Miller & Rhoads. Miller & Rhoads.

Men's Negligee Shirts With French Madras Bosoms 50c

Same kind that sold in a jiffy last week at 50c each. Another shipment received yesterday and they're the best values we ever saw at 50c.

The bosoms are of exactly the same material and finish that go in a $1.50 shirt. Our Men's Department people think the patterns are even prettier than those we had last week—that's a matter of choice. Most people thought it impossible to improve on the designs we had.

Good Window Shades.
All sizes of Stock Shades. All kinds of Shades made to measure. Bamboo Porch and Door Screens.

Summer Floor Coverings.
Japanese Matting. China Matting. Parlor Grass Carpet. Sanitary Fiber Rugs and Druggets.

Miller & Rhoads

Social and Personal

One of the prettiest of the April weddings was celebrated last evening, 8:30 o'clock, at "Sherwood," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Walker, when their daughter, Miss Della W. Walker, became the bride of Mr. Henry Martyn Magie, the Rev. Dr. W. W. Lear, of Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, officiating.

The halls and parlors of the Walker home were canvased in white. The marriage altar was erected in the front parlor where Easter lilies and silver candelebra were massed against a background of palms. Chandeliers were wreathed in smilax and mantels banked in maidenhair ferns and white roses.

In the library and hall the color tones were in glowing crimson, American beauties and red azaleas making beautiful floral adornment. The dining room was in pink, the centerpiece of the table being a great plaque of pink roses with a delicate tracery of ferns, and the border formed a smilax thickly studded with pink rosebuds. Pretty pink shades in silk, showing through silver flagree, were used with dainty effect.

The bride, who entered with her father, was exquisitely gowned in an imported costume of ivory white silk voile, trimmed with hand embroidery, silk insertings, medallions and sprays of Irish point lace and chiffon ruchings about the collar and sleeves. Her veil was held in place by sprays of lily of the valley and she carried a shower of the same fragrant flowers. Her dame of honor, Mrs. Claude A. Walker, wore shirred and accordion-plaited liberty silk, with transparent lace yoke, over peach-blossom silk. Her bouquet was a cluster of la France roses.

Mrs. Thomas J. Walker, the bride's mother, was very handsome in a jet robe above white duchesse satin and chiffon. She had on a corsage bouquet of Parma violets.

The groom, was attended by his best man, Mr. Samuel Leech Magie, of New York, and by Mr. C. A. Walker, and Mr. A. T. Ragland. The music was directed by Miss Mary Willie Smoot, who, while the guests were assembling, gave the following selections:

My Heart Ever Faithful, Bach; O, Perfect Love, Barnby; Nocturne in G Minor, Chopin; Tempest of the Heart, Verdi; Serenade, Gunod; Elsa's Dream, Wagner; Thou Art Lige Unton a Flower, Liszt.

The wedding march from Midsummer Night's Dream, by Mendelssohn, was the processional, and Miss Smoot touched the keys softly during the ceremony, evoking that most beautiful of airs: "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

Mrs. W. L. Ferrall, of Winston, N. C., and Mrs. Henry B. Watkins served punch and a quartette of pretty young girls in white mousseline with pink ribbons, who served in the dining room, were: Miss Mamie Walker, the sister of the bride, from Hollins Institute; Miss Emma Walker, of New York; Miss Lora Ferrall, of Winston, N. C., and Miss Fay Henry, of this city.

Among the out-of-town guests who attended the wedding and the reception, which followed, were:

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Walker, Mrs. J. A. Magie, Misses Walker and Misses Magie, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ferrall and Miss Ferrall, of Winston, N. C.; Miss Mamie Walker, from Hollins, the sister of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. N. I. Israel, of Hartford, Conn.; Mr. William B. Morris, of Danville, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bradsher and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. O'Brien, of Durham, N. C.

The wedding gifts were very numerous and exceedingly handsome. Mr. and Mrs. Magie left last evening for a Northern bridal tour. Their future home in Richmond will be No. 212 North Plum Street.

Bruner—Gwathmey.

The marriage of Miss Maria Gwathmey, the daughter of Mrs. Abby M. and the late Dr. William H. Gwathmey, to the Rev. Weston Bruner, D. D., the future pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, this city, took place in the First Baptist Church last evening, the Rev. Dr. George Cooper performing the ceremony.

Church floral decorations were in white and green. The bride, gowned in white, was attended by her maid of honor, Miss Alberta Gwathmey, who wore pink. The bridesmaids were Miss Bessie Bell Davis, Miss Jane McCarthy, Miss Alta Cooper, Miss Ida Christian, Miss Lucy Moseley, Miss Ida Bruner, Miss Bessie Hagan and Miss Abby D. Gwathmey. They were alternately in white and pink.

Mr. R. C. Frazier, of Baltimore, was best man. Other attendants were Mr. Willie Duke, Mr. Ellis Crenshaw, Mr. Pryor Lipscomb, Mr. Richard Gwathmey, Mr. Judson Bosher, Mr. George Christian, Dr. E. J. Moseley, Jr., and Mr. Ernest Blair.

Among the wedding guests were Mrs. A. J. Camp, of Roanoke; Miss Caroline Westmoreland, of Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Ida Bruner, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. R. C. Frazier, of Baltimore; Mr. W. B. Montague, of Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Robert W. Whitehurst, of Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. James T. Montgomery, of Spartanburg, S. C.; Miss Eleanor Gwathmey, of Taylorsville, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. S. Leach, of Springfield, Mass.

After their return from their wedding trip Dr. and Mrs. Bruner will be in Richmond, where the Doctor will enter upon his pastoral duties at Calvary Church.

Ardan—Roberts.

Miss Minnie Cabell Roberts and Dr. Nicholas L. Ardan were married at 8 o'clock last evening in the home of the bride's aunt, Miss Roberts, of No. 7 East Cary Street, by the Rev. Dr. Robert A. Goodwin, of St. John's Episcopal Church.

The bride and groom left by the 9:35 train for Duffield, Southwest Virginia, their future home, where Dr. Ardan is the surgeon for the Tug River Lumber Company. Mrs. Ardan was before her marriage a nurse at the Virginia Hospital, and Dr. Ardan was at one time resident physician there.

Confederate Bazaar.

As the date of the opening for the Confederate Bazaar, April 15th, draws nearer, each meeting seems more enthusiastic than all which have gone before.

That of yesterday appeared to be especially so. It was only clouded by the feeling of deep sympathy expressed on behalf of those officers of the association who were absent because of sickness or trouble in their families; those who have been the foremost figures and the most loyal hearts in everything that has touched the interests of the Confederate cause.

Several important matters were definitely settled yesterday. One was that the bazaar will open each day during its continuance at 11 A. M., and close each evening at 11 P. M. Another was that the name of the bazaar paper will be "The Old Confederate." Mrs. Edgar Taylor, in making her report concerning the paper, asked the chairmen of different tables to send her the lists of their committees for insertion, also the lists and dates of the different entertainments to be given during the bazaar.

The reports from the tables were very entertaining. The presence of Mrs. John Poe, of Baltimore, gave added interest to what Mrs. John Mosely Walker told of letters and boxes for the Maryland table.

Mrs. Archer Anderson, on behalf of Virginia, said that an additional thirty-seven and a half dollars had been made by the last Williamsburg excursion; also that she had had several handsome donations from various sources.

Miss Blanche Morgan electrified everybody by the announcement that Mr. Giffen had generously given the North Carolina table four boxes at the Academy for Easter Monday evening, April 13th. Miss Morgan also mentioned the entertainment to be given under her direction for April 29th.

Mrs. John L. Eubank had just held a splendid committee meeting with substantial results. Her souvenir plates continued to sell remarkably well, and boxes from Carolina were still coming in.

Mrs. John T. Hughes had also had a most satisfactory meeting of the Georgia table, which is under the able management of the ladies of Oakwood Memorial Association, and has always been one of the tables that everybody felt quite sure about.

Mrs. Caskie Cabell, in speaking for Florida, said that she had received several checks and boxes, and felt quite assured of things working well for the table.

Mrs. Drake reported a great success. The concert given by Miss Mamie Harrison and the musicians who gave her such splendid help, resulted in a fund of $85 to Alabama's credit. Assurances had also come from the Alabama Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, of their help and sympathy.

Mississippi's chairman, Mrs. John Harwood, had had additional boxes, and felt that Mississippi's affairs were prospering. The entertainment to be given by the table on April 18th will take the form of a "Dolly Varden dance," and promises to be altogether fetching.

Louisiana received $300 from the "Bostock benefit," of which one-half will go to Mr. Bostock and the other half will be divided, Louisiana to receive about $90 for her share. This table will sell soda water, and has had all syrups necessary for use donated already.

Boxes for Texas, Mrs. Drewry said, had been sent and would soon be received. The Texas souvenirs, the "Lone Star" of oak and wild olive, with the inscription burnt in, had been placed on sale in the State, which is very enthusiastic over the table.

Checks had come in from Arkansas with other kinds of help, and Mrs. Meade, with her alternate, were quite sure of Arkansas' future.

Tennessee, the Solid South, and the flower table, all had the most favorable representations to make. All reported donations, and were full of energy in making final plans and arrangements.

Maryland Committee.

Mrs. John Moseley Walker is chairman of the committee for the Maryland table, with Mrs. C. O'B. Cowardin as alternate and Mrs. Josiah Ryland as chairman of the Entertainment Committee. other table assistants are: Mrs. E. T. D. Myers, Mrs. E. A. Hoen, Mrs. A. D. Blair, treasurer; Mrs. Small, Mrs. Frank Haughton, Mrs. James Patton, Mrs. Frank Woodward, Mrs. Waller Morton, Mrs. Warrington Wise, Mrs. Adolph Osterloh, Mrs. Frank Powers, Mrs. William E. Evans, Mrs. Edward Mayo, Mrs. Courtney Jenkins, Mrs. James E. Tyler, Miss Sue Spilman, Miss Amabel Lee George, of Baltimore; Miss Jenkins, Miss Connie Evans, Miss Lou Adkins, Miss Mary Bruce, Miss Mary Bierne and Miss Sophie White.

• • •

The Arkansas room of the Confederate Museum is to be congratulated in its new regent, Mrs. Rufus J. Polk, of Little Rock. Mrs. Polk was Miss Cynthia Martin, and claims Revolutionary ancestry through four Virginia lines. She is a member of the Society of Colonial Dames through her maternal grandmother, who was a first cousin of Miss Dolly Payne, afterwards Mrs. Dolly Madison, and the most brilliant hostess which the White House has ever known. Mrs. Polk will visit Mrs. Decatur Axtell during the Easter season.

Personal Mention.

Miss Jeanette Powers, the charming debutante daughter of Mr. D. B. Powers, of Port Royal, Va., is visiting Mrs. H. P. Lefebvre, of No. 215 South Third Street. Miss Powers has been visiting in Orange, where she received much attention. She is the sister of Mr. D. B. Powers, Jr., the popular young legislator from Caroline.

• • •

The Restaurant Committee will hold the last meeting before the opening of the bazaar next Friday at 4 P. M. Mrs. Wade has made excellent arrangements, and every one is confident that the restaurant will be a great credit to her and to the bazaar.

• • •

Mrs. William Mitchell, with her friend, Mrs. McCowan, of New Orleans, is at the Jefferson Hotel.

Miss Katherine Trice, of Buckner's Station, is expected to arrive in Richmond this week to visit her aunt, Mrs. N. M. Sibert.

BRENT, OF THE BADGER

Romance of the Kidnapping of a Governor-General.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Now the hour to leave the Badger had arrived. The night was even more quiet than before, as at this time all nature sleeps.

Silently the men went over the side into the boats, and, all preparations having been made with the greatest care to insure no noise, were shoved off one by one.

"You will move up into position at about 8:30," said the governor to Brent.

"Aye, aye, sir. I will be there as sure as fate, and at the first gunshot we open fire on the eastern side of the fort. Give them a good drubbing and my compliments to that chap that came on board, if you should happen to meet him."

The boats, led by that commanded by Broughton, steered off to the shore opposite to the fort, and in an instant more could not be seen on the dark surface of the water. The progress was slow, but noiseless. A line was carried from the leading craft to the second, and from that to the one astern, so that there would be no losing one another in the darkness.

After reaching the coast on the opposite side of the bay, they kept along without changing direction for some time. At last a tug to port showed the boats in the rear that the leading one had commenced to cross the harbor, and was presumably headed toward the landing place.

Not a word or a sound of any kind came from the party. All was intense silence about them, except where a dismal croak came from a heron hunting for fish.

Suddenly the line slacked up and the three boats were alongside of each other once more. Broughton leaned over the side and in a whisper said:

"Lord Fitzmorris!"

"Here," was the guarded reply.

"We are at the mouth of the little bay now, and we have but a short distance to go. It will be as well that we all keep together at this time."

"Very good; I am ready."

The boats moved on again quietly, and in a few minutes the bows grated on the sand.

The crews were quickly over the side in the shallow water, and, hauling the boats up on the beach, allowed the Governor to step out onto the dry land. Silently the men were mustered in single file, and led by Broughton and Fitzmorris, made their way up the bank above the beach.

On they went quietly and quickly, and in a few minutes were in the thick woods and close to the fort. Fitzmorris, who carried a small pocket electric lantern, shot a flame onto the face of his watch.

"Quarter after 8," he said in a whisper to Broughton, who stood side of him.

"I will move to the edge of the wood and see if there are any signs of life about."

In a few moments he returned.

"Not a soul," he whispered. "It is just getting so that you can see your way about. Just before 4 will be about right."

"Very well. We are ready to move when you say the word."

For half an hour or more there was silence, and then Broughton touched the Governor on the arm.

"It is time, I think," he said.

The attacking party spread out like a fan, and moved cautiously to the very edge of the woods, where they halted. At that moment a cock crew lustily, and there were signs of life in the fort ahead of them.

Fitzmorris gave a sign to Broughton, and a dash was made for the nearest buildings where the troops were quartered.

There was a sudden alarm, and a few shots rang out from the windows, to be instanly answered by the attacking party with a simultaneous fusilade.

At the same time the guns of the Badger opened fire on the eastern side, and the shells exploded in rapid succession against the moss-covered stones, and splintered them to bits.

"Go it, boys," yelled Fitzmorris, rushing hither and thither in great excitement wherever the fighting was thickest.

Broughton had led part of the men to the back of the largest building, and into it they dashed and up the stairs, to the dismay and surprise of the occupants, who fled before them out on to the broad veranda, from whence they dropped to the ground below.

In about half an hour the fort was theirs, and among the dead was found the body of the man that Broughton called the "general."

"That's good riddance," remarked the latter, as he stood over the prostrate form. "I owed you a shot, my man, and you got it, even though you were running away. These fellows will do nothing without this chap, I fancy. He made more trouble than any one else. That was the way that he lived. He never did any work of any kind except with his mouth."

"Have we any killed or wounded?" asked Fitzmorris.

"None killed, but two or three have bullets in them. No one is badly hurt. Now we'd better round up our prisoners, give them a bit of good advice, and then let them go. They will do us no harm if we take their arms away."

"It will be just as well to give them their liberty," said the governor. "We cannot take care of them, and now that their leader is dead, they probably, as you say, will make no further trouble for us."

Before long the prisoners were lined up in front of the governor, and, Broughton acting as interpreter, were given some good advice.

From one of the older men it was learned that they had no animosity against the Badger's crew, but that the dead general had told them that the vessel had come there to capture them all, and to make them slaves. When they found that they were free to go and come as they pleased, they were deeply grateful.

Fitzmorris, accompanied by several of his ex-enemies, made a tour of inspection of the fort. It was three sides of a hexagon, as the description had said. The old walls, low and thick, were pierced for three guns on the front face, and one on each side. In the center of the enclosure was an old house with immensely thick walls, which was used for storing ammunition. What there was left of the powder was taken outside and ignited.

The attacking party then returned to their boats and rowed out to the Badger, which had anchored where she had fired upon the fort.

CHAPTER XXX.

The following day was quiet, and rapid preparations were pushed forward to get the diving apparatus in order for the search of the sunken treasure.

While this was going on the captain and Fitzmorris, accompanied by Madeleine and Broughton, were rowed over the spot where the old ship was sunk. So calm was the water and so clear that, without the aid of the water glass, the form of the ancient vessel was plain to the view as she lay half imbedded in the sand.

Try your sounding lead, Broughton, and see how much water these fellows will have to go through to get to her after deck."

"Five fathoms," reported the sailor in a few moments.

"It will be very easy for them in such clear water, and with neither tide nor current to hinder them. We must take advantage of this weather, as nobody knows when we may get a blow in this latitude."

"It is near the hurricane season, sir," said Broughton.

"I know it," answered the captain, "and that is the reason that I wish to waste no time."

"There is a boat coming out from the shore!" exclaimed Madeleine. "No more messages, I hope!"

"No," said her father, "that is a woman."

Broughton uttered an exclamation as he looked shoreward. "May I have your glasses a moment captain?" he asked.

Brent handed them to him, and the man gazed steadly at the approaching boat.

"It's Lissa!" he exclaimed. "She must have found out that I was on board the steamer, and come after me. She may bring news of importance."

"I hope not. We have had enough for the present," growled the skipper.

"She handles her paddle well," cried Madeleine in admiration. "She is sending the dugout along at a great rate."

"She has done it all her life, Miss," replied Broughton. "I know few of the native women who can do it better."

The slim craft came rapidly toward the schooner, but at a cry from the sailor, veered off and made for the spot where they were anchored.

As she neared them she stopped paddling, and raised her hand to shade her eyes.

"Lissa," called Broughton? "Lissa; here I am, little girl."

A cry of joy broke from the girl's lips, and she quickly swung the canoe alongside of the gig.

"You are safe, dearest!" she cried, without a glance at the others.

"Yes, thanks to these kind people."

She turned and smiled her gratitude at the others.

"You were fighting this morning," she said. "I heard the shots and came as quickly as I could. I feared that they would stop me, knowing that I must be going to you, but those who were left were glad to help me with my boat. But you are not safe here. Which is the captain of the ship?" indicating the Badger with her paddle.

"I am, young lady," replied Brent, raising his hat politely. "Why are we not safe? Surely, they cannot mean to attack us again."

"No, no; you need not fear them. It is something worse than that which you have to dread."

"What is that?" exclaimed all with blanched cheeks.

"The earthquake and the hurricane!"

"The earthquake and hurricane But how do you know that these are coming?" demanded Brent.

"Ah, we know too surely! There is a dull rumbling in the wells that tells us as plainly as words. My father bade me tell you to be prepared for it."

"The sound in the wells that you speak of, child. Is it often heard?"

"No, not often, for we do not often have earthquakes. I have never heard it before, but my father has, and he knows that there can be no mistake."

"But what can we do? Is not this harbor safe?"

"No, for you cannot rely on the bottom in case of a heavy quake. You must run for the deep inner harbor."

"The inner harbor! Where is it?"

"I will guide you," she said. "You need have no fear. You have plenty of time, and inside you are perfectly safe. There might be a tidal wave here and no one knows what might happen were you caught where you are."

"How much time have we?"

"Probably twelve hours, perhaps less, but not more. The sooner you go the better you will be prepared."

"Let us go at once," and the two boats were headed for the Badger without delay.

Once on board the captain gave his orders in a quick, decisive voice. The anchor was weighed, and under the guidance of Lissa, who stood calmly by Marchamp at the wheel, the vessel's head was put about, and she steamed up the harbor.

"I see no signs of any entrance?" exclaimed Brent, as he joined her.

"No, you will not at present. Steer directly for the big palm at the head of this bay. You have plenty of water."

Straight ahead they went, each training their eyes to get a glimpse of the opening. The trees grew down to the water's edge in profusion.

Suddenly, as they were within what appeared to be 50 yards of a breach, the girl spoke in a low tone to Marchamp, and the vessel's head swung quickly to port. A narrow channel opened ahead of them in the sand, not more than 50 feet wide, with palms on either side.

Marchamp followed her directions to the letter. Nothing but thick vegetation was apparently in front of them, and so dense was it under the powerful rays of the tropical sun that it tired the eyes to look at it.

"Now!" exclaimed the girl sharply.

Off swung the bow, and almost before they realized what had happened they were in a great quiet pool, 500 or 600 feet in length. The engines were reversed rapidly and the vessel became motionless.

"Now you can anchor," said Lissa.

The sound of the chain running through the hawser hole broke the stillness that had reigned over the entire party.

"I cannot thank you too much," said Brent. "You have probably saved my ship and all our lives."

"I am glad to have been able to do it?" she said, but her eyes were on Broughton, who stood at a little distance. "In here you are perfectly safe. No hurricane, however severe, can ever touch you. See how the hills rise on every side except close to the entrance. This is known as the Blue Hole, and at times there have in the past been the rendezvous of pirates here. They ran their vessels in for safety when chased by the enemy. It is not known now to any one outside of the island. There are no pirates of the old sort."

Brent turned and winked at Fitzmorris.

"No," he said, "they are smugglers now. This must have been a grand place to hide in?" he added. "I should not have suspected it, and should never have thought of coming in here to look for it. What do you think of sending down the topmasts and yards?" he said, turning to Lissa deferentially. "You brought us here and you must know best."

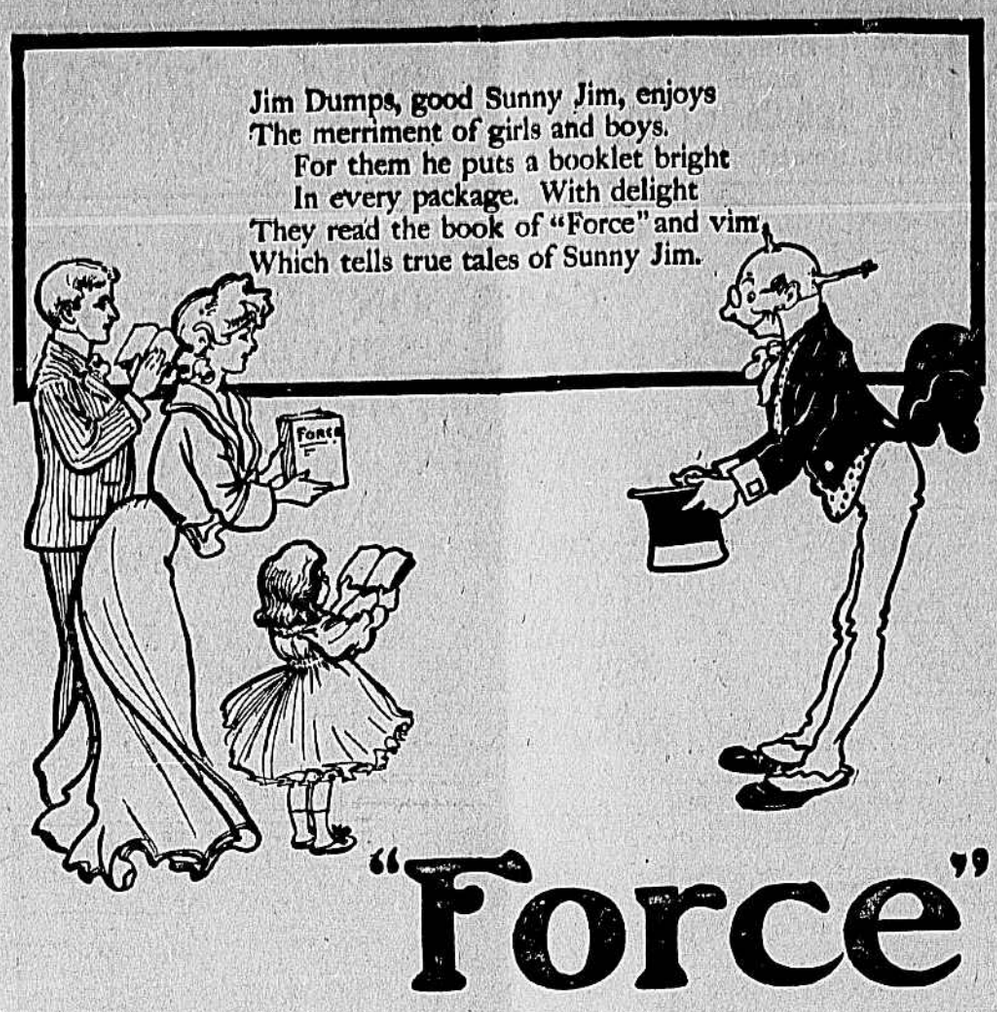
"I should say that it was unnecessary to do so. The gale cannot possibly come in here. Look! Your topmasts do not begin to reach up to the tops of those slopes. If there is an earthquake, of course I do not know what will happen, but you will have to take your chances."

"We shall have to do that. You will stay with us, of course. This is my daughter, Miss Brent. I do not know you by name, otherwise than I have heard Broughton call you Lissa."

"Lissa is enough," she replied with a smile. "My name is Campbell, but I would be called Lissa, if you please."

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

Jim Dumps, good Sunny Jim, enjoys
The merriment of girls and boys.
For them he puts a booklet bright
In every package. With delight
They read the book of "Force" and vim
Which tells true tales of Sunny Jim.



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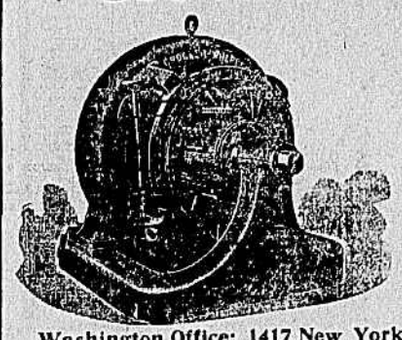

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Chestnut Hill and Highland Park

Miss Barbara Keane, who has been visiting Miss Gretchen Lewis, of Enslow Avenue, Highland Park, where she was the recipient of much flattering attention, returned to her home in Louisa county yesterday.

The Sunbeam Society, which met at the home of Mrs. Ainslie, on Second Avenue, Highland Park, Wednesday afternoon, proved a very satisfactory meeting, especially from the financial standpoint. Among those present were Mrs. Charles Howard, Misses Elizabeth and Lucy Scott, of West Grace Street, Richmond; Miss Mabel H. Beard, of Fourth Avenue; Misses Marion and Sue Starke, of Highland Park, and Miss Alma Vaughan, of Third Avenue, and Master Ervin Trgle, Charlie Vaughan, Jr., and Melville Starke.

Mrs. Amelia Christian, of Fourth Avenue and Juniper Street, who has been quite sick, is somewhat improved.

Mrs. Ratcliffe, who has been visiting Mrs. Richard D. Haller, of Fifth Avenue and Willow Street, has returned home, after a most delightful visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, of West Franklin Street, Richmond, will shortly move to Fourth Avenue and Chestnut Street, where they will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. McGraw.

Miss Sallie Guerant, who has been spending the winter with her relative, Mrs. Garland H. Clark, on Third Avenue and Chestnut Street, has returned to her home in Christiansburg, Montgomery county.

The contract has been let for the building of the house of Mr. Kiles, on Second Avenue, Highland Park, near the home of Mr. Propst.

Miss Etna Ashton Kelly, who is visiting friends in Ashland, Va., will shorty return to her home on Third Avenue and Juniper Street.

Rev. J. B. Askew, pastor of the Highland Park Methodist Episcopal Church, is visiting his aunt in South Carolina. His pulpit during his absence has been filled by Rev. H. C. Boggs. Mr. Askew will soon return to his home in Highland Park and again take charge of his congregation.

Mr. Andrew Scott, who is visiting in King and Queen county, will very shortly return home.

Miss Katherine G. Watkins, of Third Avenue and Alder Street, who has been quite sick, is somewhat improved.

Mr. C. L. Bowman, of Third Avenue, is away from home on an extensive business trip.

THE MAN-MONKEY

He Will Give a Reception at the Jefferson on Saturday.

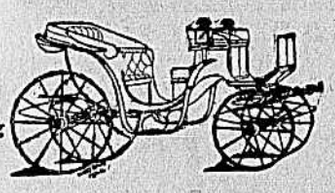
The man-monkey of the Bostock shows will receive old acquaintances and make new ones at the Jefferson Hotel Saturday afternoon between 12 and 2 o'clock. Mr. Bostock has issued the following invitations:

Consul The most remarkable living exponent of the life-theory of the late Professor Charles Darwin. Director Bostock most courteously asks your acceptance of an invitation to study the formation, habits and characteristics of this truly remarkable and almost human creature, between the hours of 12 noon and 2 P. M., on Saturday next, April 4th, 1903, at the Jefferson Hotel (Room B, at Main Street entrance, on opposite side of lobby to drug store). Director Bostock feels sure that an inspection of Consul will be most interesting to you, as he considers him the most wonderful of all the many rarities he has seen.

An interesting sight yesterday was two baby wolves, born at Bostock's a couple of weeks ago. They were brought down town by Captain Maitland, the press agent. The pair greatly resemble young dogs. They are as gentle as kittens.

OUR : SPRING : STOCK

Now Ready for Inspection. Repainting and Repairing Done in the Best Manner.



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PHONE 636. 26 NORTH NINTH STREET.

Dr. Taylor Graduates.

Hermon Marshall Taylor, son of Rev. Dr. James B. Taylor, now of Atlanta, has just graduated with distinction at the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons. He received his M. D. diploma at the commencement held last Tuesday night at the Grand Opera House. The family is widely known and loved throughout Virginia, their native State.

Mrs. Birdsong Ill.

Mrs. Birdsong is quite sick at the residence of her son, Mr. L. H. Birdsong, No. 200 Third Avenue, Chestnut Hill, having been confined to her bed for the past week.

Mrs. Birdsong is attended by one of the officials of the medical faculty, who considers the case of a serious character, though not necessarily fatal, if further complications can be avoided.

Mayor Taylor Was There.

In the report of the meeting of the Sinking Fund Commissioners Wednesday the name of Mayor R. M. Taylor was unintentionally omitted. The Mayor has never missed a meeting of the body.

TEN CONCEPTIONS OF CHRIST.

One of the most interesting features of the splendid Easter edition of The Times-Dispatch, to be issued on Sunday, will be a full page illustration, in colors, giving Ten Conceptions of Christ by ten masters. In this collection are reproduced the works of Hofmann, Titian, Liska, Hunt, Doni, Delaroche, Crespi, Da Vinci, Veronese and Maiuse.