

The Cook's Puzzle

How to avoid sodden pastry?

The PROBLEM is SOLVED by the production of our NEW SHORTENING

COTTOLENE

Which makes light, crisp, healthy, wholesome pastry. Mrs. M. C. Bride, Marion Harland, and other expert cooking authorities endorse COTTOLENE. YOU can't afford to do without COTTOLENE.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS.

RAILROADS.

C. & O. ROUTE.

Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.

The World's Fair SCENIC ROUTE.

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST. ONLY LINE RUNNING SOLID TRAINS TO RICHMOND, VA.

Lynchburg, August 23, 1893. Trains arrive and depart from Union Station, Lynchburg, Va.

TRAINS FOR CINCINNATI.	
Daily.	
Lv. Lynchburg	3:10 p. m.
Ar. Lexington, Va.	5:45 "
Lv. Buchanan	5:14 "
Ar. Clifton Forge	6:45 "
Ar. Cincinnati	7:55 a. m.
Ar. Louisville	11:57 "
Ar. Chicago	4:56 p. m.
Ar. St. Louis	7:15 "
Ar. Kansas City	7:50 a. m.

World's Fair Special, Solid Vestibule, Electric Lighted through Clifton Forge to Chicago. TRAINS FOR RICHMOND, VA.

Daily. Lv. Lynchburg 12:30 P. M. Ar. Richmond 6:10 P. M. For further information as to rates, routes, tickets, etc., address, R. H. FANNELL, Ticket and Passenger Agent, 814 Main street, Lynchburg, Va. JNO. D. POTTS, Division Passenger Agent, Richmond, Va.

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

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 2, 1893. WESTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

8:30 a. m.	for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Pullman sleepers to New Orleans and Memphis Dining car attached.
8:10 a. m.	for Radford, Bluefield, Pocahontas, Elkhorn, Clinch Valley Division and Louisville via Norfolk
4:35 p. m.	THE CHICAGO EXPRESS for Bluefield, Pocahontas, Kenova, Columbus and Chicago. Pullman Buffet Sleeper Norfolk to Chicago without change.
9:41 a. m.	WEST AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY for Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk.
9:15 a. m.	for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York.
1:35 p. m.	for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleeper Roanoke to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.
12:41 a. m.	(Washington and Chattanooga line) Red for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and New York via Harrisburg. Stops only at principal stations.

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

FOR SALE.

HAVING A LARGE SUPPLY OF OLD PAPERS ON HAND WE WILL FOR THE NEXT WEEK SELL SAME FOR 10 CENTS PER 100.



THE ROLLER TRAY TRUNK

THE MOST CONVENIENT TRUNK EVER DEvised.

THE TRAY is arranged to roll back, leaving the bottom of the Trunk easy of access.

Nothing to break or get out of order. The Tray can be lifted off if desired, and to buy this style is a guarantee that you will get the strongest Trunk made.

If your Dealer cannot furnish you, notify the manufacturers, H. W. ROUNTREE & BRO., RICHMOND, VA.

35 3 cent 6m

THE HABIT OF SAVING

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY IN ELLA WHEELER WILCOX'S ADVICE.

She Scores Those Who Fill Their Houses With Useless Trunk—Too Much Saving as Bad as Too Much Waste—An Apt Illustration.

[Copyright, 1893, by American Press Association.]



ONE of the first lessons taught children is the lesson of saving their possessions—of keeping books, garments, gifts, mementos and all things which belong to them, in fact—and carefully preserving them from year to year.

To a certain extent this habit is a good one and embodies the old saying, "Waste not, want not." But instead of teaching a child to save everything I think it would be wiser to teach it to waste nothing. There is no economy in saving everything. Indeed I am convinced by observation that the habit carried beyond a certain limit is a foe to progress. To save everything old, I have observed, means to accumulate little that is new.

I have an acquaintance who never wears out or gives away a garment. She keeps all her dresses, hats, wraps, bits of lace, braid and trimmings. When a dress is out of fashion, she hangs it away in a clothespress or folds it into an old trunk. Having followed this custom for years and being a lady of means, her clothespresses and trunks are overflowing with old silks, satins, velvets and laces.

Last spring when the season for new garments arrived she brought out and ripped up a dozen old gowns and then purchased a new panel for one, a new waist for another, a bit of trimming to refurbish an old jacket and a new jacket on which to use some old trimmings. The result when completed was not gratifying in beauty or economy. Among the six or eight suits produced by this melange of old and new not one was fresh or becoming, while the expenditure had been greater than the cost of three brand new costumes would have been.

I have observed that the people who save old garments in this manner never present a fresh or attractive appearance, and they expend more money on their wardrobes than others who buy new.

It is the same in the matter of household possessions. I visited an old house some time ago where everything wore a look of decay and ruin. Having occasion to go into the garret with a member of the family, I discovered an immense pile of rubbish, composed of broken old chairs, frames of broken mirrors, dilapidated washstands, ragged bed quilts, which had been carefully washed and laid away, and a rusty and useless stove. A chest in one corner was filled with torn books, which had neither beginning nor end, photographs from which the heads had been torn, a broken backed and dogeared album, half sheets of music and pasteboard boxes, some without covers, and other covers without boxes.

"For what in the world are you saving all this rubbish?" I queried. "Why don't you sell the rusty stove for old iron, and the bed quilts to the ragman, and make a bonfire of the contents of this chest?"

The lady lifted her hands in protestation. "Oh, your destructive creature!" she cried. "All these things may come handy some day. I always believed in saving everything. These pasteboard boxes, for instance, are handy in case you want to send away a photograph, and the old bed quilts would be just the thing to smother flames with in case of fire. There is nothing like economy, you know."

"But this is not economy," I insisted. "We go you to sell all this rubbish to the ragman and the old iron man, it would bring you money enough to buy all the photograph envelopes you desire, with ready made pasteboard backs, and hand grenades with which to extinguish fire."

"I never heard of those things," she said.

"No," I replied. "People who have a mania for accumulating old truck never do keep up with the times."

If the mown hay were left to cumber the field, no new grass could grow—and the houses which are cumbered with old rubbish seem never to be refurbished and decorated. The mind which is bent on saving a lot of useless and shabby old things becomes shabby and useless itself. It becomes incapacitated from earning and procuring the new and useful.

I once heard a housekeeper of a country home complain that she had no room in the pantry to properly place her pans and dishes. I remarked to her that the two upper shelves were loaded with old medicine bottles, empty pillboxes, broken flatirons and noseless teapots, and that she had better dig a hole in the ground and bury the whole mess, leaving room for her necessary articles. But she declared herself to be too "saving" to perform such an act. "Empty bottles often are handy," she said, "and I intend to have the flatirons and teapots mended some day."

"But you never will," I said. "People who get in the habit of saving broken trash never get it mended. And you will never need more than two bottles out of that score. You would be able to think more clearly, and your mind would not become so tired over your work if you had these two shelves cleaned off. Unconsciously to yourself, their cluttered condition and the way you are obliged to crowd things in consequence tax your mental powers."

I once knew a man who spent hours in picking up and straightening out bent pins. He exhibited with pride a cushion filled with the pins which he had rescued from an ignominious fate. But

he was never able to support his wife and family, and his life, despite his achievements with the pins, was a pitiful failure.

A child ought to discriminate in what should be saved—to give away or sell outgrown garments, to mend or destroy a broken object and to burn or put in the rag bag soiled, frayed, ragged odds and ends that can be of no possible use to "king or country." Old and useless objects mean old and useless thoughts. Ragged and broken objects mean ragged and broken minds. Clothespresses and boxes cumbered with rubbish cause the mind also to be cumbered and crippled in its powers of achievement in the line of progress. Too much saving is as bad as waste.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

A Bright Woman Who Is a Railway Station Agent.

Miss Minnie Rush is an exceedingly able young American business woman. She is agent of the Vandallia railroad at Lakeville, Ind. She has charge of the freight, telegraph and passenger offices, being herself a first class telegrapher. About \$10,000 passes through her hands every month. She is only 21 years old, but she is looking out for the interests of that Vandallia line instead of spending her off hours reading silly novels and sighing for the impossible hero who never yet came to any girl. She last year organized on her own account what she named "Harvest Home Excursions." These were pleasure trips of town and country people into interesting localities in their own and neighboring states. Thus she not only provided pleasant and improving trips for her passengers by showing them something of other places than their own homes, but she netted a neat sum for the Vandallia line besides.

A rich reward of affection awaits the woman who loves women.

I have been much amused by a woman's column edited by a man in a prominent daily newspaper. First, he gave a clipping narrating how Washington, Webster and Thomas Marshall liked planked shad. I suppose he thinks women care as much about eating as he himself does. Next, of course, is a clipping about making doilies from Japanese lace bark, and of course he spells doily wrong. Then follow some items which all the lady editors of women's pages had used months ago; next a description of "Old Clothes Mart," of all things in the world. This dear man supposes women to be so passionately devoted to clothes that they would even read about auctions of castoff garments rather than about no clothes at all. But all his solicitude for our entertainment is lost, because he forgets to tell us, this man editor of a woman's page, where "Old Clothes Mart" is. He closes his remarkable column with the story of a Bombay bedstead that is valued at 10,000 rupees. Nothing like knowing what to write for women.

Miss E. G. Jordan, a brilliant and successful young newspaper woman, has written lately an able magazine paper about the difficulties that beset the path of the girl who would enter journalism. She says it is the old story over again of the cat climbing out of the well and that the newspaper woman must have above all an up again and take another spirit, which no discouragement can break. Miss Jordan is right. She is right also in saying that the sex of a woman hinders her in journalism a hundred times where it helps her once. A good living in journalism is so difficult to achieve that only the strongest and most determined succeed finally, unless they are exceptionally fortunate. But then the brainy and determined ones always do succeed at last—remember that.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

Mrs. Sara Steenberg.

Mrs. Sara Steenberg of Chicago is probably the most successful insurance woman in the United States. Mrs. Steenberg was born in London. Her parents were of English and Welsh lineage. When a child, she removed with them to Wisconsin. Possessed of a quick, ready intelligence, she became while quite young a successful teacher. After a few years of happy married life, entirely free from business cares, she was left a widow with two children dependent on her for education and support. Going to Chicago 10 years ago, she made the ac-



MRS. SARA STEENBERG.

quaintance of some gentlemen prominent in insurance circles, from whom she received encouragement to enter the field. She did so and has carved out for herself a career unique and highly successful.

She is a woman of refinement and culture, combined with undaunted courage, patient perseverance, untiring industry and an intuitive perception of character. She possesses a wonderful memory and has rare ability in estimating values. She has become thoroughly familiar with the work, acquired friends and patrons, secured large lines of insurance and has built up a wide and prosperous business.

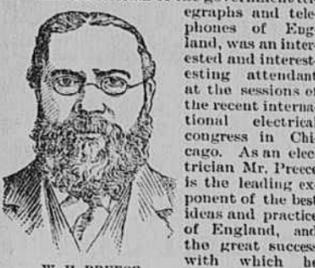
Mrs. Steenberg was untiring in her efforts to gather at the women's congress of the World's fair all the insurance women in the country.

MARY UROUHART LEE.

TELEGRAPHY IN ENGLAND.

Electrician Preece Compares the British and American Systems.

President W. H. Preece of the English Institution of Electrical Engineers, who is also chief electrician of the government telegraphs and telephones of England, was an interested and interesting attendant at the sessions of the recent international electrical congress in Chicago.



W. H. PREECE.

As an electrician Mr. Preece is the leading exponent of the best ideas and practice of England, and the great success with which he manages his vast department stamps him as one of the greatest administrators of the age.

Mr. Preece has been in the United States twice before and keeps himself thoroughly posted on the progress of electrical science here. He considers the English telegraphic service superior to ours, but thinks our telephone system is the better. He expects English telephony will improve, however, under the management of the postoffice department, which is to take charge of the long distance system of the country, leaving most of the local systems in charge of private corporations, as at present. His comparison of the English telegraph with the American is interesting:

"We can send a message to any part of the United Kingdom and get a reply in an hour. The facilities in England are greater than they are here, for we go to every town and every village, irrespective of the fact that they pay or do not pay, while in the states the places that pay appear to me to be the only ones that receive the attention of the telegraph companies. The distinguishing feature of our English system is the facility given to the press. The press system is a distinct system of its own. There is not a single town in the United Kingdom where a daily paper is published that is not in direct communication with the postoffice in London, and where verbatim reports of the proceedings of parliament are not reported. The rates paid are ridiculously small, about twopence for 100 words. This press service costs the country \$2,000,000 a year. It is, however, questionable whether the benefit which the public derives from the dissemination of accurate news is not worth this additional charge on the taxes."

About a third of the telegraph operators in England are women. Mr. Preece says he fails to observe any difference in their work in the matter of dexterity, but that occasionally the women lack the physical strength necessary to maintain hard service. They like the work, however, and are well treated, the government providing them with medical assistance and supplying cooking and other conveniences, such as would be found in clubs. They are allowed an annual vacation and upon retirement are entitled to pension based upon the length of their service, the same as in any other branch of the civil service.

THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER.

Yang Yu Is a Person of Considerable Importance at Home and Abroad.

A very influential personage in the Flowery Kingdom is Mr. Yang Yu, the new Chinese minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the United States, Spain and Peru. Besides belonging to a family of distinction, he has great wealth in a city real estate, mining property and rice plantations and is altogether a man whom the authorities of his native land delight to honor. As minister to three countries he possesses great power, appointing all his official subordinates, subject to the confirmation of the emperor.



MINISTER YANG YU.

Minister Yu is of distinguished appearance and bearing, comporting himself with the easy air of a man born to authority. He is 53 years of age, rather above the medium height, stoutly built and weighs about 190 pounds. He knows no language but Chinese, but that fact is not expected to interfere with his diplomatic usefulness, as he has had much experience in statecraft and will be assisted by very able interpreters—Chinese graduates of our own best universities, one of them, Mun Yew Chung, having been coxswain of the Yale boat crew.

The minister brought with him the most numerous and most gorgeously attired suit that ever attended a foreign functionary in this country. Besides his wife and three children, it consisted of 46 officials of various grades, several of them also accompanied by their wives, and 26 servants. The diplomats are assigned by the minister to posts in the various countries under his jurisdiction. They come from all parts of China and are all of influential families and well educated. None of them knew in advance to what post he was to be sent.

Mr. Yu is credited with entertaining a very friendly feeling for the United States and is said to be anxious to maintain cordial relations between our government and his own. He possesses the complete confidence of the Chinese court, and having had charge of some of the most important customs districts in the empire has been brought more or less in contact with consuls and other government officials from all parts of the world.

Effects of Cold Weather.

Travelers in arctic regions say the physical effects of cold there are about as follows: Fifteen degrees above, unpleasantly warm; zero, mild; 10 degrees below, sharp but not severely cold; 30 degrees below, very cold; 40 degrees below, intensely cold; 50 degrees below, a struggle for life.

The Noon Repast.

The old fashioned dictionaries derive "luncheon" from "nuncheon" or "noon-shun"—the refreshment taken at noon when laborers desert awhile from work to shun the sun.

Revealed at Last.

Clara—Is it really true that you are engaged to Claude Calloway?

Maud—Yes.

Clara—Before I congratulate you I want to tell you of an experience I had with him. It happened last year at the horse show. You know we were engaged at the time, and he had invited me to go. We had a box, and it was awfully swell. Must have cost him a lot. Well, we hadn't been sitting there but a few moments when Claude got restless, and almost before I knew it he excused himself. Said there was a friend of his in the crowd that he must see about an important business transaction. Now, I knew a thing or two myself, so I beckoned to little Willie Clevertrap, who sat only two boxes away. Willie is awfully young, you know, but he has done me lots of favors. Willie came over at once, and I told him to follow Claude and tell me afterward where he had gone. In about half an hour Claude came back with a smile on his face, saying it was all right, and after him came Willie, but of course at a respectable distance. The next day he told me all about it. It seems that Claude walked through the crowd, went up to a tall, elderly man whom Willie had never seen before, and after speaking with him earnestly for a moment both of them left the garden, walked down one of the avenues and entered a quiet cafe. Willie put his coat up around his ears, sneaked in and sat down at an adjoining table. My dear, what he heard was awful. It seems that the elderly man was the father of some girl that Claude was desperately in love with, although of course he was engaged to me at the time, and he was trying to get his consent. Willie says he argued and pleaded until finally the old man said they must get back, and he would see him about it again. Imagine my feelings! Of course the next day I sent him back his ring, and he accepted it without any explanation. But that's the sort of fellow he is, and I would look out for him, dear, if I were you.

Maud—Yes, I will. I should think you would have had some curiosity to know who the elderly man was.

Clara—So I did, but I was too proud to ask.

Maud (sweetly)—I can tell you. He was my father.—Truth.

A Very Painstaking Dentist.

The other day a stylishly dressed gentleman called on one of the leading dentists in Paris. He was introduced into the consulting and operating room.

"Sir, I am, as you may see, a gentleman."

"Bows exchanged."

"I want a complete set of teeth."

"Nothing more simple."

"Beg your pardon, not quite so simple. I have a few stumps left that require pulling out first. But hitherto I have always shrunk from the operation. I am dreadfully nervous, and the very thought of the instruments makes me—"

"But, sir, you won't feel anything."

"Certainly; I have heard that you employ anesthetics. That is why I came here."

"They are infallible."

"Infallible, you say?"

"Most assuredly."

"I have been told that before, but can you prove it?"

"Look here. I will myself inhale the fumes of the liquid contained in this bottle, and you will see—"

"That they render you insensible?"

"To everything. You may pinch me, do what you like with me."

"You don't say so?"

"And then the dentist, put on his mittles, sat down, took a whiff out of the bottle and fell asleep. When he awoke, the patient had disappeared and carried off all that was worth having out of his drawer and left no trace behind.—Tit-Bits.

He Was Indignant.

"Look here, mister," said the man with a carpet sack, "I'm willin to do anything that's in reason. I am willin to mind any rules yer hotel sees fit to git up as long as they have any common sense back of 'em, but all I've got to say that if yer in earnest you've violated the principles of common sense, an if it's a joke it's a mighty dog-goned poor one."

"What on earth do you mean?" the hotel clerk asked as the guest took breath.

"I allude to them signs ye've got tacked up in my room. One of them says, 'Don't blow out the gas,' and another says, 'Gas burned after midnight'll be charged for extra.' Now, what in thunder is a feller goin to do?"—Washington Star.

A Sure Cure.

"Oh, father," said Mabelle in weak and languid tones, "I fear that I am going to be gravely ill. My head feels so light and queer, and I am faint, so faint."

"Heaven!" broke in Mabelle's papa, his sympathies deeply stirred. "I'll get a doctor this minute. What can I do for you, my poor child?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," responded Mabelle as she almost swooned against his ample breast, "but we might try one of Mme. Swellstyle's new summer hats to begin with."—Chicago Record.

A Wrong Impression.

Mrs. Twickenham—Oh, dear, that had boy let off a big firecracker in the pantry, and I am afraid that angel cake I made for you is ruined.

Twickenham—Umph! I don't believe any firecracker would hurt your angel cake.

Mrs. Twickenham—Well, it did. There's a big dent in it.—Truth.

A Lively Time.

"You have a lively set of clerks," he said to the proprietor of the establishment. "It must be pleasant and profitable to have employees so full of energy and enthusiasm."

"Yes," responded the proprietor, "we close early today, and they are getting ready to go home."—Tit-Bits.

Too Curious.

The Heiress—Yes, when I don't wish to accept certain men's attentions, and they ask where I live, I say in the suburbs.

Mr. Selfsure—Ha! Ha! Ha! Excellent! But where do you live, Miss Brown?

The Heiress—In the suburbs, Mr. Selfsure.—Life.

"Oh, these Advertisements Tire me."

Some advertisements do have that tendency, so do some people and some books. But bright people understand that the advertising columns now-a-days carry VALUABLE information about things NEW and GOOD. Things that people for their own benefit ought to know. One thing that THE LADIES of Roanoke and vicinity ought to know is that at

ENOCK BROS'.

NEW YORK BAZAAR,

34 Salem avenue,

There has been received 100 pieces of

Figured Matlisse

Cords,

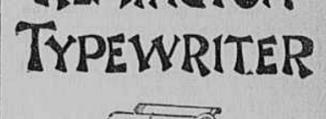
With Black, Navy, Garnet and Brown grounds, suitable for dresses and wrappers. These goods generally sell at 15c. a yard.

Our Price 9c. a Yard!

They are even better value than those Organdies we sold you at 10c. per yard. Don't hesitate, but come and get the choice patterns at once. Yours respectfully,

ENOCK BROS.

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Absolutely Unrivaled For Excellence of Design and Construction, Simplicity, Easy Operation, Durability and Speed.

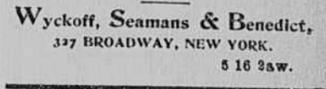
ADOPTED AS THE OFFICIAL WRITING MACHINE OF THE World's Columbian Exposition.

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Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, 37 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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