

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.
Taking effect Sunday, May 15, 1904.

West Bound.
No. 1—(daily) due 12:53 a. m.
No. 71—(daily) due 7:26 a. m.
No. 3—(daily) due 9:58 a. m.
No. 47—(daily) due 3:42 p. m.
No. 55—(daily) due 7:23 p. m.

East Bound.
No. 2—(daily) due 3:54 a. m.
No. 40—(daily) due 10:22 a. m.
No. 12—(daily) due 5:40 p. m.
No. 72—(daily) due 6:58 p. m.
No. 4—(daily) due 9:35 p. m.

W. VA. & PITTS. DIVISION.
West Bound.
No. 5—(daily ex. Sunday) Ar. 6:15 a. m. Lv. 6:15 a. m.
No. 1—(daily) Ar. 9:30 a. m.; Lv. 10:30 a. m.

East Bound.
No. 6—(daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 2:15 p. m.; Lv. 3:55 p. m.
No. 7—(daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 6:40 p. m.
No. 9—(Sunday only) Ar. 7:20 p. m.; Lv. 7:20 p. m.

East Bound.
No. 8—(Daily ex. Sun.) Lv. 6:40 a. m.
No. 2—(Daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 8:50 a. m.; Lv. 10:35 p. m.
No. 66—(Sunday only) Ar. and Lv. 9:40 a. m. Leave 10:35 a. m.
No. 6—(daily) Ar. 3:33 p. m.; Lv. 4 p. m.
No. 4—(daily ex. Sun.)—Ar. and Lv. 11:30 p. m.

WEST VIRGINIA SHORT LINE.
West Bound.
No. 56—(daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 12:00 noon
No. 58—(daily) Ar. 8:15 p. m.

East Bound.
No. 57—(daily) Lv. 6:20 a. m.
No. 59—(daily ex. Sun.) Lv. 2:30 p. m.

Trains Nos. 7 and 9 run between Clarksburg and Sutton.

D. B. MARTIN.
M. P. T., Baltimore.
D. W. BASSETT.
G. P. A., Baltimore.
C. W. ALLEN.
T. P. A., Parkersburg.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.
St. Louis, Mo., July 6.
One Fare for the Round Trip via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.
Tickets on sale July 2 to 5, inclusive, good returning leaving St. Louis not later than fifteen days, including date of sale.
Call on Ticket Agents for full information.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR
FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Waters, Minerals, and Mineral Fats.
For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

If you need a trunk, valise, suit case or umbrella go to Morrison's shoe, hat and men's furnishing store, where you can get the best for the least money. He has the finest and most complete stock of these goods in the city and guarantees prices the lowest. June 22d

SWEET MELODY FLOUR
FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
For children's coughs, croup, whooping cough, etc.
For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

Notice to the Public.
Having qualified as administrator of the personal estate of Julia A. Phillips deceased, I hereby notify all persons owing said estate to pay the same to me on or before July 14, 1904; and all persons having claims against said estate will present them on or before that date properly proved and certified to, for payment.
R. B. PHILLIPS,
Administrator of Julia A. Phillips, deceased. June 22d

THE OAK SALOON
ANTHONY GAUGHAN, Prop.
The Finest Bar in the State.
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Nos. 341 & 343 Pike Street.
CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

Metropolitan Hotel and Cafe
324-326 PIKE STREET
EUROPEAN PLAN.
The best of everything properly cooked and served. Beautifully appointed rooms at moderate rates. Free sample rooms for commercial men.
W. F. RAU, Prop.

NOTICE TO WATER CONSUMERS.
The water rents for the quarter ending June 30 are now due and payable at the office of the city clerk in the city building. Rents must be paid on or before July 15, or the consumer will have to suffer the inconvenience of having the supply cut off.
HUGH CALLAGHAN,
Superintendent of Water Works.
22 June 10

Sweet Melody Flour
CHEAP EXCURSIONS
To the World's Fair via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.
Every Tuesday in June. Only \$12 round trip.
Tickets will be good going in coaches only on Train No. 55, leaving Clarksburg at 7:28 p. m., and in coaches only on regular trains returning not later than ten days, including date of sale.
For details address Ticket Agent.

Sweet Melody Flour
The "Nation's Highway" and "SHORTEST ROUTE" to the **WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS.**
Three through trains daily. Vestibuled throughout with Pullman Sleeping Cars, Observation Cars and Dining Cars, via Cincinnati.
Season, Sixty-Day and Fifteen-Day EXCURSION TICKETS—on sale.
Cheap Coach Excursions every Tuesday in June at very low rates.
Ask ticket agents for Descriptive World's Fair Folder, boarding house and hotel booklet guide, maps and full information.

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FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
Stops the cough and soothes the throat.
For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

I make a specialty of straightening cross eyes. R. A. Hayes, expert optician at Dr. Luther Raymond's office, Jacoby building, July 7, 8 and 9. June 22d

Dr. E. B. Harper, veterinarian. will treat your sick animal. Operating a specialty. Charges reasonable. Office: 211 Pike street. apr 28c

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
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Dr. E. B. Harper, veterinarian. will treat your sick animal. Operating a specialty. Charges reasonable. Office: 211 Pike street. apr 28c

GOT THAT SACK WM. TELL FLOUR YET?
Little Herald 5c cigar, clear Havana filler, at Levy's, 332 West Pike street. m21--

Concerning a Vowel

(Copyright, 1904, by M. Wood.)
Mr. Mark Tirrell swung his horse into the bridge path that ran along one side of the avenue and to the utter surprise of Nancy, who was something of a loafer in the way of horse-flesh, he permitted her to drop into the saddle. As a general thing, when they reached the bridge path in the gray of these early winter mornings Tirrell would say briskly, "Come, Nancy," touch her with the crop and they would go galloping smartly toward the reservoir in a fashion which made the occupants of the early cars turn about to catch another glimpse of them.
"There was no 'Come, Nancy,' this morning; no touch of the crop. Tirrell sat stilly in the saddle, gazing straight ahead—'at nothing apparently.' So Nancy poked along in her shuffling walk, her head thrust out and her ears laid back in a manner which on any ordinary occasion could not have failed to rouse Tirrell's ire.
It was a dull, cheerless morning. Low hanging clouds were in the sky, and through the bare branches of the elms the wind whistled a prophecy of snow. Tirrell smiled grimly. The morning corresponded with his mood.
Last night, when he had quarreled with Amy Linton, it had seemed to him that with very proper dignity he had offered able defense of a principle; this morning, as he mentally reviewed the affair, he stamped his whole course of action as assinine.
Miss Linton was not the sort of girl who flew into temper on a moment and repented it the next. Her anger manifested itself slowly and was deep-rooted. Tirrell felt sure the end had come. No more jolly evenings with her before the library fire; no more rides with her in the crisp air of the winter morning.
He shut his teeth and threw back his head.
"Close ranks here!" he growled to himself, and to the mare, "Come, Nancy." He struck her smartly with the crop. Nancy responded with a side-wise spring which would have unseated a less experienced rider and galloped up the path at a pace that sent the blood surging to Tirrell's cheeks. But neither the pace of the mare nor the chill of the morning nor his own determination to forget the whole affair could drive Amy Linton from his mind.
He could see her standing, as she had last night, on the other side of the library table, her face white and her eyes flashing fire. He could hear her say again, "There is really nothing to be afraid of, Tirrell; good night," and he pictured her to himself as she swept from the room, her head poised proudly above the perfect shoulders.
Tirrell felt something tighten in his throat.
"Damn it!" he exploded and urged the mare into a breakneck run.
Tirrell was well out toward the reservoir and still riding recklessly when he saw a riderless horse galloping down the bridge path. He pulled Nancy up, and, heading her in the opposite direction, he rode slowly along, awaiting the arrival of the other horse. As it came up he leaped from the saddle and grasped the bridle of the runaway.
The horse carried a sidesaddle, and there was a white star on the forehead that brought Tirrell's heart to his mouth. It was Miss Linton's horse.
He turned Nancy, and, leading the other horse beside him, he rode up the bridge path again. They had gone but a short distance when he espied Amy Linton walking unconcernedly down the path. Tirrell heaved a sigh of genuine relief.
"I was afraid you were hurt," said he, dismounting.
"No," she said, "I was tightening the girth when he left, and upon my honor, stand still. Tony, you idiot!" she said to the horse.
"I—I'm glad I happened along," said Tirrell. He felt rather embarrassed.
"It was kind of you to catch him," she said.
Tirrell assisted her to mount.
"May I finish out the ride with you?" he asked.
Miss Linton's eyebrows were raised a trifle.
"If you wish," she said coldly.
For awhile they galloped along in silence. Tirrell suddenly drew his horse nearer hers.
"Have you any idea where I was headed for?" he said in a low voice.
"I'm afraid I haven't," she said, still frigidly.
"You remember the little hill just past the reservoir?" he pursued, "the one where we used to ride mornings and watch the sun sparkle like the snow on the opposite slope?"
Miss Linton regarded him steadily for a moment.
"Yes," she said quietly.
"I was going out there," he said, "and I—er—felt—oh, hang it!—as if I were going to a grave," he blurted.
There was silence again. Then Miss Linton spoke, her head turned from him.
"I was going out there too. I—I think I felt much the same."
"Amy!" he cried and caught her hand in his. Her head was still turned from him, but the little ear nearest him was very red.
"I'm a brute," he asserted.
She laughed softly.
"You are," she averred, "but it's half the fight if you know it."
"I'm going to reform," he said. "I need you to help me through."
He felt her hand tremble in his.
"Let's ride this bridge path," he said, "oh, say a month from now, and let's change it a bit. Let's make that final 'er' in 'brille' an 'e' and put it before the 'l'."
She turned her head toward him, her face flushed scarlet.
"Let's," she said simply.
SIDNEY H. COLE.

A Useless Verdict.
"Yes," said the old traveler, "I was on a jury in California once. It was a murder trial. I didn't want the fellow hanged and so stuck out against the other eleven for nine days, locked up in the jury room, when they gave in, and then I was ready to stab myself with a pen-knife."
"What about?"
"Cause the mob had hanged the prisoner on the very first day we were locked up."
A Smuggling Scheme.
Many of the devices employed by smugglers both by land and sea. A very smart trick is related of a method by which brandy was conveyed through Paris. Regularly, day after day, a tandem bicycle made its way through one of the gates into the city, and attracted no attention. The same pair of cyclists rode it always and appeared to be but workmen hastening to their work from their homes in the suburbs. One morning, just after the machine was through the gates, it went to earth, unseating both the riders. The man who had occupied the front seat jumped to his feet, grabbed the machine, vaulted into the saddle and rode for his life, never giving a glance at his stunned companion. Astonished, the customs officers, who had witnessed the mishap, rushed to the aid of the fallen man, who showed no signs of life. They were still more surprised when they reached him, for he wasn't a man at all, but just a dummy with movable legs, had arms, a false head and face and a hollow body of rubber. He had punctured in the fall and ten gallons of the best brandy was making its exit as quickly as it could.

Elusive Syllables.
A crowning specimen of indignant helplessness in the face of elusive syllables is that of the unfortunate speaker who, at a pathetic point of his address, when his hero was about to undergo a heartrending parting from home and friends, uttered in his most melting voice:
"Biddy, biddy."
He stopped confused, flushed, set his mouth and tried again, with a different resumption of the interrupted pathos:
"Biddy, biddy."
Something was still wrong. He grew scarlet, perspired and gasped forth a third attempt, not more intelligible. His hearers could none of them utter a word. It might be high German or it might be a "Mother Goose" refrain:
"Biddy, biddy, biddy doo!"
The situation was desperate, but the persistent orator rallied, paused until he had fully recovered his self control, and trying once more, with slow utterance and distinctive enunciation, concluded at length the simple phrase which had overthrown him. He said:
"Did he bid a-doo?"

Worth Bringing to Light.
One can easily imagine that the judge smiled, the lawyers laughed and the spectators burst into applause when the court room was subdued in the following effectual way, told in the Christian Endeavor World:
George B. Smith and L. S. Sloan, two of the greatest lawyers of their day, were once trying a case as opponents. Mr. Sloan had a habit of punctuating his address to the court with the exclamation, "Your honor, I have an idea." The case had been dragging its weary length through the hours of a warm summer day, when Mr. Sloan, who was making what appeared to be an interminable argument, said:
"Your honor, I have an idea."
Mr. Smith sprang to his feet, assumed a dignified position, and with all the solemnity imaginable said:
"May it please the court, I move that a writ of habeas corpus be issued by this court immediately to take the learned gentleman's idea out of solitary confinement."

WALL PAPER Is the clothing of a house. To have your home look well you need to clothe it with new styles and colorings of paper. **MORAL: Get the latest.**
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CAPITAL \$100,000
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As a guarantee of safe, conservative management, we beg to refer you to our exceptionally strong Board of Directors, who keep themselves in constant touch with the inner working of the Bank.
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That is the way we make clothing. Everything is done according to the most approved method—every garment made under a perfect system.
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A Complete Line of Watches, Clocks, Rings and Jewelry of all kinds for Gifts.
The Silverware we talk about is **"1847. ROGERS BROS."**
It has been made for nearly sixty years.
We have it in Stock. We sell it Right Prices.



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We handle only Home Slaughtered Fresh Meats which we sell at Anti-Trust Prices. Free Delivery to all parts of the city.
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HENNAGHAN & SHERRY, PRNPRS.
Most Popular Brands of Whiskies, Wines, Beer and all kinds of Soft Drinks.
BEST LINES OF CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.
Elegant Service and Courteous Attention to all. Everybody Patronizes this Buffet.

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ALL KNOW CLARKSBURG'S REPUTATION AS A COMING CITY.
Union Heights, Containing 500 Acres.
One mile from Court House. Is the most Beautiful residence section in or around the city.
We have held it off of the market for years until there was an actual demand. The time has now come. On account of the building of several large factories at Grasselli and East Clarksburg, and the Growing Demand for good houses.
Auction Sale of Lots July 15, 1904. Don't Miss It.
Union Heights July 15, 1904.
Free— One Rubber Tired Run about. Free— One Desirable Residence Lot. Free Street Car Service. Free Carriages.
The Famous Highland Band 50 people in uniform will be on the grounds. Take a day off. Visit Union Park. The Golf Links, and hear the music; see what is going on. See your neighbor make money, even if you refrain. No Boom. Will allow no wild bidding. All we want are fair values and our customers to make money.