TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court.

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

County Court.

J. H. Stuart, judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—Tuesday after 3d Monday in each month.

Officers.

Barnes Gillespie,.....Com'th. Atty.
James Bandy, ...Sheriff.
Jno. W. Crockett,.....Deputy Sheriff.
H. P. Brittain. .....Treasurer.
H. G. McCall.....Deputy.
S. V. Kelly,.....County Surveyor. Address, Unaka, Va.
P. H. Williams,.....County Supt. Schools, Address, Snapps, Va.

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 8:00 P. M.
Meeting for prayer, Wednesday at 8:00. P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M.
Young men's prayer meeting each Sunday at 3 p. m.
A most cordial welcome is extended to all.
R. A. Kelly Pastor.

Church of Christ.

Preaching 1st and3rd Sunday, at 8:00 p. m. and 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m.
Prayer meeting Saturday night at 8 o'clock. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
Robert Elmore, Pastor

Presbyterian Church.

Burke's Garden—Preaching First Sundays, morning and afternoon.
Tazewell—Preaching second, third and fourth Sundays, morning and night.
Sunday School 9:30 A. M.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
A cordial invitation to the public.
S. O. Hall, Pastor.

SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Meets first Monday in each month.
JAMES O'KEEFFE, E. C.
W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

O'KEEFFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.
Meets second Monday in each month.
W. C. PENDLETON, H. P.
W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets the 3rd Monday in each month.
JAMES O'KEEFFE, W. M
JNO S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

TAZEWELL TABERNACLE, PILGRIM KNIGHTS.
Meets 4th Monday in each month.
JAMES O'KEEFFE, Chief.
W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 100 K. OF P. Meets every Thursday night in Odd Fellows Hall.
R. M. Steele, C. C.
J. B. Crawford, K. of R. & S.

J. & S. D. MAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and Court of Appeals at Wytheville. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie.

FULTON & COULLING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county. S. M. B. Coulling will continue his practice in all the courts of Buchanan county. J. E. Fulton, Wytheville, Va. S. M. B. Coulling, Tazewell, Va.

GREEVER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS, Tazewell Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Gillespie building Edgar L. Greever. Barns Gillespie.

GEO. W. ST. CLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Particular attention paid to the collection or claims. Office—Stras building

H. C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and the Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Collecting a specialty.

BOWEN & ROYALL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties, and the Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Collections given special attention. Office near Courthouse.

W. B. STRATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Richlands, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims.

J. H. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Land titles in McDowell and Logan counties, West Virginia, a specialty. Office in Stras building.

HENRY & GRAHAM, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va. Office in building near Court House R. R. Henry. S. C. Graham.

A. S. HIGGINBOTHAM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Tazewell, Va. (Office up stairs in Law Building.) Practices in Courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties, and in Court of Appeals of Virginia.

"Mechanical devices are now made wonderfully real on the stage," said the old stock actor, according to the Philadelphia Record. "It hasn't been so many years ago since even the simple device of depicting a snowstorm was regarded an achievement. I remember on one occasion I was out with a 'ten, twent and thirt' company playing reportoire, and in one melodrama—I don't even now recall the name, for it was a pirated play—I took the part of an old man whose daughter, the heroine, had been abducted. I was supposed to be blind, and my strong scene was the third act, when I went out into a snowstorm in search of my daughter. She was lying in a drift, and as I hobbled across the stage I kept crying: 'Me che-ild! where is me che-ild?' Well, it was early in the season, and the play was the first attraction at that theater. The scene painters had been at work, and had dropped several paint brushes, hammers and other articles into the sheet that held the snowstorm. As the stage hands in the flies shook the sheets to make the snow come out a couple of hammers came down and just missed me by an inch. I was blind, and didn't dare to look up, but when a monkey wrench just grazed my temple I had presence of mind enough to yell: 'See yonder moon! The storm is over!' The stage hands took their cue and let up on me, and the audience never stopped to question how a blind man could see yonder moon."

An Escapade

By TOM GALLON.

YOU come into the town by way of the sea. That is, not exactly by the sea itself, but along the very edge of it. A little train—fussy and important—puffs and snorts its way along the coast, and plunges in the most reckless fashion into a tunnel; emerges with a sort of shriek of satisfaction; and deposits you at a little toy station on the very beach.

It was in that way that Mr. Richard Lyddon came into Dawlish; and it is extremely safe to say that he wished he had never come at all.

Truth to tell, Dick Lyddon was bored to death. At the present moment he was supposed to be on a walking tour; which consisted in going everywhere by train or carriage, and never walking, if it could by any possibility be avoided. Dick was very rich—ridiculously rich, in fact—without a relative in the world, and without anyone to look after him, save certain shadowy trustees whom he saw about four times a year.

Dick was also very young; young enough, indeed, not to have been bored at all, if he had only taken life in the proper way. Save for that element of boredom, he was a good-hearted, jolly, simple-minded fellow enough, tall and fair-haired, and with the gentlest and best sort of blue eyes imaginable. And he had, besides his small personal baggage, Capt. Boxer.

Capt. Boxer deserves a line all to himself. He was very stout (much too stout, in fact, for a companion on a walking tour); somewhat short in the temper; and inclined to give vent to his opinions, on occasions, without reference to the feelings of anyone.

"Might I carry your baggage, sir?"

Dick had been standing with his hands thrust in his pockets, staring moodily at the station platform; he turned quickly at the sound of the voice beside him. He saw in the dim light of the place a lad, apparently about 14 or 15, very slim and delicate looking, and with a very white, pathetic face. Before he could answer the voice of Capt. Boxer chimed in:

"Nice lad—sharp. Probably skip off with the bag—probably drop it and smash something."

"My bag's rather heavy; I don't know whether you can manage it," said Dick, kindly. "And I'm sure I don't know where I'm going."

"Indeed—I'm quite strong, sir," broke in the boy, eagerly, moving toward the bag.

Now Dick could quite easily have carried that bag himself; but he was a good-natured fellow, and he felt that probably a dime would mean a great deal to this boy, and would mean absolutely nothing to himself. Therefore he let the lad carry it; and Capt. Boxer carried his own. Moreover, it was found, when the two friends got outside, that the captain knew of a certain comfortable hotel not very far off—had heard of it somewhere or from someone—and thither they went.

But outside the station they stopped and looked about them; for neither boy nor bag were to be seen. Dick looked somewhat blankly at the captain, and the captain nodded sagaciously.

"Certain of it," said the captain, jerkily. "Knew boy would skip—saw it in his eye."

Dick ran back again; and just inside the station came upon the boy and the bag. But the boy was not carrying it; instead, he had simply fainted beside it.

"What a brute I am to have let this chap carry that bag!" he muttered to the captain, who had returned hurriedly. "Just look at him; he's as slim as a girl—and a pretty girl, too. That's it, youngster; pull yourself together. All right now?"

Slowly the heavy eyes opened and turned in Dick's direction;

"Indeed, I am quite well; there is nothing the matter," he whispered, glancing nervously toward the door. "If you will let me go now I shall be quite well."

"Well, here's your dime, at any rate," said Dick.

The boy looked at it wistfully, but slowly shook his head. "No, thank you, I didn't earn it," he said. And then, before the astonished Dick could stop him, he turned quickly and ran out of the hotel.

"Order dinner, captain," cried Dick, making for the door also. "I can't let him go like that; I'll be back presently." He dashed out of the place in pursuit of the boy.

He had some little distance to go, and, under ordinary circumstances, might have turned back, laughing at himself for his Quixotic folly. But the pathetic face of the boy haunted him; he seemed to be looking again into those brown eyes. So he went on hurriedly, keeping the figure before him in sight, until he came into the narrower streets of the little town, far away from the sea. And there he ran the boy to earth.

Right at the very top of one of the smallest houses the boy—still unconscious that he was being watched—thrust open a door, and disappeared into a room. Motives of delicacy prevented Dick from going further; and yet he wanted to help the lad if he could. Hesitatingly he waited about on the staircase, half-inclined to blame himself for taking so much trouble over a matter which did not, after all, really concern him; half-inclined to push the matter further and follow the lad into the room.

He must have waited quite ten minutes on that staircase, forgetful of Capt. Boxer and the dinner, and everything. At last, however, he knocked at the door softly; getting no response, opened it and went into the room.

It was a poor place, poorly furnished, yet exquisitely neat and clean. As a matter of fact, Dick had no eyes for the room or anything about it; he stood still, just within the door, watching the bowed figure of a young girl, whose arms were spread out on the table, and whose head was buried between her arms. At the moment that Dick entered she was sobbing quietly and despairingly, in a manner heartbreaking to hear.

Now Dick was, before all things, tenderhearted. On the impulse of the moment he moved forward in his impetuous, boyish fashion, and touched the girl gently on the shoulder.

"Don't you give way, you know—"

He stopped in amazement. The girl started to her feet and faced him; and he drew back, staring at her blankly. For here was the short, curly brown hair, the deep, pathetic brown eyes, and the delicate white face of the boy who had tried to carry his bag.

Yet her dress now was what it ought to have been—plain and neat and rather shabby, but quite womanly. The girl, for her part, recognized Dick, and, with a cry, covered her face with her hands and shrank away from him.

"Don't do that," said Dick, hastily. "You don't know me at all, if you do that. I thought there was something strange about you. I want to help you—if you'll let me."

There was something so winning about the boyish, good-humored face and in the frank young voice, that she began to regain confidence; and told him hurriedly, and in as few words as possible, something of her story. Of how she had been left almost penniless, with a younger brother to support; of how she had come, with the younger brother, to this quiet place in search of health for the boy; of the death of the boy; and of her finding herself friendless and penniless in a strange place. In a moment of despair she had donned her dead brother's clothes, and gone out, in the hope of earning money in some fashion that should find her food. While she talked Dick had a sudden inspiration, and acted upon it.

"Look here," he said, "what is your name?"

"Tamlyn—Bertha Tamlyn," replied the girl.

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed Dick, inventing a story on the spot. "My father knew your father—great friends they were; and he left a sort of injunction upon me to look after you—to be friends with you. Shall we begin now?"

She was very skeptical at first, but Dick stuck to his story; and the girl, after all she had gone through, was very glad to meet some one who treated her as frankly and gently as he might have treated his own sister.

For perhaps the first time in his life Dick Lyddon began to be deeply interested in some one; began to cast about in his mind for methods of helping her delicately. Suffice it that he smoothed the way for her wonderfully; that, among other things, a mysterious letter arrived from an equally mysterious lawyer, inclosing a sum of money—"some payment due to the estate of her late father." And then one day, in the midst of this new happiness, some chance word of his, when she and Dick were sitting together watching the sea, under the shadow of the quaint rock at the western end of the town, showed her in a moment the gentle fraud that had been practiced upon her, and the position in which she stood. She said nothing then; but the next day there was no Bertha Tamlyn in all Dawlish, and a disconsolate Dick Lyddon searched in vain for her.

He searched for three months, while a long summer wore itself out. He dragged the faithful and unfortunate Capt. Boxer about here, there and everywhere, but all to no purpose. And at last one day, after many journeyings, the little train rattled him again through the little tunnel into Dawlish.

He found her that night sitting quietly under the shadow of the big rock, gazing at the sea. He came and sat down beside her and she did not try to run away. Very gently—being terribly afraid to startle her, or to drive her again from him, he began to tell her something of his search for her—something, too, of that old story which yet is always a new story, and which had grown so steadily in his heart.

"You only say this out of pity for me," she said at last in a whisper, without looking at him. "You are sorry for a penniless girl, who had to masquerade in boy's clothes to try to get a living."

"I was always sorry for you," he said gently; "but it's something better than that. Dear Bertha, I'm just as lonely as you are, except for the captain; and one gets tired even of the captain in time. Won't you forget that I'm so abominably rich?—won't you try if you can't love me a little?"

"You've been like a fairy prince to me," she said, gratefully. "You came and stretched out a golden hand to me—"

"Oh, no; it only had a dime in it at first," he said, laughing. "And it's quite an ordinary hand, Bertha; and it just wants to help you over the rough places in the road, and to fight some of your battles for you. Won't you let it do that?"

She took the hand he held out to her, and carried it swiftly up to her breast, and laid it there, and bent her lips to it.

And on the honeymoon it was Dick who carried the bag.—American Queen.

DOCTORS AND CHARITY.

What the Medical Profession Owes to the Benevolent Institutions of Our Country.

Human want and misery is not to be altogether attributed to ignorance in the ordinary educational sense, nor altogether to economic conditions, but more largely to the malign effects of hereditary physical taint and unsanitary surroundings, says American Medicine. All modern communities possess organizations of the charitably inclined, and to the efforts of such benevolent persons the medical profession is chiefly indebted for the founding and support of the many institutions through which physicians exercise their functions among the poor. It remains for the profession to enter into this work in a more systematic way. Every city, county and state medical society should have a standing committee of its most public spirited members, whose particular business it should be to cooperate actively with the organized charities in the capacity of an advisory board. By such a system much may be done in the way of preventing mistakes and of developing the form of preventive charity which will seek to ameliorate suffering by the reduction of pernicious conditions. The splendid work of infirmaries, dispensaries and hospitals in placing curative medicine at the disposal of the diseased poor, needs to be supplemented by bringing the science of preventive medicine into harmonious action with that form of charity which looks to the lessening of social evils along the lines of personal and public sanitation.

THE FAR WEST WIPED OUT.

Wildness and Woolliness of That Portion of the Union Has Almost Entirely Disappeared.

A publishing house in this city, says the Chicago Chronicle, has received an order from the Yukon region for books expressive of what is now the "far" northwest. The order includes Gibbon's Rome, Macaulay's England, the writings of John Stuart Mill, of Flammarion and other engaging scientists, graphic novels, humorous stories, but none of Bret Harte's. The "Far West" of Bret Harte is at the vanishing point. A hurry postcript

Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR: WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NOURISHMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

observed that the navigation season is short and that only letter mail is carried over the ice.

In truth, there is no longer any "far" west or "far" northwest. The rugged and often illiterate humanity that cleft the mountains and swam the rivers, opening up a new empire for all the world, is also of the past. The universal free school sends a different multitude now to the advancing frontier. Sturdy but not illiterate, the new pioneers want books wherever they go, and science and the organized forces of civilization enable them to gratify their taste. Culture is no longer a monopoly of the older portions of the country.

MULES PLOW IN ASPHALT.

Drag Big Breaking Plow Through Deep Deposit in the Chickasaw Country.

In the Indian territory, where all sorts of things are done that were never heard of elsewhere, they are plowing asphalt, says the Kansas City Star of recent date. Eighteen miles southeast of Comanche, in the Chickasaw country, six strapping Missouri mules are hitched to a big breaking plow every day and long furrows of asphalt are turned. It is the same kind of a plow the farmers use who break ground in the black jack country, and the asphalt is the kind got by blasting on the island of Trinidad. The mules are plowing in the center of a deposit one-third larger than the asphalt deposits on Trinidad. Wells have been dug to the depth of 100 feet. Strata of asphalt of varying thicknesses have been encountered to whatever depth the wells have been sunk. The supply is apparently inexhaustible. Men of means have become convinced there are millions of dollars to be made, and are either going to make it or lose a fortune in their experiment.

SKINNING A PEARL.

A Delicate Operation for the Removal of Stains or Discolorations That Requires Skill.

The lapidary was skinning a pearl, according to the Philadelphia Record. He had on gloves of a very delicate sort of kid, and the glasses that he wore had lenses of such magnifying power that his eyes, through them, looked as big as saucers. "I wear gloves," he said, "because the hands perspire freely in this work, and perspiration has often been known to discolor pearls. This stone was injured by the accidental dropping on it of some acid. The disaster discolored it some, you see. With this very delicate little tool I am removing the outer skin, and if I find that the acid has filtered through and discolored the inner skin also, I may remove that as well. A pearl, you see, is composed of concentric layers, or skins, and you can, if you are a clever workman, peel it down and down until it disappears."

Strange Fatalities.

The Chicago Tribune recently published a column of strange fatalities collected from its exchanges. One of the deaths was that of a man at Quincy, who kicked at a cat, missed the animal, fell and broke his neck. An Akron, O., barber died from inhaling hair while working on his customers' heads. The top of a can of peaches was fractured at Blossburg, N. Y., and bits of the powdered glass were eaten, causing death.

MAN WHO DARED NOT SMILE.

United States Citizen Was Forced to Frown at Funny Stories to Save His Life.

A naturalized citizen of the United States, D. Asadourian, an Armenian, who is in business in Cleveland, was locked up in Constantinople, Turkey, charged with conspiracy. Through the offices of some Turkish business men he was released under $5,000 bonds, effective during his stay of 50 days. He has just returned to his home here, reports a Cleveland exchange. Concerning his experience he said:

"I went there on business. As soon as my presence became known the officers came for me. They questioned me, asking if I spoke the Armenian language. This I denied, because had I admitted it I am sure that I would never have returned to America. The Turks fear American Armenians. They think that in America the people have an advanced knowledge of high explosives, which might be used to blow up the sultan. They suspected me of being in sympathy with the Armenians. After putting me in prison they had some men come into my cell and tell funny stories in the Armenian language. They wanted me to betray my knowledge of it by laughing. But I didn't laugh, for had I smiled I would not be here now to tell the tale. The stories were very funny, but I managed to keep a sober countenance in spite of my wish to laugh."

IN MODERN LONDON.

Many Quaint Customs Are Still in Vogue, But This One Is the Most Curious.

A host of quaint old customs, says the London Daily Mail, linger round and about the famous "King's Guard" at St. James palace, but perhaps none is more curious than that which decrees that his majesty's health shall not be drunk at dinner, except when the Scots guards are on guard. The omission, when one reflects that this one toast, even when no others are drunk, is invariably honored every evening at every regimental mess and guardroom dinner throughout the British empire, is sufficiently striking.

The explanation lies in the fact that the regiment from across the border was at one time suspected of a leaning toward Jacobitism, and so the officers were specially ordered to drink his majesty's health after dinner, those of other corps being forbidden to do so in order to make the enforced loyalty of the Scotsmen stand out in clearer relief.

It was also ordered that they should not be allowed to use finger glasses after dinner, lest they should drink to "the king over the water," and finger glasses are, in consequence, tabooed there on these occasions to this day.

NEW TIPPLE FOR WOMEN.

Cordial Flavored with Roses That Tastes Like the Odor of the Flowers.

Many women at the east have taken of late to a new tipple imported from Holland and flavored oil of roses, reports an eastern exchange. It is a cordial in name only. It is none of the sticky, sirupy components of the other insipid cordials, but has a peculiar, almost biting taste that appeals to the feminine palate. This cordial is flavored with bride roses and is the invention of a firm in Amsterdam that was organized in 1575. A bushel of selected roses are crushed into a press and the essence is extracted by a complicated system. This distillation is enlivened with alcohol and other spirits, but naturally the flavor of roses is responsible for the increasing popularity of the drink. The cordial tastes like a rose smells. The color is pale pink and as the distillation of "huile de roses" requires an enormous amount of roses and great care, this is the most expensive cordial on the market. A mere tablespoonful for 25 cents. The firm in Amsterdam exports this liquor in genuine Delft jugs that the purchaser retains, and the average woman derives much pleasure taking home the tiny jug from which she has quaffed the delightful cordial.

It may be said of this new tipple, however, that it induces inebriety just as quickly as a whisky toddy, cocktail or "sour," and the resultant headaches are just as distressing.

HARD ON THE CONDUCTORS.

When the Times Are Good, Passengers on Street Cars Hand Them Lots of Bills.

The only persons in town who have a grudge against prosperity are street car conductors. Their aversion to prosperous conditions is explained in this wise: Good times bring bills, bills mean the handling of much change, and change means woes innumerable on the part of the harassed conductors, says the New York Times.

"I can't remember the time when we fellows have been called upon to change as many bills as we have handled in the past six months," said one of these public servants one day last week. "Of course there are no hard-and-fast rules to go by in any business, but in general you can tell a man's financial condition by the size of the coin with which he habitually pays car fare. Reckoning from that standpoint, the times that are hard on the general public are clover for the conductor. All he has to do then is to go around and gather in the five-cent pieces, and as a consequence our mental condition is such that we appear really angelic. But just let a wave of prosperity strike the country and the passengers take a fiendish delight in pestering us with one and two-dollar bills. Two-dollar bills are the favorite street car currency these days, and to meet all the demands made upon my pocket I have to start out from the barns with about one-third my own weight in small change.

WHEN PRETTY FEET SUFFER.

Those Who Have to Stand All Day Fare Worse Than Those Who Can Walk About.

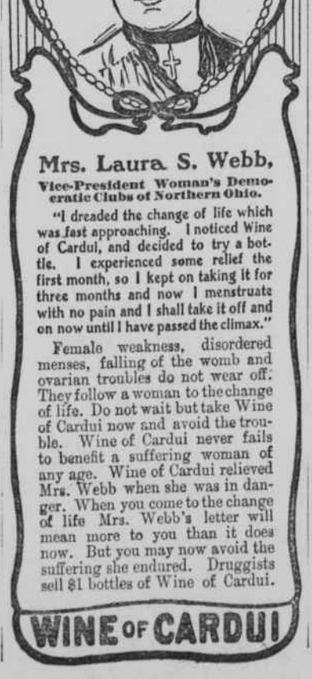
It is a pity that certain employments deprive many women of their inalienable right to pretty feet. New York doctors protest that they do not find the situation among shop girls quite so deplorable here as it is reported by a St. Louis specialist, but they admit that standing for hours at a stretch certainly does have a tendency to produce flatfootedness, states an exchange of that city.

"By this I do not mean that you will not find hundreds of pairs of pretty feet among shop employes," explained one doctor. "Some of the prettiest feet in New York are this moment hiding their charms behind the counters of our big stores, but some of the ugliest ones are concealing their deformities in the same place.

"Most people who are on their feet all day are bound to have trouble over the shape and size of their extremities. Those who stand fare worse than those who walk about, for the movement and circulation tend to prevent the flatness which so many clerks complain of. For that reason, the waitress, for example, will find that her feet retain more of their natural virtues and acquire fewer vices than the shop girl's."

Stores That Never See Daylight.

Down in many of the great coal mines of Pennsylvania are telephones, tool repairing establishments, blacksmiths' shops and various other institutions that the surface worker would never think of as connected with caverns 500 or more feet away from daylight. A moving picture show portraying work in the mines was given in the city last week. One of the views contained a miner holding the receiver of a 'phone in a subterranean pay station. An attempt is made in the large mines to provide everything necessary to prevent employes from going to the surface during working hours.



Mrs. Laura S. Webb,
Vice-President Woman's Democratic Club of Northern Ohio.

"I dreaded the change of life which was fast approaching. I noticed Wine of Cardui, and decided to try a bottle. I experienced some relief the first month, so I kept on taking it for three months and now I menstruate with no pain and I shall take it off and on now until I have passed the climax."

Female weakness, disordered menses, falling of the womb and ovarian troubles do not wear off. They follow a woman to the change of life. Do not wait but take Wine of Cardui now and avoid the trouble. Wine of Cardui never fails to benefit a suffering woman of any age. Wine of Cardui relieved Mrs. Webb when she was in danger. When you come to the change of life Mrs. Webb's letter will mean more to you than it does now. But you may now avoid the suffering she endured. Druggists sell $1 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

WINE OF CARDUI

A Golden Rule of Agriculture:

Be good to your land and your crop will be good. Plenty of

Potash

in the fertilizer spells quality and quantity in the harvest. Write us and we will send you, *free*, by next mail, our money winning books.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

When It Gets Out of Order It Is More Often Than Not the Fault of Ignorance.

Many complaints are made about the inefficiency of machines when, if investigation were made, it would generally be found that the fault lies in the carelessness and lack of intelligence on the part of those who use them, says American Queen.

Many women, who, perhaps, on every other score, are reasonably careful, when it comes to the sewing machine are both dirty and rough. But instead of calling attention to all of the abuses that are indulged in, it will probably be better to speak of the proper care of the machine and hope that by observing this care some operators may get better results with their work.

A sewing machine must not be expected to run well unless it is kept clean and oiled as often as necessary. Keep a soft duster always in one of the side drawers and use it every time you sit down to the machine. Sometimes it may be necessary to use a little brush with stiff bristles to get into the crevices, or a soft, fine twine to draw between parts to get out the dust and lint.

The matter of oiling depends altogether upon how much the machine is used. It is impossible to say how often to oil it; each user will have to exercise her own judgment. Do not drench the machine with oil, but put a drop or two in each little hole designed for it, and nowhere else. When about to sew wipe with the duster the bottom of the shoulder on the left-hand side, through which the steel bars of the presser-foot and needle-socket descend. This is where the oil comes from that sometimes makes unsightly spots on the work.

When not in use keep the machine covered and the leather strap slipped off of the large wheel. It will last longer and stretch less if this precaution is taken. If the machine stands in one of the living rooms and there are young children in the house, release the device which most modern machines have at the right hand for connecting the driving-wheels with the upper parts. Probably a good deal of wear and tear will thus be avoided, and if necessary keep the machine locked.

When running the machine avoid slamming, banging, jerking and "scorching." By being gentle one can get just as much work done, and done better, and avoid breaking needles, shuttles and the delicate parts that the heavy-handed woman is always demolishing. By intelligent care a woman may use a good machine through her lifetime and leave it in fair order to her children. By good, however, I do not mean expensive. A good machine can be bought at almost any first-class dry goods house for the sum of $15 or thereabouts, and this price includes all necessary attachments.

HOUSEHOLD BITS.

A Variety of Information for the Benefit of the Busy Housewife.

Before washing red table linen add a little borax to the water.

Black calico will look like new if rinsed in very strong bluing water.

Potatoes that are peeled an hour in advance of cooking time and allowed to stand in cold water will never turn dark after being boiled.

The long bread sticks that are now to be had at all first-class bakeries are improved by being placed for a few minutes in a warm oven before sending to the table.

Bath bags are easy to make and inexpensive as well. A yard of cheese cloth is sufficient for half a dozen. Fill with bran, powdered orris root and castile soap shavings, and use as a sponge.

A mattress mat—serviceable and easily made—is fashioned from light weight unbleached muslin in two layers, with a sheet of wadding between. Quilt the mat on the machine and bind with colored tape.

A housewife with a penchant for the fragrance of orris root is said to place a piece of the root in the bottom of the boiler on wash day. The delicate odor clings to the clothes even when they are dried, ironed and worn.

Cold water and soap can be used with satisfactory results as a cleaning material on all kinds of highly polished furniture, provided it is followed by another washing with clear water and rubbed dry with a chamois skin.

SALARIES OF ACTORS.

Are Absurdly Exaggerated in the Public Mind and Actors Keep Up the Deceit.

Salaries of actors vary from almost nothing to $500 a week, with a few exceptions that go above that, writes F. E. Fyles, in Leslie's Monthly. I doubt though that any supporting actor outside of Weber & Fields' company gets more than $500. Those that go above are stars, many of whom receive a fixed salary and a percentage on the profits. A female star who crowded a New York theater the season before last for six months received only $150, while her leading man was getting $250. But she was a risky venture for her manager, who lifted her from a minor position to stardom, and a failure would have cost him much. Many stars are their own managers, and engage a business man to direct their affairs for a salary, as they would a supporting actor. The gains of actors are absurdly exaggerated in the public mind, and even among themselves they endeavor to keep up the deceit. A reason that so many English actors are imported is that players of the first class in London receive a third less than equally talented and well-known Americans.

PLAIN ENGLISH WANTED.

Young Medical Student Objected to the Use of Foreign Terms in His.

"There's a physician in my town," said a Cincinnati Drummer to a reporter for the New York Herald, "who has a son whom he is instructing in the rudiments of the profession, but just at present the young fellow is thinking of a great many things not down in the books. He has a lot of rapid young companions of the slangy sort, and he is master of them all. Indeed, his language is at times so utterly modern as to be almost unintelligible to the old-fashioned people who learned their language out of Webster's dictionary. The other day a patient was brought into the doctor's office and the son happened to be present.

"'The man is suffering from mania a potu,' said the doctor after a brief examination.

"'What was that?' inquired the son, with an evident effort to catch the meaning.

"'Mania a potu—delirium tremens,' repeated the doctor.

"'Oh,' commented the youngster, 'you mean the jim jams, the d. t.'s, the delirious trimmings, the gotemagins, do you? I suppose I'll get next to this medical racket before the finish, but until I do I wish you would talk plain English for my benefit, dad.'"

Volcanic Eruptions on the Moon.

Messrs. Loewy and Puiseux, of the Paris observatory, in issuing some additional plates of their photographic atlas of the moon, refer to the recent volcanic cataclysm at Martinique and St. Vincent, and say that study of the lunar surface leads them to think that eruptions, quite as intense as the greatest recorded on the earth have occurred on the moon, repeated at long intervals in the same places. But, "favored by a condition of calm and dryness, they have been more durable in their effects, and the more recent deposits superposed upon the earlier ones are distinguishable by their darker tone and less extended boundary."

Chinese Population.

It is stated that the Chinese population of to-day numbers about 426,000,000 of souls, including 8,500,000 in Manchuria, 2,580,000 in Mongolia, 6,430,000 in Tibet and 1,200 in Chinese Turkestan.

JAPS AS RIVALS TO YANKEES.

Qualities Which Make Them Dangerous in the Line of Industrial Competition.

A New York man who has been for some years the financial representative of American capitalists engaged in manufactures in Kobe, Japan, here on a vacation, takes a sanguine view of the prospects before American investors in the Mikado's land, reports the New York Times.

In Kobe, which has in a few years sprung from an insignificant seaport into a great industrial center, much of the capital invested in factories is American and European, and most of the managers and foremen of the works hail from the United States or Great Britain.

Japan's steady refusal to grant protection to foreign patents greatly increases her competitive power among the nations. Through the incomparable imitativeness of her mechanics the country is enabled to produce machinery at less than half of its selling price in other lands, and but for the protective tariff would be able to flood the United States with American inventions at a price 50 per cent. less than that at present obtainable here.

The nimble Jap excels all Orientals and most Europeans in quickness of perception, in aptitude, in adaptiveness, and in the practice of the science of applied knowledge. The Japanese workman has a great capacity for long-sustained labor. He works with a will and delights in thoroughness. Every mechanic is an artist who takes a keen pride in his work.

These qualities and the cheapness of labor and of living combine to make the Jap the dangerous competitor of American and European workmen that he is, and that he must more and more become so long as the existing condition of things prevails in the industrial world on this continent and in Europe.

Trade unionism has not penetrated to the land of the Mikado, and the working classes are wholly subservient to their employers. So great is the dominance of the master over his men that no craftsman can obtain employment elsewhere without a written permit from his last employer. There are no factory laws, and young children work as long as their elders for a few cents a day.

In the factories work usually begins at six a. m., and often two hours earlier. The working day is rarely under 12 hours, and the wages are miserably low, according to the American standard. Skilled workmen such as compositors, carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, tailors, etc., in the larger cities, receive only 26 to 33 cents (United States money) a day; farm hands average about $1.44 per month; weavers and spinners, 15 cents a day (some factory operatives receive only five and ten cents), and women workers think themselves fortunate to get six cents for 12 hours' toil.

Work in the factories goes on continuously, being divided into day and night shifts. There is only one interval in each—40 minutes being allowed for a meal.

Americans as Inventors.

Above other peoples, this is a nation of inventors. That is conceded everywhere. How tempting are the opportunities at this time for American ingenuity to put in use satisfactory substitutes for anthracite! Fame and fortune await the gifted beings who can solve the problems of this crisis.—N. Y. Tribune.

Eugene Field's

Views on Ambition and Dyspepsia.

"Dyspepsia," wrote Eugene Field, "often incapacitates a man for endeavor and sometimes extinguishes the fire of ambition." Though great despite his complaint Field suffered from indigestion all his life. A weak, tired stomach can't digest your food. It needs rest. You can only rest it by the use of a preparation like Kodol, which relieves it of work by digesting your food. Rest soon restores it to its normal tone.

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Given under my hand this 3rd day of December, 1902.

T. E. George, Clerk of Tazewell County Court, Va.

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If in need of any kinds of Stamps, you will profit by obtaining prices from me. I can furnish Seals, Stencils, Burning Brands, Rubber Band Daters, Revenue Stamp Cancellers, and anything you may need in the Stamp Line. For prices write to

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