

AMERICAN FABLES.

Not Quite as Good as 'Aunt' Tales But Just as Practical.

THE FLY AND THE SPIDER.

A Fly who was wandering around the house could only find himself stuck on a sheet of Fly-paper, and after many vain exertions to recover his Liberty he called to the Spider:

"My Friend, if you do not help me I am undone!"

"But don't you see, My Dear Fellow, that if I rescued you from your peril it would be only to Eat you?"

MORAL: If you refuse to pay the Doctor you will fall in the hands of the Lawyer.

THE JAILER AND THE PRISONER.

A Prisoner in a County Jail one day sent for the Jailer and made bitter complaint as to the Treatment, saying that his food was poor, his fare bad, and that he was obliged to Associate with Thieves and Robbers.

"Well, what?" replied the Jailer, "but who are you?"

"Name 's Johnson."

"And what are you in here for?"

"Stealing a horse."

"Then by what right do you complain?"

"Because I stole enough to make it an object for the Victims to Compound and let me out, which they soon will do. These other Chaps stole just enough to make it an object for the Victims to Compound and let me out."

MORAL: He settled for \$3,000, and the victims of his Theft begged his Pardon and hoped they had not put him to too much Trouble.

THE POSSUM AND THE SAGE.

A Possum who had carefully surveyed himself in the clear Waters of a Pool came to the conclusion that Something ought to be Done. He therefore hid himself to a Sage and said:

"O, Sage, look at me and tell me What you Think of my Personal Appearance? Can I ever become Handsome?"

"Never."

"Will I always be as Homely as I am now?"

"You always will."

"But can't I do something?"

"You can. Go into Partnership with the Hedge-Hog and the Sloth. They are so Much Homelier than you are that you will Show off by comparison."

MORAL: Plain - Looking Women adoped this Idea a Hundred years ago. -Detroit Free Press.

NOT TO BE BULLDOZED.

A Liberal Editor of the Arts Asserts Himself with Considerable Noise.

"Four tints for twenty-five cents! Gosh! That's cheap!"

A yellow-haired man with a red-headed wife and six tow-headed children stood in front of a one-story photographic studio on the North Side and stared at a sign in the window.

"That's cheap," he repeated. "We'll go in here, Liz. This is the place we've been a-lookin' for."

The procession moved inside the temple of art.

"Can you put the whole bilin' of us onto a tintype?" he inquired of the photographer.

"Yes."

"Then go ahead. I'll take four of 'em."

The photographer grouped the entire aggregation in front of a classical Grecian background, turned the camera in that direction, and the pictures soon were ready.

"Do they suit you?" he inquired, bringing them to the light for inspection.

"They're bang-up. Ain't they, Liz?"

Liz expressed the opinion that the portraits were perfect.

"You understand, of course," said the proprietor of the studio, "that twenty-five cents for four tints means twenty-five cents for each one of you?"

"Gosh! I don't understand any such thing. That ain't what your sign says out there."

"The sign on a caretto says, 'Five cents fare, but you can't ride on one with your whole family for five cents, can you?'"

"That's different. Them pictures is just the same size as if there was only one of us, ain't they?"

"Two dollars, please."

"It's a blamed swindle."

"Two dollars!"

"I won't pay it, by gum!"

"I'll hang them out and put a sign on them: 'Not paid for.'"

"Do it," roared the yellow-haired pilgrim, marshaling the procession in single file and marching outside at the head of it. "Do it!" he reiterated, shaking his fist at the artist as the caravan moved on its way down the street.

"There ain't a dog-gone soul that knows us that'll ever see it. We're from Miz-zoury." -Chicago Tribune.

The First Steam Fire Engine.

At the suggestion of the fire insurance companies of New York City, a machinist named Paul Hodge, a resident of Gotham, also, constructed a steam fire engine, which was first publicly tested in front of the New York City Hall, in March, 1841. It was a total failure. Then the board of directors offered a gold medal for the best method of applying steam to the propulsion of water for fire purposes. This prize was won by John Ericsson, the maker of the "Monitor," recently deceased and more recently removed to his native country. The official report has the following paragraph in regard to Ericsson's engine: "The points of excellence, as thus narrowed down, were found to belong to an engine weighing less than two and a half tons, which has the power of 108 men, and will throw 3,000 pounds of water per minute to a height of 105 feet through a nozzle of one and a half inches in diameter. The model in question was submitted by one John Ericsson." -St. Louis Republic.

"Bridget, this is altogether too much; you have a new follower in the kitchen every week." "Well, ma'am, you see the food in this house is so bad that no one will come here for longer than a week." -Courrier des Etats-Unis.

-A Michigan poultry man buries his chickens in sand heaps over winter, and when warm weather comes draws his supply of spring chickens from the earth.

STORY OF A RIVER.

A March Into Oblivion That Gave Name to a New Mexican Stream.

Over three centuries backward, and before the inquisitive De Soto had lighted his camp-fire on the banks of the Mississippi, the Spaniards had achieved two settlements in this land of the Occident—Santa Fe and St. Augustine. They had no knowledge of the country which lay between these points or its inhabitants. As to what might be the dangers and deadfalls of a journey from one place to another they were as blindly ignorant as of the history of the moon. But this ignorance affected them not, and, full of the uneasy spirit of the hour, a military party in Santa Fe resolved on an overland expedition to St. Augustine. They knew the distance, for they could figure the latitude and longitude, and they could get the direction by the compass; but this was the sum of their knowledge.

The expedition, numbering some hundreds of men, left Santa Fe late in the summer, and, crossing the mountains at the Raton Pass, the present route of the Santa Fe railroad, they camped that winter on the present site of Trinidad. The grass was long in the valley, the game was plenty on the hills, their own stores were ample, and, sending back to Santa Fe for minstrel and glee maiden, these gentlemen of the sword with wine, women and song got in as gay a season as they ever have had since. Those old dons were lads of spirit and possessed high hearts as well as a taste for travel. Before them to the eastward as far as the eye could sweep spread the desert unconfined. What was to be met there they knew not, but their lack of knowledge was coincident with an equal lack of care.

With the melting of the snows in the spring sunshine, their women and camp followers returned to Santa Fe. The last band was waved good-bye, the last adious was uttered and the explorers turned their resolute faces to the work in hand. They marched down the valley of the little muddy river, which flows as you read this through the town of Trinidad. The ones who were to return to Santa Fe watched them for miles, assisted by the glare of the sun on steel cap and harness. At last they were hidden in the willows far down the valley, and this was the last that was ever known of them.

With the last flap of the last banner it was as if they had marched out of existence and whether they sunk in rivers, perished in the drifting snows or were done to death by Indians was never told. No sign or trace of this expedition or its people were ever found. There was something so eerie and mysterious in the complete disappearance of this band, something so dark in the silence of their fate, that the superstitious Spaniard made the sign of the holy cross when he recalled it. With that effort at commemoration which was the spirit of that time the little muddy torrent in whose valley the lost explorers last were seen was called El Rio de Los Animas—'The River of Lost Souls.' This was the Spanish name when Sublette, Chouteau, Bent, Carson, St. Vrain and other representatives of the French Fur Company, of St. Louis, first saw it. Knowing nothing of the story, and assisted only by their inferences drawn from the name, these translated the appellation into the Purgatoire. When the jeopied bull-whacker of the overland trail got to it in his free-and-easy French he called it "the Picketwire." Every brand it ever had still sticks, and to-day you will find the little vagrant of a stream pursuing its glistening mission to the sea with as many names as a member of the British House of Lords.—Kansas City Star.

AN EXCELLENT BARGAIN.

The Purchase of Louisiana from the Government of France.

Bonaparte, on behalf of France, to which country the territory belonged, sold Louisiana to the United States in 1803, during the presidency of Thomas Jefferson, because (1) he was aware that if he attempted to retain it it would be wrested from him, either by the United States or by England, and because (2) he needed the \$15,000,000 which the United States paid him for it to aid him in his war against England and her allies. The United States thus came into possession of about 900,000 square miles of territory, or about 80,000 square miles more than the domain of the original thirteen States. That is to say, the acquisition of the Territory of Louisiana more than doubled the national area. Of course, the present State of Louisiana formed only a small part of this territory. It extended from the Gulf of Mexico north to the Canadian line, the Mississippi river being its eastern boundary, while it stretched along the Gulf westward to the Spanish possessions at the Sabine river, and along its northerly end it reached westward to the Pacific. The territory included the present State of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, South and North Dakota, part of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, all of Idaho, Oregon and Washington, and the Indian Territory. There was a dispute between the United States and Great Britain as to the ownership of what is now Oregon and Washington, but British claims to those regions were eventually renounced. The territory added to the United States in 1848, as a result of the Mexican war, was about 523,000 square miles in area.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

To Tax Celibates in France.

M. Jules Simon has been giving his opinion on the proposal to tax French celibates. The total number in France, counting from the age of twenty-four to forty-nine, is 3,974,180, and out of that number there are 1,750,000 young women. He proposes that if the law is voted the tax on the celibates shall not apply to ladies. It is probable, he says, that a vast number of ladies in question have not been asked to change their state of single blessedness, and it would be obviously unfair to punish them for what in reality was the fault of others. M. Jules Simon asks that the whole brunt of the law be directed against the unfortunate 2,223,489 men whom he considers to be "excellent material" for taxation. Many politicians ask why the limit of age should stop at forty-nine.—Fall Mall Gazette.

For Bargains in Real Estate,

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Salem has made more rapid and substantial progress in one year than any other city in Virginia; 318 houses have been built; about \$1,000,000 spent in buildings and improvements; the population has doubled, and the business of the postoffice and telegraph office increased 500 per cent.

The iron furnace, the factories in operation, in course of erection, and actually secured, will employ several thousand hands, and the present population will be doubled in another year. Negotiations are in progress to secure other large plants.

The Baltimore and Ohio and Roanoke and Southern will soon be built to Salem, making it an important railway center.

Salem is bound soon to be a great iron and steel and general manufacturing and commercial city; and Salem and Roanoke, now rapidly growing together, will be the industrial center of Virginia, the gateway to the great iron and coal region of Southwest Virginia.

For large, sure and quick profits, now is the time to invest in Salem, the "Queen City of the Southwest."

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For maps, pamphlet of 32 pages, etc., address

J. W. F. ALLEMONG, President, Salem, Virginia.

For heavy-weight suits and

FALL OVERCOATS

GO TO

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Jefferson Street.

Roanoke Trust, Loan and Safe Deposit Co.

Statement, October 31, 1890.

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. RESOURCES: Loans and discounts \$325,097 31, Stocks 223,265 00, Real estate 13,500 00, Furniture 600 00, Cash on hand and in banks 115,563 53, Expenses and taxes 2,887 62, Total \$680,913 46. LIABILITIES: Capital \$250,000 00, Undivided profits and gross earnings 127,985 15, Deposits on certificate 95,684 73, Deposits on check 167,450 62, Bills payable 5,058 33, Rediscounts 34,735 23, Total \$680,913 46.

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NOTICE—All persons having relatives and friends buried in the City Cemetery are notified that if they will purchase a lot in Fairview Cemetery their dead will be removed free of charge. This privilege is only extended to January 1, 1891. Call on C. W. C. Woolwine. W. P. HUFF, C. W. C. WOOLWINE, Committee. THE RIVERMONT COMPANY. LYNCHBURG, VA., Nov. 23, 1890. A general meeting of the stockholders of the Rivermont Company is hereby called to meet in this city, at the Calisthenic Hall, on Thursday, the 16th day of December, at 4 o'clock p. m. By order of the board of directors. A. M. DOYLE, Sec'y