

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

There was a nice young fellow As ever you did see;

Then were the gossips watching, The tattling bags perplexed,

They lived and helped each other, As they agreed before;

They lived long, useful Christian lives, In all good honest pride;

This is a song and sermon too, And true memorial rhyme;

Their graves are green, they may be seen, Their monuments I see;

SHE LIVED AGAIN.

Imagine a perfect morning in June, A lovely woman leaned on the window-sill

She was in a reverie and wondered if life meant to her what it did to other women.

She glanced back over her past life, her romantic courtship and prosaic marriage.

She turned, and stood face to face with the object of her thoughts—Reginald Brentand.

She obeyed his gesture in silence, and he picked up a little blue and gold volume lying on the ground.

She turned her back on the eloquence of his pleading eyes.

Later, sitting on the wide, old-fashioned porch, while the yellow moon flooded the earth with its mellow radiance.

the melody of her finely modulated voice.

One sultry summer evening they met at the entrance of a vine-draped arbor.

His heart beat madly as he gazed into her eyes which drooped beneath his ardent glances.

With a frightened cry Violet slipped from him and was gone.

The moon dropped down the western sky, throwing one parting, regretful glance backward at the stormy, passionate face violet to her own.

After that Mrs. Cameron passed among her guests coldly, quiet as ever; her husband least of all dreamed that under her calm exterior beat a heart of fire.

One day, tossed by conflicting emotions, she wandered down to the shore and gazed with longing eyes far out on the blue waves.

She came presently upon an old negro, fishing and dozing in his boat, and with his assistance was landed upon the fairy island.

Slowly she climbed its jagged side, and stood silent and solitary, looking westward, where the declining sun glimmered across the blue waters like a golden pathway to heaven.

She turned, and stood face to face with the object of her thoughts—Reginald Brentand.

She obeyed his gesture in silence, and he picked up a little blue and gold volume lying on the ground.

She turned her back on the eloquence of his pleading eyes.

She turned, and stood face to face with the object of her thoughts—Reginald Brentand.

She obeyed his gesture in silence, and he picked up a little blue and gold volume lying on the ground.

She turned her back on the eloquence of his pleading eyes.

Later, sitting on the wide, old-fashioned porch, while the yellow moon flooded the earth with its mellow radiance.

Through the dim, awful light Violet saw as in some hideous nightmare Brentand's face as he carefully adjusted his coat about her trembling form.

ing nearer and nearer and once a great wave dashed up to their very feet.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

Then Violet crept to Brentand, and like a tired child, hid her unprotected head upon his breast.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

At last they could get no higher, the waves had them at their mercy.

Roanoke's Wonderful Record. The Story of Its Growth Briefly Told.

Roanoke has a population of over 22,000. Its citizens are from nearly every State in the Union.

Roanoke is located at the junction of the Shenandoah and Roanoke valleys, its altitude is 907 feet and it is surrounded by a rich agricultural and mineral country.

Roanoke is distant just eight hours' ride from Washington and Norfolk, nine from Baltimore, twelve from Philadelphia, and fourteen from New York.

The growth of the city dates from 1822, when the headquarters of the Norfolk and Western were removed here from Lynchburg.

Roanoke has sixty five miles of streets and eight miles of street railway inside the corporate limits.

The water works are sufficient to furnish a city of 50,000 inhabitants.

The property valuation, according to the assessment of this year, is nearly \$9,000,000, besides the railroad property and the Roanoke Machine Works.

Roanoke is well supplied with BANKING FACILITIES.

The First National Bank has a capital of \$100,000, with a surplus of \$100,000; the National Exchange Bank a capital of \$101,000; the Citizens' National Bank a capital of \$100,000; the Commercial National Bank a capital of \$100,000; the Roanoke Trust, Loan and Safe Deposit Company a capital of \$250,000; the Traders Loan, Trust and Deposit Company a capital of \$100,000; the Fidelity Loan and Trust Company a capital of \$200,000; and several private banking concerns transact a large financial business.

Roanoke Machine Works, with a capital of \$5,000,000, pays out \$65,000 per month in wages to employees.

Some of the important MANUFACTURING PLANTS are as follows:

Roanoke Machine Works..... \$5,000,000 West End Iron Co..... 500,000 Crozer Steel and Iron Co..... 500,000 American Bridge Works..... 200,000

Roanoke Electric Light Co..... 25,000 P. L. Terry Milling Co..... 25,000

Roanoke Ice Co..... 35,000 West End Brick and Tile Works..... 20,000

Roanoke Glass Factory..... 40,000

Some of the most important companies organized for the development of Roanoke and this section are:

Roanoke Development Co..... \$1,000,000 Virginia Development Co..... 5,000,000

During 1890 132 companies were organized in Roanoke, with an aggregate minimum capital of \$10,246,300.

Seventy-five land and real estate investment companies, with an aggregate capital of \$5,864,300.

Two cigarette machine companies, aggregate capital of \$400,000. One grocery and milling company, capital \$75,000. One coupling company, capital \$100,000. One slicer manufacturing company, \$30,000. One paper bag manufacturing company, \$100,000. Five marble companies with an aggregate capital of \$220,000.

One bridge and iron company, authorized capital, \$500,000. Two power companies, aggregate capital, \$25,000.

Two paving companies, \$20,000. One street railway company, \$15,000. One engine company, \$150,000. One cold storage company, \$50,000. Two banking companies, \$150,000. Four loan, trust and finance companies, \$200,000.

Academy of Music company \$150,000. One steam generator company, \$250,000. One drug company, \$4,500. Three oil companies, \$92,000. One brewing company, \$75,000. Five coal, coke and iron companies, \$740,000.

Ten building companies, with capital aggregating \$4,320,000. For the year 1890 the charter books show that forty-nine charters were granted, with an aggregate minimum capital of \$1,721,250.

The increase in the number of charters in 1890 over 1889 will be seen to be eighty-three, and the increase in the minimum capital \$8,525,050.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS. The real estate transactions last year amounted to \$17,067,960 from 5,103 transfers.

For 1889 the real estate transactions amounted to about \$7,000,000 from about 2,000 real estate transfers, so that the increase in Roanoke real estate transfers during 1890 over 1889 was approximately \$10,000,000, and the increase in the number of deeds 2,000.

The building operations in Roanoke in 1890 amounted to over \$2,000,000. The progress of Roanoke in 1890 may be summarized as follows:

In buildings..... \$2,000,000 Real estate transfers..... 17,000,000 Companies organized..... 1,000,000 Increase in realty values according to assessment on taxation..... 5,000,000 Total..... \$25,000,000

The population increased 6,000. The improvements in sight for 1891 are summarized as follows:

New buildings..... \$3,000,000 New industries secured..... 1,000,000 Improvement of industries established and construction of industries formerly secured..... 300,000 City improvements..... 50,000 Railroad improvements..... 3,000,000 Land companies organized..... 2,200,000 Total..... \$10,000,000

There are four public schools in the city—three for whites, with eighteen teachers, and one colored school, with five teachers.

Public school buildings to cost \$75,000 will be erected this year. Congress has appropriated \$75,000 for the erection of a public postoffice building.

Roanoke will soon be a city of churches. The Southern Methodists, Presbyterians and Catholics all have handsome brick houses of worship. The Methodist Episcopal and Christians have neat churches.

The Baptists are erecting two fine brick churches, one to cost \$18,000, and the other \$15,000. The Lutherans are erecting a magnificent stone church to cost not less than \$5,000. The Episcopalians are erecting a magnificent stone church and rectory costing \$40,000. The Southern Methodists will erect this year a \$60,000 church, one to cost \$100,000, and one neat frame structure. The German Reformed church will erect a house of worship, and the Presbyterians will erect a \$10,000 church.

Roanoke has a well organized fire department of 150 members. The city has recently awarded the contract for the Gamewell fire alarm telegraph. The department has one fine building and another soon to be erected. All of the three companies are supplied with modern equipments.

Chills and Fever, Malaria and Ague. In regular malarious localities there is enout of the poison called malaria generated to produce in all who are not acclimated regular chills and fever.

Peruna, in large doses, will break the chills every time. In other localities there is just enough malarial poison to make many people feel indescribably bad without producing regular chills.

There will be slight, irregular, chilly sensations, with flashes of heat and cold, dizziness, irascibility, aching bones and muscles, bad breath and neuralgia, nervous, sleepless, stupor and weakness.

For this condition Peruna is a prompt and positive cure. It rids the system of the poison, builds up the flagging powers, and brings back appetite and sleep.

A few weeks' use of the wonderful anti-malarial remedy produces such an entire renovation and rejuvenation of the whole body that the patient feels as if he had been reborn in another world.

The Man With the Resolvent.

New York Evening World. He came out of the Grand Central depot with a bulging satchel in his hand and ran after a Fourth avenue car, and shouted to the conductor:

"Hey—you—hold your horses! If I was at home I'd foot it an' save a nickel, but I don't know the way around this town."

From one hole in the satchel peeped the end of a paper collar, and from another a blue suspender which had faded in the wash, while the owner was making a disconsolate linen duster answer for both coat and vest.

"By gum! but I feel quaky in the knees!" sighed the old man as he sat down and placed the satchel between his feet. "I know what's the matter though—forgot to take my resolvent at the usual hour. Guess I'll take it now if no one don't object."

The satchel was kept closed by four wraps of sheep twine tied in a bow knot, and this he slowly removed. Then he took out a white shirt with a raspberry stain on the starched bosom, two pairs of half-wool socks, a box of paper collars and a plug of tobacco and laid them on the seat beside him. Then came a half-pint bottle filled with a darkish liquid, and he held it up, shook it, and explained:

"Made of roots and licker, I call it my resolvent, because it resolves all through the system. I've knowed it to brace up a man who'd bin dying for three weeks."

He pulled the cork, put the bottle to his mouth and guzzled down four or five swallows, and then, as he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, he observed:

"Ha! Feel it clear down to my toes a-ready! Don't waste no time like butter-milk, root beer or lemonade, but goes right to makin' a feller fell like turpin a cart-wheel. Hev some, naybur?"

"No, thank you," replied the passenger addressed.

"Twer'n't cost you a darned cent, you know. What I give, I give, and there's no injun about my. You look a little blue about the roots of the nose, and one dose will take most of it away. How is it with you, naybur?" extending the bottle to a second.

"Not any for me."

"Mebbe you don't like to drink out of a bottle, eh? Ever boost up a four-gallon jug in the hay field? Wall, mebbe you don't need any resolvent. If you shake your head before I get off just please to me. You're man, you need some. That yallerish look around your eyes indicates bile. You've bin eatin' too much salt pork this summer. Hev a gurgle?"

The young man had on a dreamy pair of pants, a delicate pink necktie and the nattiest of clothes, and he was so paralyzed that he couldn't get his mouth open to reply. Everybody but he was laughing, when the old man continued:

"You ain't as hefty as a yearling lamb, and if I was asked for my opinion I should say it was a case of bile. This'll knock 'em. You'll feel better in five minutes. Got to go, eh? Wall, does any body in this car want a dose of this resolvent? I ain't chargin' a red cent, but of course I don't expect anybody to be a hog and drink it all up."

Nobody wanted any, and he restored all the articles to the satchel, belched up two or three times in a vigorous manner, and as he worked away at the sheep twine he said:

"I've had folks ride five miles and give me a dollar for a bottle of this. Sold 'nuff last year to pay my taxes and buy a pump for the well. I guess it comes about as nigh bein' the elixir of life as anything goin'." Did I offer some to you, naybur?"

The man addressed was at the far end of the car, and had been reading a newspaper. He looked at the old man in a cold, cast-iron way, and made no reply.

"If you want any just speak about it afore I get off," continued the resolvent man. "The licker in that cost \$3 a gallon, but I won't make no charge for a swallow or two. I call it my resolvent, because it resolves all around the system and don't cut off any corners. Bin takin' it for ten years. I'm sixty-eight years old next month, and you kin see what it's done for me. Don't feel a day over forty, and I lifted half a barrel of soft soap into the wagon this mornin' while my son Jim was spitpin on his hands and gittin' ready to boost. Wall, if nobody don't want any there'll be the more left for me, I s'pose. I'll put this satchel under the seat and go out and have a smoke. If anybody wants me just holler and I'll come in. If nobody don't want me it's just the same. I kin sell all I kin make right to home, anyhow, and I've got over 'leven dollars along with me to pay runnin' expenses."

Tennyson and His Clay Pipes. Alfred Tennyson, the greatest living poet, has shown his appreciation of tobacco in deeds rather than in words.

For nearly fifty years he has been a steady smoker. His finest fancies have come to him amid the curling wreaths of his pipe. For a pipe and not a cigar is his habit. Paracas, regalias and cabanas have no charna for him.

A Satisfactory Investigation.—First Statesman—"How is the official investigation into those boodle charges coming on?"

Second Statesman—"Splendidly, splendidly. We've succeeded in not finding out a thing."