

POPOCATAPETL

A Trip to the Summit of the Great Smoking Mountain of Old Mexico.

A dreary, cold night was passed by the gusty fire at the ranch, and at four o'clock a. m., after coffee and lunch, hastily prepared, we mounted in the breaking day and rode to La Cruz—a cross erected to mark the spot of death of a former climber and cheer future ones—where we left the horses and began to climb. I leave you to imagine the glorious views of mountain, and valley, and town, and volcanoes below that rewarded us as we ascended on horseback, over logs, and dust and trees, through brush, rock, and running streams, in heat and dust and hunger. But when we stood almost straight up at the farthest tip of the crater, we began to feel the respect of an untrained man as one of dismay to see a man who had waded boot-top deep in snow, and had just, perspiring, forced his way up, and looked any thing but hopeful as he gazed at the awful mountain, too, seemed to grow higher as we toiled up. Then the ascent grew steeper, we panted up slowly along the frozen bed of a glacier covered thinly with wet lava dust, falling down to rest and breathe every few minutes, when we reached the ice field, where we zigzagged about in our ascent, through an indescribable slope of cactus-like frozen snow icicles inverted, planting our feet for each lift at the root when it was frozen firm. An hour of this awful toil brought us to bare ice mixed with rock and lava pebbles that scarcely gave footing, and yet we had to go on, for the view down was more discouraging than that upward. My chest burned with exertion; breath was choking with the dust and thin air, clouds formed around us and enveloped us in dense fog which blew away in chilling blasts and showed the infernal mountain still towering above us. My younger companion gave out and called on the Aztec guide for help. And so we panted up, sweating and freezing, and audibly breathing pale and looking like sick men going to be executed, for five long, exhausting, discouraging hours of strain, until, at last, we reached drier lava dust, steady steep, and, with a desperate, steady pull, we turned at last a ragged ridge of lava pebbles, and the great, smoking, yawning crater of Popocatepetl, was before us—a fourth of a mile across, with precipitous sides and nearly as deep as wide, pouring sulphurous smoke from its sides and bottom by holes called fumaroles, yellow and forbidding in aspect, its lips jagged with lava, and its interior a sea of red, its lips narrow and covered with lava pebbles and irregular in height, one minute washed by fog as clouds, four feet and enveloped the peak, the warm in the hot mountain, while little cascades of melting snow poured noisily down its steep precipitous sides into the surrounding forest. We threw ourselves down on the warm, sheltered inner lip of the crater edge, and almost thanked fortune that there was no possibility of getting to the bottom of the crater, as the rocks were rotted by which we could be let down. I rolled down some stones almost in fear lest the huge boulder-like masses on the inner lip would tear loose and tumble in, shaking the unstable-looking edge outward or inward and sweep us from this grand elevation which we had toiled up before us. Ixticuhual, a small Orizaba, Maluize and a hundred lesser mountains and hills, and old volcanic craters, valleys between, towns and villages, distant Mexico City in a blue haze. Had the air been free from mist, we could have seen the Gulf of Mexico, one hundred and fifty miles away, Puebla and Cholula, and the valleys beyond on the southern side, and the vast rolling, volcanic country stretching away into the infinite blue of distance and indistinguishable smallness! A view forever to be remembered! Worth the toil, and doubly worth it, in the courage of vanquished obstacles. After some hours we started down, and found, to our agreeable surprise, that there was a way down on the south side free from ice, and icicles and rocks, very steep, where lava dust covered the glacier ice, and down which we strode in steps of ten feet, stopped by sinking into the dust, and so we came down in a cloud of dust.

THE CHURCH RATE.

An Anecdote Showing the Rate at Which Legal Costs Increase.

If a man does not literally take his life in his hand when he goes to law, he certainly must hold his pocket-book open for frequent reference, should he be so unfortunate as to find himself at odds with justice. He can not refuse her demands with impunity; for any lack of compliance she requires a return in dollars and cents. And if he does not pay them to the uttermost farthing, the farthings speedily swell to pounds. In the history of the town of Longmeadow, Mass., is given an instance of the danger to be apprehended in offending the law. In the early days of the community, a tax was imposed upon all citizens for the support of the church. A citizen by the name of Glazier, died at an advanced age, but long enough to see his minister, a Mr. B. B. B., who had been his pastor for many years, and who was a very pious and upright man. The tax amounted to eight cents. He squarely and profanely refused it. The constable insisted. "What if I don't pay?" "The constable replies by putting his hand upon Glazier's shoulder. "If you really won't pay I'll arrest you, and you go with me to Springfield jail." If mild entreatment the prisoner remarked that he would like to see him do it. The constable appoints Mr. David Booth keeper, while he hastens for his wagon. Glazier proposes that they save the constable the trouble of returning as he lives a half mile distant, on the road to Springfield. They find the constable engaged in catching his horse. "Let's go and help him," proposes the prisoner. As they go, the prisoner breaks for the woods. Mr. Booth, however, has the longer stride, and as the prisoner vaults over a fence, his collar is firmly grasped. There went the two men, panting, with the dog between. "You may as well come along," remarks the constable. The wagon on which the prisoner takes out his wallet, and produces the eighty cents. "But you must also pay my fee for arresting you," replies the constable. After a pause, with one eye on the woods and the other directed toward Neighbor Booth, fifty cents more are tendered. "But you must also pay for the keeper." A profane remark is made. On arriving at the jail, the constable and the prisoner are separated. "But you must also pay the transportation fee." The prisoner, with profane expletives, it becomes evident that the man needs hospital praying. The sheriff is about to shut the iron door, when the love of liberty prompts the question: "What can I settle the business for?" "You must also pay the turnkey's fee." The tax of eighty cents has grown to several dollars—but he pays it.—Youth's Companion.

THE "BAD LANDS."

Subterranean Fires Within Will Rich Plains with Destruction. The "Bad Lands" of Dakota are said to owe their origin to the burning of the coal deposits that once existed there. They are situated principally along the Cheyenne and Grand rivers and the Little Missouri. They are from two or three miles to, say, twenty-five miles in width. In the long ago, the valleys of these rivers must have been filled with rich wood. Then followed a period of lift, which buried the accumulation of wood under two or three hundred feet of sediment, sand and gravel. The buried wood in time became coal, the veins being in some instances twenty odd feet in depth. Either from spontaneous combustion or from electricity, fires were started in these veins, and they gradually burned out, restoring in part the old water courses by means of the overflow from the accumulation of water in these newly-formed basins. Looking upon them, here you see a sea of clay that has been baked by the fire.

A NEW KINK.

Messages of Love Skillfully Written on the Petals of Roses.

In the window of a Chestnut street florist a little vase contains a bunch of skillfully made artificial roses of various colors, from the creamy white of the Cornelia Cook to the royal velvety crimson of the General Jacqueminot, and each has a leaf or two turned down, on which in tiny, but well-formed, old English letters is a short motto of the "Remember-Me," "To-My-Love," and "Affection's-Offering" order. The lettering is in black, save in the case of the dark-red roses, in which case it is white. A placard tells the passer-by that writing will be done to order on the leaves of natural flowers, and this being a novelty in Philadelphia, the florist was questioned upon the subject. "Quite a new idea just brought over from Paris, where it is now all the rage," he said; "he brought the vast of linen roses to the counter and exhibited them." "These are, of course, only samples," he continued, "to show the effect of the lettering on the various shades of roses or other flowers that have large enough leaves or petals to be thus treated; but the effect is precisely the same when the natural flowers are used. No; it does not cause the leaf to wither, and will remain perfectly legible as long as the flower retains its freshness, and of course a customer can have whatever he chooses written on his roses if he does not desire too many words upon a leaf. The charge is fifty cents for writing upon one leaf, but you can have four written upon for a dollar, and that is about as many as could be treated on a single rose without marring its shape. The work is done by a young French-woman, but the process is her secret, and she claims to be the only person in the city who is acquainted with the art." From the appearance of the letters they are either carefully written by a steady hand or are stamped upon the petals. Speaking of the novelty a lady who has traveled extensively in Europe said: "I noticed the flowers, but it is not the first time I have seen writing upon rose leaves, as in 1880, while in Vienna, my cousin with whom I was traveling received a bunch of roses on her birthday and her name, the date and many happy returns were most daintily inscribed on the leaves of three lovely pink roses that formed a portion of the bouquet. They were a present from her father, who went into one of the leading florists to order them—and was shown the process by one of the clerks. If I remember correctly, the writing was done with a pen. Since that time I have never seen any thing of the sort, and had quite forgotten the incident until I saw those artificial roses and the notice in the window."—Philadelphia Record.

DECREASE OF CRIME.

Prison Statistics Showing That People Are Becoming Better. Are we growing better and more moral? Most people think to the contrary, and point to the newspapers and the immense number of awful crimes they now chronicle as evidence. It is simply evil once of the improvement in the newspapers, which now give every thing that happens. The court and prison statistics tell quite a different story. There are fewer crimes now in proportion to the population than ten years ago, and the number committed is growing less from year to year; there are fewer criminals in our prisons and the crimes for which they are confined are far less grave than hitherto. Murder, burglary and highway robbery grow rarer, and it is the minor offenses, such as larceny, that fill our penitentiaries. The world generally does not believe this, but the prison statistics demonstrate the fact clearly and beyond dispute. Take Texas, for instance: There was in 1880 one convict in the penitentiary to every 542 inhabitants; to-day there are 500 fewer in the aggregate and only one convict to every 854 people. The law is certainly as well enforced now as then, the courts are as efficient; the decrease in criminals has been through no fault of the law.—Boston Budget.

FULL OF FUN.

It has been observed by the men who browse on the dry fodder of statistics that the English could sparrow few more of their birds.—Chicago Ledger.

A man is in comfortable circumstances when he has \$25,000. A woman is in the same condition when her lover sits in the big-arm chair with her.—Hartford Sunday Journal. A little girl heard some one remark that her mamma and auntie were the pillars of their church, when the small woman gravely said: "If mamma and auntie are the pillars, papa and uncle must be the bolsters."—Youth's Companion. "So your sister will be down in a minute, Miss Dolly?" "Yes." "And I suppose she is making herself prettier than ever to see me, eh?" "O, no; she isn't. She told me she'd have to take a minute's rest to get her wind and brace up before she'd have the nerve to try a shy at you." Blodson did not propose.—N. Y. Herald. "Father—Be sure and carry in that wood this afternoon, young man." Son—"What'll you gimme?" "I'll give you till supper time to do it." "If that's all there is in it I'll strike." "If you do I'll follow suit, and don't you think the old man's right arm has lost its cunning in the use of the hame-strap, either."—Binghamton Republican. A passenger says he had a novel experience at an eating station not more than a thousand miles from Macon. The steak was a regular tough, and he murmured his complaint. The waiter remarked: "You are the fourth man that has kicked against that piece of steak, and we won't stand it." The passenger left it for the fifth man.—Macon Telegraph. "Stranger (to fellow-passenger)—Excuse me, but am I not right in taking you for a professional man?" Fellow-passenger—"Yes, sir." Stranger—"Thanks. It's not often that I make a mistake in judging my fellow-men. Your work is head work altogether, of course?" Fellow-passenger—"O, yes, sir—entirely so." Stranger—"Er—lawyer?" Fellow-passenger—"No, sir; barber."—N. Y. Sun. "Why do you applaud at this time?" asked a gentleman of another, who indulged in vigorous manifestations of delight long after the close of each act. "All de entro asti! It is beautiful!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "But there is nothing—absolutely nothing. The orchestra is dumb, and all is quiet on the stage," persisted the gentleman, more puzzled than before. "To be sure, sir—I encore ze quiet. It ces charmante—what you call magnificence. After zat performance I could listen to ze quiet forever."—The Bits.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The latest notion is a S. P. C. B.—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Birds. Feminine members thereof are expected not to wear birds on their bonnets.—N. Y. Sun. A Columbia lady keeps a penny box on her dining table, and when members of the family speak ill of any person she requires them to contribute to the box.—Columbia (S. C.) Record. Before admission to the practice of law in Kentucky, the applicant is required to make oath that, since the adoption of the present constitution of the State, he, being a citizen thereof, has not fought a duel with deadly weapons with another citizen of the State.—Louisville Courier-Journal. A race of hairless Americans is threatened. It has been estimated that already one-half the adult men of American birth living in our cities are bald, and baldness is extremely liable to be propagated in the male line, and to appear a little earlier in each successive generation.—Boston Budget. There will always be found people in this world who seem anxious to do unusual things; and that was a novel performance in Geneva, N. Y., when a funeral procession stopped in the street long enough to allow the corpse of a little girl to be taken into a gallery and placed in a coffin. (The paper asserts that the Courtney con-making parlor only man in the town to do it. The girl untold thousands lived and are the art of making artist pastime. said the con-the lightest I've no-ose it's be-superstition of that rily notice here would nable re-stitution.") are getting to New York aw-stylish chappy, as seen blinking glass on Broad-that was enough jaw know"—now double-eyed per-eye-glass is sug-on the half-shell. aged near Clevel-ator on the 2d.

USEFUL OFFICIALS.

How Daniel Haughton Used to Consult His Fellow-Directors.

A large proportion of the cotton-mill property in Spindleville is, as every body knows, in the hands of the Haughton family, who got it through the marriage of one of the daughters of the family to the man who started the mill business there. When he died the property, through a series of perfectly natural steps, passed into the control of the Haughtons. Daniel Haughton, the head of the family, was a man of great natural shrewdness and strength of character. His two brothers, Jacob and Jehiel, were always associated with him; but, while his business proceedings were understood to be with their advice and consent, Daniel always held a sort of veto power over his brothers, and nothing was ever passed over his veto. He is dead now, but the story of the way in which he used to "consult his directors" is still told in Spindleville. One day a cotton-broker called at the office of the mill of which Haughton was treasurer, and offered him a big lot of cotton at a certain price. "This is so large a contract," said Haughton, "that I really ought to consult my directors about it. They're inside, and I'll just step in and consult them." Jacob and Jehiel were in the inner office. Daniel went in and explained the proposition to them and said: "Well, Brother Jacob, do you think we had better buy that cotton?" "No, I don't think we had, Brother Daniel; not at that price." "Well, Brother Jehiel, what do you think we had better do about it?" "I shouldn't buy it, Brother Daniel; not by any means." "Oom!" said Daniel. Haughton went back to the outer office, where the cotton-broker was waiting. "Well, sir," said he to the man, "I've consulted my directors, and I'll take that cotton at the price you named." There is a story of a similar touch of nature in the case of the senior partner of the cotton-mills at, call it Boothby, Conn. After his death one of the executors found it necessary to consult some of the directors. He accordingly asked Mr. Parks what action the board of directors were accustomed to take under certain circumstances. "I do not know," said the director. "Why, yes," said the puzzled lawyer, "you must be able to tell me something. A director for many years, you of course attended the meetings and assisted in the proceedings." Growing momentarily more embarrassed, the director leaned forward at last and frankly explained: "All true; I ought to know, but the fact is I usually got notice of a directors' meeting the day after it had taken place!"—Lynn (Mass.) Union.

7 MILE FORD CANNING CO.

Seven Mile Ford, Va. All kinds of Fruits, Vegetables and Berries Bought in season and highest market prices paid. The 7 Mile Ford Canning Co. Also cans on hands a large and well selected stock of General Merchandise in their store-house at Seven Mile Ford. GOODS sold cheap as can be bought at any house in the State. All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE Bought and highest market prices guaranteed. JNO. M. PRESTON, Sr. President. R. P. BAKER, Treasurer. F. P. MCGREARY, Secretary. JNO. W. ROBERTS, Salesman. W. V. DENTON & CO. Commission Merchants In Cabbage, Onions, Potatoes, Dried Fruit, Beans and COUNTRY PRODUCE, 924 MARKET ST., CHATTANOOGA, TENN. Refer to First National Bank, Aurora, Ind.; G. W. Lane & Co., New York; Chattanooga National Bank; Ford, Eaton & Co., Cincinnati, O. Parties will save time and trouble by addressing, L. L. CREAMY, RURAL RETREAT, VIRGINIA. Encourage Home ENTERPRISE !! Buy your TINWARE A. G. PRUNER, MARION, VA. ROOFING AND GUTTERING A SPECIALTY HOUSE Furnishing, Goods, Galvanized & Copperware of all descriptions in Stock. Goods made to order and Job Work of every description done with neatness and dispatch, and satisfaction guaranteed. NOTICE! That in pursuance of the terms of a decreed order of the circuit court of Smyth county had in the Clancency caused there-in pending in the name of A. S. Blair, Adm. of Dec. against M. F. Umberger, I shall proceed on the 1st day of the Nov. term of the county court of Smyth, to express to sale, the said tract of land, including the valuable mill situated thereon, being situated near Blue Spring, in Smyth county. This body of land containing 197 acres makes one of the best farms in this section, and there is also valuable mineral on the same. It is a rare chance for a bargain. By the term of the sale the land will be sold upon a credit of 3, and 12 months, except a sufficient amount of cash to be paid on day of sale to defray cost of suit and expenses of sale. The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved personal security, bearing interest from date for the deferred payments, and the legal title will be retained as further security until the purchase money is fully paid. A. M. DICKERSON, Com. I certify that A. M. Dickerson Comr. has given bond as required by the foregoing decree in the cause of A. S. Blair Admr. vs. M. F. Umberger, Oct. 20-1w. W. C. SEXTON, Clk. Newton & Gillett, LIVE STOCK & COMMISSION MERCHANTS, For the Sale of Cattle and Sheep, CENTRAL STOCK YARDS, JERSEY CITY, N. J. Bill stock in your name in our care. When drafts are drawn against shipments bills of Lading for the stock drawn against should be attached to the draft. Get up a Club of 6 and secure the Times 1 yr.

even among the over-cautious, who can read this little pamphlet through without becoming conscious of some element of folly in their own household arrangements.—Boston Advertiser. MAKING THIEVES. The Story of a Young Man Who Was Driven to Burglary by Want. "It is singular how young men who have been well brought up, and whose natural traits are not vicious, drift into house-breaking and sneak-thieving," remarked Sergeant Cross, of Captain Williams' command, the other day. Detective Price had just arrested Frank L. Manning, the prince of sneak thieves, who robbed so many houses, and his arrest brought forth the remark. "Manning may be an old hand at the business now, but I'll bet he was led into it originally by want, escaped detection, and so decided to follow it for a business. That has been the way with lots of these fellows. Now, here's a case on which I base my conclusions." Going to the black walnut case set against the wall in the station, he pointed to a photograph of an intelligent-looking young man. He is known as No. 325 in the gallery, and is now at Sing Sing serving out a term of seven and a half years. "Now that young fellow, when he first came to New York," said the Sergeant, "was as modest, quiet and respectable a young man as one would wish to meet. He had excellent references, and had no trouble in getting a place in a wholesale house down town, where he was well liked. When the depression in business came in 1884 he was discharged, with others, because there was no work for him to do. He tried to get work but failed, and finally found himself without money and with an unpaid board bill staring him in the face. He had no friends who were able to keep him, and so became desperate. One evening he left the house where he was boarding, and took with him all the keys he had. He had determined to raise some money in some way and, honest methods not appearing, he decided to try house-breaking. One of the keys in his bunch enabled him to open a house on one of the side streets between Fifth avenue and Broadway, and, going to a chamber, he stole a lot of jewelry and got out of the house without being detected. This he pawned and got enough money to help him out of his financial troubles and give him funds to splurge on for a time. Now, if he had been caught there his whole future would have been changed and he have been saved. Success ruined him. "For nearly six months he had complaints of houses being entered and valuables taken, and Detectives Price and Dunlop, who were put on the case, were completely baffled. I don't remember just how they were led to suspect the fellow, but they got hold of some clue and arrested him, and he virtually confessed to having committed over forty burglaries. Of course his arrest broke him all up, and little by little his mode of operating came out. Like Manning, he had no accomplice in his work, and he counted no acquaintances among the professional thieves and burglars. On the contrary, he was careful to have only associates of good character. His business associations before he became a thief had given him an opportunity to become acquainted with the faces of a number of wealthy and well-to-do people. He was a constant attendant at the theaters, and was always in a good seat early in the evening. If he saw the face of a man he knew in the theater with his family, he would leave the theater at the close of the first or second act, go to his residence, and get an impression of the lock. Then he would go to the theater again, and after the performance would go and have a fine supper at a small restaurant. Perhaps that was a part of his plan in order to enable him to say and possibly prove that he was at a certain theater on a certain night in case of trouble. The next night, or two nights later, with a key made from the impression he had, he would go to the house, and if he had reason to believe it safe to do so, would go through it and pick up whatever small articles of value he could find. He was so shrewd in his methods and so clever in doing the jobs, and so correct in his habits that detection seemed impossible, for he left no clues behind him. No man has ever given the officers of this precinct more trouble except Manning, but in both cases the offender was finally caught, as was inevitable. "Now, that young fellow's career is a sample of several that the police have records of, and I wouldn't be at all surprised when Manning's history is known to find that he began his career in the same way and first robbed boarding houses because he was out of work and couldn't find any honest means of earning a living. That sort of thing drives more people into crime than people generally imagine. Education in crime by professional thieves isn't the cause of the making of quail as many thieves as is the fact that young men of much more than average ability are fairly driven to thievery by want, and the fact that they can see no way of making an honest living in the immediate future."—N. Y. Times. Exchange. A cabin on a Western prairie is better than a castle in Spain.—N. Y. Herald. Pure Hyacinth the experts to revisit the United States next year.

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The Election

Nothing to get the morning papers, this time, we have no news that we can vouch for. The indications are that the Democrats have carried the State. In Smyth the fight was a close one. It cost the Democrats big money to elect Roberts. Below we give the official vote of the county.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Roberts, Mustard. Includes entries for Marion, Cochran, Adams, Olympic, Chatham Hill, Enoch Ford, Schville, St. Clair Bottom, Blue Springs, Williams, Holstein Mills, and a Total row.

Roberts' majority in Smyth 193, in Smyth and Eland 120.

Brady-Kerner-Marriage Bells.

We extend our congratulations to the happy couple. Mr. Brady and his wife arrived at Seven Mile Ford on last Saturday night and will reside there in the future. R. L. Humphrey of Smyth, accompanied Mr. Brady to North Carolina. We clip the following from the News and Farm, of Kernersville, N. C.:

At 7 1/2 o'clock Thursday evening, the Moravian Church was crowded to its fullest capacity with people there to witness the solemnization of the bonds of matrimony between Mr. Ed. B. Brady, of Seven Mile Ford Va., to Miss Sallie Lee Kerner, youngest daughter of Mr. N. M. Kerner, Rev. C. L. Rights officiating. The church was brilliantly lighted and the beautiful evergreens and flowers reminded us of Christmas. In front of the altar was a large Gothic-shaped arch, suspended from the top of which was a large marriage bell in snowy white, while the lower part of the arch was closed with folding wicket gates. Little Mina Pepper and Agnes Stockton passed up the aisle preceding the bride and groom, scattering flowers in the way, till they reached the wicket gates under the arch, which they opened and stood on either side resting on the gates, while the couple passed through to the altar. As soon as the ceremony was over, the party repaired at once to the bride's father's, where a sumptuous supper was served, after the couple had received the hearty congratulations of many friends.

The following presents were received: H. Brantly Finch, silver napkin rings and sugar spoon; J. P. Adkins, bowl and pitcher; Mrs. Maggie A. King, pair linen towels; Mrs. E. B. Rights, linen napkins; Miss Ida Evans, pair of preserve stands and water pitcher; Miss Josie Dean, a pair of gloves; H. C. Kerner, 2 pairs kid gloves and scarf; D. W. and Miss Tillie Harmon, pair bohemian glass cake plates and preserve dish; Johnnie G. Kerner, glass water pitcher and cream pitcher.

Seaver Opera House.

This troupe was billed to play on last Tuesday night but played a week's engagement elsewhere. The troupe will undoubtedly play here Tuesday night.

Arthur Loves Comedy Company will be at Seaver Opera House Tuesday night in the justly celebrated play "Hoosiers." The play of "Hoosiers" is located in Posey and Pike counties Indiana. Prof. Wiggins, of earthquake fame, discovers that his efforts have elicited condemnation, escapes from a mob of violent people and settles in the quiet village of Bungtown, where he attempts to run a select school and a peculiar experience with the Hoosier Students, the Hoosier Doctor, the Hoosier Widow, the Hoosier Mule, the Hoosier Mosquito, the Hoosier neighbors, and a whole lot of other Hoosiers that afford no end of merriment to the patrons of the play, which is intended for laughing purposes only. Remember that, as a drama, no merit is claimed for "Hoosiers," but as the inducer of a big hearty laugh, healthy laugh, everything is claimed. Reserved seats on sale at W. P. Francis' store. General admission 35c. and 50c. children 20c.

To the Public.

The undersigned having leased the Press and fixtures of the TIMES newspaper will have full charge of the TIMES publication.

Respectfully, WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS, Oct. 20th '87.

Subscribe for the TIMES. Plenty of good reading matter and a neatly printed paper for only one dollar a year.

MINER OCCURRENCES.

The News of the Week Briefly Told

A. E. Pruner, of Washington county, was in town last week.

Dave Buchanan, of Emory and Henry, was in the city Tuesday.

R. D. Haller, of Richmond, is on a visit to his father, R. J. Haller.

Miss A. Maury returned to Bland county, Wednesday, after a short visit to this place.

On last Friday evening S. B. Hertritz, was agreeably surprised by the appearance of a little boy stranger.

Miss Cora Winston, who has been visiting the Misses Moore's, left last Saturday for her home in Snowville.

Miss Emma Moore who has been confined to the house for some time, we are glad to say, was on the street yesterday.

Mrs. Henriette Oury, who has been visiting Mrs. S. B. Hertritz, left last Tuesday for her home near Seven Mile Ford.

Special attention is called to the advertisement of the Seven Mile Ford Canning Co. We will have more to say about this Company in our next issue.

We are sorry to give our readers a half sheet this week, but under the circumstances it could not be avoided. We have had no coal, and it is impossible to set type this kind of weather without fire. We will publish a good paper next week.

Funeral Services.

On last Sunday the funeral of the late Wm. Baker, Esq., was preached at St. Clair Bottom by the Rev. N. C. Baldwin. There was a large crowd present. Mr. Baker was the father of M. R. P. Baker at 7 Mile Ford, this county.

Chilhowie Items.

The question arises; How shall we manage to get a good paper in our own county? Answer—By the people assisting the Editors, in every possible way. By furnishing them with the locals of the surrounding country. Is it possible for the Editor who having work to do in his office, to gather local currency, from the different sections of the country, without the aid of some one? "Cut Bono?" may be the instinctive exclamation, when this appears. Was not the country already overstocked with news items? Why inflict another paper on the suffering public? Is it not explicit that by reading you enrich the mind? If so, then do what you can to have a good paper published in your own county.

The band of amateurs at Chilhowie, gave another entertainment on last Friday night.

Messrs. Blankenbecker and Henigar, the contractors to make the new road from Chilhowie to South Fork, seem to be getting along splendidly, and the road when completed will be a good one.

Farmers are getting along fine gathering their corn, and from the amount already cribbed we would suppose that the yield is somewhat larger than was expected.

Wheat in this neighborhood is looking fine, therefore, we can hope for a good harvest next year.

ST. CLAIR BOTTOM.

Rev. N. C. Baldwin, preached at St. Clair church on last Sunday.

Mrs. Ann Dungan is expecting her son M. D. Dungan home in a short time. M. D. has been making his home in Shelby county, Mo.

"Madam Rumor" says there is going to be a wedding in the neighborhood soon—will tell you all about it later.

Success to the TIMES, is the earnest wish of SAMBO.

Young ladies wishing to be educated and introduced and like classes in the English branches, music, French, German, Drawing and Painting can find a comfortable home by applying to Mrs. Rosalie Winston, 715, E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

Reference—Mrs. M. Fulton Carter, Rich Valley, Smyth county, Va., Col. Frank and Col. Henry Preston, Wallaces Switch, Washington county, Va., Rev. Dr. Peterke, Dr. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. John Powell, Mr. and Mrs. English, Richmond, Va.

Rye Valley Items.

Special Correspondent to the TIMES.

S. W. Wilkinson has just threshed out 30 odd bushels of clover seed. He is a successful farmer in every point of view.

A new road will soon be completed from Josiah Cress' to the Slemp Creek road. Wagons will thus have a better and more direct route from Grayson to Marion, and vice versa.

Mat McCormack has rented his farm and moved to Grayson. He will join his father in the horse traffic. Messrs. Wiley Scott, L. M. Pugh

and N. J. Nelson have been shipped, or caused to be deposited, a few, lascivious and obscene pictures, prints, writings &c., in the hands of the court.

The court held that this language ought to have been followed by such language as "she knowing the same to be lewd" &c. The word "knowingly" in the indictment was held to qualify the work "deposited" and not the character of the papers.

Numerous decisions were quoted to sustain this view, notably of the Supreme court touching indictments for knowingly passing counterfeit money, it being held that the words "knowing the same to be counterfeit," &c must follow.

For instance a child could knowingly deposit certain lewd and obscene papers, not knowing them to be obscene.

This case now stands just where it did prior to this indictment. A new indictment can be framed and returned by the next Grand Jury, for this same offence; the recent trial being no protection to the defendant. Dist. Atty. Allen has not yet stated what course he will pursue.

Mrs. Slenker is a very strong-minded woman, and with utmost earnestness testified that these writings were circulated by her in the interest of science, to which she had devoted her mature life. Her testimony was amazing in its character, and not the least attempt was made by her to evade or deny anything she had done.

Shocking as were the details, she evinced neither effrontery or embarrassment. It was immovable and unmodifiable earnestness.

She proved otherwise, by the best, people an excellent character. Her husband Mr. Isaac Slenker, is an excellent and most respectable citizen of Snowville, where he is engaged in manufacturing to a considerable extent. For years they resided at Elizabethton, Tenn., and for awhile it is said they lived near Vance's Mill, in the vicinity of Abingdon. Notwithstanding these people have lived happily together for some forty years, (for Mrs. Slenker is in her sixtieth year) it is said Mr. Slenker is now taking steps to institute an action for divorce. Yet through all this trial he has been constant in his attendance at her side, has paid all expenses and been on her bond.

William H. Poter, of Jonesville, Va., was arrested on Monday, charged with forgery. He has been in attendance on the court for a week, as a witness in certain Internal Revenue cases. The charge is that after getting from the clerk the certificate of his attendance and mileage, the distance from Jonesville being 86 miles; to Abingdon—he made a figure one to the left of the 86, making it read 186 miles. This latter amount Marshal Jordan gave him a check for. In a few hours the marshal came to the clerk's desk, asking if 186 miles could be correct. The Dist. Atty. at once ordered a warrant issued for his arrest, and he was arrested at the Bank, in the act of having the Marshal's check cashed. His Attorney's Messrs. Bailey and Summers waived an examination before U. S. Com. E. T. Jones, and in default of \$1,000 bail he was sent to jail. On Saturday the Court made an order permitting him to be taken to Jonesville jail, to await the next Grand Jury, which will be in May next.

The ejectment suit of W. P. Douglass and others vs R. Houson Sr. and others, involving title to sixty-two thousand acres of White Top land, consumed the latter half of the week, without even concluding the evidence. It will be the first business before the Court on its reassembling next Friday. There are a number of other important civil cases on the docket, and the Court is apt to be fully occupied until the afternoon of Friday the 18th, when the term will close in time to open the Danville term on Tuesday next.

A Big Things in Hogs

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"So you are out in a new porters' in the city?" "Yes, sir," answered Mr. Mc-

and feel our way, but if there is an opening, and we think there is, we wish to occupy it fully.

"Are you making any preparations for the undertaking?" "Oh! yes; we have been at work for several days getting things in shape, and hope to be well on the way toward active operations some time next week. We have bought an engine and boiler, and ordered our machinery, and it will not be many days before we can furnish you with a sample of our 'home-made' sausage."

"What will be the capacity of your establishment?" "Well, I could hardly say as to that. We have constructed the smoke-house with a 'hanging' capacity of 200,000 pounds. This is quite large as compared with the smoke-house of other similar establishments in the State, which we have recently examined. That of Mr. Booth, at Petersburg, has a capacity of about 70,000 pounds, and those in Richmond I think are about the same."

"Is your building large enough for the purpose?" "Amplify for the present. We have plenty of room both inside and outside to do a big business. A part of the building will be used for rendering lard, making sausage, &c., and another part for smoking and packing the meat."

"Where will you get your hogs?" "Our object is to slaughter Virginia hogs if we can get a sufficient supply, and to encourage our farmers to devote more attention to raising and fattening them. In the meantime, however, we will have to look to the West principally, and have already made arrangements to purchase hogs in Cincinnati. Railway rates from that point to this are quite favorable."

"Will you save the offal—intestines and their contents, etc.?" "Not at first. But that will come after awhile, as an excellent fertilizer can be made from it. We will only save the hair just yet."

"You consider this a good location for the business, do you not?" "An excellent one. Lynchburg is now regarded as the best bulk-meat market in the State, and its facilities as a distributing point are all that could be desired. Lynchburg is also a first-rate lard market. One of the Messrs. Fairbank who have large establishments in Dallas, S. C. and other points told me that he sold 20,000 pounds of lard to a single firm here last month. We expect to make a good thing, too, out of our sausage, and to that end will aim to make the best on the market. Heckler, of Richmond, is now selling his sausage far and wide and making money, and what he is doing we ought to do. In order to post ourselves in the business, we expect to make a trip West next summer and look into the packing operations out there."

"Do you think our Virginia farmers can be induced to go into hog-raising to any extent?" "Oh, yes, I think so. A great many hogs are now raised and fattened in Tennessee and shipped through this State, going principally to Baltimore and to other no-hog cities. We'll try and stop some of them here, at least. Our farmers will catch on as soon as they see that there is some thing in it for them. The hog-raising is the great drawback, but that ought to be overcome here as easily as in West, and will be as soon as the same attention is paid to it."

"Was your attention directed to this business by the articles that recently appeared in the Virginian on the subject?" "Yes, and so," answered Mr. Mc-

U. S. Court.

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Judge Paul, continued his court on Saturday afternoon, when he ordered the parties to go home and vote, he adjourned it to meet again Friday morning the 11th.

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Something New Under the —AT THE— SOUTHERN JEWELRY HOUSE The New Solid 14k. Gold Filled Gents' Chains, Warranted to wear as long as a Solid Gold Chain, at but little over one-third the cost of the Solid 14k. Gold Chains. CALL AND SEE THEM. F. D. JOHNSON & SON, Jewelers, 802 MAIN STREET, LYNCHBURG, VA.

The World is Moving! So we are moving into the NEW BRICK BUILDING Of A. F. Stone where we can show you the Largest Stock of Goods Ever shown in the town of Marion. Men's Suits In Sacks and Frocks of all descriptions and Prices. Boy's and Children's Suits. A Big Assortment. Big stock of Overcoats and Ulsters. Our stock of Boots and Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen, can't be beat. Hats and Caps in endless variety. Trunks, Valises and Jewelry. If you want goods at lower prices than you can buy them at any house in Marion come to the new store of M. WEILER, Marion, Va.

Mt. Carmel Roller Mills, Still in the Front AND INTEND TO STAY THERE. I have every part of the Mill working to entire satisfaction and from this date, will guarantee our Flour One Hundred per cent, better in quality, and as much or more in quantity than you can get at any Burr mill in Southwest Va. using the same grade of wheat. Custom Work a Specialty. Will grind any amount from one bushel to a thousand, so customers can have Flour from their own wheat. I have two pair of 34 feet Burrs and all the machinery for same—all first-class articles—which I will sell on reasonable terms. A. F. STONE.

I MEAN JUST WHAT I SAY!! Examine My Stock and Prices for Yourself. You Will be Amply Paid. FOR CASH OR PRODUCE! I will sell Goods lower than any other House in Southwest Virginia for— PAY DOWN! I mean this—and they will not be sold in any other way to any one. If you will call and price my goods you will find this to be so. I keep a Full Line of Everything Usually kept in a First Class Store. A. C. HILL,

New Burr & Roller Mills. THE OLD GLENN MILLS THOROUGHLY RENOVATED! CUSTOM WORK. Will grind from a Bushel