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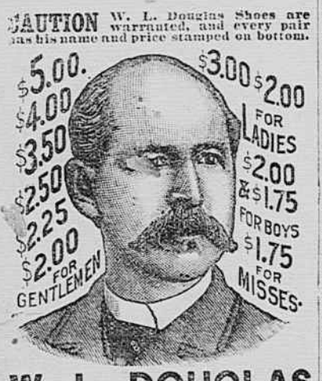

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THE DEVIL'S TOWER.

A Curious Natural Obelisk in Eastern Wyoming.

An Awe-Inspiring Monument of Nature's Handiwork—How an Enterprising English Lady Intends to Make Money Out of It.

The new State of Wyoming has become famous already for its natural scenery, writes a St. Louis Globe-Democrat correspondent from Deadwood, S. D. Nowhere on the face of the globe has nature displayed her mysterious power with a more lavish hand than she has here. The greater portion of Wyoming is a rolling table-land, with here and there a short, abrupt range of mountains, or group of hills rather, rising up out of an illimitable, arid and treeless plain. The eastern portion slopes away to the Black hills of South Dakota, which form a black wall along the south half of the eastern boundary between Wyoming and South Dakota. If you stand on some one of the highest peaks of the Black Hills, Mount Harney for instance, you can see half way across the State of Wyoming, and the only obstruction which meets your vision as you gaze to the north and westward is the Devil's Tower, or Bear Lodge, in the direction of the Belle Fourche river.

The Devil's Tower is 100 miles northwest from Mount Harney and 50 miles west of the Dakota line. It is in Crook County, Wyo., 20 miles west of Sundance and about half a mile from the Belle Fourche. Except the remarkable phenomena found in the Yellowstone Park in Northwestern Wyoming, there are none that will compare for grandeur with this awe-inspiring monument of nature's handiwork in Eastern Wyoming. The "Devil's Tower," or "Bear Lodge," is said by geologists to be without a precedent in basaltic crystallization. It is a natural obelisk rising sheer 1,200 feet above the banks of the Belle Fourche. It is 800 feet in diameter at the base, tapering in a graceful convex to a diameter of 375 feet at the top. It is composed of thousands of prisms that extend unbroken from base to summit. This continuity of the crystals is the remarkable feature of the mass, the tendency of the trappe rock being to fracture transversely in crystallization, and weather away to the appearance of stairs, as in the Giants' Causeway, Ireland. Prof. Newton says: "Bear Lodge, or Devil's Tower, in its shape and structure appears not to have been repeated elsewhere by nature, but stands alone, unique and mysterious. It occupies the place of a chimney to some subterranean furnace, which overflowed with molten rock and, cooling, crystallized downward. The surrounding walls of the chimney eroded and left this mighty monument to the work of crystallization—that power scarcely less mysterious than the force of life itself."

The land in the vicinity of Devil's Tower is arid and fit only for grazing. Some wheat is grown in the neighborhood, oats and timothy and other small grain, but crops are uncertain and rarely ever amount to more than half a crop. In view of this fact, the people of Crook County were surprised by the announcement a few days ago that an English lady, one Miss Carlisle Kent, had filed a pre-emption on the 160 acres on which Devil's Tower stands in the land office at Douglas, Wyo. By tacit consent of the community it was intended that this land should remain public property. The filing was kept a profound secret for some time, the citizens having no intimation that an attempt was being made to monopolize their grand old tower, the pride of Eastern Wyoming, and hence, as the fact has become generally known, an indignant protest has gone up from every part of the community at the audacity of this English woman. The citizens are determined that this tower shall become the private property of no one, much less of a foreigner, for it is alleged that Miss Kent took out her naturalization papers only a short time ago for the express purpose of filing on this land.

Miss Kent's idea, it is alleged, was to secure this ground and convert it into a magnificent private park, rivalling the Yellowstone, and charge visitors an admittance fee. Although the fame of Devil's Tower is chiefly local, visitors come hundreds of miles to see it, and the number who come is increasing every year. It is becoming an object of interest, also, to scientists, some of whom have already visited the spot and written about it. The advent of railroads, making travel into this section easier and speedier, will materially increase the number of visitors going thither.

Now that this matter is before the public, it is probable that a strong effort will be made to have Congress set apart a tract of land, including that on which Devil's Tower stands, as a National park, similar to that on the Yellowstone. An area two miles in width by five miles in lenghth would include Bear Lodge and the Twin Buttes, on the Little Missouri river, and the intervening landscape, which, combined, forms a natural park without a rival for grandeur and beauty on the face of the earth.

MILLIONS AT STAKE.

Prospective Fight Over the Vast Estate of Father Rapp's Society.

It is not improbable that a large portion of the enormous wealth which the followers of the famous Father Rapp have succeeded in accumulating during the last three-quarters of a century will be transferred from the sacred treasury of the society into the unsanctified pockets of some of the lawyers of this State, writes a New York World correspondent. Poor Father Rapp, who left Germany in the opening years of the century in obedience, as he believed, to a call from Heaven, has long since passed away, and of the original members of the peculiar society which he founded only four survive.

Strict celibacy was one of the principles of the order, and by and by the time came when the Economites, as they called themselves, were too feeble to work and were consequently compelled to take outsiders into their employment. These newcomers have managed to obtain almost the entire control of the affairs of the order, with its twenty or thirty millions of investments in banks, farms and mortgages, together with the town lots and buildings of Economy, which the followers of Rapp exclusively own. Hardly any one of these men has been connected with the society more than ten years. The management of the association is in the hands of a council of the "newcomers." The council selects a trustee, and every election leaves a great deal of heartburning and dissatisfaction behind it.

The four surviving members of the original society are all women who are very old and feeble. Jacob Henrici is the oldest male member of the Economites, and is honored with the name of Patriarch. If it were not for his efforts the probabilities are that the order would have been disrupted long ago. He is now president of the council, but the actual control, it is said, rests in the young members of that body.

It is the intention of this body, it is said, to arrange new articles of agreement as soon as Patriarch Henrici becomes incapacitated or dies, scolish the vow of celibacy, and thereby perpetuate their own power. The heirs of the original members, who are scattered all over the country, do not look with favor on this project, and some of them are consulting lawyers with a view to secure a dissolution of the Economites and a division of the millions that have been accumulated.

Mr. Henrici still controls the finances, and he is almost the only man who knows exactly the full extent of the property. Among the assets are to be counted almost the entire stock of the Economy Savings Institute, nearly $500,000 in amount; the whole town of Economy, which has a front on the Ohio river of nearly two miles and contains 2,000 acres of the most valuable land in Beaver County; large blocks of stock in the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie railroad and vast tracts of land around Zelionople and Wabash. The society owned a great deal of land around Titusville, Oil City and Franklin; and when the wells were producing, harvested, it is said, vast sums of money. Hundreds of eyes are now turned on the millions of the Economites, and the battle for their possession can not in the nature of things be long delayed.

CRAZED BY CIGARETTES.

The Sad Fate of Billy Fitzgerald, a Chicago Cigarette Maniac.

Excessive smoking of cigarettes drove twenty-year-old William Fitzgerald, a Chicago boy, insane. He is one of a score or more of young men who yearly reach the Detention Hospital on the cigarrette route, says the Chicago Herald. Fitzgerald developed into a paper pipe fiend about a year ago, and has since consumed from three to a dozen boxes of cigarettes per day. When not engaged in smoking he was hard at work chewing tobacco. His mind began to totter on its throne, and when the police took him to the Detention Hospital he was little better than an idiot. Fitzgerald has acted badly since his supply of cigarettes was cut off. Sunday afternoon, while walking in the hospital corridor, he violently attacked another patient, inflicting injuries which will lay him up for a month at least. The infuriated young man then grappled with an attendant named Mahoney. One of the attendant's fingers was terribly mangled between Fitzgerald's teeth. The crazy youth was locked up in a cell, but managed to break out a short time afterward. He was again captured and this time put in a stronger cell. Dr. Egbert, who has the case in charge, says that Fitzgerald's system is so thoroughly saturated with cigarette poison that he smells as if he had just escaped from an opium joint. Fitzgerald's case is only one of about twenty-five similar ones that come to Dr. Egbert's attention every year. The doctor says that insanity among cigarette smokers is growing to an alarming extent, and that at the present time the evil is responsible for nearly two per cent. of all the cases he handles. Fitzgerald is still confined in a cell, and he will not be released until he shows some signs of improvement.

Austria's Female Physician.

Frau Rosa Kerschbaumer, the wife of a physician, formerly assistant to Arlt, in Vienna, has obtained permission to practice medicine in Austria. This is said to be the first instance in which such a privilege has been granted to any woman in that benighted country. The lady was graduated in medicine in the University of Berne, and has for some time practiced in company with her husband in Salzburg, her work, however, being done secretly, her husband being responsible for all that she did as a physician.

Deserved His Fate.

"Clara—Miss Simpkins," he murmured, as he reached for his hat after her declination, "when you think of a little road where we used to wander in the happy month of July, beneath the branches of the green trees, I pray you think of me. For I am like that lad 'made a love visit,' and so he passed out of sight. And then she was glad he hadn't murdered me."

A Professor's Snake-Story.

Prof. Brewer of Yale, tells a good snake-story. Years ago in California one day he found that he was standing on a four-and-a-half-foot rattlesnake—a large, vicious and fighting fellow. But the snake was so completely pinioned that he could not strike the thick boot that held him fast. Prof. Brewer held the rattler's head down with his tripod and cut it off. Then he cut off his rattles. Stepping aside, he saw the body of the snake partly coiled, lying very still. Taking out his rule to measure its length, the professor took hold of the serpent to straighten him out. "Quick as an electric shock," said Prof. Brewer, "that headless snake brought the bloody stump over and struck a hard blow upon the back of my hand." He added: "I knew that his head was off and that he could not poison me, but that quick and hard blow of the rattler fairly made my hair stand on end."

Bees in a Church Spire.

Three years ago a swarm of bees entered the spire of the Congregational Church at Magnolia, Ia., writes a correspondent of the American Beekeepers' Journal. They have passed three winters there and appear to be doing well. The church stands where it is exposed to our severe storms from all directions. The spire is covered with inch lumber, which is mostly covered with tin. The cavity occupied equals ten or more ordinary hives. The large cavity does not prevent swarming, as quite a number of swarms have been secured by persons living near.

A Case of Collusion.

A Pennsylvania man who weighs 121 pounds has just been refused a divorce from his wife—weight 214—whom he charged with extreme cruelty. He proved that the woman knocked him down, split his lips, blackened his eyes and loosened his teeth; but she, while admitting all this, testified that he had voluntarily accompanied her into the parlor to settle the question of domestic supremacy with bare knuckles and had been knocked out in the fourth round. The court awarded the woman the fight, but refused to give the man his freedom.

All the Way from England.

A so-called American joke is circulating through the London clubs. It tells of a Yankee whose body, according to ante-mortem instructions, was given into the glowing chamber of a crematory. Half an hour had passed when the sorrowing friends, impelled by a morbid curiosity, slyly opened the door and peeped in to see how the melancholy work of dissolution was progressing. To the surprise of all, the corpse sat up stark, blue and shivering, and cried out: "Please shut that door—you know very well I never could stand a draught!"

Why the Bed Was Hard.

On a recent trip north a party of men stopped over night on a ranch at Elko, Col., and when the lady of the house showed one of them to a room she remarked by way of apology: "You will find the bed kind of hard. We took the hay out of the mattress last winter to feed the starving cattle."

Mr. Lively—What makes you such a sleepy-head?

Mr. Drowsy—Oh, I lived a year in St. Louis. By the way, may I ask why you move so rapidly?

Mr. Lively—Certainly. I'm a beadle alderman from Chicago.—Arcola Record.

THE INSECT RESIGNED.

A Mariner's Yarn of How He Lost a Useful Friend.

A Mosquito Which Supplied the Place of an Alarm Clock Until the Captain's Hours Became Too Irregular—An Ocean Catastrophe.

It was near the capes of the Chesapeake Bay, writes a Cobb's Island (Va.) correspondent of the New York Times. We had caught a few fish and had turned homeward. The boat tossed lazily and the calm showed no signs of an awakening. Various stories had been told—stories of sharks and shipwreck, of queer fish and strange storms—stories so wonderful as to raise honest doubts and provoke sarcastic comments. The captain, gruff, contemplative and taciturn, was silent. Presently he spoke—spoke with grave and serious deliberation that disarmed suspicion and compelled attention.

"You said something about mosquitoes," he began. "They're curious critters. Sometimes people like 'em and sometimes they don't. Sometimes mosquitoes like people and sometimes they don't. I like mosquitoes, but they don't like me. They never bother me at all. It makes no difference how thick they are they let me alone—all except one, and I want to tell you about him.

"Following the water, as I do, of course makes me get up early. 'Most always I can wake up right on the minute if I wish it done the night before and kind o' fix it on my mind. But to make sure I got an alarm clock. I set it at five o'clock every morning, and regular as the sun I woke. The clock lasted all right from March to the 1st of July, but something went wrong and the alarm part of her busted. I couldn't get her fixed, so I had to go back to the old plan of writing it down on paper.

"Well, gentlemen, the next morning exactly at five o'clock a mosquito lit on the end of my nose and woke me up. He did it again the next morning, and the next and the next, and so on for two weeks. He was always prompt. Then I found that I had to get up at four o'clock one morning. I put it down on the paper and he woke me on the dot. During the week I changed my hour for getting up every morning, and each time the mosquito was on hand. But the next Monday, when I wrote three o'clock on the paper something happened. I overslept myself. It was 5:30 when I awoke. I jumped out of bed and there on the table I saw something added to what I had written. It was in blood, and this is the way it read: 'I would like very much to serve you, but as your hours are becoming too irregular for any self-respecting mosquito, I am obliged to tender to you my resignation.' That was all."

"It was enough," said some one. "But tell us, did you ever see your friend again."

"One cold winter night, when the snow was coming down by wholesale," continued the captain, more deliberately than ever; "I heard a curiously-familiar noise and I went to the door. There in the corner of the yard I could see through the blinding flakes a huge drift, growing larger each minute." The captain paused.

"Was your mosquito in the drift?" asked a voice from the other end of the boat.

"That's something that I've never been able to find out," replied the captain, and with a grim smile he resumed his usual occupation of scanning the horizon.

There was a silence for a moment as depressing as the calm, but the first mate finally broke it.

"There used to be a great many mosquitoes down along the Chesapeake," he said; "millions and billions more than we have now. They went in swarms so big as to seem like clouds and to shut out the sunshine. Early one summer morning a good many years ago a fleet of schooners decked in flags and with the blue uniforms of the crews strung out on the decks to dry sailed in the capes. Suddenly there came two dense swarms of mosquitoes. They made for the vessels, completely hiding them from view. In a few minutes they flew away, leaving the fleet as bare as an oak woods in December. Not a piece of the sails, not a strand of the uniforms, not a shred of the flags was left—all were gone."

"Nobody knew what became of them," he continued, "until two days afterward, when a crowd of Eastern Shore men were scared speechless by seeing a lot of dude mosquitoes dressed in blue trousers and canvas coats."

"What became of the flags?" asked the curious voice from the bow.

"Oh, they divided them up and used them for neckties," he said.

We asked the captain what he thought of this. He took his eye off the horizon and responded, with his usual deliberation: "As a man of truth, it strikes me as being a trifle exaggerated."

THE DOCTOR'S DOG.

He Bosses the Horse and Amuses People in Sundry Ways.

Dr. Gile, an old-time doctor of rural Windham village, rides a long medical circuit up and down hill through the country, and he takes along his Scotch collie to keep him company. The collie is the most original dog in Connecticut, says the New York Sun, and a better companion than many men are. It amuses both Dr. Gile and the people along the routes to watch the collie's eccentric performances. To vary the monotony of travel the dog has two ways of faring on. For a part of the time he travels under the forward axle of the carriage, and no matter how fast the steed pricks on the dog's nose is close to the horse's hinder heels. If the horse is disposed to be lazy, and does not respond to the doctor's urging, the collie has a never-failing remedy for the animal's cloth. He makes just one snap at one of the steed's shod hoofs, and the horse steps in a mighty lively fashion for the next five minutes.

Why doesn't the horse take revenge for the practice by kicking the collie into kingdom come? A great many people have put that query to Dr. Gile, and the doctor, smiling, dryly says: "Can't be done. The horse does not live that is quick enough to get in a counter on Dick. He isn't there, you see, when the hoof gets where he is. Of course, the horse tried it several times at the start, but it was no use; besides, he has got used to being spurred up by Dick, understands that he is Driver No. 2, and, on the whole, rather admires it now, I guess."

But pinching lazy heels isn't the collie's smartest trick, by any means. After going afoot as long as he pleases, the collie slips out from beneath the vehicle and, with head cocked to one side, makes a sign to the doctor that very likely he would be agreeable to an urgent request to get in and ride. So the doctor pulls up short, and with a single bound Dick is in the carriage, laughing broadly and surveying the surrounding landscape with outstretched neck and twinkling eyes. Thus he rides for a mile or so, and then tires of getting over ground in that humdrum style.

His next act is an extraordinary one. Placing his forefeet firmly on the rail of the dashboard, he suddenly vaults over the board and lands squarely on the horse's haunches. There he sits up straight and tall and very cool, in the customary canine attitude of reflection, and whether the horse goes slow or fast maintains his perch unshaken. That posture and role pleases Dick immensely, and it appears to amuse the Doctor, as well as the whole countryside, which grins broadly to see the Doctor's big road horse loping along the highway with the big collie rocking on its back, and bowing and beaming on the world. As for the horse, it offers no objection to the act, but with one ear cocked forward and the other backward it has a curious expression, as if wondering what that dog will do next.

TWENTY DRUNKARDS.

A Telegrapher's Blunder That Startled and Mystified a Station Agent.

Last year a party of twenty Dunkards was en route to the general conference, via St. Louis, says the Nashville American. No agent accompanied them, and a telegram was sent to Union Depot Passenger Agent Bonner to "meet twenty Dunkards."

The religious education of the telegraph operator who received the message had been neglected. He had never heard of the Dunkards, and, supposing a mistake had been made, he just inserted the letter "r," and when Bonner received the message it read: "Meet No. 4. Twenty drunkards aboard. Look after them."

Bonner was somewhat taken aback. He did not know but that an inebreiate asylum had broken loose, but any way prompt action was necessary. The twenty drunkards must be desperate men or the dispatch would not have been sent, and murder might have been committed on the road.

Bonner posted off to police headquarters, and his story did not lose in the telling. The chief of police, alive to the exigencies of the situation, made a special detail of ten policemen and a patrol wagon.

The policemen were drawn up in a line at the depot, and intense excitement prevailed among the numerous depot loungers, a rumor having gained currency that a desperate band of train robbers was on the incoming train.

In due time the train arrived, but no party of roystering drunkards alighted. The party on the train was composed of several pious-looking gentlemen with broad-brimmed hats who stood around as though expecting some one.

Bonner approached one of them and said interrogatively:

"Had any trouble on the road?"

"No, brother," said the gentleman, "none that I know of. And now I'll ask you a question: Do you know a gentleman named Bonner?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Bonner," was the answer.

"Well, these brethren and myself are Dunkards, and you were to meet us and put us on the right train. Didn't you get a telegram?"

Bonner was completely done for. He excused himself, and, calling the sergeant of police aside, he told him that it was all a mistake and he and his men could go back to headquarters. Then he disposed of his religious friends, went around and cussed out the telegraph operator, after which he had to "set 'em up" for the whole police force on the promise to keep mum.

Hard Tale of a Snake's Tail.

A. C. Caplinger and Jefferson Scott, two farmers of Georgetown, W. Va., killed a snake in Caplinger's barn-yard which measured four feet three inches in length. The snake's body was the color of an ordinary home snake, but it was different from any ever seen in that section. The snake's tail consisted of a horn four inches long, of about the same color as the body, except half an inch of the extreme end, which was pure white. The horn was hard as steel and as sharp as a knife-blade. Mr. Scott cut the horn off and is saving it as a curiosity.

TANGIBLE PROSPERITY.

Eastern Capitalist (as the cyclone gets by)—W-W-What was it th-th-that struck me?

Kansas Man—Why, friend, don't you know? That was our real estate boom!—Puck.

"It's an Ill Wind," Etc.

"Those pesky flies!" was the silent ejaculation of the bald-headed members of the congregation.

"Bless those flies," said the minister to himself. "There will be no one asleep during the sermon."—Boston Herald.

The Lovely Pests.

Angry Farmer—See here! don't you know I can't afford to have my grass trampled down for the sake of a few berries? You'll have to move out of here.

Lady from the City—We are not picking berries: we are gathering a handful of those lovely, charming, golden-hearted, snow-tipped, ox-eye daisies.

Farmer—Oh, I beg pardon. Go right ahead, and come again to-morrow and bring your relatives.—Judge.

Very Good Reasons.

"No, Mr. Waverly; I respect and esteem you above all men. In time I am confident I might learn to love you, but I can never, never be your wife."

"Maudie—Miss Artclub—what are your reasons? Is it on personal grounds, or—"

"No, Mr. Waverly. You wear cork-screw pattern pan—er—trousers, and you know I am a member of the W. C. T. U."—The Jury.

Innocence Abroad.

Ned Bunco (accosting Timothy Clover on street)—How-dy, sir; you seem to be quite familiar with the city. Will you be good enough to inform me where I can find the McGinty statue? I am a stranger here.

Timothy Clover—Kain't allus go by th' looks, friend. I be a stranger in town myself!

Ned Bunco—You don't say so.

Timothy Clover—Yep. For a fac'.—Life.

It Would.

Mrs. Honeyman (off for the summer and persistent in keeping her serving maid)—Now, John, if Mary becomes dissatisfied, try to pacify her. Treat her nicely and make her some little present.

Mr. Honeyman—All right, my dear, I'll do my best. If I kiss her every morning and give her some diamonds, that will be sufficient, don't you think?—The Continent.

Very Moderate.

Aunt Dinah (to caller)—Yo' don' tell me dat Brer Holdy done tuk down wid de measles at dis late day? Why, he war s'posed to have 'em more'n fo' weeks ago!

Caller—Well, yo' know, Dinah, Brer Holdy am dat slow, I 'spect it gwine take him a munt to cotch de measles after he git sight of 'em!—Harper's Bazar.

A DUTY TO YOURSELF.

It is surprising that people will use a common, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money. Dr. Acker's English pills are a positive cure for sick-headache and all liver troubles. They are small, sweet, easily taken, and do not gripe.

WE CAN AND DO

Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixir, for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country that it is superior to all other preparations for blood Diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilitic poisoning, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Sold by Budwell Christian & Barbee.

For Rent.

Desirable office or store room in TIMES building, corner Third avenue and First street, s. w. The best location in the city. For terms and particulars, apply at this office.

OLD exchanges for sale at THE TIMES office; 20 cents per 100.

TRY Paul Jones famous old Baker whiskey. J. F. MARSHALL & Co., aug15-2m Sole agents for Roanoke.

OLD exchanges for sale at THE TIMES office; 20 cents per 100.

OLD exchanges for sale at THE TIMES office; 20 cents per 100.

A CHILD KILLED.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of soothing syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by Budwell, Christian & Barbee.

THE TIMES office has been removed to the new building corner Third avenue and First street, southwest.

Ladies Have Tried It.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend," and would not be without for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to become mothers. R. A. Payne, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By Budwell, Christian and Barbee.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulency and constipation. Guaranted and sold by Budwell, Christian & Barbee

Notice.

There will be a general meeting of stockholders of the River not Company, held in the city of Lynchburg, Virginia, at Calisthenic Hall, on Thursday, September 25th, at 4 o'clock p. m. All stockholders are expected to be present in person or by proxy.

By order of the Board of Directors.

A. M. DOYLE, Acting Secretary.

an23&sep24

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The Clergy, the Medical Faculty and the people all endorse Burdoc's Blood Bitters as the best system renovating, blood purifying tonic in the world. Send for testimonials.

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IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF the Hustings Court, of the city of Roanoke, on the 13th day of August, 1890.

P. C. Kelley and D. M. Richardson, contractors, doing business under the firm name of Kelley & Richardson, plaintiffs, against Hugh Keogh and the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company, defendants, in chancery and attachment.

The object of this suit is to attach any money owing to the said Hugh Keogh by the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company, and to subject the same, or so much thereof as is sufficient to the payment of the debt due by the said Hugh Keogh to the complainant. And an affidavit having been made and filed that the defendant, Hugh Keogh, is not a resident of the State of Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here, within fifteen days after due publication hereof, and do what may be necessary to protect his interest in this suit. And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published once a week for four week in the Roanoke Daily Times and that a copy be posted at the front door of the court house of this city on the first day of the next term thereof.

S. S. BROOKE, Clerk.

A copy—Teste:

ROY B. SMITH, P. Q. aug15th4t

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Manufacturers of

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BARBER,

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Room in basement. m7-1

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Roanoke, Virginia.

Salem Avenue, between Jefferson and Henry Streets.

J. B. LEVY, President. Late cashier Commercial Bank, Roanoke, Va.

JOHN OTT, Cashier. Late cashier City Bank, Richmond, Va.

Accounts of banks, bankers, corporations, merchants, and individuals solicited. Our facilities for doing a general banking business are equal to to any banking house in Virginia. Collections a specialty and prompt remittances made. Interest allowed on time deposits m18-tf

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b22-tf

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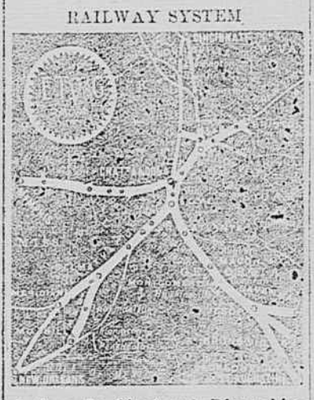

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jy5 tf

A. L. GORLEY, President.
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