

Virginia Bill of Rights: "All power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people; Magistrates are their trustees and servants, and at all times amenable to them."

# THE AMERICAN

Lincoln said: "This is a government of the people, by the people and for the people."

## THUNDER ROARS ON GETTYSBURG FIELD

### Roaring Storm Out of Blue Ridge Brings Relief to Veterans.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 2.—A roaring storm swept down out of the Blue Ridge plateau of Gettysburg today, bringing needed relief to thousands of veterans in blue and gray who have sweltered for four days in an atmosphere dangerous in a city of fifty thousand old and weary men. For more than a half hour the rain came pouring down upon sun cracked and windswept encampment grounds. It charged with violent thundering over the ground that Pickett covered in '63. Its salvos of thunder were like the booming guns of Meade and Lee, but the thermometer dropped with wonderful agility and the lightning cleared the air of its burden of humidity.

The veterans lashed down their tents, and showed they had not forgotten the old days, for not a tent was blown over so far as reports showed tonight, and not a veteran was injured.

Tonight the veterans were really able to enjoy themselves for the first time since their arrival, although the ground was slippery, the roads a half inch deep in mud. This was military day at the big tent, but comparatively few veterans appeared to listen to the speech making and to hear the bands playing "Turkey in the Straw," "Old Black Joe" and other well known airs.

Two veterans, one in blue and the other in grey, met down town in Gettysburg. They literally fell in one another's arms, and after a tour of the town, they walked hand in hand through the streets to a hardware store, bought a hatchet, and tramped a mile and a half to the battlefield. They hunted up the bloody angle, where Pickett's charge reached its crest, dug a hole in the ground there and with tears and more embraces, "buried the hatchet."

Thousands of veterans left the camp and Gettysburg today for their homes, and thousands more probably will leave tomorrow. The army officers in charge threw a cordon over the roads leading out today and examined the baggage.

Many government blankets supplied for the encampment were discovered and removed. So many cases have been reported of veterans losing their return railroad tickets, and the consequent distress because of the inability to purchase transportation, that Governor Tener today notified General Liggett, the United States army officer in charge of the camp, that the State of Pennsylvania will pay the return fare of all veterans who have lost their tickets.

### Solar Advice. (Collier's Weekly.)

He possessed a picturesque word sense who invented the term "sunstroke." One sees the bolt leap from the blue, the victim topple to earth with a dull and appropriate thud, and feels, in the very sound of the syllables, a Homeric fatalism. Lightning itself, one might suppose, is not a more blindly ruthless slayer than the day star. Yet quite the reverse is true. The sun is, indeed, a strict respecter of persons. Not from him need the wise and careful anticipate any lethal blow. He strikes down only the careless and misguided. Many and various are the rules set forth every year for the heated term, but they all simmer down to this, keep a cool control on your nerves, a firm grip on your habits and a loose collar about your neck.

"Du calme, de calme," advised the queer little doctor who sent Joseph Conrad's hero off into the superheated "Heart of Darkness." "Avoid irritation more than exposure to the sun."

For the city dweller who lives in close and somewhat irritant contact with his fellow men, this is particularly sound hot-weather counsel. Frazzled nerves are often the beginning of collapse. Keep away from alcohol. You don't put out flames by throwing coal on them, nor can you reduce bodily heat by pouring liquid fire into yourself. Dress comfortably, and let appearances go. You can be lovely next winter—if you insist. Summer is the logical time of green things. Eat them—salads, fruits, uncooked vegetables. Go light on meats and sweets. Drink plenty of water, but not too cold. Stinting oneself in this respect is a mild form of torture which the nerves resent. To be sure, water drinking produces perspiration, and perspiration is unromantic. But it is safe. The man whose pores are kept open is seldom a victim of heat prostration. If you find yourself to have stopped perspiring suddenly and without apparent reason, get your doctor at once. That is the danger signal. Above all, keep your digestion and your sleep sound and regular.

One more bit of advice in the interests of comfort, and this lesson is over. For him whose heart, lungs and circulation are normal, lying perfectly quiet in a tub of cold water until slightly chilled, and the drying off slowly without towel friction is a safe measure, the cooling effect of which will endure for hours even in the most severe heat. Finally, cut this out, paste it in your hat, the lightest procurable, fear no more the heat of the sun, don't worry, but go on your way secure against the slings and arrows of outrageous temperatures.

### Really Transfers.

A list of deeds and amounts of consideration which have been recorded in the Clerk's office of Smyth county during the month of June, 1913:

- F. A. Huff and wife to George Hutton, \$75.00.
- George Hutton and wife to J. V. Richardson, \$125.00.
- Ephraim Sales to J. D. Hays, \$40.00.
- L. C. Bowling and wife to R. A. Moore, \$300.00.
- M. E. Simms to A. M. Simms, \$901.60.
- J. F. Henry and wife to W. F. Henderson, Jr., \$190.00.
- John Roberts to D. G. Chapman, \$75.
- George W. Cyphers and others to S. J. Spence, \$110.00.
- W. A. Wilkinson to Mary E. Wilkinson, \$75.00.
- A. J. Rowland to J. R. Suit, \$300.00.
- C. H. Echols and wife to C. E. Pratt, \$453.12.
- E. H. Hutton to Thos. Evins, \$150.00.
- R. C. Hash and wife to C. G. Ashlin, \$265.00.
- Susanna J. Porter and others to John J. Cline, \$950.00.
- C. W. Repass and wife to G. T. Hull, \$825.00.

### James H. Totten Passes Away.

On last Thursday morning James H. Totten, one of the best men and best citizens of Rich Valley, died at his home, two miles, northeast of Chatham Hill, after a lingering illness of many months. The deceased was born, reared and lived all his life in Rich Valley, where he was noted for his integrity and high Christian character.

He was born Oct. 24th, 1849, and was therefore nearly sixty-four years old.

The deceased is survived by his wife and two sons, John and William, and two daughters, Mrs. Henry Anderson and Mrs. Prince Waddle. On Friday morning funeral services were held at the home of the deceased; and the body was then conveyed to the graveyard at Mt. Zion church, above Olympia, for burial. Mr. Totten had been a consistent member of the Methodist church for many years, and was a truly good man.

### Death of Worthy Young Man.

James Newton Brooks, aged seven years, after an illness of four weeks from tubercular trouble, died at the home of his mother, Mrs. Mary S. Brooks, in Marion, on last Monday at 1:15 p. m. His mother moved from Roanoke to Marion about one year ago, bringing with her three sons, James Newton, Henry and Otis.

The deceased youth was a pupil of Marion High School the last scholastic year, and he was a member of the Methodist church at this place, having united himself with this church at the recent revival meeting held there.

The remains were taken to Greensboro, N. C., the place of nativity of the deceased, for burial, accompanied by his mother and two brothers.

### Back Home for Vacation.

Sunday night Misses Virginia and Susie Barns, daughters of Mr. John D. Barns, of Rich Valley, arrived at Marion, and on Monday afternoon went over to their home in the Valley to spend their vacation with their parents.

Miss Virgie has been taking a course at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York; and Miss Susie has been engaged in teaching, as principal of a kindergarten and general school of 600 pupils at Asbury Park, New Jersey, during the past year. She will return after the vacation to Long Island, New York, where she will take charge of another school, and Miss Susie will return to New York to resume her studies as a trained nurse. Both of these young ladies are very energetic and resourceful.

### Marriage Licenses Issued.

A list of marriage licenses issued in the Clerk's office of the circuit court of Smyth county for the month of June:

- Charles M. Lee and Margaret Walker, John S. Snavely and Nicie C. Bonham, William N. Umbarger and Blanch Snider, William E. Henegar and May Johnson, Charles W. Umbarger and Della Cassell, Charles M. Orr and Bessie M. Orr, John Byron Coker and Grace Trueman Robinson, J. H. Gollehon, Jr., and Lillian B. Hagan, John M. Painter and Sarah R. Sexton, J. V. Walk and Rosa Davidson, Charles Leslie Gilbert and Mauria May Vickers, Columbia G. Ashlin and Georgia O. Neff, A. W. Williams and M. A. Higgins, William Kelly and Clara Gilbert, William Sisk and Mary Hodge, Campbell Hagan and Grace Davidson.

### Smyth County Veterans Go to Gettysburg.

The following Confederate Veterans from Smyth county boarded the train Monday morning for Gettysburg, Pa.:

- W. P. Francis, E. J. Haller, Samuel Lamie, A. J. Martin, A. H. Gibboney, W. J. Vaught, W. F. Goodman, John N. Hull, Rev. J. B. Greiner, Allen Haga, Flave Buchanan, J. E. Webster, of S. W. S. Hospital; Dr. Scott, of S. W. S. Hospital.

### Card of Thanks.

In behalf of my family and of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hagy, I want to thank the people of Marion and community for their many acts of kindness and sympathy at the sad taking away of Della Hagy. May God deal gently with each of you.

MRS. J. F. KELLER.

## TROUTDALE NEW BUT THRIFTY TOWN

### Is Rapidly Becoming Business and Industrial Place, With Increasing Population.

The editor of THE AMERICAN on last Friday decided to make a trip over to Grayson county, where he had not been for more than twenty-five years. Of course the trip was made on the train of the Marion & Rye Valley and the Virginia-Southern Railroads. Our first stop on reaching Grayson was at Troutdale, a town that has sprung into existence as if by magic. It had been twenty-five years, or more, since the editor of THE AMERICAN had been at the point where Troutdale now is located, grows and flourishes. Then, according to our best recollection, our old friend, Wash Greear, was the only man living on the main road from the top of Iron Mountain to the ford of Fox Creek, one mile south of Troutdale. There was a postoffice there then, we believe, and it was called Troutdale, from which the town gets its name. Mr. Greear was then and continued until his death one of the most influential citizens and successful traders of the west end of Grayson. The town is built on land which constituted his farm. Three of his sons are now living in the town and are among its most enterprising citizens. When we landed at Troutdale we found ourselves among strangers, though there were a number we recognized as the descendants of former friends and acquaintances. Soon there were several gentlemen courteously showing us about the town and aiding us in getting information as to what was going on and what is contemplated for the betterment of the place. We are especially indebted to H. G. Booth, editor and publisher of the Troutdale News, for very kind assistance along these lines.

We found that Troutdale became an incorporated town in 1905, and that it now has an estimated population of one thousand souls. There is a furniture factory, which started four months ago, and is now engaged in the manufacture of cheap and medium grade furniture, bedroom suits, etc. The officers are: Jno. F. Greear, president; I. F. Pasley, vice-president; R. F. Young, treasurer, and B. L. Greear, secretary and general manager. As soon as the industry gets into full swing, 125 men will be employed in the factory and a large and profitable business will be done.

At the southern end of the town a chair factory is located which is turning out 100 chairs of a cheap but useful grade daily. This factory is to be moved to the north end of the town, near the railroad station and the furniture factory, additional machinery put in and the output increased to 200 chairs per day.

There is one bank, "Bank of Troutdale," with a capital stock of \$10,000 and doing a safe but increasing business. The bank is now having a concrete block building erected, which it will occupy as soon as completed. The president of the bank, J. W. Perkins, died a short time ago and his successor has not been chosen. The other officers are: H. A. Hoffman, vice-president, and John F. Greear, cashier.

In the business line, there are two hardware stores; six general merchandise stores; two grocery and confectionery stores; two wholesale grain, feed and foodstuffs establishments; three wholesale produce firms; two farm implement, machinery, fertilizer, etc., houses, two wholesale lumber companies, two physicians, one newspaper, The Troutdale News, edited by H. G. Booth, and a job office connected therewith.

There are three churches—Methodist, Baptist and Primitive Baptist, all of them having an influential and good membership. An excellent graded high school building was occupied for the first time last year, and was attended by about 150 pupils and conducted by three teachers. The town government is constituted as follows: E. C. Reedy, mayor; A. C. Pasley, sergeant; R. C. Barr, Wade H. Hash, John F. Greear, C. B. Forester, C. P. Greear and J. M. Pasley, councilmen.

While there is no boom at Troutdale, there seems to have been a constant and steady growth since its foundation in 1905. In addition to the new building the bank is having erected, the hardware firm of Young & Hudler is also having a concrete building put up, which they will occupy as soon as completed. The upper room will be used by the Masons as their lodge, there being a regularly chartered and working lodge at Troutdale. There are many nice dwelling houses already on the several streets of the town and a number of new ones are being built.

We failed to say there are two hotels in the town. The Bennett House is run by C. H. Bennett, who treated the editor very courteously. H. E. Parsons, brother of Hon. Jno. M. Parsons, is postmaster, and W. H. Handy is agent of the Virginia-Southern.

Our stay at Troutdale was brief but very pleasant, and we found its citizens both enterprising and hopeful for the future of the town. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon we left for Fairwood, three miles distant; and in another column give an account of what we saw and heard at that town.

### TROUTDALE NEWS NOTES.

On last Tuesday evening Troutdale crossed bats with Big Helton. They gave us a very interesting game, scores running 26 to 10 in favor of Troutdale.

On Saturday evening at Valley View, the Valley View boys crossed bats with Fairwood. The game was largely attended, scores running 14 to 2 in favor of Valley View. Following the Valley View and Fairwood game Troutdale crossed bats with Oak Hill, scores running 10 to 4 in favor of Troutdale. We always expect to win when Roger steps into the pitcher's box, and Ruff Null the catchers box. We look for a home run when Steve Pasley is at the bat.

Mr. Wm. C. Pendleton paid us a pleasant call, securing subscribers for THE AMERICAN. We wish him much success.

On Friday evening, June 27, at 3:00 o'clock, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Greear died at their home at Troutdale. The remains were laid to rest in the Troutdale cemetery. Mr. Greear is general manager of The Troutdale Furniture Factory. The grief stricken parents have the sympathy of the entire community.

### Death of Venerable Citizen.

James F. Scott, one of the venerable citizens of the county, died at his home half a mile south of Teas, in Rye Valley on last Friday afternoon. He was born June 15th, 1830, and was, therefore, eighty-three years old the 15th of last month. From early manhood Mr. Scott was one of the influential men of his section of the county; and for several terms he was elected a member of the board of supervisors for St. Clair district.

He was a member of the board when the new court house was built at Marion, and took an active part in its construction. His name is engraved on the bronze plate placed at the left of the front entrance to the court house to perpetuate the memory of the citizens who assisted in and contributed to the erection of the beautiful and useful public building. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, his father, William Scott, being one of the pioneer settlers of Rye Valley.

The deceased is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Wm. Meek, of Meadowview, Va., Mrs. Stephen Meek and Miss Anna Eliza Scott, both of the latter residing at the old home where their father lived and died.

Saturday afternoon funeral services were held at the home of the deceased, conducted by Rev. Emmet Blankenbecker, of the Methodist church. The burial took place at the family graveyard nearby. The funeral and burial were attended by a very large gathering of relatives, neighbors and friends.

## LATEST THING IN INSURANCE

### Famous English Institution Will Re-compense Tourists Who Are Victims of Bad Weather.

The famous insurance company, Lloyds, has recently established insurance against the effects of bad weather for the benefit of tourists who in spring and summer make excursions in the south and west of England. These policies are called "rain policies" and are divided into four classes—A, B, C and D. Tourists taking policies of the A class have to pay five dollars weekly during the journey. In exchange receive forty dollars weekly for each week that has rainfall for more than two days. The "rainy days" are considered by the policies of the A and B class to be those in which the rainfall registers more than five millimeters of rain in twenty-four hours, but the assured does not collect on the A policy even though it may pour for two days in the week, unless the rainfall on a subsequent day registers the above stated amount. With the B policy the assured collects even though it rain but one day in the week, but since the probabilities of this are much greater than in the cases covered by the other policies the rates are higher and the amount recovered relatively less. The C and D policies offer diverse combinations under the basis already indicated.—Harper's Weekly.

### A New Life-Preserver.

(Harper's Weekly.) Word comes from Germany of the invention of a life preserver with novel features. This device weighs about five and one-half pounds and consists of two swimming-cushions bound together by straps. The cushions lie upon the breast and back. The preserver is provided with a small lamp fed by an electric battery, which can be adjusted about one's head by means of a band on the forehead so that by night the position of one in the water can be determined at a considerable distance. This lamp is said to burn from three to four hours. With a reflector added light might be thrown for several hundred yards.

The preserver may, it is further claimed, be adjusted in five seconds, the lamp affording illumination as soon as the buckle is fastened.

A young man seventeen years old named Dobins, who was beating his way home on a freight train last Sunday morning, tried to get off the train as it was passing the station. He was thrown with one foot under the car and received such an injury as to require amputation.

## 11TH U. S. CALVARY MARCHES THROUGH

### Goes Into Camp at Wassum Place One Mile Northeast of Town.

Two Squadrons of the 11th U. S. Cavalry marched through Marion on Tuesday, the 1st inst., and went into camp northeast of Marion, according to previous arrangement. Thousands of persons lined Main Street and gave the soldiers a cordial greeting. The following is a list of the commanding and commissioned officers:

- Col. James Lockett; Lieutenant Col. George Morgan; Lt. Irving L. Hunsaker, Adjutant; Capt. Frank Amos, Quarter Master; Lt. Geo. Grunert, Commissary.
- 1st Squadron, composed of Troops A, B, C and D was commanded by Major Melvin Rowell.
- 3rd Squadron, composed of Troops I, K, L and M was commanded by Capt. A. Miller.

The commissioned officers of the several Troops were as follows:

- Troop A, Capt. La V. S. Rockwell; Lt. John McDowell, from Fauquier county, Va.
- Troop B, Capt. Wm. McKinlay, Lt. Edwin Cox.
- Troop C, Capt. Thomas, Lt. Flynn.
- Troop D, Capt. Gordon Johnston, Lt. Emil Lawson.
- Troop I, Capt. James B. McKinley, (nephew of President McKinley), Lt. Creed F. Cox, from Grayson county, Va., Lt. Horace Hickman.
- Troop K, Lt. Eben Swift.
- Troop L, Lt. Francis Ruggles.
- Troop M, Capt. A. Miller, Lt. Morris.

There was an excellent band of 29 pieces, with Prof. Hfaenfeldt as director.

The regiment was organized in 1899 as Eleventh Volunteer Cavalry, with Colonel Lockett commanding, then in Philippine Islands. The regiment took part in the campaigns in the islands in 1899, 1900 and 1901; and won distinction for its courage and efficiency. It was reorganized in 1901 as Eleventh Regular Cavalry, and took an active part in Malvor campaign in P. I., 1901-1902, also in Ilocos Norte campaign of 1904. In 1904 the regiment was returned to the United States, and was sent to Cuba in 1906, where it remained until 1909. Since 1909 it has been stationed at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., except eight months spent in Texas during Madero's revolution in 1911.

From Fort Oglethorpe the regiment made marches to Knoxville, Tenn., in 1909 and 1910; and troop marches to Macon, Ga., Nashville, Tenn., and Big Stone Gap, Va., in 1912.

Last year a squadron (the 2nd) marched to Anniston Ala., for maneuvers with National Guard. The regiment also took part in maneuvers in 1909 at Fort Riley, Kan., and at Fort Oglethorpe in 1910.

Since its organization three of its colonels have become generals, and two of its officers possess the medals of honor, while one has the medal of merit. The medal of honor is granted by Congress for extreme bravery under fire, involving the performance of volunteer extra hazardous duty—officers and soldiers are alike eligible. The medal of merit is awarded to enlisted men only, and is granted for meritorious actions involving great hazard, whether in peace or war.

Capt. Gordon Johnston, who is a North Carolinian and a splendid specimen of the American soldier, wears both medals. He was a member of the Rough Riders, and was distinguished for the exercise of daring courage both in Cuba and the Philippines.

From the above brief synopsis of the history of the Eleventh Cavalry, it will be seen that it has not been playing soldier since its organization, but is a working, fighting band of American citizens.

One very pleasant and picturesque incident of the march through town, was the gathering of a squad of young ladies, just in their teens, at the west end of town, carrying national flags, to meet and greet the soldiers as they made entrance. The young ladies were: Misses Wynona Anderson, Katherine Goodell, Nellie Repass, Josephine Anderson, Mabel Smith, Mary Painter and Willie Culbert. They marched through town as an escort of the advance Troop, and on their arrival at the east end, near the passenger station, Capt. James McKinley, who was at the head of the first squadron, caused the troops to halt and made the girls a short speech of thanks, complimenting them for their good looks and courteous treatment of the troops.

In the afternoon at least two thousand people from the town and surrounding country visited the camps, and late in the evening a special was run by the Marion and Rye Valley Railroad from Troutdale, which brought over a number from Grayson and Rye Valley.

It was the pleasure of the editor of THE AMERICAN to visit their camp, and at their tents to meet Colonel Lockett and Lieutenant Colonel Morgan, both of whom we found to be splendid gentlemen, and every inch a soldier. To sit with them in front of their tents, to smoke and talk of military matters and war incidents carried the editor back to the days when he was a Confederate soldier boy—to the period in the history of our country when brave American soldiers were engaged in fratricidal strife. The knowledge that the sons of

men who wore the gray and the sons of men who wore the blue were mingling as officers and privates in the gallant Eleventh Cavalry, was an assurance that no more such conflicts as that which raged from 1861 to 1865 would again afflict our beloved country.

Capt. Wm. McKinlay, who has Virginia blood in his veins, his grandmother having gone to Illinois from Rockingham county, we found a kind and courteous gentleman. He showed us around the camp and gave us much valuable information about the army and modern military life.

### "A Little of Heaven."

(Charleston Sunday News.)

"Only God can bring the world to heaven," says a writer in a recent article, "but every Christian who will can bring a little of heaven to the world and put it into the daily life of those about him." The words have a familiar ring and preach a doctrine as old as the hills. We may not have met them before in exactly their present form, but they breathe the true spirit of Christian charity, and Christian charity is after all the tie that binds us together in a universal brotherhood. We think of heaven as the reward of our earthly endeavors; we look upon it as the great ultimate achievement and we strive, each man in his own way, to fit himself to share its happiness. We know that whatever good we accomplish in this life is only accomplished with God's assistance; indeed, without His help we would not be able to distinguish between good and bad and would go through life with our minds and hearts obscured by the purely material visions of this existence. So it is that we can well believe that it is God, who shall bring the world to heaven, and most of us are content with this conviction and do not concern ourselves about the opportunities within our reach of bringing a little of heaven into the lives of our fellowmen. We may argue that we have enough to do fitting ourselves to lead good and useful lives without worrying about the happiness of other, but we forget that our own best preparation is to be found in the service we give to our fellowmen, a service that is not necessarily confined to those who have the right to expect it of us, but a service that extends sometimes into the lives of those remote from us. When we plant a good deed we do not always know just how far its roots may strike, or how many tender shoots it may send up to help and encourage those most in need of its assistance.

The man who is generous enough and thoughtful enough to pause in the midst of his own affairs to show an interest in others and to do what he can to help them on the way may not attach much importance to his act, but it often happens that it is just the touch of human sympathy which is most needed. He would be surprised, perhaps, at the good that he has unconsciously wrought, and to know that what he considered only an ordinary deed of kindness was really the means of carrying a bit of heaven into some sorely tried heart. It is not necessary to look with narrow gaze upon life and its magnificent opportunities. The Creator did not place us in this world to terrify us into working out our salvation. He is a God of love and tenderness and does not intend that we shall be oppressed and made unhappy through our service, else, He would not have given us so fair a setting in which to pass our material existence, nor the intelligence to appreciate the lovely things in life. The crosses which he sends us at times are not sent in a spirit of resentment but because of a love that is just and impartial enough to place our needs above our desires, and it is because of this solicitude that He sometimes makes the way a little hard. It is not unusual to blame Him far such visitations, while overlooking entirely the fact that He sends our blessings too. It is when we are in trouble that the glimpses of heaven are most welcome. There are few of us who do not know this from experience, and he who has earned this wider vision is in position to appreciate the opportunities which come to him for helping others as he himself has been helped. It is not so hard a thing as some of us may believe it to be, this bringing a bit of heaven into the lives of our fellow beings. The opportunities for doing so may not come to us every day, or at least we may not recognize them as such. That they come, however, we can well believe if we only look about us and see the many chances we might have used to advantage. Flowers sometimes reflect the color of heaven, yet we who let them wither in our gardens do not seem to realize this fact. How much more, then, can the flowers of Christian love and charity bring into darkened lives bits of the heaven upon which our eyes are set.

Mr. J. B. Richardson came up from Richmond yesterday on official business. He will return to Richmond tomorrow night.

Mr. J. T. Calhoun, of Teas, was in town today on his way to Reral Retreat. He goes there as a delegate to the District Conference of the Methodist church.

Mr. W. B. Porterfield, secretary of the Smyth County Fair Association, was in town again this morning. He is securing a fine lot of advertisements for the fair catalogue.

## TOWN OF FAIRWOOD BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED

### Is Nestled Amid Majestic Mountains and Surrounded by Gorgeous Forests.

In the closing lines of our story about Troutdale, we told of our departure from that town to its sister town, Fairwood. The journey of three miles was made on a flat car of the logging train of the Virginia-Southern. The editor had not been a passenger on a flat car since he so journeyed as a Confederate soldier during the Civil War. We confess the trip to Fairwood was a little thrilling. The engine was backing the train, and more than once the engineer had to be waived down to prevent the rear car, on which we were seated on a box, from coming in contact with fool-hardy cows that persisted in trying to graze on the tracks, where there was no grass. For two miles before reaching Fairwood logging camps were seen on every hand, and piles of logs, of spruce and other woods, by the side of the track were seen at frequent intervals. It took but a short time, however, to make the run from Troutdale to Fairwood. We found there what might be supposed to be a lumber camp town, but so different in appearance from the usual lumber camps that it should not be thus classed. The houses are nearly all upon the land of the Fairwood Lumber Co., and consequently belong to that company. They are plain tenement houses, but commodious, neat in appearance and attractively situated. The people we found as kind and courteous as any we had ever met.

The town is situated 3,300 feet above sea level and at the eastern end of what is known as the Fox Creek Bottoms. For more than a hundred years prior to the arrival of the Virginia-Southern railroad, in 1902, at Fairwood, the Fox Creek Bottoms had been an ideal resort for angler and hunter. These bottoms average nearly a half mile in width and extend east and west about five miles. The creek is a native trout stream and until invaded by civilization was alive with the speckled beauties. And there, in the days when it was a happy hunting ground, Wilburn Waters and other noted hunters pursued the panting deer and hunted down and killed the numerous bear that roamed the mountains and valleys. But we must return to the present and continue our report of what is now found at Fairwood. On our arrival we did not fall entirely among strangers, as we had at Troutdale, but soon was ushered into the offices of Drs. R. L. Young and J. E. McKee, friends of former days, with whom we passed a most pleasant hour socially. Dr. Young owns a boundary of about three hundred acres adjoining and partly within the town. It is the only boundary of land within the larger boundary owned by the Fairwood and Spruce Lumber Company. The Doctor owned about 1,500 acres but sold to the lumber company some two hundred acres, reserving the boundary on which he now lives in a handsome up-to-date home. Dr. McKee lives in his own home, on a lot adjoining, purchased from Dr. Young. These two houses, with several tenements owned by Dr. Young, are the only privately owned property in the town.

It is not necessary to look with narrow gaze upon life and its magnificent opportunities. The Creator did not place us in this world to terrify us into working out our salvation. He is a God of love and tenderness and does not intend that we shall be oppressed and made unhappy through our service, else, He would not have given us so fair a setting in which to pass our material existence, nor the intelligence to appreciate the lovely things in life. The crosses which he sends us at times are not sent in a spirit of resentment but because of a love that is just and impartial enough to place our needs above our desires, and it is because of this solicitude that He sometimes makes the way a little hard. It is not unusual to blame Him far such visitations, while overlooking entirely the fact that He sends our blessings too. It is when we are in trouble that the glimpses of heaven are most welcome. There are few of us who do not know this from experience, and he who has earned this wider vision is in position to appreciate the opportunities which come to him for helping others as he himself has been helped. It is not so hard a thing as some of us may believe it to be, this bringing a bit of heaven into the lives of our fellow beings. The opportunities for doing so may not come to us every day, or at least we may not recognize them as such. That they come, however, we can well believe if we only look about us and see the many chances we might have used to advantage. Flowers sometimes reflect the color of heaven, yet we who let them wither in our gardens do not seem to realize this fact. How much more, then, can the flowers of Christian love and charity bring into darkened lives bits of the heaven upon which our eyes are set.

Fairwood is thirty miles from Marion, and the Virginia-Southern in 1901 was built from Sugar Grove, reaching Fairwood in 1902. Beyond and south of Fairwood there are about forty-five miles of railroad tracks used by the lumber companies. Balsam Mountain, or Mt. Mitchell, is five miles south of Fairwood. Its summit is 5,700 feet above sea level, and the logging road at one point is 5,000 feet. This is the highest point occupied by a railroad east of the Rocky Mountains.

There is a hotel at Fairwood. The building is owned by the lumber company, but the hotel is conducted by Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Bruner, who are very kind and considerate to their guests.

The company has a very large store, the only one in the town, which supplies the needs of its employes and residents of the town and adjacent territory. There is a machine shop which employs fifteen men, where car repairs and repairs to all machinery of the company are made. The company has a band mill which has a capacity for turning out 90,000 feet of lumber each working day of twenty-one hours.

One of the most pleasant events of our visit to Fairwood was meeting Miss Elizabeth Florence Young at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Young. She is a very accomplished young lady, a recent graduate of Lewis Institute at Chicago, with a diploma from that great institution creating her an "Associate in Domestic Science and Art." Miss Young spent a year in the National School of Domestic Science and Art, Washington, D. C., then became a student at Lewis Institute, where she remained one and a half years, graduating therefrom six months in advance of her class. To see specimens of her work in embroidery, stencil embroidery, paintings in oil and water colors, her beautiful creations in millinery and dress making, persons with artistic taste would not hesitate to pronounce Miss Young worthy to be an "Associate in Domestic Science and Art." It may be possible she will teach in one of the schools at Marion the coming year.

TOO MANY COMPROMISES.

We fear that the usefulness of President Wilson's administration will be seriously impaired by his disposition to follow a compromising course in the treatment of important public questions. It will be remembered that the President, early in his administration, gave notice that he would make no compromises on issues of moment, but would rigidly adhere to that which he believed to be right. No doubt the President at the time meant what he said. Unfortunately he has not remained firm in his declared non-compromising purpose, but in several very important matters has pursued a policy of compromise that has satisfied neither side to the controversy or issue he undertook to determine. When the alien land law controversy in California loomed up the administration undertook to adjust it; and through the Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, urged the government of that State to withhold the exercise of a sovereign right to satisfy the clamors of the Japanese people. California refused to accept the terms of compromise offered by the President, and, while neither side to the controversy is impressed with the conduct of the administration, the matter seems to be adjusting itself along the lines of right.

In the treatment of the Mexican situation it is being developed that the administration is pursuing a questionable policy. It has refused to recognize the Huerta government, and we believe it has acted properly in that particular. But our government has been violating the position of neutrality it was supposed to occupy, by permitting the Huerta forces to receive arms and other munitions of war across our borders, and refusing to permit the insurgents or constitutionalists to avail themselves of the same privilege. So, we find both of the parties to the protracted revolution in Mexico dissatisfied with the administration.

The next unfortunate mistake, to which we will refer, made by President Wilson's administration, was the treatment of the noted "white slave" cases or prosecutions in California. The first wrong movement in that matter was made by the Attorney General and the Secretary of Labor in ordering the delay of the prosecutions. This was done at the request of the father of one of the men charged with the grave crime, and this father is connected with the administration as an official in the department of immigration, and brought scandal upon the government. The second mistake in the affair was made by the President when he summarily dismissed from service the immigration official in California who had hunted down the offenders and gathered data for their prosecution; and also the ordering of the U. S. District Attorney who had been engaged in the prosecution to discontinue his work, and substituting other lawyers who know nothing of the case to conduct the prosecution. This is regarded by many, and has been so treated in the House of Representatives by Congressman Mann, floor leader of the Republicans, as condoning a very grave mistake or wrong committed by two members of the President's official family, if not a compromise with the great crime of white slave traffic. The Richmond Virginian says that President Wilson admits his Attorney General made a mistake that brought a "near-scandal" for the administration, but that the offense was not sufficient to warrant the dismissal of the Attorney General. The Virginian also admits that the President conceded that U. S. Attorney McNab was right in demanding an immediate trial of the accused man, Carminetti, but that the President did right in dismissing McNab, saying: "He is a Republican officeholder who would have been retired shortly in any circumstances; he was evidently suspicious of his superiors, he was extremely antagonistic to President Wilson."

Strange logic this—very strange political morality—to punish a man who admittedly did right and condone the act of one who undeniably has committed a grievous wrong. Is this not an indirect, if not direct, compromise with crime? We come now to the most serious

compromise with wrong made by the President since his inauguration—that is the signing of the Civil Sundry bill, which he knew and declares is obnoxious and immoral in one of its most important features. That sterling Democratic newspaper, the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, a zealous supporter and friend of the President, declares that the act "satisfies neither side." And our Norfolk contemporary says the Washington correspondents all agree that: "It gives offense to both sides of the controversy." The provision in the bill which exempts labor unions and farmers' organizations from liability to prosecution under the terms of the Sherman antitrust law, the Virginian-Pilot declares is "rankest sort of class legislation; and as such violative of a fundamental article of the Democratic creed." And the Virginian-Pilot admits that the failure of the President to veto the bill has violated his political conscience and shattered the consistency of his party creed. The Virginian-Pilot further says: "However, after long consideration, President Wilson has adopted that middle course which in critical junctures seldom meets the requirements of either principle or policy. He has signed the bill and accompanied his approval with a vigorous portrayal of the obnoxious character of the feature which is foreign to its title and unrelated to its professed purpose. He has super-added to a reluctant assent a most cogent array of reasons why that assent should have been withheld. This course is a severe disappointment to those who believe that duty and safety alike demanded that he should bow to the line of democracy, let the chips fall where they may. On the other hand, the element which proffered the cup containing the heretical poison to the presidential lips is indignant that, while taking one sip under fancied duress of circumstances, he has simultaneously spewed it out of his mouth as nauseous."

A very true and graphic statement is this, made by the Virginian-Pilot, of the President yielding his convictions as a matter of expediency and his coercion into a compromise with vice. All the well wishers of the President, all those who want to see him give the country a useful and successful administration, and we are among that number, will regret his disposition to compromise with what he knows is wrong.

A REVOLUTION IN VIRGINIA.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch, and numerous correspondents, through its columns, is calling aloud for a revolution in political conditions in Virginia. A recent correspondent of the Times-Dispatch, signing himself "Piedmont," said: "The people of Virginia do want a revolution, but few of them know how to go about it. There are a lot of good men and women who are fighting against saloons, and they have helped the community. Others are talking and writing for tax reforms, and many are working for equal suffrage. Now why can't they get together on a common platform and elect a new kind of men to serve the people in public office, men who are both competent and willing to work for the community."

Thereupon, the Times-Dispatch, which seems to be earnestly in favor of political reform in Virginia, proceeds to give its views as to why we have such unfortunate, and apparently fixed, political conditions in the State. The reason for present conditions our Richmond contemporary ascribes to the fact that the good citizens are divided into groups, each intent upon its own ideals, and each unwilling to co-operate with the other groups for selfless service in behalf of untainted and efficient government in the Commonwealth. And the Times-Dispatch says:

"The revolution we need is one in human nature. We need less pride of opinion and more co-operation, and in this Piedmont is wise. As long as all progressive elements are each laboring in isolation and at fractional reforms, the solidified power of human selfishness and personal greed and ambition cannot be combated. We need to sink individuality in the community spirit. Let us not forget our own splendid dreams, but let us realize that they will come true most swiftly when we work together."

This is very well and prettily said by the Times-Dispatch, but it partakes more of the character of a dreamy essay as to what ought to be done than of a practical formula showing how to do it. The quality or character of a popular or democratic government is always fashioned and determined by the character and quality of the electorate. That we need in Virginia a complete reformation of the electorate and casting aside of the so long dominant doctrine, "my party, right or wrong my party," must be conceded by all the true disciples of reform, if we are to have any righteous revolution here. To accomplish the desired end we must first have a thorough reform of our suffrage laws and of our election laws and methods. Laws that are acutely partisan, unfair, partial and suggestive of fraud cannot generate anything other than a constricted, inert, hopeless, helpless and corrupt electorate. The suffrage and election laws of Virginia for thirty years have been constructed on purely partisan lines, even

those embraced in the new constitution being amenable to the charge. The fruits of these laws are a restricted, indifferent and largely venal electorate, with a helpless minority crying and working for a revolution they confessedly do not know how to bring about.

To get rid of the fruits the tree must be destroyed, and to destroy the tree the root must be killed.

The Times-Dispatch and many other papers in the State are clamoring for a fair and effective primary law. What benefit would accrue from such a primary law if it has to be based on unfair suffrage, registration and election laws? The new spirit, which the Times-Dispatch declares has taken possession of Virginia, must strive for and secure better suffrage and election laws if it wants an unselfish, active and effective electorate. Such an electorate is essential to begin and successfully conduct a political revolution and bring about the reforms so urgently needed.

THE RECALL.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch expresses deep gratification over the fact that the press of the State has almost solidly approved and defended its criticisms of the public officers of that city for failure to properly look after the health of its citizens. The splendid fight the Times-Dispatch made in behalf of the public health, and its exposure of incompetent and unworthy officials, provoked from Carlton McCarthy, a member of the administrative board of the city, a furious and disgraceful verbal assault upon the Times-Dispatch. In speaking of it the Roanoke Times declared his "utterances are incendiary, murderous, treasonable and seditious." They disgrace Richmond and the State." And the Roanoke Times further said: "The people and authorities of Richmond owe to the peace and dignity and reputation of the State to move immediately for impeachment and removal of Carlton McCarthy."

The Times-Dispatch, evidently moved by the demands of the Roanoke Times for the removal of McCarthy, in an editorial, published the 30th ult., said:

"The people must eradicate the evils thus exposed. This incident has shown more clearly than ever before in Virginia that some form of recall should be bestowed upon a community. Without such an instrument of protection, we may be powerless in the face of manifest dangers."

Can the Times-Dispatch, or even the astute Roanoke Times, suggest any better form of recall than the exercise of that power by the people? The Virginia Bill of Rights says: "All power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people; magistrates (officers) are their trustees and servants and at all times amenable to them."

The truth and wisdom of this declaration of the Bill of Rights has been repeatedly confirmed and ratified by placing it in every constitution made and adopted by the people of Virginia. It is even placed in the new constitution, which was proclaimed by the servants of the people, the members of the constitutional convention, who usurped the sovereign power that is vested only in the people, not in their servants. The people are the source of all power. If the people are qualified and have the power to create magistrates or servants, surely they have and ought to assert the authority for the recall of unworthy and incompetent servants. This is the doctrine of the Progressives.

Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, has written and published in the Saturday Evening Post a very able article about the proposed Progressive-Republican merger. He undertakes to show, and does it pretty conclusively, that the merger plans proposed by certain well meaning gentlemen are impractical and will never be accomplished.

The people of Richmond, no doubt, now wish that the recall was in practical operation in Virginia, so that they might get rid of Carlton McCarthy and other unpopular and inefficient members of the Administrative Board of that city.

There is a substantial belief among intelligent people that the tariff should cease to be a political question, and should be made a purely business matter.

A Man Who Should Be Punished.

(Roanoke Times.) Richmond is the capital of Virginia and is accepted inside and outside the State as our representative city. The country has been informed, through the newspapers, of the published, public utterances of Carlton McCarthy, one of the administrative board, made at an official meeting of the board. Those utterances are incendiary, murderous, treasonable and seditious. They disgrace Richmond and the State. Captain McCarthy is an honest, courageous and brilliant man, with a fine record as soldier, citizen and public servant. Yet the State cannot permit, must not allow, threats of murder and

talk of dynamiting and poisoning water supply from an important official of her capital city and metropolis to go out unrebuked and unrepudiated.

The people and authorities of Richmond owe to the peace and dignity and reputation of the State to move immediately for the impeachment and removal of Carlton McCarthy. If, through any defect in the city charter, that can not be done, the Commonwealth's attorney should proceed against him. Certainly his language is scandalous, libelous, threatening and seditious, tending to cause breach of the peace and to incite and encourage crime. For such conduct the law must provide some punishment. If any man in Roanoke in an article in the newspapers or in public speech, even in drunken street corner ranting talked of using dynamite to destroy property or of poisoning drinking water, we would find some way to punish him as an offender against law, order, decency and civilization.

The owners of the Times-Dispatch should wait a reasonable time. If they learned that the city authorities are unable or unwilling to demand punishment for the gross breach of law and propriety that has been committed, they should enter suit for libel and ask indictment for criminal libel. If we recollect correctly, Yoder, editor of The Idea, at Richmond, and the editors of a little street car strike newspaper published there, served terms in jail for offenses less serious.

Nobody would like to see Capt. Carlton McCarthy in jail. The dignity of the entire State demands that he be removed from office somehow and that the stamp of the horror and resentment his words have aroused throughout Virginia be placed publicly and promptly. If he is mentally irresponsible he should not be in important public office. If he is mentally responsible he should not be in any office; for his own words show him to have murder in his heart and a mind fatally bent on mischief. For precisely the same reasons the Allens were punished. Capt. McCarthy should be punished. They defied the law and trampled on order. He has done likewise.

Who Are Glad?

(Woman's Journal.)

The suffrage victory in Illinois has brought joy to every member of that group of remarkable Chicago women whose good works, quite apart from their views on suffrage, have made them famous throughout the United States.

Jane Adams says: "The women should have votes. The problems of our time will be solved only when all of the best mind, conscience and talent in the community are brought to their solution."

Julia C. Lathrop says: "Woman suffrage is a natural and inevitable step in the march of society forward. Instead of being incompatible with child welfare, it leads toward it, and is indeed the next great service to be rendered for the welfare and ennoblement of the home."

Judge Mary Bartelme of the court for delinquent girls, when asked by a Chicago paper to comment on the suffrage victory, answered, "I have nothing to say but 'Hurrah!'"

Miss Sophonisba P. Breckinridge, the beloved assistant dean of women at the University of Chicago, says: "The ballot is a labor-saving device, like the biscuit machine which has been introduced to make the 'beaten biscuit' of Kentucky, instead of beating it in the old way by long pounding with a flat-iron. Reforms can be gained even without the ballot—we have secured some good laws in Illinois—but these things are done much more wastefully, with much more labor, while women are limited to indirect methods."

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young says: "It is the greatest thing Illinois has ever done. If you had been deprived of your civil rights ever since you were of legal age, how would you feel when you were finally given them? Do you believe words could express your happiness?"

Mrs. Raymond Robins, president of the National Woman's Trade Union League, says: "Every forward-looking woman is a suffragist. The ballot is a practical necessity to protect the working mothers of our country."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, it has been the pleasure of the Supreme Architect of the Universe to remove from our midst our beloved friend and brother, John R. Venable, and whereas, while we have lost a faithful friend and comrade, we realize that our loss is his good, therefore be it resolved:

First. That we extend our sympathy to the widow and children of our deceased brother, and resolved,

Second. That a copy of this resolution be placed upon a page on our records set apart to the memory of our deceased brother, and that a copy thereof be furnished the family of the deceased and copy supplied to the Marion papers for publication.

E. M. Harris, Chairman. Jno. A. Groseclose, J. P. Buchanan, Committee Marion Lodge No. 31 A. F. and A. M.

Grayson County Veterans Come to Gettysburg.

On last Saturday afternoon the following Confederate veterans from Grayson county came to Marion on the Marion & Rye Valley train on their way to the emicentennial celebration at Gettysburg. Eli S. Young, Marshall Mabe, G. W. Sills, A. B. Cox, Samuel Penington, A. Bolt, J. M. Perkins, A. W. Young, A. C. Hash, R. M. Lane and Harvey Phipps. Along with them were four veterans from Ashe county, N. C., as follows: S. V. Cox, J. J. Garvy, M. F. Baker and Fields Blevins.

Bring your wool to The D. H. Mitchell Co. They will pay the highest market price on day of delivery.

POVERTY AS LEVELER

My BELLE MANIATES.

Ralph Duncombe had loved Jean all ways. He had told her so when she was twenty and he was thirty. But, then, in the height of her gay season, he seemed quite remote to her, and she had refused his proposal.



Two years later her father died a bankrupt and she married Ralph. It was a case of any port in a storm, and she frankly told him so; but he felt assured that his great love for her could not but beget love in return.

He lavished upon her everything that his wealth could bestow and his thoughtfulness devise.

One evening Jean came upon her husband unawares in the library. His face was buried in his hands, and his whole attitude was one of dejection and despair. He had not heard her enter. She softly withdrew.

"What have I done," she thought, sorrowfully, "to make him happy? Nothing."

She went back to the library. "Ralph," she said, gently. "Jean," he said, slowly, "I have lost my money—everything. We are poor, Jean!"

"But, Ralph, you have health, strength and ability; you have young enough to work. Do you care so much for riches? You forget, Ralph, that I was poor, for a whole year. It won't be a new experience for me as for you."

"I have nothing left, Jean, except a little cottage and a piece of land out in a western town where I once had an interest in a large factory. It was such a small piece of property that I forgot to mortgage it even, and it escaped the wreck."

"It would give us a home," she said, thoughtfully, "and don't you think you could get some position out there?"

"I was just thinking," he replied. "A particular friend of mine is superintendent of the factory, and I feel confident he would give me an office position."

"I'll wire," he said, promptly, "and if he gives me any encouragement, we will go at once. I'll leave the house and appointments and everything here for Roberts to dispose of and hand over to my creditors."

"Ralph, I have a balance of \$1,000 in my private account. We'll furnish the little cottage with it."

The next day he telegraphed and received a favorable reply. Within a week, he and Jean were furnishing their little western home, and scheming to make their \$1,000 go as far as possible.

The little cottage was very picturesque and homelike. Jean, who had acquired some little knowledge of cooking in a chafing dish way in her year of independence, became a proficient housekeeper.

"Jean," said her husband, one night, "it seems marvelous to me that poverty has gained for me what riches could not. For you do love me, Jean!"

"You know I do, Ralph! and I think, Ralph, you used to do too much for me. There was nothing for me to do in return, but common interests and common cares have awakened new meanings in life and love to me."

"Then I will tell you something. It was all untrue what I told you about losing our money. I was brooding that night over your not loving me, and when you came to me, sympathetic and kind in manner, an inspiration moved me to try this experiment. In winning your love I have come to love this simple way of living."

"I have an interest in this factory," he laughed. "My salary was my dividend. Our house and things are all there waiting for us. Shall we go there now, or shall we travel?"

"Let's take our real wedding trip, Ralph, and go abroad," she suggested. "When we come back we will entertain each other instead of our acquaintances, and, Ralph, love won't fly out of the window now that riches have come back to our door, will it, dear?"

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GUM CHEWING AN OLD HABIT

Red Indians Are Said Thus to Have Quenched Their Thirst in Fifteenth Century.

Gum chewing in the United States appears to be a general habit, as it would take quite a few gum chewers to use up what is manufactured. More than 30 million sticks of gum is the annual output of American factories.

All this stuff is made of chicle which comes from a gum tree in the tropics, the importation of chicle into the United States figuring up two million dollars a year. The chicle business has become a big industry in the republics to the south. The gum tree is tapped very much the same as the rubber tree.

Spanish explorers found the Indians of this hemisphere chewing gum to quench their thirst away back in the fifteenth century, and they reported that it relieved exhaustion; but it was 1876 before gum chewing became a habit among the nations, so at least the gum makers say, being guided by their opinions by the statistical records. Still, the oldest inhabitants say they always had gum. Resin or some other thing must have been chewed before the modern gum factory brought out a substitute that was better liked. Since that time the demand for this commodity has increased to such an extent that importing firms have been obliged to search the markets and exploit the growing of the tree in order to obtain a supply sufficient to meet existing requirements.

STONES THAT GET TOGETHER

Peculiar Conduct of Some Pebbles is Attributed to Material of Which They Are Composed.

An English naturalist has lately given some interesting accounts of oddities found in this country, and chief among them is the traveling stone, the size of a pea ordinarily, and yet sometimes reaching six inches in diameter. He came across it in Nevada, where it is most frequent.

It is really the queerest little stone in the world, for when a number of them are placed on the floor or on any level surface and separated some distance from each other they begin to travel toward a common center and to lie huddled together like eggs in a nest.

If a single stone is removed four or five feet from the rest it will immediately start with the greatest rapidity to join its fellows.

These stones are found oftentimes where the land is very level and little more than bare rock. Often scattered over these barren regions are little basins from a few feet to a rod in width and at the bottom of these basins the rolling stones are found.

The cause for the strange conduct is to be found in the material of which the stones are composed, and which is a loadstone or a magnetic ore, which has the tendency to draw them together.

Why Is Sleep?

Why is sleep? Now, please don't answer this question right off the bat, so to say, by remarking that it is an instinct or a necessity or anything like that. For Drs. Legendre and Piedron of London, in experiments on dogs, have discovered that sleep is due to a toxic substance in the blood developed by long periods of wakefulness. There you have it, you see—the longer you stay awake the surer you will be to sleep. And you may know of some persons who have arrears of sleep due and uncollectable for various reasons, and others who have long overdrawn their accounts. All of which goes to show that sleep is rather an unevenly distributed thing—and oh, well, what of it?

If you do not desire much, little will seem much to you, for small wants give poverty the power of wealth.—Democritus.

When You Buy A Wagon

You Want the Best

The Look & Lincoln is the best Wagon made for the money. We could make them cheaper but prefer to make them better.

When ready to buy a wagon see a Look & Lincoln or write for price list.

Look & Lincoln

For Sale or Trade At a Bargain

One 20-horse power gasoline engine, almost new, and a Faukery thresh box in first class condition; capacity 1,000 bushels per day; the only outfit for threshing. It cuts out the fireman, wood and water wagons; no waiting to get up steam. If you are looking for a first class outfit at a bargain come and see me.

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Boot and Shoe Repairer

All work neatly and promptly done. Ladies' and children's shoes a specialty.

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Undertakers and Funeral Directors



We have just received the largest stock of Screen Doors and Windows we have ever brought to Marion. We can put them up on short notice.

The New York Racket Store

We want the public to know that we send in orders every two weeks for Novelties and up-to-date goods in all the lines we carry. This gives our customers fresh, clean, new goods. If we haven't what you want when you call for it, rest assured we will have it in a few days.

The greatest bargains are always to be found at our store.

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We are now showing in our large warerooms the handsomest assortment of

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that has ever been seen in the town. We have a very fine line of Druggets, Carpets, China and Japanese Mattings. If you want a range in your kitchen, we are sole representatives here for the Majestic—the best in the world.

With modern equipment, including the newest and most fashionable type faces, with labor-saving devices, and with skilled workmen, we are in position to do

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## CHURCH DIRECTORY

**Methodist Church**  
Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.  
T. C. SCHUBERT, D. D., Pastor.  
Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.  
Junior League every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.  
MRS. MAUD THOMAS, Supt.  
Senior League every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.  
MRS. ERNEST STEINER, Pres.  
The public is cordially invited to all these services.

**Lutheran Church**  
Preaching every first and third Sunday in the morning at 11 o'clock, and every second, fourth and fifth Sunday in the evening at 7:30 o'clock.  
Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m.  
Prof. B. E. COPEHNAVER, Supt.  
Services every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.  
The Boys' Junior Missionary Society meets every first Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.  
The Girls' Missionary Society meets every second Sunday immediately after the Sunday School service.  
You are cordially invited to attend all these services.  
RUFUS E. KERN, Pastor.

**Baptist Church**  
Preaching every Sunday morning and night, except first Sunday.  
Bible School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.  
L. P. COLLINS, Supt.  
Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night.  
The B. Y. P. U. meets every Sunday afternoon at 7:00 o'clock.  
REV. E. M. HARRIS, Pastor.

**Presbyterian Church**  
Services first, second and fourth Sundays in each month—by supply.  
Sunday School each Sunday morning at 9:30.  
JAS. WHITE SHEFFEY, Supt.  
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 7:30.

## SECRET ORDERS

**Lynn Commandery, No. 9, Knights Templar**  
Meets second Friday night in each month.  
R. K. SANDERS, E. C.  
JNO. A. GROSECLOSE, Recorder.

**Marion Royal Arch Chapter, No. 54**  
Meets first Monday in each month.  
H. A. MILLER, H. P.  
L. P. COLLINS, Secretary.

**Masonic Lodge, No. 31, A. F. & A. M.**  
Meets third Monday in each month.  
S. J. CARSON, W. M.  
J. SHEFFEY PENDLETON, Secretary.

## COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Hon. F. B. Hutton, Judge Circuit Court.  
S. W. Kent, Clerk.  
Geo. F. Cook, Commonwealth's Att'y.  
J. L. C. Anderson, Treasurer.  
M. D. Cassell, Sheriff.  
Term: The 1st Monday in January, March, May, September and November.

B. E. Copenhaver, Division Superintendent of Schools.

## BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

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James A. Groseclose, Marion, Va.  
Meets 1st Monday of each month.

## GEORGE FRED COOK

Lawyer  
Marion, - Virginia  
Office in Court House—Up Stairs

## TRULY A VALUABLE HOUND

Visitor From Costa Rica Tells Story Which Some People Might Find It Hard to Believe.

At last the existence of the banana hound has been shown to be a fact! A man who just arrived in this country from Port Limon, Costa Rica, not only knows all about the banana hound, but has a drove of them himself. The gentleman is Hezekiah Spottiswood, and for many years the owner of a banana plantation in Costa Rica.

"Is the banana hound a new discovery up here?" he asked in surprise. "My word, how singular! Why, we always have them. They are a very essential adjunct to a banana plantation; indispensable almost, I should say. What is the breed? They are a cross between a pointer and a South American tapir.

"It's a very necessary thing to know when to pick the bananas from the trees, you know. When they have attained a certain shade of green, then is the time. Now it's very difficult to have a man so thoroughly up in color that he can determine this matter. That is where the banana hound comes in. He trots the groves with a man behind him, and scents the bunches which should be picked. He stands in front of the tree and gives a long moan, which sounds familiar to the siren at Sandy Hook. Then he points to a particular bunch with his tail.

"The scent of the hound is unerring. It has never been known to fail. "And you never heard of them?"

No Joy Vient.  
A Glasgow journalist who was careless of his personal appearance was assigned to write something about a show at a leading Glasgow theater. He presented his card at a box-office. The manager came out and looked at the disheveled visitor dubiously. "Did you come here to write something about the play—to work?" he asked. "Do you think I'd come to your theater for amusement?" asked the journalist as he stalked out.—Saturday Evening Post.

## WHEN LIBBY SMILED

### It Was When She and Will Tabor Made Up Again.

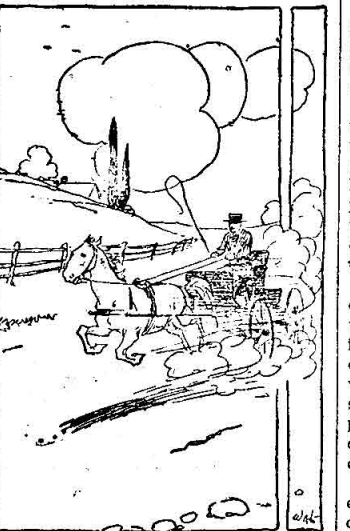
BY E. R. MOON.

We all looked upon Libby Arliss as an old maid, absurdly old, although her age could not have been more than thirty-five. But after her mother died she ceased to go about much in our village society; and by the time she was out of mourning she had settled down into a lonely life in her little home. She had a fine garden, and we boys and girls used to steal her pears and mock at her when she came out and threatened us.

"I'd like to get even with Miss Libby for being so mad about our taking her wormy old pears," said Steve Marks, the "bad boy" of the village. None of us liked Libby. She was certainly as sour as those early Bartlett's that we used to take with the more gusto because we knew that our discovery would let loose a storm of imprecation on our heads. That was how we came to concoct the love letter.

Why we hit upon William Tabor I can't quite remember. The Tabors had once been the most respected family in our village, but William was wild when he was a young man and went West, returning broken down in health, a year or two before. I think some one suggested that he had been Libby's beau long before, when she was a pretty girl in the wide-sleeved gowns then in fashion, and did her plentiful hair in a jar handle. But since he had come back he had never, to our knowledge, visited at Libby's house, and if he had done so village gossip would certainly have found it out.

Three of the high school scholars concocted the letter. It ran like this: "My Dearest Libby, one whom the world calls a sour old maid, avow to you something against which I have fought for many months in vain? William, I love you! There, I have avowed it,



Coming at Breakneck Speed.

and you cannot guess how shrinkingly I write down these words which my hand is powerless to stay. I love you—and now I have told you all. The rest is with you.

"LIBBY ARLISS." Yes, it was a gem of composition, and elicited screams of laughter among us all. Only one girl protested.

"I think it's a mean shame," said Sylvia Temple, turning upon us. "It must be just awful to be an old maid." "Perhaps it will bring William to the point, though," I suggested, and that gave us an idea. Why not send Libby a letter by the same post? No sooner thought of than acted upon. William's letter ran in this way: "My Dearest Libby Arliss:

"Because my tongue is weak and falters in your presence, I would fain write down the words I long to say to you. Libby, I love you. May I call to see you and tell you of the fatal passion which you inspire in my heart? WILLIAM TABOR."

We dropped these epistles into the letter box and waited with bated breath, metaphorically speaking. We didn't know whom to watch, but finally decided that it would certainly be William who would go to Libby and not Libby who would visit William. So, having calculated that he might be expected to arrive the following afternoon, we ensconced ourselves—some half a dozen of us—behind the hedge across the road and waited.

Presently we saw, sure enough, Mr. Tabor's buggy coming at breakneck speed down the road in a cloud of dust. He pulled in the horse outside the gate and hitched it to the fence. Then he got out and went in, walking very quickly. He rang the bell and Miss Libby came to the door.

But I had never seen Miss Libby look as she did then. All the sourness had gone out of her face, and she was dressed like a young girl, in that absurd old-fashioned dress with the hanging sleeves. There was color in her cheeks, too, and she was smiling. And as she stood there looking at him and smiling up at him, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

That was enough for us. We were all thoroughly scared. We took to our heels and ran as hard as we could go. We couldn't go anywhere after reaching the village without attracting attention, so we separated and went to our homes.

"Well, lady, there's news in the village," said my father, when he came home that night.

"I know, dear," said my mother, smiling. "Libby Arliss and Will Tabor have made up again."

"Trust a woman for finding out these things," my father said. "Well, I'd always hoped it would come to pass, but I never thought it would be in just that way. It seems that she had written him a letter two years ago, when he returned, and he found it, unopened, yesterday evening, among a lot of old papers that his father left."

"Oh, no," I blurted out; "she wrote

to him yesterday, and he wrote to her.

At least—I mean—

"What do you mean?" inquired my father, sternly. "How do you know about these things?"

"Oh, I sort of guessed, I suppose," I answered, blushing.

The next morning I met Steve Marks and he caught me by the wrist.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed, indignantly. "Sylvia Temple has just confessed that those letters never reached them at all."

"What? Why?" I shouted.

"Because she sneaked back to the post office after we had gone, and fished them out with a piece of stick with a fish hook in the end, and tore them up—that's why."

"Then how did it happen?" I asked, for my father's explanation did not seem quite true.

"I'm blessed if I know," he answered, scratching his head, and at that moment who should come along but Miss Libby herself. She looked ten years younger, and she smiled so prettily she gave me quite a scare.

"So you boys know all about it, I see," she said, when we blurted out our congratulations. "I can't begin to tell you how happy I am and—and—well, I guess I've been a pretty crabbed sort of woman for a long time. But now I want you all to come into my garden this afternoon and pick as many pears as you can carry away. They're just about ripe."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather, for I had had those pears on my mind all day.

"Pooh, that's nothing!" said Sylvia, when I asked her opinion. "It's just what my mother calls mental suggestion. Don't you see? We imagined those letters and we imagined the pears, and both came true."

But the pears were certainly fine. I did all sorts of imagining after that, and some of it came true, and some didn't. The best thing that came true was when I imagined that Sylvia and I were sweethearts.

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## HONOR AND PURITY

### He Found the Real Which Compared Favorably With the Ideal.

BY MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

Wherever he looked, whether at a lovely sunset scene or some radiant picture, he saw a sheen of gold red hair, a cheek the hue of a rose leaf and eyes as tender as the softest moonlight. It affected the heart like enchanted music. The hushed dreams of youth were awakened and his pulse bounded at the alarm.

He sat now—he, Norman Dacey— young, rich in money but dissatisfied of soul, telling the story of it all to his closest friend, Elliott Hughes. As he spoke his subdued tones reminded of a poet traversing some sweet and tender lay, for into his barren life had come a purpose—to find one woman he had seen and to tell her that he loved her.

All about them was the luxury and refinement of a magnificent home that had resounded to the chatter and song and gawdy of brocaded dames and radiant bejeweled demoiselles. Now, however, there was only a flashing recollection of a homespun garb, plain and simple, and the old-fashioned brooch Dacey had been showing his friend, valued more than the Dacey family jewels.

"Two months," he was saying, "and it seems like two years. It was just beyond the village that the team took fright at a passing automobile. I was thrown out. It was the gas from a deep cut that was the most serious. I was stunned. Then between that and the hospital there was one supreme moment. It was when I saw her."

"You have told that, Dacey," broke in Hughes in a tone of slight rally. "She was lovely as an hour and all that."

"She was simply a girl, an innocent, beautiful girl," resented Dacey gravely. "A man stood at a little distance, probably a relative. She had torn a scarf from her throat and was trying to staunch the blood from my wound. I recall one look into those pitying soul-like eyes. Then the blackness of death again. I was taken to the hospital. They told me there that if the



Saw a Forlorn Form Appear.

younguet had not been so promptly acquitted I would have bled to death."

"And nothing of the girl since?" questioned Hughes.

"Nothing save this," replied Dacey, exhibiting the brooch in his palm. "They found it inside of my vest, where it must have dropped from the scarf. It is a miniature portrait, not of the girl, although it somewhat resembles her."

"Probably of her mother." "On its back is a graven initial. I wonder," and the dreamy eyes of the speaker had a longing, far-away expression—"I wonder if that is the initial of her name—G."

"Grace, Georgiana," suggested Hughes—"no, Gineora, or—Gloria." "I shall know some day," asserted Dacey determinedly. "You are laughing at me. Did you never hear of love at first sight? A mere glance in the moonlight bound you irrevocably to your wife."

Hughes flushed and looked conscious. He evaded a direct reply by saying lightly: "Well, I am at least glad to see your mind roused out of the torpor of your habitual ennui. If you can take any interest in pursuing this extravagant phantom, keep it up. Let me see, though—I believe you told me that the accident was costly to you in more ways than one?"

"You mean the trifle I lost?" observed Dacey.

"The money does not trouble me," replied Dacey carelessly. "I may have lost it before the accident." "Has it struck you," inquired Hughes, "that the conjunction of an unknown young woman and your missing pocketbook may have some connection?"

"I would swear to the honor and purity of that sweet soul," cried Dacey. "Have your way," laughed Hughes. "I only hope you may find the real to compare favorably with the ideal." The friends separated, Hughes to go home to his wife to smile over "the ridiculous infatuation of Dacey," the latter to still more determinedly seek some trace of the mysterious unknown whose bonny face was with him everywhere.

est dreams.

He saw a forlorn form appear before the casement and falter there. He saw a wan, agitated face and dripping, storm-beaten garments. In an instant he had drawn open the window, and she, the lady of his dreams, tottered into the room and fell to the nearest chair, where she drooped like a wilted flower.

Infinite pity swelled in his heart at a sight of her helplessness, her woeful plight. Love reinspired sent his heart beating high as he realized that his long quest was over and done.

She raised her eyes at last to murmur his name, to draw from her bosom—the pocketbook he had lost. "You are Mr. Dacey," she faltered. "This is yours, I must go."

"No! No!" cried Dacey, blocking the way. Then he saw her reel with a terrified cry. The windows behind Dacey opened and a rough-looking man intruded—the man he had seen once before with the girl.

"Ah, I have found you, have I, Gloria!" hissed the intruder. "You had that all of the time—" The speaker made a dive for the pocketbook. Dacey put out his strong arm.

"Do not harm him," pleaded the girl piteously. "He has kept me a prisoner, he has nearly starved me because I would not give up the pocketbook which I wrenched from him. But he is my brother—and it was all his cruel lust for gold."

"I picked it up, did I not?" cried the man. "I did not steal it. At least I am entitled to a reward." "Take it and—go," said Dacey sternly.

With a gloating cry of joy the man sped from the room, holding the coveted money to his breast like a wild beast clasping its prey. Dacey reclosed the windows, pressed a button in the wall and told the servant who answered to summon his widowed sister.

"Sit down, please," spoke Dacey, as wondering Leah Davellin entered the room. "I have a story to tell." How sweetly soft he told it! How the sympathetic tears came to his loving sister, how the eyes of the breathless, marveling Gloria Burley seemed to take it all in as if it were some beautiful dream. And then in her weakness and exhaustion she sank into insensibility, but with a seraphic smile upon her face, as if after strife, storm and privation she had been awarded a glimpse of some beautiful heaven.

Abruptly Dacey left the room, the woman he loved in the friendly charge of his sister. It was a new Gloria, revived, whom he met the next day—the happy day, the day of his life immortal that he asked her to become his wife.

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## TRUTH ABOUT WALL STREET

Philosopher in Humorous Journal Tells of Things That Are and That Might Have Been.

Out of the fusillade of ideas brought on by the Wall street investigations, something is sure to result. Already the dawn is putting the fog to rout. It is clear now that Wall street had a number of very painful things the matter with it, but totally without being aware of the fact. As soon as Wall street found that it was in pain, it was among the first to ask for a doctor. And the rest of us, as the fog altitudes, know that all of the little fliers which we took in stocks would have brought forth handsome returns if only the stock exchange had been incorporated or if somebody hadn't washed a sale on some other day except the regular wash day, or if some person, in a moment of carelessness (it certainly wasn't intentional), hadn't left a screw loose somewhere.

All that, however, has passed, or nearly passed. The time is nearing when the most immature lamb can walk boldly into any Wall street emporium without a chaperon. There he will be met by a specially selected committee of affable and unselfish brokers. After curling himself up in the capacious depths of a luxurious leather lounge, he can lay his stake at random, be it large or small, and then he can dismount it from his mind, serene in the perfect certitude that, owing to the expurgating which Wall street has been subjected to, nobody can lose, and least of all the outsiders. If there is any losing to be done, the insiders will make sure it will fall upon their own broad and brawny shoulders.

And now, Gridley, if the ticker is in working order, you may bring on the milk and honey.—Life.

## When England Needed Bread.

England was once on the verge of a bread famine. That was in 1800, when the wars with France combined with a succession of bad harvests to plunge the country into a state of general destitution. "A law was enacted," writes Mr. F. W. Hackwood, "prohibiting the sale of bread till it had been out of the oven at least 24 hours. Food was so scarce and dear that a portion of the population refused to starve in silence, and rioting broke out in many parts of England. The acts against forestalling and regrating—that is, anticipating the markets so as to raise the price of foodstuffs—were rigorously enforced. A royal grant of £500 was made to one Thomas Todon, to enable him to prosecute a discovery, made by him, of a 'paste' as a substitute for wheat flour."—London Chronicle.

## Undiscovered Interior.

A magazine editor recently returned a story to an aspiring contributor. Immediately the latter wrote an indignant letter to him, saying that before sending her manuscript she had slightly pasted together several of the inner pages. When the story was returned to her it was in its original condition. She had always suspected editors of neglecting their duties; now she was sure of their carelessness, for her own story had not been read. To all this, the much berated man made reply: "Dear Madam: At breakfast, when I find that an egg is bad, I do not have to eat the whole of it to make sure."—The Sunday Magazine.

## SHREWD SCHEME IS WASTED

Man Who "Beat" the Customs Inspectors Might Be Excused for Feeling a Little Annoyed.

The exacting regulations of the customs service bear heavily on the American returning from a trip abroad. The man or woman who cannot find more than the legal limit of \$100 to invest in trinkets, presents, and various personal articles of apparel is rare. He is held up like a criminal and is forced to discuss with inquisitive custom inspectors the value of every little article in one's baggage is vexatious. So people frequently resort to subterfuge.

A man who had been in Siberia on business had an opportunity to buy there at very reasonable rates some beautiful sable skins. He decided that it was too good a chance to make his wife a desirable gift to be overlooked; so out of hundreds of skins he selected a dozen of great beauty. On reaching New York he sought the cooperation of several men friends, and each of them slipped a skin or two down the legs of his trousers, tying them with twine to his suspenders to prevent them from dropping too far. It was a very hot day, and as they stood about on the pier waiting to be passed by the customs men the skins got warm and smelled villainously. Finally, passed by the inspectors with their baggage, they hastened to a place where in seclusion they could remove the sable skins and turn them over to the owner.

Later the latter told the house that was to make them up of his ruse, and was considerably startled when the manager said: "That was a good deal of trouble to take with an article that is not dutiable."—The Sunday Magazine.

## GREAT NAMES HAVE GONE

Long List of Men of Genius Whose Line is No Longer Represented on the Earth.

When one considers how many families there are which trace their ancestry in a direct line for many generations, it is rather a surprising fact that there is not a single living descendant in the male line of some of the greatest men the world has ever produced.

For the preservation of our illusions regarding genius, it probably is far better that there should be no disappointing ordinary persons left in the world to represent the men whom we delight to honor.

To find a Milton engaged in the insurance business, or a Byron on the stock exchange would jar dreadfully on one's sense of the fitness of things. The following is a list of some of the illustrious men whose line never will be represented on the earth again as long as the world stands:

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron, Moore, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Peterborough, Nelson, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Washington, Canning, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Davy, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, David Garrick, John Kemble, Edmund Kean.

## What the Old Graveyards Show.

"Mother" in the good old days, it is true, used to make the family clothes work the family loom, raise the family chickens, plant the family garden, cook the family food, churn the family butter, embroider the family frocks and bear the family grief; but "mother" in those days used to die at an early enough age to make it possible for "the man of the family" to take unto himself another wife, and sometimes a third and a fourth. If there is any thing that the old graveyards show it is that the "mothers" lived hard while they did live, but seldom lived long. "That mother" today only does about twice as much work as her husband— we are speaking of the average "mother"—is the reason, an investigator avers, why the race is degenerate. We do not think that the race is degenerate, but it were better that it were degenerate than that "mother" should be a packhorse.—Exchange.

## Height of Obstinacy.

Representative Pujo was talking about an obstinate financier. "This man," he said, "is undoubtedly the most obstinate man in Wall street. I may say, in fact, that he is the most obstinate man in the world. 'Why, he is so obstinate and contrary-minded that if he sees a newspaper advertisement headed 'Don't Read This' he doesn't read it.'"

## Forget Her Ticket.

Mandy is but a little girl, a little colored girl, trying hard to learn how to be a good housemaid. The other day she came to her employer and handed her a card, relates the Houston Post.

"De lady what gib me dis in de parlor," she explained. "De'y's anoder lady on de steps." "Goodness, Mandy!" exclaimed the lady, shocked and troubled, "why don't you ask them both in?" "Kase, Miss Murphy," grinned Mandy, "de one on de do'staps done for i her ticket."

## School Board Meeting.

The Second District School Board will meet at Long Hollow school house on Saturday, July 5th. The main object of this meeting is the election of teachers for the coming session. Applicants are requested to file their applications with a member of the board before this meeting.

By order of the District Board:  
B. E. COPEHNAVER,  
Division Supt.

## ADMINISTRATORS SALE

As administrators of the estate of W. B. Jackson, deceased, we will, at 11 o'clock a. m., on Saturday, July 5th, 1913, sell at public auction to highest bidder, at front door of court house at Marion, Va., the following stocks and bonds, belonging to said estate:

- (1.) Five shares of the capital stock of the Staley's Creek Manganeer and Iron Company, par value \$500.
- (2.) Fifty shares capital stock Marion Foundry and Machine Works, par value \$500.
- (3.) Fifteen shares capital stock of the Smyth County Fair Association, par value \$150.
- (4.) Two first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds of Marion & Rye Valley Railway Company, for \$500 each; interest payable semi-annually. Sale will be for cash in hand.

B. F. BUCHANAN,  
E. H. COPEHNAVER,  
Administrators.

## Have You a Little Money Now and Then?

Do you keep it in an absolutely safe place? Or do you spend it as fast as it comes—perhaps a little faster?

## A SUGGESTION

Deposit your income as received in this bank; pay all your bills by checks, contract only such obligations as will enable you to get ahead and keep ahead; enjoy the supreme satisfaction of seeing your balance grow.

That is the way to your success, and it leads you into the door of

**THE MARION NATIONAL BANK**  
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Capital \$40,000.00 Surplus \$25,000.00  
W. L. Lincoln, Pres.  
H. B. Staley, Vice-Prest.  
T. E. King, Cashier.  
Jno. A. Groseclose, Assistant Cashier

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to be without the news of your county.

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will consider of first importance the matter of thoroughly covering the news of Smyth County. News of the State and Nation will be given in condensed form.

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## Among the Indispensables

Is what all housekeepers say of

## FRESH FRUITS

We are trying to make these one of the leading features of our business. Now have in stock

## Apples, Raspberries, Pineapples, Oranges, Lemons and Bananas

Canned Fruits of all kinds.  
A fancy line of Headley's Candies. Fresh stock received every week.

**C. A. PICKLE & CO.**  
MARION, VIRGINIA

**TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS**

Miss Bruce Venable left Sunday morning for Richmond, where she will resume her work at St. Luke's Hospital.

Miss Fannie Stiff and Mr. D. E. Martin, of Roanoke, Va., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Hutton last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Snively and Miss Mary Mercer, of Groseclose, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. W. Rice on Sunday.

Dr. Henderson N. Miller, the new president of Marion Female College, is expected to arrive here with his family today.

Tomorrow will be the Fourth of July, and being a legal holiday the banks will be closed. Sunday hours will be observed at the post office.

The family of Mr. E. E. Workman, of THE AMERICAN office, arrived in town Tuesday night and have taken up their residence on Church street.

Miss Helen Scherer, daughter of L. L. Scherer, of Richmond, is in Marion visiting her grandfather, Dr. J. J. Scherer, and will remain several weeks.

Our friend James Wolfe, of the Ad-wolfe neighborhood, called this morning to express his appreciation of THE AMERICAN, and clear up his subscription account.

Miss Mary Lester, stenographer for The Sheffey & Ewald Insurance Agency, will go to Roanoke this evening to spend the Fourth with her homefolks. She will return on Monday.

Mr. A. P. Crenshaw, of the State Highway Commission, has arrived at Marion, and will assist Mr. B. E. Rhodes in the supervision of the construction of the roads in Marion district.

Work has been resumed at grading for the building to be erected by the Sprinkle Drug Company, corner of Main and Broad Streets. The building will be pushed, we understand, to completion.

Mrs. W. B. Neel, of Graham, Tazewell county, Va., with her son and two daughters, arrived at Marion last week. They will spend the summer with Mrs. Neel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Sheffey, Jr.

The young men of the Adwolfe neighborhood will celebrate the Fourth with a tournament, picnic and other amusements. The editor of THE AMERICAN has been invited to attend and will do so if possible.

Misses Pearl and Mattie Wheeler, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wise Wheeler, have been quite ill for the past two weeks with fever. They are both now steadily improving and, without there is a relapse, their recovery is confidently expected.

Dr. E. P. Dickerson, of Chatham Hill, will go to Roanoke in a few days to visit his mother, and will go from Roanoke with his sister, Mrs. Trout, to Virginia Beach, where she has a cottage for the summer. Dr. Dickerson expects to be absent from his practice for several weeks.

We keepin stock Screen Doors and Window Screens, and put them in on short notice. SEAVER & MORRIS.

Mr. L. L. Kegley, a resident of Marion, but now in the employ of the Troutdale Furniture Co. at Troutdale, Va., was called to Marion on Saturday night by the illness of his wife, who is a daughter of Jessie C. Jones. Mrs. Kegley is now greatly improved, and Mr. Kegley left yesterday for Troutdale.

Miss Teny Caroline Musser, a maiden lady, died at the home of her brother, J. A. Musser, about two miles east of Atkins, on last Sunday evening. Her remains were taken to Kimberling church in Wythe county on Monday afternoon, where funeral services were held and burial took place at 3 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. P. Greer and Miss Nannie Katherine Spence, of Rural Retreat, accompanied by Miss Lillian Hendricks, of Russell county, came down to Marion last Thursday afternoon and became the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Greer until Friday afternoon. Miss Flora Greer returned with them to Rural Retreat.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Greer, with their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Greer of Fairwood, on Sunday motored to Rural Retreat and visited friends. They extended their tour on Sunday afternoon to Fort Chiswell, eight miles east of Wytheville, and returned to Rural Retreat where they spent the night. On Sunday the party returned to Marion.

The merchants of the town have agreed to close their stores at 7:30 p. m., instead of keeping open indefinitely as heretofore. The agreement went into force the 1st inst., and will give much satisfaction, as the clerks have been working too many hours and were not receiving sufficient rest. Of course any merchant who desires to remain in his store and keep it open at night has the right to do so, but it is not right to keep the clerks there so long.

Mr. W. L. Cunningham, of Wallace, Washington county, was at Marion yesterday, having made the trip herein his nice touring car. He left for his return trip shortly before noon. Mr. Cunningham is a native of Giles county, but moved to Washington county a number of years ago. He has been engaged in the work of teaching for thirty-four years and has been a justice of the peace for twenty-four years, two excellent occupations when followed as well as Mr. Cunningham is said to have pursued them.

We pay top prices for your butter, eggs, poultry and farm produce, cash or trade. We carry a complete line of staple groceries. Prices reasonable; quality best. MARION FRUIT AND PRODUCE CO.

**MAN IN THE MOON**

**Again Witnessed a Scene Which Probably Is Old as Himself.**

BY GEORGE MUNSON.

"I am sorry, Miss Marston, that you have decided to sever your connection with the observatory," said Professor Blythe, rather sternly. "But at your age I can understand that the isolation of life in these parts is not wholly congenial. In fact, if I may be permitted to say so, I have often wondered that you could endure a year in such a town as Emwadd. You wish to get back to the world of men—I beg your pardon, Miss Marston, I didn't mean it in that sense."

Despite his five and forty years the Professor fairly quailed before the young woman at the recollection of his faux pas. The Professor was as exact as the charts he drew, and some said that his heart was as dry. But any old bachelor at forty-five is apt to be that way.

"I mean, Miss Marston, that at your age one naturally desires congenial society,"

"Isn't that, Professor," answered the young woman, almost as embarrassed as the savant. "I have enjoyed my time here immensely. But I have decided to go."

"And tonight," said the Professor reluctantly, "must be our last view of the heavens together, then. The legend that locates Paradise in the celestial regions is a singularly fortunate one. One loses, in contemplating the heavens, the sense of the pettiness of earth. I can imagine no greater felicity than watching the stars with a congenial companion."

Then he broke off abruptly, for the second time he had been about to make a "break."

In fact the Professor felt singularly disconcerted at the approaching resignation of his assistant. In the big Arizona observatory he had experienced great difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory assistant. Men had come and gone; but, until Miss Marston answered his last advertisement, from Baltimore, he had been unable to make any advance with his work at

get Miss Marston back," he said. "She was the best assistant I ever had."

"Well, why don't you get her?" inquired the housekeeper.

"Get her!" ejaculated the Professor. "Why, she wanted to go home; she was tired of the work."

Mrs. Higgins smiled sourly and thrust her elderly features within a few inches of the Professor's.

"Do you know why she left?" she asked. "Because people were talking about you and her and thinking you were going to be married. No lady could stand for that."

"Bless my soul! No lady could stand for getting married?" inquired Professor Blythe.

"No, stand for talking about it when it wasn't so. There!" said the housekeeper.

The Professor went away in deep thought.

"Do you think she would come back?" he inquired the next evening.

"I mean it,"

"Try her," responded Mrs. Higgins, grimly. So that night a letter went off to Baltimore and, ten days later, Miss Marston appeared, resplendent in a new hat and gown.

"Well, I'm ready," she announced. "I feel very guilty to have left you, Professor; that is, before we finished the crater."

They went up into the observatory together. But somehow, neither of them could work that evening. And as he sat beside Miss Marston Professor Blythe felt the strangest impulse to keep her there. His right arm, which seemed to have acquired an automatic motion independent of his control, gradually moved out until Professor Blythe found that it was encircling Miss Marston's waist.

"Do you think you could—er—marry me?" he blurted out. "You know, we must work on those craters together."

"Oh, bother the craters!" said Miss Marston. "Alfred, dear, I think I could, only—do you really want me for myself or for the work?"

"For yourself, darling!" exclaimed the Professor with sudden rapture. "When I sit here and look at that old moon, why, he just seems to be watching us and telling us to be as happy as we can, the dear old fellow!"

And the man in the moon saw two people kissing behind the telescope.

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**CROP WATCHERS IN CHINA**

Guards in Towers, Who Protect Growing Grain From Depredations by Thieves.

In China the fields are not protected by hedges or fences; the country lies quite open and is everywhere easily accessible. This is not to be interpreted as an indication of the peculiar honesty of the people or of their exceptional respect for their neighbors' property.

As a matter of fact, thieving abounds. Large numbers of the people are very poor, and this class in order to subsist have frequent recourse to stealing. As the time of harvest approaches and the fruits and cereals are ripening orchards and fields are never safe from the unwelcome visitations of predatory bands. The farmer knows this, and hence everybody is obliged to stand guard over everything. Almost every field has its watch tower, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, and these frail tenements are never deserted, night or day, until the harvest has been fully reaped.

In some districts "crop watching societies" exist, whose sole business is to provide professional "crop watchers" where and whenever they may be required. Fields of kaoliang, or giant millet, are watched by a professional "crop watcher." This stately plant grows to a height of ten to fifteen feet, and a field of it is a veritable jungle for density and impenetrability. This accounts for the height of the watch tower—a light wooden structure.

The watcher must, if his vigil is to be of any use, be higher than the crops he is looking after. Even so, it is difficult to detect the thieves, they are so effectively hidden by the tall and dense growth of the kaoliang.

The object of the thieves is to possess themselves of the millet heads of the plants, and this they can very easily accomplish. All that is necessary is a sharp knife and a quick hand.

**DEATH FROM ELECTRIC SHOCK**

cessation of Life Is Due to Contraction of the Fibrils or Muscular Fibers of the Heart.

While every one knows that an electric shock, if powerful enough, will cause death, there are very few who know exactly the cause, and from a description given in a recent English magazine, quoting an authority on the subject, the whole matter is simple.

Death produced from electric shock, says this magazine, usually is the result of contraction of the fibrils or muscular fibers of the heart, or of paralysis of the respiratory organs.

While doctors have been unable to find any treatment that will cure the former, artificial respiration often overcomes the respiratory paralysis.

The effects of direct and alternating currents vary with the current strength, the duration of contact and the path through the body; and with alternating currents low frequency usually is more dangerous than high. The lower animals are more susceptible to electric shock than man, dogs often being killed by a direct current of 70 volts. In the average man a direct current of 100 volts is scarcely felt, 200 or 300 volts give rise to muscular cramps, while 520 volts will stop respiration suddenly.

**May Be Archimedes Mirrors.**

A most important discovery has been made in the harbor of Syracuse of two bronze concave disks more than three feet in diameter joined with a rotary apparatus. One of the disks is pierced with a central circular hole.

They are believed to be the celebrated burning mirrors invented by Archimedes for destroying an enemy's ships by focusing the sun's rays on them.



An Instant Later She Was Gone.

all. And now she was going, too, and the great work of mapping out the two new craters which he had discovered would be greatly retarded. And he could not afford to disappoint those who were expecting his report at the next meeting of the Astronomical society.

They were seated together in the observatory a few hours later. The moon was full and the clear atmosphere made observation extremely easy. Despite this, however, the work proceeded very slowly indeed. Miss Marston seemed so preoccupied as the Professor.

"I don't know how ever I shall complete the chart without you, Miss Marston," said the Professor. "I must say that for a woman you have an extremely scientific mind. Most young women, looking at the moon, are, I am told, apt to take foolish and romantic notions. For instance, the outline of those areas which we call continents is foolishly compared with the face of a man, who is popularly considered, I understand, to watch over the sickening sentimentalities of lovers. As though the pure and exact science of astronomy could be compared with such idiotic philanderings! Do you not agree with me, Miss Marston?"

"Yes," answered Miss Marston in a low voice.

"Not that I have anything against love," Professor Blythe continued. "It is, I presume, a necessary evil. But it should be faced with equanimity and serenity, like death, not made the subject for senseless comparisons and flights of untrained fancy. Were you ever in love, Miss Marston?"

"I can see that you weren't, and couldn't be," exclaimed Miss Marston, rising suddenly and speaking with something approaching anger. "Good-night, Professor Blythe."

An instant later she was gone, leaving the Professor quite astonished at her sudden departure.

"Why," he ruminated, "Miss Marston was almost—almost feminine tonight." And this started him upon a new and strange course of cogitation.

"Miss Marston has gone, Professor," said the elderly housekeeper when he descended from his observatory later that evening.

"Gone!" ejaculated the Professor in surprise.

"Gone home to Baltimore by the night train," she answered, looking at him significantly. But the Professor only murmured his surprise, and if he thought about Miss Marston subsequently he kept his reflections to himself.

But the work of mapping out the new craters proved unexpectedly dull. The young fellow who succeeded his employe was utterly incompetent and quickly vanished. The Professor bemoaned his ill luck to Mrs. Higgins.

"I'd give anything in the world to

**BEST DEPTH TO PLANT SEED**

One May Secure Accurate Information by Using Small Bottle—Observation Made Easy.

The development of young plants from seeds may be observed very nicely by planting seeds against the sides of tall bottles. Suppose, for example, that you put an inch of soil in

**MUCH RESINOUS WOOD WASTE**

Annual Loss in Lumber Industry Is Estimated at \$300,000,000—All Can Be Utilized.

The bureau of chemistry of the United States department of agriculture has completed a study of the possibility of utilizing more thoroughly the enormous quantities of waste resinous wood produced in the lumber industry. This annual waste is estimated at not less than 8,000,000 cords. According to the bureau's investigations, this can be manufactured into paper pulp, turpentine, resin oils, pine oils, wood alcohol and other products worth nearly \$300,000,000, or as much low grade paper and the other products as we are now manufacturing in the United States. A cord of wood, which costs from two to four dollars delivered at the works, will yield products worth \$48.17. The waste consists of wood left in the forest from lumbering, dead and fallen timber, stumps of cutover lands and slabs and edgings from the mills.

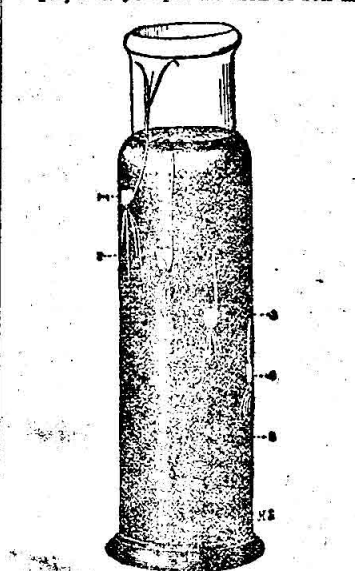
At present the waste resinous woods are used to some extent in manufacture. Some plants convert the waste into paper. Others turn out wood turpentine and pine oils. In many works rosin oils and rosin spirits are being made from the resin of the live trees. But these first two industries are just beginning to develop. The investigation of the bureau shows that the three industries of paper making, wood distillation and rosin oil production can best be developed in combination. Their development will not only open a profitable field of industry, but should prove a big factor in the conservation of our resources, in addition. By the utilization of our waste and fallen timber, the injury to the forests by fire and insects will be materially reduced.

Long-leaf yellow pine, Norway pine, Douglas fir and other woods rich in resins are suitable for this manufacture.

**GOOD PORTABLE EGG TESTER**

Electric Flash Lamp Contained in Reflector Causes Strong Illumination of Its Interior.

A small electric flash lamp contained in a reflector is the basis of a patent recently issued to William D. Bixler of Fort Worth, Tex., upon a portable egg tester made as shown in the illustration, says Popular Electricity. An



Showing Best Depth to Plant Corn.

a bottle, then put a seed of the plant desired. Put in an inch more of soil and another seed, and so on until you have four or five seeds planted an inch apart. In this way you will ascertain which is the best depth to plant your seeds.

**GOOD HINTS FOR HOG RAISER**

Animals Should Never Be Fed on Ground or in Pen Where Foul Matter Abounds.

Comfort is cheaper than corn. Pigs should never be fed on the ground in a yard or pen where their own excrement abounds. Changing from place to place in the pasture does very well in the summer, but in the winter a good feeding floor should be provided.

Never compel hogs to sleep in straw stacks, manure piles or any place where they will come out steaming and sneezing in the morning.

Good care means good breeding, good feeding, constant watchfulness to small details and finally marketing at the right time to get the most dollars.

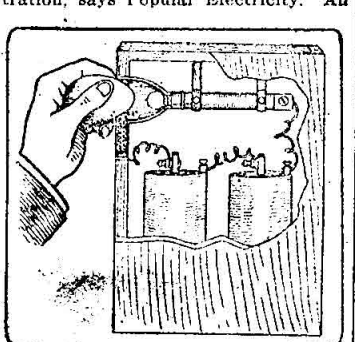
We cannot grow pigs profitably without feed enough to keep them gaining steadily.

**HITCHING STRAP IMPROVED**

Simple and Inexpensive Device Made for Permanent Attachment to Horse's Harness.

In describing a hitching strap, invented by T. Schaefer of Olney, Ill., the Scientific American says:

In the present patent the invention is an improvement in hitching straps, and has for its object the provision of a simple inexpensive device of the



Hitching Strap.

character specified, for permanent attachment to the harness, and by means of which the draft or the like. The accompanying illustration shows a side view of the halter in place, and in a latched position.

**HORTICULTURAL NOTES**

Leave one tree unsprayed for comparison.

Wood ashes make a splendid fertilizer for all kinds of small fruits.

Be sure and stake firmly all trees likely to suffer from the effects of strong winds.

Do not set apple trees too close—twenty by twenty-five feet is about the right distance.

The globe amaranth, rhodanthe and helichrysum are three good everlasting flowers to plant.

Tillage, fertilization, pruning and spraying are the chief factors that enter into good care of an orchard.

Prune out the old shoots of loganberries and carefully tie up the new growth to give the coming year's fruit.

The bud moth which works in the swelling buds and destroys them can be controlled by an early spray of arsenate of lead.

Get all fruit trees planted at the very earliest chance, so that they may make all growth possible the first year after setting out.

It is just as necessary to plow or otherwise cultivate the peach orchard, when it bears not a peach, as it is when the trees are to be loaded with fruit.

The planting of a few shrubs as spiraea, lilac, mock orange, highbush cranberry about the edges of the lawn or in groups often adds much to the value of the farmstead.

A person planning to go into apple growing should be sure his soil is suitable for apples. Besides this the land must have good air and soil drainage, exposure and elevation.

Don't throw away the bulb after it has flowered, but set it back in a cool place and plant it in the garden or shrubbery border as soon as the land can be worked next spring.

**SHEEP ARE OFTEN NEGLECTED**

No Farm Animal More Capable of Adapting Itself to Different Methods of Treatment.

Too many farmers are overlooking a good opportunity by neglecting to have sheep on the farm. Men who do not like sheep must either learn to like them or keep out of the business. Men who do like them will take care of them, and when they are taken care of they are no more liable to disease than any other farm animal.

The sheep is the most modern animal in creation. By that we mean that he has left no fossil remains of his own kind or ancestry. He is a development of the last days of creation and of about the same geological age as mankind. There is no animal on the farm that is more capable of responding to different methods of treatment and adapting himself to different environments than is the sheep.

He can be bred into almost anything of the sheep kind. Long, coarse wool, or short, fine wool, horns or no horns, black or white, a big carcass for mutton, or other modifications have been produced, and all are money-makers when properly handled by the right man.

To Prevent Out Smut.

The Minnesota method: First, thoroughly clean the seed by rinsing it through several waters, taking one pound (one pint) of formalin and pour into a barrel containing 40 to 45 gallons of water. Place the grain in a gunny sack and dip it into this barrel until you are satisfied that every grain has been made wet. Then take the oats out and dry them. They may be kept for several days before they are sown.

Lease Swellings Alone.

The large swellings that occasionally appear in front of the knees of cattle, particularly old cows, is properly known as hygroma. It is usually filled with a watery or straw-colored fluid. Opening or other surgical operation is not advisable, except by a competent veterinarian. These swellings usually do no harm, and most of the cases are most wisely left alone.

**For Skin Disorder.**

The following powder given each day is said to be good for skin disorder in horses: Finely powdered iodine of potash, four ounces; granulated sugar and common salt, of each one pound. Mix well together and divide into 32 powders. Feed no corn, but let the grain feed be oats and wheat bran. Use tincture of iodine on the lumps every second day until the skin becomes a little tender.

Miss Nina Graybill spent last Sunday with friends at Rural Retreat.

NOTICE.

Judge F. B. Hutton will be at Marion, Monday, July 7th, for the purpose of correcting the voting list.

This list has been posted by the Sheriff at the different voting precincts of the county. Please examine same and if your name has been omitted by error make application at that time to have it placed on the list.

J. L. C. ANDERSON, Treasurer.

D. D. HULL, President E. H. COPENHAVER, Vice-President  
JAS. WHITE SHEFFEY, Cashier

**The Bank of Marion**

Incorporated 1874

Capital \$61,650.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits, more than 70,000.00

MARION, VIRGINIA

**Farms and City Properties For Sale**

No. 92. 42 acres of nice land, new dwelling and good water and orchard, located on a good public road, in a delightful neighborhood, and in less than a mile of two schools and two churches, at the price of \$3,500. Terms usual. This place is 6 miles southwest of Marion, Va.

No. 91. About 40 acres of land, two dwellings and two barns and two orchards. One dwelling contains 6 rooms and the other a nice new and up-to-date cottage with 5 rooms. The land is splendid river bottom land, smooth and in a high state of cultivation; fine water, and located in sight of churches and schools, and good neighbors. This is the property to buy right now at \$4,000. Easy terms.

No. 89. 200 acres of fine blue grass land in Rich Valley, of which there are about 160 acres cleared for cultivation and the balance in timber. Price \$70 acre. Terms to suit buyer. Will sell this land as a whole or in tracts of 10 acres and upward.

**GOOLSBY REALTY COMPANY**

Office in Court House. MARION, VIRGINIA

**WEDDING FLOWERS**

Wedding Bouquets, plain or showered, of Lilly of Valley or White Killarney Roses, made right, packed right, and shipped promptly

25,000 Killarney Rose Plants to cut from. Don't experiment with your order for wedding flowers.

**D. M. SMITH DRUG COMPANY**

Agent for FALLON, Florist

ROANOKE, VA.

**ALL STRAW HATS AT COST**

Work Shirts, three for \$1.00  
Dress Shirts . . . . . .47

Saturday, July 7th

**THE W. E. HODGES COMPANY, INC.**

**MARION COLLEGE**

And Conservatory of Music

MARION, VIRGINIA

**For Young Ladies**

Noted for attractive home life and development of beautiful Christian character. President's family lives in college building. Established reputation for thorough work in class-room. Able faculty of college and university training. New building and equipment. Steam heat, electric lights, and sanitary plumbing. Preparatory and college courses. Music, art, expression, physical culture, domestic science, with practice kitchen. New physical and chemical laboratory. Pipe organ. \$175 pays board and tuition for school year; \$200 with music or art. Low cost made possible through gifts from church and friends of Christian education. Students received from any part of the United States for permanent care, during school year and vacation. Next session begins September 18th, 1913.

For catalogue, or other information, address  
REV. HENDERSON N. MILLER, A. M., Ph. D., President,  
or MISS MAY SCHERER, Secretary,  
Marion, Virginia.

**Service-Giving Rugs**

At Much Less than Worth

A special sale that is sure to interest every housekeeper who has need of new floor covering.

The spring house cleaning has, more than likely, revealed worn places in the carpets now in use. Some of these may be covered with new, small rugs; in other rooms you may desire new room-size rugs.

This week's sale will prove most opportune, in that you may secure exactly what you desire, and at a considerable saving in price.

Rug Rugs—pretty colorings, serviceable quality. 25x50 inches, reduced to \$55; 30x50 inches, reduced to \$1; 36x72 inches, reduced to \$1.30; 4x7 feet, reduced to \$2.50; 6x9 feet, reduced to \$3.75; 8x10 feet, reduced to \$6.

9x12 feet Fibre Rugs, reduced to \$10.75.

9x12 feet Tapestry Brussels Rugs, reduced to \$8.25.

9x12 feet Axminster Rugs, reduced to \$19.50.

9x12 feet Axminster Rugs, reduced to \$17.75.

9x12 feet Wilton Velvet Rugs, reduced to \$34.25.

9x12 feet Wilton Rugs, one-piece, reduced to \$36.75.

**THURMAN & BOONE CO., Inc.**

"The Big Store"

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA