

MAYTIME IN MIDWINTER.

The world, what is it to you, dear,
And me, if its face be gray.
And the new born year be a shrewd year?

THE EYES OF DOUGAN.

The vessel made its way slowly through
a thick fog that enveloped her like an
impenetrable barrier. We appeared to
be floating in an unfathomable infinity of
gray, above, below and on every side.

A little group of us had taken some
camp stools and crossed the steerage
bridge to the forward turtle deck. At
first we chatted gaily together, but it re-

quired a robust temperament to resist the
depressing influence of a fog off the
banks of Newfoundland, and conversa-
tion dropped.

One of the group was a tall, blonde,
blue eyed German of about 50 years of
age. He spoke English with just the
faintest trace of Teutonic accent, and ap-

peared to belong to the class of solid, in-
telligent and successful German-Ameri-
cans so frequently seen on ocean steam-

ers. Some chance remark made by
him suggested the possibility of getting a
story from him. Yielding to the general
demand, he said:

Chin-chin Camp is up in the mountains
across the range from Fort Laramie. At
least it was late in the fifties, for at that
time I myself represented about 1 per-

cent of the entire population. I went
to Denver first, and hearing good reports
from Chin-chin struck off up into Wyo-

ming. Joe Dougan had already been a member
of the camp some time when I
reached there. He was a strange fellow,

but his most striking peculiarity did not
attract notice till a few nights after my
arrival. Most of the aristocracy of the place
were in the back room of "The Inferno"

(I never found out how the proprietor
came across this appropriate name),
where a rude keno apparatus was in full
operation. A number of the boys were
seated at the little checker board tables.

The marker had just let a white marble
drop into his hand from a cigar box, which
took the place of the ball, and shouted
the number marked on it. Just as he
turned to the board behind him, two men
at one table simultaneously yelled,

"Kenoi!" Then followed cries of "That was my
button!" "You lie!" and a volley of
oaths; there was a scuffle; the table was
overthrown; the larger of the two men
seized the other, and, almost with the
strength of a Hercules, threw him over
his shoulder. One of the fellow's heels
struck the chandelier of oil lamps, and
the next instant the room was in dark-

ness. The scuffle continued. Then above
the confusion, a voice cried: "My God,
look there!" We did not have to be told
the direction, for there across the room
glowed and sparkled in the darkness two
gleaming eyes like balls of liquid fire.

There was something demon like in their
luminous glare. The click of a revolver
lock was heard in the stillness which fol-
lowed; but a voice from the direction of
those fiery eyes said sternly, and with in-
cise distinctness: "Drop that gun, I've
got the draw on you."

At that very moment the door into the
saloon in front opened and a widening
shaft of light fell across the Egyptian
darkness of the room. The marker ran
in with a lamp; the gleaming eyes faded,
and we saw leaning calmly against the
wall the burly form of Joe Dougan. A
smile flickered about his mouth as he
saw our scared faces; the point of the re-
volver, which was loosely held in his
right hand, dropped down across his
breast, as he leaned carelessly against
the wall. Soon Dougan put up his re-
volver, made his way to the door with-
out a word, and disappeared. For a week
we talked of little else in Chin-chin
camp but Joe Dougan's eyes. He was a
good natured fellow, and submitted with
good grace to all sorts of public demag-
onstrations and investigations. Nearly
every night after dark the boys would
get him to stand across the street and
call out the names of cards as they were
drawn from a deck. Then they would
pass in turn to the crowd before the il-
luminated saloon, and the keenness of
Dougan's peculiar eyesight was vocifer-
ously applauded. Occasionally some
skeptical asked the privilege of drawing
out the cards, and would turn the back
toward Dougan, who sat on a doorstep
across the unlighted street. But Joe
would invariably say, "Turn it round,
ye fool! I can't see through the card."

And again Dougan would shoot at a
mark in the darkness, and often cut the
bull's eye, to the edification of specta-
tors, who tested the result with a dark
lantern. Dougan's skill with the re-
volver was so great that Jack Hinton, who
was on closer terms with him than any
other man in camp, to show at once his
friend's remarkable eyesight and unerring
aim, on one occasion stood up in the
dark with a lighted cigar in his
mouth, which was to be Joe's target.
He cut the lighted end clean off, leaving
the stump in Jack's mouth.

Dougan was, as I said, very good na-
tured, but nevertheless he had almost no
intimate friends, beside Jack Hinton,
who was one of these broad hearted fel-
lows that everybody seemed naturally to
trust and take into confidence. Dougan
kept by himself when the novelty of his
strange faculty had worn off and he
could avoid publicity. He was a great,

tall, strong built man, with light hair
and mustache. He had, however, a way
of stooping over as he walked that made
him look shorter. This and his habit of
going about with his eyes half closed
were due to the desire to hide those
gleaming eyes which darkness made so
growsome.

One day when Jack Hinton went to
Dougan's hut he found him reading. As
Joe laid down the book his friend picked
it up and found it to be in a strange
language, which he judged to be German.
On the fly leaf was written "Friedrich
Bauer." Jack looked inquiringly at
Dougan, who explained that it had once
belonged to a German friend. This did
not, however, explain to Jack the fact
that Joe had been reading in it and had
turned down a leaf when he had laid
down the book.

Just at this time a young green Ger-
man arrived in camp. He was immedi-
ately christened "Dutchy," and was sub-
jected to a variety of rude practical jokes,
all of which he bore with imperturbable
gravity. He was a persistent fellow in
spite of his rude, ludicrous English, and
somewhat of a mineralogist. So, in a
few weeks, he had made himself ac-
quainted with methods of work and had
investigated well the geologic aspects of
the vicinity.

At last "Dutchy" ran across a nugget
that seemed to indicate the presence of a
valuable vein somewhere in the neighbor-
hood. He at once laid his plans, staked
off a claim, and with the money he had
brought with him got a number of men
at work running a tunnel obliquely into
a hill. His claim lay to the east and up
the slope from the working of a gang of
tramp miners, who looked on with evil
eyed jealousy at the confident way in
which the young German laid his plans.

Week after week passed. "Dutchy's"
sloping tunnel was completed and they
were working on a double cross gallery.
The young fellow's money ran low, but
his spirits and his faith in his judgment
did not. Then he had nothing left to
pay the men with and they quit work.
Still the determined young fellow toiled
on alone, digging, blasting and carrying,
but the mother vein seemed no nearer
than before. The boys got to betting on
whether "Dutchy" would strike it or
not; some, sustained by his unswerving
self confidence, backed the young Ger-
man, but more were willing to give odds
the other way. At last one day there
were rumors about the camp that
"Dutchy" had struck the vein.

That night Joe Dougan happened to
pass the young German's hut. The win-
dow was open, and though it was a dark,
cloudy night and there was no light in
the cabin, Joe stopped in the road and
stared at the open window. He saw
something which you or I could not have
seen. It was the figure of "Dutchy"
sitting on the edge of his bunk, holding
a card in his hand. Moved by some im-
pulse, he knew not what, Dougan crept
up nearer; he saw it to be a photograph
which the young German held in his
hand, and which, although he could not
see it himself, he pressed to his lips in a
way that showed he knew so well the
face thereon that the darkness made no
difference with him. His back was half
turned toward the window into which
Joe Dougan peered. The youth finally
let his hand drop into his lap and seemed
lost in thought. Then Joe caught sight
of the picture. He gave a sort of chok-

ing gasp, and hurried away in the dark-
ness, murmuring, "Acht! du lieber Him-
mel! Helema!"

Dougan strode fiercely down the valley
road. He passed unheeding two dark
forms moving along in the direction of
the camp. One voice exclaimed: "For
God's sake, what's that?" The other re-
plied with a laugh, "It's only Joe Dou-
gan's eyes."

But Dougan heard nothing and saw
nothing save the face of the photograph
that had so startled him. His mind was
a tumult of confused thoughts and half
asserted recollections. He walked on
down the valley till the road ran in the
shadows of the pine forest. Above the
clouds grew lighter, and a faint, lumen-
ous spot in the heavens indicated the
position of the hidden moon. Then
through the trees could be seen clouds
scudding across the moon's face, and at
last these broke away and frosted waves
of moonlight flooded valley and moun-
tains. It pierced the dark alleys of the
pines and fringed the road with a lace-
work of delicately traced shadows. Still
Dougan strode on till the road ran out
from the forest again and followed the
course of a stream that caught and tossed
back from its ripples the sparkles of
moonshine as a necklace of diamonds
flashes the light. Joe Dougan stopped as
he stepped out of the cover of the pines,
and the glorious prospect of moonlit slopes
and peaks burst upon him and brought
him back to a consciousness of him-
self and his surroundings. Then he sud-
denly turned squarely around and walked
quickly back the way he had come.

When he reached the camp there were
no lights to be seen; even the saloon was
dark. He went to Jack Hinton's cabin
and knocked at the door. There was no
reply, but the sound of heavy breathing
could be heard within. Again he knocked,
a long succession of hard raps. At last
a voice said: "Eh! What's that? Oh!
Hello! Who's there?"

"It's me—Dougan."

There was a sound of bare feet on the
floor, and then the door was opened.

"What the devil are you going about
this time of night?" growled Hinton.

"I want to talk with you, Jack," said
Dougan. "I must talk, and you're the
only man in camp that I can trust—it
seems like a dream to me—it is too good
to be true. Just tell me, Jack, if I'm
asleep."

"Oh, come, Joe, what's all this non-
sense about? Out with it!"

Dougan turned toward him and spoke
fast and abruptly:

"My name isn't Dougan, Jack; it's
Bauer."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Hinton.

"Those were my books you saw in my
hut, but I didn't know. I thought I was
Joe Dougan, but to-night it all comes
back to me. I am not Joe Dougan; I
am Fritz Bauer. Oh! I can tell you how
it was, and you will believe me. When
I first came to this country I must have
been terribly sick, for all that time has
been a blank. When I came to myself,
I had forgotten my own name. In some
way I think I am Joe Dougan—where I
got the name, I do not know. Some-
thing seemed strange about it all, but
that wears away. Sometimes I thought

I dreamed I had a wife and child, but I
cannot make it out clearly, and at last I
give it up, and I am content to be Joe
Dougan, and let the dreams take care of
themselves. The sickness left me with a
strange name and these cursed eyes. But
to-night, Jack, it all came back to me;
the haunting dream came back and then
it all cleared up, and I find I am not Joe
Dougan, but Fritz Bauer. To-night I
went by the cabin of the boy you call
"Dutchy"; for some reason I looked in,
as he sat there in the dark; he held a
photograph in his hand; I caught a
glimpse of it. And, Jack," Dougan
lowered his voice almost to a whisper,
"my life upon it, it was my wife (and
God be praised for these eyes for once)!
Don't you understand, Jack—it was my
wife and this boy is my boy, my son,
my Fritzchen?"

"My God!" exclaimed Hinton, and
Dougan could see that his face was as
white as a sheet.

"What is it, man? For heaven's sake,
speak," cried Joe.

Hinton stared at him a moment in a
dazed way.

"You didn't speak to him, did you,
Joe?" he gasped.

"No, no! What of that?"

"Why, he thinks you're dead," con-
tinued Hinton, hoarsely.

"Well, what of that? I ain't," cried
Dougan.

"But—but—stammered Jack. "His
wife—thinks you're dead!"

"Well," roared Dougan, "didn't I tell
you I ain't? What's the difference?"

"But, Joe," began Hinton again,
tremulously, "she—she's married again
—there. I had to say it, Joe. The
youngster told me all about it last week."

Dougan sank down on the edge of the
couch with a low moan. Hinton looked
at him helplessly; once or twice he es-
sayed to speak, but no words came from
his lips.

"Acht! mein Fritzchen—und meine
schoene Helena—noch 'mal verloren!"
moaned Dougan, with his face in his
hands. Then he arose and staggered from
the cabin. Hinton watched the tottering
figure cross the stretch of moonlit ground
until it was lost from sight in the uncer-
tain shadows.

Just after dark the next evening Joe
Dougan went down the road toward the
young German's cabin, but finding it
empty he walked on. He did not notice
the figure following him in the twilight.
It was Jack Hinton. It grew dark as
Dougan strode on. He turned off from
the road and went up the slope, where by
day the yawning mouths of several scat-
tered tunnels could be seen.

"Dutchy's working night as well as
day now and he's going to see him,"
muttered Hinton to himself, as he ob-
served the direction Dougan had taken.
It grew still darker as Joe proceeded up
the hill. At last he stopped at one of the
dark openings. Hinton crept nearer and
was about to speak when Dougan sud-
denly turned and walked on in a diagonal
direction up the slope. The action puzzled
Hinton, but there seemed to be some
method in it, as if the man had caught
sight of something up the mountain. As
Dougan proceeded further up his form
emerged from the shadow of the distant
mountains, and Hinton could see it dis-
tinctly against the starlit sky, for the
moon had not come up yet. Then all of
a sudden Jack saw the form of his friend
drop down. Then he felt sure that Dou-
gan had seen something which was not
visible to his own ordinary eyes, and had
laid down to creep nearer the object or
person without being observed. Hinton
at once made toward the spot where he
had seen Dougan crouch down. He had
hardly reached it when a pistol shot, fol-
lowed by two more in rapid succession,
rang out; he saw the flashes not far
away, and then dimly discerned two
figures flying off down the slope. Hinton
rushed to the spot. A couple of dark bodies
lay on the ground among the rocks. One
of them moaned and turned, and Hinton
recognized the glaring eyes of Dougan as
they turned toward him in the darkness.

"Joe!" he cried, as he dropped on his
knees beside the fallen man and lifted
his head into his lap. "For heaven's sake,
what does this mean? Are you badly hit?"

"Yes, Jack," said Dougan, with an
effort. "I'm done for this time, sure; I
feel it coming. They would have killed
my boy and stolen his claim, Jack.
Thank God for these eyes I have cursed
so often. I saw them up here."

Dougan stopped and ground his teeth
together in pain. Hinton opened his
shirt and stanch the blood the best he
could.

"They meant," continued Dougan,
brokenly, "to bore—into the cross tun-
nel—and flood the mine from the flame
—to-night—up the mouth—and
drown the boy like a rat, Jack—so they
could jump the claim—but I and my
eyes saved him—tell him that, Jack—
tell him his father saved the claim for
him."

Dougan's head sank back on Jack's
lap. His eyes closed, but he opened
them again in a moment, and Hinton
saw that their strange glow was growing
fainter, as the man's life ebbed away.

"Oh, Helema!" murmured Dougan,
dreamily. "I'm coming back—mein
liebes Schatzchen!" and he ran off into
a stream of German, no doubt going
back to the old days in the fatherland.
Once more he opened his eyes and looked
at Hinton. There was a dying flicker in
them.

"Ach, mein lieber Freund, auf glocken-
liches Wiedersehen—good-by, Jack!"
His head fell back limp and lifeless—the
light had fled forever from Dougan's
eyes.

The big, blonde German stopped, took
out his handkerchief and blew his nose.
At that moment a faint, growling sound
came floating out of the mist. It was
the fog whistle of another steamer.

"Well," said the German, "that's
about all there is of it. Let's see what
that is ahead."

We all started up. But some one said:
"I thought you remarked at the be-
ginning that you were a party to this
history. I don't see just where you
come in."

"I was the young German, Bauer,"
replied the man simply.—John S. Phil-
lips in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Royal marriages are evidently infec-
tious. When the royal marriage took
place recently at Turin over 100 couples
wished to be united at the same hour,
and the force of officials at the municip-
ality had to be increased.—New York
Press.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

Something on a Liar, but Not for Forty Cents.

A number of members from the house of
representatives have stolen away at various
times and for short periods from their con-
gressional duties. Most of them have en-
joyed themselves, but none to a greater ex-
tent than did Wade, of Missouri; Lind,
of Minnesota, and Sawyer, of New York. They
traveled the state of Maryland and studied
the unsophisticated natives until they got
tired. The last place at which they made
any stay was Leonardtown. From there
they intended coming to the capital by boat,
but that semi-occasional craft having de-
parted, they were compelled to travel by rail.

The train was started with a punctual
and proceeded at a very deliberate pace. Occa-
sionally the conductor would get off and
gather a few peaches, with which he would
treat the passengers. After the train had
been crawling along for an hour and had
covered at least six miles, the conductor col-
lected the fares, which, for the congressional
crowd, amounted to 50 cents each. When he
reached Col. Wade, that genial "bald knob-
ber" remarked, in his innocent way:

"Do you charge preachers full fare on this
road?"

"No, sir," was the conductor's reply. "We
only charge them half fare. Are you a
preacher?" he added, looking squarely at the
colonel's Methodist countenance.

"No, I am not," said the Missourian, "but
that gentleman is," pointing to Judge Saw-
yer, who sat a couple of seats in front of him.

The conductor at once returned to the
judge, and after a searching glance at the
sun kissed countenance of the New York
statesman, proffered him 40 cents, with the
remark: "We only collect half rates from
preachers."

"Who in blank said I was a preacher?"
asked the judge, with considerable show of
anger.

The conductor threw his thumb back over
his shoulder in the direction of Col. Wade,
and looked as though he thought all the time
that the colonel was garbling the facts in the
case.

In the meantime the three dimes, the nickel
and five pennies reposed calmly in the judge's
fat palm. He regarded them in silence for a
moment, and then handed them back to the
official, saying: "I am a good deal of a liar,
but I will not lie for 40 cents."

Then he relaxed into absolute silence and
would not look at Col. Wade until Wash-
ington was reached.—Washington Post.

The Bill Was Passed.

An ex-member of the Virginia state senate
told me the other day of an incident in his
legislative career which I do not remember
ever having seen in print before. A. L. Pridemore,
not many years ago a member of the
house of representatives from the Ninth Vir-
ginia district, was before he came to Wash-
ington a member of the Virginia senate. One
day he introduced a bill for the relief of the
creditors of H. G. Wax, who was a collector
of taxes in Scott county. He made a brief
explanation of the bill, and when he sat
down Edgar Allen, familiarly known as
"Yankee Allen," who represented the Farm-
ville district, rose and said:

"I wish to ax
If Mr. Wax
Has been too lax
In collecting the tax?
If such are the facts
I am willing to relax
And remit the tax
Which the law exacts
We should exact
Of his sureties."

It is needless to add, my informant says,
that the bill passed by a unanimous vote.—
New York Tribune.

Goodwin Had the Best of It.

Nat Goodwin is pretty slick and can get
out of a scrape as clean as any man living.
A gentleman in New York, writing to a
friend here, made some comparative allusion
to Chicago and the eastern metropolis. In
concluding he wrote: "But I know your
feeling toward Gotham," and then added:
"Here is a little story on Nat Goodwin that
is not unappreciated: One day Nat Goodwin
met young Mr. Henderson, a friend of mine.

"Hello, Nat," called out Henderson; "where
have you been so long?" "Oh, up in Boston,
Montreal and Philadelphia," returned Good-
win; "and, Billy," he continued, "I am glad
to get back to New York. All other places in
the country are just camping out ones."

Goodwin has been playing here, and the Chi-
cago man, meeting him one day last week,
showed him the letter and asked him if he
thought it was kind to speak that way after
all the grand receptions he had had here.

Nat looked at the letter, smiled, and said
without hesitation: "Why, my dear fellow,
you don't think I would be guilty of men-
tioning Chicago in connection with these
places, do you? Pshaw! They can't trot in
the same class with this city."—Chicago
Herald.

Accounted For.

Col. "Dick" Wintersmith, of Kentucky, is
probably the best story teller in Washington
today. If he doesn't always confine himself
strictly to the truth, nobody will find fault
with him, for he tells his little anecdotes with
such a serious mien as to carry conviction to
the minds of those of his listeners who do not
know him so well as some of his friends do.
He was speaking the other day at Chamber-
lin's of the way in which advice back will
sometimes pursue a white, and remarked that
he once played at the White Sulphur Springs
and never held a trump. Some one in the
company suggested that that was impossible,
because he must have held at least one trump
every time he dealt the card.

"But," replied the colonel, bringing his
face down on the table in front of him, "every
time I dealt it was a misdeal."—New York
Tribune.

The Son of His Father.

Here is a story about the son of the late
bishop of Illinois. Mr. Whitehouse had
some business in New York with a large law
firm, wherein a son of Rufus Choate is a
partner. It was Mr. Choate to whom White-
house addressed himself. "All right, sit
down," said the New York lawyer; "I'll see
you in a moment or two."

"But," said the visitor, "I am Mr. White-
house of Chicago."

"All right, all right," said the lawyer,
scribbling away like mad; "take a chair; I
am busy just now."

"But," again said Mr. Whitehouse, "I am
the son of Bishop Whitehouse."

"Oh! well, take two chairs then," said
Choate, without looking up.—Chicago
Herald.

Had to Be a Venus.

"You are looking lovely to-night, my
dear," said Grace.

"I must be," she replied, "because while
coming home in a car this afternoon a Phila-
delphia gentleman gave me his seat."—New
York Evening Sun.

Inducements.

Said a persuasive Egyptian guide to a
traveler who refused to climb the pyramids:
"Carry up one side, down t'other, twenty
minutes, no bone broke, and you very happy,
only two shillin'."—Youth's Companion.

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