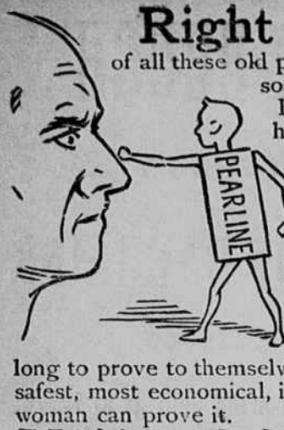


Right in the face

of all these old prejudices and false ideas in favor of soap, see what Pearline has done. Hundreds of millions of packages have been used! That shows it. Probably there never was another household article that came into general use so rapidly, so wonderfully, and from the very start, too. You see, women were ready for it. Most of them were tired to death of wasting their time and strength and money with needless and ruinous rubbing. It hasn't taken them long to prove to themselves that Pearline is easiest, quickest, safest, most economical, in all washing and cleaning. Every woman can prove it.



PEARLINE

RACING THE EMPIRE EXPRESS

A SEXTUPLET BEATS A FAMOUS TRAIN.

A Wonderful Feat Performed by the Riders on a Stearnes Bicycle—In a Run of a Half Mile the Wheel Was a Winner by Four Lengths—The Trial Was Made Outside of Syracuse.

On the afternoon of July 25 the riders of the Stearnes sextuplet tried the much-talked-of and hazardous experiment of racing the famous Empire State express on the New York Central. For some time the six men who have been practicing on the big pacemaker have had an ambition to do the trick which a rival team has been promising to do, but which has never before been done.

Instead of taking the sextuplet to Kirkwood Park for their usual two hours' training they rode the huge machine to the western limits of Syracuse, near the Solway Process works. Here there is a long stretch of rail, and wheelmen have been in the habit of riding for several miles between the tracks, where there is a wide and level path. Here the test was made. The time-table had been consulted, and everything seemed propitious, for not even a freight or way train was scheduled to pass through at 2:05 o'clock, when the Empire State was expected. A man was stationed with a white flag to signal when the lightning express came around the turn. The sextuplet team had in the meantime been riding on the path, and was confident of holding its own, if not beating out the train. The flag finally waved, and the sextette was pushed off, slowly getting under headway. Every man was bent over his handlebars and the six pairs of legs were going up and down with mathematical precision. Of a sudden the spectators sent up a tremendous shout. Instead of one train two were coming. The men had forgotten that the D. L. and W. trains ran out on one of the tracks for a distance, and the Oswego special was coming neck and neck with the Empire. The sextette riders did not at first appreciate the situation, but the rear man looked over his shoulder just in time to see the two trains thundering down upon them. He threw his whole weight on one side, hurling his mates from their seats directly in front of the D. L. and W. engine. It looked as though every man would be killed, but they rolled and scrambled off the track, and the trains whizzed by, a lot of scratches and bruises being the total damage. Later on in the afternoon the sextette made a highly successful trial against the fast mail, holding this train nip and tuck for about a half a mile.

Arthur Yates, the official photographer of the New York Central, got two remarkably fine pictures of the last race.

Not discouraged at the last failure, the Stearnes sextuplet team took another try at the famous train on the afternoon of July 28, and accomplished the feat in the presence of hundreds of spectators who looked upon the spectacle with amazement. The riders showed as much bravado as a parachute jumper leaping from the clouds, and though they had a trench but four feet wide in which to push their ponderous machine they kept it under headway for a good half mile, and finished four lengths ahead of No. 999, the stack of which was pouring a large volume of smoke as the fireman shoveled in coal in a vain attempt to get up steam. Of course the train was not under full headway at the point at which the attempt was made, and, therefore, it was no impossibility which the six strapping big fellows attempted. They had been riding this same machine ever since spring in anticipation of this event, not only at Kirkwood Park where it is smooth and level, but in the early hours of the morning out on the Cicero plank road. In this way they became accustomed to the bumping and jarring of the riding over an uneven surface, and William Bex, to whom was assigned the task of steering the machine, had become so expert that he could guide it over almost any kind of road which would permit of passage. So confident were the team of being able to ride the sextuplet in a narrow space that when the attempt was made last Saturday the path had not been prepared at all; yesterday, however, the conditions were much more favorable. The officials of the D. L. and W. and the Central were very much interested in the experiment, and a section gang was ordered out in the morning and the men spent several hours in digging out and leveling up the passage between tracks 2 and 3, from the row of poplar trees opposite the old baseball grounds in Geddes on out for about a mile to the old stone pump house and the high tower with red reservoir, which is the most prominent landmark in that vicinity. This stretch is not as long as the men would have liked to have it, being cut off by a culvert at the pump house through which the wooden brine pipes pass. On this account the undertaking was particularly hazardous, it being necessary to station a number of men on either side of the track to catch the sextuplet as it came up to the mark under headway. Several times, in practice, the team had come very near plunging headlong into the six-foot trench, and on one occasion nearly all the pedals on one side of the machine were smashed. Arrangements were made on the afternoon of the 28th whereby the Oswego special on the D.

They had to give up. "I was just about to charge you," said the judge to the rural grand jury, "on the practice of carrying concealed weapons in this community, but before I proceed I shall request the foreman to lay that six-shooter of his on the table there."

"Come to the rack, boys!" cried the foreman as he gave up his gun. "Shell out your weapons! You needn't think I'm goin' inter that 'ere room with you, the only unarmed man in the gang!"

And then the other members of the jury reluctantly laid down their shooting irons beside that of the foreman, and the judge went on with his charge.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

My little boy, when two years of age, was taken very ill with bloody flux. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and luckily procured part of a bottle. I carefully read the directions and gave it accordingly. He was very low, but slowly and surely he began to improve, gradually recovered, and is now as stout and strong as ever. I feel sure it saved his life. I never can praise the Remedy half its worth. I am sorry that every one in the world does not know how good it is, as I do.—Mrs. Lina S. Hinton, Grahamsville, Marion Co., Florida. For sale by The Chas. Lyle Drug Co.

LOW RATES. The Roanoke Telephone Exchange offers service on the "Party Wire Plan," at rates easily within your means. Communication with over 700 telephone subscribers. Call at Roanoke Telephone Exchange, telephone 122.

HER HAPPY LITTLE FAMILY.

Reasons For the Success of One Wise Mother.

The mother of it is neither rich nor poor. As a girl she inclined a little to rebellion—just enough to make her parents and masters breathe a happy, relieved sigh when she was safely married—also to cause the wisecracks to say, shaking their head dubiously, they wished her well—the best in the world—but they were sorry for the poor fellow who had the temerity to marry her.

When the first babe came the good wisecracker pitied it also. Its mother, they said, would either neglect it shamefully or visit upon it double the rigors of her own training. She had been so wild and full of notions it was morally certain she could not bring up children in the way they should go—most likely she would try to put old heads upon shoulders not yet out of the cradle.

Thus the critics. The woman they criticized laughed contentedly when she was told what they said. She did have theories of child training and home government, she admitted—further, she meant to put them in practice. Meantime, would her real friends kindly suspend judgment, for, say, ten years—then she would be willing to talk over the matter with them—and perhaps, with actual demonstration.

At the end of that period she finds herself with six boys and girls. At birth they were neither better nor worse than the average young human animal. Yet their mother's brow is smooth, her bloom but slightly touched, she smiles happily, and all her face is irradiated with motherly sweetness. She has time to sew, to read, to walk, to visit, entertain her friends and her husband's, and to think over modern problems. Best of all, her children rise up and call her blessed with clamorous acclaim of small happy tongues.

She lives in an old-fashioned corner house, with, oil, square rooms, and a scrap of back yard. Two servants do the work washing included. They have been there since the household was set up, and are likely to remain until they can retire upon age pensions, or go into new houses with some one of the youngsters they have helped to bring up, for they are kindly and justly treated, recognized as human beings, with rights that are to be no less strenuously respected than they themselves are bound to respect those of master and mistress. Especially are the children trained to give them respectful courtesy. "You can never be ladies and gentlemen," admonishes the mother, "if you do not show your very finest manners to those who are less well placed in life than yourselves."

When asked the other day to tell the secret of happiness, which she had so evidently discovered, the lady smiled a little, then bade the questioner come with her to the playroom. It is in the top of the house—a big, light apartment, with three windows, each protected by strong wire gratings, which make fall from them impossible. The floor is of well-matched boards, and bare save for rugs and cushions here and there. Walls and ceilings are hard-finished and are of a light pinky gray. Cheerful pictures, flowers, fruits, birds, animals, cupids and cherubs, with Mother Goose and lots of brownies, hang all over the upper walls. Lower down there are sacks for pictures, kits, flags, lances, toy fishing rods and so on.

For furniture there are deal tables of varying heights, wicker chairs to fit all ages 1.000 one year to twenty; a stout basket for each child, with pockets inside and a bag over the top, and several screens which began life as clothes horses. To bring them to their present estate they have been covered with gray paper muslin, put on very smooth, then adorned with pictures, pasted at the taste or whim of the nursery occupants.

Under the window nearest the open fireplace is baby's special province—upon which the mother prides herself more than all the rest. It is a movable pen, six feet square. Three sides are of smooth boards eighteen inches high, joined by hooks and staples at the corners, and similarly fastened to the wall which makes the fourth side. To this wall there is hinged a shelf broad enough to serve as a play table for the tiny occupant. It is set just high enough to come over the arms of a rush chair with a base so broad the most energetic infant cannot tip it over. But even if that should happen the young person would take no harm of it—since the pen is floored with a wool mattress made exactly its own size, upon the top of which a rubber blanket is laid, and over that a cotton rug.

"Here is the secret of my good children—that is, if there is any secret," the mother said. "From the first I try to teach objectively, patience, courtesy, forbearance, respects for the rights of others—in short self government. The whole room belongs to the children—one as much as the other. The screens there are to divide it into playhouses—when they will. Each has a house, and is supreme in it, but bound by the law of courtesy toward any of the others who comes as a visitor—I myself am only a visitor—and would no more think of taking authority there, than I would in any other house. I am bound to say, though, that my trouble is mainly to find enough advice and counsel to satisfy my dear hosts."

THE RICHEST MAN'S WIFE.

Of the wife of Li Hung Chang, a millionaire of millions, a writer in Pearson's Weekly says: Marchioness Li is very beautiful and, compared with her fellow country women, an exceedingly learned lady. Her age is more—possibly a great deal—than 50, yet she looks 30, or even less.

The wife of the richest man in the world she spends royally, although not without keeping a detailed account of her expenses. In her magnificent home on the banks of the Pei-Ho she lives in great splendor, surrounded by song birds, peacocks, aquaria, pottery, gems and botanical collections. One thousand attendants and servants answer her beck and call. In her wardrobe are 2,000 coats, 1,000 pairs of "trousers" and 500 fur robes, made from the finest skins. Her feet have been compressed until they are quite inefficient for the original purpose, and the marchioness is unable to walk more than a few yards at a time. Twice a day she bathes in oil of orange and acacia blooms and afterwards takes an airing in the cooler sedan. Finally she dresses her hair in fifty ways, each more miraculous and a more perfect example of the coiffeur's art than the one that goes before.

Sterilized Milk contains less alcohol than any malt on the market. By its sterilization it is preserved, giving to the user the benefit of its ingredients in a concentrated form without the alcohol. 20c a bottle; \$2 a dozen; at Massie's Pharmacy.

A Wild Ride

In the dead of night for LIGHTNING HOT DROPS. A sudden attack of Cholera Morbus.

ALWAYS KEEP Lightning Hot Drops

In the house, and save time and suffering. Cures all Stomach and Bowel Troubles, and Pains of all kinds.

NEVER FAILS. 500 bottle holds 2 1/2 times as much as 25c bottle.

HERB MEDICINE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

For sale by E. L. Erb, 112 Salem avenue.

THE BASEST INGRATITUDE.

A Lawyer Robbed by the Clients He Successfully Defended for Theft.

"The ingratitude of republics is proverbial," remarked the eminent barrister, Otto Rosalsky, of Essex Market Court, this morning, "but to what depths of depravity hath a man descended, when he steals a diamond studded locket from the lawyer who is defending him for robbery? Ah, me, but we have come upon frabjous days."

And the plaintiff was well founded. Sergt. Rosalsky is to Essex Market Court what Messrs. Dodson and Fogg were to Lincoln's Inn Fields. He is eloquent. He is persevering. He is ingenious in seizing the salient points of an abstruse legal problem, and he is an adept in detecting the chinks in the armor of a legal opponent, and thrusting in his keen rapier of repartee up to the very hilt.

For these and other reasons, the distinguished barrister was selected to defend two prisoners, Philip Anderson and Charles Clark, charged with highway robbery. They were brought to bar in the court of general sessions, before Judge Cowing, and when the prosecution had submitted its case, Mr. Rosalsky arose with a confidence born of his innate knowledge of his own intellectual superiority. He dissected the evidence, calmly, dispassionately, but with a grim determination that completely flabbergasted the attorney for the people. Then he addressed the jury with a nerve, a force, a vigor and a beauty of diction that held the twelve men spellbound. There was only one thing for them to do, and that was to render a verdict of not guilty, which they did without leaving the box.

The prisoners shook hands with their advocate and thanked him. In their quaint but forceful parlance they told him he was a peach. Mr. Rosalsky made a dignified rejoinder and hurried away to his office, which was bulging with clients. Arrived there he discovered that a diamond locket, which he prized highly and carried on a chain over his lumbar region, was missing. "Wretches!" he said. "Vipers!"

He wrote a letter and execrated his late clients for their ingratitude. By return mail he received a pawn ticket. The diamond locket had been pledged for \$5.

WHEN DAYS WILL BE LONG.

Do you know that the day, which is now twenty-four hours long, is slowly increasing in length, and that it will eventually be twenty-five, twenty-six, or even 100 hours in length? This statement, strange as it may sound to one who has not read the results of observations made on that score, is believed to be true in every respect.

Not only will the earth's motion slow up until the day will be one, two and three times as it is at present, but this pace-slacking process will increase with time, until the day will eventually be a week or even a month in length. The "retarding medium," which the astronomers speak of as being the cause of this phenomenon, is not fully understood at present.

Sir Robert Ball says that it is the friction of the tides which is responsible for the most of it. He urges that the time will come when the day will be a full year in length! Others among the investigators along this line declare that it will be absolutely impossible for this day-lengthening process to increase beyond one lunar month.

SENSITIVE TO COLOR.

Yellow Not Worn in China Without Royal Permission. A correspondent calls attention to a blunder attributed to the British government in its endeavor to do honor to Li Hung Chang, which may cost the envoy his head on his return to China. They are said to be hanging his house in yellow. Now, yellow is the imperial color, and no Chinese subject may assume it without special permission. Li's yellow jacket was a special mark of imperial favor, given or withdrawn as his fortunes fell or rose at court. To put him in a yellow bedroom, for instance, is mistaken kindness, or rather positive cruelty, for he would not be able to sleep a wink in it for fear of the consequences. If the unfortunate order has really been given to the upholsterers, there is still time to countermand it, and to fit him up in red, which our correspondent assures us is the proper thing. It will swell the bill for his entertainment, but we have a surplus, or we had one, and we can borrow at the worst.—London News.

SANCTUM MYSTERIES.

Humorist wife—What in the world are you sending all these mother-in-law and plumbing jokes to the Daily Blotward for? They are as old as the hills.

Humorist—Yes, my dear, but the editor who selects the humorous matter for that paper is a young fellow just out of college, and they'll be all new to him.—New York Weekly.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Massie's Pharmacy, 109 Jefferson street, Roanoke.

YOU THINK YOU HEAR SOMEONE.

Mysterious Noises in the Night That Startle and Alarm You.

What would not be revealed would a census to be taken of the men in Chicago who have been awakened by the sound of a thief of the night cutting the screen away from the kitchen door, and the sawing a hole in the woodwork so as to enable him to thrust his hand through, shoot the bolt and then break in to revel in a midnight debauch of crime? How many men of this lakeside city have held joint debates with themselves on the wisdom of getting up and uttering a loud, protracted and resonant whoop, as compared with the more discreet plan of lying still and fearfully permitting the robber to rob? And the cats out in the back entry, battling at the iron garbage cans for what feasting lies in fishheads and day-before-yesterday beef—do they wot a single wot as to the horror that they are generating in the parlor bedroom 45 feet away? A cat at a garbage can does not in itself resemble red runner running riot, but it sounds exactly that way. Every noise which one such makes is the precise racket which goes with the commission of a fearful and hideous crime.

The dictionary definition of a window shade says nothing of concealed weapons, jimmies, dynamite or eggs. And yet the law window blind is a creature which goes about its business armed cap-a-pie for treason, stratagem and spoils, to say nothing of offenses more common, and consequently more to be dreaded. Given a window-blind which does not just fit the opening, and which in a sobbing way rubs against the vertical sides of the casement; given also the hour of Marco Bozaris, and, in addition to these gifts, give a plain, common, earnest civilian, embraced the arms of slumber up to the time when the rubbing begins, and there is a combination which would drive Mme. Tussaud distracted, fill Chief Badenoch's reception room with choice and distinguished slaughters, and make hair of the Circassian and tangential sort the proper and correct thing. A common yellow window blind which sells ordinarily for 43 cents, or for 26 cents on "bargain" days, can, bully the Spanish Inquisition out of its boots when it comes to terrifying mankind.

The doorlock which takes a notion to rattle back into its proper place after having been turned too far earlier in the evening knows its business also, and its business is to people the mind of the man who is just roused from a sweet dream of peace with horrible pictures of extemporaneous death. In the case of the lock which, having been turned too far back, later releases itself with a sharp click, allowing the bolt to take its natural position, there can be no manner of doubt. The awakened flat dweller has good and ample reason to believe that the noise comes from the lock—because, in fact, it does so therefrom. Then rises into rapid succession this inquiry: "What sort of man is it who is out there with a skeleton key letting himself into this flat?" Of course, he is a large, bulky man, with chloroform in his possession, and bearing a great burden of deadly weapons. He has come to get everything in the flat, from the folding bed to the napkin rings, and he is going to perform with many strange firings if necessary to achieve his object. Perhaps, after all, the ill-fitting window blind, which sways in the draught, is the greatest criminal of the age. More midnight alarms have been caused by it than by almost any other inanimate malefactor, although the pan-ty door, which, standing ajar, is pushed open or is closed by the pug dog out on a meandering expedition, is a decent second.

FORMIDABLE FLUNKIES.

Canon—who, as the friend of the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Dufferin, and other men of position, is entertained at great houses when in England, confesses that while he travels second class for financial reasons, it is his custom to alight at the second station from his destination, where he buys a first-class ticket for the remainder of his journey.

"Not that it would in the least matter to my hosts whether I travel second or third-class," he says, "but the truth is I haven't the cheek to face the magnificent liveried fellows sent to meet me, who look open disapproval at second-class carriage guests!" Something of the canon's feeling was doubtless experienced by an old Scotchwoman, of whom London Tid Bits relates the following anecdote: "When her majesty was at Balmoral recently she visited an old cottager living near. On leaving, her Majesty graciously said to the old lady who had been entertaining her: "Well, Mrs., you will no longer be afraid of me, and I shall expect you to pay me a visit."

"Ah, ma'am," replied the old dame, "it's not yerself I'm afraid on. It's them grand servants."

STATESMEN AND POLITICIANS.

"What we need," he said oracularly, "is fewer politicians and more statesmen."

She looked at him admiringly, as if wondering how one man could know so much.

"What's the difference between a politician and a statesman, Edward?" she asked at last.

"The difference?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied quietly.

"Oh, yes, of course—the difference," he said in an easy, off-hand way. "The difference is—ah—ah— Why, you ought to know that."

"But, I'm afraid I don't," she returned.

"You know I'm only a woman."

"Of course, of course."

"My idea," she went on, hesitatingly, "would be that a statesman was the one that didn't talk politics on the street or at inappropriate times and places, and didn't try to make a foghorn of himself every time a political subject happened to come under discussion, while a politician—"

"I—I think you're right," he interrupted, and somehow he couldn't help wondering all the rest of the day whether she had been taking a long-range shot at him.—Chicago Post.

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STYLE No. 353 6HOOK

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All lengths; all colors.

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For sale by druggists.

SENT FREE. BOOK OF BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

HER GOWN.

One of the many stories which are told about the late Eugene Field is of a little joke he had at his wife's expense.

Mr. Field and his wife had entered a street car, to find all the seats taken save one at each end of the car, and they seated themselves accordingly. When the conductor collected the fares Mr. Field announced, in audible tones, as he gave him a dime, at the same time pointing to the far end of the car: "This is to pay for the lady over there—the one wearing the new, beautiful brown silk dress."

All eyes were turned to her, and her pretty face took a most becoming rose color, but back of the reproving glance she threw him was one of mingled indulgence, appreciation and mirth at the unexpected and apparently truthful announcement.—Youth's Companion.



Appearances are what attract the opposite sex. Sometimes this seems a pity. It seems as if it would be juster if a fine mind was the attraction instead of a fine face and figure. But you can't change more than mere outward appearance. When you come to understand it there is a sort of justice about it too; because although we can't all be handsome, almost every one of us can add at least 50 per cent. to his or her attractiveness by a little attention to the laws of beauty. When the eyes are full, the lips pallid, the skin sallow, blotchy or pimply, the figure thin and wasted or overcast and ungraceful, the trouble is something more than mere outward appearance; the inner condition is wrong; the blood is poor; it lacks the pure nourishing qualities which are needed to vitalize and invigorate the body. In this case physical activity is largely a question of pure, rich, red blood.

You can't have sparkling eyes, red lips, a clear rosy complexion and a graceful symmetrical figure while the blood remains impure and impoverished. What is needed is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to cleanse foul humors out of the blood, and help the assimilative organism to enrich the circulation with an abundance of healthy red corpuscles, creating fresh color and firm, wholesome flesh. All this is attractiveness, and something more—health.

Every woman will be healthier and happier for following the friendly, practical counsel contained in Dr. Pierce's great universal doctor book: "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It is the most comprehensive medical work in one volume in the English language. It contains 1008 pages, fully illustrated. 680,000 copies have been sold at \$1.50 each bound in cloth. The profits are now used in printing half-a-million free copies bound in strong manilla paper covers. To get one you have only to send 21 one-cent stamps (to pay cost of mailing only) to: World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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WASHING POWDER, LYE, AMMONIA COMPOUND, SEWING MACHINE OIL.

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A NEW INVENTION—non-inflammable, non-explosive—removes grass from the most delicate fabric without injury to fabric or color. Grocers or Druggists.

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Perfect fitting. Sure to give satisfaction.

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BALL'S PEERLESS.

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