

NUMBER 113.

AMUSEMENTS.

MOZART ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

FIVE NIGHTS AND FOUR MATINEES.

Commencing

TUESDAY NIGHT, MARCH 1st.

Ensemble of

LANG'S COMEDY COMPANY

in the

LAUGHING SUCCESS.

"SCHEMING."

Presented by an excellent company of well-known artists, introducing new music, songs, dances, etc.

Price of admission: 15, 25, 35, and 50 cents.

Box seats, 50c to \$1.00.

Box office open from 10 o'clock to 12 o'clock.

Next attraction, LITTLE TYCOON. mh2-1t

RICHMOND THEATRE.

TWENTY-THIRD SEASON.

Five performances of LEGITIMATE OPERA.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Commencing

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Ensemble of

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WANTED—EVERYBODY WHO is suffering with a bad cough, hoarseness, tickling in throat, &c., to try the Cherokee Cough Drops. They will give you immediate relief. Only 5 cents per box. For sale at the following places:

J. J. Throckmorton, Third and Jackson; Mrs. A. Morris, 325 Brook avenue; H. A. Separk, Twenty-second and Main streets; Louis Walters, 216 East Broad street; C. A. Pulling, 223 West Main street; H. H. Jones, 429 West Baker street; W. A. Walker, 963 West Main street; Mrs. Allison, 1906 East Main street; C. V. Tyler, 529 Twenty-sixth street; J. W. Barker, Twenty-eighth and Clay streets; E. Romeril, 2225 Venable street; F. Rutherford, 916 North Seventeenth street; William Whitman, Turnpike and Jay streets; Reed's drug store, Twenty-fifth and Clay; Mrs. G. E. Ferry, 2403 East Main; Richardson's drug store; Seventeenth and Venable; E. P. Reeve, 602 East Marshall street; Mr. Marxley, Fourth and Hull streets, Manchester; Mr. Morris, Hull near Fifth street, Manchester; B. C. Cole, Sixth and Hull streets, Manchester; Mrs. Adams, Hull, between Eighth and Ninth streets, Manchester. OLIVER B. DYER, Wholesale and Retail Candy Manufacturer, Sole Agent, 614 East Marshall street. 4fe 17

WANTED—LIVE, ENERGETIC men with small capital to control the sale of a patent article in this State. Large profits for right parties. Call and examine. F. E. GILLIOTT, 618 E. Broad st. 5fe 26-1f

WANTED—A BOY ABOUT 15 years of age, at the TIMES office. Must be able to read manuscript. Apply, at 1 o'clock, to-day. 1fe27

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(Cor. Park avenue and Laurel sts. Phone 326.) Keeps constantly on hand FLOWERS of every description for BOUQUETS, BASKETS, &c. Funeral DESIGNS furnished at short notice. CUT FLOWERS a specialty. Orders by Mail, Telegraph, or Telephone promptly executed. ja 1-1f

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Teeth extracted without pain for 50 cents. All kinds of filling \$1.00. Old sets made new. Entire satisfaction guaranteed. 2ja 2-3m

TERMS CASH.

MEETINGS.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE SOUTHERN ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.

Take notice that by a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Southern Accident Insurance Company a GENERAL MEETING of its stockholders has been called, to meet on Friday, the 18th of March, 1887, at 12 o'clock m., at the office of the company, corner 6, Hanewinkel building, 92 East Main street, Richmond, Virginia, to consider and vote upon proposed amendments to the charter of said company, and to authorize the application to the proper court to give such amendments (if any) as may be adopted at said meeting effect and operation.

S. S. ELAM, President.

LOUIS UPSHUR, Secretary. 5fe 16-1f.

February 15, 1887.

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30 N. Liberty street, Baltimore, Md., the well-known physician and surgeon, and the oldest reliable specialist (regular graduate) in Baltimore city.

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(No. 107 E. BROAD ST., RET. FIRST & SECOND.) This Gallery guarantees the finest work at the lowest prices in the city. Extra large inducements to any party getting up a Cabinet Club of 5. Call at the Gallery for Club tickets and particulars. Photographs taken and finished in ten minutes. Only Gallery opened Sun days. 2ja 21-ly

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CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

No. 13 North Seventh street.

Special attention given to jobbing and repairing. ja 12-ly

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Expresses Himself on Fortune Telling.

"Ar' Brudder Invisible Jackson in de hall to-night?" blandly queried the president at the meeting opened.

Invisible was visible. He was back by the stove, and had his shoes off to tickle his children. After a little delay he made his way to the upper end of the hall and the president continued:

"Brudder Jackson, de report has come to me dat you ar' tellin' fortunes in yo'r naybur-hood fur de small sum of two bits a pusson."

"Yes, sah, I've bin tellin' a few."

"As you hev bin a member of dis club fur de las' two y'ars you mus' be aware of de fact dat fortune tellin', sellin' dream books an' all dat sort of nonsense an' agin our rules. A pusson who sots out to hev his fucher predicted am soft in de head; de pusson who takes money to predict it am a knave. I shall suspend you from membership fur three months, an' if we hear dat you am still in de swindlin' bizness you will be expelled fur good. You kin put on yo'r hat an' go."

Invisible was badly broken up, and there were tears in his eyes as he passed out. When he had gone the president continued:

"I want to say to dis large, cultivated and refined audience dat de fate of Invisible Jackson will be de fate of any odder member who am found so fur off his balance as to be rummin' after fortune tellers, no matter how cheap der prices. My experience in dis world has taught me:

"1. If dar' was anything in good dreams I'd hev bin an angel long ago.

"2. If dar' was anything in bad ones I'd hev bin in de odder place afore I was 20 y'ars old.

"3. It am wery pleasant to be told dat you am gwine to fall heir to great riches, but dat doan' luy 'aters nor pay rent.

"4. Only sich men as late work, an' only sich wimin as want an excuse to leave home, believe in fortune tellin'.

"5. If it am predicted dat a man am gwine to hev a great piece of luck he'll sot down in some saloon to wait for it.

"6. If it am predicted dat he am gwine to hev a great trouble he'll go home an' blame his wife an' lick his children.

"I warn you to let de hull bizness alone. A dollar a day an' a steady job will pan out mo' money in six months dan all de fortune tellers in de world kin bring ye in fifty y'ars. Dar am jist as many good dreams as bad, an' none of 'em am wof de powder to blow up an' ole boss. Signs might have meant sumthin' 1,000 y'ars ago, but dey am played out now. If you h'ar de 'death tick' in a wall it's jist as much a sign dat you am gwine to find a diamond pin in de road as it ar' dat some of de family ar' gwine to die afore de y'ar is out. Let us now pick up de abnormal bizness of de meetin'."—Detroit Free Press.

A Traveler with a Record.

"Talking about traveling," said a new-boy on a Northwestern express, "I guess I've done about as much traveling as anybody in this country. I am now 35 years old, and have been traveling pretty much all my life. Be-gin as a baby, traveled with my father and mother three months, then laid off six years. After that I began selling papers on a suburban train in St. Louis, and at 8 years of age got a regular run out to the Vandalia. Have been working a train ever since. For almost thirty years I've been riding on railway cars regularly, and the other day I was calculating that I'd traveled in my time 2,500,000 miles, or equal to 100 times around the world. The fact is, gentlemen, I was born on a train."

"Where?"

"Out in Nebraska."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-five years."

"You are telling what isn't so. Thirty-five years ago there weren't any railways in Nebraska."

"Who said there was? I was born on board a mule train bound for California, and it took us three months to get there. Let me sell you this copy of Bob Ingersoll's 'Mistakes of Moses.'"—Chicago Herald.

Mistaken in the Person.

"Here, sir; look at this," roared a man coming into the room of the editor of one of our contemporaries, and slamming the last issue of the paper down on the desk, "what does this mean, sir?"

"I beg your pardon," said the editor, with infinite suavity, "to what do you refer?"

"There, sir, in that obituary notice of my respected wife's mother, you have made it to say that she was 'consigned to her last resting place,' sir."

"Well," replied the editor, with inquiring innocence, "aint that right?"

"Right, sir! Right!" repeated the man, angrily. "No, sir! It should have been 'last resting place,' sir."

"Oh, ah, excuse me," said the editor; "I must have been thinking of myself. Here, take this club, the foreman will direct you to the proof reader. Good morning."—Washington Critic.

The little brindle mule in the high load slipped on the icy pavement, and Mr. Bergh's best man was on the spot. "Take that mule and have him sharpened before you drive him another foot." "He is sharpened," said the driver, "rounder than a file. Look at them hind shoes—corks on 'em that 'ud wedge a hole through an ice house." The officer lifted a hoof to see, and straightway looked over the top of a four story building. Buzzing ran the word through the telephone: "One of your men has been nearly killed by a mule." Tenderly back came the muffled order: "See if the mule is hurt, and if it is arrest the man."—Burdette.

The Toboggan Slide.

"What is this toboggan business that we read so much about in the papers?" he asked in a Grand River avenue store the other day as he and his wife stood warming their hands at the stove.

"Why, a toboggan is a high platform with an icy slide running down."

"Yes."

"You get up there with your sled, take a pretty girl on for a partner, and down you go like greased lightning."

"Girls are willing, are they?"

"Oh, yes."

"Lots of 'em around?"

"Dozens of 'em."

"Any toboggan nigh here?"

"Now, that's enough!" said the wife as she turned on him. "If there was twenty toboggans between here and the city hall you'd go right along and sell them butter and eggs and then jog home with me without a slide!"

"Yes, I reckon I'd have to," remarked the old man with an awful sigh, and then he changed the subject to brown sugar and baking powder.—Detroit Free Press.

He Hit It.

"What's generally kept in a bottle in de ba'n?" he asked of a butcher on the market.

"Oil, liniment, kerosene, poison and other stuff, including whisky. Did you find a bottle in a barn?"

"Yes, sah."

"And drank de contents?"

"Yes, sah."

"And how do you feel?"

"Sorter exalted, sah—sorter jist like I was smart 'nuff to skip all de liniments an' pizen an' hit de whisky plumb center."—Detroit Free Press.

HIS BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

An Artist Relates Some of the Reminiscences of His Childhood.

Out in the village where I was born we had a crowd of boys whose life was a continual round of pleasure, as I look back upon it now. Swimming, boating, hunting, wandering in the fields with a boy's proprietary feeling of ownership of the whole earth equal to Jay Gould's and an ignorance of everything equal to an art critic's, we still got into mischief.

"Sis" Pickering's father owned a calf which roamed in the field behind the barn. On this calf our wicked eyes fell one day and we organized an Indian deer hunt. Theo Beck and Joe Doty drove the calf into the lane, where about a dozen of us were scattered along behind the fence, armed with bows and sharp arrows. The calf, or deer, as it was supposed to represent, came ambling friskily along, when the Indians opened fire. With a star-

tingled bellow it dashed past down the lane, followed by fierce, blood curdling war whoops, to where "Sis" stood with an old gun loaded with bird shot. "Sis" was representing a white settler and was expected to shoot in the air, of course; but in the intense excitement of the moment, as he saw the deer plunging toward him, with eight or nine arrows sticking in him in the region of the tail, he shot his hide full of small holes. At this interesting moment his "old man" rode up and "Sis" face was a picture of surprise. He seemed quite agitated as the old man reached for him in an earnest manner. I was getting well toward the next county at the time, but I heard "Sis" explanatory remarks even after I was in the woods. The calf lived to be a respectable, sober old cow, yet I never could look upon her white face in after years without recalling "Sis" floating in the air as his father held him

up aloft by his suspenders and fondled him in the most approved biblical manner.—W. H. McDougall in New York World.

His Fads Were Clocks and Shoes.

Speaking of eccentric characters, a gentleman the other day recalled the idiosyncrasies of the late Sylvester Bonaffon, who lived over what is now Madden's saloon. He died some years ago. He was a most eccentric but very methodical man. He was a devoted lover of horsethish and always kept a fine team, in which he drove out every day for perhaps twenty years, never varying as to route or time. His action in taking his daily drive was as regular as a special train, and he arrived at particular points as punctual as though "on time" according to schedule. He invariably drove out Walnut street to Ninth, up Ninth to Ridge avenue, along Ridge avenue up Broad. He carried a clock to time himself and returned to the stable at 5 p. m. After his death 125 pairs of shoes were found in his room and thirty-nine clocks.—Philadelphia News.

The Nashville university singers, a band of colored students, are traveling in Canada. At a hotel in Brantford the other day, after they had taken their places for dinner, they began to chant a hymn as guest, but were interrupted by a Chicago glee shouting: "Stop that—singing!" The singers desisted, although earnestly requested to proceed. The interrupter, after dinner, was ordered to seek another hotel.—New York Sun.

Since Mr. Gladstone has chopped down so many trees it is now remarked that he ought to plant some.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Interesting Incidents and Gossip.

XLIXth CONGRESS.

Senate.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—Mr. Whitt-horne, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported back Senate bill to create a naval reserve of auxiliary cruisers, officers and men from the mercantile marine. Placed on the calendar.

Mr. Aldrich, from the Committee on Finance, reported a resolution authorizing that committee to continue during the recess the investigation into the undervaluation of imported merchandise. Adopted.

The resolution offered yesterday by Mr. Hoar authorizing the Committee on Privileges and Elections to continue during the recess the Texas investigation was adopted.

The Committee on Rules was also authorized to sit during the recess.

Mr. Cockerell offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information concerning the duties and hours of service of night inspectors in the custom-houses of New York and Baltimore from 1871 to 1878. Adopted.

Mr. Platt,