

Jos. Horne & Co., Penn Ave. and Fifth St., Pittsburg.

JULY BARGAINS

now prevail all over the store. Stocks must be reduced to the lowest possible basis for the semi-annual stock taking on August 1st. Prices are cut right and left to clear out everything.

- Dress Goods, Silks, Ladies' Suits, Ladies' Waists, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Children's Wear, Glass and China, Furniture.

as well as all other stocks, come under the price-pruning knife during July.

It's the best month in the year for the economical buyer to visit the store. Or if you're too far away to come, write for facts and prices.

Jos. Horne & Co., PITTSBURG, PA.

STATIONERY, BOOKS, ETC.

1852 1895.

Blank Books.

We carry the largest stock and best assortment in the city. Also a full line of office supplies. Our prices always the lowest.

Our Flat Opening Account Books are the best, made of Scotch linen, heavy ledger paper (perfect). Bookkeepers should examine before ordering elsewhere.

AGENT LEON ISAACS' GLUCINUM PENS.

Jos. Graves' Son, 26 Twelfth Street.

ALL THE July Magazines And 500 new Paper Novels at 10c, and 500 Cloth Books at 20c and 35c.

STANTON'S OLD CITY BOOKSTORE.

TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES. Typewriter Ribbon, Typewriter Paper, Typewriter Carbon, Typewriter Oil.

For Remington, Caligraph, Smith, Premier and other standard machines always on hand.

CARLE BROS. 1208 MARKET STREET.

STATIONERY, BASE BALLS, BATS, HAMMOCKS, CROQUET, FOOT BALLS, CHEAP BOOKS.

Latest Fashion and Literary Magazines, News-papers. C. H. QUIMBY, 114 Market Street.

WARM WEATHER IS DOM.

SOME MERCHANTS would have you believe that trade enters a condition of torpidity about July 1, and remains so till the cool days of September wake it to life and activity again.

But, begging your pardon, that is not true. There is no season of the year in which people do not buy goods; there is no season in which they do not want them. By the same token, there is no season in which it will not pay to advertise.

However, if your neighbor has this old-fashioned notion, and is too conservative to advertise now, there is all the better chance for you. If you think people are not hunting bargains in warm weather, try it.

Everybody is not out of town, by a large majority!

GROCERIES ETC. DULUTH Imperial Flour Still in the Lead. For Sale at H. F. BEHRENS, 2217 Market Street.

BUSINESS CHANGE. WE WILL SEND YOU FREE, THE best and latest book, descriptive of market leading in grain, provisions, stocks and cotton. Also our Daily Market Letter. This little book contains plans for systematic speculation. Having what on margin you make the same profit on an advance, as if you had 1000. W. W. WILSON at 53, 465, Traders' Building, Chicago.



(Copyright, 1895.) CHAPTER II.

By midday I had got as far as the village of Saalfeld, but as I was on the direct road for Osterode, where the emperor was wintering, and also for the main camp of the seven divisions of infantry, the highway was choked with carriages and carts. What with artillery, caissons and wagons and couriers and the ever-thickening stream of recruits and stragglers, it seemed to me that it would be a very long time before I should join my comrades. The plains, however, were five feet deep in snow, so there was nothing for it to plod upon our way, it was with joy, therefore, that I found a second road which branched away from the other, trending through a fir wood towards the north. There was a small auberge at the cross roads, and a patrol of the Third Hussars of Coblentz—the very regiment of which I was afterward colonel—were mounting their horses at the door. On the steps stood their officer, a slight, pale young man, who looked more like a young priest from a seminary than a leader of the devil-may-care rascals before him.

"Good day, sir," said he, seeing that I pulled up my horse. "Good day," I answered. "I am Lieutenant Etienne Gerard, of the Tenth."

I could see by his face that he had heard of me. Everybody had heard of me since my duel with the six fencing masters. My manner, however, served to put him at ease with me.

"I am sub-Lieutenant Duroc, of the Third," said he.

"Newly joined?" I asked.

"Last week."

I had thought as much from his white face and from the way in which he let me lounge upon their horses. It was not long, however, since I had learned myself what it is like when a schoolboy has to give orders to veteran troopers. It made me blush, I remember, to shout abrupt commands to men who had seen more battles than I had years, and it should have come more natural for me to say "With your permission we will now wheel into line," or "If you think it best, we shall trot." I did not think the less of the lad, therefore, when I observed that his men were somewhat out of hand, but I gave them a glance which stiffened them in their saddles.

"May I ask, monsieur, whether you are going by this northern road?" I asked.

"My orders are to patrol it as far as Aronsdorf," said he.

"Then I will, with your permission, ride so far with you," said I; "it is very clear and the longer way will be the faster."

So it proved, for this road led away from the army into a country which was given over to Cossacks and marauders, and it was as bare as the other was

companion. It was too distant for us to tell whence it came, but we had little doubt that it was from the lanceheads of marauding Cossacks.

The sun was just setting when we rode over a low hill and saw a small village upon our right and on our left a considerable castle which jutted out from among the pine woods.

A farmer with his cart was approaching us—a matted-haired, downcast fellow in a sheepskin jacket.

"What village is this?" asked Duroc.

"It is Aronsdorf," he answered in his barbarous German dialect.

"Then here I am to stay the night," said my companion. Then turning to the farmer, he asked his eternal question: "Can you tell me where the Baron Straubenthal lives?"

"Why, it is he who owns the Castle of Gloom," said the farmer, pointing to the dark turrets over the distant fir forests.

Duroc gave a shout like a sportsman who sees his game rising under him. The lad seemed to have gone off his

head, his eyes shining, his face deathly white and such a grim set about his mouth as made the farmer shrink away from him. I can see him now, leaning forward on his brown horse with his eager gaze fixed upon the great black tower.

"Why do you call it the Castle of Gloom?" I asked.

"Well, it is the name it bears upon the country side," said the farmer. "By all accounts, there have been some black doings up yonder. It's not for nothing that the wickedest man in Poland has been living there these fourteen years past."

"A Polish nobleman?" I asked.

"Nay, we breed no such men in Poland," he answered.

"A Frenchman, then," cried Duroc.

"They say that he came from France."

"And with red hair?"

"As red as a fox."

"Yes, yes, it is my man," cried my companion, quivering all over in his excitement. "It is the hand of Providence which has led me here. Who can say that there is not justice in this world. Come, Monsieur Gerard, for I must see the man safely quartered before I can attend to this private matter." He spurred on his horse, and ten minutes later we were at the door of the inn at Aronsdorf, where his men were to find their quarters for the night.

Well, this was no affair of mine, and I could not imagine what the meaning of it might be. Rosset was still far off, but I determined to ride on for a few hours, and take my chance of finding some wayside barn in which I could find shelter for Ratanian and myself. I had mounted my horse, therefore, after tossing off a cup of wine, when young Duroc came running out of the door and laid his hand upon my knee.

"Monsieur Gerard," he panted, "I beg of you not to abandon me like this."

"My good sir," said I, "if you would tell me what is the matter and what you would wish me to do, I should be better able to tell you if I could be of any assistance to you."

"You can be of the very greatest," he cried. "Indeed, from all that I have heard of you, Monsieur Gerard, you are the one man whom I should wish to have by my side to-night."

"You forget, that I am riding to join my regiment."

"You cannot in any case reach it to-night. To-morrow will bring you to Rosset. By staying with me you will confer the greatest kindness upon me, and you will aid me in a matter which concerns my own honor and the honor of my family. I am compelled, however, to confess to you that some personal danger may possibly be involved."

It was a crafty thing for him to say. Of course I sprang from Ratanian's back and ordered the groom to lead him back to the stables.

"Come into the inn," said I, "and let me know exactly what it is that you wish me to do."

He led the way into a sitting room and fastened the door lest we should be interrupted. He was a well-grown lad, and as he stood in the glare of the lamp with the light beating upon his earnest face, and upon his uniform of silver gray which suited him to a marvel, I felt my heart warm toward him. Without going so far as to say that he carried himself as I have done at his age, there was at least something enough to make me feel sympathy with him.

"I can explain it all in a few words," said he. "If I have not already satisfied your very natural curiosity, it is because the subject is so painful a one that I can hardly bring myself to allude to it. I cannot, however, ask for your assistance without explaining to you exactly how the matter lies."

"You must know, then, that my father was the well-known banker, Christopher Duroc, who was murdered by the people during the September massacres. As you are aware, the mob took possession of the prisons, chose three so-called judges to pass sentence upon the unhappy aristocrats, and then tore them into pieces when they were passed out into the street. My father had been a benefactor of the poor all his life. There were many to plead for him. He had the fever, too, and was carried in half dead upon a blanket. Two of the judges were in favor of acquitting him. The third, a young Jacobin whose huge body and brutal mind had made him a leader among the wretches, dragged him with his own hands from the litter, kicked him again and again with his heavy boots, and hurled him out of the door, where in an instant he was torn limb from limb under circumstances which are too horrible for me to describe. This, you perceive, was murder even under their own unlawful laws, for two of their own judges had pronounced in my father's favor."

"Well, when the days of order came back again my elder brother began to make inquiries about this man. I was

only a child then, but it was a family matter, and it was discussed in my presence. The fellow's name was Carrabin. He was one of Santerre's Guard, and a noted duelist. A foreign lady named the Baroness Straubenthal, having been dragged before the Jacobins, he had gained her liberty for her on the promise that she, with her money and estates, should be his. He had married her, taken her name and title, and escaped out of France at the time of the fall of Robespierre. What had become of him we had no means of learning.

"You will think, doubtless, that it would be very easy for us to find him since we had both his name and title. You must remember, however, that the revolution left us without money, and that without money such a search is very difficult. There came the Empire and it became more difficult still, for, as you are aware, the Emperor considered that the Eighteenth Brumaire brought all accounts to a settlement and on that day a veil had to be drawn across the past. None the less we kept our family story and our family plans."

"My brother joined the army and passed with it through all southern Europe, asking everywhere for the Baron Straubenthal. Last October he was killed at Jena with his misson still unfilled. Then it became my turn, and I have the good fortune to hear of the very man of whom I am in search at one of the first Polish villages which I have to visit and within a fortnight of joining my regiment. And then, to make the matter even better, I find myself in company of one whose name is never mentioned throughout the army save in connection with some generous and daring deed."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADVANCE AT PULLMAN.

Wages Put Up Ten Per Cent at the Great Car Works.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The Pullman palace car company has advanced the wages of its employes at the Pullman shops 10 per cent, the advance affecting about 4,000 people. No formal announcement had been made by the company of its action, as the advance has been gradual, taking effect in various departments at different times during the last two weeks. Vice President Wickes in discussing the matter to-day, said that the company had assured its men last year, when the great strike was ordered, that wages would go up as soon as business conditions would permit, and that the present increase in salaries was simply the fulfillment of the promise made them.

The advance, coming as it does just a year since the railroads of the country were tied up in the effort to compel such an increase, is regarded by labor leaders as strange, but the officials of the company deny that any significance attaches to the date of the advance.

YELLOW PINE MARKET

May Be Controlled by this Combine Just Formed.

SAVANNAH, Ga., July 6.—Articles of incorporation for the Southern Pine Company of Georgia, were applied for here to-day. The petitioners are Henry P. Talmadge, Charles S. Fairchild and James Stillmore, of New York City; Wm. Hogenkamp, of New Jersey; John Flannery, Samuel P. Hamilton and E. A. Denmark, of Savannah.

The capital stock already paid in is one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with privilege of increasing to five millions. Under the charter there will be a combination of the big lumber plants of Stillwell, Miller & Company, J. J. McDonough & Company, J. J. Clark Lumber Company and other large Georgia concerns, valued at several million dollars. The new company can engage in any business pertaining to lumber or naval stores. It will endeavor, it is said, to control the yellow pine market.

Russo-China Loan.

St. PETERSBURG, July 6.—The Russo-China loan will be signed to-morrow, and will be a first charge on the maritime customs.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to meet the market, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption, coughs and colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for liver, stomach and kidneys, Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at Logan Drug Company's drug store.

W. H. NELSON, who is in the drug business at Kingsville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy that he warrants every bottle and offers to refund the money to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the Remedy is a certain cure for the diseases for which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by Charles R. Goetze, Will W. Irwin, John Klari, William E. Williams, C. Monkemeller, William H. Hagne, H. C. Stewart, A. E. Scheele, J. Coleman, C. Schenpf, William Menkemeller, Wheeling, W. Va.; Bowie & Co., Bridgeport; B. F. Peabody & Son, Newwood.

INFLAMED, itching, burning, crusty and scaly skin and scalp of infants soothed and cured by Johnson's Oriental Soothe. Chas. R. Goetze and W. W. Irwin.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, 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.

TO YOUNG WIVES WE OFFER A REMEDY WHICH INSURES SAFETY TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD. "Mothers' Friend"

ROBS CONFINEMENT OF ITS PAIN, HORROR AND RISK.

"My wife used only two bottles. She was easily and quickly relieved; is now doing splendidly." J. S. MONTRO, Harlow, N. C.

Sent by express or mail, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Book, "TO MOTHERS" mailed free. HEADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



This is tiresome. Rubbed off in the wash you see. But the wonder is that any buttons at all are left on, when you grind them up so against a washboard. It isn't necessary, if you wash with Pearline. No washboard; no rubbing; no buttons worn off; no holes worn in. Think of the different kinds of work that you save, with

Pearline! And the money! Remember, too, that if you keep to things proved to be absolutely harmless, there's nothing you can use that is equal to Pearline, the original washing compound. Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, let it Back. honest—send it back.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. ANCKER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City. "For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS. CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux, Cholera, Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc. HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc. Tastes Good. Smells Good. BREAKS UP A COOLD. SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY. HERB MEDICINE CO. [Formerly of Weston, W. Va.] SPRINGFIELD, O.

EVERY WOMAN Sometimes needs a reliable, monthly, regulating medicine. Only harmless and the purest drugs should be used. If you want the best, get Dr. Peal's Pennyroyal Pills. They are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine (Dr. Peal's) never disappoint. Sent anywhere, \$1.00. Address PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O. For sale by CHAS. R. GOETZ, Drugist.

COIN AT SCHOOL IN FINANCE. NOTHING SEEMS TO ME MORE CERTAIN THAN THAT A FULL, HEALTHY AND PERMANENT REACTION CANNOT TAKE PLACE IN FAVOR OF THE INDUSTRIES AND FINANCIAL WELFARE OF THE COUNTRY UNTIL WE RETURN TO A MEASURE OF VALUED RECOGNIZED THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD. CHICAGO: W. B. CONKEY COMPANY, Publishers. REPLY TO COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL. PRICE 25 CENTS. For sale at the INTELLIGENCER office, Wheeling, W. Va. or mailed to any address on receipt of price. The Intelligencer Publishing Company.

SCROFULA. Miss Della Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: I have always suffered from hereditary scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, and many reliable physicians, but none relieved me. After taking 8 bottles of SSS I am now well. I am very grateful to you, as I feel that it saved me from a life of untold agony, and shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.