QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Rev. Dr. Edwards the Author.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In last Sunday's Dispatch there appeared an inquiry as to the authorship of a little poem beginning,

"I saw the thrifty, prosperous man lose all."

I write to say that my father, Rev. William E. Edwards, D. D., is the author of the poem in question. He is now professor of moral philosophy at Randolph-Macon College, but at the time of writing the poem was pastor of the Washington-Street Methodist Episcopal church, Petersburg, Va. Very respectfully,

IDA M. EDWARDS.

Ashland, Va.

School Trustees and Supervisors as Registrars.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Can a supervisor or school trustee act as registrar under the new registration law? or in other words, when does the constitutional provision as to two or more officers being held by one man apply?

X. Y. Z.

A school trustee, supervisor, or any person holding an elective or other State, county, city, or district office, is eligible as a member of a board of registrars chosen by the registration ordinance adopted by the convention.

The provision in the last clause of section 31 of the Constitution, prohibiting any person holding any elective office from being appointed a member of an electoral board, or a registrar, or judge, of election, applies only to persons appointed under that section, and will not go into effect until on and after January 1, 1904. It does not apply to the members of the board of registrars chosen by the registration ordinance adopted by the convention, or appointed thereunder by the courts to fill vacancies.

It is Byron's?

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I am sending you a "new poem by Byron," which was first published in a New York paper about thirty years ago. It has never been published in any collection of Byron's poems. Will it do for one of your "Favorite Poems?"

Yours in a hurry,

F. M. B.

Freeling, Va., August 14, 1902.

A New Poem from Lord Byron.

Newstead Abbey, August 26, 1811.

In the dome of my sires as the clear moonbeam falls
Through silence and shade o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar like the glories of old;
It glids, but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

Yet the sunbeams be bright for the younger of days;
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays,
When the stars are on high and the dew's on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

And the step that o'er-echoes the gray floor of stone
Falls sullenly now, for 'tis only my own;
And sad are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblets, and dreary the hearth.

And vain was each effort to raise and recall
The brightness of old to illumine our hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline,
And the fate of my fathers has faded to mine.

And theirs was the wave and the fullness of fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
And theirs was the time and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret, but renew them more.

And ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade and too massy to fall;
It tells not of time's nor the tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that has held it in sway.

Problem in Arithmetic.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

A has a business, with $4,000 invested. He sells to B a half interest for $2,000. B pays $1,000 down, and at the end of one year A has drawn out of the firm $500. B has taken out nothing. How should they settle? How much does B owe A?

Bluefield, W. Va.

A SUBSCRIBER.

B owes $1,000 at first. A draws $500, of which one-half, $250, is B's. So that B then will owe $1,000 less $250, or $750.

Seven Pines Road.

To the Editor of the Dispatch

Please let me know in your Query column whether the Seven Pines cars go up Broad street or not.

R. W.

They do not.

Locomotive Construction.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Kindly answer what is the output of the American Locomotive Company and what of the Baldwin. I mean how many engines does each make per year, at the present time?

Thanking you in advance, I am

Yours, etc.

J. S. L.

We are informed that the Baldwins are turning out from 1,500 to 1,700 locomotives per annum, and the American Locomotive Company from 2,300 to 2,500.

Too Many of Them.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

If a man dies and leaves no children, and has real estate and personal property and his widow agrees with the creditors to have the personal property sold to pay her husband's debts, is not the widow entitled to the real estate her life time, or are his mother and sisters entitled to a position of said property? Is it not his widow's place to take charge of the property that is rented out by one of the family?

All of the property is in the husband's name except the joint stock.

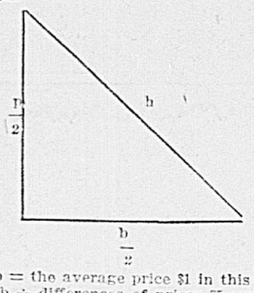
I. X.

In a case like this we can't do better than advise a correspondent to consult a lawyer, who will thoroughly inform himself of the facts and counsel acordingly.

Ditch-Digging Problem Once More.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

This problem has interested so many of the Dispatch readers I wish to put it so the solution will not run into infinity. Let it read as first presented and change the 50 cents more per yard to 75 cents more per yard A is to have for the difficult part. This formula will work all cases of this kind represented by a right angled triangle.



Per. p = the average price $1 in this case. Base b ÷ differences of prices 75 cents in this case.

$\frac{p}{2} + \frac{b}{2} + h$ = highest price digging.

$\frac{p}{2} - \frac{b}{2} + h$ = smallest price digging.

Just find h and the work is done, which is the hypothenuse.

$(p/2)^2 + (b/2)^2 = (h)^2$

$1/4 + 9/64 = 25/64$ or $h = 5/8$.

Consequently—

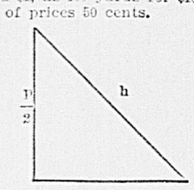
$\frac{p}{2} + \frac{b}{2} + h = 50c. + 37\frac{1}{2} + 62\frac{1}{2} = \$1.50$.

Or—

$\frac{p}{2} - \frac{b}{2} + h = 50 - 37\frac{1}{2} + 62\frac{1}{2} = 75c$.

$50/1.50 = 33\ 1/3$ yds., $50/75 = 66\ 2/3$ yds.

Now try this formula to our first figures in ditch problem, the average price being per yard $1, as 100 yards for $100, and difference of prices 50 cents.



$h = \text{to } \frac{p}{2} \text{ squared} + \frac{b}{2} \text{ squared}$ and extract square root of the sum.

$1/2$ squared $= 1/4 + 1/4$ squared $= 1/16$ added $= 5/16$ square root of same is .559 cents = 16 h.

Consequently—

$\frac{p}{2} + \frac{b}{2} + h = .50 + .25 + .559 = \$1.309$ per yard for A and 38.2 yards of ditch.

$\frac{p}{2} - \frac{b}{2} + h = .50 - 25 + .559 = \$.809$ per yard for B and 61.8 yards of ditch.

I hope "L. E. R.," "Ux," and "W. B. H." will carefully examine the above and see its simplicity. A formula, made from the algebra work, which algebra work ought to have been done by one letter only, x, which simple equation I will give for the benefit of the Amherst "W. B. H."

x = price B gets a yard.

$x + \frac{1}{2}$ = price A gets a yard

$\frac{50}{x} + \frac{50}{x + \frac{1}{2}} = 100$.

Clearing and transposing makes—

$50x + 25 + 50x = 100x^2 + 50x$

divide by 100

$x^2 - \frac{1}{2}x = \frac{1}{4}$

Complete square.

$x^2 - 1/2x + 1/16 = 1/4 + 1/16$

Extract square root.

$x - \frac{1}{4} = .559 = 80$, the answer B gets per yard.

H.

Jeffersonton, Va., July 31, 1902.

Our correspondent merely repeats in the first and second part of his paper the result gotten in the last part. They are the same thing—nothing new.

The equation, calling "b" the difference of prices, worked out gives:

$\frac{1}{2} - b/2 + \sqrt{\frac{1}{4} + b^2/4}$ = smallest price for digging.

He gives: $p/2 - b/2 + h(\sqrt{p^2/4 + b^2/4})$ = smallest price for digging.

And p=1, h being equal to $\sqrt{\frac{1}{4} + b^2/4}$

As to using only one unknown quantity, he says mentally $50/x$ = number of yards of one, $50/x + \frac{1}{2}$ = number of yards of other, and the sum of the number of yards = 100.

It is more easily understood to write down $w + t = 100$, $w = 50/x$, $t = 50/x + \frac{1}{2}$ and therefore $50/x + 50/x + \frac{1}{2} = 100$.

Land Grants.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please answer the following questions:

(1) From what office were grants to western lands issued?

(2) Were they issued to the soldiers of 1861?

(3) Would any issued in the past be good now?

A. C. RIELEY.

Blue Ridge, Va.

(1) The office of the "Virginia Register of the Land Office" issued some grants as far west as the military district of Virginia, which is now covered by Kentucky and Ohio. Other western grants must have been issued from the United States Land Office at Washington, D. C.

(2) No grant was ever issued from the Virginia office to soldiers of 1861 (as such).

(3) Grants were good when issued, and ought to be now, unless the grantee, his or her heirs, has since clouded it, and the records of the county in which the land is ought to show this.

Will Make Affidavit

New Lease of Life for an Iowa Postmaster.

Postmaster R. H. Randall, Dunlap, Ia., says: I suffered from indigestion and resulting evils for years. Finally I tried Kodol. I soon knew I had found what I had long looked for. I am better today than in years. Kodol gave me a new lease of life. Anyone can have my affidavit to the truth of this statement." Kodol digests your food. This enables the system to assimilate supplies, strengthening every organ and restoring health.

Kodol Makes You Strong.

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

ONE MINUTE Cough Cure

Cures quickly. That's what it's made for.

The Polish Boy.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I herewith send you poem, "The Polish Boy," written by Ann S. Stephens, which was asked for by "A Reader," writing from Drewry's Bluff:

THE POLISH BOY.

Whence come those shrieks so wild and shrill,
That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? from yon temple, where
An altar, raised for private prayer,
Now forms the warrior's marble bed
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funeral tapers throw
A holy luster o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright,
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress?
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp.
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly, late, upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But, hark! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street;
Nearer and nearer, yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep;
The gate is burst, a ruffian band
Rush in and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.
The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;
Then, with a pale and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy,
Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead;
Nor touch the living boy; I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child!
Peace, woman, peace! the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.
"One moment!" shrieked the mother, "One!
Will land or gold redeem my son?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall!
Take these!" and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there;
Her cross of flaming rubies last,
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store;
Up springing from the marble floor,
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy.
But, no! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks;
With a full voice of proud command
He turned upon the wondering band;
"Ye hold me not! no! no! nor can;
This hour has made the boy a man.
I knelt before my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire;
I wept upon his marble brow,
Yes, wept! I was a child; but now
My noble mother, on her knee,
Hath done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jewelled half of poniard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
Ha! start ye back? Fool, coward, knave!
Think ye my noble father's glaive
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush to rubies in their shame;
The blade would quiver in thy breast
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No! thus I send the tyrant's chain
And fling him back a boy's disdain.

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jewelled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the flood, a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang,
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery.
Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
His freedom is forever won;
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss,
One last embrace, one blessing—one!
To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son.
What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er my heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
What! silent still? Then thou art dead!
Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee—and thus—to die."
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom—dead.

A. W. S.

Millboro' Springs, Va.

Bees and the Bordeaux Mixture.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please inform me whether or not it kills bees to gather honey from fruit trees that have been sprayed with the "Bordeaux Mixture," or if the honey from such in any way poisonous.

O. A. W.

Abingdon, Va.

The agricultural investigator of the Agricultural Department, Washington, is good enough to write us as follows:

"I have no record of any experiments having been conducted to show whether Bordeaux mixture would kill bees or not, but it is definitely settled that arsenicals sprayed upon fruit trees while in blossom result in great destruction to bee life. I fully believe that the Bordeaux mixture, which, as you are aware, has copper sulphate as its basis and is extremely poisonous, would kill bees that might visit the blossoms should the spraying occur while the trees are in bloom; but, as is the case with the arsenicals, such a small amount of the mixture would be carried to the hives, if any at all, that there need be no fear regarding the honey."

Richmond and Henrico.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

To settle a dispute, is Richmond, Va., in Henrico county?

A CONSTANT READER.

Timothy, Va.

No; it is a separate political division.

A Lady's Admirers.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please answer in your query column the following question:

Is it considered improper (here in Richmond) for a young lady to have several admirers at the same time, each calling once or twice a week, and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Richmond, Va.

No, indeed.

"Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Will you kindly publish a poem called "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still"; also the "Stamp Flirtation?"

A CONSTANT READER.

Richmond, Va.

Let some one send us copies.

Lumber and Freight.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please answer the following: If I sell 300,000 feet of lumber for $13 per thousand, delivered on board a vessel at New York, and the freight is $3.25 per thousand, how much will the lumber net me per thousand in New York, after the freight is deducted.

E. L. C.

Pole Green, Hanover county, Va.

"300,000 thousand feet" at $13 per thousand, we suppose

300,000 feet at $13 per thousand....$3,900 00
300,000 feet at $3.25 per thousand.... 975 00

Answer $2,925 00

If our querist means 300,000 thousand, the answer would be 100 times as much.

Cancellation of Sale.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

A "sole agent" gets an order from a railroad company, which has a sample furnished it to equip ten cars with patented castings. He gets B to manufacture them, and collects from the railroad company. The superintendent, on receipt, says they don't suit him, and wishes the sale cancelled. Now, has B any right to cancel the sale before consulting with A, depriving him entirely of royalty?

"B" has no such right.

Notice to Correspondents.

No notice will be taken of annonymous communications.

In answering queries our first attention will be given to the letters of those correspondents who ask but one question each.

We cannot publish copyright songs and poems without permission of the owner of the copyright.

This column is not an advertising medium. No query will receive attention the answer to which would necessitate the advertising of any person's business or wares. Nor will we permit any queries to be published which contain attacks, either open or disguised, upon any one.

Nor will any attention be given to long "strings" of questions. Every week numbers of correspondents ignore this rule of ours, and afterwards wonder why their queries are not answered.

Many queries are not answered because similar ones have been recently answered.

We are overwhelmed with inquiries as to the addresses of millionaire philanthropists, and cannot undertake to answer them.

We cannot undertake to ascertain the value of old books, coins, or notes. For that information write to some dealer in them.

We cannot undertake to answer queries by mail; we can only answer them through this column.

We are frequently called upon to republish poems and songs, but we will not undertake to do so, except where the production called for has some historical or peculiar literary merit, and is not of easy access to the average reader.

Address Query Editor, Dispatch office, Richmond, Va.

N. B.—We do not read unsigned letters.

SOUVENIR GOLD DOLLARS.

Effigies of Jefferson and McKinley Adorn the St. Louis Fair Coins.

(Albany Argus.)

The faces of Thomas Jefferson, the President who made the Louisiana purchase from France, and William McKinley, the President who signed the bill for the exposition commemorating the centennial of the purchase, will appear upon the gold dollars to be minted by the Government for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis, of which there will be 250,000 in all. The exposition officials expressed a desire to have one-half of the coins bear the picture of President Jefferson and the other half that of President McKinley. This request was unusual, as the government heretofore has never divided the dies for one issue of coins. It entails a considerable expense, and such a proposition has never before been considered. Secretary Shaw has decided, however, to comply with the wishes of the exposition officials.

Didn't Want Crackers.

(W. J. Price, in September Smart Set.)

There once was a young lady Dr.
Who owned a bad parrot that mr.
He would likewise blaspheme—
Using language extreme—
All of which, so the lady said, shr.

MISS ELLA STRAITH.

Portrait That Recalls an Incident of the Civil War.

(Lynchburg News.)

At a recent meeting of the Garland-Rhodes Camp, Confederate Veterans, Colonel Rawley W. Martin, M. D., was asked to relate something connected with his experience at the battle of Gettysburg. In the course of his remarks Dr. Martin spoke of Miss Ella Straith coming to him as he lay in the hospital and speaking words of cheer.

In Miss Ella Straith Dr. E. A. Craighill, also a member of the camp, recognized an old and dear friend whom he had known in his boyhood and early manhood days in Charlestown, W. Va. Dr. Craighill told Dr. Martin that he would endeavor to secure for him a picture of Miss Straith. It seems that as a young lady she was noted for her great beauty, the charm of her manned and disposition, and the grand nobility of her character. She married Lieutenant David Briscoe, a well-known Baltimore lawyer, and it was to him that Dr. Craighill applied for one of her photographs. With a touching note, Mr. Briscoe forwarded a picture of his wife, and though it was taken many years after the close of the war, it still shows that the "courageous Virginia girl" had lost none of her charm and beauty. Mrs. Briscoe has been dead a good many years, but she lives as an inspiring and uplifting memory for those who knew her.

The incident at the session of the camp was thus related at the time of the meeting:

At this opening, Comrade Colonel Rawley Martin, who had been named as marshal for that day and occasion, arose and explained that imperative duty had called him to Richmond then and prevented him from engaging in the memorial exercises. On motion, the comrade's reasons were declared to be good and valid, and the demerits were ordered to be erased, provided he would now relate something of his experiences at Gettysburg. The Colonel thereupon exclaimed that he was ever willing to pay a tribute to the brave and generous Federals who had so humanely tried to aid him after he was so dreadfully wounded and lay upon the heights of Gettysburg after the surviving remnant of the brigades of Armistead, Kemper, Garnett, and Hunton had been forced back by overwhelming force.

"I delight to recall and testify to the kindness and tenderness of Colonel Hess, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania," said Colonel Martin, "for he came to me, with four of his men, whom he ordered to take me to the surgeons and to care for me." He also mentioned "the attention received at the hands of another brave officer, whose daughter has within recent months became the wife of a former Lynchburg boy."

In a very feeling manner he spoke of the incident of "the courageous Virginia girl," Miss Ella Straith, coming to him as he lay in the hospital tent, bathing his face with cologne and spreading over his face a handkerchief which had the Confederate colors thereon—red, white, and red. The Doctor then entered upon a very touching and glowing tribute to the southern women, and declared his "gratitude to know that in the noble order of the Daughters of the Confederacy they still breathed out the same unselfish spirit and emulated in the present the grand work of the days of 1861-'65."

Pernicious Pride.

There was once a Seal who couldn't conceal
A churlish, invidious pride
In the fit of his coat, and he'd constantly gloat
O'er his fellows who swam in the tide.

But his pride had a fall when, one day, a Narwhal
Observed: "You've no collars or cuffs!"
The eSal made retort, with a vigorous snort:
"Young feller, don't give me no bluffs."

Then he walked down the shore for an hour or more
Until he came up with a Man,
To whom he remarked—or, more properly barked—
"Will you give me some cuffs if you can?"

The Man said he could, aye, in fact, that he would,
And sidled up close to the Seal.
"I'll give you a cuff that will prove quite enough—
A cuff which I think you will feel."

Without more ado, near the Seal the Man drew
And dealt him a vigorous cuff
With a hard, knotted club. And the skin of that cub
Is now being worn as a muff!

Albert Lee, in September Smart Set.

A New Child Poet.

An unusual feature of Harper's for September is the article on "The Poetry of Julia Cooley," a child poet whom Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has discovered. Here is the description of the poet and one or two of her best poems:

"Not long ago," says Mr. Le Gallienne, "I happened to be spending a few days with some friends who have a pleasant home in one of the green valleys of Connecticut. Among the members of the household was a little girl of 8, a simple, happy child, as child-like as a child could be, even more so than little girls of 8 are apt to be in America. No child could possibly have less of the infant phenomenon about her, and I lived in the same house with her for several days without realizing the significance of little Julia Cooley—whose poetry I am about to introduce to the reader.

"Most of the poems I shall quote were written at the age of 7.

"One of her little songs is a quaint farewell to the Connecticut hills, on her going home to Chicago. It is by no means one of her best poems, but I bring it in here as being apropos:

FAREWELL.

Farewell, dear hills!
Fargwell! fore'er.
It really makes me cry.
Just think I must leave you
Forever and ever.
'Tis very sorrowful.
Forever, just think of it, fore'er.
Farewell!
Farewell, dear hills,
Farewell!

"It is hardly fair to quote this first among her verses, and I only bring it in because it illustrates with its quaint little pathos of cadence a feeling for nature remarkably poignant in a child of 7. But here is another little poem of four lines which gives a better idea of Julia Cooley's gift of picture-making in words. She calls it 'What Nature is Like to Me.'

The sun is like a golden crown,
The sky is like a blue and white knitted ball,
The grass is like little pieces of silk thread,
And the apple blossoms are like jewels.

"Take two or three more examples:

The grass is getting green,
The daisies up are springing,
And the hills are woven purple,
While the birds commence their singing.

The pigeons are coming fluttering and twittering out of the pigeon-house,
How green the grass is!
The leaves are fluttering down from the trees,
How blue the sky is!

The buds have come and gone,
And the leaves are falling,
The floods of rain have not ceased,
The light of morning has gone,

And nightfall is coming on.

"Julia Cooley," says Mr. Gallienne, "is blest with a relative such as too seldom goes with the infant. It was with great diffidence that Mrs. Cooley brought herself to speak to me about her little daughter's verses, and showed me the quaint little manuscripts—fearing that she might seem the usual fond deluded mother. But I shall be much surprised if the reader does not agree with me in thinking that it is no mere mother's love which sees a remarkable gift in a child who can write such verses at the age of 8."

To Children.

(Carolyn Wells in the Pittsburg Gazette.)

Be gentle to the Crocodile,
And tender to the Whale;
Don't jeer at the Hyena's smile,
Or tweak the Tiger's tail.

Don't stick pins in the Kangaroo;
Don't giggle at the Goose;
Don't throw bricks at the Cockatoo,
O tread upon the Moose.

Don't flog the Hippopotamus;
Don't pull the Serpent's ears;
Don't pester the Rhinoceros,
Or chase the Chanticleers.

Don't tickle Dromedaries' feet,
Or whip the gentle Gnu;
To animals be kind and sweet,
Whatever else you do.

Emigrating to Canada.

(Springfield Republican.)

According to the Dominion land office at Ottawa, no less than 25,000,000 acres of land in the Canadian Northwest are now owned by citizens of the United States. It is stated that 5,000,000 acres have been acquired this year, and about one-fifth of this area has been taken up by bona fide settlers from the States. The rest, or 4,000,000 acres, has been sold to land companies, which are now reselling at a profit to the tide of emigrants pouring northward over the border. From January 1st to June 1st no less than 21,077 American citizens settled in the province of Manitoba and adjacent territory, and the movement is still heavily under way. A single Iowa neighborhood is mentioned from which have gone forty families within a few months. Some farmers in Iowa and adjoining States are mortgaging their farms for money to invest in Canada and Dakota lands, indicating the existence of a speculative craze in connection with the movement. This promises trouble later on. The country is rich in experience with land speculations and their invariable consequences.

A Woman Depositor.

(Philadelphia Times.)

"One day during the busy Christmas season, when every moment was precious," said a bank teller, "a woman presented her pass-book and asked to have her money, which amounted to $600.

"I always endeavor to save needless work, and, thinking that she intended making payment to some one who would only redeposit the money, I asked her if she intended handing all the money over to one person; if so, a check marked 'good' would answer her purpose as well as the cash, besides saving labor.

"Crushing me with one disdainful look, she replied:

"'I wish the money.'

"The money was duly handed out in ten-dollar bills. After spending some fifteen anxious minutes in her efforts to count the money, all the while licking her fingers regularly, she handed it back to me, all mixed up, with the remark:

"'I wish to leave this with you again; I just wanted to see if it were all here.'

"Every year the operation is repeated, but I was made ready for her. The next time I handed her six one hundred-dollar bills. Much to my confusion and complete discomfiture, she returned them, saying, 'I want hose tens lleft you.'

"She got them."

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt—eaten cold.

A Hot-Weather Delight.

"'Force' is a constant delight to me these hot days. It's always ready for every meal, with cream for breakfast, with fruit for lunch, and as a simple pudding for dinner. We eat it just before bedtime, too. It saves me lots of work and trouble.

Mrs. ——

(Name furnished on application.)

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Hofheimer's ECONOMY STORE, 311 East Broad.

LAST WEEK OF SALE. | Tenth Summer Mark-Down.

Some Notable Low-Priced Good Shoes:

$1.50 Two-Strap Kid Opera Slippers	99c	$3.00 Men's Low-Cut Welts, &c.	$1.49
$1 Plain Opera Kid Toe Slippers	75c	$1.50 Men's and Boys' Patent Oxfords	50c
50c. Kid Ankle Ties, for infants	39c	$1.00 Men's and Boys' Canvas Leather Sole Shoes	48c
$1 slightly soiled White Kid Slippers	25c	75c. Men's House Slippers, all solid	45c
25c. Cloth House Slippers	19c	48c. Ladies' Belts	19c
$1.50 Brass and Gun Metal Buckle Colonials	99c	$1.00 Men's Belts	50c
$1.50, $2 and $2.50 odd and end Oxfords marked down to	99c	25c. Ladies' Lace Hose	19c
		$3.00 Canvas Trunks	$1.98
		$5.00 Canvas Trunks	$2.98
		$10 Best Made Trunk	$6.98

You can afford to renew your Summer Footwear at these prices. Desirable for six weeks to come. DELIGHTFUL HOUSE SHOES for fall.

Hofheimer's Economy Store,

311 East Broad.

Cameras *and* Supplies.

The week-end holidays of the summer months give the amateur photographer many a chance to go afield in search of new scenes to transfer to their plates or films.

At the last moment before starting out on such an expedition, you find essentials lacking? Are you, perhaps, a new and zealous devotee of the gentle sport, who requires an entire new outfit?

Come to the S. GALESKI OPTICAL COMPANY. The Optical Store, on the corner, is ready for just such eleventh-hour purchases.

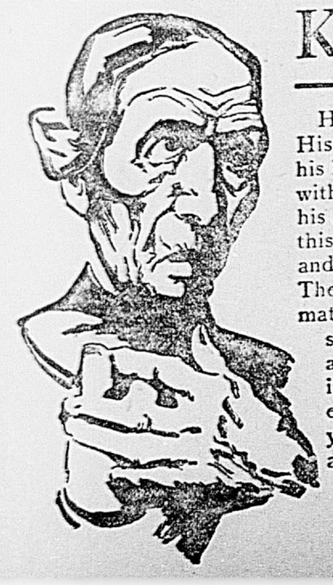
Here is news to-day of excellent Cameras at distinct low price economies. A complete line of everything for the amateur in Albums, Carrying-Cases, Drying Racks, Plate-Holders, Printing Frames, Trays, and Tripods. We offer in every instance below cost price.

It makes buying easy to visit us.

THE S. GALESKI OPTICAL COMPANY,

Ninth and Main Streets, - - Richmond, Va.

jy 19-Sun,Tu&Th-39t



Keep Your Insides Cool!

Here's a man who thinks he has heart disease, and is scared half to death. His face is all drawn out of shape from fear and agony. Every time he eats, his heart "palpitates"—that simply means that his stomach is swelled up with gases from fermenting undigested food, and his heart thumps against his diaphragm. Nothing the matter with his heart. In the summer time, this gas distention is much worse, his whole body and blood get over-heated, and his heart and lungs get so crowded for room, that he gasps for breath. There he is, look at him! Every minute he expects to drop dead. As a matter of fact, all he needs is to stop that souring and gas forming in his stomach and bowels, help his digestion along, and keep cool inside. You all know that whenever something rots or decays, heat develops. Same in the body. Keep cool inside! Take a candy cathartic CASCARET every night at bed-time. It will work while you sleep, clean up and cool your insides, give you a regular, comfortable movement in the morning, and you'll be feeling fine all day every day. Heart Disease! Fudge!

Cascarets Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Woman's Nature Is to love children, and no home can be completely happy without them, yet the ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass usually is so full of suffering, danger and fear that she looks forward to the critical hour with apprehension and dread. **Mother's Friend**, by its penetrating and soothing properties, allays nausea, nervousness, and all unpleasant feelings, and so prepares the system for the ordeal that she passes through the event safely and with but little suffering, as numbers have testified and said, "it is worth its weight in gold." $1.00 per bottle of druggists. Book containing valuable information mailed free.

Mother's Friend

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.