

MEDICAL.

Have you a baby

that is making you old before your time with worrying? Is it weak, delicate, puny? Are you fearful lest it be taken from you? Mother! Will you read this letter about

Brown's Iron Bitters

It is genuine—not paid for or even solicited—and the writer is the happiest woman in New Orleans.

Enclosed you will find a photograph of my youngest boy, Clarence. He was sick about seven months; nothing cured him but Brown's Iron Bitters. He is now a year old, well and hearty! I cannot say too much in praise of Brown's Iron Bitters.

This letter was written on July 25th, this year. Have you a delicate child? Life for many children in Brown's Iron Bitters!

The Genuine has the Crossed Red Lines on the wrapper.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

P. B. Curtis, Design, Va., writes:

I have been a sufferer from Piles for twenty years, suffering as one only knows who has been similarly afflicted, and have tried many remedies and visited great deal of money. My last physician was the most prominent surgeon in Richmond and I may say a man of national reputation in his profession, but none have given me relief until I began using the Japanese Pile Cure. The box I bought of you today is only the third one I have had and I am almost entirely cured already by the second box. I give this with pleasure to the hope of others suffering with Piles may be induced to try the Japanese Pile Cure.

We sell the Japanese Pile Cure at 50c. and \$1.00 per box, 6 for \$5.00, by mail, with written guarantee to refund the money if not cured. Sample free. Japanese Pile Cure 25c. per box.

Chas. R. Goetze and W. W. Irwin, JET-DAW

CONSUMPTION

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

FOR WEAKENED OR DEBILITATED THROUGH EXHAUSTION OR EXCESSIVE EXERCISE. IT IS GUARANTEED TO CURE BY THE USE OF THE ELECTRIC BELT AND SANDEN'S ELECTRIC CURE. IT IS GUARANTEED TO CURE BY THE USE OF THE ELECTRIC BELT AND SANDEN'S ELECTRIC CURE. IT IS GUARANTEED TO CURE BY THE USE OF THE ELECTRIC BELT AND SANDEN'S ELECTRIC CURE.

MALVADOR THE 1 TO 4 DAY CURE FOR

FOR GONORRHOEA, GLEET, LEUCORRHOEA AND SPERMATORRHOEA. IT IS GUARANTEED TO CURE BY THE USE OF THE ELECTRIC BELT AND SANDEN'S ELECTRIC CURE. IT IS GUARANTEED TO CURE BY THE USE OF THE ELECTRIC BELT AND SANDEN'S ELECTRIC CURE.

MALVADOR MFG. CO., Lancaster, O., U.S.A.

FINANCIAL.

What Do You Want to Know . . . ABOUT SPECULATION? GRAIN, PROVISIONS AND STOCKS. I have had thirty years' experience in speculation. I have a Manual for Speculators sent free on receipt of two-cent stamp. Correspondence solicited.

JAMES G. HULSE & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

G. LAMB, President. Jos. Seymour, Cashier. J. A. Jefferson, Assistant Cashier.

BANK OF WHEELING.

CAPITAL \$300,000, PAID IN.

WHEELING, W. Va.

DIRECTORS: H. M. Harper, Joseph F. Paul, H. M. Harper, Joseph F. Paul, H. M. Harper, Joseph F. Paul.

Interest paid on special deposits. Loans made on England, Ireland and Scotland.

JOSEPH SEYMOUR, Cashier.

EXCHANGE BANK.

CAPITAL \$300,000.

J. N. Vance, President. John F. Vance, Vice President.

DIRECTORS: J. N. Vance, George R. Sill, J. N. Vance, George R. Sill, J. N. Vance, George R. Sill.

Drifts issued on England, Ireland, Scotland and all points in Europe.

L. E. SANDS, Cashier.

BANK OF THE OHIO VALLEY.

CAPITAL \$175,000.

WILLIAM A. IRTY, President. WILLIAM A. IRTY, President. WILLIAM A. IRTY, President.

DIRECTORS: William A. Irtz, Mortimer Pollock, J. A. Miller, William R. Simpson, J. M. Brown, John R. Simpson, J. M. Brown, John R. Simpson.

Drifts issued on England, Ireland, Scotland and all points in Europe.

L. E. SANDS, Cashier.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

T. H. Higgins, PHOTOGRAPHER.

42 Twelfth Street.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

2154 MAIN STREET.

WE LOVE AGAIN.

I have wooed in solemn-wise, I have wooed in song, I have wooed in every mood, Full half a year too long. I have won—not even a smile returned from disdain. Loved, to learn alone to burn Through passion into pain. I can now take leave of thee, Harren, yes, but blast, Not till spent do souls consent To quit their fruitless quest. I, indeed, have vainly loved, Yet not loved in vain. I have desired but feel the fires With which we love again. CHARLES J. DAYNE

A PUNISHMENT.

Kitty Delamare was uncomfortable. We were constrained. Remembering the proverb about glass houses, we were all disposed to be tolerably charitable to flirtations and flirts, but this was a little too bad.

Dave Hilton was a general favorite, a fine, manly, deerskin fellow; and the only weak thing he ever had done was his falling in love with Kitty. She was a handsome girl, with a fair, sweet face, bearing no trace of craft or evil in it; but, heartless and utterly incapable of loving anyone but herself, or of appreciating the unselfish devotion that was offered her, she had through a whole summer, suffered all his attention, went out only with him, might even have married him, if George Maryatt had not presented himself at that time as a suitor.

As his expectations were greater, Kitty threw over Dave without scruple; even assumed a look of astonishment when he referred to the encouragement that she had given him; was very gentle, very sweet, very cold, and utterly inexorable.

I never saw a man so thoroughly beaten down as Dave looked the morning he left us. He had lost, not only her, but his faith for a time in women. Our indignation was intense; for we were all personal friends of Dave, and Kitty's cold serenity and utter absence of even a tinge of remorse was infinitely provoking. She was so wise, however, so patient and had such childish ways, and above all, was so marvelously pretty, that the men could not do less than be civil to her; and, as she cared nothing whatever about the girls, they found their indignation thrown away, and comforted themselves she had not entrapped George Maryatt, who had gone away without proposing.

Kitty, however, took her defeat philosophically, and, just at this juncture, dawn came Paul Danforth. His arrival was a surprise to all, and a mystery to me, for early in the summer he had sketched his plans for the season, and "The Pines" had by no means entered into his calculations. He was an intimate friend of Dave's, and it was to him Dave had gone on leaving us; and duly weighing all these considerations, I could not but wonder what evil angel had sent him among us.

From the first Kitty was not a little struck by his appearance, though he was not a man to be highly esteemed. Curiously enough, it was the first meeting (I mean Kitty and Paul), and as he was a warm admirer of female beauty, I looked for the immediate initiation of a flirtation. No such thing occurred, however. His indifference wounded the only love of which she was capable—her self-love—and roused her from her usual quiet security to active exertions. She positively sought out Paul, intrigued to attract his notice and admiration, and in vain. The innocent unconsciousness of this man of the world stood in good stead, and all of Kitty's arrows fell harmless to the ground.

So passed the first three weeks. Of what follows I shall tell the tale as it was told to me after, not as I saw it at the time.

Kitty—let us hope, accidentally—had sprained her ankle, just seriously enough to prevent her walking out, and to give her an excuse for becoming morning caps and the display of a handsome foot and slipper, and Paul could not but think as he looked at her, that if white and rose tints, heavenly blue eyes, superlative golden hair, rosy little fingers, a rounded chin, a little arched foot, and all the foolery of lace and bows and dainty handkerchiefs could excuse folly, then was Dave Hilton fully justified in loving Kitty Delamare.

Suddenly he spoke:

"When have you heard from Dave Hilton, Miss Delamare?"

"I have not heard from him at all," she said, timidly. "He is much too angry with me to write to me, and you," she added, half raising her eyes, but dropping them instantly before Paul's burning, inscrutable looks, "you are angry, too."

"What a mistake. I should not presume to be. What have we in common?"

"Nothing," she answered, wincing under his tones, "but I could wish that we could hold a good opinion of each other, as common property. Mr. Danforth, won't you come here a moment? I have something to say to you."

"I always liked Dave," went on Kitty plaintively. "I was really fond of him, as a brother. I told him so, and thought that he understood. He raved, persisted, would not be refused. I plied him; but what could I do? I must be firm. If I had shown him half the grief I felt he would have never left me. It would simply have prolonged his misery and mine. Could I have done otherwise?"

"You? Certainly not," returned Paul, with a somewhat remarkable accent on the pronoun.

"I confess," went on Kitty, "that I think now I have been to blame in not checking him quickly enough, in not speaking more decidedly; but I never dreamed that his intentions were more than brotherly, and I was so fond of him."

Here she heaved a little sigh; and then came a silence, broken at last by little sobs and curious, suppressed sounds from Kitty's corner.

Paul put out his hand and touched a face wet with genuine tears.

"You are crying. What is the matter?" he asked, more gently than he had yet spoken.

"Nothing."

"Do ladies cry like that for nothing?"

"Well, then, I am so lonely. They are all against me; and you, whom I thought would be generous and believe me, are against me, too."

"How do you know I am against you?"

"Your silence just now spoke more plainly than words."

"Perhaps you are not the wisest of interpreters. I am not conscious of having given you cause for such an assertion. It is unjust for you to say so."

"Kitty snaked back with a sigh. 'I am tired, Mr. Danforth. Will you give me a glass of water?'"

He brought it and stood by her after she had finished drinking it.

"Are you friends?" he asked, with soft look, rare on his face.

"Do you believe me?"

"About Dave Hilton?"

"I believe Dave should have been capable of taking care of himself. I am not sworn to do battle for him. I shall have enough to do to take care of myself."

"You persist in thinking so, then?"

"Thinking what? You are obscure?"

"That I am unloving—a flirt."

"That is your explanation, not mine. How can I but believe you? It is hardly necessary to say that I do. I think you evade me also. You have not answered me yet. Are you friends?"

Kitty put out a little hand silently, and Paul, taking it into his grasp, pressed and kissed it.

From that time they were I hardly know what; it seemed rather a vassalage than a flirtation. Paul's caprices equalled those of the most inveterate coquette. At one time he was devoted to himself, and Kitty bloomed out at such times with a loveliness truly surprising, because the expression of an emotion, the least selfish of any feeling that she had ever experienced; at others he was cold, distant, almost uncivil, devoting himself exclusively to others, and these alterations, perplexing to us all, were visibly on Kitty's health and spirits.

She was thoroughly subdued, this veteran coquette, this cold-hearted girl. Paul chose to prefer the ugliest and most unbecoming dress in her wardrobe, and she wore it till he hated the sight of it. He insisted that she looked best with her hair plainly dressed, and she put all the superb golden mass straight behind her ears, and lost half of her beauty in consequence.

At last he addressed her in words of love, carelessly, as one who was sure of his prize, and she caught at the declaration eagerly, complaining at the same time that he but half loved her.

This was not the burden of her complaints. She doubted perpetually, required perpetual reassuring, assurances that Paul gave, sometimes carelessly, sometimes refused pettishly. On one of these occasions Paul said to her:

"You distrust me strangely. Do you dread retributive justice? Is it that you remember Hilton?"

She shuddered.

"Why do you speak of him. I never loved him."

"But do you love me?"

"Yes."

"And if I should deceive you as you did Hilton?"

"I cannot imagine it. I would not believe it; but if such a thing could be, I should not die—people don't die so easily—but live. Oh, why do you suggest such things? I had rather die than know you were false."

"But suppose I were; suppose that?"

"Paul, are you mad, or am I? Why do you talk thus? Why do you look so?"

"I have taken off the mask. At last you see me as I am; at last you hear me say what has long been in my heart, and know the truth, and Hilton is avenged."

Kitty rose, white as death and trembling in every limb, tried to speak, staggered, stretched forward her hand, and fainted.

Paul rang the bell, conigned her to the servant's care and left the house. She has never seen him since.

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

SUNDAY, March 3.

Our happiness depends upon that which is within us, and not upon that by which we are surrounded.

BREAKFAST—Oranges. Oatmeal. Butter toast. Poached eggs. Cold pressed beef. Warm rolls. Coffee.

DINNER—Bouillon. Roast loin or veal, with dressing. Cranberry sauce. Mashed potatoes. Celery salad. Orange jelly.

LUNCH—Crackers and milk. Bread and butter. Fruit. Tea.

Do not neglect little things, if they affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

MONDAY, March 4.

Life is full of beauty if we only know how to gather it into our bins and store-houses.

BREAKFAST—Apples. Pearl hominy. Ham and eggs. Muffins. Syrup. Coffee. Dinner—Soup from bones of veal. Baked potatoes. Macaroni and cheese. Tomato pickles. White and Graham bread. Cranberry tart.

SUPPER—Cold meat. Creamed potatoes. Canned berries. Cake. Milk. Tea.

Snippinoodles. (Miss Barnes.)

One cup sugar; one egg; one tablespoonful butter; one-half cup milk; one cup flour; one teaspoonful baking powder; one level teaspoonful cinnamon. Spread very thin on a tin sheet and bake. When nearly done sprinkle with sugar. When brown cut into squares and remove with a knife. They should be thin and crisp.

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The Value of a Package.

The contents of a 25-cent package of Simmons Liver Regulator will cure many a sick headache. It's the woman's friend. "It cured me permanently of sick headache."—C. S. Morris, Brownsville, W. Va. Take it dry on the tongue, or make a tea.

EVERYBODY is drinking ale now—best winter drink.

SPECIAL EXCURSION

To Pittsburgh Saturday, March 3, Via the B. & O. \$1.50.

On the above date the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Pittsburgh and return at the low rate of \$1.50, good returning Sunday, March 3. Elegant attractions at the theatres are offered—Mrs. Langtry at the Alvin, Aladdin, Jr., at the Duquesne, Pauline Hall at the New Grand, Cotton King at the Bijou, etc. Trains leave Wheeling at 5:05 and 7:30 a. m.; 1:20 and 5:45 p. m. Returning the regular Wheeling and Cincinnati express leaves Pittsburgh at 11:55 Saturday night, thus enabling persons to take in two performances and reach home same night.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best ointment in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, totter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Logan Drug Company.

CHAS. R. GOETZ and W. W. Irwin, druggists, will tell you that Johnson's Arnica Salve always gives satisfaction and is the cheapest. \$1.00 size 50 cents; 50 cent size 25 cents.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lightning Hot Drops—What a Funny Name! Very True, but it Kills All Pain. Sold Everywhere. Every Day—Without Roll, There is No Pay!

VETICO'S

WONDERFUL CURES

Dumbfound Doctors and Surprise Everybody.

A WRITTEN LEGAL CONTRACT!

Ministers, physicians and intelligent people all over the world, have praised Veno. Rev. A. P. McNeill sent the following all-true letter:

Wheaton, Ohio, August 28, '94. This is to certify that I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my back, stomach and limbs, the larger half of my life, and I am now almost 56 years of age. I have tried everything I could hear of, a goodly number of doctors, and failed to get permanent relief. On the 23rd day of July, 1894, I called at Dr. Veno's office in Toledo, and took treatment of him—the Cure-Acne Syrup and Electric Fluid—and I found almost instant relief. I have used Veno's medicine now for five weeks and have had four weeks solid comfort. I am now free from pain, and can hear of a goodly number of doctors, and failed to get permanent relief. On the 23rd day of July, 1894, I called at Dr. Veno's office in Toledo, and took treatment of him—the Cure-Acne Syrup and Electric Fluid—and I found almost instant relief. I have used Veno's medicine now for five weeks and have had four weeks solid comfort. 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