

TACOMA

THE GEM OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Located midway between Big Stone Gap and St. Paul, twenty-one miles from either point, on the line of the Clinch Valley Extension of the Norfolk & Western Railroad. Three Great trunk lines of Railway practically at her doors, the Norfolk & Western, Louisville & Nashville and Charleston, Cincinnati & Chicago; thus affording shipping facilities and cheap rates to all parts of the country.

Tacoma is surrounded by 6,000 acres of the finest coking coal in the South, which will be worked by the Tacoma-Mining and Transportation Co. This property carries a ten-foot vein of superior coking coal. The first lots were sold the 10th of June. Over 500 lots have been sold by the company to date.

Street grading is progressing rapidly, bridges are being erected, and a number of stores and dwellings. The place is surrounded by the best forest of timber in Virginia. Two hundred acres of beautiful flat land, with abundance of water and railroad sidings, to be given away as factory sites, and free fuel for five years, less the cost of mining, to all manufactures.

INDUSTRIES SECURED.

A large Brick Plant, capacity 40,000 per day, in operation. Finest clay in the Southwest. Several large leases for mining coal and making coke will be let in a short time. Exchange and Deposit Bank, capital \$50,000.

Complete Planing Mill and Wood-Working Machinery in operation. A large Saw Mill, 15,000 feet per day. Waterworks, being constructed. A substantial Hotel of thirty rooms will soon be completed.

The Contemplated Site for the New Court House of Wise County.

A SUBSTANTIAL AND SOLID TOWN, BACKED UP BY ENTERPRISING INVESTORS AND A PROGRESSIVE COMPANY, COMPOSED OF WELL KNOWN BUSINESS MEN.

There is no safer place for investment in the South than Tacoma.

OFFICERS:

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THE COW CARRIED A BILLY.

HOW OLD BILL MORGAN WAITED LONG FOR REVENGE THAT WAS SWEET.

Tobe Grear's Confession of Faith Which He Laid Aside On Occasions.

Tobe Grear had whipped every man in Poinsett county. To some men fighting may be only a recreation, but to Tobe it was a necessity. Once he awoke at midnight, and unable to go to sleep again, he tossed and groaned. "What's the matter, Tobe?" his wife asked. "Oh, I dunno; I am all out of sorts." "Don't you think it's because you ain't had nobody lately?" "That's the very reason." "Well, get up an' whup yo' brother-in-law, then go to sleep." "Got up, whipped his brother-in-law, and then slept like a sycamore log. Tobe had whipped old Bill Morgan once a week for the past ten years. Bill, being elastic in disposition, did not mind being boxed, but Tobe, with great violence, invited Tobe to whip him. "Well, some day I mount meet you when you kaint git it outen yo' pocket in time an' whup you like puttin' out a fire." "That mount be, but I'm powerful quick. A man that kaint make his religion handy oughter have none. When a person finds that his religion is sorter crowded, him, w'y he's mighty up to turn it loose." "Yes, I reckon that's so. I got three or fo' sorts here. I found one that fit me right well. I tried one sort over on Terapin Hill an' several down in the swamps an' none of 'em stuck till I got a bolt of the sort that they showed out down at Bugg's meetin'-house. I reckon I'm all right now."

He climbed over the fence and a few moments later Bill, with a stitch in his side and a sciatic disturbance of the hip, limped toward his humble dwelling. The next evening when Tobe was again eating a few drops of milk from the blue cow, Bill came up to the fence and said: "Pear to be enjoyin' yo' self putty well." "Yes, reasonably so. Have you got hind'n?" "Not exactly—still got a shootin' pain in my hip." "Did you come over fur a cleft 'sociation with me?" "No, I'm about as well acquainted with you as I keor to be. I lowed that after fessin' l'igion you mout be a leetle mo' tender in yo' manners, but I find out that you hain't. You didn't git a very strong dost, did you?" "Yes, strong enough for all practical purposes. When I hatter fight a man I jest lay my faith aside. That's the reason I writ it out on paper." "Wall, some day I mout meet you when you kaint git it outen yo' pocket in time an' whup you like puttin' out a fire." "That mount be, but I'm powerful quick. A man that kaint make his religion handy oughter have none. When a person finds that his religion is sorter crowded, him, w'y he's mighty up to turn it loose." "Yes, I reckon that's so. I got three or fo' sorts here. I found one that fit me right well. I tried one sort over on Terapin Hill an' several down in the swamps an' none of 'em stuck till I got a bolt of the sort that they showed out down at Bugg's meetin'-house. I reckon I'm all right now."

The next evening when Old Tobe went to milk the blue cow he noticed that she appeared to be nervous and disturbed about something. He spoke to her gently at first, but when she began to toss her head he reminded her of the fact that he had often beaten her from a disposition of skimmed milk into a willingness to give cream; but when he sat down on his one-legged stool to strip the milk from her reluctant udder, she struck him on the head with her tail and laid him out. Old Bill Morgan dropped down behind a neighboring log and roared with laughter. That morning he had caught the cow in the woods and, in an ingenious manner, had fixed a chunk of lead in the bunch of hair at the end of her tail. OPIE P. READ.

The Bulbul. [E. L. Weeks in Harper's Magazine.] Throughout India people will make pets of any animals that can be induced to contribute to their entertainment. We noticed in Delhi that the average small boy, as well as children of a larger growth, exhibited a particular fondness for a certain little bird of ashen plumage and black crest. This was the famous bulbul of which Hafiz has so much to say, and some Western poets also who have sentimentalized about the Vale of Cashmere without even having seen it. He is usually tethered by a string attached to his leg, and sits upon his owner's finger or hops about on his arm; sometimes too he adorns a tall perch in the front of the doorway. A lady at the hotel remarked, "that it was touching to see how fond these poor people were of their little birds." The mystery was soon solved. Returning from a drive one afternoon, we passed the colossal gateway of a great mosque, and saw that the broad and towering flight of steps before the principal entrance was covered with scattered groups of people, all intent on some occupation of absorbing interest. So vast and imposing was the architectural background that the crowd of little figures suggested one of Martin's weird pictures of the Judgment Day. Some great religious ceremony was evidently going on. So we got out, deeply impressed, to obtain a nearer view, when, behold, in the center of each little group was a pair of these birds in mortal combat; and they fought as pluckily as the bravest of game fowl, and breathless was the interest shown by every spectator, whether street urchin or shawled and turbaned merchant.

Does Farming Pay? (From the Orange Judd Farmer.) In a recent issue of Bradstreet's Report Edward Atkinson has a paper, in which he maintained, with facts and figures, that, measured by the cost of production, now and in years gone by, and by the present as well as the past purchasing power of what the farmer produces from the soil, that farming is just as profitable as it ever was. Mr. Atkinson laid particular stress upon the important factor which labor-saving machinery has become in farming, as in everything else, cheapening production and lightening the load of the farmer. The Fort Dodge Messenger takes up another phase of the subject, and shows by comparative figures that the farmer can purchase quite as much for what he gets for his crop as when he received a dollar or more for wheat, fifty cents for corn, and good round prices for cattle and hogs. The first figures give cost of farm machinery in 1880 and 1880.

This is notably true of furniture, clocks, watches, sewing-machines, organs, pianos, etc. The Messenger supplements its statement with figures taken from its own market reports for April, 1880. These show that at that time wheat was worth but 70 to 90 cents in Fort Dodge, in April, 1880. Corn then was 18 to 20 cents, as against 18 and 20 now; flaxseed was then \$1.25, now it is \$1.25; hogs are now \$3.65 to \$3.80, as against \$3.50 and \$2.75 then; oats have fallen from 21 to 17 cents; cattle from \$5 and \$4 to \$2 and \$3; eggs have risen from 7 cents to 8 and 9, and butter has fallen from 16 and 18 to 14 and 15 cents. It might be remarked, in passing, however, that the greatest reduction has been in the price at which farm machinery is sold. This, too, in spite of the fact that the machinery men have been looked upon as the worst enemy of the farmer. Next to his investment in land, machinery is the most expensive accessory of the farming industry. The very great reduction, therefore, which has been made in this department alone should be an important offset for the low prices which prevail. But it does not stop there. These figures are something new in the voluminous literature now extant on the subject of agricultural depression. The farmer has gained more by the reductions in his favor than he has lost from the decreased value of his products. Although the conditions by which the American farmer is surrounded are not so favorable as they might be, it is apparent that a good many extravagant estimates have been made upon his misfortunes. A few more such critical analyses as these will doubtless fully convince the public that the agricultural industry is really in much better shape than has come to be believed.

A SABINE LOVE STORY.

Illustrating the Effect of Gentle Force On Woman's Sweet Nature. Here is a cuttle little story from the French of a Catule Mendes. Not a pretty word, perhaps, but then she said it so prettily! She was a sweet little thing, and when she put her hands on her hips, lifted up her saucy little face, and looking at you with half-shut eyes, emitted this provoking monosyllable, it flew as straight and swiftly to its mark as any shaft in Cupid's quiver. And just because the little mix was perfectly conscious of the effect of "Pshaw!" she uttered it on all public occasions.

TEN DOLLARS A MINUTE.

Successful and Clever Scheme Now Being Worked in Barrooms. [Chicago Times.] The very latest flim-flam game has been worked in Chicago, chiefly among the saloons, without detection for several days past. The clever knave enters a saloon, calls for a drink, and pays the exact change. He then says he has ten one-dollar bills and, as he wishes to send that amount to a friend, asks the bartender to give him one \$10 bill in exchange. The bartender, always willing to obtain small bills for a large one, obliges him. He tosses over a roll of ones, takes from his pocket an envelope, addressed and stamped, places the \$10 bill therein, and seals it, replacing it in his pocket. By this time the man behind the bar has counted only \$9. On having this called to his attention the operator mistakes counts them, and acknowledges the mistake. "The roll was just given me by my brother-in-law next door," says he, "and I had not counted it. If you will take this envelope and keep it for me I'll run in and tell him of the error and bring you in the other dollar." The envelope is placed behind the bar, the man goes out with the \$9, and at the end of an hour or so the obliging bartender grows suspicious. For some time he doesn't dare open the United States mail, but when he does he finds the envelope empty. The supposition is that he really places the bill in the envelope, but he has a duplicate in his pocket. Fifteen saloons are said to have been thus successfully worked yesterday.