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JOS. HORNE & CO.,

January, 1896.

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Greatest variety in Assorted Fancy and Mixed Sullings—75c, 85c and \$1 values, all to go

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AN ENGAGEMENT.

BY SIR ROBERT PEELE. (Copyright, 1894.) PART I.

That Arnold Hopetoun was honestly in love admitted no doubt, and Miss Carstairs was supposed to reciprocate his attachment. His very intimate associates wondered why they did not marry, for Miss Carstairs was not well off, and Hopetoun's salary from the foreign office, if it would not provide her with a house in Green street and a brougham, would at least offer an improvement on the position she was occupying at present.

When Hopetoun met her and fell a prey to her fascinations, she had been staying, as was her annual custom, with some cousins of her late father's—the Marrabells, of Morecomb—and before her visit terminated they were engaged.

That was twelve months ago, and today they were engaged still. Hopetoun was an ardent lover, and would have committed greater follies than matrimony on £500 a year for the sake of her beaux yeux. What then was the explanation of the delay? Had Bella Carstairs mistaken her feelings? Had she given a hasty promise, of which she had subsequently repented? Or was she waiting for his position to improve.

Five hundred a year seemed to the girl who had started life with the expectation of marrying the son of a duke preposterous and absurd. She was fond of Arnold, even very fond, but she was tired, inexpressibly deadly tired, of poverty.

Yet she loved him! Almost she wished she did not. Limited as her opportunities were, narrow as was her existence, she was only twenty-seven, and she might have done better than Arnold Hopetoun, after all, she told herself. Had it not been that there was the likelihood of Lord Drillingham "doing something" for his nephew, the engagement would have been broken a week after it was made; she would have recovered her freedom, and awaited for the fairy prince anew. But there was the chance.

Why was the wicked uncle so dilatory? Arnold had been importuning him with requests for months.

She was thinking these thoughts this afternoon—secretly hating the unknown peer—when Hopetoun was announced. She welcomed him with a radiant smile.

"You are early," she said. "I was impatient," he answered.

"How pretty! Is there any news, Arnold?"

"No," he said, "I don't know that there is any news, but I want to talk to you. Bella, I—I—look here, darling, I can't go on waiting for you any longer! Let us marry, and take the goods the gods provide."

"Child! she murmured. The gentleness of her rebuke was adorable. "I am not a child," declared Hopetoun; "in fact, I believe I may lay claim to being tolerably practical, and you may be very certain that I mean to work Drillingham's interest for all it is worth. But we can do that after marriage! Trust yourself to me, and I take my oath that you shall never have occasion to regret it."

"Do you imagine," she said, "do you imagine it is only for myself I am thinking when I say 'wait?' I am thinking of you."

"Of me?" "Of you! Of myself a little, yes, because I am not a baby; but of you too; of you chiefly, indeed, for it is on you that the burden of the step would fall."

"I'll chance it," said Arnold, stoutly. "And you would never reproach me—I know that. But I will not let you know that. It would not be a chance, it would be quite a certainty. Certain disaster, of which you would have to bear the burden! It sounds bad, doesn't it? The sound is nothing compared with what the reality would be! Arnold, you have never had to bear poverty—I have! I know what you do not know—of endeavoring to make a pound do the work of two. I know how terrible you would find the life you are proposing so confidently. I am too fond of you to condemn you to it. I won't!"

It was tenderly put. Even she believed a great deal of what she said herself while she was speaking. He did not protest any longer; a man has only a certain amount of argument, and many conversations of a similar nature had exhausted much of Hopetoun's power of remonstrance. She gave him tea, and her mother came in and presently he took his leave.

He was not in high spirits. Thoroughly as her lover may appreciate the common sense in a woman, he is apt to

"What does he say, may I look?" "Prefer a dash of impudence. She was right, and also she was wrong. He was not a beggar, she was not the daughter of a millionaire. Why was it so dreadful, the life he contemplated?"

After he had dined he went back to his chambers, and wrote a long letter to his uncle, in which he insisted for the seventh time upon his many claims upon his unappreciative country, and the ridiculous inadequacy of his present post to his requirements.

A sweet, sunny-tempered individual, Lord Drillingham's protestations of affection were entirely genuine, and his promises, when he made them, were truly meant. Only he forgot—the matter passed through his mind. His son was not a beggar, his daughter had her aunt to play the part of a chaperone, and the widower himself was free to take life as he pleased, unfettered by responsibilities.

He was now at Deercourt, composing himself after the fatigues of the season by smoking cigars on the lawn, and entering about the lower half. A little later the place would be filled with visitors, but just at present Deercourt was empty, save for its owner, and its hostess, Arnold's cousin—a handsome, unaffected girl, who was in his confidence. She knew the motive of his eagerness for advancement, and sympathized with it, which his uncle might not have done. A matrimonial engagement is liable to weaken an elderly gentleman's interest; a woman's it intensifies. Yes, Kate Drillingham was a very nice girl indeed, and when the letter came, and her father mentioned it to her, she added her own persuasions to the writer's.

"You have been going to do something for him for years," she said; "you really might, papa!"

"I must," said the peer, placidly. "Yes, I will bear it in mind."

"What does he say—may I look?" "She read the closely-covered pages through in silence, and gave them back to Drillingham, thoughtfully.

"Your father," he said, "he seems awfully in earnest, doesn't he?" "Yes, yes; I shall certainly remember the matter. I shall make it my business to push his forward—er—er—very soon."

"And to begin with—? What will you try for?" asked the girl. Drillingham's attention was wandering. He closed his eyes. "Oh?" he said. "Do you mind putting down that further blind, Kitty? The sun is rather

strong, and I think I could manage to sleep."

However, he wrote an affable little note in reply to his nephew Hopetoun, felt encouraged by it. Not for very long, because he had had so many similar notes, but just at first—say, for the same length of time as his correspondent's fervor of purpose lasted.

When a week had gone by he was every whit as dependent as before, and then an idea occurred to him. It was a strange idea, a novel idea. It was, he told himself, the idea of social genius, but the question was whether he could obtain the collaboration that was necessary. About that he was not sure. In fact he was extremely doubtful, though it was entirely worth while making the attempt. The first thing to be done, though, was to ascertain whether his fiancée would approve, and when he left the F. O. that afternoon—the inspiration had occurred to him in his official chair—he drove to the little Hampstead house forthwith.

The mother and daughter were together. "I want to speak to you," he whispered and by and by feminine diplomacy had effected a disappearance of mamma.

"What is it?" asked Bella. "Important?" "Well, yes," said Hopetoun, "I think it may be called 'important.' Give me a kiss before I begin."

She lifted her face and smiled. "Goose!" she said. "You are mysterious!"

"Because I like to kiss you?" "No, wretch; that is natural."

"Delicious modesty!" laughed Hopetoun. "Bella, I've a scheme."

"I hoped you were going to say you had an appointment."

"Tout vient a lui, eto! The scheme first, and the appointment will follow."

"Give me a kiss before I begin." In fact, the scheme is the appointment, in chrysalis form. Give me another kiss, there's an angel—I appetit vient en mangeant!"

"You are very prolific of proverbs to-day," she remarked.

"There! Now impart."

"I am ready—prepare to be startled. Bella, some three and twenty years ago."

"Oh, do be serious!" she said. "I am, I am!" he cried. "Some three and twenty years ago, the late Lady Drillingham gave birth to a daughter."

"Well, I know all that, Kate."

"Precisely—Kate! You have not met her, but you have heard from me that the young lady is a tramp. You have also heard from me that the one thing in the world harder to move than my respected uncle is a steam-roller. Well, now listen. Lord Drillingham has an immense amount of influence. He couldn't make me prime minister, or chancellor of the exchequer, or archbishop of Canterbury, but he could very easily indeed make me the happiest man in the world."

"Completed by you! He could, as we both already know, effect that delightful vagueness termed 'putting me into something.' Only his indolence prevents him."

"Why," said Miss Carstairs, interrupting, "waste time by repeating things that 'we both already know'?"

"No, wretch," he returned, "you are as usual right. I won't waste time. In a nutshell, he could, but he's too confoundedly lazy. Well, I've thought of a way of waking him up—but I'm not quite sure whether you'll like it."

"I can answer that in advance: I shall."

"Wait and hear. If I say 'if—my uncle were to understand that Kate's interest in me was something warmer than a cousinly one, he would bustle on my behalf, indeed. He may be satisfied to let me stagnate in the F. O. as his nephew, but as his future son-in-law—"

"What?" she exclaimed. "I thought I should startle you. As his future son-in-law he'd be in a red-hot fever to make a coming of me to—er—somewhere! You follow me? I propose to persuade Kate to join me in the plot—to tell him she wants to marry me. In all his life he has never denied her anything, and after his first explosion was over—I suppose he would explode to begin with—he'd display something like commendable industry at last. What do you think of it?"

"Miss Carstairs agreed. "Well—but how would it end?" she asked.

"The deception would have to be sustained for two or three months. When I was really in a substantial appointment, we could tell the old gentleman that he had been fooled. He would not be outrageously angry, I daresay—I should not be the most desirable of parties at the best. We should explain the motive; Kate would be a bridesmaid at our wedding, and you and I would live happily ever after. Again, what do you think of it?"

"I don't know," said his fiancée. "Anyhow, I don't think your cousin would agree."

"I'm doubtful of that part of it myself. But she is a pal, Kate—I'm not sure. If she does agree, what then?"

"If she would agree, I don't know that it is a bad plan. It sounds rather silly, but silly things sometimes come off. It would certainly stimulate that lethargic peer to action."

"Iather! He'll positively perspire in his hurry to assist me. My talented nephew, young Hopetoun!" A really brilliant young fellow, Arnold Hopetoun! "You will be serving me, me personally!" I can hear him! A thousand a year! In no time at all I shall be drawing two, three thousand a year! We'll have bays in the carriage, Bella, and a brougham for Miss Work!"

They both laughed.

"Go and see what Miss Drillingham says," advised Bella. "Go and tell it to her, and like links, she is willing we'll play the farce out. When shall I see you again?"

"I'll ask leave to-morrow. If she consents, I'll write you at once; if she refuses, I'll come and tell you so. I wish she knew you, Bella; it would make her

Mr. A. H. Cransby, 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 at the nearest city had failed to treat, and pronounced incurable. Her grandmother and aunt had died of it.

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. B. S. S. was recommended, and astonishing as it may seem, she was cured. Her sound and well.

Our treatise on this disease will be sent free to any address.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

the more anxious to help us. Your likeliness don't do you anything like justice, darling, upon my word!"

He applied for leave, and on two mornings later he was steaming out of Eglon prepared to put his idea into execution. He had announced his impending arrival by telegram, and when he reached the Deercourt plat in the lane behind the gate to meet him. "Ten minutes' drive brought him to the house. Drillingham and his cousin were in the morning-room.

"Glad to see you, Arnold," said his uncle. "I have been thinking of you a good deal of late."

"How are you, Arnold?" said Kate. "We were very glad to get your wire."

"Then they had lunch, and afterwards Drillingham, who was nervous of being brought to bay in a tete-a-tete, pleaded letters to write, and retired to have a nap in the library, and Arnold and the girl were alone.

"They went out into the grounds. "What's the news?" said Kitty. "How is she?"

"She is very well, thank you, but I am a wreck, Kate, this state of things is awful."

"I saw your letter to papa," she said, "and I spoke to him about it."

"And he said—?"

"He said he certainly would bear you in mind. I am awfully sorry for you, Arnold. I remind him as often as I can, but—well, you know papa! I can't say I've done any good, though I've done my best."

"You could do much more," said Arnold, nervously. "If you would."

"If?" she stared at him in surprise. "You are not blaming me, too?"

"Oh, no, no! I mean you can do much more in future if you will. You and I were always good friends, Kate, weren't we? If I asked a big thing of you—if if you agreed with me that it would have the desired effect, you wouldn't refuse, I'm sure."

"What are you talking about?" she said rather coldly. "Yes, we are quite good friends. We always shall be, I hope. What does the preamble lead to?"

"What I mean is," he stammered, "that you have always been very sympathetic and all that. In plain English, you alone can help me to win Bella. I've come to-day to find out whether you'll do it."

Under a cedar close by there were two garden chairs. Miss Drillingham sat down, her white hands folded in her lap, a little pucker of wonderment gathering on her brow. Yes, it was infinitely more awkward than he pictured it.

However, he had gone too far to retreat. His cousin was waiting patiently for him to proceed, and his silence after so elaborate a prelude was becoming absurd.

"Will you please tell me what you have to say?" she said quietly.

"Yes," he declared, "it's neck or nothing—I will."

Then he sat down on the other chair and told her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BELINGTON BRIEFS. Interesting Items from the Busy Interior Town.

Special Correspondence. BELINGTON, W. Va., Jan. 4.—The Jr. O. U. A. M. held an election here on their last meeting night which resulted as follows: Junior past counselor, Frank G. McCutchen; counselor, R. Clyde Douglas; vice counselor E. A. Robinson; recording secretary, I. D. Davis; assistant recording secretary, W. D. Rosenberger; financial secretary, H. K. McCutchen; treasurer, Dr. O. S. Perry; chaplain, August Baese; conductor, H. L. Wilson; warden, James Right; outside sentinel, G. O. Thompson; inside sentinel, M. L. Davis.

The thermometer registered 6 below zero to-day.

William J. Right, Jr., of this place, and Miss Allie Simeon, living near Phillips, were married last evening by Rev. Burgess.

Mrs. Clarissa Shurtieff, who has been sick for some time, is rapidly recovering.

Rev. Sharps, the M. E. preacher, of Philippi, is in town to-day.

The M. E. and U. B.'s will commence their protracted meetings to-morrow.

Rev. Hite is holding a protracted meeting at Stringtown.

The cold was so intense here this morning that the trackmen on all the roads stopped work.

G. M. Serpell, of the firm of Serpell Bros., went to Elkins to-day.

Little Harry McCutchen, who has been quite sick, is much better.

R. C. Douglas has added a buckwheat mill to his flouring mill.

The municipal election is over. The results are: For mayor, J. A. Vignerey; recorder, J. B. Ware; councilmen, C. Robinson, S. L. Brown, W. E. Trimble, W. T. Spencer, and T. T. Elliot. Every man on the west side ticket was elected.

It is reported that the surveyors are surveying out the new Buckhannon railroad. It will strike the Baltimore & Ohio about ten miles from here.

A Household Treasure. D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house, and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and that it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested? Trial bottles free at Logan Drug Co., a drug store. Regular size, 50c and \$1.

PILES of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it cures scalds and burns without the slightest pain. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Peabody, Denwood, and Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O.

MANY merchants are well aware that their customers are their best friends and take pleasure in supplying them with the best goods obtainable. As an instance we mention Perry & Cameron, prominent druggists of Flushing, Michigan. They say: "We have no hesitation in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to our customers, as it is the best cough medicine we have ever sold, and always gives satisfaction." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, DR. WINN'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. mwf&w

COUGHING irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try One Minute Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectoration easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Peabody, Denwood, and Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O.

THERE are some people who are never positive in anything. It is always, "I don't know," or "I guess so." There is a world of such people, and it is refreshing sometimes to hear a person speak as one having convictions. Like Mr. Charles F. Snyder, of Bangor, Pa., who writes: "I can heartily recommend and Simmons Liver Regulator to all who are troubled with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint."

Lightning Hot Drops—What a Funny Name! Very True, but it Kills All Pain. Sold Everywhere, Every Day—Without Relief, There is No Pain!

Which have you an eye to, quantity or quality, when you buy something to make washing easy? If it's quality, you want Pearline. In effectiveness, in economy, and above all in its absolute harmlessness, no matter how or where you use it, there's nothing to compare with this, the first and only washing-compound. What difference does the quantity make, after all? If you spend five cents or ten cents or a dollar for an aid to washing, don't you want the thing that will give you the most work, the best work, and the most certain safety for that amount of money? That thing is Pearline. Send it Back. 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, be honest—send it back. 483 JAMES PYLE, New York.

FUR • CAPES! FUR CAPES! MARKED DOWN THIS MORNING TO Half Price. Geo. R. Taylor. We mean just what we say, that we have marked down to exactly . . . HALF PRICE . . . All our Fur Capes and placed them on sale with regular prices on each garment which we propose to cut Right in the Middle! EVERY TIME WE SELL A GARMENT. We have the following kinds, viz: ASTRACHAN, MONKEY, WOOL SEAL, ELECTRIC SEAL and BLACK RUSSIAN MARTEN, with and without Marten collars. The Capes we offer are all this season's purchase and consequently right in style, quality and lengths, and ALL AT HALF PRICE. GEO. R. TAYLOR. FURNITURE AND FURNITURE NOVELTIES. FURNITURE AND FURNITURE NOVELTIES. Before buying Christmas Goods call and examine the large and elegant line of Rocking Chairs, Ladies' Desks, Stands, Parlor Suits, Couches, etc., which are now being sold at cost for cash. A good opportunity is afforded to get a good selection and save a dealer's profit. J. K. HALL, Assignee of ALEX. FREW, 1117 Main Street.

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 COLD. SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c and 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY. HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O. RESTORE LOST VIGOR. Sexine Pills. When in doubt as to how to restore vitality, loss of sexual power, etc., try Sexine Pills. Drains checked and full vigor quickly restored. It cures all troubles resulting from a weak prostate, or a weak or inflamed bladder. For sale by CHAS. R. GOETZ, Druggist, successor to McLean's Pharmacy. Result in 4 weeks. ADVERTISE IN A WIDELY CIRCULATED NEWSPAPER.