

In new Pullman "ordinary" sleepers, wide vestibule and with every modern convenience, in charge of competent agents from Cincinnati and Chicago via Louisville, New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, El Paso and Los Angeles to San Francisco. Rates on berth half of cost in regular sleepers. For FREE descriptive matter and full particulars address: E. A. RICHTER, Trav. Passenger Agent, Illinois Central Railroad, 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. Jan. 29, w.t.f.

Sweet Melody Flour

Miss Pearl Modispaugh has opened a restaurant and ice cream parlor on Monticello avenue, at No. 316. She invites the patronage of all. apr13-tf.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR

Notice—To contractors and builders for best builders line and highest grade Portland cement see G. M. West, No. 406 and 408 North Fifth street, Gler. Elk Home phone 137. m23-dlm

SWEET MELODY FLOUR

FRESH MILK FOR SALE.

On and after Monday January 25 I will receive fresh milk from the country daily and will sell it in any quantity to local customers.

BEUCHLER'S BAKERY, 20 Jan. 04. 319 Pike Street

Sweet Melody Flour

Dancing every Friday and Tuesday evening from 8 to 12 at the Elk Bridge hall. Come and enjoy the new music just received, since the last dance. Most pleasant dance hall in town. Floor unexcelled. Violin and electric player music. jan7-tf.

Sweet Melody Flour

FOR SALE.

One house, six rooms, bath room, reception hall, two porches, bin, basement, cellar.
One five room house.
Good water in both houses.
Inquire 937 W. Pike street. a28-tf.

Sweet Melody Flour.

Little Herald 5c cigar, clear Havana filler, at Levy's, 332 West Pike street. n21...

Sweet Melod Flour.

Fortunes in Truck Farms.

If you are interested in this favorite branch of agriculture, and desire some interesting reading matter showing how fortunes are actually made along the line of the Illinois Central R. R. by northern farmers who are now located for FREE handsomely illustrated pamphlets and full particulars. E. A. RICHTER, T.P.A., Ill. Cent. R. R., 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. jan29wtf.

New Century Flour makes the best bread.

Dairying in the South.

If you are interested in dairying and desire to learn something that may be of advantage to you financially, write to the undersigned for his FREE descriptive pamphlet and full particulars regarding dairying along the line of the Illinois Central R. R. E. A. RICHTER, T.P.A., Ill. Cent. R. R., 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. jan29wtf.

New Century Flour on sale at all Grocers. tf

ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP

To the Republican National Convention Chicago, Ills.—Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Account Republican National Convention at Chicago, Ills., June 21-24, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company will place on sale excursion tickets to that point on June 18th to 20th, inclusive, good returning until June 29th, 1904, inclusive. Call on ticket agents for full information.

Sweet Melody Flour

BIDS FOR PAVING AND STONE.
Bids will be received by the street committee of the City of Clarksburg for street paving by the yard and also for 2,000 yards of stone to be delivered as designated by the street committee. Address all bids to: ELLSWORTH CORK, Chairman Street Committee. m14-tf.

Sweet Melody Flour.

If you are in need of any cut flowers of funeral designs, call at Bland's drug store. Your order will be filled promptly. by Dudley's. June 2-dlm.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

DR. LYON'S French Periodical Drops

Strictly vegetable, perfectly harmless, sure to accomplish DESIRED RESULTS. Greatest known female remedy. Price, \$1.50 per bottle. CAUTION Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine is put up only in paste coat Carbons with fac-simile signature on side of the bottle, thus: Send for Circular to WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Sole Agents, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Authorized Capital \$100,000
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E. D. TUMLIN, Cashier
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All Business Entrusted to our Care will Receive Prompt and Careful Attention.
V. L. HIGHLAND, Pres. - E. B. DEISON, Cashier

BEAD CANDLE SHADES.

They Are Easily Made and Produce a Charming Effect.

Two pretty candlesticks and shades are here shown. These beautiful shades are made at home out of beads strung and hung over a wire frame. They may be strung in a pattern, a design, or they may be strung from one color. The effect is candy-like. The



BEAD CANDLE SHADES.

shade at the left is of red and green beads. The one at the right is of white beads with a green fringe. After one string is made, the second string is threaded into the beads of the preceding row, the third into the second, and so on, each bead thereby being caught by two threads, one connecting it with a neighbor on one side and one on the other.

If desirable the beads may be sewed on a silk or cotton shade, the color of the shade to match, or in contrast to the color of the beads.

DIAGNOSING PAIN.

Physical Signs Which Distinguish Real From Assumed Suffering.

"How do you diagnose pain?" was one of the questions put by the state board the year I received my diploma," said a young dentist. "I was rather stumped at the time, but I have since learned that the query was a perfectly natural one. The idea is to differentiate between real pain and assumed pain. There are some people so stoical while in the operating chair that not a sound-escapes them, not even the suspicion of a grunt, though they may be suffering severely. On the other hand, there are people, men and women alike, who try to give the impression that every touch of an instrument is torture.

"But there are always physical signs by which we can distinguish between the real and the assumed suffering. Beads of perspiration on the forehead is one, and when the pain is not so severe, but still keen enough to be felt, there is an involuntary twitching of the muscles of the eyelids. Then we know it's the real thing and act accordingly. Why, I have even known women to pretend to faint and carry the bluff through when they were not suffering the slightest pain."—Philadelphia Record.

DRESS HINTS.

Throughout your entire wardrobe avoid cheap, tawdry effects.
If you shoes get very wet wipe off all dirt with a damp cloth, then rub them with sweet oil or cream.
Alcohol diluted with water is generally an effective renovator of silk. It greases spots are to be removed, rub first with gasoline.
China silk waists should be washed, then starched in a thin starch and ironed while damp. This makes them look just like new.
Restore fine net veerings which have become stringy by sponging them with a weak solution of black starch. Pin them out to dry, keeping the edges perfectly straight.
Tucked chiffon, when crumpled and shabby looking, may be easily freshened up by passing a hot iron over the wrong side of the material. This makes the tucks have the raised appearance they had when new.

THE WEAPON OF DAVID

(Original.)

"Go!" to send for boy to college "Jabez?" "You bet." "What ye goin' to do that for? He won't farm nothin' except how to play games. Them athletics takes all the students' time nowadays." "There are was things 'n' athletics. Seems to me I'd rather have my boy git strong than git 'farnin', though they're both good. I knowed a feller once that got his start in the world from baseball practice. While he was in college he kep' up his 'farnin', but kep' up the athletics too. When he got out into the world he found himself in a fix where the 'farnin' wouldn't 'a' been no use without the athletics.

"This was the way of it: "When I lived out in Nevada it was a mighty rough country. Gamblin' an' 'farnin' was the two perfestions, gamblin' bein' considered the more respectable of the two. There was two or three lawyers, doctors an' sitch like in the place an' a few editors. Mike Gallagher was runnin' the Diamond Drill newspaper an' tryin' to establish it by a fearless course. He was always attackin' the wo'thless, an' this way he got the support of the thrifty. But he had to do a good deal of fightin' 'n' wouldn't have nobody in his employ that couldn't shoot. One day a young man just out of college came along and asked for a position.

"Young man," said Gallagher, "the positions are all vacant just now. The managin' editor was killed last week, an' the 'local' will be buried tomorrow. For the next few weeks there'll be pretty hot work for any one that takes hold on the paper, for we're bound to run the men that shot 'em out o' the town. Can you shoot?"

"No," said the young feller. "I never had any practice."

"Well, then, I reckon I'll have to give the position to the next applicant." "The young feller thought a spell, then he said: 'I can throw straight enough. I was pitcher for the university team and was counted the best pitcher the nine ever had.'

"The young man had the education, though the next applicant knew how to 'fan the hammer' and all quick shootin' tricks, but 'farnin' was out of his line. Gallagher tuk the college man and set him to work at once. "The next mornin' there was a six-zin' article referin' to a certain man who had shot the local editor, goin' over his past history like a barrow over a field. Blackleg, vagabond, drunkard, murderer, was the terms used. Soon as the feller saw the article he went to the Drill office, climbed the stairs, and the first thing the new employe saw was the muzzle of a cocked revolver comin' through the door. The next thing was an arm and the next a man's body. Of course they was comin' mighty quick, but not too quick for the editor. He caught up an iron inkstand and, jest as the man's face showed within the door, let fly, takin' him plumb in the temple.

"Well, the next mornin' there was an obituary in the paper recountin' the circumstance and warnin' the man who had killed the managin' editor that enough of his record was known at the Drill office to land him in jail. When the new editor met him on the street that afternoon the feller was a-comin' out of the Metropolitan gamblin' saloon with two revolvers strapped to his hips. The editor had his pockets full of stones and, seein' his enemy reachin' for his gun, got out a two pounder rock and landed it in the middle of his forehead. The feller dropped like lead, but got off with concussion of the brain. When he got well he was warned by the committee to light out, and he lit.

"But the end hadn't come yet. The tongs didn't like the idea of a new feller comin' in with what they considered a barbarous way of fightin', so one of 'em—the meanest, low lived cuss in the territory—give out that he was goin' to down the editor with the old fashioned weapon—the revolver. The next day the newspaper man was walkin' along the street when he heard a sharp cry, 'Look out!' He had to do a pretty quick job of thinkin', which was this way: Not seein' an enemy in front, he concluded there was one behind and a bullet was comin' right off. He wheeled like a flash, takin' a stone from his pocket as he turned, got his eye on a man bringin' a revolver to bear on him and put a stone right ag'in the weapon, knockin' it twenty feet away. Before the feller could draw ag'in the editor sent another stone that broke his jaw. This ended the scrimmage.

"The fact that the editor set an example of goin' about unarmed—stones wasn't considered arms—had a fine effect on the community. The best citizens declared that carryin' of weapons wasn't necessary or civilized, and the committee posted a notice for all to disarm. Any man that was caught with weapons on him would be shot down in his tracks. The Diamond Drill's circulation increased, and as the town became safe and respectable traders came in and advertisements flooded the paper.

"That was the way the young graduate got his start in life, and I reckon that when a man has got his start the better his education the more fitted he is to occupy important positions. The youngster became part owner of the paper, and when the territory was admitted as a state he went to congress. The reason why I've told the story without bringin' in his name is that he's got his eye on a bigger thing still, and he don't like in these civilized days to have it brought up that he ever killed any one."

THOMAS BARBER JUDSON.

Sample.
"George didn't keep his engagement with me last night," said the girl who was betrothed to him.
"I'd give him a piece of my mind," said her mother.
"Just a little sample of married life," suggested the father.—Cleveland Leader.

The "Salted" Mine

(Original.)

"What are you doing, John?" The question was asked in a mining camp in the far west. A man had dumped several bags of ore on the kitchen floor and was mixing them in one heap.

"Hist, Molly. Don't be asking too many questions." "But I want to know." "Well, then, I'm preparing to make Molly Drake a rich woman. There's a fellow come out from New York huntin' for property with which to organize a big mining company. He's been looking at our ten acres on Cobble hill. I've told him I've struck the rich vein of the Sally Ann mine in the middle of our property."

"Well?" "I'm preparing to make sure he's not disappointed." "John Drake, do you mean to tell me you're going to 'salt' the property?" "Salt it? Don't you know that this is a world in which the shrewd ones live on the fools? What does he want the property for? To make a balloon of it. To do this he must have something to show. If I don't give him rich ore he'll go to the next man, who will; and I'll be left in the lurch. He don't want to know too much. It would spoil his plans. There he comes now."

Leaving the kitchen he shut the door. The stranger came on. As he did so Molly Drake fixed her eyes upon him in wonder. The color left her cheek, and she bit her lip to restore her equanimity. As the man approached he, too, started, but the woman cast a meaning glance toward her husband and put her finger to her lips. When the newcomer and the woman met they were introduced by the husband as strangers.

"Molly, this is Mr. Sydney, a gentleman from New York looking for mining property." Mr. Sydney and Mrs. Drake nodded to each other, and Drake, evidently fearing that the purchaser might get a look into the kitchen, soon took him away, but not before Sydney and Mrs. Drake had managed to make an appointment to meet that evening in the wood back of the cabin.

As soon as dark came John Drake harnessed a horse to a cart and, taking the salted ore, drove away. He had scarcely gone when his wife went back into the wood. Sydney was waiting.

"Molly!" "George!" It was the old story of a lovers' misunderstanding. George Sydney had gone off thinking that Molly Parker had dismissed him, Molly thinking that he would come back. After a time John Drake, who had the name of being a money maker and had accumulated some means, won and married her. Hearing of a gold strike on Wolf creek in the far west, he had taken his money and gone there to be on hand for a good investment.

Sydney began to speak of the cause of their estrangement. "That's all past, George," interrupted the woman. "What are you doing here?"

"My father and certain friends of his have great confidence in the gold producing qualities of this place and have sent me to buy any property that looks well. When I fell in with John Drake I—"

"Yes, yes. What are you going to do with this property if you buy it?" "Work it."

"Organize a company to boom the stock and sell out?" "Molly!"

"Or get what there is in it for the purchasers?" "If we buy a mine, I am to stay here and manage it."

"She stooled a moment thinking, then said, 'Come with me.' "Taking him to her cabin, she opened the kitchen door and with a candle held low showed him the dust left from the mixed ores.

"If you buy his property, that's the sample you will buy it on." "He looked at her in wonder. 'Do you mean?' he began.

"That John has gone to salt the hole where he claims he has struck the Sally Ann vein."

"For a few moments Sydney continued to look at her as if some great mistake was being made. Then he exclaimed bitterly:

"Oh, Molly, why did you send me away?" "Go. I have nothing more to tell you; no further warning."

"Go? And leave you here with a man you can't respect. Go? I will only go if you go with me."

"Neither the law of the land nor of God permits that, George. Go."

When John Drake drove the team up to his cabin at midnight and put it away he went into the house and found his wife awaiting him.

"John," she said, "you'll find the house in order and provisions for the rest of the week. I'm going back to my father."

The man started as if he had been struck. "For heaven's sake, Molly, what do you mean?" "I mean that I will not live with a dishonest man."

Something in the resolute tone of her voice told him that she was not to be dissuaded. He saw her pass away in the darkness and, going into the house, fell on his face. He had considered "salting" ore not as a criminal offense, but a shrewd operation. Sydney made every effort to induce Mrs. Drake to take some action with a view to their possible union, but she steadily refused. Ten years later her husband died, and she married the man she should have married in the first place.

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