

"JUST ARRIVED."



They love comes to thee From over the sea, With eyes beaming bright Just arrived, in thy sight.

JUST ARRIVED—a choice lot of Negligee Shirts at \$1; worth \$1.50.

WEISS, Bon-Ton Hatter and Furnisher, 5 Salem Avenue S. W. sep123-6m

PHOTOGRAPHS

BROOKS

Has removed his studio to corner of Salem avenue and Henry street.

Fine Photographs at lowest prices. 111y

WILL REMOVE.

On or about June 10 we will move into building now occupied by First National Bank, cor. Salem avenue and Henry street, and in order to reduce our stock we will slash prices right and left.

MEALS & BURKE.

The Clothiers. 416m

Change of Address. BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR.

For all kinds of building call and see me at

1801 Staunton avenue, Melrose, Roanoke, Va., or address Box 608, Roanoke, Va.

I have one 10-room house to sell on easy terms.

W. J. FORD.

486m

ROANOKE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

On and after June 21 the electric cars will run as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Line, Direction, Time, and Station. Lists departure and arrival times for various lines like Campbell street, Crystal Springs, etc.

Extra trains on Sunday. W. FRANK CARR, General Manager.

Roanoke Artificial Stone Works

Guarantee all their pavements for five years or longer. See pavements that passed through winter in front of Bell Printing Co's office, front of Catogni's grocery and elsewhere. Also dealers in curb stone, steps, platforms, dimension stone, etc. Address, WILLIAM MCCARTY, Roanoke, Va. jan15-1v

Lester Pianos. For sale only by Hobbie Music Co. 157 Salem avenue.

SINGLENEER photographer, 31 Jefferson.

THE DEACON'S MEETING.

How a Soul Received New Light and Inspiration.

"There, there! Somebody's a-knockin', Jotham. Do you hear? There's somebody a-comin' in."

"Let 'em come, blast it all! Don't you suppose I've got ears as well as you?"

There was a heavy foot on the scraper, then a vigorous rustling of the braided husk door-mat and Reny's second appeal was in a whisper.

"Oh, Jotham! Don't! I'll have it put back; I'll do anything, if you'll take that thing off and not make yourself ridiculous."

"Mind your business," growled the man addressed, and he drew up still closer around his shoulders the faded print bed-quilt in which he had wrapped himself, and tucked the buffalo robe tighter still into the arms of his rocking-chair and about his knees.

There were only two seasons in Mrs. Dea Crabbe's household. The transition of summer to winter was marked by domestic rather than solar movements. On the first day of May, unless that fell upon a Sunday, the good woman's kitchen stove was moved into the shed, the rag carpet, which had hung suspended on a pole in the attic all winter, was tacked down in its place, chairs, tables and lounges crossed over and exchanged partners, and after a lively dance settled themselves down into their regular summer relations to the points of compass. After that warm weather was in order. If a belated chill ventured to make itself felt in the atmosphere, it was stolidly ignored so far as the old lady herself was concerned. Her husband, who had always been, in his private home life, somewhat inconveniently left-handed in his disposition, grumbled out a few emphatic denunciations from his secular vocabulary—for he was a church deacon, and had his prayer-meeting phraseology as well—and then quieted down into summer routine, and knew from the transition that it was time to plant corn, beans and cabbages. He never had taken on in this fashion before. Perhaps he was getting rheumatic. Reny was just thinking over the respective curative properties of the herbs in the attic when the visitor entered.

It was the round, weather-beaten face of Sam Tooley, the stage driver, that appeared in the door. He took out the red cotton handkerchief with which he was wont to muffle the trumpet blast from his nose, and after this little ceremony of salute he carelessly diffused his loosely-hung members on the nearest chair.

"Well, deacon," said Sam, surveying the old man's wrappings with a quizzical air, "be ye to hum, or be ye gone to bed, or be ye out ridin'? I hoped, for the prosperity of Zion, that I should find ye to hum, 'cause you've got ter preach to-morrow. Dea Turner says so. He wanted me to tell ye that Parson Peters didn't come up to-night."

Sam was one of the most righteous of sinners. He was as upright as a saint in his dealings and as flippant as a scoffer in his speech.

"So, you see, you'd better be castin' off the robe of your own righteousness—kind o' patch-work, ain't it?"—and Sam drew up nearer and caught hold of the corner of the bed quilt for closer inspection—"and a puttin' on the whole armor o' God. You must anoint yer feet and wash yer head and take the shield of faith and the sword of the spirit and go at 'em, hammer an' tongs. Tell 'em they're a wicked and perverse generation, and it's the Lord's mercy they ain't consumed. Reel off a list o' their sins to 'em. 'Twon't hurt 'em none. Tell 'Bijah Davis that he'll pray like all possessed in the prayer meetin', and he's been a owin' me for hay nigh on ter three years and I can't git a cent. An' Joe Joslyn'll grind out texts o' Scripture as he grinds out corn in his mill, but he'll go right home and take three times the toll he'd ought ter."

"And the women'll whine out prayers, as women allus will when they pray in meetin', and end up with a pious sniffle, an' then on their way home they'll tell a stream of lies about their neighbors big enough to carry a sawmill. I tell ye we ought ter have a few more deacons appointed to go round and look into the private lives o' these church members."

Sam paused with a look of serious concern on his face as he meditatively twirled his thumbs. The old clock never ticked so loud.

"An' then there's Christy Jones—she'll squeal out a sky-splittin' psalm about the Lord's mercy bein' everlastin' an' to all generations, when she's sent her old bed-ridden mother off to the poor-house soss'the can be free to spin street yarn. Wilbur Brown, he's another of them church fellers. Everybody knows that he starved them two-year-old critters of his'n till they couldn't stan' up, he's so 'fraid he'd have to buy hay 'fore spring. An' then the young folks—they take to the creed an' covenant mighty easy when them revival fellers come round, but they're an awful ungodly lot for all that."

"Now that's the way I'd preach to 'em, deacon. I'd tell 'em what's what, and say 'amen' and 'everlastin'' and git off the benediction and the doxology to wind it up with, strong, and then I'd let 'em go home and think on't."

And Sam began to collect his scattered members as if about to rise and depart.

"Set still, Sam," said the deacon, who appeared to ignore the fact that his bed quilt and buffalo were sliding down to the floor. But Sam would not let him shed the skin of his disgrace and rise into his manhood on the sly.

"Your things are a gittin' off, here," he said, as he jumped up and readjusted them with remorseless dexterity. "I'm afraid the wind'll git in round your feet; I'll tuck this up a little tighter."

"Sam, I understand you," said the deacon, and the grim jaw which had snapped together like a vice after his thunder blasts to Reny an hour before, began to relax its firmness a little. "I see clear through you and you see clear through me. I know that next time

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

you make out a catalogue of the sins of the church members you'll put my name at the head of the list. You'll tell how I've been a deacon for thirty years, and have been so ugly to home that my oldest boy ran away and went to sea, and 't'other one went to Alaska to git just as far away from me as he could, and my gal threw herself away marryin' a good-for-nuthin' feller, to have a home of her own, and that my wife's all broke down with her trouble. Sam, you'll lay it on thick, and I shan't blame ye none, neither."

The deacon jumped up, picked up his fallen mantles and passed them over to his wife, saying, in a voice whose gentleness startled her: "Here, Reny, you'll oblige me by foldin' these up and puttin' 'em away. I shan't want 'em no more. It's growin' a little warmer. Yes, Sam, you may tell Dea Turner I'll take charge of the meetin' to-morrow."

"All right, deacon, you'll do fast rate, I don't doubt. Everybody knows you've got more ability than any other man in the parish."

"An' hold on, Sam. I don't want none o' yer soft soap 'bout 'ability,' but I do want you to come to-morrow an' hear me. I've got a special reason."

"By George! I will! I've had a new meetin' coat for most a year, and there haint nobody asked me to wear it. Now's my chance. I'll be there."

A deacon's meeting in the town of Peachblow had never been a very wildly exciting occasion, and such services were thinly attended, but it was understood that a brand-new candidate, Parson Peters, was to set forth his claims to orthodox soundness that day—and soundness in doctrine was a far more potent key to the kingdom than soundness in living, in the Peachblow estimation of values—and all the inhabitants had turned out to hear him. Their disappointment was not very well concealed. The deacon saw it and felt it as he gave out the opening hymn, but he had anticipated it and was strong in his purpose. The Scriptures were read, the prayers offered, the notices given, and again the deacon cleared his throat and rose upon the low platform in front of the pulpit. He had no book of sermons from which to read.

"My friends," he said, and his voice had a slight tremor, "I've been a deacon for thirty years. I've prayed with in these walls for the outpourin' of the Spirit, for the upbuildin' of the church, for the spread of the gospel, for the conversion of sinners and for the sanctification of believers. Now I want to ask ye all to pray for me—for the salvation of my soul. I've been a deceivin' myself, and I ain't got one claim to bein' called a child o' God. I've really eared a great deal more for the cleanin' up o' my farm than I have for the purifyin' of the church. I've all along been willin' to do more an' go further for the carryin' out of my own mad temper than I have for the spreadin' of the gospel. I've prayed for the outpourin' of the Spirit, and I've been a shuttin' my heart against it all the while. When it told me I was a-doin' wrong I said 'twas other folks, and not me. When it told me I wa'n't actin' a Christian, I thought back o' the time when I see a kind of a light, and heard sumthin' speak to me when there wa'n't nobody round, and I was sure that was conversion, and as for stayin' converted, I wa'n't no Methodist. I'd always heard say it was dishonorin' to God not to believe that He'd keep a grip on a man when He once got it. And so here I be, an obstinate, selfish, worldly old man that my own children can't live with, and something very like a sob choked further utterance. "Brethren, pray for me," at last he gasped, and sat down.

There was a prolonged silence. The surprise, the sympathetic mood of self-accusation, the awakening voice of conscience in each heart produced deep impressions. No soul felt itself pure enough to respond to the pathetic appeal.

At length the other deacon arose, read a few verses from the Fifty-first Psalm and pronounced the meeting closed. A business meeting was held during the week at which Dea Crabbe insisted upon resigning his office, and in recommending as his successor a quiet young man whose life of self-denial and loving sacrifice for his invalid parents had won the love and confidence of all.

The spirit of self-condemnation went round. There had been no such deep spiritual earnestness manifested in the parish for years. Little comment was ever heard upon the deacon's words. All knew that as much might be said of their own fruitless lives. There was a humble seriousness, a faithful effort at quiet righteous living, that had not been known in all the history of the church, and yet there was no revival and no extra meetings. When people accuse each other there is a rebound of resistance which foils all attempts at lasting impressions, but when one's own heart and conscience are the accusers there is none to rise up and defend, and the voice must be heard.

"Well, Reny," said the deacon, a twelve-month later, "it's the first of May, ain't it? Do you want I should help move the things before I go out to work?"

"No, Jotham. I was just a-thinkin' we'd better wait a fortnight later. We may have some more cold weather yet."—Julina O. Hall, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THERE is a fellowship among the virtues by which one great, generous passion stimulates another.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

THE laborers of Argentine make sixty dollars a day by shooting the "rivasols," a bird whose feathers are much prized by the fashionable world.

MORE men have died and are buried in the isthmus of Panama, along the line of the proposed canal, than on any equal amount of territory in the world.

THERE is a volcanic area forty miles square in extent in Lower California that is a veritable fireland. Every square rod of the territory is pierced by a boiling spring or spouting geyser.

FARMERS in Mexico always use oxen of one color in the morning and of another color in the afternoon. They do not know why; but they know that it must be the right thing to do because their forefathers did it.

The German carp sent out to California by the fish commission have driven out all game fish and aquatic birds from the waters they occupy, and now the California sportsmen are beginning to carp at the fish commission.

So GREAT has been the development of the petroleum fields in Peru that pipe lines have been run from the main wells to the coast. The opinion is expressed that the Peruvian field will soon be able to supply the demand of all the west coast of South America.

SMILES BY THE PEN.

DICKEY CLUB—"My college days were ripe with experience." His Chum—"Yes, I know. That is why you were plucked." Boston Post.

SMIGGINS (at the dinner table)—"Ugh! this pudding isn't fit for a hog to eat." Boarding Mistress (sweetly)—"Then I wouldn't eat it, Mr. Smiggins."—Boston Transcript.

YEAST—"What are you going to make out of your boy?" Crimsonbeak—"A lecturer." "Has he a taste for it?" "Oh, yes; he inherits it from his mother."—Yonkers Statesman.

A LAUGHTER COMPELLING MAN.—Tomson—"Why do people persist in regarding me as a humorist?" Johnson—"I suppose it's because you're a funny man—to look at."—Yankee Blade.

"I WAS hit on the head and knocked senseless with a brickbat when I was a boy," said Mr. Dullpate. "Dear me," replied Miss Brasher, "and is it absolutely incurable?"—N. Y. Herald.

IMPERTINENCE deserves rebuke, and one man got it handsomely. Revamping an old saying, he remarked that if he were so unlucky as to have a stupid son he should certainly make him a parson. A clergyman who heard him replied: "You think differently from your father, then."

SOMETHING NEW.

A WILL has just been broken in the supreme court of New Hampshire, which is an unprecedented event in the history of the state.

SIGNAL OFFICER TOWNSEND, of Capo May, reports the discovery of a new fish resembling the sea trout off the coasts of Virginia and North Carolina.

A NEW scheme in the development of competition in the tree-selling business is the agreement by which the nurseryman is to have the fruit of any two years in payment for the trees.

C. M. SPENCER, of Windsor, Conn., the inventor of the original screw machine and the Spencer repeating shotgun, has made a device that turns out eight screws a minute, with slots and threads cut all ready for packing. One peculiarity of the machine is that it requires little or no attention.

A FRENCHMAN has invented a new ribbon loom which works automatically and needs no surveillance. If a thread or warp breaks, the shuttle is stopped instantly, and the attention of the weaver, who could by this system attend to many looms, is called to the defect.—Manchester Union.

IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

LAPLANDERS often skate a distance of one hundred and fifty miles a day.

OUT of the thirty-two ducal and princely families established by Napoleon I., fourteen are extinct.

PARIS has already in circulation a new word to describe something particularly outrageous or horrible. It is "Rava-cholesque."

BLACK snow fell in the canton of Geneva, Switzerland—a phenomenon which was once thought to presage black plague and other calamities, but is now known to be due to fungus in the snow.

In the kingdom of Poland there was formerly a law according to which any person found guilty of slander was compelled to walk on all fours through the streets of the town where he lived, accompanied by the beadle, as a sign that he was unworthy of the name of man.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, said to be the son and namesake of the great Irish "Liberator," is employed in Somerset house as a commissioner of income taxes at a salary of £2000. He is about sixty years old.

THE late Alexander Mackenzie, premier of the Dominion, had few of the graces of an orator, yet he possessed persuasive powers, and was one of the rare speakers whose utterances would bear verbatim reporting.

THE last survivor of the battle of Trafalgar, Louis Tartigny, has died at Hyeras, aged one hundred and one. He was a powder-monkey on the Reloubatable, and died the possessor of the order of the Legion of Honor.

GREAT SALE.

\$1.00 PANTS.

We were fortunate in purchasing 25 dozen Men's and Youth's Pants at a loss to a New York house. It shall be your gain. We shall deal them out, long as they last, at \$1.00 a pair. Look in east window.

MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS.

We have placed a price on all Cassimere Suits to make them go lively—many of them cut in two. We don't intend carrying a single suit over. Consequently bargains await you should you be in need of a suit.

SHIRTS.

All styles in Outing Shirts, Gauze Underwear, Neckwear and Hats.

OUR PRICES ARE LOW.

THE PHILADELPHIA ONE-PRICE Clothing House.

CIDER! CIDER!! CIDER!!!

CLARET CIDER, CRAB APPLE CIDER, PIPPIN APPLE CIDER, —AT—

R. J. Eckloff's,

No. 21 Jefferson Street.

Finest assortment of Canned Goods in the city. Shafer's Hams, finest in the city. Call and see me.

SUMMER RESORTS.

ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS, VA., endorsed by the Medical Society of Virginia, as well as other high medical authorities in the United States and Europe, are now open. Rates according to location of rooms and length of stay. Special rates for the season. Capacity 1,250. Railroad through to Springs. Pamphlets to be had by addressing GEORGE L. PEYTON, 618 1/2 m.

NOW OPEN. The Bedford Alum, Iron and Iodine Springs, Of Virginia, are receiving visitors daily. Best health and pleasure resort combined in the State, showing a record of testimonials and certificates of cures unsurpassed by any other water in the country. Accommodations first class. Shade and lawn splendid. Terms reasonable. Interesting 50-page pamphlet mailed on application. Bedford Springs P. O., Va. J. R. MAHON, Trustee, Proprietor. 610 1/2 m.

OCEAN VIEW HOTEL, OCEAN VIEW, VA. Surf bathing, Fishing, Boating, &c. Eight miles by rail from Norfolk. Twelve miles seaward from Old Point Comfort. \$2.50 per day; \$14 to \$16 per week; \$45 to \$55 per month. Address JAS. L. WILLIAMS, Manager. 642 m.

Bear Lithia Springs, Va. This famous resort will open June 1st. For Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles unequalled. For special rates and particulars address FRANK B. YATES, Proprietor, Elkton, Va. 531 1/2 m.

ROCKLEDGE HOTEL AND OBSERVATORY, on the summit of Mill Mountain, 2 1/2 miles from, 900 feet above, N. and W. station at Roanoke, Va. The FINEST SUMMER RESORT in Virginia—Grand and extensive scenery—capacious porches, neatly furnished rooms, beautifully laid out grounds. The observatory commands a view of the surrounding country for many miles, including the Peaks of Otter. Guests of the hotel admitted to the observatory free. Board by the day, week or month. Good stabling. Special menus to parties. E. A. LEWIS, Manager. P. O. Box 166, Roanoke, Va. 523 1/2 m.

NYE LITHIA SPRINGS, WYTHEVILLE, VA. Elevation, 2,360 feet above sea level; mean temperature, 52 degrees. Entire freedom from all MALARIAL and febrile diseases. Both Lithia and Chalybeate Springs, acknowledged to be the finest in the United States for purity and strength. Many certificates of cure of diseases of stomach, indigestion, Bright's disease, diabetes, RHEUMATISM, gravel, dropsy, nervousness, insomnia, etc. Fine hotel accommodations. NYE LITHIA SPRINGS CO., Wytheville, Va. Waters on draught at Christian & Barbee's drugstore, Roanoke. 55 1/2 m., th, tsu, 3m

DEER PARK AND OAKLAND. On the Crest of the Alleghenies, 3,000 Feet Above Tidewater. SEASON OPENS JUNE 22, 1892. These famous mountain resorts, situated at the summit of the Alleghenies and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, have the advantage of its splendid vestibule express train service, both east and west, and are therefore readily accessible from all parts of the country. All Baltimore and Ohio trains stop at Deer Park and Oakland during the season. Rates, \$60, \$70 and \$75 a month, according to location. Communications should be addressed to GEORGE H. DESHIELDS, Manager Baltimore and Ohio Hotels, Cumberland, Md., up to June 10; after that date, either Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md. 57, 14, 21, 28 & 64 1/2 m.

W. H. MACKAY & CO., ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS. PLANTS INSPECTED. Estimates furnished. Buildings equipped with electric lights and bells. We are authorized agents for EDISON'S SUPPLIES. P. O. BOX 251. ROANOKE, VA. Room 3, Masonic Temple. jan18-1yr

SUMMER RESORTS.

COYNER'S White, Black and Blue Sulphur and Chalybeate Springs. Under New Management. Thoroughly renovated, refurnished and repaired. Bathrooms. Billiards. Finest liquors. Excellent Table. No expense spared. Open June 15. ALEXANDER & CO. 67 1/2 m.

BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS, VA. SUMMIT BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS. Eleven miles east of Roanoke. On the Norfolk and Western railroad. Twentieth Consecutive Summer Season Under Same Management. PHIL. F. BROWN. 613 m.

Mountain Lake Hotel, GILES COUNTY, VA. 4,000 feet above sea level. Accommodations first class. Board per day, \$2. Reductions by the month. Grand, beautiful scenery. Cool atmosphere. Excellent water. No flies or mosquitoes. Lake covering an area of 50 acres, 3/4 by 1/2 mile wide. Splendid rowing. 611 m.

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