

BLOEMFONTEIN

Within Reach of the Victorious British Forces Under General French, Who Occupy

TWO HILLS NEAR THE STATION.

General Roberts' March Unopposed, and his Force Within a Few Miles of Bloemfontein.

LONDON, March 13, 10 a. m.—The war office has received a dispatch from Lord Roberts announcing that after a fight with the Boers, General French occupied two hills close to the station commanding Bloemfontein.

Lord Roberts' dispatch from Ventor's Vlei at 5:20 o'clock this morning, follows:

"I directed General French, if there were time before dark, to seize the railway station at Bloemfontein and thus secure the rolling stock. At midnight I received a report from him, that, after considerable opposition, he had been able to occupy two hills close to the railway station which commanded Bloemfontein.

"A brother of President Steyn has been made a prisoner.

"The telegraph line leading northward has been cut and the railway broken up.

"I am now starting with the Third cavalry brigade, which I called up from the Seventh division near Petrusburg yesterday, and the mounted infantry, to reinforce the cavalry division. The rest of the force will follow as quickly as possible."

LONDON, March 13, 10:05 a. m.—The war office has received the following additional dispatch from Lord Roberts:

"Ventor's Vlei, March 12, 9:30 p. m.—Our march was again unopposed. We are now about eighteen miles from Bloemfontein. The cavalry division is astride the railway six miles south of Bloemfontein. There are 321 men wounded and about sixty or seventy were killed or are missing.

"Col. Umphrey has died of his wounds. Lieutenant Pratt, of the Essex regiment, was wounded severely. The wounds are as a rule more serious than usual, owing to the expanding bullets which are freely used by the Boers."

LADYSMITH, Monday, March 12.—The main body of the enemy is in position at Burgersberg. General Joubert is at Glencoe. There is reason to believe that few Boers are at Dundee, though the place is well fortified.

WILL NEED THE LOAN

To Provide for Contingencies of South African War.

LONDON, March 12.—At the commencement of the debate in the house of commons to-day on the army estimates the parliamentary secretary for the war office, Mr. Wyndham, declared that recent events did not justify at the present time any diminution in the provision for the further conduct of the campaign in South Africa. The financial cost of the war, he declared, was not immediately altered by fluctuations of failure or success. It would be rash at present to think that the number of months the British army would remain in South Africa was likely to be materially shortened, so the government estimates included what was believed to be enough money to continue the efforts at full pressure for another six months and at half pressure for six months thereafter.

FRENCH INTEREST

Expressed in Outcome of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

PARIS, March 12.—The prospects of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, especially in its bearing on the Anglo-American entente, are watched here with considerable interest. The Temps this evening devotes an article to the action of the United States senate. It says:

"If the American people, as certain English correspondents pretend, were as anxious for an opportunity to indulge in a public embrace with England, it had merely to grasp the latter's outstretched hand, for the new treaty undoubtedly means immense progress and enormous concessions. But it has done nothing of the kind. The senate voted an amendment which practically annuls the treaty. This shows how eager the United States is to contract a profitable understanding with England."

TRY IT



Women suffering from female troubles and weakness, and from irregular or painful menses, ought not to lose hope if doctors cannot help them. Physicians are so busy with other diseases that they do not understand fully the peculiar ailments and the delicate organism of woman. What the sufferer ought to do is to give a fair trial to BRADFELD'S Female Regulator which is the true cure provided by Nature for all female troubles. It is the formula of a physician of the highest standing, who devoted his whole life to the study of the distinct ailments peculiar to our mothers, wives and daughters. It is made of soothing, healing, strengthening herbs and vegetables, which have been provided by a kindly Nature to cure irregularity in the menses, Leucorrhoea, Falling of the Womb, Nervousness, Headache and Backache. In fairness to herself and to Bradfield's Female Regulator, every suffering woman ought to give it a trial. A large 50¢ bottle will do a wonderful amount of good. Sold by druggists.

Sold for a steady illustrated free book on the subject, The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

GENERAL JOE WHEELER

PRAISES PE-RU-NA FOR CATARRH.



JOE WHEELER'S CHARGE AT SAN JUAN HILL.

Major General Joseph Wheeler, commanding the cavalry forces in front of Santiago Campaign, and the author of "The Santiago Campaign," in speaking of the great catarrh remedy, Pe-Ru-na, says: "I join with Senators Sullivan, Roach and McEnery in their good opinion of Pe-Ru-na. It is recommended to me by those who have used it as an excellent tonic and particularly effective as a cure for catarrh."

United States Senator McEnery. Hon. S. D. McEnery, United States Senator from Louisiana, says the following in regard to Pe-Ru-na: "Pe-Ru-na is an excellent tonic. I have used it sufficiently to say that I believe it to be all that you claim for it. S. D. McEnery, New Orleans, Louisiana."

United States Senator Sullivan. "I desire to say that I have been taking Pe-Ru-na for some time for catarrh, and have found it an excellent medicine, giving me more relief than anything I have ever taken.—W. V. Sullivan, Oxford, Miss."

United States Senator Roach. "Persuaded by a friend I have used Pe-Ru-na as a tonic, and am glad to testify that it has greatly helped me in strength, vigor and appetite. I have been advised by friends that it is remarkably efficacious as a cure for the almost universal complaint of catarrh.—W. N. Roach, Larimore, North Dakota."

A free book on catarrh sent to any address by The Pe-Ru-na Drug Mfg Co., Columbus, Ohio.

A SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCE.

To the Editor of the Intelligencer.

SIR—This is no extravagance, nor is it far from a true description of a seance that was lately held in this city and was attended by some thirty people, a majority of whom the writer of this believes are devotees to this peculiar belief. Surely the description is as accurate as can be given, for it must be remembered that all occurred in a room totally dark; even the keyhole of the door was plugged up and every ray of light excluded.

The people began to arrive about 7:45 p. m., and were received by the medium and his friends, and some time was consumed in arranging for the seance. The only articles in evidence to assist the medium in his efforts were two tin horns or trumpets about thirty inches long and about four inches in diameter at the large end, tapering to almost nothing at the small end, which were placed in the center of the room, standing on end. Nor is the language of the dialogue magnified in the least bit, nor is the apparent levity and carelessness of those present exaggerated; in fact, there is some of the conversation that was held with some of the voices of spirits that has been omitted. It so interested the writer that he has undertaken in a crude way to give a fair and impartial picture, or rather a report, of conversations held and in which he participated.

After turning out the lights silence was asked and it was suggested that the Lord's Prayer be recited, but for some reason it was omitted, and the meeting was formerly opened.

First—Song, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Second—Spirit Cal under influence of Medium Stephens, seemed familiar with all believers and scraped an acquaintance with strangers. Cal is a right good joker; lump of veneration not very well developed.

Third—Bridge C—came on the scene. Said a good many nothings; did not quite recognize all of his old friends; got off some light talk, then vamoosed, laughing.

Fourth—Little child seemed to be lost; called "Mamma" plaintively; after a while it was adopted by one of the women present, whom the child recognized.

Fifth—Spirit of some old Teuton put in an appearance; only visible to spiritualists, but had a few horns of a voice, which the medium said was incapable of speaking one word of English, yet at one time employed the word "what" instead of "was," but that was close enough; said a slip of the tongue, "ellipsis lingua," as it were. Bade us goodbye; promised to return and sing before us.

Peter S—d, shoemaker, from the North End, dead these thirty years, made himself manifest; gave information of many old citizens of that end of the town whose whereabouts we were skeptical. Said it was of no use to say anything to his boys of his visitations, as they would not believe you; bade us goodbye and made way for some half a dozen other German spirits, among whom we recognized, or rather we accepted the statement of the medium, that they were George Z—, T. Baker B—, Fulton, who were in great demand among the German-speaking element present. The German spirits were so numerous that as someone remarked, we must have struck a German settlement in the spirit world, and a call was made for two old German citizens of the South Side, but they failed to materialize.

A councilman from the Seventh ward, who was present, was then informed that his father was there, and addressing him, he said: "Well, father, is that you?" and the spirit, in a voice that sounded like one in the last stages of consumption, speaking through a megaphone, admitted the soft impeachment, and the following dialogue took place:

S. W. C.—How are you, father? Shade—I'm very happy. S. W. C.—Father, are you the same in the spirit world as you were here? Shade—Oh, everything is so changed here. S. W. C.—Do you see me? I cannot see you. Shade—Yes, I see you, but you must not worry; all is well. S. W. C.—Father, have you the memory, the same thoughts, the same reasoning ability, all as you had here? Shade—All is changed here; we only remember what we want. S. W. C.—What is my first name? Shade—You know well enough what it is and I know it. Medium—Your father wants to tell you something. S. W. C.—Well, what is it? Shade—You think of me sometime when at home? S. W. C.—Why, father, I think of you every day I live. Shade—Yes, but when by yourself think of me and some time I will come and touch you and be with you. S. W. C. (sotto voce)—I do wonder how much he will touch me for. (Aloud)—All right, father, I'll do it.

Shade—Don't forget your mother is here and happy.

S. W. C.—Father, what was your favorite name for me?

Shade—There, you know it. Goodbye.

And he was bade goodbye by many in the circle, but the Seventh ward councilman did not connect, for some reason.

Next scene (or rather demonstration, for you could not see, as it was very dark) was the reappearance of Cal, and he made many inquirers happy by promising to see that he would not let them oversleep themselves, and that he would be with them on the morrow when they did their buying, so as to guide them in their purchases, dispensing good luck, good health and happiness lavishly all around and promising to tell them a story before the sitting was over. Then he surrendered the horn (or rather one of them, for there were two on the floor) to our spirit friend with a German song which sounded like "Tsu, tsu, tsu, hast nicht spielen," which was joined in heartily by many present. We have heard the tune, but never was familiar with the language of the song. One verse was all that he would sing. During the whole service the devotees now and then sang a verse of some familiar song or hymn.

A little Indian maiden next came on and was welcomed as an old acquaintance, and she got "mashed" (I use this word advisedly) on a little boy who was present with his mother and was so tickled about it that it couldn't talk for laughing.

Dr. A—n was then announced, and came out promptly with "How do you do, folks?" A voice said, "How do you do, Ben?" "I'm well; who are you?" He was assisted in identifying the inquirer by one of the faithful present, and acknowledged it with "Oh, yes, I know him."

A voice—How have you been since in the spirit land?

Dr. A.—Well, not just what I would like it to be, yet I'm improving, but it's my fault, and I'll tell you a little secret which is at the bottom of all my trouble, and that is I nipped a little too much while on earth.

The voice did not seem anxious to follow up the inquiry and get any more confidences from the doctor, so after a moment's silence the following dialogue took place between the doctor and a distinctly broken German voice—that is it was broken in more ways than one.

B. G. V.—Tochter, you bin a tochter, ain't it?

Dr. A.—Yes, that is (advisedly) my profession.

B. G. V.—Well, tochter, you see dis is der way it vas. Mein tauter vas a gal, und she vas hat something fer troubles up her eyes und don't see gut some more, und I'm afraid dot she go blind, und I wants you to tells me vot shall I do mit her.

Dr. A.—Well, I think the trouble with her is nervousness and that affects her sight. She'll get along after awhile.

B. G. V.—Dere vas a skum dot come over her eyes, und dere vas two docters I spoke mit und dey say she must be oberated on, und I can't see it. Now I wants you to come to mein house, und I bin dere und told me vat I shall do. I'll over on das under side of Fulton, und I vas a butcher. You don't can smles dos place und you can dell me vat shall I do.

Dr. A.—Well, I'll be there with you, but do not allow anyone to operate on her eyes. If you do you make a bargain with them that you pay so much if they are successful, and if they are not successful they will pay you.

B. G. V.—Dot vas goot. I vill do dot, but I wants you to help me in dis drubbles und tells me vat for I shall do for her, tochter.

Dr. A.—Well, I'll give you a prescription to get filled. You take three or four drops of carbolic acid and mix them with a half a pint of water and let her bathe her eyes with that and I think that is just about as good a thing as you can do for her.

B. G. V.—Yes, tochter, I shall do dot very thing, und you must come out to de house, as you say you vill und I vill send dem odder fellows avay about der business. Dot vas what I shall do, aint it?

Dr. A.—Yes, that's it. Goodbye.

(Vale doctor.)

A prominent Seventh warder, by the way, a strong advocate of spiritualism, then announced with his son, who died some time ago, aged five years, and wanted particular attention paid to it by those present, as he thought it one of the best tests of the evening. So the whispering subsided and the P. S. W. cut loose something after the following:

P. S. W.—Is that you, son? Son—Yes, papa. P. S. W.—Do you see me, son? I don't see you? Son—I see you, papa. P. S. W.—Oh, yes, I see you now. Son—Yes, papa. P. S. W.—Were you over at the house to-day, son? Son—Yes, papa; I touched you. P. S. W.—Was that you that touched

me? I know someone touched me, but I didn't know it was you. Do you know what happened at our house to-day? Son—Yes, papa. Aunt — came in just before dinner and — was there, and they were talking of — P. S. W.—That's a fact! It all occurred just as he says it. Now, ain't that a test for you? Son, are you happy? Son—Yes, papa. I am waiting for you and mamma and all the rest to welcome you when you pass away. Goodbye. P. S. W.—Goodbye, son. Now, ain't that enough to convince the most skeptical; there can be no better test; and only think that child passed away when only five years old. (This to the circle.)

Then out of the depths of one of the tin horns (trumpets) there came a voice which was said to be that of a German Seventh warder, who passed away about a year ago. It was addressed to his sons, two of whom were present, and what was passing between them was lost by me, who was in sympathy with a little tot calling for its "groom-madder," and I was anxious for it to find its grandmother, which it finally located and was happy. Then the conversation between the G. Seventh W. and his son lagged and was taken up by the Seventh ward councilman and was lively and spicy all the way through. Now, often there would be two spirits striving to speak at once, and "Cal" he would chip in every now and then, to the amusement of his friends, and finally he wound up with the following story, which, by the way, if it is the latest in that neck of the woods, some of those spirits away back in the times of old Ramezes have been working it off on them. It is as follows, in Cal's language. Cal's voice at times is soft and insinuating and has such a hungry, consumptive rattle to it that you think it ought to be employed in doing something else besides working off such chestnuts as the following:

Cal—Now I'm going to tell you that story I promised you. Did you ever see a man dead drunk? Well, I suppose you have. Yes? Well, you see this friend of mine that I'm telling you of. He employed a good deal of his time doing this, you see. Well, his friends began to be very anxious about him, and they resolved to scare him; so they got him dead drunk and took him to a grave yard where there had been a new grave dug that day awaiting a funeral on the morrow. Well, they took him and lowered him into this grave and then they hid behind the tombstones and awaited developments. After awhile the man came to and rose up out of the grave and looked around, and then he pulled off his hat and swung it around his head and said: "Hurrah, boys, resurrection day! I'm the first man on the ground!" He, he. There, that's all. Goodbye.

This was greeted with uproarious laughter by those present.

Then the last scene came on in the shape of an Indian or two, who announced their coming with a war whoop that made the timid shrink back. I felt them on either side of me, and a voice out of a dark corner addressed one of the Indians.

Voice—Hello, Indian.

Indian—How, how. Me see, you Whoopee!

Voice—I can't see you, but sprechen sei Deutchen?

Indian—Ugh, ugh! Goodbye. (And he was gone.)

You see, the voice in everything was German that night and the last inquirer thought he had struck a Dutch Indian. The lights were turned on and a collection taken, and everybody, whether satisfied or not, looked as if they enjoyed themselves.

SPECTATOR.

Wheeling, March 12.

In the Defense of Ernest Stephens.

To the Editor of the Intelligencer.

SIR—Realizing the extreme fairness of your paper to all classes and beliefs, as one of your patrons and representing hundreds of others of my belief in this city, I feel it a duty and privilege as one who has been convinced of the blessed immortality of the soul and the presence of our dear departed friends made possible, to speak in words of truth and fairness of "Alleged Fake" Stephens, published in great headlines in the two great daily papers, of this city of Wheeling.

I know whereof I speak. I have certainly examined into the wonderful phenomenon of spirit voices that come honestly through the God given power of this much maligned medium. I know in the course of the past three years the visits of this worthy and honorable man to our city, giving at least 100 seances in that time to the brightest minds and best people out from among the various orthodox beliefs, and safe to say that 99 out of every 100 who have impartially had the pleasure of sitting in this gentleman's seances have had invariable evidence of power and intelligence of the unseen beyond successful contradiction. Furthermore, I would state that I could give the names of at least five or six very responsible and "high up in the church circle," who in the privacy of their own homes have talked with friends and have seen the trumpet floating independent of any human agency in the broad light of the day. All I ask for this gentleman is fair play. I and hundreds of others know this "fake medium," so called, to be as honorable and true to his calling and brought as much consolation to the bereaved and doubting ones, in fact, more so, than any priest or preacher. The only difference is, the clergy preach of immortality, while an honest medium like our much maligned Stephens proves it, and St. Paul said "To our belief add knowledge." Spirit return is not denied by any intelligent mind of this age.

Mr. Stephens, whom we have referred to, was raised in our county, has lived in Columbus, O., for practicing his mediumship and sat with thousands from all the walks of life; statesmen, doctors, lawyers, judges are among his most earnest friends. He is also a worthy member of the Knights of Pythias lodge of Columbus, O., of which President McKinley is a member.

Mr. Stephens left the city only temporarily; he will return Friday, giving more of his seances to his numerous friends and admirers.

Now publish this kindly, in defense of the charges made by parties against this gentleman. INVESTIGATOR.

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