

HYGEIA HOTEL, OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.



SUMMER RATES LOWER THAN EVER.

You all know where and what it is, but you do not know that you can sojourn there this summer and enjoy its manifold comforts and attractions at less expense than ever before.

Beginning June 1st, the rates for the summer will be reduced as follows: Single rooms, \$2.50 per day, \$15 per week, \$50 per month (28 days), and upwards; double rooms, two persons, \$5 per day, \$28 per week, \$100 per month, and upwards. Servants (occupying servants' rooms) and children under 12, rooming with parents and taking meals in children's dining-room, half rates. In main dining-room the rates are \$2 per day, \$12.50 per week, and \$42 per month for children.

The table service and appointments generally will be maintained at the usual high standard of excellence which has characterized the hotel for years.

SPECIAL RATES WILL ALSO BE MADE FOR ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATHS.

REMEMBER, THE HYGEIA IS THE ONLY HOTEL AT THE POINT WHICH PROVIDES FACILITIES FOR SURF BATHING.

The Bathing Beach is Immediately in Front of the Hotel.

The Sleeping Rooms are of good size, well ventilated, and delightfully situated.

The Plumbing is New and Sanitary,

and the drainage, being handled by the new government sewer system, and under the inspection of the sanitary officer of the post, is as perfect as modern science can make it.

Castalia Spring Water, one of the purest waters known, is supplied guests at table without charge.

Numerous Naval Vessels, which are expected to rendezvous in Hampton Roads during the summer, and the large number of officers attached to the volunteer military companies in camp at the Point, give promise of an unusually gay summer.

DO NOT FEAR THE SPANIARDS.

They will not trouble you at Old Point. But come and enjoy the health-giving air and the exhilarating ocean breezes, instead of remaining at home magnifying the seriousness of the situation and worrying over idle fears and needless apprehensions. We will insure you against harm if necessary.

F. N. PIKE, Lessee.

ECHOES FROM AFTON.

First of June, and a very old saying.

Cleanliness, and how it is made a burden—Mania for dusting—the appointments of a Model Room—Notes.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.) AFTON, VA., June 3.—If cleanliness is akin to godliness, then never are we as near Heaven as when the first day of June finds us speck and span, all tied up in doors and out, for another twelve months. So clean and fresh and new is everything that one's self-glory at the amount of work accomplished destroys that true humility befitting the righteous man or woman.

June, as we know, is the month of roses—of red, red roses. It is also the month of whitewashed fences and blue, blue skies. I was thinking, only this morning, as I looked around on this wide variation of red, white, and blue, that the season was really imbued with patriotism, if we were not, and that the national colors were flaunting in these ridges where neither sound of drum nor recruiting officer nor any other sign of dreadful war has yet been known.

In fact, I may almost say, that, except in these broader tints of the outer world, "the war" is not popular. The average mountaineer will do his duty—and do it bravely—when called upon, but as a general thing, he does not love to change his plowshare for a sword.

But we are cleanest, if not patriotic, and just as goodly as we shall ever be until we reach that beautiful state in which, with harp in hand and a blue scarf upon our otherwise undraped figure—as artists love to picture us—we sit unprotected upon the ragged edge of some far-off mountain peak, I say, unprotected, because I have never yet found out what artists think becomes of the angels when it rains. Perhaps, as in the case of some of our "Four ere belle" fans, our "we must suffer to be beautiful."

There are other sufferers. Did you ever know of people who actually hurt, they were so immaculately clean? "Women," you know, are very wilful creatures, who will dust the chair for some casual caller and absorb the dirt, if any, upon their sacred aprons? Or, who frantically scrub the hearth with the ashes, however sooty, flying in angry protest about one's devoted head?

I have. Right here there is a similarity between the angels and myself, in that our visits are each few and far between.

MAKE IT A BURDEN. So many women make a burden of their cleanliness that the virtues of it is quite overshadowed. When they go into regular housecleaning they bombard the whole premises at once. Who does not remember Mr. Caudle's mild complaint against his wife's semi-monthly wash-days? and that good woman's tart reply: "No, Mr. Caudle, the house is not tossed about in water as if it was Noah's ark! You ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk about wash-days! It is the taste of soap suds, and I ought not to have been born a marmalade, either, that I might always have been in water! A marmalade, indeed!"

There is too much truth in this bit of fiction. As the heated season approaches there is, and has ever been, a tendency toward overwork. Not necessarily only for the people who labor all day and every day, but for those who, in other classes who willfully sacrifice their sense of duty beyond their bodily or mental strength.

These spendthrifts of physical power pay dearly later on for their extravagance; for Nature, so gentle, so soothing, so ready to uphold and to heal, while there are forces left by which she may restore and repair, is yet an inexorable debtor. The number of people who are just at that point of physical exhaustion now in the early summer-time is too many to be counted.

Happily, there are some exceptions. I know a dear little woman whose burdens of life would be too many had she not the happy faculty of making them less. She is the one woman I know who never "cleans house." She keeps clean. Cans, fruit jars, cellar-bins are cleaned as emptied, and stay so. An able-bodied man comes once a year for the carpets, and the housewife, at a time, are quietly arranged by her own weak hands.

MOVED TO SPEAK. It was my privilege, a few weeks ago, to make a visit to this friend and her guest-chamber. Mine, for the while, was so freshly and simply appointed that I am moved to speak of it.

The room was in blue and white. The bed, of course, was comfortably furnished with springs, thick hair mattress, and big, soft pillows. Snowy sheets and pillowcases, which were set fragrant with the lavender stalks and rose-leaves of the linen-chest, and a great white blanket and shell-knit spread finished its belongings.

There was a marble-topped wash-stand, with an old-fashioned deep-blue-and-white-china toilet service—that one sees now with fancy china collections, and a foot-tub, and towels of all descriptions, to invite cleanliness. The dressing-case was a masterpiece of beauty. It was a low, perfectly square table, covered in blue Silesia to the floor, and over-draped with simple, sprigged white muslin, the tall mirror dressed to match. Every appointment was complete.

A wide lounge, with fat, luxurious-looking pillows, and an Afghan, a low rocking-chair, a small table, upon which were really magazines, a prayer-book, and a large glass bowl of roses, always kept freshly filled, made this little nook of the room a delight. The glass bowl, by the way, and once upon a time, a telegraph "operator" for such an odd gift, she cannot have a prettier bow for cut-flowers—at a small cost.

The fire, on an open fireplace; the old Colonial mantel was of white, polished wood, with fluted pilasters at the sides, and a quaint wreath and ribbon design beneath the narrow shelf.

By an open window was the writing-desk, with everything upon it, stamps, necessary for correspondence, and a scrap-basket, suggestively near for my own especial use, as I thought when my morning mail came in.

The whole apartment had about it a look of purity and repose that reminded one irresistibly of the chamber "looking towards the East, whose name was Peace." Near the bed in a narrow gilt frame hung this little verse, which I had not at first noticed. Perhaps because I was in great sorrow, and was just from the "mournful yesterday" of a new-made grave, it came to me like a benediction:

Sleep sweet Within this quiet room, O, thou, Who'er thou art, And let No mortal's hand Disturb thy quiet heart; Nor let No mortal's hand Secure thy rest With dreams of coming ill; Thy minor thy changeless Friend, His love surrounds thee still.

sutherland College Literary Society. To-morrow night the regular public monthly meeting of this society will be held in the rooms of the Smith-Business College, No. 1002 east Broad street. The usually attractive programme may be expected to be of an unusually high quality. The question for the evening's debate will be the advisability of holding the Philippines or any other possessions which it may be the lot of the United States to acquire.

The evening's program, extended to all who desire to attend. The meeting begins at 8 o'clock. The programme for the evening is as follows: Opening prayer; reading of minutes; instrumental music; recitation, Miss Laila Vass; monologue

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Professor Munyon is winning fresh triumphs each day. From all parts of the civilized world come words of gladness from those who have been cured. Physicians themselves admit that Munyon's new system of curing disease is the most rational of any yet discovered. It is far in advance of any other method as an electric light is beyond a tallow dip. Munyon guarantees that his Rheumatism Cure will cure nearly all cases of rheumatism in a few hours; that his Dyspepsia Cure will cure indigestion and all stomach troubles; that his Kidney Cure will cure all cases of kidney trouble; that his Catarrh Cure will cure catarrh no matter how long standing; that his Headache Cure will cure any kind of headache in a few minutes; that his Cold Cure will quickly break up any form of cold, and so on through the entire list of his remedies. Guide to Health and Medical Advice absolutely free. Prof. Munyon, 1506 Arch st., Philadelphia.

and vocal selection, Mr. Thomas Mitchell; instrumental music; recitation, Miss Laila Vass.

Debate: Resolved, That further acquisition of territory by the United States would be for the best interests of the country. Affirmative, Messrs. J. Morton Blythe and John S. Egleston; negative, Messrs. John S. Egleston and W. H. Adams.

Highland Springs News Notes. Rev. Mr. Sewall will preach at the Odd-Fellows' Hall to-night.

Rev. Mr. Nugent was visiting friends here last week.

A party from Richmond gave an all-night dance at Greendale Park Wednesday night.

Mr. Smithers, who has been in the Clay-street car service so long, left last week to take a position with the Bell Telephone Company. He has been conductor of the car since the road for four years, and is quite popular.

Mrs. E. Sewall is in Petersburg on a visit to her sister for several weeks.

Mr. Alfred Johnson and his charming bride left Tuesday night for their future home, in Georgia, where they carry the good wishes of a host of friends.

Mrs. E. J. Harker, though considerably better, is still confined to her home.

The Club picnic which was to have been given last Thursday has been postponed indefinitely.

Mr. Percy Read and Miss Marjorie Gould Thorp will be married quietly at the Manor House on the 16th of this month.

Miss Lillian Collins is here, the guest of her brother, Dr. G. T. Collins. Her many friends will be delighted to see her again.

Miss Hudgins and Mrs. Kate Read were the victims of a peculiarly unfortunate accident last week. While out driving in a jumper the seat tilted backwards, throwing them out. Both were severely bruised and shaken.

There was a very pretty home wedding at Greendale Park last Wednesday night, when Miss Annie Wackerly became the bride of Mr. G. Wackerly, of Richmond. The parlor was prettily decorated with ferns, and promptly at 9 o'clock the bride, tastefully and becomingly costumed in gray and white, entered on the arm of the groom, where Rev. Mr. Collins performed the greatest duty of his life, and promptly at 9 o'clock the bride, tastefully and becomingly costumed in gray and white, entered on the arm of the groom, where Rev. Mr. Collins performed the greatest duty of his life, and promptly at 9 o'clock the bride, tastefully and becomingly costumed in gray and white, entered on the arm of the groom, where Rev. Mr. Collins performed the greatest duty of his life.

HARD TO HIT.

At Two Thousand Yards a Cruiser Looks Like a Postage-Stamp.

(Boston Journal.)

One of the things which naval experts hope will be thoroughly settled by the Spanish-American war is the degree of accuracy obtainable in modern naval gunnery in actual warfare. It is said that, although the art of the gunnaker has been for years pitted against that of the armor manufacturer, the greatest difficulty experienced at sea is not the piercing of the enemy's armor-plate, but the hitting of the ship at all.

The main trouble, naval officers say, is that in aiming the big guns only a very minute portion of the ship aimed at can be seen. Professor Alger, of the United States Naval War College, at Newport, recently declared that at a convenient firing distance a ship of the size of the Indiana appears to be about one inch long. This, he added, was the case when the ship was looked at under ordinary conditions.

In actual warfare, however, this picture would be considerably lessened by the fact that the man who aims the gun would have to pay quite as much attention to the alignment of his sight as he would to the position of his target, and that he would have to do all these things at the same time.

Naval authorities say that the recent occurrences at the bombardment of Matanzas bear out these statements. It is noticed that, although the battleships had no difficulty in hitting the forts, not one of the numerous shots fired from the shore hit a boat. Very much the same condition was encountered at the bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet in the early '80s. In that case the vessels were at anchor in smooth water, and their targets were good ones. Although the range was short, the damage done by the forts was insignificant.

Another thing which it is hoped will be cleared up thoroughly is the exact utility of the fast unarmored cruiser in battle. Theoretically it is intended to arm these boats with a multitude of machine guns carrying small calibre bullets. The fire from these is to be directed on every port-hole, conning-tower, or aperture in the gun shields that can be made out from the decks of the boat. It is believed that the fire from one of these boats will be so searching and withering that all the officers in the conning-tower will be killed and that the crews of the guns will be so decimated that the ship attacked by one of these modern spitfires will be put out of action in five minutes.

There are opponents to this theory, however, and they say that fast as an unarmored cruiser may be able to go, a modern shell can travel faster. They cast doubt upon the ability of the unarmored cruiser to turn loose the hailstorm of lead with which she is credited, and declare that one shot from a big gun on a modern battleship will put the unarmored cruiser both out of action and out of existence.

A boy 3 1/2 years old, of very poor parents—so poor that each child (the mother boy small) had certain work to do, was required to bring in the kindling wood each day. One Sunday he did not seem inclined to his work. At last his mother spoke to him and said: "Graham, why don't you bring in your wood? All the others will have their work done before you start." The boy sat still. His mother added: "Graham, why don't you obey? Go at once." Then the real reason came out. "The day is Sunday; the law says that I won't work. I am going to Heaven, if the rest of the family don't."—Harper's Bazar.

Elastic Starch, the housekeeper's friend, etc.

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It is attached to the main water supply, and filters the water for the entire house.

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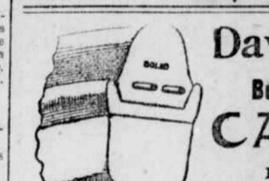
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RUBBER TIRES put on promptly. We are agents for the GENUINE SPRINGFIELD RUBBER TIRE, which are put on by the NEW PATENT PROCESS of electric welding wires while down in the groove. NOT fastening wires and afterwards FORCING THE RUBBER OVER FLANGE OF THE TIRE. Grocery and Delivery Wagons of many styles. One- and Two-Horse Trucks, Repairing and Repeating done in the best manner. Rubber Tires of all styles put on to order. Call and see our PNEUMATIC-TIRE, BALL-BEARING AXLE RUN-ABOUT. It is a beauty. (ap 17-Su, W & F)



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Rubber Tires. If you want real comfort, have RUBBER TIRES put on your carriage. We can put them on for you in ONE DAY, saving sending them away to be scratched. In case of accident we can repair your tires in a few hours. Have used the pattern of tire we put on for two years, and after trying all the different makes consider this the best. Repairing and Repeating Vehicles and Building to order our Specialty (mh 20-Su, W & F)

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Gentlemen's Black Vici Kid Oxford Ties, welt soles, soft and good..... \$2.50

Gentlemen's Tan Prince Alberts, as soft as a lady's shoe, welt soles... \$2.50

Gentlemen's Black Vici Kid, Cut Congress on the common sense lasts... \$3.50

Gentlemen's Black Vici Kid Lace Shoes on Pug last, welts, soft as slippers... \$3.00

We give these prices, because so many think we do not carry any Men's Shoes cheaper than Banister's.

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"Miller's for Medicines."



See What Cash Will Do. Anybody can now buy a Stove at factory prices, and make a selection from the best brands made in the South, at a saving of 33 1/3 to 50 per cent. We manufacture all of the well-known brands of Stoves formerly made by the Southern Stove Works Company. We do not make this offer for one day only, but whenever you need a Stove.

Write for cuts and prices. Samples can be seen at THE E. B. TAYLOR COMPANY, 101 east Main, and at the HARRIS HARDWARE CO'S, 60 east Broad.

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Old papers for sale at the Dispatch.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Recent Results of Practical Experiments in England. (London Times.)

During the last few months the Spleat has been the scene of some interesting experiments in wireless telegraphy. Under the direction of Signor Marconi two stations have been fitted up—one in Bourne-mouth, just opposite the end of the pier, and the other at Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight—and between these places, which are about fourteen and a half miles apart, regular communication has been maintained without the use of any intervening connecting wires. On occasion, an even greater distance has been traversed, for with portable instruments temporarily set up on the cliffs at Swanage, it has been found possible to speak with the station at Alum Bay—nearly eighteen miles away. But Signor Marconi does not believe that this represents anything like the limits up to which his apparatus can be worked, and he is now making the necessary arrangements for exchanging signals with Chertbourg, a distance of some sixty miles.

The instruments employed at Bourne-mouth and at Alum Bay are alike in all essential respects. The only outward sign at either place is a tall mast, some 120 feet high, from which depends a metallic conductor. Sometimes this is a simple wire, at others a narrow strip of ordinary wire netting has been tried as affording more electrical capacity, but there does not appear to be any great difference in the results. Inside the stations the first piece of apparatus that catches the eye is an induction coil capable of giving a spark eight or ten inches long. This, with an appropriate battery and a key to control the current, constitutes the sending instrument. The discharges from the coil pass between two brass balls about 1 1/2 inches apart, thus giving rise to electro-magnetic waves, which are radiated in all directions. One of the balls is connected with the external conductor already mentioned; the other is put to earth. Some experimenters have employed a series of balls immersed in oil to generate the waves, but Marconi's experience is that the simpler arrangement he now employs is just as efficient. The receiving instruments consist of a coherer, a relay, and a Morse printer. The coherer, the function of which is to detect the presence of the electric waves that travel through space from the sending station, is a short piece of glass tubing, into which are sealed two silver pole-pieces. Between these there is a narrow space containing silver and nickel filings, and the whole is exhausted of air, not because a vacuum directly favors the sensitiveness of the instrument, but to prevent oxidation of the filings, which, of course, impairs their conductivity. These pole-pieces are included in an electrical circuit with the relay and a single cell, and in addition, one of them is connected with the external conductor and the other with the earth. Normally, the coherer does not conduct a current. But by virtue of some action which is not yet fully understood, under the influence of an electric wave, this condition is altered and a current enabled to pass through the filings between the pole-pieces. The armature of the relay is then attracted, and the Morse printer or other suitable recording instrument brought into action.

Thus the signal is begun, but it has also to be ended. If the system is to be of practical use, the conductivity of the coherer does not, as might perhaps be expected at first sight, cease with the cessation of the electric wave that established it, but persists indefinitely so long as the instrument is not disturbed. The least mechanical shock or vibration, however, is sufficient to destroy it and to bring the coherer back to its original non-conducting condition. Hence Marconi provides on the relay circuit an electrical tap, which, by keeping the coherer in a state of constant vibration, breaks down its conductivity as soon as it is established. The method of working is, therefore, as follows: If the operator at Bourne-mouth wishes to send a message to Alum Bay, he connects his outside conductor with his induction coil, at the same time disconnecting it from the coherer. Then, by means of the key, he puts his coil into operation for long and short periods, corresponding to the dashes and dots of the Morse code, thus exciting in the outside conductor groups of electric waves. Some of these fall upon the outside conductor at Alum Bay, and convert the coherer there into a conductor; the relay circuit is immediately closed, and the Morse instrument begins to print. Of course, during the transmission of one dash, the circuit of the coherer is made and broken many times, but the printing instrument treats the quick succession of short currents as a single one. The rate at which messages are sent in this way is not very great, but it is only fair to say that no efforts have been made to attain speed. The intention has rather been to demonstrate the establishment of communication between the shore and outlying light-houses and light-ships. No really satisfactory way of attaining this desirable end has so far been devised, and seeing that wireless telegraphy can be perfectly well carried on in the most ordinary conditions which render other modes of communication difficult, if not impossible, the experiment is surely worth trying.

Other possible applications of this system of telegraphy might be enumerated, but it can scarcely be hoped to come into general use until one difficulty, at least, has been overcome—that is, to insure that a message is received by the person to whom it is sent, and by no other. Electric waves are thrown off in all directions from their generator, so that if a man sets up a station all his messages can be read by any one who cares to put up a precisely similar station within the limits to which the waves travel. Two principles may be employed to remove or lessen this inconvenience. Electric waves, like light waves, can be reflected and intercepted; hence, a station could prevent the emission of waves in every direction but the one in which lay the station with which it wished to communicate, and thus reduce the possible eavesdroppers to those lying on the line along which the waves were directed. The other principle is that of sympathy. Just as one tuning-

folk will vibrate in sympathy with another, provided they are in tune with each other, and not otherwise, so one electric circuit will respond to the oscillations taking place in another, if they are in tune, but will be unaffected if they are not. Two stations, therefore, cannot telegraph across space to each other unless their apparatus is synchronized, hence, by adopting differences of tuning, a certain degree of secrecy may be arranged for.

It remains to be seen whether the application of these two principles will suffice to provide a solution of the problem.

May It Be Permanent.

(Staunton Spectator-Vindicator.)

On last Thursday the city of Staunton elected its entire Democratic ticket without serious opposition. It was a triumph for the party which took place a few weeks ago that it would be suicidal to attempt to beat the ticket, and for this reason only one or two were so rash as to inflict political death on themselves. It has not been long since our people were under such false teaching as to believe in part that this city was Republican. But the Democratic party had only to assert itself to show the strength it really possessed, and to-day the party stands complete master of the city. There has been some dissension amongst Republican leaders, such distrust bred among the people by their methods, and such pollution of politics and groveling for office, that so decent a community as ours became disgusted and sunk the party out of sight. It will be a blessing if it never reappears either in person or spirit as long as time lasts, because its teachings are debasing, and its practices lowering the morals. Let for place is the only principle it has ever possessed in Virginia.

Delinquent-Tax Law—The Other Side

(West Point Plaindealer.)

A great deal of fuss is being made in some quarters over the alleged syndicate land-grabbing under the new law. Hardships may be worked to some, but they have only themselves to blame. We confess we don't endorse the racket some papers are kicking up over it. There are thousands of acres in every county, owned by the State—that is, bought in by the Auditor for delinquent taxes, much of it year ago—ering the State nothing, and nobody paying taxes on it, and this withholding from the public treasury would continue indefinitely if some radical measure were not taken to stop it. We are not going to commend or condemn the so-called syndicate of these titles, but we believe the law is just and needed one. It will force holders to pay their taxes under the risk, otherwise of losing the land. Now, if the lands are worth kicking up a fuss about, they are worth paying taxes on, and holders should at once pay up. If the lands are not worth the taxes, but better let them go. Unless it be a very exceptional case, therefore, no injustice is done by the operation of the law.

The Modern Beauty

thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant Syrup of Figs, made by the California Fig Syrup Company only.