

Richmond Dispatch
DAILY-WEEKLY-SUNDAY
Business Office, 215 E. Main Street.
Telephone Office, 215 E. Main Street.
Editorial Department, 215 E. Main Street.
Circulation Department, 215 E. Main Street.

By Mail, One Year, \$10.00
Three Months, \$3.00
Six Months, \$5.00
Daily, without Sunday, 10 cents
Daily, with Sunday, 15 cents
Sunday only, 5 cents
Weekly (Wednesday), 1.00

Rate Making in Virginia.
A correspondent requests us to advise him concerning the status of the two-cent rate bill passed by the last Legislature.

We suppose he refers to the Churchman act which requires the railroads to sell 600 and 1,000 mile tickets at the rate of two-cents a mile. We have already expressed our opinion of the act and that it is not worth the paper it is written upon, as the Constitution confers the rate-making power exclusively upon the State Corporation Commission.

Death of Colonel Peters.
About thirty years ago a number of students of the University assembled in the Washington society hall for an unlawful purpose. There was much excitement and the boys were bent on mischief.

Remaking the Trust Cases.
Dispatches from Washington state that the government is now vigorously seeking a way to get at the beef-trust magnates, who have just been relieved from criminal prosecution by Judge Humphrey's affirmative decision upon their immunity plea.

Punishment of Drunkards.
The late Henry M. Bates, of Pennsylvania, an intelligent student of penal problems, is reported to have said that Massachusetts "furnishes the best example of wise laws faithfully enforced against drunkenness to be found in any country in the world."

Mr. Moody Reverses Himself.
In his argument against the Chicago packers before Judge Humphreys, Attorney-General Moody denounced the immunity pleas as flimsy, and ridiculed the argument of the opposing lawyers as not worthy of the court's consideration.

The Country Town.
This book covers rather an empty field in as thorough a capable way as it treats of the vital interests of a full half of the modern world. "The country town," says Mr. Anderson, "needs sympathy and calls for a study of its life from our minds and hearts."

Magazine Notes.
The Burlington Magazine for March makes its appearance in its customary handsome dress, handsomely illustrated. The contents are as splendid as the magazine itself.

claim to be exempt, Mr. Moody alluded to John S. Miller, counsel for Armour & Co., and general counsel for all of the defendants, as the great discoverer of the immunity plea, and continued: "Washington will become the Anathema to which all can resort for the pardon of their offenses. All of the people who are violating the laws of the land may do there at intervals and obtain their immunity from punishment. I can fancy Mr. Swift and Mr. Armour meeting some great magnate who has been there, and who has washed in what I may call 'Miller's bath' in order to be cleansed of misdoing—can imagine them meeting and saying, 'Good morning, Mr. Rockefeller; have you had your immunity bath this morning? Look at the absurdity of it!'"

And finally there was this righteous outburst: "I care but little about this corporation issue. The great government of the United States is too deeply interested in the vital trial here to be diverted by pursuit of that nerveless, senseless, soulless creation of law. We are not much concerned about the corporation. But if wrong has been done we want to get the living, breathing sinners behind it!"

That was a good idea. When corporations do wrong, "living, breathing sinners." In plain language flesh and blood persons are responsible and they should be called to account.

But the mind of Mr. Moody seems to have undergone a radical change within a year. That long ago Attorney-General Moody came into possession of evidence of certain unlawful acts on the part of the Santa Fe road by which a whole community was seriously injured. At the time of this infraction, Hon. Paul Morton was a prominent official of the road, but at the time of the complaint was a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet.

Mr. Morton made no denial of the charges, and Messrs. Judson, Harman and Frederick N. Judson, who reviewed the evidence, at Mr. Moody's request, concluded that "The evils with which we are confronted are corporate in name, but individual in fact," and that in this case Mr. Paul Morton was the responsible individual. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Moody declined to prosecute and the President issued a proclamation in which he absolved Mr. Morton from guilt.

He even praised him for the frank confession that he made. How is it, therefore, that the administration which was so considerate of Mr. Morton, so willing that he should take an immunity bath and be cleansed of all misdoing, is now so hot after its "pound of flesh" in the packer cases? or to put it a bit differently, how is it that in Mr. Morton's case, it was the "nerveless, senseless creation of law" which sinned, whereas in the case of the packers the sin was committed by "living, breathing sinners"? The public is entitled to an explanation.

The Suffering South.
The Louisville Courier-Journal remarks that whatever the outcome, "Chattanooga will be seriously injured by this lynching." Doubtless; and that makes the act of the mob all the more criminal. The people of Chattanooga as a whole are peaceable and law-abiding, and if we may judge by the ringing denunciation of the Times, they are outraged at this lawless outbreak. Yet the whole community must suffer for the crime of a few devil-may-care men.

Do you realize for what you are asking? Do you understand that if I tell my story at all, I must tell just what I feel and that my heart is breaking with the pain of it? The letters run something like this: "This correspondence, David and Constance are perfectly sure that they are writing 'good' letters. They are not at all afraid to talk, and are the more disposed to cavil with this, but for the author's personal wishes, there was no reason in the world why they should not have written to each other. The pair are staying in the same house at the time; and David is deliberately excluded to a far corner of it and forbidden either to see a visitor or to talk, simply that this correspondence might take place. The letters run something like this: 'Do you realize for what you are asking? Do you understand that if I tell my story at all, I must tell just what I feel and that my heart is breaking with the pain of it?'"

CHRISTIAN ORIGINS. By Otto Pfeiffer, D. D. Pages 265; \$1.50 net. B. W. Huebsch, New York.
In his "Christian Origins," Prof. Otto Pfeiffer, of the Berlin University, contributes to theological literature with a much-needed volume. The strands of thought which, through more than four centuries, have been woven together, combine to make up the history of the teachings of Christianity, he has presented in a clear and succinct style. The reader's interest does not wane from the beginning with Socrates to the conclusion in Rome, and the author has well fulfilled his preparatory promise. He shows what Christians ought to know, and think about the beginnings of the Christian religion, in presenting the viewpoint of modern historical science, but above all, the reader's eye is drawn to the spiritual and the permanent truth in early Christianity.

THE COUNTRY TOWN. By Wilbur L. Anderson. Pages 307; \$1.00 net. Baker & Taylor, New York. Hunter & Co., Richmond.
This book covers rather an empty field in as thorough a capable way as it treats of the vital interests of a full half of the modern world. "The country town," says Mr. Anderson, "needs sympathy and calls for a study of its life from our minds and hearts."

THE JOY OF LIFE. By Lilla Hamilton. Pages 274. \$1.00 net. B. W. Huebsch, New York.
A series of pleasant little papers all expounding the doctrine of joyfulness, of which Miss French is a well-known apostle. Our worries, our misanthropies, our depressions, our griefs, and our sorrows—these are put before us in a way that should help to clear away the mists of our minds and hearts and leave us more courageous, more helpful, and seems really to merit that appellation.

Magazine Notes.
The Burlington Magazine for March makes its appearance in its customary handsome dress, handsomely illustrated. The contents are as splendid as the magazine itself.

A Merger That Failed.
"Webbawken has balked. She will not be yoked with Hoboken." Such is the extraordinary announcement which flows from the office of the editor, Dr. Noga Ariga, Dr. Ariga was legal adviser with the Japanese army in Manchuria during the Chinese-Japanese war, and occupied the same position in the recent Russo-Japanese war. He was also a delegate to the peace conference at The Hague, and is known as the ablest lecturer and writer on international law in Japan.

Webfoot Humility.
Crocuses are in bloom down along the Columbia. Rose shoots are several inches long. Spring beauties are blossoming in the woods. Farmers are plowing, birds are singing, and meanwhile the unhappy East has a temperature varying from 4 to 23 degrees below zero. Are we worthy of our blessings?—Portland Oregonian.

The Distinction.
Correspondent—It's a safe guess, senator, that a fairly decent rate bill will pass. Editor—That's just what the eminent Statesman-O you! It's a safe enough guess, but I wouldn't consider it a safe gamble.—Chicago Tribune.

Merely Joking.
The Tiring Part—Thud: "Does do, tire you?" No! It's the sitting down often that tires me.—Houston Post.
Reliable Information—"You say don't pay any attention to the weather predictions?" "Not much; if I want to know what the temperature is going to be I ask the janitor."—Washington Star.
Not in My Class—Collor: "And a you and Tommy in the same class a school?" Johnny: "New. Tommy fight at sixty-two, an' I weigh ninety when I'm trained down."—Cleveland Leader.
An Early Instance—"Who was Diogenes?" said the youthful student. "Diogenes, my son," answered the insurance director, "was the original investigating committee."—Washington Star.
Of Course—She: "You say she stole your heart?" He: "That's just what she did." "And, of course, you saw to it that she was promptly held for the theft?" Yonkers Statesman.

The Latest Books Under Brief Review

THE GENIUS. By Margaret Potter. Pages 449; \$1.50. Harper Brothers, New York.
That Miss Potter has taken her theme with the most marked seriousness is indicated by the announcement that the book is the first of a "trilogy of destiny." The immense gravity of a "trilogy of destiny" is at once apparent, though in exact meaning may be rather less so. The book is bound in a handsome, light-colored cover, and the risk of shaking Miss Potter beyond forgiveness, a dash of humor would have afforded a welcome relief. However, "The Genius" is an able work the product of much thought and skill and very well written. It is a Russian story with an analysis of the artistic temperament as its main objective. The title character is Ivan Gregoriev, the sensitive, gifted son of an iron-handed government official.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PINES. By Margaret Potter. Pages 160; \$1.00 net. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
This is a simple little story of two nature-loving and somewhat exalted souls in dialogue and correspondence. They meet, love and part—the latter because the man has a hacking cough and must take it to Colorado. The story has the feel of a rarefied atmosphere—it is too self-conscious. This applies more particularly to the correspondence. David and Constance are perfectly sure that they are writing "good" letters. They are not at all afraid to talk, and are the more disposed to cavil with this, but for the author's personal wishes, there was no reason in the world why they should not have written to each other.

CHRISTIAN ORIGINS. By Otto Pfeiffer, D. D. Pages 265; \$1.50 net. B. W. Huebsch, New York.
In his "Christian Origins," Prof. Otto Pfeiffer, of the Berlin University, contributes to theological literature with a much-needed volume. The strands of thought which, through more than four centuries, have been woven together, combine to make up the history of the teachings of Christianity, he has presented in a clear and succinct style. The reader's interest does not wane from the beginning with Socrates to the conclusion in Rome, and the author has well fulfilled his preparatory promise. He shows what Christians ought to know, and think about the beginnings of the Christian religion, in presenting the viewpoint of modern historical science, but above all, the reader's eye is drawn to the spiritual and the permanent truth in early Christianity.

THE COUNTRY TOWN. By Wilbur L. Anderson. Pages 307; \$1.00 net. Baker & Taylor, New York. Hunter & Co., Richmond.
This book covers rather an empty field in as thorough a capable way as it treats of the vital interests of a full half of the modern world. "The country town," says Mr. Anderson, "needs sympathy and calls for a study of its life from our minds and hearts."

THE JOY OF LIFE. By Lilla Hamilton. Pages 274. \$1.00 net. B. W. Huebsch, New York.
A series of pleasant little papers all expounding the doctrine of joyfulness, of which Miss French is a well-known apostle. Our worries, our misanthropies, our depressions, our griefs, and our sorrows—these are put before us in a way that should help to clear away the mists of our minds and hearts and leave us more courageous, more helpful, and seems really to merit that appellation.

Magazine Notes.
The Burlington Magazine for March makes its appearance in its customary handsome dress, handsomely illustrated. The contents are as splendid as the magazine itself.

A Merger That Failed.
"Webbawken has balked. She will not be yoked with Hoboken." Such is the extraordinary announcement which flows from the office of the editor, Dr. Noga Ariga, Dr. Ariga was legal adviser with the Japanese army in Manchuria during the Chinese-Japanese war, and occupied the same position in the recent Russo-Japanese war. He was also a delegate to the peace conference at The Hague, and is known as the ablest lecturer and writer on international law in Japan.

Webfoot Humility.
Crocuses are in bloom down along the Columbia. Rose shoots are several inches long. Spring beauties are blossoming in the woods. Farmers are plowing, birds are singing, and meanwhile the unhappy East has a temperature varying from 4 to 23 degrees below zero. Are we worthy of our blessings?—Portland Oregonian.

The Distinction.
Correspondent—It's a safe guess, senator, that a fairly decent rate bill will pass. Editor—That's just what the eminent Statesman-O you! It's a safe enough guess, but I wouldn't consider it a safe gamble.—Chicago Tribune.

Merely Joking.
The Tiring Part—Thud: "Does do, tire you?" No! It's the sitting down often that tires me.—Houston Post.
Reliable Information—"You say don't pay any attention to the weather predictions?" "Not much; if I want to know what the temperature is going to be I ask the janitor."—Washington Star.
Not in My Class—Collor: "And a you and Tommy in the same class a school?" Johnny: "New. Tommy fight at sixty-two, an' I weigh ninety when I'm trained down."—Cleveland Leader.
An Early Instance—"Who was Diogenes?" said the youthful student. "Diogenes, my son," answered the insurance director, "was the original investigating committee."—Washington Star.
Of Course—She: "You say she stole your heart?" He: "That's just what she did." "And, of course, you saw to it that she was promptly held for the theft?" Yonkers Statesman.

The Latest Books Under Brief Review

THE GENIUS. By Margaret Potter. Pages 449; \$1.50. Harper Brothers, New York.
That Miss Potter has taken her theme with the most marked seriousness is indicated by the announcement that the book is the first of a "trilogy of destiny." The immense gravity of a "trilogy of destiny" is at once apparent, though in exact meaning may be rather less so. The book is bound in a handsome, light-colored cover, and the risk of shaking Miss Potter beyond forgiveness, a dash of humor would have afforded a welcome relief. However, "The Genius" is an able work the product of much thought and skill and very well written. It is a Russian story with an analysis of the artistic temperament as its main objective. The title character is Ivan Gregoriev, the sensitive, gifted son of an iron-handed government official.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PINES. By Margaret Potter. Pages 160; \$1.00 net. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
This is a simple little story of two nature-loving and somewhat exalted souls in dialogue and correspondence. They meet, love and part—the latter because the man has a hacking cough and must take it to Colorado. The story has the feel of a rarefied atmosphere—it is too self-conscious. This applies more particularly to the correspondence. David and Constance are perfectly sure that they are writing "good" letters. They are not at all afraid to talk, and are the more disposed to cavil with this, but for the author's personal wishes, there was no reason in the world why they should not have written to each other.

CHRISTIAN ORIGINS. By Otto Pfeiffer, D. D. Pages 265; \$1.50 net. B. W. Huebsch, New York.
In his "Christian Origins," Prof. Otto Pfeiffer, of the Berlin University, contributes to theological literature with a much-needed volume. The strands of thought which, through more than four centuries, have been woven together, combine to make up the history of the teachings of Christianity, he has presented in a clear and succinct style. The reader's interest does not wane from the beginning with Socrates to the conclusion in Rome, and the author has well fulfilled his preparatory promise. He shows what Christians ought to know, and think about the beginnings of the Christian religion, in presenting the viewpoint of modern historical science, but above all, the reader's eye is drawn to the spiritual and the permanent truth in early Christianity.

THE COUNTRY TOWN. By Wilbur L. Anderson. Pages 307; \$1.00 net. Baker & Taylor, New York. Hunter & Co., Richmond.
This book covers rather an empty field in as thorough a capable way as it treats of the vital interests of a full half of the modern world. "The country town," says Mr. Anderson, "needs sympathy and calls for a study of its life from our minds and hearts."

THE JOY OF LIFE. By Lilla Hamilton. Pages 274. \$1.00 net. B. W. Huebsch, New York.
A series of pleasant little papers all expounding the doctrine of joyfulness, of which Miss French is a well-known apostle. Our worries, our misanthropies, our depressions, our griefs, and our sorrows—these are put before us in a way that should help to clear away the mists of our minds and hearts and leave us more courageous, more helpful, and seems really to merit that appellation.

Magazine Notes.
The Burlington Magazine for March makes its appearance in its customary handsome dress, handsomely illustrated. The contents are as splendid as the magazine itself.

A Merger That Failed.
"Webbawken has balked. She will not be yoked with Hoboken." Such is the extraordinary announcement which flows from the office of the editor, Dr. Noga Ariga, Dr. Ariga was legal adviser with the Japanese army in Manchuria during the Chinese-Japanese war, and occupied the same position in the recent Russo-Japanese war. He was also a delegate to the peace conference at The Hague, and is known as the ablest lecturer and writer on international law in Japan.

Webfoot Humility.
Crocuses are in bloom down along the Columbia. Rose shoots are several inches long. Spring beauties are blossoming in the woods. Farmers are plowing, birds are singing, and meanwhile the unhappy East has a temperature varying from 4 to 23 degrees below zero. Are we worthy of our blessings?—Portland Oregonian.

The Distinction.
Correspondent—It's a safe guess, senator, that a fairly decent rate bill will pass. Editor—That's just what the eminent Statesman-O you! It's a safe enough guess, but I wouldn't consider it a safe gamble.—Chicago Tribune.

Merely Joking.
The Tiring Part—Thud: "Does do, tire you?" No! It's the sitting down often that tires me.—Houston Post.
Reliable Information—"You say don't pay any attention to the weather predictions?" "Not much; if I want to know what the temperature is going to be I ask the janitor."—Washington Star.
Not in My Class—Collor: "And a you and Tommy in the same class a school?" Johnny: "New. Tommy fight at sixty-two, an' I weigh ninety when I'm trained down."—Cleveland Leader.
An Early Instance—"Who was Diogenes?" said the youthful student. "Diogenes, my son," answered the insurance director, "was the original investigating committee."—Washington Star.
Of Course—She: "You say she stole your heart?" He: "That's just what she did." "And, of course, you saw to it that she was promptly held for the theft?" Yonkers Statesman.

ROYAL Baking Powder
A Grape Cream of Tartar Powder Absolutely Pure
Royal makes the most delicious and healthful hot-breads, biscuit and cake.
For safety sake, use only a baking powder whose label shows it is made with cream of tartar.
Alum baking powders are considered so injurious to health, and their promiscuous sale a source of such danger, that their use is universally condemned by physicians and health officers. In many States the law requires that they shall be branded to warn consumers that they contain alum.
In the District of Columbia, under the laws of Congress, the use of alum in bread, biscuit, cake and other food is a misdemeanor.
Alum baking powders may be known by the price. Powders sold from ten to twenty-five cents a pound or twenty-five ounces for twenty-five cents, are not made of cream of tartar.

Rhymes for To-Day.
Renunciation.
On Mariana 'twas my way
To spend my money free—
A box of bon-bons every day,
Would speed to her from me.
In candy-bills I don't know how,
Much salary I spent,
But I'm aware I'm richer now,
She gave it up for Lent.
On Mariana 'twas my joy
To spend, ah, yes, a lot;
I gave her many a pretty boy,
And costly, too, I wot.
On flowers and the mainline
How fast my money went;
Alas, I'm richer far to-day—
She gave them up for Lent.
On Mariana 'twas my way
To lavish all my love,
The dear refused me every day,
But that—ah, well—what of?
Each week she comes never I
Knew what a lot she meant,
Till, on that day lone weeks gone by,
She gave me up for Lent.
H. S. H.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY
March 24th.
Church Day, Gabriel. Sun rises at 5:55, sets at 6:05.
1545—Diet at Worms assembled. The Protestants disclaimed all connection with the Council of Trent.
1588 (1597)—Bombs first used at the siege of Wachtendonk, in Holland. The invention of bombs is disputed among several countries, and there are good reasons for believing that some contrivance of the kind had been made use of long before this event. Galen, bishop of Munster, is said to have been the inventor of bombs, while Strada, in his account of the wars of the Low Countries, attributes the invention a few days before this siege to an inhabitant of the town of Venloo, and that the people of the city, wishing to exhibit to him in the presence of the Duke of Cleves, discharged a bomb, which, falling on one of the houses, set fire to it, and three-fourths of the town was destroyed before the flames could be extinguished.
1730—The British Parliament passed an act prohibiting any subject lending money to a foreigner or other nation.
1801—Paul, Emperor of Russia, assassinated. His reign was remarkable for its caprice and eccentricity.
1820—Stephenson's "Rocket," the first modern locomotive, was traveling on a regular schedule at the rate of from twenty-five to thirty-five miles an hour.
1830—Navigation by steam introduced on the Mediterranean, vessels making weekly trips from Venice to Genoa.
1854—Slavery abolished in the Republic of Venezuela.
1855—Castle Garden, New York, made an emigrant depot.
1875—Kossuth defeated in a contest for the Presidency in the Hungarian Diet.
1884—France was reported for planning to demand \$30,000,000 indemnity from China.
1895—Li Hun Chang, Chinese peace envoy to Japan, shot in the face and painfully injured by a Japanese at Shimoda.
Webfoot Humility.
Crocuses are in bloom down along the Columbia. Rose shoots are several inches long. Spring beauties are blossoming in the woods. Farmers are plowing, birds are singing, and meanwhile the unhappy East has a temperature varying from 4 to 23 degrees below zero. Are we worthy of our blessings?—Portland Oregonian.
The Distinction.
Correspondent—It's a safe guess, senator, that a fairly decent rate bill will pass. Editor—That's just what the eminent Statesman-O you! It's a safe enough guess, but I wouldn't consider it a safe gamble.—Chicago Tribune.
Merely Joking.
The Tiring Part—Thud: "Does do, tire you?" No! It's the sitting down often that tires me.—Houston Post.
Reliable Information—"You say don't pay any attention to the weather predictions?" "Not much; if I want to know what the temperature is going to be I ask the janitor."—Washington Star.
Not in My Class—Collor: "And a you and Tommy in the same class a school?" Johnny: "New. Tommy fight at sixty-two, an' I weigh ninety when I'm trained down."—Cleveland Leader.
An Early Instance—"Who was Diogenes?" said the youthful student. "Diogenes, my son," answered the insurance director, "was the original investigating committee."—Washington Star.
Of Course—She: "You say she stole your heart?" He: "That's just what she did." "And, of course, you saw to it that she was promptly held for the theft?" Yonkers Statesman.

ROYAL Baking Powder
A Grape Cream of Tartar Powder Absolutely Pure
Royal makes the most delicious and healthful hot-breads, biscuit and cake.
For safety sake, use only a baking powder whose label shows it is made with cream of tartar.
Alum baking powders are considered so injurious to health, and their promiscuous sale a source of such danger, that their use is universally condemned by physicians and health officers. In many States the law requires that they shall be branded to warn consumers that they contain alum.
In the District of Columbia, under the laws of Congress, the use of alum in bread, biscuit, cake and other food is a misdemeanor.
Alum baking powders may be known by the price. Powders sold from ten to twenty-five cents a pound or twenty-five ounces for twenty-five cents, are not made of cream of tartar.

Rhymes for To-Day.
Renunciation.
On Mariana 'twas my way
To spend my money free—
A box of bon-bons every day,
Would speed to her from me.
In candy-bills I don't know how,
Much salary I spent,
But I'm aware I'm richer now,
She gave it up for Lent.
On Mariana 'twas my joy
To spend, ah, yes, a lot;
I gave her many a pretty boy,
And costly, too, I wot.
On flowers and the mainline
How fast my money went;
Alas, I'm richer far to-day—
She gave them up for Lent.
On Mariana 'twas my way
To lavish all my love,
The dear refused me every day,
But that—ah, well—what of?
Each week she comes never I
Knew what a lot she meant,
Till, on that day lone weeks gone by,
She gave me up for Lent.
H. S. H.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY
March 24th.
Church Day, Gabriel. Sun rises at 5:55, sets at 6:05.
1545—Diet at Worms assembled. The Protestants disclaimed all connection with the Council of Trent.
1588 (1597)—Bombs first used at the siege of Wachtendonk, in Holland. The invention of bombs is disputed among several countries, and there are good reasons for believing that some contrivance of the kind had been made use of long before this event. Galen, bishop of Munster, is said to have been the inventor of bombs, while Strada, in his account of the wars of the Low Countries, attributes the invention a few days before this siege to an inhabitant of the town of Venloo, and that the people of the city, wishing to exhibit to him in the presence of the Duke of Cleves, discharged a bomb, which, falling on one of the houses, set fire to it, and three-fourths of the town was destroyed before the flames could be extinguished.
1730—The British Parliament passed an act prohibiting any subject lending money to a foreigner or other nation.
1801—Paul, Emperor of Russia, assassinated. His reign was remarkable for its caprice and eccentricity.
1820—Stephenson's "Rocket," the first modern locomotive, was traveling on a regular schedule at the rate of from twenty-five to thirty-five miles an hour.
1830—Navigation by steam introduced on the Mediterranean, vessels making weekly trips from Venice to Genoa.
1854—Slavery abolished in the Republic of Venezuela.
1855—Castle Garden, New York, made an emigrant depot.
1875—Kossuth defeated in a contest for the Presidency in the Hungarian Diet.
1884—France was reported for planning to demand \$30,000,000 indemnity from China.
1895—Li Hun Chang, Chinese peace envoy to Japan, shot in the face and painfully injured by a Japanese at Shimoda.
Webfoot Humility.
Crocuses are in bloom down along the Columbia. Rose shoots are several inches long. Spring beauties are blossoming in the woods. Farmers are plowing, birds are singing, and meanwhile the unhappy East has a temperature varying from 4 to 23 degrees below zero. Are we worthy of our blessings?—Portland Oregonian.
The Distinction.
Correspondent—It's a safe guess, senator, that a fairly decent rate bill will pass. Editor—That's just what the eminent Statesman-O you! It's a safe enough guess, but I wouldn't consider it a safe gamble.—Chicago Tribune.
Merely Joking.
The Tiring Part—Thud: "Does do, tire you?" No! It's the sitting down often that tires me.—Houston Post.
Reliable Information—"You say don't pay any attention to the weather predictions?" "Not much; if I want to know what the temperature is going to be I ask the janitor."—Washington Star.
Not in My Class—Collor: "And a you and Tommy in the same class a school?" Johnny: "New. Tommy fight at sixty-two, an' I weigh ninety when I'm trained down."—Cleveland Leader.
An Early Instance—"Who was Diogenes?" said the youthful student. "Diogenes, my son," answered the insurance director, "was the original investigating committee."—Washington Star.
Of Course—She: "You say she stole your heart?" He: "That's just what she did." "And, of course, you saw to it that she was promptly held for the theft?" Yonkers Statesman.