

A SNAKE FANCIER.

Tells About Harmless Snakes and Says Some Are Useful.

Small Serpents Could Rid a Farm of the Army Worm—The Rattlers Sometimes Commit Suicide.

"It's a shame to kill those harmless little snakes," said Rattlesnake Pete, who is a reporter told of a recent trip to the country, where he saw a farmer kill several rattlers. Pete had just finished placing 13 new snakes into the case adjoining the den of rattlers, which has long been the pride of his heart.

"As soon as anyone commences talking snakes," said Pete, "I'm right at home. How many snakes have I in all? Oh, about 75. Those in that side are all poisonous, but these are not known to be very bad."

"At this the snake fancier took from a bunch of reptiles a light brown snake with dark spots on its body. Pete explained that it was a spotted adder, and was one of a new lot that he had just received.

"The spotted adder can bite," said Pete, "but there is no poison. As he said that he opened the snake's mouth with his fingers and exposed a dangerous-looking tongue, but there were no fangs such as the rattlers and other poisonous snakes have.

The new snakes received the other day were contributions from friends of Pete's in Miami, Fla. The box in which the snakes came was marked: "114 pounds of snakes, 85 cents a pound." There was no other writing on the box other than the address of "Pete Gruber," which is "Rattlesnake Pete's" more formal name. The box contained snakes of the following species: Cottonmouth snakes, copperheads, chicken snakes, copper-bottom and mud snakes.

It will be seen that most of these snakes are very poisonous. The cottonmouth snake is similar to the rattlesnake in every way excepting the lack of rattles. It is said that these snakes are more poisonous than rattlers, but Pete, who has had considerable experience nursing snake bites, does not believe it.

The chicken snake is a black snake, with red spots dotted here and there on its body, and is quite pretty. As Pete took one of them from the case and examined him thoroughly, he remarked that he guessed there wasn't much poison about it. The copper-bottom snakes are similar to the snakes found in Florida and other southern states. Pete also handled them with great readiness, but in taking the cotton-mouth, copper-head and mud snakes from the box, he used more caution.

While the reporter was talking to Pete, a long box arrived by express which was immediately opened. It contained a large, bright-colored snake which is known as a coach whip. It was seven feet long, and came from Chadwick, Mo. The man of many snakes took the reptile and threw it in with the others and locked up the cage.

As he locked the door he pointed to a four-foot snake which was curled up in one corner of the cage. He was a copper-bottom from Florida. He had just swallowed a field or garden snake, measuring about three feet in length. Another snake in the same cage had just been fed 16 small mice and one kitten a week old. In order to prove that the snakes would eat anything, Pete opened the den and placed an ordinary egg in front of one of the largest reptiles. The snake was not long in encircling the egg, and when he swallowed it he was seen to tighten the body as if to break the shell.

The attention of Rattlesnake Pete was called to a statement which was published from Cleveland, which stated that the army worm, which had been doing much damage in the northern part of Ohio, had an enemy in the rattlesnake. Pete stated that not only did the rattlesnakes devour the army worm, but all snakes were fond of them.

"If the farmers only knew when they were well off," said Pete, "their garden truck would be much better if they allowed the small snakes about the garden which are generally killed to live, that they might devour the insects." Pete has known for a fact where snakes have gone through gardens and picked bugs off the vegetables. Hence his appeal for the harmless little creature.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Two shadowy forms together stand at portal of the opening year; Each stretching out a beckoning hand, As on the threshold we appear.

One leadeth forth with restless feet into a conflict earnest grave, And fills our hearts with hope to meet A victory like soldiers brave.

The other with a trembling touch Draws to a dreamlike, lowly bed, Where those who, burdened over-much, Find rest for weary heart and head.

But in her other hand she holds Concealed from sight, a golden key Which Heaven's pearly gate unfolds Into a blissful eternity.

Each strives to keep us in her grasp, To lure us onward in her sphere; The Lord of life, and death, doth clasp And guide their hands—we need not fear.

—Margaret May, in N. Y. Observer.

BICYCLE NO. 11,152.

BY HENRY E. HAYDOCK.

"FATHER, may I come in?" said a freckle, young voice. "Certainly, my son," answered a man who had been but a moment before bending over his writing.

He glanced toward the door as it opened, and seemed relieved at the interruption.

A handsome, manly-looking fellow of about 14 entered the library, advanced toward the table and stood opposite his father. As they thus faced each other, one could see a striking resemblance. The same dogged perseverance, the same resolute look and determined expression which characterized Mr. Stillwell's face, and which showed that had made him superintendent of the R. & W. railroad, without friends or influence to back him, appeared also in the face of his son.

This resolute look was now the most pronounced expression on the son's face as he said:

"Father, I want to send for a bicycle to-night."

The happy look that had come over Mr. Stillwell's face changed to a rather stern expression.

"Well, Charles, you know how much they cost, and at present I can ill afford to get you one."

"I know that, father," the boy replied, "and had thought of it long ago. For a year I have been working in spare moments and saving all I could until I have now half of the price of a bicycle. Unless I get it at once, I cannot have it this summer. If you will advance me the rest of the money I can get the wheel and pay it back before fall."

Mr. Stillwell dropped his head upon his hand, as if in deep thought, but under the shadow in which his face was placed there came a pleased, happy look. Already the boy was showing what was in him. He had not begged for a bicycle, but he had set out to get it himself. Mr. Stillwell did not like bicycles. He regarded them as one would regard a costly toy. Although he was secretly pleased with the way his son had gone about getting it, he still thought it a useless expenditure of money.

When he looked up it was with a grave expression, and for a moment Charles' heart sank.

"You know what I think of bicycles," he said, "I think they are very costly and practically useless. The proposition you make, however, is a thoroughly business one. It is your own money you are spending, so I will advance what you ask for, and shall expect to have it repaid by next fall. If I felt differently in the matter, I would gladly help you to get it, but, feeling as I do, it is best you should buy it with your own money as you propose. I, therefore, ask you to consider well, because there must be no mistake about your returning me the money when it comes due."

"I have thought it over carefully," his son replied, "and I will hand you the money then. Here is the other half now," he continued, as he laid on the table a roll of bills of various denominations.

How much that money meant to him! How much self-denial, hard work and persevering effort! Perhaps his father guessed what was passing in his mind, for he drew the money toward him almost tenderly.

"When do you want my check for the full amount?" he asked.

"To-morrow. I will write the letter to-night, and in the morning you can look it over and inclose the check to the manufacturer."

Charles then bade his father good night and left the room.

For a moment Mr. Stillwell gazed toward the door, and away from his work; then he smiled happily and went back to his writing with renewed energy.

Bicycles 11,152 had at last arrived. Charles noticed the number when he unpacked it from its crate. The bicycle represented more to him than anything he had ever possessed. How fond he became of it! The self-control, hard work and study he had

given to get it were all repaid a hundredfold when he sped over the road with the bright, steel machine beneath him. He never seemed to tire of its company. When not riding he was working over it, polishing the nickel or wiping the dust from the enamel. The summer was nearly over before he realized it. The days had sped away from him as the road had under his wheel.

The amount he owed his father seemed to grow larger as the time came near to pay it, although he had raised as much as half of it. The thought of this money added a deeper gloom to the landscape as he wheeled down the road at the side of the railroad track to the depot on a dark day in the early part of September.

He noticed particularly that day the long curve the railroad made to give a grade on the opposite side of the valley. The highway, by descending a steep hill, saved this detour and fully one-fourth of the distance.

When he reached the station, which was a small, unpretentious building, he did not enter into conversation with the station master, as was his custom, but began reading the notices and studying time tables.

"What's the matter?" the station agent said. "You seem out of sorts."

"Oh, nothing," Charles replied, and he began to whistle, but it sounded forced, and he soon stopped.

The agent took up the tune where Charles had left it, but he, too, suddenly paused.

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed. "I forgot that key. I must go to the house for it. You'll keep your eyes on things, won't you? I will only be gone a minute!"

The agent's house was almost in sight of the depot and he started on a run to get the key.

Charles looked at the depot—at its tiny office, its few seats for passengers, its view of the tracks stretching away in the distance, with a new feeling of pride, for were they not left in his charge?

Suddenly this feeling was followed by a sense of responsibility. Then, without being able to account for it, this gave place to one of dread. As the feeling stole over him there came to his ears the heavy, dull rumble of an approaching train.

Nearer and nearer it came, but there was nothing in this of itself to cause alarm, for he knew No. 18 well. It always went through without stopping. So he stepped toward the door to see it pass once again. As he did the telegraph instrument began clicking loudly. He paid no attention to this, as he did not understand telegraphy, and had often heard it make noise, much noise when the sound had no import. Standing on the platform, he watched the freight train whelm majestically by. A brakeman whom he knew waved his hand to him, and he waved back in response. Car after car passed, until at last came the caboose with its fluttering flag.

The long train had hardly crossed the last switch, and the click of the rails as the trucks of the cars passed over them, still sounded in his ears, when he heard his name called in an agonized voice from the station. He rushed into the room. There stood the agent, his face a ghastly white, with one hand upon the keyboard of the telegraph as if frozen to it.

"Orders to hold No. 18—Get back too late to stop here.—No. 5 to pass here.—No. 5 has left V—station.—Nothing between the two trains."

The agent fairly gasped the words, but Charles understood him at once.

No. 18, the through freight, and No. 5, the express, between stations on a single track road, were rushing together with nothing to stop them!

Charles turned as white as the agent, while a look of despair crept over his face. Suddenly his eye rested upon his wheel, and hope came to him.

He remembered the long curve of the track and the short cut of the road, and how they came together again further on almost at right angles, and then continued in parallel lines. He thought of the slow progress of the freight. It was one chance in a hundred, but perhaps he could head off the freight train and stop her, particularly as he had so much less distance to go and could get great speed on the down grade.

He was on his wheel in a moment, riding as he had never ridden before. At first there was a smooth stretch of road leading to the steep hill, which threw the road at right angles to the track, and over this his wheel fairly flew. With his head bent low over the handlebars, he glanced rather to the right or left, but fastened his eyes upon the road, which seemed like some white, silent river flowing by him with great rapidity. It took but a moment or two to get over this road, at the speed he was riding, but it seemed to him to be years.

He was now on the down grade, and, although he could not see the freight, he knew it was near from the presence of the cloud of thick, black smoke, which hung above its course.

He soon reached the crest of the hill. In a moment, he thought, he could see the freight and know whether he could stop her or not. At length the train came into view, and he saw at once he could not hope to head it off, but that by using all his speed he would be able to reach it before all the cars had passed the place where the road curved by the side of the track.

As he started down the hill he put all his weight on the pedals until the bicycle shot down the grade at a great pace, gathering speed with each rotation of the wheels. He was going so fast that when he came to the level it seemed to him that his speed increased instead of diminished.

Now, he is approaching the track with lightning swiftness. The road and railroad begin to converge. Moments pass which seem like years. He raises his eyes, the train is directly ahead of him; he will just reach it before it passes entirely. The engine has already passed and some of the cars.

Once more he looks down and puts all his remaining strength upon the pedals. He raises his eyes again, and finds he is shooting along the road beside the freight, which is now going at good speed. He cannot hope to keep this pace long; already the freight is gaining upon him.

A brakeman is half asleep on one of the cars. Charles waves his hand frantically and tries to shout, but to his surprise his voice makes little sound, and that is drowned in the rumble of the train. The brakeman laughs and waves his hand in response, as if it were a good joke, his riding a race with the train.

Would he laugh, Charles thinks, if he realized that that great mass of wood and metal, passenger No. 5, was pouring toward him with the force of a tornado?

The freight is surely gaining, and they pay no attention to him. A short distance ahead the road and track diverge again; what shall he do? He rides with the energy of desperation, and the brakeman at last calls to a fellow-brakeman to look at him. They can't seem to make out why he should try to beat the train, when it is so hopeless a task.

His heart leaps with hope for a moment, but it is soon dispelled, for the other brakeman laughs, and then both wave their hands at him in token of farewell.

Charles, in the agony of despair, lets his hand fall downward, and as he does so it comes in contact with a bunch in his coat pocket. Again hope comes to him, for he remembers it is the remnant of an old red flag he had used to clean his wheel, and had stuffed into his pocket.

Quick as a flash he has drawn the rag forth, and now waves it in answer to their mocking gestures. It is old and soiled, but its red is still bright enough to look sinister and dangerous. Charles waves it frantically above his head.

The smiles die away from the faces of the brakemen. One of them starts on a run along the cars toward the en-

gine. Then there comes the whistle of down trains. Charles is sick and faint, but he realizes he must keep up bravely, or else slowly, it seems to him, the train's speed diminishes, and at last it ceases to move.

A brakeman climbs down and runs toward the bicycle, for he still waves that piece of red flag above his head with one hand while with the other he clings firmly to the handlebar of his wheel. The brakeman is close to him now and grasps his wheel, for it is beginning to wobble frightfully. He holds it firmly, for Charles is, for the moment, too weak to dismount.

"No. 5 has passed V—station!" Charles stammers out between his gasps for breath.

That is enough; the brakeman knows only too well what it means. He shouts out the information to another brakeman who is nearer the train, and the latter starts on a run for the head of the train with his red flag. Will he be in time to stop the express?

A moment, then another, passes. Surely he must now be ahead of the freight. Charles' strength returns, and, leaving his wheel, he rushes along beside the track. On reaching a place where he can see some distance ahead of the train, he notices the brakeman with the red flag is still running.

Then there comes the whistle of an approaching train. The brakeman waves his flag, and Charles hears the whistle of "down trains" from the engine of No. 5, and sees No. 18, the heavy freight, begin slowly and majestically to lurch. Soon No. 5 comes in view, still moving but very slowly, and at last stops. No. 18 then ceases to lurch, and the two trains face each other, the smoke from their engines intermingling above the length upon length of cars which might have been piled upon one another in one wild heap of chaos and death.

Again father and son stood facing each other in the library.

"To-night is the time I was to pay you my debt," Charles said, laughing, "but, first, you must admit that a bicycle is not so useless as you at first supposed."

"No, my son; it is I who am in your debt," Mr. Stillwell replied, "for you saved me two great trains, and it is a debt it will be hard to pay. Here is the money you handed me toward the wheel. You see I have not touched it," and Mr. Stillwell handed back to Charles the identical roll of money which he had given him on the night of the first payment. "I gladly make you a present of the wheel. Now, what else can I do for you? I will be glad to give you almost anything. The company has empowered me to act most liberally."

"All I wish for," Charles said, "is that my wheel number, 11,152, shall go down on the records of the company among the train numbers with a history of what it did towards saving two trains." And so it happened that in the records of the P. & W. railroad bicycle No. 11,152 has a place and a history.—Leah's Illustrated Magazine.

FALL OF LAWN TENNIS.

Bicycling and Golf Have Almost Killed It in England.

How comes it that, the champion week at Wimbledon notwithstanding, lawn tennis has unquestionably suffered some eclipse, is played with less eagerness than heretofore, and has fewer votaries? It has, we are afraid, been eclipsed by more fascinating rivals, and bicycling has completed what golf had already begun.

It had reached all the perfection of which it was capable; and when that stage is attained, sports, like painting, like sculpture, like architecture, indeed, like all the arts, begin to perish. In all perfection are the latent seeds of decay. As long as a great many people played lawn tennis tolerably well, but no one supremely, and all were moving on to amelioration, lawn tennis was safe. But when a certain number of players got to play too well the fate of the game was sealed, as far as universal popularity is concerned.

The inferior players did not care to play with the superior players, and truth to tell, the superior ones did not care to play with the inferior ones. Shall we be deemed very ungentle if we add that, speaking generally, the inferior players were—well, not of the male sex? They withdrew their countenance from the game in consequence, and the result was that it sank from the position of a national pastime to that of a provincial or a local one.

Moreover, bicycling is the chartered libertine of the day. Mount a bicycle, and the most dragooned young woman may go where she likes, when she likes, and as fast as she likes. If she attempted to go in a boat, in a harness, or even on horseback, as freely as she moves about on her cycle, the mountains would be called on to cover her, and she would swiftly be reminded of the obligations and restrictions of her sex. But a female cyclist can do no wrong. It is to be wondered at that, such being the case, bicycling promises to kill not only lawn tennis, but to run over everything that stands in its way.—London Standard.

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WOMEN WHO WORK.

All Women Work in Some Capacity and Need Advice.

MRS. PINKHAM OFFERS ASSISTANCE

Women in Stores, Mills and Domestic Service—Tens of Thousands are on the Never Ceasing Treadmill Earning their Daily Food.</

ADIRON NEWS

FRANCIS & ANDERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year, \$1.00; Six months, .60; Three months, .30.

Advertising rates made known on application. All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

MARION, VA., JANUARY 29, 1897.

The burial of the late Minister Albert S. Willis took place in Louisville Tuesday.

Defalcations among persons bonded by insurance companies during the past year show the enormous total of \$9,465,921.

Postmaster Draper and his son, assistant postmaster at Cheyenne, Wyo., have been arrested for stealing \$3500 from a registered letter.

John E. Redmond, Irish Member of the British Parliament, who is in Baltimore, Md., thinks England has an advantage over the United States in the arbitration treaty.

Just how Senator Prichard, a Republican, secured his re-election by a North Carolina Legislature containing an overwhelming majority of Democrats and Populists, has not yet been made clear to a wondering but gratified public.

We have heard it suggested that if Judge Goff goes into the cabinet, Judge Paul will be promoted to the United States circuit, and Gen. James A. Walker appointed United States district judge.

Philadelphia was flame-spect Tuesday, no less than fifteen fires—a record unparalleled in the history of the city—having occurred during the day, one of them being an appalling disaster, and another causing a loss of \$100,000.

The widespread suffering of the army of unemployed persons in the west and northwest has been greatly intensified by the terrific blizzard and icy temperature which prevails over an enormous territorial area.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, until the last few years was supposed to be incurable.

CASTORIA. The little child's friend. It is in every home.

STORM KING'S SWEEP.

Great Blizzard Prevailing Throughout the Northwest.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 24.—It is reported here that about 10,000 families in this city are in a starving condition.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 24.—Intensely cold weather has prevailed throughout the West and Northwest during the last 24 hours.

RAILROAD TRAFFIC BLOCKED.

Railway traffic is everywhere greatly retarded. Around Aberdeen, Huron, Milbank and Wilmet, S. D., no effort has been made for two days past to clear the tracks.

The mercury has dropped forty-five degrees in Nebraska in the past twenty-four hours. Much loss of stock is feared on the range.

A blizzard of unusual severity has raged in Kansas to-day and reports from points in the southern and western portions are that the storm has not yet spent its fury.

NEBRASKA'S DISASTEROUS BLIZZARD.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 24.—Nebraska is in the track of a blizzard. The wind is blizzard. The wind is blowing in a gale and snow flurries are the order.

BELOW ZERO IN INDIANA.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 24.—This has been the coldest day of the winter. At 7 o'clock to-night the thermometer is seven degrees below zero.

BELOW ZERO IN NEW YORK STATE.

Utica, N. Y., Jan. 24.—At mid night the temperature in the Adirondacks was as follows: Malone, 18 degrees below zero; at Tupper Lake, 15 below; at Fulton Chain, 10 below; and at Remsen, 5 below.

Counsel to Defend Mrs. Deckard.

Bristol, Tenn., Jan. 25.—Counsel has been employed to defend Mrs. Susan Deckard, who confessed that she killed her husband, Joseph Deckard, who was found assassinated in his bed.

Pure Blood

Blood means sound health. With pure, rich, healthy blood, the stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the One True Blood Purifier. \$1; six for \$5.

HOOD'S DR. PEPPER'S ROYAL-TANSY PILLS

NEW DISCOVERY, NEVER FAILS. A new, reliable and safe relief for all cases of headache, neuralgia, etc.

COVE PLASTER

Cove plaster in good sacks at Look & Lincoln's at \$5 per ton.

THE EXTRA SESSION

OF CONGRESS WILL MEET MARCH 15, SAYS MCKINLEY. Philadelphia, Jan. 25.—Congressmen John C. Sturtevant, of Crawford county, who will succeed Jos. C. Sibley in the next congress, is in the city.

Queen Victoria gave £500 to the India famine fund

and the Prince of Wales £250. But the banking house of Morgan & Co. subscribed £1000 and Mr. William Waldorf Astor £2000.

New Shoe Shop.

A new and handsome shoe shop has just been erected on the Nickels & Atkins lot adjoining the Seaver Opera House.

"I will call a special session of congress on March 15, and unless I change my mind you may be in Washington by that time. I desire to have my protective system inaugurated immediately upon my inauguration, and I want a measure passed that will immediately stimulate business and give idle men work."

It is Thought by Many

when the Creator said to woman "in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," that a curse was pronounced.

"Mother's Friend" is the greatest remedy ever put on the market, and all my customers praise it highly.

"Mother's Friend"

so relaxes the system that the natural and necessary change takes place without nausea. Headache, Nervous or Gloomy, Foreboding and at the trying hour makes child-birth easy.

and at the trying hour makes child-birth easy, as so many happy mothers have experienced.

CATARRH

is a LOCAL DISEASE and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

Fits Cured

From U.S. Journal of Medicine. Prof. W. H. Peck, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living physician.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal catarrh, cold in head and Hay fever of all remedies.

A. P. Pickle,

Fine Tobacco, Cigars, etc.

HIS WIFE KILLED HIM.

Mrs. Deckard Confesses to the Murder of Her Husband.

Bristol, Tenn., January 23.—The murder of Joseph Deckard at his home near Bristol a day or two ago is now explained and Mrs. Susan Deckard, the murdered man's wife, was this morning committed to jail at Abingdon, Va., being permitted to take with her infant child.

Mrs. Deckard made a full confession last night, stating that she murdered her husband on account of fear that he might kill her.

She stated that a quarrel between her and her husband began in bed, when she sprang to the floor, seized the axe and brought it down heavily upon his head, cutting into brain.

The confession was kept quiet in the community for the murderers could be sent to jail.

Mrs. Deckard is a member of a highly respected family, but it is recently in this connection that many years ago a bear relative of her father way-laid and killed King Heiskell, who was at that time a prominent official of Washington county.

Queen Victoria gave £500 to the India famine fund and the Prince of Wales £250. But the banking house of Morgan & Co. subscribed £1000 and Mr. William Waldorf Astor £2000.

Do Not Despair, Sufferer,

Neglect Alone is Dangerous.

Use this great and wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and the nervous, irritable, weak and trembling feeling will disappear.

Dr. GREENE'S NERVURA BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY Will Make You Well. Price, \$1.00 at Druggists.

TURNING GRAY AND THREATENED WITH BALDNESS

The Danger is Averted by Using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

"Nearly forty years ago, after some weeks of sickness, my hair turned gray and began falling out so rapidly that I was threatened with immediate baldness.

The Sun.

The first of American newspapers, CHARLES A. LINCOLN, Editor.

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year.

NIAGARA BICYCLES

Reliable Agents Wanted. BUFFALO WHEEL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

W. E. & F. W. LEONARD

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Groceries, etc.

GRANDEST OF ALL MEDICINES

Dr. Greene's NERVURA

Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Makes All Who Use It Strong and Well. (Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless.)

HUNDREDS of thousands of our people are nervous, thousands upon thousands suffer from Poor Blood, Brain Fatigue, Weak and Irritable Nerves, Sleeplessness, Gloomy Depression of Mind and Exhaustion of Nerve Power and Physical Strength.

POOR BLOOD, NERVOUSNESS and INSOMNIA, WEAK, TIRED and EXHAUSTED BODIES, GLOOMY DEPRESSION OF MIND, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA and HEADACHE, KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS.

The question comes home to every heart with keenest anxiety—Is there a source of help? The answer is positive and convincing.

Do Not Despair, Sufferer, Neglect Alone is Dangerous.

Use this great and wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and the nervous, irritable, weak and trembling feeling will disappear.

Dr. GREENE'S NERVURA BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY

Will Make You Well. Price, \$1.00 at Druggists.

If the bowels are constipated, DR. GREENE'S CATHARTIC PILLS should be taken in connection with the Nervura.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Sun.

The first of American newspapers, CHARLES A. LINCOLN, Editor.

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year.

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Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Groceries, etc.

NOTICE!

Trustee's Sale of Small farm near Marion, Va.

Pursuant to the terms of a Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned by S. S. Snider and S. V. his wife, on the 20th day of May, 1895, to secure to the Marion Building and Loan Association of Marion, Va., the sum of two hundred dollars (\$200.00).

We will take dressed poultry, corn and pork or any kind of produce from parties owing us on account, and we ask you to kindly favor us in this way when you have the opportunity, as we must insist on our accounts being settled.

Respectfully, Groseclose Bros.

Fresh currants, raisins, citron, figs, dates, cocoanuts and mince meat just received at C. M. WOLFE'S.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

New Fall Goods!

at Groseclose Bros.

Go and See Them

W. L. Look, President. ESTABLISHED 1850. A. T. LINCOLN Sec'y and Treas.

Look & Lincoln,

Manufacturers of Wagons, Wagon Material & Plow Handles, Plows and Repairs: Straw Cutters, and other Agricultural Implements.

BUGGIES, PHAETONS and CARTS

which we will sell at manufacturers' prices. All kinds of wagon and buggy repairing done on short notice at lowest prices.

Merchants & Farmers Bank,

BOARD OF DIRECTORS. Jno. M. Gwyn, H. E. McCoy, P. C. March, A. M. Dickenson, C. C. Lincoln, R. M. Gaddy, F. M. Young.

W. M. Davis,

MARION LIVERY, FEED and SALE STABLES.

When in Marion with a team, don't fail to put it up at my stables. I will have it fed and well cared for and my charges will be reasonable.

W. E. & F. W. LEONARD

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Groceries, etc.

Local Items.

Have you been hypnotized? Next Tuesday is Ground-Hog Day. For every day or Sunday pants go to Weiler's.

Hon. H. L. Morgan was over from his farm last Saturday.

If the water isn't in a condition to drink, hit it with an ax.

Capt. Jon. B. Smith, of Chilhowie, was in town yesterday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hazlewood, on last Friday, a fine boy.

Mrs. W. P. Francis has been confined to her room this week from sickness.

The street lamps seem to be hypnotized, as they refuse to twinkle all the night for nocturnal ramblers.

Snow fell in London last week to the depth of one inch. It is the first snow that city has experienced for 5 years.

We have a suspicion that the North Pole has got tired of waiting to be discovered, and is coming down this way.

Shell Patrick, who was indicted for malicious assault on one Noah Orr, was tried in the county court this week and acquitted.

Bristol people are talking of having an curfew ordinance to keep the boys off the street at night. Marion needs something of the kind.

It is actual merit that has given Hood's Sarsaparilla the first place among medicines. It is the One True Blood Purifier and Nerve Tonic.

He did not think she was so sharp. And repartee did not admire. He said her voice was like a harp. She said his voice was like a lyre.

If you want good stationery at low prices go to O.C. Sprinkle's.

James Sayer, for malicious shooting with intent to kill, was tried and found guilty—punishment 6 hours in the county jail and \$50.00 fine.

The darkness enveloping our progressive town for the past week has been so intense as to entirely obliterate the illuminating qualities of our street lamps.

President Swain, of the M. & R. V. R. R. is in the city this week. We are informed that large quantities of ore will be put out as soon as the weather opens up.

Mr. D. F. Carrier informs us that he received news from Vinton a few nights ago that there had been born to Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwood a fine boy. Mrs. Carrier is now visiting her daughter Mrs. Greenwood.

One slightly used Lindeman & Sons upright piano, full size, in beautiful fancy walnut case, almost as good as new, in perfect order and fully warranted five years at a sacrifice. A rare opportunity to get a fine piano for little money, on easy payments. Write Hobbie Piano Co. Roanoke, Va. for particulars.

The serious epidemic of grippe, which has had so many in its clutches all over this section of the country, is believed by many to be the tail end of that terrible disease, Russian influenza; of course it is not so serious as the original disease, but in a milder form, and appears to be the dying stages of that fearful malady.

Dr. W. R. Prier's lectures on Psychology in the Seaver Gymnasium house this week, were rich and rare treats of science, oratory and fun. His lectures are elevating and helpful to all who desire light and further understanding of the great science of Psychology. Prof. Spalding performed some wonderful feats in mind reading, doing what to the audience seemed impossible.

Thornton's Drug store is the place to buy your family and p. tent medicine.

We regret to announce that Mrs. W. M. Davis met with a painful accident on last Monday evening. While walking to the woodpile she stepped on a cob which turned under her foot and threw her violently on the ground, breaking her left leg just above the ankle. Dr. Apperson rendered the necessary surgical attention and we learn she is doing very well.

CASTORIA. Fresh Lemons and Oranges at A. P. Pickle's.

Caught in a Trap of His Own Making.

Allen Graham, a Negro, Meets Death in a Watery Grave in Attempting to Escape Arrest.

Yesterday morning about 6:30 o'clock Messrs. S. C. Lindsey and Thomas Rider, special night-watchmen at Look & Lincoln's wagon factory, observed a man going to the mill house and thinking he was a suspicious character gave close attention and found that the individual had a key and entered the mill. While they were arranging to make good his capture, he secured two bags of flour and was making his escape but finding he had been detected dropped the flour just outside the door and ran up the river. In the meantime one of guards firing on him and the thief thinking he could cross the dam and make his escape, entered, but when he struck the middle of the stream the ice gave way and he was heard to go under. Of course he was drowned immediately as the ice prevented him from rescuing himself or being rescued. The water was about six or seven feet deep where he broke through. A party was soon organized and the body found only a few feet from where it went through. On examination the body was found to be that of Allen Graham. A stretcher was prepared and the dead body brought to the court house where an inquest was held under the auspices of Mayor Atkins. The following were summoned as a coroner's jury: James White Sheffey, Dr. E. J. Haller, J. G. Stephenson, C. M. Wolfe, Dr. O. C. Sprinkle and Dr. E. M. Copenhaver. After the investigation the jury's verdict was "That he came to his death by accidental drowning."

Sergeant Scherer found in his pockets the large key with which he entered the mill and a bunch of small keys. There had been various charges against Allen before this of petty thieving and on searching his house yesterday a quantity of goods and chattels were found, viz: seventeen pairs of boots and shoes, all qualities and sizes; several remnants of calico, a few broken bolts of cassimere, canned goods, gloves, other small articles and trinkets, several bags of flour and a large ham. Some of the goods were recognized and it was found that he had in his possession articles from most every store in town. This thieving had no doubt been carried on for a number of years and when the robber found out that he was about to be brought under the power and strong arm of the law he risked his life in attempting to cross on the ice and thus secured his own conviction and met death in a watery grave.

IT WILL SURPRISE YOU.—On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Full size 50c.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City. Ely's Cream Balm has completely cured me of catarrh when everything else failed. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Alfred W. Stevens, Caldwell, Ohio.

To Succeed Judge Ward. Governor O'Ferrall has appointed Mr. David C. Cummings, judge of the County Court of Washington county, to succeed Judge George W. Ward, who died on the 21st instant. Mr. Cummings has been up to this time the clerk of the court, and his appointment holds good until thirty days after the commencing of the next session of the Legislature by whom the office will be filled for a full term.

CASTORIA. A Correspondence.

1. She writes: Eue, mene, mine, mo, Buy me a wheel, my good old he u. 2. He replies: King William was King James' son, You'll get no wheel, for I've no mon.



ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c, by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Look out for sharpers and be careful how you sign your name to any paper presented by a stranger.

The cold wave which struck our town some days ago froze the dynamo and left us in Egyptian darkness.

When you know of anything that will interest your friends or the public, don't hesitate about telling us. We are publishing a local paper and want all the home news.

Read Ayer's Almanac, which your druggist will gladly hand you, and note the wonderful cures of rheumatism, catarrh, scrofula, dyspepsia, eczema, debility, humors, and sores, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla admitted at the World's Fair.

Plague and famine are stalking through portions of the British empire. Thousands are dying and the situation is growing worse every day. Assistance is being given the stricken sufferers, but it will be several months before any permanent improvement can be expected.

Many readers of the Citizen will be pained to learn of the dangerous illness of Rev. Noah C. Baldwin, at his residence near Friendship. At this writing it is reported that his condition has somewhat improved and we trust it is true.

We copy the above from the Glade Spring Citizen and know that the readers of THE NEWS, a large number of whom are acquainted with the venerable minister, will join us in wishing his speedy recovery. Rev. Baldwin has been actively engaged in preaching for more than half a century; organized the Baptist church at this place, and a majority of the stronger churches now composing the Lebanon Association. We trust that his improved condition has continued and that he will soon enjoy his usual degree of health and strength.

We are in receipt of a copy of the Illustrated Southern Almanac for 1897, published by the J. L. Hill Printing Co., Richmond, Va. We notice with pleasure the continued improvement of this work. The weather forecasts are second to none published. There is a design of the monument to Jefferson Davis in Richmond, and other illustrations suitable to a work bearing the above name. There is a full list of all the courts in the State, giving their time of meeting and the officers together with post offices of every State official and a list of Virginia post-offices corrected up to December 1, 1896. This Almanac can be had of any bookseller, or by sending 5 cents to the publishers.

Examine our line of Toilet Soaps. You will be surprised at the low prices at Thornton's drugstore.

Our Machine. If you want a first-class machine, come and see the one we are offering in club with THE NEWS. Competent judges pronounce it a first-class article. If you want a machine come around and see ours before buying. Best terms.

NOTICE. There will be a meeting of the Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Association on Feb. 15th at 12 o'clock, court day, in the Court house. Important that each member be present. H. P. COPENHAVER, President. Jan. 29, '97.

To the Public! New Meat Market!

We desire to call the attention of the citizens of Marion and vicinity to our new meat market, on corner Main street and Iron alley. We expect to keep on hand first class beef and all kind of meats sold in this market, and in addition we will have fresh oysters every Friday, also will keep on hand eggs, chickens, etc. Prices, best stake 9c. per lb., roast 5c. and down. We have come to stay and ask a share of your patronage. D. ASHBY WILLIAMS, J. C. JAMES.

WANTED. Active, reliable men to solicit orders for FERTILIZERS and ORNAMENTAL Nursery Stock Varieties especially adapted to Va. Stock warranted strictly first-class and true to name. Permanent employment; good pay. Business easily learned. State age and occupation. Write at once for terms and territory. Established 32 years. The R. G. Chase Co., S. Penn Square, Phila., Pa.

T. A. Slocum, M. D., the U. S. Chemist and Scientist, Will Send Free to the A. T. Deane, Three Bottles of His Newly Discovered Remedies to Cure Consumption and all Lung Complaints.

Confident that he has discovered a reliable cure for consumption and all bronchial, throat and lung diseases, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting, and to make its great merits known, he will send, free, three bottles to any reader of The News who may be suffering.

Already this "new scientific course of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases.

The Doctor considers it his religious duty—a duty which he owes to humanity—to donate his infallible cure.

He has proved the dreaded consumption to be a curable disease beyond any doubt, and has on file in his American and European laboratories testimonials of experience from those benefited and cured, in all parts of the world.

Don't delay until it is too late. Consumption, uninterrupted, means speedy and certain death. Address T. A. Slocum, M. D., 98 Pine Street, New York, and when writing the Doctor, please give express and post-office address, and also mention reading this article in The News.

Slightly Mixed. An exchange says: A Nashville gentleman informs us that the following is a verbatim copy of an order received by a merchant of that place: "Send me a sack of flour, five pounds of coffee and a pound of tea. My wife gave birth to a fine boy last night, also a package of Celluloid starch, a screw driver and a fly trap. It weighed ten pound and a straw hat. I send money."

Sick Headache. "I regard your pills as a godsend to me. I could not make a business engagement without the proviso, 'unless I have sick headache.'" Now my health is excellent, and all from the use of Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills. So writes Hon. W. H. Beveridge, one of Richmond, Va.'s prominent lawyers.

Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills are a sure cure for sick heads, he and indigestion. Why not try them? At druggists, 25c. and 50c. Wholesale wrapper if continued, yellow if bowels are loose. DR. J. A. DEANE CO., Kingston, N. Y.

We want Eggs, Butter Dressed Poultry and fur skins. VENABLE & Co.

Gloves! Gloves! Big lot of ladies and gents gloves at Grose-close Bros. I will take special care in filling your Prescriptions and Family Receipts and charge very low prices for same. Respt. R. J. THORNTON.

ARE YOU TIRED all the time? This condition is a sure indication that your blood is not rich and nourishing as it ought to be and as it may be if you will take a few bottles of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich red blood. Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

Tobaccos, cigars, cigaretts, etc.,—All prices and the best for the least money at Thornton's drugstore.

Diamond Dyes, all colors, at O. C. Sprinkle's drug-store.

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HOPE CULTURE

Some Sensible Observations Made by a Missouri Farmer.

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But good roads cannot be made without labor; and labor means money; and here lies the great obstacle to be overcome in building good roads. A large majority of taxpayers are unalterably opposed to the expense of building them, overlooking the great fact that good roads cost less than bad ones. It is a well established fact that all our civilized comforts are expensive. But are we going to recede from the refined influences of civilization because they cost something? Nay, verily. Good roads, like churches and all charitable institutions, exert a civilizing influence wherever they are located, and in more ways than one the money spent in building them finds its way back into the pockets of those who build them. They draw immigration and enhance the value of every acre of land within a reasonable distance. They save the wear and tear of harness and vehicles. The merchant, the farmer, the mechanic and the day laborer all get their portion, and the whole community is benefited thereby.

I don't believe there would be any great hardship if there were a law compelling every owner of land on the public highway to make a good road, and keep it in good condition as far as his land extends. The owner would simply be advancing the value of his own property, and it would go far in solving the problem of good roads. But road building is a trade, just the same as blacksmithing or any other trade, and the old custom of electing or appointing inexperienced men as road overseers has worked out its legitimate results in making bad roads. So far as the condition of the roads in my own county is concerned, the thousands of dollars spent in the last 20 years might just as well have been dumped in the river. Road overseers and engineers should be men of judgment in their calling and build with an eye to permanency by using indestructible material. Many states that cannot boast of the wealth and population that we have are moving right along in building good road roads. What is the matter with poor old Missouri?—C. Glover, in Journal of Agriculture.

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GOOD ROADS CHEAPEST.

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