The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1908.

The true worth of a man is to be measured by the objects he pursues.

JUDGE RHEA CONFIRMED.

Judge Rhea's confirmation by a vote of 87 to 46 bears impressive testimony to the deep-seated doubts of his fitness for the high office of Corporation Commissioner.

In an investigation that was remarkable both in its inception, range and conclusion, the wisdom and propriety of the Governor's choice was weighed and scrutinized and tested. After following this investigation, it seemed to The Times-Dispatch, as to many other unbiased citizens, that the propriety of confirming Judge Rhea could not be justified. To a majority, however, of both houses of the General Assembly it seemed otherwise.

It is a difficult matter to determine motives in any event, and especially so in this case, where so many came into play. To some of the majority Judge Rhea was a maligned and valiant warrior. To others he was the nominee of a Democratic Governor, and as such entitled to confirmation by a Democratic Legislature. To yet others the mere fact that Judge Rhea was opposed to and by Republicans was a sufficient reason for support, countenance and battle in his behalf.

It would have been unfortunate if this partisan spirit, powerful as it was, had not been tempered by the larger and truer views of those Democrats in the minority, who, in voting against Judge Rhea, enunciated with refreshing and inspiring force the fundamental truth that parties live by patriotism, courage, conscientious conviction and unswerving fidelity to principle, and not by a mistaken sense of the duty of cohesion even when supporting and maintaining error.

CHAIRMAN LEE URGES OYSTER LEGISLATION.

An interesting letter from Chairman McDonald Lee, of the State Board of Fisheries, appears elsewhere in this paper on the much discussed oyster question. The Times-Dispatch is very glad to remark that Mr. Lee is earnestly in favor of the Wickham, Holt and Holland bill, which measure we have already earnestly commended for passage. It is not to be supposed that any question involving as many voters and as much personal interest as the oyster industry can be settled in a democracy at least by any sudden act of law. Large matters move slowly, and it would be anomalous and unprecedented if the oyster question met with a different fate from all other like matters. However, it is a subject of congratulation to the State of Virginia, to Senators Wickham, Holt and Holland, and to the Board of Fisheries as well, that a beginning along inherently just lines has been made in this matter. The Times-Dispatch believes that it will be one of the most profound benefits to the whole Tidewater section to have this bill adopted, not because the bill is itself radical or revolutionary, but solely because it is based upon a theory of giving the people of Virginia through their representatives that information which they so much need about oyster conditions.

NEED OF A TAX COMMISSION.

Any member of the General Assembly who will take the pains to examine the statistical tables of the Auditor of Public Accounts, say that of 1906, the last which we chance to have in hand, will see the need of some plan to reform our scheme of laying and collecting taxes. He will find there that lands in Virginia are assessed at an average of about $5 per acre; horses and mules at about $40 per head, and hogs and sheep at less than $2.50 per head.

Lands in Brunswick are assessed at nearly $6 per acre; in Greenesville at less than $3 per acre; in Mecklenburg at less than $2.50 per acre.

In Brunswick, horses are assessed at about $70 per head; in Loudoun at $67; in Albemarle at $50; in Russell at $36; in Culpeper at $35; in Wythe at $25.

In Loudoun county 7,856 hogs are assessed at $36,764; in Lee county 9,592 at $15,850. In Albemarle county 3,982 sheep are assessed at $14,057; in Accomac 2,037 are assessed at $4,173.

The Commissioner of Agriculture reports that the total value of farm products in Virginia for 1906, not including live stock, was $75,125,000, and the value of live stock $68,125,000, making a total of $143,250,000. Yet the assessed value of farm lands for 1906 was $132,360,031. In other words, the products of the farm for 1906 were worth approximately $11,000,000 more than the lands themselves.

The Commissioner of Agriculture makes this exhibit as to live stock values:

Horses	$30,500,000
Mules	7,000,000
Milk cows	8,000,000
Cattle	10,125,000
Sheep	2,000,000
Hogs	4,000,000
Poultry	6,500,000
Total, less poultry	$61,625,000

The Auditor of Public Accounts reports:

Assessed value of all horses, mules, asses and jennets (counties and cities)	$16,410,746
Assessed value of all cattle..	8,301,441
Assessed value of all sheep..	898,380
Assessed value of all hogs..	1,149,156
Total	$26,759,723

Our tax system is a farce. It should be reformed through and through, and the entire subject should be committed to a commission composed of wise and discreet men, that they may devise a modern plan and report it to the next session of the Legislature.

WHY GOULD ASKED FOR A RECEIVER.

For the first time in the history of the family, a Gould railroad has been thrown into receivers' hands. It is the International and Great Northern, which operates 1,158 miles of road in Texas, one branch running from Longview to Laredo, and other branches from Fort Worth and from Palestine to Galveston. The company has a bonded indebtedness of $25,327,053, and capital stock is issued to the amount of $9,755,000.

Mr. George J. Gould, who is president of the road, explains the receivership by saying that at a time when revenues are the leanest and business is at the lowest ebb, the company is called upon by the State commission to make additions and improvements to its fixed and rolling plant, and revisions of its property involving the expenditure of several millions of dollars, and to proceed in these expenditures upon a schedule prescribed by the commission, without regard to current revenues or the ability of the company to secure funds to meet the expenditures.

He further says that the road has suffered a loss of earnings during the past four months amounting to $989,000, and that it has been impossible to reduce expenses anywhere near proportionately. He declares that the requirement now placed upon the company means insolvency, and that for the conservation of all interests it was necessary to seek the protection of the court, where all can be properly represented and protected, and which can justly determine all questions at issue.

We know nothing of the facts in the case, but if Mr. Gould's statement is accurate, the members of the Texas Legislature should put on their thinking caps.

As the happy and prosperous people of Richmond sit down daily to their luxurious breakfast-tables of Old Virginia sausage, with the featherlight Henrico Sally Lunn sitting demurely on the side, they must not forget to drop a tear of sympathy for the miserable wild tribes of Texas, with their luckless meals of dried berries and salt mannygoat's flesh.

Detective D. O. Baldwin, of Roanoke, has just arrived from the Argentine Republic with a prisoner whom he caught after a chase of over 10,000 miles and lasting nearly a year. No sleuths in the world are so superlatively and invincibly sleuthy as the nickcarteresque sleuths of Old Virginia.

As we understand the jokesmith of the Philadelphia Ledger, a modern monarch has to scan the morning papers every day to find out whether he has been assassinated. Not only that; he has also to scan the evening papers to make sure that the telegraph editors have resuscitated him.

Virginians hail with shouts of joy the intimation that there will be an extended session of the superb and unique Old Virginia Legislature. Of course, an intimation of this sort in any other State would instantly plunge the inhabitants into the sickening abyss of utter despondency.

Splitting an infinitive in a quiet and refined way is one thing. Jumping on the back of its neck and kicking out its back teeth is quite another. The latter has never been countenanced among the First Families of Virginia.

"The speed of the otter under water is lightning-like," says the Baltimore American. "No fish can get away from it." Which remarks can hardly be more applicable to the otter than they are to Mr. E. H. Harriman.

Those who thought that Mr. Roosevelt could not write a message without dislocating both his thumb and the business system of the United States are now invited to acknowledge their error. Mr. Bok could have written this one without even perspiring.

The esteemed Bristol Herald-Courier of Wednesday prints a large front page picture of "The Vindicated Jurist." Our contemporary seems to have a vindicatory department which is most easily satisfied.

Governor Glenn states that he does not know whether he will be a candidate for the Senate. In that case, it occurs to us that the Governor is being a little extravagant with his advertising.

The continued immunity of the American fleet convinces us, once for all, that the anarchist plotters and little Jap spies are mere kindergarten amateurs and very unwise to their jobs.

Why call it a tunnel when you can make a neat little flash by referring to it in a careless manner as a subaqueous tube?

Two million more dollars are going forward for the Szechenyi-Vanderbilt account in Budapesth. It was, as will be remembered, purely a love match.

A Philadelphia widow worth $60,000,000 has just married an ordinary American citizen. If Vienna survives this, she can survive anything.

How many "richest-woman-in-the-world's" are there, anyway?

Rhymes for To-Day

THE DOTTY DIALOGUES.

11. The One-Armed Hermit of Thibet.

He cried: "The cops are after me!
I leave to-night for Sydney."
But still she calmly ate her tea
And drank her stew of kydney.

Her manner rather angered him.
Snarled he: "Well, you'll regret it!"
She laughed: "Lawsmussy! What a whim!
Your trolley's crossed! Forget it!"

Well, late that night her uncle called
And tried to holty-toit her—
"Why, w'ere's your toothpicks, lass?"
he bawled.
But soon fell sick with goitre.

And so the heavy years rolled on
And both their lots were tragic,
But by 5:20 he was gone,
As nimble as by magic.

In Timbuctoo they met again,
And nothing then was hid, O!
Sighed he: "I've just bust out the pen."
Sobbed she: "And I m a widow!"

He took her money, with a cough,
And bought A1 debentures:
And when she woke up, he was ough
Upon some fresh adventures.

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Assistance Needed.

"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He has just knocked against the piano and hit several keys at once."

"I'll go down," said he.

"Oh, John, don't do anything rash!"

"Rash! Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove that piano from the house without assistance."—The Tirone.

Never Went That Far.

There are nervous women; there are hypernervous women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as that!—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Demonstratin' Car.

This story may not be true; the downtown motor-car dealer on whom it is laid denies it—but a certain polgnancy still remains.

The dealer got out of his car at Eighth and Main Streets Friday morning to buy a toy motor-car from a hawker who has a stand under the viaduct.

"I'll take that car," said the dealer, pointing at a toy which was spinning around on the table.

The hawker reached in his sack and drew out another.

"That one ain't for sale," he said, grinning. "It's my demonstratin' car."

It is related that after that the hawker and the motor-car dealer cordially shook hands—but no sale was made.—New Orleans Picayune.

Pretty Near It.

"Now," said the teacher, who had been giving an elementary talk upon architecture, "can any little boy tell me what a 'buttress' is?"

"I know," shouted Tommy Smart. "A nanny goat!"—The Herald and Presbyter.

BACK AT THE TIMES-DISPATCH.

THE valued Richmond Times-Dispatch informs us that "no kisses are ever stolen from the little star-eyed blondes of Royal Richmond." The intelligent thieves of Richmond apparently limit their activity to articles of real value.—Houston Post.

* * *

The Richmond Times-Dispatch is trying to get cheaper gas, and this, too, when the Virginia Legislature is in session. Evidently the abundance of the product on hand should cheapen it to the citizens.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

* * *

"Meanwhile, the days are growing long enough to shave," says the Richmond Times-Dispatch. But not with a safety razor, by any means.—Washington Herald.

* * *

"Can you remember names?" asks the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Yes, indeed: Roosevelt, Day, Hughes, Nation, Addams, Long, Tillman, Loeb, Hitchcock, Taft and lots of others.—Boston Globe.

* * *

"Why should Mr. Bryan quit the presidential race?" inquires the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Didn't know he was thinking of it.—Griffin (Ga.) News.

* * *

"The hand-made joke is hard to make," asserts the Houston Chronicle, and then quotes a paragraph from the Richmond Times-Dispatch, which paper, it asserts, "boycotted the machine-made joke." All this may be true, but still the printer prefers the typewritten copy.—San Antonio Express.

Voice of the People.

The Times-Dispatch will print signed letters on all questions which relate to the public welfare. Such articles should not exceed in length 150 words, except under exceptional circumstances, should be signed with the full name of the writer, and should bear his or her address. The name of the writer will be withheld if desired.

A Question For Lawmakers and Voters

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Has it come to this? My party, right or wrong; but, right or wrong, my party?

WARNING.

Chairman Board of Fisheries Approves Oyster Law.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In line with your editorial today on "Hope For Oyster Legislation" permit me to say that the State is to be congratulated that for once an oyster measure has been devised—under the Wickham-Holt-Holland bill in the Senate, and a companion one in the House, Rew and Howle patrons—upon which both Tidewater and the upcountry have united. It has also (if that counts) the unqualified indorsement of the State Board of Fisheries. I feel it would be a great calamity should this measure fail of enactment. Aside from putting at rest all future wholesale assaults upon the Baylor survey (an end devoutly to be wished), it will save to the State thousands of dollars in policing the seed beds of James River—upon which nearly all the oyster section is dependent—and enable the Board of Fisheries to thoroughly protect and foster 14,000 acres where now it is a physical impossibility to properly protect more than 5,000 acres, and this at a cost of $8,000 or $10,000 annually.

To rearrange the lines there as proposed in the bill reported from both House and Senate committees the longer will not be deprived of a foot of ground he now works on, for the 3,000 acres to be thrown out are already illegally held or used by persons returning not a cent rental therefor to the State. The tonging interests need this rearrangement, and the honest planter will also be benefited. None but the "creeping stake" planter will suffer.

Respectfully,
W. McDONALD LEE.

VITALIZER

RESTORES LOST POWERS. A weak man is like a clock run down, MUNYON'S VITALIZER will wind him up and make him go. If you are nervous, if you are irritable, if you lack confidence in yourself, if you do not feel your full manly vigor, begin on this remedy at once. There are 75 VITALIZER tablets in one bottle; every tablet is full of vital power. Don't spend another dollar on quack doctors or spurious remedies, or fill your system with harmful drugs. Begin on MUNYON'S VITALIZER at once, and you will begin to feel the vitalizing effect of this remedy after the first dose. Price, $1, post-prepaid. Munyon, 53rd and Jefferson, Phila., Pa.

Sawmills and Roads.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In your issue of yesterday was a communication from Mr. J. A. Hardy, Blackstone, Va., making some explanation of Judge Mann's anti-sawmill bill, which was of considerable interest to me, and I hope you can spare me space to make some comments on it.

Firstly, I have no hesitancy in saying that if Mr. L. M. Bullock, of N. C., handled lumber over a public road where Judge Mann's proposed measure (Senate bill No. 106) obtained, Mr. Bullock did not and could not have complied with it by having "one hand and a two-horse team hauling slabs and repairing holes about a half-day each week" upon it.

Secondly, I don't believe a practice more utterly subversive of every principle of scientific road-building could be conceived than cutting a road into holes with lumber wagons and "hauling slabs a half-day each week" and repairing (?) them.

If an intelligent plan of road improvement is ever adopted in that locality a vast deal of work will be required to undo this method of "repairing."

Thirdly, If this measure be enforced with moderate fidelity in my county, it would put sawmill men who had to haul on the public road out of business, while ship timbermen, whose work is more destructive of roads than any other, would not be subject to its provisions; nor would cord wood, pulp wood, cross-tie and other haulers.

Fourthly, Fully 90 per cent. of our people, including farmers, are directly or indirectly engaged in, or in large measure dependent upon, handling timber in oue shape or another.

In conclusion, I may say for myself that I have uniformly given my best efforts and time to promoting every movement or suggestion which has been made in my county "looking to a system of permanent road improvement." I have been before citizens' and supervisors' meetings with the facts and figures upon road construction in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and North and South Carolina, and have offered to supplement my road tax, which is now about $45 annually, with a substantial voluntary contribution for a term of years to promote any movement which has for its object permanent road improvement.

I have been engaged for some years in sawmilling, but my teams have not hauled over a public road during the last two, and I can run some years yet without going on it.

I have hauled over public roads in former years, and each winter spent from $50 to $100 of my own money on them, with but poor success in keeping them in any order during that season.

Yours truly,
C. L. HARRISON.
Talleysville, Va., Feb. 22, 1908.

Senate Bill No. 106.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—That the intention of this bill is right no man can doubt. That lumber wagons ought to be taxed no sane man can deny. I only differ from the bill in the manner of getting this tax. The reports against mill and lumber teams would be annoying in the extreme, and they would never know just what was expected of them; consequently a direct tax would be far preferable. Let every wagon and team used for these purposes be taxed, say $10 per year, and the amount thus derived be spent on the roads over which the hauling is done. Then no one could say they were treated unjustly, for the taxes paid would be spent for their own benefit. I simply throw this out as a suggestion.

LUCIUS GREGORY.
Chase City, Va., Feb. 21, 1908.

Protect the Game.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—A few words in regard to the game of our State. The Legislature is about to adjourn, and nothing has been done for its protection or propagation. It is somewhat amusing to hear expressions as to the necessity for game protection, even from some members of the Legislature. When it comes to the point for action the question of uncertainty of what is best seems to arise. The conflicting interests of constituency gets in the way. One thing is certain, game in Virginia has decreased 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. in the last five years, waterfowl as well as highland game. The most noticeable decrease has been in the past two years. In sections favored with natural food supply, the decrease is not so noticeable, but it soon will be unless proper protection is given.

To sustain reforms the masses must be educated. To this end the Game Protective Association of Virginia was organized three years ago. It has a membership of about 500 scattered over the State. Eighty per cent. or more are farmers, and keep in touch with conditions generally. Writers through your columns from time to time have made many suggestions as to game protection, such as non-sale, license to hunt, confining dogs during breeding season, bounty on foxes, hawks, etc. These are all good, but the non-sale is the most important.

All the States and provinces except six prohibit the sale of game, consequently the drain is on the few open States. Every State in the Union prohibits the export of game birds, but as long as they can be marketed in the State they will be smuggled from the State.

Much is said about the farmer's rights. Farmers who hunt are an exception. The professional market hunter who depredates generally and the loafer roaming about are the greatest destroyers of game, as they hunt for a living. This is the class opposing the non-sale law. Opposition may not come from them directly, but it does indirectly.

Next, we want a better system of wardens—a chief warden and a resident hunting license to support the wardens. Thirty-five or more States have such a law. The warden system to be effective must have a head, hence necessitating a chief warden.

California collected $114,000 last year, the first year resident licenses were in operation. Some States collect as much as $175,000 per year for hunting license. The sums are mostly spent in game and fish hatcheries, protection, etc., and stocking depleted sections, which yield large returns to the citizens generally from hunting privileges, board, etc., from huntsmen, to say nothing of the vast amount of food for the farmer's table.

Great stress is laid on the interest city men take in the game protection, and they are charged with selfish motives. The fact is the farmer, as a rule, who does not hunt takes it out in talking, while the man who hunts for market and the merchant dictates to the country representative.

The writer framed and by persistent effort secured the passage of the present law, which seems to meet with favor, notwithstanding its many defects.

If the present Legislature does not pass the bill pending, providing for a department of game, it will come in some form in the near future. Why withhold the relief this State so greatly needs? There is much more that could be said on this subject if space permitted.

Very truly yours,
L. T. CHRISTIAN,
Secretary Virginia Game Protective Association.
February 24, 1908.

Sawmill Road Tax.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—There seems so much discussion and "cussing" of Judge Mann's road bill, No. 106, and this discussion and "cussing" being so far apart and so wide of the mark, I being among the first of the laymen to advocate a special tax or license on "persons using public property for a special privilege," I ask space to reply to same.

First, I do not believe bill 106 would stand the test of our Constitution, because it puts a practicable occupation in the class of crimes. But if the log and timber wagons haul over our roads and damage them, then the owner of these wagons should pay a tax equal to the damage done a public property. As the farmer gets his living by working his teams on his farm, paying tax on both farm and team, so should the hauler pay tax on the property on and with which he makes his living, the road bearing the same relation to the hauler that the farm does to the farmer. And inasmuch as the road is public property and no tax can be collected from it, then we must overcome the evil of bad roads by collecting a license from those enjoying the privilege of a public convenience (inconvenience most of the time) for a special purpose for profit. Then if the money derived from this form of tax is judiciously applied to the road from which it was collected, the natural result will be better roads, more profit and less accidents to the man using the roads the most, and Mr. Lumberman, who howls so much and loud, would be richer, and that because he paid a just and equitable tax; and he don't want to.

If the road bears the same relation to the hauler which the farm does to the farmer, and our lumbermen must in justice admit this, then why should not they repair the damage they do in their pursuit of profit on the road as the farmer repairs the damage he does on his farm in his hunt for gold?

DAN A. KELLER.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

THE United Daughters of the Confederacy will unveil a window, erected by them to the memory of Mrs. Varina Anne Jefferson Davis, in the Church of the Redeemer, at Biloxi, Miss., at 11:30 o'clock this morning.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, of this city, forwarded this telegram to Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, now at Biloxi:

"The Confederate Museum, of Richmond, Va., sends greeting and hearty congratulations."

Varina Howell Jefferson Davis was born in Vicksburg, May 7, 1826. She was married to Jefferson Davis February 26, 1845. She was her husband's amanuensis when he wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Confederate Government," and was the author of "Jefferson Davis; a Memoir by His Wife." Mrs. Davis died in New York, and her funeral services took place from St. Paul's Church, this city, on October 21, 1906.

Birthday Party.

Mrs. A. R. Wakefield, of No. 3017 East Marshall Street, gave an entertainment on Monday evening in honor of the sixteenth birthday of her daughter, Miss Louise Wakefield.

Decorations in parlors and dining-room carried out the color scheme of pink and green. The centre of the table held the birthday cake, ornamented with sixteen pink-capped candles. Many beautiful birthday gifts received by Miss Wakefield were displayed. She was assisted in receiving her guests by her sister, Miss Nellie Wakefield, and her cousin, Miss Bessie Dunn, of Roanoke.

Games and music occupied the earlier evening hours. Afterward the young people enjoyed cutting the birthday cake and discussing ices and bonbons in the dining-room. Among those present were Misses Louise Wakefield, Nellie Wakefield, Ivy Johnson, Althea, Rebecca and Phyllis Eggleston, Julia Cloudes, Corinne Davis, Lilla May Wakefield, Cora Lowry, Hennie Gibbons, Jennie Tiller, Hazel Butler, Lillie Smith; Messrs. Leslie and Linwood Eggleston, Claude and Wesley Johnson, Charles Talley, Ray Curry, Philip Garnett, John and Louis Bowers, John Donley, Van Jenkins, Beverly Gibbons, Vernon Wren, Leslie Davis, Ercell Rochecharlie, Gray and William Wakefield.

The chaperons were Mrs. A. R. Wakefield, Mrs. J. F. Davis, Mrs. John M. Wakefield and Mrs. L. B. Hall.

Whist Clubs.

The Emma Andrews Whist Club will meet with Mrs. Mary Wilson, No. 111 East Grace Street, this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The weekly meeting of the Stay-at-Home Whist Club was held Tuesday night with four tables playing. The game was very close, resulting in a tie between Mrs. John W. Harris and partner and Mrs. William R. Robins and partner. The club will be entertained next Monday evening by Mrs. Walter K. Martin, of No. 214 Shafer Street.

Great-Granddaughter of Morgan.

People who are watching Admiral Robley D. Evans and his fleet on their long cruise to the Pacific coast are recalling with interest that he is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman and a native of Floyd county, this State.

Interest also centres in the fact that Mrs. Evans is a great-granddaughter of General Daniel Morgan, the Revolutionary hero, who is buried in Mount Hebron Cemetery at Winchester. A historic treasure, greatly prized by her, is the war chest of General Morgan. She was born in Washington, the daughter of the late Frank Taylor and his wife, beautiful Miss Virginia Neville Sims, of Alexandria. Mrs. Evans lives still in the Washington home built by her father, where her own wedding and the weddings of her two daughters have been celebrated.

Entertained at Cards.

Miss Elizabeth Moxley Low, of Blackstone, entertained a few of her friends at cards in very pleasant fashion. Two tables of whist players were engaged, the prize going to Mrs. Bascom Young, and the consolation to Mrs. Meade Stith.

Decorations in red, white and blue were most attractive. Those present were: Mrs. Edward Jones, Miss Frazier, Mrs. George Cralle, Mrs. Harry Beverly, Mrs. William Hurt, Mrs. Douglas Tuggle, Mrs. Meade Stith, Mrs. William Wallace, Miss Katherine Low and Mrs. Bascom Young.

Silver Tea.

A silver tea for a charitable purpose will be given in the home of Mrs. J. W. Halloran, No. 3005 East Main Street, Libby Hill, on Tuesday, from 8 to 11 o'clock. A fine musical program interspersed with recitations will be rendered.

Miss Langhorne Here.

Miss Nora Langhorne, who has been in New York, has returned to Richmond, where she has joined her father, Mr. C. D. Langhorne. She is now visiting her sister, Mrs. T. Moncure Perkins.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Martin Kerfoot Koster arrived in Richmond from Pittsburg yesterday, and is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Grigg, of No. 1109 West Avenue.

Mr. H. C. Combs is the guest of the Rev. R. E. Elmore, of Roanoke.

Captain Garrett G. Gooch, of Staunton, who has been critically ill, is somewhat better. His sons, Mr. Watson Gooch and Mr. Garrett G. Gooch, Jr., of Roanoke, are at his bedside.

Miss Floyd Taylor has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. P. Dodson, of Norfolk.

Mrs. E. Wakefield, of Venable Street, who has been ill with pneumonia, is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Gooch have returned to Richmond, after a visit to relatives in Charlottesville.

Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Randolph Cuyler left for Brandon on Wednesday.

Miss Maude Miller, of Bon Air, is visiting relatives in Richmond.

Miss Alice English, who has been spending the winter in Pittsburg, Pa., returned yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Nancy Grigg Coster. Miss English, who was much entertained while in Pittsburg, spent some time with Mrs. Coster.

Mr. C. K. Lassiter, No. 308 North Twenty-fifth Street, is very sick with the grip.

J. B. Mosby & Co.

Friday is Remnant Day Here

And the Chances to Save Are Extraordinary and Unusual.

Remnants and short lengths of Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Goods, White Goods, Linens, Laces, Embroideries and Domestics, in good, useful lengths, all new and fresh and marked in every instance at about half price.

Some Special Hosiery Values.

Boys' Black Cat Stockings, that wear like leather; the peer of any 25c Stocking in Richmond; sizes 6 to 10; sold only here; special **15c**

Ladies' 35c Extra Fine Gauge Gauze and Medium Weight Lisle Hose, double heels, soles and toes; special..... **25c**

Ladies' 50c Very Fine Gauge Gauze and Medium Weight Lisle Hose, fine regular made; special **35c**

A Special Handkerchief Value.

Ladies' Sheer All-Linen Lawn Handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered block initial; value, 17c; special..... **12½c**

Ladies' Novelty Handkerchiefs, Special 25c

Ladies' Sheer and Fine All-Linen Handkerchiefs, ¼-inch colored borders; colors, pink, blue, tan and heliotrope; small block initial to match border; shown only here; special **25c**

THE BLACK PIT,

By THE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH,

Author of "The Luck o' Lassendale, &c.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

"What else is it?" said Rupert irritably; "and little would I care if they talked till their throats cracked, only that Lady Edith will not like it. Since the day that she heard from you the legend of the Black Pit, she has shrunk from all mention of the Pit itself, or of Sir Wilfred."

"She is wise," was the reply firmly given; "and you cannot too heedfully keep aloof from either."

"Sir Wilfred is at all events far enough removed from my reach," said Rupert with a smile, in which there was no atom of amusement, "and the Black Pit I never go near."

"God keep you from it," said Mrs. Helmont solemnly. Then hasty footsteps were heard approaching, and in another instant John Helmont, a nephew of the dame's late husband, burst upon their sight. He was almost running, though a man deep in middle life, but Sir Rupert's presence brought him to a pause, and he displayed clear signs of uneasiness and confusion. That he desired to speak with his relative was manifest, and Rupert set his horse in motion, but before he had passed out of earshot he again pulled bridle at the words that sprang from John Helmont in his impatience. "Aunt I saw him, as true as heaven is above us."

"Sir Wilfred went by me in the Black Pit meadow last night."

The old woman looked at him curiously, anxiously, but she made no response and John continued: "Soon as ever I could get away from my work I've come here best pace to ask the meaning of the appearance. If any can tell 'tis you."

"John Helmont," said the stern voice of Sir Rupert, "has shame deserted you? Can you, a sober, sensible man, utter such trash without a blush upon your cheek?"

"Beg pardon, Sir Rupert," said John sturdily, "but see Sir Wilfred's ghost, I did, and of that I'll make my Bible oath."

"You fancied you saw it I am sure," said Rupert less harshly, "but the dead return to us in our imaginations only; so much your intelligence will surely tell you."

"I cannot disbelieve my eyes, Sir Rupert," said John, "there was some one besides myself last night in Black Pit Meadow."

"Then it must have been some rascal playing off a hoax," exclaimed Rupert, seized with a new idea, "by heaven, I'll watch myself, and if he dares to come again I'll expose him!"

"For the Lord's sake don't take upon you such a venture!" cried Mrs. Helmont in urgent entreaty. "Oh, my dear young gentleman, my honored Sir Rupert, I will go down to you on my bare old knees; I will beg, I will pray, I will do anything in this dreary world if you will not madly run into this danger."

"Danger!" said Rupert with a sort of kindly scorn, "and, pray, where may the danger lie?"

"Where the Black Pit yawns," answered Mrs. Helmont, trembling in her agitation; "in that accursed neighborhood what Oxton may ever be safe? And now with Sir Wilfred himself returning."

"Or a scoundrel imitating him," interrupted Rupert. "John describe the person you think you saw."

"It was Sir Wilfred's own image as he is in the great picture in the library. There was the same face, the same dark blue coat, buttoned across the chest, the same drab breeches, and the same boots, only the flat hat was on his head instead of lying on the ground beside him."

"An imposter dressed up for the part," cried Rupert in exceeding wrath. "Let him but show himself to me, and he shall receive his deserts."

"Avoid him! Oh, Avoid him!" implored Mrs. Helmont, with the tears in her eyes, "even if he be truly a mortal like yourself what can he be but an enemy? And will one of your race seek to meet an enemy on the very spot which to them is accursed."

"Enemy! but I have no enemies," said Rupert more lightly.

"Who may say that?" said Mrs. Helmont gravely. "Not you, Sir Rupert, who own a castle that the world may covet, and who have won a bride that the whole world may love."

"A rival who grudges me Edith's hand," said Rupert thoughtfully; "but what man in possession of his senses would play off such a trick? Well, man or ghost, I will confront this apparition, and if it prove a man he shall repent his audacity."

"The repentance is more likely to fall to your own lot," and Rupert was even amused at such tenacity.

"One would think, Mrs. Helmont, that the shadow of the Black Pit was over yourself, so great is your dread of it."

"And who can say that the curse does not extend to my father's daughter; the only Chatworthy now alive, as you, Sir Rupert, are the only Oxton? But fear! How should I fear, when my life has been lived and death stands ready by my side? Ah, that the danger were for me only, that I might go, and you be spared."

"No, no," said Rupert smiling, "let me run my own risks, John at what hour did you see this vision?"

"At 10 o'clock, Sir Rupert."

"Then from 10 till midnight at earliest will I watch both to-night and to-morrow."

"To-morrow, oh, not to-morrow," cried Mrs. Helmont more wildly than ever. "Oh may God so move his heart that at least this prayer may be granted!"

"But why?"

"It was the shortest day in the year that saw the advent of the curse, let not the longest day see its fulfilment."

"Rather its abolition," Rupert called out cheerfully as he rode away adding in his own mind, "who would have conceived such limitless superstition."

VI.

It was 10 o'clock in a moonless night when Sir Rupert entered the Black Pit meadow. The stars gave out their light, but a haze had come up since the sunset, which dimmed their brilliance, and which told of not far distant thunder. Objects were hard to

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

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