Bristol News.

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BRISTOL NEWS,
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JOB WORK
Executed with neatness and dispatch at New York prices.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1881.

EVENT and COMMENT.

Lord Beaconsfield, the illustrious Jew who for years has been the head and front of the British empire, died last Wednesday morning about dawn. His faculties were unimpaired to the last.

DeJarnette, who shot and killed in a house of ill fame, his darling sister, to whom he had devoted himself, had his second trial last week, and on the testimony of medical experts that he was insane, was acquitted. His insanity, it was conceded, was over the disgrace and fall of his sister. The deed was probably without a parallel. Even Abraham has left no record that he was ready to slay his son on account of affection for him, but here was young man who preferred to kill his sister rather than see her lead a life beneath the reach of his unbounded brotherly love for her. We think he had better have killed the authors of her ruin, and if he can yet do that we shall forgive the strange deed for which the State declined to acquit him under any other plea than a loss of reason.

Sarah Bernhardt has closed her American engagement, and goes back to France with $150,000 in her pocket, promising to come again. Sarah is a soiled dove towards whom the average forgetful American has been very forgiving. Bespangled with the lustre of diamonds, she has diverted attention from the loss of that which should outshine the proudest crowns of the world.

A NAME OR TWO.

To any of those Daily papers who, being of the Readjuster persuasion, have politely agreed to publish the names of those Readjusters who voted the May ticket last fall, and now endorse Senator Mahone, we modestly present the name of Hon. Lewis E. Harvey, of Amelia.—In the South-west such examples are too numerous to make the task of tabulating at all agreeable, but Col. Harvey will do to offset that Rockingham Ostler with. In this same connection we desire to quote from a private letter of a prominent Funder, a member of the Eastern Va. Bar, to the effect following:

"I am in full sympathy and accord with your party, and made a speech endorsing Gen. Mahone's course. I am an eleventh hour convert, and therefore claim nothing at the hands of the Readjuster party."

Mauly words. Not after spoils.—Desire no "bargain." The author of them carries an empty sleeve, but a full head.

Does the *News* wish to see the infamous "bloody-shirt," stalwart traducers of his native State succeed? We put the question to him as a fair and honorable man. Does he not know that Virginia is being daily slandered and falsely accused on the floor of the Senate? Does he not know that all this talk about a "fair vote and an honest count" is the merest bosh? Was not the editor of the *News* fairly elected to the Legislature of Virginia—was he falsely counted in? And does he not believe in his heart that every member who served with him, was fairly elected? We ask him as a candid man. Why then does he, as the editor of a Virginia journal, take sides with Virginia's vilest enemies and most virulent falsifiers?—*Lynchburg News.*

Answer. We wish the bloody shirt buried, but we believe the present course of the Bourbons will keep it in the air indefinitely. The solid South and the bloody shirt are the emblems and the causes of the dark shadow in which we languish. A wild and senseless war on dead issues will not remove them. We must change our policy if we would improve our condition. We are not so sure that all counts and voting are so perfectly fair and honest so long as elections depend on the manipulation of the poll-tax instead of a free ballot. The editor of the *News* was fairly elected. There has been no fraud in the south-west, except such as may have been implied in the power of certain monied parties to call to their aid enough of that balance of power, which they selected for their use and called from its dormant State under the pressure of the dollar tax, leaving silent and dormant so much of the same as would have voted against them. As to the "every member," we recollect certain Senatorial elections in certain cities that had the cloud of alleged fraud upon them. In one of them *twice* as many ballots were in the box as there were votes polled. Do you remember Portsmouth? Does not Brother McDonald *know* that under this poll-tax clause the voter is often enfranchised *on condition*. Is such a state of affairs consistent with a full vote and a fair count?

Church Thief Captured.

SOME OF THE GLADE SPRING CHURCH BOOKS RECOVERED AT MENDOTA.

Mr. R. S. DeBusk, on Saturday the 23th, at Hamilton Institute, captured a young man, giving his name as Charley Smith, with 16 of the books recently stolen from Old Glade Spring Church in this county. He was afoot and professed to be a book agent from Knox county Tenn. At the time of his capture he was carrying a violin, which he doubtless had stolen, as he could not play on it at all. In his satchel he had the stolen books, and proposed to sell them to Mr. DeBusk, who at once recognized them. Afterward, during the temporary absence of Mr. DeBusk, he escaped. The Books recovered are one First Reader, one Testament, four Presbyterian Hymn Books, three Note Books, belonging to the Baptist congregation, who have been allowed the use of the church.—These books are now in Mr. DeBusk's possession at Hamilton Institute, and are subject to the order of the Glade Spring Church. He doubtless had accomplices, as at the time of the robbery the entire library was taken and the silver sacramental service. The fellow is rather tall, squarely built, and has black hair and blue eyes. Age given by him as 17.

SCOTT.

Delegates Chosen to the State Convention.

The Readjusters of Scott county met in mass meeting at the court house on April 12th, 1881 (court day), for the purpose of appointing delegates to the State convention, to meet in the city of Richmond June 2nd, 1881, to nominate a State ticket. F. K. Elliot was called to the chair, and C. C. Mead appointed secretary.

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed:

Whereas we believe that the future welfare of the State is dependent upon the complete triumph of the Readjuster party and its principles, and the same can only be obtained by united action—

Resolved, 1. That we earnestly appeal to our fellow-citizens to stand firm in the coming struggle for tyranny and oppression.

2. That the chairman of this meeting appoint one delegate and one alternate for each magisterial district in this county, and for delegates and four alternates for the county at large, to represent this county in the convention of Readjusters called to meet in the city of Richmond on Thursday, the 2nd day of June, 1882, for the purpose of nominating a State ticket for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and Attorney-General.

3. That any one or more of said delegates or alternates, in the absence of the others, be, and they are hereby authorized to cast the vote of this county on any proposition looking to the welfare of the party.

4. That any citizen of the county who may be present at said convention and in the absence of the delegates and alternates, to cast the vote of the county.

5. That the proceedings of this meeting be furnished by the secretary to the Richmond *Whig*, Abingdon *Virginian*, Bristol *News*, Lee county *Sentinel*, and Virginia *Appeal*, with a request that they publish the same.

On motion, the chairman appointed the following delegates and alternates to said convention:

Estillville District—S. P. McConnel, delegate; J. C. Bevil, alternate.

Fulkerson District—S. J. Jett, delegate; E. B. Hilton, alternate.

Johnson District—M. P. Horton, delegate; J. M. Quillen, alternate.

Floyd District—J. L. Bickley, delegate; Geo. H. Baker alternate.

De Kalb District—S. Cox, delegate; A. B. McConnell, alternate.

Taylor District—Nat Orton delegate; J. H. Carter, alternate.

Powell District—J. Robert, delegate; James Berry, alternate.

Delegates at Large—H. Wood, Jas. C. Larkey, Gen. James A. Taylor, H. W. Holdway.

Alternates at Large—Isaac Wolfe, Jno. Owens, J. E. Tate, William Bowlin.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

F. K. ELLIOT, Chairman,
C. C. Mead, Secretary.

Yorktown Centennl

WASHINGTON'S MASONIC APRON.

At a meeting of Alexandria Washington Lodge of Masons, last night resolution was adopted tendering the apron and sash worn by Gen. Washington during his service as Master of the lodge, to Peyton S. Coles, Esq., Grand Master of the order of Virginia, to be used by him at the Yorktown Centennial. The apron and sash, the handiwork of Mrs. Gen. LaFayette, were presented to Gen. Washington by Gen. LaFayette, during his visit to Mount Vernon, in 1784, and on the 3rd of June, 1812, Major Lawrence Lewis, a nephew of Washington, on behalf of his son, Master Lorto Lewis, presented them to Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, together with the box, made in France, which contained them.

The apron and sash were worn by Washington at the laying of the south east corner stone of the United States capitol in 1793.

HOLDING MAHONE.

A POWERFUL LETTER WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT.

A lady who has just returned from Indianapolis, after a long visit to Washington among the families of prominent Democratic Senators, says it is generally said among Democratic Senators that the reason for the continuation of the present dead-lock in the Senate is to prevent Mahone from going home to attend the Virginia election. They have refused to pair with him, and intend to hold him until after the election in Virginia, when they will consent to an adjournment, or to the election of officers of the Senate.

The Hanged Nihilists.

THE LAST MOMENTS AND EXECUTION OF THE ASSASSINS OF THE CZAR—SOPHIE PEROFFSKY'S COURAGE—A HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE WITNESS THE EXPIATION OF THE CRIME.

NEW YORK, April 16.

The *Evening Telegram* has the following particulars of the Nihilist executions: On Thursday Russokoff asked for three wax tapers, such as are carried to church, a copy of the New Testament and one of the small consecrated loaves made and sold by the monks. When not praying he smoked cigarettes. In the course of the day he offered his services to the government as a spy. Naturally enough he met with a refusal, for he belonged only to the outside circle and could be of little use. Jellaboff spent his time in dictating page after page about the trial, and committing to paper what he would not be able to utter in speech. Sophie Peroffsky wrote to her mother to waste no time or trouble in assuaging the wrath of her father for what had been done. He would never forgive. Kibaltschitsch, the maker of the bombs and in some respects the most remarkable figure among the condemned, devoted his last hours to drawing up a memoir on the subject of his pacific discoveries, which he addressed to the High Court of Justice.—In the document he avowed his desire that his name should be immortalized, and he made a gift of his invention to the State, on the condition that all the profit should go to the amelioration of the lot of the children of political criminals.

The execution took place at nine o'clock on Friday morning on Simonofsky Plain, the same spot on which Molodetsky was executed. The scaffold was a rough wooden structure, painted black, consisting of a high platform, upon which were three posts, each with a chain and manacles, and one long horizontal beam, with iron rings for ropes, supported by two perpendicular posts.—In front was a low platform for the officials. The large plain around was covered with snow and ice, which was melting in the warm sunshine. By eight o'clock many thousand of people had collected around the plain and swarmed in the various streets leading to it. Ten thousand troops kept them back and formed two squares around the gallows. First were the Cossacks with couched lances and then detachments of the guard. The infantry was massed in deep columns, leaving one side of the inner square open for the passage of the condemned prisoners and escort. The cortege entered the eastern side of the plain a few minutes before nine o'clock, having passed through some of the principal streets on the way from the fortress.

The condemn criminals were seated high in the centre of two wheeled platforms, tightly strapped to iron rods with their backs toward the horses, and having on their breast large cards with the words "Tsareoublest" (murderer of the Czar) in black and white. Surrounding them was a strong escort of Cossacks and infantry, with drums and fifes playing a lively tune and preceded by mounted gendarmes. The condemned persons were dressed in black and wore a sort of black hood, covering their heads and shoulders. On the first tumbril sat Russokoff and Jellaboff, both of whose features were nearly concealed by heavy hoods. Jelaboff's dark, piercing eyes seemed to shine with even intensified brilliancy and defiance as he looked on the scene around him. On the second tumbril were seated Kibaltschitsch, Sophie Perofsky and Michailoff, the woman occupying the middle seat. Of these three the features of Sophie Perofsky were alone distinctly visible, her extraordinary high and broad forehead being unshrouded by the hood. Her slightly Judaic cast looked great men at excitement, but there was no sign either of fear of remorse.—General Desmond, who is in command and his four assessants, were waiting under the scaffold.

The condemned were unbound and led up the steps. With the exception of Russokoff, who seemed very feeble, all showed remarkable firmness and resignation. Sophie Perofsky appeared the calmest of all the five prisoners. They were then placed in front of the three posts, with their heads bare, the woman being in the middle. While the clerk of the Senate read the sentences the civilians uncovered and the officers saluted. During this formality five priests in purple caps mounted the scaffold and presented the cross, which all the condemned reverently kissed. The prisoners were then allowed to kiss each other and a word or two passed between them, but the beating of the drums, which now began and lasted until the execution was finished, drowned every other sound.—The prisoners were then placed under the beam. Each prisoner's head was covered with a white hood attached to a kind of sack. Each one, beginning with Russokoff, was led to the top of a small stool with steps.

The rope was drawn tight around one of the supporting beams and the culprit was left to strangle by the stool being withdrawn from under. All remained firm and imperturbable until the last moment, Russokoff alone appeared to faint before the stool was taken away.—The formalities and the execution lasted altogether about twenty minutes. The bodies remained hanging twenty minutes and were then let down into rough shells filled with shavings and were examined by doctors. They were then placed in two carts and taken away under the escort of Cossacks to be ignominiously buried in a remote part of the suburbs of the city. With the exception of an accident to one of the ropes, which broke twice, the proceedings passed off quietly and without difficulty. They were watched in silence by fully one hundred thousand of the civil and military population of the capital.

That Apple Tree.

GENERALS GRANT AND LEE AT APPOMATTOX—THE TRUTH OF HISTORY

R. Trembly writes to *The Republic* as follows:

In your interview with Secretary Blaine, of a recent date, he says he can tell how the story originated of the surrender of Lee taking place under an apple tree. I was at that time in the employ of the New York *Herald*, and can think, give a correct version of this apple tree story. This I am glad to do in the interest of the truth of history, especially as so much credence has been given in that even pictures representing it in that way have been published widely scattered. The terms of surrender, as is well known, were arranged at the McLean house during the afternoon. It was agreed that the two generals could each detail three officers to carry into effect the terms of agreement. Going late when this point was reached, was arranged for them to meet the next morning to name those selections. Early in the morning Gen. Grant, so Gen. Lee riding down the slope opposite the town, hastily mounted and rode out to meet him. They met in an orchard in the centre of the little village which separated the camps of the armies and within sight of many in both. Lee on both sides who were within sight of this occurrence, knowing little of what had actually occurred, but rumors flying about some transaction was about to take place, naturally took this meeting really the surrender, more especially as the two generals after attending to the duties which called them together, stepped into an earnest conversation of half an hour or more, during which the meeting took place. An hour after the meeting had left I found it cut down and so effort already made to secure trophies therefrom, and I got a cane from its crooked branches myself.—Late in the afternoon of the same day I passed the spot again, and the whole tree had disappeared, even the roots having been dug up and carried away.

AN AFRICAN PARADISE.

An Island of Rock Covered with Flowers and Happy Africans.

The Nassau (N. P.) correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes to that paper as follows:

"Right out of the sea, four hundred and fifty miles from the Florida coast, rises a high rock, twenty-two miles long by seven miles wide. It is the smallest of the Bahama Islands and is called New Providence. It is the second place where Columbus landed on his voyage to the western world and the only town of note in the Bahamas marks the spot. Nassau even at this season nestles in a wilderness of flowers, plants and fruits. There is not a tree, shrub or flower that thrives in any warm climate which does not grow luxuriantly there. I said it was a rock upon which these beauties grow and blossom, and over which a never-ending summer breeze blows the seeds of health by tempering the warmth of a tropical sun until it strikes a happy medium where all season is summer and mankind basks in an atmosphere practically invariable twelve months in the year, and trees, shrubs and flowers thrive in chaotic profusion all the year round. How contrary this is to what is known of nature in the frost land, and yet how crudely true of what is seen here every hour of the year.

The ocean threw up this mighty rock "when nature played with hills to show her curious strength and greatness over man." It is a calcareous rock of coral, soft and pliable to the mechanic's hand, filled with shells and sand and spit upon by the ocean until cemented with its brine. The surface in places rots, forms a thin soil and in this, and wherever a crack or crevice is found, the gayest flowers bloom. There is not a bit of fancy in this. It is the truth homely told. To describe its inhabitants would be to parade before you a mass of colored men, women and children, cheaply but neatly dressed, barefooted and bonnetless, but happy and polite. Out of a population of 15,000 more than 12,000 are negres and unusually intelligent.—Shining out from this darkness is now and then a native white face, intelligent and healthy, and at this season numbers of foreign faces, which look as if in search of health. The houses are as neat as the people and all of them are smothered in flowers and shrubbery.—In almost every yard, as well as growing wild, are cocoanuts, oranges, guaves, bananas, pineapples and all sorts of fruit hang, in all stages—bud, blossom, half grown and the matured fruit. The drives over the town and through the island are superb, smooth as a floor and lined back, and on either side with tangled sweeping vines, stunted trees and flowering plants. The oleander towers its high head among the more pretentious tropical plants, while our own modest morning glory, so dear to our childhood, peeps out from behind the cactus to invite the tropical purple lips to be kissed away by the morning sun. No tongue can tell or pen write of the beauties, either of land or sea, which are everywhere visible.—The [illegible] as you approach it from the ocean, rising as it does from the water's edge by gradual incline to the height of 200 or 300 feet, every foot of the way and around the broken plain, flowers [illegible] their best.

The climate and surroundings are as near perfection as one ought to expect to find upon the earth. The surface of the island is rolling and what soil there is is very rich. The bulk of vegetation seems to spring from the solid rock, and actually does from the cracks and crevices.

Wherever room is found a root creeps in and the lime in the stone feeds it.—This lack of soil and the necessity of removing solid stone to add vegetation prevents much cultivation of the soil, and there are very few vegetables grown in a climate especially adapted to their production. Fruits are the principal staples, and upon these the natives live to a very great extent. All tropical varieties grow in abundance and are remarkably rich and nutritious. Every variety of fish is taken in abundance and enters very largely into the domestic economy of the natives. The chief industry of the natives is sponge gathering."

A New Commandment.

In the seventh century the minister of a certain parish in Scotland was the famous Samuel Rutherford, the religious oracle of the Covenanters and their adherents. It is among the traditions that on a Saturday evening, at one of the family gatherings, when Rutherford was catechising his children and servants, a stranger knocked at the door and begged shelter for the night. The minister kindly received him, and asked him to take his place with the family and assist at their religious exercises.

It so happened that the question in the catechism which came to the stranger was that which asks: "How many commandments are there?" He answered, "Eleven." "Eleven!" exclaimed Rutherford. "I am surprised that a man of your age and appearance should not know better; what do you mean?" And he answered: "'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.'" Rutherford was much impressed by the answer, and they retired to rest. The next morning, as he threaded his way to church through the thicket, he heard among the trees the voice of the stranger at his devotions. The elevation of the sentiments convinced him that it was no common man, and on accosting him, the traveller confessed that he was no other than the great divine, Archbishop Usher, the Primate of the Church of Ireland, who well fulfilled that new commandment which he bore to others. He it was who had come in disguise to see Rutherford in the privacy of his own home. Side by side they pursued their way to the little church, and from the rustic pulpit the Archbishop preached to the people from the words which so startled the hoes the evening before: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."—*Literary Notes.*

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She Had Business With Congress.

"Where's Congress? I'm looking for Congress," said a tall, one-eyed woman, peering through one of the doors of the House of Representatives, the other morning. "Is that fellow with a bald head Congress?"

"What do you want with Congress, anyhow?" demanded a deputy door-keeper gruffly. "Hold on, you can't go in there!"

"I came from Bucks county, Pa., to see Congress, and if you've got it on draught anywhere around here, I want some. What's the reason I can't go in there?"

"Cause you can't. Nobody allowed here but members."

"That red-headed man with a squint eye a member?"

"No; he's one of the member's secretaries. He has a right on the floor."

"Is that lop-sided chap with a wig one of the secretaries?"

"No; he's a friend of a member. Had a pass."

"What's that bare-legged boy falling over the back of a chair? Has he got any friends?"

"He's one of the pages."

"Who's that red-nosed artist with a sore ear? Did he have a pass?"

"That's a messenger. He don't need a pass."

"What's that fellow with his legs on a desk? Is he one of the bosses?"

"He is one of the clerks."

"Any of them fellows pay any taxes?"

"I think not. Don't know," said the door-keeper indifferently.

"Now, young fellow, you want to hunt for room to stand in while I bust through this door. Don't fool with me, or your friends will think you've been doing business with a steam grindstone. I pay taxes on three acres and eight pigs up in Bucks county, and I'm going through this 'ere Congress like a contribution box through a congregation.—You just crawl out of sight, if you don't want your spine to change places with the next township."

"Where's the Congress from Bucks county? Show me the Bucks county Congress, and if he don't get a bill through to send that hare-lipped old sky-rocket, who wants to foreclose a mortgage on my place, to the penetentiary, he'll wish he'd been born a tree and cut down and burned up when he was young. Point out the Congress from Bucks county before I have you inside out, to see how you're put together.—Tell me I can't go in among a lot of clerks, and passes and pages! If there's a square foot of Congress left by the time I reach it, it'll wish it was covered with hair that comes out without hurting."

They induced her to leave by telling her that the "Congress from Bucks county" held its sessions in the patent office, and she departed, threatening to get the bill disposing of her mortgage through before she left town, or make the Bucks county member think a "cider barrel had busted under him just as a shot tower fell on top of him."

A Robust Imagination.

Carson City (Nev.) Appeal.

Judge Carey showed the greatest interest in these weird tales, and edged up to the group.

"These are curious yarns, gentlemen, but I believe them all. I had a dog once, back in Nebraska, that I kept to herd lumber."

"Beg your pardon, Judge, did you say the dog herded lumber?"

"Yes, sir; cottonwood boards. We always kept a dog there to bring the lumber in at night."

Everybody now paid the closest attention, as they knew that the boss was at work.

"It was this way. Cottonwood boards warp like thunder in the sun. A board would begin to hump its back up about 9 o'clock in the morning, and in half an hour it would turn turtle over. By 11 it would warp the other way and make another flop. Each time it turned it moved a couple of feet, always following the sun toward the west. The first summer I lived in Brownsville over 10,000 feet of lumber skipped out to the hills the day before I had advertised a house raisin'. I went to the county seat to attend a lawsuit and when I got back there wasn't a stick of timber left. It had strayed away into the uplands. An ordinary board would climb a two-mile hill during a hot week, and when it struck the timber it would keep winding in and out among the trees like a garter snake. Every farmer in the State had to keep Shepherd dogs to follow his lumber around the country, keep it together, and show where it was in the morning. We didn't need any fences there for lumber. We sawed it east of the place where we wanted to use it, and let it warp itself to its destination, with men and dogs to head it off at the right time; we never lost a stick. Well, here comes the jury, continued the judge. The witnesses lied so I guess they will disagree."

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PROMPT attention given to all business entrusted to our care. The collection of claims placed in our hands will receive careful attention. may 27 '79—tf

JOHN C. SUMMERS,
Attorney-at-Law.
Will practice in the County and Circuit Courts of Washington, Scott, Smythe and Russell. Also in the Court of Appeals and U. S. District Court.
Special attention paid to suits in Bankruptcy. Office Main Street, Abingdon, Va. Sep. 23-1y.

A. H. BLANCHARD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BRISTOL, TENN.
Office over King & Hill's Book Store.
Will practise in the County and Circuit Courts of Washington, Russell, and Scott, Virginia, and Sullivan county, Tenn. Also in Court of Appeals and U. S. District Court at Abingdon. July 25, '78.—1y.

H. S. GOOKIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND
COLLECTING AGENT.
WILL attend all the Courts of Sullivan, Washington and Carter counties, Tenn. Office in Law Building on 5th St., Bristol, Tenn., in rear of Bailey & McCroskey's office. aug 8, '76—tf

H. C. ALDERSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
AND GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT,
TAZEWELL, C. H., VA.
Will be in regular attendance on the courts of Tazewell, the circuit court of Washington and Russell counties and Federal court at Abingdon. Special attention given to the claims of creditors against bankrupts in the Federal court at Abingdon

U. L. YORK. A. FULKERSON.
YORK & FULKERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
PRACTICE regularly in all the Courts in Washington county, Va., and in Washington and Sullivan counties, Tenn. and attend to the collection of all claims in Southwest Va. & E. Tennessee. OFFICE, on Cumberland Street, Goodson, Va. Sep 1 '79-tf

D. F. BAILEY. W. P. McCROSKEY.
BAILEY & McCROSKEY
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
BRISTOL, TENN. & VA.
Attend all the Courts in Sullivan and Washington Counties, Tenn., Washington and Scott, Va., and Federal Court at Knoxville and Abingdon. Aug 12—1y

FRANK T. BARR,
ATTORNEY AND COUNCELLOR AT LAW,
ABINGDON, VA.
Collections throughout S. W. Va.
Practices regularly in the Courts of Washington, Russell and Smyth, the Federal Court, Court of Appeals, Wytheville, and the Supreme Court of Appeals at Staunton, and gives prompt attention to business elsewhere when required.

MEL. H. DICKSON,
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Practices in all courts held in Richmond City and counties of Henrico, Buckingham and Prince Edward.

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May 11, '78—tf.

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Office next door to J. P. Paris',
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