DOGS AT THE POUND AND THE CITY HALL.

A Lover of Canines Spends an Hour at the Place Where So Many Dogs End Their Days.

A Curious Reporter Goes Through the Tax Books at Treasurer's Office and Studies Dogs' Names.

The last of the dog days are approaching, and the same may be said of the days of many of the canines that are now wagging their tales at every man, woman, or child who comes to the pound in search of some lost pet. Poor little doggies. Homless bowwows, just waiting for some one to come and take them out of captivity, and save them from the fires that will soon turn their bodies to ashes, unless their heartless owners come forward and pay the license tax, or some person who has just been bereaved by the loss of Fido, takes pity upon one of them and pays the price which means freedom to the canine.

Dogs of all sorts and conditions are now huddled together in Jackson Ward, where the pound is located. Previous condition of servitude does not enter into the question at all in the case of the pups that come under the dog-catchers' net. My lady's silken-haired spaniel, spoiled by its pretty owner until it looked down upon, and cut the acquaintance of all dogs, not so fortunate as to be petted by a fair mistress, must now gnaw at the same bone with the cur that was wont to roam the streets and alleys until an unlucky day came upon him, and he was placed in durance vile.

ALL DOGS LOOK ALIKE TO HIM.

But all ranks are levelled at the dog pound. Verily, there are congregated behind the wire grating of the pound dogs of "low and high degree." Some may have pedigrees which give them the right to tilt their noses in the air, but it counts for naught now. With the hardy Welshman who attends to their daily wants all stand upon a common footing.

And what a variety of breeds are to be found among the forty odd dogs that are now waiting to be rid of their troubles forever, or to be released from their confinement, once more to roam their favorite haunts, and seek the bones and scraps in a neighbor's back yard. Long, lanky curs, with sorrowful eyes, gaze out upon the narrow stretch of ground that lies within their vision, with a look that is almost human in its mute appeal.

Before they came within the clutch of the dog-catcher they had neither home nor friends. They were alone in a cruel, cold world, but, like the tramp, they found their lot a happy one. They called no one master, and came and went as they pleased. At night, when all reputable canines were snoozing upon their master's doorstep, or else lay upon a comfortable bed of straw in their kennel, dreaming, as dogs do dream, the tramp cur was making a tour of the back alleys upon a foraging expedition. He had to scratch for a living, but he no doubt enjoyed the freedom of his Bohemian life, just as we mortals do.

When the rain came down in torrents he sought shelter beneath some friendly porch. If he got wringing wet, he stretched himself out in the sun to dry. If his hairy coat, all damp and matted, did not scent the atmosphere with the odor of violets, he didn't care, and his feelings were not hurt when people sniffed their noses at him as they passed, and gave him a wide berth.

HERE'S WHERE HE SLIPPED.

The world owed him a living, and he did his part to get it, and whether he was wanted or not, he was here to stay. At least he thought he was. But now his familiar haunts know him no more, and the piece of meat which is given him by the pound-keeper doesn't taste half as sweet as the bones he pilfered in the good old days of his freedom. He longs for the back alleys and the friendly shelter of the porch, the only home he ever knew, but his sun has set to rise no more, a cruel fate has snatched all the joy of life from him, and in forty-eight hours he will be in the land of dog heaven. Poor old dog!

The cur, of course, is the humblest of his kind now pining life away behind the grating at the pound. There are dogs that are now forced to stand with him upon equal terms, that before must have occupied a much higher place in the world. There are terriers of every species—the fox terrier, the Scotch terrier, the Skye terrier, the rat terrier; silken-haired dogs, bushy-haired dogs, and dogs with no hair at all. Their avocations are gone now. There are no foxes to catch, there is nothing Scotch about the place, except the keeper, and I believe he is a Welshman; the Skye terrier can hardly get a glimpse of the sky, and there are no rats for the rat terrier.

Off to themselves in a separate enclosure are a pack of hounds. They have been separated from the common herd, not because they are entitled to any consideration on account of their breed, for your common hound, such as these are, is the most humble and apologetic-looking animal imaginable. But the keeper has an idea that this fall the city may derive some profit by the sale of these dogs, so he has placed them where they will have more room for exercise. When a hound points his nose heavenward, and clears his throat by letting out one of those long, mournful howls, his voice is good for a carrying distance of several miles. Often in the dead silence of the night, when I have been away off at some remote farmhouse, the solitary baying of a hound has reached my ears, faint, but distinct, from somewhere, it seemed miles away across the country. And doesn't it make you feel down in the mouth, and give you that vague impression that somebody you know is dead?

HE'S A KING STILL.

The most privileged of all the dogs at the pound is a great Newfoundland. His proud spirit rebelled at being thrown in the company of such a motley crowd of dogs, so he endeavored to diminish the number of his associates by trying to chew up several of them. After vain attempts to reconcile this aristocratic dog to his surroundings, the keeper, for the sake of peace in the family, had him removed, and now he sits all day long opposite the barred cage, and rather gives the impression that he is the watch-dog of the place, and that his duties are to protect the establishment. This Newfoundland will be kept some little time, in the hope of finding a purchaser.

The keeper of the pound, the Welshman before mentioned, seems to be a kind-hearted man, and I don't believe he likes to have the dogs consumed by fire. His tender heart, however, may be due rather to a weak stomach than to any compassionate feelings, for the dogs certainly do emit a strong odor while they are undergoing the process of being reduced to ashes.

The keeper admitted that he couldn't eat while at his post of duty—the smell which came from the crematory was so terrific. I had already became aware of this latter fact, though at that time there were no dogs on the spit. But the dogs that had been on the fire some time previously had not altogether departed this world. They had certainly left a trace behind which still lingered in the atmosphere, and found its way to the olfactory nerve.

QUICK, IF NOT MERRY.

In order to calm the fears of those who may think that the dogs are submitted to any cruel treatment, I will state that the canines are not roasted alive. Death comes to them in twenty-five seconds through the fumes of charcoal gas, and their bodies are then transferred to the crematory.

The pound has been doing a rushing business since it was placed in operation. Since the 9th of June more than seven hundred dogs have been captured. Some of these were redeemed, and their license tax paid, some were sold, but the great majority went up in smoke. If you have a dog, and he doesn't wear a medal, be kind to him, for his days are numbered.

A DOG FANCIER.

Have you ever examined Richmond's dog directory? Go over to Treasurer Phillips's office in the big granite hall, and look over the list of names and descriptions of the pet canines whose owners have paid into the City Treasury the sum of $1 per head to save the dumb brutes from the landing net of the relentless dog catcher. There you will find on file the names of 4,250 dogs, and to each one a medal has been given, entitling the animal to the unrestricted freedom of the city.

Of this number 550 are classed as "ladies" while 3,700 belong to the sterner sex. While the census of Richmond'shuman population shows a preponderance of females, in the dog directory you will find that for every lass their are seven laddies.

EXCLUSIVE DOG CIRCLES.

Of course there's just as much caste and class among dogs as will be found in any well regulated urban society. You can find the upper ten and the lower five; the jeunesse dore and the bourgeoisie; sweldom and the vulgar crowd.

But in the eyes of the dog catcher all dogs look alike, whether they be the petted spaniels and pugs of Franklin street owners to the flop-eared hounds of Oregon Hill.

For experience has taught the man with the net that the tie that binds the master and the dog is a strong one, and that the owner of a worthless cur will go to as much trouble to redeem his captured canine from the dog pound as will the owner of a blooded registered setter.

SOURCE OF REVENUE.

The city derives a revenue of $1 per head for each male dog, and $2 per head for each female dog. The observation and experience of centuries has led to this discrimination in taxation, and no disrespect is intended to the gentler sex. Indeed, the dogs need not take offence for isn't there a poll tax upon citizens? It might be said here that the principal of taxation is reversed in the case of city goats, for "Billy," is taxed $2 per head, while "Nany" goes free upon payment of one simoleon. There is a sound reason for this dog-goat taxation.

It is merely a question of nuisance as viewed by the city father. A dog lassie and a goat laddie are rated as equivalent from the standpoint of nuisance. Richmond's goat population is small. Just thirty-nine goats wear the medal of liberty granted by Treasurer Phillips.

WHERE GRAZING IS GOOD.

And this seems strange when one considers what a splendid pasturage the streets of Richmond afford for the support of goats. Almost any day there is enough scrap paper lying around the Capitol Square, and decorating the thoroughfares of the city to furnish abundant fodder for a thousand healthy goats. Broad and Main streets alone can graze as many goats as there were sheep upon the Grampian Hills, while the outlying districts would be a blue grass Eldorado for them.

ALL DOGS OF EQUAL VALUE.

But going back to the dog list, it is interesting to note the names and descriptions given. Each owner who applies for a dog medal must fill in a printed blank setting forth such information as he can with reference to his pet. Nothing is required as to the value of the dog, for the city fathers in framing the dog ordinance recognized that a dog's value is a purely personal matter. A slit eared cur of Duval street is as dear and precious to its owner as the thoroughbred pointer is to the bird hunter.

Nothing is mentioned in the discriptions as to the genealogy of the dogs, for this is an intricate matter also, but personal description as to class, color, and age are required.

NO RULE FOR NAMES.

In some of the blanks the dog is spoken of as "curr," "cer," "kur," "kurr," and the varieties of spelling are as numerous as the number of dogs. The most popular name on the list is "Jack."

There are hudreds of Jacks, and then come the Sports and the Spots—just like Smith and Jones in the City Directory. There are plenty of Fidos, too, but very few Towsers, and there are not as many Rovers as our juvenile readers and spellers would lead one to expect.

You can tell something about the characteristics of the owners by the names of the dogs. For instance, there are Ciceros, Catos, Neros, Caesars, Remuses, and Saphos, on the list, showing a classical spirit in the owner. Then there are dogs with patriotic names, such as George Washington, Lee, Dewey, Joe Wheeler, Schley, Dixie, Yankee, Teddy, and Alger.

A SHATTERED IDOL.

Among the dog lassies are Diana, Sweetheart, Zenobia, Lady Bug, Vashti, and Venus—the latter being described as a "munggrul curr, yeller hide, rite ear gone, tree long scars on head;" thus paralyzing our notion of the famed goddess of beauty.

The prevailing names for the dog lassies are Beauty, Flirt, and Fannie, and Beauty is spelled in fourteen different ways. The Flossies run a good second in the name race.

Among the fancy names for the male dogs are: Taffy, Boots Tomlinson, Jack Cunngham, Reuben, Tuttsie, Tramp, Egypt, Babeboy, Stump, Spitsie, Philippino, Topeka Joe, Jeremiah, and Trouble. One dog has so distinguished a name as Beethoven—probably given him on account of his moonlight sonatas. Music is another popular name, while Thelma, Glory Twayle, Dora Thorne, Florodora, and Zaza show the romantic and dramatic streak in the owners. Then you find such names as If, No, Nit, Nig, Fly, Clo, Epo, Fay, Cute, Dot, and Rags. But the star names in the bunch are Trailing Arbutes—probably called Bute for short—and Nutzz for a common hound.

ANTITHISIS OF COLOR TO NAME.

Most of the black dogs are named Snowball, while a pure white collie is called Blackball. One dog bears the very appropriate title of Bugs.

There's every kind of a dog on the list—the nervous, excitable fox-terrier; the frisky pug; the calm, serious, grave, common hound, with his hip-bones almost protruding through his hide, wagging his body in expectant recognition and slavish devotion with the rhythm of a Cairo hoochee-coochee dancer; the petted spaniel with his shaggy coat and populist whiskers, and the pug galore, with his neat collar of jingling bells and a big bow of ribbon tied in artistic knot at the back of his neck. There all sorts of dogs recorded in Treasurer Phillips' office, from the fancy pup of a spoiled mistress to the mangy cur of an humble darkey; dogs with long hair and dogs with short hair, of every conceivable combination of marks and spots; dogs rated at $500, and dogs not worth the powder and shot to kill them with; every kind of dog from the Royal Dane and the useful, intelligent setter, to the dimitive rat-terrier, and the lazy, lethargic, lackadaisal greyhound. Each wears the medal of the city, the symbol of immunity from the dog-catcher's den, and the mark of citizenship with all its privileges—save those denied by the small boy with his rock, tin-can and firecracker.

RUSH FOR MEDALS.

Mr. Charles I. Phillips, the genial and accommodating clerk to the city, told the Dispatch man that the rush for medals during the past spring was great, as many as 205 being given out on March 17.

"We have other sources of revenue here that you might care to look at," he added and his books showed that there are 1,[illegible] annual tax of $7 each, reducible quarterly; 447 two-horse wagons, with an annual tax of $10 each; 12 three-horse wagons, taxed $15 each a year; 10 four-horse wagons, paying the city $17.50 each per annum; seventy-one hacks and omnibuses at $15 each per year, and sixteen buggies and cabs of a miscellaneous nature.

DEPARTURE OF STEAMERS.

American Line.

NEW YORK, SOUTHAMPTON, LONDON
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 A. M.
St. Paul.....Aug. 13 | Philadelphia..Aug. 27
St. Louis....Aug. 20 | St. Paul.....Sept. 3
From Pier "C," foot of York-street, Jersey City, N. J., at 7:30 A. M.

Red Star Line.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays.
Vaderland...Aug. 16 | Zeeland.....Aug. 30
Kroonland...Aug. 23 | Friesland.....Sept. 6
International Navigation Company,
Piers 14 and 15, North river,
Office, 73 Broadway, N. Y.

PATSY BERRY WAS AGAIN ARRESTED FOR THEFT.

Charged With Stealing Dr. Henley's Funeral Expense Money in Williamsburg.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., August 9.—(Special.)—Patsey Berry, the colored servant girl who was arrested on the charge of stealing $280 from Dr. Leonard Henley, and set at liberty, was rearrested, but admitted to bail this morning in the sum of $500. The preliminary examination will be held Monday morning before Mayor Mercer.

FRATERNAL STRIFE.

Three Robinson brothers engaged in a bloodless duel with pistols and a whiskey bottle in James City last Saturday night. To-day Justice H. T. Armistead evened up matters by fining each $5 and costs and binding them over to keep the peace.

The Williamsburg School Board will meet next Wednesday to elect teachers for the city schools. There are many applicants for positions.

Superintendent of Schools H. N. Phillips only had five applicants before him for certificates to teach in the public schools. One was colored.

James City County Court will convene here Monday morning.

Mrs. L. T. Richardson, of Croaker, James City county, accidentally gave her son a teaspoonful of laudanum instead of another medicine. The child was saved by Dr. H. V. Stephenson and is getting along nicely now.

Rev. D. B. Stouse, who has been holding a "holiness camp meeting" near Toano, has closed the service. A number of the members pledged themselves to secure funds to build a pavilion for holding the services next August.

MRS. GILL'S WORK.

REMARKABLE SUCCESS AS SUPERINTENDENT OF MALE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

HER EXCURSION TRAINS.

Pioneer in Conducting Excursions to the Seashore and Elsewhere.

PILOTED MANY TO HAPPINESSS.

Numerous Couples Have Gone to Washington on Her Trips and Been Married—Mrs. Gill Tells of Some Amusing Experiences—Has Done a Great Work for Orphan Boys.

There are few better known or more worthy citizens of Richmond, than Mrsr. J. R. Gill, the superintendent of the Male Orphan Asylum. For nineteen years she has been a resident of this city and during that time she has accomplished as much in her way—which is of untold value to the community—as any other woman in the city or in the State.

Beside being the guiding spirit of the Male Orphan Asylum—raising it and increasing its usefulness daily—she has accomplished much else that will be of lasting benefit to the city.

However, it is not for this work alone that Mrs. Gill has become noted. Her real fame lies in the fact that she is the real pioneer excursion manager of this city, and she is the only regular successful woman excursion manager in the world. The assertion may be broad, but it is nevertheless a true one. She has run more excursions out of Richmond than any other one manager, and has carried more people to Washington on her excursions than all the other excursion managers combined. And it is safe to say that since the first excursion was run to Washinton there have been more Washington marriages among her excursionists than among any other set of excursionists in America.

MRS. J. R. GILL,

Superintendent of the Richmond Male Orphan Asylum and Pioneer Female Excursion Manager.

CAME HERE IN 1883.

Mrs. Gill came to this city from Hampton, where she was born, and, together with her husband, took charge of the Male Orphan Asylum, which had first been established on Church Hill in this city in 1844. She arrived here in 1883, and two years later Mr. Gill died and the entire management of the institution was given to Mrs. Gill. The Asylum prospered from the start. All that the splendid manager did seemed to add to the usefulness of the institution and to increase its comforts. But the Asylum was in need. There were insufficient buildings, and comforts were scanty. Mrs. Gill felt the need, and determined to do something to raise money to aid the poor parentless boys under her charge. It was in 1885, and Fitzhugh Lee was Governor of Virginia.

HER FIRST EXCURSION.

Mrs. Gill determined to run an excursion to the seashore—then an almost unheard-of thing—and she sent to the Governor and asked him if he would go on the trip with her and aid her in getting a good patronage. The Governor promised to go, and a great crowd was gotten together and they went to the sea on the appointed date. There was speech-making and music, and all went merry as a marriage bell. The trip brought in more than $200 clear money for the Male Orphan Asylum.

$10,000 PAID THE C. & O.

This was only the begining. In spite of protestations that she would fail to make her money back, Mrs. Gill ran excursions from that time at regular intervals to Norfolk and Old Point, and on every one of them she made big money for the Asylum. During the eighteen years since that time Mrs. Gill has paid to the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company something more than $10,000 for excursion trains. It can be guessed what a great amount was cleared for the Asylum in that time.

PIONEER EXCURSION TO WASHINGTON.

Soon after that Mrs. Gill ran the pioneer excursion from Richmond to Washington. She was asked not to run the excursion on account of the risk about paying out. It was not the day of excursions, and people did not travel then as they do now. But Mrs. Gill went and on her first trip tok a great and happy crowd.

It was with this first excursion to Washington that the unique marriage feature of her excursions commenced. Mrs. Gill, in speaking of this matter, said just before the excursion started she remarked that it would be romantic indeed if a couple on the train would decide to get married in Washington. She had no idea then that any marriage would take place, but after they reached Washington exactly eleven couples in the party were married.

LOTS OF MARRIAGES.

Mrs. Gill has run from two to four excursions every year from Richmond to Washington, and there has never been a train that she took on the trip yet that failed to have its quota of marriage aspirants who had their wishes consumated in the Capital City.

Mrs. Gill stated a few days ago that she had taken seventy-six couples to Washington to be married. The largest number that ever went on one train was fourteen couples.

When asked how many couples were married on the excursion run last May, Mrs. Gill replied:

"Last spring was not a very good season for marriages. There were only seven couples on the train who wanted to be married. This was the smallest number we have had for some time."

A VERY FUNNY EXPERIENCE.

Some of the eloping couples have had funny experiences in their efforts to get married in Washington, and there have been many varied and humorous hitches in plans. On one excursion a couple seemed especially anxious to marry. The groom went to a clerk in Washington soon after arriving and got his licenses, and went to a preacher to get married. The knot was just exactly half tied when the preacher found a flaw in the licenses, the name of the groom had been substituted for the name of the bride in one place, and the marriage was declared off.

The groom became frantic. He hurried back to the clerk only to find the office closed and the clerk gone. He instituted search, and after a long time located his man at home on an uptown street.

After a long time the license was changed and the man went back to his waiting girl. They went again to find the preacher and found him gone. This was worse than ever, and the bride began to cry, but finally they ran across another preacher, and he tied the knot good and strong.

EXPOSTULATED WITH HER.

This is only a sample of the many funny things that Mrs. Gill has seen happen on her excursions. Mrs. Gill says her friends and the Board of Managers have expostulated with her concerning these matrimonial excursions, but that she does not see how she can help things. She cannot help it if people who want to get married go on her excursions. She has no right to probe into their motives, and even if she had the legal right she would hesitate to keep the happy young people apart when they want to be joined together.

She doesn't know why it is, but whenever she runs an excursion, the people who want to become double will invariably turn up.

MADE MUCH MONEY FOR ASYLUM.

Mrs. Gill has made much money and turned it all over to the Male Orphan Asylum, which she has practically built anew by her own efforts. She has planted trees, laid out gardens and put up buildings—all by her own efforts and without expecting or hoping any other reward than the pleasure of doing good.

Mrs. Gill has a number of brothers and sisters in this city. They are: Mr. Judson Cunningham, Captain Frank Cunningham, Captain Thomas C. Cunningham, Mr. Clarence Burton, Mrs. William E. Tragle, Mrs. John F. Talbott, and Mrs. William R. Farrell.

Mrs. Gill's next excursion will be run from this city to Washington on September 1st, and she expects a large crowd to go with her. Whether or not there will be any couples seeking matrimony along with the crowd only time can tell.

The melon shipments from James City have about closed this week for the season. The prices have been reasonable.

President Lyon G. Tyler and Professor Hugh S. Bird, of William and Mary College, have returned from trips in the interest of the institution. Professor Bird is very much pleased with the results of his tour.

Mr. William Williamson, an aged and respected citizen of James City county, is very sick at the home of his brother.

Mr. Spafford Timberlake, of Magruder, York county, has returned from a visit to Richmond.

Miss Fannie Marston, of Toano, will attend the State Normal school at Farmville next session.

General James H. Lane and daughter, Miss Lottie, of Auburn, Ala., are guests of Captain and Mrs. L. W. Lane, Sr.

ACCIDENT BEFALLS MISS MERCER.

Miss Jeanie Mercer, daughter of Hon. John L. Mercer, Mayor of Williamsburg, had the misfortunte to seriously sprain one of her ankles while alighting from a trap in Richmond. Her sister, Miss Mary Waller, left to-day to be with her.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Jordan, of Smithfield, who have been visiting Colonel and Mrs. L. W. Lane, returned home this morning.

Misses Martha ad Mary Branch Spencer are expected home this afternoon from a visit to Toano friends.

Sheriff M. R. Harrell and his friend, Attorney B. D. Peachy, expect to leave next week for the White Sulphur Springs. Among other Williamsburg people there are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Denmead.

Williamsbrug now has no telegraphic communication with the outside world after 6 P. M., the night operator having been taken off on account of the big coal strike. The Western Union has no regular operator here.

JOHN KING'S FUTURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

gating body to read its accounts and reports.

It is reported also that Captain Andrew Pizzini has some things to say to the jury that will make very interesting reading if the testimony is ever printed in full.

The grand jury gets together again on September 23d, and by that time it is believed the King case will be disposed of as far as the Police Court trial is concerned. It is believed that Judge Crutchfield will be well enough to give his entire attention to the case when it is called. Commonwealth's-Attorney Richardson will be assisted by the City Attorney, and he now has enough evidence in hand to give him a strong fighting ground for a conviction.

WILL CHANGE ITS GAUGE.

Tracks of the Carolina and Northwestern to Be Altered.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 9.—(Special.)—The gauge of the entire Carolina & Northwestern Railway, long known as the Chester & Lenoir, will be changed tomorrow. All arrangements are complete.

Copious rains fell this afternoon over a large area of the State, greatly benefitting all the crops.

The Republicans of this county met here to-day and for the first time in their party's history decided to call no county convention. They hope to see certain Democrats nominate an independent ticket and will then support this.

Thomas N. Hill of Halifax, will take the pie as an independent candidate for Chief Justice against Walter Clark.

Richmonders in New York.

NEW YORK, August 9.—(Special.)—Girard, Mrs. L. Atkinson; Raleigh, C. A. Kosslow; Fifth-Avenue, D. J. Anthony; Imperial, J. P. Chadwick; Hoffman, J. T.

$11.80 FOR MEN'S SUITS WORTH up to $25

We've picked nearly 1,000 Men's Suits out of our regular stock that are to go at

$11.80

until Saturday. They are regular $18, $20 and $25 qualities, reduced because we can't afford to be overstocked, even though we have lose money. You may choose from

Plain and Fancy Flannels, Serges, Worsteds, Cheviots and Tweeds,

a choice selection of the season's most popular shades and patterns. These suits were made for us, and you can't buy better fitting or nobbier garments than the Gans-Rady make.

You men can congratulate yourselves. It isn't often that you have the chance to buy brand new Summer Suits, right in the heart of the season, without paying a penny of profit. Any time between now and Saturday will be time enough—the sooner the better. Every size from 33 to 44—regular, lean, stout.

Fifty Dozen Men's Straw Hats, worth up to $1.50, at **50c** each.

Gans-Rady Company

RULER OF LIBBY HILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

springtime Dan takes philosophically, but the couples must not get too spoony. He makes occasional tours of the terraces, and when he finds them in remote and shady corners he delicately reminds them that there are more than three hundred seats on top of the hill.

"It's all right to be young," says Dan, "but it isn't all right to be too fresh."

In these fifty-two years in Marshall Ward the keeper of Libby Hill Park has come to know every man, woman and child in his neighborhood. Lately he has been seeing many new faces and making many new acquaintances. The city is beginning to grow so rapidly that Dan has to keep thinking to keep up with it. New people are crowding in around him, and instead of regarding them with distrust, Dan will light his cigar or his pipe and take them into his confidence.

STANDS BY HIS FRIENDS.

That is why he is so strong in politics. He always supports his friends and makes no bones about it. He is either for you or against you, and it is not of his nature to sit on any fence, or, in lieu of a fence, on a hedge.

When the reformers were in power Dan stuck to his old friends, and the consequence was that he was fired from his job. He only staid out two years, but the reformers left their mark of esteem for him in a salary reduced from $75 to $65. It has not been put back at the old figure, and the faithful keeper has practically had all of his twenty years of experience go for nothing, as far as pecuniary consideration goes.

At the present he is directing the work of asphalting parts of the walks where the washes are heaviest, so that his park will not be hurt. He keeps trying for improvements all the time, just as if the whole property was his own. He seldom thinks of anything else—except occasionally politics.

With the band-stand problem settled to the pleasure of everybody, and the work on the walks well under way, Dan is spending one more autumn in peace of mind.

"Although the salary, mind you," he adds, "that I got fifteen years ago would certainly be appreciated."

IARDELLA'S POPULAR CONCERTS THIS WEEK.

Programme Embraces Some of Finest Compositions—Music Lovers on the Last Concerts.

1. March .....St. Clair
2. Overture: "The Barber of Seville," ..... Rossini
3. "At a Georgia Campmeeting," .....Kerry Mills
4. "Inflammatus et Accensus," from Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" (by request) arr. by Edgar T. Paul.
5. Medley Overture: "The Merrymakers," L. O. de Witt; "Everything Falls on Patsey," "My Little Zulu Babe," "Sweethearts Always," "The Game of Eyes," "Be My Huckleberry Do," "My Rosary," "My Carolina, Carolina," "Good Morning, Carrie," "When the Boys go Marching By."
6. Gems from "Der Freischuetz"..Weber
7. Grand "Hungarian Fantasia"...Tobani
8. Romanza, "Dear Heart".....Mattei
9. Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," .....Strauss
10. March, "A Frangesa".....P. M. Costa "Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie."

Monday—Chimbarazo Park, 8:30 to 10:30 P. M.

Tuesday—Jefferson Park, 8:30 to 10:30 P. M.

Wednesday—Gamble's Hill, 8:30 to 10:30 P. M.

On Thursday there will be no concert at Monroe Square.

Friday—Libby Hill, 8:30 to 10:30 P. M.

Saturday—New Reservoir Park, 5:30 to 7:30 P. M.

A music lover has sent the following to the Dispatch after hearing three of the concerts of last week:

The people of Richmond would indeed be hard to please if the programme rendered by Professor Felix Iardella and his splendid band did not prove enjoyable the past week. Immense throngs have greeted them every night, and the music has been the very best ever heard in the park concerts. So enthusiastic was the applause of the "Hunting Song" last night at Libby Hill that Professor Iardella repeated it, and at the close of the programme numbers of ladies and gentlemen congratulated the leader on the [illegible] concerts of the week.

UNNATURAL HUSBAND TRAMPLES HIS WIFE.

Greensboro', N. C., Citizen Arrested for Fiendish Cruelty to His Consort—Pulled Out Her Hair.

GREENSBORO, N. C., August 9.—(Special.)—Charged with the brutal deed of stamping his wife's bosom with his feet, with pulling out handfuls of her hair, and with other unnatural conduct toward his consort, John R. Barnes, a well-to-do farmer of Sumner's township, lies in Guilford jail awaiting a preliminary hearing next week. It is altogether likely that the trial justice will refuse to take jurisdiction, but will, instead, turn the case over to a higher court, which can impose a heavier penalty than could be imposed by a trial justice.

Barnes was arrested at 4 o'clock this morning by Deputy Sheriff John Weatherly. He was asleep at his home, from which he drove his wife last Tuesday, forbidding her to return. Since then the woman has been stopping with her neighbors. She swore out the warrant on which the unnatural husband was arrested. A deep gash on her forehead, bruises on her body, and other disfiguring marks show the brutality of the husband. Mrs. Barnes is the niece of a prominent citizen of Greensboro.

Considerable feeling is expected to develop against Barnes, although the affair up to this time has been kept quiet.

CARNIVAL FOR SUFFOLK.

Local Lodge of Elks to Have One in October.

SUFFOLK, VA., August 9.—(Special.)—At a meeting of the Suqolk Lodge of Elks last night, that progressive organization decided to hold a street carnival here during the week beginning September 1st. The Cincinnati Carnival Company has been given the contract to furnish the shows, etc. This concern promises to give the Suffolk people something that will surpass anything ever held here before. There will also be a trades display, which will add much to the occasion. Preparations will be made to handle the tremenduous crowds, and excursion rates on all railroads will be arranged.

TOURNAMENT NEAR EARLYSVILLE.

Miss Fannie Fry Crowned Queen of Love and Beauty.

PROFFIT, VA., August 9.—(Special.)—A large crowd assembled yesterday evening to attend a lawn party and tournament, near Earleysville. The marshals were Messrs. C. Miller, B. I. Wood, L. Watts, and C. Edwards. Nine knights entered the list. The first honor was won by Richard K. Allen, Knight of Buck Mountain, who crowned Miss Fannie Fry, as Queen of Love and Beauty. The second honor fell to Emmet Smith, Knight of Stony Point. The third honor to Bruce Davis, Knight of Longwood. The fourth honor, went to J. Marshall, Knight of "No Expectations."

The maids of honor were: Misses Sissie Lupton, Ollie Marshall, and Sally Brown. The charge was delivered by Mr. Charlie Miller, who also made the coronation address.

The wheat and oat crops in this section were almost a complete failure, many farmers reaping only a small excess over the seed sown. The outlook for corn is promising.

MISS MERCER HURT.

Stepped from Carriage and Badly Sprained Her Ankle.

Miss Jean Mercer, of 302 West Grace street, when returning from a drive Friday afternoon, stepped from the runabout on a stone and sprained her ankle.

Dr. J. Mettauer Winfree was summoned and rendered the necessary medical assistance.

Late last night Miss Mercer was resting comfortably.

Mr. Preston Clayton, of Roanoke, who is spending his vacation with his mother, in her home, 500 west Marshall street, will return to his home about August 12th. Mr. Clayton expects to return to Richmond permanently about January 19th.

THE POPULAR PLACE.

CASINO.

ALL THIS WEEK

WILLARD'S TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

An Act that will interest.

ARTHUR BUCKNER, The Sensational Cyclist. | AMANN & HARTLEY, Comedy Sketch Duo.

COOK, BOYD & OAKS, Eccentric Comiques.

PATTERSON BROS., Royal Gymnasts. | CHARLES DUNCAN, Comedy Vocalists.

Same Prices. Seats at French R. Allen's. Crowds.