southern Horse Bazaar here, but who now resides at Phoenixville, Pa., where he has charge of the Phoenix Stock Farm, writes me that he will train and drive William Penn again this season. The brown stallion is now five years old, and Mr. Kline looks for him to beat 2:10 in a race. The son of Santa Claus and Lula M., carries a record of 2:12 1-2, and trotted close to 2:10 several times last season in races. Mr. Kline states that among other members of his string are Pathwood, 2:26 1-4, by Woodnut, Hattie Bell, 2:25 1-4, by Brown Wilkes, and E. C. A., a two-year-old, by Elm City, son of Stamboul, that he thinks well of, eligible to the Kentucky futurity for 1896. Sister Penn, a bay filly three years old, is by Woodnut, 2:16 1-2, out of the dam of William Penn. She is very highly thought of, and is expected to make a sensational performer. Penn has had but two work outs this season, and those were slow miles along in the forties, but he is in first-class condition, and pleases both his owner, Mr. Allhouse, and Mr. Kline.

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Jno. Shillinglaw has added to the list of geldings, the bay colt Firewood, two years old, by King Nutwood, dam Medina, sister to Mogul, 2:19, by Middletown. Firewood is owned at Glenlea Farm.

Mr. George E. Trainum has lost, by death from bowel trouble, a bay suckling filly by Egwood, 2:18 1-2, dam Najy, by Castleman, son of Woodford Mambrino. Najy has been bred back to Egwood.

Mr. Reuben Burton, of this city, has a couple of trotting bred fillies, which he thinks very highly of. They are two-year-olds, and rich bays in color. One of them is by King Nutwood, dam Lady Almont, 2:29 1-4, by Almont, and the other is by Esperanza, son of King Wilkes, dam by Melville Chief. Later on they will be placed in training, and if they do well will be given records and driven double on the road by Mr. Burton.

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The bay filly, Willis Maid, two years old, by Willis, 2:24 3-4, out of Miss Lassiter, dam of Miss Nelson, 2:12 3-4, is in the string of William Bass at Acca Farm, is being trained at the trot, and is doing nicely. Willis Maid is owned jointly by Bass and R. W. Spilman.

The handsome chestnut mare Virgie, by Money Hunter, 2:25 1-4, owned by Guy and Ellington, of this city, has dropped a chestnut colt by Kermes, son of Egwood and Belle, of Richmond, by Daniel Lambert. These gentlemen are driving on the road a pole team made up of the chestnut gelding Wilnut, by Norfolk, and the bay gelding, Temple Boy, by Temple Bar, 2:17 3-4.

Mr. William A. Walker is driving alternately to pole, the bay geldings, Chattering by Chatterton; Harry Komis, by Kokomis, and the gray mare Grunis, by General Wilkes, dam Oxford Lass. The trio are handsome and highly finished, and rigged with the art of which Mr. Walker is a master, they go in grand style.

Mr. John K. Branch is driving, for pleasure purposes, the bay mare Dorothy, by Woodburn Hambletonian, dam Amy by Boone Clay, son of C. M. Clay, Jr., and she can pull a wagon down the road and speed fast. He also owns and drives the big bay mare Wood Bee, by Norfolk, dam by Carlos, that is quite speedy also, and guided by the fine amateur hand of her owner, the daughter of Norfolk, can brush at a merry clip.

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The building of the mile track at Reidsville, N. C., has stimulated interest in the light harness horse and a number of speedy trotters are owned there.

Capt. A. E. Walters uses for road and pleasure purposes the bay gelding Hinder W., by Hinder Wilkes, 2:29 1-2, dam by George Wilkes, while that clever gentleman, Dr. J. C. Walton, who has exerted himself in various ways to elevate the trotting horse and furnish clean sport, uses in his practice and on the road the brown mare May Haley, by Gen. G., 2:28 1-4, dam Mag, by Darkey. Dr. Walton also owns a bay colt two years old, by Esperanza, dam Gazelle, by Melville Chief, and the handsome and highly finished brown filly Sisterina, two years old, by King Nutwood, dam by Windsor.

Mr. J. W. Peay, who trains and drives his own horses, has the bay stallion King Jewell, by King Rene, dam Jewell, dam of Gambetta Wilkes, 2:19 1-4, etc.

Clipper, 2:24 1-4, chestnut gelding, by Melville Chief; Amanda Martin, chestnut mare, by Aparka, dam by Onward, and others.

Mr. H. C. Chamblin, the master of Whitby Farm, reports that the farm stallions, Norfolk, Egwood, 2:18 1-2, and Bourbon Baron, son of Baron Wilkes, 2:18, are all in good condition, and doing nicely. In the number of mares bred to him this season, Norfolk leads, but his two younger stud companions are receiving some well-bred matrons also. Up to date there have been ten foals dropped at the farm, among them a chestnut filly, by Norfolk, dam Admiration, by Mambrino Dudley, 2:19 3-4, second dam Alicia, dam of Bravado, 2:16 1-4; Rintoul and Pottery Girl; chestnut colt by Norfolk, dam Gipsy Wilkes, by Young Jim; chestnut filly, by Norfolk, dam Lilly, by Eureka; bay filly by Egwood, dam Belle of Richmond, by Daniel Lambert, and a bay filly by Bourbon Baron, dam Ruby, by Norfolk, second dam Mira, by Red Wilkes.

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Dr. Thomas M. Sweeney, who graduated with high honors at the Ontario Veterinary College in March last, will locate here and will practice his profession. Dr. Sweeney won the gold medal for best general examination, the first prize for materia medica; second prizes each for chemistry and physiology, making a tie for third prize on anatomy, and captured honors for pathology and morbid anatomy.

Col. Harrison B. Tomlin, the master of Queenfield and Pressley Farms, King William county, has been a breeder of fine harness and saddle horses for more than a generation past, and his fancy for blending blood lines is as strong as of yore.

Among the horses owned by Col. Tomlin now, is My Pride, chestnut filly three years old, of commanding individuality, by Norfolk, dam Winnie Davis, by Bashaw, Jr. Winnie Davis has a bay colt one year old, by Egwood, 2:18 1-2, and she will be bred to Norfolk. Mamie Tomlin, a gray mare nine years old, by Wilful, thoroughbred son of imp. Australian, dam by Orion, brother to Planet, has a chestnut colt one year old by Elysian Abdellah. She will be mated with Robert Ransom, 2:29 3-4, and her full sister Katie Coalter, also a gray and one year older, will be bred to Bashaw, Jr. Methyl, a chestnut mare four years old, by Bashaw, Jr., dam Lucy, by Prince Albert, has range and finish and turned loose in a paddock steps off like a trotter.

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Capt. Orris A. Browne writes me from Cape Charles, Va., that his gray mare, Blanche F., 2:33 1-4, by Walker Morrill, has dropped a chestnut colt by Bursar, brother to Broomal, 2:15, and the mare has been bred back. The colt has been named Bursary. Bursar signifies a treasurer or cash keeper, and Bursary a treasury of a college or monastery.

Capt. Browne also sends me some information concerning the bay stallion Clay, now dead, that sired the gray mare Miss Clay, that took a record of 2:29 1-4 at the Reidsville (N. C.) race meeting in April. He was by Walker Morrill, dam untraced, and was a horse of great individuality with an almost perfect gait at the trot.

Mr. B. W. Ford's Gambetta mare, Miss Kittredge, foaled a bay colt in April by Cedric, the Saxon, and was bred to Young Jim, the sire of her son, the great race stallion, Trevilian, 2:08 1-2. Some of very high-class matrons have been shipped from different States to Mr. Ford's farm at Lexington, Ky., to be bred to Trevilian this season.

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The half-bred hackneys, consigned by Senator Henry Fairfax, Oak Hill Farm, Loudoun county, Va., made a grand showing at the American Horse Exchange on May 13th, and the sale was a great success. The average was nearly $800. Details follow:

Whitlock, ch. g., 1890, by Matchless of Londesboro—Pet, by Conductor; J. G. Barnes, New York City	$1,000
Brenda, ch. f., 1891 (sister to Whitlock); H. G. Riggs, Baltimore	400
Boneta, ch. f., 1891, by Matchless of Londesboro—Rosa, by Conductor, Jr., J. C. Groome, Philadelphia	750
Bandanna, ch. f., 1891, by Matchless of Londesboro—Queen, by imp. Duke of York; G. Drexel, Jr., Philadelphia	1,000
Prince William, ch. g., 1891, by Matchless of Londesboro—Dolly by Prince William; G. Drexel, Jr., Philadelphia	1,200
Marion, ch. g., 1891, by Matchless of Londesboro—dam untraced; O. P. Amend, New York City	400
Cracker, b. g., 1891, by Matchless of Londesboro—dam untraced, E. Kelly, New York City	650
Hawling, b. g., 1891, by Matchless of Londesboro, dam by Henrico; E. Kelly, New York City	825
Balinda, b. f., 1891, by Matchless of Londesboro—Anna, by imp. Bonvalour; J. R. Ronaldson, New York City	250
Lottie, b. f., 1891, by Northern Light—Coblet, by imp. Welsh pony; A. T. Kemp, New York City	500
Hiatoga, b. g., 1890, by Matchless of Londesboro—Toga, by imp. Bonvalour; A. T. Kemp	1,000
Althea, b. m., 1889, by Matchless of Londesboro—Nelly, by Conductor, Jr.; J. C. Groome, Philadelphia	450
Silver Tip, rn. g., 1891, by Matchless of Londesboro—Germantown (trotting mare); J. C. Groome	275
Roger, ch. g., 1891, by Matchless of Londesboro, dam untraced; H. Hathaway, New Bedford, Mass.	750

The outlook for abundant crops at Upper Marlbourne, the home of Mr. Edmund Ruffin, in Hanover county, is most encouraging; brood mares and colts, herds of fat, sleek cattle, and flocks of sheep revel in the rich pasturage.

The estate is one of the most productive in all Hanover, and the yield of corn grown on the low grounds is simply immense.

At present, the master of Upper Marlbourne finds the sale of cattle more remunerative than breeding horses, but the market for the latter is evidently brightening and hereafter a greater number of mares will be bred each season.

The stallion in use at the farm is Abd el Kader, Jr., a rich chestnut in color, by Abd el Kader, thoroughbred son of imported Australian, dam said to be by Senator. This horse is not strictly thoroughbred, but while in the stable of Mr. James R. Branch showed great bursts of speed. He possesses unusual finish and beauty, though he does not lack substance. His colts make fine road and saddle horses, and during two seasons past all of the farm mares have been bred to him. There are over 800 acres of land in Upper Marlbourne, and the soil is susceptible of the highest improvement.

Alderman Geo. Meff. Blake has sold to W. J. Carter the thoroughbred filly Monitress, a gray, two years old, by Heimdal, dam Maid of Airfield, by Aspinwall.

Maj. A. W. Garber has gelded his three-year-old bay colt by Egwood, dam Jenny Lind (dam of Holcombe, 2:26), by King Patchen, and will use him as a road horse.

BROAD ROCK.

THE TIMES' DOCTOR.

The Vegetarian and His Arteries—Cause of Indigestion—Movements.

In his daily study, the doctor came across comments on two very pertinent questions. He reproduces them for the benefit of whom they may concern.

The first is for the vegetarians. Before we go into it, let us have some explanation of terms used. The arteries are the vessels carrying blood from the heart. Atheromatous degeneration is a deposit of chalky matter in the walls of the vessels. The temporal artery is the one seen beating on the temple, and the radial is the one we call the pulse in the wrist.

"Having lived for a long time as a vegetarian, without feeling any better or worse than formerly with mixed food, I made one day the disagreeable discovery that my arteries began to show signs of atheromatous degeneration. Particularly in the temporal and radial arteries this process was unmistakable. Being still under forty, I could not interpret this symptom as a manifestation of old age, and being, furthermore, not addicted to drink, I was utterly unable to explain the matter. Accidentally I came upon the work of a French physician, and read, 'Vegetable food, richer in mineral salts than that of animal origin, introduces more mineral salts into the blood.' Raymond has observed numerous cases of atheroma in a monastery of vegetarian friars, amongst others that of the Prior, a man scarcely thirty-two years old, whose arteries were already considerably indurated. * * * * Having, unfortunately, seen these newest results of medical investigation confirmed by my own case, I have, as a matter of course, returned to a mixed diet. I can no longer consider purely vegetable food as the normal diet of man, but only as a curative method, which is of the greatest service in various morbid states. Some patients may follow this diet for weeks and months, but it is not adapted for everybody's continued use. It is the same as with the starvation cure, which cures some patients, but is not fit to be used continually by the healthy. I have become richer by one experience, which has shown me that a single brutal fact can knock down the most beautiful theoretical structure."

It should have said that this was taken from the writings of an English physician, and that it is not given in full.

ONE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION.

We now go on to our second nota bene. The doctor ran up against a man, so to speak, not long ago, who told him that twelve months ago he weighed two hundred pounds. He began to suffer from dyspepsia; took all the medicines recommended to him by the profession, laity, and newspapers, with no result, except that he lost fifty-six pounds of weight. This man has become a monomaniac. The one topic of conversation is his trouble—what is and what is not good for him to eat. In the course of talk, and he said that he had no doubt his disease arose from bolting his food. Probably this man (I did not examine him) had no real trouble with his digestive apparatus; probably the whole fault lay in the hasty chewing and swallowing of food. Did he have trouble with his teeth? Maybe he did; maybe not; but it is a fact that insufficient mastication is one of the commonest causes of indigestion, and many dyspeptics are drugged with remedies prescribed to overcome some fancied trouble in the stomach when they should be sent to a dentist. Defective mastication may be due to various causes. The teeth may be so decayed as to expose sensitive surfaces, and when food which is at all hard is taken into the mouth, the discomfort, or sometimes the pain, caused their possessor in chewing it, makes the performance of the act incomplete, and the food is swallowed half-masticated; or the eater may be in too great a hurry, and not give time enough to this important act. Whatever the cause, the result is the same, therefore too much attention cannot be given to this process, which is so simple as often to be overlooked.

CHEST AND LUNG DEVELOPMENT.

Last Sunday we promised to give some general movements. They have been offered by Dr. C. P. Lienhart, formerly instructor of the Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York. "Care should be taken not to go through with them directly after a full meal, or after prolonged or violent muscular exercise. At such times they might produce dizziness, or even fainting.

"Movement 1—Stand erect, head thrown back, chin close to chest. Gradually fill lungs as full as possible through nose, at same time raising shoulders up and back above natural position. This should consume ten seconds. Then allow air to escape slowly through nose letting shoulders assume natural position in about ten seconds more.

"Movement 2—Begin as in No. 1. After filling lungs, drop shoulders back and down as far as they will go, holding breath for five seconds. Then exhale, while letting shoulders assume natural position quickly.

"Movement 3—Let arms hang down by sides, and gradually fill lungs as in No. 1, at same time raising arms, extended at sides slowly, until backs of hands touch above head. This should take about ten seconds. Then exhale for ten seconds more, allowing hands to fall slowly down again by sides.

"Movement 4—Begin as in No. 3, and when lungs are filled, and hands touch above head, hold breath and drop arms quickly down at sides. Exhale naturally after five seconds of holding breath. This movement is especially adapted to narrow-chested people, as it will broaden such a chest.

"Movement 5—Fill lungs slowly through nose in about ten seconds, at same time slowly raising arms, extended at full length in front of body until hands are above head and back of it as far as they will go without bending back or knees. Then begin to exhale letting arms fall slowly down again in front, occupying ten seconds.

"Movement 6—Begin as in No. 5, but when lungs are full and hands over head, hold breath for five seconds and drop hands quickly down in front. Then exhale naturally. This movement is particularly adapted to shallow-chested people, as it will surely deepen the chest—that is, lengthen its diameter from front to back.

"Movement 7—Gradually fill lungs to utmost capacity during ten seconds. Then forcibly exhale until all air possible is driven out. Throw shoulders forward at same time. Let the air escape with a loud whistle or hiss, or a long-drawn a-a-a-h."

Each exercise or movement is to be repeated a number of times, and the point to be remarked is that it is increased chest-capacity that is to be sought, though strong chest muscles are also valuable for forced expiration.

The calls for "Diet for Health" still continue. These, combined with the kind words received for the articles on health and hygiene, make the doctor feel that it is not a case of "love's labor lost." Many thanks!

SANITAS.

Caterpillars of the Desert

PALM SPRINGS, April 26.—The Colorado desert has had a visitation this year which it is fervently hoped by the few enterprising people who have started horticultural enterprises in that dreary region will not be repeated. The entire country from the Colorado river to Palm Springs has been infested with caterpillars. They are like the tobacco worm, and there have been millions of these miserable pests devouring every green blade in sight. So sudden is their appearance that the Indians, before they became civilized, thought that they fell from the skies, and ate them.

They attacked the vineyard about one month ago, and it at one time looked as though they would take everything. Killing them by hand was the only effectual way to get rid of them. As many as thirty-seven and forty would be lodged on a single vine. Some vines were stripped in an incredibly short space of time, and it seemed hardly possible that heavy foliaged vines could be so denuded in a few moments. The worms, not content with eating the leaves and the tender shoots, also ate the young fruit, destroying big bunches with machine-like rapidity. The only protection was to have water flowing completely around the entire ranch, so as to keep them from crossing. So voracious is this miserable worm that it crawls up high apricot trees and chews down the tender shoots.

Their appearance in Palm Valley created considerable alarm, as the grape crop is unusually heavy and promises to be very early. These worms have appeared in various vineyards in other parts of the State, but it is much to be doubted whether there has ever before been seen so enormous a stretch of country so completely infested. Will Stoddard, on the overland train, in speaking of them, said: "Every blade of grass around Mammoth Tank has six fighting for its possession."

As early as January Mr. Gilmour was warned by an Indian who was working for him to expect the visitation, but as the man could give no reason his prophecy was scorned. The devastation of the vineyards here would mean a great injury to California.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Gold-Brick Case.

The case of Parker alias Smith, the gold-brick man, will come up for trial in the Henrico County Court to-morrow. It was agreed between Judge Hughes and District-Attorney Lassiter not to interfere with the county authorities in the case.

This decision was reached in the recent conference held between these two gentlemen in this city last week.

WEATHER PREDICTION: To-day will probably be fair.

ANY MINUTE, ANY HOUR, ANY DAY.

Just as long as these goods last, you can buy them at the same prices. Good merchandising consists of selling goods not only at the closest possible prices, but giving you an opportunity of buying them without any undue haste. An "ALL HOURS—SAME PRICE" method of doing business is far more satisfactory, certainly from the customer's point of view, than setting aside two or three special hours of any part of the day—that always means an uncomfortable rush. The restriction of the sale of goods for any specified hour is nothing more than a flimsy pretext to get you in the rush and bewilder you in making some other purchases. Just here is where the "SPECIAL HOUR SALES" house not having any legitimate reason for their reduction, get back the loss incurred on the special hour business. It don't require much bookkeeping knowledge to show you that your loss is far more than your gains—the profit is all on the other side. If you attend these Special Hour Sales with your eyes open, if you don't care for the satisfaction of "your money back for the asking" principle, why go ahead. If there's any satisfaction of knowing that your money is yours until you're satisfied—Why, come here.

Here's an "Any Hour Same Price" condition.

Kai-Kai or Wash Silks for 19c the Yard.

More than 40 pieces, 2,000 yards to select from.

Wash Dress Goods.

This the time when jobbers all over the country become terrified with the fear of carrying this season's goods over—any price is better than that, so "our" price bought one big lot—too big for any one else to dare it.

25c. the yard for an All-Wool Imported Light Fancy Dress Goods.
37½c. for a 75c. quality, in dark and light colors.
29c. the yard for a Shepherd-Plaid Worsted or a Scotch All-Wool Cheviot.

Commencement Dresses.

We haven't forgotten the young folks who're just on the threshold of life—we want their trade in the coming years—so here're some suggestions that'll start them this way.

Silk-Finished Henrietta, 46-inch, for $1 the yard.
Cream Crocodile Crepon, 40-inch, for 50c. the yard.
Cream Imperial Serge, 45-inch, for 50c. the yard.
Cream Crepon Albatross, 40-inch, for 39c. the yard.
Cream Wool-Filled Henrietta, 29c. the yard.
Cream Cotton Cashmere, in pinks and light blues.
Silk-Warp Lansdowne, in cream, light blue, pink and lilac, for $1 the yard.
Cream and White Habutai China Silk, 28-inch, 50c. the yard; 21-inch, 29c. the yard; 20-inch, 25c. the yard; yard-wide, 69c. the yard.
Silk Crepe de Chine, $1 the yard.
Cream Satin-Figured China Silk, 69c. the yard.
Cream Moire, 75c. the yard.
White French Organdie, from 30c. to $1 the yard, every kind is something even more than a dollar for dollar value.
We will make a special sale just for the sake of Richmond's prospective graduates of all our French Batiste and Dotted and Figured Swisses.

A Lace Store Here.

Here's a lot that have arrived just in the nick of time for the graduates. Arranged for their convenience, we're bound to get them here.

Venice,
Point d'Ireland,
Silk Chantilly,
Point d'Gaze,
Point Gene,
Edelweiss,
Breton,
Trou Trou,
Imitation Duchesse.

Table No. 1—$1.50 quality for 75c. the yard.
Table No. 2—100 pieces, originally sold for $1 and $1.25 the yard, now 50c. the yard.
Table No. 3—A full half-dollar quality for 25c. the yard.

Wash Goods.

We have the biggest assortment in town—have to keep it—we have the biggest trade in town and its values like these that turned the tide this way.

Matsuma Stripes, 20c. quality, every pattern, 15c. the yard.
Real Galatea Cloth for 8c. the yard!
Imported Scotch Ginghams, gray, woven figures on white ground, 12½c. the yard.
Imported and Embroidered Ginghams, in pink, blue, white, corns and greens, for 17c. the yard.
1,000 pieces Figured, Striped and Solid Colors Hucks and P. K., 12½c. the yard.
Indigo-Blue "American" Organdies, in navy and Napoleon blue, rings, dots, figures and stripes, 32 inches wide, 10c. the yard.
The sheerest of Dimity Organdie Patterns—lavender, green, pink, lilac, corn, black, white, pea-green, corn and blue and shell pink, 25c. the yard.

Children's Parasols.

Three special prices that don't make this childish pleasure any luxury.

Dainty English Cambric and Duck Parasols, 25c.
A 14-inch Brocade Satin Parasol, 50c.
Silk Crepe Parasol, with double ruffle, $1.25.

A Jewelry Store Here.

That shows the masterly touch of good merchandising. Nothing so cheap that it looks so.

Solid Silver Lee Monument Spoon, $1.
Sterling Silver Heart Pins, 25c.
Enamel Sterling Silver Shirt Waist Studs, 50c. the set.
500 Novelties in Horn Hair Ornaments.

Baby Carriages.

This Baby Carriage business of ours isn't as good as it should be so we're going to sell them for one-fourth off the catalogue price until we get the Baby Carriage business of the town. Maybe that'll be a year—maybe a month—who can tell, so hurry along.

A $25.50 Whitney Baby Carriage for $25.
A $42.25 Whitney Baby Carriage for $29.
A $21 Whitney Baby Carriage for $20.
A $30 Whitney Baby Carriage for $19.50.

Boys' Clothing.

My! How fast they go. The big sales of last week left a lot of broken-lot suits in its wake. Big lot coming in next week. These must be cleared out. Here're the prices that'll do it—prices that dont show much thinking about profits.

Little Boys' 3, 4, and 5-year fine All-Wool Cloth Junior Suits, with silk embroidery on coats and pants, making very stylish suits, to be worn with or without Fauntleroy blouses. This week at $2 the suit. We'd like you compare with $4 suits.
57 Knee Pants Suits on the odd-lot table; not all sizes of any one pattern, but all sizes among the different patterns—
$6 Suits for $4.
$5.50 Suits for $3.50.
$4.50 Suits for $3.
$3 Suits for $2.
Sailor Blouse Suits, of fine tan and gray, all-wool Scotch mixtures, braided collars and shields; being the last of our great $3.50 lot—one 3, one 4, two 6, and four 7-year sizes—to be closed out for $1.79 a suit.
Four Napoleon, Blue, Brocade Cloth Sailor Blouse Suits, were $5, sizes left, to be cleared out at $3 each.
27 Ladies' Leather Belts, 25c., 50c., and 75c. kinds, all to be cleared out at 19c. each.

Mattings.

Our Window Matting display is setting this Matting business of ours a-jumping. We're glad there's some other window Matting displays along Broad—gives you a chance to SEE how really good ours is. Every piece, the best in its class. Measure us by these.

Seamless Linen-Warp, best made, new designs, for 20c. the yard.
Extra-Heavy Seamless Damask Matting, 25c. the yard.

Generalities of Good Things.

If your thoughts just now are turned towards Carpets, Rugs, Quilts or Hammock, you'll find suggestions here that'll make you wonder, make you ponder on their cheapness.

Seamless Linen-Warp Matting, best made and in latest designs, for 20c. the yard.
Extra-Heavy Seamless Damask Mattings for 25c. the yard.
Any Tapestry Brussels Carpet in the house for 50c. the yard.
Hearth-size Smyrna Rugs for $1.99.
Japanese Rugs, 1 by 2 yards, for $1.
Real Marseilles Quilts, a two-dollar quality, for $1.29; a three-fifty quality for $2.50; a seven-dollar quality for $4.50.
Lace Curtains, Nottingham lace, 3 yards long, double border, 29c. the pair. Three qualities of $2, $2.25 and $2.50 Curtains, odd lot, bunched for $1.19 the pair.
A Porch Cushion, large size, for 5c.
Moquette Axminster, 13.9 by 10.9; made to order for $42. Error in filling the ordered size, so it's TWENTY DOLLARS.
Brush Mats, wear like the dollar kind, 50c.
Hammocks, any price, any kind, any size. Some less than half a dollar.

A Window of Shoes.

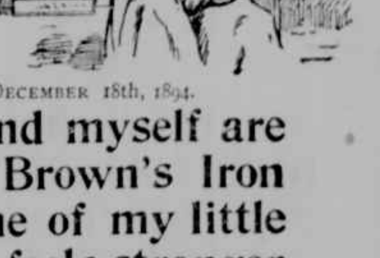
Have you grasped this same rough condition of "Better Shoes for same money and same Shoes for less money "than so-called Shoe dealers."

Strap Sandals $1 to $2 the pair.
Oxford Ties, in tan or black, any style toes, all widths, $1 to $3 the pair.
Infants' Keystone Shoes, 50c. the pair.

Meyer's
Meyer's
Meyer's

AS A GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE.

Brown's Iron Bitters is safe and reliable for old and young. It's wonderfully strengthening.



DECEMBER 18th, 1894.

My wife, two little girls and myself are taking our fourth bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters. It has benefited one of my little girls very much; my wife too feels stronger since taking it, and my digestion is much improved.

CHAS. E. BONDURANT, Jacksonville, Ala.

Brown's Iron Bitters will cure Bad Blood, Kidney and Liver Troubles. Wonderful for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Female Weakness and Malaria.

"It's Brown's Iron Bitters you need!"

For overworked men—debilitated women—puny children.