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LEAVE BLUEFIELD, EAST BOUND.
9:15 a. m. for Roanoke, Lynchburg, Norfolk and points on Shenandoah Division. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk. Cafe Car to Roanoke. Pullman sleeper Roanoke to New York via Hagerstown, Dining car. Parlor car Roanoke and Richmond.
7:20 a. m. daily for East Radford, Roanoke and Norfolk. Pullman Parlor car Roanoke and Richmond.
2:30 p. m. daily for Roanoke, Lynchburg and intermediate stations and the Shenandoah Valley. Pullman sleeper Gary Philadelphia via Hagerstown. Cafe car 9:23 p. m. for Roanoke, Lynchburg, Richmond, Norfolk. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk. Roanoke to Richmond cafe car.
WEST BOUND.
10:10 a. m. for laeger and 11:50 a. m. for Williamson.
8:10 a. m. for Welch, Williamson, Kenova, Portsmouth, Columbus and points West. Pullman sleeper to Columbus Cafe dining car.
2:00 p. m. for Gary and intermediate stations. Pullman sleeper. Cafe car.
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KEITH OF THE BORDER
A TALE OF THE PLAINS
By RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN McINTIRE
(Copyright, A. C. McClure & Co., 1912.)

CHAPTER XVIII.
Interviewing Willoughby.
Coolly, yet without in the least comprehending how best to proceed, Keith drew toward him the only chair in the room, and sat down. Miss Hope—more widely known as Christie MacLaire—had claimed this drunken lad as her brother, but, according to Hawley, he had vehemently denied any such relationship. Yet there must be some previous association between the two, and what this was the plainman proposed to discover. The problem was how best to cause the fellow to talk frankly—could he be reached more easily by reference to the girl or the gambler? Keith studying the sullen, obstinate face confronting him, with instinctive antagonism over his intrusion, swiftly determined on the girl.
"It was not very nice of me to come in on you this way," he began, apologetically, "but you see I happened to know your sister."
"My sister? Oh, I guess not!"
"Yes, but I do," throwing a confidence into his tone he far from feeling, "Miss Hope and I are friends." The boy sprang to his feet, his face flushed.
"Oh, you mean Hope? Do you know her? Say, I thought you were giving me that old gag about Christie MacLaire."
"Certainly not; who is she?"
"That's more than I know; fellow came to me at Carson, and said he'd met my sister on a stage west of Topeka. I knew he was lying, because she's home over in Missouri. Finally, I got it out of him that she claimed to be my sister, but her name was MacLaire. Why, I don't even know her, and what do you suppose she ever picked me out for her brother?"
He was plainly puzzled, and perfectly convinced it was all a mistake. That his sister might have left home since he did, and drifted West under an assumed name, apparently never occurred to him as possible. To Keith this was the explanation, and nothing could be more natural, considering her work, yet he did not feel like shattering the lad's loyalty. Faith in the sister might yet save him.
"Perhaps the fellow who told you," he hazarded blindly, speaking the first thought which came to his mind, "had some reason to desire to make you think this MacLaire girl was your sister."
The suggestion caused him to laugh at first; then his face suddenly sobered, as though a new thought had occurred to him.
"Damn me, no, it couldn't be that," he exclaimed, one hand pressing his head. "He couldn't be workin' no trick of that kind on me."
"Whom do you mean?"
"A fellow named Hawley," evasively. "The man who claimed to have met my sister."
"Black Bart? Hawley?"
The boy lifted his head again, his eyes filled with suspicion.
"Yes, if you must know; he's a gambler all right, but he's stuck to me when I was down and out. You know him?"
"Just a little," carelessly; "but what sort of a trick could he be working trying to make you acknowledge Christie MacLaire as your sister?"
Willoughby did not answer, shifting uneasily about on the bed. Keith waited, and at last the boy blurted out:
"Oh, it wasn't nothing much. I told him something when I was drunk once, that I thought maybe might have stuck to him. Odd he should make that mistake, too, for I showed him Hope's picture. Bart's a schemer, and I didn't know but what he might have figured out a trick, though I don't see how he could. It wasn't no more than a pipe dream, I reckon. Where did you meet Hope? Back in Missouri?"
One thing was clearly evident—the boy's faith in his sister. If he was to be rightly influenced, and led back to her, he must have no suspicion aroused that her life was any different from what it had been before he left home. Besides if Keith hoped to gain any inkling of what Hawley's purpose could be, he must win the confidence of Willoughby. This could not be done by telling him of Hope's present life. These considerations flashed through his mind, and as swiftly determined his answer.
"Oh, I've known her some time. Not long ago I did her a service for which she is grateful. Did you know she was out in this country searching for you?"
"Out here? In Kansas?"
"Sure; that isn't much of a trip for a spirited girl. She got it in her head from your letters that you were in trouble, and set out to find you and bring you home. She didn't tell me this, but that is the way I heard it. It was for her sake I came in here. Why not go to her, Willoughby, and then both of you return to Missouri?"
The sullenness had gone out of the boy's face; he looked tired, discouraged.
"Where is Hope?" he asked.
"Fort Larned, I suppose. She went to Carson City first."
"Well, that settles it," shaking his head. "You don't suppose I could go brown'n' round Larned, and not get snapped up, do you? They don't chase deserters very far out here, but that's the post I skipped from, and they'd jug me all right. Besides, I'm damned if I'll go back until I get a stake. I want to see a fellow first."
"What fellow?"
"Well, it's Hawley, if you want to know no bad. He said if I would come

Sober and wait for him he'd put me on to a good thing."
The boy fidgeted along the edge of the bed, evidently half ashamed of himself, yet obstinate and unyielding. Keith sat watching his face, unable to present any means of changing his decision. Hawley's influence just at present was greater than Hope's, because the lad naturally felt ashamed to go slinking home penniless and defeated. His pride held him to Hawley, and his faith that the man would redeem his promise. Keith understood all this readily enough, and comprehended also that if "Black Bart" had any use for the boy it would be for some criminal purpose. What was it? Was there a deeply laid plot back of all these preparations involving both Willoughby and his sister? What was it Hawley was scheming about so carefully, holding this boy deserter in one hand, while he reached out the other after Christie MacLaire? Surely, the man was not working blindly; he must have a purpose in view. Willoughby had acknowledged he had told the fellow something once when he was drunk—about his family history, no doubt, for he had shown him Hope's picture. What that family secret was Keith had no means of guessing, but Hawley, the moment he saw the face on the cardboard, had evidently recognized Christie MacLaire—had thought of some way in which what he now knew could be turned to advantage. The few scattered facts which Keith had collected all seemed to point to such a conclusion—Hawley had sent the boy to Sheridan, where he would be out of sight, with orders to wait for him there, and the promise of a "stake" to keep him quiet. Then he had gone to Independence and Topeka seeking after Christie MacLaire. Evidently he meant to keep the two apart until he had gained from each whatever it was he sought. But what could that be? What family secret could Willoughby have blurted out in his cups, which had so stimulated the gambler's wit?

Two things combined to cause Keith to determine he would uncover this rascality, his desire to repay Hawley, and his interest in the girl rescued on the Salt Fork. This gossamer web of intrigue into which he had stumbled unwittingly was nothing to him personally; had it not involved both Hawley and Miss Hope, he would have left it unsolved without another thought. But under the circumstances it became his own battle. There was a crime here—hidden as yet, and probably not consummated—involving wrong, perhaps disgrace, to the young girl. He had rescued her once from out the clutches of a deserting man, and he had no intention of deserting her now. Whatever her life might be, she was certainly an innocent victim in this case, deserving his protection. The memory came to him of her face upturned toward him in that little room of the Occidental, her eyes tear-dimmed, her lips asking him to come back to her again. He could not but have her for a bad woman, and his lips compressed, his eyes darkened, with fixed determination. He would dig into this until he uncovered the truth; he would find out what dirty trick "Black Bart" was up to.

As he thought this out, not swiftly as recorded, but slowly, deliberately, piecing the bits together within his mind, blindly feeling his way to a final conclusion, the boy had sunk back upon the bed, overcome with liquor, and fallen asleep. Keith stepped over, and looked down upon him in the dim light. He could recognize something of her features in the upturned face, and his eyes softened. There was no use seeking again to arouse him; even had he been sober, he would not have talked freely. Keith lifted the dangling feet into a more comfortable position, turned the lamp lower, went out, and latched the door. Two men were tramping heavily up the stairs, and they turned into the hall at the very moment he disappeared within his own room. He still retained his grasp upon the latch, when a voice outside asked:
"What number did you say, Bill—29?"
Keith straightened up as though suddenly pricked by a knife; he could never forget that voice—it was Hawley's.

CHAPTER XIX.
A Glimpse at Conspiracy.
Leaning against the inside of his own door, startled by the rapid sequence of events, Keith was able, from different sounds reaching him, to mentally picture most of what occurred in the next room. He heard Bill sink down into the convenient chair, and drink from the bottle, while the gambler apparently advanced toward the bed, where he stood looking down on its unconscious occupant.
"The fool is dead drunk," he declared disgustedly. "We can't do anything with him tonight."
"I say—throw bucket water over him," bellowed the other genially, "allers sobers me off."
Hawley made no response, evidently finding a seat on one end of the washstand.
"Hardly worth while; Scott," he returned finally. "Perhaps I better have some understanding with Christie, anyhow, before I pump the boy any further. If we can once get her working with us, Willoughby won't have much hand in the play—we shan't need him. Thought I told you to keep sober?"
"Am sober," solemnly, "ain't had but six drinks; just nat'rly throd out."
"Oh, indeed; well, such a room as this would drive any man to drink."

Did you get what I sent you here after?"
"I sure did, Bart," and Keith heard the fellow get to his feet unsteadily. "Here's the picture, an' some letters. I didn't take only what he had in the grip."
Hawley shuffled the letters over in his hands, apparently hastily reading them with some difficulty in the dim light.
"Nothing there to give us any help," he acknowledged reluctantly, "mostly advice as far as I can see. Damn the light; a glow worm would be better." There was a pause; then he slapped his leg. "However, it's clear they live in Springfield, Missouri, and this photo—"
The gambler grasped the speaker, shaking him into some slight semblance of sobriety.
"Now, look here, Willoughby, I want the truth, and mean to have it," he insisted. "Has some one been in here while Scott was gone?"
"Sure—didn't I just tell yer—friend o' Hope's?"
"Who was he? Speak up! I want the name!"
There was a faint gurgling sound, as though the gambler's vice-like fingers were at the boy's throat; a slight struggle, and then the choked voice gasped out:
"Let up! damn yer! He called himself Jack Keith."
The dead silence which ensued was broken only by heavy breathing. Then Scott swore, bringing his fist down with a crash on the washstand.
"That rather stumps yer, don't it, Bart? Well, it don't me. I tell yer it's just as I said from the first. It was Keith an' that nigger what jumped yer in the cabin. They was hild'n' there when we rode in. He just nat'rly pumped the gal, an' new he's up here trailin' you. Blame it all, it makes me laugh."
"I don't see what you see to laugh at. This Keith isn't an easy man to play with, let me tell you. He may have got to our game."
"Oh, hell, Bart, don't lose your nerve. He can't do anything, because we've got the under hold. He's a fugitive; all we got to do is locate him, an' have him stung back in jail—there's murder an' hoss-stealing agin him."
Hawley seemed to be thinking awfully, while his companion took another drink.
"Well, pard, ain't that so?"
"No, that trick won't work, Scott. We could do it easily enough if we were down in Carson, where the boys would help us out. The trouble up here is 'Wild Bill' Hickey's Marshal of Sheridan, and he and I never did hitch. Besides, Keith was one of his deputies down at Dodge two years ago—you remember when Dutch Charlie's place was cleaned out? Well, Hickey and Keith did that job all alone, and 'Wild Bill' ain't going back on that kind of a gal, is he? I tell you we've got to fight this affair alone, and on the quiet. Maybe the fellow don't know much yet, but he's sure on the trail, or else he wouldn't have been in here talking to Willoughby. We've got to get him, Scott, somehow. Lord, man, there's a clean million dollars waiting for us in this deal, and I'm ready to fight for it. But I'm damned sleepy, and I'm going to bed. You locate Keith tomorrow, and then when yer sober, we'll figure out how we can get to him best; I've got to set Christie right. Good-night, Bill!"
He went out into the hall and down the creaking stairs, the man he despised by body Hickey's to his descending footsteps, had leaped to follow. Scott did not move, perhaps had already fallen, and only as he passed his chair, and finally Keith crossed his own room and lay down. The din outside continued unabated, but the man's intense weariness overcame it all, and he fell asleep, his last conscious thought a memory of Hope.
(To Be Continued.)

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"Let Up! Damn Yer! He Called Himself Jack Keith."

graph is a peach. Just look here, Bill! What did I tell you? Ain't Christie a dead ringer for this girl?"
"You bet she is, Bart," admitted the other in maudlin admiration, "only, I reckon, maybe some older."
"Well, she ought to be accordin' to Willoughby's story, an' them papers bear him out all right, so I reckon he's told it straight—this Phyllis was twenty-six now, and that's just about what Christie is. It wouldn't have fit better if we had made it out purpose. If the girl will only play up to the part we won't need any other evidence—her face would be enough."

Keith could hear the beating of his own heart in the silence that followed. Here was a new thought, a new understanding, a complete new turn to affairs. Christie MacLaire, then, was not Willoughby's sister Hope. The girl he rescued on the desert—the girl with the pleading blue eyes, and the soft blur of the South on her lips—was not the music hall singer. He could hardly grasp the truth at first, it antagonized so sharply with all he had previously believed. Yet, if this were true his own duty became clearer than ever; aye, and would be more willingly performed. But what did Hawley know? Did he already realize that the girl he had first met on the stage coach, and later inveigled into the desert, was Hope, and not the music hall artist? He, of course, fully believed her to be Christie MacLaire at that time, but something might have occurred since to change that belief. Anyhow, the man was not now seeking Hope, but the other. Apparently the latter was either already here in Sheridan or expected soon. And exactly what was it the gambler desired this MacLaire woman to do? This was the important matter, and for its solution Keith possessed merely a few hints, a few vague suggestions. She was expected to represent herself as Phyllis—Phyllis who? Some Phyllis surely whose physical resemblance to Hope must be sufficiently marked to be at once noticeable. Willoughby had evidently revealed to Hawley some hidden family secret, having money involved, no doubt, and in which the discovery of this mysterious Phyllis figured. She might, perhaps, be a sister, or half-sister, who had disappeared, and remained ignorant as to any inheritance. Hope's picture shown by the boy, and reminding Hawley at once of Christie MacLaire, had been the basis of the whole plot. Exactly what the details of that plot might be Keith could not figure out, but one thing was reasonably certain—it was proposed to defraud Hope. And who in the very truth was Hope? It suddenly occurred to him as a remarkably strange fact that he possessed not the slightest inkling as to the girl's name. Her brother had assumed to be called Willoughby when he enlisted in the army, and his companions continued to call him this. If he could interview the girl now for only five minutes he should be able probably to straighten out the whole intricate tangle. But where was she? Would she have remained until this time at Fort Larned with Kate Murphy?

There was a noise of movement in the next room. Apparently as Hawley arose carelessly from his edge of the washstand he had dislodged the glass, which fell shivering on the floor. Scott swore audibly at the loss.
"Shut up, Bill," snapped the gambler, irritated, "you've got the bottle left. I'm going; there's nothing for any of us to do now, until after I see Christie. You remain here! Do you understand?—remain here. Damn me, if that drunken fool isn't waking up!"
There was a rattling of the rickety bed, and then the sound of Willoughby's voice, thick from liquor.
"Almighty glad to see you, Bart—am, indeed. Want money—Bill an' I both want money—can't drink without money—when you goin' stake us?"
"I'll see you again in the morning, Fred," returned the other briefly. "Go on back to sleep."
"Will when I git good an' ready—go sleep, sthy wake, just as I please—don't care damn what yer do—got now frien' now."
"A new friend? Who?" Hawley spoke with aroused interest.
"Oh, he's all right—his mighty fine fellow—come in without in invitation—called her Hope—you fool, Bart Hawley, think my sister Christie—Christie—damned the name—my sister, Hope—don't want yer money—my new friend, he'll stake me—he knows my sister—Hope."

The KITCHEN CABINET
THERE are no birds in last year's nest; In last year's cream there are no flies; No vain regrets disturb my breast; For aught that in the future lies; And last year's birds and last year's flies Have passed the reach of tears and sighs.
—Rob Burdette.
DON'TS FOR THE BABY.
Don't dance him on your knees until his little brain is added.
Don't pin him into tight bands and clothes, and then wonder why he cries.
Don't forget that three hundred thousand babies die each year before they are a year old, in our own United States.
Don't forget what the baby needs and not what you would like to do for him.
Don't lack courage to forbid promiscuous kissing of your baby.
Don't forget to feed him regularly.
Don't forget that he needs much sleep and much letting alone, lots of fresh air and sunshine, as does any young plant.
HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
An excellent way of cleaning lamp chimneys is to hold them over the spout of the tea kettle full of boiling water until they become well steamed, then polish with a clean, dry cloth.
The stems may be quickly removed from currants by sprinkling them with a little flour and then rubbing them between the hands. This takes much less time than picking them over, and is quite as effective.
Try using an old paint brush to put on stove blacking.
Think every day of beautiful things, for if you don't you will soon get so that there are no beautiful things to think of.
No matter how house work presses, now how much sewing there is to do, it will pay to take a little time each day, if possible at least two or three times each week, to get out doors and enjoy the beauty of nature, to draw in deep breaths of pure, sweet air, so that the body and spirit may be refreshed. Work will go better, so that it pays. Even if things were not done a woman owes it to herself to pay some regard to her finer nature. Her family will appreciate her the more she values herself. There are home duties and duties which belong to herself, and she who honors both is the all around useful, happy woman.

Nellie Maxwell
Veneered Furniture.
In these days of the veneered furniture, when the buyer chooses only that piece of quartered oak that shows the most flake in the cut, it is well to make it a point to never allow water or liquid long to remain on the surfaces, this especially of tables, for it is liable to reach the glue beneath this paperlike surface, and later when drying out make it lift and bulge, to repair which only an expert is capable. Dampness can easily reach it almost unknowingly by placing on it a vase or jar which has in it some cool substance that might make moisture collect on the outer side and leak to the table top. This should be guarded against, as varnished surfaces become opaque and this more often than the veneer bulging, which happening is verily a calamity.

FRANCE MAY EXPEL WITCHES
Government is After Workers of Magic Who Fatten on Credulity of the Peasants.
M. Cruppi, as minister of justice, is hard at work attempting to crush the practice of sorcery in France. This seems a curious necessity in the twentieth century, but it is a very real necessity for all that. French people, like all Latins, are very superstitious, and a'vough most people in the towns laugh at the thought readers and the rest of the tribe even while they go to consult them, the wise woman, black and white, exist in the country and practice their arts with impunity, to their own satisfaction and occasionally to that of their victims.

A case in a village in Normandy may be recalled, a short while ago, where an old woman died of fright because she had been "bewitched." She had refused to give or sell the witch some eggs because she wanted them herself. The witch made signs at her and told her she was stricken dumb. The old woman proved conclusively till the witch went away that she was not dumb just yet at all events, but that evening she scalded her tongue badly with her soup; it swelled a little, and she could not speak distinctly. This frightened her so (she was a woman of 80 and illiterate) that she took to her bed, had a stroke of paralysis and died a few days afterward.

At Morlaix last week a worker of white magic killed a girl of 18 as surely as though he had shot her through the head. She suffered from bronchitis. To cure her the "wizard" ordered her to go barefoot to the cemetery, collect some earth from a newly-made grave, grip herself completely, and after finding a spider to walk home with the grave earth in one hand and the spider in the other. She was then to bury them outside her garden gate and to cut her finger nails and toe nails with a pair of rusty scissors before she re-entered the house. The girl followed the prescription carefully, and, being ill before she followed it, she not un-naturally caught another cold and died.—Paris Letter to the London Express.

HOW TO INDUCE SLEEP
AVOID ALL OPIATES AND OTHER FORMS OF "DOPE."
Light Meal Followed by Moderate Exercise, Well Aired Room and Warm Feet Usually Will Bring Peaceful Slumber.
There are sound hygienic methods by which sleep may be induced. Inquiries into the realm of patent medicines, opiates, and all sorts of slumber elixirs which are summed up as "dope," should be avoided. But the moral of this lesson has been pointed over and over, yet little has been said about natural methods of wooing sleep. Under this head does not come the various mental contrivances such as "counting sheep" or reciting the multiplication table.
Oxygen is as necessary to the body cells during the hours of sleep as at any other time. Perhaps in the case of children it is even more necessary. For them sleep means the time of anabolism, growth and repair. The old professions against open windows still exists, in spite of the campaigns of education in the schools. Dust in the rooms, an imaginary draft, the fear of colds, and many other stupid reasons are advanced in excuse of this pernicious prejudice.
The organs of the body also should be considered, and no excessive work should be given the heart or digestive organs before retiring to rest. High pillows lead to an increase in the heart's force at a time when the heart should have the lightest work. Pillows that are too low may cause headaches and even sleeplessness, through an excess of blood being in the brain. Heavy late suppers are unwise, but a light meal, followed by some moderate exercise as a short walk, is generally conducive to sound sleep. The light meal causes a withdrawal of blood from the head into the stomach area and the body generally. The body is therefore warmed, and this is important.
Cold extremities, particularly cold feet, cause sensory stimulations, which produce sleeplessness, often for hours. People who suffer in this way should take means to keep their feet warm artificially by using sleeping socks, or slipper baths, or by the use of hot water bottles, and by sleeping between blankets.
It is, of course, fatal to sound sleep to go to bed "with anything on the mind." In these sensational and pleasure-loving days we often retire to rest after receiving a long series of vivid sensations which often account for hours of sleepless tossing. Sometimes this may be relieved by a gentle friction of the head with a medium hard brush.
We cannot hope to always drive away the disturbing sensory impulses, for built as man is, joy, suffering, grief, responsibility and worry (last, but by no means least), must find their place in his life at some time or other. Life without these would be at best a mere existence, and so we must pay the bill at such times. And even then fatigue must cause sleep ere long.
It may be wise not to be too particular about noises when little children are asleep. At some future time they may be thankful for learning to sleep while a certain amount of noise is going on. For instance, there is no reason why they should not be accustomed to sleep while a piano is being played in another room in the house.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

The "hoop skirt" sleeve is said to be the latest perpetrator in feminine wear. Any change from the hobble skirt will be welcomed.

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