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SUNDAY, ... JUNE 8, 1902.

THE HUSTINGS COURT.

Under the new Constitution there will be no "hustings courts." All city courts will be corporation courts. Thus the Hustings Court of Richmond—a veritable centenarian—will disappear from the judicial horizon. Of old it was presided over by the Mayor, or, in his absence by the Recorder, and was otherwise composed of the justices of the peace of the city.

Our first Mayor was Dr. Foushee—or in its unanglicized form, "Fouche." Our impression is that the Doctor at one time lived near the corner of Main and Fifth streets. Later he had a dwelling and large garden at the north end of what is now Foushee street; but it is probable that his house fronted on Marshall street.

Among the excellent gentlemen who served this city as Recorder was John Marshall, Esq., afterwards Chief Justice of the United States. When the Mayor of his time was absent from the bench, Captain Marshall presided. Who knows but that his experience in that humble tribunal of justice was of great service to him, when he came to preside over the greatest court in the world? In those days the County Court and the Hustings Court had a great variety of duties imposed upon them—duties now performed by councils of cities and boards of supervisors of counties—and the old magistrates not only became skilled in the law while serving on the bench, but also acquired a vast deal of information about public affairs and things generally.

Richmond having grown to be a considerable city, the Legislature, about 1858, directed that a judge should be elected to preside over this court, in lieu of the Mayor. A poll was thereupon taken and William Henry Lyons, a son of the Hon. James Lyons, was elected judge and took his seat with three or four justices on each side of him. At the same time the legal name of the court was changed from the "Court of Hustings" to "the Hustings Court."

Judge Lyons made an admirable judge. He was acceptable to Whigs and Democrats both. He went on quietly performing his duties during the war period, but after the fall of Richmond he was displaced by a Federal military order. For a time an extra-legal, but quite acceptable and necessary, "court of conciliation" acted by authority of the Federal officer who had control of the city. If our recollection serves us rightly—we do not speak from the record—the members of the court were Judge Lyons, Henry W. Thomas, and William Green. Of Judge Lyons we have already spoken. He was a gifted judge. He had learning, suavity, and tact. Judge Thomas was a great, big, jolly, smooth-shaven, genial and able gentleman from Fairfax. He was once or twice Second Auditor of Virginia, and several times member and president of the State Senate. Judge Green was a man prodigiously learned in the law, but was not as practical as his associates; but he knew all the law that the books contained. All three were pure and patriotic; great men, indeed.

During the Reconstruction period a Colonel Bramhall was made judge of the Hustings Court. Considering his anomalous position and the temper of the people towards the men in blue and the general topsy turveyness of everything and law matters particularly, he did very well.

With the new Underwood Constitution came another change.

Judge Lyons being dead, the Legislature elected as the new Judge of the court Captain Guigon, of the firm of Johnson & Guigon—Marmaduke Johnson and Aleck Guigon.

These two gentlemen had been brother Confederate artillery officers, and when the war was over they formed a partnership for the practice of the law. They were of counsel for the defence in the great Jeter Phillips case. "Duke" Johnson, as he was popularly and affectionately called, was a brilliant advocate, while his partner was rather a plain speaker, but had his head crammed full of law, and was great in the preparation of pleadings and other papers, and in the discussion of knotty law questions. He became judge at a time when by reason of the effects of the war Richmond needed a clear-headed and a masterful hand such as his. He was a terror to evil-doers, and the subject of unlimited admiration from good citizens. Upon his death he was succeeded by George L. Christian, Esq., then Clerk of the Court of Appeals; a man of Guigonian mould in many respects. Judge Christian went out of office when the Readjusters came into power and was succeeded by Thomas S. Atkins, Esq., who served acceptably, and among other incidents of his career presided at the trial of Cluverius. In due season and natural order the Democrats elected the Hon. Samuel B. Witt to succeed Judge Atkins. Judge Witt is one of the worthy gentlemen who are officially designated by the new Constitution as "present" incumbents. The change of name of his court from "Hustings" to "Corporation" will have no effect upon him. We doubt if he will lose a moment's sleep or an ounce of flesh on account of the change; a change which was thought necessary in the interest of uniformity. Virginia will not hereafter have "Corporation" courts in some cities and "Hustings" Court in other cities. We yield to the inevitable, as a matter of course, but regret that this change had to be made. We hold to the doctrine that there's much in a name, especially one so ancient, honorable, and distinguished as that of the Hustings Court of Richmond.

HEILPRIN AND PLINY.

The scientists are bragging that Professor Angelo Heilprin, in making the ascent of "still smoking Mont Pelee," scored a "scoop" on the journalists, and in coolness and intrepidity double discounted old man Pliny—Pliny, the elder. We admit that Professor Heilprin got ahead of the newspaper boys. They had better sense than to go nosing around the fire and sulphur spouting nozzles of Pelee until "it had been tried" on a scientist.

But we are not so certain about Professor Heilprin's having outclassed the old naturalist, lawyer, and mariner to the extent claimed. Our recollection is that our ancient friend went about the business he had in hand "as cool as a cucumber," and all the circumstances considered, his performance was a most daring one. He was less lucky than Professor Heilprin, because his intrepidity, calmness, and curiosity cost him his life; but we protest that it is a shame that the latter day scientists should throw off on the old fellow's memory by trying to minimize his "beat" on the newspaper reporters of his day, in order to exploit more prominently Heilprin's nerve and "scoop."

Seriously, however, Professor Heilprin's ascent of Mont Pelee was a most courageous venture, and places him with the foremost among the world's scientists who have risked a frightful death in the interesting of adding human knowledge.

ASLEEP AT THE LEGAL SWITCH.

That is a pathetic yet shocking story which reaches us from Harrisonburg and tells of the sad fate which befell a juror in the thrifty Rockingham capital. The unfortunate citizen, more or less saturated with that beverage utilized to dispel the heat of summer—as well as the chill of winter—was sitting as one of twelve good and true men selected to try a case in the United States District Court. From all accounts we judge the forensic pyrotechnics were not as interesting as usual, or maybe the day was hot and soporiferous. At any rate, said juror began getting drowsy and ere he knew it he had lapsed into that usually peaceful repose which is superinduced by the beverage alluded to. And then he nodded—yea, even as a witness was testifying. How long this sweet oblivion lasted we are not informed, but this we know. There was a rude awakening. The eagle eye of Judge McDowell had espied the somnolent transgressor. Perhaps also the olefactory organ of the gentleman who wore the ermine had likewise sniffed the odor of the fluid which caused the surreptitious siesta. At any rate, the wrath of the judiciary was swift and merciless. Almost before the sleepy juror knew what was happening he had been fined $20.00, and severely reprimanded for his contempt of court. Furthermore, to facilitate the unlucky sleeper's celerity in procuring the cash required as a valuable consideration for the fleeting luxury he had enjoyed, the judge directed that a capias be issued, if the fine was not paid within thirty days.

O! it was pitiful and unexpected, especially as jurors from time immemorial—or rather from the dawn of English common law—have been availing themselves of the privilege of snatching occasional naps during the monotonous grindings of legal investigation. True, the time-honored custom is all wrong, but surely its very antiquity deserves some consideration. At least the judiciary heretofore have been kind enough to fail to see the contemptuous misdemeanants. But now a precedent—an awful precedent—has been established—and if the doctrine of "stare decisis" is to prevail there will be no more peace or pleasure in jury service.

Our only consolation lies in the fact that the preachers can't hold us in contempt and fine us, as did the judge in the case of the Harrisonburg sleeper.

Boss Hanna doubtless understands that in arguing for a Panama canal he is really arguing that there be no canal at all.

The demand for flowers, both of expensive and of the cheaper varieties, is said to be growing fast in all the cities of this country. It should be encouraged in every way possible. A love for flowers cannot be otherwise than refining.

A posthumous child, a daughter, was born to Paul Leicester Ford, the murdered author, on Sunday or Monday last, it appears. The fact was first made public at the filing of Ford's will, for probate, on Friday. No mention is made in the will, by the way, of Paul Ford's brother, Malcolm. The date of the document is September 18, 1900.

THE STORY MODEL.

The Dispatch has heard wonder expressed by some that the Daughters' Monument Association did not adopt Mr. Story's design for the Davis arch, instead of Mr. Gudebrod's. This only goes to show that they are not well informed.

The grandeur and beauty of Mr. Story's model there is none to deny. But in the first place, it was never properly in the competition. It was required that he should furnish a model and specifications; but the latter he neglected to do. Therefore, in justice to the other competitors, Mr. Story's model could not be considered.

Mr. Story's estimate by cablegram was that the arch could be erected for $70,000 "without the sculptures." The sculptures, it is presumed, would cost anywhere from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The Daughters' committee are not insensible to the defects of Mr. Gudebrod's design, but they believe that most of its defects are correctable. It is agreed, therefore, that the model will be changed in several respects, conformably to the advice of competent gentlemen, whose help the daughters have secured. No picture yet made of this sculptor's work comes anywhere near doing it justice; at the same time, we repeat, defects are obvious, and these will be corrected. That the arch can be built for $75,000 is not doubted.

IN "CAHOOT."

From late advices from Washington, ton, it appears that as regards Cuban reciprocity both the old sugar trust and the beet-sugar trust threw dust in the eyes of the public and led off the track the most astute and wide-awake correspondents. The beet-sugar people made no secret of their hostility to reciprocity, and in fighting it did not hesitate to call the old trust hard names. On the other hand, the old trust "returned the compliment," and posed as being, if not positively friendly, not hostile to giving Cuba a chance to live. The two combines seemed to be at daggers' points.

But it is now stated on what we are assured is the very best of authority that the old trust has had all the time, a mortgage on the new, that the two interests instead of having been antagonistic to each other have been in "cahoot," and that secretly the old trust has been backing the beet-sugar ring. This condition of affairs is no less a serious matter to the people of this country than to Cuba, seeing that as long as the two trusts were separate there was a certain safeguard against a squeezing of the consumer too ruthlessly.

HANNA AND THE CANAL.

At one time Senator Hanna was an ardent advocate of the Nicaragua canal route. But the other day he "flopped" and made a speech in favor of the Panama route. The New York Times says the speech was an eminently practical one. No doubt. Hanna is practical or nothing. But our New York contemporary leaves us more or less mystified as to what it really thinks is the "practical" end the Ohio Senator had in view.

The statements of Hanna, as the Times cites them, touching the object of building an isthmian water way, were certainly practical, and our contemporary, despite Mark's somewhat sudden change of front, protests its confidence in his sincerity.

But it also takes occasion to remark that it is by no means certain that we can ever construct a canal along the Panama route, and for these reasons: We may never come to an agreement with the Frenchmen or with the French Government. Insuperable obstacles may hinder our acceptance of the offer of the new canal company to sell its rights for $40,000,000. The company may be unable to make a transfer. If Congress should pass a bill instructing the President to build a canal along the Panama route the President might find it impossible to execute the task. Then, adds the Times, we will have no canal.

Also remarks our contemporary, rumor has it that the friends of the Panama scheme want to tie the government up to that scheme, believing we would be unable to build, in which event "the Pacific railroads would suffer from no water-way competition."

Really if the Times's article had appeared in its columns which are devoted to discussions of lighter vein we should be induced to pronounce our contemporary ironical at Hanna's expense, and not altogether in earnest in its protestations of faith in Hanna's sincerity.

At the tuberculosis congress recently held in New York there was no lack of "information" and "expert opinion," but, according to all accounts, there was no agreement as to whether "consumption is catching."

The Virginia papers published down by the sea want the proposed Maury monument placed on the Rip Raps, and in our own view that would be the proper location for it.

The Boston Herald says:

A thousand new Chippendale mahogany chairs have been manufactured for the use of the peers and peeresses at the coronation ceremonies, with the expectation their occupants will purchase the seats for souvenirs after the show is over.

If the peers and peeresses refuse to purchase the government need not be anything out of pocket. This country will readily take up the whole lot as "antiques," made by the original old "chip."

If the public could be assured that the digging of the Panama canal would lower the price of Panama hats, there might be some use talking about that expensive and much too much exploited route to the fever regions.

Governor Montague's expertness as a fisherman is being commented upon. Speaking piscatorially and politically, he is well skilled in knowing how to bait his hook and where to cast it. In these days no statesman can succeed fully unless he is persona grata to the fisher folk and to the fishes themselves.

The Painters' Magazine, of New York, in its June number, congratulates the Painters' Union, of Richmond, upon the activity it is showing in preparing for the national convention, which is to be held here in February next. The editor feels confident that every visitor will have a warm welcome and an agreeable time while here.

His Way.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

I love the world and I love the soul,
And the heart that's crushed with sorrow,
And the heaving sod where it goes to God,
And the heart-sick hopes we borrow.

The fears we feel and the tears we feel,
And the sleepless, burning eyes,
Are heaven's way of chast'ning clay
To fit for paradise.

HOWELL C. FEATHERSTON.

We really didn't need Jake Smith's order to prove that there is nothing more unfair than warfare.

Caught on the Fly.

She: You have promised to take me to the theatre, and I am looking over the list of announcements to see if I can find anything that's entirely new; let's see; here's "Hamlet," "Quo Vadis," "The Little Minister," "Susquehanna," "The Comforts of Home"—

He: Now you've struck it, my dear; there is something that is altogether new to me.

Cabriolets and Victorias.

The acme of ease and comfort for summer driving, combined with a distinctive elegance and style. We have some very fine vehicles of this class in our show rooms, and shall have much pleasure in showing them to you.

With a carriage of this grade you must have a fine set of harness; you will find our stock complete, and our prices reasonable.

THE IMPLEMENT CO.,
1302 and 1304 E. Main Street,
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An Exception.

The day was simmering with heat,
Almost the cobbles in the street
Were melted by the solar flame
That from the arching furnace came.

Men panted in the densest shade;
The brooks in every sheltered glade
Seemed with liquescent fire to hiss
And burn the margins with their kiss.

Parboiled were all the harbor's piers,
Each theatre shed scalding tears;
All earth a bubbling caldron seemed
Where everybody stewed and steamed.

Yet one man in the busiest whirl,
E'en while the heat did crack and curl
The roofs on buildings new and old,
Did shake and shiver with the cold;

One man, as 'twere the day were bleak,
Horripilated, so to speak,
Shuddered and quaked from head to feet—
He had so many drafts to meet.

Love and Finance.

"I will treasure this forever," said the lover as her "yes"
Emphasized the hope of his perennial court,
Then as on her lips he did endorsement noisily impress,
Said pa, "I hear the treasurer's report."

Amply Qualified.

I hear that your husband is taking a great interest in politics lately.

Yes; I am sorry to say that his ambition has tended in that direction for some time.

It is even whispered that he has an ambition some day to become Vice-president.

Indeed! Well, I know of nothing that he is better qualified to be president of.

Struck the Key.

The miner said unto the maid who did his love requite,
"Your answer fills my bosom with a song of rhapsody!'
Then straightway spake the maiden, with a kittenish delight,
"Of course your rhapsodic song is in a miner key."

It Was His Way.

Young Pawn: Please excuse that remark, Miss Keener; I spoke without thinking, don't you know.

Miss Keener: Of course you did, my dear boy; how could you help it?

A Matrimonial Spell.

Jaggers has got a wife of managerial propensities; her word is law.

Perhaps, though he spells it with a J.

Men as Musical Instruments.

(Observations of a Philosophical Friend of Ours.)

"There is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ: Yet can not you make it speak. * * Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?"
—Hamlet.

It is pleasantly and profoundly interesting to contemplate and study men as musical instruments. You can parallel and compare them one to the other, be entertained with the comparison, and yet make bad mistakes.

Barnardine was apparently a veritable clod; and yet what a diabolic strain comes forth of him. "A man that apprehends death no more but as a drunken sleep. Careless, reckless, and fearless of what is past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal." What a dirge of mortality! Solemn, fearful music. Caliban is described as "abhorred slave; which any print of goodness will not take, being capable of all ill." And yet hear Caliban:

"The Isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not,
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That if I then had waked after a long sleep,
Will make me sleep again, and then in dreaming,
The clouds, me thought, would open and show riches
Ready to drop on me; then when I waked
I cried to dream again."

These two instances show how from the most unpromising instruments we may get music; how impossible to quench man's divinity.

In everyday life we sometimes meet people that don't seem to have a particle of music in their souls. Presently something happens that touches a chord of their hearts, the smothered God is touched and stirred within them, and an enchanting note sounds. "Thou hast known my soul in adversity," is the song of the heart from its depth of hopelessness.

It is the hand of the Almighty that tunes these, harps, organs, violins, sackbuts, pipes, and trumpets to utter and express their emotions. Our nerves make us stringed instruments; our throats make us pipes and trumpets; and our hearts, fenced in with bones and sinews, make us deep-toned organs whose groans make all about us tremble.

And this same orchestra that constitutes ourselves may be in tune or out of tune. We may be like sweet bells jangling out of tune and harsh. We may be muffled and dumb, and respond to neither breath nor ban; cracked and unstrung, incapable of utterance or vibration, absolute discord or dumbness; and yet out of all this at last concord may come. The breath and touch of heaven may accomplish sweet music, peace, order, and a song of triumph.

Down here men are all before us as musical instruments. Homer and Shakespeare take for their instruments, Agamemmon, Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and a crowd of demigods and goddesses, and Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Henry V. and Falsstaff, and Ophelia, Desdemona, Perdita, Rosalind, Cordelia, and Imogene. On these wonderful instruments the hand of genius plays; to each of them it imparts its inspiration. And, O, what deep-toned, solemn music, or what sweet delicious notes pour forth. To what instruments may we compare those human instruments the great souls play on?

In society, or trade, or business, we are not merely the work of the hands of the milliner and mantua-maker, nor the output of schools and colleges. Every individual is a valuable, a centre of care and affection to a small or large circle, a living, feeling, fearing, hoping, sorrowing, or rejoicing, human being. Rightly handled, considered, tuned, each is a musical instrument. Each may lend a discordant note to pandemonium. Or each may be attuned to universal harmony, and join at last with the grand choir of angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven.

And it is a pretty moral to think that all these musical instruments in the commonest conditions under the touch or tact of the genius or kindly respect may astonish us with a melody almost divine.

THE BATTLE ABBEY.

A Suggestion From an Old Confederate.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

As a long resident in Richmond, and one who still takes the deepest interest in all that concerns her welfare, and who, "with untraveled heart," turns ever and anon to this Mecca of our Southland, I have read with eager delight all about the new schemes for the adornment and prosperity of the beautiful city.

I have rejoiced to see that a great auditorium, so long needed in the city, seems about to take practical shape, and I venture to make a suggestion which would not only speedily secure the auditorium, but which would at the same time complete the scheme of the "Battle Abbey," or "Confederate Memorial Hall," rendered possible by the liberal gift of the late Charles Broadway Rouss.

The report made by the trustees of this fund at the reunion in Dallas, Tex., gave just this as the present status of that scheme: There had been subscribed to the fund more than the $100,000 necessary to secure the offer of the same amount by Mr. Rouss, but unfortunately one of the largest subscribers had died, his heirs declined to make good his subscription, and the trustees, under the advice of counsel, made a compromise which leaves them just $26,000 short of meeting the conditions of Mr. Rouss's gift and building the Memorial Hall. They are, therefore, under the necessity of raising $26,000 before going ahead to build this beautiful memorial, which will be at the same time an ornament to Richmond, a monument to the Confederacy, and a repository of relics, and "material for the future historian" which will be beyond all price. Now, if I have not been misinformed, Richmond, although she has secured, against active competition, the location of this priceless memorial, has contributed a very small amount of money to this fund, and our comrades all over the Southland are speaking of and complaining of this fact.

True, she will give (if the expected arrangement is carried out, and the "White House of the Confederacy" and its treasures are connected with this new memorial), far more than money could ever buy; but ought not Richmond, under all of the circumstances, to promptly raise the larger part of this $26,000, which will secure her this superb Memorial Hall? I am quite sure that if the matter is properly presented to the moneyed men of the city they will cheerfully give this money, for their business sense and public spirit will show them that they cannot afford not to do so.

Now, my practical suggestion is this: The "Battle Abbey," or "Rouss' Memorial Hall" must have connected with it a large and perfectly-appointed auditorium. Why, then, cannot the several societies and associations who are now seeking to combine and raise funds for an auditorium, confer with the trustees of the "Memorial Hall," who are soon to meet in Richmond, and agree upon some plan by which Richmond shall raise the $26,000 needed to complete this fund, and the trustees shall guarantee an auditorium, and rooms every way suited to the needs of the city?

There may be practical difficulties in this scheme which I do not see, but it really seems to me that this is an easy solution of the problem—that in this way Richmond can soon add to her many attractions a magnificent "Memorial Hall," and at the same time meet her crying need for an auditorium.

But whether my suggestion be carried out or not, Richmond must have this "Battle Abbey," and an auditorium—separate or combined.

J. WM. JONES.

Chapel Hill, N. C., June 2, 1902.

Ocean Secrets.

Wave exiled Naiads! How the ocean lies
With captive voice in these pearly shells;
And stretching seas where the gray gull flies,
And the salt sea brine more grateful smells
Than the scented whiff from muskadels.

There's a dash of foam in my lifted face,
And a windy west where sunsets link
Impurpled dyes on the horizon's space;
And the waves have a ruddy glow to drink
As they tumble back from the ocean's brink!

There's a long line rolling in undertone
And beacon'd headlands far appear;
And rugged cliffs with wave-beats thrown
And white-winged boats are loitering near,
Till the tide laps out from the slippery pier.

Such whispering tales I hear, old Ocean!
Of coral caves where the mermaid dwells;
Where the sea-nymph rocks with a billowy motion
Her babes in these pink-lined cradle shells,
And the murmuring waves of her music tells.

O, shells, that I gathered where white crests break;
Ye have mysteries deep as the seas for me:
To the things you hide my soul will awake
When I tread the wide shores of eternity.
And gather my shells by a soundless sea!
Inda Barton Hays in Harper's Monthly.

ARCH SUGGESTION.

Let Confederate Camps Contribute the Stones.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

With reference to the proposed arch in memory of President Jefferson Davis, allow me to suggest that it would be a good idea to build a part of the arch with stones, to be donated by the 105 or 106 Confederate Camps in Virginia, each stone to be taken from a separate battlefield, if possible, and lettered with the name of the battlefield it comes from and the name of the camp donating it. If this idea could be extended still further, and each Confederate Camp of the United Confederate Veterans would give a stone, it would be truly a memorial arch, and at the same time in every sense of the word a triumphal arch; for the loss of the cause never can take anything from the glory of the victories won by the Confederate arms. And the roll of the names engraved on the stone would be a roll of honor such as few triumphal arches in the world contain.

Very respectfully,

A VIRGINIA SOLDIER.

Bound to "Loose" Texas.

(New York World.)

Secretary Moody has received this hair-raising epistle from a resident of Kentucky:

"To the Hon. Secretary of the Navey: I am very sorey to in form you that we are bound to loose the State of texas and the best thing that can be done is to stop all the holes up if possibel and tamp the earth where the drills has bin put in the ground so as prevent air from getting in a vent some times is as bad as gas coming out.

"The hole united states is in danger and we must do all we can to save her. You know a canon wont shoot without a vent so a vent in the bowels of the earth might cause lots of dameg.

"You give every bodey warning to flee out of the state of texas as she is bound to sink the almighty has sent his warning."

Cuticura SOAP

FOR GOLF HANDS

RED, ROUGH HANDS, ITCHING, BURNING PALMS, SHAPELESS NAILS WITH PAINFUL FINGER ENDS.

One Night Treatment

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour, $1. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (25c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. British depot: 27-28, Charterhouse Sq. London. French Depot: 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odourless, economical substitute for the celebrated liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. Each pill is equivalent to one teaspoonful of liquid RESOLVENT. Put up in screw-cap pocket vials, containing the same number of doses as a 50c. bottle of liquid RESOLVENT, price 25c.

Exhibit of the Growth of the Public School System, 1871-1901.

(From the Virginia School Journal.)

Examine carefully the following statistical exhibit showing the status of the system for the years mentioned, and observe the growth and expansion shown:

	School Population.	Pupils Enrolled.	Pupils in Daily Attendance.	Schools.	Months Taught.	Per ct. of Sch. Pop. En.	P. ct. Sch. Pop. in Dly. At.	Cost of System for Year	Value of School Property.	Ave. Monthly Salaries of Teachers for School Term. Males.	F'm'l's
1871..	411,021	131,088	75,522	3,047	5.72	31.8	18.8	$ 545,825 08	$ 189,689 36	$32 36	$26 33
1875..	482,789	184,486	103,927	4,185	5.59	38.1	21.5	1,021,596 68	757,181 00	35 52	28 71
1880..	555,807	220,756	128,404	4,854	5.64	39.7	23.1	946,109 33	1,177,544 86	29 20	24 65
1885..	610,271	303,343	176,469	6,575	5.92	49.7	28.5	1,424,531 60	1,819,256 83	31 00	26 88
1890..	652,045	342,269	198,290	7,511	5.91	52.5	30.4	1,604,508 80	2,235,085 05	31 69	26 01
1895..	665,533	355,986	202,530	8,278	5.95	53.4	30.4	1,807,532 45	2,082,828 98	32 82	26 95
1900..	691,313	370,595	216,464	8,922	6.00	53.6	31.3	1,989,238 27	3,536,293 14	32 47	26 18
1901..	691,312	381,561	225,912	8,948	6.10	55.2	32.6	2,084,647 74	3,606,654 05	32 66	26 46

An Untimely Thought.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month of the year—
Will it be midnight, or morning,
And who will bend over my bier? * * *

What a hideous fancy to come
As I wait at the foot of the stair,
As she gives the last touch to her robe,
Or sets the white rose in her hair.

As the carriage rolls down the dark street
The little wife laughs and makes cheer—
But * * * I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month of the year.

The Dawn of Peace.

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,
And beat your bands to dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning wind,
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
The glittering hosts increase—
They come! They come! How fair their feet!
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies are ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew,
But wait a little while,
And with the deathless, radiant rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
Nor nursing from the nest.
—John Ruskin.

Lightning for Deafness.

(Washington Correspondence New York World.)

An old lady who sat beside Senator Depew in an F street car to-day asked him how to get to the White House. The Senator told her. She leaned far over and said:

"I beg your pardon, but will you kindly speak a little louder. I am very deaf."

The Senator spoke louder. Then the old lady began to tell him how much an affliction her deafness was.

"Have you ever tried electricity?" the Senator asked.

"Well," she said, "I was struck by lightning last summer, but it didn't do me any good.

Ode Written in the Year 1746.

(By Collins.)

William Collins was born at Chichester, England, December 25, 1720, and died there June 12, 1756. He was intended for the church, was admitted in 1733 as a scholar at Winchester, took his bachelor's degree at Oxford in 1744, went to London, contemplated many things, did few, was pursued by creditors and at one time was in the hands of baliffs. In 1746 he published his famous odes. The latter part of his life was passed in a lunatic asylum. He died without knowing that fame would proclaim him one of England's choice singers. The following poem was written in commemoration of the royalists, who, under the Duke of Cumberland, died April 27, 1746, in victorious battle against Charles Edward, the young pretender, at Culloden, which is five miles from Inverness. See:

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Spectacles and Climate.

(American Medicine.)

In a suggestive little article (Ophthalmic Record, January, 1902), Dr. George S. Hull, of Pasadena, reads a needed lesson to Eastern physicians who are indifferent to or ignorant of the powerful influence for evil of eye-strain upon the general system, and who send their patients to California instead of to the home oculist. "It is surprising," he says, "how many neurasthenics cross the continent in search of health who have uncorrected errors of refraction, which are the largest factors in their break-downs." The "glare of the sun" in this land of sunshine compels them upon arriving to seek the local oculist there, who, in relieving eye-strain, relieves also the stomach trouble, the head aches, the insomnia, depression of spirits, spinal exhaustion, etc., for which they came. Even when there is such organic disease as pulmonary tuberculosis the cure is hastened, complicating symptoms relieved, and life made more enjoyable by this aid.