THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.

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SUNDAY, ... JANUARY 25, 1903.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Richmond Dispatch, with its name, good will, subscription list, advertising business, and Associated Press franchise, has been sold to Mr. Joseph Bryan, who will combine and publish it with the Richmond Times, under the name of the Times-Dispatch.

Possession will be delivered on Monday, January 26, 1903.

The Evening Leader, with its name, good will, subscription list, advertising business, and Associated Press franchise, has been sold to the company hitherto publishing the Richmond Dispatch, and will be combined with the News and published with it at the corner of Ninth and Main streets as the News-Leader.

Possession will be delivered on Monday, January 26, 1903.

The change announced above is the inevitable result of newspaper conditions in this city, which have hardly a parallel in the country. No other city in the South—probably none in the North—has four such newspapers as have been operated in Richmond during the last two years. The territory will not sustain them, and the proprietors had to choose between operating at a loss or reducing the cost of production. This is a simple proposition which every business man will understand.

The chief regret in connection with the change is that it will force a number of excellent, faithful, and valued employees out of positions which they have filled with credit to themselves and to the advantage of the respective properties. There was no way to avoid this result. Competition had forced the employment of more people than the available newspaper incomes justified, and those who were among the surplus employees must be dropped.

We do not believe that there will be any political significance in the change. Time and events have abolished former issues and differences, and if the papers had continued separate existence they would have represented practically the same positions, so far as can be known.

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL.

An isthmian canal convention has been agreed upon between the State Department and the representative of the Colombian government at Washington. The hold-up tactics of Colombia were successful to the extent of securing from us a raise of the annuity of $100,000, as we first proposed, to $250,000. In other respects, we are told, the agreement is practically identical with that drawn by this government several months ago.

The treaty now goes to the Senate, and is said to be entirely satisfactory to the President and Secretary Hay. We are still of the opinion that from any view point the Nicaragua route would have been the preferable one. But now that this question seems to have been definitely disposed of, and it appears that there will be no serious opposition to the treaty in the Colombian Congress, it is to be hoped that there will be no obstruction tactics resorted to in the Senate.

The wedding of the two great oceans by a waterway is a necessity of this country's that will continue to grow, and the sooner the enterprise materializes the better. There has been division of popular sentiment as to the route, but on the question that "a canal" should be built there is no conflict of opinion. The people want "a canal," and desire its construction as soon as possible. Wisdom would therefore seem to dictate that we close the bargain before our option expires (March 4th), and conditions arise which will afford Colombia an excuse for flying the track, and that we commence at once the work of making the French venture an accomplished fact.

In commenting on the "horn tooting" of certain leading Republicans, that the tariff must be reformed and the trusts crushed, the Lexington (Kentucky) Herald reminds that the tariff and trust grievances have the Republican party by the throat, and that it is to the Democratic party that the country can look for relief from both evils. In truth, continues the Herald, the tariff, the trusts, and the Republican party are identically the same under different names. That sums up the whole case.

GENEROUS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

One forgets there's such a thing as politics or sectional feeling when he thinks of fresh little Alice Roosevelt, the daughter of our whimsical President. You can't exactly say that she's pretty, but on the other hand, her friends are by no means driven to the use of that consolatory adjective "sweet" in describing her. Let us rather say she is winsome and engaging, for surely she is both, not to mention the charm of her youth and vivacity. And then, too, she is something more. She is generous. One might have judged as much from her pictures, but an additional proof which comes in the form of a newspaper item, makes the evidence cumulative. Men may not see the true inwardness of the story. But no woman will fail to appreciate it. And we fancy that many a fair reader will be astounded by the recital of Miss Roosevelt's remarkable—year, abnormal—magnanimity. The story is this: When the daughter of the White House went to a certain "smart" tea in Washington, last week—or shall we use that delicious society-column word, "function"—she was suddenly confronted by an "apparition," who wore a costume which was the exact counterpart of her own. Think of it, ye of the gentler sex, who never fail to be gentle save with one another of your kind! The horrid thing had duplicated Miss Roosevelt's dress, and had the audacity to appear in the latter's creation of white cloth, elaborately trimmed in Russian lace. It was such scenes as this that the cynical Pope liked to describe, but had he witnessed the little tableau in Washington, he would have been disappointed. Miss Roosevelt did not rend heaven with her indignant shrieks, nor did she show the wrath of Juno. On the contrary, she greeted the "apparition" (otherwise Miss Alice Ward), very cordially and the two had lots of fun over the similarity of their attire. The newspaper report even adds this information:

"After laughingly comparing the gowns, these two merry maids executed an impromptu cakewalk as the "Gold Dust Twins," to the amusement of the company, which was the smartest of the gatherings of the day."

In justice to Miss Ward, however—and still more to the credit of Miss Roosevelt—it should be stated that some time before this meeting Miss Ward had told the forbearing Alice about the duplicate costume, and even offered not to wear it in Washington, should the latter object. And although every woman wants her gowns to be "exclusive" (just as all reporters want their items to be), Miss Roosevelt told Miss Ward to go ahead and rejoice to the fullest in the costume.

Verily, the whole incident is pretty, and strangely, strangely unusual. We don't think there are many of the mysterious sex who could have stood the test as Alice Roosevelt did. And the gown had been designed exclusively for her, too. The thing is marvellous. Worse, still, they say that five other girls have since commenced wearing the same exclusive "creation."

GEESE AS MOTIVE POWER.

Perhaps there are few in this part of the world who have ever heard of Mr Norman McQuat, of Lumsden, N. W. T., (Northwest Territory), but that does not signify that he is lacking in ingenuity. On the contrary, this enterprising Canadian is a man of startling originality, as the sequel will show. Mr. McQuat (we wouldn't dare attempt to pronounce the name) has just written a letter to President Francis, of the St. Louis Exposition, wherein he proffers a most unique attraction for the show—an attraction that will put to the blush the gondolas which used to flit about the lagoons of the World's Fair at Chicago. In short, Mr. McQuat writes that he has three geese trained to drive in harness either single or tandem, and he is anxious to exhibit them at the exposition. According to the report of the St. Louis Globe Democrat, "he assures the management that they—the geese, not the management—will create a sensation." And it is hardly to be doubted that they will for the redoubtable McQuat declares that his educated fowls have been trained to draw a boat, and that either one of them can pull a skiff with two persons in it.

But the scheming Canadian does not stop here in his promises. He says that, while he now has only a trio of geese, it is his intention to capture a whole flock of wild ones this spring and train them to harness, so that they may make themselves useful during the coming fair to insure public confidence in anserine motive power, as a medium for travel on the water. Mr. McQuat writes that he now runs a ferry at Moosezaw, N. W. T., and that his geese do the pulling. Just where Moosezaw is he does not state, nor does he tell the width of the ferry, but we take it for granted that it's a formidable sheet of water, otherwise the geese could not have attained the accomplishments attributed to them.

The fact that each of the wise birds referred to has a pulling capacity strictly limited to two individuals opens up Paradisal prospects for young lovers, and will doubtless bring thousands of that exclusive class to St. Louis during the fair. Gondola riding in an imaginary Venice has always been popular, too, with those whose sentiments are very "mutual," but it has its drawbacks. One can never tell just how much English the gondolier understands, and even when our language is a mystery to him, he can see—a thing which is sometimes very embarrassing to sweethearts. But the proposed "ganderliers"—that's what the heartless reporters call them—are quite a different proposition. The goose who does the pulling will not bother in the slightest about the other two geese, but, on the contrary, will furnish a ride that furnishes every facility for sentiment and "offishness" towards the rest of the world.

The St. Louis officials have not yet decided what they will do about Mr. McQuat's proposition—indeed, they are quite hazy about the exact location of Moosezaw—but they feel that any intelligent goose that can make a living at Moosezaw would do well at the fair.

COLOR AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

There were three negroes at the President's reception last week—John C. Dancy, the recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia, and two women, that he brought with him. All of them were presented and shook hands with President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and were the observed of all observers.

Several Southern Congressmen left the White House when they found these negroes among the guests. With many of the Northerners, too, there was a feeling of regret at the presence of these dusky friends of Mr. Roosevelt; but he seemed undisturbed. He appears to be resolved to make his administration distinguished as a negrophilist administration, and is giving to the world an illustration of that unstableness and lack of judgment which was attributed to him before he entered the Presidential office.

We do not forget that Fred Douglas and his white wife attended one of President Cleveland's receptions, but that was regarded as more of an accident than anything else, the invitation having been extended Douglas along with many others sent out to officials. At any rate it gained Mr. Cleveland no credit in the North, and disgusted thousands of Southerners with him. But here we have seen Roosevelt having Booker Washington to dine with himself and family; closing the Indianola postoffice, to spite the whites of that section of Mississippi, and appointing Dr Crum to the Charleston collectorship, as if his purpose were to gall the Carolinians to the uttermost. And now, last of all, behold Dancy dancing into the White House, where all the beauty and aristocracy of the national capital are assembled, with a negress on each arm.

The fact is that Mr. Roosevelt is a cranky fool on the subject of the negro, and there is no telling to what lengths he may not go. Judging by his acts, he is in favor of social equality as well as civil and political equality. The Booker Washington dining incident was the worst thing he has done in that line, inasmuch as he took Washington into his dining room and introduced him to his wife and family, thereby giving Washington the right to claim their acquaintance wherever he might meet them.

LEE AT GETTYSBURG AGAIN.

The Philadelphia Record, with its usual liberality and broadmindedness, heartily approves the bill of Mr. Cooper, a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, which was inspired by Colonel McClure, providing that Pennsylvania and Virginia unite in erecting an equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee on the field of Gettysburg. Not only should such a statue be reared there, says the Record, but the position of the Confederate army in the three days' fighting should be appropriately marked, so that visitors who go there may fully understand the details and proportions of that terrific struggle. The Record argues that this marking should be done "while the veterans are alive who are the sole custodians of precise knowledge," and after declaring that "there never was in all the tide of time a more stubborn battle than that waged by brother against brother on that bloody ground," concludes as follows: "Gettysburg was not a one-sided affair, and it should not be made to appear so by a failure to accurately indicate the positions occupied by both armies."

On the other hand, a discordant note against the equestrian statue proposition came from a Pittsburg paper the other day, and yesterday that note was echoed by a Philadelphia Grand Army Post. No doubt it will be echoed and re-echoed by other posts of that organization, and the proposition will be killed by super-loyal sentiment and the patriots for pelf.

So be it. Virginia did not take the initiative in the matter, and is not going to do any begging about it, or subject herself and the rest of the South to any humiliation.

Still, Mr. Cooper and Colonel McClure and papers like the Record which have endorsed the movement, are only a little ahead of their time. The day is coming when the North will be proud to have an equestrian statue of Lee overlooking the field of Gettysburg, and will solicit Southern co-operation to that end. As the New York Times said, recently, Lee "belongs" at Gettysburg. That will be eventually recognized, and he will be placed where he belongs by the united action of the American people.

Measured by Tom.

I wouldn't be surprised to see young Bossman attain national distinction some day.

So silent in the popular forum, eh?

Silent? Didn't I just tell you that he was a great platform orator?

Well, the Platt-form of oratory is to say nothing on the public platform.

To Preserve His Identity.

I wonder why Brimmer comes home drunk every night?

Because he's afraid if he came home any other way his family wouldn't recognize him.

A Friendly Inference.

Miss Withers: I presume Mr. Flipp made his usual weekly call on you last night?

Miss Callow: Yes, and I must say that he made a fool of himself.

Miss Withers: Proposed to you, eh?

Cause and Effect.

I notice of my neighbor, Skate—
Who is a bon vivant, they say—
That when he takes his whiskey straight
He takes his walks the other way.

Compulsory Expedition.

Mr. Tardyman: Have you forgotten the climax of our courting, dear? It didn't take you long to make up your mind, did it?

Mrs. Tardyman: I couldn't afford to; it had taken you so long to make up yours.

Exquisite to the Occasion.

She: I must say that I am disappointed in you; there was a time when I thought you were a man of boundless courage.

He: That was when I proposed to you, of course.

A Contrast.

Mr. Dapper is of that pattern of men who are scrupulously neat in personal appearance, but who rarely fail to leave chaos behind in the wake of their preparations. A recent caller remarked to Mrs. Dapper:

"I must say for your husband that he is one of the neatest men I ever met; he always looks as if he had just come out of a band-box."

"Ah, yes," replied Mrs. Dapper, with a sigh, "but you ought to see the band-box."

A firm name is not uncommonly a synonym for business infirmity.

Then and Now.

I understand that when Gowitt and his wife were married it was a runaway match.

Yes, and it's my private opinion that if it were to be done all over again now they wouldn't both run in the same direction.

Adjusted.

Young Wife: When you take your next business trip abroad I won't have to wait so long for tidings from you, will I, dear?

Young Husband: Why not, love?

Young Wife: Because you can wire me by wireless telegraphy.

Faith and Work.

Do you say young Duber aspires to be a politician?

So he tells me.

Indeed! Well he surely doesn't look bright enough to make a success of it; what faction does he belong to?

From my knowledge of him I should say it was stupefaction.

The Patriot's Resignation.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

The aged patriot closed his eyes as from
the doctor's lips there fell
The solemn words that did for him the
last faint ray of hope dispel.
Then feebly said, "'Twon't do no good,
but really, doctor, if you please,
I'd like to know before I die what is the
cause of my disease."

The doctor coughed a bit, and then in
studied silence poised his mind
As if it were in deep research alone he
could the answer find,
Then, as he to the patient turned with
gleam of wisdom in his eye,
"I think it's constitutional," he very
gravely made reply.

The sick man feebly gasped, then
caught another life-renewing breath,
And with a smile of one resigned to enter in the gate of death
He said, in whispered tones, that told
how very near his life was spent—
"Oh, thanks! If 'tain't agin the constitution I kin die content."

WADE WHIPPLE.

"A Birthday Gift for the Baby."

On her knees, down by the fire,
Black mammy was raking the coals,
And of this the wrinkled hands ne'er tire,
Till was made a place, where holds,
Just an ask-cake for the baby.

Back comes the crooning, as patting the
pone,
Good Lord, keep my lamb in thy care—
For a moment her mind has far away
gone,
To the days of childhood, where,
She had baked an ash cake for the
baby.

Forgotten, had she, that the little feet,
Had turned a woman's ways;
In her mind, they still kept the sweet,
Sweet charm of childhood's days,
As she bakes this ash-cake for the
baby.

To-night a woman was wondering
If in that Other Land,
A dear old face was remembering,
Something of this lower home,
And of the birthday gift for the baby

(Mrs.) ANNICE LYBARGER.

Kingston, Tenn.

Faith and Work.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

If thou wilt only still believe and trust,
Oh soul, that yearneth for the better
things,
Believe and act—for act thou surely
must—
Belief alone brings not the wished-for
things.

Joys which thy hungering soul so much
desires,
Wait to reward, when thou hast done
thy part
With faith and works, seize the promethean fire,
And thou shalt have the wishings of
thy heart.

ELIZABETH WHITRON.

Goodrich, Tenn.

Rights.

(Observations of a Philosophical Friend.)

Witness this army of such mass and
charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
Makes mouths of the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger
dare,
Even for an egg-shell.

—Hamlet.

The grimest burlesques in human history are to be found in law reports, where men are shown to have spent large parts of their lives and fortunes in contending for their rights; in many cases, those rights not worth having. They say: Lawyer's robes are lined with the follies of their clients.

But the bloodshed and misery that attend them, the wars and bloody conflicts, national and private, recorded by historians, would be absolutely absurd and laughable; the initial, or primum mobile, behind the rights, being indigestion or some domestic trouble with the King or counsellor. The issue being joined, great statesmen and philosophers of the time and subsequent, set themselves to show and prove what was the actual cause of quarrel and the thing that had to be determined by the resort to arms.

Human history establishes two great propositions. One is that righteousness exalteth a nation and that sin is a reproach to any people. The other is, that wisdom is better than weapons of war; that wise men do at first what fools have to do at last.

Litigations and wars and duels and domestic broils are all dignified in the same way; by a defence of imagined right.

The greatness of the fighting English is proclaimed in the words: True to imagined right. The old lady denounces her offending neighbor. If she is poor, she is not thereby nevessitated to act unprincipled; at least that's not my idea of principle! Shakespeare wonders that the angels do not with our spleens laugh themselves mortal.

When we come to the point of nicely measuring our rights, whether it be between husbands and wives, between brothers and sisters, between friends or associates, in any position or relation of life, or general business, we are at the danger line, and friction and heat and conflict may be looked for. Consideration, delicacy, patience liberality, and charity are the necessary lubricants of human intercourse. The flesh that covers our bones, the clothes that veil our bodies, the conventionalities that smooth the roughnesses of life, all the grace of manhood and womanhood supply the deficiences of mere bare and rigid rights.

They are the equities that soften the rigor of law. They make up the high grace of the highest civilization that is known as Heaven-born charity; that covers the multitude of sins that hides these of our neighbors, and secures from our neighbors forbearance towards our own sinfulness and shortcomings.

The social philosopher defines gentility as the giving up of small matters that we may have our way in great ones. The old lady's advice to the young mother was: "My child, don't make many points, but when you make one carry it."

The divine wisdom of our Lord absolutely discourages litigation and strife, and recommends all personal sacrifices for peace's sake; but offers the highest honor to those who suffer and endure for righteousness' sake—for testimony to the truth.

The fundamental principle of business life is not to contend over trifles, nor to waste time and money over imagined rights or wrongs.

The ways of providence, the universal system of things, the mills of the gods, punish wrongs and wrong-doers and vindicate the right.

LEE IN STATUARY HALL.

Views of Mr. Halsey, Patron of the Bill.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

So much has been said in regard to the bill offered by me in the Senate, to provide a statue of General Robert E. Lee to be placed in the National Statuary Hall, at Washington, that I deem it not improper to make some statement of my own ideas and motives in offering the bill; especially as the impression seems to prevail in some quarters that there is a possibility that the statue might be offered by Virginia, only to be rejected by the national government.

In my judgment any such apprehensions are absolutely groundless. I do not believe that there is any authority vested in any one whomsoever to reject the statue. The law is clear and explicit, and is to the effect that every State shall have the power to select such two of its illustrious dead to be represented by statues of marble or bronze in Statuary Hall, as "each State shall determine worthy of this national commemoration." It then goes on to provide that these statues, when so furnished by the several States, shall be placed in the old hall of the House of Representatives in the capitol of the United States, which is hereby set apart, or so much thereof as may be necessary, as a national Statuary Hall." There is no provision in the law giving the authority to the President or any one else to have anything whatsoever to do with the acceptance or rejection of these statues, and passing by the question of whether Virginia was in or out of the Union at the time that the law was passed, and the invitation extended, I will only say that there is no question about her being in the Union now, and having the same rights under the laws of the Union as every other State. The only people, therefore, who have the right to say anything as to whose statues Virginia shall send, are the people of Virginia themselves, who speak through their representatives in the General Assembly.

These are Virginia's places that Virginia is invited to fill, as she herself shall determine, and no acceptance is necessary beyond the mere mechanical act involved. Therefore, there did not appear to me to be any necessity, expediency, or propriety in consulting the Secretary of State, nor the President, before submitting the bill to place the statue of Lee in the National Statuary Hall, nor do I think now that any such necessity, expediency, or propriety exists. To consult the President, or the Secretary of State as his prime minister, is simply to raise a question where none exists or to invite its being made, and to involve them, perhaps, in a question foreign to their offices, and which they might prefer not to be interrogated about. Virginia has generally been able to attend to her own business, and there is nothing before us to require that she invite somebody else to attend to this matter.

The President has time and again referred with pride to the fact that he served under an ex-Confederate general at Santiago, where he "won his spurs," and when that general sat down on the idea of retreat, and has pointed out Lee as the greatest general of the English-speaking race. It is injustice to the whole subject to suppose or suggest that those who have most worthily welcomed and applauded the living Confederates, cherish any sort of feeling against due honors by his own State to the most illustrious of their dead. Whose country is this any way? It is just as much ours as it is any man's. The places in the capitol are "ours" just as those of other States are theirs; and the capitol at Washington is just as much ours as anybody else's. It was designed by the act of Congress to enable us to fill our places, in our national capitol, in our own way. If Kansas chooses to send John Brown's statue, can we object? Certainly not. We can only say that if Kansas can stand it, we can.

But, it is said, "You will raise a national issue by sending Lee's statue to Washington." How? A few bigots, cranks, and Bourbons might well like to keep the living out of Washington, and every one of them can make more fuss than a million of sturdy, honest, and true Northern men, who are quietly attending to their own business, and are filled with thoughts of genuine patriotism and friendship for all that is good and true and noble in the South.

We are simply inviting somebody to object, and advertising that we are ready to quit at the first screech, when we run around crying out that we expect to be questioned and expect to be rudely treated. Some talk as if the United States were a foreign country and not our own country, and they feared the strain of international relations. They are carrying themselves back to and borrowing the feelings of an ancient day. I do not believe that the sending of Lee's statue to Statuary Hall will offend true Northern sentiment, and surely if the public and private utterances of the North's ablest and most distinguished public men—the McClures, the Adamses, the McKinleys, the Rooseveltes, are to be taken as sincere, then there is no reason to doubt that the statue of Robert E. Lee will not be graciously acknowledged by the North, as well as the South, to be in its proper place when erected by Virginia at the side of her other majestic hero, George Washington.

Respectfully,

DON P. HALSEY.

Richmond, January 24, 1903.

An Unusual Lemon.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Mrs. D. Jennings Sipe, daughter of Mr. E. T. Pierce, of News Ferry, Halifax county, Va., has grown a lemon of remarkable size. The specimen measures fourteen inches around and weighs 1 1-4 pounds. The plant is of the American Wonder variety, and is not yet two years old. The height of the plant is about 27 inches. It was grown and bore its fruit in an 8-inch pot.

News Ferry, Va., January 24th.

A Tidewater Railroad.

Tunstalls, Va., January 22, 1903.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

A communication in the Dispatch of even date by "Engineer" is full of wisdom as far as it goes. Why did he not make special mention of Gordon's Hill, in Essex county, about half way between Miner's Tavern and Tappahannock, about, — what kind of grade it is, etc.? I am of the opinion that Fairfax E. Montague, of your city, a civil engineer of wide experience, can give your merchants the exact route from Richmond to Tappahannock, as he about fifteen or eighteen years ago made a survey for a road from Lestor Manor to Tappahannock.

A word or two about the good results that "Engineer" suggested. From Lester Manor to Walkerton, twelve miles, the farms are especially adapted to wheat, oats, tobacco and, corn. The only way to get the product to market is either to haul it to Lester Manor by team—and only a small per cent. can be hauled at a load—or else put it on a crazy wharf on the Mattaponi river, and take chances of a crazier boat's landing it at West Point, where two freight rates are charged.

From Walkerton to Tappahannock the land is good for wheat, oats, tobacco, corn, melons peanuts, cabbage, kale, tomatoes, and both sweet and Irish potatoes. Now the farmers between the Mattaponi and Rappahannock rivers are more dependent on the river craft. In Middlesex, Gloucester, and Mathews the water is their only way of transportation, and they are certainly at the mercy of the steamboat as to freight. The oyster business is in a measure a thing of the past. All of the oystermen are turning their attention to other lines of business. They say there is no money in the business. The other industries would be trucking if they could get their products to a quick market.

To the trade of Richmond the territory would mean a great many thousands of dollars that now go to Baltimore. Is it worth, and for the last time, If the trade is not worth a great many thousands of dollars annually to Baltimore, why does she use all of her influence to kill a railroad through the Tidewater counties of Virginia, and why do the steamboat companies help the Baltimore merchants to keep out a line of railway? Chamber of Commerce of Richmond, answer that question, if you please. If the trade is worth that to Baltimore, is it not worth it to Richmond?

"A DRUMMER."

THEORIES ABOUT FOOD.

Also a Few Facts on the Same Subject.

We hear much nowadays about health foods and hygienic living, about vegetarianism, and many other fads along the same line.

Restaurants may be found in the larger cities where no meat, pastry, or coffee is served, and the food crank is in his glory, and arguments and theories galore advanced to prove that meat was never intended for human stomachs, and almost makes us believe that our sturdy ancestors who lived four-score years in robust health on roast beef, pork, and mutton, must have been grossly ignorant of the laws of health.

Our forefathers had other things to do than formulate theories about the food they ate. A warm welcome was extended to any kind from bacon to acorns.

A healthy appetite and common sense are excellent guides to follow in matters of diet, and a mixed diet of grains, fruits, and meats is undoubtedly the best.

As compared with grains and vegetables, meat furnishes the most nutriment in a highly concentrated form, and is digested and is assimilated more quickly than vegetables and grains.

Dr. Julius Remmson, on this subject, says: "Nervous persons, people run down in health, and of low vitality, should eat meat and plenty of it. If the digestion is too feeble at first it may be easily corrected by the regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. Two of these excellent tablets taken after dinner will digest several thousand grains of meat, eggs, or other animal food in three hours, and no matter how weak the stomach may be, no trouble will be experienced if a regular practice is made of using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they supply the pepsin and diastase necessary to perfect digestion, and every form of indigestion will be overcome by their use.

That large class of people who come under the head of nervous dyspeptics should eat plenty of meat and insure its proper digestion by the daily use of a safe, harmless, digestive medicine like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, composed of the natural digestive principles, pepsin, diastase, fruit acids and salts, which actually perform the work of digestion. Cheap cathartic medicines, masquerading under the name of dyspepsia cures are useless for indigestion, as they have absolutely no effect upon the actual digestion of food.

Dyspepsia in all its many forms is simply a failure of the stomach to digest food, and the sensible way to solve the riddle and cure the dyspepsia is to make daily use at meal time of a preparation like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which is endorsed by the medical profession and known to contain active digestive principles.

That Transcontinental Canal.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

A correspondent in your issue of last Sunday, having discovered one of Washington's early business projects, invites a discussion of it.

Recently another antiquarian has resurrected a pair of Washington's old breeches, and I suggest that it will be more profitable, and equally respectful, to the memory of that great man, to discuss the breeches.

Washington conceived good projects, and he wore good clothes. But I suspect that if your correspondent were to appear on the streets of Richmond in this pair of skin-tight breeches, spliced with modern material, and after the modern fashion, he would find people very slow to adopt the style.

But your correspondent proposes to make much greater changes in Washington's project. Washington wouldn't know his old breeches.

Washington was practical, your correspondent says, and proposed a ditch. I don't know what your correspondent is, but it looks very much as if he proposes to make water run up hill. Washington, or those who came after him, dragged the tub-like boats through the ditch with a docile old mule. Your correspondent proposes to have a runway trolley car or steam engine, to drag boats over the rocks in James river. Go at full speed, he says! It would be rough riding, but we would have a great crop of fish next year.

Washington proposed to cross the mountains. Your correspondent is discreetly silent about the mountains. Doubtless he remembers that even Mahomet was balked by a mountain.

He says that 10,000 miles of water permeates the Western States. Why! If he followed that water he would catch tetanus germs, or the tetanus germs would catch him.

The Almighty put those mountains there to turn that water. They are the back fence to a yard. Strangers who wish to enter the promised land, "the richest country in the world," can always find a hospitable gate in front swung wide open. There is an old proverb that "the shortest way through is the longest way around."

Virginia got into debt by following New York's example in digging ditches, and building dams, and lost her money and credit, too. The memory should be quite fresh. Let New York dig all the ditches, and build all the dams she wants to, or that she can pay for. When the ground freezes and it gets too cold for out-door work up there, in the interest of art we might spare a few old fields for the exercise of their taste. They could have canals fringed with tulip beds and ponds for black swans and gold fish.

Every seven years we have a recurrence of this disease, or whatever it is. First came the Readjusters, and the State had hardly exorcised the "Spirit" before the town builders appeared and ruined much of the best uplands by checker boarding the fields with macadamized streets. Now your correspondent would turn the low grounds into fish ponds—crayfish ponds. The next thing we will have a crop of locusts.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

Comment of the Press on a Variety of Topics.

The Republicans will hardly have the face to put Mississippi in the doubtful column.—Columbus Inquirer-Sun.

Not until now does the South know how much it is indebted to McKinley. It is an everlasting obligation, and it is illuminated by the contrast of his policy with that of his successor, toward the people of the South!—Atlanta Constitution.

This has been an unusually mild winter with us. We have had bright sunshine and pleasant days, which the residents of latitudes only a few degrees north of us have suffered from snowstorms and blizzards.—Wilmington Messenger.

A legalized primary for every nomination is the thing. It has its evils, but it is better than trading in conventions or log-rolling.—Raleigh News and Observer.

The truth probably is that no man is popular in Wall street who succeeds in getting the better of the street. Mr. Gates has done that several times, and so has Mr. Morgan. Therefore, Wall street would like to have them score each other.—Savannah News.

The great hope of the guilty man—the great expectation of his attorney—is in the ability to create a "doubt" in one or more jurymen. We are not surprised therefore that thus early it has leaked out that in Tillman's case an effort will be made to raise the question of "doubt"—not as to the act, but as to whether he was not justified.—Macon Telegraph.

The negro is no longer a political factor in Alabama. He has nothing directly to do with making or executing the laws, and very little by indirection. He is a passive subject of the laws made by the white man and that is all. So much the more reason, then, that he should be protected in all his civil rights.—Montgomery Advertiser.

Mr. Knox's plan is a good plan, if it be adopted by a Republican Congress, which seems doubtful; but it falls far short of the requirements of the case. It is but a drop of remedy where many barrels are required. It is but a step on the road of reform, which, if he would but fairly look, he would see extending many miles before him, but along which, as is said, of the straight and narrow way of righteousness in the Scripture, his feet seem reluctant to tread.—Houston Chronicle.

The idea is that a buncombe anti-trust bill can be put through Congress. It will sound well, but it will have no real meaning or force, and will never accomplish any real results, but will take the fancy of the people until its worthlessness can be established, and it may, therefore, assist in carrying the election in 1904. But as for any revision of the tariff by the Republicans, nothing substantial can be expected. Possibly they may find some means of continuing to fool the people.—New Orleans Picayune.

As a matter of fact, when it comes to the recognition of the respectable or industrious negro, both stand a better chance in the South, where, while both are expected to respect the fact that there is a difference between the races, there is really less of race prejudice than there is in the North, for each race understands the other better.—Wilmington Star.

Winter Woods.

(E. H. Thomas in Youth's Companion.)

"Now, where are the little rovers?"
The gray woods seem to say,
"Who played in our leafy clovers,
And gathered the flowers of May?
"Lady's slipper is hidden securely,
Spring beauty is not at home,
But we've other playthings surely,
If the children would only come.
"The gum to the spruce is clinging
The wintergreen peeps through the
snow,
The pine cones are swaying and swinging,
And rattling down they go.
"There's a playhouse fit for a fairy
In the waterfall's icy cave,
There are silver feathers airy
By the little brook's frozen wave.
"The rabbits are scampering gayly
On the crusty drift, pit-pat;
The woodpecker drums for us daily
His merry rat-tat-tat.
"Then why do you little folks smother
Pent up in the sultry house,
While the fresh winds are chasing each
other,
All under our spicy boughs!
"Well, come to us, merry rovers,
You know we don't mind the rain,
We have room, we have welcome for all
comers,
Put coats, hats, and all, and come!"

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Botanic Blood Balm Stops Bone Pains, Cures Itching, Scabby Skin Disease, Swellings, Boils—Sent Free to All Sufferers.

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to cure even the worst and most deep-seated cases where doctors, patent medicines and hot springs fail. Heals all sores, stops all aches and pains, reduces all swellings, makes blood pure and rich, completely changing the entire body into a clean, healthy condition. B. B. B. has cured thousands of cases of Blood Poison even after reaching the last stages.

Old Rheumatism, Catarrh, Eczema, Scrofula are caused by an awful Poisoned condition of the Blood. B. B. B. stops Hawking and Spitting, Itching and Scratching, Cures Rheumatism, Aches and Pains, Catarrh; heals all Scabs, Scales, Eruptions, Watery Blisters, foul festering Sores; by giving a pure, healthy blood supply to affected parts.

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