TIGE WILL SOON BE HAPPY. BUSTER BROWN WILL COME BACK. THEY WILL BE ON THIS PAGE A LONG TIME. THEY WILL DELIGHT YOU AND TALK TO YOU ABOUT OUR BUSINESS. PERHAPS YOU WONDER HOW WE GOT MR. R. F. OUTCAULT, THE CREATOR OF BUSTER BROWN AND THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PAID ARTIST, TO MAKE FOR US A FRESH, SIGNED DRAWING EACH WEEK; BUT WE DID--IT COST US NO SMALL PRICE. WE ARE GLAD THEY WILL BE HERE. BUSTER BELIEVES IN TRUTH. WE DO. WE MAKE A PROFIT, EVERY MERCHANT MUST. WE DO NOT "CUT PRICES"-EXCEPT ON BROKEN SIZES OR WHEN OVERLOADED.--WE MAKE PRICES RIGHT IN THE BEGINNING. WE WISH TO MAKE MONEY; WHO DOESN'T? BUT WE CAN MAKE MORE SELLING AT A FAIR PROFIT AND DOING A BIGGER BUSINESS. HELP YOURSELF BY MAKING OUR VOLUME LARGER. WE INVITE YOU TO LOOK EACH WEEK AT MR. OUTCAULT'S CARTOONS.

Burk & Co.

Makers of the Clothes They Sell. 1003 East Main.

RICHMONDERS VISIT PETERSBURG LODGES

Several Notable Addresses Delivered and Fine Banquet Enjoyed by Members.

A delegation of twenty-five members of Friendship Rebekah Lodge, of this city, on Friday night attended a meeting in Petersburg of the Rebekahs and Odd Fellows of that city, in honor of the grand master of I. O. O. F. of Virginia, Mr. Roland E. Chase, and the president of the Rebekah Assembly, Mrs. Celia Kass. They were given a most hearty welcome by the Rebekahs, after which they were invited by the Odd Fellows to their lodgeroom, where both orders combined in receiving the visitors.

Eloquent addresses were delivered by Grand Master Chase, Grand Marshal George W. Graves, Past Grand Master James E. Blanks, Grand Patriarch Charles Pohlig and Noble Grand of Friendship Rebekah Lodge, Mrs. Rosa M. Groot, all of which were listened to with great interest and highly enjoyed by the large gathering present.

The meeting then closed, and all repaired to the supper-room, where a most elegant banquet was served, consisting of all of the delicacies of the season.

This will long be remembered as one of the most delightful occasions ever participated in by the members of both orders. It was learned with the greatest regret that the president of the Rebekah Assembly, Mrs. Kass, had been detained in New York on account of an accident.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

Interesting Program Provided for First Meeting at Lunenburg.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

LUNENBURG C. H., VA., March 9.—The school officials of Lunenburg are busy planing for the first teachers' institute that has ever been held during the history of the county. Every effort will be put forth to perfect the county's first undertaking in this noble work.

At a recent meeting of the County Board of Education the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, That all teachers in attendance shall receive their regular salaries, as if teaching, and that one white school shall be taught during the time in which the institute takes place."

Every teacher will be expected to bring some good, substantial note-books, etc., and to make use of same.

The committee appointed to arrange program for the institute met at the Courthouse, February 19th, and arranged the following program, which is subject to the corrections of the county superintendent.

Following Is the Program.

Wednesday, April 3d, at 10:30 A. M.—"How to Provide for Systematical Moral Training in the School," Rev. James Cannon, Jr., President Blackstone Institute.

Wednesday, April 3d, at 2:00 P. M.—"Teacher's Associations—What They are For and How to Profit by Them," Mr. J. H. Binford, Secretary of Virginia Teachers' Association.

Thursday, April 4th, at 10:30 A. M.—"(a) What the School Can Do For the People; (b) What the People Can Do For the School," Mr. Joseph D. Eggleston, Superintendent Public Instruction. "Who Is Who at School," Prof. Alex. B. Coffey, College of William and Mary.

Thursday, April 4th, at 2:00 P. M.—"The Expression of Life," Professor Alex. B. Coffey, College of William and Mary. "How to Enrich the Teaching of Certain Subjects," Professor James H. Saunders, State school examiner.

Thursday, April 4th, at 7:00 P. M.—"The Dishrag and the Piano," Professor Alex. B. Coffey, College of William and Mary.

Friday, April 5th, at 10:30 A. M.—"The Educational Duties and Responsibilities of Superintendents, School Trustees, Supervisors and Patrons to the School," Professor Joseph H. Saunders, State school examiner. "Relative Value of School Subjects," Professor E. E. Jones, State Female Normal School.

Friday, April 5th, at 2:00 P. M.—"The High School as a Social Necessity in Lunenburg County," Dr. Bruce R. Payne, University of Virginia.

Not James E. Powell.

The James Powell fined $10 in the Police Court Friday morning for throwing rocks was not James E. Powell, proprietor of Powell's Express.

March the Most Trying Month.

After the tedious strain of winter, which thins the blood and lowers the vitality, March, with its raw, rough winds and weather, is a most trying month, especially to those who have allowed their blood to become thin and their systems rundown.

Invigorate the body and brain with the world's greatest tonic-stimulant, **DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY**, which enriches the blood and makes it course more quickly through the veins. It builds new tissue, quickens the heart's action, prevents decay and fortifies the system against disease germs.

Always Cures Grip.

"For thirty years DUFFY'S MALT WHISKEY has been my one medicine. I have always used it as prescribed, and it has proved a valuable aid, as it has not only cured several attacks of grip, but has prevented any bad after-effects. I cannot speak too highly of what DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY has done for me, and will always keep it to stimulate and tone up my system and as a sure cure for colds and grip. Although 73 years old, I am hale and hearty, due to the judicious use of DUFFY'S MALT WHISKEY."—W. A. STAGG, 1068 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Spring Tonic and Appetizer

"I wish to tell you that last winter I had a very severe time. I have bronchial asthma of long standing, and as a result a very weak heart. I had also a very severe attack of the grip in January; it left me in very poor condition. My stomach and bowels were badly out of order. I could not eat—my stomach would not retain the food. The doctor tried to relieve me, but did not seem to succeed. I commenced to take DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY in April, and am now very much better. I can eat all that I need, and it does not hurt me. I have been gaining ever since I commenced taking it, and I shall continue to take it as long as I seem to receive benefit from its use."—Capt. J. H. WARREN, Wolfeborough Falls, N. H., July 30, 1906.

Night Sweats and Chills.

"I have taken DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY for three months for lung troubles. When I first commenced I was bedfast, and now I am able to work. Now, the doctor of our town said that nothing would help me, but DUFFY'S MALT WHISKEY did what the doctors could not do. I had night sweats and chills, and weighed 86 pounds. I weigh 100 pounds now, the chills have left me, and the sweats are also gone. I am looking for great results."—Mr. JOHN BENTLY, Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 15, 1906.

Weak and Nervous.

"I can certainly say your tonic-stimulant, DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, has been a great benefit to me. I was weak, nervous, and could not sleep, and was troubled with loss of appetite.

"I was recommended to take DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, which I did, and the result is that I am stronger and better in every way, can sleep nights, and my appetite is much improved.

"I write you this, as I thought it was my duty to let you know what your great medicinal Malt Whiskey has done for me."—Yours very truly, Mrs. P. R. SOUTHARD, Woodmere, L. I., Jan. 3, 1907.

A Temperance Doctor.

"I endorse DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY as a medicine and for medical use, and for nothing else. I oppose intemperance, and favor all laws that tend toward the suppression of drunkenness."—T. P. PALMER, M. D., Rives, Tenn., Aug. 9, 1906.

Strong at 94.

"It is true I have used your whiskey, and like it the best of all I have ever used. I was 94 on June 27th. Among my other presents was some of your Malt Whiskey from my nephew. . . . I know that I would not be alive to-day did I not take it regularly in moderate quantities, as I do not have much appetite."—MARSHALL PIERCE, Putney, Vt., Aug. 7, 1906.

Best of Spring Appetizers.

"I am a veteran of the Civil War, served three years, and am 64 years of age.

"I take DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY before each meal, and find it the best of spring appetizers. I think that there is nothing better for a man getting on in years. I am a temperate man, and only use your product as a medicine, and only at such times as I need it."—C. H. CADY, 381 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass., Sept. 1, 1906.

Tonic for the Old.

"I have been using your DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY as a tonic-stimulant for the past two years, and feel that I have derived marked benefit from the same.

"I am now over eighty years of age, and since I have taken DUFFY'S MALT WHISKEY I have taken no other medicine."—ISAAC P. LADD, Albany, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1906.

A Spring Medicine.

"Last April I took a sudden cold, and I was laid up with neuralgia in my shoulder, which brought on fever and took away my appetite, but by using DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY I came out all right, and on Memorial Day I was leading my band and playing, as well. I think your MALT WHISKEY is just the medicine to tone up and keep up the strength of old people.

"Hoping your medicine will prove beneficial to others, I can truly recommend it as a valuable help."—G. I. PARTRIDGE, Franklin, Mass., Sept. 1, 1906.

Left Lung Almost Gone.

"As I am a member of the Hull House Women's Club, I was called out many times when the weather was very bad, and so caught a very bad cough, and doctors claimed that my lungs were affected; in fact, the left lung was almost gone; but since I have taken your valuable DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY I feel better, and would not do without it. I have not been taking it very long, but I am sure of good results; I have good color in my face, and feel that I can work with a great deal more ambition. I cannot praise it too much. I have recommended it to several of my friends, and they, too, are thankful for the benefit they have already derived from it."—Mrs. VICTOR A. BEAUCAIRE, 255 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

is recognized everywhere as the unfailing specific for the cure of consumption, nervousness, typhoid, malaria, every form of stomach trouble, all diseases of the throat and lungs, and all rundown and weakened conditions of the brain and body. It restores youthful vigor to the old by nourishing and feeding the vital forces of life, and maintains the health and strength of the young. It is a form of food already digested. It is prescribed by doctors of all schools, is used in all the leading hospitals of the world, and is recognized as a family medicine everywhere. It is absolutely pure. Medical advice and a valuable illustrated booklet on diseases sent free. Our guarantee is on every bottle.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is sold by all first-class druggists, grocers and dealers, or direct, in sealed bottles only. Price $1.00. See that the "Old Chemist" trade-mark is on the label and that the seal over the cork is unbroken. Refuse substitutes and imitations. Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y.

ABSOLUTELY PURE & UNADULTERATED — TRADE MARK

PAINTING OF PRES'T DAVIS GIVEN BY NORTHERN WOMAN

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9.—Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, formerly of Massachusetts, but now residing in this city, has presented to the State of Mississippi, through Governor James K. Vardaman, an oil painting of the late Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, with the request that it be placed in the Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir in memory of her eternal gratitude to Mr. Davis for his friendship.

The painting is by George E. Matthews, of this city, and a brother of Judge W. B. Matthews. It is said to be an unusually good likeness of the distinguished chieftain of the Confederacy. It was shipped to Beauvoir by express last week.

It was presented through the following letter to Governor Vardaman by Judge Matthews:

Hon. James K. Vardaman, Governor of Mississippi, Jackson, Miss.

My Dear Sir,—At the request of our mutual friend, Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, formerly of Massachusetts, now of this city, I have the honor to present through you to the State of Mississippi an oil painting of Mr. Jefferson Davis, the first and only President of the Confederacy, by my brother, Mr. Geo. E. Matthews, of this city, with the request that it be placed in the Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir in memory of her eternal gratitude to Mr. Davis for his friendship, as well as her appreciation of a man endowed with the highest attributes and noblest principles of manhood, and whose name will illumine history until the last recorded syllable of time. She bitterly regrets that the untimely death of Mrs. Davis prevented her from being present on the occasion of the presentation of the painting, as had been arranged previous to Mrs. Davis's death. The painting was shipped to the Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir by express in your care, on Saturday last.

I have the honor to be,

Very truly yours,

W. B. MATTHEWS.

In a letter to Mrs. Darling, Governor Vardaman stated that no words could express his admiration and love for the spirit which actuated her in the presentation of the painting.

It had been, as is stated in the letter of presentation, the intention of Mrs. Davis to be present at the presentation, as is shown by the following letter from Mrs. Davis to Mrs. Darling, dated March 10, 1906:

My Dear Mrs. Darling:

Thanks for your kind letter and faithful memory of my dear husband's virtues and political integrity, than whom no man living or dead ever had more. I have in vain awaited the day when I could have a good painting of him made to place in the house at Beauvoir, but I had an opportunity to get two stained-glass windows in the church at Biloxi and at the price I could never hope to get them again—one to my husband and one to my Winnie. They are to come from Munich. One is to be the resurrection of our Lord—motto, "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you for righteousness' sake, etc." The other will be the raising of Jairus's daughter, "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth." These two windows have taken all my spare money, or I should offer to join you in your sweet tribute to Mr. Davis. I am on the confines of eternity, alas! trying daily to pierce the veil where almost everything I love has preceded me for the long and silent wait for the trump which is to wake us all to a reunion and perpetuality at last, and I live with the dead hopes and loves which are fallen silent. It seems a long time to me until the universal triumph of truth, but I saw in the New York World an editorial which astounded me, in which it was distinctly asserted that States' rights would be our only bulwark against the paternalism and encroachments of the centralized power of the general government.

Mrs. Richardson is one of my most beloved and trusted friends, and I think her as perfect a woman as I have ever known. I am glad you are to be near her. My health does not improve, or I would go South and meet you there, but if you are still South when my windows are to be put in, I do hope you will be with me at the church, and that I may be with you at the Beauvoir home if I can go South.

With affectionate regards, always yours,

V. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Mrs. Darling had some thrilling experiences during the Civil War. Born in New Hampshire, she, a Northern woman, became the bride of Edward L. Darling, a Southron from Louisiana, who afterward became a brigadier-general in the Confederate service. She was in the North during the early hostilities, and returned to the South under a safe conduct to nurse her husband during an illness incident to his being wounded. Her devoted ministrations, however, could not save his life, and he died the death of a brave soldier.

She then applied for the protection of a flag of truce that she might return to the home of her parents. This was granted. She was taken aboard a truce boat and carried to New Orleans. Here, in violation of the international laws regarding flags of truce and safe conduct, her baggage was seized and she was put in prison for eight days, when she made her escape. She then, through the good offices of the British consul at New Orleans, was granted a parole, under condition that she daily report to General Porter. After being detained in this way for many weeks she was sent to New York on an army transport, the Baltic, being the only woman on board with the exception of her maid, in company with 400 sick soldiers. During the voyage, which lasted fifteen days, Mrs. Darling, by reason of the condition of the companionway, was thrown down a hatch, and suffered a severe injury to her hand, which has left her a cripple for life.

She afterward made a claim against the government for bonds, jewelry and money taken from her trunk by Northern officers and for damages growing out of her injuries. This was favorably acted upon, and after crossing, as she expresses it, "The Desert of Disappointment" a number of times, first the House passing the relief bill during one Congress and then the Senate during another, she was finally reimbursed for her losses.

Mrs. Darling is one of the organizers of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the fact that she wears badge number one of that influential organization tells what a conspicuous part she took in organizing it.

The reason for her detention at New Orleans was that she was believed to be Mrs. Greenhow, an authorized financial agent of the Confederacy, who left Wilmington, N. C., for Europe on a blockade runner at the same time that Mrs. Darling left Pascagoula under the flag of truce.

Week in City Hall.

The following meetings are scheduled for the week:

Monday, at 8 P. M., Finance Committee.

Tuesday, at 8 P. M., Board of Aldermen.

Thursday, at 8 P. M., Committee on Water.

Friday, at 5 P. M., Street Committee, and at 8 P. M., Committees on Light and Ordinance, Charter and Reform.

Piles Cured Free

Get Rid of Your Piles Right Now. Pyramid Pile Cure Can Do It Quickly and Painlessly.

FREE PACKAGE SENT TO PROVE IT.

Half of the suffering and torture of piles has never been told. But no matter. Whether your particular case of piles is almost too excruciating for any mortal to bear, or if you are fearfullly tantalized by uncachable itching, or whether you have only a moderate case of piles, there is postive relief, and quick too, in Pyramid Pile Cure.

You need not take for granted all we ourselves say about our Pile Remedy. We want it to speak for itself. We want you to send for a free package, to-day, of the marvelous Pyramid Pile Cure. We want to prove these statements to you personally, so that you will feel the result yourself.

Pyramid Pile Cure has cured the worst form of piles known. We prove it.

Instant relief can be gotten by using the marvelous Pyramid Pile Cure. It immediately reduces all congestion and swelling, heals all sores, ulcers and irritated parts.

The moment you start to use it, your suffering ends and the cure of your dread disease is in sight. Here is one of the many thousand letters we get about this great cure:

"I have been a terrible sufferer of piles for fourteen (14) years, and during all this time you can have an idea of how many kinds of medicine I tried. But I found no relief whatever.

"Now, after trying but one treatment of your 'Pyramids,' I am free, free to tell all sufferers of this dreadful disease to try this medicine—the Pyramid Pile Cure. It will cure when all others fail. Sincerely yours, George Braneight, Schellburg, Pa."

The Pyramid Pile Cure is put up in the form of "easy-to-use," specially made suppositories. They are soothing, painless, instant and certain.

A trial treatment will be sent you at once by mail, in plain, sealed wrapper, without a cent of expense to you, if you send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 33 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich.

After you receive the sample, you can get a regular-size package of Pyramid Pile Cure at your druggist's for 50 cents, or if he hasn't it, send us the money and we will send it to you.

NEARING HOME.

(The following article, from the pen of Professor Henry T. Louthan, of William and Mary College, in The Standard, of Chicago, was inspired by seeing a marble from the chisel of W. O. Partridge, who is the sculptor of the Pocahontas statue, which is to be erected this summer on Jamestown Island.)

Ascending the grand staircase leading to the second story in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, you stand in the presence of Vincenzo Vela's "Napoleon I." It represents the great Emperor in his last days, with the map of Europe lying in his lap. It is the only marble in the central hall, and the American considers it eminently appropriate that this warrior of three continents should thus be honored as "monarch of all he surveys." You look upon the chiseled stone, recall the Corsican's battles, power and glory. You are thrilled and pass on.

We enter another hall and admire the grace of "The Greek Slave" and the exquisite beauty of "The Peri at the Gates of Paradise," but here is a marble bust by W. O. Partridge that is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." It is your grandmother and mine. She wears the quaint lace cap and dress of other days. Her form is aged and bent, and her face, though wrinkled and worn, is the picture of hope. The sculptor well calls his conception "Nearing Home." By faith she sees afar and enters in through the gates of pearl.

Last summer I stood in the early morning by the bedside of an old friend in a hospital, overlooking Virginia's historic Capitol Square. Yonder on the elm-shaded green stand statues of Washington, Henry, Jefferson, Marshall, Clay and "Stonewall" Jackson, but they are forgotten now as I look upon the worn face of my friend. He once followed the dauntless Lee, but now no more shall he sit with his comrades around the bivouac fire. His battles are over; his work is done. He is "Nearing Home."

In the flock that now I shepherd there is an aged saint. Her step is feeble, her hearing is dulled, and her form, like the marble of Partridge, is bent, and her face wrinkled and worn. No longer is she able to go up to the house of the Lord. But her Christian faith, her pleasant smile and words of cheer are a benediction to her pastor, as she is "Nearing Home."

A typical Southern girl a few months ago was visiting for the first time her grandparents at the old homestead among the pines and palms and oaks of Georgia. It is summer, and the distant mountains are limned upon the deep blue sky. She has just driven upon the emerald and flower-carpeted lawn and is being greeted by those who watched over her mother in her infant days.

There are two aged couples. The first are the owners of the wide-spreading plantation, and they welcome Elizabeth as only fond grandparents can. Behind them stands "Uncle" Silas, with his hat in his hand. His hair is as white as the cotton in the surrounding fields for he has been the family coachman for more than half a century. By his side is his wife, the old "black mammy," with her head and neck bound in kerchiefs as white and spotless as the apron she wears over her gourd-patterned calico dress.

"Bless yer, hunny," says she who had been "mammy" for three generations; "I'se so glad yuse com'. I kno' ole Mis' herself ain't no prouder dan I is. His is my ol' man, whar uster tak' yo' gran'ma here over ter skule at Majer Gordon's, when she wus a little gal." Then the ebony Chesterfie'd, stepping up to the fair visitor, says, with his voice full of pathos, "Dey tell me dis han' I'm erholin' in mine is de han' of de dauter of de chile of my Missis."

As they strolled together toward the roof-tree that had sheltered so many generations, the granddaughter, robed in white and more beautiful in her young womanhood than the lilies that blossomed at her feet, looked once again at the aged couple—still friends and undivided even by the emancipation proclamation—and mused, "Nearing Home."

As the recent Christmastide approached, Dr. E. A. Wingard, of Columbia, S. C., one of our Southern poets, was "Nearing Home." At the age of fourteen, he had written a little poem entitled "Almost Home," and, like Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," it might well be called his farewell—and ours, some day:

Almost anchor'd! Life's rough journey
Shortly now will all be o'er;
Unseen hands the sails are furling—
Soon I'll reach the heavenly shore.
Almost home! How sweet it soundeth
To the heart that's worn with care;
For it knoweth pain and sorrow
Never more shall cross it there.

Almost there! Though storms may gather,
And the clouds grow dark above,
Brightly shining through their breakings
Beams my dying Saviour's love
Every moment, as it passeth,
Only leaves one less to come;
And each wave that 'round me dasheth
Only bears me nearer home.

GRIEF KILLS HER.

Daughter Stricken at Grave of Father.

MONTEREY, VA., March 9.—An unusually sad death has just been reported here. While attending the burial of her father, Mr. Asgal Stephenson, near Williamsville, about ten days ago, Miss Georgie, a daughter was overcome with grief and suffered a nervous shock which dethroned her reason. She was committed to the Western State Hospital for treatment and died there last night. Her remains were to-day brought and interred beside her father.

There is much sickness in this county just now, and many deaths are announced. Within a few days the following old people of Highland have passed away: Messrs. Brown Pullin, Eli Crummett and Gilbert Lowry, Mrs. Elizabeth Beattie and Mrs. Robert Stuart.

Major Charles Wade, a very old and respected gentleman of Back Creek, is very ill, and his life is despaired of.

Captain J. C. Matheny, Messrs. L. H. Stephenson and J. Lunsford, of Monterey, are victims of the prevailing epidemic of grip, but all are doing fairly well.

He Paid All He Owed.

In a recent King's Bench action the plaintiff had stated that his financial position was always satisfactory. In cross-examination he was asked if he had ever been bankrupt.

"No," was the answer.

The next question was, "Now, be careful; did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Ah!" exclaimed the counsel, "I thought we should get at it at last. When did that happen?"

"After I had paid all I owed," was the answer.—Tatler.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

"Latter Day Sweethearts," Society Novel of the Year.

When Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair" and called it "a novel without a hero," he failed in his object, inasmuch as the book had a very palpable hero. Mrs. Burton Harrison, in her new story, "Latter Day Sweethearts," makes no specification on the title page or elsewhere as to the tale's quota of heroes. You she might with truth claim to have created at least two in this one remarkable book. Moreover, there are two heroines.

The foregoing statement sounds like a feeble attempt at exaggeration, but it is the exact truth. "Latter Day Sweethearts" is the only novel known to the annals of literature possessing two men characters, each of whom can lay adequate claim to the title of "leading man." Two girls, also, have similar claims on the rank of heroine. To an outsider such a complication may seem either impossible or easy, as the case may be. To the average author the task of creating two heroes and two heroines would be out of the question. One couple or the other would predominate, either throughout or before the end. Perhaps no higher praise can be accorded to Mrs. Burton Harrison's marvelous art than to say that she handles this unheard-of situation to perfection, and that the result is a veritable revelation in the art of novel-writing.

Despite the splendid character work involved, "Latter Day Sweethearts" is emphatically a story of action. In it people do things, and keep on doing something. The things they do, the complications they become entangled in, the grim part played by destiny, and the logical sequence of their sins, follies and various deeds—all these combine to make a novel of enthralling interest and to make even the most jaded reviewer long for time to reread so extraordinary a work of fiction.

No normal reader can miss the appeal to heart, brain and emotions that calls forth recognition in every page. It is not too much to prophesy that "Latter Day Sweethearts" will live when nine-tenths of the so-called "best sellers" are forever buried in the ash-mountain of an over-busy world and forgotten toys.

It is a book to read, and then to read again.

Beautifully illustrated with four pictures, in color, from paintings by Frank T. Merrill, bound in cloth, stamped in Oriental gold. Regular $1.50 style for only 50c. Special edition only at Miller & Rhoads.

Roses, Cut Flowers and Designs.

Hammond,
Florist,
109 East Broad Street.
Largest Stock.

HOUSES BUILT

on Partial Payments.

Easy and accommodating terms to suit. LATEST DESIGNS tastefully and economically arranged.

P. J. WHITE, Architect,
1110 East Main Street.

CAPUDINE
CURES COLDS AND GRIPPE. It removes the cause, soothes the nerves and relieves the aches and Feverishness. Cures all headaches and Neuralgia also. No bad effects. 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. (Liquid.)

LUMBER
Sash, Blinds, Doors, Mouldings.
Large Stock. Low Prices.
WOODWARD & SON, Richmond, Va.

The Standard Life Insurance Policy
ISSUED BY
THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE NEW INSURANCE LAW OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

This new policy, legalized by statute, has been framed to insure to each policyholder (a) the fullest protection, and (b) every benefit which can properly be combined in a single insurance contract.

FINANCIAL STRENGTH.

TOTAL ASSETS, January 1, 1907,	$434,582,375
TOTAL LIABILITIES, including reserve for the fulfilment of all outstanding obligations	365,862,042
SURPLUS, for protection and dividends to policyholders	$68,720,332

For full particulars, apply to the undersigned.

WILLIAM A. DANNER, General Agent,
1118 East Main Street, Richmond, Va.