The Daily Times.

PUBLISHED BY THE TIMES COMPANY, OFFICE: 901 EAST MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VA.

THE DAILY TIMES—CITY DELIVERY.

Delivered in any part of the city and Manchester by carriers at 12 cents per week.

Persons desiring the TIMES delivered at their homes can secure it by postal card request or order through telephone No. 548. When delivery is irregular immediate complaint should be made to the office. The address may be changed as desired, if care be taken in all cases to mention the old and new address.

BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID.

Daily—1 year	$5 00
6 months	2 50
3 months	1 25
1 month	50
Weekly—1 year	1 00
6 months	50
3 months	25

Reading notices in reading-matter type 15 cents per line. Nonpariel leaded, 12 cents per line.

Special contract rates furnished on application.

Auction Sales, Legal Notices, and Amusement Advertisements $1 per inch each insertion.

Rejected communications will not be returned.

Entered at the Richmond, (Va.) postoffice as second-class matter.

Remittances should be made by drafts, checks, postoffice orders, or registered letter payable to

THE TIMES COMPANY, Richmond, Va.

A LESSON IN POINT.

In one of the most powerful Democratic districts of the State the record shows that the Democratic majority since 1883, has dwindled from 260 to 30.

When we look over the field we agree that the conditions in that precinct are the same as in many others.

The Democratic voters have been persuaded and bought up by the mine that Mahone has worked under the fabric of our party, and our party, lacking bold and solid principle could not call its men to our colors at a trying moment. At the present moment Mahone confronts us with a strong working organization in every neighborhood and having given forth the long and picturesque schedule of promises, with a certain amount of boodle paid up, he proposes just before the election to put out some more money and a very large assortment of promises that will never be kept.

When a politician like Mahone has the Federal patronage it means so many offices, and each office represents a number of promises that rural demagogues believe in.

The system of radical politics in the ramification of its rascality, is so far ahead of the old courthouse green tactics, that the Democratic party runs the risk of being beaten before it sees the way in which the enemy fights the battle.

We had as well attempt to fight breech-loading and magazine arms with flint-lock muskets as to ignore the tactics that Mahone is using. He has already arranged in Virginia the local organizations known as "Blocks of Five," and the secret circular and the insidious use of boodle must be met by a careful canvass of all the Democratic voters in the remote country districts.

As we have stated before, it is impossible for the committee at Alexandria to win the victory unless the local leaders do the work.

There are no party issues in this contest. It is merely a question between honest government and Mahone rule.

THERE are an increasing number of evidences of the powerful impression made on the negroes of Richmond by the incendiary Republican speeches recently delivered in this city. We are informed that the negroes in certain wards are openly threatening the whites with every form of violence, and in a number of cases in the last few nights the most unprovoked assaults have been committed by them at a late hour on the streets. They are proclaiming that they will kill every white man who enters Jackson ward on election day.

This is the first fruit of Mahone's work, and but the beginning of what we have to expect all over the State. If Virginians shall permit this man to be elected Governor of this Commonwealth they will deserve the social and political disasters which it will as inevitably entail as that night will follow morning.

Will they permit it? It all rests with them.

THE CRUSADES OF COMMERCE.

Decidedly the most striking feature of the present age is the spirit of material enterprise that is abroad in all countries. Never before in the history of the world has this spirit reached such a high state of active development as we observe now.

There seems to be no conceivable limit to the material conquests of mankind. The human race are now incredulous of moral impossibilities and scorn all physical obstacles. They have yoked the most untamable natural forces to the car of civilization, and are eagerly searching for forces whose existence they merely suspect. Their material aspirations have been so much inflated by marvelous achievements in every branch of industry that for a time they seem to have in large measure lost sight of the spiritual in the overshadowing importance of the material.

Never before was the significance of life on earth so great as now, not because men are lapped in the effeminate luxury of dying Rome, whose motto was: "Let us live while we live;" nor because they are moved by the cynical philosophy of the French Regency, whose motto, unlike the Roman, was too grim to be contemptible: "After me, the Deluge;" but because mankind now have as profound a faith in the material possibilities of this world as mankind of old had in the spiritual possibilities of the world hereafter.

We can point to innumerable commercial Peter the Hermits in the history of modern trade. The crusades of commerce have not marched forward with emblazoned banners floating the wind, or to the inspiring blare of a thousand trumpets, but its progress has been animated by as determined, as fervid, as enthusiastic an impulse as that which carried Godfrey de Bouillon and his followers over the walls of Jerusalem and into the very heart of the Sanctuary.

The spirit of a Peabody and a Coran may not have been as unique or as romantic as the spirit of a Coeur de Lion, but who can say that the aspirations of their lives and their achievements in the crusades of commerce did not rise to as lofty and useful a plane as the hallowed ambition and deeds of the antagonist of Saladin. It was his mission to carry forward the standard of the Cross, in whose triumph over infidelity and barbarism lies the most stable hope of mankind in every age. It was their mission to show that the crusades of commerce signified something higher than a sordid gratification of vanity, and a love of ease; that its true object was to increase the happiness and lessen the sorrows of mankind, to inspire, to uplift, to improve, to scatter beneficence and plenty on all sides, and to draw men to whatever was noblest, purest and best in life and in society.

The spirit of these two philanthropists is not only the spirit of the greatest modern representatives of material enterprise, but it is the spirit of modern material enterprise itself in its universal bearing on the destinies of mankind.

Far and wide, over the darkest parts of the face of the globe, the champions of material achievement are pushing their way undeterred by obstacles and undaunted by opposition. From straggling outposts, ever increasing in number, the civilization of trade is pressing into the heart of Africa, and, in consequence, light has begun to penetrate the black cloud that has lowered over that unhappy continent from a period beyond the record of history.

Revolution has ceased in South America and Mexico and there is now only commercial rivalries where there were formerly sanguinary contests. Material enterprise is encroaching on the very snows of the Arctic, and is stalking across the steppes of Central Asia and Siberia.

In the light of its energy, the parliament of mankind, and the federation of the world no longer seem the vision of a poet.

The growth of the brotherhood of Man that will certainly follow universal material development, will be attended in the end by a more reverent sense of the fatherhood of God. And the deeper and keener this sense, the nearer will mankind be to the millennium.

OUR CANDLESTICKS.

It was a very obvious proposition, that a candle was made to be put on a candlestick, and not under a bushel. The Prince of Poets says to the same effect: "Heaven does with us as we with torches do, not light us for ourselves." We are put here to light, to cheer, to help one another. But shut up in a hole, drawn up in a shell, or "wrapped in the solitude of our own originality," neither ourselves nor any one else is likely to be profited by our existence. Diffusiveness, distribution, and healthy shedding of wholesome influences, is the business of life.

And in that we show our kinship to the trees, and plants, and flowers: to the oak that stands and shades and protects; to the vine whose loads of fruit comfort the soul; to the rose that cheers the eye and delights the soul; to all our cousins and kin of that kind that teach and illustrate the good, the true and the beautiful.

The great trouble with us is that while we own we were meant to be set on candle sticks, and do good, we are not content to shine just where Providence chooses to set us. Few of us are content to play the glow-worm to the plain solitary wayfarer, or merely to light dark corners, or brighten humble homes. We would like to do the thing handsomely, and shine in the world. It is just here that we make fools of ourselves, assume the main question—that we are burning, shining lights—and don't allow the possibility of our being mere dazzlers or beguiling lights. We don't allow the possibility that the elements of our combustion and light may not be all pure, holy material, compounded after the art of the Divine apothecary. There's always such a danger of a little sneaking personal ambition and selfish vanity, even when we want to be presidents of benevolent societies or leaders of prayer-meetings or pious heads of society.

There is always a danger that we want a little honor and glory on our own account. And does not self consciousness spoil the greatest beauty in the world? We would do a great deal better to be anxious altogether about the purity and clearness of the light that we diffuse, and altogether to leave to the divine manager the when and the where and the how of our Epiphany—of our manifestation. A good, honest soul has well sung of life:

> "It is not, art thou high or low?
> Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
> Did many talents gild thy span?
> Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
> Say, to be just, and kind and wise,
> There solid self-enjoyment lies."

The good and kind are the choice companions of the Most High, and the path of the just as a shining light.

The candle sticks in which the "Light of the World" was placed were first a poor cradle and next a cross. His surroundings were a poor family in an insignificant city of a despised nation, in a remote corner of the world, and the audience that received and promulgated to mankind His divine utterances were poor fishermen in their boats, and poor women about their daily duties, the common crowd and little children. Yet what reflectors of brilliancy have all these despised little ones proved to be! What good candlesticks were all they?

NATIONAL AND SECTIONAL BEARING OF THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

In the midst of the growing confusion and excitement of our present campaign, we are too apt to forget in our anxiety for local reasons, to succeed, the national and sectional significance of the result of the election this fall.

To appreciate its national significance fully, we have only to study the attitude of the two great parties towards us in this contest.

The Republican party looks on with a gaze of unconcealed eagerness and a cry of savage triumph at the slightest sign of advantage gained by Mahone. It is not content with being a mere spectator, whose bearing takes its character from the different fortunes of the fight going on. It has detailed its most infamous minions to assist with their advice and their collected funds the unfilial wretch who seeks to throttle his native State. It stands prepared, in case our Commonwealth is barely able to throw off her enemy, to take her by the throat and force her into his clutches.

All at the North who hate the South and would put black heels on white Southern necks, all who are jealous of our brilliant material prospects and envious of our social civilization; the mean, the malignant, the unscrupulous, are giving their moral and pecuniary assistance to the cause of Mahone.

On the other hand, the National Democratic party too, looks on our contest with the profoundest interest and concern. It recognizes that upon its issue will turn all hope of Democratic success in the next Presidential election. Without Virginia they know there is no ground upon which to base the least expectation of triumph of these great reforms which have been inaugurated and which the party must complete. They warn us that the loss of Virginia signifies that the party is doomed to be routed before it has even entered the fight. Irretrievable, irrevocable defeat would be inevitable.

They are incessantly making to us through their press and speakers the most urgent appeals that we shall employ every energy to win, shall utilize every opportunity, turn to account every day, every hour, every minute, every second, to succeed.

Far more anxious, far more appealing, is the attitude of the South towards us in this contest. In the midst of our profound appreciation of the vital importance to our State, our race, ourselves of the issues of the election, there is something deeply moving in the inexpressible solicitude with which all the Commonwealths of the South are looking on. They feel more keenly than words can describe how directly the result of the election this fall bears on all that concerns them, and they are right in feeling so. They have not a single political, social, or industrial interest that will not receive an immediate shock by the election of Mahone. Encouraged by success in Virginia, the Republicans will make a determined attempt to break up the solid South, and to accomplish this object they will have recourse to every form of political villainy, from a profuse use of money through the most unscrupulous agencies to the passage of such measures as the national registration law.

Everywhere confusion, disorder and anarchy will follow. The negro will be elevated to control, which will lead to the most sanguinary violence. This will prompt the Republican party to introduce bayonet rule, and we shall have all the evils of the Reconstruction period repeated in their very worst forms.

Under the shadow of this condition of political affairs, every interest in the South will decay. Its progress will be wholly stopped and there will begin a universal decline of prosperity.

Who is surprised that the whole South is as much concerned in our election as ourselves? Who cannot but be impelled to greater energy and determination by the appeal that she is making to us with such moving eloquence and power?

CREAM OF THE PRESS.

Ben Harrison and Bill Mahone—Cardinal Gibbons—The Episcopal Convention—Other Current Comments.

BEN HARRISON AND BILL MAHONE.—The New York *Times* discusses Harrisons policy at length, and says that "his instrument in the scheme he has set on foot in Virginia is worthy of the scheme and of Mr. Harrison. Mahone is a man of great energy and no scruples. So far as the latter are concerned, he may be said to be always in light marching order, ready to quit one position and seek another whenever he sees any advantage to be got. He has been a rebel General, at once daring and cruel; a white Democrat of the most ruthless type; the inventor of the tissue ballot to take the place of the bullet and the scourge in depriving the negro of his ballot; a radical Republican, depending on and courting the negro, and now he bodly assumes, while remaining a Republican and officially supported by Mr. Harrison, to banish all negroes from the councils of the party. In his contempt for the obligations of his own word, in his cool, calculating, unprincipled pursuit of his own ends, in his estimate of politics as a game with which morality has nothing to do, in his reliance on bribery by office and by money, Mahone is a man after Mr. Harrison's own heart. Had he "lifted up a solemn prayer" that his God would supply to his hand an instrument fitted for his purposes, Mr. Harrison could hardly have got one more perfect. So far as can be judged by the reports of the negroes, and of a large number of Mr. Harrison's favorites, both being, in different ways, equally valuable as witnesses, the policy in which the President is employing Mahone in Virginia he is gradually, as opportunity affords, pursuing in other States. Should he succeed in buying a majority for his tool in Virginia he will be encouraged to go further and faster in the other States.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.—Cardinal Gibbons in his forthcoming book strikes a popular chord upon the subject of the punishment of criminals. He says that the interval which so often interposes between the criminal's conviction and his execution is a crying evil. Between the law's delays the plea of insanity, the corruptions of the jury system, and the pardoning power, the administration of justice is attended with conditions which greatly hamper its prompt and efficient workings, and in that proportion brings reproach upon the law of the land. Sharp "practice" in our courts has almost brought the people of the country back to the application of lynch law. *Baltimore Herald.*

* * *

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—In the Protestant Episcopal Convention, in session in New York yesterday, the committee on canons, to whom was referred a proposed canon for erecting a missionary Episcopal jurisdiction over associated parishes of the colored race within one or more organized dioceses, with the consent of the bishops and conventions of the respective dioceses, reported against the adoption of the canon because of the complications which might arise, but mainly for the reason that the committee think that the church, in its law of parochial or diocesan organizations, should not draw or recognize a line of distinction between its white and its colored members. The discussion of the question was postponed.

Dr. Benedict, of the committee on constitutional amendments, offered a resolution changing the time of the assembling of the next General Convention from the first Wednesday in October to the third Wednesday in September. The resolution was placed on the calendar.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE *State Chronicle* says: Sam Jones asked all the brethren in Durham who read the book of Hezekiah to stand up. Six pious brethren rose with gravity. They were "squelched" when informed that there was no such book.

THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY.

Running Commentary on Contemporary Literature.

WE have recently expressed the opinion that there would be in the course of the next twenty years an exhibition of a very high, if not the very highest, order of literary genius in the South. Looking back over the interval since the civil war we discover a small number of authors, who within certain limits can stand the severest test that can be applied. They fail to be counted among the greatest writers because the scope of their powers is restricted. Their veins of gold are apparently pocket veins, but they are surpassingly rich in the quality of their literary ore, however small the quantity, comparatively speaking.

THE two authors whose works to our *mind*, are fullest of the perfume of our Southern life, and most instinct with the raciness of our soil, are Miss Murfree and Thomas Nelson Page. The tales of both have the unmistakable flavor of genius, which is an essense so subtle as to elude analysis.

MISS MURFREE has portrayed the social life of the mountains with a rugged yet resonant power of description that is worthy of those ethereal *peaks, frowning precipices*, and dark forests that cast their shadows over her pages. To see how profoundly the atmosphere and scenery of the mountains enter into her stories, we have only to compare them with Miss McClelland's "Oolivion." Over that beautiful idyl the mere locality of its scenes has little important influence. We know that these scenes are laid in the distant fastnesses of the mountains, but we are not kept constantly aware that the latter are always looming up in the background. This is because the charming authoress *refers to them quite* rarely in her descriptions, and they are still more rarely introduced into the conversations of her characters.

On the other hand, Miss Murfree is never tired of directing our gaze to the sublime scenery that rises around us and extends far above us. Never for a moment does the reader or the characters lose consciousness of the mighty chains that rear themselves to the sky and slope away or fall in vast spurs and precipices to the plains below. The shadows of the mountains seem to enter into every side of the life and thought of their lonely inhabitants. Their sombreness, ruggedness, isolation, and, to some extent, their very grandeur, are reflected in the disposition and conduct of the mountaineers who pass before us in a picturesque procession that lingers long in our memory.

There is something strangely romantic and fascinating about this local influence, which is intruded so continuously. Apart from it, there is a crude but glowing power in Miss Murfree's books that makes the deepest impression on the imagination. In many of her dialogues she reminds us of some of the most notable scenes in George Eliot, but there is an abruptness in her transitions, a certain unsteadiness of expression that detracts from the sustained effect of all her conversations and descriptions. At one moment her literary spirit soars as high as Chilnowee itself, and the next, perhaps, it sinks as low as one of the valleys that nestle in the recesses of the foothills.

In the "Despot of Broom-edge Cove," the last work we have from her pen, she gives evidence of having worked out her rich, but limited, vein of gold.

IN Thomas Nelson Page we have a literary tone, a social spirit, and a physical back-ground that are in the most striking contrast to those of Miss Murfree. From the lonely mountains, with their sublime silence and vast sweep and their rugged and primitive inhabitants, we have come down on the cultivated plain and entered a cicien home steads, refined by the gentle customs, habits and feelings of a people whose inherited traditions of an older civilization have been modified by the beautiful simplicity of a provincial life.

In the works of this author, all the tenderest charities and humanities that elevate the mind and melt the heart, meet to give an unusual charm to his humorous vein and soften the poignancy of his tragic.

There are few scenes in the whole range of English fiction that surpass in this peculiar quality the comic scenes in Uncle Edinburg's Drowdin', or the tragic scenes in Marse Chan. We detect a similar comic quality in Dickens' description in Pickwick Papers, of the Christmas at Mr. Wardle's, and also in certain scenes of the Spectator, only in the latter the humor is more lurking and reserved. The very penetrating quality that we find in the pathos of Marse Chan has probably its only counterpart in Dr. Brown's "Rab and His Friends."

We see in the stories of this author, whatever was noblest in the life, loveliest in the character and tenderest in the spirit of the South. He ranges with ease from a ball to a battle, and runs with a soft, but sure, touch over all the enactions that fluctuate between love and hate, gayety and sorrow.

That picture of Southern society before the late war, which lingers so tenaciously in the hearts of those who remember it from actual observation, and which has descended to their children by many a tradition and story, is reflected in Page in its most beautiful and winning details. The picture drawn is a memorial that will only grow more enduring and attractive as time flies. New social customs and sentiments may spring up, but the emotions that breathe through these tales will remain in their strength because they are common to all humanity in all the ages of the world. They are coexistent with human nature, and, therefore, no lapse of time can either destroy or make them stale.

IN Cable's Old Creole Days we have a picture of Creole society drawn with poetic delicacy and elegance. The Creoles themselves warmly deny the accurary of the delineation, and indignantly repudiate its general correctness. We can well believe this, for Cable's disquisitions on the race question are marked by so little justness of insight, although he had been familiar with negroes from his childhood, that we can clearly understand that his vision in looking at the character and social spirit of the creole was equally distorted. This fact injures the value of his volume of Creole tales as a social history of a part of the American population. The people in the French quarter of New Orleans are after all purely exotic and foreign, with no real connection with American social life at large. They must in time entirely pass away by being absorbed in the general population of New Orleans, or become diminished to extreme numerical insignificance by the future expansion of that city in size.

Independently of all this, Cable's Old Creole Days will retain an interest in itself that is likely to endure permanently.

In our opinion this collection of stories is far more worthy of notice than all the remainder of his tales taken together. In these stories he poured out from the fresh springs of his mind all that was really valuable in his social observation of the class he describes. Everything else that he has written is injured by verboseness, pretentiousness and an inability to give strong dramatic interest to a story of any length.

It also smacks more or less of the conceit of the man, which is more insufferable than that of any writer of fiction now alive.

Dr. Sevier is tedious in the extreme, being one of the best specifics for slumber in the whole range of English novels.

The Grandissimes is very much superior, but there are elements in the story that repel and disgust to such an extent that it has always remained a sealed book to us after the first reading.

This, we venture to say, is probably the case with most Southern readers.

NO ACCOUNT, however brief, of the few writers who have thrown any real light on Southern social life would be complete without some reference to Joel Chandler Harris and R. M. Johnston.

Harris is almost unique in his pictures of negro life and delineation of certain sides of negro character, but his stories proper are not likely to survive permanently, as they lack the peculiar element necessary to an enduring reputation.

To a still greater degree the same can be said of Johnston, a faithful, interesting and amusing deliniator of the social life of certain classes in Georgia. Remarkable as is his merit, his talents are of the conventional character, having little of that peculiar essence of originality which is called genius, that raises Miss Murfree and Thomas Nelson Page and Cable in his first collection of tales so high above the secondary writers of fiction at the South.

Books Received.

An Honest Hypocrite. Cassell & Co., New York.

The Girl from Malta. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

Galgatha of the Heart. Same publishers.

Derrick Vaughan, Novelist. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

Thoth, A Romance. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Diary of a Southern Refugee. J. W. Randolph & English, Richmond, Va.

Christianity and Agnosticism. D. Appleton & Co. N. Y.

John W. Edwards. Edwards, publisher, Kansas City.

Great Leaders. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

European Schools. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

VIRGINIA ITEMS.

News And Notes Over All Points of the State.

STANDARDSVILLE, VA., October 18.—[Correspondence.]—Pursuant to notice of Dr. E. W. Sims, chairman of Democratic County Committee, that the Hon. John W. Daniel, Virginia's United States Senator and favorite son, and the Hon. S. S. Turner, of the county of Warren, who hail in part from the tenth legion of Democracy, delivered two of the most able, eloquent and argumentative speeches that has been the good fortune of our people to hear. They discussed in a forcible manner the great question which concern our people of to-day, that is, a good home government, against boss rule, Wanamaker, Clarkson, Quay & Co.

The speakers in their earnest appeals warned the Democrats that they had a wily adversary in the person of William Mahone, who is the candidate of Mahoneism and not Republicanism. They said Democrats must not rely upon the "kickers," and that we must gain our victory by the united strength of Democratic votes. At the close of their speeches they were the recipients of a number of bouquets, presented by the fair ladies of this and Albemarle counties.

Numerous calls were then made for the Democratic nominees for the Senate and for the House of Delegates.

Dr. T. M. Dann and Mr. James Hay, the candidates, in response to said call, excused themselves on account of the lateness of the hour, and for the further reason that Majors Daniel and Turner had gone over the ground so completely, and had discussed the questions so magnificently, that nothing was left to be said by them. They assured the people of the county that between this and election day, with the aid of the chairman and the county committee, they would be heard on every hustings in every magisterial district in behalf and in support of the Democratic ticket.

The people of Virginia may safely rely that the counties of Greene, Madison and Albemarle will polla an increased vote over the Democratic vote of 1888.

Clipped, Culled, and Condensed.

WE believe, says the Gordonsville *Gazette*, that nine-tenths of the white Republicans in this State are really opposed to Mahone, but a number of them do not have the courage to oppose him openly.

MR. M. M. SWIMLEY, who lives in the northwestern section of Clarke county, recently came across an opossum den, from which he pulled thirteen animals—one old and twelve young ones. He carried them home, but ten of them afterwards escaped, cutting short the number of 'possum roasts he had in view.

HON. JOHN AMBLER, of Washington, says that John Sneding, formerly one of General Mahone's firm supporters, and still his personal friend, stated to him that General Mahone did not expect to be elected, but he expected to control the Virginia delegation in the next Republican convention, and the "kickers" having left the party he will secure what he desires.

A TELEGRAM to the New York *Sun* says: Mahone is in a rage to-night, and even the Hon. Julius Cæsar Burrows exhibited temper. The couple undertook to speak to-day at Hanover Courthouse. Mahone and his say, but soon after Mr. Burrows began a lively bear was seen to climb a tree near by and turn somersaults and otherwise disport himself. The result was that the crowd guffawed and yelled at the bear. Then the bear got down from the tree, and Mr. Burrows resumed, whereupon the bear went aloft again, and as Mr. Burrows reached an eloquent climax the animal danced a jig on the top end of the limb, and the telling words of the orator were lost in the yells of the crowd at the bear, whose movements were directed by a Turk.

THE negroes of Richmond, says the New York *Sun*, are wildly excited over Mahone's latest secret campaign circular. Some weeks ago he sent out private letters asking for the names of colored ministers. To their address he is sending a card and circular. Upon the cards are printed scriptural references, calling especial attention to the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th chapters of Joshua. In the 17th chapter he calls attention to the following passage:

"But the mountains shall be thine; for it is a wood, and thou shalt cut it down; and the outgoings of it shall be thine; for thou shalt drive the Canaanites, though they have iron chariots and though they be strong."

In the eighteenth chapter he calls attention to the following passage:

"And there remained among the children of Israel seven tribes which had not received their inheritance. And Joshua said unto the children of Israel, how long are ye slack to go to possess the land which the Lord God of your fathers hath given you? And Joshua cast lots for them in Shiloh before the Lord, and there Joshua divided the land unto the children of Israel according to their divisions."

Mahone simply asks the negroes to read these extracts carefully. Joshua is the favorite prophet of the negro race, and these utterances of his are now being read by thousands in connection with the election. They regard it as a promise of a division of the land of the whites among the negroes. Indeed, some of their ministers do not hesitate to tell them that they are one of the seven tribes which have not received their inheritance. Mahone also offers large prizes to the colored men who shall bring out the largest number of votes.

SMOKE Kinney Bros. cigarettes, made from the brightest and highest priced leaf grown.—adv.

PERSONS AND PLACES.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS HERE AND THERE.

Memorial Services of the Odd Fellows' To-Day—The Midnight Depredator Commences His Winter Work—Scenes on the Streets—Crowd in the City.

The bold, bad burglar is again on his rounds. It is about this time of the year that his needs, the nipping character of the winds, and the soundness of sleep on the part of those who fall victims to the rude disturbers of midnight slumbers, combine to make the burglar "enterprising." Nearly every year about this time they commence their work here in Richmond, and while not operating on an extensive scale, serve to make the timid uneasy, and those who are not, clean up, and put in order rusty firearms, for the purpose of protecting their homes and property, and giving the raiders such a welcome as they deserve. Within the last twelve months two negro men have been shot while entering in the night time the stores of our citizens. One of these died in about two hours from the effects of the gun-shot wounds, but he lived long enough to confess that the night he was shot down was the third one that he had entered the same house for the purpose of robbery.

It seems a little strange, but notwithstanding the fact that the law is explicit in prescribing the penalty of death for those who break and enter houses in the night, yet it is the hardest matter imaginable to fix the punishment upon such offenders as are before courts for trial. It is extremely difficult to prove all that is necessary to convict, and the quibbles of the law are quickly seized and largely dwelt upon by such counsel as the defense engages. This makes it eminently proper to use the shotgun or pistol upon the burglar, and makes their use the best method of dealing with all such as may be mean enough to attempt to play the burglar act.

The first case of burglary of the season is that reported from the residence of Mr. Leslie Jennings, No. 815 east Marshall street. About 3:30 o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Jennings' wife awoke him. Her little daughter, a bright little eight year old, had aroused her mother by screaming that "a man was trying to get in at the window." A light was burning in the chamber, and the little girl saw the burglar so distinctly that she declared she could recognize him were she to see him again.

Mr. Jennings sprang from his bed and made for the window, which he found boost from the bottom for three feet. The blinds were open and a chair, which had been left inside the room right at the window, had been removed to the porch, upon which the window opened. A wing room (at one end of the same porch) used for general purposes and been entered and some clothing had been opened, the clothing taken out, but none of it removed. Mr. Jennings heard the retreating footsteps of the burglar as he disappeared through the back yard, the same way he entered.

Yesterday was Saturday, and a beautiful one. A mild sun shed its gentle glow, and the breezes were ambient, and grateful enough to make outdoor exercise a genuine pleasure.

The common remark heard on the streets during the forenoon was: "Did you ever see so many strange faces on the street; where and they come from, and what is the particular attraction?"

Some surmised that it was barely possible, since the publication of so much about the late Exposition that it might have been thought that there was a fair going on. But the ear-piercing squeaking of the gaily-painted diminutive balloons, the sound of the merry-go-round on Broad street, the shouts of the ten cent dolly varden conveyance drivers, and the absence of the street fakirs in all their glory, was plump contradiction to the fair theory.

In all prominent places the world over, where the Independent Order Odd Fellows is known, memorial services in the death of Thomas Wiley, the founder of the order, were held either last night or will be held to-day. Here in the city of Richmond the services will be held at the Seventh-street Christian Church at 3:30 o'clock P. M., and will be supplemented by services in memory of the deceased members of the order in this city.

Judge Edward H. Fitzhugh, of the Chancery Court, here, will preside. The programme provided for the occasion will be of an interesting character, and will embrace an opening ode prayer by Past Grand A. L. West, singing by a quartette, memorial sermon by Rev. W. W. Landrum, D. D., solo by Brother F. W. Cunningham, address by Past Grand J. D. K. Speight, soprano solo, closing ode, and benediction. Every Odd Fellow is requested to wear a sprig of evergreen on the lapel of his coat. The public is cordially invited to attend.

THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST.

JESUS JUSTICE AND THE SINNER.

Jesus—Brother with the prisoner!
Thy command
Justice—
Are done, just judge; let them the
prisoner stand.
Jesus—What doth the prisoner done? Say
what's the cause of his commitment.
Justice—
He hath broke the laws
Of his gracious God, conspired the death
of that great majesty who gave him
breath
And heaped transgression, Lord, upon
the day
Bearing cassion.
Jesus—How know's thou this?
Justice—
Even by his own confession.
His sins are crying and they cry
aloud;
They cry to Heaven, they cry to Heaven for blood,
Lord, shall I strike the blow?
Jesus—
Hold Justice, stay!
Speak, sinner; has thou aught to plead
That justice should not pass, hold up
thy head
And show thy guilty, thy rebellious
face?
Sinner—Ah, me! I cannot, I am too vile and
base
To lift upon the earth, much less to
Him
Mine eyes to Heaven. I need no other
sleeth
Than mine own conscience. Lord I
must confess
I am no more than dust, and no white
dress
Than my indictment styles me. Ah!
if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a
blow,
What flesh can stand, if thou transgressed thy laws,
My merit pleads thy vengeance, not
my cause
Justice—Lord, shall I strike the blow?
Jesus—
Hold Justice, stay!
Jesus—speak Sinner! Hast thou more to
say?
Sinner—Vile as I am, and of myself abhorred,
I am thy handiwork, thy creature
Lord,
Stamped with thy glorious image,
And at firs most like to thee, though
now a poor accursed,
Converted cattiff and degenerate creature,
Here trembling at thy bar.
Justice—
Thy fault's the greater!
Lord, shall I strike the blow?
Jesus—
Hold, Justice, stay!
Sinner, speak on! What hast thou
more to say?
Sinner—Nothing but mercy! mercy! Lord,
my state
Is miserable, poor and desperate;
I quite renounce myself the world
and flee
From sin to Jesus from myself to
thee.
Justice—Cease thy vain hopes! my angry
God hath vowed
Insulted mercy must have blood for
blood,
Lord, shall I strike the blow?
Jesus—
Stay Justice, hold!
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood
runs cold
To view the trembling wretch, methinks I spy
My father's image in the prisoner's
eye.
Justice—I cannot hold!
Jesus—
The turn thy thirsty blade
Into my side, there let the wound be
made!
Cheer up, cast soul, thy life's redeemed by mine.
This soul shall wash, this heart shall
bleed for thine.
Sinner—Oh grace divine hold! love beyond
measure!
Free Redemption to each Affound
ed creature.

A. D. 1694. FRANCIS QUARLES.

AMUSEMENTS.

"THE WIFE." "THE WIFE." **ACADEMY OF MUSIC** "THE WIFE." "THE WIFE."

BERGER, LEATH & MYERS, LESSEES AND MANAGERS.

COMMENCING

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1889,

THREE NIGHTS, AND SATURDAY MATINEE.

DANIEL FROHMAN'S

NEW YORK

LYCEUM THEATRE "WIFE" COMPANY

In the famous original four act Society Comedy, by David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille, authors of "Lord Chumley," &c.

Represented by a cast of great excellence, with—

Mr. Boyd Putnam, "THE WIFE."
Mr. Henry Herman, "THE WIFE."
Mr. S. Miller Kent, "THE WIFE."
Mr. Henry Talbot, "THE WIFE."
Mr. Thomas H. Burns, "THE WIFE."
Mr. Stanley Ringold, "THE WIFE."
Mr. A. W. Gregory, "THE WIFE."
"THE WIFE."
Miss Frances Gaunt, "THE WIFE."
Miss Ethel Greybrooke, "THE WIFE."
Miss Etta Hawkins, "THE WIFE."
Miss Eliza Logan, "THE WIFE."
Miss Olive Dunton,
and Mrs. Berlah Gibbs

With all the scenery and accessories from the original models and rare perfection of detail.

Sale opens MONDAY MORNING at Box Office.

RICHMOND THEATRE.
1889—Twenty-seventh Season.—1889.
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24TH,
FOR THREE NIGHTS AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
You Smile. You Laugh. You will Roar to see the Ever Popular Comedian,
MR. J. B. POLK,
The Elixir of Life in Jolly Doses. His success Poem of Mirth, Pronounced a Cyclone of Laughing Gas,
THE SILENT PARTNER.
An Original American Comedy, Creating Irresistible Fun for the Millions.
Prices as usual. Seats now on sale at box-office at 9 A. M.
Next attraction, McAllister Comic Opera Company of forty people. oc20-tf

RICHMOND THEATRE.
1889—TWENTY-SEVENTH SEASON—1889.
MONDAY AND TUESDAY, OCT. 21 and 22,
WEBSTER & BRADY'S
Big Spectacular Production of H. Rider Haggard's
"SHE"
Gorgeous in scenic effects. Great Drama, the cast,
THE ELECTRIC STORM AND THE WRECK OF THE CLAYE DROW.
SHE'S CAVERN PALACE.
THE CONFLAGRATION OF FIRE.
THE GREAT CHASM.
The most realistic scene ever attempted,
THE TREE OF LIFE.
Words are inadequate to convey even a faint description of this wonderfully mysterious and awe-inspiring scene.
Prices as usual. Seats on sale at box office Monday 9 A. M.
Next attraction—J. B. Polk in "A Silent Partner." oc19-td

CLARENCE A. MARSHALL.
(OF BOSTON),
Musical Director Mozart Association, is now ready to receive pupils in
VOICE CULTURE AND MUSICAL THEORY
at his rooms,
CORNER FRANKLIN AND FOURTH STREETS
(Women's Exchange Building).
Hours 2 to 5 P. M. daily. Lessons given at pupil's residence if desired. Circulars at music stores. oc19-3t,tu,th,su

RICHMOND MOZART ASSOCIATION.
The regular weekly rehearsal will take place at the Mozart Academy of Music, MONDAY NIGHT, October 21, at 8:30 o'clock. Active members will be expected to take part in the concert which must be prepared for the 31st inst. Season tickets issued to C. L. Stone, 420 Broad st.; Mary B. Adams, 418 Main street; Wesley H. Moore & Co., 506 E. Main st. Prof. Carl Wolfsohn will attend to the musical portion of the programme. Rehearsals will be held every Monday evening at 8 P. M. for the MUSICALE of the month, and every Monday, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., for the MUSICALE. oc19-2t

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

"Dividends" constitute the great essential factor in determining the cost of life insurance, and are really the foundation of everything that renders SEMI-TONTINE, LIMITED TONTINE or DISTRIBUTION POLICIES either desirable or profitable.

While the premium rates of the NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY are about the same as or lower than those of other companies issuing these policy-contracts, its dividends are very much larger, enabling it to return a much larger amount of surplus than its chief competitors. Other companies give no statement of Tontine or Distribution accumulations prior to maturity, while the NORTHWESTERN does, showing a surplus already contributed exceeding in some cases the estimates of other companies for a much longer period of time.

Send date of birth for estimates to

JOHN B. CARY & SON, Gen'l Agents, Richmond, Va.

[oc20-eod1m]

THORNTON, NOBLE & DAVIS, 2201 and 2203 CARY ST RICHMOND VA.

No. 208 Ninth Street, Louisville, Ky.,

REDRYERS AND STRIPPERS OF LEAF TOBACCO, CONTRACT ORDER OR COMMISSION. STEAM OR AIR DRYING.

SNUFFERS A SPECIALTY. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. oct

L. H. LIGHTFOOT,

BROKER AND DEALER IN VIRGINIA LEAF AND KENTUCKY BURLEYS.

OFFICE: TOBACCO EXCHANGE BUILDING.

SAMPLES OF EVERY GRADE SENT ON APPLICATION. EACH PACKAGE GUARANTEED UP TO SAMPLE. oct18

Founded A. D. 1852.

TRUMAN A. PARKER & CO.,

LUMBER DEALERS.

Have recently purchased a large tract of Virgin Pine and Oak Forest. Land very near railroad transportation; are prepared to saw and furnish Lumber to order on short notice. Keep in stock White Pine, Poplar, Cherry, Black Walnut, Ash, Rock Maple, Hickory, Oak, Shingles, Laths, Flooring and all kinds of Building Lumber, at the Lowest Prices.

24th and Canal Streets.

SHOES, &c.

BANKRUPT SHOE STORE.

We have some excellent bargains in Children's Shoes.

SHOES MADE TO WEAR,

and also to look well. We buy our Shoes with the idea of giving the most wear for the money, and at the same time to make a nice appearance. Shoes to wear well need not be heavy, clumsy and ill-shaped.

Our Misses Spring-Heel Straight Goat Shoes combine these qualities.