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Trimmed or Untrimmed Millinery. 1,000 Untrimmed Felt Hats. All this season's latest shapes, suitable for school and early fall wear and only 25c each.

New Bicycle Hats For Misses and Children, the last London block. Trimmed Hats and Toques, never such values offered here or elsewhere at \$3, \$4, \$5, \$7.50 to \$12.

Children's School Hats, \$2.50 to \$8. Boys' and Youths' Hats and Caps, hundreds to select from. Prices the lowest in this Millinery Department for equal qualities.

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Imported ones found here and from the way our Lining Department is crowded daily you would think they are found only here. Low prices causing all this stir.

Black, gray or white Hair Cloth, the only reliable stiffening for the popular made Skirt. What is prettier than to have the rich, stylish and handsome Boucle Dress Goods made into a Skirt with this French idea of Hair Cloth Lining, here in all qualities and lowest prices.

Jos. Horne & Co. PITTSBURGH, PA.

DRESSES—J. S. RHODES & CO.

NEW FALL DRESS GOODS NOW OPEN.

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Black Dress Goods. You can get any kind you want—250 Styles to select from.

Dress Goods at 50c. Forty-eight inch all-wool Henriettas and Serges and 38 inch Fancy Brocades, in black and colors, choice 50c.

Yard wide all-wool Henriettas and Serges in black and colors at 25c a yard.

J. S. Rhodes & Co. SUMMER RESORTS.

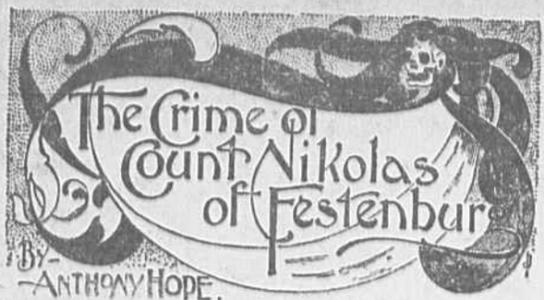
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The Crime of Count Nikolas of Festenburg

By ANTHONY HOPE. (Copyright, 1895.) CHAPTER III.

And all his men ran out, the king's guard doing nothing to hinder them, and jumped on their horses, and setting them at a gallop hurried after the count. He, riding furiously, turned towards the town of Zenda, and the whole company swept down the hill, and reaching the town, clattered and dashed through it at full gallop, neither drawing rein nor turning to right nor left, and again they roused the bishop of Modenstein, and he turned in his bed, wondering what the rush of mounted men meant. But they, galloping still, mounted the opposite hill and came to the castle of Festenburg with their horses spent and foundered. In they all crowded, close on one another's heels; and the bridge was drawn up, and there in the entrance they stood looking at one another, asking mutely what their master had done, and who was the lady whom he carried wrapt in the coverlet. But he ran on till he reached the stairs, and he climbed them, and entering a room in the gate-tower, looking over the moat, he laid the Princess Oera on a couch, and, standing over her, he smote one hand upon the other, and he swore loudly: "Now, as God lives, Zenda I will have, and her I will have; and it shall be her husband whom she must, if she will, proclaim a cheat in Streisau."

Then he bent down and lifted the coverlet from her face. But she did not stir nor speak, nor open her eyes. For she had fallen into a swoon as they rode, and did not know what had befallen her, nor where she had been brought, nor that she was now in the castle of Festenburg and in the power of a desperate man. Thus she lay still and white, while Count Nikolas stood over her and bit his nails in rags. And it was then just at midnight. On being disturbed for the third time the bishop of Modenstein, whose temper was hot and cost him continual prayers and penances for the mastery it strove to win over him, was very impatient; and since he was at once angry and half asleep, it was long before he would or could understand the strange and monstrous news with which his frightened host came trembling and quaking to his bedside in the dead of night. A servant girl, stammering the frightened fellow, had run down half-dressed and putting from the castle of Zenda, and declared that, whether they choose to believe her or not—and indeed she could hardly believe such a thing herself, although she had seen with her own eyes from her own window—yet Count Nikolas of Festenburg had come to the castle that

church, to obey me. The pistol is full at your head."

The watchman knew the bishop; but he also knew the count his master. "I dare not let down the bridge without an order from my lord," he faltered. "Then before you can turn around you're a dead man," said the bishop. "Will you hold me harmless with my lord if I let it down?"

"Aye, he shall not hurt you. But if you do not immediately let it down I'll shoot you first and refuse you Christian burial afterwards. Come, down with it."

So the watchman, fearing that, if he refused, the bishop would spare neither

body nor soul, but would destroy the one and damn the other, let down the bridge, and the bishop, leaping from his horse, ran across with his drawn sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. Walking into the hall, he found a great company of Count Nikolas's men, drinking with one another, but talking uneasily and seeming alarmed. And the bishop raised the hand that held his sword above his head in the attitude of benediction, saying, "Pescio be with you!"

Now most of them knew him by his face and all knew him as soon as a comrade whispered his name; and they sprang to their feet, uncovering their heads and bowing. And he said: "Where is your master, the count?"

"The count is upstairs, my lord," they answered. "You cannot see him now."

"Nay, but I will see him," said the bishop.

"We are ordered to let no one pass," said they, and although their manner was full of respect they spread themselves across the hall and thus barred the way to the staircase that rose in a corner of the hall. But the bishop faced them in great anger, crying: "Do you think I do not know what has been done? Are you all then parties in this treachery? Do you all want to swing from the turrets of the castle when the king comes with a thousand men from Streisau?"

At this they looked at him and at one another with great uneasiness; for they knew that the king had no mercy when he was roused, and that he loved his sister above everybody in the world. And the bishop stepped up close to their rank. Then one of them drew his sword half-way from its scabbard. But the bishop, perceiving this, cried: "And do you all do violence to a lady, and dare to lay hands on the king's sister? Aye, and here is a fellow that would strike a bishop of God's church!"

And he caught the fellow a buffet with the flat of his sword that knocked him down. "Let me pass, you rogues," said the bishop. "Do you think you can stop a lieutenant?"

"Let us go and tell the count that my lord the bishop is here," cried the house steward, thinking that he had found a way out of the difficulty, for they dared neither to touch the bishop nor yet to let him through, and the steward turned to run towards the staircase. But the bishop sprang after him, quick as an arrow, and dropping the pistol from his left hand, caught him by the shoulder and hurled him back. "I want no announcing," he said. "The church is free to enter everywhere."

And he burst through them at the point of the sword, reckless now what might befall him so that he made his way through. But they did not venture to cut him down; for they knew that nothing but death would stop him, and for their very souls' sakes they dared not kill him. So he, kicking one and pushing another and laying about him with the flat of his sword and with his free hand, and reminding them all the while of their duty to the church and of his sacred character, at last made his way through and stood alone, unhurt, at the foot of the staircase, while they cowered by the walls or looked at him with stupid helplessness and bewilderment. And the bishop swiftly mounted the stairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Mystery Explained. GUTHRIE, OKLA., Sept. 13.—A week ago William Holland, a stockman, living near Concord, disappeared, as did also several hundred head of his cattle. His body has been found buried near his ranch, with the head shot away and several knife stabs in the breast. It is believed that two armed strangers, who visited Holland's ranch, committed the crime.

Mr. A. H. Cranby, of No. 125 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., writes that his wife had cancer which had eaten two large holes in her breast, and which the best physicians of the surrounding country treated, and pronounced incurable. Her grandmother and aunt had died of

and when told this, the most eminent specialists of New York, under whose treatment she was placed, declared her case was hopeless. All treatment having failed, she was given up to die. S. S. S. was recommended, and, astonishing as it seems, a few bottles cured her sound and well.

Our treatise on this disease will be sent free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Oastoria.

Stomach and Bowel Complaints are best relieved by the timely use of De Witt's Colic and Cholera Cure. Insist on having this preparation. Don't take any other. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Peabody, Benwood, and Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O.

Cheap Homeowners' Excursions. On August 29, September 10 and 24, the Burlington Route will sell round trip tickets at very low rates to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Black Hills and other western points. For particulars call on your agent, or address D. O. Ives, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

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A FAVORABLE REPORT

As to the Work Done so Far by the Florence Crittenton Rescue Home.

Only six months have passed since the doors were opened at 71 Seventeenth street for girls who were tired of living lives of shame. Up to this time twelve have been admitted. Four are at the home at this time. The others have been restored to their homes and friends. Two of these were widows with little children to support, and were led into these awful dens thinking only of the money to be earned. God forbid that the traffic of souls should be longer permitted in the city. The board has been met with all kinds of questions as to how we know that these girls return to their homes in every instance. Word has come back from them and their friends, telling us that they are safe and living pure lives. They are not lost sight of.

If the public could read some of the letters of gratitude from fathers and mothers of these girls, who have been looked upon as dead so far as ever being at home again! Back of every life of shame lies a sad story. Every one of these unfortunates is "somebody's child;" somewhere a heart is yearning for them. To read these letters, coming from homes that have been broken up, and then made happy again by the return of a child that had been lost in sin, makes our hearts glad, and we think no labor too hard nor no money lost that is spent for trying to save fallen humanity. The public in general has been very kind in helping to support the home, many have given pledges of money, so much per year to be paid monthly. Also the home has been entirely furnished with donations. Others give clothing and staples. We are especially in need of provisions and clothing, and money always. Through the kindness of Mr. McTragor, we have received free transportation on the railroads, for all who have been sent to their homes. All the papers in the city are left at the home. We acknowledge this kindness.

The first national convention of the Florence Crittenton Rescue Missions will be held in Baltimore October 17, to which convention a delegate from Wheeling will be sent to represent and report the work of our home. Will not the good citizens of Wheeling who are interested in social purity, and believe in an equal standard of morals, come to the front and help to put our home on a more solid basis? We need a larger house. We should own the building. The house now occupied is not large enough to accommodate all who would like to come. Never let it be said of Wheeling that there is not an open door for these unfortunates who have been driven from the pale of respectable society, who are anxious to lead pure lives if they have an opportunity. We commend the chief of police and his men and our sheriff for their aid officially. These men who know the needs of such a home believe it is a blessing to our city. Let all the good people lend a helping hand in this wonderful work of saving souls for eternity.

The home is open always to all who are interested and desire to visit it. We have been asked our plan of reformation; it is this: We recommend to those who come for help the saving grace of God and of a loving Savior, who has said, "Whoever will, let him come, and I will in no wise cast him out," and the same Jesus who, when the woman of sin was brought before Him for judgment, said, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." "Go, and sin no more."

SECRETARY OF BOARD OF MANAGERS.

INSOMNIA.

From the Hera'd, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Jessie Shea is a young married woman whose tidy home is at 855 West Lexington street, Baltimore. For many months Mrs. Shea was a terrible sufferer from a nervous affection which resulted in general debility and apprehension that oftentimes incurable malady, insomnia. A Herald reporter called at her residence recently, and was shown into the neatly furnished parlor and told that Mrs. Shea would be down in a few minutes. Soon a light step was heard tripping down the stairway and Mrs. Shea, radiant with health and the vigor of young womanhood, entered the room. When asked if she had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with a smile which betokened the utmost satisfaction the young lady replied "Yes, I have used them, and had I not heard of them I doubt if I would have been here to answer your call."

Continuing she said: "About two months ago I had an attack of what the doctors termed nervous prostration. My appetite left me entirely and what little sleep I got, and it was very little, I assure you, was not by any means refreshing. On the contrary, when I awoke from a nap I had such a tired and exhausted feeling that I was loth to try to get to sleep again. I continued to lose flesh day after day until I was almost a shadow compared with my former self."

"As soon as I began to take the Pink Pills I commenced to improve. I am no longer troubled with nervousness. I have a good appetite, experience none of the feelings incident to indigestion, and I sleep as sound as a healthy child. The pills are certainly all they are represented to be, and, as I believe, I owe my life to the fact of having used them. I shall always cheerfully recommend them to my friends and other persons whom I find to be suffering from the maladies of which they cured me."

Dr. Williams' Pink 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 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 men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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Plaid Silks, Fancy Silks, Dresden Silks, Taffeta Silks, Brocade Satins, Plain Satins, GREAT VARIETY JUST OPENED!

New Jackets and Capes. Latest Styles, in Boucle, Velvet and Persian, also Fur Capes.

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