

SALEM

A CLOTHING FACTORY. An Industry That Will Employ Sixty-two Girls.

ROANOKE TIMES BUREAU, HORNER BUILDING, SALEM, VA., Nov. 13. All the sewing machines belonging to the clothing factory have been brought from Abingdon and set up in the third story of the immense brick building adjoining the Woolen Mills.

There are two lines of sixteen sewing machines each on one side of the long room, and two lines of fifteen sewing machines each on the other side, making a total of sixty-two machines. These are all run by shafting run by a book-walker vertical four and a half horse power engine, which stands in a corner of the room.

Chairs are provided for the young ladies who sew at the machines, which are thrown in and out of gear by slight pressure of the foot on a pedal, so that there is no distressing labor, and all that a girl needs to possess in order to obtain employment at this factory is a knowledge of sewing by a "Singer" machine, and a strictly good character. A girl can earn from seventy-five cents to \$1.50 per day making overalls, outing shirts and pantaloons, sitting in a comfortable room with congenial companions, and Superintendent Worden says that he is ready to receive applications from just as many young ladies in Salem as possess the necessary qualifications. Only about ten of the Abingdon employes will resume work here, and as there are sixty-two machines, it would seem as though every girl in Salem who wanted work could get it. This factory expects to start up in two weeks, and about a dozen Salem girls have already applied for situations.

Big Coal Sales.

In conversation with a TIMES reporter to-day Mr. James Darst, of the firm of Smith, Darst & Co., dealers in flour, feed and coal, informed him that last year they sold over \$40,000 worth of coal in Salem, and expected to sell more this season, for they believe that there are many more families living here now than at this time last year. Thursday and Friday of this week they unloaded twelve cars of coal, which they will have all delivered by to-night. Their freight bill this week was \$1,100, for, besides receiving coal, they have been shipping car after car of feed and hay to Graham, Bluefield and Pocahontas.

T. W. Abrahams Dead.

News has been received here of the death of Mr. T. W. Abrahams last Wednesday at Mannville, Fla., where he was engaged in the mercantile business. Mr. Abrahams was about thirty years of age, married and a brother of Mrs. Dr. Tyree and Mrs. W. R. Whitescarver, of Salem.

To Rebuild, in Salem.

It has been pointed out to THE TIMES reporter that some of the Roanoke papers are claiming that the mineral fibre plant, which was recently burned here, will be rebuilt in Roanoke. This is a mistake. Mr. Morrison, the gentleman who is most interested in the building of the plant at Roanoke, was only a stockholder in the Salem plant at the time of the fire, and not proprietor, for a company owned it. Captain Simmons has recently organized another company which will shortly rebuild on a larger and better scale a mineral fibre plant which will be managed by an expert from New Jersey.

The Carper Engine Appliance.

The travelling agent of the Carper Railway Engine Company, who has just returned from Chicago and the West, informed a TIMES reporter that the officials of the big Western roads told him that if the Carper railway engine appliances maintain the reputation they have attained when tested by the Norfolk and Western railroad the use of these devices will be universal, and the arrester and its adjuncts will prove a bonanza. They were greatly pleased with the printed exhibit and consider the saving of coal an important item.

BREVITIES.

Mrs. Laura A. Hank died about noon Friday at the residence of her husband, on Burwell street, of puerperal peritonitis; aged twenty-seven years. The remains were taken on the 10:54 train last night to Staunton for interment.

Miss Mary Helen Urley, daughter of Dr. G. G. Urley, of Emory and Henry College, is visiting Mrs. Parker, on East Main street.

The next baptizing of converts to the Disciples faith will take place in Roanoke river Sunday at 4 p. m.

Mr. L. F. Dillard has moved his stock of goods from the house at the Seventh-street bridge to the store just below the Plecker building on East Main street.

Mrs. G. W. Walker, of Dublin, is visiting Dr. J. L. Stearnes on High street.

Messrs. N. D. Barnett & Bro., of Salem and Calamba, on Friday sold and delivered to Jeremiah Johns fifty head of two-year-old steers, which were loaded on the cars at Troutville to be shipped to Hanover, Pa., for feeding.

E. E. Wisor, of Dublin, is visiting C. L. Stearnes.

Salem Lodge, No. 100, I. O. O. F., has several hundred dollars out at interest, owns its own hall, has a full treasury, about seventy-five members, and claims to look after its sick members with greater care and attention than any other order in Salem. The Encampment, while young and poor, is now beginning to grow rapidly and expects to be strong by next spring.

Smoke "Nickelby."

For sale by A. Canfarotta, Salem, Va.

Mr. Geo. Wright

Has made a business engagement with the firm of J. Wonders & Co., shoe dealers, 105 Commerce street

A FIRST-CLASS STORE ROOM FOR rent in the Hockman Block. Apply to SIMS & CANNADAY, Montgomery Block, Salem, Va. nov-14

FOUGHT A SEA MONSTER.

A Greenport Captain Tells a Strange Story of a Recent Experience.

Capt. Edward Reeve has the contract to light the beacon on the breakwater every night, says a Greenport correspondent of the New York World. He is an industrious and reliable man, not looked upon as one likely to see visions or deal in blood-curdling sea yarns.

Every day as the sun is sinking he rows in a little skiff to the breakwater and, after lighting the beacon, pulls back up the bay. In the morning he rows down the bay, puts out the light, and cleans and fills in preparation for the night.

The other morning, the captain says, while pulling leisurely toward the breakwater, he was attracted by a commotion in the water near him. He rested on his oars and looked to see what it was. He saw what looked like the hard shell back of a monster sea turtle. A moment later he saw the head and eyes of the strange object. As the head protruded above the surface the water was churned into foam by the flapping of what appeared to be long flippers. The head of the marine animal, the captain says, was covered with protruding horns.

The monster came toward the boat and apparently meditated an attack, when the captain hit it with an oar. It paid no attention to this assault, but ran its head against the skiff with a force that caused the skiff to keel over. The captain weighs over two hundred pounds, and managed to keep the boat right side up. Then the fight became fierce. The tide was carrying the contestants toward the breakwater. One after the other the oars were broken by the captain by striking on the hard back of the monster. Finally, without anything to defend himself, the captain managed to throw a noose over a projecting rock on the breakwater, and so pulled himself ashore.

The monster continued its attacks on the boat and remained in the vicinity for some time after the boat had been drawn up out of the way. When last seen the ferocious marine monster was churning the water into foam as it sped off toward Gardiner's island. The captain puts the monster down as a sea turtle, but of enormous size.

MAN GETTING SMALLER.

A Frenchman's Theory That Doesn't Apply to Some Women.

There is a theory evolved by a French scientist to the effect that the human race is diminishing in size and will finally become microscopic and vanish into thin air. He says that statistics from the days of the giants to the present time prove that man is getting smaller and shorter and more diminutive in every way. By an ingenious calculation he discovers the rate of reduction and tells just how many thousand years will take to make people so small they will be out of sight.

This theory may be true, but there are still some robust specimens of humanity, says the Kansas City Star.

Last night a half dozen fair ladies, all old enough to vote, from one of the most fashionable boarding houses in the city went across the street to a grocer's and got weighed. The lightest one weighed one hundred and thirty-one pounds and the heaviest one hundred and eighty-eight, and the six made an average of one hundred and fifty-seven pounds each, which does not seem at all microscopic and would indicate that "thin air" would have something to carry when they "vanish."

A young dude accompanying the ladies weighed one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, and he had more of substance to him than the average dandy. But his light weight was more than compensated for by an old gentleman sitting in the store who tipped the beam at two hundred and fifteen, making the average for the male portion of the crowd over one hundred and seventy pounds.

A Casino Hero.

"Old Huckleberry" has a dog, Skipper by name, that knows a thing or two, says a writer in the New York Telegram. I was at the captain's place at the foot of West One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street the other evening, watching a crowd of pretty young women from the Casino company disporting themselves in the water in gray bathing dresses, when a maitre d'hotel of an inquiring turn of mind walked deliberately out on to the float where the bathers congregated and sat down near the edge of the float. Skipper, with the sagacity of a St. Bernard, saw his little feline companion's danger, and running down to the float caught pussy by the back of the neck and started back to the bathing houses. He dropped the rescued cat down at the feet of his master, wagging his bushy tail and looking up at the captain, as much as to say: "I have saved the cat. I'm a hero."

A Sent Compliment.

A neatly turned compliment was that bestowed by Charles Bertram, the English prestidigitator, upon Dr. Walsh, the much-beloved archbishop of Dublin. Bertram, at a private seance, had taken up a pack of cards and asked Dr. Walsh to select one. "The card you have drawn," said the juggler, "is the king of hearts." "No," replied the archbishop, "it is the five of clubs." "Well," said Bertram, in a tone of assumed astonishment, "it is the first time I have ever failed in that trick. Would you look at that card again?" Dr. Walsh assented, and in the place of the five of clubs he beheld an excellent portrait of himself. "I wasn't so much wrong after all," remarked Bertram, "for your grace is the king of hearts in Ireland."

The Nails for the Crucifixion.

In Spain, France, Ireland and some parts of England, a tinker is held in such abhorrence by the common people as to make it almost impossible for him to get a meal or find lodgings for the night. The reason alleged is that when the blacksmith was ordered to make nails for Christ's crucifixion he refused, but the tinker made them and Christ condemned him and all of his race to be wanderers, and never have a roof of their own to cover their heads until the world's end.

A BURMESE FUNERAL.

Dancers and Musicians Play an Important Part in the Obsèques.

In many respects the funeral rites of the Burman resemble the obsequies of western civilization. The procession, the casting of earth upon the coffin by relatives and friends, the funeral cars, and the visits of condolence, all have their prototypes in the west. On the death of a Burman, in the families of those who can afford it, the body remains in the house, embalmed, frequently for a considerable time; the friends and neighbors are summoned, and a funeral band of musicians is in attendance. For days, or perhaps weeks, this band plays on steadily till the funeral takes place, the friends and relations occupying the time in eating and drinking and offering their condolences. The funeral car, in the case only of the wealthy, is made of a flimsy framework of bamboo, mounted on a strong trolley furnished with four stout wheels, the superstructure consisting of gaudily-painted pasteboard and flimsy tinseling. The coffin, covered with gilt, rests on a platform at a height of about ten or twelve feet from the ground, and is shaded by a light canopy. On the day fixed for the funeral, a great concourse of friends, relatives and neighbors assemble, and the body is



DANCER AND MUSICIANS IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

placed upon the car, and a procession is formed, a band of musicians preceding the corpse. Sometimes dancers accompany the procession, and perform in a curious fantastic way to the measure of the dirge of the singers. Occasionally there is a tug-of-war with the car, one side exclaiming: "We must bury our dead," the other: "You shall not take away my friend," the struggle usually creating great merriment in the crowd. A priest now seats himself in a convenient spot, and intones the five secular Commandments and the ten Good Works, besides a long string of Pali dogologies, the friends and neighbors of the deceased squatting near him in devotional attitude, murmuring the responses. All this time cheroots, sweet drinks, betel, le'pet and biscuits are being distributed among the visitors; the nearest relatives carry out the final rites, the coffin is lowered and raised three times over the open grave, and then finally deposited. The Sandal-ahs fill in the grave, and the spectators disperse.

A casual observer on witnessing a Burmese burial might perhaps be inclined to ascribe to the proceedings a levity and carelessness inconsistent with the solemnity of burial. But the struggle for the car, the quaint gyrations of the dancers, and the noise and laughter of the crowd, are but customs, and as little to be cast up against Burmese natural affection as the unlovable doings of the mutes at an English funeral.

HUNGARY'S PREMIER.

A Man of Remarkable Talents and Force of Character.

Count Edward Francis Joseph Taaffe, premier of Hungary, is a native of Prague, where he was born in 1833. He is Viscount Taaffe of Corren and Ballymote, Sligo, in the Irish peerage, and was brought up along with the present emperor, Francis Joseph. In 1857 he entered the imperial service as secretary of the Hungarian government and was appointed governor of Salzburg in 1863. Four years later he became Austrian minister of the interior and vice president of the Cisleithan ministry. He served as minister president at the end of 1869 and in 1871 accepted the office of governor of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg. He is a great mediator between conflicting creeds and nationalities and has publicly expressed his disapproval of the anti-Semitic agitation.

Count Taaffe is never absent from the chamber. His hale face and bright eyes present a cheerful aspect. He speaks rarely, and more often in the lobbies and at committee meetings than in the chamber itself, but when he does get upon his feet he talks with the easy humor which he has inherited from his Irish ancestors. In the Ring Strasse and the Prater he is a familiar figure, with his gray overcoat and gray felt hat, which he wears very much on the back of his head. His coachman is as well known as his master; he has much the same figure, and wears his old clothes, even pushing his hat back in the same manner as the count, so much so that a witty Viennese once said: "This Taaffe, one never knows, when one meets him, whether he or his coachman is driving. The German people would never be able to upset him; if they were to throw him out of his carriage he would get up on the box."

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AN IMMENSE TREE.

One of the Wonders of the Tuolumne Grove in California.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper gives an illustration of one of the wonders of the Tuolumne Big-Tree in California. This is the stump of one of the largest Wellingtonians in the grove, with a tunnel through which the road passes and vehicles are driven. The standing stump, the trunk having been severed about 90 feet from the ground, measures 30 feet 8 inches in diameter; but the diameter of the trunk with its bark, which is now removed, is said to have been over 40 feet. The tunnel through the tree measures 12 feet in height by 10 1/2 feet wide at the base and 8 feet at the top. Tuolumne grove contains about thirty big specimens of the giant Wellingtonians, but there are trees now growing which, if the world should not come to an end as predicted by Prof. Totten, will, in the course of time, attain dimensions which will be surprising to coming generations.

The Calaveras grove also has a number of these giant Wellingtonians. In that grove one tree measured 430 feet in length by 110 feet in circumference at the base, and the first branch was 210 feet from the ground. Another measured 327 feet in height. Still another measures 330 feet in length, and has a circumference of 97 feet. One



ONE OF THE WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA.

of the greatest tree wonders of the forest is a monster which has been severed six feet from the ground, and on the stump of which a pavilion has been built in which dramatic performances are held.

Much speculation has been indulged in as to the age of these giant trees. Attempts have been made to solve the question by reference to the immense number of rings that can be counted on the prostrate trunks. One writer tells of a tree on which he counted 2,000 rings. Another writer tells of a tree in Mariposa Grove with 6,000 rings. If each of these rings represents a year's growth, then the tree certainly has attained an enormous age. A writer in an English magazine, speaking on this subject, undertakes to give some trustworthy data, as follows: "A tree felled in 1875 had no appearance of age. It was 69 feet in girth inside the bark, and the number of annual rings counted by three persons varied between 2,125 and 2,130. Another was 107 feet in girth inside the bark at four feet from the ground. This wood was very compact, and showed through a considerable part of the trunk thirty annual rings to the inch. This, if the rings were of uniform diameter in the rest of the trunk, would give the incredible age of 6,400 years. But as the interior rings of such trees are much broader than the outer, half that number to the inch is a more conceivable estimate and would give an age of 3,500 years."

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