

TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court. Robert C. Jackson, judge; H. Hane Harman, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

THE CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church South. Public worship of God on the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 A. M., on the 2nd and 4th at 7:30 P. M.

SECRET ORDERS.

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A Chase for Millions

By GISELLE D'UNGER

THE editorial rooms of the Daily Pennington presented a scene of activity. Men of brains and energy contributed their best efforts to gain the favor of the public, and were amply rewarded by the encomiums passed upon the broad platform established some 20 years ago.

Two young men were holding a conversation in a remote corner where the desks were not so thickly placed. One was tall and of a serious manner, while the other was a typical Bohemian, careless, happy-go-lucky, artistic, clever and a dare devil as to adventure in assignments.

"Blake, all women are conquered by the glitzer of gold. It's a case of 'if you ain't got no money, you needn't come round.' Grace Ward knows which side her bread's buttered on," he remarked in a contemptuous tone.

"You are all wrong, Johnson," returned Blake, wincing under the other's careless words. "Miss Ward was portly like a diamond in the rough; it is spurned by man in its crude state, but coveted when it illuminates the jeweled gates of Happiness and Content in the land of Successful Attainment."

"Where did Miss Ward live before she took her up?" queried Johnson. "She came from Kings Kettle, near Ladybank, Fifeshire, Scotland, when quite young—but the time flies, Johnson, and I must finish this," was the reply of Blake.

"All right, Ned, I must be going, too. That last edition of yesterday lacked a romance; I am going out to find one in the slums." "It is beyond me," he said, "for the days of my youth, I have seen the old man, buttoned his ulster against the winter blasts and stepped off, whistling softly the latest popular air."

"One man hit in that quarter once, I believe—accounts for the peculiar knowledge of her former home. Well, she's a beauty and Lord Alfred will have no cause to sigh over a good figure-head for his household. That's hardly fair to the lady, but the days of the dear Four Hundred lighten their faces upon a poverty-stricken nobleman with a bedimmed title reminds me of nothing more than the Laocoon. I declare, young innocent girls are trained, taught to this exchange of their charming youth for the palmed hand of age, and its attendant serpentine coils of a title, a decayed ruin of a chateau or estate, and they submit so tenderly."

"It is beyond me," he said, "for the days of my youth, I have seen the old man, buttoned his ulster against the winter blasts and stepped off, whistling softly the latest popular air." "Thus ran the thoughts of Johnson, as he marched along the thoroughfare, but he was no nearer to solving the mystery than before. Meanwhile Ned Blake was not so mindful of "copy" as he had intimated to Johnson. Memory had reminded him of the days when the letters of Grace Ward had flown to him like a flock of sky-blue birds breathing love and affection and a happy future. Now all was changed. A misunderstanding, coldness, silence, the advent of Lord Alfred Bruce, importunities of friends and—the engagement.

"Johnson is a bright, breezy fellow," reflected Blake, as he heaved his weary head against the chair. "He is a sharp stick for a trap. He would make an excellent correspondent of an exploring expedition, as he enjoys adventure. I'll speak to Henderson about him. He is too contemptuous of the follies and fables of humanity to succeed here. He spots a good story by having a sympathetic or antagonistic chord relative to it. By Jove! I must get out of here and have some air and quiet."

Blake had been working at a terrible pace for months and he was even now straining every nerve to accomplish more than was expected of him, through the feverish restlessness striving through thoughts of himself. Work was the panacea. What mattered it if he did lie awake night after night, conscious of gradual loss of strength for the day's labor, if at the close of the day he could rest, neither awake nor sleeping, wherein a delicious, restful languor predominated, granting him floating visions of the woman he loved.

Upon his brow he felt the gentle touch of her cool fingers; he heard her murmur words of play and tenderness, in low, sweet tones, and for a few moments his soul seemed to leave the body and float with hers, as did Francesca and Paola, through space.

It was worth the hard grind of the wearisome day to welcome night, the old struggle and once more this delicious and dreamy languor. Surely Paradise could confer no more exquisite sensation than was granted him in this hour of the early dawn. As the sun's rays flashed through the room and the discordant sounds of early traffic broke rudely into a very eerie, he arose unrefreshed, depressed spirits, feverishly anxious to take up the duties of the day.

With a sigh of relief, Ned Blake, managing editor, pushed the copy from him, arranged his desk, locked it carefully, summoned a boy and delivered certain instructions. He left the room and in a few moments was on the street where the lights danced and flickered like will o' the wisps under the influence of a raw, east wind.

"On the way to Church street, Blake encountered a crowd. On inquiry he learned of a collision between the cable and a private carriage, and from that description his heart knew that it was Grace Ward who was injured. He beckoned a passing hansom and drove to her home, regardless of all except that he loved her more dearly than ever.

"As last he saw her, pale and wan, but was he dreaming?—a delicate blush mantled her cheek as she held out her hands to him. "My darling—my darling! I thought I had lost you!" he murmured, as he fell on his knees at her side. "No, Ned, it was a narrow escape. Fortunately, Lord Alfred was driving near and he averted the most serious consequences," she replied, nervously. "And now, Grace, is he ever to be near you?" the agitated lover ejaculated, while the color flashed into his pale face. "Ned!" "That was all, but the tone of reproach out him like a whip."

TATTOOING IN WHITE.

Maidens at the Seaside Have Utilized the Sun's Rays for a New and Novel Past.

Positively the newest fad of the seashore resorts this season is exceedingly popular with the summer girls—tattooing in white. How it originated, no one has been able to tell, but it got here, as nearly all can testify. One of the charmers appeared on the beach at Atlantic City the other day with her favorite college dress apparently tattooed in white on her sun-browned torso. There was the white flag of the University of Pennsylvania, with the letters "U. P." and beneath this a little heart. The thing caused a deal of speculation and something of a sensation for a long time, but the fair seamer could not keep the secret and a lot of her chums copied the idea, which now threatens to spread all along the coast.

"How is it done?" asked the fair one in reply to a questioner. "That is easy. Before I expose my arm to the fierce rays of the sun I cut out the design I wished from adhesive plaster and drawing process was well along. I took off the plaster and there was the flag in white just as nice as you please."

One of the fair devotees of fads was not content to show her college preferences on her arm, but worked out a design on her neck. It is not likely that many will follow her idea, however, since they must don evening dress for the hops. Some of them have gone a step further and allowed the sun to print upon their fair arms the initials of their very best young men, with a sentimental design accompanying them.

A Poem That Paid. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," made about \$100,000 for the British South African relief fund. Kipling turned over the \$1,250 paid him by the Daily Mail, and all other journals copying it paid in \$25, while \$500 a week was earned for some weeks by its recital at London musicals.

Young Women. The entry into womanhood is a critical time for a girl. Little menstrual disorders started at that time soon grow into fatal complications. That female troubles are killing graveyards proves this. Wins of Cardui establishes a painless and natural menstrual flow. When once this important function is started right, a healthy life will usually follow. Many women, young and old, owe their lives to Wins of Cardui. It gives freedom from pain and sets free young women for every duty of life. \$1.00 bottles at druggists.

Miss Della M. Strayer, Tully, Kan. "I have suffered untold pain at menstrual periods for a long time, was nervous, had no appetite, and lost interest in everything. In fact was miserable. I have taken four bottles of Wins of Cardui, with Theodor's Black-Draught, when needed, and today I am entirely cured. I cannot express the thanks I feel for what you have done for me."

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the Ladies' Medical Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

WINE OF CALADIUM. Expedient Adopted in a Building So Tall That Workmen Become Dizzy. "We have introduced an innovation in our building, that is practiced nowhere else in town," said the agent of a new York skyscraper, reports the Sun. "We clean our windows at night."

"Our chief reason for the change was that from the very beginning our building has seemed to be a regular hoodoo for window cleaners. Although no higher than a good many other buildings in town, the situation has the effect of making the cleaners lose their heads and no matter what precautions were adopted hardly a week passed that somebody did not fall and break his neck or his shoulder blade, or, at the very least, skin his crazy bone."

"After two or three score cleaners had been incapacitated for duty by falling out of our windows the whole fraternity began to fight shy of us. They all said that to look down at that particular section of the street made them so dizzy that they couldn't keep their right side up even though tied to the sill, and at last, as a remedy, we suggested that the windows be washed at night when the distance to the sidewalk would be eliminated by the darkness."

"I found a man who seemed willing to risk his neck, and as he scrubbed all one night without suffering bodily injury, he agreed to serve us regularly thereafter. So we have all the work done at night now."

Fire Flows in Kansas Prairies. The traveler over the Kansas prairies finds many towns that once had waterworks systems now containing only a dozen people. The fire plugs are sticking out in the buffalo grass and they are the playgrounds of prairie dogs and the roosting places of the prairie owls.

New York's Roof Dwellings. On the roofs of some of the high buildings in New York little houses are erected in which dwell those connected with the care-taking of the structures. Families are reared there and all the business of life goes on as unconcerned as with those who dwell at a lower level.

Japanese Legend of the Peach. Almost all fruits and flowers have their legends. One about the peach comes from Japan and tells how a poor, pious old couple were searching for food by the roadside. The woman found a peach, which she would not eat, though starving, till she could share it with her husband. He cut it exactly in half, and an infant leaped forth. It was one of the gods who had, he said, accidentally fallen out of the peach orchard of heaven while playing. He told them to plant the stone of the peach, and it brought them happiness, friends and wealth.

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DISCOVERY OF OXYGEN.

This Name Perpetuates an Error Said to Have Been Made by Noted Chemist.

It was 127 years on the 1st of August since Joseph Priestley discovered oxygen. He called it dephlogisticated air. Scheele, who separated it about the same time, employed air; while Condorcet, more happily than either, suggested vital air. Lavoisier named it oxygen—literally the acid maker—and so doing perpetuated an error, says London Express.

It is not oxygen that is the essential element in the formation of acids, but hydrogen, so called because it helps to form water. The early chemists would have hit the designation; for oxygen constitutes the great bulk of water, and hydrogen is a constituent of all acids. What's in a name in this case is a chemical misrepresentation. Priestley little knew how wide was the range of the element he had found. Oxygen forms one-fifth of the atmosphere, eight-ninths of the water, and, taking altogether, one-half of all the materials of the globe, so far as they are known. As carbon is the basis of all the organic substance of the world, so oxygen, the supporter of life and combustion, represents its living energies.

MARKED SALMON RETURN.

Many of the Fish Come Back to Their Spawning Grounds Every Fourth Year.

A. C. Little, state fish commissioner, is commencing to get results from scientific experiments conducted during the last four years, with the object of ascertaining what proportion of young salmon turned out every fourth year to their spawning grounds. He has procured numerous fish tails from the Columbia river fishermen which bear certain marks placed upon them before the fish were set loose at the Kalama hatchery. These fish are spawn of the salmon caught in 1897, and are, therefore, four years old. None of the tails were obtained during the previous years, though the salmon return only every fourth year, says the San Francisco Call.

The fact that the run of salmon on the Columbia river has been unexpectedly large this year is believed to have been due almost entirely to the great number of fish turned out by the Washington hatcheries on the Columbia streams tributary to the Columbia. Several established long enough to get direct returns in the form of marked tails.

Telegraph Poles in Texas. Beaumont, Tex., is noted not only for its oil but the tallest telegraph poles in the United States. The tops are 150 feet above the ground. They were erected on the opposite banks of the Neches river by the Western Union Telegraph company in order to straggle its cable across the stream. The span is 144 feet in length. This four pole span, at one of the highest points necessary to admit the passage of a wire through a draw-bridge, their masts being 100 feet tall and more.

Castle for Rent. A London paper printed this unique "for rent" advertisement recently: "A rock built, orientated castle, buffeted by the Atlantic surge, at one of the most romantic and dreared points of our iron-bound coast, in full view of the Death Stone; shipwrecks frequent; corpses common; three reception and seven bedrooms; every modern convenience; 1000 sq. ft. week. Address," etc.

ANTS AND LEMONADE. The Little Insects Know How to Make a Refreshing Summer Drink. "Did you ever know that ants will make lemonade?" asked the talkative grocer, relating the Philadelphia Record. "Yes, it's a fact. I happened to cut a lemon the other day, and left it on the counter. A couple of minutes later I noticed a bunch of ants making a great to do around the lemon. The more I looked at them the more I became convinced that they were so methodical that I took a few minutes off to investigate. A little sugar had been spilled on the counter near the spot where the lemon lay, and the ants were busy making trips between the sugar and the fruit. You may not believe it, sir, but every one of the little creatures made the trip he carried back a grain of sugar, which he dropped into the lemon juice and then eagerly devoured."

"It struck me that maybe the manufacture of the lemonade was only an accidental process, due to the close proximity of the sugar and the lemon, so I carefully swept the sugar away. I was surprised to find the ants standing here they found the sugar barrel, when the whole bunch trooped back laden with sugar, which they dipped in the juice and swallowed. Wonderful! is no name for it!"

Great Maine Forests. Maine's woods are known of all men, but few realize that, vast and deep as they are, they exceed sevenfold the extent of the "Black Forest" of Germany, and cover nearly one-half (9,000,000 acres) of the area of the state. Hidden within these shaded woods, the home of the moose, America's greatest game animal, there are more than 1,900 lakes, comprising one-fifth of the surface of the state. Their pure, pellucid waters fairly abound in fish of many kinds. In only three or four spots on this globe may one find in the same area an equal number of lakes and ponds. Combined, they represent a water surface of 2,300 square miles. From these sources flow 6,000 rivers and streams.

PANTALOONS WITH LINING.

They Used to Be Worn But Are Now Heard of in These Days.

An old clothing merchant in Chicago, whose sons have been his successors for many years, was in the store the other day for the first time in seven years, reports the Tribune.

"I suppose you have no pantaloons with lining," he said to his eldest boy, who replied that he had never heard of such a thing.

"We used to wear them in stock," continued the father. "As a rule I think most pantaloons with lining were home-made. Your mother made the first I ever saw, and I wore 'em. I think the lining was of some sort of cambric. Back of it were a few of my old customers who bought ready-made, unlined trousers of me many years ago, and they insisted that their pantaloons should be lined. They had an idea that lining made the fit better. But the tailors I employed hated the work, and always charged more for putting in the lining."

"One of my customers, who wouldn't live long if he had to wear ready-made clothes now, took a fancy to a pair of unlined pantaloons, but refused to make the purchase unless I had lining put in. That was in 1850. My tailor said he never heard of such a thing, but I insisted. He had to take the pantaloons apart—unstick the seams and then put in the lining. It took him over a week to do the job. The customer got mad in waiting and refused to take the pantaloons. I sued him for judgment, and he wouldn't speak to me for over a year. I saw him place the house last week riding with his grandchildren in an automobile. I suppose he would have got hot if I had reminded him of the time when he wore lined pantaloons, and he had straps to them besides, so as to keep them in shape. I remember when a man who didn't wear straps to his pantaloons was not considered well-dressed, and that was right here in Chicago."

HARD ON THE TOPERS. The Short Corn Crop Will Increase the Price of Whisky Considerably. "Lovers of cocktails, gin fizzes, creme de menthes and other seductive little mixtures which sprightly ferment from the principal ingredients may be interested to learn that the next few months will mark a considerable increase in the price of whisky," said a traveling man, according to the Charleston News and Courier.

"The practical failure of the corn crop," he continued, "in some of the western states, which herefore furnished the greatest portion of the supply for the people of this country, and the consequent increase in price, will cause the distillers to pay a great deal more for their raw material than they have been in the habit of doing in the past. The consumers in this instance, as in all others since the war of supply and demand has been known, will, of course, be compelled to pay this increase in price. A number of people in this country are probably not aware of the fact that about 75 percent of the whisky distilled in this country is made from corn. Thousands every day are drinking what they suppose to be rye, when in reality it is nothing more than colored corn juice. Out in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Iowa there will be less corn harvested this year than ever before in my recollection. Taking into consideration that these four states, where nearly all the corn in the United States is raised, or rather an enormous percentage of it, are so short as to the output of this year, it can be readily seen what the decrease will have on the market. Distillers will be forced to pay well for their corn, and the only avenue of escape for them is to make the consumers fork over the difference."

Nature Is Kind in Norway. Although coal, iron mines, and forests cease to grow many miles southward, the people of the frigid zones of Norway are given an inexhaustible supply of heat, which is more easily worked into shape for fuel than either coal or wood and makes a hotter fire than either. Writes W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Herald. Peat bogs are found everywhere in arctic Norway, on the rocky sides of the mountains, in the bottoms of the valleys, in the inhabited districts inland, along the shores of the fjords and upon nearly all the islands. The peat bogs of northern Norway, so far as surveyed, cover an area of 4,630 square miles, or nearly four per cent of the surface of the entire country.

CANCER. Suffers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor, for Cancer often runs through several generations. This poison may be located in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or a swollen gland in the breast, or some other part of the body, gives the first warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestige of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can do so. It is a powerful, but not a dangerous, cathartic, and it is the only medicine that can do so. It is a powerful, but not a dangerous, cathartic, and it is the only medicine that can do so.

Small pox came on my face about an inch below the ear on the side of my face. It gave me no pain or inconvenience, and I should have been very thankful if it had not been so. I was very much surprised when I saw that it was not a small pox, but a cancer. I was very much surprised when I saw that it was not a small pox, but a cancer.

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FINDING THE LOST LAMB.

Pathetic Story of a Wayward Daughter That Touched the Heart of Eugene Field.

Shortly before the death of Eugene Field a friend of mine one of the southern states told him a pathetic story of a girl who had wandered away from her home in the country. She had grown weary of the drudgery and dreariness of her life on the farm, and her vanity and pride having been touched by unfortunate compliments to her beauty she had run away from the farm and taken refuge in a large city, with the usual results of that dangerous step, says Youth's Companion.

Her old father, who in his rough way had been devoted to her, mourned for the girl he had lost; but in his simplicity it never occurred to him to try to find her, for the world beyond the limits of his township was vast and forbidding. But word came to him one day that somebody had seen his daughter in the city, a hundred miles away, and with only that to guide him he went in search of her.

Once in the city, he shrank from the noise and confusion of the crowds. He waited until night, and then when the streets were comparatively deserted he roamed up and down from one street to another, giving the peculiar cry he had always used when looking for a lost lamb—a cry the girl herself had heard and given many times in her better days. A policeman stopped the old man and warned him that he was disturbing the peace, whereupon the father told his story, and added: "She will come to me if she hears that cry."

The officer was moved by the old man's simplicity and earnestness, and offered to accompany him in his search. So on they went, up and down the thoroughfares, and into the most abandoned sections of the city, the farmer giving the plaintive cry and the officer leading the way that seemed the most promising of success.

And success did come. The girl heard the cry, recognized it, and intuitively felt that it was for her. She rushed into the street and straight to her father's arms. She confessed the weariness and misery of her lot, and begged that he would take her back to the farm, where she might begin a new and better life. Together they left the city the next day.

The story deeply touched Mr. Field. He often spoke of it and declared his intention of making some literary use of it. But he never quite made up his mind whether he should treat it in prose or in verse, sometimes favoring the one form and sometimes the other. He was so curious on the subject that he finally settled the matter by writing a play about it, the story of the old farmer and his lost lamb awaits another poet.

FUNNY FADS IN FOOD. Strange Ideas of Some People Regarding the Proper Diet for the Human Race. Scarcely a year runs its course without contributing to the great budget of food-fads that has been accumulating ever since the days of the first man who possessed at one and the same time an uncritical imagination and an impressive mind. Had any of the results been of general application, the experimenting might have ended, but none seem to have been satisfactory except to the experimenter and his special followers, who formed but a small fraction of the race, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Persons that are curious on the subject may remember the classes who only food was meat, others who ate only fish, and some, who subsisted solely on vegetable diet, but they will be hopelessly puzzled if they attempt to discover which of the three became prevalent among their fellow-men. Reasoning by analogy, the meat-eaters point with pride to lions and tigers, the most masterful of beasts, yet the vegetarians show that large frames and better tempers are found in the elephant and hippopotamus, and that larger and stronger than half a dozen lions, tigers, hippopotami and elephants combined is the whale, which subsists solely on fish, and which has a larger head, in proportion to body, than any other animal.

The newest food-fad is that humus life can be maintained best by food that itself is living. Like other alleged discoveries, this is not really new, for the supreme dish at a Japanese feast is a live fish, and we Americans, who are not to be outdone by any other race, consume millions of live oysters daily, through nine months of every twelve. As to that, who is there that does not delight in eating cherries direct from the tree and berries from the bush? To be consistent, however, the believers in live food should take their wheat and other grain food green and direct, in the field, and sweeten their meals by chewing green diet and sugar.

One of the most notable of peculiar dietary customs is an American army officer of good physique, who, in several years of exacting service at an out-of-the-way western post, subsisted entirely on "canned goods." It was his custom to open cans at his camp, a single can of each meal, whether it was a tin of ware fish, fowl or flesh, vegetables or fruit, he ate that and nothing more, and he lives to tell the tale. But he was always active, physically and mentally, except when asleep, and he breathed fresh air 24 hours of every day.

TELEPHONE NIAGARA'S ROAR. Transmitter with Megaphone Attachment Placed in the Cave of the Winds. A long-distance telephone transmitter with megaphone attachment has been installed in the Cave of the Winds at Niagara falls, in order that the stupendous, deafening roar of the Falls of Niagara may be transmitted over the Bell telephone lines to New York, Buffalo, the Pan-American exposition and other places.

The megaphone catches up the roar of the falling water, leads it into the telephone transmitter, from which it passes into the telephone exchange at Niagara Falls, where the roar is supplied at the will of the operators to New York or to the Bell telephone exhibit in the Electricity building of the Pan-American exposition. It is heard over the telephone with wonderfully realistic intensity, and one can easily imagine the tumbling, tossing, plunging waters striking the rocky talus in front of the Cave of the Winds.

Stamp Supplies. If in need of any kinds of Stamps, you will profit by obtaining prices from me. I can furnish Seal, Stencils, Barings Brads, Revenue Stamp Cancelers, and anything you may need in the Stamp Line. For prices write to JAMES F. PENDELTON, Tazewell, Va.

Notice. All persons who ever are hereby notified and warned not to hunt, fish, ride, walk, drive stock across or otherwise trespass on my premises, for the law against all such will be strictly enforced. SAMUEL T. HENNING, Dec. 6, 1900.

The LOOK & LINCOLN WAGONS

Have established a reputation for superiority in Southwest Virginia. They are manufactured from the best timber found in our section, carefully selected and thoroughly seasoned. The work is done by skilled mechanics and the most improved machinery. A number have been sold in Tazewell County and reference is made to persons who are using them.

For price list call at law office of V. L. SEXTON, TAZEWELL, VA.

T. PATTON, BLACKSMITH AND General Repairer TAZEWELL, VIRGINIA.

(You're Old Hand) I am prepared to execute, at short notice and on reasonable terms, all kinds of iron work—horse shoeing, all kinds of repairing, etc.

Cleaning and Dying. I am now prepared to clean or dye all kinds of soiled or old clothes, for either ladies or gentlemen. My work is done in a most satisfactory manner, and I refer you to my numerous patrons in Tazewell. You will find my shop on Railroad Avenue, half-way between Tazewell and North Tazewell.

Alice Johnson, t. Job Work... The REPUBLICAN Job Office. Is complete in all kinds of work done neatly and promptly.

LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, ENVELOPES, BILL HEADS, STATEMENTS, CARDS, PAMPHLETS, AND SPECIAL JOBS. Our prices will be as low as those of any first-class office.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. NORFOLK & WESTERN THROUGH SLEEPERS. New Orleans, Memphis & New York. VIA MEMPHIS AND CANTONOGA LIMITED.

THROUGH SLEEPERS. KNOXVILLE AND NEW YORK VIA LURAY AND NATURAL BRIDGE. VIRGINIA & OHIO LINE THROUGH LINE, NORFOLK TO COLUMBUS. CLOSE CONNECTIONS TO AND FROM CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST.

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Stamp Supplies. If in need of any kinds of Stamps, you will profit by obtaining prices from me. I can furnish Seal, Stencils, Barings Brads, Revenue Stamp Cancelers, and anything you may need in the Stamp Line. For prices write to JAMES F. PENDELTON, Tazewell, Va.

Notice. All persons who ever are hereby notified and warned not to hunt, fish, ride, walk, drive stock across or otherwise trespass on my premises, for the law against all such will be strictly enforced. SAMUEL T. HENNING, Dec. 6, 1900.

TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY. Circuit Court. Robert C. Jackson, judge; H. Hane Harman, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

THE CHURCHES. Methodist Episcopal Church South. Public worship of God on the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 A. M., on the 2nd and 4th at 7:30 P. M.

SECRET ORDERS. CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20. KNIGHTS TEMPLAR. Meets 1st Monday in each month.