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FRIDAY, ... JULY 4, 1902.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Was the old order better than the new? Was the ancient observance of the fourth of July more sensible than that which prevails at present?

Was the public meeting in the grove; the dinner under the trees; the target-shooting and the "spread eagle" speech more sensible than the observance now customary?

The only answer we have for such a question is that the times change, and we change with them. The old fashion was a good fashion in its days, but its day has passed. The Revolution was not so far away—so remote—then as it is now. It is separated from this generation not merely by a respectable number of years, but by great events, thrilling experiences, and startling changes in the habits, life, and aspirations of the people. This is a day of newspapers, of general education, of widespread intelligence, and people will not waste time on a commonplace orator, even though he extols the Patriot fathers and paints a gaudy picture of the glories of our country.

Instead of Fourth of July banquets or barbecues, instead of "hot air" oratory and military parades, towns people now flock to the country and country people to the cities. Of all days in the year it is one when the rolling stock of the railways is most taxed. To provide transportation enough for the Fourth of July excursionists would be impossible, but for the willingness of so many men to forego seats and accept "standing room only." And it is a joyous, happy day! There's fun and frolic in it. "Picnic days"—excursions to the sea shore or mountains or to woodland glens—are the halcyon days of our youth and our time, to which memory will fondly revert in the days to come.

The excursion business—that of the Fourth of July especially—is one of the wonders of this age and clime. Steamboats, steam-cars and trolley-cars all profit by it, and parks that formerly presented only a melancholy routine of walks and drives are now filled with fascinating shows. Men, women and children who lead sedentary lives may now find in the public parks that air and exercise and mental recreation which else they would sigh for in vain—all of which is to the credit of the trolley system and the five-cent fare.

And this is flag time, too! Every child has his little flag, and is fond of it. To him it is at first a toy; later it will become a symbol, and later yet he may be found fighting under it under a tropic sun, or perhaps within the Arctic circle. Who knows? Who knows to what limits our expansion will grow; what extreme climates it may embrace; what distant lands it may annex?

But with our excursions, picnics, park pleasures, fire-crackers and fireworks, our recreations and jubilations generally, let us not forget that this is Independence Day. Let us stop and think for a moment of Washington and Jefferson and Henry, the sword and pen and voice of the Revolution—rebels all three. Let us be grateful for the land God has given us; for the wonders He has wrought here by the hands of men; for the example of our Revolutionary forefathers, and for the rich promise of the future. And so here's to "The day we celebrate," and many happy returns!

The Du Ponts, of Delaware, are to mark the 100th anniversary of their settlement in this country as powder-makers, it seems, by an extraordinary display of fireworks on the grounds of the Wilmington Country Club to-day. In connection with this fact a good deal of interesting information regarding the Du Pont family is being brought out. The Du Ponts own powder-mills in all parts of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and it is said that among them there is a process of selection for those who are to have to do with the powder-works. "The youngsters are watched, and when one shows nervousness in the face of danger he is placed somewhere else than in the powder-mills. The rule is that a Du Pont in person shall always lead whenever there is imminent danger. A number of Du Ponts first and last—and some of them important ones—have been killed under this rule; and there have repeatedly been heroic escapes from death through the indicated lack of fear of it."

The New York Tribune goes on to say: "The family rule is a despotism, and a very strict one. The family always has a head, and what this head or chief says the other members of the family do. This headship does not necessarily descend from father to son, even when there are sons. Sometimes it goes from uncle to nephew—the main point being to secure a Du Pont thoroughly competent to manage the business affairs of the family. For many years the late General Henry D. Du Pont was head of the family. His nephew, Eugene, is now in that position."

All this suggests the Rothschild family system, seems old-worldish and old-fashioned, rather than American and modern, and is of interest accordingly.

FOR DAVIS ARCH—$1,000.

In the following letter Major James H. Dooley proposes to be one of ten to give $1,000 each to the fund to build the Davis Memorial Arch in Monroe Park:

Richmond, Va., June 28, 1902.

Mrs. E. D. Taylor, Treasurer, Davis Monument Association, U. D. C.:

Dear Mrs. Taylor: Your communication concerning the Davis Monument has been received. I do not know to what extent the people of Richmond have responded to the appeals which have been made by you and others in this cause.

As Mr. Davis resided in Richmond, as Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy, and the whole South has united in selecting Richmond as the site of the monument, I feel it to be peculiarly incumbent on us to contribute liberally and cheerfully to its construction.

In the hope of raising the sum of $10,000 for the purpose, I offer to be one of ten to give $1,000 each, or one of twenty to give $500 each.

Very truly yours,
JAMES H. DOOLEY.

Now let nine other gentlemen of this city or county come forward and make up the $10,000. There are plenty who are able to make such a contribution.

There is about $43,000 in the treasury of the Monument Association. Seventy-five thousand will be needed; but with the $10,000 fund in hand the balance can be raised easily.

Who will be next?

DRAW POKER OR NO.

J. Pierpont Morgan is credited in the newspapers with a screed in condemnation of the great American National game, draw poker. We think we see through Mr. Morgan's plot. He is jealous. He can't get the poker players in any of his combinations, and therefore he is "down" on them. That's really mean!

We have been assured by a distinguished sport that the game of faro is no longer what it used to be in this country on account of the competition which it meets in bucket shops, and now we have the great Mr. Morgan declaiming against poker, beloved by legislators, statesmen and other sinners. He has no patience, now-a-days with a small game; a game, say, where the limit ranges from five cents up. His games are big—million dollar ante. However, Mr. Morgan has no power to enforce his opinions, and we dare him to submit the question of poker or no poker to the verdict of a national primary election.

MAD-DOG FALLACIES.

The advent of the days during which Sirius reigns and is supposed to exercise a malevolent influence on the mental condition of the canine family has been signalized in various cities by vigorous war on roving dogs, and a recrudescence in the press of the discussion of hydrophobia. Also, in some cities, there have already been "mad dog scares."

While hydrophobia is spoken of by several of the earliest classical authors whose literary relics have been preserved to us, and although a number of ancient medical authorities prescribe treatment for it, there are to-day eminent specialists in troubles of the nervous system who doubt whether there is really such a disease—that is whether there is such a disease as hydrophobia traceable to the bite of rabid animals. The cause of their skepticism is the number of reported cases exhibiting commonly accepted symptoms of hydrophobia which have been found due to fright and other causes. These specialists contend that in instances where the patients actually bark and growl, and otherwise imitate the dog, there certainly cannot be hydrophobia. If there is such a thing as the true disease, the patient suffers from a nervous constriction of the throat, not uncommon in other diseases. This increases with attempts to swallow and explains the alleged "fear of water," from which hydrophobia gets its name. Moreover, we have heard physicians of this city who had been in practice for over half a century declare that they had never seen a case of the disease.

None the less, it seems now established that there is such a disease as hydrophobia, resultant from the bite of animals suffering from rabies. But the same careful and scientific and statistical investigation which justifies this conclusion, appears to have established other important facts well worthy of public attention. These other facts are that hydrophobia is exceedingly rare, and that so also is rabies in animals; that as a rule the dog supposed to be rabid is suffering from some other malady; that fallacies about mad dogs and hydrophobia have killed vastly more people than hydrophobia itself, and that often persons of fair intelligence when bitten by cross dogs, subsequently proved to have been absolutely free from rabies, have become panic-stricken, and died from imaginary hydrophobia, in their attacks of which they manifested all the alleged symptoms of hydrophobia, in most violent form. A recent case in point is that of a Chicago woman whom two physicians pronounced to be the victim of hydrophobia. After her death, however, the dog that bit her was hunted up, and it was demonstrated beyond question that it was entirely healthy. Another fact investigation of hydrophobia has developed is that dogs are no more liable to rabies in summer than they are at any other season.

The lesson therefore to be deduced from all inquiry into the subject and from the statistics that have been gathered is that the people everywhere should frown down "mad dog scares." But this is not saying that our city dog-catchers should not be active in exterminating worthless curs that roam our streets. Aside from the remote possibility of some one of them being infected with the germ of rabies, severally and collectively they are an unmitigated nuisance, because of their habit of making night hideous.

Now for a nice, quiet day—in town. The Fourth of July-ers will, of course, all "excurt."

North Carolina secured appropriations of $5,000 each for monuments to her Revolutionary generals, Davidson and Nash, on the last day of the session of Congress, it appears. The memorials are to be placed in the Guilford Battle-Ground Park, we believe, though it seems there is a movement to secure the Davidson monument for the Davidson College campus, as this college was named after the General, and is near the spot—Cowan's Ford—where he was killed.

APPROPRIATION RECORD.

The tabulated statement of the appropriations of the first session of the present Congress shows a grand total of $800,193,837. This is about $70,000,000 in excess of the appropriations of last year. But as enormous as are the figures in the tabular exhibit, it appears upon analysis of the session's "appropriation legislation" that they do not tell the full story of the extravagance indulged in. It is pointed out that if to the $800,193,837 be added the sum covering authorized additional expenditures on future contracts, the amount appropriated will reach $1,059,577,052. The average mind will perhaps receive a clearer impression of the immensity of this sum when it is stated that it represents an outlay, taken from the pockets of the tax-payers, which is largely above two millions of dollars for each day in the year.

Nor is that the worst of it. During its short session Congress will have another opportunity to touch the treasury "liberally."

The Philadelphia Record thinks that the danger of an overflowing treasury was never more forcibly illustrated than in the present instance, and we quite agree with it. But the question is what are the people going to do about it? Are they going to continue in power the party whose policy is to stuff the treasury at the expense of the masses in order that it may riot in extravagance, and thereby strengthen its political grip by promoting jobbery, or are they going to return to power the party that stands for economy and for keeping in the pockets of the masses all of the surplus funds of the country? We shall see.

Take particular care this time, boys. It is Friday, you know.

Sir Thomas Lipton rises to deny that he brought the Shamrocks to this country to advertise his tea. There isn't a single t in Shamrock, of course.

Charles M. Schwab, head of the Steel Trust, is to have a home on Riverside Drive, New York, it is announced, to cost more than $3,500,000. As a trust-y individual, he likes to have water at hand, of course.

The Fourth's coming this year on Friday will give the country pretty generally a three-days' rest from work, though not necessarily from worry.

"CRIBBERS" CAUGHT.

Out of thirty-one students from Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., who went up at Princeton the other day to stand examination for entrance at the latter institution twenty-two were debarred admission on account of "cribbing"—that is, gross dishonesty. A Princeton special says that "so plain were the cases of cribbing that on some of the papers in Latin, Greek and mathematics the paragraphing, punctuation and even the number of words on a line were the same, while some ludicrous mistakes were made." The special adds, however, that it is probable that the Andoverites will be given another examination in the autumn under the close surveillance of professors.

It strikes us that to give the "cribbers" another chance at Princeton will hardly speak better for the moral standard at that seat of learning than the cribbing speaks for the moral standard at the Andover school.

Current Comment.

The Fredericksburg Free Lance wouldn't advise any Virginia editor to become a candidate for the United States Senate until this great tidal-wave of strenuousness has subsided, unless that candidate be the "fighting editor."

Very timely and good advice.

While the personal altercation between Senators Bailey and Beveridge furnishes an altogether regrettable incident for public contemplation, at the same time it is some consolation to know that it did not occur during the Senate's session.—Roanoke Evening World.

But it occurred so soon after adjournment that our contemporary has very narrow margin for its consolation.

In the opinion of the West Point Plain Dealer "the new Constitution is not the spasmodic production of blinded partisanry or the offspring of an enthusiastic hallucination. It was conceived in justice and born of patriotism."

And therein is a compliment to its framers which we do not question the operations of the new organic law will fully justify.

Let every Democrat read and inwardly digest the article headed "The One Winner" which we this morning reproduce elsewhere from the columns of the Charlottesville Progress.

Because President Roosevelt is to spend the Fourth of July in Pittsburg, all known Anarchists have been ordered to leave the city this week and stay away for the week. Detectives have just finished the rounds of their haunts and told them that if they did not obey the order they would be arrested as suspicious persons and locked up for the week. Why for one week only? If they are a menace to life—and this is inferred from the action of the Pittsburg authorities—why not banish them from the city for all time?—Alexandria Gazette.

Pertinent questions. And why not, indeed, banish them from the country for all time?

It is to be hoped that the great New York financier will justify the following estimate of him expressed in the Newport News Evening Telegram: "Those who expect J. Pierpont Morgan to follow in the steps of William Waldorf Astor and become a sycophant at the English court do not know Morgan. He is anything else but a sycophant."

Says the Danville Register: "We have often wondered silently what became of that Christmas investigation."

"Christmas investigation?" Oh, yes. That Danish Islands scandal, you mean. Well, we reckon it has been put off to a more seasonable season, seeing, as you indicate, it has grown very cold.

MR. CLAYTOR EXPLAINS.

Declares He Did Not Cast Aspersions on Senator Daniel.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I have just seen the card of Senator Daniel with reference to an alleged statement by me in my speech at Houston that Senator Daniel had "dodged" the vote on the oleomargarine bill. I do not recall using the word "dodged" with reference to anybody. I had been informed, and so stated, that he did not vote on the bill, without a thought that my remarks would be construed as reflecting upon Senator Daniel. I have too high an opinion of him to believe for a moment that he would dodge any vote upon any question.

GRAHAM CLAYTOR.

Brookneal, Va., July 2, 1902.

The One Winner.

(Charlottesville Progress.)

That the tariff will be the winning card of the Democratic party in 1904, there can be no reasonable doubt. It has the strongest appealing power to the greatest number of people, of an issue ever nailed into a platform. It touches the pocket of the millions, of the great masses of the voters from one end of the country to the other. It is vital in essence, and tangible and palpable in effect. It can be brought directly home to the elector. He can be made to feel its force in everyday life, in the purchase of the actual necessities of living. It comes within his comprehension, because it comes within his life. Hence its enormous power as a vote getter, and as an election winner. Men to whom imperialism, militiarism, expansion, ship subsidies, and the money question are Greek and Sanskrit, can grasp its meaning and be vitally swayed by its effect.

From another standpoint it is the one reasonable cure for the evils of trusts. It is the one visible means by which their otherwise gigantic force can be broken. For if the tariff be taken off the articles which they control and foreign markets be thrown into competition with them, their conscriptive powers will just as surely be broken as that the sun rises in the East and sets in the West. A high protective tariff is the very breath of their nostrils. Without it they would be utterly devitalized, utterly impotent.

Therefore, in view of the above facts, we would urge the Democrats of the country to put aside the out-of-date, impossible, impracticable old issues upon which they have been fighting, and return to this sane, safe, vital principle. It will bring them success, if anything in the world will bring them success. It has done so in the past and it will do so in the future. Let us try it. Let us begin to talk it up now, and in 1904 let us make it the first and most prominent plank in our platform.

Boarding-House Gossip.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

"I see that hash has become the fashionable dish at the White House."

"Well, you must remember that the President gets a good, big salary. I suppose they have chunks of real meat in it, too, don't they?"

To Save Time.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

"Jedge," said the colored prisoner, "is I expected ter tell de truth?"

"Of course you are!"

"Well, then, des go ahead en sentence me furst!"

The Best He Could Give.

(Catholic Record.)

A man was asked what "an idea in the concrete" means, and he said: "It must be an inscription in a patent pavement."

Not the Day to Be Off.

(Baltimore Herald.)

"Say, Blinks, are you going to celebrate the Fourth?"

"Well, hardly; I'm a city fireman, you know!"

His Deadly Plan.

(Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.)

"I could put an end to the war in the Philippines in a month."

"Of course you think so. Every American who stays at home does. What's your idea?"

"Equip the army with racing automobiles, and turn it loose!"

A Suggestive Invitation.

(Staunton News.)

The Richmond Dispatch says, "Oh, what a nuisance these macadamized streets are!" Then come up to Staunton and live on the clean vitrified bricks.

The Voice of the Glorious Fourth.

(William J. Lampton in the Cosmopolitan.)

I
Am the Fourth of July,
And I'm big enough
To be the other three-fourths,
But I'm modest, you know,
And I don't claim all my share.
Ain't that fair?
Of course it is;
It's my biz
To have a fair
And equal divvy everywhere,
That's how I got my start.
Hooray for Me
And the American Eagle
And the Declaration of Independence
And the Star-Spangled Banner
And Uncle Sam
And G. Wash.,
B'gosh.
I'm the birthday
Of the greatest Nation on earth,
And since its birth
The world has seen better days,
And it does not raise
Such crops of kings
And their underlings
As it used to raise
In the old-time days,
Which is owing to me.
See?
Before I was
The freemen's cause
Was in a slump
And going lame,
But, Friends and Fellow-Citizens,
When I got in the game
It made a jump;
For I,
The Fourth of July,
Had come to stay,
And well they knew
The Red, White, and Blue
Would float forever as a sign
The tyrants were no more divine
Than were the People; they who stood
As slaves to their own masterhood,
And to no other.
Man and Brother
Was my creed
As set forth in the Sacred Screed
The Declaration which unfurled
The Flag of Freedom to the world
Its lines were red
With blood of patriots shed
To make it stand
The firm foundation of the land.
But what of that?
In blood,
Not mud,
Are written all the deeds
That lift mankind to loftier things,
And what is lasting in all creeds
Has borne the cross of sufferings.
However, that is done,
And now we're having fun.
Bells!
Yells!
Boys!
Noise!
Fizz!
Whiz!!!
From lake to gulf,
From sea to sea,
The pure, white light of Liberty
Beams out beneath our Flag unfurled
That stretches half way round the world.
And I
Am the Fourth of July,
The birthday of a Nation that
Knows just exactly where it's at
And stands out clearly, boldly, so
All others in the push may know.
Gee whiz,
What a glory of glories
The Glorious Fourth is!

Horses' Tail New Imports.

(New York Commercial.)

A brand new article of trade has sprung up of late on the upper West Side near the entrances to the park. The idea is said to have come from a Kentuckian well known in Jacksonville, Fla., who for years advertised and had over his stable door a big sign reading:

"DICK OLDHAM'S HORSE HOTEL."

Later, he opened a saddlery department appropriately advertised as purveying the most up-to-date "horse haberdashery." And finally a hostler, who was an adept at mane and tail-braiding and professed to have a lotion that would make a depleted tail or mane "grow is good as new," was proclaimed as "equine tonsorial artist."

Now, up in these West Side horse equipment shops horses' tails are on sale. "False tails for horses," explained one of the dealers, "are provided for animals that have become what is called rattailed. It would be in the case of a fine horse only that such a deficiency would be supplied, for false tails are somewhat expensive. The least expensive of them would cost $27.50 and they would run from that up to as high as $50.

"What? Why, certainly. You can buy a whole horse of some sorts for what such a tail would cost, but the cost of the tails is not disproportionate to the value of the horses upon which they are used. These animals are fine, handsome and valuable carriage horses, lacking only in this feature, useless in their work without it. The false tail is attached to the crupper of the harness and is further secured in place by fastenings made fast around the actual tail; it is put on and taken off with the harness. It is worn without the slightest discomfort to the horse, it can't come off and is absolutely undistinguishable from a natural tail.

"False tails for horses are made in England, and while in some cases it might be possible to supply demands from tails in stock here, they are commonly made to order for the individual horses for which they are required. It takes about two months from their receipt to fill orders for false tails. The demand for them varies with the fashions in which horses' tails are worn. When horses tails are worn short there is naturally a less demand for false tails than there is when long tails are in fashion."

By far

the most agreeable and refreshing water, alone or mixed with wine, etc Its moderate alkalinity admirably counteracts the effects of wine and spirits.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

BIG CARGO OF BERRIES.

Steamer Lancaster Brings Over 3,000 Buckets Besides Other Fruit.

(Baltimore Sun.)

Light street wharves are the busiest section of the city since the fruit and vegetable season began, and yet the height of the season has not been reached. It is puzzling to the casual spectator how the almost innumerable wagons, carts and other vehicles can move about without producing a complete blockade.

The steamer Lancaster, of the Weems Line, was late yesterday on account of the heavy shipment of berries and vegetables from the Rappahannock. All the afternoon the street opposite the Weems Line wharf was crowded with wagons and more than 60 men were employed in unloading the produce from the vessel.

The Lancaster brought one of the largest shipments of blackberries of the year, amounting to more than 3,000 buckets. These berries are mostly of the wild variety and are shipped from different stations along the Rappahannock. They are picked by children and sold to the dealers at the wharves.

A great many huckleberries and cherries also arrived yesterday. Potatoes came next to the berries in amount, there being several hundred barrels on the Lancaster. A few barrels of young corn, which has been coming down the river in small quantities since last Saturday, and some peaches and apples made up the cargo.

GOUT IN AMERICA.

Majority of the Cases Seem to Have Earned the Disease.

(Medical Record.)

A paper read before the American Educational Association by Dr. Thomas B. Futcher, of Baltimore, is summarized as follows: Gout in the United States is undoubtedly more common than is generally supposed. Out of 13,400 medical cases admitted to Dr. Osler's medical wards in the Johns Hopkins Hospital during a period of thirteen years, there were 35 gout cases, or 0.24 per cent, of the total number of cases. For the same number of years at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, there were 116 gout cases out of a total of 31,100 medical admissions, or 0.37 per cent. of the cases. Thus, among hospital patients gout is only about one-third more frequent in London than in Baltimore. All the thirty-six cases were in white males. The largest number of cases occurred in the fifth decade. Twenty-seven of the patients were native-born Americans. The majority of the cases appeared to have earned rather than have acquired their gout. Alcohol and lead seemed to be the most potent predisposing etiological factor.

REV T. L. BOWLING DEAD.

Well-Known Methodist Minister Passes Away in Scott County.

GATE CITY, VA., July 3.—(Special.)—Rev. T. L. Bowling, of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, who was pastor of the Clinch Valley Circuit, on the north side of Scott county, died of typhoid-fever Monday night. The remains were taken to Jonesville, Va., yesterday for interment.

The deceased was about 35 years of age. He had achieved a high standing as an able, zealous minister.

H. J. Addington, until recently proprietor of a large store at this place, was examined before the Mayor of Gate City yesterday on a charge of immortality and fined $100.

A few nights ago unknown thieves broke into the smokehouse of Colonel J. B. Richmond and stole a large amount of bacon.

N&W Ry TRILBY TRIPS To The SEA-SHORE

EVERY SUNDAY

ROUND $1.00 TRIP TO NORFOLK AND OCEAN VIEW

ROUND TRIP TO $1.25 ROUND TRIP TO VIRGINIA BEACH

FAST VESTIBULED TRAIN
WITH THROUGH COACHES TO VIRGINIA BEACH.
VIA
NORFOLK AND WESTERN RY.

Leaves Richmond, Byrd-Street Station, EVERY SUNDAY at 8:30 A. M., for NORFOLK, OCEAN VIEW and VIRGINIA BEACH, arriving Norfolk 11 A. M., with through coaches between Richmond and Virginia Beach, and connecting at Norfolk and Western depot, Norfolk, with SPECIAL CARS for OCEAN VIEW. Returning, leave Ocean View 6:15 P. M., Virginia Beach 6:30 P. M., Norfolk 7:15 P. M., arriving Richmond 10 P. M.

VESTIBULED COACHES. ROCK-BALLASTED TRACK. QUICKEST AND "ONLY ALL-RAIL ROUTE."

Tickets for sale at N. and W. office and at train.

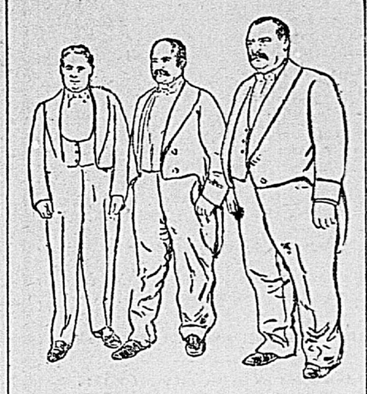
R. T. ADAMS, Manager.

A STUDY IN TROUSERS.

New York Paper Takes Shots at the Nether Garments of Hill, Cleveland, and Gov. Montague.

The New York Sun of yesterday has an amusing editorial, written in the Sun's most humorous style, concerning the trousers of three distinguished Democratic statesmen, Grover Cleveland, David Bennett Hill, and Andrew Jackson Montague. The Sun says:

At the dinner of the Tilden Club an artist employed by the New York Herald made a flashlight picture of certain Democratic statesmen there on view. The extraordinary scene there revealed has glued to itself the gaze of all students of beauty and sartorial correctness. The Review of Reviews reproduces the picture; and we take from that gallery of mingled dignity and horror these three figures:



The trousers of the Hon. Andrew Jackson Montague, Governor of Virginia, are faultless of architecture. Their lines are simple, severe, classic. Something, indeed much, of credit must be given to the Apollonian grace of the legs which they adorn and are adorned by; but the drapery of those columns comes from a master's hand. Dignity and distinction walk there leg-in-leg. The beautifully defined and yet not too salient crease gives the last touch of refinement and crowns the work. So should a gentleman's legs be arrayed at dinner. A dwarf who couldn't reach up to Mr. Montague's knees would know that these were the trousers of a gentleman and the product of a finished designer and cloth carver.

Turn now to those meal bags, pillow-cases, waste-baskets in doeskin, cloth caddy bags with elephantiasis, "nigger" minstrel umbrellas, vast, shapeless bladders, packages of straw matting, Anak's overalls, which rather wear Mr. Cleveland than are worn by him. From what cave of antiquity, what ninety-ninth-hand slop-shop, what dingy sale of unredeemed pledged articles, what auction of the "properties" of a bankrupt Yiddish comic leading old man, what marine stores, what emporium of Houndsditch, what prize scarecrow, did those breeches come? They cannot be known in Princeton or it would have risen in mutiny and rage. Dave Warfield would give his appendix for them, if he had not parted with it. They cannot be the work of any one man. Sure, some syndicate of botchers conspired to make these intolerable unmentionables.

Yet these are Hyperion to a Satyr compared with the Hon. David Bennett Hill's. His might have fitted Long John Wentworth. They may be an old pair of the Hon. Cy Sulloway's. They have as much shape as chaos. They climb up and tumble down. Evidently the man's gallowses are buckled up to the back of his shoulders and yet he must be wondering every minute if he is going to trip on his trousers. They have more wrinkles than Methusaleh. Where did Mr. Hill hire them? How does he keep from falling into them? They look like a cross between a balloon and a codfish. Do you remember how the "net," the bag at the end of the pole, of an old-fashioned apple picker looked? Can you imagine the carpetbag and the linen-duster fused into one stupendous whole? Can you "realize" the appearance of two rolls of broadcloth struck by lightning, cut by a hailstorm, sewed together by three blind mice, pressed by St. Vitus and squirted upon by Rescue Hose No. 2 before wearing?

There is no more harmony between the Montague trousers and the Cleveland-Hill leg receivers than there is in the Democratic party. Before Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Hill try to reorganize that party they should reorganize their breeches.

Bishop Dudley's "House."

(New York Commercial.)

On his way North from Kentucky last week to sit in the Talbot-Irvine ecclesiastical trial that opened at Harrisburg on Tuesday, July 1, the Right Reverend Thomas Underwood Dudley, Episcopal bishop, was seated in the smoking compartment of the car enjoying a cigar. On the seat facing him was a huge piece of luggage containing his clerical vestments. A drummer, sitting back of him, noticed the bishop's rather jaunty travelling cap, his general good-fellowship make-up and his big valise, and so made a break at him—for he was obviously "just dying" to talk to somebody.

"Travelling man, eh?"

"Yes," answered the bishop, mentally shriving himself for the "white lie."

"What house d'ye represent?"

"The biggest house in the world."

"Shillito's?" (the largest house in Cincinnati) asked the drummer.

"Bigger than that."

"Marshall Field?"

"Bigger than that."

"Steel Corporation?"

"Bigger yet."

"Well, what house is it? Those are the biggest I know."

"I represent, sir," said the bishop impressively, "the house of God."

The salesman gave a gasp, then glancing at the mammoth valise, exclaimed:

"Well, all I've got to say is you carry a pretty full line of samples."

The bishop was constrained to decline a "pull" at the proffered flask, but did promise not to put the story out among "the boys" until after he got well over the Ohio line into Pennsylvania.

The Expense of the Constitutional Convention.

(Roanoke Times.)

Regardless of the predictions of the Republican stump speakers that the Constitutional Convention would bankrupt the State, that body has, as quickly as could possibly be expected, made us a new Constitution, proclaimed it and adjourned, incurring in all, what must be regarded as a minimum expense, the sum of $175,000. According to the calculations of those who are in a position to know, the saving of the State from the adoption of the new Constitution will offset this in a few short months. We have heard nothing of the State proposing bankruptcy in order absolve itself from the burden. We are inclined to believe from the croakings of the Republicans, that their regret is, that the State was not bankrupted by the convention.

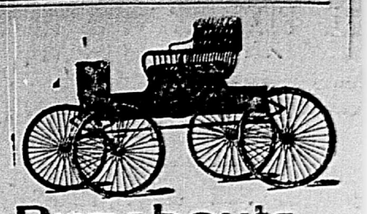
BASIC CITY'S ELECTION.

There is a Contest and Litigation About It.

BASIC CITY, VA., July 3.—(Special.)—The election in Basic City is still unsettled. Dr. Griffith, the old Mayor, has succeeded in getting an appeal from the decision of Judge Chalkley, and the matter is now pending in the Circuit Court. It is said that the case will be finally heard on the 11th of this month. Pending the trial, the old councilmen and Mayor remain in office.

Basic City is becoming quite notorious for its contested election cases—this being the third one within the last few years. Local litigation of such matters retards business, and always engenders more or less personal feeling, which is greatly to be regretted.

The Campbell-Crawford episode is the cause of considerable talk and severe criticism of Judge Campbell here. Mr. Crawford had recently spent several days in Basic City and Waynesboro', and by his genial methods won for himself many friends.



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We have some fine examples of this popular branch of the carriage-builder's art, including vehicles fitted with bicycle wheels. Also the finest line of

STANHOPES, PHAETONS, CABRIOLETS, VICTORIAS, SURREYS and TRAPS

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Our harness, too, will repay inspection, and you will find our prices the lowest in the city, style and quality considered.

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OWING TO THE ADVANCE
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PURE SWEET CREAM,

and in order to keep up the HIGH STANDARD of OUR CELEBRATED PURE ICE CREAM, we will on and after June 1st advance on price to $1.50 per gallon.

We wish to call attention to our

Improved Pineapple Snow

at $1.25 per gallon.

We use only the best materials in the manufacture of our goods.

A TASTE OF OUR ICE CREAM will be sufficient to gain your patronage. It is made of everything that tends to make it delicious.

If you like a smooth, RICH CREAM TRY OURS.

H. W. MOESTA,
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IF

the people who purchase pianos were versed in the comparative merits of various pianos sold in Richmond, we would not be able, with ten times our present output, to supply the demand that would naturally exist for

The Artistic STIEFF.

The STIEFF is made in the world's best factory, by the world's best makers. It is sold to you direct from the factory at a FIXED PRICE, the price that's MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

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DEAN OF THE LAW FACULTY.

A. H. Throckmorton, of Leesburg, Honored by a Kentucky University.

LEESBURG, VA., July 3.—(Special.)—Mr. A. H. Throckmorton, the able editor of the Record, in Leesburg, has been appointed, and has accepted, the position of dean of the law faculty of Central University, at Danville, Ky. He will leave here for his new place in September. This is one of the oldest and best established institutions in Kentucky. Mr. Throckmorton will continue his editorial duties here until his successor is installed.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A Card.

TO MY PATRONS AND FRIENDS:

Having severed my connection with Messrs. Jacobs and Levy, I desire to inform you that I am now with the outfitting establishment of Messrs. O. H. Berry & Co.

I will endeavor to serve you even better in my present position, assisted as I am by increased facilities, assortment, etc.

Cordially inviting you to call on me, I am, yours sincerely,

LESLIE N. MORECOCK.

The Richmond-Petersburg Electric Railway

Commencing Sunday, June 29, 1902, and every Sunday and Friday thereafter until further notice, will sell special excursion tickets between Manchester and Petersburg, good on any regular car on day of sale, at a rate of 50 cents for the round trip, including transfers into Petersburg and Richmond. For further information apply to the general offices of the company, corner Seventh and Perry streets, Manchester; both 'phones.

Applications for the position of Superintendent of the Exchange for Woman's Work will be received until Thursday at noon, July 10th. Communications must be addressed to Mrs. Adolph Dill, 300 east Franklin street.