

PRACTICALLY ENFORCED.

The Process of Subtraction Illustrated to the Teacher's Satisfaction.



MISS SWALLOW had been all the morning explaining by means of various examples the process of subtraction; but in spite of her faithful endeavor to make the matter understood by the fourteen dis-tended little brains before her, one point remained hopelessly dark.

"My dear children," finally exclaimed the worthy Miss Swallow, in that full contralto which never failed to make itself heard in the Sunday choir, "it is as clear as water. George, pay attention! If I take five out of five what will remain?"

George stared blankly at the questioner and dared not answer. The rest of the class were hopelessly entangled and a few attempted to escape the questioner by falling asleep.

"Now, I take one;" and she ate it. "Two;" and the second followed the first.

"Three;" the children looked anxious. "Four;" some of them rose impatiently.

"Five; ah-h! What is left?" "The stone," sighed a disappointed, mournful chorus.—Judge.

THE CHILD-ACTRESS ILLUSION.



Little Earnestine (the infant phenomenon)—Can't I leave out that lullaby song to-night?

Her Manager—Why? It's very pretty. Little Earnestine—I know; but it makes me think of my husband and five little ones up in Harlem till I get the blues.—Frank Leslie's.

The Thug Jest.

"So?" "Well!" "You're de turnkey of this jail, ain'tcher?" "Yes." "Well, tend ter yer business, will yer? Just turn that key and lemme out."—Munsey's Weekly.

Baby's Looks.

Fond Father—Which side of the house do you think the baby looks like, Jim? Jim—I dunno, Fred, but 'pears to me he looks 'bout as much like the outside as he does like the inside.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Ready Answer.

Allopath—Your homoeopathy is all nonsense! Now, what would be the homoeopathic remedy for a dog bite? Another dog bite? Homeopath—The remedy for a dog bite is an infusion of bark; for a cat nip, catnip tea—see?—Light.

Won't Always Work.

Oldboy—Young man, don't try to fly too high at first. Always begin at the bottom, and work up. Flippant Youth—That's all right if you want to climb a ladder; but what if you want to dig a well?—Light.

Anxious to Save Gas.

Stern Parent—Amy, it is time for every one to be in bed. I am going to put out all the lights.

Amy (whose bean is holding a protracted meeting with her)—Oh, I wish you would, papa!—Light.

Not in the Contract.

"Waiter!" called the customer. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I ordered Welsh rabbit," remarked the gentleman, holding aloft a golden strand, "but I didn't ask for American hair."—Munsey's Weekly.

A Deadly Suggestion.

Bertie—I hate that fellow Dudds, the tailor. I'd like to murder him! Charlie—Why don't you pay his bill? He would probably die of surprise.—Light.

Overstayed His Time.

Mr. Dready—How early it gets late these October evenings. Miss Weary—Yes, indeed. It comes time to go home long before you realize it.—West Shore.

He Believed Him.

First Stranger—Say, that's my umbrella you have. Second Stranger—I don't doubt it, sir; I got it at a pawnshop.—The Jury.

YOSEMITE TREASURES.

A Landscape Most Divinely Beautiful and Sublime.

The Yosemite Valley, in the heart of the Sierra Nevada, is a noble mark for the traveler, whether tourist, botanist, geologist or lover of wilderness pure and simple. But those who are free may find the journey a long one; not because of the miles, for they are not so many—only about two hundred and fifty from San Francisco, and passed over by rail and carriage roads in a day or two—but the way is so beautiful that one is beguiled at every step, and the great golden days and weeks and months go by uncounted. How vividly my own first journey to Yosemite comes to mind, though made more than a score of years ago. I set out afoot from Oakland, on the bay of San Francisco, in April. It was the bloom-time of the year over all the lowlands and ranges of the coast; the landscape was fairly drenched with sunshine, the larks were singing, and the hills were so covered with flowers that they seemed to be painted. Slow indeed was my progress through those glorious gardens, the first of the California flora I had seen. Cattle and cultivation were making a few scars as yet, and I wandered enchanted in long, wavering curves, aware now and then that Yosemite lay to the eastward, and that, sometime, I should find it.

One shining morning, at the head of the Pacheco Pass, a landscape was displayed that after all my wanderings still appears as the most divinely beautiful and sublime I have ever beheld. There at my feet lay the great central plain of California, level as a lake, thirty or forty miles wide, four hundred long, one rich furred bed of golden Composite. And along the eastern shore of this lake of gold rose the mighty Sierra, miles in height, in massive, tranquil grandeur, so gloriously colored and so radiant that it seemed not clothed with light, but wholly composed of it, like the wall of some celestial city. Along the top, and extending a good way down, was a rich pearl-gray belt of snow; then a belt of blue and dark purple, marking the extension of the forests; and stretching along the base of the range a broad belt of rose-purple, where lay the miners' gold and the open foothill gardens—all the colors smoothly blending, making a wall of light clear as crystal and ineffably fine, yet firm as adamant. Then it seemed to me the Sierra should be called, not the Nevada or Snowy Range, but the Range of Light. And after ten years in the midst of it, rejoicing and wondering, seeing the glorious floods of light that fill it—the sunbursts of morning among the mountain-peaks, the broad, noonday radiance on the crystal rocks, the flush of the alpenglow, and the thousand dashing waterfalls with their marvelous abundance of irised spray—it still seems to me a range of light. But no terrestrial beauty may endure forever. The glory of wildness has already departed from the great central plain. Its bloom is shed, and so in part is the bloom of the mountains. In Yosemite, even under the protection of the Government, all that is perishable is vanishing apace.—John Muir, in Century.

THE COMING STEAMER.

To Make a Trip in Thirty-six Hours from Land to Land.

Here is a clever picture from the Pall Mall Gazette: She will be over a quarter of a mile in length, and will do the passage from Sandy Hook to Liverpool in thirty-six hours, being one night out. She will be driven by electricity and in such a fashion as to keep railway time despite storm or fog.

Passage can be secured by flash photo—Edison's patent—and the ticket will include an opera stall or a concert ticket or a seat in a church pew, the opera house, concert hall and church being all on board. A covered ring for horse exercise will be provided and a racing track for fast trotters. A base ball ground and tennis courts will also form a portion of the attractions. For business men a stock exchange will be operated, the quotations being posted from the tickers every two minutes, on the vibration system. The leading papers of all countries will be reprinted each morning by the electric reflection system.

A spacious conservatory, containing the choicest flowers of all climates, will afford an agreeable lounging place, and bouquets will be provided gratis. As at Monaco and Monte Carlo, a suite of apartments will be laid out for play, to be kept open all night—a sumptuous supper with the costliest wines free. English tailors and shoemakers will be in attendance, and clothes will be made and finished during the passage.

The military department will contain the French fashions of the previous day, and costumes will be confectioned while the ship is en route and delivered complete on arrival at dock. Accommodation will be furnished for 10,000 passengers.

A Paradise for Stationers.

Five hundred thousand visiting cards have been engraved in Washington this season. One stationery firm has turned out 300,000 in the last two months and the money spent on pasteboard during a season amounts to tens of thousand of dollars. The most ordinary card costs a cent a piece after the plate is made, and some of the dinner invitations sent out cost \$10 a dozen. A prominent item on the expense account of a Washington belle is her engraving and printing, and society ladies who give dinners spend at times hundreds of dollars upon the stationery for a feast. Mrs. Leland Stanford lately paid \$85 for fifty cards to be used as menus for one of her big dinners. The map of the United States was stamped in silver on the cards, and the drawing and engraving were exquisite. At the dinner which Governor Brockbridge gave, the cards cost \$1 a piece, and Mrs. Justice Hatchford not only gave a luncheon, the cards for which were carved by hand at a cost of \$1 a dozen. Some of the cards are in raised silver and gold. They look as though the gold and silver had been melted and poured into letters on the cards, and cost 75 cents apiece.—Paper World.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An auction sale of collins took place recently in Bartow, Fla.

—One of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is situated between Ural and the Okhotsk Sea. A well was recently dug in this region, when it was found that at a depth of 116 meters the ground was still frozen.

—One of the biggest lobsters on record was recently caught at Whitby, England. It measures from snout to extremity of tail, 18 in.; circumference of body, 13 in.; full breadth of tail, 8 in.; length of crusher claw, 12 in.; weight, when alive, 9 lbs, 5 oz.

—A big shark caught near Asbury Park had in its belly four bushels of fish and parts of a man's leg and foot. It was 11½ feet long, and was caught in Jeffrey's fish pond, having followed a school of fish into the inclosure. It was killed with considerable difficulty.

—The Golden Rod is the choice of 61,308 school children of New York who have sent their votes for a State flower to the Department of Public Instruction. The Rose ran its close race, coming second, with 79,666. The Daisy was a poor third—33,603.

—Claribel—"I should like a copy of 'The Stolen Rope.'" Assistant—"I don't know of any such song." Claribel—"Why, it goes 'Tum, tum, tumpty-tum.'" (hums the air). Assistant—"You mean the 'Lost Chord'?" Claribel—"O, yes; that's it."

—Drummer—"See here. I had a room way up on the third floor, and you charged me more than your rates for downstairs rooms." Chicago Hotel-keeper—"Certainly. The top floor rooms are above the smoke, and the extra charge is for sunshine."

—"I'm after getting their house insured for \$150, Bridget." "Arrah an' where's the money, Pat?" "Faix, they won't pay that till their house is burnt down." "Och, ef they won't give it to yer now, niver a cent will they give when there's no house at all."

—"Marry, I love you deeply. Will you be my wife?" "I don't know, George. Can you support me?" "I think so. You have a little something, haven't you?" "Yes; I have \$1,800 a year." "Why, then, it's perfectly easy. I am sure we could live on \$2,000 a year."—Harper's Bazar.

—Another famous tree has fallen before the woodman's axe. It was a huge chestnut, nine feet and four inches in diameter, and stood on the old Elder Winsor Farm, near Greenville, Rhode Island. Its trunk was hollow enough in 1832, during the Dorr rebellion, to contain the arms of the rebels, who hid them there after their defeat at Acote's Hill.

—Mr. Singlerly, of the Philadelphia Record, has found a calf six months old which carries its heart in a small sac under the skin of its neck. The calf gambols on the green meadow as other calves do, gives promise of living a long and useful life, and Mr. Singlerly is justly proud of it.

—A Coon Rapids telegram says: "Dan Hendricks, living near Viola, Iowa, killed a two-legged rattlesnake the other day. It was three feet long, and had two legs, two inches long, about six inches below the head. When first seen it was walking on the legs, wriggling the lower portion of its body. It had five rattles."

—The tract distributor who handed a tract on the sin of dancing to a soldier who had lost both legs has a rival. To a fruit peddler who is without hands a New Haven distributor gave a tract bearing warnings against card playing. The tract rested on the basket hanging from the vender's neck, and, by attracting attention, materially increased his sales.

—Josiah Wardell, an Ohio farmer, has the champion egg-laying duck. She began operations some time in February, and by strict attention to business she has made a record that entitles her to a red card. Up to last week she had laid 111 eggs. Just now she is enjoying a well-earned vacation, but there is no telling how soon she will get tired of loafing and settle down to work again.

—A pair of belligerent bulls, says the Portland Oregonian, engaged in a force battle on the track of the Astoria and South Coast railroad the other day, and for nearly half an hour the trainmen were unable to drive them away in order to get the train through. Hugo clubs were worn out over the heads and backs of the animals, but without avail, until at last they grew weary and sulkily scrambled away.

—Rattan is the product of a climbing vine of the palm species, growing in the Celebes and other Malayan countries. Starting with a trunk as thick as a man's leg, it winds through the forest, now wrapping a tall tree in its folds, and then descending again to earth and trailing along in snake-like curves until it can find some other stately tree to fasten and climb upon in its pursuit of light and air. Its flow of sap is so intense that the thirsty traveler has at all times a tumblerful of cool, refreshing water at command by cutting off a few feet of the rattan and putting one of the severed ends to his mouth, or holding it over a dish to catch the water.

An Anglo-Indian Heroine. Anglo-Indian circles in Behar and Bengal are loudly sounding the praises of Miss Morey, whose courageous conduct has in all probability saved the life of her father, a well-known planter and sportsman in that district. Mr. Morey was out hunting, attended by his daughter on horseback, when a boar suddenly sprang from the jungle, and, making for Mr. Morey, threw over both horse and rider with a severe crash. The brute was on the point of tearing his victims with his formidable tusks, when this heroic young lady sprang to the ground and placed herself between the boar and her insensible father. Miss Morey was wholly unarmed, and therefore powerless to protect herself; but fortunately she had with her a large greyhound, who, making straight for the boar, attracted his attention and drew him away. Running thereupon to the nearest pool, Miss Morey filled her tongs with water, by the aid of which she finally succeeded in bringing her father round.—London Daily News.

BUENA VISTA'S FIRST GREAT LOT SALE! Wednesday and Thursday, NOVEMBER 19 AND 20.

Excursion train over Shenandoah Valley railroad will leave Roanoke on days of sale.

500 Beautiful Lots in this Growing City will be placed upon the Market at Auction by the Company. 100 VALUABLE BUSINESS LOTS WILL BE OFFERED AT THIS SALE.

A minimum price will be placed on them and same made public on day of sale.

A LUNCH WILL BE SERVED ON THE GROUNDS TO VISITORS.

The prices of Buena Vista lots have advanced 100 per cent. every ninety days during the last twelve months. Industries to the amount of \$2,161,800 have been secured, with immediate prospect for \$1,000,000 more.

In ten years there will be a population of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND people.

Buena Vista boasts of a more varied line of industries than any other location in Virginia, whilst the manufacture of iron, steel, glass and paper on a large scale is distinctive, yet there are large establishments in woolen goods, leather, Buena Vista is not dependent upon any one line of manufacturing interests.

Table listing various industries and their values, including Iron Furnace, Pulp and Paper Mills, Saddle and Harness Factory, etc., with a total value of \$2,211,000.

VARIED INDUSTRIES:

In addition to the industries above enumerated a large number are being negotiated for and will probably be located before the day of sale of lots, among the number a muck bar mill, a rolling mill and a nail works.

TERMS—One-third cash; balance in one and two years. All sales are made through the Buena Vista Real Estate Exchange, whose members are authorized to make terms with other agents or agencies. J. D. ANDERSON, Secretary. J. H. VALENTINE, Auctioneer, Lynchburg, Va. A. T. BARCLAY, President.

NEW ENGLAND SHOE AND CLOTHING CO.

Are selling out everything at cost to close business by January.

Call Before Stock is Broken.

NEW ENGLAND SHOE AND CLOTHING COMPANY,

112 Commerce Street.

AT COHN'S.

HATS:

Youman's hats, known to all, at Cohn's; Stetsons' soft and stiff, at Cohn's; Silverman's stiff and silk, at Cohn's; Melville soft and stiff, at Cohn's, and others too numerous to mention.

Clothing Specials:

Double-breasted sack suits at Cohn's; double-breasted frock suits at Cohn's; single-breasted cutaway sacks at Cohn's; single-breasted cutaway frocks at Cohn's; Prince Alberts and full-dress at Cohn's; short and stout suits for short men at Cohn's; extra length suits for long men at Cohn's; extra large suits at Cohn's.

OVERCOATS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Separate pants all sizes and fabrics. Our fall underwear is now on sale. We carry the American Hosiery Company underwear, besides many other makes. Our neckwear, hose, handkerchiefs, suspenders, etc., are far ahead of all, as usual. Our tailoring department is on a boom. Don't wait too long to place your order. Save your time and money by visiting our mammoth clothing establishment. You can find anything you want, any price you want, and will certainly have no farther to go.

JOSEPH COHN,

The Salem avenue clothier, tailor and furnisher, No. 44 Salem avenue, Roanoke, Va. E. M. Dawson, Manager.

Advertisement for C. A. HEATH, BARBER, and J. D. McNAMEE & HAYSLIP, GRAINERS AND PAPER HANGERS, located at 112 Commerce Street, Roanoke, Va.