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HIS OWN MEDICINE

BY CAROLINE LOCKHART

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"Don't kill yourself to-night; wait until to-morrow," said Turner, the barkeep, in a soothing but unemotional voice. "Never mix business with pleasure."

"But, Turner, you don't understand, you don't understand at all. She don't love me—nobody loves me." Helm of the Wind River Lumber Company laid his proud head on the bar and burst into tears.

"That's because you don't know how to make her love you. You don't show no more sense than a rabbit," replied the barkeep, coldly.

"Tell me what she says; tell me what she does, and I'll do it!" Helm clasped his hands and lifted his streaming eyes pleadingly to the barkeep's stern face.

Turner's voice took on an authoritative tone.

"When she goes into one of those tantrums, then's when you want to stand up on your hind legs and let her know you are boss. Keep a stiff upper lip and be cool and calm. Nothing scares a woman like dignity. You might say: 'Woman, this rumpus must cease. I cannot permit my peace of mind to be disturbed by the rambles of a hysterical female. The strain of my business life is such that I must have perfect rest in my home. If you cannot control yourself, you had better pack up and make your mother a long visit.'

"That's great!" said Helm, his eyes shining with admiration through his tears. "But, his face fell, 'ahay, she might go. You don't know my wife—perfect bronch', regular mustang when she's mad."

"Women are all alike. You've got to make 'em feel the iron hand in the glove."

"Iron hand in the glove—thash good!" Helm gurgled with pleasure. "Go out now, thash minute, 'a pair gloves 'r m' iron hand."

Turner watched him with contemptuous eyes until the swinging doors fanned the air behind him.

"Buffaloed!" he muttered, "plumb buffaloed!"

Turner, broad-shouldered, iron-jawed, with a heavy black mustache drooping over a cynical mouth, towered above the polished bar in the only hotel in White River City, Wyo. Without doing anything in particular to earn it, he had acquired the reputation of being a "bad man." He had dropped into Wind River City one evening at sunset and stayed, and no person had the temerity to inquire into that past in regard to which he showed such singular reticence.

Turner had a peculiar position in the community. He was the recipient of the heart confidences of every man who patronized his bar. After 12 o'clock at night the married men practically stood in line waiting to tell him why they could not get along with their wives. His advice was valued by the younger men, who consulted him at critical points in their love affairs. In some indefinable way, like the acquisition of his reputation for ferocity, Turner was believed to know the heart of woman—like a book. He interpreted their moods and actions to anxious cowpunchers and range riders. The measures he suggested for the subduing of too high-spirited women were generally heroic, but this only increased the feeling of awe for him, it being firmly believed that Turner would not hesitate to follow the advice he doled out so generously to others.

In the corner of the bar a youthful cowpuncher sat with the high heels of his elaborately stitched boots hooked over the top rung of his chair. His cheeks were round and rosy, his bushy blonde curls looked like a bunch of excelsior, and a sweet smile of contentment played about his girlish mouth. Firing his absent gaze upon the barkeep, he suddenly realized that person was disengaged and he unwound some six feet of height and stood erect.

"Let's have something smooth and agreeable," he said, in a soft drawl.

"Things coming all right at the half-way house?" inquired Turner, carelessly, as he mopped the bar with his towel.

"Was comin' some thash afternoon." "So?"

"Had quite a little session with the old man. Took my gun and went over to ask for Jesse. Put it to him straight out behind the house, where he was mendin' a harness. Old man flew in one day for his gun and

I saw in the other. We met in the middle; but there was a swim machine agent there and he thought we was after him for talking to the old man's wife. Agent got the drop on both of us. Set the old man down in a chair and backed me clean out to my horse. Amusin' old cuss, Jesse's pap; hollered after me that he'd shoot me on sight."

"What you aim to do?"

"Do? Jesse's movin' her clothes out into the sage brush and we are goin' to run off to-morrow night."

He looked expectantly for an answering smile on the barkeep's face.

"Sweetness," said Turner, impressively, addressing him by the sobriquet which his innocent face had earned for him, "you're making a big mistake, you're beginning wrong."

"What's the matter?" inquired Sweetness, startled.

"You've been insulted in the house of your future wife. You owe it to your future wife to be polite."

"Oy. The foundation of love is respect, and how can any woman respect a man who lets his father-in-law insult him?"

"Sweetness' jaw dropped.

"He wasn't really insulted," he explained. "He was just goin' to shoot me up. Old man's harboring a grech against me ever since I sold him an outlaw horse for his wife to drive. But I can't make him eat dirt; he's handier with a gun than I be."

"Taint your business to do it, it's the girl's. You ought to insist that she make the old man apologize for the effect it will have upon her afterwards."

"Insist? Say, you never saw my Jesse girl, I guess."

"Women are women," replied the barkeep, cynically.

"Some women is," responded Sweetness.

"I hate to see you make a bad get-away," continued the barkeep.

"If you sure think I ought to—" said Sweetness, dubiously.

"Sure I do," declared Turner. "I'm looking ahead for you—peering into the future."

"I wish you'd peer a little more and see if she's goin' to fire me for tryin' to make her respect me," said Sweetness, grimly.

"You're taking no risks whatsoever." Turner's tone was positive.

"You can't lose a woman once she's good and stuck on you."

A hubbub of feminine voices arose in the hotel office. The closeness of matrimony had in nowise numbed Sweetness' interest in such sounds, and Turner said, in response to his look of inquiry: "A bunch of she-tourists from New York on their way to the Yellowstone."

"Do you think we would really dare?" The question in a pleasing contralto was waited into the bar.

"Yes, ma'am," came the clerk's business-like voice. "Plenty of ladies go in to look at the elk heads and the pictures."

"I'll tell you what we will do," said a deliberate voice. "We'll send for Turner. She looks so respectable."

"They're goin' to send for you," Sweetness whispered, excitedly.

"They said 'ahay.' There was a strange look in Turner's eyes and a singular hoarseness in his voice.

A renewal of the hubbub in the office heralded the coming of the other Turner.

"Turner, we want you to go into the bar with us while we look at the pictures."

"Yes, miss, but I loathe the grog shops."

The barkeep gripped the edge of the bar and a hunted look leaped into his face as he heard the smug voice.

"Rodgers!" he called to the barber, whose alleged mind was centered upon the game of pool he was playing with the pastry cook, "come and take my place a few minutes."

"Cart," said the flip barber, as he chalked his cue with maddening deliberation.

The shrill chorus in the office was coming nearer.

"Risky up!" The sharpness in the barkeep's voice made the freeze-out players lift their eyes—there was a note of frenzy in it.

Turner had reached the end of the bar when the swinging doors parted. A small woman in a walking skirt and an alpine hat in which the quill bristled aggressively led a procession of excited young women. The barkeep's quivering gasp was audible some distance away as he dropped on his hands and knees and started to crawl to the door which led to the washroom.

The cold eyes of the person in the alpine hat fell upon the singular object on the floor.

"Gustave!"

The muscles of the barkeep's face twitched nervously, and he stopped in his fight like a well-trained horse at the voice of his master.

"So-o-o!" The long-drawn word reeked with satisfaction. "This is where you are, is it? The wiry figure stiffened for battle. 'Liar! To deceive me! Coward! To run from me! Scoundrel! To desert me!'

Helm waited breathlessly for Turner's scathing reply. He had returned with a pair of sheepskin gloves in his iron hand. Sweetness stood rigid in the intensity of his interest. The freeze-out game was suspended.

"Amelia!"—no one recognized the plaintive voice—"don't be hard on me, Amelia!"

Turner, the barkeep, resembled nothing so much as a greyhound which has been kicked. It seemed not to occur to him that he could rise from his knees.

"Excuse me, miss"—the woman turned to one of the astonished group behind her—"but my husband what I've caught at last."

"Get up!" she cried, advancing upon the cowering form. "Get up! I'll see you upstairs!" She stamped her foot.

Turner scrambled to his feet and the swinging doors hid the witted sage from the eyes of the petrified barroom.

IN CONSTANT FLOW

SAMOAN VOLCANO POURS LAVA INTO OCEAN.

Only Four Years Old, But It Is Easily the Titan of Them All—New Coast Line Is Being Created.

In the island of Savali, in the Samoan group, during an August night in the year 1905 there arose from the midst of a peaceful cocoa plantation a volcano that in four years of its still ceaseless activity has sent forth more molten lava than has any volcano of which there is record.

Today this flow of lava, in some places 700 feet in depth, is filling up the sea along a frontage of more than seven miles, has destroyed about 50 villages and as many square miles of what was once the most productive area in all Samoa. From Apia, about 50 miles away on the island of Upolo, it is sometimes possible to read at night by the glare of the Savalian volcano, whose twin pillars of vapor by day become columns of red.

Above the ever seething lake of fire within the crater hangs a great crimson cloud, while eight miles distant from the volcanic cone appears a lesser or cloud, sometimes divided into many columns of apparent fire. It is but the steam arising from the sea, colored by the red glowing lava that pours a Niagara of fire over the cliffs that the ceaseless torrent of molten rock builds higher and higher every day. The ocean steamers touching at Apia pass within close hailing distance of this dramatic spectacle.

Scientists who have seen the most recent flow say that every minute 300,000 tons of lava flow over the lower rim of the crater; and this not resembling in any way the other lava, but like molten iron spreads over the old field and beyond until at the sea there is a Niagara of fire full ten miles in width. As this molten lava falls into the ocean, says Harper's Weekly, it turns to a fine black sand and sinks, and so a new coast line is being built up in water 300 to 400 feet deep.

This moving molten lake advances at the rate of four miles an hour. As it pours itself into the sea columns of water are raised in steam to incalculable heights, and this, descending in a fine rain of brine, destroys vegetation and corrodes the galvanized iron roofings of churches and trading stations for miles around.

As the torrents of boiling lava break against the basalt cliffs or hummocks left by the old flow cliffs are melted by the heat, hummocks disintegrated and carried forward by the flow to be hurled into the sea, where they explode like Titanic bombs, and this is taking place every moment along an ever widening sea front of ten miles at least. For more than a mile out in the ocean the water boils, and from the crater still flows a steady stream of lava greater, it is said, than man has ever seen in the past issued from any volcano of which there is record.

Never once since that night four years ago, when this volcano was born in a peaceful valley, has it remained for a moment quiescent.

HAD THE AUDIENCE WITH HIM

Christian Missionary Had Little Show in Argument with Native Meliah.

As a medical missionary, stationed for 16 years in northwestern India, near the Afghanistan frontier, Dr. T. L. Pennell had his share of peril and adventure, which he has recounted in a volume entitled, "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Border."

As a medical man, Dr. Pennell had his ups and downs with the native doctors, who sweat their patients and burn sores with lighted oil, but have no faith in western treatment. They also bleed and purge; but gradually the new-fangled treatment was accepted, and grateful converts were made at the Bannu dispensary.

As a missionary, Dr. Pennell had to contend with the meliahs, who are argumentative and great browbeaters; and very often he confesses, he got the worst of it by verdict of the ragged crowd that hemmed in the theologians.

With a certain meliah, who regarded the Christian medicine-man as a rival, Dr. Pennell had an amusing encounter.

"Do you know," asked the meliah, "what becomes of the sun when it sets every day?"

The doctor gave the native circle the scientific explanation.

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the meliah. "We all know that the fire of hell are under the earth, and that the sun passes down every night, and therefore comes up blazing hot in the morning."

All Dr. Pennell's accounts of natural phenomena were ridiculed by the meliah. Then, turning to his people, he said, with contempt in his face and voice:

"It is evident that I shall have to teach him everything from the beginning."—Youth's Companion.

NICETIES OF LEGAL TENDER

Some What Perplexing Question Which Very Few Seem to Properly Understand.

One of the prominent officials of the treasury department recently ventured the opinion that not one banker in a hundred and probably not half a dozen members of the senate or house could tell accurately what parts of the United States currency are legal tender. He went on to say:

"A great many people know that the definition of legal tender is money of a character which by law a debtor may require his creditor to receive in payment in the absence of a special agreement. But when it comes to stating just what money is legal tender you will find the banker all at sea."

"Gold certificates are not a legal tender, but are receivable for customs, taxes and all public debts. Silver certificates are not legal tender. Neither are national bank notes. They are receivable, however, in payment of taxes, excises, public lands and all other dues to the United States, except duties on imports. Trade dollars and fractional currency are not legal tender. Fractional currency is receivable for postage and revenue stamps and also in payment of any due to the United States less than five dollars, except duties on imports. Foreign gold and silver coins are not legal tender."

"The following are legal tender in all that the term means:

"Gold coins of the United States, standard silver dollars, subsidiary silver coins, minor coins of copper, bronze or copper-nickel, up to 25 cents; United States notes or greenbacks, demand treasury notes, treasury notes of 1890. Columbian half dollar and Columbian quarters. Subsidiary silver coin, including Columbian half dollars and quarters, are legal tender up to \$10."

ONLY AS OLD AS SHE LOOKS

Woman of To-Day Retains Youthfulness Longer Than Her Grandmother Did.

Women in Switzerland grow old more gracefully than any of the other women in Europe, according to a letter to the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette. That does not mean that women who work hard in youth and sap their lives out before they are 30 are pretty. Not even American women of that type are beautiful. Perhaps it means that, owing to social and economic conditions, women do not have to wear themselves out as their mothers did, and hence they are beautiful in their forties and fifties. It may be pertinent to digress here and present this query: Are not women the world over, as a rule, adding a decade to their years of youth? It does seem that there are more handsome women between 35 and 55 than there were 25 years ago. Or perhaps a boy in his teens isn't so charitable to the minor failings of a woman in her forties as a man is in his forties. But does seem that to-day, all over the world, the woman whose family income is between \$10 and \$1,000 a week—a wide range, surely—this woman retains her youthful freshness and charm longer than her grandmother retained hers. Labor-saving machinery seems to have done that much for the woman in general everywhere in civilization.

TAZEVELL CO. DIRECTORY.

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- S. S. F. Hartman, Vice-President
- Wm. H. Bondy, Secretary
- P. H. Williams, Treasurer

Address: Snaps, Va.

Meetings of the Board of Supervisors for Tazewell county are as follows: regular meetings first Monday in January and fourth Monday in July. Call meeting the second Tuesday in each month except January and July.

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Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty, and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleman or lady, as distinguished from the veneered article which commonly goes by the name.—Thomas May Jr.

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ORIGIN OF BRITISH SQUARE

Battle Formation First Used by Scotch Troops at the Battle of Bannockburn.

The greatest of all Scotch anniversaries is that of Bannockburn, fought on midsummer day in the year 1314. Apart from its bearing on the independence of Scotland, the battle will always have an exceptional interest from the military point of view, as Bannockburn may be said to have been the birthplace of the British square. "Proud Edward's" army mainly consisted of cavalry, while that of the Scots, on the other hand, was almost exclusively composed of foot-folk, armed with the spear, and those Bruce threw into "schiltrons," or oblong squares—a formation borrowed by Wallace from the Flemings, who had employed it with success at Courtray—to resist the charge of the English cavalry.

Hitherto the mounted mail-clad knight had carried every thing before him, but Courtray and Bannockburn proved that he was powerless to break resolute, spear-armed infantry drawn up in "schiltrons" or hedgehog formation, and these two battles revolutionized the tactics of the continent and of our own island. Profiting by the lesson which had been taught them at Bannockburn the English applied the tactics of the Scots with brilliant success at Crecy, and still more at Agincourt. As it was the Scots who may be said to have originated the British square at Bannockburn, so it was they again who at Balaclava were the first to discard it with "their thin red line," and now, owing to our changed conditions of warfare, it is discarded altogether.

HOW DID THE PARROT KNOW?

Hard to Explain, But Polly Certainly Had Prediction of the Coming Earthquake.

"Beyond his habit of living to be 100 to 150 years old, the parrot is a truly remarkable bird in other ways," said Mr. E. N. Daniels of the City of Mexico.

"What makes me give utterance to this opinion is a trick that a bird which belongs to my young son executed the night of the late earthquake that shook us up so severely in Mexico. Fully five minutes before the first shock, which came a little after four o'clock in the morning, Polly set up a terrific uproar that culminated in a prolonged scream. I didn't relish the discordant racket which broke into the slumbers of the family and felt like murdering the miserable creature, especially as there was no cessation of its vocal exercises.

"While it was still coming in for my denunciations the tremor of the earth occurred, and in a second it flashed across my mind that Polly had given us warning in the only way it knew how to reach us. It may not seem reasonable that the bird should be able to sense a convulsion of nature in advance of its coming, but the facts are as I have stated, and after the affair was over I petted the parrot as much as I had power to. It is little while before. It has a nest ticket for life in the Daniels household, and money wouldn't buy it."

Some European Populations. According to Dr. Bertillon, although in France in 1907 statistics showed an increase in population of 26,000, Germany could show nearly 800,000, Great Britain 800,000 and Austria 400,000. The doctor makes some significant comparisons. In 1851 France possessed, as did Germany, 35,000,000 inhabitants; to-day she has 39,000,000 against Germany's 52,000,000. Great Britain, which in 1851 had 27,000,000 inhabitants, has to-day 45,000,000. In 1851 the population of Austria was 21,000,000; at the present time it is 30,000,000. Italy during the same period has increased from 34,000,000 to 35,000,000. Dr. Bertillon adds that 1907 shows the lowest relative birth rate of any year since the introduction of these statistics a century ago.

Fixing Her Status. In a police court in New York the other day a magistrate asked a woman, a witness: "Are you a friend of the prisoner?" "No, I'm his mother-in-law," replied the woman, without any particular show of feeling.

SOCIAL CLIMBERS IN NEVADA

Land of Gold Witnessed Many Strange Vicissitudes in the Matter of Wealth.

To-day a humble gold-seeker may be living in a hutch of the simple architecture of a box car, says Good Housekeeping. To-morrow he is building a "villa" with real clapboards and shingles, hiring a Chinaman of all work and sending to "Frisco" for a brass bed and a Persian rug. Some very pretty little houses begin to dot the barren landscape. A railroad stretches its metal arm down into the gold-bearing wilderness and links it with the outer world. Come tailors, modistes and milliners, soda water and ice cream, clergymen and drummers, pickpockets and actors and all that splendid procession from the cozy corners of civilization.

Social conditions were decidedly perplexing. Your washerwoman accepted a mining claim for an uncollectible debt. Suddenly the claim yields her a fortune, whereat, to show you that her wealth has not made her snobbish, she purchases an elaborate portable house and settles down as your next-door neighbor.

However, if you take it into your head to move away from the vicinity of the fortunate landowners you would find the moving problem quite simple. A small force of husky men can pull your house up by the roots and carry it up a hill or down a slope without any great exertion—that is, unless your dwelling is "dobe, or you happen to be one of the bonanza crowd and have gone in for heavy architecture.

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Bible School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 8 a. m.; second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. G. S. McCleary, pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH, Main Street.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. "Little Workers" Juvenile Missionary every second Sunday 3 p. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 8 p. m., fifth Sundays 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. C. C. Reiter, pastor.

NORTH FAZEVELL CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. C. C. Reiter, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching second, third and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Preaching fifth Sundays at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening 7 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN, BURKE'S GARDEN.—Preaching on first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. S. O. Hall, pastor.

TAZEVELL PREACHERS COUNCIL. Every Monday at 2 p. m.

SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY
COMMANDERY NO. 30
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

Meets 3rd Monday in each month.
C. R. BROWN, E. C.
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Recorder.

O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.
Meets second Monday in each month.
J. P. ROYALL, H. P.
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Secretary.

TAZEVELL LODGE.

NO. 62, A. F. & M. M.
Meets the 1st Monday in each month.

R. O. CROCKETT, W. M.
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UPTOP LODGE, NO. 259, I. O. O. F.
UPTOP, VIRGINIA.
Meets first and third Saturdays in each month.
FRANK PYOTT, N. G.
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Schedule in Effect June 20, 1909.

Leave Tazewell Daily for Bluefield 11:13 a. m. 6:06 p. m.
For Norton 9:24 a. m. 3:05 p. m.

LEAVE BLUEFIELD, EAST BOUND.
8:55 a. m. for Roanoke, Lynchburg, Norfolk and all points on Shenandoah Division. Pullman sleeper and Cafe Car to Roanoke. Pullman sleeper Roanoke to New York, via Hagerstown. Parlor car Roanoke and Norfolk.
7:20 a. m. daily for East Radford, Roanoke and Norfolk. Pullman Parlor car Roanoke and Norfolk.
12:40 p. m. daily for Roanoke, Lynchburg and intermediate stations and the Shenandoah Valley. Pullman sleeper Gary to Philadelphia and New York via Hagerstown. Cafe car.
9:18 p. m. for Roanoke, Lynchburg, Richmond, Norfolk. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk. Roanoke to Richmond cafe car.

WEST BOUND.
6:00 a. m. for Welch and 10:45 a. m. for Williamson.
8:10 a. m. for Welch, Williamson, Kenova, Portsmouth, Columbus and points West. Pullman sleeper to Columbus Cafe dining car.
2:15 p. m. for Gary and intermediate stations. Pullman sleeper. Cafe car.
8:20 p. m. for Welch, Williamson, Kenova, Portsmouth, Cincinnati, Columbus St. Louis and the West. Pullman sleepers to Cincinnati and Columbus. Cafe car.

For additional information, apply at ticket office or to
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NOTICE.
The overseer of the poor for each Magisterial District of Tazewell county is provided with a contingent fund of fifty dollars for each year, which is under control of the overseer of the poor and the member of the board, of the respective districts, to be used for the purpose of emergency. After this emergency fund has been expended by an overseer of the poor, for any one year, he has no authority, under the law, to bind the county for any further amount under any circumstances. All further allowances must be made by the Board of Supervisors.

Published by order of the Board of Supervisors of Tazewell county.

Jan 28th S. M. Graham, Clerk.

NOTICE!
All persons are warned against obstructing any of the roads of this county, or any ditch constructed for the drainage of any road, by throwing therein any waste material of any kind whatsoever.

By order of the Board of Supervisors.
S. M. GRAHAM, Clerk.
Sept. 10-11