

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Three Gates. If you are tempted to reveal a tale some one to you has told...

Hope-Maury Memorial. At the annual meeting of the Hope-Maury Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy...

Miss Hayes's Engagement. The engagement of Miss Lucy White Hayes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hayes...

Children's Rally. The Virginia Passenger and Power Company Young Men's Christian Association...

Valentine Festival. A Valentine festival will be given at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Hardesty...

Beal-Johnson. The Newport News Times-Herald of February 24th contains an account of a surprise wedding...

Miss Montague to Entertain. Miss Gay Montague, daughter of Governor and Mrs. Montague...

Personal Mention. Miss Bertha Willis, who has been visiting Miss Jones in Newport News...

Miss Evelyn Gordon. Miss Evelyn Gordon, in company with Miss Sue Gordon Webb...

Mrs. W. T. Harris. Mrs. W. T. Harris of Danville, Va., and her sister, Miss Gray Morehead...

Mrs. J. E. Adams. Mrs. J. E. Adams of Newport News, and children, are the guests of Richmond relatives...

Mrs. W. W. King. Mrs. W. W. King of Staunton, who has been under the care of Dr. Stuart McGuire...

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POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.

No. 416.

THE PARADOX OF TIME.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

The portrait, autograph and biographical sketch of Dobson have already appeared in this series, with other selections from his writings.

TIME goes, you say? Ah, no! Alas! Time stays, we go! Or else, were this not so, What need to chain the hours, For youth were always ours?

Ours is the eyes' deceit, Of men whose flying feet Lead through some landscape low; We pass, and think we see The earth's fixed surface lie;

Once, in the days of old, Your locks were curling gold, And mine had shamed the crow; Now, in the self-same stage, We've reached the silver age;

Once, when my voice was strong, I filled the woods with song To praise your "rose" and "snow"; My bird that sang is dead; Where are your roses fled?

See in what traversed ways, What backward fate delays The hopes we used to know; Where are our old desires— Ah! where those vanished fires?

How far, how far, O sweet, The past behind our feet! Lies in the even-glow! Now, on the forward way, Let us fold hands and pray; Alas! Time stays—we go!



This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

their friends, returned to their future home in Newport News Thursday evening.

Banquet at Nansemond.

An elegant banquet was given at Hotel Nansemond Thursday evening by Mr. W. J. Johnson, president of the Spring Motor Company...

The table was decorated in cut glass candelabra and American Beauty roses. The guests were Hon. R. W. Withers, Mrs. M. T. Withers, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Shoop, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McLemore, Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Withers, Mr. I. A. Luke, Miss Emma King, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woodford, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Darden, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Hill and the host, Mr. W. J. Johnson, Hon. R. W. Withers was toastmaster.

Birthdays Anniversary. The birthday anniversary of Miss Arabella Dudley, the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Sydney Dudley, of Hampton, Va., was recently celebrated in the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Atkinson, of No. 311 East Grace Street.

Miss Montague to Entertain. Miss Gay Montague, daughter of Governor and Mrs. Montague, will be the hostess of a fancy dress entertainment on February 22d.

Personal Mention. Miss Bertha Willis, who has been visiting Miss Jones in Newport News, Va., has gone to Florida to remain until next June.

Miss Evelyn Gordon. Miss Evelyn Gordon, in company with Miss Sue Gordon Webb, of Williamsburg; the Misses Carr and Booker, of Hampton, Va., and several gentlemen, occupied a boat in Norfolk on Thursday evening last to witness the Klirness. A supper followed the performance.

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LEGISLATURE OF NORTH CAROLINA

An Animated Discussion Over Amendments to Watts Law.

IMPASSIONED ORATIONS

Editors of Newspapers Allowed to Accept Passes in Return for Advertising.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 10.—After long and animated debate in the State Senate, the Ward bill, to amend the Watts temperance law, passed its second reading by a vote of 25 to 16.

Senator Scales attempted to have it placed upon the third reading, but his motion failed, and the measure went over until to-morrow, when there will be more speaking on the question. It prohibits distilleries in towns of less than 1,000 inhabitants.

When the bill came up, Senator Fleming, of Pitt, first addressed the Senate in favor of his substitute, arguing that the Ward bill was a violation of Democratic party principles; that it did not afford police protection, and that it was a fraud upon the temperance people of the State.

The Fleming substitute left out the restriction of distilleries in towns of not less than 1,000 inhabitants.

Senator Ward, of Craven, championed his bill in a spirited reply to Senator Fleming, explaining features and declared that the measure was approved by Democratic State chairman, United States Senator Sherman.

IMPASSIONED SPEECH. Senator Mason, of Northampton, made one of the most impassioned orations, railing the forces under the standard of "education and temperance," heard in the Senate this session.

Senator Stubbs, of Martin, asked how far the Legislature proposed to go in the restrictive measures, this confiscation of investments made under the sanction of the State.

The only other bill of general interest to-day in the Legislature was the measure allowing editors free railroad passes in exchange for advertising.

GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION. Governor Glenn announced that the reception to be given at the Mansion next Wednesday will be exclusively for the State officers, and the General Assembly; and that after the Legislature adjourns there will be a reception for the people of Raleigh.

President Charles D. Melver, who is here in the interest of legislation for the State Normal and Industrial College, received to-day a letter from Andrew Carnegie, to the effect that he has already given for a library for the college. This last gift is to buy the furniture for the library. Work on the building has already begun.

The House Judiciary Committee last afternoon gave a lengthy hearing on the Sicilian coat shop bill, but took no action. T. C. Guthrie, of Charlotte, spoke as the representative of the legitimate brokers, showing the demand for legitimate dealing through exchanges. He explained that "collops" manufacturers are obliged to speculate, as it were, in order to prevent uncertainty in their business.

He said with reference to general speculation, that no law could prevent men from sending their orders over Postal and Western Union wires to New York or other exchanges, and these commissions might as well remain in the State.

Law Licenses. The Supreme Court issues licenses to practice law to twenty-five of the thirty-five applicants who stood the examination last Monday. Two negroes are among the names, the names being the fifth and sixth on the list.

Newspaper men are much gratified at the fact that the House committee, having in charge the bill to allow the issuance of passes in return for advertising contracts have decided to give it a favorable report, so that it is sure to become a law. Ever since the 1877 Popular Legislature the issuing of passes has been prohibited.

THE LIFE-SAVERS DO SPLENDID WORK. Stand by a Stranded Schooner All Night and Take Off Crew.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) BEAUFORT, N. C., Feb. 10.—The stranded schooner which went ashore on Cape Lookout last Wednesday, is the Sarah DeJarrosen, and the vessel and cargo is a total loss. The sea has been very heavy, and it has been impossible to assist the crew until this afternoon.

The crew of Cape Lookout Life Saving Service went out yesterday and stood by the vessel until to-day, when they were able to reach her and rescue all on board. One sailor was washed overboard yesterday and was drowned.

Captain Gaskill and his life saving crew did the work as never thought of giving up until every effort had been made to rescue the poor suffering sailors. The vessel is now going to pieces.

Pours Milk Out. Food Inspector Kelly yesterday confiscated and dumped into the sewer at the Main Street Station five gallons of impure milk which was shipped here from Maiden. He says the article was the worst he ever saw.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. (Curing, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles, or hemorrhoids, will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c-adv.)

"Hobson's Choice"

Tobias Hobson was the first man in England who let out hackney horses.

When anyone wished to hire a horse, he was obliged to take the one standing nearest the stable door—he had no selection. Hence the old proverb, so familiar now, was born:

"To elect there is but one— 'Tis Hobson's choice—take that or none."

Before the introduction of Uneda Biscuit buying soda crackers in a paper bag, was like hiring Hobson's horses—there was no choice. In kind and quality there was but one—take that or else take none. Whether stale, soggy, dirty or old—twas ever the same "Hobson's Choice."

Uneda Biscuit in air tight packages have revolutionized this old method and set an example that has received the stamp of public approval, as the sale of over 300,000,000 5c packages attest.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE DARROW ENIGMA.

By MELVIN L. SEVERY. (Copyright, by Dodd, Meade & Co.)

CHAPTER I—Continued.

This remark did not surprise me as I had come to learn that Gwyn was liable at any time to suddenly evince a very unfeminine depth of observation and firmness of philosophical grasp.

My Dear Doctor, I have at last something to report bearing upon the case of the missing man. I have been able to locate my man if he were still alive and in Bombay.

You can imagine how agreeably surprised I was to find that Parinama knew Ragobah well, and had picked up some considerable difficulty in learning the latter's whereabouts, and here was a man who could give a right and correct answer when I asked him for my questions and his answers, just as I jotted them down in my notebook.

Q. What was Ragobah's full name? A. Ranna Ragobah. Q. How long have you known him? A. Thirty-five years. Q. Where was he born? A. No, Sir, he was born in Bombay. Q. Where else? A. He has been in Bombay many years, he has traveled all the time. Q. Is he in Bombay now? A. No, Sir, he is not. Q. Where is he? A. Over the sea. Q. Do you know where he is? A. Yes, Sir, he is in America—New York. Q. When? A. About eleven weeks ago. Q. Do you know for what he undertook this journey? A. Some personal affair of long time ago, which he had settled—the same day he left him so many years travel through India. Q. Was he in search of someone? A. Yes, Sir. Q. Some Indian woman? A. No, Sir. Q. Some English woman, then? A. Yes, Sir. Q. A man, then; an Englishman, perhaps? A. Yes, Sir. Q. What kind of a man is this Ragobah? A. He is very big, and he is generally very kind. Q. How is his disposition? Is he generally liked? A. No, Sir, he is not. He is cruel, revengeful, and very selfish. He is very much of a man, but he is not a man of the world. Q. He is a friend of yours, you say? A. I say no such thing. I have great reason for hating him, or I not now be earning your money? Q. What did you say he wanted of this Englishman? A. I do not know. Q. Do you know his nature? A. No, Sir, I do not know it, but I have not much doubt about it. Q. What do you think of him? A. I think that he is a very bad man, but I do not know what he has been married to. Q. Yes, Sir. Q. Where shall I find him? A. I do not know. Q. Did Ragobah kill her?

A. No; that is, not with his own hand. Q. How long ago did she die? A. More than twenty years, Sir. Q. Are you sure of her relative living? A. Her husband, Sahib, and a cousin; that is all. Q. Is there any one else who could tell me of this woman? A. Moro Scindia could, but he not do it. Q. Why? Is he Ragobah's friend? A. Ragobah has no friends, Sir. Q. Why, then? A. He under oath to tell what was told him only to one person. He has kept his secret out of every ear for more than twenty years, and can no expect to tell to you, Sahib. Q. Can you bring this man to me? You will both be well paid for your time, of course. A. I bring him, Sahib, but I not make him speak. Q. Let me see you both, then, to-night at eight, at Herr Blaschek's villa on Malabar Hill. Ask for Mr. Maitland. A. We be there. Anything more, Sahib? Q. Yes. When is Ragobah expected to return to India? A. He write that he think he return on the Dalmaini. She due next day after tomorrow, Sahib. Q. Has Ragobah any physical peculiarities? A. His hands and feet very small for man so big and strong. Q. Anything else? A. His left leg been hurt. The foot very bad shape, and the whole leg some bad—and what you call—hit when he walk. Q. Has he the habit of biting his finger nails? A. I not know he has, Sahib. Q. I completed the list of questions which I had desired to ask him, so after once more receiving his assurance that he would meet me in the evening with my friend Sidda, I left him. As you know, I am not wont to draw conclusions until all the evidence is in, but I must confess that, looking at the whole matter from start to finish, there seems to have fallen upon Ragobah a net of circumstantial evidence so strong, and with a mesh of detail so minute, that it does not seem possible a mosquito could escape from it. Look at it a moment from this standpoint: Ragobah alone, so far as we know, has a motive for the murder. His victim has related the feud existing between them and foretold, with an air of the utmost assurance, just such an outcome thereof. Add to this that this man leaves India on a mission which those about him do not hesitate to pronounce one of vengeance, and just such a time as would enable him to reach Boston just a little before the commission of the murder; that this mission is the culmination of twenty years of unremitting search for revenge; that this malignity is supposed to be directed against some rival of his wife's affections, and the chain of circumstantial evidence now ceases, so far as it extends, no weak link. Then, too, Ragobah has very small hands, a deformed left foot, and a limping gait—everything which which we had already predicted of the assassin. So sure am I that Ragobah is the guilty man that I shall ask for his arrest upon his arrival day after to-morrow should he return then, a thing which, I regret to say, does not impress me as altogether likely. Should he not come I shall enable you to institute a search for him at your end of the line. The next thing in order which I have to relate is my interview with Moro Scindia. I had engaged an interpreter, but was able to dismiss him as my guest spoke English with more ease and fluency than he, being an intelligent and well-to-do member of the Vaisey caste. I thought it wise to see the venerable Scindia alone, and accordingly sent Parinama out of the room with the interpreter. As before, I give you what passed between us as I jotted it down in my notebook.

Q. You are a friend of Rama Ragobah, are you not? A. No, Sahib; he has no friends. Q. You speak as if you disliked him. A. It is not Moro Scindia's habit to play the hypocrite. I have good reason to hate him. Do not reproach me for committing a crime, assist him to escape justice? A. I would track him like a bloodhound to the ends of the earth. Q. You know Ragobah's wife? A. She was my cousin, Sahib. Q. Were you related to him? A. They were more than friendly. I loved her dearly, and would have tried to win her had I not been so much her senior. Q. Did she live happily with Ragobah? A. No, Sahib. Q. Why? A. I cannot answer. I have sworn to reveal the last experiences of my cousin to but one person. Q. And that person is? A. I must decline to answer that also, Sahib. Q. If I succeed in naming him will you acknowledge it? A. I do not succeed, Sahib. Q. But if I should? A. I will acknowledge it. Q. The person who was stabbed and started at me in amazement. He seemed at first to think I had read his thoughts, but failed to keep my promise. If, by way of return, he would read my very soul, I think he did so, for his scrutiny seemed to satisfy him. His reply was somewhat reassuring: "I can speak only to John Hinton Darrow." "John Darrow is dead," I said. "Dead," he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Darrow Sahib dead?" and he fell back into his chair, covering his face with his hands. "Ah, my poor Lona!" he muttered feebly. "I have failed to keep my promise. Do not reproach me for I have done my best. For twenty years have I searched in vain for this man that I might fulfil your last request, and the news of his death, I have been no less vigilant than Ragobah, yet I have failed, even as he has failed. I have this opportunity to again question him.

Q. Are you sure Ragobah failed? A. Yes; had he found Darrow, Sahib would have killed him. His mission he would have failed; mine one of love and justice; both have failed utterly since Darrow is dead. My friend, the chance is given you to keep the spirit of your covenant. A. I do not understand you, Sahib. Q. I wish to explain to you certain facts in explanation of her conduct toward John Darrow. She loved him passionately, and it was her duty to assist him in his quest. When she was alive, now, my wish he fulfilled by her as a sacred duty, and she had done nothing to assist him in his quest. She would perform her will, should be your attitude also. John Darrow was the only man she ever loved, and she would die for him. Her love for him would be against any one who had done him injury. Do I not speak the truth? A. Yes; she was loyal until death, and so well known to me. My hand has never been against all who have done her harm; Ragobah knows that full well. Q. Were she alive, you certainly would aid her in bringing to justice one who had done her so much wrong, and at the same time, fulfilling the dying request of the man who to her was more than a friend. Q. How much more dead, then, now that the poor woman is dead, that you should act for her as she would, were she here. A. You have not told me all; speak your mind freely, Sahib. You may reveal upon my duty whatever I believe Lona would do were she here. Q. I ask nothing more, and am now prepared to full close. You are a Vaisey, are you not? Rama Ragobah left Bombay for New York about seven weeks ago. He went, I have been told, on an errand of revenge. He had already predicted of the assassin. He left behind him a written statement describing his wooing of Lona Scindia and his experiences with Rama Ragobah. He asserted, furthermore, his belief that he would die by Ragobah's hand—the hand which twice before had attempted his life. Even had he not done so, he would have had her husband, and confident that he would ultimately be killed by him, he was haunted by the fear that he would escape the penalty for his crime. He bound his hair by the most solemn of promises to use, in the event of his murder, every possible means to bring the assassin to justice. There can, of course, be little doubt that the assassin and Rama Ragobah are one and the same person. This has been my reason, John Darrow ever made—it was after he had been attacked by the assassin—and for his object the punishment of his murderer. I have been in a hurry, do you think she would be dead to that entirely? A. No. She would make its fulfillment the one object of her life, and ago John Darrow, I shall do all in my power to see justice done. If I can render you any aid in that direction you may command me, Sahib.

(To be Continued To-morrow)

JUST ONE WORD that word is TUTT'S, It refers to Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills and MEANS HEALTH. Are you constipated? Troubled with indigestion? Sick headache? Vertigo? Bilious? Insomnia? ANY of these symptoms and many others indicate INACTION OF THE LIVER. You Need Tutt's Pills Take No Substitute.

PRICES FOR SKINKIN'S LOWER Quality considered, than any other Needles, Oil, Repairs FOR ALL MAKES AT SINGER STORE, 19 West Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

PATTERN NO. 2123. PATTERN DEPT. THE TIMES-DISPATCH Please send the above mentioned pattern as description given below, to Name..... Street..... Town..... State..... Measurement—Waist..... Bust..... Age (child's or miss' pattern)..... Patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of 19 cents. By special arrangement they are sent directly from the manufacturer, and should be received within five or six days. sense of appreciation of the generous manner in which the long-established institution has recently held Donations Day. The contributions at that time of money and other supplies, useful and necessary, were most generous, and are the cause of very sincere gratitude on the part of the ladies.