# SALEM

## SALEM.

### Snap Shots Gathered by the Times' Kodak.

ROANOKE TIMES BUREAU,
DILLARD & PERSINGER BLDG.,
SALEM, VA., Nov. 21.

Thursday night Harry Hale, the stepfather of Henry Nowlin, the Fincastle murderer, received a telegram asking him to send for his body at 10 a. m. Friday morning. Hale sent a telegram saying that he would and this message was delayed so that when Isham Brown and Ed. Washington, the two colored men he sent, arrived, they found Nowlin's body had been packed in a whisky barrel and had been labelled "Old Corn Whisky," Charleston, Va., ready for shipment to the university. Upon showing their authority for demanding the body, the officials knocked out both heads of the barrel and smashed in the staves when out popped Nowlin's body like a supple-jack.

They had a rough box made in Fincastle and at 11 p. m. Friday started slowly on their gruesome journey, in a one-horse wagon, arriving in Salem at 8 a. m. Saturday. Hale's house being too small, the box was taken to the Baptist church and Henry's body lay in state there, viewed by numbers of his old associates until 1 p. m., when a coffin was brought and the remains put therein. Between 3 and 4 that afternoon the burial took place at the colored cemetery, and now his body was laid at rest, as he wished, by the side of his sister. A few friends were present and the services were conducted by Rev. Walker Smith.

Bert Dandridge, the fighting negro amazon recently placed in jail, aroused the neighborhood with her screams the other morning. She had purposely set fire to her clothing, and was badly burnt before the flames were extinguished and a doctor called.

The Salem board of trade will, on Monday night at 7:30 p. m., in their rooms here, meet the Roanoke committee on the Roanoke and Salem boulevard.

Mr. Harry Lee Matthews, junior member of the firm who conduct the furnace commissary, and who lived with his brother on the Boulevard Hill, died Friday morning from pneumonia, after a short illness. His remains were taken for burial on the 10:54 train Friday night to Edinburg, Va., his old home. Deceased was single, aged about twenty-seven, and had many friends in Roanoke, among them being his honor Mayor Evans, who paid a visit of respect at the house Friday. The saddest fact connected with his death was that he was engaged to a very estimable young lady in Roanoke, and she is almost heart-broken over his untimely end.

Miss Mary Cox, who lives about two miles from Salem on the macadamized road, was paralysed on the right side a few days ago and is in a very critical condition.

A brick pavement is being put around the Hotel Salem by Mr. W. E. Hawkins.

The furnace has just filled an order for 200 tons of plates for a rolling mill.

A. P. Rowe, Jr., of Fredericksburg, who has been visiting his friend, Frank A. Lovelock, left yesterday for Hollins, where he has a niece at school.

There will be services at all the Salem churches to-day by the regular pastors at the usual hours morning and night except at the Presbyterian Church, which will only hold service in the morning, as Rev. J. R. Bridges, the pastor, preaches at Hollins at night. Rev. Joseph Stras will preach at the Seventh-street Methodist chapel at 7 p. m., and the Y. M. C. A. will hold its regular meeting at 4:30 p. m. at the Presbyterian chapel.

Captain Stephens and wife, of the Salvation Army, have arrived, and are arranging to open barracks on East Main street. They will hold services to-day at 3 and 8 p. m. in the town hall, and cordially invite the general public.

Within the past few days the hearts of Messrs. W. C. Lynch and John Stephens have both been made glad by the arrival of dear little boys in their households.

Mr. T. A. Johnson, of the Saturday Sun, and many other citizens, are suffering with the grippe.

The Martin farm has just been sold for $12,000, to Mr. Harman, of Bluefield.


**Smoke "Nickelby."**

FOR sale by A. Canfarotta, Salem, Va.

WELL, the rain. The fire has been all around us, but we are thakful that no such calamity has caught us yet. We are still selling shoes, boots, rubber footwear, etc., and at no catch-penny prices, but we sell at the lowest living prevailing prices. We don't wish to brag; we only wish to say we have as fine a line of shoes as you can find in Roanoke. Will you call to see us? We also keep trunks, valises, etc. J. W. Wonders & Co., 105 Commerce street.

**Yes, I Said It and Don't Deny It.**

I HAVE fixed myself for Thanksgiving Day, and if you don't believe it, just call at my store and see. I have all the good things to eat that you wish. Hassell, the Cash Grocer, 303 Jefferson street. Tel 103.

**Cakes.**

I MAKE a specialty of cakes and furnish private dinner parties, balls, banquets, etc. Any kind of cake you wish baked give me an order, also keep them in stock. Call to see me at 50 Salem avenue. Catogni.

**A Lottery to Be Started.**

WHAT is the use of lottery when you can buy pants from 75 cents up, and all kinds of clothing cheap at M. Rosenbergs, 7 Salem avenue s. e., near Jefferson street.

NICE collars and cuffs you wear, when you have them done up at the Roanoke Steam Laundry. 129 Kirk avenue; tel 116. Try them.

WANTED—A BOY TO DELIVER THE TIMES in Salem. Apply to J. ERNEST WALKER, Horner building, Salem. nov15-tf.


## WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

### Rapid Building Operations—Forecast For an Attractive Suburb.

THIS beautiful suburb is destined to become a most attractive residence quarter in the spring and summer of next year. Already many of the lot holders in "The Heights" are making arrangements to build houses, and a store is in prospect, which will be used as a postoffice also.

Located as this property is on the dummy line, just far enough away from the city to insure perfect immunity from any unhealthful influences which may arise from crowded streets, the public will not be long in perceiving that here has been provided an outlet for those of our citizens who wish the advantages of a suburban home on a line of rapid transit, where lots can be purchased at prices from fifty to seventy-five per cent. less than in the city, and at the same time affording advantages not attainable in the city, viz: the privilege of keeping a cow, with abundant pasture near, free of access, raising poultry and making a garden, which items are a source of income not inconsiderable.

The management of this suburban village site are very active and earnest in their desire and efforts to afford those having invested and who may invest in their property ample facilities for the encouragement of home-seekers, and through these efforts are rendering the property more and more valuable as a source of money-making to those who do not intend to build, but prefer to buy and sell and reap the reward of sagacious investments.

It has been the history of all suburban villages in the vicinity of cities that they always catch the overflow from the cities, and as the tendency of population is to shift from point to point, the latest new attraction always interests, and hence we see these outlying districts populated rapidly once a nucleus is formed.

With the locating of a store and postoffice at Washington Heights is had the beginning, and the addition of other houses will soon follow; then a church and school house, and the village begins to assume shape. There is already a sufficient number of people in the immediate neighborhood, farmers, gardeners and dairymen, to justify a postoffice.

So, viewing all the facts and prospects, it is safe to predict a bright future for Washington Heights, and the lot owners in the Washington Club Land Company are to be congratulated upon their good investments and the safe and progressive management of the president, Mr. S. A. Wetzler.


**Do You Eat?**

IF so I would like to tell you through columns of THE TIMES this morning that I am in receipt of more good things to eat. Canned goods, I have them in every variety; all kind of pickles, mangos, etc., mustards, Worcester sauce; any kind of condiments, sugars, teas, coffees, and they are the best and I sell them at as low a price as any one can do and give correct quality and weights. Flour—No one can beat me on this article. "Bread is the staff of life," and my flour will make the best. I don't care to blow that I have the best or anything of the kind, but I do claim to keep as good a quality as any other dealer and claim also that I can treat them as nicely and give them as quick delivery as anyone will give. Please give me a trial. That is the way to find it out. V. P. Moir, 212 Salem avenue; telephone 121.

**50 Salem Avenue.**

THERE is no prettier store any where than you find at 50 Salem avenue, the only store in Roanoke lighed by electric lights, and I am sure you cannot find a larger or more varied stock of confectionaries, fruits, and rarely can get oysters served in a better style than you can find at Catogni's, the popular confectioner, 50 Salem avenue.

**Queensware.**

No one can undersell us, we buy in too large quantities and sell too cheap for those other fellows. It will be to your interest to call and see us. We sell wholesale and retail, 12 and 14 Salem avenue and 11 Railroad avenue. Berlin's Auction House.

**Those Elegant Suits.**

MANY were the compliments paid to two young gentlemen at the Crescent Club ball the other night. It was frequently repeated that they were the best dressed young gentlemen there. Upon being asked they said they were furnished with underwear, neckwear and the suit by P. Adler, the popular clothier, 130 Salem avenue.

**Many Weddings to Soon Come off.**

THERE is not anything that the ladies both old and young take more interest in than they do in marriages, and they all like nice shoes, slippers &c. Go to Goldstein, 21 Salem avenue, for them.

**The Crescent Club**

WILL give another ball soon, and all those that like the fantastic toe should go to Goldstein, the shoe man, at 21 Salem avenue, if they wish to get shoes, pumps, etc., that will wear well.

**Furniture.**

ALL kinds of furniture from the cheapest to the best quality. Have you seen this furniture? Come at once, Berlin's Auction House, 12 and 14 Salem avenue and 11 Railroad avenue.

YOU bet I don't let my husband wait and wait and when the cold spell comes then he comes to me with the same old excuse, that the coal dealers can't get coal. I always telephone Read & Diggs. They send it at once; tel 70. Their office is corner Salem avenue and Commerce street.

I HAVE everything you wish for a fine dinner; Thanksgiving or any other kind of dinner. Hassell, the Cash Grocer, 303 Jefferson stret. Tel 103.

GET your suits made by Lewis, the popular tailor, 105 Henry street, rear First National Bank.

WHEN you wish to appear nice have your collers and cuffs done at the Roanoke Steam Laundry. Tel. 116.

FOR fresh candies, fruits, etc., go to Booth & Co., 112 Commerce street, confectionary.

LEWIS is making the bon ton suits of the season. 105 Henry street, rear First National Bank.

GET your clothes made by Lewis, the tailor, 105 Henry street, rear First National Bank.

CALIFORNIA grapes, pears, etc., at Catogni's, 50 Salem avenue.


## ARTISTS' MODELS IN PARIS.

### Their Arms and Throats Smuggled Into Portraits of Rich Women of Fashion.

A report of a contemplated strike of the models in Paris has brought out an interesting interview between one of the ladies in the profession and a representative of a paper in the French capital, says the New York Sun.

"Well," said the reporter to this young woman, whom he describes as a handsome blonde, with a fresh and rosy complexion, "you are all on strike, eh? You are syndicating?"

With a smile and a shrug she replied: "Nonsense! that thing could never take."

"And why?"

"It is easy to understand. You see there are two kinds of models, those who follow the thing all their lives and those who take it up en passant. The first are the models of the academies, who want to go on strike, and the second are the artists' models, who laugh at the proposal and treat it as a humbug. You will find the first at the School of Fine Arts, with Julian, in the ateliers of Bonnant, Jean-Paul Laurens and Cormon. The women get four francs a sitting and the men three, the total earnings of a day being eight and six francs. At the end of the week there is also the cornet.

"Every Saturday the monitor goes round with a cornet, or horn-shaped paper box, and takes up a collection. The students give from two to five cents each, according to the degree of satisfaction which they derive from the models. That brings in about seventy-five cents, and sometimes one dollar; but this is rare, and, moreover, the models do not get work every week. They are often brought down to extreme poverty, and often have to sing in the streets and beg. The women, formerly servant girls, get places again when they can, and some of them do worse."

"Is it possible?"

"It is as true as I am speaking to you; but they always come back and pose. As for the artists' models, there are very few men among them, on account of the increasing scarcity of church and historical pictures. For the women it is a temporary business. A fresh and well-made girl commences to make her living in some dressmaking establishment, where she begins to undermine her constitution and redden her eyes from eight in the morning to ten and eleven at night, and all for what? About seventy-five cents aday. Even that would not be so bad if there was steady work; but the dull times are frequent. So she decides to pose. At the beginning it is hard, oh, very hard, but at last we become reconciled to it, because it is a fine thing for a poor girl to make her four francs a day. Certainly the model does not get work every day at the beginning. She gets her customers gradually. But when once established she is all right. At one place she poses for the entire figure. At another she poses for some detail, especially among the portrait painters."

"The portrait painters?"

"Why, certainly. Do you fancy that those fine and rich ladies would take the trouble to sit for their portraits every day for three weeks? That would tire them pretty soon. Consequently three-fourths of the artists, when the preparation is finished, take the feet, the hands, and sometimes the arms and throat from us. After all, it is not such a bad trade, although there are always dull times in the summer months. The business has only one drawback—a serious one—it doesn't last. You see we can't always be young. When we touch upon twenty-five the complexion begins to fade. At that age also we become fat. Then we quit the business and return to dressmaking."

### A Rice-Eating Match.

A decided novelty in the way of a sporting event, and one which attracted a big "gate," was a Chinese rice-eating match in San Francisco a few days ago. The match was arranged by a Chinaman named Marchy, who is a great sport and as much of an American as the law will allow him to be. Fifteen of his pig-tailed countrymen competed for the grand prize of two dollars. A huge bowl of boiled rice was set on a table and attendants dished the rice out in small bowls to the contestants. The lean Mongolians stood around the table, chop-sticks in hand, and when time was called they pitched in with terrible earnestness and painful solemnity. The rattle of chop-sticks kept up at a lively pace for half an hour, but at the end of an hour Ti Jing You, who had fasted for a couple of days, was the only stayer, and he was declared the winner. The amount of rice consumed left a painfully small margin of profit for Marchy.

### Queer Freak of a Gobbler.

Mr. James Grier, who lives about five miles east of Dawson, has a turkey gobbler that is a curiosity, says the Columbus (O.) Enquirer-Sun. Mr. Grier's turkeys consisted of two hens and the gobbler. The hens made nests about seventy-five yards apart in Mr. Grier's melon patch, laid their nests full of eggs and went to setting. The gobbler got lonesome and concluded that the proper thing for him to do was to set also. He got an equal distance between the two turkey hens, squatted over a guinea watermelon and set six weeks before he was discovered. Mr. Grier thought his gobbler had been stolen and was utterly astonished when he found him in the patch trying to hatch out young melons.

### A Girl-Queen's Farm.

The youthful queen of Holland, who is only ten years old, has a little farm near the royal castle at Het Loo, where she is sole mistress. There is a prettily furnished drawing-room there for the lady of the house and her numerous children, the dolls, and a kitchen where the little queen learns to make tarts. The child has her own poultry to feed, and her own garden, where everything has been planted and cultivated by her small royal hands. She trims her roses herself, and the flowers in her mother's apartments are always gathered and arranged by her.

## SIMPLE BEN.

IN a narrow valley of the upper course of the middle One-Hundred-and-Two in the state of Iowa, lived years ago (and now lives) three old maids whose names were respectively Tabitha, Dorcas and Abigail. What their ages were was a matter of conjecture to everybody but themselves. Indeed, they looked older than they really were; which arose partly from the fact that they wore caps as was the fashion in those days. These caps, however, were always a spotless white, and the kerchiefs which they wore, pinned behind and before, were immaculate purity itself. Their dwelling was a log cabin and though very unprepossessing without, within it was as tidy and cleanly as any house could possibly be. If in summer you had occupied one of their ponderous feather beds, you would have slept the sleep of peace; which cannot truthfully be said of many far more costly and pretentious homes on the Hundred-and-Two.

The farm that these three old maids owned occupied the valley from hill to hill. Though to be sure it was not very wide, yet it was ample enough to support them by its rent, they, as is the custom in the west, getting one-third the crop in the bushel, delivered in the crib and granary. Nor will we deny but that they laid up a dollar or two now and then, for they always kept three or four cows and a flock of poultry, selling more or less butter and eggs the year round.

They were a kindly trio, these three old maids; a fact that Ben Miller, a poor, half-witted man who lived at the foot of the hill a little further down the valley, but on their land, would frequently aver. Many were the times in winter when they filled his basket with good things for his wife, who was consumptive, and for John, his little boy, too small as yet to be of any service in making a living. Poor Ben, he had once been as bright as the best, till one day felling a tree, a bough flew back, striking him on the temple, and he was never himself again afterwards. "It was God's mercy," the neighbors said, "that it hadn't killed him outright."

Throughout the months during which Ben was bedridden, the old maids, one or the other of them, visited him every day, and they never went empty handed. "We should have gone to the poorhouse had it not been for them," said Ben's wife many a time after that. "We can't ever pay them, but God will," she would continue; "for has He not said: 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor.'" And the thin, consumptive body had no doubt but that the Father would bless the three old maids.

Time slipped away. Summer and autumn and winter came and went, and when May made the hillside lovely with flowers and the corn was all planted, and the trees were shooting their leaves, John's mother slept the last peaceful sleep. The three old maids were there and laid out the corpse, and sent the man who rented their farm for the coffin and when the mother was laid in it, dressed in one of the very best gowns in the wardrobe of the three old maids, she looked positively beautiful. There was that smile of ineffable peace upon her face which the dead generally wear and that seems so full of contentment and repose.

After the funeral Ben returned to his cabin, nor would anything induce him either to change his abode or his way of living. He continued to do odd chores for neighbors, and with his fishing, made out to get along. The truth is, the old maids saw that he was provided for and suffered for nothing. Ben regarded them as his protectors and upon John and them he lavished all his affection.

As we have said, Ben often went fishing in the little stream that wandered in tortuous and "stony ways" through the narrow valley. In the day-

HE WAS AROUSED BY VOICES.

time he caught sunfish, suckers and bass. At times he would prolong his fishing into the night, so as to catch catfish, for night is the time when they bite the best. He had done this at the particular time to which we now refer. He was sitting in the shadow of the sugar trees intent upon his line, when he was aroused by voices. Ben listened. Presently he heard pronounced the names of the three old maids. He was wide-awake at this and strained his poor faculties to the utmost to learn what the topic of the voices was.

"They've lots of money," said one.

"Well, we'll have it to-night," said the other with an oath.

Ben listened until he learned the whole plan. The enormity of the crime, the danger of his benefactresses penetrated his slow faculties until he was terribly frightened. He crept away from his fishing with stealthy step until well clear of the neighborhood when he started off with great speed for the house of the old maids.

"Tabitha, Dorcas, Abigail!" he cried, and being out of breath sat down on the floor to recover himself. The old maids were getting ready to retire for the night and looked at Ben with astonishment.

"What on earth is the matter, Ben?" said Dorcas.

"Robbers, thieves!" ejaculated Ben.

It was now the women's turn to be filled with terror. By dint of rapid questioning, Ben told all he had heard.

"Oh, what shall we do?" said Abigail.

"I know," said Ben, who seemed struck with an idea. "Give me the rifle!"

"We shall all be killed!" exclaimed Miss Tabitha, wringing her hands.

"No, we won't," said Ben, who now had hold of the gun. It seemed as if the excitement of the hour had brought him back his senses. Such cures do happen. "Put out the candle!" commanded Ben, "and be quiet!"

Scarcely had a quarter of an hour elapsed when a knock sounded upon the door.

"Who is there?" demanded Ben.

"A friend," was the reply, "who wants to stay all night."

"Can't stay," said Ben.

"I know you!" said a voice recognized by Ben and the sisters as that of their renter. "Ben Miller, open the door! Will you!"

"I know you, too," replied Ben. "You'll not get in."

The next moment the door was struck by a rail, but the ponderous wooden hinges and bar held fast.

Ben stood with leveled rifle squarely in front of the door. Another blow followed; the door gave a little. An-

A PISTOL SHOT WAS FIRED BY BEN.

other and it flew wide open. That moment Ben touched the sensitive trigger and a loud cry proclaimed one of the house-breakers wounded or killed. A pistol shot was fired at Ben and then all was silent.

Ben uttered no groan nor word. The sisters for half an hour trembled in the darkness and silence of their chamber, and then Dorcas came forth and struck a light. There lay Ben at full length across the doorway, the rifle underneath, while just before him, on the porch floor, was the dead body of the robber, his eyes staring at the morning glory vines trained along the eaves.

"Speak, Ben," said Dorcas, "the danger is past!" But Ben answered not a word.

"Oh, Ben, are you hurt?" uttered all three in a breath. Ben lay upon his rifle motionless.

They raised his head; his face was bloodless; the eyes looked straight before him.

"Oh Ben, Ben, faithful Ben!" cried Dorcas in agony. "Speak to us! Oh say you are not killed!"

Suddenly a light shone in the eyes, the lips moved. "Mother, mother * * my Johnny!" gasped Ben. The limbs thrust themselves out, and Ben, Simple Ben, had recovered his intellect in the land "beyond the river."

Abigail ventured to the next neighbor's and soon the male inhabitants of the valley assembled. Johnny was brought home by the sisters. The next day Ben was buried; the entire settlement followed the wagon that bore the coffin, as mourners. The white-haired itinerant who ministered on the occasion selected for his text: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." There was not a tearless eye in the assembly. Old and young sobbed aloud, while the three old maids were in a very passion of tears.

Dorcas held Johnny's hand, and led him to the wagon after the service. He became their delight and pride; and although dangerously petted and indulged, has grown up into an honorable manhood, his delight being to cherish his benefactresses in their old age.

The second robber was captured and met a well-merited punishment. It is known that, years ago, one of the tribunals of Justice Lynch was in a dense forest on the headwaters of the One-Hundred-and-Two.—Edward B. Heaton, in Prairie Farmer.

### An Elephant That Wanted a Drink.

One of the elephants in a circus train got thirsty en route the other day. He was in a car next to the engine, and smelling the water in the tender tried to get at it. There was a hole in the front of the car, and thrusting his trunk through this he began pulling the firewood out of the tender and dropping it piece by piece down between the tank and the car. Luckily the engineer discovered the animal and stopped the train or a smashup would soon have resulted.—San Francisco Call.

—Joseph Howard, an employe at Kearney's stables, St. Paul and Center streets, Baltimore, captured a live alligator which had crawled out of the sewer, at that corner, and was basking in the sun on top of the gutter plate. The reptile was about eighteen inches long. No one seems to know when or how the alligator got into the sewer. It was seen several weeks ago at the sewer opening, but became frightened and crawled out of sight.


RAILROADS

N. & W. R. R. Norfolk and Western R.R.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT AUGUST 30, 1891.

WESTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

6:55 a. m. for Bristol and intermediate stations
8:50 a. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol; also for Bluefield, Pocahontas, Elkhorn, Clinch Valley Division and Louisville via Norton. Pullman sleepers to Memphis and New Orleans and to Louisville via Norton.
6:15 p. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol. Connects at Radford for Bluefield and Pocahontas. Pullman sleepers to Memphis via Chattanooga.

NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

6:30 a. m. for Petersburg and Richmond.
12:50 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to New York via Harrisburg and Philadelphia.
12:45 p. m. daily for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman parlor car to Norfolk.
8:35 p. m. for Lynchburg; no connection beyond.
5:25 p. m. for Shenandoah; no connection beyond.
11:20 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.
11:20 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and to New York via Harrisburg.

Clinch Valley Division—Leaves Bluefield daily 7:00 a. m. for Norton, and 1:35 p. m. for Norton, Louisville and points on L. & N. R. R. via Norton.

North Carolina Division—Leave Pulaski daily 7:00 a. m. for Ivanhoe and 1:30 p. m. for Ivanhoe and Gossan and 8:00 a. m. (except Sunday) for Betty Baker.

For all additional information apply at ticket office or to W. B. BEVILL,
General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

S. A. & O. R. R. CO.

TIME TABLE TO TAKE EFFECT 12:01 A. M., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1891.

| West Bound. First Class. No. 3. Passenger. Daily, Except Sunday. | No. 1. Passenger. Daily. | Stations. | East Bound. First Class. No. 2. Passenger. Daily, Except Sunday. | No. 4. Passenger. Daily. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *p.m. | a.m. | | a.m. | p.m. |
| 2.10 | 8.00 | Lv. Bristol. Ar. | 11.20 | 5.30 |
| 2.27 | 8.17 | Walker's Mountain. | 11.03 | 5.13 |
| 2.35 | 8.25 | Benham's. | 10.55 | 5.05 |
| 2.53 | 8.43 | Phillip's Switch. | 10.37 | 4.47 |
| 2.57 | 8.47 | Abram's Falls. | 10.33 | 4.43 |
| 3.03 | 8.53 | Mendota. | 10.27 | 4.37 |
| 3.19 | 9.09 | Mace Springs. | 10.11 | 4.21 |
| 3.31 | 9.21 | Hilton's. | 9.59 | 4.09 |
| 3.39 | 9.29 | Nottingham's. | 9.51 | 4.01 |
| 3.45 | 9.34 | Moccasin Gap. | 9.45 | 3.56 |
| 3.50 | 9.40 | Gate City. | 9.40 | 3.50 |
| 4.00 | 9.50 | Marble Quarry. | 9.29 | 3.40 |
| 4.10 | 10.00 | Big Cut. | 9.20 | 3.30 |
| 4.20 | 10.10 | Spear's Ferry. | 9.10 | 3.20 |
| 4.25 | 10.15 | Tate's Switch. | 9.05 | 3.15 |
| 4.28 | 10.18 | Clinchport. | 9.02 | 3.12 |
| 4.34 | 10.24 | Natural Tunnel. | 8.56 | 3.06 |
| 4.44 | 10.34 | Horton's Summit. | 8.46 | 2.56 |
| 4.51 | 10.41 | Duffield. | 8.39 | 2.49 |
| 4.58 | 10.48 | Wiseley's. | 8.32 | 2.42 |
| 5.04 | 10.54 | Ward's Mill. | 8.26 | 2.36 |
| 5.19 | 11.09 | Wild Cat Summit. | 8.11 | 2.21 |
| 5.35 | 11.25 | East Big Stone Gap. | 7.55 | 2.05 |
| 5.40 | 11.30 Ar. | Big Stone Gap. Lv. | 7.50 | 2.00 |
| p.m. | noon | | a.m. | p.m. |

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