Dan Valley Echo.

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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

King's Hotel,

LEAKSVILLE, - - - - N. C.,

Is now open to the Public. Tourists and Commercial Travelers will find ample accommodations. It is situated near the depot, and convenient to the business portion of the town. Those wishing to spend a short recreation or their summer months will find this a delightful place. Comfortable rooms, good water and a good table. Charges moderate.

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Respectfully offers his service to the public, in every department of

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At office Saturdays and Mondays. Will attend calls elsewhere on other days of the week.

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Offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. Prices the same as all regular physicians.

Pomona Hill Nurseries.

POMONA, N. C.,

Two and a half miles west of Greensboro, N. C. The main line of the R. & D railroad passes through the grounds and within 100 feet of the office. Salem trains make regular stops twice daily each way. Those interested in Fruit and Fruit growing are cordially invited to inspect this the largest nursery in the state and one among the largest in the south.

The proprietor has for many years visited the leading nurseries north and west, and corresponded with those of foreign countries, gathering every fruit that was calculated to suit the South, both native and foreign. The reputation of Pomona Hill Nurseries is such that many agents going out from Greensboro, representing other nurseries, try to leave the impression that they are representing these nurseries. Why do they do it? Let the public answer.

I have in stock growing (and can show visitors the same) the largest and best stock of trees, &c., ever shown or seen in any two nurseries in North Carolina, consisting of apple, peach, pear, cherry, plum, grape, Japanese persimmon, Japanese plum, apricot, nectarine, Russian apricot, mulberry, quinces. Small fruits: Strawberry, raspberry, currants, pecans, English walnuts, rhubarb, asparagus, evergreens, shade trees, roses' etc.

Give your order to my authorized agent or order direct from the nursery. Correspondence solicited. Descriptive catalogues free to aplicants. Address,

J. VAN LINDLEY,
POMONA, Guilford Co., N. C.

A. L. Younts,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE, CARPETS,

MATTRESSES, Etc.

I will do your Repairing and Upholstering neat and substantially.

—to—

COFFINS AND CASKETS.

Metallic, Walnut, and Pine. Can furnish Coffins of any size on short notice, and will spare no pains to make everything agreeable to my patrons. Prices Very Low, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

A. L. YOUNTS,
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Druggists and Apothecaries,

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Keep constantly on hand a full line of

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
PAINTS,
OILS,
DYE STUFFS,

Pattent Medicines,

—AND—

Fancy Notions.

We also keep the Books adopted by the State for use in the Public Schools, with a full line of Stationery, Ink, Pens, Paper, Envelopes, Copy Books and Composition Books. Call and see our cheap Tablet Paper 2 cents a quire or 10 cents a Tablet.

FOR **MAN** AND **BEAST!**

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Sciatica,	Scratches,	Contracted
Lumbago,	Sprains,	Muscles,
Rheumatism,	Strains,	Eruptions,
Burns,	Stitches,	Hoof Ail,
Scalds,	Stiff Joints,	Screw
Stings,	Backache,	Worms,
Bites,	Galls,	Swinney,
Bruises,	Sores,	Saddle Galls,
Bunions,	Spavin	Piles.
Corns,	Cracks.	

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its **universal applicability.** Everybody needs such a medicine.

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.
The Housewife needs it for general family use.
The Cannler needs it for his teams and his men.
The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.
The Miner needs it in case of emergency.
The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.
The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.
The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.
The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.
The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.
The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.
The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.
The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.
Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.
Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Its immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages.
Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

DANVILLE AND NEW RIVER RAILROAD COMPANY.

Time Table to take effect Thursday, August 25, 1887.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

Stations	No. 2 Mail & Pasgn'r	No. 4 Pasgn'r & Frg't
Danville leave	12 20 pm	8 15 am
Oak Hill	1 41 pm	9 32 am
Cascade	2 04 pm	10 00 am
Aiken's Summit	2 27 pm	10 25 am
Axton	2 51 pm	10 55 am
Burnt Chimneys	3 05 pm	11 15 am
Martinsville	3 55 pm	12 15 am
Preston	4 45 pm	1 05 pm
Spencer	5 05 pm	
Stella	5 30 pm	
Critz	5 50 pm	
Patrick Springs	6 15 pm	
Stuart, arrive	6 45 pm	

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

Stations	No. 1 Mail & Pasgn'r	No. 3 Pasgn,r & Frg't
Stuart, leave	4 45 am	
Patrick Springs	5 10 am	
Critz	5 34 am	
Stella	5 52 am	
Spencer	6 12 am	1 30 pm
Preston	6 24 am	1 48 pm
Martinsville	7 07 am	2 50 pm
Burnt Chimneys	7 52 am	4 00 pm
Axton	8 02 am	4 16 pm
Aiken	8 24 am	4 45 pm
Cascade	8 44 am	5 05 pm
Oak Hill	9 05 am	5 32 pm
Danville, arrive	10 20 am	6 45 pm

Train No. 5 leaves Leaksville, N. C., at 7 50 a. m., arriving at Danville at 9 20, returning leaves Danville at 4 00 p. m., arrive at Leaksville at 6 30 p. m.

National Hotel,

DANVILLE, VA.

This new hotel is centrally located near the depots. Has new furniture and is heated by steam. ELECTRIC BELLS and GAS in each room. Has splendid BATH ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen. Has large, light sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.

The proprietors have had long experience in the business, and by careful attention to the wants of the traveling public, hope to merit and receive a share of their patronage.

YATES & RICHARDSON.

Mr. W. J. Holland, the naturalist of the United States eclipse expedition to Japan, writes to the Pittsburg *Dispatch* to say that "the population of Japan is 35,000,000. Investigations made by the writer lead him to believe that there are in Japan, for every man, woman and child, at least 1,000,000 fleas. The number of fleas in Japan is, therefore, 35,000,000,000,000, and their aggregate weight is 175 tons.'

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

Weekly Bulletin Issued by the United States Signal Service.

WASHINGTON, October 2.—The following is the weather crop bulletin issued by the signal office:

During the week ending October 1 the weather has been cooler than usual in all the agricultural districts east of the Rocky Mountains, the average daily temperature ranging from 3 to 6 degrees below normal in the central valleys, except from Virginia to Florida, where the temperature was but slightly below the normal. The temperature for the season, from January 1 to October 1, was slightly below the normal on the Atlantic coast and from New England westward to the Missouri Valley, and it was slightly warmer than usual in Ohio and central Missippi valleys, and generally throughout the Southern States, the average daily excess or deficiency generally amounting to less than 2 degrees.

RAINFALL.

The rainfall for the week has been in excess throughout the greater portions of the cotton and tobacco regions, and over the winter wheat regions from Ohio westward to Missouri and Iowa. In the regions that have suffered most from drought, convering the greater portion of Illinois, southern Indiana, eastern Iowa and the greater portion of Missouri, the rain fall for the week has been largely in excess. Less than the usual amount of rain fell along the South Atlantic coast, in northern New England, western New York, Nebraska, and the north western portions of Iowa.

The large deficiency in rainfall for the season continues in the central valleys, but this deficiency has been reduced during the week in the wheat and corn regions of the Northern States. Over the greater portion of the cotton region the deficiency has exceeded 10 inches. In the tobacco regions of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee the deficiency in rainfall for the season generally amounts to less than 5 inches, except in the extreme west portions of Tennessee and Kentucky, where the deficiency in rainfall for the season exceeds 10 inches. The only States reporting excess of rainfall for the season are Pennsylvania, Maine, southern New York, the west portions of Cansas and Nebraska, northern Texas and Colorada.

THE COTTON HARVEST.

During the week the weather has been favorable for harvesting cotton in the States west of the Mississippi, and in the extreme eastern portions of the cotton region, while cool weather and heavy rains have effected this and other growing crops unfavorably in Mississippi.

EARL YFROSTS.

Frosts occurred in the northern portion of the tobacco region of the Ohio valley and along the Atlantic coast as far as Virginia, which probably resulted in some injury to the crops. These frosts were anticipated and warnings were issued by this office, giving timely notice of their occurrenee.

GOOD FOR WINTER WHEAT.

The rains which have occurred during the week in the winter wheat regions will prove of especial value, as the sowing of the wheat has been delayed in that section owing to the continuance of the drought.

DESTROYED BY THE WATER.

Villages Completely Swept Away—Great Suffering in Texas.

A dispatch from Brownsville, Texas, says: It is reported that great distress prevails on both sides of the upper Rio Grande country, on account of high water. It is said that entire farms are under water, and that families residing near the river have been washed out, and have lost all they had. A large number of these families have lost their entire crops reaped during the past season. The river has overflowed its banks for miles, and looks like an ocean. The water is still rising at Browtsville.— Edinburg and LaPueblo, situated sixty miles above Brownsville, have been washed from the face of the earth; and at Santa Maria the water is gradually making its way to destroy the place.

A Case of Deliberate Wife Murder.

A dispatch from Chattanooga, Tenn., says: A white fisherman named John Davis was arrested for the murder of his wife and committed to jail without bail. Mrs. Davis died Monday week very suddenly. Davis stated at the time that she had eaten a hearty supper and was dead in an hour and a half. Suspicious circumstances aroused the officials, and the remains were disinterred and the fact was revealed that the skull had been fractured by a blow. Davis' aons claim that their mother had fallen in a fit and bruised herself, but later information is to the effect that Davis hurried the remains to the grave without allowing any one to examine the body. It is clearly a case of deliberate wife-murder.

Assaulted by Negroes.

A Dispatch from Dallas Texas, says: John Barlow and Miss Julia Walker, a respectable young couple, who were to have been married in a few days, while walking in the city park at about midnight were confronted by two negroes who robbed Barlow of his money, watch and chain. One of the negroes then stood over Barlow with a cocked revolver, while the other dragged Miss Walker a short distance away and outraged her. The negroes will be lynched if caught.

General News Notes.

France will not go to war with Germany again, so long as Von Moltke and Bismark live.

The President's trip through the west and south will cost him about $1,500, instead of $10,000 as the New York Sun figured it.

Cardinal Gibbons has gone to Portland, Oregon, to confer the Pallium on Archbishop Gross, the former Bishop of Georgia.

Governor Hill, of New York, never drinks wines or liquors of any sort. At a recent public banquet where he was to be chief guest he requested that no wine be used.

Six years ago Calvin Brice was running a little bank in Lima, Ohio. He was one of the men who built the Nickel Plate road and sold it to Vanderbilt at a price which made the builders millionaires. Mr. Brice now lives in a Fifth avenue palace and has contracted for a $500,000 home at Newport.

The United States supreme court having decided that privilege taxes on drummers are not constitutional, a suit has been instituted in Mississippi, to compel the disgorging of all such taxes, which were collected before this decision The suit will hardly amount to anything. Mississippi promptly acquiesced in the supreme court decision.

IN NORTHERN PULPITS.

A Sensational Preacher in Washington Denounces the Anarchist and is Boisterously Applauded.

A Dispatch from Washington D. C says: An unusual scene occurred at the Metropolitan M. E. Church, when the Rev. John P. Newman, in a sermon on "Infidelity," referred in severe terms to the Anarchists. "Could any American citizen," he said, "ten years ago have imagined the circulation of a petition to pardon those whose hands are red with blood of the defenders of public peace and safety? What is back of this anarchy, this dare devil movement on the part of those villains who ought to have been hanged long ago?"

At this point many of the audience rose to their feet, clapped their hands and with loud demonstrations announced their approval of the minister's words.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, who is to pronounce the eulogy on Henry Ward Beecher in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Monday night, preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in the Pulpit where his friends had stood for forty years. His subject was "Not here, but risen." The sermon, which was delivered without manuscript, was largely a memorial discourse, several sympathetic references being made to the dead pastor. Telegrams were received by Dr. Parker, white he was in the pulpit, from his people in London, sending their good wishes.

Jefferson's Education.

For a boy born in a wilderness, Jefferson enjoyed remarkable advantages in early youth, growing out of the fact that the frontier was as yet so near the parent colony. Good English tuition at 5, Latin, Greek and French at 9, regular classical studies at 14, and a college course at 17, fall to the lot of few American backwoods boys. Trapping quails and shooting wild turkeys, deer stalking, fox hunting, and horse racing do not figure to any extent as his biographical exploits. Jefferson the boy is a bookworm—Jefferson the youth is the petted member of an exclusive coterie, social, aristocratic, and literary. The accomplishments and courtly habits of the town effaces all the characteristics of the country lad, or rather soften them down and leave them but two in number—the keen zest of horsemanship and a true love of nature—the pure and passionate admiration of plant and blossom, of rock and stream, of fresh air and blue sky. These are the legacy of the forest; all else he learns from books and the social traditions which drift from the old world to the new. Yet such is the strength of nature's influences that by these two slender threads she held this nursling of society and made him the apostle and bulwark of that primitive equality he abandoned, against the pretensions and claims of caste and privilege to the favors of which he largely owed the development, if not the awakening, of his genius. —*Century.*

Effect of a Solar Eclipse Upon Animals.

"Although the scientific results of the observation of the solar eclipse in this neighborhood are insignificant," says the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, "some interesting reports are given of the effects upon the lower animals of the untimely obscuration of the sun. Foresters state that the birds, which had already begun to sing before the eclipse took place, became of a sudden quite silent, and showed signs of disquiet when darkness set in. Herds of deer ran about in alarm, as did the small four-footed game. In Berlin a scientific man arranged for observations to be made by bird-dealers of the conduct of their feathered stock, and the results are found to deviate considerably. In some cases the birds showed sudden sleepiness, even though they had sung before the eclipse took place. In other cases great uneasiness and fright were observed. It is noticeable that parrots showed far more susceptibility than canaries, becoming totally silent during the eclipse, and only returning very slowly to their usual state."

Saratoga Chips.

"Do Saratoga chips come from Saratoga?" inquired a *Mail and Express* reporter of a New York grocer.

"Not much," said the grocer. "They are made in this city, and many are shipped to Saratoga. But if you want to know all about them just go up to the bakery and see how they are made."

At the bakery it was learned that the concern has a monopoly of the business in this city, and that there are only three makers of Saratoga chips in the country. Chips are an American institution, and are not known aboad save for some small lots that have been exported. The process of manufacturing is in part a secret. The potatoes are peeled and sliced by machinery. They are washed and dried between muslin clothes. If they were now fried the amount of starch that they contain would make them brown, and the secret of the business is to remove all of the starch, so that the chips will be perfectly white. When this is done they are put into the hot grease, and come out curled and crisp and with the delicious flavor that has made them famous the world over. Said the manager:

"We use seventy-five barrels of potatoes a week, keep seven bakers at work, and have three wagons out delivering. Hotels take them by the barrel, restaurants take them in twenty-five pound boxes, and for grocers to serve to private families we put them up in one pound cartons. The dining cars on nearly all the railroads use them, and we have sent some to England. Cities as far away as Jacksonville, Florida, and San Francisco send to us for Saratoga chips. They will keep for three months. A few minutes in a hot oven makes them as crisp as though they were just fried."

Washington's Wonderful Monument.

I have been living now for some months at a distance of a mile away, in full view of the Washington monument, looking directly upon its eastern face, says a correspondent of the Kansas City *Journal*. It never seemed twice alike. It has its moods and changes of color, like the tops of the Swiss Alps. This morning the base of the 600-foot structure was lost in a deep blue mist, which filled the valley for a depth of a couple hundred feet. Then came a section of, perhaps, 100 feet more in which the shaft was purple and pink, the whole crowned with a white blazing column, hundreds of feet high, flashing back the sunlight, set against a deep blue western sky! At another time you will see the cold, gray base of the monument rising above the deep green foliage which surrounds it, with the dark blue highlands of Arlington beyond, and overtopping all these the graceful shaft pierces the heavens, towering far above the horizon line, until its top is lost in a sea of fleecy clouds. It is a realized vision of Jacob's ladder, a real visible stone causeway leading from heaven to earth. Do you know of any other monument like this? A few evenings ago there was a grand thunder shower in the east. The west was black with darkness, and even the white monument was blotted out of sight. But at every flash of the lightning the whole eastern face of the monument gleamed and flashed like a polished sword, coming out of the darkness with a suddenness and vividness that was startling. It seemed to be a ghastly monument, a column of electricity, which leaped from the earth to the sky. I am sure no other monument in this world can exhibit such a phase as that.

Where Dancing is a Passion.

I presume those who have not traveled in Spain hardly realize how thoroughly that country is given to the worship of St. Vitus. Says a recent writer: "The dance demon seizes on Spaniards at all times and under all circumstances—in the streets, on the public squares, under the porches of the stately mansions. A peripatetic musician comes along strumming his guitar, and in an instant the maid servants throw aside their brooms, the work women set down the pitchers they are carrying to the fountain, the muleteers leave their mules, the innkeeper forgets your dinner, and all spring forward, arms akimbo and eyes sparkling. Their feet just touch the ground, they balance in unison with the music and dance with their souls as well as with their bodies. Let a tourist pay a visit to Toledo and put up at the ancient hostelry of De Lino, and let a guitar player station himself under the great sombre archway that Don Quixote himself would not have passed without a foreboding of evil. He will see with his own eyes how the natural order of things will be disarranged and everything thrown into confusion. A fandango will begin in the court, the kitchen and the street, and amid such a hubbub that he will think that he has taken leave of his senses. One day at St. Sebastian the regiment passed by with a band at its head. A fandango was played. Even the children who had been industriously engaged in making dirt pies pricked up their ears, caught each other by the wists, and tried to go through the steps. Their nurses joined in, snapping their fingers. The passers-by came to the assistance of the nurses. The soldiers themselves couldn't stand the temptation, but fell out of the ranks and mingled in the dance.

A "Fair" Joke.

Suppose, at the fair, they should offer some day
Two washing machines to bestow
On the good, honest farmer, who sent the best hay,
The competition would never be slow.
Then, suppose, at the fair, the winner should get
A cloth and some soap for his pains,
And told "they were *washing machines*, you just bet!"
The committee gets up and explains.
You need not call that a cheat and a lie,
And go off like some gunpowder smoke,
Unfair you might call it, yet so should not I,
I should call it a pretty *fair* joke.

—*Goodall's Sun.*

SOME DAY.

Some day when least you dream of such a woe,
The air will tremble to the sounds of weeping;
And pale and still with white and folded hands,
The one you love will silently be sleeping.
And burning tears will rain from your sad eyes,
Because you failed to value while possessing;
Then wait not for the bitter day to come,
But cherish while you may the tender blessing.

Some day the air will echo to sweet music
Of drum and bugle call and martial tread,
And with the flag draped o'er his pulseless bosom,
The gallant soldier will be cold and dead;
And all the tributes heaped upon his bosom
Will fail to thrill his heart with joy or pride.
But had he heard in life one-half your praises,
Or felt your fond caress he had not died.

Oh, keep not back the words that might be spoken:
While hearts are hungering for the blessed speech.
Value your treasure, fold it to your bosom
Before it slips forever from your reach.
The saddest words that sound in all life's measure
Are these, wrung from the heart by cruel fate,
The undertone to every note of pleasure,
"I found my jewel's value, all too late."

D. M. Jordan.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Complaint of the stage carpenter—all work and no play.

To remove mill-due—pay off what is due on the mill, of course. —*Siftings.*

Although the hen is proud of her little ones, yet does she love to sit on them.—*Puck.*

The most popular man in the P. O. department—General delivery.—*Washington Critic.*

A man running for office may get out of breath; but he will be more apt to get out of money.—*Picayune.*

When you come to think of it, young man, isn't the marriage ceremony misleading?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

An exchange publishes "The Song of the Gas Man." Of course it is sung to long meter.—*Newman Independent.*

Send us the dresses a women has worn, and we can tell you whether her husband is in Canada or not.—*Omaha World.*

When you see a person literally devouring a book you may be sure it is filled with tender-lines.—*St. Paul Herald.*

Talk is cheap. The man who talks too much gets so liberal that he gives himself away.—*Baltimore American.*

It is true that doctors disagree, but they don't disagree half so much as their medicines do.—*Burlington Free Press.*

An up-country town is proud of a female blacksmith. We presume she began by shooing hens.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Mr. Jones, of St. Paul, has had the blood of a lamb introduced into his veins. He is now ripe for Wall street.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Coffee and tea it is well known,
Are apt to make the features brown
And so the girls, I'm pleased to state,
Have got to using chalk-o'-late.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

No wonder they say the Yankees exaggerate. We know one who complained to his butcher that the last piece of steak sent him was so tough that his mother could not chew the gravy.—*Hotel Gazette.*

"What I dislike about the large hotels," said Miss Culture, "is their gregariousness." "Well," responded the Chicago maiden, rather bewildered, "those fancy puddings never did agree with me either."—*Boston Globe.*

Prodigal Son—"Father, after twenty years of fruitless wandering, I have returned to my old home." "Oh, it's you, is it, Bill? Well, there ain't any wood split for your ma to cook the dinner with. P'raps you'd better get up an appetite."—*New Haven News.*

A man whose fair features were terribly marred
By an accident, said: "Little heed
People gave to me once, but my luck, though ill-starred,
Now has made me a marked man, indeed."

—*Boston Budget.*

Wong Chin Foo, who has the whiskers of a tiger, whose waist is three miles round, and whose wit is the forest of pencils, asks in the *North American Review*. "Why am I a heathen?" Bacause, oh most wize and courtly mandarin, thou wast born a boy. Hadst thou been born a girl, thou wouldsst have been a she, then. Send us the chromo. Or hold; we'll take an ulster.—*Burdette.*

A "Fortune" That "Come True."

Some years ago Christine Nilsson, whose recent marriage, you remember, had the lines of her hand examined by a palmist, who told her she would have trouble from two causes, fire and maniacs. This prediction was verified, for during the Chicago fire she lost $20,000, and when Boston was burned she lost $200,000. When at New York a crazy man followed her for a week, believing that the words addressed by Marguerite to Faust were intended for himself. In Chicago a poor student decided to marry her, and wrote passionate letters to which he received no answer. One day he came in a superb sleigh, drawn by four horses, to take his affianced bride to the church. The manager quieted him by saying, "You are late; Madame Nilsson has gone there to wait for you." The third insane person was her husband, M. Rouzeard, who died in an asylum.—*Musical Record.*

The grain elevator capacity of Chicago is 28,850,000 bushels.