

ON WHEELS OF FIRE.

BY FITZGERALD MALLOY.

Author of "How Came He Dead?" "An Excellent Knave," "Sweet is Revenge," "A Modern Magician," "That Villain Romeo," &c.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I AND II.—Mr. Harry Crawford, residing in the little village of Howtown, was the heart of a pretty village maiden, Stella Selwyn, who is betrothed to an absent lover, Arthur Ferrars. She begins to wonder whether she ever really loved Arthur, when, as she is reminiscing, Crawford himself appears on the scene.

CHAPTER III.

SURELY YOU LOVE ME?

On seeing Stella Selwyn, Crawford raised his hat, smiled, and shook hands. "My father is not at home," she said, striving to appear calm and collected, even whilst conscious that she failed, "nor do I expect him back before ten."

"To me!" she replied, her heart beating so loud that she could scarce hear her own voice. "To you," he rejoined, glancing from her through the red-tiled passage to the orchard beyond, with its ripening fruit bending the branches of trees whose topmost leaves were silvered by the rays of the just-risen moon sailing upwards to purple heights.

She walked beside him until reaching a rustic bench beneath a wide boughed tree they sat down. Stella felt as one in a dream, a certain unreality being given to the scene by the faint white light behind them and the deep, blurred shadows around them; and above all by the fact of her sitting here beside this man with outward composure, as if her throbbing heart and whirling brain did not forestall that the hour had arrived when she must decide her destiny.

"Stella!" Crawford began, in a low voice that was tremulous with suppressed emotion. "It was the first time he had addressed her by her Christian name, and never had it sounded sweeter to her ears. "I have been here for three pleasant months that have seemed brief as days, but now I am going away."

"Going away!" she repeated, all the beauty of the night suddenly fading from her sight, and all the happiness of her life ebbing from her possession. "Would you be sorry if we parted?" he asked, watching her attentively. "Yes," she replied, with white lips. "Then we needn't, for Stella, I love you, and have loved you from the first, and we must know no separation."

"Don't say that," she answered, quickly. "I mustn't hear you." "What may not I say what your own heart has assured you of long ago?" he asked, bending towards her. "Because," she rejoined, drawing back, "as I told you long ago, I am engaged to marry another man."

"But surely, I have not deceived myself all this time; tell me, Stella, that you love me." "I love you," she said in a low voice, too ingenuous to deceive him, too honest too equivocal, feeling joy in a confession that nevertheless pained her. "Then, dearest, if we love each other we have nothing to fear, and nothing to endure, for we shall be the whole world to each other."

The rapid strides by which he advanced bewildered her, but she clung to the land mark binding her to her old life. "I am pledged to another," she murmured, "and I cannot, dare not break faith with him." "But you don't love him," asserted Crawford. "As she could not contradict him she remained silent."

"Would you waste your young life in a joyless, loveless marriage with him, see the years pass by in hopeless weariness, whilst with me you would know the happiness of mutual love, for which your heart and mine crave?" "I am bound to him," she persisted. "Yes, I am bound to him."

"By some foolish promise given at a time when you didn't understand yourself or know what love is; but now, dearest, you will not by keeping your word condemn your life and mine to misery?" Crawford answered, every note in his voice appealing to her heart. "He may release me," she suggested. "Not he. Be certain he will keep you to your word; and to marry him would be a wrong both to him whom you don't love and to one who loves you with all his soul."

She sat silent, her brain whirling with confusion, her heart beating tumultuously, the delight of this man's avowed stirring and distracting her. "Come with me," he said, in tones so low that they were almost a whisper. "Oh, no, no; I dare not." "But you said you loved me, Stella," he exclaimed reproachfully. "I love you," she repeated. "Yes, I love you—I love you!"

"Very well. Women have dared much before now for sake of the man they loved." She felt the force of his words, and at that moment she believed herself capable of making every sacrifice for him. "Why should we part for ever? Life is terribly short, dearest, and our joys are few. Must we thrust them from us? Come with me."

sudden sense of dread, flashed in her eyes, and she suddenly rose. "But not as your wife?" she said, with dry lips and a tremulous voice. He instantly understood that no subtle reasoning, no cunning contrivance would induce her to accept any other position than that of his wife, and so fascinated was he now that he felt prepared to grant any request or make any sacrifice rather than part with her.

"As my own wife," he said, as if concluding his last sentence. She drew a long, slow, quivering breath, and a look of intense relief passed across her pale face. He seized her hand and covered it with kisses. "You will be mine, dearest. You will be my wife."

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes, I am weak—I cannot bear to lose you." He would have clasped her in his arms, but she withdrew from his embrace. "Our marriage must soon take place," he said. "Arthur Ferrars will be here within ten days."

"He will have to look for his bride elsewhere," Crawford rejoined, exultingly. "He will not find her here." "Where, then, shall we be married?" she asked. "In London. It must be done as quietly and as privately as possible. When it has taken place you may let all the world know, if you please."

"May I not tell my father?" "No; that would ruin all. It must be kept secret from everybody for the present. To-day is Wednesday; to-morrow I will go to town and get a special license to marry you; then on Saturday morning you will come to London, and I will meet you at the station, and within an hour from that time we shall be man and wife."

"Your wife!" she said, with happy eyes and glowing cheeks. The struggle was now over. "Mine for ever. No man can part us then." "Shall we come back here?" "No; it would be best to remain away for some time. After our marriage we will leave England and go abroad; it may be for months," Crawford replied. "But my dear father—"

"He will be happy in your happiness, dearest." As she lent against a tree near where he sat under the apple boughs, the soft moonlight falling through the branches, touching her hair and brightening her face, he felt that no sacrifice was too great to gain her. "I hope there will be no possible hitch in your coming to town," he said, afraid even then of losing her.

"I think not. I have long promised to spend a day or two with my Aunt Diles, who lives at Crossley, half way between this and London; but instead of going to her I will come to you." He smiled, thinking that a woman always could be trusted to carry out a deception. "You will be resolute, dearest?" he suggested.

"Yes. In this last hour I feel as if I had lived a year, and put all my old life from me." "To begin a newer and happier one with me," he rejoined. "What should I do if you did not love me always—always?" she said, giving utterance to a thought that suddenly beset her. "Can you doubt me already?" he asked, reproachfully. "Forgive me, but—"

"I could forgive you anything in the world, Stella, but one—"

"And that?" she said, raising a timid glance at his face. "That you didn't love me," he replied, his eyes glowing. "But you know I do; am I not proving it?" she asked hurriedly. "Yes, my own Stella, my own bright star that will guide me to happiness," he replied fervently, as he came forward and strove to kiss her. She instantly drew back. "Poor, frightened, foolish little bird," he said laughingly. Then he added, "I had better leave now, lest your father should return. To-morrow I will come and say good-bye to him, after which you and I will not meet till our wedding day."

"Our wedding day?" she murmured; "how strange it seems to speak of our wedding day, and how near it lies at hand." "The nearer the better, surely." "Let us hope so," she answered, with a faint sigh. "Love must cast out all fear," he replied, as he walked beside her down the path and into the hall, where he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it again and again before the door closed upon him.

When he had gone a dozen paces from the house he looked back, and then lighting a cigar continued his way along the road, lying white and dusty in the moonlight, crossed here and there by heavy shadows of overhanging trees. As the excitement of his interview gradually subsided, a sense of depression seized him, the strain upon his nerves relaxed, and reaction followed. Thoughts concerning the wisdom of the step he was about to take beset him. Questions regarding the possibilities of his future confronted him; he felt grave misgivings, serious doubts concerning himself. He was aware that in marrying Stella he would not only bind himself irrevocably but might hamper his position and injure his prospects. Yet he could not part with her, could not conquer the fascination she exercised over him.

He knew full well it would be best for him and best for her if they never met again, but that was a sacrifice he was unable to make in the present, no matter might might befall him in the future. Claim his prize he would; that that he could not deny himself. Many a man has before now been ruined by a woman—should he be ruined likewise. From past experience he knew that his love was a brief lived flame, destined from the beginning to dwindle to indifference and expire in dislike. But perhaps his affection for this sweet and simple, loving and trusting girl might continue and be the one green and refreshing spot in the barren desert of his life. But to outlive his affection for her and yet be legally bound to her would be intolerable. Could he have satisfied the girl's scruples and gained his ends by the practice of deceit he would have done so; but the mock parson and the fraudulent marriage service were now things of the past, to resuscitate which would entail serious criminal penalties on the offender. For many a mile he walked in the silent night along the dusty road, smoking and thinking, and keeping true in the main to his resolution of making Stella his wife. The tranquil scenes around, the fair lights above were not without their purifying influence upon him; they seemed indeed a counterpart of the sweet and gentle girl who was the centre of his thoughts.

bough nor the rustle of a bird's wing was heard in the solemn silence; mystic light and deepening shadows fell upon the red roof and white walls, and all was peace within and without. "It is a fitting house for her," he thought. "Poor little Stella. God grant that yours may be a happy life."

CHAPTER IV.

FAREWELL TO HOWTOWN.

Next day Harry Crawford said farewell to Jacob Selwyn and left Howtown. A week ago Stella could not have believed she would miss him so much. Though she might not happen to later change a word with him for a whole day whilst he was in the village, yet there was always the prospect of seeing him pass the house or of hearing his voice conversing with her father in the garden. His presence was in the atmosphere, and she had felt that he was near. Now a sense of loneliness and longing fell upon her, and with a throbbing heart she counted the hours until they met to part no more.

Never had she felt the absence or regretted the departure of Arthur Ferrars so keenly as she did that of Harry Crawford, and by the force of her emotions she measured the extent of her affection towards them. Her love for the former had been calm and untroubled as a lake in summer; her love for the latter was deep and strong as the ocean itself. And now a fear beset her lest Arthur Ferrars might, by returning sooner than was expected, hinder her flight. She could not meet his honest blue eyes and look into his fair frank face whilst concealing from him a secret which so nearly concerned himself. Nor could she leave him to pay the pretended visit to her aunt. Therefore as the days wore slowly away she became feverish with an impatient and torturing anxiety that left her no room for thought, no time for consideration regarding the step she was about to take.

At last the morning dawned on which she had to quit her father's house. She had scarcely slept through the night, and soon after the birds began to stir and to sing their matin lay, she was up and about. Once she paused to draw back the white muslin blind and look out on the familiar landscape, which she might not see again for many a day. The whole village was yet wrapped in sleep, the dew hung heavily on the shrubs and trees, glistening here and there like jewels in the rays of the rising sun. The last thin sedrows of the previous night were vanishing into space before the horizontal shafts of golden light in the east; over the woods an opal haze was hanging, and from the meadows beyond came the bleat of sheep. She wondered when the day would come that would find her again looking on this scene, and if, indeed, it would seem the same to her then as now.

Her heart was heavy at the thought of parting from her father, that kindest of parents, the gentlest of companions, and she reproached herself bitterly with practicing this, the first deceit of her life, upon him. But this reflected that to-morrow he would know all, and recognizing that she had acted for the best, he would pardon her. As matters stood, he believed she was going to spend a day or two with her aunt at Crossley, principally to do some shopping in connection with her forthcoming marriage with Arthur Ferrars in the autumn. Therefore, he naturally felt none of the regret she experienced and strove to conceal.

"I hope you won't be very lonely, dear, whilst I am away," she said, as they sat at breakfast in the old familiar room that had never seemed so dear and homely as it did then. "I always miss you, Stella," he replied, unconscious of the stab he dealt her tender heart. "But you will be cheerful; and if anything happens to prevent me from coming back as soon as I intend—"

"What can happen, child?" "One never knows; but in case I don't return so soon as you expect, I wish you would go frequently to the rectory in the evenings and have your game of chess. And I have given directions to Mrs. Honeyman to look after your meals. She knows how you like your bacon fried for breakfast, and what you like best for dinner; I have told her all, so that you will not miss me much, I hope."

"How thoughtful you are, child," he replied. "Because I want you to look strong and well when I come back, dear; and remember, father, I will think of you every day, every day," she said, striving to repress her tears. "If Arthur were here he would feel quite jealous," remarked the schoolmaster, by way of being cheerful.

She suddenly rose from the table and turned away to the window, through which she saw young Giles Honeyman waited with a pony and trap, borrowed from a friendly farmer, which was to carry her to the railway station, a distance of five miles. She looked at the old brass-faced clock and saw the time fixed for her departure had already passed. Then the grip she had felt on her heart all the morning deepened its hold, so that from force of its pain tears blinded her eyes and the room swam round her. She moved forward to where she dimly saw the diminutive figure of her father, with his gentle face and prematurely white hair, and flinging her arms round his neck she laid her cheek against his.

"Good-bye, father, dear," she managed to murmur, "and for my sake good care of yourself till I return. Good-bye, good-bye!" She kissed him again and again, and then hurrying from the house took her place beside Giles Honeyman. The schoolmaster, standing at the gate, saw her turn and watch him and wave her handkerchief, until the winding of the road hid her from his gaze.

On arriving at the station she had barely five minutes to spare before the train started for Crossley on its way to London. Not until the journey had begun did she fully realize the helplessness and loneliness of her position. As flying steam could carry her, she was flying from her old existence with all its happy and innocent associations, towards a new life of which she knew nothing, drawn by the strong magnet of his love. And as the hours passed she quailed at the idea of entering a vast city, in which she had never set foot, and of mixing among millions of people all of whom were strangers to her—all save one!

But he was now all the world to her; for his sake she had severed from all former ties; her trust in him was implicit, her love for him was boundless. Still, as she approached near and yet nearer to London her nervousness increased, until she was well nigh exhausted by the time the train rushed into the great station, where the shrieking of engines, the clamour of voices, the ringing of bells, and the rattling of wheels bewildered her. As the train steamed along the platform she caught sight of Crawford's face amongst the crowd, and her heart gave a sudden bound. He did not see her until the carriage door was opened and she stepped out. Then he was beside her in a second, holding her hand and gazing wistfully into her white, pathetic face.

"My darling, you don't know what agonies of suspense I have suffered," he said, thinking of himself rather than of her; "but now you are here all is well. 'Twas brave of you to come."

"Had I not promised?" she answered, gazing at him, lovingly, and she could scarce hear her own voice because of the noise and bustle going on around her. She was landed in a world of which she had never dreamed. All things were strange to her, and how helpless she seemed.

"Are you going to church?" she asked. "To church? No." His voice was husky and his manner constrained. Her face grew whiter still. A chill fell upon her, yet she never doubted him. "But our marriage," she said, appealingly. "Will be celebrated in our house. When you have a special license the ceremony may take place when and where one pleases."

"But will it be a religious service?" she gasped. "Oh, yes," he answered laughingly. "You may set your scruple at rest now and for ever, my dear Stella; a clergyman will soon make us man and wife."

Her faith in his honor, her reliance on his word were rewarded, and her heart swelled with love and triumph. "No one knew you were coming to me?" he asked presently, with a certain anxiety in his voice which was strange to her. "Not one; my dear father believes me now safe at Crossley. If he could only see me how surprised he would be. It was hard to part from him."

Crawford, who was lost in thought, made no remark. "I will write to him this evening and tell him all," she added. "Yes, of course," he replied with a hastiness that was almost irritable. Onward they sped, past stately houses and public buildings, through thoroughfares swarming with life, and along streets which by comparison seemed almost deserted. The drive was long and Stella began to wonder where it would end, when the cab drew up at a high, dark-looking house, one of hundreds of others in a long dreary street. Crawford lifted her out, and opening the house door with his latch key left her standing in the hall, while the driver deposited her box beside her.

Hearing a light step advance she turned round and saw a young man approaching. His face was pale but pleasant, long and narrow, lighted by dark eyes and brightened by a smile. Before he had time to speak, Crawford, rejoicing her, said, "This is my cousin, Virgil Lechmere," and then addressing him asked nervously, "Has he arrived?" "Yes," replied Virgil Lechmere, "he has been waiting for the last fifteen minutes."

Crawford, somewhat quieter and more reassured in his manner, nodded his head and led the way into the room which opened from the hall, Stella and his cousin following. This air of privacy and mystery, so different from what she had expected, depressed her. As they entered, a middle-aged man with iron grey hair and closely shaven face stood up. He was dressed in black, wore a high Roman collar, and carried a large book in his hand. Stella at once saw he was a clergyman. Crawford bowed to him as if they met for the first time and briefly said, "This is my bride. You can perform the service as soon as you please. Call Mrs. Greyward," he added to Lechmere.

Since leaving her father's house that morning everything had seemed strange, and unreal. But this was the strangest and most unreal incident of all—that she should have entered this grim, dimly-lit apartment, with its dark curtains and sombre furniture, and have the marriage service read by a strange clergyman in the presence of witnesses she had never seen before and might never see again.

The hand which grasped hers burnt her; a ring was slipped upon her finger. A cab rattled noisily by, she listened to voices calling to each other in the street. The monotonous tones in which the marriage service was read fell drowsily on her ears; a faint dizziness affected her; then all her senses woke at the words: "Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder."

The clergyman closed the book; presently she signed her name to a paper which was presented for her signature. Then the parson shook hands, and having murmured something, quietly disappeared like a figure in a dream, Virgil Lechmere following him. Mrs. Greyward, a wan, haggard-looking woman, with iron-grey, bushy hair and yellow, hollow cheeks, after looking at them questioning and reflectively with her piercing eyes, reluctantly retired to the lower regions from where she had been summoned, and no evidence remained of the important event which had just taken place. And yet, Stella reflected, she was married, though in so strange a fashion. She looked round her wonderingly until her eyes fell upon Crawford, who was watching her curiously. Then, as the door closed behind Mrs. Greyward, he came forward, and clasping Stella in his arms murmured, "Stella, my own love—my own dear love."

"I am your wife now," she said timidly, her tone having more in it of query than of assertion. "My wife!" he repeated, "my own true wife!"

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 76c.

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AN AUBURN MIRACLE.

An Act of Heroism is Followed by Dire Results.

Edward Donnelly Saves a Life Almost at the Cost of His Own—After Years of Suffering He is Restored to Health—His Story as told to a Reporter of the Auburn Bulletin.

Auburn, N. Y., Bulletin.

It is on record that upon a chilly April day, a few years ago, an eight-year-old boy fell into the East river at the foot of East Eighth street, New York, and when all efforts to rescue him had failed, Edward Donnelly, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the water and, when himself nearly exhausted, saved the boy from drowning. It was a humane and self-sacrificing deed and received deserved commendation in all the many newspapers that made mention of it. Edward Donnelly was then a resident of New York City, but his wife was Amanda Grantman, of Auburn, and his sister was Mrs. Samuel D. Corry, of No. 71 Moravia street, which gave a local interest to the incident. All this was some time ago, and both it and Mr. Donnelly have passed out of the mind of your correspondent until, a few days ago, while in Saratoga, he was shown a letter to a friend from which he was permitted to make the following extract:

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 20, '92. I am taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have cured me of that terrible disease, Locomotor Ataxia. When I commenced taking them, I was wholly unable to work and nearly helpless. I am now improved so much that I have been picking apples and wheeling them to the barn on a wheelbarrow.

Yours truly, EDWARD DONNELLY, 71 Moravia st., Albany, N. Y. Immediately on reaching Auburn, your correspondent called at the above address and found Mr. Donnelly out in a barn where he was grinding apples and making cider with a hand press and he seemed well and cheerful and happy. And then later, in the presence of his wife and Mrs. Corry and Mrs. Taylor, who all confirmed his statement, he told your correspondent the story of his sickness and of his restoration to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I was born in Albany, N. Y., and am 42 years old. The greatest portion of my life, I have lived in New York City. I was general foreman there of the F. A. Mulgrave Saw Mills, foot of Eighth street on the East river. It was on the 29th of April, 1889, that the boy fell into the river and I rescued him from drowning, but in saving his life, I contracted a disease, which nearly cost me my own. Why, sir, I am sure I should have died long ago, if Pink Pills had not saved my life.

"You see when I saved the boy, I was in the water so long that I was taken with a deadly chill and soon became so stiffened up and weak that I could neither work nor walk. For some time I was under treatment of Dr. George McDonald. He finally said he could do nothing more for me and that I had better go into the country. On the 1st of last June, (1892) my wife and I came up to Auburn. I was then in great pain, almost helpless, the disease was growing upon me and I felt that I had come to the home of my wife and of her sister to die.

"When the disease first came upon me the numbness began in my heels and pretty soon the whole of both my feet became afflicted. There was a cold feeling across the small of my back and downwards and a sense of soreness and a tight pressure on the chest. The numbness gradually extended up both legs and into the lower part of my body. I felt that death was creeping up to my vitals and I must say I longed for the hour when it should relieve me of my pain and misery. I was still taking medicine ("It was Iodide of Potassium," said his wife) and was being rubbed and having plasters put all over my body, but with no benefit.

"The latter part of last June I learned of a case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had never heard of those blessed pills before, but I thought if they could cure one man of the same disease with which I was afflicted, perhaps they would also cure me. So I sent to the Chas. H. Sagar Company, the popular Auburn druggists and chemists at 109 and 111 Genesee street, and got three boxes of the Pink Pills and began taking them at once. In three weeks time I was so improved that from being helpless, I was able to help myself and to get up and go to work and to walk every day from No. 74 Walnut street, where I then lived, to Osborne's new twine factory, Seymour and Cottage streets—(More than a mile) where I was then employed, but all the while I was taking Pink Pills.

"Then Dr. Patchen, of Wisconsin, uncle of my wife, and who was here on a visit, began to poo-poo at me for taking Pink Pills and finally persuaded me to stop taking them and to let him treat me. When he returned to the west he left a prescription with Dr. Hyatt, of Auburn, who also treated me. But their treatment did me no good, and after a while the old trouble returned and I was getting bad again. Then I began again to take Pink Pills; have taken them ever since, am taking them now; have taken in all about twenty boxes, at an entire cost of less than \$10 00 (my other treatment cost me a pile of money) and again I am well and able to work.

In New York Dr. McDonald said my disease was Locomotor Ataxia. He treated me by striking me on the knees without giving me pain; by having me try to walk with my eyes closed; by trying to stand first on one foot and then on the other, but I couldn't do it, and so after awhile he said I had Locomotor Ataxia and was incurable, and that I had better go into the country among my friends, who would make the few remaining days of my life as comfortable as possible and give me kind attendance. Well, I came, or rather was brought from New York into the country; but instead of dying, I am a well man, nearly as well as ever before in my life. Pink Pills did it. If I was able I would at my own expense publish the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the whole world and especially in New York City, where I am much better known than I am here.

"Another thing," said Mr. Donnelly, "I am sure that the Pink Pills for Pale People (and they are well named) are the best remedy for impure blood and the best blood maker in the world, why, when I was sick and before I took them, if I cut myself the very little blood that came from the wound was thin and pale and watery. A few days ago I accidentally cut my hand slightly and I bled like a pig and the blood was a bright red. Just look at the blood in the veins of my hands." So indeed they were, and his cheeks also were the

ruby flush of health with which only good blood and plenty of it can paint the human face. Your correspondent again called upon Chas. H. Sagar Co. at their request. They were much interested in the case and cure by use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and told of several other instances which had come to their knowledge where the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had proved efficacious in making most wonderful cures. These pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as eczema, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2 50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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