

They say that Fashion has turned against the chrysanthemum.

A journal devoted to the pen, ink and paper trade says that the world now uses 8,500,000 steel pens every day in the week.

There are in the world 904,701 miles of telegraph lines, with 2,682,553 miles of wire. The telegraph mileage in the United States is 190,303, with 790,702 miles of wire.

According to Mr. Camp, who is one of the editors of Harper's Round Table, the writers of the South are rapidly forging ahead of their competitors in other sections.

Wellington and Bonaparte are mentioned as rivals for the Maryland senatorship, which coincident leads the New Orleans Playhouse to predict that there is to be another Waterloo.

Fifty-two new islands have appeared (by aid of volcanic action) during the present century, and nineteen islands have disappeared—have been submerged. This makes a net gain to the earth of thirty-three islands.

The New York World says that the most successful "shopper" is the woman who struggles through the crowd at every bargain counter, and comes home with all her money, and the announcement that she could not get a thing she wanted.

There are 13,176 miles of street railway lines now in operation in the United States, according to the statistics in Poor's Directory, an increase of 3514 miles over 1891. Of the total mileage 10,238 miles is operated by electricity, 578 miles by cable, 409 miles by steam dummy engines, and there is still 1950 miles operated by horse or mule power. The odd mile unaccounted for in these figures is distributed in fractions among the four groups.

Of all the members of the house of Vanderbilt, the worker of the family is Cornelius Vanderbilt, and there is no employe of his railroad who works harder than Mr. Vanderbilt does when he is in the city, declares the New York Advertiser. It is estimated that if the Vanderbilt boys live as long as their father did their combined property will amount to over \$300,000,000, and if they should live as long as the Commodore, and the present rate of increase continues, their possessions will be sufficient to extinguish the National debt as it is to-day.

The Manufacturers' Record published some statements of facts which are of especial interest in view of the movement to establish closer commercial relations between the West and the South. More than fifty per cent. of the world's cotton is raised in the Southern States, yet the cotton crop of that section is exceeded in value by its grain crops, which aggregate about 650,000,000 bushels per year. More than half of all the standing timber in the United States is in the South, and iron ore and coal are in unlimited supply, while nearly every Southern State has an abundance of good water power to supplement the advantages of clean fuel. From 1880 to the close of 1894 the cotton manufacturing industry in the South more than doubled, and the capital invested in it was increased about five times. The consumption of Southern cotton mills is at the rate of about a million bales of cotton per year, which is half that of the mills in the Northern States. The South has three million cotton spindles out of a total of 85,000,000 in the world, and expects to add 800,000 more within the next twelve months. "The room for expansion is almost without limit."

The Atlanta Constitution states that "the Suez canal gives Great Britain a water route to China, Japan and Australia nearly 3000 miles shorter than the distances from the ports of the United States of America. This gives the British traders a great advantage over us, and they will keep it until we get the proposed canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific. When we complete the Nicaragua canal this country will be from twelve to nineteen hundred miles nearer to the northern ports of China and Japan than Great Britain; an average of 2700 miles nearer the western ports of South America; 1300 miles nearer Melbourne, and over 3000 miles nearer New Zealand. The canal would make it to the interest of the inhabitants of China, Japan, Korea, Australia, Malaysia, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru and Chile—over 600,000,000 new customers, to trade with this country. When we get this new waterway England will be unable to compete with the Southern States in supplying Eastern Asia with cotton goods, and there will follow other industrial and commercial changes to our advantage. The South should not rest until this new highway of trade is completed. It will stimulate our cotton mill industry, and when we manufacture all of our cotton at home, Liverpool will no longer be able to fix the price of the staple. Through Nicaragua, from ocean to ocean, lies the pathway which will lead to our commercial independence and prosperity."

### PERFECT FRIENDSHIP.

Friend of my soul, forever true,  
What do we care for flying years,  
Unburdened all by doubts or fears;  
Trusting what naught can e'er subdue?  
Fate leads! Her path is out of view;  
Nor time nor distance interferes.  
Friend of my soul, forever true,  
What do we care for flying years?  
For, splanted when the world was new,  
In other lives, in other spheres,  
Our love-to-day a bud appears—  
Not yet the blossom's perfect hue;  
Friend of my soul, forever true!

### A Package of Old Letters.

At home once more!  
I call it my home, my mother had died when I was very young, and my father married again. When I was four years old my father died, leaving hardly property enough to support my stepmother and the two children that were here. Still, there was a sum set apart by my father's will for my education, and it had been placed in the hands of my Aunt Dorcas, who was to see that it was properly applied; and from that time I regarded my aunt as my protector and guide, and her house became my home.

In those other years there came a beautiful girl sometimes to see my mother, and after my father died she lived with my mother all the time. She was my stepmother's niece and her name was Leonora Carter. She was not only the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, but she was one of the best.

Time wore on, and my freedom day was close at hand. I had graduated with honor, and my aunt was delighted; and all that now remained was for me to select what profession I would follow, and go into preparation for it. During my stay at college I had corresponded with Leonora as often as was proper, and her love was the polar star of my ambition.

Three months before I left college, Leonora went away to visit a distant relative, and was gone until I had graduated. She returned a few days before I did. But you will understand that we did not return to the same town. I came home to my aunt's, while Leonora lived with my stepmother in the adjoining town. As soon as I got home I sat down and wrote a long letter to my love, telling her that I should be one-and-twenty in a very few days; that I was going into business for myself, and that I wanted her to be my wife.

I posted the letter and no answer came. I waited a week, and then I wrote again. I inquired if Miss Carter was at home. She was. I wrote a third letter; and at the end of a third week I was still without an answer.

In the meantime I heard something said about a young man of the name of John Walworth, who boarded with my stepmother. He and Leonora were very much together, it had been said. He was handsome and accomplished, and was doing an excellent business; and more than one mother had thought of him as a good match for her marriageable daughter. Good heavens! Was it possible? I sat down and wrote once more. This letter I carefully posted myself, and waited anxiously for a reply. I felt sure she would send me some sort of word; but she did not. I waited a week, and the last spark of hope died.

I forgot to say that when I came home from college I found my cousin, Hitty, stopping with my aunt. She was sixteen.

One day my aunt asked me to ride over to Berkeley, and do some business for her. I told her I would, and at the same time I resolved that I would call at my stepmother's and see Leonora. While the groom was harnessing the horse Hitty declared that she would go with me. Aunt was willing, and I could not object. So away we went together, and as we rode through the village of Berkeley we met Leonora. She was walking, and John Walworth was by her side. I did not then recollect that it was the dinner hour, and that Walworth might have accidentally fallen in with Leonora on his way to his meal. I only thought of my unanswered letters, and my soul was filled with jealousy of the most poignant kind. Hitty asked me what was the matter; I told her I had a headache, and she pitied me as only a girl like her can pity. And I thought, as I looked upon the happy faces by my side, "Why not cast off the false love, and take this in its place?" But it was more easily said than done. That old love was too deeply rooted to be cast off.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when I called at my stepmother's. I know that Leonora was in the parlor as we came into the yard, because I saw her arise and pass by the window; but she had left the room before I entered, and though I remained there an hour she did not make her appearance. I did not ask for her. She knew that I was in the parlor, and yet she avoided me. Was it not clear enough that I had lost her?

I spoke with my step-mother about John Walworth, and she praised him in extravagant terms. At the end of an hour I took my leave. Before calling for the horse Hitty wished to go to the Postoffice to see if there were any letters there for her, as she had intended, when she left home, to spend some time at Berkeley. We found the office in one corner of John Walworth's store. He waited upon us. There were two letters for my cousin.

"At home once more!"  
There had been changes during my absence. I found Aunt Dorcas as well as ever, but my step-mother had been dead a year, and Leonora had found a home with my aunt. She was not the Leonora of old. I had left a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, joyous maiden, and I found a pale, melancholy woman, who seemed to be suffering under the weight of some great calamity.

There was one other person who found a home beneath Aunt Dorcas's roof, and that Hitty; but she was away on a visit. When my aunt and I were alone I asked her about Walworth; and she told me he was dead. He died about a year after I went away. And that, I thought, was the cause of Leonora's sorrow.

After Leonora had gone to bed my aunt and I sat up and talked, and among other things she told me that John Walworth had left a bequest for me. "A bequest for me?" I cried. "And what is it?" "I cannot tell you," my aunt replied. "When Walworth had been told that he must die he sent for me to come and see him, as he had a message for me. If I could not come, he asked that I should send some one whom my nephew would have no hesitation in trusting. I could not go, so I sent Hitty, and he gave her a small packet, bearing my name, and securely sealed, and he obtained from her a solemn promise that she would keep it faithfully, and deliver it into your hands when you returned."

And that was all I could learn from my aunt. For further particulars I must await my cousin's arrival. On the following morning Leonora met me as before; but I thought her eyes were brighter than then, and with the melancholy shadows upon her face were mingled slight gleams of hope. Could it be possible that, since the death of Walworth, the old love had come back to her? The thought was joy! But was it likely?

During this second day I visited my old friends in the village and, altogether, the time passed very pleasantly. Occasionally I would find myself lost in thoughts of the mystery which had attached to the strange looks I had detected upon Leonora's face; and more than once I fell into a reverie upon the subject of Walworth's bequest. When I went home to dinner my aunt informed me that she was going out to spend the afternoon and take tea with a friend; and Leonora, she said, would attend to my wants, and in all probability my cousin Hitty would be at home to help calve the evening.

It was during this interview with my aunt that I learned that Hitty was soon to be married. Leonora was present when my aunt told me this, and I thought she watched my face with considerable anxiety; and I furthermore fancied that when she had seen me receive the intelligence not only with perfect composure, but with a frank expression of thankfulness in view of my cousin's good fortune, a load seemed lifted from her heart.

Evening came, at length. After tea I walked out and smoked a cigar, and when I came in I found Leonora alone in the parlor. My heart beat wildly; but I succeeded in calming myself. I asked her about my stepmother; and then, summoning all my fortitude, I asked her about John Walworth. She told me of his sickness and of his death, and I could not discover that the subject was any more painful to her than had been that other subject of my mother-in-law's passage to the world of spirits. Here was the opportunity, and I determined to embrace it.

"Leonora, you must have suffered much when Walworth died?"  
She started.  
"Lionel—Mr. Drake! Why do you say that to me?"  
"I had thought," I answered, stumbling over my words in a confused manner, "that Walworth was something more to you than a friend."  
"Oh!" she cried, "what is there beneath the sun upon which suspicion cannot fix its cruel grasp! Walworth was not even held by me as a friend. The very first time I ever saw him, I distrusted him; and though, from his living with my aunt, I was forced to treat him with respect, yet I never trusted him as I would a friend."

Before I could recover from the state of astonishment into which this speech threw me, my cousin Hitty entered the room.  
After rattling away for half an hour in her merry train, Hitty remembered the packet.  
"I'll give it to you on one condition, she cried. 'Leonora and I shall see you open it.'"  
I told her that they should, and she ran away to bring it. It was a small affair—seemingly nothing more than a package of papers. I broke the seals, and as I opened the envelope I discovered a second packet, also sealed, with the following written upon its face:

Lionel Drake—When you receive this I shall be no longer living. Death is at hand, and as I feel its icy touch I am impelled to restore to you what is your own. Within are letters which I interested, hoping thereby to turn the current of her love to myself. But I failed. Leonora would not love me. Trusting that this revelation will enable you to win her, I am, yours repentant,  
JOHN WALWORTH.

It would be impossible to describe the feelings with which I finished reading this. I opened the second packet, and there were mine to Leonora, and there were Leonora's to me. "Leonora," I said, "I find some thing here which belongs to you; and here are also letters belonging to me which I have never read. Here is what John Walworth wrote to me."

She took the letters, and I returned to my seat, and opened mine, reading them in turn according as they were dated.  
"Oh, blessed letters! As I read them I cast my eyes towards her, and she was reading my first letter—the one in which I spoke of marriage."

In her second letter she wondered why I did not write. Was it possible that I had forgotten her? Oh, no. She could not believe it. In her third letter, written when she had waited three weary weeks for an answer to her last, she told me that her heart was crushed, and that joy was no more for her. She had heard of my love for my Cousin Hitty, and though only sorrow could be hers, yet she hoped that we might be happy. And then she asked me to write only one

poor line to her—just one line—that she might know her doom.  
"Great heaven!" I gasped, "how that man's villainy has caused us to suffer! Leonora! Leonora! after these many years the veil is lifted, and we know that our hearts have been true all the while!"  
I remember that she hung upon my neck and that we laughed and wept by turns; and I remember that my cousin when she had learned the whole story, went away and left us by ourselves; and I remember that when Aunt Dorcas came she was much surprised upon finding the girl nestling upon my bosom. Hitty returned to the parlor, and I began to sober down.

"And now," cried Hitty, clapping her hands, "what a happy, happy time we will have. You and Leonora will be married on the same day with Charles and me—won't you, Lionel?"  
"You must ask Leonora about that," I said, with a slight laugh.  
"You'll say yes, won't you, Nora?" And Leonora said "Yes."—New York News.

Deer Shot While Fighting  
One of the rarest natural specimens in existence is on exhibition in the window of the Atlantic and Pacific Bird Company. It is a "deadlock" of two deer heads so tightly fastened together that they cannot be separated without cutting the horns. Both animals were shot near Bismarck, North Dakota, by H. L. Brown, of Albion, Mich. Mr. Brown found the deer securely locked and almost exhausted through their struggles to become free. They had trampled over two acres of ground, dragging each other and digging up the soil with their hoofs until it looked as though it had been prepared for seeding.

After watching the struggle until convinced the deer would not become separated and would simply wear their lives out trying to get loose, Mr. Brown ended their misery by putting a bullet through the heart of each. He cut the heads off near the shoulders and brought them to this city to be mounted. He refused \$300 for the specimen, and has been regretting that he did not leave the bodies intact and have them mounted. Mr. Slotkin, the taxidermist who mounted the heads, said the animals would have been worth \$10,000 as a natural curiosity.

"I do not believe there is another specimen like this in the United States," continued Mr. Slotkin. "It is not an unusual thing for horns to be found securely wrapped together, the bodies having long since disappeared, but I never knew of a 'deadlock' so complete as this where the animals were killed and the heads secured while fresh enough to preserve by mounting. I tried in every way I could devise to separate the horns, but I found it impossible. I believe it to be one of the rarest specimens in existence."

Mr. Brown's description of the fight between the animals before he dispatched them was graphic. He said it was one of the finest exhibitions of endurance, pluck and perseverance he had ever seen or that his imagination could picture.—Chicago Record.

A Wonderful Story.  
The other day a tiny bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christiania.

Instantly the window was opened and the wife of the famous Arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses.

The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen stating all was going well with his expedition in the polar regions.

About two and a half years ago the Fram left European waters for a trip to the North Pole. From the day when she entered the Black Sea of the north no word has been received. It is conjectured that the vessel is somewhere near the pole, but during two long years of silence the friends of the explorer heard nothing until a day or two ago.

One day last month Nansen took a carrier pigeon, fastened a message to it and turned the bird loose.

The frail courier darted out into the blizzard sky. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of a frozen waste, and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance, but this loving little carrier pigeon in its homeward flight after an absence of thirty months has accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to the amazement and admiration which must overwhelm every one when the marvellous story is told. Mrs. Nansen's pigeon is one of the wonders of the world.—Atlanta Constitution.

Bookworms, Not the Human.  
Much has been said and written about the "ravages of the bookworm"—the insect, not the biped—but only a handful of people have ever seen one, and only two persons possess one. These two are Mr. Quaritch and Mr. E. S. Gorham, of James Pott & Company, the well known United States theological booksellers and publishers.

Mr. Gorham sent a friend in Denver a catalogue of "Five Thousands Books," issued by the Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, and when it was returned he discovered the bookworm. How it got there no one knows.

### AT IT AGAIN.

#### REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMEN TRY TO INCREASE TAXES.

Forcing a High Tariff Measure Through the House on the Pretext That the Government Needed Additional Revenue—A Big Bluff by McKinleyites.

In spite of Speaker Reed's desire for conservative action on the tariff, in spite of the warnings of such staunch Republican papers as the Chicago Tribune and St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and in spite of the protest of the business interests of the country against high tariff tinkering, the House of Representatives has passed a bill providing for a general increase of customs duties fifteen per cent. higher than under the present law. A duty of sixty per cent. of the McKinley tariff duty is imposed on wool and lumber, now fell, and the rate on woolsens of all kinds is also raised to sixty per cent. of the McKinley law, an increase of about thirty per cent.

This precious high taxation measure was forced through the House with only four hours for discussion, under the pretence that it was necessary to provide for a deficiency in the public revenues. The Republicans claimed that more money was needed to meet the expenses of government, and on that ground they justified their attempt to restore the trade restrictions which were largely abolished by the Wilson tariff. No argument was made from the old infant-industry, protection-against-pauper-labor standpoint, but the great advance in duties was defended as a revenue measure. With a total disregard of the rights of the sixty-five millions of people to a hearing on a measure which professed to increase their taxes \$40,000,000 annually, Czar Reed enforced his famous "gag rule" and the obedient Republican partisans fell in line and voted to undo all the good work accomplished by the previous Congress.

Hypocrisy is so large a part of the stock-in-trade of protectionists that their attempt to revive McKinleyism under the pretext of providing more revenue deceived no one. As was clearly shown by the Democratic Representatives, there is now in the Public Treasury a cash balance of \$170,000,000, a sum ample to meet any deficiencies which may arise for years to come. With that large sum on hand, it is useless for the Republicans to pretend that higher taxes are needed to furnish money for public purposes. The revenue provided by the Wilson tariff has been steadily increasing with the restored prosperity which has followed the McKinley panic. With the still greater industrial activity which the country will experience next year, the customs and internal revenue taxes will be ample for all legitimate expenses. The attempt to enact a high tariff for revenue purposes is therefore entirely uncalled for, and is a dishonest fraud which all intelligent people will easily see through.

If the alleged purposes of the fathers of the new tariff are thus worthy of condemnation, what shall be said of their real intentions? That the great business interests, which have just recovered from one protection panic, are again to be unsettled by the threat of increased duties, is bad enough. Fortunately, the injury to trade and industry will not be so great as it would be if there was a protectionist in the White House. But the willingness of the representatives of trusts and monopolies to heap more taxes on the millions of American consumers, is as evident as though they had power to carry out their iniquitous schemes. They declare it to be their policy to put a tax on the wool from which the people's clothing is made, and a heavier tax on the manufactured cloth. They want to tax the farmer and workingman on the lumber for his home in order to benefit the Lumber Combine, and a few great timber land owners. They are anxious to force up prices by shutting out foreign goods, which through competition with domestic products enable the consumer to buy more cheaply. They want not only to make the users of foreign manufactures to pay more for them, but also to increase the cost of all goods made in this country. And if aided by the people to elect a Republican President this year, they will most assuredly put in force all the high taxes which they now threaten.

Only three years ago the American people said they were tired of McKinleyism. They had tried it and were disgusted with its operations. They said very emphatically that they wanted no more of it. Can it be possible that they have so soon changed their minds? WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

#### Iron Workers Happy.

The Iron Age has an article smirking up the year 1895—the greatest year for the iron industry ever known. After mentioning some of the unsatisfactory features it says: "Those who have least cause to complain, among all interested in the iron and steel trades, are the workmen, who received substantial advances in wages and were better employed than for several years."

It was not the iron workers who asked Reed and Dingley to increase duties on imported goods.

#### The Republican Catchism.

"When did the tariff law passed by the last Congress go into effect?"  
"A couple of years before it was passed—at the beginning of the depression. The law now in operation, under which business has revived, is the law the Republicans intend to pass, if they get a chance."—Puck.

#### The Moon and Stammering.

Nature publishes from a correspondent a curious fact which it vouches for. The correspondent says: "It was accidentally observed by a stammering friend of mine, during the month of May and June last, that on moonlight nights he stammered more than on dark nights, and when he slept exposed to the rays of the moon during the month of June he found that he stammered the most on days succeeding full moon, and a day before he had not a single attack of the fit."

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We know so little about art that every time we see a picture of a half-naked woman labeled "Hope," we stop to think.

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