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WHEELING, W. VA., JUNE 7 1884.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

It is ordered that a Convention of the State be held at Parkersburg on wednesday, July 30, 1884, at 10 o'clock A. M., to nominate candidates for Governor, State superintendent of Free schools, Auditor, Treasurer, attorney-general, and two Judges of the Supreme Court of Appeals, to be voted for at the general election to be held on the second Tuesday of October next; and to nominate six Presidential electors to be voted for at the Presidential election to be held on the fourth day of November next; to select a State Central Committee, and to transact such other business as may come before said convention.

The Republican electors of West Virginia and all other voters without regard to past political affiliations, who are opposed to the course of the Democratic administration of this state in creating a debt in violation of the express provisions of our Constitution; to the oppressive assessments illegally imposed upon the people; to the unequal and burdensome taxation caused by the supplemental assessment order of the present administration; all who favor the lowest taxation compatible with the public interest; of elevating and dignifying American labor; protecting and extending home industries; giving free public education to the masses of the people; securing free suffrage and an honest counting of ballots; effectually protecting all human rights in every section of our common country; and who desire to bring in friendly feeling and permanent harmony throughout the State by installing a State and government pledged to these objects and principles, are cordially invited to attend this Convention and participate in its deliberations.

We would recommend to County Committees early action in the matter of holding county meetings for the purpose of appointing delegates to the State Convention, and that one delegate for every one hundred votes cast for Garfield and Arthur be the basis of representation to the State Convention.

By order of the state Central committee.

W. L. W. COWDEN, Secretary.

West Virginia's Choice.

At last! After many years of patient waiting and unswerving fidelity to her favorite, James G. Blaine, West Virginia Republicans get the candidate of their choice.

What a campaign it will be! What terror the wave of enthusiasm that will sweep over this State from the busy mills of the Western Panhandle to the mines of the Kanawha Valley, will strike into the hearts of the Bourbons of this State!

As our love was strong for the lamented Garfield, it will be as strong for that matchless man of Maine. Not that we now revere Garfield less, but love Blaine more. His is the light, the torch of progress that will guide this State out of a benighted rule to a bright victory.

Now to work. "Up, guards, and at 'em."

We got there, Pat!

When asked who is our nominee,
Our simple reply shall be:
He comes from Maine,
And his name is Blaine,
And his other name is James G.

The people all want Jim,
And the country will go for him
As has own State went
For Governor Kent.
We'll work for Jim with vim!

POLYGAMY gets a hit from the shoulder in the Republican platform.

THE Republican platform should be the political Bible of the workingman.

THE Chicago *Times* thinks that the Tilden frost has killed Hon Roswell P. Flower.

HAIL to the chief, who in triumph advances,
Honored and blest be the evening gun times,
Which we wish to remark, means Blaine.

To the Chicago Convention: You have given West Virginia to the Republicans. For this, and all the other good things you have done the country thanks you!

THE Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, a Republican paper, should squelch the man who sends it Democratic campaign literature under the guise of special dispatches from this city.

FOUR years ago the West Virginia delegation was a unit for Blaine, and he was defeated in convention. This year it was solid, and then some,—and he was nominated.

THE editor of the Wheeling *Register* has had the nightmare thirty-three times over the Buckhannon Convention.—*Ritchie Gazette.*

And the Chicago Convention will kill him.

A YOUNG man at Hillsdale, New York, has emulated the example of Jacob, and has contracted with a farmer to work seven years for his Rachel. What a wait, my countrymen!

THE hearty indorsement "Old Pig Iron Kelly" gives the Chicago platform will find responsive echoes all over the country. The platform is well up to the demands of the times in all particulars.

THE INTELLIGENCER's mail specials from Chicago sound a good deal like the whistle of a little boy in the dark who wanted keep his courage up.—*Register.*

Oh, they do, do they? Read them again and see if they do!

THE debt statement for May shows a reduction for the month of nearly $5,000,000, and for eleven months of $92,000,000 in round numbers. These figures would indicate that the reduction for the current year will be about $105,000,000.

THE ruddy hue of the Western heavens this spring was simply a foretaste of the crimson coloring the whole country bears in honor of the nomination of Blaine. By and by even Dame Nature will don her most glorious garb in honor of his election.

THE Harrisville *Greenbacker*, Mr. Freer's paper, remarks very pertinently:

Suppose it is true that Judge Maxwell did assist in enacting the test oath and registration laws of this State, is he any worse than Henry G. Davis and James H. Ferguson and dozens of other Democrats whom their party have persistently and highly honored in the past? The pot must not call the kettle black.

THE Chicago *Inter Ocean* is very inconsistent in its treatment of West Virginia. Some days ago it had a long editorial explaining the State was to be redeemed from Bourbonism this fall, and on Thursday it prints approvingly an extract from a Democratic journal ridiculing the idea of such a political revolution.

THE phrase "dark horse" in the sense in which it is commonly used in this country, explains an exchange, was first used by Thackeray in his "Adventures of Philip." Said Philip, referring to some talk about a candidate for Parliament: "Well, bless my soul, he can't mean me. Who is the dark horse he has in his stable?"

ALL thoughtful men in either party would sincerely regret it if by any possibility "Windy" Wilson should be the Democratic nominee for Governor. He would inaugurate a canvass of vituperation and blind abuse. True, he would be more easily beaten than anybody else; but Republicans prefer an opponent they can respect and a foe decided victory.

The honor conferred upon John R. Lynch at Chicago, says a Southern independent journal, "deserves to be mentioned prominently in the history of the negro race in America. The step is a great one from birth in the hopeless darkness of slavery to the chairmanship of a great National Convention of American freemen, destined perhaps to name a President of fifty millions of people. No matter how much this elevation may be the result of intriguing by others, any qualifications he possesses for the position was the result of his personal efforts for a long period against great odds. The life history of Lynch, aside from his election at Chicago, affords a no mean inducement to others of his race to make efforts at self improvement."

THAT excellent journal, the Morgantown *Post*, has entered upon its twenty-first year. It has steadily increased in prosperity, and has met with a deserving popularity. There is not a better Republican paper or a brighter weekly in the State.

DECORATION DAY.

Oration of G. W. Atkinson, of Wheeling, W. Va., Delivered May 30th, 1884, on the Occasion of the Decoration of the Graves of Federal Soldiers in the National Cemetery at Grafton.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It was Prentiss, of Mississippi, who was among the most eloquent men, in a Fourth of July oration, many years ago, who said, "My countrymen! I can stand by the far away Penobscot, and say my countrymen! I can stand by the rippling waters of Lake Erie, and say my countrymen! I can stand under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains, and say my countrymen! And here by the father of waters' I can say my countrymen!" So say I to-day, standing here on the slopes of the Alleghanies, beneath the shadows of these hills, rock-ribbed and towering in the sunlight, my countrymen! We are citizens of a common heritage—a land united, girted, and sealed by the blood of the heroes who sleep beneath these green mounds in this, one of the neatest and sweetest of all our National cemeteries. Our citizenship is not hemmed in by State lines. On the contrary, like our patriotism, it has the majestic sweep of the continent.

There are honors that are fleeting Xerxes crowned his footman in the morning, and beheaded him in the evening of the same day. Andronicus, the Greek emperor, crowned his admiral in the morning and then took off his head in the afternoon. Raffensis had a Cardinal's hat sent to him; but his head was cut off before it came to hand. Most men in position and power in this world are pained to admit the truthfulness of the remark of a certain great king, "O, crown, thou art more noble than high!" But, my friends, there are honors which are enduring. There are laurels which never fade. There are monuments which the tooth of time cannot destroy. It is said that the crown of Iwan contains 811 diamonds; that the crown of Peter contains 887 diamonds; that the crown of England contains 1,780 diamonds; that the imperial crown of Russia contains 2,500 diamonds, and the crown of France contains 5,352 diamonds. But there are crowns that outshine all these. The laurel wreaths which are to-day entwined about the tombs of the heroes who sleep in these graves, represent honors, reputation and fame more enduring than the diamond crowns of all the kings, princes and potentates of earth.

"Rest on embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood you gave:
No hireling hireling lies here small tread
The hallowed ground of your grave."

The men who sleep in the graves around us to day are our Nation's wards. While America lives they will not be forgotten. When the May months come, with their charming green, their fragrant flowers, their singing birds, and their babbling brooks, they will ever bring together an admiring throng to do honor to our sleeping braves. No, my friends, our dead soldiers will not be forgotten. These States of ours may forget their law-makers, may forget their jurists, may forget their orators, may forget their poets and their scholars, but they will never cease to cherish the memories of the men who died that the Government might live. We can never forget the times when these men fell. Then it was that a deep fog hung low above our Nation's crest, and doubt in the minds of all dimmed and chilled the day, which, under God, has nourished a more intelligent and unquestioning faith in the stability of our institutions.

These soldiers came from every locality at the Nation's call, and

"Went forth to die—
Pale, earnest thousands from the dusky mills,
And exultant thousands from the harvest hills;
Quiet, eager thousands from the city streets,
And stone-tired thousands from the fishers' fleets.

"How they went forth to die—
Heedless, yet thinking of home the hot breath
Of the fire shot in the front of death,
Swelling slow yet meeting without fear
The fever and lurking in the roar.

"How they went forth to die—
Counting their lives as the unvalued dust
Trod by a million in acting its trust,
Content if but their unknown graves should be
Two foot pillars of the progress of the free."

As the years go on, animosities once cherished by the North against the South, and by the South against the North, are gradually disappearing. There is now but little left of sectional sentimentalism. There should be buried in the same grave, our passions with our dead. It is too late, in this country of progress and discovery, for one American to hate another. The past should be, and largely is forgotten in the hopes of the future. I believe it was Mr. Watterson who said in a recent address at Nashville: "There is not one of us, were he one cloth or the other, come he from the granite hills of New England or the orange groves of the Mississippi Valley, who has not an interest for himself and for his children in the preservation and perpetuation of our republican system. It is a reciprocal as well as a joint interest; and, relating to the greatest of human affairs, it ought to be a sacred interest. The most obstinate of partisans, the most untraveled of provincials, cannot efface or obscure, still less dispute, the story of heroism in war, or moderation in peace, which, written in letters of living light, will blaze forever upon our National tablets. The occasion that brings us here has this significance: it is illustrative; it tells us that we have come to understand that there could be no lasting peace, nor real Republicanism, whilst any freeman's right was abridged or any patriot's grave unhonored. The freedom of each and every State, of each and every citizen, is at length assured; and there remains no longer so much as a pretext why the glory of the past, marked by the graves of those who fell in the battle, should not be the common property of the whole people. The old feudal ideas of treason do not belong to our institutions or our epoch. Their influence in public affairs, as far as they influenced public affairs, has been hostile to our National unity and peace. Our future is to be secured by generous concessions, for ours was a war of mistakes, not of disgrace."

At Vicksburg, but a year or two ago, the citizens, after decorating the graves of the Confederates buried in their beautiful cemetery, also scattered garlands of their choicest flowers upon the mounds of the thousands of the Union dead, who near by, beneath the evergreen magnolias, lie in the dreamless sleep of death. A lovely poem, written for the occasion, was read, from which I take the closing stanza:

"Over the fate of the vanquished,
Where heartaches never cease;
Over the tears,
Regrets and fears—
There, the eternal peace.
Above they dropped forever
With the passing burden of breath.
The Blue and the Gray
Are alike to day
In the colorless land of Death.
And the living who wore the Blue
May bring to the sleepers flowers
For the Blue and the Gray are friends to-day
In a happier land than ours."

I know there are those who ridicule this union of sentiment on Decoration Day. There are those every where who cannot take their neighbors by their hands and call them brothers. I know that there are among us certain of our countrymen whose skins fit their bodies so closely that they cannot breathe without pain. But I thank God to day that the great bulk of humanity in our land are one in feeling and sentiment. They seem to understand somehow that they are akin. They believe in that broad fundamental Bible doctrine of the unity of God and the brotherhood of man; and about nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of us accept the situation and spell Nation with a big N. Sectionalism is being ushered out and Nationalism is being ushered in. We meet here to-day, not as partisans, but as Americans. We may quarrel in our newspapers and during our political campaigns, Republicans with Democrats and Democrats with Republicans; but what of that? On the great question of liberty and union, we are one and inseparable. I hail the day as not far distant when no man can tell where the North ends or the South begins. The blood of the soldiers who fell from '61 to '65 was the seed of a nobler National life, and a germ of fuller National glory. When Richmond fell, the government of our fathers started on a new lease of life, which budding now will ultimately bloom as the greatest, grandest, noblest government of earth. "Oh, America, our native land! Land of invention and discovery; land of glorious mount and beautiful vale; for whom empurpled hosts have fought and poets sung; land of genius and of power; land of beauty and of song; land of golden past and boundless future; thou hast come forth from turmoil and from battle holding in thine arms of might, learning and thought, art and discovery, honor and justice, grouped like stars in a firmament which spans man's home and grave." Land of Washington, of Webster, of Clay, of Lincoln, in thy course along the track of time thou hast spread all about our pathway a glorious, imperishable radiance! Let the prayers of all in this presence be, that

"Now shall the war-cry rever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead."

Yonder floats aloft our National ensign. We reverence thee to-day, sweet stars and stripes. We reverence thee, because thou art the emblem of an undivided Nation. We reverence thee, because nowhere beneath thy folds can be found the foot-print of a slave. We reverence thee, because on land and sea, above freedom's host, thou art freedom's flag. Hail! all hail! sweet banner of the free. Iliads more lasting than Homer's will yet be written which shall ring along the centuries to commemorate the names and the fame of the men who gave up their lives for those stripes and stars,

"Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

JUDGING POEMS.

Barnum's Novel Offer for a Poem on the White Elephant.

N. Y. Times.

Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, Justice John T. Brady, and the Rev. Robert Collyer met yesterday afternoon in the residence of the Chief Justice, No. 84 Clinton Place, to decide upon the winner of the five hundred dollar prize offered by the great and only Barnum for the best poem on his sacred white elephant. The Appletons, in whose care the poems were directed, had received over 1,000 inspirations, and these had been sifted down to 200 by a gentleman selected by Mr. Barnum and the three judges.

The 200 poems from which the selection was to be made arrived in a tin box securely strapped and bolted, at 4 o'clock, and of these the better specimens had been printed for the judges, in order that they might be more easily read. The three gentlemen got to work at once. Judge Daly produced a huge waste paper basket, which he termed the crypt, and it was placed in a convenient position to receive the rejected poems. Mr. Collyer was elected Chairman, and it was decided that *each poem should be read by one of the* judges, and that the others should indicate a detrimental opinion by turning their thumbs down. Then Judge Daly opened an envelope and began:

"Hail Young Talcoug! Proud monarch of the land,
Welcome we thine advent on this strand.
Art thou come—"

Judge Daly here glanced over the paper and saw that the clergyman and the other judge each had both thumbs turned down, and he promptly threw the contribution into his crypt and took up another. It began:

"Hail Young Talcoug! Here greet we thee,
Mighty monarch, from the far land of the free.
Dost—"

"Put that in the churn," interrupted Mr. Collyer.

"Throw it way down in the bottom of that mausoleum," cried Judge Brady. "That's the first time I ever heard that Burmah was the land of the free. By the way, do all those poems begin with 'Hail?'"

"Over nine tenths of them do," replied Mr. Collyer.

Then Judge Daly read several more that were promptly rejected, and he remarked admiringly:

"I can't express my admiration for the critical acumen you gentlemen display."

Finally a poem was read that was considered worthy of a second consideration, and in the course of an hour three were obtained, and several were marked No. 2 for favorable mention. One that was laid aside after commendation by the committee, the author wrote, had been commended by the poet Stedman.

"He's a good natured fellow," remarked Mr. Collyer. "He'd recommend anybody's poetry. So would I," he added softly.

The committee labored steadily until 8 o'clock, and then they had limited the number of poems to three to be selected from; but each judge declared that not one was, in his opinion, worth $500. Mr. Collyer and Judge Brady agreed to award the prize to one of the three, but Judge Daly said:

"I can't let my name go out to the world as a guarantee that that poem is worth $500. I think too much of my reputation."

It was 10 o'clock before a decision was arrived at, and then the following was drawn up and signed:

"The committee to whom was submitted the selection of the best poem written upon the subject named by Mr. Barnum respectfully report that three poems of the number submitted to them have merit, but that none of them is in their judgment worthy of the prize offered. They, therefore, do not designate what may be considered the best, a conclusion which they deem consistent with the task undertaken, and in accordance with Mr. Barnum's offer."

"We have brought forth a mouse," said Judge Brady. "It seems doubtful to me if anybody could write a poem worth $500 on this subject."

"If we should take samples of No. 3 corn to Chicago," said Mr. Collyer, "and ask them to be judged nobody would take into consideration the poverty of the land they were raised upon."

The authors of the three best poems are not yet known, as the names are in sealed envelopes, which were not opened. Mr. Barnum will write to the authors, and will probably divide the $500 among them.

Tom Thumb's Widow.

New York Correspondence.

The little Widow Thumb is casually a resident of New York, and a welcome visitor in a considerable number of rather wealthy and fashionable families. She is a lady now so mature and dignified, notwithstanding her diminutive size, that nobody in the way of social intercourse dares, or is much inclined, to treat her as a human trifle. To see her in the midst of a round of calls is to get the impression, at first sight, that your eyes have somehow suddenly become telescopic inversely, so exactly is she a miniature of the conventional dames of ceremonious society. She dresses for an afternoon or formal visiting in a toilet of semi-mourning, suitable in style for a quiet woman of forty-five—which age she acknowledges—and orders from a livery stable one of those coupes that go to livery, driver and general appearance, are scarcely distinguishable from private equipages. Provided with a visiting list, and easily commanding an air of well bred balance, she lacks only in stature to be the ideal of a middle-aged millionaire's wife. Of course she attracts staring attention whenever she alights, but her manner of silent reproof is usually an effective cure for impudence, and she is able to go about with far less annoyance than might be thought. She is now three feet six inches in height, or a foot more than when she was first put on exhibition by Barnum, and it was only within a few years that she stopped growing.

"It would not surprise me," she lately said, "if I should take to growing again at any time. My case is one of retarded development, you know, and I may yet catch up with the rest of you. The majority of the dwarfs exhibited are really children, phenomenally small, but by no means the adult midgets that they are represented to be, and consequently they grow out of the profession. That has been the case with many a 'freak,' as the showmen call them."

The pertinence of the fair, fat and forty-inch widow as a topic here is the fact that she has a suitor for her hand. The account current in her circle of acquaintance says that a mine operator, who came eastward a year ago with a comfortable fortune, began to seriously woo her, soon after making her acquaintance in this city. He is a handsome man of no more than forty, with cultured taste, good morals and about 100 pounds, his stature being limited to an inch or two more than five feet. That he is deeply in love with Mrs. Thumb is not doubted by any of their mutual friends, but he does not seem to have made much progress toward capturing the estimable dwarf. It is said to be her firm intention not to marry again.

ETZLER'S Genuine Max Sou, will not color the clothes yellowish.

PARADOXICAL.—One rainy day last week Gilhooly got into an Austin Avenue street car, which was crowded to the very utmost. When he put his fare in the box, he remarked to the driver: "The railroad company think they are very smart; but you can just tell them for me that if they let as many people crowd into one car nobody will ride in the cars at all."—*Texas Siftings.*

BLINDING HEADACHE.

How Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy Removes it—Statement of a Station Agent.

So many fictitious and altogether unreliable "testimonials" are published by a certain class of medicine venders that it is no wonder the public has come to regard such evidence with a considerable degree of suspicion. But it is the pardonable pride of the proprietors of "KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY" that—even aside from the question of principle—he has never been reduced to the necessity of following that bad example. Letters like the following, of whose genuineness there is not a shadow of doubt, come to Dr. Kennedy by almost every mail:

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1884.

Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR:—For a long time I was troubled with severe attacks of dizziness and blinding sick headache. Those who have suffered from them know to what an utter condition of misery they reduce those who are subject to them. I thought they were due to impure blood and a generally disordered state of the system. Other means of cure having failed I was advised to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. I did so, and I am happy to say, I am completely cured. Those who read this letter, may think my talk extravagant—but I say, and am ready to stand by my words, that "Favorite Remedy" is the best medicine I ever knew or heard of for any disorder of the kind I suffered from; and others, to whom I recommended it, have used it with the same success. YOURS &c., A. HARRYARR.

Mr. DeRevere is the Station Agent of the Hudson River Railroad Company at Tarrytown. In a subsequent conversation with our representative he said he had been troubled with these sick headaches for years and at times was unable to attend to business. Objects seemed to turn black before his eyes. He added that the friend who recommended Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was Mr. W. S. Mellus, conductor on the road, who had himself used it for the same sort of complaints.

Address—Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
je7-1aw

BREAKFAST BUDGET.

Electric lights are now in use on most ocean steamers.

Six thousand venders of fruits and vegetables are licensed to walk the streets of Paris.

Pretty little baskets for sending flowers by post are the latest novelty in English fashionable circles. They fasten with a padlock, and the sender and receiver each keep a key.

Cuba's entire sugar crop this year will not be sufficient to pay the Government taxation on population. The most liberal estimates place the crop at 450,000 tons, which would yield but $24,750,000, while the tax amounts to $30,000,000.

Texas forty years ago was practically a desert, and the handful of settlers lived pretty much on game. To-day there are 10,000,000 cattle, sheep, horses, mules and swine in the State, and the cotton crop last year was worth more than the cotton crop of the entire United States in 1843.

Recently two Boston brides have appropriately chosen the apple blossom as their floral decoration, in place of the orange blossom or the graceful white lilac. One bride carried a basket of these blossoms in her hand to the altar, and another received congratulations in a bower of the same, while her white satin gown was trimmed with them in combination with tulle.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is about to make a great effort to free his people, and all East Africa, from drunkenness. At the present moment he is bound by commercial treaties to let European traders import just what they please, and it has pleased certain German houses and others to import stuff from Hamburg which they call brandy. The Sultan proposes a revision of the treaty.

Does the author of the following advertisement, which is taken from the Islington (Eng.) *Gazette*, imagine that the tomb of a dead man is the only place where a living one can spend a happy day? "To Let—Good accommodation in Farm-house, for family or gentlemen; healthy, pleasant spot, near Lord Beaconsfield tomb. Apply Mrs. Richard Avery, Widmer end, Hughenden, Bucks."

The Harvard *Crimson* gives some interesting facts regarding student life in this country and Europe. Out of a population of 25,000,000 England sends 5,000 students to her two universities; Scotland, with a population of 4,000,000, has 6,500 university students; and Germany, with a population of 48,000,000, has 22,500 in her various universities. The New England States, with a population of 4,110,000, send 4,000 students to their eighteen colleges and universities.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

ANOTHER new arrival of Phaetons, Jump Seat Buggies and Storm Spring Wagons, full leather top and all, warranted, at great bargains. J. W. FERRELL,
Cor. Main and Twenty-first Streets.

TRY Langdon's City Butter Crackers.

DIED.

DUNCAN—On Thursday afternoon, June 5, 1884, LUCINDA DUNCAN.

Funeral will take place from the residence of her mother, No. 114 Eighteenth street, on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Interment at Mt Wood Cemetery. Friends of the family are invited.

WILSON—In Bridgeport, Ohio, on Thursday evening, June 5, 1884, Mrs. MARY WILSON, mother of Rev. Thomas Branch and Rev. W. H. Wilson.

Funeral services from Baptist Church in Bridgeport, to-day (Saturday) at 2 P. M.

(Pittsburgh papers please copy.)

THE PROPOSAL.

He.—My darling, you look irresistibly lovely to-night!

She.—Do I? Thanks very much! you are handsome as a Prince, Charley, in your dress suit.

He.—Give the credit to the DIAMOND Shirt, my love, which I wear for the first time to-night; it is that which gives tone to my toilette. Here is its prototype (slipping the Diamond engagement ring on her finger).

She.—May our love be as enduring as the fame of "The DIAMOND Shirt."

Tableau.

If your dealer does not keep it, send his address to Daniel Miller & Co., sole manufacturers, Baltimore, Md.

We have spent over $100,000.00 in defending our right to the Durham Bull as our trade-mark. Undoubtedly he is to-day the most valuable Bull in the world. Now it stands to reason that we couldn't afford to protect him so thoroughly if BLACKWELL'S BULL DURHAM Tobacco, of which he is the representative, wasn't the BEST Smoking Tobacco ever made.

The sale of Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco far exceeds those of any other brand in the world, simply because it has been, is, and will be, the best that can be made. All dealers have it. Look for trade-mark of the Bull on every package.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Trains arrive and depart at stations—City time.

Baltimore & Ohio—MAIN LINE—DEPART—1:40 a m, 8:35 a m, 2:35 p m, 5:05 p m, 7:00 a m. O. O. Div.—4:15 p m, 9:15 a m, 2:35 p m, 11:10 p m. W. & P. Div.—DEPART—For Pittsburgh, 6:20 a m, and 3:05 p m; for Washington, Pa., 6:20 and 9:05 a m, 3:05 and 5:45 p m. ARRIVE—Main Line—12:15 a m, 10:20 a m, 8:15 p m, 8:10 a m, 4:15 p m. O. O. Div.—8:10 p m, 9:50 a m, 2:45 a m. W. & P. Div.—ARRIVE—From Pittsburgh, 9:50 a m, and 6:50 p m; from Washington, Pa., 8:00 and 9:50 a m; 1:15 and 6:30 p m.

P., C. & ST. L.—DEPART—6:20 a m, 8:35 a m, 1:20 p m, 4:45 p m. ARRIVE—8:30 a m, 12:25 a m, 3:35 p m, 7:20 p m.

Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling.—DEPART, St. Clairsville 6:27 a m, Cleveland express 12:07 p m, St. Clairsville 2:07 p m, Mail accommodation 6:17 p m, St. Clairsville accommodation 8:17 a m. ARRIVE—St. Clairsville 8:17 a m, Mail accommodation 10:25 a m, St. Clairsville 12:34 p m, Cleveland express 2:34 p m, St. Clairsville 4:32 p m.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh—DEPART—6:32 a m, 11:27 a m, 4:16 p m; Steubenville Accommodation 9:15 a m. Wellsville Accommodation 3:05 p m. ARRIVE—12:35 p m, 8:22 p m; Steubenville Accommodation 8:23 a m, Wellsville Accommodation 8:33 a m.

B. Z. & C. Railway—LEAVE Bellaire for Woodfield and Summerfield at 6:00 a m, and 2:10 p m. ARRIVE at Bellaire at 9:15 a m, and 5:35 p m.

WHEELING & ELM GROVE R. R.

On and after SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1884, trains on the W. & E. G. R. R. will run as follows:

Leaving the City at 6 A. M., and run every hour until 9 P. M.

Leaving Wheeling Park at 7 A. M., and run every hour until 10 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS.

Leaving the City at 7 A. M., and run every hour until 9 P. M.

Leaving Wheeling Park at 8 A. M., and run every hour until 10 P. M.

Passengers will save time and trouble by purchasing their tickets at the office.

may17 C. HERSCH, Supt.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

McLAIN'S WHEELING PILLS.

Purely Vegetable. The best Pill in the market. Be sure you get the genuine.

McLAIN'S PECTORAL SYRUP.

No better made. No morphia. No opium. Large bottle. Sold by most dealers. Manufactured by
je7 McLAIN BROTHERS.

FOR CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE.—The Elegant Side wheel Excursion Steamer
ST. LAWRENCE.....W. M. LIST, Commander,
C. D. LIST, Clerk,
Will leave Wheeling on SATURDAY, JUNE 7, at 4.00 o'clock P. M., for above and all intermediate points.
Will remain at Bellaire until the arrival of 6 P. M. Saturday train from Pittsburgh.
For freight or passage apply on board or to
C. H. BOOTH & SON,
je6 Agents.

BLAINE Agents wanted for authentic edition of his life. Published at Augusta, his home. Largest, handsomest, cheapest, best by the renowned historian and biographer, Col. Conwell, whose life of Garfield, published by us, outsold the twenty others by 60,000. Outsells every book ever published in this world; many agents are selling fifty daily. Agents are making fortunes. All new beginners seize full grand chance for them; $13.50 made by a lady agent the first day. Terms most liberal. Particulars free. Better send 25 cents for postage, etc., on free outfit, now ready, including large prospectus book, and save valuable time. ALLEN & CO.,
j7-1aw Augusta, Maine.

CATHEDRAL
FESTIVAL
IN
Capitol Building,
BEGINNING ON
MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 9th.
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.
je7

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Postoffice at Wheeling, Ohio county, W. Va., Saturday, June 7, 1884. To obtain any of the following the applicant must ask for advertised letters, giving date of list:

LADIES' LIST.

Bannon, Mrs. Ruth — Long, Miss Dora
Hines, Miss Dora

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Eldenback, Harman — Lewis, Chas. A.
Bird, J. S. — Lewis, Wm.
Buckhew, Levy S. — Mc Caw, M. C.
Dunlap, C. A. — McNary, John Y.
Fitzgerald, John R. — Parson, John
Greco, Isaac — Shaughnessy, Michael
Hague, Cadet Thomas — Valenta, Giovanni
Hisson, Thomas — Vars, G. W.
Keeper, S. J. — Wood, Harry D.
Lessenfach, Gottlieb — Wuttich, Albrecht

FOREIGN LIST.

Brook, Henry — Gerrish, F. L. & Co.
je7 H. STERLING, P. M.

L.S.L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION.
Over Half a Million DISTRIBUTED

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $900,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings will take place monthly. It never scales or postpones. Look at the following distribution:

FOURTH GRAND MONTHLY
AND THE
Extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing
In the academy of music, New Orleans,
TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1884.

Under the personal supervision and management of G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Capital Prize of	$150,000	$150,000
1 Grand Prize of	50,000	50,000
1 Grand Prize of	20,000	20,000
2 Large Prizes of	10,000	20,000
2 Large Prizes of	5,000	10,000
20 Prizes of	1,000	20,000
50 Prizes of	500	25,000
100 Prizes of	300	30,000
100 Prizes of	200	20,000
600 Prizes of	100	60,000
1000 Prizes of	50	50,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$30,000
100 Approximation Prizes of	200	20,000
100 Approximation Prizes of	75	7,500
2279 Prizes, amounting to		$522,500

Application for rates to Clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. State P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.
or
M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.

POSTAL NOTES and ordinary letters by Mail or Express (all sums of $5 and upwards by Express at our expense) to
M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
my13-1eaw 607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

Logan, List & Co.'s EXCELSIOR BAKING POWDER. The Established Favorite of all Good Cooks. Strictly pure and wholesome. Unrivalled for Biscuit, Batter and all kinds of Cakes. Address orders to LOGAN & CO., Druggists, Bridge Corner, Wheeling, W. Va.

The Children Have Been Waiting

For a Worm Syrup that is easy to take and will do the work. They want Logan & Co.'s Pleasant Worm Syrup. It is purely vegetable, is very pleasant to the taste, is an Excellent Child's Physic, and mother's who have used it with their children speak of it in the highest praise, saying that it is the best vermifuge in use. Price 25 cents in large bottles, sold by the best druggists and storekeepers. Ask for Logan & Co.'s Pleasant Worm Syrup.
LOGAN & CO., Druggists,
Wheeling, W. Va.

40 PILLS IN EACH BOX! The Homestead Liver Pills are not only the best, but they are the cheapest Pills in use. Each box contains larger Pills for adults, and smaller Pills for children, with special directions for use in Liver Complaint, and as a purgative. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail, prepared only by
LOGAN & CO.,
Druggists, Bridge Corner.

STOP THAT COUGH!

Dr. Chapman's Couch Balsam is a pleasant and effectual remedy. Try it. Sold by
LOGAN & CO.,
Druggists, Bridge Corner.
Price 25 cents; large bottles.

YOUR HORSES AND CATTLE

At this season especially, need
Logan & Co.'s French Condition Powder
To give them good digestion, a glossy coat, to remove humors, and prevent and cure disease. Nothing better sold. Address orders to
LOGAN & CO.,
apr7 Druggists, Bridge Corner.

FIRE WORKS
OF ALL KINDS.
NICHOLAS SCHULZ,
je5 1319 MARKET STREET.

SMOKE SEAL SKIN S.S. UNIFORM Mild and Reliable CIGARS. Warranted Pure.
Full Havana filled; free from drugs. The flavor this cigar contains is that alone given by NATURE to the PURE HAVANA TOBACCO from which it is manufactured.
M. REILLY, Agent,
Wheeling, W. Va.

NOW IS THE TIME TO
OIL YOUR HARNESS WITH
Neats Foot Oil!
A Dressing unsurpassed for restoring the original soft and supple condition of the leather. Use this old and well established article instead of black harness mixtures, made so to cover the poor and cheap materials out of which they are compos