

JOS. HORNE & CO., Penn Ave. and Fifth St., Pittsburgh.

The New Fall Dress Goods

Are daily crowding to the counters. Although the season hasn't yet begun, we've more Fall Dress Goods in stock than most stores carry at any time.

Such Handsome Styles! Such Rich Qualities! And values at the prices before unknown.

Here's a short list of some of the newest:

At 95c a yard— Navy Blue and Black All-Wool Serges, 36 inches wide; as good as you'd expect for 95c.

At 85 and 40c a yard— Very special qualities in All-Wool Henriettes, 45 inches wide.

At 50c a yard— Black and Navy Ground Henriettes, with Colored Figures, 40 inches wide.

At 75c a yard— 54-inch Cheviot Serge, the regular \$1 quality.

At \$1.25 a yard— Heavy Pique Cord, with a slightly mixed effect—Silver, Gray, Dark Tan, Mode, Old Rose, Blue, Brown, Navy, 50 inches wide.

A great showing of new Silk-and-Wool Plaids, 40 inches wide, 50c, 60c, 65c a yard. Formerly \$1 would be cheap for any of them.

A Postal Card Request

Will bring you samples of any of the above, or any other information you may ask for.

JOS. HORNE & CO., PITTSBURGH, 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.

BLANK BOOKS.

We have opened a large stock of BLANK BOOKS at prices that can not be beat in the city. Also a fine line of TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES.

CARLE BROS., 109 MARKET STREET.

BASE BALLS.

NATH. BALL GLOVES, CROQUET BALLS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS. Delivered anywhere.

Gospel Hymns, Church Hymns and Prayer Books C. H. QUIMBY, 144 Market Street.

FINANCIAL.

G. Lamm, President. Jos. Reynolds, Cashier. J. A. Jarrison, Assistant Cashier.

BANK OF WHEELING.

CAPITAL \$200,000, PAID IN. WHEELING, W. Va.

EXCHANGE BANK.

CAPITAL \$300,000. J. N. VANDE, President. JOHN FRENCH, Vice President.

BANK OF THE OHIO VALLEY.

CAPITAL \$175,000. WILIAM A. BERT, President. WILIAM H. HUNTER, Vice President.

MACHINERY.

REDMAN & CO., GENERAL MACHINISTS

And Manufacturers of Marine and Stationary Engines.

1017 WHEELING, W. VA.

THE MYSTERY OF BENITA

(Copyright, 1893.)

The hut was built of pieces of rock carefully fitted together at the back, and at first I could discover no means of investigating the interior from where I stood.

Mother Videaux made her tea and then turned to the basket of food she had brought from the enclosure.

I need not say that I was intensely interested, and watched every motion as she cleared away the table, lit a short clay pipe, and then, as I guessed she would, took up the loaf again. She



leaned over the table and crumbled it carefully with her fingers, morsel by morsel. Soon she uttered an ejaculation. Something had fallen upon the table from the crumbs.

My heart gave a rough bound of delight—I had found my clue at last. She went through the whole loaf, and laid nine diamonds in a little heap on the table.

She sat down in her chair again, smoking contentedly, and I was about to beat a retreat, satisfied that I had learned all I had hoped to, when my attention was arrested by seeing her reach suddenly forward and take a small round basket upon her knee.

Instantly there glided over her arm a slender, silver-gray snake, and a shudder went over me as I recognized the deadly asp. It rested upon her shoulder and thrust its flat head before her face.

"Glad to get out, Poison!" she crooned, tenderly, as a mother would talk to a child; "glad to stir about a bit, is you? Hard life, Poison, we're cooped up all day in a basket, we're nothing to stick those pretty fangs into! Take care, denty!"

"Mustn't strike at mamma, you know, I'll be worse for you if you act any way out to-night. You can be my water-dog and keep the niggers away. Ha, ha, ha! No one likes to bother Mother Videaux when her pets is loose. Run away, now, Poison, and we'll go to bed."

Shivering with horror at the scene, I drew back, and as my eyes grew accustomed to the fading light without, I picked my way to the corner of the house, turned into the path, and came face to face with Howard Forsythe!

"If ever a desire to murder showed itself in a man's face, I read it in his."

"What are you doing here, he demanded, harshly.

"Attending to my business," I answered, firmly.

"What have you seen?"

Mr. A. H. Crosby, of No. 253 Barr St., Memphis, Tenn., writes that his wife had cancer which had eaten two large bones in her breast, and which the best physicians of the surrounding country treated, and pronounced incurable. Her grandmother and aunt had died of

Cancer

and when told this, the most eminent specialists of New York, under whose treatment she was placed, advised her case was hopeless. All treatment having failed, she was given up to die.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"That is my affair." He stared at me a moment without speaking, and then broke into a fury.

"You scoundrel!" he cried, with an oath, "if I thought you were prying into my affairs, I'd kill you as I would a dog!"

"Mr. Forsythe," I returned, "pray recollect yourself. You are speaking to one authorized by your brother and yourself to discover the theft of your diamonds. How much I know I shall not at present tell, but I warn you to be careful what you say if you would not have the whole world, as well as your brother, know the truth!"

He controlled himself with an effort; I could see his face was purple with rage and his hands clinched tightly together; but he turned on his heel without another word and marched down the path to the enclosure.

He shut him self up in his room without even a glance at me, and I went to my own, and wrote a full account of the scene I had witnessed at the cottage. Then I knocked at Herr Schlitz's door.

"Well?" he cried. "Come in!" I entered and asked him if he would keep a small parcel for me till I went away.

He rolled his eyes toward me without a spark of intelligence in them. He was already drunk, and a glass at his elbow; so I thrust my packet, addressed to my employer, into his desk, and quit the room.

The day wore away without adventure, and to my intense satisfaction, and I retired early to my room.

The next morning I was walking about the enclosure to take the air, and telling myself that to-morrow the steamer would arrive and deliver me from my imprisonment, when to my surprise Howard Forsythe walked toward me.

"Good morning, Andrews," he said, as he came up, "have you finished your mission?"

"Not entirely." "Then you do not intend to leave by to-morrow's boat?"

"Pardon me, I do." He looked at me steadfastly for a time, pulling at his cigar and evidently thinking what he should say. When he spoke it was in an altered tone.

"We had better understand one another, Andrews."

I nodded my acquiescence. "As the head of affairs in Benita," he continued, "and my brother's representative, I request a full report of whatever you may have discovered—or rather, what you think you have discovered."

"For a moment his audacity took my breath away, but I replied, shortly: 'I am employed by your brother. My report will be made to him alone.'"

"You have fully decided to ignore me?"

"To the extent of retaining what knowledge of the theft I possess."

"Very good. It is not what I had a right to expect, but I think we understand each other," and without more ado he turned his back and walked away.

I reflected that although he might understand me I could not say that I understood him, or his intentions, and in spite of myself I grew nervous as the day wore away and I saw that he studiously avoided me.

I made a farewell call on Mr. and Mrs. Dolby that evening, and when they discovered I was to leave the next day they managed with an effort to forget one another partially and entertain me to the best of their resources.

When I left them it was already dark, and as the office building seemed deserted I decided to go to bed.

Going to my room I wrote up my diary, partly packed my valise, and then, not feeling sleepy, I read for an hour in an old novel I had found at the office. Even after putting out the lamp and crawling into bed I felt nervous and wakeful, and it was a long time before I fell into a doze.

I woke abruptly, with a sense of impending danger, and opened my eyes.

The moonlight shone full through the curtainless window and fell upon the door opposite me. I could discern all objects within the little room nearly as well as by day, for the bed was beside the window and therefore in shade, while the soft light flooded the space beyond and rendered no invisible to anyone standing in the doorway.

Someone was standing there now, for I saw his form darkly outlined against the frame, and the door stood half open. While I was debating whether or not to cry out, the form disappeared a moment, and then, returning, advanced a step and placed some object upon the floor.

My eyes followed each motion, and as he stepped back I was horrified to recognize in the object a small round native basket similar to Mother Videaux's. This one also was covered with a coarse cloth, and my hair arose with terror when I saw the intruder reach out his arm and fumble with the knots at the side.

"YOU SCOUNDREL!" HE CRIED WITH AN OATH.

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DELAWARE.

All Sorts of Local News and Gossip from the Glass City.

Mayor DuBois was not content with his Sunday visit to Schmidt's saloon, and what it revealed, but on Monday night he started out late at night to inspect that portion of the town where villainy is supposed to exist.

The farmers out along the line of the Bellaire, Zanesville & Cincinnati road are evidently bent on making the farms yield more. There were twenty car loads of fertilizer in the railroad yards here yesterday.

The city hall was well filled with people yesterday listening to the trial of a case that grew out of a quarrel of two neighbors named Londo and Deafonbaugh.

A few sheep were left in a pen at the Bellaire, Zanesville & Cincinnati station last Saturday and complaint was made to the mayor yesterday that they had not been fed or watered in all that time.

There will be a meeting of taxpayers at city hall here on Saturday, September 7, and an effort is being made to make it a big meeting, to organize and join with other parts of the county.

At the Harvest Home picnic in Stewart's grove, south of St. Clairsville today, Hon. L. Danford, N. K. Kennon, J. W. Nichols and C. L. Woens are down for addresses.

Alex. Wiley, formerly of this city, who has for years been in Washington City, is now engaged in a large wholesale business in New York city at a salary of \$2,500.

The Old Fellows are making great preparations for their outing at Epworth park next Monday.

Miss Emma Warcock, clerk in the postoffice, is home from a week's vacation in the country.

Miss Columbia Bartlett, of the Democrat, is spending this week with West Virginia relatives.

J. J. McCormick and family are enjoying a tour of eastern cities this week.

Cure For Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It affects a permanent cure, and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence.

A horse kicked H. S. Snafer, of the Freeman House, Middleburg, N. Y., on the knee, which laid him up in bed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which he did, and in two days was able to be around.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passage in male or female.

Mr. A. A. Snyder, superintendent poor farm, Winesboro, Va., says: Last winter Mr. Robert Leach used two boxes of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve and cured a large running sore on his leg.

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Heart Disease Kills

Suddenly; but never without warning symptoms, such as faint, weak or hungry spells, irregular or intermittent pulse, fluttering or palpitation of the heart, choking sensations, shortness of breath, swelling of feet and ankles, etc.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, Cures Heart Disease.



Mr. Geo. L. Smith, of the Geo. L. Smith Mangle Co., Louisville, Ky., writes Feb. 25, 1894: "For about a year I was a terrible sufferer from heart trouble, which got so bad I was obliged to sit up in bed to get my breath. I had to abandon business and could hardly crawl around. My friend, Mr. Julius C. Voght, one of our leading pharmacists, asked me to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I had used little more than a bottle when the pain ceased and palpitations entirely disappeared. I have not had the slightest trouble since, and today I am attending to business as regularly as ever."

Sold by druggists everywhere. Look on Ward and Nerves sent free. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.

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 Syrup, and Castor Oil.

Castoria. Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Four Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"Castoria has well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it needs a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTY, 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 lasting results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., 12th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

IT TICKLES YOU THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM LIGHTNING HOT DROPS. CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhea, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc. HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc. BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc. SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD. SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY. HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

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 VALUES RECOGNIZED THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD. 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.

"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

SAPOLIO IS THE PROPER THING FOR HOUSE-CLEANING.

"To Remove Paint. 'Sit down on it before it is dry.'—(Teasler, S. J.) That's a good way—easy, too. And another way is to do your cleaning in the old-fashioned way with soap; the necessary rubbing takes off the paint along with the dirt, but this is very tiresome work.

You ought to do your house-cleaning with Pearline; that's the modern way—easiest and most economical way—takes away the dirt easily and leaves the paint. Saves rubbing, saves work, saves time, saves whatever is cleaned. Use Pearline (with-

out soap) on anything that water doesn't hurt.

Millions NOW USE Pearline