from Madison Ward next year. The nominees of yesterday's primary are all well known in the city.

Messrs. Kelley and Wallace are serving in the House at present, each having had two terms. General Anderson is a prominent Broad Street merchant, and is a member of the Common Council from Madison Ward. Captain Thomason and Mr. Cox are both well known lawyers and have figured considerably in politics before. The vote of Messrs. Kelley and Wallace was undoubtedly reduced because of their support of Judge Campbell and their opposition to the Mann bill, but the latter operated as well to help them.

THE CITY COMMITTEE.

For City Ward the committee fight resulted as follows: Saunders, 561; West, 673; Mitchell, 707; Dance, 763; Browning, 618; Pilcher, 338; Cook, 184; Tiller, 373.

The first named five were chosen.

The only other committee fight was in Lee Ward, where Mr. Percival made an unsuccessful effort to defeat Dr. Carrington. The vote was, Butler, 533; Carrington, 402; Peyton, 545; Winston, 636; Yeamans, 484; Percival 321.

The following committee were elected in the other wards without opposition:

Jackson—Doherty, Lane, Leamon, Perry and Wood, 237 votes each.

Monroe—Bargamin, Brockenbrough, Duke, McKenny and Shea, 656 votes each.

Madison—Burgess, Folkes, Sheids, Taylor and Walden, 481 votes each.

Jefferson—Fagan, Griffith, Manning, Phillips and Steiner, 399 votes each.

Marshall—Flournoy, Hicks, Hughes, Welsh and Woodward, 534 votes each.

DASHED TO DEATH BY CANNON-BALL TRAIN

(Continued from First Page.)

train crashed its destructive way. The hour was about 7 o'clock, and the darkness of night was gradually rendering the road obscure. The horses jogged along at a merry pace and the children began to think of home and supper. At a point, perhaps fifteen miles down the track from Richmond, the Bermuda Hundred Road, along which the party was traveling, crosses the Atlantic Coast Line. While the wagons were slowly making their way to this crossing the cannon ball train from Norfolk, running at a speed of about forty miles an hour, was thundering from Petersburg toward Richmond.

Struck by Train.

The wagon containing Mrs. Lozon and her children was fairly across the track when the flying train struck it. A tremor passed through the train, which sped on by and then slowed down. The light wagon flew into a thousand splinters and the people in it were flung to the right and the left. The horse was a mangled heap, unrecognizable in the dark.

Mrs. Lozon was killed outright. Her little boy, of almost five, met the same fate. Bessie Lozon, a girl of thirteen, was terribly hurt and cannot recover. She was badly injured internally and the calvesh of both legs were torn off. The third child, another boy, was cut about the face, but not seriously hurt. The two who rode in the second vehicle escaped unhurt.

The train came to a standstill and then pushed back to the fatal spot. The wreck of the party was gathered up and the two bodies were laid out in the baggage car. The injured girl was stretched beside them. The two boys also got in and the father followed. The train then started off again and before long was in Richmond. During the short time that it took the train to make the trip Mr. Lozon sat with bowed head beside his dead wife and child. Not a word he spoke, nor did he move until he reached the station. His sudden and awful bereavement was paralyzing in its effect.

Hospital and Undertakers.

The city ambulance met the train and little Bessie and her brother were taken to the Retreat for the Sick. They were placed under the care of Dr. C. R. Robins. The girl is not expected to live. The boy, as stated before, is but slightly hurt.

The bodies of Mrs. Lozon and the dead son were taken to Billey's undertaking establishment, where they were prepared for burial. Up to midnight last night no arrangements for the funeral had been completed.

There is a conflict of testimony as to whether the engineman blew for the crossing. A passenger seen last night said that he was not at all sure about it.

Mr. Lozon said that when he heard the train coming he would have shouted to his wife to stop, but he knew her to be a careful driver, and thought she was in a position to judge better than he could. The accident occurred about 7 o'clock when it was rapidly growing dark.

THE SURRENDER GROUND

The Place as it Looks After Period of Thirty-eight Years.

Appomattox C. H., Va.

I am just back from the "Surrender Ground," as every one around here calls the place where General Lee turned over the flag of the Confederacy, the hopes of the South and the remnant of his heroic army to General Grant, April 9, 1865. I drove out from the depot four miles behind "Hal" Flood's pair of pretty sorrels and drew reins at a rail fence beside the red dirt road. We dismounted, climbed the fence, walked a few steps and stood under a poplar tree, which measured seven feet around, and there was a cast iron tablet about 3x2 feet resting at an incline upon a short iron post, which had been erected by the United States government. In raised letters, all iron, that will surely see another century, was this inscription:

"This tablet marks the spot upon which General Robert E. Lee, C. S. A., stood while reading his farewell order to the army of Northern Virginia, April 10, 1865."

That was the day after the surrender, when that vanquished army of heroes was breaking up. As I stood there and thought of the grand old man, as sitting, heart-broken, on his horse, he said goodbye to the starved and ragged men who had followed him four years through unparalleled victories, trials and disasters and tried to imagine their feelings as they crowded around him and stroked "Old Traveler's" mane, I felt that I was on consecrated ground, and, taking off my hat, bowed my head in memory of the men and his men, though it was 38 years ago.

THE OUTPOSTS.

I plucked a few daisies and a sprig of cedar that grew on the memorable spot and silently left it. Some yards off, in the woods, was another tablet marking the spot where General Lee tented on the 9th and 10th of April. A quarter of a mile south, near the roadside, in a little grassy field, was a tablet with this lettering on it: "Near this spot, under an apple trees, General R. E. Lee, C. S. A., waited to hear from General U. S. Grant, U. S. A." There is nothing to show that a tree ever stood there, but two old apple tree snags, a little way off, suggest that an orchard had once upon a time occupied the place. At the time the soldiers of both armies had cut the tree down, even digging up its roots, and carried it away, piece meal, as relics of the fatal day. I have since seen a Confederate soldier who said he got some of the last chips, which laid around, and another who said he carried off a good-sized stick of that same tree and "toted" it upon his shoulder until it grew so heavy he had to drop it.

A few hundred yards from this spot, across a creek to the south, by the roadside, at the foot of a hill, was something like a sign-post, with only this on it: "The Confederate outpost," and at the top of the hill, in the road, a similar one: "The Union outpost."

So there the pickets of the two historic armies stood about 200 yards apart, in sight and in easy gunshot of each other, awaiting the grand finale of the greatest civil war of the ages, while their leaders arranged the terms of the surrender in the parlor of the McLain house. The house and lot has been bought by some proposing speculator and pulled down, the lumber now lying in piles withing a high paling fence, seemingly ready for removal, which has been long delayed. My companion vaulted over the palings and got a slat out of one of the window-shutters and tossed it to me "for keeps."

THE M'LAIN HOUSE.

Between the McLain house and the Union outpost tablet, in a field on the east side of the road, is an old field where another tablet marks the place where the Union army, drawn up in line, received the surrender of the Confederates who stacked arms in their front. Imagine the tears that were dropped and the hopes that were crushed along that ragged grey line. The last tablet is placed under an old oak in a field to the east of the road, some hundreds of yards from the McLain house. This marks the spot where General Grant had his headquarters on April 10, 1865, after all was over and Lee and his army had turned their faces homeward. The feelings of a Confederate soldier as he goes over this historic ground cannot be described, and I will not attempt it.

It will be interesting to many to know that the old courthouse is burnt as well as the jail, and one or two other houses of the little hamlet, though the wayside inn still stands in a dilapidated condition. Some years ago the county seat was removed to the railroad, about three miles distant, where a substantial courthouse has been built, with neat and convenient offices nearby. There has sprung up around the courthouse and depot a prosperous village, containing two well-patronized hotels, two newspaper offices, and a number of attractive-looking residences, among which is that of the Hon. Hal Flood, the popular Congressman of the Tenth District, whom everybody familiarly calls Hal. This is "Appomattox," while the old place is "The Surrender Ground."

T. C. M.

HARMLESS CRANK VISITS OYSTER BAY

(By Associated Press.)

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., Sept. 22.—A suspicious character, giving his name as Samuel Swenyon, was held up by the secret service officers at Sagamore Hill while making an effort to see the President. He was turned back to the village, shadowed, arrested in Oyster Bay, searched, and later placed on a train. He was unarmed and appeared to be a harmless crank, possibly a religious crank.

Swenyon, who is a lightly built man, about thirty-five years old, with a reddish moustache, light blue eyes, and a foreign cast of countenance, walked up the roadway leading to Sagamore Hill about 4:30 this afternoon. He was stopped by a secret service officer. Swenyon told the officer that he was a Swede, and that he had come from New York to see the President and Sagamore Hill, having read about the President's summer home in the newspapers.

A short time before the President, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, had gone from the house into the woods near by to chop wood, that being a favorite exercise of his. The man was turned back by the officer, who told him the President was not at home. Swenyon, who said he was a gardener, looked curiously about the grounds and then started on his return to the village. He was followed by another officer in one of the President's road wagons. Swenyon asked a passing driver for a ride and rode into the village with him. He had scarcely arrived in Oyster Bay when he was taken from the wagon by two secret service officers and examined. Swenyon had nothing in his pockets except about four dollars in money and a Swedish religious newspaper. On a piece of paper he wrote his name and address in a perfectly legible hand.

After questioning him thoroughly the officers were convinced that he was entirely harmless and that he was neither an anarchist nor a socialist. He readily acceded to the suggestion of the officers that he leave the village. They accompanied him to the station and saw him off to New York.

Liver and Kidneys

It is highly important that these organs should properly perform their functions.

When they don't, what lameness of the side and back, what yellowness of the skin, what constipation, bad taste in the mouth, sick headache, pimples and blotches, and loss of courage, tell the story.

The great alterative and tonic

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Gives these organs vigor and tone for the proper performance of their functions, and cures all their ordinary ailments. Take it.

Write or 'phone for our new book "About Clothes."

If you've returned from your vacation with new motives—new aims—new aspirations, here's the clothing to help you live up to your ideal.

France controlled feminine fashions for the whole world, for centuries, while male fashions emanated from England. To-day New York produces the best clothing for men, and gowns "As good as" Paris for women.

The suit we want you to buy is an honest reproduction of a $55.00 suit made by a New York tailor and our price is $25.00.

Suits as low as $8.00.

Hats, Shoes, Shirts—everything here for man or boy.

A. H. Berry & Co.
MEN'S & BOYS' OUTFITTERS

THE DAY ON THE DIAMOND

Records of the National and American Leagues.

CHAMPIONS ARE BEATEN

Lose Game to Brooklyn by Small Margin—Phillies and Cincinnati Divide Honors of a Double-Header. Giants Beaten by Chicago.

Scores Yesterday.

Philadelphia 12-1, Cincinnati 7-8.
Chicago 6, New York 1.
Brooklyn 5, Pittsburg 4.

Schedule for To-Day.

New York at Pittsburg.

Standing of the Clubs.

Clubs:	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Pittsburg	90	47	.657
New York	82	54	.603
Chicago	80	55	.593
Cincinnati	73	63	.533
Brooklyn	68	64	.515
Boston	56	78	.418
Philadelphia	47	85	.356
St. Louis	42	91	.316

NATIONAL LEAGUE GAMES YESTERDAY

At Chicago: Weimer pitched another great game against New York to-day, allowing but six scattering hits.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
Chicago	0 0 3 2 0 0 1 0 x	6	11	1
New York	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1	1	6	1

Batteries: Weimer and Raub; McGinnity and Warner. Time, 1:31. Umpire, O'Day. Attendance, 5,100.

At St. Louis: Boston won from St. Louis to-day in a one-sided game:

Score:		R.	H.	E.
St. Louis	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0	1	6	3
Boston	3 0 0 4 0 0 0 0 3	10	11	2

Batteries: Betts and Coveny; Pittinger and Moran. Time, 1:35. Umpire, Moran. Attendance, 1,200.

At Pittsburg: Clarke's home run which tied the score, was the only feature. Pittsburg's new players could not win.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
Pittsburg	0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 2	0	4	12
Brooklyn	0 3 0 0 0 0 1 0 0	1	6	10

Batteries: Thompson, Kennedy and Ganzel; Schmidt and Ritter. Time, 1:55. Umpire, Emslie. Attendance, 1,657.

At Cincinnati: Cincinnati again broke even in the double-header with Philadelphia to-day. The feature of the first game was Donlin's terrific batting. The second game was called in the seventh inning on account of darkness.

First Game—

Score:		R.	H.	E.
Cincinnati	0 0 0 3 1 2 2 0 0	7	14	5
Philadelphia	3 0 2 0 0 0 7 0 0	12	19	2

Batteries: Phillips and Fohl; Duggleby and Doeing. Time, 1:45. Umpires, Johnstone and Hurst.

Second Game—

Score:		R.	H.	E.
Cincinnati	1 0 3 4 0 0 0	8	10	0
Philadelphia	0 0 0 0 0 0 1	1	6	0

Batteries: Tannehill and Beville; Stovall and Abbott. Time, 1:50. Umpire, Sheridan. Attendance, 8,372.

At Washington: St. Louis won the final game of the series to-day. Sudhoff pitched remarkable ball for six innings, not allowing a single hit or a man to reach first base.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
Washington	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1	2	5	2
St. Louis	0 5 2 0 0 0 0 0 1	8	12	2

Batteries: Patten and Kittridge; Sudhoff and Kahoe. Time, 1:35. Umpire, Connolly. Attendance, 1,100.

AMERICAN LEAGUE GAMES YESTERDAY

Scores Yesterday.

St. Louis 8, Washington 2.
Detroit 7, Philadelphia 4.
Cleveland 5, New York 4.
Chicago 7, Boston 0.

Schedule for To-Day.

Chicago at Philadelphia.
St. Louis at New York.
Detroit at Boston.
Cleveland at Washington.

Standing of the Clubs.

Clubs:	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Boston	87	44	.664
Cleveland	74	60	.552
Philadelphia	69	69	.500
New York	65	69	.529
St. Louis	63	67	.485
Detroit	62	67	.481
Chicago	57	73	.438
Washington	42	89	.320

At Boston: The home team's long string of successive wins was broken by Chicago to-day. Altrock's clever pitching was largely responsible.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
Boston	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	4	1
Chicago	3 0 1 0 1 2 0 0 0	7	10	3

Batteries: Hughes and Farrell; Altrock and Sullivan. Time, 1:60. Umpire, O'Loughlin. Attendance, 3,556.

At Philadelphia: Henley's bad inning and several costly errors gave Detroit to-day's game.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
Detroit	0 1 0 5 0 0 0 0 1	7	10	1
Philadelphia	0 0 0 0 0 1 1 2 0	4	15	5

Batteries: Kitson and Beulow; Henley, Fairbanks and Schreckengast. Time, 1:50. Umpire, Adams. Attendance, 3,506.

At New York: Cleveland again beat New York to-day and put an end to all hopes and aspirations of the locals.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
New York	0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 1	4	8	1
Cleveland	0 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 2	5	10	3

Batteries: Tannehill and Beville; Stovall and Abbott. Time, 1:50. Umpire, Sheridan. Attendance, 8,372.

Don't Let Them.

The Brunswick Gazette speaks right out as follows:

That there is a settled purpose, a fixed determination on the part of a certain element of the Democratic party in Virginia to bring the primary election plan into disrepute and to render it so distasteful to and unpopular with the masses that they will demand its abolition by the next State Convention of the party, no intelligent man who has watched the trend of recent events will venture to deny. No leader of any prominence has dared or will dare openly to attack the primary plan as long as it continues a party law. The attacks upon it have been covert and insidious, and proceed from those who have been the beneficiaries of the political conditions that have long existed in the State and who are content and anxious that they shall remain as they have been. They managed to get all they wanted by means of precinct meetings and county conventions, in the manipulation of which they had become adepts and are naturally opposed to any change in the method of naming candidates, by which they may lose and can by no possibility be gainers. That they have measurably succeeded in making the primary distasteful to the people there is no doubt, through the powerful assistance of county committees in making the plan applicable to candidates for county or non-political offices without regard to the popular wish on the subject, and by the action of the State Committee at its meeting recently held in Richmond to settle the muddle in the Shenandoah senatorial district.

Economizes Labor
GORHAM SILVER POLISH
Cleans as well as polishes
Admits of no waste
All responsible jewelers keep it 25 cents a package

CHAMPION OF PACERS

Fannie Dillard Went a Mile Yesterday in 2:03 3-4.

JOE POINTER WAS BEATEN

The Mare Took the Second and Third Heats with but Little Trouble. The Time Made Recorded by Quarters.

(By Associated Press.)

COLUMBUS, O., September 22.—Fannie Dillard, of the W. L. Snow stable, became champion of pacing mares when in the 2:06 pace she went the mile in 2:03 3-4, half a second better than the best efforts of Lady of the Manor, Mazette and Dariel. The race, which Fannie Dillard won, and in which she became the pacing queen, the 2:06 pace, was bitterly fought. Major C., was the 10 to 4 favorite, and was laid up in the first heat, Joe Pointer winning in a drive from Fannie Dillard. Major C. shot to the front in the second heat and was carried to the half by Captain Sphinx in 1:01 1-2. Here both horses gave it up and Fannie Dillard set sail for what proved to be the record. The time by quarters is: :30; 1:01 1-2; 1:32 1-2; 2:03 3-4.

The mare had no trouble in beating Joe Pointer home in the last heat.

2:23 trot—purse $2,000 John Taylor won in three straight heats, Gray Fortune second, Bessie Birchwood third. Best time, 2:12.

2:06 pace—purse $500—Fanny Dillard won second and third heats and race; Joe Pointer, first heat, second; Terrace Queen, third. Best time, 2:03 3-4.

2:17 trot—purse $2,000—Billy Buck won in two straight heats, John Mack second, Dillon Boy third. Best time, 2:09.

2:15 pace—purse $1,000—John M., won in three straight heats; R. On Time, second; Columbia Hal, third. Best time, 2:09 1-4.

TALENT WON AT GRAVESEND TRACK

Four Favorites Came Under the Wire First Yesterday.

(By Associated Press.)

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—Caughnawaga, backed from 3½ to 1 to 3 to 5, won the Occidental Handicap, mile and a furlong, at Gravesend to-day. The start in the race was very bad, the favorite, Charles Elwood, and Warranted being left. Himself cut out the running to the far turn, where Odom on Chaughnawaga moved up and took command. Hurstbourne challenged in the stretch, and in a driving finish Caughnawaga won by a head from Hurstbourne. Four favorites won.

First race, selling, about six furlongs—King Pepper (7 to 5) first, Van Ness (11 to 5) second, Princess Tulane (20 to 1) third. Time, 1:10.

Second race, handicap, about six furlongs—Armenia (9 to 5) first, Bryn Mawr (10 to 1) second, Euphrata (7 to 1) third. Time, 1:10.

Third race, the Set Breeze, mile and a sixteenth—Wild Thyme (7 to 1) first, Rostand (8 to 2) second, Payne (2 to 1) third. Time, 1:46 4-5.

Fourth race, the Occidental Handicap, mile and a furlong—Caughnawaga (13 to 5) first, Hurstbourne (11 to 5) second, Himself (30 to 1) third. Time, 1:52 4-5.

Fifth race, selling, about six furlongs—Emergency (3 to 1) first, Telephone (25 to 1) second, Miss Melton (3 to 1) third. Time, 1:11½.

Sixth race, handicap, mile and a sixteenth—Duke of Kendal (9 to 2) first, Sir Voorhis (5 to 1) second, Colonel Hay (15 to 1) third. Time, 1:47.

Hawthorne Races.

(By Associated Press.)

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 22.—Results at Hawthorne:

First race, five furlongs—Hoceo (5 to 1) first, Tokolon (8 to 1) second, Miss Mollie (3 to 1) third. Time, 1:02 3-5.

Second race, six furlongs—Ancke (8 to 5) first, Orfo (9 to 5) second, Ahola (12 to 1) third. Time, 1:14 4-5.

Third race, mile—Hargis (6 to 5) first, Dr. Stephens (8 to 1) second, Louisville (6 to 1) third. Time, 1:42 2-5.

Fourth race, mile and a sixteenth—Frivol (6 to 1) first, Dutch Carter (12 to 1) second, Carat (8 to 1) third. Time, 1:48 2-5.

Fifth race, six furlongs—Cognomen (15 to 1) first, Don Domo (7 to 1) second, Caseine (4 to 1) third. Time, 1:14 4-5.

Sixth race, mile—Brushby (8 to 1) first, Waina Moine (even) second, Birch Broom (3 to 1) third. Time, 1:41 3-5.

Races at Fredericksburg.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., September 22.—The crowd attending the fair to-day enjoyed good races. The events resulted as follows:

Scrub race, 1-2 mile, won by J. P. Simpson's Dick Orion.

Farmers' race, 1-2 mile, Duff Green's Mattie G first, J. P. Simpson's Gold Dust second.

Half mile dash, A. B. Slye's Nannie Ordway first, J. P. Wells' Thao second.

3-4 mile dash, Hurkamp's and Boulware's Liba Woodland first, A. B. Slye's Dr. Lynch second, J. R. Wells' Gwynne third.

To-morrow will be the big day.

His Safe.

Just a short sermon from the Gordonsville Gazette:

There has arisen in this advanced age an idea with some people that "the end justifies the means." This is one of the most fatal mistakes at all, if the "moral code" of either ancient or modern times is to be regarded. We insist that right methods, as well as right aims and ends, make up the only safe rule of life in everything. It may not be popular, but it is safe.

The Southwest Virginian makes these few remarks:

LOVED BY HIS PEOPLE

Great Rejoicing Over Judge Phlegar's Victory.

MAY BECOME GOVERNOR

He is Being Talked Of by the People of the Southwest, Though it is Not Known that He Would Consent to Run.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent.)

EAST RADFORD, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, VA., Sept. 22.—The re-entrance of Judge Archer A. Phlegar into public life is regarded by a number of persons with whom I have talked in four or five counties recently as of the utmost significance. It is taken to mean that he is disposed to devote much of his time in future to public affairs, and it is believed the State will receive his services for some years to come.

I have several times recently heard his name spoken of in connection with the governorship, and more frequently his consent to enter the State Senate has been discussed and gratification thereat expressed.

While in Fincastle last week a number of citizens of the town and of the county as well, in discussing Judge Phlegar's nomination, spoke of the pleasure they felt at his decision to re-enter public life. As I was on the train en route from Botetourt to Roanoke, a lady who takes a deep interest in public affairs spoke with enthusiasm of Judge Phlegar's candidacy, and a gentleman in the smoking car unreservedly declared Archer Phlegar his candidate for the gubernatorial nomination in 1905.

When I reached Roanoke, on the day of the primary, a great many people spoke of Phlegar as the man for the governorship next time. Any doubt which may have existed as to his popularity in that city was removed by the overwhelming victory he achieved over W. W. Berkeley, a Roanoke man, his opponent for the nomination.

Montgomery, Judge Phlegar's county, was nearly solid for him. Only three votes were cast for Berkeley at this place. Yet citizens of East Radford are greatly regretting that the vote was not unanimous. They worked as hard to make it so as if their labors were to prevent defeat.

TYLER AT POLLS.

Ex-Governor Tyler took the deepest interest in the campaign, and remained in the neighborhood of the polls until nearly time for them to close. His son, Mr. Hal. C. Tyler, used the family carriage throughout the afternoon to convey voters to the polls.

Among the voters here was a cripple, a man who was so badly hurt by a Norfolk and Western train some years ago that he has never walked since. This man got into his wheel chair and wheeled himself to the voting place, a considerable distance. Tears were in his eyes as he expressed his pleasure at being allowed the privilege of voting for such a man as Judge Phlegar.

And then I heard the story—heard it from a dozen lips. After the man was injured he sued the railway company for damages. It was the opinion of nearly everybody that his case was a just one, but the jury did not think so, and he went out of court without a cent. But Judge Phlegar, though he had for many years been an attorney for a corporation, which is supposed not to have that which essentially differentiates man from beast, went to the officials of the road and induced them to give the injured man a house and a pension. The man is living in the house and drawing the pension to-day. And every Thanksgiving Day he receives a check of considerable amount, signed by a gentleman of this county, but as the years have gone by pretty much everybody has learned to know the name of the man who really gives the money.

If I were to undertake to relate all the instances of the secret charity of the modest little man from Christiansburg that have been related to me, this letter would require a column more of space than will be given it. And were I to undertake to make and print any such list, the most mortified individual in Virginia would be the little man aforesaid.

Which reminds me of an incident of several years ago, told me at the time of its occurrence. A very distinguished lawyer of another State came to Richmond in connection with a case pending in the Supreme Court of the Federal Court. He was in the lobby at Murphy's on the night of his arrival, and in conversation with a State official asked the name of the lawyer on the other side. He was informed that it was Judge Archer A. Phlegar, of Christiansburg, and the gentleman was going on to tell the visitor something about the great Southwest Virginia lawyer.

"Oh, I know Phlegar," interrupted the lawyer. "He is the little man with the big head," and he went on to say that he regarded him as one of the ablest lawyers of his acquaintance. I could also print a column of such stories of the reputation of Judge Phlegar among lawyers, the most of them current among the people of the Southwest.

Judge Phlegar has not had extensive experience in public affairs. He was elected a member of the State Senate in 1877, but at that session the bill introduced by Governor Tyler, who was at that time a member of the Senate, reducing the number of Senators, became a law, and Mr. Phlegar fell out. The bill reduced the number from forty-three to forty; reduced the pay from $6 per diem to $4 per diem, and made the legislative session biennial instead of annual. The decision as to which three Senators should retire was settled by drawing lots. Governor Tyler and Mr. Phlegar drew straws that kept them at home.

Although Mr. Phlegar served only one session in the Senate he made a reputation. A committee to reform the criminal laws of the State was appointed, and, at the request of the members, his name was added to the list of those composing it. They said afterwards that he did the most of the work. William F. Taylor, who was at that time Auditor of Public Accounts, said the recommendations of the committee resulted in legislation which effected an annual saving to the State of $70,000.

In August, 1900, Governor Tyler appointed Mr. Phlegar to the vacancy on the Supreme Court bench, made vacant by the death of Judge H. C. Riely, but Judge Whittle was elected at the next session of the Legislature, as Judge Phlegar and Judge Buchanan both came from the Southwest, and Southside Virginia was not represented on the court.

OFFICE SEEKS MAN.

It is understood that Judge Phlegar does not desire to return to the Supreme bench. He was made a candidate for the nomination to the State Senate without his knowledge. He had been asked to make the race but had not consented. He was in Russell county on legal business and while he was gone, several of his friends got together and prepared a card announcing his candidacy. His name was affixed and the card was printed in the papers of the district. When the Judge came back and found what had been done, he protested, but finally yielded. There was never any doubt as to his nomination and this is said without and derogation of Mr. Berkely, his opponent. There is just as little doubt of his election should he have Republican opposition, which is not likely.

Nothing I have written is intended to convey the idea that Judge Phlegar has announced his candidacy for any office save a State senatorship. I am not at all certain that he would agree to become a candidate for the governorship. But I do mean to say with emphasis that the people of the upper Valley and the Southwest are rejoicing that Archer Allen Phlegar, of Christiansburg, is going to be in the State Senate. And many a hardheader Southwester, recalling the economy and cleanness of the administration of Governor Tyler, the first governor from the Southwest in fifty years, is talking of Phlegar for the governorship. And what is the talk of two or three now may become the confident belief and hope of a majority of the voters of Virginia by 1905.

WALTER EDWARD HARRIS.

MRS. DAVIS' BOOK

The Work Was Entirely from Her Own Pen.

(From the Confederate Veteran.)

The following, from Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, in some unaccountable way, though dated March 28th, 1903, was not seen by the editor of the Veteran until August 7th. It refers to a paragraph in the John Dimitry sketch, February Veteran.

"My Dear Mr. Cunningham,—On the seventy-third page of your valuable journal, the Confederate Veteran, of April, I find the following sentence: 'In 1890 Mr. Dimitry came South to aid his friend, James Redpath, in the preparation of data for the memoir of Jefferson Davis, which the two wrote in collaboration with Mrs. Jefferson Davis', which is quite inaccurate, and I ask the insertion of this correction in your next issue.

"The lamented and gifted Mr. John Dimitry came to Beauvoir for a few hours, and I should have been glad to have had his assistance in looking up data; and his criticisms and memory of events would have been especially valuable to me, but he told me that his eyes were so afflicted by some ailment that the kind of work I especially wished him to do, viz: the summing up of the military services of our commanders, he could not perform; so that to my knowledge he did nothing in the preparation of my memoirs. I had not the appendix to the Congressional Globe, and asked Mr. Redpath to go into New Orleans and copy accurately the citations I had made from memory. Neither Professor Dimitry nor Mr. Redpath wrote anything for my memoir, nor indeed did any one else other than myself, except such aid as my esteemed friend, Colonel William Miller Owen, gave, whom I invited to write the history of battles in which he had borne a distinguished and honorable part in the Washington Artillery. Colonel Owen wrote many very spirited and clear accounts of the hard-fought battles of our troops; but unfortunately, my publisher declined to publish them when incorporated into my narrative, and accredited to the author in the text, as they said the book would be more bulky than he contemplated. So they were crowded out in the three condensations I was obliged to give my manuscript before its publication, after which I gave the majority of them to him for his use, as they were valuable and most interesting.

"Mr. Redpath had every disposition and ability to help me, except that he had not the same point of view, did not know the personnel of our people, and had recently suffered a severe stroke of apoplexy, which disabled him for mental effort. He thought our sea coast had improved his health; therefore I asked for no one in his stead, and he remained at Beauvoir, but he did no work on my book, though he copied many pages of excerpts of Pollard's history before he found out that I did not consider it accurate and could not accept it. His services to me were simply criticisms of style, and comparison and verification of dates, which certainly assisted me greatly. The faults of my memoir proceeded probably from lack of experience in literary work. I tried to tell the exact truth as I saw it, and the failure—if there was one—was, like the book, entirely my own.

"Very truly yours,

"V. JEFFERSON DAVIS."

The Labor Problem.

This is an editorial from the Northern Neck News:

On every hand now can be heard the complaint of the farmer to the effect that he cannot get labor. Fodder pulling time has come, and the fodder is burning up in the field for the want of hands to pull and save it, and the same thing is true of the pea, hay and other crops. The canning factories are not only paying better wages than the farmers can afford, but the work is more attractive to colored labor, in that the laborer is in a crowd where he can enjoy himself while toiling. But the farmers should not take it out, in gloomy forebodings or in abuse of the factories. The factories have not only come here to stay, but they have come to increase in number and output, and every additional plant is of benefit to the agriculturist. At the same time, it is necessary to raise and save provender and the need of additional labor will be more and more keenly felt every year unless some practical step is taken to import other hands than we now have, either for the factories or for the farms. It seems to us that as the factories are dependent upon the farmers for their fruit and as the farmers are dependent upon the factories for the local market for their produce that they both should get together and act in co-operation upon this matter. For what affects one affects the other, and any serious crippling of either industry will be disastrous to the community at large.

An Ancient Fabrication.

The Hampton News says:

The man who claimed to have been the first to lay his hands on Jeff Davis when he was captured by the Federals, J. M. Wheeler, died at Falls City, Neb., the other day. He always stated positively that there was no truth whatever in the story of Davis wearing woman's clothes when caught; that he wore a long waterproof coat. But this old lie is like the one about George Washington's hatchet, and Lee's handing his sword to Grant, and many others; it is too convenient to tell on occasion to let it go.

The Madness of Much Money

Being the story of the amazing follies and eccentricities of some of our newly-rich—real-life people who are written of without sparing by ALFRED HENRY LEWIS, in his sharpest vein of satire.

It's in Everybody's

So also are such stories of gayety and action as **The Lotus and the Cockleburrs**, O. HENRY'S humorous yarn of a tropical consulate, and such timely special articles as WILL PAYNE'S frank character study of **Chicago**,—incidental to the 100th anniversary of that city's settlement.

Everybody's Magazine for October--just out

144 pages—10 cents—on all news stands.

A quarter of a million copies have been printed to supply the demand. (The leaves are cut.)

THE RIDGEWAY-THAYER COMPANY, Publishers,
31 Union Square, New York.

GIBBONS IS HOME AGAIN

Cardinal Back from the Conclave at Rome.

HAD A PLEASANT VOYAGE

Speaks with Enthusiasm of the New Pope, Who, He Says, is Greatly Interested in the Church in This Country.

(By Associated Press.)

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—Cardinal Gibbons arrived here to-day on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. A delegation of priests and laymen from Baltimore went down the bay on a revenue cutter to greet him and welcome him home. Among those heading the delegation was R. B. Tippet, of Baltimore, supreme president of the Catholic Benevolent Legion. When the welcoming party boarded the Kaiser Wilhem off quarantine, Mr. Tippet made an address of welcome, to which the Cardinal responded briefly, saying in part:

"You have been pleased to refer to the date of my ordination. Those were dark and troublesome days. My ordination was almost coincident with the beginning of the Civil War, and every fresh State that left the Union brought a fresh pang to my heart."

Continuing, the Cardinal said that at that time his heart was in the South and his head in the North.

Another reception awaited the Cardinal when he went ashore at Hoboken. The pier was crowded with ecclesiastical friends from this city.

PLEASANT VOYAGE.

The Cardinal had a pleasant voyage, and he said the ocean trip had recuperated his strength. Of the new Pontiff the Cardinal spoke in terms of the greatest enthusiasm. He said that the choice of the conclave had been most happy from an American viewpoint, as Pius X. was deeply interested in the development of the church in this country, and was singularly familiar with the institutions in this country. The Cardinal had several lengthy interviews with the Pope regarding church matters in this country.

Concerning the probable relations between the new Pope and the Italian government, Cardinal Gibbons said: "The Pope, as Patriarch of Venice, was on very friendly terms with the King, but what a man does when he is a mere private in the ranks, so to speak, and when he is elevated to power and responsibility, are wholly different things. What Pope Pius will do in this matter is, of course, unknown. You may rely on it, however, there will be no sudden change. These things are not done in a way to attract attention. If a change does take place it will be a gradual change; the friendliness between the Vatican and the Quirinal will grow. Pius X. is not the Patriarch of Venice, and while he may retain his friendly feeling for the King, these feelings will cause no sudden change of papal policy, but will probably in the course of time bring about influenced by very kindly feelings toward of things. The King, I believe, is improved relationship and a better state the Pope."

Asked about the possibility of another American cardinal being appointed, Cardinal Gibbons answered: "There will be another cardinal. It would not surprise me to see the number of American cardinals augmented in the near future, but there is absolutely no truth in the cabled statement that the Pope proposed to create a patriarch for the Occident. The statement is ridiculous."

Object Lesson at Home.

The Norfolk County Democrat complains as follows: In Norfolk county Alvah Martin and the political machine he controls—composed of white Republicans and alleged Democrats—have maintained control by means of the negro vote. Government cannot rise above the level of the electorate by which, in a republic, it is maintained. Government in Norfolk county has been maintained by the negro vote. It is a matter of experience not of conjecture, that government in Norfolk county has not risen above the level of the negro electorate by which it has been maintained. In its extravagance, its corruption its disregard of, and contempt of the public interest, in its farcical enforcement of the law, the government of Norfolk county under the Fusion regime has been on the negro level. And while it remains, it will remain on the negro level. No more need be said of it.

And yet, as we have said, most of our contemporaries have expended more time in denouncing the theory advocated by the Northern press than the actual condition existent here before their eyes. The fact that this condition is a reproach not merely to Norfolk county but to the State of Virginia and to Southern civilization seems not to have been appreciated. And in consequence men chosen to office, not merely by the negro vote but by a fraudulent negro vote, have been admitted to the Democratic caucuses of the General Assembly of Virginia, and the moral support of the party in the State lent to the dominance of a cabal deriving its support from the negro vote.

Surely it is time that the influential press of Virginia were turning from the academical discussion of the theoretical to the forthright discussion of the actual