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.

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PITTSBURG, PA.

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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.

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Much Cheaper This Season Than in 1894

Cleveland Special	$2.00
Monarch, Oriental Gut	3.00
Taylor, Jr., Oriental Gut	3.50
Ladies' Special, Oriental Gut	4.00
Eclipse Special, Oriental Gut	5.00

Nets, Balls and the Gun Court Racket in stock.

STANTON'S OLD CITY BOOKSTORE.

THIRTY YEARS TO-DAY,

July 15, 1895.

In the sale of Books, Stationery, Magazines and Newspapers, at the old stand.

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Made from the finest Sherry Wine.

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All Work Done Promptly at Reasonable Prices.

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The HIBBERD CALORIFIC NATURAL GAS BURNER is the only burner on the market that is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Be not deceived in accepting "just as good" with no guarantee. Sold only by

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BEAUTY'S REALM.

Arthur Middleton Writes of Two Famous Resorts.

IN THE MIDST OF GRAND SCENERY

Two of West Virginia's Ante-Bellum Resorts Flourish,

AS THEY DID IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

But These Former Meccas of Southern Beauty and Chivalry Now Sought by People from All Sections. The Immense Estate of the "Old White"—A Hotel Employing Eight Hundred Servants—Salt Sulphur Springs and the Enchanting Drive Over the Mountain Road.

Special Correspondence of the Intelligencer.

SALT SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA., July 20.—The three famous ante-bellium resorts to which the southrons came with their carriages and retinues of servants to spend the summer, in mixing mint julips and sulphur water and indulging in these pleasures indigenous to the old regime, were the White Sulphur, the Salt Sulphur and the Blue Sulphur, all of which are now within the confines of old Virginia's daughter. The Old Blue is a mass of ruins. Weeds and briars grow on its lawn and cattle drink out of its marble fountains. Its glory has departed and it stands a ruined monument of the past. Not so with the White and the Salt. They are the same as ever, except the guests come from all parts of the country.

* * *

A great many people object to the drive from the railway to the Salt. Just why anyone should so object is strange. It is the most picturesque thirteen miles in the mountains. The road is a splendid one and any kind of conveyance desired can be procured. What is more invigorating; what is more beautiful; what really makes man feel his smallness as much as grand and sublime scenery; and what makes one feel that sentiment which makes good citizens, good soldiers, good men, more so than the feeling inspired by the author of "Home Sweet Home?" Show me the man who cares for the rights of good citizenship—who will shoulder a musket in defence of a boarding house and I will guarantee him a job with a museum as the greatest wonder of the modern world. All along the drive from Ford Spring to the Salt are homes, cosy homes in the finest setting on earth. The fields are that rolling, billowy, undulating kind that is found only in a blue grass section. On each side stretch fields of the greenest grass, fields of waving green gray oats, the old gold wheat field, the subdued browns and grays of the fallows, while here and there are woodland groves of magnificent forest trees beneath which the lazy mild eyed cattle rest in that peace which only true contentment brings to even mankind. Old England herself can furnish few such scenes of pastoral beauty. In the distance rise the foot hills of the Alleghanies, with their varying greens, while here and there perched upon their very summits can be seen farm houses that look like martin boxes with emerald backgrounds. Further on to the south, as far as the eye can see, runs Peters mountain in one unbroken stretch of misty blue, while the peaks of the Alleghanies rise here and there above its summitt like sentinels in gray whose heads are lost in the blend of the sky. Further south the eye can barely discern the outlines of Briar Knob, the sentinel that keeps watch over Droop mountain, where over thirty years ago the Blue and the Gray met in one of the bloodiest little battles in the history of the state. The scars of the cannon balls and the grape shot upon the old oaks are deeper now than the scars left upon the minds of the survivors. But I digress. What I wanted to say was that the drive from Fort Spring would almost revivaly a mummy. If there be a man whose soul is so dead to its beauty, he is worse than Shakespeare's musicless man.

* * *

Have you that tired feeling? Are you dizzy? Do you suffer from loss of appetite? Have you flashes of heat and cold? Do you have spots before your eyes? Are you nervous? Is there a gnawing sensation in the pit of your stomach? If so, take—my advice. Come to the mountains of West Virginia. Inhale the Argonic ozone of their pure air and drink the cool water fresh from mother earth's laboratory. You can also bathe in water the odor of which gives one the idea that Lucifer might have had faith enough in it to have tried therein to wash his sins away, just after he was cast into that hole without a bottom. If the theory is not a correct one he evidently scented his baths with the predominant ingredient of his place of abode.

* * *

The immensity of the White Sulphur Springs should be a matter of pride to the state, as it has as a resort always been a matter of pride to southland. Very few people, even those who have gone there season after season, know what a colossus of a place it is. Thinking it would be a matter of interest I gathered a few statistics while there. The property contains 12,000 acres, 112 of which are in the lawn. With the grand central hotel, with its rows of colonades, its roof of domes and sentinel-like chimneys, and the rows of cottages which surround the lawn, it can accommodate in comfort about 2,000 guests. It maintains its own electric and gas plants and steam laundry. It employs about 800 servants, and its table, which is noted, eats up the supplies like the famous dragon of St. George. In the height of a successful season it takes per day about 500 pounds of steaks and as much other beef. Eight to ten sheep lay down their lives daily that man may thrive and wax fat. Over 1,200 fowls daily dance the headless jig. Six to eight hundred dozen eggs are made to shell out daily. Hundreds of pounds of fish are shipped from Richmond every day. This does not include the vegetables, the dainties and luxuries that go to make up such a collation as is served daily. The gross expenses of a season are about $1,000 per day, or from $75,000 to $100,000 per season. If you like, patient reader, you can go and help pay this expense at a rate of from $75 to $500 per month, just as your desires and pocket-book may coincide. This may be the "Little Mountain State," but it has one of the largest, gayest and most fashionable spots in the world. Long may it flourish.

* * *

Inventors who have been trying to solve aerial navigation would do well to call their wives to their assistance. Any woman who can successfully steer against the currents and cross currents of the atmosphere with a balloon on each shoulder should be of most material assistance to the inventors of air ships. In very truth, the invention of the modern sleeve and its success on all kinds of women and in all kinds of weather is as wonderful as the most wonderful invention and innovation of modern times. Chicago women might keep on their feet, but what prevents the little, dainty, refined woman from going straight up to heaven is as much a mystery as woman herself, which, by the way, is saying a great deal.

* * *

Another mystery to me is how a gentle woman, aye, gentlewomen, who can shed tears over an injury to the lowest animal, who are model wives, mothers and Christians, with hearts that are really full of love and pity for all unfortunates; who are the bulwarks of refined society, which should mean an absence of all that is unkind and selfish; who are the mainstay of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, can sit up without a single compunction of conscience and drive behind a pair of docked-tail horses in the time of the pestiferous fly. But the world is full of mysteries too deep for human reason to fathom, and of all the mysteries woman is the most mysterious.

* * *

I have been looking at the tall, straight pines that stand sentinel like above their surrounding relatives of the forest and wondered and kept on wondering what they reminded me of. I think I have struck it. They look like the old time New England schoolmaster during "books."

* * *

As one naturally thinks of the things which are constantly before him, so I am reminded that I must present my compliments to the summer girl. Not last summer's girl with her yachting cap, her cardboard like shirt waist, men's ties, tan shoes, belt and buckle, her slang and stable talk, but this summer's girl with her wonderful balloon like sleeves and dresses of dotted and flowered swiss as light and as gauzy as spring butterflies. She's a new discovery. Come down and see her. She's a dream. I have labelled her "Exhibit A." If you will come at once I will place a weight on the bottom of her dress skirt and hold her. But don't delay. She's very etherial, except at the dining table.

* * *

The Salt is owned by Charleston people and managed by Col. J. W. M. Appleton. It might be said that a gentleman is never out of place. But if there is one place which pre-eminently brings forth the true courtesy of a gentleman born it is the place of manager at a summer resort, where all kinds of people with all kinds of peculiarities go. The Salt is a delightful place, especially for families. What a good time the children do have. It makes one long for the pleasures of childhood, which, alas, manage as we may, vanish too soon. The white bread of childhood, even to the most fortunate, is a small loaf and soon consumed. Then comes rye bread and treakle, followed by the stale bread of old age. What a blessing it is that man may be born again and again eat of the white bread of eternal life.

* * *

To come down to that with which I am more familiar, if it is not so pleasant; that which is a very expensive, yet a necessary evil, now—perhaps a necessary blessing later on—politics, I want to say that I neglected to state the name of the Cincinnati hotel at which Major Joe, of the Chilton tribe, issued the proclamation that the "Chilton family was the governor of West Virginia sah," was the St. Nicholas. I also failed to state that a guest present remarked, sub rosa, "what a little brief authority and a little sparkling champagne it took to flood a small brain pan."

* * *

I have been feeling the pulse of the Republicans of Monroe and find as far as I can ascertain, which is pretty far, that their choice for governor is ex-Congressman G. W. Atkinson, of Wheeling. A few days since I was discussing the outlook with one of the leading local politicians of the party, and I asked him why he thought Mr. Atkinson would be the strongest man. Said he: "We must not flatter ourselves that the Democratic party is dead. It is like a cat with nine lives. When you think it defunct it has the most life. It's a pugnacious party. When it is in power it fights among itself. When out it unites and fights the other fellow. So the other fellow wants to put up a champion. To be brief, I think Mr. Atkinson the champion, because he is an honest, upright man with a clean moral and political record, an experienced organizer, thoroughly posted on political economy, a man with a classical and political education, as well as with that best of all education which is gained by association with his fellow man. He is one of the most magnetic stump speakers in the state, a broad minded, liberal men, who never goes back on a friend—one who is in direct sympathy with the people and a man who is not only fitted to fill the place to the credit of the state but with benefit to the people. By his knowledge of affairs and his innate refinement and courtesy, he will be an honor to the state. This is more than can be said of any of his predecessors. I almost forgot to say that he is a native born West Virginian. That is also more than the present governor and many former ones have been, and should count as a big point in his favor. We ought to be able to find a West Virginian who can fill the place of chief executive with as much ability and more honor to our people than one who is only a native by adoption and not by birth and education. These are my views and the views of my friends in a nutshell." I was going to add some of my reasons for my belief in Mr. Atkinson being the strongest candidate, but I think my Republican friend covered the ground. I will add, however, that that nutshell of his was certainly one which was full of sound, sweet meat. The Democrats are at sea. Their fleet is scattered and their guns spiked, but they are beginning to rally and think and talk some about running a candidate for governor, and those of Monroe will favor Judge Nelse Campbell if he will allow his name to be presented to the convention, which I think he will.

* * *

The manner with which the MacCorkle-Chilton-Family runs the state reminds one of the effort of the sacred Egyptian scarabens to roll its little hatchery. Did you ever see them attempt to roll their little ball of all in a straight line to a place that may suit them, regardless of the many tumbles it takes over the rough places? Have'nt you seen the ball roll over and bugs and all take a tumble into a rut? But, persistance, their only trait, makes them try again. They never get to the place of their aim, but find a soft spot and bury their ball and themselves in the same hole of dirt. There is another similarity between them which I will leave to the reader. If he knows each he will know wherein it lies.

ARTHUR MIDDLETON.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

CHIPPEWA LAKE Pleasure Resort and Picnic Grounds on the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling railway is now open for the season. Please consult local agents for rates and train arrangement.

W. H. NELSON, who is in the drug business at Kingsville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa 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 Klar, William E. Williams, C. Menkemeller, William H. Hague, H. C. Stewart, A. E. Schaele, J. Coleman, C. Schnepf, William Menkemeller, Wheeling, W. Va.; Bowie & Co., Bridgeport; B. F. Peabody & Son, Benwood.

A. GODDEN, druggist, Birmingham, Alabama, writes: "Please publish some of the testimonials I have sent you for Japanese Pile Cure." Charles R. Goetze and W. W. Irwin.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

ECZEMA

From early childhood until I was grown my family spent a fortune trying to cure me of this disease. I visited Hot Springs and was treated by the best medical men, but was not benefited. When all things had failed I determined to try S.S.S. and in four months was entirely cured. The terrible eczema was gone, not a sign of it left. My general health built up, and I have never had any return of the disease. I have often recommended S.S.S. and have never yet known a failure to cure.

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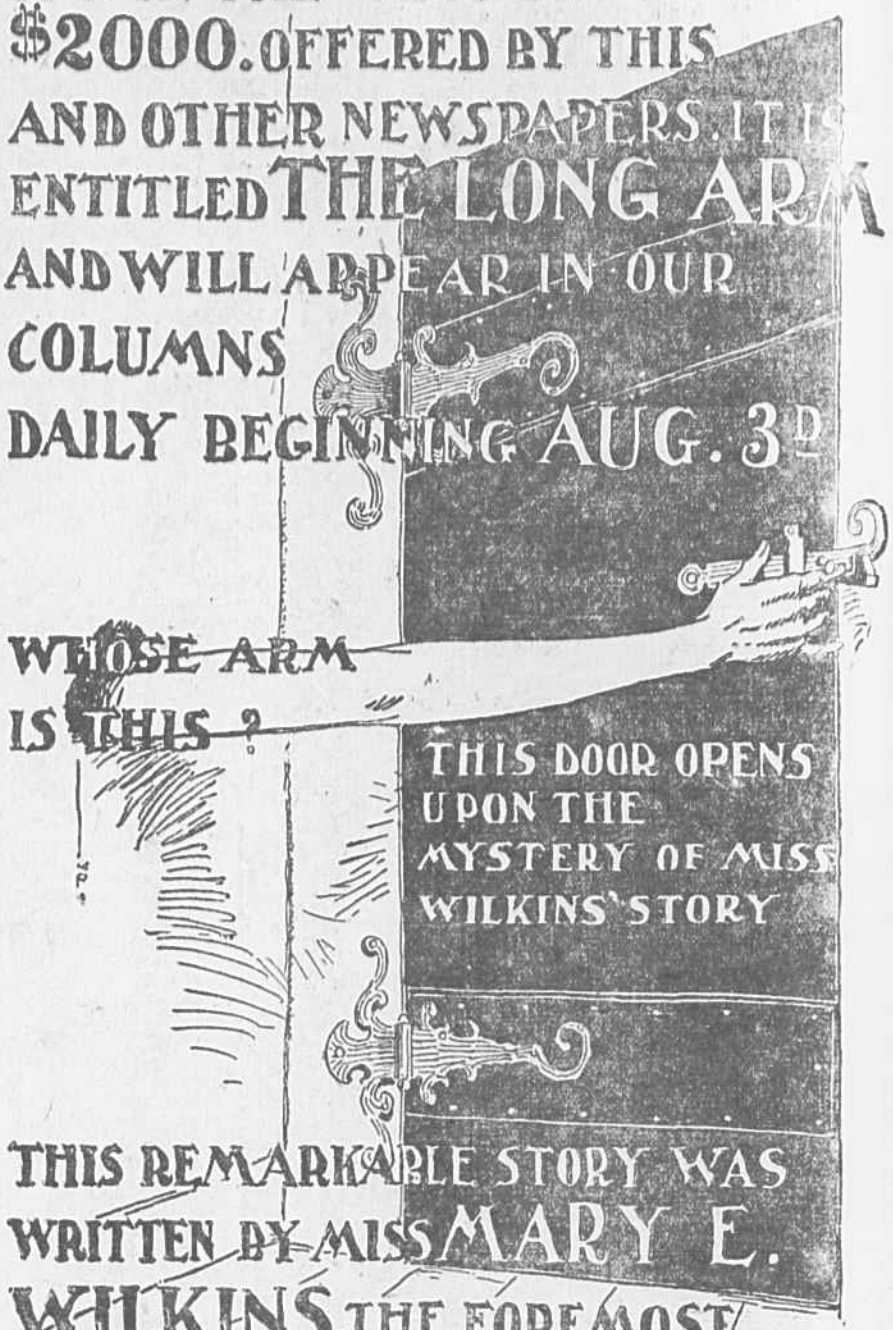

THIS REMARKABLE STORY WAS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY E. WILKINS, THE FOREMOST AMERICAN NOVELIST, IN COLLABORATION WITH MR. JOSEPH E. CHAMBERLIN OF BOSTON.

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Write me a full history of your case, and for QUESTION LISTS and 100 Page Book. It will cost you nothing to try me, my skill is great. I have cured thousands. I CAN CURE YOU. Twenty years' [illegible] Sealed; not sent unless you send 4 cts. in stamps to pay postage. [illegible] Consultation personally or by mail FREE. Write before taking treatment elsewhere.

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