

## The Backbone

Of Winter is broken and Spring is upon us. So it is that the old, hard times. They are a thing of the past, and if you would be wise, invest in Roanoke Real Estate while it is cheap. For sure as Spring follows Winter, just so sure is property going to advance here.

## Look Over This List and Come to See Us:

8-room frame house, West End, originally cost \$8,500, all modern improvements, handsome mirror mantels, electric light, gas, hot and cold water, bath, etc.; in elegant condition; just the thing for a railroad man. Price \$3,300; \$500 cash, balance \$280 per month. Don't fail to investigate this.

10-room house, West Salem avenue, in good condition, modern improvements, large lot 10x200, stable, etc. Price \$3,000; \$500 cash, balance \$250 per month.

8-room house, Campbell avenue, near Park street. Price \$2,800; \$400 cash, balance \$240 per month.

8-room house, Chapman avenue, all modern improvements, huge coal bin, and fruit trees, etc. Price \$2,000; \$300 cash, balance \$170 per month. Dirt cheap.

8-room house, Eighth avenue, Lewis addition, with basement and servant house in back yard, something nice. Price \$1,800; \$200 cash, balance \$160 per month.

8-room brick house, Seventh avenue, Lewis addition, 60x180 feet, about 10 years old, all modern improvements, stable, etc. This is some thing nice and just awhirl cheap. Price \$3,400; \$400 cash, balance \$300 per month.

8-room house, Sixth avenue, just newly painted and papered and put in first-class condition; all modern improvements, stable, etc. This is some thing nice and just awhirl cheap. Price \$3,400; \$400 cash, balance \$300 per month.

## WANTED.

A list of your property to sell and rent. Have several customers for houses in Southwest and Northwest. If you want the highest rent obtainable and collected and remitted promptly list your property with us.

## FARMS.

We have farms in all sections, from \$5 to \$100 per acre, and will take pleasure in showing them.

## LOTS.

We still have the cheapest lot ever offered in Roanoke on South Jefferson street, only \$300. This is a beauty.

Five lots, 50x150, West End, beauties. Only \$250.

If you want to buy or rent a house it will certainly pay you to come and see us. Big Bargains, Quick Collections and prompt returns is our motto.

**The Pedigo-Beller Real Estate Co**  
106 South Jefferson Street.  
Successors to the Jas. S. Simmons Real Estate Co.

## Buy a Home While Property Is Cheap.

Rents are advancing every day and property must go up. Look over this list of Bargains and come to see us at once:

Splendid business house on the best business street in the city, now renting for 11 per cent. of the price asked. Terms, very easy.

Fine business house on Commerce street, two store rooms below, renting for \$70 per month price \$3,000. Terms, very easy.

Eight-room house on large corner lot, has sold for \$4,700, price now \$1,000, easy payments.

Six room house, near West End roundhouse \$800, \$50 cash and \$10 per month.

7-room house on Eighth avenue s. e., nicely papered, good garden, \$1,500; \$50 cash and \$12.50 per month.

6-room cottage on large lot n. w., near roundhouse, \$500; \$25 cash and \$12.50 per month without interest.

6-room house on corner lot, s. w., beautiful shade, \$1,200, on easy payments.

Two splendid business lots, very near the new Public Building, \$1,500, on easy payments.

Nice 6-room house, Eighth avenue s. w., with modern improvements, stable on the lot, \$1,300; \$200 cash and \$10 per month.

New 6-room dwelling s. w., with modern improvements, large lot, beautiful shade \$1,750; \$350 cash and \$30 per month. This is one of the rarest bargains ever offered.

Elegant 13 room house in West End, with electric burglar alarm, speaking tubes, hard wood mantels, all modern improvements, lot 100x210, with stable, chicken-house, horse and cow lot, good garden, fruit and shade trees in abundance, in thorough repair, cost \$5,000, price \$3,500, \$750 cash and \$500 per year.

Fine business house on Salem avenue, in a very desirable location, price \$6,000, one-third cash, balance in 5 years.

Nice brick house in Southwest, \$2,000, \$300 cash and \$30 per month. This is a fine bargain.

We have a great many other fine bargains, which we will be glad to show.

## FARMS:

120-acre tract with 40 acres of bottom land in fine condition. One of the best truck farms in the State. Price \$40 per acre.

10-acre farm 1/2 mile of Hollins, 100 full bearing apple trees, good spring, 5-room cottage and stable, all bottom land, \$50. Would trade for Roanoke property.

94 acres of bottom and 1 1/2 miles from Hollins, with \$2,500 brick house at the edge of a beautiful ten acre grove of oaks. Price \$50 per acre.

113 acres of Back creek land in the celebrated plan apple belt. 30 acres of it in good bottom. \$10 per acre; on Roanoke and Southern railroad. This is a fine investment.

8 acres of truck garden, comfortable dwelling, miles of Roanoke, 100 apple trees; on Roanoke and Southern railroad. \$500, on very easy payments.

150 acres of very rich, fertile land, none more productive in the State, 300 fruit trees of every variety, well watered and fenced; new twelve-room brick dwelling, cost \$5,000, large new barn 45 by 90, with all other necessary outbuildings and improvements, two and a half miles from Roanoke; price, \$15,000, of the very best farms in the Valley of Virginia. Terms, very easy.

We have a great many other farms and truck gardens for sale. If you want to buy, sell or rent come and see us.

Several good bargains near Hollins Institute.

**T. W. SPINDLE & CO.,**  
104 Jefferson Street, Roanoke, Va.

Phone 185.

This means W. W. Payne & Co.'s retail grocery, on Park street, corner Centre, where can be found the cleanest and most complete assortment of everything in the retail grocery line. Close prices and prompt attention. Phone us a trial order. W. W. PAYNE & CO.

HOUSEKEEPERS should try Hoe Cake baking powders, one-pound can for 10 cents. Ask your grocer for it.

Try a can of Hoe Cake baking powder and you will use no other.

Everybody's Candidate.

We solicit your orders for feed. Phone 269. EASTON FEED CO.

## What's the Use of Waiting?

"They" say "all things come to him who waits," but we have no been waiting, and we don't propose to wait. We KNOW our prices are right, our work A-1, and if you don't bring us work we will come after it, in one way or another, either by bringing to your notice our prices, facilities and quality of execution, or personal interviews. We are not grumbling; far from it. We've had our share; we're still getting our share. But we have placed at your disposal a modern, and almost ideal, printing establishment, with such facilities as to command admiration from all with whom we have business intercourse. We are not waiting; haven't time to wait.

## An Up-to-Date Printing Office.

One of the vows the writer made when he was "devil" in a country printing office was, in effect, that if he ever owned or managed a printing establishment, it would be kept clean, at least by comparison. At that time he hardly felt the force of the vow, for he has learned after years of experience that it is necessary immediately after one "going over" to start at the beginning and go over it all again. It never ends—just like a housekeeper's duties—but not like the boy who sees no use in washing his face because it will get soiled again. But, a clean printing establishment is just as necessary for the proper execution of work in our line as light and heat and power. And the vow has been kept. Come and see.

## We Do Not Believe

There is another city in the State which sends such a small proportion of its orders for printing and blank books away to our Northern friends as Roanoke. All honor to our bankers and business men; that is—most all of it. We must reserve a little, as this is our "own country."

## In Our Press-Room

Can be seen the rapid, diminutive and monster cylinder presses including the famous "Promise Keeper," turning out thousands upon thousands of sheets every day. Our largest and best paper cutting machine, the automatic cutting knife sharpener, and tableting appurtenances are on this floor. The wonderful and powerful electric motor, which propels the machines on all three floors, is also on this floor. Over in one corner, hardly noticeable, is kept in readiness, as a supplementary power, an improved Gas Engine, to be attached at momentary notice, in case of accident to the electric motor, or for other causes. This precludes the possibility of a "hole" on the power question.

## On the Second Floor

A long row of small presses, used for cards, envelopes, statements, note heads, tickets and small work. Here, also, is probably the most wonderful piece of mechanism in our establishment—the Railroad Ticket Printing Machine. Think of it the next time you purchase your ticket. Secured behind iron bars and double locks, it at once suggests government bonds, with all these safeguards.

## Our Establishment

Is just opposite and overlooking the lawn of Hotel Roanoke, (one of the finest hotels in the State), which gives us a magnificent, bright, refreshing view at all times. Our business office and press-room are on the ground floor (along with our prices). Each floor and department is connected with the office by Electric Bells, Speaking Tubes, and Elevators; and all departments are bountifully supplied with all kinds of Labor and Time-Saving Appliances.

## Further Along

On this floor is the type-setting department, where expert minds and fingers think and act rapidly and correctly, interpreting at times handwriting that would make Horace Greeley turn green with envy. Large, extra large fonts of type permit the handling of very large orders in a most satisfactory and expeditious manner. Our force in this department can set up about as many pages in a day as a man can read. A plentiful supply of Algebraical, Astronomical, Geometrical signs and characters, accented letters, and "odd sorts" enable us to handle difficult and intricate work in special lines.

## On the Top Floor

Is our Blank Book Manufacturing, ruling machines, including on which is probably the largest south of Philadelphia; our various wire stitchers, which will take wire from a spool, cut it the proper length, shape it, and drive through a book three-fourths of inch thick, or one not so thick, 120 a minute; then our paging and numbering machines, board and paper cutters, book presses, which exert a pressure of twenty tons or more, perforating, punching and eyeletting machines, and the engraving department—which latter is an innovation for this section.

## We Print Anything

That can be desired or devised from movable type, paper and ink—and brains. Brains are just as important in our work as paper or ink or type. It is the combination that tells. We do not mean to be egotistical at all; but combining these things to bring forth a harmonious result has been our study—and we do claim to know our business right thoroughly.

## All Together

One of the things which has contributed largely to the success of our establishment is the systematic working "together" of all our forces in all departments. This has reduced to a minimum the "lost motion" which is usually to be found in large industries. If a minute can be saved here, another there, it is done—an hour is gained—thus we take care of the fleeting moments. Five minutes wasted daily by each of our employees would mean the interest on \$10,000 a year. In these days of close margins each moment of time must be productive.

## Quite Recently, Too

The times are hard, money tight, everything handled economically—but it cannot possibly stay that way. So we are pushing ("not shoving") ahead, just as though good times were upon us. We cannot afford to lag behind or worry; but in times of peace we are preparing for war. And when it comes we will have an establishment that can take care of anything that comes—and things that do not come now. Recently we placed an order for one of the largest lots of new type ever given at one time in Virginia.

## And Our Stock-Room!

If some of our friends who usually buy a quire or so of paper at a time, could look in upon this department, they would not cease wondering for days. We do not exaggerate a particle when we say you can see A TON OF A KIND; yes, TEN TONS OF A KIND. You say: "What, ten tons of one kind of paper in a town like Roanoke?" That's what we said. Come and see. And, besides, hundreds of other kinds of plain, fancy and unique; there are stacks of card-board, of a kind, as high as a man, and he need not be a Lilliputian, either.

## What Can We Not Do

With such facilities? A card, a circular, note head, envelope, pamphlet, price list, catalogue, book, railroad rate sheet or time table, a ruled blank or a 1000-page ledger, on any or all, we assure our friends we are AT HOME, from January 1st to December 31st.

**The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Co.,**  
Printers, Engravers and Book Manufacturers,  
Opposite Hotel Roanoke.  
E. L. STONE, President.  
ROANOKE, VA.

## LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and all similar affections and ailments.

NO RELIEF.....NO PAY.

Sold everywhere in 25 and 50 cent bottles. 50 cent bottle is over 2 1/2 times larger than 25 cent size.

HERB MEDICINE CO., Springfield, O.

## WHAT IS MONEY?

Money, my boy, is silver and gold Or a piece of pictured paper, And they who possess it manifold May cut any kind of a caper.

Money, my boy, is a worshiped god And a dearly treasured idol, Used often as a divining rod At burial, birth and bridal.

Money, my boy, does a world of good And more than worlds of evil— Good when poured from the hand of God, Bad if dealt out by the devil.

Money, my boy, does not grow on trees, Is not always had for the asking, Nor gathered in pocket from every breeze Without much deceit and masking.

Money, my boy, will buy place and power, Husbands and wives and divorces— Truthful and false in selfsame hour, Marshaling all kinds of forces.

Money, my boy, it is said to say, Buys "body, soul and breeches;" Is a curse to those who day by day Live only to hoard up riches.

Money, my boy, both rich and poor Fall down on their knees before it, No matter how it may come to their door, All are quick to receive and adore it.

Money, my boy, "What is it?" you ask, As if it were something funny, A correct reply is no easy task, For money is nothing but money.

Money, my boy, alone by itself Is naught but a name for riches, And whether well or ill gotten is pelf, That hinders and helps and bewitches.

But money, my boy, don't pass it by When things grow bright and sunny, For 't is ten to one that before you die You'll find it handy to have some money.—Good Housekeeping.

## A MATRIMONIAL JAR.

It might have remained there a long time, Picket's new hat, if Mrs. Picket did not repeat every time her eyes fell upon it:

"What in the world possessed you to buy another new hat when you leave it there for weeks without ever opening the box it came in?"

"But," said Picket, "I have not worn it because you keep telling me that my old one looks all right."

"Yes, and you already have 27 hats that you have quit wearing, and you leave them in your closet covered with dust. What in the world do you keep them for? Why don't you throw them away?"

"Throw them away! And yet you know very well that you never throw anything away. You would not throw away a match that had been already lighted. You're so fond of saying, 'It might come in handy.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Picket, "it is true that I never throw away things that might come in handy, but how can old hats ever come in handy? What sense is there in piling up old hats which are of no use to any one when there are so many poor creatures who walk the streets barefooted?"

"But," said Picket, "they could not wear my hats on their bare feet."

"I don't see anything funny in that," said Mrs. Picket. "You know what I mean. You needn't pretend that you don't understand me. Why don't you send for an old clothes man and sell him your hats?"

"I never think of it."

"I'd like to know what you do think of. I don't think you think at all. But do as you please. Buy new hats; wear them; don't wear them. It's your own affair." Mrs. Picket concluded with saying, "You make me tired," and she retired from the room, slamming the door with a violence which made the chandelier rattle.

"Such is married life," said the stupefied Picket, gazing after his wife. "Whether I do a thing or don't do it, I am certain not to please my wife. Take that new hat, for example! 'What did you buy it for,' said she, 'when you never wear it?' and the first day that I put it on to go out she will be sure to say, 'What are you wearing your new hat for when the other one is all right still?'"

Some days afterward Picket said to his wife, "I am going out."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Picket. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to see poor Marley, who is ill."

"And do you put on your new hat to see poor Marley?"

"Just what I expected you to say," remarked Picket. "Yes, that is what I am going to do. I am going to wear my new hat. See?"

"Well, why don't you throw your old one in the closet with the others?"

With rising rage Picket took up his old hat, opened the closet door and hurled the hat into the closet.

"There," said he, "I hope you will give me a rest on this hat business!"

"That makes the twenty-eighth," replied Mrs. Picket, with a burst of sardonic laughter.

Picket went out. He started toward Marley's house, but he had scarcely gone more than a couple of blocks when it began to rain.

"There," said the unfortunate Picket. "Just my luck. Beginning to rain. Got a new hat on and no umbrella."

He started into a neighboring doorway to wait until the shower should

cease, and as he did so a man carrying a long plank on his shoulder turned and swept the unfortunate Picket's hat from his head into the gutter.

Cursing like a pirate, the luckless Picket pursued his new hat and reasoned it from the gutter, much damaged and covered with mud. A passing good Samaritan stopped and said to him:

"There's a hatter a couple of doors up the street there. He will brush it off and touch it up with the iron, and it will be all right."

"Thank you," said Picket, and he repaired to the hatter's. When he had his hat polished, he stood upon the doorstep for a moment, and, not wishing again to expose his hat to the fury of the elements, he determined to step into a friendly restaurant next door, where he would wait until the storm was over. He went in, seated himself at a table, hung up his hat on one of the hooks over his head, ordered a sandwich and began to look over the paper. But he could not take his mind away from the satirical welcome which he knew his wife would extend to him when he returned with his damaged hat. However, the Rubicon had to be crossed. The rain had ceased. He rose, and, still reflecting on his wife's reception, took a hat from the hook and was about to go when two waiters came up to him and grabbed him by the collar.

"Now we've got him," said one.

"Yes," said the other; "we've got him now. This is the fellow who has been stealing hats."

Picket, paralyzed with astonishment, protested. "What! I steal hats?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"You will have an opportunity to explain this at the police station," was the reply, and the proprietor, who had whistled for a policeman at the door, turned him over to the hands of a blue coated guardian of the peace. The unfortunate Picket was yanked along the street, followed by a crowd of passers-by, who applauded his arrest, and a number of street boys, who signified their disapproval more forcibly by hurling mud at him. When the party reached the police station, the proprietor of the restaurant made his complaint to the sergeant there.

"That's the man," said he. "For the last two weeks some scoundrel has been coming to my restaurant, and whenever he goes out somebody misses a hat. We have been watching for him. Now we've got him. There he is. This is the thief. We caught him in the very act."

"But I was simply mistaken in the hat," cried Picket. "If I were stealing a hat, I would have two here, but I haven't. This is not mine, but you will find mine hanging on the hook."

"Yes," said the restaurant man, "I know. Ordinarily you were in the habit of carrying a gripack in which you put the other hat. This time you came without it."

"But I am an honest man," persisted the unfortunate Picket. "I am well known. Let the officer go to my house and he will see." He gave his name and his address, and the sergeant, wavering in the face of his protestations, sent an officer to accompany him to the address given. In about half an hour the officer returned, bearing an enormous pile of hats.

"Here, sergeant," said the latter, "see what I found in the fellow's house. His wife had gone out, and it was the servant who let me in."

"Well," said the sergeant severely, looking at the accused person, "do you still deny that you are a hat thief?" gazing at the gigantic pile of hats.

"I deny it. I deny it in toto," said the unfortunate Picket. "I bought these hats. I don't wear them, but I bought them."

"You don't wear them. What in the world can you do with 28 hats?"

"Well, my wife has always told me to sell them to an old clothes man. I never think of it, I am so forgetful. Why, today I even forgot my umbrella. I never had any head."

"You have no head? What do you want with 28 hats, then?"

But at this moment a weeping woman entered the police station. It was Mrs. Picket. She had heard from the servant of the plight in which her luckless husband was placed and came and told the police sergeant who he was and that the hats were really his. But was Picket grateful to her? Hardly. He wished a thousand times that she had not heard about his misadventure and that he had succeeded in going through all the pains and horrors of a police court far rather than that she should find him there with the 28 hats—28 mute witnesses of her superior judgment staring him in the face. He said to himself mentally, "Never shall I hear the last of those 28 hats." He never did. In fact, he got it morning, noon and night. He had it with breakfast, lunch and dinner. He had it with his soup. He had it with his nightcap. He had it with his morning slippers. And whenever the rain began falling and poor Picket would incautiously say, "What dreadful weather!" "Yes," Mrs. Picket would reply, "exactly the same kind of a day as when you got rid of your 28 hats."—San Francisco Argonaut.

When love knocks at a woman's heart he usually comes in disguise. Doesn't it know what he's up to. If she knew all about the little rescue, would she let him in? That's a question. Women are apt to look upon love and marriage as purely a matter of sentiment and affection. That is pretty nearly right; yet there is a practical side to it too; and the best way to preserve the ideal aspect of marriage and maternity is not to forget the practical part of it. A woman cannot be a thoroughly happy wife and mother unless the distinctive physical organism of her sex is in a healthy and vigorous condition. The best friend that woman ever had is the "Favorite Prescription," of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Prescription," is a perfect and infallible remedy for every form of "female weakness." It cures by restoring health and strength to the internal organism, which cannot be reached by "local applications;" thus the cure is radical, complete and constitutional.

Dr. Pierce's eminent reputation as a physician of wide learning; and his special knowledge of the delicate and intricate organism of women, accounts for the unparallelled confidence, which women place in his "Favorite Prescription," over every other remedy. It obviates the necessity of dreaded "examinations" and the stereotyped "local treatments."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Dae. Sc.—I suffered fourteen years with female weakness, nervousness, and general debility, trying everything I could find to help me—all to no avail. I then heard of Dr. Pierce's medicines and although I was thoroughly discouraged, I thought I would try once more to find relief. I took your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," and too great praise cannot be given for the rapid relief they gave me. I am now free from the terrors of the past.

Very sincerely yours,  
(Mrs.) Mary J. Stewart.  
Box 46, Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., Cal.

## Encourage Home Enterprise.

## BLUE RIDGE

Household Chemicals.

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

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

MARSHALL CHEMICAL CO., MARSHALL, VA.

## NEVER FAILS TO CURE.

Botanic Blood Balm, "B. B. B.," is a true and genuine purifier of the blood, and the best and most certain cure for eradicating from the system rheumatism, catarrh, scrofula, enlargement of the joints, general debility, swellings, venereal diseases, boils and eruptions, ulcers, sores, mercurial diseases, female disorders, humors in the body, tetter, itching, and all other diseases arising from impurity of the blood. It is a fine tonic, and will build up weakened constitutions from the first dose.

It is thoroughly indorsed and recognized as the best remedy of the kind, to which substitutes bear no resemblance in point of value. Send for free book of wonderful cures. Price \$1 per large bottle; \$5 for six bottles. For sale by druggists; if not, send to us, and medicine will be sent freight prepaid, on receipt of price. Address

BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

ASK FOR KABO No. 105

STYLE 105

If you appreciate a perfect fitting corset, give the Kabo 105 a trial. Its sure to please you.

REIZONIMUS & BRUGH, Sole Agents.

There is one DRESS STAY that Won't melt apart, Can't cut through the dress, Don't stay bent. It is BALL'S PEERLESS.

All lengths; all colors. Ask your dry goods dealers for them.

## POULTRY NETTING.

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## GREEN SEEDS.

Sole agents for the sale of Genuine Oliver & Sons' and Reapers.

**E. L. BELL, TRUSTEE FOR EVANS BROS.**

Don't forget, we have moved to 22 Campbell street.

**RAMON'S Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets,** a perfect Treatment for constipation and biliousness. One pill a dose.