For sale by Charles Lyle Drug Co.

Cushman's
MENTHOL INHALER

Cures all troubles of the Head and Throat.
CATARRH, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, LaGRIPPE,
WILL CURE You. First Inhalation stops sneezing, snuffing, coughing, HEADACHE. Continued use effects SURE CURE.
ENDORSED by the highest medical authorities of Europe and America for COLDS, Sore Throat Hay Fever, Bronchitis, La GRIPPE. The most Refreshing and Healthful aid to HEADACHE Sufferers. Brings Sleep to the Sleepless. Cures Insomnia and Nervous Prostration. Don't be fooled with worthless imitations. Take only CUSHMAN'S. Price, 50c. at all Druggists, or mailed free. Agents wanted. CUSHMAN'S
MENTHOL BALM produces wonderful cures of Salt Rheum, Old Sores, Cuts, Wounds, Burns Frostbites. Excels all other remedies for PILES. Price 25c. at Druggists. Book on Menthol free. Address Cushman Manufacturing Co., No. 324 Dearborn Street, (Room Building), CHICAGO, or VINCENNES, IND.

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Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.
ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

FREE! 10,000 14K. Solid Gold Plated WATCHES with Elegant Chain
FREE! and Charm to Match. VALUE, $15.00.

ARE YOU BALD.

BEFORE AND AFTER USE.

Lorrimer's Excelsior Hair Forcer positively produces a luxuriant growth of hair on the baldest head, rapidly cures bald patches, scanty partings, hair falling, thin eyebrows and eye lashes, and restores gray hair to original color. Absolutely forces whiskers and moustaches on the smoothest face at any age. Price $1.00 per bottle. Sold by R. V. LORRIMER & CO., 1005 Pennsylvania Ave., Baltimore, Md.

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DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE.

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Lorrimer's Excelsior Hair Forcer.

These BEAUTIFUL watches are sold in jewelry stores at $10 to $15, but, in order to advertise our goods and get new customers, we will send one WATCH (lady's or gent's size) ABSOLUTELY FREE to you if you comply with the terms of our Gold Watch Offer. If you want one, send $1.00 for a large bottle of Lorrimer's Excelsior Hair Forcer and we will send our Gold Watch Offer at same time. WE send the Watch by registered mail and guarantee safe delivery to you. When you get the beautiful watch we shall expect you to tell your friends, as we want to build up our business in your locality. Send this advertisement and $1.00 to R. V. LORRIMER & CO. 1005 Pennsylvania Ave., Baltimore, Md.

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Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. Philada., Pa.

NYE ON BLOOMERS.

HE SAYS THEY ARE GOOD THINGS AND SHOULD BE SUSTAINED.

Which Leads to a Few Remarks About the New Woman and Her Proper Sphere, Wherein Will Be Seen That William Believes In the Girls.

[Copyright, 1895, by Edgar W. Nye.]

Trifoliata McGlew, Monson, Me., writes to know if I will give utterance to a few sublime truths regarding the use of the bloomer, etc.

Yes, I will do so with pleasure. There's many a true word uttered in jest, and I would rather utter a truth accidentally and have it accidentally read by some one who had become tired of hearing truths than to stand up day after day proclaiming a cast iron truth like the notice of a fine of $5 for riding or driving faster than a walk over an iron bridge and never getting any results from it.

Truth is one of the best things we can proclaim to a lost and undone world, but she needs a new dress. Truth in bloomers would make an instantaneous hit.

If we can keep the disagreeable women and elderly ladies of my own unfortunate sex from wearing bloomers they will always be popular.

Attractive women can make any costume popular. It is perfectly marvelous to notice how little clothing an attractive woman may wear and still be the cynosure of all eyes, especially at the opera. Woman should have every facility for health and longevity, not alone that she may be the mother of statesmen who meet each year to repeal the laws they passed the year before, but for her own sake.

NYE DOESN'T OBJECT.

There have been many more startling changes made in woman's costume than those of the present, and they were far less sensible too. There was a time when additions had to be built to the thrones of Europe to admit the royal hoops and headdresses.

While the bloomer is hardly to be adopted for indoor wear, it might be permitted as we get more accustomed to it, and then the wholesome fear of a mouse would gradually disappear. For one I frankly admit that if I had to wear long skirts all the time I would tie them to my ankles and howl from the top of a sideboard if a mouse came in my direction.

It has been proved that a man in his nightdress cannot whip so large a burglar as he can in his trousers. Statistics prove this. Does it not show that skirts are inimical to courage and heroic endeavor?

We should also be consistent and judge of this matter without prejudice. We must not attack the bloomer because we are bowlegged. We must have other and better motives.

Men are often inconsistent in their dress; according to the best standards. For instance, the highlander, it seems to me, would look better even in bloomers, and the mosquitoes would have to then turn their attention to other and nobler objects.

There seems to be a vague fear, too, that woman will finally usurp many of man's rights and at last infest the smoking room, thus taking the spice out of the prevailing smoking room anecdote. This, of course, would be sad, but we must be prepared for anything. Some think that if woman should once get control of the smoking room she would hang up cages full of canaries and introduce little teacups, with souvenir spoons in them, of the kind which will convey a drop of tea into the mouth and take out everything there is in the mouth, including the tea. I would be sorry, of course, to have this happen or to have tea dealt out to me by troy weight without enough in a cup to even convey a wholesome warmth when I upset it in my lap, but I do not think it will ever come to that. I think there will always be a room in every well regulated home where man may go to escape from too much refinement, a place where he may go and express himself fully when things go wrong and the parlor is occupied by refined people, who can sit in a chair without resting their weight on it.

Though I am thoroughly refined and have a sweet nature, so sunny at times that I have to be careful not to sit too near the ferns in the conservatory, and often when I am feeling well one smile will prematurely ripen a lemon tree, yet I can see that the same wisdom which put whiskers on the man and made him strong, so that he would enjoy getting up at dead of night to chase a cow out of the Phlox drummondi, also gave him a desire to escape from a fete champetre and seek for catfish where the worm dieth not.

Woman invades today, it is true, almost every walk of life, and a man who wishes to break the first commandment—I think it is the first—must be all the time apologizing or swear off. I must admit that times are not the same as they used to be, but we have learned one good lesson—viz, that profanity can be dispensed with for weeks at a time without making a man effeminate.

Some men believe that to abstain entirely from profanity will unsex them, but statistics show that this is an exploded theory. Since the churches have been thrown open to women many have been surprised to see what good has been done, and thousands of church debts contracted by men have been paid by women in a circuitous way by cooking up the husband's groceries and selling them to him at a tremendous advance. One oyster in a pan of milk under willing hands will do wonders.

Man thinks he has genius, but what man among you would ever think that he might make a beautiful patchwork quilt of his wife's dress and realize $250.30 by voting it to the most popular colored child in the state?

During the summer discussions have been going on upon two great questions—viz, (1) Which is the more beautiful, man or woman? and (2) Is woman honorable?

One would think that there could be no discussion on these points, and yet there has been a good deal, and it has been interesting without being abusive. Every one remembers old Mrs. Scraggs, who stood for an hour looking at the Apollo Belvidere, and then, after asking for the ninth time if it were really Apollo, said, with a sigh that raised the dust of antiquity in clouds, "Well, if that's the Apollo Belvidere, give me Scraggs!"

Beauty, especially in the opposite sex, is a local issue. Love is said to be blind, but the beauty he sees in some people does my heart good. There's nothing that so clearly proves the existence of an all wise, thoughtful God more than this. Where would I be today if love had not surrounded me with a glamour for which I would not take a good sized farm, with 80 head of stock on it?

Sandow, to the importer of Percheron draft horses and Rosa Bonheur Norman dray stallions, is beautiful. To me he is as beautiful as a locomotive that can make 90 miles an hour, but what well informed man would prefer him as a fellow tourist toward a better land to the scores of thousands of the angelic host which graduates every June in our own country alone?

When it comes to one sex criticising the other, it is like one blind asylum criticising the beauty of a rival asylum.

My own judgment, which on general topics is sought for every day by those who are strangers to me, would be entirely at fault in a matter of this kind, and yet I venture to give it with characteristic buoyancy and courage.

Man should lay no claim to beauty, for when he enters the contest and is conscious of it he becomes merely the silent partner of his clothes. He should be the trunk of the tree, not the foliage. He should be the energy that moves the panorama, but he should not be the panorama.

So far as honor is concerned in business, woman often saves man from dishonor. In her own dealings she may be more timid about the fulfillment of her contracts than man, but that is the fault of her education and environment to a certain degree. She may ask for margins and advantages in commercial transactions which man would hesitate to ask for, but that is because she has learned that she can do so. Women educated to business methods do not take advantage of this.

So far as honor between the two may be concerned in affairs of the heart, statistics do not aid us, but our own sex will do just as well to avoid an investigation.

After all, however, anything that savors of savage and heartless discussion with the two arrayed against each other is wrong and dangerous. Man is the oak and woman the vine, and if the oak should prove to be decayed, and the vine turn out to be a poison ivy, humanity suffers and the divorce machine has to work a night shift.

Let us be friends.

Let us have peace.

Girls, I will punish the first man who says you cannot "holler down our rain barrel." Do all your hollering there if you wish, and when you need a new barrel drop a postal card in the office for us. It will be attended to.

A kind friend sends this week a poem of the narrative kind. It reminds one of "Childe Harold," but still does not resemble it enough to rob it of its originality. The poor distracted parents must realize, alas! that death is not the worst thing we have to contend against in North Carolina:

SEEKING FOR CATFISH.

On the second day of September,
In the eighteen hundred and ninety-third year,
A little child was born,
Its mother's heart to cheer.

This little child lived and grew
To be a prattling boy,
To run about the yard,
And give its parents joy.

But this was not long to be
For this darling child to thrive,
For soon the news was spread abroad
That Eli was no more alive.

'Twas in eighteen hundred and ninety-five,
On the third day of July,
That he, with two little brothers, wandered
To a creek that ran near by.

The little ones were all too small
The danger of it to know,
And soon this one was undressed,
In a-bathing to go.

But the water was much too deep,
And with chuck holes it abounded,
So right away they heard at the store
That little Eli was drowned.

The next day friends interred
The remains of this little boy
In a graveyard near his grandfather's
By the side of Mr. Malloy.

Before closing I want to express my thanks and give due credit for a stanza used several weeks ago which should have had quotations added to it at least, though it was too good to be confused with my own work, which is almost exclusively in the prose line. It is a poetic definition of poetry and was written by that gifted young poet and reader, J. Edmund V. Cooke of Cleveland:

"To deftly do what many dimly think,
To fund a feeling for the world to borrow,
To turn a tear to printer's ink,
To make a sonnet of a sorrow."

Bill Nye

A Fable With a Modern Moral.

An ungainly kangaroo and a squatty dachshund met in the field. "What ungainly limbs!" rudely remarked the dachshund. "Of what uses are they, pray?"

"They are good for jumping," replied the kangaroo, making several prodigious leaps.

"Oh, that I could jump like you!"

"Easy enough. Let me stretch your banty-legs for you."

The dachshund agreed, and the kangaroo, exerting all his strength, elongated the nether limbs of his little friend until they compared favorably with his own.

At this juncture a huntsman espied the pair, who took alarm. The kangaroo pushed the field out from behind him in a remarkably ungraceful but sudden manner. The dachshund, however, being unaccustomed to his new stilts, tumbled down and was shot for a kangaroo.

Moral.—This fable shows but one of the many evil results of having your leg pulled.—New York World.

Large Family.

At a recent public celebration in a New England town, at which several state dignitaries were present, an old gentleman of rural aspect propounded many questions in a hoarse whisper to his nearest neighbor.

"Who's that sitting over there in the big chair?" he demanded.

"The governor," responded his neighbor laconically.

"And who are all those men gathered behind him?" persisted the old man.

"Suit," replied the other shortly.

"All of 'em!" gasped the old man.

His neighbor nodded.

"Well, I swanny!" ejaculated the questioner after a moment's stunned astonishment. "We think we've got a pooty fair show o' Emmonses in this town, but if all those fellows are Sweets, as near of an age as most of 'em look, I should like to see the rest o' the family, that's all I've got to say! My stars! What doin's they must have, come Thanksgivin and Christmas!"—Youth's Companion.

The Crown Prince's Pigeons.

General von Verdy du Vernois tells a pleasant story about the war of 1870. At Villeneuve-le-Roi he was obliged, for want of time, to refuse an invitation to lunch. A brother officer rushed out of the house with a ragout, which Verdy ate with gusto. A few days later, the old Emperor William said to him at dinner, "That is a pretty affair of yours—my son has told me all about it."

"What affair does your majesty refer to?" asked Verdy.

It was this. The crown prince had received the news that two carrier pigeons had been caught, and he had ordered them to be sent to Versailles. On returning home in the evening he found the following telegram:

"Lieutenant Colonel Verdy has just eaten them."

They had furnished forth the ragout at Villeneuve-le-Roi.—Realm.

Forewarned.

A minister forgot to announce the social events for the coming week one Sunday morning, as was his wont. As he was about to pronounce his final blessing one of the deacons called his attention to the fact. No better opportunity arising, he stopped praying and said, "My brethren, I omitted to tell you that a clam chowder will be served at Brother Perkins' next Thursday evening, and I want you all to come and bring your bowls and spoons." Then he continued his invocation: "And may the Lord have mercy upon your souls! Amen!"—New York Recorder.

Traveling In an Elevator.

Among others entering the elevator at a well known Fourteenth street dry goods establishment was a stout, determined looking Irish lady. She was carried up and down the elevator several trips, but evinced no disposition to get out at any particular department. The man in charge finally said:

"Madam, where do you wish to be landed?"

"Leave me as near the Grand Central daypo as ye can," came the paralyzing response. She was left.—Texas Siftings.

One Better.

Little Miss Mugg (proudly)—My papa is goin to buy me a bicycle.

Little Miss Freckles (loftily)—I've had one for a year.

Little Miss Mugg (disdainfully)—Huh! I wouldn't be seen ridin a last year's bicycle.—Exchange.

None.

"I hardly know whether to marry her or not," said the count. "Her father is in the clothing trade."

"There is money in clothes," said the duke.

"There isn't any in mine," said the count.—Indianapolis Journal.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoria cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.
Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Unjust Aspersion on the Boy.

"Talk about intellects!" said Webb. "That new office boy of mine has a head that would fill grandfather's hat."

"What's the matter now?" asked Bluffkins cautiously. "You were saying only last night that that boy was so careless you were afraid he might come to business some morning without his breakfast."

"I know it. That's just what I said. But I mean to ask that boy's forgiveness. It was only this morning that I learned how unjust I had been. I gave the youngster several letters to mail. He was gone some time, so when he came back I said, 'I'm afraid you didn't post those letters very promptly and that your carelessness has made me miss the mail.'

"'Oh, no, sir,' he replied. 'I'm sure I didn't waste any time. In fact, I took care that the first letter I put in the box was the one marked 'Immediate!'"—Boston Budget.

Beyond Its Power.

Physician—And you have felt this way for several days? H'm! Let me see your tongue.

Patient—It's no use, doctor. No tongue can tell how I suffer.—Boston Transcript.

Latest, Best, Quick, Strong, Long, Writes Well, Never Fails, Simply Made,

THE NEW MODEL 6 THE REMINGTON Standard Typewriter

Therefore Leads.

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Ramon's Liver Pill removes the bile. The Tonic Pellet tones up the system. Combined form a Perfect Treatment. 25c.

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SCHEDULE
ROANOKE STREET RAILWAY.
IN EFFECT SEPT. 15, 1895.

Norwich.		College.		Vinton.		WestEnd.	
Leave Union Depot.	Leave Norwich.	Leave Union Depot.	Leave College.	Leave Terry Building.	Leave Vinton.	Leave Union Depot.	Leave H. Street.
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Crystal Spring.		East Roanoke.		Franklin Road.		Salem.	
Leave Union Depot.	Leave Spring.	Leave Terry Building.	Leave Lynchburg Avenue.	Leave Terry Building.	Lv Highland Avenue.	Leave Terry Building.	Leave Salem.
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10 tf S. W. JAMISON, President and General Manager.

N. & W. R. R. Norfolk & Western R. R.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 12, 1895.

Westbound Leave Roanoke Daily.

8:20 a. m. (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Bristol and the South and West. Stops at principal stations west of Radford. Pullman sleepers to New Orleans and Memphis, dining car attached.

7:05 a. m. for Radford, Bluefield and Pocahontas

4:25 p. m. the Chicago Express for Radford, Bluefield, Pocahontas, Kenova, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Columbus and Chicago. Pullman Buffet Sleeper Roanoke to Columbus. Also for Pulaski, Wytheville, Bristol, Knoxville, Chattanooga and intermediate points.

North and Eastbound, Leave Roanoke Daily.

1:40 p. m. for Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk

1:40 p. m. for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York.

10:40 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleeper Roanoke to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.

8:05 p. m. Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Pullman sleepers to Washington, Philadelphia and New York via Shenandoah Junction and Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Stops only at principal stations.

Durham Division—Leave Lynchburg (Union station) daily 3:45 p. m. for South Boston and Durham and intermediate stations

Winston Salem Division—Leave Roanoke (Union station) daily 2:10 p. m. for Rocky Mount, Martinsville, Winston-Salem and intermediate stations

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