:: Over the Nuts and Wine ::

By FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR

On Streets.

It would seem on the surface of things as if streets ought to be pretty much alike the world over. But they are not, all the same. There would seem to be only one pattern for building them. There are, in fact, great "diversities of operation" in doing so. Some are straight, some are as crooked as a ram's horn. Some are wide, some are narrow; some are covered, some are open to the sky. Some are paved (in dozens of different ways—Belgian blocks, asphalt, macadam, shells, tanbark, pebbles), some are still like country roads. And as for the people that traverse them, they are like the buildings that line them on either side—all different and all most interesting to intelligent people. They differ immensely in everything—ages, construction, appearance, uses, yet each is called "a street" by those who use it, and the history of the world might be compiled from a study of them. They have been the veins and arteries of every city that was ever built, and if they could tell all they know of pageants, traffic, war, emperors, kings, priests and people, processions, tumults, riots and marriage, civic or death rites, we would all stop to listen, quite chained to the spot. Not only all the history, but the tragedy and comedy and peaceful order of ordinary days and ways in every age, of every nation, they represent forever, to the eyes of our imagination, so that we can still see them as they once were; still hear the cries uttered in them thousands of years ago; still almost jostle against the people who filled them then, as they do now, and will for ages to come, save in the cities of the plain, destroyed for their wickedness. A street is a wonderful thing when you come to think about it, isn't it?

A Trojan Street.

Suppose yourself in Homer's Troy. Schliemann's Troy (buried for thirty-one centuries, and itself the successor of an Aryan Troy, as it was itself succeeded by several others), walking, riding or driving through the street that leads through the double screen gate, to Illium's great tower and Priam's Palace, on the day when Xerxes went up to Priam's Pergamus, and, having seen the citadel, sacrificed 1,000 oxen to the Ilian Athena, and the people shouted themselves hoarse, and the magi poured libations to the names of the heroes. You would have passed along a stony way, past thousands of mean, windowless, wooden and brick huts; you would have followed in the train of a great general, a barbaric army, an excited Trojan people and its princes and priests; you would have steadily mounted up and up the hill of Hissarlik, with yellow buttercups peeping everywhere at the great spectacle, till, after a glance at the magnificent view of the Hellespont Mount Ida, Mount Athos, the Island of Imbros, you went on until you came to where the King's palace stood, whose great walls would have seemed to you built for eternity, seventy-nine feet thick, and immensely high; then passing on into the limits of the great tower, you would have taken part in the great ceremony of the day. Such was a street in Illium 480 years before the Christ.

In Babylon.

Or suppose yourself in one of the streets of this mighty city in Nebuchadnezzar's time—the greatest—the city wall eighty-seven feet broad, 350 feet high, and giving room for six chariots abreast. Herodotus tells us and extending for sixty miles. There was a street for you, built of granite and blue bricks, cemented with white mortar, strengthened with 250 strong square towers at distances of about 200 feet; filled with Babylonians of every class, built 3,000 years ago, in what was then the most beautiful and richest city in the world, for Nebuchadnezzar had lavished untold wealth upon it. It was not the only magnificent street in the city. There was many another, 150 feet wide. There were 676 great squares.

There was the Tower of Babel, with its eight towers rising one above the other, seventy-five feet high, with an outside winding stair up to the Temple of Belus, where there stood their golden image, forty feet high, valued at $17,500,000; $200,000,000 in sacred utensils. You might have been invited to drive in the subterraneous banqueting hall under the Euphrates, lined with brass. You would certainly have seen the marvelous hanging gardens built by the King to gratify Anytis, his lovely Median wife, who loved her native hill country. They were 400 feet square. They were raised 350 feet high, one terrace above another, and were ascended by a staircase ten feet wide. The terraces were supported by large vaultings, resting upon curb-shaped pillars, and they were hollow and filled with earth, to allow trees of the largest size to be planted, the whole being constructed of baked bricks and asphalt. The entire structure was strengthened by a wall twenty-two feet in thickness. The level of the terrace was covered with large stones. Over this was a bed of rushes. Then came a thick layer of asphalt. Then two courses of bricks, likewise cemented with asphalt. Finally, plates of lead, to prevent leakage, and then earth was heaped on the platform and terrace, and large trees were planted, and all the shrubs and flowers known to the world. At a distance the whole thing had the appearance of magnificent woods, overhanging mountains. Had you left the city by any one of its fifty streets, you would have passed through one of its 100 gates of shining brass, one at each end. For its "pride, cruelty, idolatry and every abomination," the curse of God came upon this glory of the Chaldees' excellency," this "Lady of Kingdoms," and it has become a rubbish heap, "a desolation, a dry land, a wilderness." Small heed did they pay to the solitary Israelite in his haircloth robe, who stood in their streets and proclaimed, "Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen; And all the graven images of her gods He hath broken to the ground." Upon the fine cement of the King's palace a hand had written: "Mene, mene tekel upharsin." They had built magnificently; they were living at ease; they had conquered Syria and Palestine and penetrated into Egypt, but Darius and Alexander and Seleucus successively conquered her. And in the time of Augustus the city was entirely deserted save by a few Jews. When the great canals of the Euphrates were choked up in the fifth century Babylon became a marsh. The river changed its course, and the second curse of God, declared by Isaiah and Jeremiah, "Mighty Babylon should be but pools of water; that the sea should come upon her, and she should be covered with the multitude of the waves thereof," came literally true.

A Street in Thebes.

Thebes has been called "the most astonishing work ever executed by the hand of man," unchallenged proof of the ancient civilization of Egypt and the high degree of power they had reached and the extent of their knowledge. It is coeval with the first nation known in Egypt, and it filled the whole valley watered by the Nile. It was crowded with people. Diodorus says: "The sun, itself, never saw anything so magnificent." Champollion says: "I shall take care not to attempt to describe Thebes; my description would not express the thousandth part of what I have seen and what ought to be said, and if I drew a faint sketch I should be deemed either an enthusiast or a madman."

It seems to have been built by a race of giants. No people, ancient or modern, ever conceived of architecture on so sublime, so grand, a scale as the Egyptians. You can, then (if you will), fancy yourself on horseback galloping around the temple or palace of Karnak on the day when its restoration was complete, and it was rededicated by Pharaoh Amenophis nearly 4,000 years ago, now the most marvelous and stupendous ruins again on earth. It would take you twenty minutes to do it. You would then enter an avenue a mile and a half long, having on the right and the left colossal figures of sphinxs, one of several avenues with sometimes a human head and sometimes that of a bull or ram. You would then enter a series of columned aisles (the columns seventy feet high, not counting the plinth and abacus), then beautifully sculptured corridors, pass on through wonderful gates into open squares, with obelisks a hundred feet high, cut from one block, pass on into a hall whose area is 70,629 feet, supported by 140 columns—a perfect forest of them, sculptured from top to bottom with battles, processions, triumphs, offerings, sacrifices—and behold the red granite sanctuary, with various obelisks standing before it in colossal majesty. "You are nothing," this religion taught. "God is mighty and terrible, the Maker of the universe, the Creator of all things, the Zeus of the Greeks, the Jupiter of the Latins, the Ammon of the Egyptians; and Pharaoh is His representative on earth." You would have seen all the material splendor of Egypt there that day—princes, people, soldiers prostrate before one of the Pharaohs, while he and the priests of Memphis offered anew the Temple of Ammon, and you would have formed some idea of the courage of Moses and Aaron, who obeyed God's "Go, say unto Pharaoh, whom art thou like in thy greatness?" Of his "I am Pharaoh"; in reply, "By the life of Pharaoh." And then, if for you, as for Belzoni, "the whole day had gone by like a flash of lightning," you left the temple and rode out into the city again, you would have seen then what you see now—mud huts lining muddy lanes, with parties of Egyptians all the way long, eating and drinking on the benches in front of each house, a man hurrying by with a new "shadoof" (pole and bucket), still bound to his irrigating task, since for him there was never a public holiday, a funeral procession, troops of soldiery, multitudes of animated, interested, joyous folk talking of the great day's feast of dedication and of Baalbec, a greater Karnak, and of their kindred, friends, affairs, aches, pains, plans—O, but it is an old, old, old world, this world of ours!

Teheran.

Perhaps you have already seen a street in Teheran or Cairo; for long distances nothing but high, blank walls; then a double row of bazaars, a dozen races flowing like a river through the middle, small boys as mischievous everywhere as possible, the grace cadi, the venerable shelk, the rich merchant, the running footmen beating with their poles a clear way for the ruler or potentate, the women swathed in voluminous cloaks and veiled in yashmaks, riding on donkeys, with slaves in attendance, the crowds of beggars always, and sometimes escorts of soldiers, and everywhere dogs, dogs, dogs! And everywhere fleas, fleas, fleas! And over all a sun so hot that they themselves call it "the wrath of God."

Damascus.

Or you might have in your own day walked down "the street called Straight," apparently because it is so crooked, lined with low, flat-roofed houses, narrow, evil-smelling, pebble-paved, yet a shrine for all Christendom, for in one of its houses, still extant, dwelt the great apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul—"mine own hired house," he calls it. This maker of tents and obscure preacher of a religion universally condemned, "Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ," is the proud title he gives himself, gives the ancient and beautiful city of palaces and rose gardens and Eastern splendor by far its greatest renown, though one of its humblest citizens for a few years. How surprised he would have been to be told so! And as we have seen that of Babylon's population only a few Jews remained, and of Damascus that the great Jewish-Christian prince and martyr is now its chief glory, so the Attic splendor is but darkness, and the material splendor of these great cities and civilizations nothing but dust and dross and debris, compared with one faithful, devoted, true Christian; one ray of the Light of the World, already putting out all the glowworm religions of the world. There is in Virginia a particle, indeed a considerable fragment, of the frieze of the building that heard St. Paul when he "stretched forth his hand" and most nobly, eloquently, magnificently defended himself and his religion.

It was sent home by an American missionary; it ought to be incorporated in one of our great cathedrals and preserved forever, for the Bible is the foundation-stone of our civilization. What a great historical picture it instantly reproduces!

Jerusalem.

Earth has no parallel for the scenes that a street in Jerusalem, the streets of Jerusalem, have afforded—the triumphs of the "City of David"; the dedication of Solomon's Temple, with 200,000 musicians and 20,000 young girls dressed in white and bearing palm branches in their innocent hands in the procession, Josephus tells us, and all the princes of Israel, each with his standard, and the Prince of Judah with the lion of his flag floating above him, at their head, and all the happy people shouting, "Hosanna unto the Lord!" as they were to do centuries later before the King of Kings, Shiloh come, and rejected, the Crucified. Yes, it requires very little imagination to realize all this, as we climb the long stony street to Mount Zion; also to remember the curse that fell upon it, most justly, and its terrible, unspeakably fearful destruction by Titus: its walls blackened with fire and laid low, its streets flowing with blood, its mothers devouring their own children for food. I never hear that "His blood be upon us and upon our children" in the Lenten services without a shudder—the blood of the King of Love.

Canton.

A friend of mine was in a Canton street on the day of the first Boxer uprising, the wife of an American naval officer. She has given me a vivid account of being raced up and down and around and back again in it in a rickshaw by Chinese bearers belonging to the legation. She tells me the streets of Canton are "stony, full of offal, animals, babies, dogs; that they are built purposely as crooked as a ram's horn "in order to confound devils, who like to go straight to —." She says that the one she was on was so narrow that they constantly dashed aside into shops and through them back to the street again, and that finally the great doors of a granary were pulled together and closed and barred, and, looking through a chink, she beheld a howling Chinese mob, clamoring for the head of every foreigner, and heard a roar as of an angry ocean from thousands of throats. She says she had seen other mobs at home and abroad, but for horror nothing can equal a Chinese one. All day long she and an Englishwoman and two Russian gentlemen cowered and trembled in that spot and awaited a terrible fate, but when night came the coolies got them safely, though separately, back to their legations and on board ship.

Rotten Row.

This is the old Route du Roi, by which the English Kings went up to Whitehall to be crowned, and had you been on it one day you might have seen a file of men carrying from the Thames to the palace a bust of Charles I., done by some foreign sculptor, and have shared the superstitious thrill of other persons who, as they looked, beheld a stream of blood, flowing down the head and neck and bust. It came from a wounded bird, shot by some fowler as he was flying overhead. It was thought to have foretold the King's sad martyrdom by all the Jacobites in England. A few days later you would have seen the coronation procession in all its state and splendor filling all the route with coaches and state liveries, wigs, powder, jewels, flunkies, lords, ladies, ambassadors, generals, marshals, admirals, troops, guilds, Aldermen, the Lord Chief Justice, the Mayor of London, the royal family, the princes of Europe, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the bishops of all England and hundreds of clergy, and in the midst of them the pale, melancholy, fated King, preserved for us perfectly by the brush of Velasquez.

The Rue du Bac.

It would take a book and the pen of Sue, Dumas, Carlyle or Stanley Weyman to give any idea of what the streets of Paris have presented to human eyes for a thousand years, above all of that wonderful and terrible subterraneous Paris that has been the refuge of thousands of priests, people, soldiers, criminals, in all its troublous times, and that was only fully revealed by recent floods. The potted history of many centuries, dynasties, peoples, armies, is what the streets of Paris represent; above all, the Faubourg St. Germain and the Latin Quarter—old Paris; also the neighborhood of the Seine. It is far more interesting than Baron Housmann's Paris, the Paris of Napoleon III. Suppose you had been walking along the Rue du Bac during the Reign of Terror, and had gone on to the Bastille. You would have gone in the shadow of the tall old houses that even at midday, then, got little light, and at night less, from the torches of footmen and linkboys. You would have seen a regular Chouan mob of "bonnets-rouges" surging through the street, howling like madmen, "A la lanterne! A la lanterne!" seizing the first priest they met and hanging him to the nearest lamppost, and as they neared the Bastille and perceived Marie Antoinette at the window of her cell, thrusting up before her the bloody head of the Princesse de Lamballe stuck on a pike, or you might have been in front of gray, superb Notre Dame when the victorious Army of Italy rode by with the great Napoleon at its head, and all Paris was in a perfect fever of exultation and rejoicing. Madame de Stael said that she would rather see the gutters of the Rue du Bac than to have the glorious view of the Bay of Naples that was spread before her at the time, when, being exiled, she took refuge there and was given a room at a Neapolitan hotel that looked out on the water.

Rome.

What a thing it would have been for a bystander to have climbed up on top of the Arch of Constantine and from that safe vantagepoint have seen Attila and his Huns, the Scourge of God and his savage hordes, pour into the Eternal City in all their barbaric fury and reduce it to submission; troop after troop of the wildest and most terrible horsemen on earth: captives, elephants, lions, camels, monkeys; a wild din of shouts and beating of drums, mingling with the shrieks of women and children seeking refuge in the churches, and of men flying for their lives, while sparks flew from the horses' hoofs on the old stones, and in all Rome only the Holy Pontiff seems to have been brave and calm. "I am called the Scourge of God," said Attila to the Pope.

"And I am His servant," replied the Holy Father. "What do you ask of me, the conqueror?" said Attila. "God is the only Conqueror; nothing," replied the Pontiff. "Ask what you will," said Attila, charmed by his courage; and sanctuary for the women and children in the churches was thus obtained.

Pompeii.

In this affecting spot, buried for ages under the lava and liquid mud by which it was suddenly overwhelmed and destroyed, life and death are both set forth most piteously. If you should stroll through its resurrected streets, which keep the ruts of its long-vanished cart wheels and the stepping-stones at crossings over which so many feet tripped in wet weather, the awe that Pompeii inspires begins to penetrate to the very marrow of your bones. You will go along the Street of Abundance, or of the Stabiae as in a dream; all your thoughts will violently revert to the people who also walked there. You will see, as they did, the milk shop on the right and the gladiatorial school and the "Inn of the Cock" with the notice, "Here is a triclinium with three beds and all other conveniences," also "Lingerer, depart! This is no place for idlers." On the right the shop of a baker with his home above it and his name, "Modestum," in red letters, and beyond a spacious court with mills and eighty loaves never to be eaten still in the oven, still perfect, though carbon; and below the house of Siricus, with its fountains and balconies, and on the walls public notices, "Philippus beseeches you to create M. Holconius Priscus dignissimus, probissimus, omni boni, meritus, decemvir of justice," signed by the trades unions—the bakers (pistores), infectores (dyers), aurifices (goldsmiths), pomarii (fruiterers), agricolae (husbandmen), (piscicapi), lignarii (wood merchants), caepari (green grocers), culinarii (cooks), and many private persons, and below an electioneering squib, the pilicrepi (ball players), the seribibi (late topers), the dormientes universi (all the worshipful company of sleepers) and as a climax Pompeiani universi (all the Pompeians to a man) vote for —." Just beyond are the graffiti, memoranda of domestic transactions, how much lard bought, how many tnuics sent to the wash, when a child was born or a donkey, and the like; and further on an account of the overseer of spinning, showing how much wool he had allotted to the female slaves, Vitalis, Florentina, Amarullis, Jannaria, Heracla, Maria (feminine of Marius), Lalagia, Damalis, Doris, chalked up for reference, the pensum or weight after each name. And then you see beyond you the exquisite view, with Vesuvius in the distance, and are taken to see in the museum the bodies exhumed and set in a plaster cast—death itself, the very last struggle, the final agony. You will never forget it—the poor creatures overwhelmed by ashes, pumice stone, gases, with their bits of money, jewels, keys beside them, and you think "a heart has throbbed beneath that stony breast and tears adown that stony cheek have rolled. Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face? What was thy name and station, age and race?"

And there are still streets and streets and streets. The Rialto, in Venice, is a street, a bridge lined with shops, where you might have seen, centuries gone, a wedding procession stop and buy a coral pig to keep off the evil eye, a ribbon, a terra-cotta vase, a Roman lamp, just as they do to-day. And there are streets all over the city, canals filled with gondolas. You might have been lucky enough to go out with all Venice to see the Doge wed the Adriatic. And there are the subterraneous streets brightly lit and full of shops and people of the London Underground Railway. And there is the linden-shaded promenade of Berlin, one of the pleasantest in Europe, and the sunny, stately Prado of Madrid, and the Corso at Rome, and the snow-clad Nevski Prospect of St. Petersburg, and Princes' Gate, in Edinburgh, almost unrivaled in modern times; nor must we forget the Calle Obispo, in Havana, with its gay canvas covering it overhead, its pavements below too narrow for passing, its fine shops, its shovel-hatted priests, its asses loaded there is much to interest us in streets, from tip to tail, its shoppers selecting goods from their carriages, its coolies.

And we all know Broadway. Truly beggars, dogs.

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"After a long siege her case seemed hopeless, doctors gave her up, and she was nothing but skin and bones, couldn't eat anything, and for weeks did not know even her father or mother. Her parents, wishing to get something delicate and nourishing, finally hit upon Grape-Nuts food for her, and it turned out to be just the thing.

"She seemed to relish it, was soon conscious of her surroundings and began to gain health and strength so rapidly that in a short time she was well, playful and robust as if she had never been ill.

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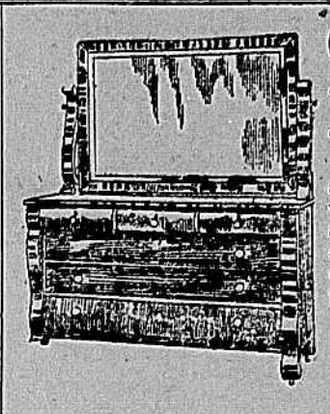

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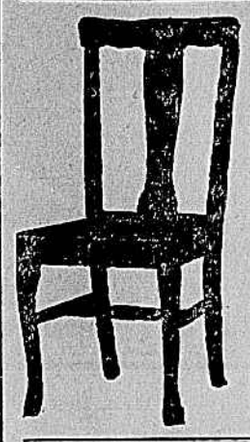

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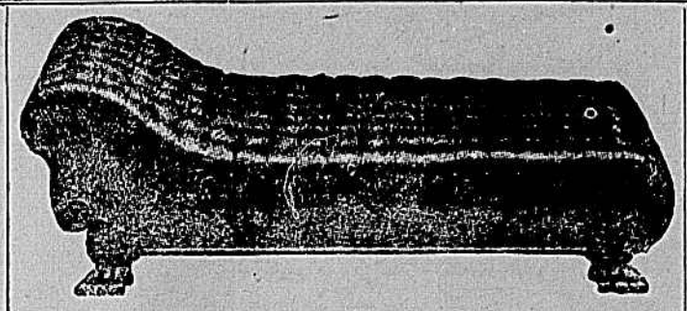
Buys this exact Dining Chair, quarter-sawed oak frame and seat covered in chase leather. Sells elsewhere for $3.00.



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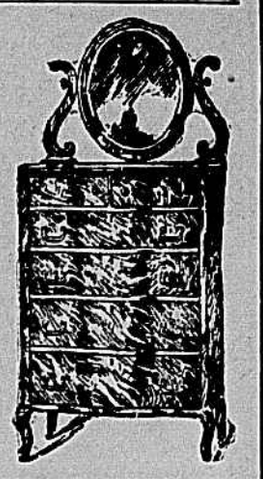

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$15.00 TO $150.00

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FOUSHEE and BROAD STS

Bowling Green Social News.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Bowling Green, Va., August 13.—Miss Annie Moncure, after a visit to her grandparents, Judge and Mrs. E. C. Moncure, has returned to her home in Blackstone.

Miss Bessie Jones has returned from a visit to Ocean View.

John M. Garnett and Miss Nannie Garnett, of King and Queen county, are visiting at the home of Dr. W. L. Broaddus.

Mrs. R. W. Peatross, of Norfolk, is spending some time with Mrs. T. B. Gill.

Miss Sadie Blythe left this week for Newtern, N. C., where she will remain some time.

Miss Florence Broaddus is visiting her friend, Miss Bessie Gouldin, near Rappahannock Academy.

Miss Vetie Pegg, of Baltimore, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Rebecca Pegg.

Mrs. J. C. DeJarnatte, of Goochland, is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. L. Collins.

Miss Margaret Webb left this week for the White Sulphur Springs, where she will spend two weeks.

Russell Robinson, of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, is spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Robinson, at the Lawn Hotel.

William Magruder Cobb has returned to home in Washington atfer a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Coghill.

Hickory Social News.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Hickory, N. C., August 13.—Miss Grace Patrick entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Lucile Walters, of Roanoke, Va.

Miss Lucile Shuford entertained at cards Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Christine McAntosh, of Durham.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hardin and little Miss Katharine Hardin, their daughter, spent last week visiting relatives and friends in Morristown, Greenville and other places in East Tennessee.

R. G. Mace is spending a fortnight in Hendersonville, his former home.

C. N. Brown, of Salisbury, was here Sunday, returning from a vacation at Biltmore.

Mrs. S. D'Anna has returned from a two months' visit to friends and relatives in Kentucky, her former home.

Dr. J. L. Rawles, of Norfolk, Va., and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parker, of Franklin, Va., who have been visiting Rev. J. D. Harte, are spending the week in the mountains at Blowing Rock and Linville.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Cottrell, of Durham, and Miss Mollie Cottrell, of Granite Falls, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Killian last week.

Mrs. L. L. Moore and children, of Craigsville, Va., are the guests of Mrs. Moore's sister, Mrs. Howard A. Banks.

Mrs. D. M. McComb left Tuesday for two weeks' visit at Shulls Mills, Watauga county.

Rev. D. Memminger, of Lancaster, Pa., is visiting Rev. J. L. Murphy, D. D. They will drive to the mountains together for a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Killian are taking a vacation in the mountains.

Oliver Propst, of Indianapolis, Ind., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Propst.

Miss Mabel Hight took her Sunday school class of the First Methodist Sunday school on an outing to Baker's Mountain on Tuesday.

H. E. Miller left Tuesday for his home in North Wilkesboro, to attend a family reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lawrence spent Saturday and Sunday at Gunpowder, with their sister, Mrs. G. W. Sherrill.

Houston W. Woods is visiting relatives in Durham.

H. S. Smith, of Granite Falls, was here Thursday on his way to visit relatives in Mocksville.

Miss Annie Kerr and Master William Graham Anthony, of Durham, who have been visiting friends for several weeks, returned home Thursday.

Miss Katie Baker is spending the week at Blowing Rock.

Mrs. L. R. Whitener is spending a few days in Lenoir.

Professor Little is spending some time in East Tennessee.

Miss Ada Schenck left Saturday for Black Mountain, where she will visit her sister.

The Misses Wood, of Cincinnati, O., who have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. M. E. Thornton, left Saturday for home.

Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Munro, of Columbus, Ga., have been the guests of Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Munro.

Miss Mary Allen is taking a vacation at Ocean View.

Rev. J. G. Garth is spending his vacation at Catawba Springs.

Mrs. J. H. Day, of Norfolk, Va., formerly Miss Newland, of Lenoir, was in the city on her way to visit in Lenoir.

Miss Hazel Elliott and sister, Mrs. C. M. Sherrill, spent Tuesday at Sparkling Catawba Springs.

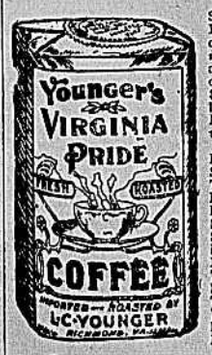
A party of young folks, chaperoned by Mrs. C. C. Bost, left Tuesday for Blowing Rock and Grandfather Mountain.

The following spent last week at Blowing Rock and Grandfather Mountain: Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Johnson, Mrs. W. X. Reid, Misses Mary Knox Henderson, Elizabeth Holbrook, Mary Field, Adelle Kirkpatrick, Adelaide Johnson and Gladys Reid.

B. F. Cobb, Jr., of Richmond, was in the city Wednesday; S. H. Woment was here Wednesday; M. B. Branch and J. C. Tyler, of Richmond, were here Wednesday.

HERE IS A CHANCE FOR EVERYONE

$120.00 Paid in CASH PREMIUMS



Reduce your Grocery Bill

In addition to redeeming my WRITTEN SIGNATURES cut from YOUNGER'S PACKAGE ROASTED COFFEES in one pound Packages; and COUPONS *bearing my written signatures* in 1, 2, 2 1-2, 3 and 5-pound Tin Packages at the rate of one cent per pound, I will pay in CASH $120.00 to the consumers turning in the largest number of my WRITTEN SIGNATURES, or COUPONS *bearing my written signatures*, by January 1, 1911.

Distributed as follows:

First largest number	$15.00
Second largest number	$14.00
Third largest number	$13.00
Fourth largest number	$12.00
Fifth largest number	$11.00
Sixth largest number	$10.00
Seventh largest number	$9.00
Eighth largest number	$8.00
Ninth largest number	$7.00
Tenth largest number	$6.00
Eleventh largest number	$5.00
Twelfth largest number	$4.00
Thirteenth largest number	$3.00
Fourteenth largest number	$2.00
Fifteenth largest number	$1.00

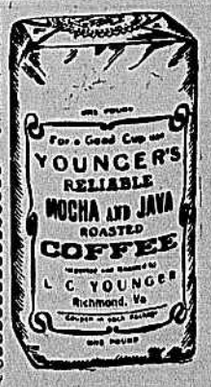
In buying my PACKAGE ROASTED COFFEES you can reduce your grocery bill and get the very best values on the market.

A trial will convince you.

I pack all grades. The prices of my Coffees will meet the views of all consumers. Insist on having YOUNGER'S COFFEES IN PACKAGES, bearing (L. C. YOUNGER'S) WRITTEN SIGNATURES and save 10 to 25 per cent. in prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Younger's Coffees, once tried, if properly prepared for the cup, always used.

For sale by all dealers. If your merchant cannot supply you, phone or write me and I will give you the name of a merchant who will be glad to furnish you my Coffees.

Return all SIGNATURES and COUPONS to



L. C. YOUNGER

Importer and Coffee Roaster, 102-104 Virginia Street, Richmond, Va.

Phone: - - - - Madison 341.