

SPACE	1 wk.	1 mon.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos.
1 inch	\$ 1.00	\$ 2.50	\$ 4.00	\$ 6.00	\$10.00
2 inches	2.00	4.00	6.00	9.00	12.00
3 inches	3.00	6.00	9.00	13.00	18.00
4 inches	4.00	8.00	12.00	18.00	24.00
5 column	12.00	24.00	36.00	54.00	80.00
1 column	30.00	50.00	75.00	100.00	150.00

Marriage and Death notices not exceeding ten lines will be inserted free of charge. Obituaries will be charged at half of our advertising rates.

**NEWSPAPER LAWS.**

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodical the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their paper from the office to which they are directed they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**H. C. ALDERSON,**  
**Attorney-at-Law,**  
TAZEWELL, C. H., VA.

Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and the Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Collecting a specialty. Lands for sale and land titles examined.

**J. H. STUART,**  
**Attorney-at-Law,**  
GRAHAM, VIRGINIA.

Will practice in the courts of Tazewell, Virginia, Mercer and McDowell counties, West Virginia.

**M. B. COULING,**  
**Attorney-at-Law & Collector**  
GRAHAM, TAZEWELL COUNTY, VA.

Practice in all the Courts of Tazewell county, Va., and Mercer County, W. Va.

**S. W. WILLIAMS,**      **A. C. DAVIDSON,**  
Bland C. H., Va.      Princeton, W. Va.

**WILLIAMS & DAVIDSON,**  
**Attorneys-at-Law,**

Practice in all the Courts of Tazewell county, Virginia, and Mercer county, West Virginia.

**A. J. & S. D. MAY,**  
**Attorneys-at-Law,**  
TAZEWELL C. H., VIRGINIA.

Practice in the Courts of Tazewell county, and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office opposite new Court House.

**R. B. GILLESPIE,**  
**Physician and Surgeon,**  
TAZEWELL C. H., VIRGINIA.

OFFICE COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

**J. T. COOLEY,**  
**DENTIST.**  
Rooms in residence east end of town.

**C. A. THOMSON,**  
**DENTIST.**  
Office West Front Room, Stras building, upstairs.

**SHAVING AND HAIR CUTTING.**  
**T. B. WARREN,**  
TAZEWELL, C. H., VA.

Saloon East front room, Stras building, upstairs. Elegant Chairs, Plate Glass Mirrors, and all the modern conveniences. Please call.

**HOTELS.**  
**G. R. SURFACE,      JESSE F. WHITE**  
**CENTRAL HOTEL**  
SURFACE & WHITE, Prop'rs.  
House entirely Refurnished.

A well-supplied Table, a complete Bar and good Stables.  
Terms moderate.

**VIRGINIA HOUSE,**  
TAZEWELL, C. H. VA.  
**L. R. DODD**

This large Hotel is entirely refurnished and fitted up to suit modern requirements.  
Special arrangements for commercial travellers.

Table always supplied with the best. The Bar supplied with the finest and purest Liquors, Cigars, &c.  
Good Stables, Sheds, &c.

**VALLEY MUTUAL LIFE**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY.**

**D. B. BALDWIN,**  
TAZEWELL, C. H., VIRGINIA,  
**AGENT**

FOR TAZEWELL COUNTY.

**Very Deaf.**  
Pedestrian (meeting deaf hunter)—"Can you tell me if this is the road to Venice Centre?"  
Enthusiastic Hunter—"Yes, yes; fine day for sport."  
Pedestrian (louder)—"Is this the road to Venice Centre?"  
Hunter—"Yes, yes; fine brace of birds aren't they?"  
Pedestrian (shouting)—"Are you a hunter?"  
Hunter—"Yes, yes; plenty more of 'em over there!"—*Tid-Bits.*

# CLINCH VALLEY NEWS.

J. P. & J. H. Kelly, Publishers.      TAZEWELL C. H., VA.      Price, \$1.50 Per Year.

**IMPORTANT TO PATRONS.**  
If no subscription will be discontinued till all arrearages are paid. Advertisements are payable in advance unless special terms are made. No anonymous communications will be published. All subscriptions are due with first copy of paper. Address all business communications to CLINCH VALLEY NEWS.

**TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.**

**The "Respectable" Saloons.**  
In his address at Cambridgeport, February 28, ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, in referring to what are commonly called "respectable saloons," said:

"All saloons are bad, but none are so dangerous to society as those called 'respectable.' The man of wealth, influence, and respectability never takes his first drink in the low groggery; it is always the golden den, the 'respectable' saloon, that catches him. His self-respect would not permit him to enter one of the 'low-down' places. Not he enters the school of dissipation through the 'high-toned' place, where men of rank congregate, and after manhood, money, character, respectability and all are gone, and he a poor, despised, helpless wreck, he graduates from the 'low-down' saloon in the alley, without a friend or a penny. Had it not been for the infernal 'respectable saloon,' he would be a sober man to-day."

"The 'respectable' dram drinker, like the 'respectable' saloon, is doing more to destroy the young men of this country than all the old toppers and 'low-down' saloons in the land. The lower the saloons the quicker we will get rid of them. In Bloomington, Ill., by the aid of professed Christians, they have high licensed saloons, which system, it was claimed, would drive out the 'low-down' places and make the traffic 'respectable.' A keeper in one of these saloons in Bloomington has represented his party in its State Convention, been a member of the city council, and in local politics is a 'boss.' His saloon is claimed to be very tony and in every way 'respectable.' Yet, the truth is, it has destroyed more homes and started more men on the road to perdition than all the 'low-down' places in the town. Here is the opinion of a poor, heart-broken widow, expressed in a letter she recently wrote to the keeper of this saloon:

"I was once as happy as any living woman. To day myself and my dear children are starving, while you have in your possession not less than \$1,000 of the money that justly belongs to me. And that is not all, nor half. Out of the man I loved dearer than life you made a brute, and to-day he is in hell; but the great God will hold you responsible for his soul and my life-long grief, shame and misery. Your 'respectable' saloon did it all!"

"Allow me to say right here that, when it comes to the judgment bar of God, the man who stood at the 'respectable' saloon counter and dealt out the liquor that destroyed that home and that immortal soul, and brought that poor heart-broken widow and children to starvation, will be no more guilty than the professed Christian who, for the sake, not of Christ, but his political party, stood at the ballot-box and gave sanction to the business by his vote.—*D. mored.*

**Temperance Notes.**

Francis Murphy has made 3,000 temperance advocates in Tiffin, Ohio. The wine crop of France for 1885 was \$42,000,000 gallons, or 1,208,000,000 gallons less than in 1875 and 308,000,000 less than the average for the last ten years. How fortunate for wine-bibbers that grapes are not essential for making their favorite beverage!

**INDIGESTION**

To strengthen the stomach, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency which result from indigestion, there is nothing so effective as Ayer's Pills. These Pills contain no calomel or other poisonous drug, act directly on the digestive and assimilative organs, and restore health and strength to the entire system. T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not have been alive to-day, if it had not been for them. They

**Cured**

me of Dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since." L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for Liver troubles and indigestion, a good many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action." Richard Norris, Lynn, Mass., writes: "After much suffering, I have been cured of Dyspepsia and Liver troubles

**By Using**

Ayer's Pills. They have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken." John Burdett, Troy, Iowa, writes: "For nearly two years my life was rendered miserable by the horrors of Dyspepsia. Medical treatment afforded me only temporary relief, and I became reduced in flesh, and very much debilitated. A friend of mine, who had been similarly afflicted, advised me to try Ayer's Pills. I did so, and with the happiest results. My food soon ceased to distress me, my appetite returned, and I became as strong and well as ever."

**Ayer's Pills,**

PREPARED BY  
**DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.**  
For sale by all Druggists.

**Forever Young.**

The wild world hastens on its way;  
The gray-haired century nears its close  
Its sorrow deposes day by day;  
The Summer blush forsakes the rose.  
But, darling, while your voice I hear,  
And while your dark-brown eyes I see,  
Sad months and sunless seasons dread,  
Are all the same, all glad, to me.  
Despair can never reach me  
While your soft hand I hold,  
While your eyes love and teach me,  
I never shall grow old!

They say that love forsakes the old:  
That passion pales and fades away;  
That even loveliest locks of gold  
Must lose their charm and change to gray.  
But, darling, while your heart is mine,  
And while I feel that you are true,  
For me the skies will ever shine  
With Summer light and tenderest blue.  
Yes, let old-age deride me!  
I scorn his mocking tongue.  
Dear love, with you beside me,  
I am forever young!  
—*Belgravia.*

**ONLY A COMPANION.**

"It seems to me I don't look as well as usual to-night," said Mrs. Major Dartburg.  
She shook her jet-black curls in a serpentine cataract about her face as she spoke, and critically surveyed herself in the glass.  
Mrs. Major Dartburg had been younger, and she had been prettier, but she was surprisingly well gotten-up for all that. By gaslight you could scarcely have told that she was a day over thirty years of age. And, as she invariably took the precaution to be accompanied into "society" by her companion, Miss Ormsby, whose special duty it was to observe and correct all mistakes of costume, complexion and curls before other eyes could possibly take note of them, Mrs. Dartburg felt tolerably safe.

Mrs. Dartburg was a widow in search of a rich husband. The deceased major had been inconsiderate enough to die and leave her without an income which was decidedly incompatible with her wants—and the only thing left for her was to marry some one who could supply the awkward deficiency.

So Kate Ormsby was taken every year to some gay watering place or brilliantly-thronged springs.  
Kate was very unlike her patroness, as she sat there pale and quiet in her blue dress. Her face was oval, with limpid, hazel eyes; features pure and straight, and masses of raven black hair coiled in heavy braids at the back of her head.

"Inspid looking!" Mrs. Major Dartburg declared. Kate cared very little for the verdict, as long as her "salary," as Mrs. Dartburg preferred to phrase it, sufficed for the support of her two little orphan brothers.

"No," said Mrs. Dartburg, querulously, "I don't look as well as usual, and if Mr. Truxton is to be there, I want to look better. Mr. Truxton has estates in the West Indies, owns a yacht and drives a four-in-hand. I tell you what, Kate, you must put on a little more rouge on the left cheek! And, Kate—if you would only leave off wearing those dowdy black dresses! I really am beginning to be ashamed of you when we go into the ball-room. Do get something new and stylish—a black iron-grenadine, or a China crape."

"I have others to provide for besides myself," said Kate, quietly. "I cannot afford the new decorations of which you speak, Mrs. Dartburg."

"But I'm not aware that I am called upon to support all the beggars and orphans in creation!" said the widow, sharply. "Here—put this spray of purple pansies in your hair—they are quite mourning enough, I'm sure."

Mrs. Dartburg's scarlet-lipped smile was unwontedly sweet that night, as she courtesied low to Mr. Truxton, the rich widower.

"He's handsome," thought the husband-hunter. "Dear me, he can't be over forty, and as straight as an arrow!" And she chatted away in her most fascinating manner as she walked through the rooms, leaning on Mr. Truxton's arm.

"A very agreeable woman," thought the millionaire, "though not as young as she has been! Knows everybody, and seems exceedingly amiable. If I should marry again—and, really, little Tom needs a woman's care when he is at home for the holidays—it certainly is worth thinking about!"

These were the disjointed meditations that passed through Mr. Truxton's mind as he politely listened to the widow's chit-chat, and asked questions about the various occupants of the crowded room.

"Who is that tall girl by the window?" he asked, "with the black eyes and the pretty hair?"  
"How strange that you should notice her! Why, she is my companion, Kate Ormsby, a sort of poor relation, whom I keep with me out of pure charity."  
"Very kind of you, I am sure," said Mr. Truxton, and he thought again that with such an amiable personage as this his motherless little boy would hardly fail to be happy.

"It's a trial at times," went on Mrs. Dartburg, who was determined to neutralize the admiration which beamed in Mr. Truxton's eyes, as he glanced back over his shoulder toward Kate's queenly form, "for her temper is exceedingly uncertain."

Mr. Truxton felt himself more and

**PROFIT IN DRUGS.**

**Some Facts About the Apothecary's Business.**

The Extensive Use of Patent Medicines, Quinine, and Opium.  
Every member of the human family is more or less interested in the drug trade, which is one of the most important carried on in the world. It employs hundreds of millions of dollars in capital, and affords thousands upon thousands of people a means of making an honest livelihood. With the view of learning something of the inside mysteries of a trade of such importance, a reporter for the *New York Mail and Express* visited a large drug store. The man of drugs was busily engaged in filling a prescription. When he was at leisure he said in answer to the reporter's query:

"Now there is a compound that is composed of exactly four ingredients. One of these ingredients costs at wholesale exactly two cents, the second one cent, the third two cents and the fourth three cents, making a total of eight cents."

"How much will you charge your customer for that prescription?"  
"Fifty cents."  
"A handsome profit—just 600 per cent."

"Oh, yes; but then you see, the customer pays forty-seven cents of the fifty-five for my experience as an apothecary. Men in other professions do the same as we in this respect. For instance, a physician will look at your tongue and feel your pulse, demand a fee of from \$2 to \$5, according to the length of your purse and his standing in society. If he is a high-toned or fashionable doctor you may think yourself fortunate if you escape without being charged more than \$5. It is the same with a lawyer. You visit his office, obtain his advice in a simple matter, and occupy his time for about fifteen minutes. He wants you to pay \$25 or \$50. Now I have performed as much real service as either the doctor or the lawyer, and all the compensation I ask is the small pittance of fifty-five cents. We prefer the prescription business to selling patent medicines, because the former is the most profitable of the two branches of our trade."

"Is the sale of patent medicines increasing or declining?"  
"I can reply to that question both in the affirmative and the negative. Patent medicines are like garments, they become fashionable and may go out of fashion. It is not always the best medicines that have the largest sale. A great deal depends upon the manner in which they are advertised and placed before the public. A few years ago a man prepared a pain annihilator. It was a sort of wash that deadened pain temporarily, but it was not a permanent cure. It was, in fact, injurious for it tended to produce paralysis. The proprietor advertised it far and wide. The name of the so-called remedy appeared in the advertising columns of all the newspapers. It was seen upon buildings, fences, and bill-boards, in the city and in the country. Turn whichever way you would it stared you in the face. The proprietor made a fortune in a very short time. His pain annihilator was known and used in almost every family. Like the Roman Empire it had its rise and fall. Now nobody thinks of using it. In fact it is not even manufactured or to be found in the market."

"What drugs have the largest sale?"  
"Well, I may include in the list quinine, the various preparations of opium, calomel, arsenic, valerian, lavender and—well I don't think you wish me to go through the entire catalogue."  
"Tell me something about quinine?"  
"Pills containing two grains of quinine sell at \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bottle of one hundred pills. The prevalence of malaria in almost all sections of the country during the past few years has caused an immense consumption of this drug. It has also afforded speculators a chance to make money by forcing the price up, and they have not been slow in availing themselves of the opportunity."

"By whom is opium mainly bought?"  
"By people of all classes. You would be greatly surprised if I should show you a list of my customers who are in the habit of purchasing this drug. I do not mean those for whom it is prescribed by physicians, but those who use it as regularly as they would tobacco. These slaves of the opium habit comprise lawyers, artists, preachers, merchants, and all kinds of mechanics, tradesmen and laborers. Women as well as men are slaves to opium."

"Do druggists as a rule become wealthy?"  
"No. There are too many in the business. If the number of drug stores could be reduced one-half those who remained in the trade would stand a chance of making fortunes. As it is, the most of us have a hard task to keep our heads above water."

"What is the trouble between you and Johnny Green, Jamie?"  
"He struck me in the face and called me a baby."  
"Well, I hope you didn't retaliate, did you?"  
"No, sir; I didn't. I just hit him back."—*Drake's Magazine.*

"I think there is still time enough!" said Kate, quietly.  
"Don't contradict me!" said the widow in a passion, "or I'll discharge you on the spot. I've borne with your temper quite long enough."  
"In that case," said Kate, calmly, "we shall both be suited, for I was just about to notify you of my intention to leave your service."

"And starve in the gutters?" cried Mrs. Major Dartburg, spitefully.  
"I think not," said Kate, with a half-smile hovering about her lips.  
"What are you going to do, then?"  
"I believe I shall be married soon," said Kate, flushing scarlet in the friendly twilight.

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Dartburg. "And what poor fool would be crazy enough to marry you?"  
"Mr. Truxton!" Kate answered, goaded to frankness by the widow's insulting tone. "We have been engaged for a week."

Mrs. Major Dartburg sank feebly down in an arm-chair; as she afterward expressed it, "all the strength went out of her at the thought of that girl's malicious maneuvering."

But it was all true, nevertheless—and Kate Ormsby looked radiantly beautiful, a month afterward, in orange blossoms and white muslin, as she stood at the altar by Mr. Truxton's side!

And if anyone wants to know "what became of them all," we can only say that Kate and her husband are scarcely less happy at Truxton Place than are Bill, Jack and little tow-headed Tommy—and Mrs. Major Dartburg is still haunting the centers of fashion, with a complexion as brilliant and manners as juvenile as ever.

A missionary reports that the river Euphrates bids fair to disappear altogether in the spreading marshes just below Babylon, which have ruined the steamboat channel and are now obliterating navigation for rowboats

**PEARLS OF THOUGHT.**

Remember this: However small you consider your possessions, there is some one who envies you them.

Let us begin our heaven on earth, and being ourselves tempted, let us be pitiful and considerate and generous in judging others.

There is no luck, but there is such a thing as hard work and the knowing how to make it answer for what others call "luck."

The only talent that man under all circumstances has succeeded in handing down to his son is the ability to judge prime whisky.

Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the future without fear and with a manly heart.

When the man listening to his conscience wills and does the right, irrespective of inclination as of consequence, then is the man free, the universe open before him. He is born from above.

We pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that we can do, or any kindness we can show to any human being, let us do it now. Let us not defer or neglect it, for we shall not pass this way again.

Such are the vicissitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labor and rest, hurry and retirement, endure each other. Such are the changes that keep the mind in action; we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satisfied; we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit.

**Preocious Prattlers.**  
The "Children's Chit-chat" in the *New Moon* contains some amusing sayings by the little ones. A few samples are given:  
"Well, my young gentleman, and how would you like your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's please—with a little round hole at the top."  
Grandpa: "Tell me, Ethel, why do you have six buttons on your gloves?" Ethel: "Yes, grandpa, dear, I will tell you. The reason is if I had seven buttons, or five, they would not match the six buttonholes."

He was a persistent little boy who told his mother, who thought he was too young to wear trousers, that "he would be willing to go without pockets if he only could wear something that had legs."

A small boy, the son of a gifted clergyman in this state, was heard one night addressing the following petition to his Maker: "O God, please bless mamma, and please bless papa; but the less you have to do with Aunt Marie the better. Amen."

"Mamma, what does it mean when it says, 'The shades of night were falling fast'?" "You should try and figure out those things for yourself, Johnny." I know now. It means when sister Jane pulls down the parlor blinds, then Gus Smith comes in to spend the evenings, eh?"

Mrs. Jones—"Did you take Johnny to school, Jeremiah?" Mr. Jones—"I did. An excellent school it is, Matilda. The scholars are models of deportment; the curriculum is first-class, and the professor a man of ability. At least, that is the way he struck me." Johnny (with a groan)—"You ought to have stayed about an hour, and seen how he struck me."

**Dickens' Genius for Diligence.**  
A friend of the great novelist, a man who had given promise of a noble career as an author, but who through indolence had failed in doing any permanent work, called upon him one morning and after bewailing his ill success, ended by sighing: "Ah, if only I were gifted with genius!" Dickens, who had listened patiently to the complaint, exclaimed at once in answer: "Genius, sir! I do not know what you mean. I had no genius save the genius for hard work!" However his enthusiastic admirers may dispute this, certain it is that Dickens trusted to no such uncertain light as the fire of genius. Day in and day out, by hard work, he elaborated the plot, character and dialogue of his imperishable stories. Whole days he would spend to discover suitable localities, and then be able to give vividness to his description of them, while, sentence by sentence his work, after apparent completion, was re-touched and revised. The great law of labor makes no exception of the gifted or ignorant. Whatever the work may be, there can be no success in it without diligent, unceasing, persevering labor.—*Baptist Weekly.*

**Extracting Teeth With a Pistol.**  
Old Dr. Monsey extracted teeth by fastening a strong piece of catgut securely to the tooth, to the opposite end of which he affixed a bullet. With this bullet and a full measure of powder, a pistol was charged, and when the trigger was pulled, the operation was performed effectually and speedily. Once a gentleman who had agreed to try the novelty, and had even allowed the apparatus to be adjusted, at the last moment exclaimed, "Stop, stop, I've changed my mind!" "But I haven't, and you're a fool and a coward for your pains," answered the Doctor, pulling the trigger. In another instant the tooth was extracted, much to the timid patient's delight and astonishment.—*Scientific American.*

**Didn't Retaliate.**  
"What is the trouble between you and Johnny Green, Jamie?"  
"He struck me in the face and called me a baby."  
"Well, I hope you didn't retaliate, did you?"  
"No, sir; I didn't. I just hit him back."—*Drake's Magazine.*

**CHILDREN'S COLUMN.**

**Listen!**  
If anything unkind you hear  
About some one you know, my dear,  
Do not, I pray you, let it repeat  
When you that some one chance to meet;  
For such news has a leaden way  
Of clouding o'er a sunny day.

But if you something pleasant hear  
About some one you know, my dear,  
Make haste—to make great haste 'twere well;  
To her or him the same to tell;  
For such news has a golden way  
Of lighting up a cloudy day.

**Miss Fanny's Picture.**  
Ruthie was almost four years old and her mamma thought it would be such a pleasant surprise to papa if the postman should happen to bring him a picture of his dear little girl on her birthday.

Papa's business called him away from home a great deal. It had been five long months since he had seen his little daughter.

One sunny day Mrs. Kingman put on Ruth's brocade cloak and wide lace collar. She tied on her bonnet very carefully and off they started for the photographer's Ruth said that Fanny needed an airing, so the dolly had to go too.

Mamma thought it would be an easy thing to get a pretty picture of such a sweet little face that under the big frilled bonnet. But when Ruth found herself behind the screen, all alone with a strange man, the sweet little face became a very funny little face. She began to cry. Such a strange machine, with the big glass eye, that looked right at her.

Mamma ran in to comfort her, and the photographer showed her his bird in his kitty. She wouldn't stand again unless mamma would hold her hand. "They were afraid they couldn't get a picture at all. But after a while the thought of her dolly out in the other room and went and wined her in."

"Is this your child, madam," he asked Ruth. Ruth looked shy, but nodded. "Well, madam," said he "that is a fine looking child, and I should really like to take her picture."

"Well, you can," said the proud little mother; "but I'm afraid she will cry if don't take hold of her hand."

The photographer told her she might do so, if she would set her child a very good example, and stand very still. "There, that will do," said he in a minute; "I think we have a very good picture of Miss Fanny."

Miss Fanny's photograph reached papa on Ruth's birthday, and papa was very glad to see her. But it was to the other dear little face looking right at him out of the picture that he gave all his kisses. —*Our Little Ones.*

**Two Amateur Mountaineers.**  
Never was there a mountain so well adapted to boys and girls as the Rigi.

One day, as I was walking toward a place from which there was a good view, I heard a step behind me, and directly I was passed by a regular mountain climber. He was a tall young man, with a mighty stride. He wore a flannel shirt, with no coat or vest, but these hung at his back from a strap around his waist. On his powerful legs were knickerbockers and a pair of long red stockings, and in his hand he held a long-pointed alpenstock. Up the mountain, straight toward the highest point of the Kuhn, he went, steadily and swiftly as a two-legged steam-engine. He was such a man as we would probably meet on the snowy peaks of the Higher Alps. It should happen to be wandering there.

Shortly after this young athlete had passed, I saw, coming down the mountain, a lady and her little boy. The youngster, about six years old, who marched behind his mother, was equipped in true mountaineer style. His little coat hung at his little back; on his little legs he wore knickerbockers and long stockings, and on his feet a pair of little hob-nailed shoes; in his hand he carried a little alpenstock. His mother was a good walker, but she did not leave her boy behind. With strides as long as his little legs could make, he followed her bravely down the hill, punching his sharp stick into the ground at every step, as if he wished to make the mountain feel that he was there. He was just as full of the spirit of the Alpine climber, and enjoyed his tramp quite as much, as the practiced mountaineer who was striding away toward the Kuhn.—*St. Nicholas.*

**The Deepest Bore-hole.**  
The deepest bore-hole believed to have yet been made is one at the village of Schladebach, near the railway between Leipzig and Corbetha. It was pierced with diamond drills for the purpose of ascertaining if there was coal below. The depth is 4,560 feet, and some three and a half years have been occupied in boring it. The cost of the work, which was instituted by the Prussian government, has been \$5,000. The temperature at the bottom of the bore is 48 degrees C., a fact which tends to confirm the observation that the temperature rises as we descend into the earth.—*Cassell.*

**Standing Off.**  
"Ain't it time you paid me that \$5?" asked a farmer of his neighbor.  
"Tain't due," was the reply.  
"But you promised to pay it when you got back from New York."  
"Well, I ain't been there," he replied,

**IMPORTANT TO PATRONS.**

If no subscription will be discontinued till all arrearages are paid. Advertisements are payable in advance unless special terms are made. No anonymous communications will be published. All subscriptions are due with first copy of paper. Address all business communications to CLINCH VALLEY NEWS.