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SCIENCE TRIMMING THE LAMP OF LIFE. A course of remedies—the marvel of medical science, and Apparatus improved by physicians will be sent ON APPROVAL WITHOUT ADVANCE PAYMENT to any honest man who is suffering from weakness peculiar to men. Use them a reasonable time and if not all you expect—all you wish—pack apparatus and remainder of Remedies into same box and send them back—that ends it—pay nothing! MEN WHO ARE WEAK, BROKEN DOWN, DISCOURAGED, men who suffer from the effects of disease, overwork, worry, from the failure of youth or excesses of manhood, fallacies of vital forces, insufficiency for marriage—all such men should go to the fountain head for a scientific method of marvelous power to vitalize, sustain, and restore weak and undeveloped portions of the body.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., 66 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Sirs.—As per statement in Richmond Dispatch you may mail to me, under plain letter seal, postage paid, full explanation of your new system of furnishing your Appliance and Remedies to reliable men on trial and approval without expense—no payment to be made in advance—no cost of any kind unless treatment proves successful and entirely satisfactory. Also mail sealed, rec, your new medical book for men.

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\$10 BICYCLES \$10

Call and see them. These are good second-hand wheels—both ladies' and men's. New wheels at reduced prices.

B. A. BLENNER, 310 North Fifth Street,

manufacturer of the Virginia Swell and Luray Bicycles, fitted with the Olive Rear Hub Coaster and Brake. Agent for the OLIVE WHEEL. Difficult Bicycle Repairing a specialty. Large Sprockets fitted to any wheel. Old wheels made new. Old phone 888. jy 23-Su, W&F

ON ACCOUNT OF TOO MUCH STOCK we have determined to sell the Bicycles we have on hand at the following prices. Sterling '99, \$40.00; Sterling '98, \$35.00; Orient and Remington '99, \$40.00; Viking, Envoy '99, \$25.00 and \$35.00. This is no fancy lot, but we wish to reduce our stock and take this means of doing it. T. W. TIGNOR'S SONS, Richmond, Va.

Oxford Sale. Good Shoes, Fit, Look, and Wear All Right. Only Sold at These Prices to Close Out Odd Lots. Men's Black Vici Kid Oxfords, \$1.50, were \$2.50. Men's Tan Vici Kid Prince Alberts, \$1.50, were \$2.50. Men's Tan Lace Oxfords, \$2, were \$3.50. Men's Black Kid Lace Oxfords, \$2, were \$3.50. Men's Russia Calf Tan Oxfords, \$3.50, were \$5. Ten styles of Ladies' Black Vici Kid Lace Oxfords and Prince Alberts, \$1.50 were \$2, \$2.50, and \$3. Four styles Ladies' Tan Oxfords, were \$2 and \$1.50, now \$1.25. Five styles Ladies' Tan Oxfords, were \$3.50, \$3, and \$2.50, now \$1.75. CASH AND NO EXCHANGE. J. A. GRIGG SHOE CO., 121 E. Broad Street. For Stylish Vehicles at Right Prices GO TO W. C. SMITH'S, 314 North Fifth Street. BIKE RUNABOUTS, OPEN AND TOP SOLID RUBBER-TIRE RUNABOUTS, RUBBER-TIRE DOCTORS' BUGGIES, SURREYS AND PHAETONS, DAYTONS AND BUSINESS-WAGONS, ALSO A NUMBER OF SECOND-HAND SURREYS, BUGGIES, AND PHAETONS. (au 6-Su, Tu&Th)

THE S. Galeski OPTICAL CO. For comfort and preservation of your sight, have your Glasses accurately fitted at our well-known Optical Establishment. Everything reliable and lowest charges guaranteed. 95 EAST MAIN STREET, Factory, 5 south Tenth street. 3a 15-Su, W&F

HE DOESN'T LIKE IT.

THE IDLER IS VERY BITTER AGAINST CLASSIC MUSIC.

WAS RICHARD WAGNER A MANIAC?

A Controversy About the Great Composer and What a Norfolk Editor Has to Say—Something About Contraltos—But Large as an Elephant.

The clever young editor of the "Norfolk Landmark" is a good man, but he lacks nerve. I do not say this harshly, but pitifully. Last Tuesday he printed an exceptionally bright article entitled "As to the Mysteries of Music," and in this he made some back-handed slips at classic music, but never once did he come right out and say that he wouldn't give one good, lively cake-walk air for ten stacks of Beethoven's sonatas. I pity that editor, but time will set him right. If he ever marries and gets a wife who dabbles in oratorios or fragmentary anthems, delivered in monosyllabic instalments, the courage of his convictions will strengthen. Yea, the time may come when, like myself, he'll have the pluck to say, unhesitatingly and unapologetically, that music is "Tommy rot," and that symphonies and all those what-you-may-call-em are sufficient to drive a temperate lecturer to drink.

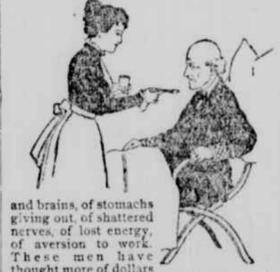
At my house the piano perpetually mutters the other, and an unknown insignificant man with a little coterie of musicans—vocal, instrumental, ornamental, and not-worth-a-continental—who assemble there to advance the cause of melody and suicide. The Queen Bee, more appropriately known as the Commander-in-Chief, is herself a musician, and plays the piano with one hand, to say nothing of "doing the soprano" and running clear away with "technique"—whatever that is. Then, too, there is a contralto who lives down the street a door or so below the Chinese laundry. She plays the piano with both hands, and often accompanies the Queen Bee. When things are dull she chimes in her voice, too, and the duets we have are alternately vociferous, aggressive, temperamental, and occasionally obnoxious, and altruistic. For the benefit of those despicable, helpless ignoramuses, whose feeble, flickering cerebral matter has never yet been illumined by the light of "the divine art" I will explain that a contralto is the deepest voice a woman can have. I have known some contraltos to attain a depth of from 12 to 16 feet, though this profundity was generally due to wrath against their husbands. A voice of this character usually has a compass of two octaves beginning with E below middle C, and taking every conceivable liberty with the alphabet. The next time you hear a chorus containing female voices—I don't mean a chorus of gossips—observe a kind of frog-in-your-throat tone, which is that new and then, that's the contralto—the lady bull-frog, so to speak. She enters the hub-bub just as things are at their worst, and continues to be guilty of disorderly conduct and breach of the peace until the patrol wagon arrives, and the piano swoons under repeated beatings.

Duets are mighty sweet and lovely for parlor work, but the chief difficulty about them is to get two singers to pull together and to work well in unison. One knows one selection, and the other sets her mind on something else. After they have tinkered around for some little time, during which the respectful audience doesn't know whether politeness justifies them in speaking or not, the contraltos finally hit on something which suits. Then they discover that neither can play the accompaniment, and they balk. After much backing of ears and rolling of the whites in their eyes, they start off. By this time the audience is frantic; they have begged and besought the vocalists to go ahead and get through with the infernal business, for during the interval of bickering everything else is suspended. But, heh! also hally-gee. Now they're off with their staccatos, allegros, and crescendos, and diminuendos—trotting in the 2-3 class—until all of a sudden they hang a snag, punctures their tires, and come to a dead halt. One of them reads a note, or mistake or skips a line in the notes, or does something wrong, but the highly-cultured audience, not realizing that anything had gone amiss, applaud most generously.

The rest of the evening will probably be devoted by the singers to scathing criticisms on the other vocalists, or to correcting the non-musical ignoramuses in their pronunciation of the names of musical composers. For instance, if you speak of Chopin as "Chop-plin," it will be a hopeless case. So, also, if you pronounce Wagner as it should be called in English, you are told in cold cutting language that the fellow is known as Varg-ner. Indeed, you are made to feel that you know absolutely nothing. If you were asked your own name you would have to hunt it up in the city directory before you could convey the desired information.

The ground-work of the Norfolk editorial was suggested by a paper called "Art versus Richard Wagner," which recently appeared under the signature of Jesse Lewis Orrick in the "Conservative Review" of Washington. In this article the memory of the late lamented Dick is made the central figure, around which is waged a red-hot discussion between the authorities. "He is," says my Norfolk friend, "to one-half of the critics the demon of wild nonsense, and to the other

PREMATURELY OLD. A man ought not to feel old, or to be old until well up towards the nineties, but now-a-days you don't see many such men. Instead, you hear people no older than 40 or 45 who begin to complain of tired backs



Sumner's Compound. and brains, of stomachs giving out of shattered nerves, of lost energy, of aversion to work. The reason I delayed writing was because I wanted to wait one year after I had taken the medicine before giving my statement, and now I can send a good many testimonial letters. I was told that a certain man, who had used six bottles, since I stopped taking it about one year ago, I have not taken any medicine of any kind, and have a hearty appetite. My appetite is good, I can eat three square meals a day, and I do not feel that miserable burning in the stomach after eating."

Sick Women Advised to Seek Advice of Mrs. Pinkham.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 94,865] "I had inflammation and falling of the womb, and inflammation of ovaries, and was in great pain. I took medicine prescribed by a physician, but it did me no good. At last I heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after using it faithfully I am thankful to say I am a well woman. I would advise all suffering women to seek advice of Mrs. Pinkham."—MRS. G. H. CHAPPELL, GRANT PARK, ILL.

"For several years my health was miserable. I suffered the most dreadful pains, and was almost on the verge of insanity. I consulted one of the best physicians in New York, and he pronounced an operation without delay, saying that it was my only chance for life. Other doctors prescribed strong and violent medicine, and one said I was incurable, another told me my only salvation was galvanic batteries, which I tried, but nothing relieved me. One day a friend called and begged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began its use and took several bottles. From the very first bottle there was a wonderful change for the better. The tumor had disappeared entirely and my old spirits have returned. I heartily recommend your medicine to all suffering women."—MRS. VAN CLEFT, 415 SAUNDERS AVE., JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J.

a sort of demagogue of harmony. His compositions affect some of us like the rumbling of a fish-cart over cobblestones at night, while to others, to quote the Chief, is herself a musician, and plays the piano with one hand, to say nothing of "doing the soprano" and running clear away with "technique"—whatever that is.

"When you finish the survey under his (Mr. Orrick's) agreeable direction, you may have not a whit clearer ideas with regard to the artistic value of Wagner's compositions, but you are cheered by the knowledge that a lot of profound people agree with you in the belief that Wagner was either a maniac or a phreased schemer who understood the world's desire for being fooled and determined to reap personal glory and benefit by supplying food in enormous quantities. It pleases a musical Hottentot to discover that, while Mr. Krebber and Sidney Lanier and an army of other infallible judges pronounce the productions of the greatest of the great, that ever darted from a musician's brain, another army of giants, headed by Count Leo Tolstoy, is ready to maintain with poleax and bill-hook that the operas of Richard Wagner are a mass of crushing and unendurable stupidity, and that what is vulgarly termed 'rot.' 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