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"KEEPING EVERLASTINGLY AT IT BRINGS SUCCESS."

BIG STONE GAP, WISE COUNTY, VA., THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1893.

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Name P. O. Cut this ticket out, fill in with the name of the lady you wish to vote for, sign your name and send it to the Big Stone Gap Post. These tickets will be filed away, and preserved till Tuesday, April 25th, 1893, when they will be carefully counted by the following committee: H. H. Bullitt, Cashier Bank of Big Stone Gap; W. A. McDowell, President Appalachian Bank; J. K. Taggart, Gen'l Sup'r Virginia Coal & Iron Co.; who will, on that date award the instrument to the lady receiving the largest number of votes. A list will be published each week, giving a correct showing of the vote as it stands.

Deserving Praise. We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity on their merits. S. L. Whitehead & Co., Druggists.

Edison's New Work. This new work to which Edison has devoted himself, and upon which he is occupied with as intense concentration as he has ever bestowed upon the incandescent lamp or telephone, is a method of extracting the magnetic iron which is contained in inexhaustible quantities apparently in some of the Jersey mountains. He said the other day that he had abandoned all of the old methods and had begun the development of entirely new processes, although, of course, the use of magnetic electricity plays a part in this new scheme.

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of those operations which are called financing, that he wants never more to be associated with them." Thus his friend said to me. I found that Mr. Edison was not misrepresented. He has changed his methods completely. Unless he loses all that he possesses and is compelled to seek assistance, he will never again offer an invention of his to capitalists, nor will he take into association with him any persons who might control his discoveries.

Edison is not an acquisitive man in the sense of being a money-grabber, but he feels that he has passed the time when, as he says, other people may take the cream and he the skim-milk. What ever his inventions bring in the markets that he wants for himself.

He is a liberal spender, however, generous to a fault, a gracious and sympathetic employer, and seems to have kindness for all the world excepting for men who have, as he says, done funny business and played a sort of three-card-monte financial game with the children of his brain.

The Wizard's Next Step. As soon as Edison solves the problem upon which he is now working and gets his mining plant into good running order so that his employes can care for it, it is his purpose to take up a subject to which his attention was called some fifteen years ago. He said to me the other day that he might work perhaps ten years upon the investigations which this mighty idea would make necessary, and then again it might be necessary to spend only a few months upon it.

In 1877, when Edison was at work upon his earlier phonograph, a work which he laid aside to take up the incandescent lamp, he said to me that some day when he could afford the time and expense he might set himself to work upon the problem of securing directly the energy which is stored up in coal. That purpose has never forsaken him.

Occasionally, when he has been at work upon other matters, a suggestion that may affect this problem has come to him, and he has set it down in his notebooks. He has now a considerable amount of material which would provide him with hints of importance in the solution of this mighty mystery.

With capital and with opportunity, Edison feels that within the next two or three years he may be free to take up this matter which, if solved, is simply going to revolutionize civilization. He believes that it can be done, that it probably will be done in the next century, even if he is unable to do it.

To state the problem is to set forth a proposition so simple that a child can understand it. The conversion of the energy which is in coal into power available to turn machinery entails a wastage of about 90 per cent; in other words, only one-tenth of the energy which is in coal serves to create steam power. The rest of the energy goes off in heat and in developing the latent heat in water.

The Difference Between Prose and Poetry. W. H. Mallock, in the Fortnightly Review for last June, defines poetry and prose thus: "Prose is the language men use when expressing themselves without emotion, or with emotion which is slight or intermittent; poetry is the language they use under emotion which is exceptional or sustained. Poetry, in short, is in its essence this: it is the successful representation of life, as regarded with sustained emotion."

Is this a correct definition? Let us test it by the actions of men in actual life. Does the lover face to face with the object of his love breathe his passion for the first time in poetry or prose? In what language does the victim of a murderous assault plead for life with her assailant? In what form are expressed the wailings of the mother when her beloved son is brought home a lifeless corpse? How the anger of a man who has been called a "liar" or had his jaws boxed? Did any one ever hear such emotions expressed in poetry? Would not poetry in the first and last cases be ludicrous in the extreme, and in the other two, pitiable and an evidence of mental aberration? Yet, are not these all cases of "exceptional emotion," nay, the most intense emotion?

Now if we follow the lover home, whether accepted or rejected, we will doubtless find him shaping his raptures or his miseries in verse. But are his emotions now as intense as while proposing? So the mother, after her transports of anguish have passed away, may find relief for her broken heart by expressing her grief in rhyme and rhythm; but would any one say her emotion was not as deep as when she first beheld the mangled remains of her beloved?

I conclude then that the most intense emotions are never expressed in poetry. Nor is it difficult to see the reason for this. Every language has a certain word which will express a particular thought or feeling more aptly than any other word. So, too, when words are put in sentences, one certain relative position of the words will express the thought or emotion more aptly than any other relative position. But poetry requires the transposition of words and often the selection of other words in order to get the rhyme and rhythm. In the nature of things, therefore, one can not express in poetry, his thoughts or feelings so clearly and forcibly as he can in prose.

Again, the ability to transpose and select new words so as to produce rhyme is an art which few possess. With the majority who do, it is acquired only after years of practice, and while with some it seems a gift of nature, it is nothing more than a faculty inherited from ancestors who have acquired it by practice. To transpose, to select, requires time, and objective action of the mind. The expression of the most intense emotion is spontaneous, mechanical, instantaneous with the emotion felt. There is no time for the transposition of words nor the selection of others, and the mind is too busy with the emotion to engage in the objective process of selection and transposition. If one takes time to arrange, transpose or select, it is indisputable evidence that his mind is engaged partly with the objective consideration of the effect his expression will have, and not wholly occupied with the emotion itself, and, therefore, evidence that the emotion is not the most intense. And here we see why laughter from the maiden would greet the lover's verse of pretended present emotion. But why would she laugh at the poem of love written and sent her and read in the absence of the writer? If we enquire into this closely I think we will begin to get at the real difference between prose and poetry. Orally expressed passion, in verse, would, as we have seen, be more or less a pretense, a sham, and would excite derision, as all shams do. But when one writes, whether prose or poetry, he does not pretend to be wholly engrossed with the emotions he attempts to express. He is expressing present emotion, produced by remembrance of past sensation. Necessarily the mere act of writing presupposes recollection, reflections; and, if for one purpose, why not for another? Why not for the purpose of deciding upon the most beautiful, as well as the most apt, words and phrases? As there are no pretense that this is not done, a written love verse is not necessarily ridiculous.

From these considerations I think that a better definition of the difference between prose and poetry would be this: Prose is the language men use when expressing themselves without emotion, and when expressing emotions, whether slight or intense, which are the direct and immediate results of sensation and is the better vehicle for the expression of exact thought and definite ideas, whether emotional or otherwise. Poetry is used only when expressing secondary emotions which result from remembrance of past sensations and only when the desire is to please the fancy rather than the intellect, and is the better form for such expressions where the thought is not exact and it is intended to leave much to the imagination of the hearer.

I believe that history shows that poetry was more in vogue in ancient times and the middle ages, and even down to the present century, than it is to-day, a century or even fifty years ago, "spread eagles" was considered the perfection of oratory. Now a "spread eagle" orator creeds with ridicule and empty benches. The intellect of the present generation demands ideas, not sound or bombast. If the idea is there, clearly expressed, it is pleased, regardless of the sound, and if the idea is absent, it is not pleased, no matter how beautiful the sound. But the sound is not objectionable, provided it be in harmony with the thought. But how seldom is this the case? And when not in harmony, although the thought may be beautiful, and

the sound in itself, beautiful, the combination destroys the beauties of both. It is like a beautiful woman bedecked with a dozen rings, bracelets, pins and earrings. She and her jewelry are each beautiful in themselves, but the true artist prefers the woman without the jewelry and the jewelry without the woman. "Mixed drinks produce headache."

I think that the field for poetry has in the last century been limited to very narrow bounds and that it will in the future be more circumscribed. In former times an advocate might grow eloquent and even shed tears over a dead hog; now such pretended emotion would surely lose his client's cause. Juries now-a-days will not, without impatience, allow an appeal to their emotional natures unless the subject be fit therefor. And so the would-be poet or orator must select a subject fit naturally for emotional feelings, else he will surely fail. Do not understand me as contending that the day for oratory has passed or ever will pass away. Far from it. The heart, the feeling, of the man of to-day is far more intense than that of his barbaric ancestor. His love, his hatred, his pity, grief, remorse, anguish, joy and misery, are far greater, more keenly felt, and more durable; and as long as this is so, his feelings are not so easily aroused as formerly; but when aroused, the results are greater and more permanent. Did you ever go to a funeral in the country? If you did, you doubtless saw half the congregation in tears and were almost distracted by their agonizing lamentations. Old women and young, boys and girls, who perhaps had never seen or heard of the deceased, crying as if their hearts would break. Follow them from the ceremony, observe them after they have left the burial. In a few hours their tears have ceased and their heart-rending moans and groans have given place to merry laughter.

Observe, on the other hand, the decorum at a funeral of one of the elite in a city. There are many strangers present. Are they affected by the ceremony? They do not appear to be and, indeed, they are not. Perhaps not a sound or a sob is heard in all the vast assembly. Has this man, who lies in your casket, no friends, no relatives, none who love him, none to mourn his death? Is he thought less of than his negro servant who was buried yesterday? Look again. Who is that little woman standing by the grave, her face hidden by her veil of crape? Who the old lady with the gray hair standing by her side? Who the old man with bending form and tottering step, who looks upon the scene as if his time were coming next? The one is his widow, the other the mother, and the last the father. Do these feel no emotion? Perhaps there is not a tear; certainly no wild, loud lamentations for vulgar ears. But follow them home. Ah! what a bitter day! When will smiles and laughter come to these faces? when will joy fill the hearts of these again? Perhaps in months, perhaps in years, may be never.

In short, our feelings have increased in intensity and decreased in expansion; and this same increase and decrease will continue so long as man advances. And so likewise will the number of opportunities for the orator and poet decrease, but those few that do come will be greater and greater as time rolls on.

J. F. BULLITT, JR. Three Hundred Employees Arrested. More than three hundred employees of the New Mexico division of the Santa Fe Railroad have been arrested in Colorado and New Mexico for stealing goods in transit, and as many trainmen have deserted their trains on the prairies and fled to avoid arrest, and the company is having difficulty in keeping its cars in motion. Forty thousand dollars worth of freight has been stolen during the last thirty days and the stealings during the past year are estimated at \$150,000.

The boldness of the thieves almost passes belief. Trains would be stopped at some lonely side-track between La Junta, Col., and Raton, N. M., ostensibly to pack hot boxes, cars opened and riddled of their most valuable contents and the goods hauled to town in wagons at convenient times.

Seals on cars were opened in such a manner that they could be replaced without evidence of tampering, making it a hard matter to determine on which division the cars had been opened, as they pass through the hands of ten or twelve train crews between Chicago and California. For many months the company has missed large quantities of the most valuable merchandise.

The Secret Service Department has been quietly at work and has secured evidence that will convict many employees in all branches of the service. Detectives are scattered all along the line for 200 miles south of Lajuna. Search warrants have been sworn out and deputy sheriffs are kept busy searching the houses of suspected parties, and in many cases considerable quantities of the goods are being recovered.

One engineer has his house carpeted with elegant velvet carpet and was living in style befitting a millionaire. A stolen sewing machine was found at the house of a brakeman, and nearly everything in the house, from the napkins to Brussels carpet and the elegant parlor furniture, had come from the cars. The aggregate of the stealing from freight trains on the New Mexico Division of the Santa Fe Railroad is now placed at \$200,000. Arrests of trainmen, station agents, telegraph operators, car salvers and others continue, and the jails at Trinidad, La Junta, Raton, Alamosa and Las Vegas are crowded with prisoners. It is given out that almost a clean sweep will be made. Friends of the prisoners assert that the charges are brought against them in order to break up their unions and fill their places with non-union men. Several of the arrested men, it is understood, have made a clean breast of it; they know of the robberies and will testify against the other thieves.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Post's Regular Correspondent.) WASHINGTON, Feb. 27, 1893.

Editor Post: The U. S. Senate has been credited with never doing anything hastily, but, unless those usually well-informed are entirely wrong there has been a lightning change in the sentiment of quite a number of Senators towards the treaty for the annexation of Hawaii. Ten days ago the opposition to the ratification of the treaty appeared to be insignificant; to-day it is regarded as having sufficient strength to have "hung up" the treaty for this session. It requires two-thirds of the Senate to ratify, and many believe that it would be impossible if a vote were taken to get even a majority in favor of ratification. Politics have apparently nothing to do with the opposition, although with the exception of Senator Morgan of Alabama, who is one of the Behring Sea arbitrators and who consequently had to leave for Europe before the matter was settled, no democrat is strongly in favor of immediate action on the treaty. Senator Allison of Iowa, holds the republican opposition, which includes some of those Senators popularly known as anti-Harrison men. Only a small fraction of the opposition is based upon dislike to annexation; the most of it appears to come from those who believe that it will be better to go a little slow in this matter, now that it is in such a shape that there is little danger of a foreign country picking up Hawaii. It is, therefore, doubtful whether the treaty will be acted on at this session.

The populists Representatives are right in the fight now being made in the House against Sherman amendment to the Sundry Civil bill, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue \$50,000,000 in 3 per cent gold bonds, to which they and many of the silver men are unalterably opposed. The greatest interest is centered in this fight, because, if there is no compromise or back down on either side it is bound to result in the failure of the Sundry Civil bill, and consequently an early extra session of Congress, the result of which no man is in a position to predict with even the remotest degree of certainty.

"A good bit of mis-information," said a citizen of Atlanta, Ga., at present in Washington, "has been given the country concerning my fellow townsman, Hoke Smith. He is constantly referred to as an editor. He is no more an editor than he is a printer, or a blacksmith. He is first a lawyer, and next a politician." Seventy years ago he became the owner of the plant of an unsuccessful daily paper, which by a liberal expenditure of salaries to men possessed of the know-how faculty has been placed upon a self-sustaining basis. His only connection with the paper has been that of financial backer, and I am quiet sure he never wrote a paragraph for it, although he has, of course, dictated its general political policy. Smith is a delightful fellow to meet and will, I think, become very popular in Washington."

It is not often that an office holder declines a proffered promotion which carries an increase of salary and high honor, but that is just what Assistant Secretary Wharton, now acting Secretary of State, has done. President Harrison was willing to nominate Mr. Wharton to the vacancy made by the resignation of Secretary Foster, who has gone to Paris to take charge of the case of the United States before the Behring Sea arbitration tribunal, but Mr. Wharton said no. His action is not remarkable, however, under the circumstances. If he became Secretary of State he would be out of office the moment that Judge Gresham qualified, whereas he may continue to be Assistant Secretary for a long time to come, as no precipitate changes are ever made in the Department of State. A great head, his brother Wharton; he considers a \$5,000 salary preferable to the empty honor of ex-Secretary.

Many of the prominent populists who attended the meeting of the bi-metallic league and of the reform press association, held here last week, are still in Washington, and some of them will remain to the inauguration, getting pointers for 1897, when General Weaver says they expect to inaugurate a populist President.

President Harrison has issued a proclamation calling an extra session of the Senate of the Fifty-third Congress to meet at noon on March 4, to act on the nominations made by President Cleveland and to transact such other business as he may present. The opposition to Judge Gresham, which at one time threatened to reach such proportions as to make a fight on his confirmation probable, has entirely died out, and it is now certain that no objection will be made to the confirmation of his nomination.

The usual skitting rush and general hurly-burly of the closing hours of Congress has begun. It is now the season of shady Congressional jobs, and the corridors of the Capital are full of anxious men, and there are women also, interested in the "little bill," which they persistently press upon the attention of Congressmen at every opportunity. The great majority of these people are doomed to disappointment and, although it seems almost cruel to say it, few of them deserve anything else.