ROANOKE STREET RAILWAY

SCHEDULE

IN EFFECT APRIL 21, 1897.

Crystal Springs via B.B Park: Leave Union Depot.	Crystal Springs via B.B Park: L've Crystal Spring	O Spring via Wal't St & M Mt: Leave Union Depot.	O Spring via Wal't St & M Mt: Leave Crystal Spg.	Va. Col'ge: Leave union Depot.	Va. Col'ge: Leave College.	West End: Leave Union Depot.	West End: Leave H St and Boulev'd
A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
7 00	7 20	6 00	6 20	7 20	7 40	7 00	7 20
7 40	8 00	6 40	7 00	8 40	9 00	7 40	8 00
8 20	8 40	7 20	7 40	9 20	9 40	8 20	8 40
9 00	9 20	8 00	8 20	10 00	11 00	9 00	9 20
9 40	10 00	8 40	9 00	P M	P M	9 40	10 00
10 20	10 40	9 20	9 40	12 00	12 20	10 20	10 40
11 00	11 20	10 00	10 20	12 40	1 00	11 00	11 20
11 40	12 00	10 40	11 00	1 20	1 40	11 40	12 00
P M	P M	11 20	11 40	2 00	2 20	P M	P M
12 20	12 40	P M	P M	2 40	3 00	12 20	12 40
1 00	1 20	12 00	12 20	3 20	3 40	1 00	1 20
1 40	2 00	12 40	1 00	4 00	4 20	1 40	2 00
2 20	2 40	1 20	1 40	4 40	5 00	2 20	2 40
3 00	3 20	2 00	2 20	5 20	5 40	3 00	3 20
3 40	4 00	2 40	3 00	6 00	6 20	3 40	4 00
4 20	4 40	3 20	3 40	6 40	7 00	4 20	4 40
5 00	5 20	4 00	4 20	7 20	7 40	5 00	5 20
5 40	6 00	4 40	5 00	8 00	8 20	5 40	6 00
6 20	6 40	5 20	5 40	8 40	9 00	6 20	6 40
7 00	7 20	6 00	6 20	9 20	9 40	7 00	7 20
7 40	8 00	6 40	7 00	10 00	10 20	7 40	8 00
8 20	8 40	7 20	7 40	10 40	11 00	8 20	8 40
9 00	9 20	8 00	8 20	11 20	11 40	9 00	9 20
9 40	10 00	8 40	9 00			9 40	10 00
10 20	10 40	9 20	9 40			10 20	10 40
		10 00	10 20				
		10 40	11 00				
		11 20	11 40				

Vinton. Leave Terry Building.	Vinton. Leave Vinton.	Norwich. Leave Union Depot.	Norwich. Leave Norwich.	East Roanoke. Leave Terry Building.	East Roanoke. Leave Lynchburg Avenue.
A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
6 00	6 15	6 00 n	6 20 n	6 30	6 40
6 30	6 45	6 40	7 00	7 10	7 20
7 20	7 40	7 20	7 40	7 50	8 00
8 00	8 20	8 00 n	8 20 n	8 30	8 40
8 40	9 00	8 40	9 00	9 10	9 20
9 20	9 40	9 20	9 40	9 50	10 00
10 00	10 20	10 00 n	10 20 n	10 30	10 40
10 40	11 00	10 40	11 00	11 10	11 20
11 20	11 40	11 20	11 40	11 50	12 00
P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M
12 00	12 20	12 00 n	12 20 n	12 30	12 40
12 40	1 00	12 40	1 00	1 10	1 20
1 20	1 40	1 20	1 40	1 50	2 00
2 00	2 20	2 00 n	2 20 n	2 30	2 40
2 40	3 00	2 40 n	3 00 n	3 10	3 20
3 20	3 40	3 20 n	3 40 n	3 50	4 00
4 00	4 20	4 00 n	4 20 n	4 30	4 40
4 40	5 00	4 40 n	5 00 n	5 10	5 20
5 20	5 40	5 20 n	5 40 n	5 50	6 00
6 00	6 20	6 00 n	6 20 n	6 30	6 40
6 40	7 00	6 40 n	7 00 n	7 10	7 20
7 20	7 40	7 20 n	7 40 n	7 50	8 00
8 00	8 20	8 00 n	8 20 n	8 30	8 40
8 40	9 00	8 40 n	9 00 n	9 10	9 20
9 20	9 40	9 20 n	9 40 n	9 50	10 00
10 00	10 20	10 00 n	10 20 n	10 30	10 40
10 40	11 00	10 40 n	11 00 n		
11 20	11 40	11 20 n	11 40 n		

Franklin Road. Leave Terry Building.	Franklin Road. Lv Highland Avenue.	Franklin Road. L Terry B ing	Franklin Road. Lv Highland Avenue.	SALEM. Leave Terry Building.	SALEM. L've Salem.	SALEM. Leave Terry Building.	SALEM. Leave Salem.
A M	A M	P M	P M	A M	A M	P M	P M
6 50	7 00	2 50	3 00	5 40	6 20	1 40	2 20
7 30	7 40	3 30	3 40	7 00	7 40	3 00	3 40
8 10	8 20	4 10	4 20	8 20	9 00	4 20	5 00
8 50	9 00	4 50	5 00	9 40	10 20	5 40	6 20
9 30	9 40	5 30	5 40	11 00	11 40	7 00	7 40
10 10	10 20	6 10	6 20	P M	P M	8 20	9 00
10 50	11 00	6 50	7 00	12 20	1 00	9 40	10 20
11 30	11 40	7 30	7 40				
P M	P M	8 10	8 20				
12 10	2 20	8 50	9 00				
12 50	1 00	9 30	9 40				
1 30	1 40	10 10	10 20				
2 10	2 20	10 50	11 00				

Salem car runs between Terry building and Salem. First car Sundays at 8:20 a. m.

Vinton car runs between Terry building and Vinton. Sundays—First car 8.00 a. m.

Norwich car runs between Norwich and Union Depot and connects with College car. Sundays—First car 8:00 a. m. Trips marked "n" will go through to Norwich; all other trips before 2:00 p. m. will stop at Woodrums. All trips after 2.00 p. m. will go through to Norwich.

College car runs between College and Union Depot via Mill Mountain and connects with Norwich.

West End car runs between "H" street and Union Depot

Crystal Spring car runs between Crystal Spring and Union Depot via Mill Mountain First car Sundays 8:0 a. m ; and between Crystal Spring and Union Depot via Baseball Park. First car Sunday- 8:20.

Franklin Road car runs between Terry building and Highland avenue s. w.

East Roanoke car runs between Terry building and Lynchburg avenue n. e.

Tickets for ride between Roanoke and Salem can be purchased in Roanoke at the following places:

Vaughan's cigar stand, Terry building.
Massie's Pharmacy, South Jefferson street.
And at Salem from Dillard & Persinger.

S. W. JAMISON, Gen'l Mgr.
Office, Rooms 105 and 106 Terry Building.

N & W Ry. Norfolk and Western

Schedule in Effect

May 2, 1897.

WESTBOUND LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY

8:10 a m (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Bristol, intermediate stations and the South and West. Pullman sleepers to New Orleans and Memphis. Connects at Radford for Bluefield and Pocahontas.

4:20 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.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ROANOKE.

From Norfolk 7:50 a. m.; 4:10 p. m.

From Hagerstown 7:50 a. m.; 4:05 p. m.

From Winston 1:15 p. m.

From Bristol and the West 1:35 p. m.; 10:30 p. m.

NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

1:50 p m. for Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk.

1:45 p. m. for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York.

10:45 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleepers Roanoke to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.

10:45 p. m. (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Pullman sleepers to Washington via. Shenandoah Junction and Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Durham Division—Leave Lynchburg (Union station) daily, except Sunday, 4:00 p. m. for South Boston and Durham and intermediate stations.

Winston-Salem Division—Leave Roanoke (Union station) 4:30 p. m. and 8:00 a. m. daily, except Sunday (Campbell street station), for Rocky Mount, Martinsville, Winston-Salem and intermediate stations.

For all additional information apply at ticket office or to W. B. Bevill, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

M. F. Bragg, Traveling Passenger Agent.

FORGIVEN.

Dusk was beginning to fall, and as I looked round over the long level of marsh land that surrounded us and saw no sign of any of our party I felt the first thrill of a not unpleasant uneasiness. I glanced at my companion. She was walking quite contentedly by my side, apparently secure in the assumption that I knew my way. As a matter of fact, I had the gravest doubt about it and there seemed no possibility of making sure. For miles on either hand the marshes stretched to the low horizon. The dry tracks were few and ill defined and already a light white mist was rising over the numerous straight waterways. I looked at Miss Pascoe again, and my uneasiness gave place to a kind of expectant pleasure. Even supposing we were lost, there was no actual danger, and the great sense of solitude that hung about us gave me a feeling of possession that was keenly delightful. Miss Pascoe, unconscious of my doubtful cogitations, still walked on as though her feet were upon a familiar road, and indeed, as far as I could judge, we were making in the right direction. To have stopped would have been like a confession of incompetence on my part, and this to an unavowed lover was out of the question, at any rate until circumstances unquestionably had me at a disadvantage. So we went on, and the twilight deepened, and the mist trailed in denser wisps across the shivering reed beds.

Suddenly she turned to me.

"What a queer place this would be to get lost in," she said.

I think the serious possibility of such a thing had not occurred to her at all. She threw out the remark merely as a contribution to a flagging conversation.

"Yes," I said. "But you're not afraid, are you?"

"Oh, no; not at all! Of course you know the way, and that makes all the difference."

"Of course it does," I answered, with a glimmering sense of shame.

"How far are we from home now?" she asked after a pause, in which the darkness had perceptibly increased.

"Three miles, I dare say," I said at a blind hazard.

"That's nothing," she said. "I thought we must be quite four."

"Are you sure you're not tired?" I asked. "Wouldn't you like to rest?" But she persisted in walking on at that swinging pace of hers.

"Even if I wanted to rest there's nothing to rest on," she said.

"I'm sure I could find a fence somewhere," I said.

"I don't believe you could," she said, "but I'm not going to let you try. I'd much rather get home."

We walked on silently for another five minutes, and then Miss Pascoe stopped and listened, leaning forward slightly, with her hair blowing about her face.

"Is that the sea?" she asked.

It was the sea unmistakably, the slow roll mingled with the rustle of the wind over the rushes. And then it became quite obvious to me that I had woefully gone astray, for the sea was before us instead of almost at our backs.

"It must be the sea," I said, after a show of hard listening.

"But it shouldn't be there," she said.

"Why not?" I answered rather feebly in order to gain time. "It always has been there, I suppose."

"Don't be foolish," she said. "You know what I mean. We must have got on the wrong path. Mr. Thirlmere," she cried, "how could you have been so careless?"

"My dear Miss Pascoe," I said, "if I have made a mistake, I am very sorry."

"And you said all along that you knew the way," she pouted, trying to shoot condemnation from her eyes at me in the darkness.

"You see," I said, "I got my directions from your brother—from Jim—and he's often so very inaccurate, isn't he?"

"Absurdly inaccurate," she admitted. "If I'd known you were relying upon Jim, I wouldn't have come at all."

"And then I should have missed the most delightful walk I ever had."

She turned away from me a little, with a petulant movement of the shoulders that pleased me mightily.

"I wish we had Jim here," she said with pretty fierceness.

"I don't," I said.

"Then, perhaps you'll be good enough to find the right path. We can't stay here."

"There don't seem to be any conveniences for camping out," I said. "Will you stay here for a moment while I explore to the right? I may get up to my knees in the marsh. You will be safer here."

"Don't be long, will you?" she said.

"Oh, no!" I said cheerfully. "I shall find the path in no time."

I started off, carefully exploring the ground before me with my stick as I went. There was no sign of a path, and I began to be seriously alarmed for Miss Pascoe's comfort. On consideration I came to the conclusion that I had made rather an ass of myself. Another hundred yards, and still no path. I paused and looked back. I could see a slight, dark figure moving toward me very carefully and slowly.

"Is that you?" I said.

Miss Pascoe's voice answered: "Yes. I'd rather come with you if you don't mind. When you left me, I felt so lonely that I was almost afraid."

"I am more sorry than I can tell you," I said, "to have got you into such an awkward fix. Pick your way very carefully. Ah!" She had stepped with one foot into a patch of wet moss.

"Take my hand," I said. "It is quite firm where I am standing. Will you ever forgive me for this?" She took my outstretched hand, and I guided her to safety. But because the danger might be renewed at any moment I still retained my hold of her slim fingers, and we went forward together in that pleasant, companionable way.

"Don't talk to me about forgiveness until you have found the path and made restitution," she said. My fingers tightened upon hers instinctively, partly because it was so pleasant to have them resting so unreservedly in my hand and partly because her voice was very low and without any hint of disapproval in it.

"For myself," I said, "I cannot pretend to be sorry for this adventure. For your sake, of course, I am, but it has been so pleasant to have you to myself for so long that when we hit upon the path I shall be almost in despair."

"We haven't hit upon it yet," she said. The ground under our feet seemed quite firm by this time. The moon was just rising, swimming upward through the low lying vapor in a wide luminous circle of misty silver. Right above us a star or two blinked.

"I suppose," I said, striking a match to look at my watch, "that the second dinner bell has rung by this time. In another hour there will be a hue and cry after us." I was sorry for this a moment later, because in order to strike my match I had had to relinquish her hand. We had both paused and read the face of the watch together in the flickering light. Then it was blown out by a gust of wind, and darkness succeeded. I possessed myself of her hand again.

"Well," she said, "shall we go on?"

"If you like," I said.

"I suppose we ought to," she said.

"It would be rather fun to let them find us here, wouldn't it?" I said. "Think how pretty the lanterns would look, coming glinting over the marshes."

"But they might miss us," she said, turning her face quickly toward me. I saw the gleam of her eyes and the oval shadow of her face, and all at once I realized that there was only one thing I could do at that precise moment in my life. I stooped down and kissed her.

"Forgive me for that as well, if you can," I said. "It means that I love you. I suppose now I have trespassed beyond all hope?"

For a moment she was quite still, and I cursed myself for such blind precipitation, but the circumstances and the time and place had all forced me to this inevitable result.

"You think," she said, after this pause, "that you may as well pile up all your offenses at once and be forgiven or condemned on all counts at one time?"

"Precisely," I said. "I am entirely in your hands."

"I will forgive you," she said very sweetly, "when you have found the path."

"It's a bargain, then," I said. I took a step forward and brought my foot sharply against something white that stood a few inches above the ground.

"Why," I cried, bending to examine it, "this must be the broken post that Jim told me to look out for. What a close observer your brother is! This is the path that leads straight for home."

"You knew it all the time," she said reproachfully.

"No," I said. "I assure you that I had no idea of it. We shall be in just as the rescue party is preparing to set out." I turned to her and held out my hands. "I claim your forgiveness," I said.

And she forgave me.—Black and White.

Innocuous Vanity.

As gold is never put into circulation without some alloy, so perhaps for this world's use some alloy is needed in the gold of character. The only questions are what alloy and how much? I shall try to answer the question as to kind and leave to individual discretion the question as to quantity.

A great actor once said that all men have vanity, but some conceal it more successfully than others. If vanity be a universal trait, we may take it as that alloy which is necessary to our active and circulating usefulness.

It is decried by all moralists, preached against in all pulpits, and everywhere believed to be as undesirable as it is universal. Nevertheless, in youth at least, a certain degree of it may be necessary.

Vanity is like the kindly cloud which shelters us from the all piercing and too brilliant sun of truth, for it may be doubted whether any of us can bear the truth unveiled. The melancholy Dane who had revealed to him unqualified truth, both as regards this life and the next, was not by that revelation incited to action. Hamlet found the truth withering, not stimulating; it paralyzed rather than nerved. And it may be so with all truth. Most of us are ordinary people, but happily most of us do not find this out, at least not in our first youth.—Lippincott's.

"The dear, dear girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Pawkins, looking at her fashionable daughters enthusiastically.

"Yes, the dear, dear girls," muttered Mr. Pawkins despondently.—Pick Me Up.

Since the beginning of this century the use of the Italian language has greatly increased. In 1801 it was spoken by 15,070,000 people, and in 1890 it was used by 33,400,000.

The badge of office worn by the lord mayor of London contains diamonds to the value of $600,000, and the temporary owner of it has to give a bond for it before he is sworn in.

The Westfield (Ind.) News prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L., N. A. & C. Ry. here, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for ten years or longer—am never without it in my family. I consider it the best remedy of the kind manufactured. I take pleasure in recommending it." It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by B. C. Barnes. "He puts up prescriptions."

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c. For sale by Chas. Lyle.

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