The Beauty of the Heart.

A lovely form may charm the eye
With fairest loveliness and grace,
And oft may we be captured by
The entrancing beauty of a face;
But there's a beauty far more true,
Whose radiant charms shall ne'er depart,
But every morn and eve be true:
It is the beauty of the heart.

Beneath the weight of passing years,
The proudest form must stoop and bend,
And all the charms that beauty wears
Must fade away and have an end;
The sparkling light must leave the eye,
And from the cheek the bloom depart;
And there's a charm that ne'er shall die:
It is the beauty of the heart.

'Tis this that scatters o'er life's path
The germs of happiness and truth,
And many charms in age it hath,
As in the rosy morn of youth—
A charm that wreathes the earth with flowers
And doth the sweetest joys impart,
Which brightly gilds the saddened hours:
It is the beauty of the heart.
Success, and How to Attain It.

This is a subject upon which much has been said, and yet it is by no means threadbare; for the one question which comes home to every individual is, How can I achieve success? Especially is this true of those of us who are college students, who stand upon the very threshold of life and who have all of our thoughts and all of our aspirations fixed intently on the future.

Life lies before us. We must either make or mar it, either succeed or fail, triumph or fall short of the goal of our ambition. Therefore it behooves us of all men to consider first whether our great desire is a right one, is one which will lift up and elevate both ourselves and our fellow-beings, and make the world better and purer for our having lived in it; or whether we are following some path which, while it may lead to a certain kind of success, will in the end dwarf our minds, cramp our intellects, and make us little better than the miser, whose whole delight is to accumulate a hoard of treasure, and who denies to himself all of the refining and elevating influences of society for the sake of gathering together a few paltry pieces of gold and silver which he can at best hope to keep but a few years, and which must eventually ruin both body and soul.

It is, then, absolutely necessary, if we would succeed in the truest sense of the word, that our aims should be pure and our desires lofty, for we can never be greater than our ideal. If our one ambition in life is to be rich, we can never be more than narrow-minded citizens; or if our sole desire is to have a good time we will never become more than sensual, degraded creatures, little better than the beasts of the field. We have the very words of Holy Writ bearing on this subject when we read, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." The people of Greece and Rome could never become better than Jupiter or Venus, because those gods were their ideals of goodness and virtue. Thus we see the great importance of choosing well. But choosing well is not all. We may have the noblest desires, choose the best, aim at the purest, and yet fail. How, then, having chosen aright, shall we pursue our purpose? Let no one laugh at these homely truths, for if we will add to our desires diligence and determination we are as certain of success as if we had already attained the coveted prize.

It is a great mistake to suppose that genius is necessary to success in life, for, as some writer has said with much force, he who has a capacity for good hard work, has such an excellent substitute for genius that he will never know the difference. The great trouble is, very few give their undivided attention to one thing at a time. We go to our class and sometimes fail after having, as we think, given two or three hours to the preparation of our lesson. We become discouraged, and either suppose we are very stupid or the subject is so very hard,
when the truth is, that three quarters of the time that we held the book in our hands our thoughts were far away.

Let us, then, learn the value of doing one thing at a time, of focusing all our intellect upon one point, and bringing all our powers under subjection to our will. Then, and not till then, will we be able to comprehend the true meaning of that most important word, attention, and we will have accomplished a great step towards the attainment of success.

Could the architect, when planning the designs for that beautiful cathedral of Cologne, which is now the wonder and admiration of the whole world, spend one minute on those mighty ideas which have since been embodied in massive stone, and the next be concerned with the petty details of life? No; but he thought out one idea at a time diligently and attentively, and now he has a monument which will for many centuries defy the ravages of time.

Would Demosthenes ever have risen from obscurity had he not striven to overcome difficulties which to one less courageous, who had not his energy of purpose and fixedness of determination, have seemed well-nigh insurmountable? No; but he thought out one idea at a time diligently and attentively, and now he has a monument which will for many centuries defy the ravages of time.

Would the great Napoleon have achieved the name which set all Europe aglow and which will go ringing down the corridors of time until men shall "learn war no more," as the greatest exemplar of the art of war had he not possessed remarkable energy and steadfastness?

Would our noble Washington have ever accomplished the independence of this glorious land of ours, this country which is a refuge for the afflicted and a home for the oppressed, had he not retained his fixedness of purpose and of resolution, when other minds and other hearts had well-nigh failed through fear?

Would our own Henry Clay or Patrick Henry have ever attained eminence in their positions in life had they not been men of firmness and endurance? No, a thousand times no.

But why go on to multiply instances where perseverance and diligence have won the day, when we can find examples of this truth at almost every street-corner? The prosperous merchant, the successful lawyer, the wealthy doctor, are all examples of energy and steadfastness.

And so we find that those elements which at first seem so simple as almost to escape our observation are the stepping-stones upon which our heroes and statesmen, writers and scholars have risen to eminence—yea, even to undying fame.

Let us, then, take fresh courage from the examples of others, and remembering that "What man hath done, man may do," see if we cannot build a structure upon the same sta-
ble foundation, and one that will defy the gnawing tooth of time; and though we may not be possessed of great genius, yet by diligence and perseverance become

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That are not born to die."

X. Y. Z.

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A Scene in a Railway Car, and Some Thoughts Suggested by It.

Over the blue hills and verdant vales of blessed Old Virginia danced and played in gentle dalliance the soft radiance of early autumn. September had come, with her wealth of golden harvests and variegated splendors.

It was the time when the summer boarder leaves the calm delights of country life for the smoke and noise of the city; the time when the sad-eyed student bids a tearful adieu to loved ones at home,—and other places,—and turns his face toward some famous fountain of knowledge, some renowned seat of science and beefsteak.

Accordingly, in company with a dignified and wise-looking young man, who was going to college for the first time, I boarded the train at a certain town that bore unmistakable marks of age and decrepitude. My companion seemed absorbed in thoughts of the untried experiences before him, so I began to look around for something to break the monotony of a three hours' ride.

Soon my attention was attracted to a group near by engaged in lively conversation. The party consisted of two young and two elderly ladies, and three or four gentlemen. The young ladies appeared to be aged respectively about eighteen and twenty years, fair and attractive in form and features, and handsomely dressed.

Were they pretty? Yes, decidedly, so I thought. Any casual observer would have concurred in the opinion. But wait.

Pretty soon a newsboy came along with "all the latest novels, by the best writers." When he came to the seat I occupied, and seemed disposed to offer me something to read, of course I shook my head in a dignified manner, as much as to say: "Oh! no, I never read such trash." Besides I was busily engaged just then in reading an unwritten volume.

As he approached the party already mentioned, those young ladies, weary of conversation, perhaps, seemed delighted at the prospect of something "fascinating" to read. The newsboy passed on, leaving a book in the hands of each of them. One of the elderly ladies—presumably their mother—gently asked permission to examine the books, in order to see if they were suitable to be read.

And now, behold a change. Those fair faces that I had thought beautiful, suddenly became clouded and unattractive. They pouted and frowned. Their mother was satisfied that the books were unfit for them to read, and insisted that they should not read such literature. They as strongly in-
sisted that the books were all right, and even attempted to read them secretly, after their mother had turned away in conversation with her friend.

Were they pretty? No. Emphatically, no. A young lady who wilfully disregards the wishes and superior judgment of her mother, at least in such matters, cannot be called pretty. A young lady who is delighted with a dime novel, whose taste prefers that species of literature, and whose soul is satisfied with such trash, is not attractive in the eyes of those whose opinion is worthy of consideration.

And yet, it is not to be denied that there exists a widespread mania for such reading. Where does the blame lie? Is it not just to lay it on the authors of this class of literature? An awful responsibility rests on the man or woman who gives to the world the living legacy of thought preserved on the printed page.

Let our American writers recognize their responsibility in this matter, and rising superior to the senseless clamor for sensational reading, give to the public the products of untainted brain and heart. Then will the darkness and mad delirium of an intellectual night vanish before the clear light of a dawning day, when the great multitude of readers will no longer crave the degraded and degrading productions of passionate pens, but, led on by nobler, purer thoughts, will learn to love and appreciate, more and more, "the good, the beautiful, and the true."

W. B. L.

Confidence.

What virtues must be embodied in my character in order that my life may be a success? This is a question that often presents itself to thoughtful men. Every one will acknowledge its importance. It is not our purpose, however, to treat of the various elements and component parts of a successful character, but simply to call attention to a single trait which lies at the bottom of all success. When a young man enters the world's great armory to select his weapons for the great conflicts of life, he earnestly desires to make a selection of those that have proven themselves in former conflicts to be true and tried and well suited to his purpose. In this way we are led to look at the lives and study the characters of those whom Fame has written high on her roll of honor, and see what there was in those men which gave them their great success. When we examine the lives of such men as Columbus and Napoleon, we see that their prominent characteristic was the confidence that they had in the ultimate success of their schemes and designs. Confidence was the underlying principle of their great success. Without this, all their aims and ambition would have come to naught. Indeed, confidence is the stay and support of all true ambition. As cement holds the stones of the temple in their places, safe and secure
from the onset of the winds and blasts, so confidence upholds and supports our ambitions when the storms of oppression and disaster beat against them. It is confidence that links man to God, for what is faith but confidence? It is the confidence that the loving couple repose in each other that leads them to become husband and wife. Confidence, too, lies at the foundation of all inventions. A man must believe that a thing can be done before he will ever undertake to do it. It was confidence in his firm and well-grounded opinions that enabled Columbus to face opposition for so many years, and at last to turn the prow of his ship toward the Western World. No army can win a victory without confidence in their own strength and in the ability of their leader. It was this that made the armies of Napoleon invincible for so many years. They had confidence in the military genius of their great chieftain, and were ready to follow wherever he led and to fight wherever he stationed them; so that he made the thrones of Europe tremble before the triumphant march of his victorious armies.

Confidence is the mother of all success. It has made valiant soldiers, who have covered their arms with renown, sailors that have brightened our flag with honor and scholars that have extended the conquest of science from the depths of the sea to the dome of heaven.

Let us press on, then, with a firm confidence in the ultimate success of our enterprises and the final realization of our noble purposes and aspirations.

M. E. L.

Lines by a "Rat."

O heart, what sadness steals o'er thee!  
What sorrow's burden can it be?  
Why dost thou burn with passion's fire,  
All quiv'ring like a poet's lyre?  
Canst thou not rest in silence now,  
And let calm peace diffuse my brow?  
Canst not thy passioned throbbing cease,  
And bring from aching care release?  
Why art thou now so sore oppressed?  
Why dost thou thus within my breast,  
Like heavy load, my soul depress  
Till I the tears can scarce repress?  
Oh! shall the moment ever be  
When thou, my heart, my soul shalt free,  
And brow which with it e'er doth share,  
From burden that they ill can bear?

When shall I reach that happy hour,  
And, from this sadness' awful power  
Set free, shall upward joyous fly  
In lovely Hope's unclouded sky?  
What saith my heart from out its deeps?  
Like sorrowing maiden now it weeps,  
And, from the blackness of its gloom,  
With mournful voice, as from the tomb:  
"Dost ask what sorrow rests on me?  
Why I should thus so downcast be?  
Dost ask why I with passion's fire  
All quiv'ring am like poet's lyre?  
"How can from treasure dear apart  
E'er joyous be a loving heart?  
Or, what can thence the fire remove,  
When that bright fire 's the flame of love?
"Dost ask that I in silence 'bide, That peace may o'er thy brow e'er glide? Dost seek my passioned throbs to still, And scatter cares at thy sweet will?

"How can thy heart its passions hide, Or wasting Care e'er leave thy side, While Duty stern thy work doth place Beyond the sight of Beauty's face?

"Dost ask why now I'm sore oppressed, And bear so heavy 'pon thy breast? Dost seek to know why to thine eyes The starting tears spontaneous rise?

"When snapped are ties of tend'rest love, As sacred as are known above; What can true heart, or else, what should, But tell its grief in tears of blood?

"Dost ask when from thy troubled soul The burden of thy grief shall roll? When 'fore thy misty tear-dimmed eye Shall stretch th' expanse of Hope's bright sky?

"When Joy his wings of peace divine Shall stretch o'er care-worn soul and mind? When thy poor heart shall be at rest Within thine oft disturbed breast?

"When time on tireless wings hath sped, A few short months passed o'er thy head, When final honors thou hast earned, And to thine own thou hast returned.

"Till then—be this my answer brief— Thy fond true heart must be in grief. Till then no perfect peace can rest With thee, and tranquil make thy breast.

"But then—oh, charming is the thought! Oh, hour with many blessings fraught! But then shall Peace thy bosom fill, And Joy his blessings rich distil."

Thus, from the blackness of its gloom, With mournful voice, as from the tomb, My heart speaks forth from out its deeps, And now again it turns and weeps.

November 2, 1889.
SCIENCE NOTES.


Scenes on Jupiter.—Astronomers have of late made some interesting discoveries about the huge planet Jupiter, which is now visible in the evening sky. Being thirteen hundred times larger than the earth, and illuminated by four obedient moons, Jupiter has superior claims to consideration. But it is not the size as much as the appearances and occurrences upon its surface that command particular attention just now.

Most readers know that certain bands or belts are seen extending in parallel lines across the disk. It is among the belts of Jupiter that astronomers have observed some very surprising things. The most conspicuous belts lie on either side of the planet's equator. The first explanation that naturally arises is that these belts must be enormous bands of clouds encircling the great planet on each side of its equator. The changes of form and position in the belts strengthen the probability that they are composed of clouds. The various colors that they show may excite wonder as to the nature and condition of masses of vapor that could present such an appearance; but there is nothing to seriously discredit the idea that the greater number of these belts really are clouds.

It is also evident that a tremendous current is continually sweeping around this planet over its equatorial regions. The cloud belts are all in motion, but the nearer they are to the equator the faster they move. The general period of Jupiter's rotation upon its axis appears to be a little short of ten hours. But the equatorial clouds go around in about nine hours and fifty minutes, while the clouds some 30° north or south of the equator require five minutes longer to complete a circuit.

Another singular phenomenon of this tremendous globe is the great red spot which has been seen upon its southern hemisphere ever since the year 1878. There are facts which suggest the possibility that this phenomenon may be an elevated portion of the planet thrust up through its environments of clouds, and is in reality some 30,000 miles long and 7,000 broad. Perhaps the best argument for regarding the red spot as an elevated mass is the fact that the cloud belt lying close to it never passes over it, but curves around its borders just as the clouds in the earth's atmosphere move around the sides of lofty mountain peaks whose summits rise above their level.

Whatever may be the true explanation of these appearances, they indicate that our own little globe has but a small part of the energies of creation centered upon it.

The Age of Electricity.—The century which is rapidly drawing to a close is appropriately called the age of steam; that which will soon be ushered in will be the age of electricity. In all probability people are now living who will ride from Savannah to
New York between the rising and setting of the sun. Instead of many cars, there probably will be two or three cars to the train and many trains. The heavy “moguls” that are now the pride of the railroad companies will no longer pound the life out of the rails, so to speak, or shake bridges and trestles to pieces. Every second or third car, possibly every one, will carry a motor, taking its power from stationary dynamos placed at intervals along the track. The loads will be lighter, and, therefore, the grades may be made heavier. The tracks of other roads and the public and private roadways will be crossed either by tunnels or bridges, and the danger at grade crossings will be obviated; an unbroken line of fencing will otherwise protect the trains. This lightning method of travel will be both safer and quicker than the present one.—Savannah News.

How 33,000 Pounds was Made a Horse-Power.—When men first begin to become familiar with the methods of measuring mechanical power, they often speculate on where the breed of horses is to be found which can keep at work raising 33,000 pounds one foot per minute, or the equivalent, which is familiar to men accustomed to pile driving by horse-power, of raising 330 pounds 100 feet per minute. Since 33,000 pounds raised one foot per minute is called one horse power, it is natural for people to think that the engineers who established that unit of measurement based it on the actual work performed by horses. But that was not the case. The horse power unit was established by James Watt about a century ago, and the figures were settled in a curious way. Watt, in his usual careful manner, proceeded to find out the average work which the horses of his district could perform, and he found that the raising of 22,000 pounds one foot per minute was about an actual horse-power. At this time he was employed in the manufacture of engines, and had almost a monopoly of the engine-building trade. Customers were so hard to find that all sorts of artificial encouragements were considered necessary to induce power users to buy steam engines. As a method of encouraging business, Watt offered to sell engines reckoning 33,000 foot pounds to a horse power, or one third more than the actual. And thus, says the Manufacturers’ Gazette, what was intended as a temporary expedient to promote business has been the means of giving a false unit of a very important measurement to the world.—Scientific American.

What Produces Death.—Some one says that few men die of age. Almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill them sometimes even suddenly. The common expression, “choked with passion,” has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As
it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives 25 years, the ox 15 or 20, the lion about 20, the hog 10 or 12, the rabbit 8, the guinea-pig 6 or 7. The numbers all bear proportion to the time it takes the animal to grow its full size. But man, of all animals, is one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to the physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-working of all animals. He is always the most irritable of all animals, and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflections—Scientific American.

CLOSE OBSERVATION OF A WATERSPOUT.—Among the reports of the Hydrographic Bureau for October is the following remarkable account of a waterspout by Chief Officer Calloway, of the American steamship Santiago:

"On the 29th day of April, 1889, at about 6:30 A. M., Royal Island (one of the Bahamas) bore about south, distant four miles; wind light from south-southeast, weather partly cloudy. Observed a waterspout forming off the starboard bow (ship heading southwest) and moving in direction of steamer at an angle of three points. On account of its close proximity, was about to steer clear of it, when I observed it breaking, about thirty yards from the ship. Immediately afterward the steamer passed through the outer edge of the whirlpool, the diameter of which I should judge to have been about fifty to seventy yards. On passing through the outer edge I observed that the center was hollow, the water circling from west to east, or against the sun. The water that fell on deck was very salt, and the drops as large as a fifty-cent piece. During the few seconds of our passage through it, the wind blew at the rate of about thirty or thirty-five miles per hour. I did not observe any calm in the center at all, the water arising from it resembling an inverted fountain. After clearing it the wind resumed its original force, about fifteen miles per hour. Being the officer of the watch, I had little time to observe the barometer, but it fluctuated one or two hundredths, and then resumed its previous reading. The clouds above and around the spout were very ragged and much disturbed, similar to those in a thunder storm; their motions were very rapid, ascending, descending, and breaking away from each other after the water had been absorbed into them. The water was whirling very rapidly for several minutes after the break, showing what tremendous circular force there must have been. Upon passing through it
the steering of the ship was not affected, so that if there were any current at all, it must have been circular and confined to the center."—Scientific American.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

[Editors—J. E. Hutchinson, D. H. Rucker.]

It seems that some things in connection with this institution have not been giving general satisfaction of late, and one of our students has been troubled about needed improvements along certain lines, until he claims to have had a vision, of which he gives the following account:

The day's work was done. It had not been the most delightful day of my life. Class-work had been hard and uninteresting. Professors unusually stern and exacting. Problems as tough as Mess-hall steak had puzzled my sluggish brain.

As the solemn hour of midnight drew near, with a sigh of relief I laid aside my books, and sitting by my window, looked out into the night. The fair moon smiled down on a slumbering world, like a proud mother gazing fondly on the form of her sleeping babe. And my thoughts wandered away to other and brighter scenes. I recalled the past with its varied experiences, its joys and griefs, its sunshine and its shade. Here and there, back and forth, amid ever-changing scenery, kind Memory bore me.

One moment I was a child again, in the old home, with father and mother and brothers and sisters, free from care, innocent and happy; the next moment I greeted the cherished friends of my early youth—playmates and companions—now scattered abroad.

Then turning reluctantly from the scenes of the loved past, Hope bade me look into the future. Long-cherished plans took definite form; and ambition that would no longer brook restraint, bore me forward into the hot, unceasing battle of the world. Honors came thick and fast—new friends gathered about me, and old friends—tried and true—smiled, and rejoiced with me in every success.

And thus as I sat and mused—living, in imagination, amid other scenes—minutes grew into hours, a new day quickly dawned, and with fresh courage and renewed hope, I took up my tasks again.

But lo! a mysterious and unexpected change had come over the old college and its surroundings. The campus was no longer the home of the busy plow-man and the cart compelling mule, but was covered with smooth, soft sod, and beautiful evergreens that waved their bright foliage in the brisk November breezes. The painters had finished their work, and the buildings were fair to look upon. The gymnasium was provided with a competent instructor, and in the bath-rooms there were twenty tubs instead
of two. The mess-hall was popular in all of its appointments, and peace and plenty reigned supreme.

As I entered each class-room, I beheld the most commendable order. Every student had made himself thoroughly familiar with the tasks assigned, and had come with mind and heart prepared to receive all the benefit possible from recitations and faithful instruction. There was no disposition on the part of any over-wise and self-important student to contest or criticise the opinions of learned and competent teachers.

Each professor greeted his class with a cheerful "Good morning," and a smile that went through and through every fibre of my being, and made me feel better than I had felt since last Xmas. Instead of the sarcastic grin and cutting irony, there was patient, earnest, manly teaching. Each student felt that in each professor he had a friend whose daily companionship throughout his college career would make him a stronger, better, happier man through all his after life, and whose influence and example and teaching would fire his heart with sublime ambition that spurns the bounds of time, and impels the soul forever onward and upward in pursuit of higher service and fadeless bliss.

Moreover, I beheld, and lo! the corpulent and jocose Chairman of the Faculty came forth, and with his ample countenance beaming with a benignant smile, extended a hearty hand-shake and a cheering, helpful word to an impecunious youth who had never entered Chemistry Hall.

Next, before my enraptured vision rose a splendid Y. M. C. A. hall, handsomely furnished, comfortable and attractive; and not only were all the students united, but even professors were found joining with and encouraging students in Y. M. C. A. work.

A hard-working student chanced to meet a prominent and popular lecturer from a distant city, and secured from him a promise to deliver an address at the college at an opportune time. The Faculty gladly endorsed the invitation, and at the specified time cordially welcomed the visitor, caused him to feel at home, and with the students greatly enjoyed his address.

And thus with mutual good feeling between professors and students, and all things bright and hopeful, the dreary winter days were gliding swiftly by, when—alas! I awoke and found it was only a dream.

It is with glad hearts that we announce that though Professor Harris has declined the office of Chairman of the Faculty, and now resides some distance from the College, yet he has lost no interest in the spiritual welfare of the students. Again he has agreed to favor us with a course of lectures on the Bible. Over fifty of the students have promised to attend each week. At the first lecture, on the night of October 29th, many others were present. The lecture on that night was indeed interesting and instructive. We are using a scheme of reading prepared by Professor Harris himself. According to this scheme we will read during the session from
Genesis to the close of David’s reign. The reading prescribed for each day requires from ten to twenty minutes. If the students so desire, much more time may be profitably spent in studying the subject under consideration.

Since each lecture of an hour has to cover so large a portion of the Scriptures, it is impossible to notice every point of interest. The Professor’s aim is to take up the most important points, calling attention to the objections offered to certain passages together with the answers to them, also to apparent contradictions between different portions, with the best explanations yet given. Thus in an hour we are furnished with knowledge which, by our own investigations, we might not be able to gain in many days or weeks. By the systematic reading we gain a general knowledge of the Bible. We feel warranted in saying that this course of reading and lectures, if regularly attended, will be as valuable to a student as any class in the curriculum of the College.

Richmond College students are to be congratulated on the interest shown this session in gymnastic exercises.

Undoubtedly, more attention is now paid to physical development than during any preceding session. Every student in the College takes regular exercise of some sort—whether in the gymnasium or on the foot-ball or tennis-field.

As a result, we can now boast of a strong foot-ball team, several creditable lawn-tennis clubs, and a considerable number of amateur athletes. We regret, however, to say we are lacking in one respect—viz., rowing. As a popular amusement, rowing is now nearly universal. As an exercise, the most exhaustive inquiry reaches a conclusion favorable to this sport. In fact, it is considered one of the best exercises for physical development, bringing into play nearly all the muscles.

Objection is sometimes had to football because of the roughness which characterizes the game. Rowing is, of course, free from any such violence. To those students who do not engage in foot-ball because of violence, rowing is recommended as a sport possessing peculiar advantages.

Richmond College stands first among the colleges of the State, but in sports her grade is unfortunately very low. This should not be. She should not allow herself to merit the reputation of being proverbially slow.

The University of Virginia, Washington and Lee University, and many colleges in the State, have boating clubs which send crews to each spring regatta. Why can’t Richmond College show enough interest in this sport to organize a boating club and compete with her sister colleges in the coming regatta?

We have been confidently assured that, if sufficient interest is manifested, private subscriptions from interested gentlemen in Richmond may easily be secured sufficient to buy a racing boat. One gentleman even offers twenty-five dollars without solicitation.

The use of a boat for practice and also the use of the Richmond Club boat-house has been kindly offered us.
From this we see it will be the least expensive of all our sports.

We take this opportunity to thank these kind gentlemen for their interest in our sports, and trust the students will act favorably on the matter. Friends of Richmond College must recognize the fact that a high grade of athletic advantages is a great inducement in attracting students. Other things being equal, a young man will generally prefer to attend the college that offers the best facilities for athletic sports. It may be confidently asserted that this is one reason why so many of our young men go North, attracted by superior facilities for athletic sports. In fact, there is no way of advertising a college more effective than through athletic sports.

It is to be hoped that any step towards organizing a boating club will meet the hearty support of both students and friends of the college.

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LOCALS.

[Editors—Henry T. Louthan, B. B. Robinson.]

"Foot-ball!"

"Cold! Well, rather."

Give that "rat" more smoke.

There is a bad "rat" in the cottages—"phew."

Children's delight—"home-made candy."

Mr. C. (in physics room): "What causes that green light?"

Mr. M.: "It is a reflection from you."

Prof. to Mr. W., of Richmond: "Give the principal parts of the verb burst?"

Mr. W.: "Burst, bust, bust." (Cheers.)

Mr. W., of Texas, after proving a geometry problem, uttered triumphantly, "Redeux absutum."

Professor to Mr. B.: "What part of the tree is india rubber made?"

Mr. B.: "From the bark, sir."

Prof. S. (Nov. 5th): "Mr. C., we have had this example several times."

Mr. C., of Church Hill: "Yes, Professor, but last night's parade knocked it all out of me."

Senior: "Wherefore are ye sweating, my boy?"

Mr. L.: "Jr. II. Latin would make an ice-house sweat."

Prof. P.: "Where do you start to measure the mercurial column?"

Mr. H.: "At the beginning, sir."

Mr. F. J.: "Professor, is it in Int.
Math. where we have chronic sections?"

"Mr. Perdue (late for chemistry), you are over due; the others are due, but you are thoroughly due."

"Mr. W., of Texas: "H., did you get hurt at foot-ball?"
Mr. H., of Georgia: "No, I was merely stood on my head in a mud-puddle."

Nature is no coquette trying to conceal the truth.—Prof. W. D. Thomas.

A TIMELY WARING.
Although the sky's like June, Don't change your clothes too soon, Or else that change you'll rue; Though balmy be the air, Stick to your underwear Until it sticks to you.

Mr. W.: "Is a cabbage cooked and boiled a vegetable?"
Prof.: "Yes, sir."
Mr. W.: "Then, at what stage does it cease to be a vegetable?"

Prof. to Mr. C.: "What is an avalanche?"
Mr. C.: "It is something that comes down a hill."

Mr. S. (in Greek room): "The king has three daughters." (A pause.)
Prof. H.: "Well, go on; don't dwell on the daughters."

Prof. to Mr. H.: "Give the principal parts of the verb beat?"
Mr. H.: "Beat, bet, bet."

Prof. T. to Mr. W.: "What do you understand by 'Modern Agnosticism?'"
Mr. W.: "Myself, for example."

The old hare has studied the subject of Thermotics very closely.—Prof. Puryear.

Prof. H.: "What does through mean?"
Mr. W. (somewhat mixed): "It means all over."
Mayor E. (in Sunday-school class soon after election): "What was David waiting for at the gate of the city when Joab was fighting Absalom?"
Mr. M. of Fluvanna: "Waiting for returns."

All day Monday Full as a tick. Tuesday's roll-call—"Fessor, been sick."

H.: "Say, old C., I tell you those old Pythagoreans don't seem to have been so far wrong after all. I tell you, I almost believe in the transmigration of souls myself."
Old C.: "Yes, I suppose you'll reappear in the shape of a chestnut."

Tidings: The Mess-Hall still wiggles and Dr. A. continues to warble.

O, for a fixed terminology for Psychology.—Dr. Thomas.

Prof. S. to Mr. C.: "What is the fifth power of one?"
Mr. C.: "It is five."
Mr. D. and his “best girl” were cooing in Hollywood the other day. That afternoon a funeral was to occur, and the procession was on the way, when the grave digger, with spade on his shoulder, walked in the direction of the cooing dovelets, and took in the situation. Thinking that death and love were extremes too distant to be mixed up on one occasion, the grave digger advanced toward the couple and ordered them to arise and depart. They went. This was a case where spades got the best of hearts.

**HER PREFERENCE.**

“We sat upon the topmost step
   And talked of this and that;
She asked me if I’d been away,
   And how I liked her hat.

We chatted about various things,
   Of novels and the weather;
For hours on almost every theme
   We there conversed together.

I asked her what paper she preferred;
   She hesitated some,
While through the dark around we heard
   The gay mosquito’s hum.

She moved a little closer then,
   And answered, ‘Can’t you guess?
Why, the one that suits me most
   Is the *Daily Evening Press.*’”

Prof. P.: “Do you study Greek?”
Mr. L.: “No, sir. I matriculated for English instead.”
Prof.: “I admire your taste.”

Prof. (in chemistry): “Mr. H., what is pigment?”
Mr. H., of Culpeper: “Positive, *hoyment;* comparative, *shotement;* superlative, *pigment.*”

Richmond College Yell for 1889–90:

“Rah! Rah! Rah! R! C! V! Rip! Rah! Tah! Siss! Boom! Be!”

O, did you ever see any very prep *kaliker?*

Mr. H., of Montgomery: “Boys, we had pudding and napkins for dinner at the Mess to-day.”

Mr. R., of Fauquier: “Hercules’ strength was not natural, but resided in his hair, and when it was cropped off he was weak.”

Mr. D.: “What is the matter with the water in the bath-room?”
Mr. H., of Baltimore: “I don’t know; I never bathe.”

Mr. H. (in debate): “Here we have to study sixteen hours per day and sleep the remaining six.”

Mr. H.: “Where does the Prep. calico class meet?”
Mr. R.: “In Prof. Pompedour W.’s room.”

How many toes have you?

“If money saved, is money made,
   It follows, don’t you see,
That if you work out ‘Math.’
   You rich some day will be.”
Prof. S. to Mr. M.: "Have you got that example?"
Mr. M.: "I hope so."

1 1 1
3 3 3
5 5 5
7 7 7
9 9 9

Add up any six of the above figures and see if you can make 21 the result.

Prof. to Mr. H.: "Give the principal parts of flee?"
Mr. H.: "Flee, bite, scratch."

Mr. L.: "I have not studied down that far."
Prof.: "Well, then, give your independent opinion."
Mr. L.: "That's all I can give."
Prof.: "No doubt it will be good."

"Strike it out and strikes will end,
Tramp it out and tramps will be few,
Murder it, and murders will cease;
Stab it to the heart and hearts will no longer be stabbed;
Set fire to it, burn the last bottle and barrel, and fewer souls will burn in hell."

A note picked up on the College campus: "Dear ——: The reason I didn't laugh when you were out in your new panties, was because I had a bile on my face and I couldn't laugh. If I laugh she'll bust. But I love you, bile or no bile, laugh or no laugh. Cigarette."

Mr. S. (at boarding house): "What are those?"
Mr. W., of Baltimore: "They are pruens."
Mr. W., of Texas, abruptly: "They are prunes."

Scene in church on Sunday night, eight college boys sitting together:
First Woman: "Why haven't those boys some girls with them?"
Second Woman: "O, they are college boys."
The meaning of this is rather doubtful.

S. S. Teacher: "How many wives did Solomon have?"
Mr. L.: "Two hundred."
Mr. N.: "Old boy, there are five hundred you haven't met."

"As Peter sat at heaven's gate,
A maiden sought permission,
And begged of him if not too late,
To give her free admission.
'What claim hast thou to enter here?'
He cried with earnest mien.
'Please sir,' said she, 'twixt hope and fear,
'I'm only just sixteen.'"
'Enough,' the hoary guardian said,
And the gate wide open threw;
'That is the age when every maid
Is girl and angel too.'"

Mr. H., of Bath: "I can pronounce any word in the Latin language—U-l-y-s-s-e-s, Ulixus."
Mr. W., philosophically: "It seems to me, if I were a game rooster, when the other rooster pokes his head in my face I would pick his eyes out."

"Dear Bob: "Hearing to-day that you were in search of a wife, I write to offer myself to you. I am six feet two inches in height—my weight is one hundred and seventy—my hair is a bright red, and my eyes are green. I am altogether very pretty. My age is nearly ninety. I am a young widow. Hoping to hear from you through the Armory P. O. to-night,
I am, yours sincerely,

LITTLE Footses."

Divinity students are the majority as college foot-ball captains. The captain of the Yale College foot-ball team for the coming season, Gill, is a prospective clergyman, and like his friend Stagg, of the base-ball team, is an active supporter of religious movements. Cowan, the newly-elected captain of Princeton foot-ball team, is an enthusiastic divine; and George Manchester, of Wesleyan, who is to manage the college team, is an earnest missionary worker.

"And still I gazed, still the wonder grew,
That such small heads should carry all they knew."

Mr. T. (at Armory): "I am Assistant Postmaster this week."

Mr. F.: "No, you don't old fellow. I've been appointed by Harrison."

Tommy: "My grandfather was killed at the first battle of Bull Manassas."

"Ye Local Editors" have the good fortune to board at Mrs. Luck's, on Leigh street. It is hotel and home at one and the same time. Yum, yum, as we think of that grand old "Thanksgiving Dinner" we feel that we can never forget it. Cut flowers were tastefully and beautifully arranged upon the bountiful board.

We were seated and thanks were returned to the "Great Giver" of every good and perfect gift. Then to the music of the crystal goblet and silver plate, amid the sweet perfume of fruit and flower, the apple, banana, celery, and doughnut gracefully bowed to the egg, fritter, goose and ham, and were "stolen away" as they changed partners in the Old Virginia reel.

As the knife and fork yielded the floor to the delicate spoon, the ice-cream, catsup, lamb, and malagas united with the nuts, oranges, pickles, and quinces, and sang, "I am so glad I'm in Dixie." Then his lordship the turkey stuffed with oysters, spice, celery, and spring chicken walked in and said, "I am at your service."

For a full hour we enjoyed the bountiful repast and then returned thanks to our kind hostess. Some, we are told, did not express the sentiments of their hearts, but we know it was only because they were "too full for utterance."

MESS-HALL.

During the last month the "Mess-Hall" has undergone many changes. Mrs. Brown tendered her resignation
as matron, which was accepted. Mrs. Woolfork was then called unanimously by the students to take charge of the hall, allowing her to select her own caterer, which position fell to F. C. Johnson.

Mrs. Woolfork was matron for the students several years ago, but when the new hall was erected Mrs. Brown was given charge of it, which she has handled nicely. The boys regret her departure from among us, but still rejoice at the idea of once again having Mrs. Woolfork as their matron.

"VERBATIM."

[To his girl who went back on him.]

"Richmond College, Sept. 30, 1889.

Dear Miss——:

I would be very much obliged to you, as you said that you hoped and prayed that I would meet a sweetheart, if you would send me a recommendation. As I am a Rat and stranger here, a recommendation from you would be a great help.

You know good recommendations go a long way. Whenever you need a recommendation call on me, and I will give you one with the greatest of pleasure. Please send it this week, as I will need it next Sunday.

Yours truly, B——."

Christmas is coming, that everybody knows; but it is customary at about this time of the year to give the information. (?)

Therefore we do so, and with much pleasure—holiday is something we all enjoy. It refreshes us.

The question now frequently asked is, "Are you going home Xmas." The answer is generally "yes."

Some of us who are from distant States will not have that pleasure of meeting loved ones.

Soon the "old Alma Mater" will be almost deserted. And by the way, too short a time is allowed. Only three days that we can spend at home and at the home of——well, we will not say, for fear something might be suspected. Those that are now using all their mental energy on "Math. Originals" will ere long be studying out plans best for Xmas. They that have for three months listened to the jokes in chemistry lectures, and with eager eyes watched the many tricks in physic room, will soon be telling them in the family circle.

Some of us, not so fortunate, will remain at college during Xmas, but our home folks and friends will not forget us. They will send boxes laden with gifts and full of good things. We will have a feast here.

Yes, that pleasant time is coming. We are, oh! so glad of it, and we are going to do as has been done in the past. "Let it come."

Mr. S. (in Latin room): "About what was the size of the horse the Greeks erected near Troy?"

Prof. H.: "Just keep on riding him, and you will find out."

Mr. Y. (looking at mummy coffin): "H., I bet you don't know what that is?"

Mr. H.: "Yes, I do; it's an ancient idol."
A LOVING WARNING.—If this monkeying with rooms isn't Dunaway with, the Dean of the college cannot Reid any French, and we will String(thefellow up and use a Long hickory Bush on him. This Warren will not do. We can let no one Scandland(ize) the college thus, or some one will get Hurt. We will watch and Waite for him, we will keep our Wicks well trimmed and our Light burning.

We will not submit to Hayes-ing. It would take Reams of paper to enumerate all the deeds of the room­piler. We, like the Athe(y)nians of old, will stand up for the Wright even if the Kings oppose, and if we catch him we will not be Clement(s) toward him, for we will make him Bowd(en)own and sing even if he be No(ft)singer. And if the Hart-less wretch use any more Brown paint on our door knobs, we will make his head a Whitehead for sorrow. We, headed by the Duke, if it takes us until May, will have our Miller to grind him and our Baker to cook him, and then will turn him over to our Carver, and before the Dew shall again sparkle on the campus, his remains wrapped in a White shroud made by our Taylors, will be put into an iron cage made by our black Smiths and sent West where the wild Hunter hunts the Spotts of the tiger. Then a Farrar day will dawn upon our land and May it be Long before he again disturbs our peaceful Street.

Mr. W.: “New York city has as many people as the whole State of Virginia.”

Mr. L., of Madison: “Eh! I reckon so; it has a hundred thousand.”

Miss Sweet-tater: “Why is Main street like the Mississippi river?”

Mr. W.: “Because it has banks on both sides, my ′tater.”

Prof. H., in Greek class: “What is the great Grecian Isthmus?”

Mr. T., sagely: “The Isthmus of Suez, sir.”

Mr. W., of Texas: “Boys, did you see us do the wedge?”

Mr. G. L.: “I wouldn′t room with H. for all the gold in California and the diamonds of Golgotha.”

Henry George is now holding to ideas that were exploded 2,000 years ago.—Professor Harris.

Little S.: “Did you ever! those boys tried to develop a picture with beeswax and flunked.”

A boy is a self-feeding locomotive. Prof. Puryear.

Mr. F.: “I nominate Edgar Allen Poe for Final Orator.”

Mr. C.: “It has been but a short time since I stood by the grave of that gentleman.”

Mr. F.: “Why, gentlemen, Mr. Poe is now an editor of a paper in Baltimore.”
Mr. D.: “Billy has been snowed under.”

Mr. R.: “Get out, or I’ll stand you on your head in the coal-box.”

Mr. R., of Maryland: “I’ll tell you, boys, Chemistry is hard to comprehend, because 10,000,000 animatelele can swim abreast through the eye of a cambric needle and not come in an inch of each other.”

Mr. D.: “Say, boys, that barometer must be out of order—it’s not marking a bit of heat.”

Mr. L., of Madison (looking at black Indian clubs at Schaap’s): “Say, Mr., what do you keep in those black bottles?”

Mr. R., from the Potomac, called on his best girl a few evenings ago, and after he left, she remarked that she had performed many difficult things, but the most troublesome one was to keep that young man awake.

Institute Miss (looking at the Masonic section in Hollywood): “This gentleman certainly did have a large family.”

Mr. S. to photographer: “Now, how would you take a picture of a landscape: this room, for instance?”

Prof. P. to Mr. H.: “Does your ear or eye tell you that the vowel is long or short?”

Mr. H.: “Yes, sir; I think it is more of a sightical power than otherwise.”

“You ain’t told your old lady what I told you for to told you, are you?”

Mr. D. L.: “Say H., are you in love sure enough?”

Mr. H., of M.: “Where do you have to get to be in there?—do they teach it in Math?”

Henry: “Whit, do you feel like a sweet ’tater in a mole-hill?”

Whit: “No indeed, I don’t feel that comfortable.”

Professor H. H. Harris’ “Lectures on Greek Literature,” which were delivered in the College chapel on the evenings of November 12th and 26th, were enjoyed by a large and intelligent audience from the city, as well as by the students. What we have given on another page is hardly more than an outline of what was so beautifully and well said.

Mr. T.: “Miss B., do you study German?”

Miss B.: “Yes, and dance it too.”


Armory, Nov. 10, 1889.

Local Editor: “L., what did you kill Saturday?”

Mr. S. L.: “Time and turnips.”

FIELD SPORTS.—The question has been asked quite frequently, “Are we to have a Field-Day this session?” The Messenger would ask, “Are we acting as if we expected it?” "Tis
true there is some interest in foot-ball and lawn tennis, and there are some classes in the gymnasium. But there is no running, no jumping, no walking, no hurdle races. Are our men expecting to go into these contests after a few weeks' drill in the late winter or spring? This is not the true way to success, nor the way indeed to have a Field-Day as a college holiday. If we wish the day let us act as if we desire it and expect it.

The Curator of the Museum, Dr. Ryland, whispered to the Local Editor a few days ago that a good lady in the city has promised him one thousand dollars to begin the mounting of the Museum in the Thomas Memorial Hall. Truly this is good news, and the Doctor thinks it will not be long before he will have some handsome cases for an excellent line of curiosities, and the whole thing safely housed in its appropriate, beautiful home over the Library.

By the way, let it not be forgotten that the Museum was inaugurated by the Literary Societies. Their work has grown immensely. Let the credit for this promising child of the college rest where it belongs.

Models of the Lee Statue.—When the question of having a monument to Lee was determined, there were a good many artists who contested for the honor of making the equestrian figure. There was quite a display of models, some of which were very handsome. Our Curator has been trying to get some of those models for our Museum, and already one is in the hall, though not yet mounted. The one secured is by Frith, and was much admired. Application has been made for others, and it is hoped we shall have quite a group of them. It would be worth a good deal to the college to have such a display.

We have frequently heard of "the coming man," but the question which seems just now to be disturbing the dreams of Alma Mater, is the coming woman. It is "in the air" that at the approaching meeting of the Trustees the proposition to admit women to the lectures, examinations and honors of our College, just as the boys are now admitted, will be seriously discussed. The editors of the Messenger are not good at divining, and so can't say what will be done. All we know is that the Trustees are wide awake and progressive men, and this order may go forth. All we wish to do now is to warn our fellow-students that it may not be long before they will have the pleasure of sitting beside the fair, bright lassies of the city and hear them sweetly lisp amō, amās, amat—or if criticised by the professor, to hear them in less dulcet notes, "talk back" at the rash man who dares to interrupt them. How charming that will be. How we will envy them the privilege of just saying what they please.

So we say, Come on, sweetest sisters. "Misery loves company." Yes, the very least, and when we set into Math. originals and kindred troubles and know not the way out, it will be a delicious relief to have a soft, white jewelled hand point in the way.
A CLOSE GAME.—Those who attended Boschen's Park on the evening of the 28th ult., witnessed the most interesting and perhaps the hardest fought game of foot-ball that was ever played in the city of Richmond. The game was between the Petersburg eleven and the first team of Richmond College, and was witnessed by a large crowd (including many of the fair sex, both from Richmond and Petersburg), who displayed their interest by frequently cheering their favorite team. Both teams when arriving on the field gave their respective "yells," and on the whole was an admirable looking set of men. The Petersburgs, adorned in their striped stockings and caps and white canvas suits; the College boys clad in their black stockings, blue caps and white canvas suits. Promptly at 2:30 the game was called by the referee, J. E. Taylor. The College team had the first buck off and succeeded after several downs in carrying the sphere within a few feet of their opponents' goal, when Potts, of the Petersburg team, getting possession of the bag of wind, started off at a lively gait, but was downed within a few feet of the goal by the beautiful tackle of H. E. Jones. After several futile attempts to reach the goal, the Richmond team succeeded in gaining back some of the lost ground. But at this point time for the first half was called, during which neither team was successful in scoring. After an intermission of ten minutes the second half of game was called by referee. After the exchange of goals by the two teams, the leather was again put into play by the buck off of the Petersburgs, who executed the wedge very gracefully, but, however, did not succeed in breaking the rush line of their opponents. After several downs the visitors succeeded in carrying the ball very near the goal. Here the excitement was very great, and a large crowd gathered around the two teams. Now the two elevens lining up again. Potts, of the visiting team, succeeded in making a touch down amid wild applause from the "Petersburgites," which play would only have been a touch down, if the crowd of spectators had not interfered with the tackling of the home team. Stone, of the same team, then made a good kick. The College team now had the buck off, and succeeded in making several pretty runs, one by H. E. Jones and another by C. W. Jones, which last would have been a touch down, had he not been hindered by the spectators, who, in their excitement, had gathered upon the field. Just before "time up" was called by the umpire, Rucker getting possession of the oval, made a beautiful run, but was downed within a few feet of the goal. After which, time was called by the referee and the score was announced six to nothing in favor of the visitors.

The game was umpired by Beirne Blair and refereed by Jos. E. Taylor.

The Richmond team was composed of the following players:

Wicks, right tackle, weight 140 pounds.

Hazen, right end, weight 175 pounds.
Trumbo, right guard, weight 175 pounds.
Handy, centre, weight 160 pounds.
Rucker, left guard, weight 158 pounds.
Taylor, left tackle, weight 158 pounds.
Clements, left end, weight 150 pounds.
Thomas, quarter, weight 140 pounds.
Jones, H. E., right half back, weight 165 pounds.
Jones, C. W., left half back, weight 150 pounds.
Kincanon, full back, weight 155 pounds.
The following composed the University school team:
Watson, right end, weight 120 pounds.
McCaleb, right tackle, weight 125 pounds.
Wiggins, right guard, weight 170 pounds.
Nathans, centre, weight 150 pounds.
Greaves, left guard, weight 165 pounds.
Northcott, left tackle, weight 150 pounds.
Peebles, left end, weight 135 pounds.
Coldwell, quarter, weight 135 pounds.
Potts (captain), right half back, weight 140 pounds.
Hall, left half back, weight 150 pounds.
Story, full back, weight 120 pounds.

The audience was seasoned with the presence of many affiliates of the prisoner.
The court was called to order promptly at 11 o'clock P. M. by the clerk, Mr. W., and the prisoner was ordered before the court, securely guarded by Marshalls Y. and E. Messrs. C. and N. appeared in behalf of the unfortunate prisoner, and Messrs. H. and W. in behalf of the College.
The jury was finally selected; but not until after much objection on both sides. It was selected from about fifty of the most law-abiding students of the college campus; the foreman being Mr. M., of Cottage county. The second proceeding was the reading of the complaint and the authority for the arrest of the prisoner under an ordinance of the "Regulations of College Campus," known as the "Peace Ordinance."
That said Mr. D. has wilfully broken No. V. of the ordinance; as an artist he has defaced the walls of the college; as to honesty, he does not report property damaged and pay the necessary costs of repairs.
That the said prisoner pays no attention to No. VI. of the ordinance; that he has been frequently seen with the articles mentioned therein.
That the prisoner does not seem to care about the peace and quietness of his fellow-students; but keeps a continual uproar during the hours from 8 P. M. to 7 A. M., which No. IV. of the ordinance strictly forbids.
That he has painted all the door-knobs in Cottage and College counties.
Attorney C. objected to the complaint; that the arrest conflicted with Section 1490 of the College Campus Code.

That the "Ordinance" is unreasonable, tyrannical, oppressive, partial, and discriminating in restraint of trial and prohibitory of common right.

That the said ordinance implies excessive and cruel punishment.

That Section 50 of Campus Code requires all laws of general nature to be uniform in operation; that Section 150 declares no prisoner should be deprived of life, liberty or property.

The next procedure was the examination of witnesses.

The first was Mr. B., who testified that he had known the prisoner since B. C., and that he had always been a terror in his community. Mr. B. said that on the night of the 20th, while peacefully sitting in his room, he was interrupted by someone then unknown, fooling with his door, and that on opening, found the person to be none other than the prisoner, painting his door-knob.

That he (Mr. B.) ordered him to stop, but that the prisoner drew a large pistol and ordered him back into his room.

Mr. L., the next witness' testimony was ruled out on the ground that he was crazy. By his testimony it was plainly seen that he was light-headed.

Mr. W., the third witness, testified simply by producing his hands, which were much besmeared with black paint.

Several other witnesses testified, but in behalf of the unfortunate man.

Mr. C. opened the argument by striking sturdy blows upon the unjustice of the "Ordinance."

He was followed by Mr. H., who tried manfully to disable the argument of Mr. C.

Mr. N. then came forward, and by his eloquent language, touched the hearts of the jurors. He spoke of the prisoner's family; his now weeping wife and helpless children, and what would they do if he was put to death or imprisoned for life. His language was very pathetic at times. And before he had concluded many handkerchiefs were in use. The jury seemed to be in deep thought.

Mr. W., the last speaker, said that he had been living in College county many years, and that he knew it would be no trouble for Mrs. D. to find a second husband, as she is a very pretty and accomplished "old lady," and one that would not keep up a continual noise and cause the little ones to be always crying. That he (Mr. W.) would himself promise her a divorce. His argument was quite pointed and interesting.

The court-room was then cleared.

It seemed most impossible at times to keep the crowd from breaking into the room. Some wished by force to free the prisoner, while others wished to see him punished.

In about twenty minutes the doors were opened and a general rush was made for the foremost seats. It seemed by this time that the whole college had turned out, for there was hardly standing room.

The court called to order, and ver-
dict read: "We, the jury, find the prisoner guilty."

Judge T., in a solemn tone, sentenced the prisoner to be painted with the same kind of paint which he had defaced the college walls and doors with.

The next day Mr. D. was hardly recognized by his own dear "old lady." Some ordered him to bring water, while others demanded that he should kindle their fires. "John and Bob," our regular servants, were around, thanking the students for procuring another to assist them in their work; they met Mr. D. in the hall-way, and congratulated him on his new job.

The last we heard, Mr. D. was still in the paint business; but rubbing off instead of on.

TRIP to EUROPE.—We have recently heard three lectures on "A Trip to Europe," but the one which charmed us most was given by a sweet Miss of Church Hill. Speaking to an audience of one, she eloquently said: "Our party left Richmond early in July. At New York we boarded the Great Eastern, and were scarcely out of sight of the New England shores upon the deep, before we joyfully spread the sails and were ploughing the foaming brine with the brazen prow. Then the little whales and dolphins gathered around us and sang us a song of the great deep.

As outward we sped with the dark blue deep below and pale blue deep above, I dreamed of America and my home on the beautiful James. The Old Eastern went so fast we didn't have time to get sea-sick, but watched with delight the great waters as they turned from blue to green, and anon from dark green to light green.

We landed at Liverpool and ran over to London. In the British Museum I saw a copy of the first edition of the Messenger. Its date was October, 927 B. C. From our mother country we went over to the Paris Exposition. There I was rejoiced to meet my old friends, Buffalo Bill and his Indians. I had to wear a little tammy-shammy French cap, and then it was with tears in my eyes, I sang with tenderness: "My bonnet lies over the ocean, My bonnet lies over the sea, My bonnet lies over the ocean, O bring back my bonnet to me."

Then we climbed the Alps and paid visits to old Rome, Naples, Florence, Baden-Baden, and Geneva. The city of Cologne is so called because its streets are sprinkled with this sweet perfume. Floating down the Rhine we saw Libby Prison and ruins of other old castles. Napoleon's head appeared upon a great boulder near the pyramids.

In Switzerland we were shown the tombs of William Tell and Orgetorix. And up the sides of the Alps—'rock-ribbed and ancient'—we saw imbedded in the ice the spears and battle-axes of the Helvetians of old. And near by was the very path which Napoleon and his hussars trod as they marched on to glory.

On my return I dined with President Carnot and the Shah of Persia in Paris. The Mesdemoiselles were charming wherever I saw them. You know they are closely related to their
American cousins. It was in the mild September when we sailed for home. In mid-ocean the Great Eastern was overtaken by a storm and every soul was lost beneath the waves. I, however, happened to be tossed upon the sub-marine cable and in a moment was at home on Church Hill."

PROFESSOR HARRIS' LECTURES ON GREEK LITERATURE.—I. Exposition of Terms: 1. Genius is power to conceive and express ideals. 2. Taste is the curb of genius, the regulative principle of art. 3. Literature is the expression in language of artistic genius, guided by good taste.

II. Religion of the Greeks: 1. The primoil monotheism and its undertone in genius. 2. The Dionysiac Cult—its production of Epic and Lyric poetry. 3. The Orgiastic—its result in the Drama.

III. Division of Literature: 1. Poetry—Epic, 850-700; Lyric, 700-450; Dramatic, 500-380. 2. History, 450-350; Philosophy, 425-325; Oratory, 400-325.

IV. Character and Value: 1. General distinction between classic and romantic. 2. Peculiarities of Greek: 1. Its natural growth; 2. Its varied perfection; 3. Its exquisite taste. Taste is the curb of genius—the restraint of an excited imagination. Your real artist must not be an Italian, a German, a Frenchman, or Englishman, but a citizen of this whole round world. Literature springs from and addresses itself to the emotional nature. As people are morally and religiously, so is their literature. Polytheism is undoubtedly a corruption of monotheism. Monotheism runs through the whole Greek literature. This is the great undertone expressed by Plato and Socrates.

Dionysiac worship—hymns to Mother Earth and Father Heaven were sung on vintage occasions. This worship obtained largely among the common people. Thus this was the fertile soil from which sprung the whole of Greek literature.

The Orgiastic, or Bacchanalian worship came from Phrygia in Asia Minor. It is represented in the dancing Dervishes of the East. Nearer home, it may be seen when John Jasper conducts a funeral service.

Poetry is regular and metrical in its rhythm. Prose is irregular and unmetrical in its rhythm. Poetry is like a fountain all the time flowing regularly. Prose is like the wild rattling of a thunder-storm—irregular, sweeping everything before it. Poetry reaches the emotions mainly through the imagination. Prose reaches the emotions through reason.

The cradle of Grecian literature was at Daulis, or Pyeria. Nowhere does the nightingale sing sweeter. Just south is Mt. Helicon, and on the east is the beautiful plain of Phochis. On Mt. Helicon still bubbles that beautiful spring of which Mr. Pope says, "Drink deep or taste not." Up the wooded sides of the Mt. the muses have their haunts.

Athens was the intellectual centre of all Helicon. Greek literature received its death blow in sight of its cradle. It was at Cheronea—not ten miles from Daulis. But the mailed
hand that there laid low the Sacred Band, was the hand that bore the Greek literature throughout the East. The Dark Ages were when Europe knew not Greek. Ancient literature was poor and mean in thought, but beautiful in form. Let no one study Greek for thought, but for its great beauty of expression.

Epic Poetry: The Epic deals with the remote—the poet hides his own feelings. This poetry was composed from a remote beginning down to B. C. 700. It was taken up again by the Alexandrines. The Library at Alexandria is said to have contained 500,000 volumes, among which were the Iliad and Odyssey.

The author of the Iliad, whoever he may have been, was not the first Epic poet. Epic means poetry to be declaimed. When, where, and by whom were these poems composed? During the last few years the greatest minds of Germany, France, and England have been engaged in discussing the Homeric question. Homer was the Greek Bible.

Criticism is an examination of ancient texts. When they inquire into "when, where, and by whom the work was written," it is considered higher criticism.

It has been proved beyond doubt that there was no writing in Greece before B. C. 600, and that there was no reading public before B. C. 500. The Iliad contains nearly fifteen thousand verses, the Odyssey not quite so many. In 1846 George Grote, banker, lawyer, politician, and M. P., advocated that the Iliad is not one poem, but that—here is a basis for one poem.

As early as 600 B. C. the Iliad and Odyssey became generally known over Hellas. Solon, or some one about his time, prescribed a law "to get out an edition of Homer." About 200 B. C., Aristarchus gave to Homer its present shape. While possibly the author of these poems may not have been the same, yet the world will ever call the author of these two great Epics—Homer.

Smyrna has the best claim as the birthplace of Homer. He was unquestionably an Ionian. If he was blind, it evidently came on late in life. His gods are men, and very bad men, but these are the faults of the times. His excellencies are vigorous and clear production, and inimitable skill with which he brings out his plot.

"Ye Local Editors" are greatly indebted to Mr. Stanhope Libby, of Richmond, for a quantity of Old Virginia persimmons. As we ate the delicious fruit we were carried back to days of long ago, when we were bare-foot boys, and with "hound and horn" chased the "old hare" beneath the persimmon tree, through the broom-sedge into the silent pines. With our pockets full of 'simmons and three "cotton tails" in our hand, we were bound to call by to see our "little Mary." Oh! those were happy days when we had our sweethearts and 'simmons. Would that we had the combination now!

Christopher Columbus (in Int. Math.): "Boys, I can't understand these infinities."
TO AN OLD DRESS COAT.

Old coat, farewell, it must be so;
The best of friends have parted.
Decrepit, faded, you must go;
Look! how your seams have started.

'Twas in my nineteenth year I sought,
One bright day in September,
The tailor shop where you were wrought;
Ah! well do I remember.

Long years have gone by since that day
When you and I were fitted;
With you my evenings have been gay,
My griefs have been omitted.

Upon your shiny silk lapel
How many heads have rested!
Old coat, 'tis you alone can tell
How this poor heart's been tested.

And you were with me that night when
By foolish love directed
I tempted fate. As I was then
So you are now—rejected.

Oh! did you ever get left!

"Mr. R.: "How long before the Messenger will be out?"
Mr. L.: "Look up at the clock and see."

Mr. W.: "I certainly do love ham, yum, yum."
Mr. T.: "So do I, especially Trainham."

Mr. T. to Mr. J.: "Look here, young fellow, don't be getting so dictatorial around me."

Mr. N.: "I am certain Bob Taylor will equip himself well in his oration."

ESSAY ON "'lasses."—There are a good many kinds of 'lasses, such as New Orleans, Golden Drip, and Baltimore "ad nauseam." Did you ever get stuck on any 'lasses? I love 'lasses, I do. We have strange things at College. We have Mess Hall 'lasses, Hotel De Dick 'lasses. Other people may have 'lasses and green 'lasses too, but we have Grearer 'lasses, and this 'lasses seems to have an affinity for the Wicks or the Wicks for the lasses, we do not know which.

Now comes the question, "Did you ever get stuck by any lasses or 'lasses?" It is bad to be stuck up anywhere, and it is bad for anybody or anything to get stuck up, but to have one's bed stuck up is terrible, and to have one's feet stuck up is——. Who can say? Echo, or rather Tricky Jr's owl, answers "Who?"

Love is the greatest power on earth, because it is the great power in heaven.—Dr. W. W. Landrum.

"Home is where the heart is."

This is the only planet that we know of that ever had upon it a manger containing the God-man-child.—Dr. Bledsoe.

"Rain, rainer, rainest, and water you going to do about it?"
China.—Rev. E. J. Simmons, who has been a Baptist missionary in Canton, China, for the past nineteen years, gave us an interesting lecture on the evening of November 25th. Some of his words are as follows: "China is 500,000 square miles larger than the United States. The river lands are the life of China. Often the dykes which bind in the great waters break away and great floods sweep over the country. Floods have been a part of China's history.

It is very difficult for us to get any idea of the population. Canton province, which has an area only equal to that of Virginia and West Virginia, has in it 21,000,000 souls. The houses are built of brick; timber is very scarce. They have no windows, only one entrance, and are but one story high. Canton has a million and a half of people, and is about six miles long and two wide. The streets are narrow and are closed at night.

Their idea of education is that the men only should be educated. About one man in ten can read intelligently. Their education looks backward in everything. They think all wisdom has been given by past generations. There is a hall in Canton which will contain 14,000 students. They are to write an essay on "What Confucius says of 'Filial Love,' or of 'Government?'" It is only possible for eighty-nine out of the 14,000 to graduate. Those who take what is called the "Third Degree" are called upon to fill the highest official positions. The literary men are the rulers of the masses. The missionaries have their greatest opposition from these literati, because the latter see that the success of the missionaries will be their downfall.

The government is the most corrupt in the world, perhaps. Bribes are freely taken. Beheading is the capital punishment. The religion is Buddhism. There are 663 temples in Canton, and 83 places where Buddhist priests live. These priests, however, usually live in the temples. There are 275 open altars where worship is held. The classes are somewhat like they are in this country—they are the farming, merchant and literary. There are about 50,000 characters in the Chinese language. There is a separate character for every word.

The marriage ceremony consists in signing the papers between the parents of the contracting parties. They do not have any of the good times that we do, or the bad times either. The boys and girls are married whether they wish to or not.

Mr. H., of Orange: "The farmer stops the frost by cutting his tobacco on Sunday."

Mr. C.: "Old lady, is flax made of wool or cotton?"

"The bravest are the tenderest."

As a consequence of a challenge from the Randolph Literary Society of the City Y. M. C. A. to the Philologian Society, these two Societies had a joint debate at the Y. M. C. A. hall November 29th. The meeting was presided over by Messrs. J. W. Gordon and W. B. McGarity, presidents of
the Randolph and Philologian Societies respectively. The College boys were represented by H. F. Williams and A. J. Ramsey, against T. D. Frei and W. C. Carrington, Jr., of the Randolph Society. The gentlemen chose for their question—

"Resolved, That the act of Congress expelling the Chinese was unjust."

Messrs. Williams and Ramsey are always good at debate; but on this occasion they overdid themselves, debating on the affirmative of the question. The judges rendered a unanimous decision in their favor. The Philologians congratulate themselves, especially because the Randolphs boasted that they had never before been beaten in debate.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

[Editor—Henry T. Louthan.]

The fifth annual College Conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Virginia met at Washington and Lee University on Friday night, November 29th, and held its last meeting on Sunday night, December 1st, 1889.

This institution of learning, widely and favorably known, is admirably situated in the grand old town of Lexington, Va., where so many of Virginia's best and bravest sons have lived and died.

The Virginia Military Institute, the West Point of the South, is also here with its manly-looking corps of over two hundred cadets.

To the visiting delegation, the representatives of the several universities, colleges, and high schools of the State, a most cordial greeting was extended by the Committee on Entertainment, who boarded the train before it reached the station, and assigned all the delegates to their respective homes. Conspicuous among this hospitality committee, both by his honest and manly face and his towering but well-knit frame, was Robert E. Lee, a grandson of our beloved commander-in-chief. He is now a student at Washington and Lee University.

The Conference was wonderfully enlivened and pushed forward by the visiting brethren, among whom it might be well to name a few: Mr. C. K. Ober, Senior Secretary International Committee of Young Men's Christian Association; Mr. Z. R. Mott, Junior Secretary International Committee of Young Men's Christian Association; Mr. S. M. Sayford, the Evangelist among the Colleges of our Union, and directed in his work by the International Committee; Prof. Francis H. Smith, LL. D. of the University of Virginia; Mr. H. O. Williams, State Secretary of Young Men's Christian Associations of Virginia. There were representations from fourteen institutions of learning, with a total delegation of about one hundred.

Viewed as a whole, the Conference
was a great success. The young men were introduced to new lines of work, and their spiritual impulses were quickened by the power of the spirit.

The Student Volunteer Movement was brought prominently forward by Rev. P. F. Price, a graduate of Union Theological Seminary, near Farmville. Mr. Price will himself start for the foreign field in two months. There are now over four thousand college students in the United States looking forward to the foreign field, and the movement has not yet come to a standstill. All along the line of volunteers may be heard the words of Wilder: "I am but one, but I am one; I cannot do much, but I can do something. What I can do, I ought to do, and by God’s Grace, will do."

During the recesses and other leisure moments the visitors were shown those hallowed spots so dear to the hearts of every Southerner, the grave of Jackson, the recumbent statue of Lee, and that most sacred place of all, Lee’s study just as he left it. How our hearts thrilled within us as we gazed upon such scenes.

Too much cannot be said for the hospitality of the good people of Lexington and for the students of the University and of the Institute, and last, but by no means least, for the hearty co-operation of Dr. R. J. McBryde and Dr. J. B. Taylor, the ministers of the Episcopal and Baptist churches. Their presence and evident interest was felt most keenly by all the boys. Dr. McBryde might be called the father of the Virginia College Conference, while Dr. Taylor stands as one of the charter members of the first College Young Men’s Christian Association.

We clip the following from the Intercollegian:

"Northfield was once a proper name representing a geographical spot, recalling to many minds enchanting views of river and mountain and abundance of country attractions. The word, however, has long since come to mean a great summer gathering under Mr. Moody’s auspices. To a college man it represents, more definitely still, a great assemblage of representative Christian students who desire a spiritual quickening and a religious and moral enlargement which will mark the occasion as a memorable one in their after lives.

Nothing but an abstract would stand for the combination of spiritual impulse, contact with inspiring manhood, the enlargement of Christian sympathies towards various fields of effort, the practical acquaintance with detailed college work, the robust and hearty good fellowship and fun which is there experienced. Most aptly did Mr. Sawayama, referring to the gathering with similar aims in Japan, term it a ‘Northfield, Jr.’"

About five hundred students gathered at Northfield on the 29th of June, a widely representative gathering from one hundred and twenty-six colleges. There were about forty colleges represented which had never sent delegates. Princeton sent forty-three men, the banner delegation; Great Britain sent fourteen men, and Japan contributed a contingent of twenty-two from our various schools.
Mr. F. C. Johnson, president of the Young Men's Christian Association, attended the College Conference held at Washington and Lee University last month. Read the report which he has so well written.

On Thursday evening, November 14th, Rev. Melvin Jackson, D. D., rector of Grace Episcopal church, gave us, in the College Chapel, one of the finest discourses on Foreign Missions it has ever been our pleasure to hear. We hope to have the Doctor with us again.

**PERSONALS.**

*Editor—B. B. Robinson.*

J. R. Bagby, '89, is now teaching school in King and Queen county.

J. D. Martin, B. A. '87, is principal of the Chester Female Seminary. "Madam Rumor" says he is soon to be married.

B. P. Willis, B. A. '87, is principal of an academy at Chester, Alabama.

Aaron McDonald, '87, has been visiting friends in this city.

H. S. Gold, '85, is studying medicine at Berryville, near his old Virginia home.

A. F. Hunt, '87, of Richmond, is now attending the Pennsylvania Military Academy, at Chester.

S. W. Huff, '84, is a student of electrical engineering at Cornell University.

T. L. West, B. A. '84, is preaching in Missouri.

Albert H. Hill, B. A. '86, is principal of one of the public schools of this city.

Thomas B. Cannon, '88, is in the banking business with the firm of Warren & Quarles, of Richmond.

H. H. Street has left college and is preaching in Rockingham county.

J. L. Browder has left college and has gone in business at Danville.

W. E. Robertson, '87, who is now attending the University of Virginia, paid us a short visit the 5th.

W. W. Wood, '84, is a successful pastor of the Baptist church at Newport News.

J. B. Loving, B. A. '86, is teaching a male academy at Glade Springs.

H. W. Tribble, B. A. '84, is a successful pastor at Jackson, Tenn.

**EXCHANGES.**

*Editor—E. W. Greaner.*

Well! well! well! Here we are again. The *High School Drift* has presented its readers with a contribution on that highly interesting subject "The Negroes in the South." Now really, brother *Drift*, don't you think...
this topic has been worn threadbare? It is true that to the eyes of Prejudice, “slavery was among the grandest institutions of the South.” It is true that to the glance of Ignorance, “the voting of the negroes for the most part is a mere form.” It is true that in the blindness of Sectionalism, “the negro ought to be educated” and the oppressing influence of the barbaric South reformed. But we have reason to believe that the educated people of the North understand the problem in all its intricacies, and we can but express the hope that the next “drift” that reaches our sanctum will be devoid of that worm-eaten and decaying lag—the race problem.

The Normal News, of Cortland, N. Y., contains some very choice literary matter. Especially to be commended is that thoughtful and carefully written article, “The Jew of Fiction.” By reference to the works of standard authors, both the virtues and the faults of the Jew have been placed in contrast; and thus a correct estimate of the Jewish character has been obtained.

Another visitor has been added to our long list of exchanges. We are glad to extend a welcome to the Moore’s Hill Collegian. We heartily agree that “every student ought to belong to a literary society;” but at the same time we think that a college pager ought to contain a literary department. We have searched the columns of the Collegian and have not found one. There are several interesting sketches by Rev.’s and D. D.’s, but surely, a paper relying entirely upon such help can lay no claim to the legitimate title of a college journal. Such a state of affairs is to confess that you lack home talent.

The Earlamite, of Richmond, Ind., exhibits a literary department of fifteen out of twenty-four pages. The matter contained in these fifteen pages is indicative of careful thought and patient preparation. To proclaim the merits of one article to the exclusion of the others would be the climax of injustice, since all are equally meritorious; and since space forbids Herculean a task, we can but say that the Earlamite seems to be a model college paper.

The College Rambler renders the following criticism:

“The MESSENGER pursues the latter course, devoting ten pages to what might be termed miscellaneous witticisms rather than college news. The dignity of the paper is lowered by such a surfeit of nonsense, while the reader looks in vain for the bright and newsy locals which give spice and pleasure to the reading of the college journal.”

The injustice of the above is so apparent that no further comment would be necessary, were it not for the fact that the criticism contains two contradictory statements. The funereal editor of the Rambler, to whom “witticisms” and “nonsense” are synonyms, can hardly be a competent judge of what is “bright and newsy.” Spice is the correlate of wit and pleasure, the result. Now, if spice, wit, and pleasure can be entwined, as garlands, around our Locals, they cannot fail
to be both "bright and newsy." Rub the dust of "old fogyism" from your specs, and next time you will not "look in vain" for Locals that are, at one and the same time, newsy, pleasurable and profitable.

COLLEGE NEWS AND NOTES.

[Editor—E. W. Greaner.]

A Yale student, who was a graduate some thirty years ago, said, in speaking of the changes that had taken place since his time: "I never knew whether to attach any significance to it or not, but when I was there the law school was next to the jail, the medical college was next to the cemetery, and the divinity school on the road leading to the poorhouse."—Exchange.

Cork-screws have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever save.—Exchange.

A KITCHEN IDYL.
(In two chapters.)

CHAPTER I.
Puella ex Erin
Labor ans for hire
Festin ans eagerly
Accendere the fire.

CHAPTER II.
Petroleum handy
Vetus, vetus story,
Puella blown skyward,
Etiam ad glory.

—Golby Echo.

A wise colored man is quoted as saying: "Pears to me like dar was some kind of misdecomposition in all dis talk about babies cuttin' de teef. De way I look at it, 'tis de teef cuttin' de babies."—Exchange.

Like many a young man, nature begins her fall by painting things red.

—Exchange.

Most horrible groans,
Most terrible moans,
From my neighbor.

I rush in dismay,
Some help to convey
To my neighbor.

I open the door
And stand there before
My neighbor.

He stares in amaze,
"Elocution," he says,
My neighbor.

—Phoenix.

Professor (dictating prose composition): "Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?"

Startled Sophomore (waking up): "It is under my chair, sir. I was not using it."—Exchange.

Parlor matches—most matches are made in parlors in winter. In summer they are made in the mountains and at the sea-shore.—Exchange.

Three-fourths of the national colleges founded in the last twenty years are south of Mason and Dixon's line.—Exchange.
(Classical Soph., rambling through campus with his best girl, who had just returned:)

"You are an autumn leaf," said he,
"My arms are the books you know,
I place the leaf within the book,
you see,
And tenderly press it—so."

The maiden looked up with glance demure,
And blushes her fair cheeks wore,
As she softly whispered, "The leaf,
I'm sure,
Needs pressing a little more."—Ex.

It is said that American colleges are so liberally endowed that on an average, students are enabled to get an education at one-tenth its actual cost. Ex.

One third of the students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired at college; one third die prematurely from the excess of close confinement at their studies; and the other third govern Europe.—Ex.

There were no base-ball nines before the flood, but Noah was the boss pitcher—he pitched the Ark.—Ex.

Ann Arbor now has 2,500 students, the largest number in any educational institution in the country.

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