

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FROM ALL AROUND THE CITY.

Current Local Events of the Day Briefly Told.

Bits of Facts and Gossip Gathered on the Streets by Times Reporters—Points Political, Social and General Happening Yesterday.

What's Going on To-day.

HUSTINGS COURT—Criminal cases.
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—Y. M. C. A. convention.
ROANOKE ATHLETIC CLUB—Meeting of the members.
112 1/2 CAMPBELL AVENUE—Bohemian glass blowers.

ATHLETIC PARK—Football game.
COURTHOUSE—First and second ward Republican meeting.

SHERIDAN HALL—Third ward Republican meeting.

VAN MILLER'S STORE—Fourth ward Republican meeting.

BOYD'S STOREHOUSE—Fifth ward Republican meeting.

JUNIOR ORDER HALL—Meeting Koroako Castle, Knights of the Golden Eagle.

Dance at Hotel Felix Last Night.

A dance which was attended by a number of young ladies and gentlemen at Hotel Felix last night, was a highly successful affair. About twenty couples were present.

Pocahontas Coal Shipments.

The shipments of the Pocahontas Coal Company for last week amounted to 41,828 tons of which, 37,536 tons were Pocahontas coal and 4,292 tons the Clinch Valley product.

Meeting of the Athletic Club, This Afternoon.

The directors of the Roanoke Athletic Club will hold an important meeting this afternoon, at which a large amount of business will be transacted. A full attendance of the members is requested.

Mrs. Morton With the W. C. T. U.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held their regular weekly meeting yesterday afternoon in their hall on Campbell avenue, with a large attendance. Mrs. Morton, the State organizer, was present at the meeting.

Only Two Cases Before Judge Turner.

Justice Turner had a very light docket yesterday morning, only two cases coming up for his consideration. An unknown white man, for being drunk and down, was fined \$2.50, and J. E. Kidd for the same offense was fined a like amount.

Funeral of Miss Flossie Trout.

The funeral services over the remains of Miss Flossie Trout, who died Wednesday morning, were conducted yesterday afternoon from her late residence by Rev. M. A. Wilson, pastor of the East Roanoke Baptist Church. After the services at the house the interment took place in the City Cemetery.

The Declisive Game Will be Played Soon.

Walter Wallace returned yesterday morning from Lynchburg, where he played two games of pool with W. E. Satterwhite, of that city. Each of the players have won a game, and the decisive one will be played in a few days. It was to have been played last night, but on account of a business engagement of Mr. Satterwhite the game was postponed.

Prof. Johnson Closes His Entertaining Lectures.

Prof. Johnson closed a successful four nights engagement at the United Brethren Church last night with a fair-sized audience in attendance. The lecture "From Eden to Calvary and Beyond" was repeated by request before last night's audience. The professor lectured before a fair number yesterday afternoon on "The World's Fair."

Judge Wood, of Bristol, Married.

Maj. H. C. Wood and his niece, Miss Janie Wood, passed through the city yesterday afternoon on their return home to Bristol from Winston, N. C., where they attended the marriage of Judge Martin B. Wood, of Bristol, to Mrs. Mary Williamson Benton, at the home of the bride's parents at Winston. Judge and Mrs. Wood are visiting at Raleigh, and the best man, Hon. Herbert G. Peters, stopped over at his old home at Martinsville.

THE WORK OF THE COURTS.

Suits Brought Against Duggan & Sauter, The Kennerly Case.

A suit was filed in the office of the clerk of the Hustings Court yesterday morning by John R. Groome and Oppenheimer & Co., represented by Watts, Robertson & Robertson, vs. Owen Duggan and Duggan & Sauter to set aside the deeds of assignments recently made by Mr. Duggan and Duggan & Sauter to Edward Lyle, trustee.

A suit was also entered against the same parties and for the same purpose by the Commercial National Bank and Goodman Brothers & Co., represented by Thos. W. Miller, Penn & Cooke and Moomaw & Woods.

A writ of attachment has been served on the defendants and notice given that the plaintiffs would ask for the appointment of a receiver, alleging in the bill that the defendant, Mr. Lyle, was not a suitable person to conduct a saloon or a clothing establishment. The matter will probably be argued in the Hustings Court today.

Kennerly's Case Adjourned to April 17.

The case of the commonwealth vs. Thos. S. Kennerly was called in the Hustings Court at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. The court stated that indictment No. 1 would be tried first, charging the accused with the seduction of Miss Hattie Smith, Col. John Hampton Hoge, counsel for the defense, demurred to the indictment on the ground that it

HER WORLD.

Behind them slowly sank the western world. Before them new horizons opened wide. "Yonder," he said, "old Rome and Venice wait. And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide." She heard, but backward all her heart had sped. Where the young moon sailed through the sunset red. "Yonder," she thought, "with breathing soft and deep. My little lad lies smiling in his sleep." They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the sea. And Naples slept beneath her olive trees. They saw the plains where trod the gods of old. Pink with the flush of wild anemones. They saw the marbles by the master wrought. To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought. Still ran one longing through her smiles and sighs— "If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!" Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed. Her baby lying warm against her breast. "What does she see?" he whispered. "Can she guess? The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?" "Ah, no," she said. "She shuts him safe from harm. Within the love locked harbor of her arms. No fear of coming fate could make me sad. If so tonight I held my little lad." "If you could choose," he said, "a royal boon. Like that girl dancing yonder for the king. What gift from all her kingdom would you bid Obedient Fortune in her hand to bring?" The dancer's robe, the glittering banquet hall. Swam in the mist of tears along the wall. "Not power," she said, "nor riches nor delight. But just to kiss my little lad tonight!" —Emily H. Miller in Independent.

XANTIPPE.

Daphne stepped lightly out over the threshold of her door. The sun was shining with an intolerable glare on the white marble walls of the houses around and on the white lime dust of the pavement, causing Daphne's bright, laughing eyes to wink and blink involuntarily. She drew a thin, gauzy veil over her head and face and slipped, keeping carefully within the sparse shadow cast by the walls of the houses, to a dwelling near by. Raising a heavy curtain hanging before the entrance door, she tripped softly inside. The room, however, was quite empty. It was a small, square room, the walls colored dark red; its only furniture a tripod, on which were burning dimly two chased silver lamps. "She will be in the Gynaeceion," said Daphne to herself softly, and raising another curtain, which hung exactly opposite, she passed through into a second room. There, under a portico which led out into a courtyard, upon a circular marble bench, sat the one whom she was seeking—a young and beautiful woman. A long white garment, with a border embroidered in crimson, lay in heavy, graceful folds about her small outstretched feet; an upper garment (the chiton) of the same color as the robe was gathered closely up about her neck, but left her slender arms quite bare, one of which rested languidly upon the carved back of the seat. The woman's small head was bound with three narrow scarlet silken fillets, her wavy hair caught up in a loose knot at the back of her neck. Hearing the curtain rustle, she turned her head and smiled as her dark eyes caught sight of Daphne's smiling face peeping from among its folds. Kissing her hand, she pointed toward the court and shook her head as a warning to the newcomer not to speak too loud. In the court, regardless of the sun's hot rays, by the side of a fountain—a lion's head, from whose open mouth a slender stream of water fell into a shallow basin—two men were seated in earnest conversation.

Daphne glided noiselessly up to her friend's side, and seating herself upon the ground laid her head upon the other's knees. She sat there some moments in silence, endeavoring to catch what it was the men were discussing. In vain. She could hear only the sound of their voices. That of the principal speaker—a dark, swarthy man, of middle age, with a flat nose and thick, protruding lips—was sonorous and mellow; his companion's, high pitched and squeaking. After a few minutes' silence, Daphne whispered: "How ugly he is—thy Socrates!" "But so learned, so wise, so great," murmured the other in answer, but she sighed as she spoke.

"Thou sighest. Hast wearied on the first day of thy wedded life with thy philosopher?" inquired Daphne, with a bright, sidelong glance.

"No," answered Xantippe proudly. "Is he not the most learned, the wisest man in all Athens? And I am happy to think he considered me worthy to be his wife. Thou shouldst have heard the speech with which he welcomed me to his roof yesterday. Among other things he told me that there were evil demons who lurked in corners and cupboards to tempt young wives to be neglectful of their duties. But there was also a deity who, living under our roof, would take me under his protection, guard me from evil and help me to resist temptation, whom I must propitiate by humility and wifely obedience. But how can I do this when Socrates himself prevents me?"

"Socrates—prevent thee! Speak, and tell me how this can be. Thou knowest I was wedded against my will to Antisthenes, preferring Glaucus, to whom my parents refused me. Should I learn from thee, however, that the wife of a philosopher has reason to complain of her lot, I shall no longer reproach my parents in my heart for bestowing me on the merchant and denying me to the scholar."

"Thou knowest," answered Xantippe, "that it is my duty to see that my lord's table is well supplied with suitable food. But how can I do this when he gives me no money? Three times I went this morning to him, asking him gently, 'Give me, I pray thee, a tetradrachm, that I may buy fish and vegetables for the midday meal.' Twice he gave me no answer; the third he spoke not to me, but to Euclid, who arrived here this morning from Megara. 'Euclid, why does this woman trouble us and disturb us at our discourse?'"

Before Daphne could open her mouth to speak the words of sympathy trembling on her lips, Socrates, leaving his

seat at the fountain, approached, followed by his friend.

"According to the sun, it should be midday, my Xantippe. I am hungry. If the midday meal is prepared, we will partake of it. Euclid, too, will bear us company."

Daphne smiled maliciously at the thought that the philosopher and his pupil were likely this day at least to go hungry.

Xantippe, however, blushed with shame. She arose from her seat trembling, and standing with downcast head before her husband in faltering tones explained why the midday meal was not prepared.

She had asked him hours ago for money to buy food, but he had given her none.

Euclid laughed jeeringly at her words, but Socrates replied mildly: "Justice is one of the chiefest virtues belonging to man. As I gave thee no money at thy request, the fault is mine. The next time, however, my Xantippe, when I do not heed thy words, raise thy voice and continue speaking until thou succeedest in attracting my attention. Let the evening meal, therefore, be prepared earlier than usual. And now fetch us a vessel of wine, that we may continue our discourse with minds and bodies refreshed."

Xantippe's beautiful face cleared up at Socrates' quiet words. "Thou seest," she whispered when she and Daphne were alone together again, "how kind and just he is."

And she kept her husband's advice, to raise her voice while speaking to him, fixed firmly in her memory.

The next day, therefore, when Socrates turned a deaf ear to her request for money—he being at that time in earnest conversation with Daphne's husband, Antisthenes—she raised her voice, as she had been bidden by him, and as he still continued oblivious to her request she screamed, in a voice so shrill and loud that she herself was startled at the sound of it, "Socrates, give me some money!"

The philosopher, disturbed and anxious to continue his discourse with his friend, promptly complied with her demand.

In a very few days, however, Socrates' ears became accustomed to his wife's tones, shrill as they had grown. And Xantippe, on her part, found it impossible—accustomed as she was by this time to the high key necessary to make herself audible to her husband—to lower her voice when speaking to others.

Daphne therefore remarked complainingly to Xantippe's friends and her own: "Xantippe's voice grows harsher and shriller every day. Not content with screaming at her philosopher, she begins now to scream at us."

Xantippe soon found it necessary to ask Socrates for money to buy new garments. When she succeeded at last in making her husband understand what it was she required, he shook his head doubtfully and answered:

"In my eyes, my Xantippe, thou art beautiful and lovely in thy present garments—old and shabby though they be. Beware of vanity, which is also a demon."

Xantippe, however, was not satisfied with this judgment of her husband, philosopher though he was, concerning the garment she was wearing. Daphne, too, assured her that the robe was not fit to be worn.

When, therefore, Xantippe for a second time, with tears and shrill upbraids, insisted on Socrates complying with her desire, the philosopher, to be rid of her, gave her three times as much money as she had asked for. And Xantippe, overjoyed, was able to buy for herself, besides the coveted garments, a fillet of gold for her hair, and an armet in the shape of a serpent, of an Egyptian who sold jewelry in the bazaar.

From that day Xantippe's voice grew louder and louder, until her husband grew to shudder at the very sound of it.

And not only Daphne, but soon all Athens—all Greece—all the world—proclaimed Xantippe a scold and a shrew who, by her complaints and upbraids, made the life of her philosopher husband a burden to him.

Poor Xantippe!—Translated From the German For Short Stories.

Centennial of the National Capital.

When the year 1900 arrives, it will be in order to celebrate the centennial of the establishment here of the national capital. The celebration should not be a small affair, nor ought it to be a mere fleeting show—a day of processions, bands, banners and oratory. It should be an exposition of what this nation has done in the hundred years since its seat of government was taken possession of by the few officials who then directed affairs. The exposition of 1900 should be compact and select. Preliminary examinations by competent experts should determine the worthiness of proposed exhibits, and only the best ought to be given space. An international exposition at that time would conflict with more than one European endeavor in the same line, but aside from that rather important consideration it would undoubtedly be better to make the affair national rather than international.—Washington Star.

Brussels Doctors Combine.

The physicians of Brussels have banded themselves into a union, pledged to resist any attempt to cheapen their scale of remuneration, and have bound themselves not to accept any fee below a certain fixed sum. They have been led to take this course by a circular addressed to them by several industrial unions informing them that physicians who would give medical attendance at the rate of 80 cents a visit would be exclusively called in by sick members of the trades unions.—Brussels Letter.

Dissolved Diamonds.

A writer in The Popular Science News says that diamonds are rapidly dissolved when heated in carbonate of potash. There is production of carbonate oxide, but no hydrogen is given off.

Her Objection.

He—How do you like Lord Foppington, Miss Barrow?

Miss Barrow—Not at all. He can't pronounce his r's, and I do detest being addressed as Miss Barrow.—Tit-Bits.

An Observation.

When deep in love, we groan about its travail and its pain; But, senseless men when safely out We long to love again.—Truth.

Optimistic.

Dr. Bragg—Well, I can say truly that I never lost a case.

Dr. Quickley—It is better to have had and lost than never to have had at all.—Boston Transcript.

A Wish.

"Great Caesar," thought the fisherman Beside the waters blue, "I only wish the fish would bite As these mosquitoes do!"

LAST BIG CUT OF THE SEASON AT JOS. COHN'S.

Twenty-five per cent Discount on all Suits, Overcoats, Odd Pants and Hats.

—Just Figure a Moment.

- Ten dollar suits now 25 per cent less.
- Twelve and a half dollar suits now 25 per cent less.
- Fifteen dollar suits now 25 per cent less.
- Twenty dollar suits now 25 per cent less.
- Twenty-five dollar suits now 25 per cent less.
- Two dollar pair pants now 25 per cent less.
- Two and a half dollar pair pants now 25 per cent less.
- Three dollar pair pants now 25 per cent less.
- Four, five, six and seven collar all at the same discount.
- Two dollar hats 25 per cent off.
- Two and a half dollar hats 35 per cent off.
- Three dollar hats 25 per cent off.
- Four dollar hats 25 per cent off.
- Five dollar hats 25 per cent off.

This Sale Positively One Week.

JOSEPH COHN,

E. M. DAWSON, Manager.

No Limit.

An exchange has a story of a wise son who knows not only his father, but his uncle.

"Johnny," said his teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your Uncle George can do it in nine days, how long would it take both of them to do it?" "They'd never get it done," said Johnny. "They'd sit down and tell fish stories."—Youth's Companion.

A History of Crime.

- "In the Gloaming."
- "Silver Threads Among the Gold."
- "My Grandfather's Clock."
- "White Wines."
- "Sweet Violets."
- "Annie Rooney."
- "Down Went McGinty."
- "Comrades."
- "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay."
- "After the Ball."—Chicago Record.

They Sympathized.

The girls were admiring a statuette of Andromeda, which was labeled "Executed in Terra Cotta." "Where is Terra Cotta?" asked one of them, with probably some vague idea of Terra del Fuego. "I'm sure I do not know," was the reply. "But I pity the poor girl, wherever it is."—Young People.

Unbalanced.

"This confounded thermometer isn't worth retaining any longer," said Uncle Peter. "What is wrong with it?" "Why, one day it says one thing and the very next it is something altogether different."—Tit-Bits.

FOR RENT.

FURNISHED ROOMS FOR GENTLEMEN, 309 Campbell avenue s. w. 241 w.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

TO THE BUSINESS MEN OF ROANOKE: Having established a collecting agency I am now prepared to collect accounts and bills payable. Will be glad to receive all such, and will give them my personal attention. J. H. BREWER, Roanoke Savings Bank, or address box 138. 117 1m

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

NOTICE—THE THIRD ANNUAL meeting of the stockholders of the Oakland Improvement Company will be held in the office of the Company's attorneys, Messrs. Scott and Staples, Terry Building, Roanoke, Va., on Thursday, February 22nd, 1894, at 10 o'clock, a. m. By order of the Board of Directors. A. D. RICE, Secretary. 121 td

AUCTION SALES.

ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, we will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, one lot of household goods stored by W. W. Fortune, on which storage has not been paid. Sale at Roanoke Warehouse Company's warehouse. 119-30c. F. B. LUDWIG & CO.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Of the Principal Business Houses of Roanoke, Va.

COURT STENOGRAPHER

CHAS. E. GRAVES, 606 Terry Building 10-20 1y

FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC

WM. F. BAKER CARPET CO.

REAL ESTATE.

J. F. WINGFIELD.

ARCHITECTS.

CHAS. C. WILSON, Commercial Bank Building

GROCERS.

C. R. WERTZ, Commerce Street.

DRY GOODS.

HEIRONIMUS & BRUGH, Commerce Street

CLOTHIERS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS

DUGGAN & SAUTER, Jefferson Street.

PRINTING AND BOOK BINDING

STONE PRINTING CO., Opposite Hotel Roanoke.

ROOFING AND METAL CORNICES

ROANOKE ROOFING AND METAL CORNICE COMPANY.

IRON WORKS

CUSHMANSON COMPANY

THE TIMES COUPON FOR NO. 4

Of the Historical Art Series of the World's Fair, entitled

The Magic City.

Send or bring to this office SIX coupons like this, with 10 cents in stamps or coin, and get the above part, or any other previous number of "The Magic City."

CUT THIS OUT.

conflited with the statute. The demurrer was overruled and the witnesses for the defense were called.

A great many of them were absent and Judge N. H. Hairston, of the counsel for the defense, stated that it would be impossible for his client to go into trial with the witnesses present and the case was postponed until April 17.

Charter for a New Building Company.

A charter was granted by the judge of the Hustings Court yesterday to the Union Building Company, with a capital stock of not less than \$7,500, which may be increased to \$10,000, divided into shares of \$10 each. The principal office is to be in this city, and the company will not be allowed to own over 5,000 acres of real estate at any one time.

The company is empowered to buy and sell real estate, erect buildings and operate machinery thereto, to grade and lay out streets and otherwise improve its property, to carry out contracts, leases and sub-leases, borrow and lend money, and to do any business in its line permissible under the laws of the State.

The officers for the first year are: President, James D. Lazell; vice-president, James S. Simmons; secretary and treasurer, W. S. McClannahan. Board of directors: James D. Lazell, James S. Simmons, W. S. McClannahan, T. S. Lazell and J. R. Collingwood.

Depositions in a Land Company Suit.

Depositions were being taken yesterday in a suit of Dr. Wilmer Hodgson vs. the Jeannette Land Company, in which he sues to be relieved from the payment of a note and for the return of money already paid on lots. Judge Gooch represents the plaintiff and Scott & Staples and Phlegar, Berkeley & Johnson the defendants.

TEN days loss of time on account of sickness and a doctor bill to pay is anything but pleasant for a man of a family to contemplate, whether he is a laborer, mechanic, merchant or publisher. James O. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexico, Tex., was sick in bed for ten days with the grip during its prevalence a year or two ago. Later in the season he had a second attack. He says: "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with considerable success, I think, only being in bed a little over two days. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy." It should be borne in mind that the grip is much the same as a very severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. When you wish to cure a cold quickly and effectually give this remedy a trial. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by the Charles Lyle Drug Company, druggists.

J. W. SEMONES, D. D. S.

DENTIST.

132 Salem avenue,

Over Traders' Loan and Trust Company.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

UPON receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, the regular price is fifty cents, but as we want you to have one, we make the price normal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with description of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address H. E. BUCKLEN & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Babies

ought to be fat. They are sickly when thin and thin when their food does not nourish them.

Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites, makes babies fat and well, strengthens growing children and nourishes mothers. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

ONE SOLID WEEK,

Commencing

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19,

With Saturday Matinee.

SAM. M. YOUNG'S MELVILLE COMPANY

IN SELECT REPERTOIRE.

Prices - - 10, 20 and 30 Cents.

CHANGE OF PLAY NIGHTLY.

Monday Night—

Ways of the World.