

JOS. HORNE & CO.,

Penn Ave. and Fifth St., Pittsburgh.

FRIDAY, Sept. 27, 1895.

Broadcloths.

The latest advices are that the reliable Dress Fabric, Broadcloths, are again in the first ranks for the

Fine Tailor Gown.

3300 yards came into our store this week direct from the Foreign looms, of the best makers, made from the best wools and high Satin finish. Prices for the same qualities we guarantee, to be the lowest.

We offer a special purchase of an Imported (not Domestic) Broadcloth, all shades and Black, at

50c yard.

LADIES' KNIT UNDERWEAR.

Second floor, Fall lines complete and we make a special offering to-day.

Ribbed Cotton Vests, finished seams and tape neck with Drawers to match, exceptional values, at

25c each.

Basket Booth.

We make Baskets while you wait. An expert has been placed in the Basket Booth in our Basement, and we are prepared to fill all special orders left with us for odd shapes and sizes in Hampers, Clothes Baskets, Dog Baskets, Shopping Baskets, Market Baskets, Waste Baskets and Willow Baskets. Chairs nicely repaired on short notice at small expense.

Write our MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT for SAMPLES and any information. We have thousands of Customers that do SHOPPING BY MAIL.

Jos. Horne & Co. PITTSBURGH, PA.

DRESSES—J. S. RHODES & CO.

NEW FALL DRESS GOODS

NOW OPEN.

No better time to buy than now. Many Novelties once sold cannot be duplicated.

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.

BROOKSIDE, WEST VIRGINIA.

Altitude 2100 feet, where rest can be found. How many people are wondering where they can go for the summer to regain their health and strength and find the power of health and surroundings. Nowhere better than at Brookside for pure air, grand views, beautiful drives, the lawn, tennis, croquet, and a picturesque trout brook, running through the place. Black bass in the brook. Large rooms to give you most refreshing sleep. Table furnished with all fresh fruits and vegetables and wholesome cooking. Swimming pool, tennis, boating, billiard, croquet, and croquet and croquet attached. Ten miles from Oakland and Deer Park. Ten cottages and main house. Rates \$2 to \$10 per week. For descriptive circular, etc., address

S. PRESCOTT WRIGHT, Brookside, W. Va.

PLUMBING, ETC.

TRIMBLE & LUTZ COMPANY, SUPPLY HOUSE.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating.

A Full Line of the Celebrated

SNOW STEAM PUMPS

Kept Constantly on Hand.

1600 AND 1500 MARKET STREET, WHEELING.

WILLIAM HARRIS & SON.

Practical Plumbers,

GAS AND STEAM FITTERS.

No. 33 Twelfth Street.

All Work Done Promptly at Reasonable Prices.

JOB WORK

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED

AT THE INTELLIGENCER JOB ROOM.

BOOKS.

"As I Lay Sleep in Italy."—SHELLEY. Charles Ludlow Warner in Harper's Magazine for October. One night I lay asleep in Africa. In a garden close by the city gate. A dark horseman, furrowed and late. Came wildly thundering at the closed door. "Open, in Allah's name!" he cried. "Wake, wake!"

THE BILLOP MYSTERY.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE. (Copyright, 1895.) CHAPTER V.

Mr. Corvin had been a fortunate man, as the world reckons, and yet he had never looked like a happy one. If he were happy, he was very successful in disguising the ordinary external symptoms of it. To look at him, you would have said that he was a victim of losses, disappointments and discomforts.

He was the richest man in town, and the most powerful; what he said, went, and what he wanted, came. People were in awe of him, and judging by their manner when conversing with him, you would have thought they were devotedly fond of him. But if you had heard them talking about him, when he was not present, you would have reconsidered this conclusion.

One misfortune, to be sure, he had met with; it concerned his only son, Peter. This young gentleman had been put in the way of getting a liberal education; he had attended the best school and the best college; but owing to personal peculiarities of nature and character, he had not achieved a brilliant or even creditable record at these places. He had learnt how to spend money, though; but some of the things he bought with it had not been of benefit to him, either in health or reputation. It was surmised that this had led to disagreement between his father and himself, Peter had not taken the paternal remonstrances in good part. At last things seemed to have arrived at a sort of crisis; and after it had passed, Peter was no longer an inmate of his father's house, nor, it was understood, the recipient of an income from him.

Nor did Lawyer Corvin encourage any inquiries about his son on the part of inquisitive acquaintances. It was now three years since he had spoken the young man's name, and nobody knew (or cared) what had become of him.

Since Lawyer Corvin had no other living relatives, it was matter of speculation what he would do with his property, when the time came for him to be gathered to his forefathers in the better—or at all events the other—world. It must have been annoying to Mr. Corvin to have spent his life in so ardently scraping wealth together, only to find, at last, that he could do nothing better with it than to bestow it upon some charitable institution. It must be painful for one who carefully abstained from doing any good in the world while he lived in it, to be almost compelled to appear as a benefactor after his decease. Why does not civilization provide openings for posthumous investments more adapted to the temper and predilection of persons of Lawyer Corvin's kind?

Mr. Morford walked into the sitting-room, holding Nellie by one hand, and in the other the folded paper which they had found in the tree. Mr. Corvin was standing before the table, with his hands behind him, staring gloomily at a pile of gold eagles and double-eagles which were heaped upon it; and Nancy was sitting on the opposite side of the table, with her eyes sparkling and her cheeks red, holding in her hands a slip of paper, freshly written, and bearing the appearance of a receipt—which indeed it was.

"Good morning, Mr. Corvin," said Morford; "do I intrude, Miss Billop?" "No, Mr. Morford, that you don't! I was just settlin' a little account I had with Mr. Corvin. I was tellin' him I was sorry I ain't got no bank-notes, but if he can't carry 't off in his pockets, I'll have a buggy tetch up, and send it down to that!"

"I don't understand this," said Mr. Corvin. "You had no money yesterday, and to-day the house seems full of gold. I shall make investigations. If this money was found anywhere in the land adjoining the house, I shall lodge a claim to it; the land being mine, so is the money."

"Land cakes! That can't be right, can it?" said Nancy, appealing to Morford.

"Mr. Corvin is a lawyer," replied the latter. "He must know about such things. If he owns the land, and you are buying it of him with money you found on the land, he may have the law on you. Of course, if he merely held a mortgage on the property, he has no more right to make such a demand than I have."

"This is none of your affair, sir," said Corvin, harshly. "It's his affair to answer a question of I ask him, Mr. Corvin," interposed Nancy, whose spirit was evidently rising. "El' it's your affair to make out that what mine by right, ain't mine but yours—just because you're a lawyer and I ain't—then I say it's a poor affair for a man to be in! There's your money, sir, to take or leave; an' I don't want to hurry you, but

continued; "that you are liable to be disappointed of it, in certain contingencies, in fact. If that is so it might be worth your while to find a purchaser, even if he were to ask you to make an abatement in the price, in consideration of the risk he would assume."

"You've been misinformed, sir; what's mine is mine, and I don't intend to part with it."

"My information came to me pretty straight," remarked Morford. "I was told you held this land because some paper showing that it had really belonged to another had been lost."

"If you choose to go about picking up fools' gossip, it's no affair of mine," remarked Corvin, angrily. "Perhaps, since you have no son or other legal heir, your idea is to leave this property to the heirs of the person to whom it justly belongs? In this case, I shouldn't press you to sell, though."

"Will you mind your own business?" shouted the old man, quite losing control of his temper. "Who are you, I'd like to know? You came to me the other day to work off some of your stock on me. I'm glad I put off closing with you till now; I don't believe your stock is worth the paper it's printed on; I believe your invention is a swindle. As to having no heir to leave my property to, we'll see about that! I'm not dead yet, to begin with, nor like to be; and I've got a son, though your informant seems to have forgotten to tell you so. Folks may think I've cut him off with a dollar; maybe I did; but I can take him back again when I choose; and I choose now! I shall write to him by this day's post to come back here at once, and when he comes, I shall settle everything I've got on him. I see your game! You think you can get some pickings by working up some idiotic conspiracy or other with that fool of a woman, to cheat me or frighten me out of my property; but you've got hold of the wrong man. If you don't want to get into trouble, and bad trouble, let me alone!"

"Do you know your son's address, Mr. Corvin?" said Morford, very quietly. "If not I have reason to think you may find it in that letter."

"We'll see how much you know," said the lawyer, with a sneer; and he tore open the envelope and ran his eyes over the enclosure. Then his arms fell heavily to his sides, and his face turned dingy white.

"Is he worse?" asked Morford, quickly. The old man fixed a dull stare upon him. "Who are you?" he demanded, after a pause, in a heavy tone. "This letter says my boy, Peter, is dead. But may be it's a part of the swindle."

But Mr. Morford made a gesture with his hand. "No, no, Mr. Corvin," he said, not unkindly. "I knew your son; I met him in New York. He fell ill, and as he was destitute, I had him taken to the hospital from which that letter came, where he could get good nursing. But he was not expected to live. I am sorry for you."

"Keep your sorrow!" said Corvin, setting his jaws. "I can do without it. If the boy's dead, he's dead, and that's the end of him! You and your partner, here, won't get the land any more for that. I'll make a will and leave it to the first beggar I find in the street, sooner than Nancy Billop, or any one else's plotting with, shall have as much of it as would do to bury 'em!"

Morford eyed him rather sternly for a moment, and then turned to Nancy. "What is your news, Miss Billop?" he said.

But Nancy had hidden her face upon her arms on the table, and was crying silently. She did not look up, but pushed the paper towards Morford, with her hand. "Read it to him—poor soul!" she said, with a sob between the words.

Morford took it up, and faced the lawyer again. "This paper, Mr. Corvin," he said, "is in your handwriting, and bears date about ten years back. It is signed by you in presence of two witnesses. It states that in consideration of the sum of \$10,000 to you in hand paid, by Matthew Billop of Fenbrook, you do hereby deed to him, his heirs, and assigns forever, the certain tract of land herein named and described. You remember the writing, I presume; at any rate, if you intend to deny it or contest it, you will have the opportunity when I bring it before the court, on Miss Billop's account, as I shall lose no time in doing. Meanwhile, I shall keep it in charge."

The old lawyer was terrible to look at while Morford was speaking thus. His dry lips curled back from his yellow teeth, his fierce, crafty eyes were concentrated in a stare of mingled hate and fear. He leaned forward over the table, and peered into Morford's face.

"Who are you?" he asked, in a husky whisper. "What does all this tomfoolery mean? Who are you?" "It will soon be known, who I am," replied the young man; "I came here to make it known, among other things. But I will tell you now, since you ask me, that I am Tom Linton."

Corvin gave a kind of hoarse cough, and reeled back. His own hands clutched the table cloth as he fell, and dragged it down with him. He fell to the floor with a crash, and the heap of gold coins fell clashing and jingling over him. Some of them rolled away into corners, but the bulk of them lay heavy on his heart, which had ceased to beat.

HEALS RUNNING SORES CURES THE SERPENT'S STING CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

careful trial, has come reluctantly to the conclusion that you are a guilty man. The whole value of many of these articles lies in the trademark. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent annually in placing them before the public, if the public cannot rely upon those articles, then a fraud is being practiced upon them, and upon the proprietary rights of those persons who own trademarks. New York is a great commercial city and trademarks are important to this city as integrity is to a coiner. This is a class of cases which this court does not look upon with any leniency at all. The sentence of the court is that you be confined in the penitentiary for a term of three months."

The justice also intimated that but for the prisoner's record and the fact that he had been in jail for some time the sentences would have been much heavier.

MISS HARTFORD RETURNS.

Her Terrible Experience in China Does Not Discourage Her. VANCOUVER, B. C., Sept. 26.—Among the passengers by the Empress of India, from China, was Miss Isabel Hartford, of Dover, N. H., one of the two adult survivors of the massacre at Wha-hang, near Ku Cheng, China. Miss Hartford is now on the way home for a brief rest to recuperate from the terrible experience of the past few weeks, though she is still eager to prosecute her missionary work in China and intends to return shortly. She is the first person to arrive here from the scene of the massacre. The story of her experience has already been told in the cables and in mail advices, previously received.

One point heretofore disputed is set at rest by Miss Hartford, and that is the fact that the massacres are perpetuated by vegetarians. Miss Hartford said: "I do not wish to be understood as saying that all vegetarians in China are murderers, but it is a fact that the members of the society who committed that massacre were sworn, among other things, not to eat meat. The other things they are sworn to do are to kill all foreigners; to kill all the mandarins and overthrow the Chinese government. If they continue to grow and are not more sternly dealt with, they will accomplish all of their objects. It is all foreigners they are after, not missionaries alone. During the terrible affair they did not use the word 'missionary'; they called us 'foreigners.'"

Sigma Chi at the University.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA., Sept. 26.—A chapter of the Sigma Chi fraternity, well known in the United States for one reason, because President Cleveland is a member of it, has been instituted here, with eleven members, M. E. Gorman, '95; W. B. Cutwright, '95; A. F. Roder, '96; F. W. Haught, '96; J. G. Knott, '97; T. W. Lee, Jr., '97; H. M. White, '98; H. T. Switzer, '97; C. F. Holden, '98, and G. E. Kieba, '98. The chapter was instituted by Judge Howard Ferris, of Hamilton, O.; G. D. Harner and B. F. Wilson, of Cincinnati, and E. D. Slaughter, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Reiding Frank Estes.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA., Sept. 27.—The Monongalia county officials, who for some time past have been keeping a watchful eye on numerous speak easies in the town, made a raid on two of them yesterday and broke them up. They were required to give bond for \$500 each upon a promise not to sell any more while waiting trial at the next court.

An Ocean Collision.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—A cablegram received at the navy department to-day from Commander Hanford, of the United States steamship Alert, at Guayaquil, officially reports that his ship was in collision yesterday with the British steamer Condor, and that the Alert's bowsprit was carried away. As no further details are given the officials at the navy department are inclined to believe the damage slight.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, 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 Co.'s drug store. 1

There are many good reasons why you should use One Minute Cough Cure. There are no reasons why you should not, if in need of help. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Peabody, Benwood, and Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O. 6

H. & O. Special Excursion to the Pittsburgh Exposition.

September 19, 24 and 26, October 2, 5, 10, 15 and 17, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Pittsburgh and return at rate of \$2, which includes admission to the exposition. Tickets good to return on all regular trains two days from date of sale.

Try It, Try It.

Dr. Story's five-minute headache cure. Guaranteed to cure sick or nervous headache in five minutes. Best headache cure on earth. Try it; only ten cents. For sale by all druggists. Reed, Robb & Braiding, Wholesale Agents. M.W.P.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Peabody, Benwood, and Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O. 8

In a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the Spectator, Rushford, N. Y., says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know the high esteem in which Chamberlain's medicine are held by the people of your own state, where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and before leaving home wrote me, asking if they were sold here, stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her, as she did not like to be without them." The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds and croup; Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. These medicines have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter of a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and unequalled by any other.

Fairly jumped into success—Pearline. Right from the very start. Notwithstanding all these hundreds of years of precedence behind that old-fashioned, back-breaking way of washing with soap, etc. Now, why was it? Why is it that hundreds of millions of packages of Pearline have been used in the few years since this washing-compound was invented? Just do your washing and cleaning with Pearline for a month, and you'll see. It takes away the rubbing, but without any risk of harm. That puts it at the head of every known aid for washing. Millions NOW USE Pearline

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 industrial and financial welfare of the country until we return to a measure of value 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.

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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.

IT TICKLES YOU THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM LIGHTNING HOT DROPS. CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, 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.

Intelligencer. PLAIN AND FANCY Neatly and Promptly Executed