

The Southwestern

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C. B. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.

The Rev. F. O. Morris, a noted British naturalist, is trying to procure the passage of an act of Parliament making birds nesting illegal, in order to preserve some of the rarer British birds from total extinction. The milliners are enthusiastically with him, for it is difficult to secure choice pinions for decorative purposes.

The evidence upon which the French Chamber of Deputies recently unseated M. Bischoffheim, a banker elected from Nice, showed that 1620 electors had combined to sell their votes to the highest bidder; that coins varying from one franc to twenty in value had been thrown from a balcony at a public meeting, and that 310 electors had received from twenty to twenty-five francs per head for their votes.

Explorer Stanley says that during his recent African expedition he came across a very interesting race of blacks, the Wahommas, who were absolutely European in type and very intelligent. They appeared to be descendants of the ancient Ethiopians, who settled in some way those people to him in Equatorial Africa. These people never intermingled with the aboriginal races, but kept their blood intact, considering the ordinary negroes beneath them.

A St. Petersburg paper publishes a letter from a traveler in Central Asia in which the statement is made that the policy of China toward Russia is one of increasing aggressiveness. As a proof of this the assent is cited of the Chinese Government to the construction of a railroad from Peking to the Russian frontier. The situation has been the subject of discussion among Russian army officers, by whom the strength of the Chinese army is put at 1,200,000 men.

A party of Germans and Hungarians, who recently returned to New York from Brazil, stated that they went out at the solicitation of an agent of the Brazilian Government, who paid their passage, and represented that a parcel of land, consisting of six acres, would be given to each family; also that a sum of money would be distributed every month until the soil was in a fair state of cultivation. These promises did not materialize, however. Instead of being greeted by the sight of fertile lands and inviting cottages they were invited to settle in a swamp, with virtually no protection against the elements. The supplies were soon exhausted, disease appeared and they decided to return to this country.

Chicago is getting plenty of advice nowadays. Here is a suggestion from the San Francisco Examiner: "If the Chicago people want a striking feature, why not lay out a twenty-acre park as a model of the American Continent, with mountains in relief and real rivers, real steamboats and real railroads? Such a model would give a better idea of the achievements of Columbus and of the relations of the American nations than any number of maps. On a scale of three inches to the mile, Chicago would be eight feet long, which would give ample room to represent the Auditorium, the Exhibition buildings and the principal pig-sticking emporiums in their correct proportions."

"The defeat of New York for the World's Fair and the death of John Jacob Astor have each," says a writer for the New York Press, "an important bearing on the prospects for the erection of St. John's Cathedral, the great \$25,000,000 structure that the Episcopalians of New York contemplate erecting under Bishop Potter's direction. The site for the cathedral is part of the ground that was included in the World's Fair site. It had been given to the use of the World's Fair Committee and the commencement of work on the cathedral was thought thereby to have been postponed for several years. Now the prospect is that ground will be broken next year. In the Trinity Building architects are at work daily making drawings and preparing plans for the cathedral, using the four prize plans as a basis of their work. The plans alone cost some \$35,000. They all contemplate the use of the finest granite, such as is put into Government buildings at Washington. John Jacob Astor's interest in the cathedral was very deep. He was, indeed, second only to Bishop Potter in urging on the preliminary steps for the cathedral, and had expected to spend two or three millions of dollars to put an Astor memorial in the church. His interest in the cathedral made it certain that between his bank account and the Trinity Church millions there would be no lack of funds for the work when once begun. I am told that his son and heir, William Waldorf Astor, intends to carry out his father's wishes in respect to the cathedral, so that, with the site now wanted for the breaking of ground for its foundations."

Poetry and Miscellany.

BABY AND I.

We're sailing to dreamland—baby and I,
Our boat is nearing the shore;
His head is at rest on my loving breast,
We list to the dipping oar.
Shall we land together
In the dreamland heather,
O baby, with soft eyes of blue?
Shall we roam the meadows
And play with the shadows?
Sleep, darling, I'm writing for you.
We're sailing to dreamland—baby and I,
How purple the hills, how blue are the rills!
O, hasten, my darling, to sleep.
The birds—how delightful!
O, sleep a whole nightful,
They want you—the birds and the flowers,
And the gay butterflies,
They will gaze on your eyes.
When you enter the dreamland bowers,
We're sailing to dreamland—baby and I,
O cool and calm is the night;
His rosy lips cool, his breath, sweetest dew,
Fills my heart with love and light.
O soft in the pillow,
And pluck the willow
That rocks us to dreamland's my own.
Are little feet ready?
Are ready—there—steady,
Thy mother must still land alone.
—Elizabeth B. Bohan, in Youth's Companion.

ONLY A WALL-FLOWER.

BY FANNY I. SIERRICES.

SHE was such a wee mite of a thing, with a face like a jessamine flower and starry blue eyes, mournful and tender, with great deeps in them, like one sees in the hearts of the royal purplish pansies.
No one noticed her. She sat quite alone looking on the dancers, her tiny slippers feet now and then keeping time to the rhythmic music, as though they would faint by flying over the floor in the merry revel.
She was not beautiful—the seeker after beauty would not have looked at her twice—yet there was something about her that suggested the sweet-scented lilies that grow in home-gardens and the white violets that hide their shy faces under the shadow of great forest trees.
Hart Raymond, leaning against the window-frame talking to the most beautiful girl in the room—"the belle of the ball"—happened to look across to where that little figure sat, forlorn and lonely, her wide eyes following the graceful revellers.
Something in her attitude touched him—something—something that stirred his pulses faintly like a memory of home or the faintly forgotten scent of some flower hunted in the spring-time.
"Who is that little girl in white?" he questioned of his companion, who was smiling into his face with all the egotism of self-conscious beauty.
"Oh, that little dowdy with her baby blue ribbons?" There was a contemptuous shrug of the graceful shoulders.
"Mrs. Armstrong's niece. It is a wonder to me that she does not keep her shut up in her ebony cabinet with the rest of the curios she brought from Europe."
"From Europe? Did she find this niece there?" asked Mr. Raymond, beginning to feel a lazy sort of interest in the meek wall-flower.
"Yes," Clara Noland answered a little curtly. She could not see why Hart Raymond wanted to talk about Edith Hayes, a homely girl and as old-fashioned as the hills.
"Was it a romance?" Perhaps Mr. Raymond was urging his questions a little more persistently since he saw it piqued his fair companion.
"Oh, not much of a one." Clara opened her scarlet fan petulantly and shut it with a snap. "Her mother, Mrs. Armstrong's sister, ran away with her English music-teacher. They lived at various places in England and France. The parents both died in Paris, leaving this girl. Mrs. Armstrong found her and brought her home last fall. I believe she was teaching or doing some thing of that sort. Now you have the whole history."
There was a grain of spitefulness in the last sentence that amused Raymond. Her unwillingness to talk of the girl made him the more eager to know about her.
"I see your next partner is coming to claim you, so I will go," he said, leaving her with his usual polished courtesy.
The next moment he was talking with Mrs. Armstrong, and during the waltz Clara looked over her partner's shoulder only to behold him in earnest tete-a-tete with "the little dowdy."
Clara hit her chin at the sight. She had been so certain of her conquest over Hart Raymond. She wondered how he could leave her even for a moment for the society of an ugly little know-nothing. The thought darkened her brow for the rest of the evening.
To his surprise Raymond found the "wall-flower" a well-cultured interesting girl—far more attractive in her manners and conversation than the imperious Miss Noland, who thought more of adorning her beautiful person than her mind, and who had forgotten in the egotism of her superb charms that there are graces of intellect and feeling without which no woman is ever truly beautiful.
"Do you like America?" Raymond asked, looking with a smile on the delicate featured face that flushed so prettily under his gaze.
"Oh, yes," she replied, lifting her starry eyes for a moment to his, then dropping them suddenly, "but I like Paris better. My happiest days were passed there."
Raymond wondered if it was only his fancy that made him think she had dropped her eyes because they were full of tears. A wave of pity swept over him—surely the poor girl was homesick. And he was sure she was homesick. He almost doubted it. Mrs. Armstrong was a woman of fashion, and even if she were not absolutely unkind she would probably never understand the feelings of a sensitive girl brought thus suddenly into a new house and a selfish society world of which she knew nothing.
Hart Raymond felt quite uncomfortable

for a moment. Then he shook the feeling off. What had he to do with a nameless girl he had never seen before? And doubtless the girl was happy enough. He was not one to trouble himself about anything. Besides, the musical strains of the waltz reminded him that he had asked her for the dance. A moment more and they were among the dancers, swaying to and fro, up and down to the enchanting music.
Was it a fairy he held in his arms? Raymond almost believed it as they circled through the rooms. Her feet scarcely seemed to touch the floor and she leaned hardly a feather's weight upon his arm. Her movement was like the graceful swaying of a wind-swept flower.
He was charmed, delighted. He almost held his breath until the waltz was over, fearful lest this light-footed little creature should suddenly float away from him like the wind-blown anemone.
Again and again he waltzed with her during the evening, having almost a feeling of gladness that no one else had discovered her charms as a dancer. He knew that no other girl in the room could waltz half so well, not even excepting that proud beauty, Clara Noland, who prided herself upon her graceful movements.
And under his warm passes Edith Hayes grew almost beautiful, as the wild flowers grow brighter and lovelier under the influence of the sun.
Mrs. Armstrong found them in the supper room a little while later, Edith talking with much animation, her fair face lighted to Raymond's, her eyes losing much of the sadness which had come with the shadow of her young life's sorrows.
Mrs. Armstrong shrugged her shoulders as she passed them. She hoped rather kindly that Hart Raymond would not flirt seriously with the girl. He was so thoroughly a man of the world, she did not believe him capable of any real feeling, and besides, it was an open secret that he was very much impoverished and would in all likelihood marry for money. His friends believed that he was already engaged to the beauty and heiress, Miss Noland. And Mrs. Armstrong was too cold a woman to trouble herself much about the matter. If the girl was foolish enough to fall in love with a man because he had waltzed with her a few times, it was not her fault.
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"women folks" camps on the other side of the creek, just below the bridge.
"If that is the case," N had rejoined, "we must break camp tomorrow. It's too bad that a fellow 'c'd get out of reach of petticoats even it the Rockies."
Hart smiled to himself, he leisurely puffed away at his cigar. It was rather too bad, he thought, the Ned was such a woman hater. As for himself, a month's exile in the mountains had, somewhat inclined him to a longing for the society of the fairer sex.
He took a letter from his pocket and read it slowly. It was from Clara Noland. She was summing at Marion Springs, where army and wealth made her, as usual, one of the belles of the season.
He could imagine how she wrote it at midnight, her magnificent evening dress cast aside, her diadems sparkling ornaments upon the dross before her—she, clad in one of those silken wraps that made her seem like an oriental princess. With a passion she had for fine clothes! He could imagine the "sensations" she reared with her superb ball-room toilettes lovely morning negligee, her lawn tennis suits and her evening symphonies a switching laces and amaran embroideries. And the admiration she created! How dear was this to her exacting, imperious ladyship. Ah, how well he knew her.
And was this the woman who would one day be his wife? He leaned his head wearily upon his hand for a moment, and through his brain came surging another memory, the scent of jessamine flower and the pressure of a slight, clinging little form that he held in his arms once—just once—thamand, sweet night when he had taken Edith to his heart, willing to give up everything for her sake—willing to toil for the rest of his life for the possession of such a sweet, beautiful creature.
"My poor Anon!" His head drooped lower on his breast. "Why did you run away from me before I had spoken the words that would have made you happy? What was the shadow that came between us, turning your sensitive, proud little heart from mine forever?"
His head was still for a moment, then he turned to the letter again re-reading the postscript. "Mrs. Armstrong," Clara said, "is here, but thank goodness she has left that dowdy little niece at home or somewhere. It's about time, I think, she were left in the background."
Raymond felt the unwomanly sneer in the words. Could he ask a woman to come to his wife's favorites, to be even if she were worth ten millions instead of one?
What a miserable piece of business life was anyway. He bared his head again, lost in deep thought. Half an hour before his mind had been made up to offer his hand and heart to Clara. He knew she would not refuse, for he belonged to one of the "old families," and Clara would have given all her beauty and wealth for the lineage he could show. She belonged to the parvenus, the upstarts whose ancestry dated back to the "corner grocery" and the meat shop. With all her shining dollars and magnificent toilets she could not enter the pale of that exclusive society to which Hart Raymond's family had the entree.

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This girl may be in a dangerous condition before night." Then he walked away, leaving Raymond alone with the girl.
"Edith, Edith!" It was Raymond's voice that brought her back looked from the doors of death.
She opened her eyes and looked at him, then closed them again with a shiver. Her head against his heart, his face close above her own. She seemed to struggle in his arms an instant, then lay there quietly.
"Edith, dear, one word"—his voice was a desperate entreaty—Murray was out of hearing, Jim was out of sight down the mountain trail—"tell me, why did you not answer my letters; why did you keep that terrible silence?"
The violet eyes slowly unfolded, there were deep shadows in them, like those of a doe that has been wounded.
"Poor darling!" His voice grew infinitely tender. He understood then it was no girlish caprice. "Tell me why—"
She laid her soft white hand on his forehead, looking wistfully into his eyes.
"Because—you belonged to some one else," he pale lips faltered.
"Who told you that?"
"No one," Clara Noland—she told me you were affianced husband."
"And Edith—you believed it?"
"Why not?"
The hot blood leaped to his brow, but he only held her close to his heart for a moment.
"I never was and never will be. Edith, it is you I love, and you only. I belong to you—yours I must be as long as we both shall live."
A happy light passed over her face. She threw both arms around his neck with the sudden impulse of a child. It thrilled him with a new life.
"Dear child!" He bent his head and pressed his first kiss upon her lips. It was the seal of their great love.
An hour later Edith was conveyed to the other camp, where land friends were waiting to receive her.
When Raymond returned he took a letter from his pocket and touched a lighted match to it.
"So ends that ill-starred match," he said, as the ashes floated on the winds through the odoriferous pine woods. "Neither her riches nor beauty could have made me happy."
A month later, Edith, strong and well, was registered at one of the prominent hotels in Marion as Hart Raymond's wife. Her aunt was dumb with astonishment, yet felt proud of the match, since Raymond was one of her favorites.
A few days later Clara Noland followed her magnificent wardrobe to the East, proud of her numerous conquests, yet feeling vaguely that she had lost a yet more prize worth winning.—(New York Mercury.)

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But once out of her sight, he threw her influence aside, laughing at himself for the folly of being charmed, even for a moment, with a penniless wall-flower. Of course he would marry Clara Noland, who was rich and beautiful, and who would always be a leader and a queen of society.

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SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR APRIL 20.

Lesson Text: "Kingdoms and Love," Luke vii, 36-50—Golden Text: 1 John iv, 10—Commentary.

36. "And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into a chamber and sat down to meat." The incident of this lesson, like that of the last one, is recorded only by Luke, and seems to have occurred at the same place. The Pharisees were a sect of Jews who were the enemies of the sending of messengers to Jesus by John the Baptist, who was in prison; the miracles wrought by Jesus in their presence and the actions of Jesus concerning John after the messengers had departed. He rebuked the people because of their treatment of John and of himself, saying that the Pharisees were like a man who had a glut and wine bibber and friend of publicans and sinners. We should not be surprised if the most kindly and untrite things are said of us as we follow Jesus (John xii, 10; xv, 22-23; xvi, 39). In this gospel we see much of Jesus as a man among men, a social man, and yet always an unceasingly holy, separate and unsearching man. Luke records four different occasions on which he went in to eat with Pharisees and publicans which are not mentioned in any of the other gospels (Lk. xii, 1; xiii, 7; xv, 2; xvi, 15). On one occasion he was searching words for the Pharisees. While he accepts their hospitality he does not allow their favors to blind his eyes or close his ears.
37. "And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner." We do not know her name. This is the only place where the record is found and her name is given. The only name given to her is "sinner," and that fits us all.
"When she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment." It would seem as if light had already dispelled the darkness from her soul and revealed to her a Savior. Just ask yourself if you would be as quick to hear of the name of Jesus as she was. Would you bring Him the best you had, and get to Him even though you had to enter the house of one whom you knew would despise you? It may be that you are a sinner, but your heart is not so hard as hers. Her heart is led with shame to confess that her promptness and courage and gift exceed anything yet seen in us.
38. "And stood behind his feet behind him weeping." etc. Reclining as they did at table, as she came behind him, she could easily stand at his feet, and, bending over them, wash them with her tears. See her as she wipes them with her hair, then kisses them, and anoints them with the ointment she had brought. If we have not been put to shame by her promptness and courage and gift, surely we are now as we see her love.
39. "Now when the Pharisee which had bidden Him saw it, he spake within himself. He might not have said so if he had known her thoughts. He knew, too (Ps. cxxxix, 2; Ezek. iii, 5), and we need constantly to pray that He would cleanse the thoughts of our hearts.
"And Jesus answering said unto him, 'Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it.' His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. Our very thoughts need answering and the Word of God is equal to it. His thoughts were as black as the night, but he knew his own service, and there is a remedy. 'The Word of God,' Jer. vi, 14; xxxii, 14; Luke xii, 35. There are 'over or eight' 'thousand times' in the New Testament Bible. Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee

Subscription 1 Year \$1.00

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Parties who do not pay their subscription until the end of the year will be charged \$1.25.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered at the Postoffice at Marion, Va., as second class matter.

DEATH OF SAM. J. RANDALL.

Hon. Samuel J. Randall, M. C. from the Third District of Pennsylvania, (which district is within the city of Philadelphia) died in Washington city at 5 o'clock Sunday morning, in the 63rd year of his age.

The first Congressional District of Tennessee has two Republican candidates, both nominated on the same day at Morristown. Hon. R. R. Butler, ex-M. C., and Hon. Alf. Taylor, the present representative.

FRIEND and foe alike had an unbounded respect for Samuel J. Randall. The reason of it was that he was an honest man. Such careers as his form the bulwark of American character.

HON. L. C. HOUK, M. C. from Knoxville, (Tenn.) congressional district, was re-nominated a candidate for re-election by his party last week.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is greatly pleased with the South, and the South is greatly pleased with Depew, and 1892 is not very far off.

Waddell Takes the Oath of Office. WASHINGTON, April 12.—Immediately after the reading of the journal the House resumed the consideration of the contested election case of Waddell against Wise.

Mr. Spagen (Wis.) and Mr. Dalzell (Pa.) spoke in favor of the contestant, and then Mr. Wise (Va.) took the floor in his own behalf.

After further discussion, a vote was taken on the minority substitute resolution declaring the seat vacant, and it was defeated—yeas 179; nays 133.

The majority resolution, declaring Mr. Waddell entitled to the seat, was then adopted—yeas 134; nays 120, and that gentleman appeared at the bar of the House and took the oath of office.

Sugar Grove Letter. SUGAR GROVE, VA., April 14, 1890.

Rev. R. F. Jackson, of Berraf Retreat, preached an excellent sermon in the Methodist church Sunday at 11 a. m., and at Blue Spring at 3 1/2 p. m.—Several parties have been prospecting on their mineral lands with satisfactory results.—Mr. W. H. Whisman took charge of the post-office at this place last Monday.

Hon. A. L. Robinson, of Glade Spring, is in the neighborhood.—Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen from Middle Valley were visiting in the neighborhood Sunday.—There is a heavy fire raging in the Piney mountains. It is supposed that it was started to kill the rattlesnakes that den there.—Mr. W. L. Vanhook has returned to his home in Tennessee.

Mr. Everett Hayes has gone to Bertha.—Dr. M. D. Houston was in the Valley last week doing dental work. The Dr. is a first-class dentist.

Mr. S. R. James and wife left today for Carter's Depot, Tenn., to spend a few months.—It seems that the "grippe" has taken a final grip and is going to stay.

A Moment

Of your time, reader, may perhaps be profitably devoted to the following: Those who take an agency for a reliable enterprising house, learn their business and stick to it, "get on" in the world. People who have any idea of engaging in canvassing business will do well to write George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine,—the great art and general publishers. They offer the most exceptional advantages to those who are sufficiently enterprising to be willing to make a push in order to better their condition. It costs nothing to try. Women make successful canvassers, as well as men. Full particulars will be sent to those who address the firm; their full address is given above.

Weiler has clothing of all grades for men and boys, regardless of size or age.

An assortment of hoes and spades always on hand.

CHAS. W. & WRIGHT.

Additional Local.

AN ATTRACTIVE STOCK

OF New Goods for Sale at Prime Cost at the Racket Store.

For the next 15 days, I will sell my goods at prime cost for cash in hand, with a view of engaging in another business. Persons who wish bargains now have an opportunity to purchase their goods cheaper than they have ever had goods offered to them in Marion or elsewhere. Come right along and make your purchases. Respectfully, I. H. SPRATT.

Marion and Her Natural Advantages.

The prospects for the big boom in Marion is still progressing, and will in a few days be put in shape. Our citizens do not seem to be excited about the matter, but are working earnestly and quietly to make a boom which will be permanent. This can be done, as Marion has every natural advantage needed, which no other place has between Lynchburg and Knoxville; Marion has more minerals near town than any other place along the N. & W. railroad line; Marion has more and better water power in and near town than any other place; Marion has the best location for a large city of any other place; Marion has better natural drainage than any other place; Marion has better water for family use than any other place in Virginia, and withal Marion is the healthiest town in the State.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory, and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health to the use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing, you will surely find relief by the use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c and \$1 per bottle, at Dr. Dickenson's drug store.

Death of Mrs. M. B. Wood.

We learn from the Bristol papers of the death of Mrs. Kate Wood, wife of Judge M. B. Wood, of that city, which occurred in Georgia last Friday from consumption while on her way home. Mrs. Wood had been in Florida for several months prior to her death for the purpose of obtaining relief for her health. Judge Wood was with her several weeks before she died. Her remains were brought to Bristol and buried there Monday morning.

Ministers and Deacons Meeting.

The colored Baptists had a Ministers and Deacons meeting at their church in this place commencing last Thursday and closing Monday. Several good ministers from a distance were in attendance. The congregations were very large and the meetings interesting throughout.

Valley House Arrivals

For the week ending Tuesday, April 15th: Wm. Shepherd, Capt. Jno. M. Poston, W. P. Buchanan, G. B. Ashlin, Wm. C. Wheeler, M. R. Buchanan, lady and son. Ho. L. Nelson, county; Gen. Arthur Cummings and Walter G. Preston, Abingdon.

OBITUARY.

Wm. C. Echols died of consumption at his residence near St. Chas. Bottom, Smyth county, Va., 2nd April, 1890.

The subject of this sad notice was born in Nottoway county, Va., 2nd May, 1841. He came to this county in 1868, where he was married to Miss Louisa R. Shaver at Holston Mills. He was a Confederate soldier for three years in the late war, and was taken prisoner six months at Point Lookout.

An affectionate husband and father, a true citizen and a kind neighbor; he was loved and respected by all who knew him.

A few days before his death he professed faith in Christ and gave many evidences that he was going where there is no suffering or sorrow. He told his friends not to weep for him, and in his last moment exclaimed: "I'm standing on a firm foundation, praise the Lord I am so happy," and passed away to God.

His remains were taken to St. James church 3rd April, followed by a large procession of sorrowing relatives and friends. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. J. F. Maillen and C. T. Rouse, after which his body was taken out to the grave and placed away in hope of a resurrection to immortality.

He leaves a wife, three sons, three sisters, three brothers, and a number of friends and relatives to mourn their loss. But we say to all weep not for him, for we are sure a good man has gone where sickness, sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more,—that he is now basking in the sunlight of Him, whom to know is to know eternal life. C. T. R.

April 7, 1890.

Virginia papers please copy.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Scres, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. Dickenson, Druggist.

BRISTOL!

THE PLUCKY CITY.

Coming Great Town of the South.

Midway Between Coal and Ore.

WITH THREE RAILWAYS ALREADY BUILT AND TWO IN PROSPECT.

Into a Famous Coking Coal Region—A Coking Railroad Center. Great Opportunities for Labor and Capital. A Great Sale of Town Lots. Opportunities for Speculation and Investment.

There is no town in Southwest Virginia or Eastern Tennessee where property is advancing as rapidly as in Bristol, and no place where a small amount invested will insure as large a return.

If you have any acquaintances who are thinking of investing money in land or lots, insist on their considering the grand opportunity offered at Bristol. Now do not wait until another year. Remember that in a growing town a lot worth \$100 this week is often worth \$500 next. Remember that every town that is the end of a division on a line like the Norfolk & Western, the East Tenn. Va. & Ga., or the South Atlantic & Ohio, all of which terminate at Bristol; is sure to be an important place. Bristol will soon be at the end of divisions of two more roads, the Bristol & Elizabethton and the Atlantic & Danville.

If it is important to be at the end of a Division of railroad, how much more advantageous is it to be at the terminal. Bristol is the terminal point of each of the trunk lines of the two largest railway systems in the South Atlantic States, the E. T., Va. & Ga., and the N. & W.

The S. A. & O. when completed to the Ohio River, through the finest coking coal fields in America, will be quite as important to Bristol as either of the roads named.

The Atlantic & Danville will furnish another and competing line to Norfolk, soon to become the metropolis of the South Atlantic States.

Bristol will have no rival as a distributing point for merchandise and manufactured goods. It will have no rival as a point to which can be brought both iron and coal at a minimum cost to the manufacturer.

Bristol is the half-way point between Knoxville and Roanoke, one the marvel and glory of progressive Tennessee, the other the wonder and pride of onward-marching, grand old Virginia, and is something over 100 miles from each of the cities named.

Bristol is in a section the most healthful, and in many respects as fertile as any in the United States. Come and see. Look out for excursion rates and improve the opportunities.

The Corner Addition to Bristol is one of the most desirable suburbs because of its location. It is just outside the city limits on the Virginia side. Every lot, with but very few exceptions, is level and a fine building site. That buyers may have an opportunity. W. A. R. ROBERTSON, REAL ESTATE AGENT & BROKER, Will offer for Sale on THURSDAY, APRIL 10, (Election Day) At 10 o'clock at his office in Bristol, TOWN LOTS IN CORNER ADDITION TO BRISTOL, As Shown on Plans now Ready. 3 lots in block 1 at \$150 each. 3 lots in block 2 at \$150 each.

To the buyer of one of these lots who will build thereon a house costing not less than \$300; a second lot of equal value WILL BE GIVEN. 1 lot in block 2 at \$200.

To the buyer of one of these lots who will build thereon a house costing not less than \$350; a second lot of equal value WILL BE GIVEN. 5 lots in block 1 at \$240 each. 4 lots in block 2 at \$240 each.

To the buyer of one of these lots, who will build thereon a house costing not less than \$400; a second lot of equal value WILL BE GIVEN. 4 lots in block 1 at \$300 each. 2 lots in block 2 at \$300 each.

To the buyer of one of these lots who will build thereon a house costing not less than \$450; a second lot of equal value WILL BE GIVEN. 10 lots in block 1 at \$500 each.

To the buyer of one of these lots who will build thereon a house costing not less than \$500; a second lot of equal value WILL BE GIVEN. Lot 3 in block 1 (116x145 ft.) has upon it a new seven-room house completed last August; plastered, painted and well finished; cellar, smoke-house, green-house and a fine well. Price, \$1500.

TERMS OF SALE: One-third cash; one-third in one year; one third in two years, with six per cent. interest on the deferred payments. Applications for lots at list prices will be received up to 10 O'clock, April 10, Election Day.

Parties making application by letter will be careful to designate the number of the lot or lots desired. Lots for which more than one application shall be received will be sold at public auction on Thursday, April 10, at 10 o'clock at the office of W. A. R. Robertson. After the public sale of these lots, above mentioned, the balance of the lots remaining unsold will be offered to the public at the prices fixed, which range from \$150 to \$500 each, according to size a location.

W. A. R. Robertson has improved this property by laying it out into streets and lots. The land is situated between the Norfolk & Western Railroad and Beaver Creek, on the Abing-

don county road at the Eastern end of Euclid avenue and close proximity to Bristol. Seplat of this addition in the offices of all first-class Real Estate Agents Bristol.

DR. ROBERT BICKWELL, RESIDENT DENTIST, MARION, VIRGINIA.

Can be found in office Main Street, opposite Bank, on court ds, 3rd Monday in each month, and for 6 weeks thereafter. Will visit Chatham Hill 1st Monday and remain several days. Empty the following Saturday and ride Spring Saturday after the 2nd Money

DICKEY BROS., MARION, VA. Manufacturers of all kinds of BROOMS.

Are prepared to fill orders from merchants wanting First-Class Brooms. Prices reasonable and work guaranteed. FACTORY: In the old Masonic building.

VALLEY HOUSE, E. F. GROSECLOSE & CO., Prop'rs., Cor. Main and Church Sts., MARION, VIRGINIA.

Board, per month, \$18.00 " " week, 3.50 " " day, 1.00 Single Meal, .25 Lodging, .25

JOHN P. SHEFFEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, MARION, VIRGINIA.

Practices in all the courts of Smyth and adjoining counties. Particular attention paid to collection of claims.

A. M. DICKENSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, MARION, VA.

J. L. GLEAVES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WYTHEVILLE, VIRGINIA.

S. N. HURST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Notary Public for Pulaski and Wythe Counties, VIRGINIA.

Courts: State and Federal, Deeds, Wills, Contracts, &c., carefully prepared

F. S. BLAIR, (Late Att' Gen. of Va.) LAW OFFICE, WYTHEVILLE, VIRGINIA.

Where he will attend to all business confided to his care in the several courts. State and Federal of Virginia, and in the Supreme Court of the United States.

JNO. J. FOWLER, FASHIONABLE Barber and Hair Dresser

Guarantees all work to be done in the best manner and with dispatch. In connection with his business he keeps a good supply of Confectionaries, Chewing & Smoking Tobaccos.

Main Street, MARION, VA.

W. Frank Wall, Civil and Mining Engineer, RADFORD, VA.

Town Sites, Mineral Lands surveyed. Work done promptly and guaranteed.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS and all throat and lung MALADIES. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address: Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings county, N. Y.

SWAN & WILLIAMS, Carry the largest and best selected stock of Wall Paper

in Southwest Va. and East Penn. Estimates given to furnish and hang paper complete in Dwellings, Churches or Public Halls. None but skillful men employed. Samples furnished on application. Main St., BRISTOL, TENN. P. O. Box 181.

A. D. REYNOLDS, Tobacco Manufacturer, BRISTOL, TENN.

Employs 300 Hands; Consumes Seven Hundred Thousand Pounds of Leaf Annually, and Trade Constantly Increasing \$11,500

Cash premiums awarded to Bristol Tobaccos at the Richmond Exposition Nov. 1888.

—CHEW— REYNOLD'S A A A AND YOU MAKE NO MISTAKE

THE LADIES' FAVORITE THE FINEST WOODWORKING ATTACHMENT NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CHANGES MASS AT 28 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK. AT 101 N. 2d ST., ST. LOUIS, MO. FOR SALE BY DALLASTON, COX & HART, Nashville, Creek, Va.

WM. C. SEAVER, G. W. SEAVER, M. M. SEAVER.

WM. C. SEAVER & SONS, MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN FURNITURE.

Chairs, Mattresses, Carpets, Rugs, Etc., Etc.

Undertaking a Specialty

We carry a full line of Rugs, Window Shades, and Plain, Fancy and Bronze Window Rods. The ladies are respectfully invited to visit our Ware room in the Opera House Building and examine our stock of Rockers, Easy Chairs, Sofas, Lounges Bric-a-Brac of all sorts.

Call and Examine Our Prices.

CO. M. WOLFE, Desires to call attention of the public to his large and attractive Stock of Groceries, Confectionaries, NOTIONS, &c.

Consisting of Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Teas, Spices, Crackers, Tea-Cakes, Cheese, Nuts, Figs, Lemons, Oranges, Plain and French Candies, —And an assortment of—

FINE CIGARS, —and the best brands of—

Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos, —Also a nice line of—

Scrap-Books, Portfolios, Albums, Cards, Etc. CALL ON HIM. MARION, VA.

J. W. MORT, —DEALER IN—

Main Street, Bristol, Tenn., Double and Single Guns,

Rifles, Pistols, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, —AND EVERYTHING IN THE SPORTING LINE.—

Sewing Machine Oil and Needles a Specialty. REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

RACKET STORE.

I take pleasure to inform the citizens of Marion and the county of Smyth that I have recently added to my stock, new and attractive goods, consisting of

Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries and Confectionaries.

which I will sell at the very lowest figures for spot cash. Having advantages in making my purchases in market, enables me to sell cheaper than others. As I purchase my goods for 50 per cent. less than others in this section can buy theirs. GIVE ME A TRIAL AND BE CONVINCED. Respectfully, I. H. SPRATT.

Store house opposite the Postoffice, MARION, VIRGINIA.

Dickinson's New Store

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Lamp Fixtures, TOBACCO, CIGARS, FLAVORING EXTRACTS, FRENCH CANDIES, FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES.

Largest Stock of Stationery in Town

Prices as low as the lowest for Cash. Prescriptions Carefully Filled, Day or Night.

J. W. HILL, Burson's New Block, Main Street, The Leading Tin and Stove House OF BRISTOL.

Wholesale and Retail. A FULL LINE of RANGES, STOVES, COOKING AND HEATING. The only house that keeps the celebrated IRON KING and FARMER GIRL stoves. The best and most approved styles of Grates; the "Favorite Grate," the best thing out. A beautiful line of Iron and Marble Mantels, Slate Hearths, Ice Cream Freezers, Refrigerators, Water Coolers and a full line

House-Furnishing Goods.

The prettiest line of Toilet Sets on the market. Oil Tanks, Elevator Pumps, etc. Special attention given to Roofing, Guttering, and Tin Shingles. Orders by mail will receive our prompt attention.

FREE ORGAN FOR ONLY \$50

It is only necessary to send your name to your responsible friend or neighbor, postmaster, merchant or editor, and the organ will be shipped promptly to you free of charge. Circulars to all parts of the world. Send to your own home before you buy. Warranted for 6 years. H. W. ALLEGER, WASHINGTON, N. I. (Cut this out and return it. This good for \$5 if you buy.)

NORFOLK & WESTERN R. R.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT FEB. 9, 1890.

Trains leave Marion:

WESTWARD.

No. 2, No. 4, No. 16.

1:37 A. M. 6:18 A. M. 3:30 P. M.

WESTWARD.

No. 1, No. 3, No. 15.

11:21 A. M. 9:49 P. M. 2:27 P. M.

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