"Treasures of Flowers Rare and Roses Red"

Come from enriched, well nourished soil, giving the result of perfect growth. The same result can be obtained by humanity in general, if they look after the blood, the life of the whole system.

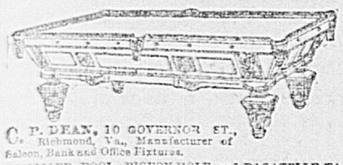
Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one specific remedy for this, as it transforms poor blood into perfect blood—from which follows the greatest of blessings, good health.

Eczema—*"Since I was a child I have had eruptions on my body which our physician pronounced eczema. I took six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have had no return of the disease." Mrs. Ida M. Potter, Conneaut, Ohio.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WE CURE
Cancers and All Chronic Sores
WITHOUT USE OF A KNIFE
AT
Kellam's Hospital,
Corner 12th and Bank Streets,
RICHMOND, VA.



C. P. DEAN, 10 GOVERNOR ST., Richmond, Va., Manufacturer of Saloon, Bank and Office Fixtures.

BILLIARD, POOL, PIGEON HOLE and BAGATELLE TABLES, New, Remodelled and Second Hand Tables (all makes) at lowest prices. Dean's Double-Action Billiard and Pool Table Cushions are the livest, most accurate, truest and most perfect in the world. I challenge the world to the extent of $100 to produce cushions that will surpass them. If the cushions on your tables are dead or slow, take the rails off and ship them to me, and I will put on a set of these slow cushions and cover same with cloth and return them to you all ready to place on your table for $32.50. Best Grades Billiard and Pool Table Cloth, $6.50, $8.50, $11.50, $12.40, $13.25, $15.60, $16.50 and $19.25. Best Grades Cue Tips, 50c., 60c., 85c. and up to $1.75 per box (100 in box, assorted sizes). Fancy Striped Pool Balls (all the various colors), $6, $8, $9 and $10 per set (16 to set). Dean's Hyalt Pool Balls are the livest, truest, quickest, most perfect and best Balls made. They are not equalled by any other make; stripes and numbers will never wear off; they are guaranteed for three years not to crack, chip, break or become dotty; will always remain perfectly round and true, and will draw from one end of table to the other. Price, $11, $14, $15 and upwards per set (16 to set). Dean's Fancy Green Leather Pockets, full size (will hold 9 balls), will always retain their perfect shape, hang straight, and will outlast three sets of any other kind of pockets made, $2 per set of six. Green Worsted Pockets from 75c. up to $2 per set. Best Grades White Billiard Chalk, 30c., 60c., 75c. and $1.50 per gross of 144 pieces.

I manufacture, import and keep all the various grades of Billiard and Pool Table Supplies of every description at lowest prices. Dean's Billiard and Pool Tables are strictly first class; the most perfect, accurate and truest made at lowest prices.

Billiard and Pool Tables overhauled and put in perfect order. Billiard Table of Celtic Pocket Combination Tables, Bowling Alleys, Bowling Pins, Ten Pin and Foot Balls, Beer Drawing Outfits, Copper Lined Wash Boards or Work Boards to go behind Bar Counters. C. P. DEAN, Manufacturer,

No. 10 Governor street, Richmond, Va.

Out-of-town orders will have my prompt attention. Write for prices.

(jy 22-Su,Tu&Th)

THE VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS COMPANY,
BATH COUNTY, VA.,
ON
CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY,
2,500 FEET ELEVATION.

"The New Homestead," with all modern conveniences, including private baths, together with the bath-house. Open the year round.

Invalids made perfectly comfortable. Wonderful results to sufferers from gout, rheumatism and nervous troubles.

AMUSEMENTS AND SPORTS:

Riding and driving parties daily; new bicycle track, golf-grounds, lawn tennis, pool, and billiards; fishing and hunting.

For winter rates and accommodations, apply to

FRED. STERRY,
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RUPTURE,

Hydrocele, Varicocele, and Piles cured. No knife; no detention from business; painless and harmless. Over two hundred cures made in the last year. Examination booklets free.

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Permanently established.

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ORGANIZED 1832.
The Virginia Fire and Marine Insurance Company
OF RICHMOND, VA.
Assets.....$800,000

W. H. PALMER, President.
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If it's PRINTING you want, send to
The . . .
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RICHMOND DISPATCH. Estimates cost nothing. Give us a fair trial. We will please you. RICHMOND DISPATCH. Book and Job Printing.

Fine Printed Stationery

Letter-heads, Note-heads, Bill-heads and Envelopes, neatly and promptly executed.

Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.

RICHMOND DISPATCH.

AT BACHELOR'S HALL

HOW THE IDLER RAN THE HOUSE WITHOUT WOMEN.

WIFE'S CLOTHES EVERYWHERE.

They Monopolized Every Article of Furniture He Saw—A Few Facts About Our Population and Those Who Envy Us.

It is not my practice to lavish praises on women folks, or to quote whole hunks of sentimental poetry when referring to them, but, nevertheles, I am willing to admit that they have their good points. Who doesn't, when you come to think about it? What makes me feel particularly charitable about the fussy sex is my recent experiences at keeping bachelor's hall.

You know, we all bolted off to the country in the summer, and when my time came to return home the Commander-in-Chief concluded that it would be death to the fledgelings to bring them back to town in the hot weather. That was her euphemistic way of intimating that she was having a good time, and didn't intend to pull up stakes simply on my account.

And so I had to come back all by myself, with a large bundle of soiled baby clothes and several jars of preserves in my trunk.

I tried to be cheerful when the time came to leave the fruits, and the melons, and the fried chickens, and the babies, and the good woman, but somehow a great gob of something swelled up in my larnyx, and I hated like smoke to cut myself loose from the fun.

The trip back on the train was a suicide producer. What with the frogs a-croaking in the mud puddles along the route, and the rural twilight a-creeping over the woodlands and meadows, and the general air of depression everywhere prevailing, I felt like a martyr being borne to a lion's den.

And, O! the solitude of home. When I entered the front gate, the grass on our five-by-eight-foot lawn was knee high, and all our neighbors had thrown their waste paper on our front porch. The place looked like a slice of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," only there wasn't any poetry about it.

On opening the front door a puff of hot, musty air greeted me, and I instantly perceived that the mortality among the poisoned rats in our vicinity had been shockingly great.

And not a sound greeted my ears—no patter of baby feet, no querulous cries for biscuit and sugar, no high-keyed protests from the Commander-in-Chief, no songs from the cook, no anything.

The carpeted floors were as hot as cotton, and made me feel as though I had on a full dress Esquimaux costume. Dust was everywhere. I left my footprints in it and scooped up whole handfuls whenever I touched the furniture. Great goodness, I tell you it was awful. I wouldn't go through it again if I had to sue out a writ of habeas corpus for my wife and have her brought home on a special train.

* * *

And, girls, I tell you it was a sight to see me "tidying things up." It wasn't two minutes before I had lit the gas and opened the windows and taken off my shoes and coat and pitched right in to clean up. After selecting a good, large velvet table-cover from the sitting room, I used it for a dusting rag, and pretty soon cut holes in the dirt all around me.

By this time, thinking I had enough, and not caring to be old-maidish in my ideas of neatness, I decided I would take a wash. I needed it, too.

Imagine my disgust when I discovered that the Commander-in-Chief had retained in her custody all the towels, to say nothing of the hair brushes and combs and the sweet soap. In the bath-room, however, I found a cake of turpentine soap which cleansed me, and, furthermore, offered indubitable evidence to he whole world that I had washed.

And thereupon I thought me of a clean shirt and hastened to my trunk only to find that this receptacle had been devoted primarily to the aforesaid soiled baby clothes, and to nine glass jars of preserved fruit.

That I needed a clean shirt no man with a glass eye could have denied, and what is more, I determined to have one. With an intellect born of despair I decided to resurrect some of my winter ones, which I supposed were in a certain drawer.

Imagine my hatred for womankind when I found this drawer locked. In fact, everything in the house was locked, and I realized in an instant that I would have to burglarize my way to decency.

And yet I did not despair. Knowing that quite frequently one key will fit several locks, I started on the work of rescuing myself from vagrancy. Taking out my eight-pound key-ring with its pendant junk, I proceeded to unlock various and divers bureaus, cabinets, chiffonnieres, and heaven only knows what all. Some had baby clothes in them—baby clothes galore, and in all stages of dilapidation—others contained oceans of female shirt-waists, and still others were seething with the debris of old bonnets, ribbons, and such like.

After attacking these repositories of feminine wealth I stormed the camphor-chest and found therein blankets, linens, bed-clothing, and moth-balls. Then I attacked wardrobes and band-boxes; still nothing but womanly toggery. Lastly, I assaulted several dilapidated trunks, only to find more baby clothes. And would you believe it, there wasn't a thing that a man could wear—no, not even enough to prevent an immodest fellow like Adam from blushing? From my researches I judged that never a man had been in that house before; that it was the exclusive realm of women and babies.

* * *

So there I was—alone in a great city with plenty of turpentine soap and water to wash with, nine jars of preserves, oceans of baby clothes, and not a blessed thing else wherewith to ornament my person. Was I mad and bitter? No, not mad, but just so darned furious and rantankerous that I could have whipped my weight in wildcats.

That night when I went out on the streets to forage for food I had to lay in a new set of apparel and buy an equipment such as would be needed by a man just born into the world.

For a week thereafter I did nothing but write caustic letters to the Commander-in-Chief and thank her for the unselfish way in which she had arranged things for me.

As the good woman couldn't see a joke or understand sarcasm if it were tied to her very nose, she accepted all my compliments in good faith. Upon her return home, however, she snorted like a colt and trumped like an elephant when she saw the manner in which I had run the house.

"Of all the hog-pens I ever saw," she mildly expressed it, "this is THE worst. It will take years to clean up after you."

When, with awful severity, I told her about the locked drawers and my lack of apparel, she exclaimed: "Well, if that isn't just like you. Didn't I tell you over and over you would find your clean clothes in the basket right under your bed, and didn't I hammer it into you again and again that the keys to everything were in your trunk wrapped up in a black stocking? Didn't I tell you this a thousand times, and didn't I write it over and over again in my letters to you?"

And so she had. Only I hadn't listened to her when she was talking, and when she had written her pages were crossed so that I couldn't make out what she was driving at.

This experience has taught me one thing: I'll never live on a place without women folks again. They may have eighty or ninety million little faults that rub you the wrong way, but still they've got their uses. It should be borne in mind, however, that they must have 99 per cent. of all the space in the house for their clothes.

* * *

To tell the truth, we Richmond people are a little disappointed in the reports of the census enumerators, and it does really look as if there aren't so many of us as we thought. Still, I don't think that's any reason for everybody's picking at us and saying sassy things. Understand me, I don't regard these pesky little slings as personal. With three baby-carriages and two push-carts in my house, I can't feel that there has been any backward tendency up our way, and quite frequently of late my neighbors have consulted me about poetical names for new infants.

And yet, despite all this, every little backwoods paper in the country has been inviting Richmond to come up to its town and see how things grow. Frequently I have had to look in the Post-Office Guide to tell where these towns are. Some of them I had never heard of until they broke loose in their criticisms of us. Of course, when a place hasn't got but two people in it and an infant comes along, that's going to make an increase of 33 1-3 per cent. But even with the increase in question, that doesn't make a metropolis.

Up to 1890 we had been growing so fast that we made people's heads swim. When we stopped to catch our breath other towns annexed everything in reach, and now they are so puffed up that they just can't keep from giving us a dig every time they get a chance. And yet, none of them admit the fact that we are still the "real thing"—the queen city of Virginia—and a perpetual object of envy to those who struggle to attain a higher civilization.

Other day I heard a colored gentleman in our kitchen tell our cook that he would rather puff a cheroot stump in Richmond than smoke quarter cigars in the town of—well, no matter what the name of the town is. It might come up here and annex us if we gave it back talk.

And those are my sentiments. Some of the other places in this State have grown up and expanded and prospered, I admit, and yet I'm blessed glad to get home after I visit them. Nobody ever hears of our ridiculing the small fry. We are only too glad to encourage them and to offer them our moral support. With such a pace-maker as Richmond, it isn't any wonder they have grown. But now to think of the way they are carrying on and boasting and blowing. If they keep up at this rate we won't let them come to any more of our street fairs or monument unveilings or gala occasions. So be good, little cities, towns, villages, and hamlets, and when you talk geography, remember that Richmond is still facile princeps among you. Bear in mind, too, we go in for quality as much as for quantity.

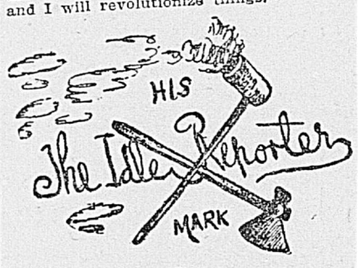
* * *

Often when I walk up the Fifth-street hill, with the thermometer pushing the mercury to the 100 mark, I console myself by philosophizing and reflecting on the meanness of my fellow-men. It's a magnificently broad subject, too. Of late the people with horses and buggies have come frequently under my observation—the folk who don't have to hoof it back and forth to work Some of them appear to be good people, and many even hand around the basket in church. As they pass they toss at me a smile, which indicates their delight at seeing my manly form, though I have yet to find the first one to invite me to ride with him. It may be their consideration for the horse that pulls them, or possibly such little acts of kindness don't suggest them to their busy minds. At any rate, I continue to hoof it despite the glad smile.

Now, if I had a horse and buggy, or a carriage (there isn't the slightest danger of the "if" ever being removed), I fancy I would be a philanthropist from Philanthropistville. If I were riding along by myself, and saw an acquaintance hoofing it through a spray of perspiration, I sincerely believe I would invite him to join me. It would cost me very little trouble, and I don't think that even the horse would object.

Once or twice in my life—not often, but once or twice, at least—I have discovered people who offered to take me home in their vehicles. They happened to be going my way, of course. As a general thing their kindness almost overpowered me until I discovered that they weren't going to take me to my own front door, but merely to dump me out within three or four blocks of my home. These semi-philanthropists would explain this action by saying that they had to turn off in a different direction and didn't care to tire the horse by taking him out of his route. Still, their charity was better than nothing; only it was just a wee bit reluctant.

We all talk of what we would do if we were rich. But, as a matter of fact, we wouldn't enjoy wealth at all if we had to allow other people to be the beneficiaries of it. Ice-cream wouldn't eat half so well if all the po'-white folks and darkies could get it. And I suppose that's about the way it is with the people who have vehicles. If Tom, Dick, and Harry could enjoy them, why, their novelty and desirability would cease! But just give me a chance at a carriage of my own, and I will revolutionize things.



Olney's Influence Great.

(Kansas City Star.)

The Republicans will be forced to acknowledge that in Mr. Olney the Bryanites have gained a convert who will carry with him a tremendous personal influence. They cannot deny the rare ability of Mr. Olney, and it is rather an impeachment of his high character to say that he has joined himself to the Bryanites to be in the line of presidential promotion in 1904.

Let's Get Out of China.

(Davenport Citizen.)

We didn't want the Philippines, as a people, whatever the politicians and the plutocrats may possibly have wanted; but we got them. We don't want any part of China, nor any hand in the governing of China, nor any portion in an international fight with China, or over her; but if we do not quit fooling around her there is no telling what we may get. In tampering with that kind of mud one is apt to find it sticking fast to him, whether he wants it or not. Let's get out of China.

Depreciation of Money.

In 1873 a silver dollar was worth one dollar and six tenths in gold. In 1878, eighty-nine cents; in 1883, eighty-five cents; in 1888, seventy-two cents; in 1893, sixty cents, and in 1896, forty-five cents. Money may depreciate, but there is one standard stomach remedy which has not changed in half a century, and that is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It always has been the one unsurpassed remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, liver or kidney troubles.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Great Favorite.

The soothing and healing properties of this remedy, its pleasant taste, and prompt and permanent cures have made it a great favorite with people everywhere. It is especially prized by mothers of small children for colds, croup, and whooping cough, as it always affords quick relief, and as it contains no opium or other harmful drug, it may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by all druggists.

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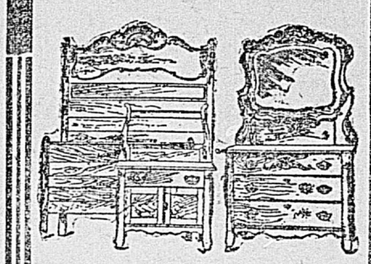
We Are Leading 'Em All in Furniture Values.

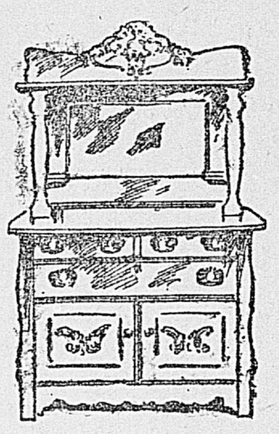
With all the efforts of bold display type and the assistance of newspaper publicity competition cannot and never will rival these grand values. Our stores are fast filling up with the new furniture arrivals, and we are now prepared to outfit the home at an outlay which will surprise and please you.

We Grant You Credit on Every Purchase.

Special Attention Paid to Mail Orders.



A very massive Bed-Room Suit, large swelled front dresser, with beveled-plate glass, finely carved bedstead and washstand, golden oak finish. Regular $37.50 value, for..... $29.75



The greatest Sideboard value ever offered, very large-size swelled-front Sideboard, with French beveled-plate glass, heavily carved beautiful golden oak finish, worth $25, only.. $17.75

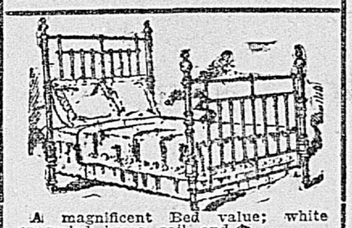
Carpets and Rugs.

The largest and best-selected stock of newest designs in Carpets and Rugs to be found anywhere. Every size and style Rug known:

Large-Size Fringed Rugs..... 98c
Ingrain Carpets, per yard, upwards from..... 35c
Heavy Wool Ingrain Carpets, per yard, upwards from..... 50c
Brussells Carpets, per yard, upwards from..... 65c

A large assortment of Carpets, sizes in Smyrna, Ingrain, Axminsters, and Bordered Carpet Rugs, at any price.

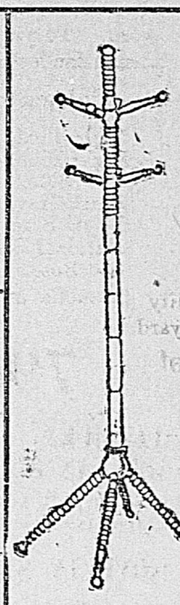
All floor coverings made, laid, and lined free.



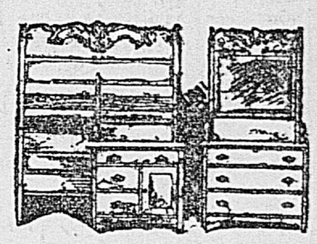
A magnificent Bed value; white enameled brass rail and spindles, large brass vases. Regular $7.50 value..... $4.95

A very Fine Silk Damask-Covered Parlor Suit, handsome mahogany frame. Regular $45 suit..... $37.50

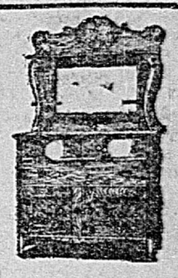
A very pretty 6-Piece Silk-Damask Parlor Suit, only..... $12.75



This Heavy Oak Costumer, 6 Hooks Nicely Finished, 55c



A very pretty Golden Oak Bed-Room Suit, large dressing case, bedstead and washstand..... $18.75



A very pretty Golden Oak Sideboard, French beveled-plate glass; very prettily carved..... $10.75

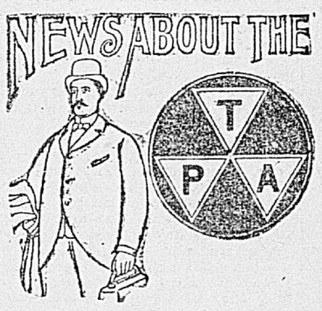
A very handsome Cobbler-Seat Rocker, in oak and mahogany finish, cheap at $1. Our price..... $2.48

Here's a Carpet Sweeper that you can depend on doing its work to perfection; substantial, solid, hardwood case and double action broom. Cash or credit..... $1.48

MAYER & PETTIT,

Southern Furniture and Carpet Company,

7 and 9 West Broad Street, Richmond, Virginia.



Our community, as well as the country at large, a few days ago, was shocked by the terrible disaster of wind and wave which befel one of the cities of our southland, Galveston, Tex., destroying thousands of lives and millions of dollars of valuable property. No doubt some of our brother T. P. A.s were victims of this awful visitation, and Post A., Virginia Division, at its meeting last night, adopted resolutions of sympathy for the two posts in Galveston. We note with great pleasure that our Chamber of Commerce has not only adopted resolutions of this character for the citizens of Galveston, but committees have been appointed for the purposes of soliciting aid for the sufferers, and no doubt they will meet with a hearty response from our city.

The national chairman of the Hotel Committee has been stirring up the hotels throughout the country, and this is what he said in a recent letter sent out:

"Dear Sir,—As chairman of the National Hotel Committee of the Travellers' Protective Association of America, I beg to call your attention to some facts and suggestions which would be to our mutual benefit.

"One point which I would especially mention is the customs of hotels in the smaller towns to charge commercial travellers 40 to 50 cents for a meal, whereas farmers pay only 25 cents for the same food and service. This is an injustice to the commercial travellers; and, in my opinion, should be changed. If the landlords wish to exact an extra charge from commercial travellers, they should provide an extra table and give them the best the market affords (and the best is none too good for the commercial traveller), serve it on a nice, clean white tablecloth, with clean white napkins, dishes without nicks and cracks, and with bright cutlery. With these improvements they will be willing to pay the additional price; otherwise, they most certainly protest.

"I do not find fault with the price made for the farmer, but justice demands that if hotels charge one man more than another, he is entitled to a better bill of fare and a higher degree of attention.

"If your grocer charged you 25 cents for a pound of coffee and his next neighbor 15 or 20 cents for the same coffee, what would be the consequence?

"The office and sitting-room is important to the commercial traveller. The former should be kept clean and clear of chair-warmers (loafers), and a quiet place should be provided for a writing desk or table, where the commercial travellers can do their writing without annoyance.

"Wash-rooms should be kept in clean condition, and provided with plenty of water and soap (I would suggest something better than common laundry soap) and clean towels.

"Bedrooms should contain clean and comfortable beds, plenty of water, soap, and towels (at least two towels). Provision should also be made so that a comfortable fire can be made when demands are made for same.

"We do not make war on the hotels. We simply approach you and ask for certain reforms in hotel management which we, as your daily guests, who pay all just claims and demands cheerfully, are most certainly entitled to.

"This is a general letter sent to many hotels, and it is quite possible that your methods are not subject to the criticism. We should be pleased to hear from you, however, with assurances of co-operation."

All of which is calculated to convince the non-T. P. A. that it ought to be good to get in an order where they are looking out for a fellow's comfort all the while.

Mr. J. H. Capers, Jr., of Post A., Virginia Division, has been appointed by Mr. Theodore Wolff, national chairman of the Hotel Committee, a member of his committee. Mr. Capers will make an active and valuable acquisition to this important committee.

Mr. C. W. Saunders, president of Virginia Division, has been appointed a member of the National Railroad Committee.

Colonel John S. Harwood is chairman of the National Legislative Committee, and John B. Culpeper is a member of the National Press Committee. The National Association is to be congratulated on having so many members of Virginia Division on these important national committees. They are all hard workers, and have the interests of the association at heart, and can be depended on to perform any duty that is assigned to them for the good of the association.

Colonel J. V. Bidgood, the secretary, is continually kept busy at the headquarters, looking after the interests of the post and also Virginia Division, both of which he is secretary. Five applications for membership were forwarded to the National Association this week, and if every member will send in one application we will soon have over 1,000 in our T. P. A. ranks. We now rank seventh in the National Association. Remember that, besides the social features of the order, you carry an accident policy of from $500 to $5,000, and $25 a week indemnity in case of accident. Hustle around, boys, and send in the applications. If you have no blanks write to the secretary, and he will forward them to you with great pleasure.

The Rev. Homer T. Wilson, chaplain of the Texas Division, T. P. A., and former national chaplain, has returned to his home, at Fort Worth. Rev. Mr. Wilson has been spending the summer in the mountains of Colorado, and looks much refreshed after his vacation. Having associated himself with the eminent lecturers, Robert and Alfred Taylor and Mr. Wendling, Mr. Wilson will be actively engaged during the coming season on the lecture platform. His many friends will welcome him in his new association, and will give him the glad hand from one end of the land to the other.

Rev. Mr. Wilson is one of the lecturers of the Star Course, which will entertain our citizens this fall and winter.

* * *

THE DRUMMER'S BABY.

He sat in the end of the parlor car, his hat
Pushed back in a careless way,
Thinking and smoking a good cigar,
On the fast mail train the other day,
When, like a sunbeam, a happy smile
Lit up the lines of his handsome face,
He knew I'd been watching him quite a while
And said, "I live at the very next place.

"I was thinking just then of my little girl,
I've been on this trip some time, and I'm glad
I'm going to see my sweet little Pearl.
Oh, my! how she'll laugh when she sees her dad.
Why, she's"—Good God, 'twas a terrible crash
That our car then made as it jumped the track;
It threw him against the door like a flash,
Crushing his head and breaking his back.

I raised him up as he whispered to me,
With the tender look in his eye so mild,
"Kiss me, old fellow; I want you, you see,
To take it from me to my little child,
Right on your lips," he muttered, "now swear,
That nothing shall touch them until it is given.
Tell my wife 'twas my latest prayer that we
Meet again, as you hope for Heaven."

I kept my oath. As I kissed his pet,
She said: "Why didn't my papa tum, too?"
Her little red cheeks, with big tears were wet,
"An' tiss Pearly he'sef, 'stid o' sendin' 'oo?"
Oh, I tried to reply, but I wept instead,
The knowledge from her I tried to keep,
As we walked by the room where lay the dead,
She whispered, "Don't 'oo wate him, my papa's as'eep."
"Only one killed," the papers say—
Aye, but one with a heart of gold,
And a widow and child bewail to-day
The loss of a love that could ne'er grow old.
They call the drummer a butterfly gay,
Who carelessly from every pleasure sips;
Ah, well, they do live as the people say,
But they die with a wife's loved name on their lips.

—Hal Reid, in Denver Times.

THE MYSTERY OF SORA

HOW THEY COME AND GO ARE BOTH UNKNOWN.

ALL THEORIES FALL THROUGH.

None that Have Been Advanced Yet Are Satisfactory—Come and Go Like Arab Camps and Circus Tents—May Evolve from Frogs.

The sora season is in its first stages. All the enterprising restaurants have put out notices at their front doors to the effect that sora and oysters are served within.

The month of September is supposed to usher in the oyster and sora season. Everybody is acquainted with the oyster. He hasn't but two habits—those of keeping quiet and of being firm and good in cool weather, while very soft and not so good in hot weather.

But the sora is nothing more nor less than a feathered mystery, an ideal target, and delicious almost beyond expression when cooked properly.

People are fond of the mysterious. They are charmed with what they can understand only partly. Every now and then some fellow turns up in the Query column of the newspapers and wants to know where the sora comes from and where he goes to.

The sora is more like an Arab camp or a circus than anything else in the world. He comes in the night and goes in the night, evidently, but how and where are questions that have never yet been answered to the satisfaction of half the people.

WHERE THE BIRD IS FOUND.

Sora are found in Virginia, in the marshes of the James, Chickahominy, Pamunkey, Mattaponi, and other rivers of the Tidewater District of the State. The season during which they are found in the marshes extends from the last part of August till frost comes.

Now, here comes a mystery that for a hundred years and more has staggered the riverman. He may go in his marsh to-night and scarcely find a bird, though every foot of the tract may have been gone over. He gets a postal from his Richmond merchant the next day, saying that sora are worth $1.75 a dozen and in hot demand. That night he tries his marsh again and kills five dozen birds and sees many more in the high grass. He cannot reach these, because the tide is low. The birds he kills are poor and can hardly fly at all. Now, the question is, Where did those birds come from? They didn't fly there. No one who has ever seen a sora fly in the daytime or night would wager a penny that he can fly more than 200 yards on a stretch. Certainly, no one ever saw one fly a longer distance than that. Now, the encyclopaedias team with learned articles that they are rice birds, and migratory, travelling North or South, East or West, as fancy leads them. But the man who kills sora by a great lightwood fire and wears trousers that it won't matter if they do burn, and a red flannel shirt that won't burn at all, knows a great deal better.

NEVER SEEN TO LEAVE OR GO.

He has been shoving his boat through his marsh fifteen years, day and night. He has never seen one come nor one go. He has seen birds with no feathers on body or wings, and could not possibly fly. He has seen many of them. Now he questions: How can they fly many miles? Yet the "soracer," as he is called, has never yet found a nest or a very young bird. So far as the memory of man dips into the past, not one bit of testimony has ever accumulated as to how they get in the marshes or get out. They go like a circus. Many a "soracer" has gone into his marsh of a night and killed ten dozen birds and seen ten dozen more. The next day is cold, and by 3 A. M., when the tide is right, a frost lays upon the wild oats of the marsh. All through the high tide the river man shoves his boat, and though covering the entire marsh, kills but six birds and sees less than that number which escape his long paddle. Now where have they gone, and how? These are unanswered questions.

Many old people in the sections where sora are killed believe in the theory that frogs, which come from tadpoles, in turn evolve into sora. This opinion is not held by those who are prejudiced against frogs, nor by many others.

Is Hanna President?

(Chicago Chronicle.)

Many Americans and some foreigners who have called at the Federal Executive office, Washington, during the incumbency of William McKinley have no doubt about the personal identity of the President of the United States.

The caller goes into the private office of the Executive chamber expecting an interview in private with William McKinley, who was elected President. It has frequently happened that, during the interview, without sending a card or waiting for the previous caller regularly admitted to withdraw, another person steps in with all the air of being master of the house and takes part, uninvited, in the conversation, the previously admitted visitor necessarily withdrawing if he is unwilling to let the unannounced newcomer know what his business is with the President of the United States.

This state of affairs, notorious at Washington, led the daughter of a foreign diplomat to ask innocently of a group of Republican statesman, "If Mr. McKinley should die or resign would Mr. Hanna still be President?"

Mr. Olney's Letter.

(Hartford Times.)

It would be puerile and it would be foolish to deny that the letter in which Richard Olney, of Boston, Mr. Cleveland's Attorney-General and Secretary of State, states his reasons for supporting Mr. Bryan and desiring the defeat of Mr. McKinley, is a powerful appeal to the conservative voters.

Nobody has stated the reasons why the present Republican administration ought to be supplanted by a Democratic administration with greater clearness, with greater calmness, with so much force, as Mr. Olney states them.

Breaking Faith With Cuba.

(Atlanta Journal.)

When our country ordered Spain out of Cuba it expressly pledged itself not to exercise "sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control" over that island. The Cubans now see our government proposing a deliberate repudiation of that promise and practically declaring that it will dictate the most important parts of such a constitution as it will permit Cuba to have.

Kwang Hsu's Hanna.

(Philadelphia Times.)

If the Emperor could be got back to Pekin it is possible that a government might be set up that could be trusted, under some sort of European supervision. But it would be necessary to secure it against the Empress Dowager, since it is evident that as long as she remains at large existence in China will be precarious for the natives and impossible for anybody else.

Large sun spots, astronomers say, caused the extreme heat this summer, and doctors declare nearly all the prostrations were induced by disorders of the stomach. Good health follows good digestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. If you have indigestion or dyspepsia it will quickly relieve and permanently cure you.

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