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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

WILL CONTINUE TO DO BUSINESS AND THE PEOPLE

Various reports regarding the decision of the federal court at St. Louis say that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has been "practically" dissolved.

If you have ever observed closely at the ringside of politics, corporations and the practical effects of litigation relating to corporations, you will have noted that the man with the corpulent roll gets under the wire first.

GET THERE JUST THE SAME.
A distinguished traveler reports that Chinese cockroaches have wings and can sing.

A WILD GUESS.
Teacher—Tommy, when was Rome built?
Tommy—In the night.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE BILL

By A. D. HARRISON.
I met her on a train. There are more impressions made in traveling. I think, than under any other circumstances.

FEWER AND BETTER CHILDREN
A college professor the other day in a talk ridicules Col Roosevelt's race suicide theory.

CIVIL WAR FIGURES.
Gen. S. G. French, a native of New Jersey, who became a Confederate soldier, says that in the United States army during the war there were 490,999 foreigners—176,000 Germans, 144,290 Irish, 53,000 British-Americans, 45,000 English, and 74,000 other foreigners, says the New York American in the same army there were 275,

439 from the border States and 178,975 Southern negroes. The total Federal enlistment during the war was, in round numbers, 2,800,000. The total enlistments on the Confederate side were 625,000.

Just Joses 2

A CRAZY MAN'S HUMOR

Some time ago a man at Ypsilanti Mich., became crazed on the subject of hypnotism, and was sent on a Michigan Central train to an asylum. When the conductor asked for the tickets the crazy man began telling of his hypnotic powers.

"Fire away," replied the conductor. The man made several passes before the conductor's face.

"Now you are hypnotized," he said. The conductor looked the part as best he could.

"You're a conductor," the hypnotist said. "That's right," replied the victim.

"You're a good conductor," went on the hypnotist. "Right again," said the conductor.

"You don't smoke, drink, or swear at passengers. You are honest. You turn in all tickets and money you collect from passengers. In fact, you do not steal a cent."

"That's right," asserted the conductor. The hypnotist eyed him a moment, then said:

"What an awful fix you'd be in if I left you in this condition.—Kansas City Star.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN.

Boarder—Madam, did you put anything deleterious in this pie? Boarding House Mistress (with dignity)—Certainly, Mr. Fussy. I always do use it in my pies.—Baltimore American.

THE NOISE HABIT.

A personal experience first showed the writer the possibility of a state of affairs where the habit of noise could become as fixed as the habit of a drug. Waking one night in the quiet of a country house far from other habitations, I suddenly heard the starting of the hot air engine which pumped the water—chug, chug, chug, chug. I lay listening to its monotonous vibrations and wondering at the unusual hour for pumping until I fell asleep.

On mentioning the matter to my host he confessed that he could not sleep in the quiet of the country; that the sudden change from the roar of a great city to the silence of the woods was so great as to cause him real suffering. As his only way to rest he would leave the house in the middle of the night, start up the pump and, lying down in a nearby hammock, find sleep brought him by the lullaby of the hot air engine. That man recognized that he had the noise habit and finally conquered it.—Hollis Godfrey in Atlantic.

THE VELVET HAND.

By EDMUND CAMPTON.
"Father," said a miss of sixteen, "tell me a story about when you were a young man."

"A story about when I was a young man? Let me see. There's one about a ride in a train I once took that might interest you. I'll tell you that one."

"I got into the car ten minutes before the train started, and there being but few seats occupied, I put my satchel beside me, hoping that I might sit alone. But people kept coming in, and I reluctantly set the bag on the floor, thus offering the seat to any one who chose to take it. Presently a girl came in, looked disconsolately at the now well filled seats, glanced irresolutely at the seat beside me and dropped into it."

"She was about twenty, a blond, pretty as a peach, handsomely dressed, with a suspicion of the odor of violets about her. I considered myself a lucky man to have such an attractive creature so close beside me. I drank in her beauty out of the corner of my eye, though I reluctantly refrained from turning my head in her direction."

"The train was a suburban one, and the journey would be short. This I regretted, for if we had had a longer ride I should certainly have made an effort to scrape an acquaintance with the lady. When the conductor came through the car for tickets I noticed that she was going to the same place

as myself. This gave me comfort, for I had taken with me a book that I resolved to leave no stone unturned to discover who she was and secure an introduction.

"A few ladies from the city there are heights under which the trains must pass. We entered the tunnel, the train being lighted only at the other end from that which we occupied, leaving our end almost in darkness. I yielded to a temptation to turn my head for a look at my neighbor. Unfortunately she turned hers in my direction at the same moment. She turned it away again immediately, and somehow a feeling took possession of me that I had made her afraid of me."

"Instead of shooting right through the tunnel, the train slowed up and stopped in the center of it. It always makes me timorous to stop in a tunnel. I don't like tunnels anyway. If anything should happen to a train in one of these holes in the earth the panic of the passengers would be dreadful. The girl beside me evidently had the same view in the matter as I. She wore an overcoat with pockets at the sides and had been riding with the hand next to me in her pocket, as though holding on to something she was afraid of losing. When we stopped she withdrew her hand, looked about her nervously, evidently forgetting everything but the situation."

"Presently the train moved on. It had scarcely started when I felt something plucked into my own overcoat side pocket, the one next to the lady. Naturally I put my own hand in the same place and grasped a hand—a soft hand. Indeed, I knew it was the hand of the girl beside me. The hand at once grasped mine and held it in a grip a delicate woman could only have produced under some strong emotion."

"What should I do? It did not occur to me that the girl had tried to rob me. Such a supposition never entered my head. But what was her hand doing in my pocket, and what object had she in holding it so tightly? Had she held it gently I should have supposed she was no better than she should be and had taken this means to capture me. I did nothing—simply waited for developments. When the first dim returning light entered the car the girl called to a man sitting on the opposite side of the aisle in a terrified voice: "I'm being robbed! Protect me!"

"The man rose and stood facing us. Meanwhile the train ran out of the tunnel. The girl rose, which impelled me to rise also. The man, the girl and I looked down at my side. The girl gave a shriek, took her hand out of my pocket, thrust it into her own and drew out a fat pocketbook. Then she sank back into her seat and covered her face with her hands."

"I explained briefly in an undertone to the man she had called upon to protect her that she had mistaken my pocket for her own. He resumed his seat, with a smile. Several persons sitting near asked to be enlightened, and gradually the story spread through the car, a wave of hilarity accompanying it."

"When we reached the station at which the girl and I were to leave the train she was oblivious to our arrival there. I lifted my hat and asked her if that was not her stopping place. She made a dash for the door. I rushed after her and with difficulty kept her from jumping off the train when it was still moving rapidly. A carriage was waiting for her, and I put her in it. As she was driven away I said: "You succeeded in robbing me, after all."

"She looked at me with a half dazed, half puzzled expression, but said nothing."

"Later I secured a formal introduction, and after an acquaintance extending over some months she asked me one day what I meant by my remark when I parted with her after what she called 'that distressing episode.' I told her that the article she had purloined was not in my pocket, but in my left breast. It was my heart."

"I didn't know women had pockets in their coats," said the girl listener. "They don't, do they, mother?"

"They did then. At least I did. But I'll never have another. That experience was enough for me."

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"THE RED MILL."
Tonight at the Elk's Opera House the first performance of the new comic opera, "The Red Mill," by the Messrs. Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert, will be given by Martin & Emery Co.'s capable organization in as complete a manner as during its entire year engagement at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York City; three months, Grand Opera House, Chicago; and three months at the Colonial Theatre, Boston.

all last year. The company numbers forty members, including the cute little Dutch Kiddies and a chorus which for youth, beauty and talent has seldom been approached in a musical offering. The organization arrived at a seasonable hour complete rest for the evening performance, while oceans of time is permitted the mechanics to set up "The Mill" and have everything in readiness for a snappy and bright presentation.

IMPRISONING AMERICANS
Panama, Nov. 24.—A report reached here today that Zelaya is throwing all the Americans he can find into prison. He is said to entertain a most bitter hatred for everyone who hails from the United States, and is showing this hatred by imprisoning all found. It is believed that the Costa are aiding the revolutionists.

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November 1909

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Norfolk & Western

Schedule in Effect JUNE 20, 1909.

Leave 7:20 a. m. for Roanoke Norfolk and all points on the Shenandoah division. Pullman Sleeper Roanoke to New York, via Hagerstown, Pullman Parlor Car Roanoke to Norfolk.

8:55 a. m. for Roanoke, Richmond, Norfolk. Pullman Sleeper. Dining Car to Roanoke. Parlor Car Roanoke to Norfolk.

12:40 p. m. for Roanoke, Lynchburg and intermediate stations and the Shenandoah Valley. Philadelphia and New York. Sleeper to Philadelphia and New York. Cafe car Gary and Roanoke.

9:18 p. m. for Roanoke, Lynchburg, Richmond, Norfolk. Pullman Sleeper to Norfolk, Roanoke to Richmond.

Leave Bluefield 8:20 p. m. for Kenova, Columbus and all points West and Northwest. Pullman Sleeper for Columbus and Cincinnati. Cafe cars.

8:10 a. m. Pullman Sleeper for Columbus. Cafe Dining Car. Leave 5:30 a. m. and 2:05 p. m. daily for Tazewell, Norton and all stations on Clinch Valley division.

Arrive from Norton and points on the Clinch Valley division at 12:20 p. m. and 7:05 p. m.

Leave 6:00 a. m. for Welch and intermediate stations.

Leave 10:45 a. m. for Williamson and intermediate stations.

Leave 2:15 p. m. for Welch and intermediate stations. For additional information call on W. B. BEVILL, Roanoke, Va. Gen. Pass Agent.