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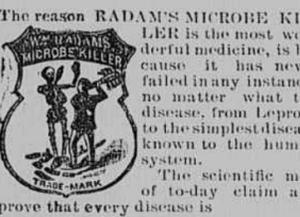
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Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. RIGA, Mich. Gents: I now write to let you know that I have been using your Burdock Blood Bitters, and also to tell you what they have done for me. I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years. I commenced the use of your Burdock Blood Bitters and they have brought me out all right. The use of three bottles conferred the great benefit, for which I feel profoundly grateful. I will never be without it. an14 d ly WM. H. DELKER.

J. R. HOCKADAY. THE PIONEER REAL ESTATE AGENT OF Roanoke City, Va.

OFFICE: 105 First St., s. w., First National Bank Building. my11-ft

WAR BETWEEN MICROBES.

A Startling Theory Advanced by a Noted Russian Physician.

The first impression of the reader who learns that a Russian doctor is curing diphtheria by inoculating the patient with erysipelas is that a joke is being perpetrated. The story sounds like that Eastern tale of a tyrant who put out the eyes of his subjects when they went lame, on the theory that the greater suffering would relieve the lesser. But in these days of bacteriology it is unsafe to deride any new theory because it does not harmonize with preconceived notions. Dr. Batschinsky says that between the microbe of diphtheria and the microbe of erysipelas there is an antagonism, a sort of irrepressible conflict. Where one flourishes the other perishes, and as the erysipelas microbe is the more powerful of the two it is the diphtheria microbe that goes to the wall. Whether microbe eats microbe, or the higher bred insect dies of disgust at the appearance on the scene of his meaner fellow-creature, does not appear. All that he avers is that when he inoculated a diphtheritic patient with the poison of the erysipelas microbe the diphtheria gradually disappeared and the artificial erysipelas yielded readily to the proper remedies. In this way he is said to have cured a number of patients, and he advises his conferees to try it whenever they have a severe case of diphtheria. We need hardly remark that the faculty will require the newspaper reports of Dr. Batschinsky's performances to be confirmed before they adopt his practice. It is worth looking into. Even the stoutest believers in the bacterial theory admit that they are powerless to combat the bacillus—to beat the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall. When Dr. Koch discovered, as he believed, the bacillus of consumption people rejoiced, because they reckoned that now the enemy was located it would be easy to exterminate him. But this proved impracticable. Any gas that was powerful enough to destroy the insect was pretty sure to destroy the patient as well. Quite a number of interesting experiments were made with various carbonated gases, but no physician was bold enough to introduce them into the lungs in the face of warnings that the attempt would be fatal. Thus Dr. Koch's discovery left matters pretty much where they were. But if this Russian medico has really discovered a bacillus that feeds upon other bacilli or exterminates them as the white man has exterminated the Indian, by the mere force of contact, the faculty should surely test the discovery. Perhaps the erysipelas bacillus may be as fatal to the microbe of consumption as he is to the microbe of diphtheria. Perhaps he may cultivate an appetite for other disease germs. If so, even allopaths will not despise this new application of the rule similia similibus. As a matter of principle there would be nothing new in the discovery. Almost all medicines are poisons. That which saves life in one dose causes death in another. There is no more useful medicine in the modern pharmacopoeia than arsenic; yet three out of five women who poison themselves do so with arsenic. Strychnine is a terrible poison, but nuxvomica is a most valuable drug. In Greece criminals were sometimes forced to take their own lives by drinking a cup of hellebore: we in our day cure many diseases of the stomach with veratrum. If a drug which destroys life under given conditions saves it in others, why may not a disease germ which is noxious in one set of circumstances prove beneficial when the circumstances are changed and the exhibition of the germ regulated by scientific principles? The last word has not been said in bacteriology. Physicians who deride it say that its professors mistake the effect for the cause, and ascribe disease to animal organizations which proceed from the disease itself. It may be so. But the lay world remembers that the progenitors of these same physicians denied the circulation of the blood to the last day of their lives. We owe to Koch and his co-workers the knowledge of the fact of the existence of microbes; what use they may be put to remains yet to be discovered.—San Francisco Call.

A Hindoo God in England.

The famous Hindoo god, Lingam, is now owned by an English gentleman of culture named Spencer, who paid \$13,000 for it at an auction sale in London in 1888. The curious relic stands but 1 1/2 inches high. Small as it is, it is worth its weight in first water diamonds. The base is of solid gold, and around it are set nine gems which were used as charms, a diamond, ruby, sapphire, chrysoberyl, cat's eye, coral, pearl, hia-cinthine, garnet, yellow sapphire and an emerald. Around the apex of this pure gold and gem-studded pyramid is a plinth set with diamonds. On the apex is a topaz 1 1/16 inches in length and 9/16 of an inch in depth, shaped like a horseshoe; in the center of the horseshoe the great chrysoberyl cat's eye stands. When Bahador Shah, better known as "Bad Shah," the last King of Delhi, was captured and exiled to the Andaman Islands, his queen secreted this god, and it was never seen again until recent research discovered and brought it to the British capital, where it was disposed of to Mr. Spencer, as above mentioned.—St. Louis Republic.

Very Deficient.

Canvasser—I have here Professor Blank's latest and most complete history of the United States. Business Man (examining it)—Do I understand you to say that this is a complete history of our country up to the present day? Canvasser—Yes, sir. Business Man—Then it is very deficient. Some of the most important events in the history of the development of this glorious Nation have been completely ignored! Canvasser—What for instance? Business Man—I can see nothing in it regarding the Sullivan-Kilrain fight, the World's Championship games, nor in fact any of the recent important happenings. Indeed, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Kilrain, Anson, Comiskey and a number of other men whose names should go down to posterity, are not even mentioned. I do not care for your book. Good day, sir.—Munsey's Weekly.

OVER THE TEA-CUPS.

Oliver Wendell Holmes on American Social and Literary Independence.

I confess that I am not in sympathy with some of the movements that accompany the manifestations of American social and literary independence. I do not like the assumption of titles of Lords and Knights by plain citizens of a country which prides itself on recognizing simple manhood and womanhood as sufficiently entitled to respect without those unnecessary additions. I do not like any better the familiar and, as it seems to me, rude way of speaking of our fellow-citizens who are entitled to the common courtesies of civilized society. I never thought it dignified or even proper for a President of the United States to call himself, or to be called by others, "Frank" Pierce. In the first place I had to look in a biographical dictionary to find out whether his baptismal name was Franklin, or Francis, or simply Frank, for I think children are sometimes christened with this abbreviated name. But it is too much in the style of Cowper's unpleasant acquaintance:

The man who hails you Tom or Jack, And prates by thumping on your back How he esteems your merit.

I should not like our past Chief Magistrate spoken of as Jack Adams or Jim Madison, and it would have been only as a political partisan that I should have reconciled myself to "Tom" Jefferson. So, in spite of "Ben" Jonson, "Tom" Moore, and "Jack" Sheppard, I prefer to speak of a fellow-citizen already venerable by his years, entitled to respect by useful services to his country, and recognized by many as the prophet of a new poetical dispensation, with the customary title of adult rather than by the free and easy schoolboy abbreviation with which he introduced himself many years ago to the public. As for his rhapsodies, Number Seven, our "cracked Teacup," says they sound to him like "fugues played upon a big organ which has been struck by lightning." So far as concerns literary independence, if we understand by that term the getting rid of our subjection to British criticism, such as it was in the days when the question was asked, "Who reads an American book?" we may consider it pretty well established. If it means dispensing with punctuation, coining words at will, self-revelation unrestrained by a sense of what is decorous, declamations in which every thing is glorified without being idealized, "poetry" in which the reader must make the rhythms which the poet has not made for him, then I think we had better continue literary colonists. I shrink from a lawless independence to which all the virile energy and trampling audacity of Mr. Whitman fail to reconcile me. But there is room for everybody and every thing in our huge hemisphere. Young America is like a three-year-old colt with his saddle and bridle just taken off. The first thing he wants to do is to roll. He is a droll object, sprawling in the grass with his four hoofs in the air; but he likes it, and it won't harm us. So let him roll—let him roll!—Atlantic.

FOOLISH AND CONCEITED.

The Less a Man Knows the More He Talks About It.

The less a man knows the more he talks about it. If "shadows murmur where deeps are dumb," they are like human beings who have small minds and are great talkers. The man who talks continuously, and who is not in intellect above the average man, must say many foolish things. The foolish man does not know when to keep his mouth shut. If he did he would still be foolish, but he would not say foolish things. An old Alliance man once had a boy who lacked good sense. The boy may be a man now and in politics. The old man used to take his son to town with him when he went with a team to sell a load of wood, and when noon came and the old man felt like taking a nip he would leave the boy in the public square, saying: "Stay right here with the team, Ezra. Don't you say a word, and nobody'll ever find out you are a fool." By and by people would come along and commence to dicker for a trade. On one such occasion a man said: "How much for the wood?" The boy smiled stupidly and said never a word. The man spoke again, and louder: "How much do you ask for your load of wood?" The boy was still dumb, but soon burst into tears, and the surprised man said: "That boy is certainly a fool!" The father came along about that time and the boy sobbed: "They've found me out, dad, I never said a word, and the man said I was a fool!" There is always hope for a boy of that sort. He knows his weakness, and that is something. The man who thinks he knows it all, and knows much less than many others is most dangerous. He will tackle any subject and make his hearers very tired. It would be a great thing if men, in their eagerness for notoriety, would refrain from meddling with religion. But so sure as a man has brains and religion in inverse ratio with an enormous conceit, knowing he can secure notoriety to himself in no other way, he tries to say something "startling" in religion. A Baptist sect afflicted recently declared there is no devil, and now a Presbyterian professor in a theological seminary declares Job is a myth and the book of Job was written by a Jewish poet during his exile. His only reason for such assertion is that he has examined the book by rules of "higher criticism," and has decided that a man suffering as Job was could not have uttered such lofty poetical sentiments! This is a case for the fool-killer rather than for church discipline.—Western Recorder.

A Nice Laborious Vacation.

Doctor—So you're all run down! Feel generally debilitated; can't sleep, have no appetite; fever flushes, headaches, and dizziness. I see. It's not a case for medicine. Patient (frightened)—What is it a case for then? Doctor—For rest. Patient—But I've just been on my vacation! Doctor—You needn't tell me that. Two weeks' active employment will rest you and make you all right. Nothing like getting back to work after a laborious vacation.—Boston Transcript.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—There are seven millionaire editors in New York.

—Hogarth's house at Chiswick, England, is rapidly going to decay, and no one seems ready to rescue it from utter demolition.

—The house in which Columbus died at Valladolid is falling into decay, and the Spanish Government is much reproached for allowing it to go to ruin. The Italians talk of purchasing it by a national subscription.

—Martha Ann Bogart, who died recently in Elizabeth, N. J., was noted for her penuriousness. She used to split lucifer matches so as to make one match do for two or three times. It is needless to say that she left a fortune.

—Mrs. Ambrose Haley, of Houlton, Me., has in her possession a treasured heirloom, a slipper that was worn by her father's grandmother on the occasion of her marriage in England, which must have occurred fully 175 years ago. It is made of brocade satin.

—In Rome males wore black for mourning, while the women indicated their grief by wearing white garments. In Turkey, at the present day, the mourning hue is violet; in China, white; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown; in London and America, black. The mourning color in Spain was white until changed by the laws of 1890.

—A Frenchman fond of literature, who died at Dole in the Jura recently, was buried according to the terms of his will, with a French edition of Horace beneath his head, a copy of Milton at his feet, a Greek Testament in his right hand and an Elzevirian edition of Horace in his left. Under his back lay an English edition of the same poet.

—Mrs. Marble, of Dixfield, Me., broke a hen of setting. She did it in this way: She shut the hen up in a close room—and forgot her. It was twenty-eight days later that somebody happened to find Mrs. Hen, hungry and thirsty, to be sure, but alive and bright and with more taste for scratching for worms in the garden than for sitting on eggs, even in a stolen nest.

—Mrs. General Grant says she first met the General in 1844 and they were married in 1848. She has many of the letters written by him during the days of their courtship, and while she regards these in their entirety too sacred for the public eye, she will make extracts from them for her book of reminiscences of her famous husband. She is working very slowly on the book and does not expect to have it ready for publication before next spring.

—Sir Edwin Chadwick, who died recently, was asked to what he attributed his long life and good health. "Well," he replied, "I have always taken great care of myself; I have my daily tub, in which I strongly believe. But my great age is undoubtedly hereditary, for my father died at the age of eighty-four, my grandfather at ninety-five, and my two great-grandfathers were centenarians." Sir Edwin, it should be added, never smoked, and lived largely on vegetables.

—The old house of John Endicott, the first head of the first popular government established in America, is being torn down at Salem. The structure was framed in England, was brought to the new country and first put together at Gloucester. Later it was pulled down and rebuilt by Endicott at Salem, and became his permanent home there. It was a two-story building originally and of the Elizabethan style of architecture. John Endicott died in the dwelling in 1665, but his family lived there for many years after, and the sessions of the General Assembly were once held in the house.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

"That was a bad scare Mrs. Partington had the other day." "2 2?" "She went to a pantomime, and thought she had suddenly lost her hearing."—N. Y. Sun.

"Times are getting so hard," remarked an unsuccessful business man, "that it's getting to be all I can do to collect my thoughts."—Washington Post.

"Charlie—'Yes, Mabel, I like you, but there was something about you last night that I didn't like.' Mabel—'Why, Charlie, what was it?' Charlie—'Fred Somers' arm.'"

"Do you guarantee this not to break down?" she asked. "Our instructions, miss," said the salesman, blandly, "are never to guarantee hammocks when we sell 'em to handsome young ladies." She bought it.

—First Mosquito—"You are looking plump and well fed. Where do you go to find such good fare?" Second Mosquito—"I hang around the haberdashers and follow the young men who buy negligee shirts."—America.

—Logic—"Shall I take more beer?" My stomach says "Yes." My reason says "No." My reason is wiser than my stomach, of course, and it is always the wiser one that yields in a quarrel, they say—waiter, another bottle!—Fliegende Blätter.

"I wish to see Miss Elder," said Mrs. Fangle, handing a card to the doormaid. "She's engaged, ma'am," replied the girl. "Well, now, I've been expecting that for some time. I must go in right away and congratulate her."—Harper's Bazar.

—Old Friend (unexpected arrival)—"And so this is your daughter's coming-out party?" Practical Mother—"Yes; and if I hadn't put my veto on those dressmakers, she would have been out a good deal further than she is."—Demorest's Monthly.

—Burly Party—"Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately placed your umbrella in my ear last evening?" Little Blufferton—"Very careless of me, I'm sure. I wondered what became of it, and—would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?"—Dry Goods Chronicle.

—Native (in the far West)—"Why did you let that fellow pull you around that way?" Tenderfoot—"How could I help myself?" Native—"He isn't no cowboy. He ain't been here more'n a week an' he came from New York City same as you did." Tenderfoot—"Concern the luck! If I'd known that I'd knocked the spots out of him."—Good News.

PRATT'S KILLER. Sold by Budwell, Christian & Barbee, and all druggists. jy10-1f

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RAILROADS.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY RAILROAD.

S. F. TYLER, Receiver. Schedule in effect June 2, 1890. ARRIVE AT ROANOKE.

5:00 p. m. Daily—Memphis Express, from Hagerstown and the North. Through Pullman sleeping cars from New York and Philadelphia to Chattanooga and Memphis via Harrisburg, Hagerstown and Roanoke.

7:40 a. m. Daily—New Orleans Express from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, making connection through to the South. Carries through Pullman palace buffet sleeping car from Philadelphia to New Orleans, without change, via Harrisburg, Hagerstown, Roanoke, Cleveland, Calera and L. & N. R. R.

5:45 a. m. Daily—Baltimore Express from all points south for Washington, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and New York. Carries Pullman palace buffet sleeping car from Roanoke to Philadelphia without change, via Hagerstown and Harrisburg.

7:20 p. m. Daily—New York and Philadelphia Express, from Philadelphia and all points south. For Philadelphia and New York. Carries Pullman palace buffet sleeping car from Roanoke to Philadelphia without change, via Hagerstown and Harrisburg.

6:45 a. m. Daily—Baltimore Express from all points south for Washington, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and New York. Carries Pullman palace buffet sleeping car through to Philadelphia and New York via Roanoke, Hagerstown and Harrisburg.

Ticket agents will furnish all information and through schedules upon application to O. HOWARD ROYER, G. P. & T. Agent, Roanoke, Va.

NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILROAD.

Schedule in effect Sept. 3rd, 1890.

WEST BOUND.

10:05 a. m. Daily; arrive Bristol 4:00 p. m. Stops at all stations, connecting at Radford with trains on New River Branch; arriving at Pocahontas at 3:35 p. m.

5:45 p. m. Daily, arrives Radford 7:20 p. m., connecting with New River Branch at 7:35 p. m., for Bluefield and Pocahontas; arrives Pocahontas 10:55 p. m. Arrives Bristol 11:20 p. m., connecting with E. T. V. & G. R. R. for all points south and west. Has Pullman Palace Sleeper, Roanoke to Memphis, without change.

7:55 a. m. Daily, arrive Radford 9:15 a. m., connecting with New River Branch, leaving Radford 12:10 p. m. Arrives Bristol 12:40 p. m., connects with E. T. V. & G. R. R. for all points south and west; has Pullman Palace Sleeper from Roanoke to New Orleans without change.

5:25 a. m. Daily; for Lynchburg, Petersburg, Richmond, (via Petersburg and R. & P. R. R.) Norfolk and intermediate points; connects at Lynchburg with V. M. R. R. for Washington and the East, leaving Lynchburg 7:40 a. m. daily. Arrives Norfolk 2:00 p. m., connecting with steamer lines to Baltimore and New York.

10:10 a. m. Daily; arrives Lynchburg 11:50 a. m., connecting with V. M. R. R. for all points north, arriving Washington 7:05 p. m.; arrives Petersburg 4:20 p. m.; arrives Richmond, via R. & P. R. R., 5:05 p. m.; arrives Norfolk 7:00 p. m.

3:45 p. m. Daily; for Lynchburg and intermediate stations; arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Daily; for Lynchburg and intermediate stations; arrives Lynchburg 9:20 p. m. Cripple Creek Extension—Leaves Pulaski 8:15 a. m. Daily, except Sunday, and 3:00 p. m. Daily, arrive Ivanhoe 9:45 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

Clinch Valley Extension (in operation Aug. 3, to St. Paul, 81 miles)—Leave Bluefield 8:10 a. m., daily; arrive St. Paul 12:55 p. m.

All inquiries as to rates, routes, etc., promptly answered. W. B. BEVILL, Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agent. CHAS. G. EDDY, vice-president. jan1 General Offices, Roanoke.

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ROANOKE DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

A general meeting of the stockholders of the Roanoke Development Company will be held in the city of Roanoke, Va., at the office of the Roanoke Trust, Loan and Safe Deposit Company, on Saturday, November 15, 1890, at 12 o'clock m. By order of A. C. DENNISTON, Pres. W. S. McCLANAHAN, Secretary.

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GRAND OPENING SALE OF THE WYTHEVILLE DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

Sale will begin September 30, at 1 o'clock. WYTHEVILLE, VA. "THE GEM OF THE ALLEGANIES"—"THE SARATOGA OF THE SOUTH."

The county seat of Wythe county, which was awarded the diploma with \$500 premium at the Virginia Exposition at Richmond, in 1888, in Minerals and Woods. Population 4,000. Altitude 2,500 feet.

Wythe County has two blast and fifteen charcoal iron furnaces, and several zinc and lead furnaces. Wytheville offers from the best sites and greatest inducements to manufacturing industries of any city in the South. The Wytheville Development Company's reserve fund for new industries alone amounts to \$150,000. Wytheville is the centre of the richest mineral region in the South. Wytheville exempts all manufacturing industries from municipal taxation for ten years. Wytheville has beautiful and well-paved streets 60, 70 and 97 feet in width. Two electric light plants and three water systems. Wytheville has the best public schools and the handsomest school building in Virginia; has three female colleges and two male academies. Owing to its mineral waters, free to visitors, which are highly curative for many diseases, and its great altitude, it has grown into a great and fashionable health resort.

The Wytheville Development Company will place on the market, September 30, 500 residence and business lots of its property in the new West End Extension, lying between the Wytheville Cotton Mills and the "Jackson Park Hotel," on both of which work has just begun. This property to be offered for sale for the first time, September 30, is the most beautiful property in Wytheville, and will be priced at very reasonable figures in order to encourage investments. Investments in Wytheville real estate within the last ninety days have borne from 100 to 500 per cent. to investors.

The Norfolk and Western railroad, running from Norfolk to the West and Northwest, will have on sale at stations on line and agencies in New England special excursion round-trip tickets to Wytheville, good until October 31.

For further particulars, apply to W. L. YOST, president of the Wytheville Development Company, Wytheville, Va. sep21-1m