

TWO MINUTE SKETCHES

George Washington.

By J. A. EDGERTON.



In all things a just and noble man.

THE success of George Washington seemed to spring from his well rounded character, from his disinterested patriotism and from his ability to inspire in others confidence and esteem. In war he excelled as a strategist, in peace as a wise and moderate statesman, in all things as a just and noble man. It would be impossible to place one's finger on any particular spot in his career and say, "This was the turning point; this was the place at which Washington was made." More than almost any other character in history he was in all relations the great man, yet it is most difficult to analyze him and tell the particular thing that made him great. Too modest to make his own advancement, too unassuming to seek his own advancement, his deeds seemed to shine over all orators, and his virtues advanced him over all self seekers. Few men have received so much adulation, and from this there has been a reaction, yet after all that criticism can do the massive proportions of the man still stand out to challenge the attention of the world.

At the time he was chosen to command the Continental army Washington had rendered no especially conspicuous service to single him out from his fellows. His selection for that high post was rather due to the general esteem in which he was held. There are few examples in which the individual integrity that we usually denominate character counted so much for success as in the case of Washington.

He had a prodigious temper, yet held it in check; he loved wealth and possessed more of it than almost any other man in the colonies, yet he would not accept pay for his military services; he met severe reverses in his campaign, yet was too great to be crushed by them; he had conspicuous faults that would have destroyed a smaller man, yet his general rectitude was so great that it dwarfed the minor defects.

There is a general sentiment in mankind that worth means success. Our faith in this proposition is often shaken, but the case of Washington would seem to prove it true.

Marshall Field.

By J. A. EDGERTON.



During office hours a disciplinarian; at other times almost a poet.

MARSHALL FIELD was the greatest merchant of modern times. He had factories all over the world, in almost every country of Europe, in China and Japan, in Australia and in North and South America. The goods manufactured by these mills he sold through his great retail store. He was one of the richest men in America, yet made far less stir than men with one-tenth of his wealth. Moreover, he paid taxes on a larger percentage of his possessions than probably any other American millionaire. He never speculated, never went in debt and never was ostentatious in his charities. The world over, his name was the synonym for business integrity. In fact, in giving the three essential qualities of the successful business man Mr. Field mentioned these:

"First.—Absolute integrity.
"Second.—Good judgment.
"Third.—Perseverance."
Thousands of people before Marshall Field have stipulated these as necessary factors in success, but he put them in practice. He lived them.

Personally Field was rather tall, but spare. He was almost almost a strict disciplinarian; at other times almost a poet.
Field was a poor boy, the son of a New England farmer. He early expressed a desire to become a merchant, and his father secured him a clerkship in a village grocery. After the lapse of a few months the elder Field asked the merchant how the boy was making out and received a discouraging report. The storekeeper did not think young Field cut out for a business man. At this the boy doggedly determined that he would foil that particular purveyor of calves, and he did. Going to Chicago, he started as a clerk, steadily worked forward and was on the road to success at the time of the great ice of 1871. In this he lost practically all, but started again with a little added edge to his determination.

Mexican Rapid Transit.
The queerest mode of travel I saw in all Mexico was that adopted by a woman who was on her way to the doctor, seated complacently in a chair borne on the back of a man. Some Mexican women are afraid even of the mule cars, while they look upon the rapidly spinning trolley with such trembling knees they cannot be persuaded to put foot upon it. Unable to pay coach hire, they employ the human carrier at a few cents for each trip.—Travel Magazine.

Unchanged.
"I met Dunkey today for the first time in years. He hasn't changed much."
"Oh, he hasn't changed at all, but he doesn't seem to realize it."
"How do you mean?"
"Oh, he's forever talking about 'what a fool he used to be.'—Philadelphia Press.

At the Play.
"Talk about realism!" exclaimed Mr. Housekeeper.
"Well?"
"That housemaid making dabs at the furniture and never hitting it looks awful natural to me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TIGERS OF INDIA.

Those That Kill Men Are as Scarce as Human Murderers.

In a recent lecture at the Society of Arts, in London, Reginald Gilbert, F. Z. S., proposed that in future the government rewards in India should be paid for killing man eating tigers only and not for killing tigers. J. D. Ross in a letter to the London Times says:

"I have twice brought this matter before the house of commons, asking that inquiry should be made into the indiscriminate offer of rewards by the government of India and by local governments in India. Tigers were generally divided into three classes, the deer-stalker, the cattle lifter and the man eater, the latter being no more common among tigers than murderers among men, and all of them in their degree keep down the head of deer and droves of wild pigs, which destroy the crops of the cultivators. They operate only on the margin of cultivation, for tigers, though the fact is not generally known, do not walk about the streets in India seeking whom they may devour, as lions actually do in parts of Africa. The only tiger I ever knew that acted in this manner was discovered after his death to have been suffering from some abnormal pressure of the brain, so that he was not accountable for his actions.

"It may be taken as an invariable rule that tigers live just where cultivation presses up to the forest edge, where they are the best friends of the cultivators, whose crops are devastated wholesale in such situations. There is no difficulty whatever in confining the reward to man eaters, as the tiger is a personage everywhere well known not only to the monkeys and the birds, who announce his movements from the tops of the trees, but to the villagers themselves, who can discriminate perfectly well and can inform any sportsman who wants to know which animals are their real enemies among the many who are their frequent friends.

"Tigers are not vegetarians; neither are we, and if we are monogamous so are they, unlike the Kulin Brahmins of Bengal, and when more than two tigers are seen together the sportsman may conclude that he is intruding upon a family party. The deerstalker is a gentleman sportsman whose life is spent in well doing, for he kills the deer that eat the crops, and feed the cultivator, who pays the land tax, which keeps up the Indian empire. Cattle lifters no doubt have much of the poacher in their composition, but they generally only prey upon the feeble or less valuable members of a herd, and the villagers are willing that they should take toll in recognition of the good they do in destroying the crop destroyers. A herd together can repulse a tiger, and only stragglers, calves or weavings fall victims.

"Man eaters are responsible for quite a small number of the deaths of wild animals in India, and as the truth should be told regardless of the feelings of party politicians, they are generally females. This is confirmed by Mr. Sydekar in his recent work, though I would join issue with him when he lays it down that tigers cannot climb. I know for a fact that they possess this accomplishment. But the point is that they should not be exterminated wholesale."

A Queer Mixup.
The Neue Presse (Vienna) correspondent at Innsbruck writes: "A crime with a funny end was perpetrated near this place a few days ago. A postal officer who was out shooting a Ziri lost a case containing two valuable guns. He suspected a young courier's assistant who acted as a driver. The man's home in Mittenwald, across the Bavarian line, was searched, the guns were found there, and the man was arrested, tried and found guilty. After all this the Austrian official asked to have his guns returned, but was told that this could not be done. The thief had smuggled them across the line, and, having been taken, they became the property of the government. The postal officer is suing for the return of his property, but has been told that even if he should recover them he would have to pay a high tax to the Austrian customs authorities to get them across the border. Both ways he loses, and the poor instrumentmacher's life—the man who appropriated them—is in jail."

Iceless Instead of Music.
A St. Petersburg letter in the Oesterreichische Wochenschrift contains this story: "We were to have 'Nero' at the Odeon theater, and the house was well filled by people who waited to hear the opera. The curtain time had long passed when the audience began to manifest its displeasure at the delay by making much noise of all kinds. At last the curtain went up, and the manager came forward and said that the stage was so cold that the singers were afraid to appear. 'There would be no music,' he said, 'only iceless instead of music!' Then he pointed to the back of the stage, where there was the best evidence of the north pole temperature in the form of real ice and snow. The audience sympathized with the frost bitten manager and his frozen company, but not to the extent of allowing them to keep the ticket money which, which to buy warmth and comfort. Under threats to make it warm for the cold company their money was refunded."

At One Fell Swoop.
"Have you got any of those preparations for removing superfluous hair?" asks the man who enters the drug store with a firm tread and a set countenance.
"Yes, sir," answers the druggist.
"Give me a pint. I want to use it on my head."
"But, man, you haven't got any superfluous hair on your head. You're nearly bald now."
"I know it. And I've got so aggravated and tired watching the confounded hair falling off day by day that I want to remove the rest of it at one sweep and have the agony over."

Shakespeare Notwithstanding.
"Is there anything in a name?" inquired the man with wavy colored whiskers. "I can bet there is." "Name a boy Stuyvesant or Van Rensselaer or Gouverneur and he'll never hold anything but a first class job. Nobody will ever dare ask him to swab windows or mop floors. And by the time he's forty he'll be head of a trust company and director in twenty-seven prominent concerns. Oh, yes; there's a heap in a name, lemme tell you."—Washington Herald.

The Infamable Man.
The most dull and washy man in all the world must be he who never made a mistake. But he is double dyed when he will make no mistake himself and lose sleep over the mistakes of his neighbor.—Manchester Union.

A CURIOUS CURRENCY.

Notes That Were Issued by the Mormons in Early Days.

MONEY BASED ON GOLD DUST

An Issue of Scrip in Denver Which Was Unique in the Financial History of America—Some of It Redeemed in Gold When Gold Was Above Par.

The need of a circulating medium brought into existence a curious currency among the Mormons of Utah in the early days. They had a fairly abundant supply of gold dust, but no form of money. When taxes were collected, for instance, they were paid in gold dust. The tax collector was often unable to give fractional change and had to issue due bills for small amounts.

Finally so great became the need for a convenient circulating medium that the suggestion was made by some of the leaders that the circulation of the Kirtland notes be authorized, the community to stand sponsor for them. And this was adopted.

The Kirtland notes were the product of a bank of the wildest species which was in operation in 1837 at Kirtland, O., where under the leadership of Joseph Smith the Mormons had a settlement. The institution was known as the Kirtland Safety Society bank and issued notes in the denominations of \$1, \$3, \$5 and \$10.

Fully \$50,000 worth of these notes were said to have been issued. Then the bank failed, not having at the time of suspension more than \$5,000 with which to redeem its issue. The result was that the notes became absolutely worthless. Many became so, as the notes, regarding them as curiosities, while others retained a possession of them in the faith that the prediction of Smith would one day be realized, he being reputed to have said that the notes one day would be as good as gold.

The action of the Mormon leaders in Utah in 1849 made this prediction come true, for the Kirtland notes at once went into general circulation and were placed on a par with gold. Each and every one of them was redeemed at the Mormon headquarters in gold dust, of which there seemed to be a greater supply than of representations of money.

There were two issues of paper money or scrip in Denver, which were redeemed in gold. Some of them were redeemed at a time when gold was at a premium and so deserve to be ranked among the curious currency representations of which this country has seen many examples.

In September, 1861, the firm of C. A. Cook & Co. of Denver issued notes of the denominations of 10, 25 and 50 cents and \$1. This firm conducted a large general merchandise business, in the course of which they handled great quantities of gold dust, the latter at the time being the only circulating medium in Colorado or Kansas territory, as it was then called.

Later the firm dropped the merchant business and took up banking. Great need was felt for fractional currency which would be worth as much as gold and at the same time save the inconvenience of handling the gold dust. To supply the prevailing need, Cook & Co. issued these notes, which were all finely engraved on steel and bore the promise of the firm to be redeemed in gold dust.

The notes were snapped up by everybody, but more particularly by the merchants, and it was not long before Cook & Co.'s notes were in general circulation in Denver and the contiguous mountain regions. They were promptly redeemed whenever presented and, being redeemable in gold dust, were preferred to the regular United States currency. They were the smallest gold notes ever issued.

Some time after the banking house caught fire and was entirely consumed. At great risk the senior member of the firm entered the burning building and rescued the stock of gold dust, which amounted to something like \$83,000. The following day the holders of the notes, fearing a possible loss on account of the fire, asked for the redemption of their notes, which was granted in every instance. But this seeming want of confidence so provoked Mr. Cook that after the last note had been redeemed and canceled he determined never to issue another, and thus ended an issue unique in America's financial history. It is not probable that a specimen of this interesting series of notes is in existence today.—Washington Post.

SHELL MOUNDS.

Ancient Indians of Florida Used Them in Religious Rites.

One of the most interesting features of the state of Florida are the Indian mounds to be found scattered throughout the peninsula, which may be divided into two classes, the shell and the burial. In those of shell no remains of any kind have ever been discovered, this being the first and most marked distinction between the two kinds of mounds. The shell mounds are themselves of two different kinds, the natural and artificial, and are of different sizes, though both large and small of the artificial type are either oblong or circular, laid out mathematically to proportionately certain heights and circumferences. There are numerous artificial mounds near the St. Johns river, and along the coast many, both natural and artificial, are to be found. The action of wind and wave easily accounts for the former, but concerning the latter, of man-made origin, there are several theories. Some are supposed to have been strictly residence mounds, some observation or ceremonial, being connected with the religious rites of the ancient Indians, and others are believed to have been either open air ball boxes, where, as in the early history of Greece, votes were cast by means of shells or were deposits of tribute shells from inferior tribes passing through the country of some great chief or possibly coming at stated times to pay their dues.

At St. Petersburg, on the southwest coast of Florida, there is an interesting collection of both shell and burial mounds, the smallest composed entirely of oyster shells varying from six to twelve inches in length and about two and a half inches in diameter, laid like brickwork, overlapping. The largest remaining shell mound (many have been carried away for street paving, etc.) is conical in shape, 90 feet in height and 100 feet in diameter. It is covered to the top with grass growing under live oaks and pine trees which are not less than a century or more of the burial mounds. They have never been dug into to any extent, and in consequence the value of their relics is not yet known.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Cold Comfort in London.
"Everything that shouldn't be warm in England is warm," says Samuel G. Blythe in "An American in London" in Everybody's Magazine, "and everything that should be warm is cold. The houses are catcombs, always excepting those few hotels in London where they have steam heat, which is, of course, due to the advance of American civilization. Englishmen say they do not feel the cold. Everybody else feels it, for it is the meanest cold in the world." Evident observation leads to the conclusion that the reason the English do not feel the cold is that they are desensitized—sort of refrigerator beefed, so to speak. This is not the main point. The reason the English shiver around in cold, damp rooms, trying to make themselves believe a few fanks of canned coal in a grate furnish all the heat required by the most delicate, is that somebody in ancient days who couldn't get anything to warm himself up did the next best thing and declared he didn't feel the cold and didn't need a fire anyhow. Other Englishmen heard of it, and this idea has been a fetch ever since."

Expressing a Thorax.
Dr. Leopold Jaches of Cornell's Medical school recently returned from a study of the use of the Roentgen rays abroad. Pausing in an account of his tour, Dr. Jaches said: "Abroad, as here at home, the great public's knowledge of the rays continues rather vague. Investigators receive all manner of queer letters and requests. Thus I heard in Berlin of a man who wrote to a specialist: "Dear Sir—I have had a bullet in my thorax for eleven years. I am too busy to come to Berlin, but hope you will come down here with your rays, as my case should be worth your while. If you cannot come, send a packet of rays, with instructions as to use, etc., and I will see if I cannot manage to work them myself." The specialist replied: "Dear Sir—I am sorry that my engagements prevent my coming to see you and that I am out of rays just now. If you cannot come to Berlin yourself, send me your thorax by express, and I will do the best I can with it."—Washington Star.

The Great Dressmaker.
M. Paquin, the famous modist, started in life as a bank clerk. It was his marriage to a saleswoman in one of the big dressmaking houses of Paris which led him to leave the bank and, with a very high salary, open a small costume shop known as the Maison Mañana. That shop has long ceased to exist, but from it sprang the huge business house of Paquin, which in 1896 the founder sold to a company with a capital of about \$2,500,000. Shortly afterward he was decorated with the Legion of Honor. M. Paquin was only forty-five years old when he died, and his huge business was built up in twenty years. While other famous French costumiers let the Englishwomen come to them, M. Paquin opened an establishment in Hanover square, with a stage on which he regularly enacted a most entertaining performance. Society ladies sit round sipping tea and gossiping, while across the stage glide M. Paquin's assistants robed in entralling creations of the dressmaker's art.—London Tit-Bits.

How Do Wireless Waves Travel?
As the result of a study of the various types of receiving systems employed in wireless telegraphy, Charles A. Culver of the University of Pennsylvania concludes that the resistance of the earth between the sending and receiving stations is of prime importance. He thinks that the theory that the waves are propagated through the surface of the earth accounts for more of the observed facts than does the other theory that they pass through the free ether. At the same time he finds that the earth theory does not at present explain some of the phenomena that are noticed in the practical working of the system.—Youth's Companion.

The Moslem World.
Islam is a challenge to Christianity from the very fact that in India alone there are far more Moslems (62,458,077, according to the last census) under our rule than there are professing Christians (53,000,000) in the whole British empire. Islam is still spreading; its progress in Africa is at once rapid and steady, and, though in India the yearly increase in the number of its professed is but slow, it is still unchecked.—Rev. Dr. Tisdall at the Church Congress.

How It Works.
Once there was a struggling young author who was blessed with many friends, all of whom told him that he was the coming great writer of the country.
"So one day a bright thought struck him. He said:
"I will publish my book, and all my friends who admire it so much will buy my book, and I will be rich."
So he printed his book.
And all of his friends waited for him to send them autographed copies of his book.
And so his books were sold as junk.
And ever after he didn't have any friends.—Success Magazine.

Arcadian Bliss.
You frequently hear folks say that our men of happiness is the one that owns forty acres of land in a second manor, has a wife and seven children, a few good coon dogs, a sorrel team, five good cows, a good shotgun, forty-seven mules, a good railroad and right on a good stream of fish. If that would not be happiness "unanalyzed" we would like to know where you would go to find it.—Aurayve (Mo.) Review.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.

No Man Knows When the Moment of Unconsciousness Comes.

There is a remarkable fact connected with sleep which must not be overlooked. The sleep of a human being, if we are not too busy to attend to the matter, always evokes a certain feeling of awe. Go into a room where a person is sleeping, and it is difficult to resist the sense that one is in the presence of the central mystery of existence. People who remember how constantly they see old Jones asleep in the club library will smile at this, but look quietly and alone even at old Jones and the sense of mystery will soon develop.

It is no good to say that sleep is only "moving" because it looks like death. The person who is breathing so loudly as to take away all thought of death causes the sense of awe quite as easily as the silent sleeper who hardly seems to breathe.

We see death seldom, but were it more familiar we doubt if a corpse would inspire so much awe as the unconscious and sleeping figure—a smiling, irresponsible doll, flesh and blood, but a doll to whom in a second may be called a proud, active, controlling consciousness which will ride his bodily form, and his mental horse with a hand of iron, which will force that body to endure toil and misery and will make that mind, now wandering in paths of fantastic folly, grapple with some great problem or throw all its force into the ruling, the saving or the destruction of mankind. The corpse is only so much bone, muscle and tissue; the sleeping body is the house which a quick and eager master has only left for an hour or so.

Let any one who thinks sleep is not a mystery try to observe in himself the process by which sleep comes and to notice how and when and under what conditions he loses consciousness. He will, of course, utterly fail to put his finger on the moment of sleep coming, but in striving to get as close as he can to the phenomena of sleep he will realize how great is the mystery which he is trying to fathom.

A JAPANESE DINNER.

Plenty of Variety, but Too Much Salt For American Palates.

"I am afraid you won't like it," said the young Japanese diner. "You insisted, though, on a real Japanese dinner. So what was I to do?" They seated themselves, the three girls and he, upon the green silk cushions placed on a parquetry floor about a little table a foot high. A Japanese servant entered with the tea, and the Japanese dinner began.

For first course there were sweet biscuit and tea—delicate tea of the April harvest, "first chop" tea, formerly served with cherry spoons and a poem for each guest.

Next came uchiu, a salty soup, with which the national wine, called sake, was served in flat saucers.

The third course was a little raw fish, very salty and steeped in a sour and appetizing sauce. The guests, contrary to their expectation, found the raw fish no more difficult to eat than raw oysters. With this course went a salad of white chrysanthemums.

The elaborate fourth course consisted of boiled chestnuts and a paste of sharks' fins, salt roasted and hashed with preserved cherries and crawfish with eggs. These strands were all arranged decoratively on one large dish.

The fifth course, also on one dish, was boiled bamboo shoots with soy, salted mushrooms and a cold boiled salmon and cold boiled perch, with pickled shoots of the ginger plant.

Next came a soup of seaweed, bitter, salty, decidedly good; next an assortment of nuts boiled in soy; next salt relishes; next delicious boiled rice, the grains as large as cherries, and, to conclude, tea again.

The young girls as they rose from their low cushions and limped about in the effort to get the stiffness out of their legs said that the Japanese dinner had been very good, really much better than they had counted on, but perhaps a little too salty for occidental taste.—Exchange.

A Shower Wedding.
"And you say when the heiress became the wife of the foreign nobleman it was a shower wedding?"
"I should say so. The bride wore a shower bouquet."
"Yes."
"And then there was a shower of rice."
"My."
"Followed by a shower of congratulations and old shoes."
"Well, well! And how did it end up?"
"Very embarrassing all round. The nobleman's creditors came around and presented a shower of bills."—Kansas City Independent.

The Runner's Attitude.
They were waiting through the office of a big athletic club when one of the men stopped and said:
"Do you see anything wrong with that painting?" indicating a mural decoration up above the clerk's desk.
"No," said the other, "I can't say that I do."
"Well, it's a thing that most persons wouldn't notice," said the first man. "That runner there who is just passing the finish line has his left leg forward and has his left arm at the same time. If ever you've had anything to do with athletics you'll know that the arm extended always is the opposite leg to that of the balance. You'll notice that sort of thing all the time in athletic pictures made by those who don't study the subject."—Washington Post.

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And all of his friends waited for him to send them autographed copies of his book.
And so his books were sold as junk.
And ever after he didn't have any friends.—Success Magazine.

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References:—A. P. Kellam & Co., Belle Haven; H. L. Crockett, Onancock; Joseph Waterfield, Pungoteague; R. L. Ailworth, M. S. Copes, J. M. Leatherbury, Eastville; F. C. Lewis, Hopkins; J. G. Littleton, Nelsonia.

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South-Bound Trains.			
	47	49	45
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
New York	7:30	9:00	12:30
Philadelphia	10:00	11:22	3:00
Wilmington	10:44	12:35	3:44
Baltimore	9:00	7:52	7:22
Delmar	1:30	9:01	3:01
Salisbury	1:41	9:10	3:10
Onancock	2:00	9:28	3:28
Old Point Comfort	8:25	8:10	9:00
Norfolk (arrive)	7:15	9:05	9:05
	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

North-Bound Trains.			
	45	49	47
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Norfolk	7:30	6:50	6:50
Old Point Comfort	8:05	7:00	7:00
Cape Charles	12:57	12:30	7:00
Baltimore	5:2		