

Married Women

Every woman covets a shapely, pretty figure, and many of them deplore the loss of their girlish forms after marriage. The bearing of children is often destructive to the mother's shapeliness. All of this can be avoided, however, by the use of **Mother's Friend** before baby comes, as this great liniment always prepares the body for the strain upon it, and preserves the symmetry of her form. **Mother's Friend** overcomes all the danger of child-birth, and carries the expectant mother safely through this critical period without pain. It is woman's greatest blessing. Thousands gratefully tell of the benefit and relief derived from the use of this wonderful remedy. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Our little book, telling all about this liniment, will be sent free.

Mother's Friend

The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A FLAVOR ALL ITS OWN

Absolute purity and the "know how" acquired by 59 years of experience and experiment, have produced a beer with a flavor all its own—



It's different from all other brews—and better. Brewed from the choicest of select materials—brewed just right, for you. At all first-class cafes, or by the case direct from the brewery. Try it.

REYMANN BREWING CO.
WHEELING, W. Va.

WHEN IN DOUBT USE THE COLUMN HEADED CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE TELEGRAM.



A Tooth For a Tooth

We'll give you a good tooth wherever you have one that is decayed and useless. It is beyond repair, we'll give you a new one; if not we'll make the old one new.

Fillings of all kinds, 50c up. Bridge Work, per tooth, \$5.00. Gold Crowns, \$5.00 up. Full Set of Teeth, \$5.00 up.

HILL BROTHERS

NEW YORK DENTISTS

Leggett Building, S. 3rd Street, Clarksburg. Home Phone 242. Lady Attendant.

WANTED—Modern flat in good neighborhood.

MR. AND MRS. JABEZ BROWN, Strangers came into the town, Didn't know where to stay or stop, Travel-worn, ready to flop.

Nacherly went to a hotel. Morning, Jabez says, "It's—! We're in this town to stick and stay; Look around for a place today."

News

from

Telegram's Wants

Busily bustling, Mrs. Brown Started out to scour the town; Tramping the streets the livelong day, Found no place she's like to stay.

Jabez was foxy. He was wise. Said he, "My dear, we'll advertise!" Did it, and got a charming flat. Happy now, where they are at.

MORAL. Advertise in THE TELEGRAM.

Temper and Green Tulle

By Sarah McConnell
Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

He was busy getting the thought of her out of his mind, sore put to it to be free and his own man again. She was capricious, inconstant, vain; she was self-willed and full of wiles; she was—oh, she was Alexandra Lee. He would not think of her.

A great deal that had happened that night was blurred to him. But the bang of the carriage door as they started home reverberated in his mind like the crack of doom. It had slipped from his hand and swung to with a crash. Alexandra's laugh mocked him. "With any one else, George, I'd have said the door slammed."

He remembered how she looked as he turned, something strange in her eyes that matched, in impression, the misty multitudinous ruffings and billowings of her gown—that frivolous, fluttering, elusive green tulle he had watched all evening as she danced with every other man in the room—with Herbert Hartley, a dawdling, dandling dandy, a signpost to every path but that of rectitude of all men in the world, Herbert Hartley!

From her carriage corner Alexandra sighed. "I've had such a good time, and now I suppose there's the piper to pay."

"If you mean there is Hartley to settle for?"

"Herbert? You've a tone that hints at 'thirdly and fourthly, brethren,' and poor Herbert! He's so much more of a song than a sermon."

"That began it. He had never meant to quarrel, only to deal with her in a firm, prompt fashion, as a man should. Firm, prompt he had been, with certain ability of exposition that served him well in courts of law, but with Alexandra—"

She bent down as he ended. "Are you there, Alexandra?" she asked of the floor. "Poor dear, there is nothing left to pick up. Oh, I'm tired, tired! I'm stifled, I can't breathe. There, take it back!" And she tossed the ring across to him. "Now one can draw a free breath."

"Alexandra" he begged.

But he had cut, and she meant he should pay. And hers was a pretty gift of table turning.

He held his anger down. No more doors should slam by chance about him, and it was only as they neared the house that he interrupted:

"We haven't gained anything this way. Discuss me again. The point is Herbert Hartley."

"Then I must put on my bonds again? Where is the ring?"

"You had it last."

"I laid it in your lap."

But it was not in her lap nor the seat nor the carriage. Alexandra laughed. "Oh, thrifty George, are you sure you've not taken it back for safe keeping?"

He stood a long moment at her door. "And Hartley?" he said.

Insistence was match to her powder. "How can I answer unless we're engaged? And people can't be engaged without rings, can they, George? You seem to think with mine on that I fail to remember. Bring it back to me and—"good night!"

After a week of wrath mingled with pain he got himself under control and wrote her. But the answer came back the same absurd, maddening, almost insulting reiteration—the ring, always the ring. A perversity first or a pretext, did she use it now as a weapon? He hadn't the ring, she knew.

Life was turmoil once Alexandra entered, and he remembered what what perverve, astuteness she had said herself: "I'm like a mustard plaster on your mind. You'd better take me off before I raise a blister."

But she was in every wind that blew and without her nothing was worth while that once had been.

So for a fortnight he had gone about his accustomed ways, and, though many a flutter of familiar skirts had set his heart a-jump, yet he never had met Alexandra that night. The cause of some importance took him out of town with such sharp demand upon all his faculties that he had known a sort of respite.

But back in the town his work was all to do again. He went his way down to his office; he bowed to people who drove past with a swift look that Alexandra would not be with them. And then unexpectedly with a group near the Hurds there was Alexandra. Yes, it was Alexandra and Evelyn Hurd, and with them Herbert Hartley.

The group stood until he had almost reached them, when Hartley turned, and Evelyn went back to the house, while Alexandra stopped by the Hurds' waiting carriage.

He knew she had seen him long before, but—it was one of her insincerities he most disliked—she acted out acute surprise. He put a stiffer guard upon himself.

A stiffer guard! She called it by another name. She hated him when he was like that. How futile he made her feel, how trivial, how vain! Well, at least she would make him feel one more and betray it; she would wring out of him a protest.

And then her mind misgave her. Was she being left with the situation on her hands? Would he accept without protest? Would he never speak? She looked up and then down again to her clasped hand on which his eyes were fixed. A seal ring of Herbert's, the place of the one that was lost. A joke—a stupid joke—but

Preventives, as the name implies, prevent all cold and grippe, when taken at the sneeze stage. Preventives are toothsome—candy tablets. Preventives dissipate all colds quickly, and taken early, when you first feel that a cold is coming, they check and prevent them. Preventives are thoroughly safe for children and are effective for adults. Sold and recommended in 5 and 25 cent boxes by all druggists.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR.

Herbert's name on his lips and Herbert's ring on her finger she was indeed left committed to the situation the last of her desiring.

Alexandra's faint Herbert Hartley in Green-tulle's face; she waved him abroad like a banner. If the town hummed with rumors of her, she helped the rumor wax, but helped it to no explanation.

But with her family there was one topic that, like the weapon used in committing the crime, seemed always impossible to dispose of. The Nile green tulle—why didn't she wear it? And that was the one thing she couldn't do.

It was their house dressmaker that in a measure vanquished her at last. "One, two, three," measured the woman. "That's only once and a quarter, and I'll need as much again. Those ruffles on your Nile green underpetticoat—they're a match, Miss Alexandra, and we're in a hurry."

Alexandra went into her room, shutting the door behind. The tulle hung upon the hooks with a kind of defiant grace, as if it still held something of its owner's quality. She took the gown down slowly and spread it gently out upon the bed. How happy she had been when she had worn it—the last time she had been happy!

She had meant they should have a memorable evening, she and George and the gown. And how had it so fallen out? What did it mean except that if it were good to be with George it was a joy still subtler to dance away with some one else knowing his eyes held her, followed her, and that for each the crowded room held only the other? Provocation, alluring, half a mystery to herself, it was like a fold of the silk that shimmered over its silk lining.

She slipped down upon the floor by the bedside and began to rip the flosses. What was it he said that had made her so angry? Her vanity was as address as her caprice. He shouldn't have said it, and yet—it was true enough. Well, she had warned him. He was well rid of her. He had come out of the matter with a better grace than she had except about the ring. No doubt it had been found long ago. It angered her afresh to think how stubborn he had been not to have told her. The way to make her feel how small she was was not to tell her so, but to let her see that she was big and generous. If he had given her a chance, half a chance—

The scissors snapped, snapped. It was thus she had laid a sharp tool on her happiness. She was cutting the stuff, but what did it matter? She was always cutting and tearing something dear to her.

And the ruffles must come off, they said. She bent nearer. She might as well tear and be done.

What was this hard thing on which the scissors struck and caught? Not, surely not—in her hand lay the ring.

"Alexa!" He had come at her urgent summons, but hotly rebellious. And yet Alexa, there before him—a curious figure hung about with green silk ruffles—Alexa, grieved, remorseful, pouring her heart out. How was it possible to withstand her?

"And I suppose," he said, the ring half back in its place again—"I suppose I'll have to marry you to save you from—"

But she would not let him speak the obnoxious name. "Without any thought of offending the singer replied simply that she was sorry, but on the evening designated she was engaged to sing for a charity. She would be pleased to sing for her majesty the next week. The consternation among court officials was great. What would have happened if the singer had not been prevailed upon to break her engagement and comply with the queen's best only a lord chamberlain knows. Even a lord chamberlain could never have had the resolution against wearing a low dress at a concert, and court custom had to yield to her. The queen took unconscious revenge on the American by presenting her with a tea service, for Mme. Sterling kept all her life a childish resolution never to drink tea because the spilling of the tea in Boston harbor was the symbol of American defiance of England.

Reed's Retort to Dingley. When the town of Brunswick, Me., celebrated some years ago the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation there was a big dinner, and Tom Reed and Nelson Dingley were present and were, of course, called upon to speak. Dingley spoke first and said in conclusion that he had made no preparation and would make way for a gentleman who had come with a prepared speech, meaning Reed, who got back at Dingley as follows: "Mr. Tommaster, I am sorry to be in an apology. Some time ago I attended a celebration like this in Unity, in Waldo county, and there heard Governor Dingley refer touchingly to Unity as his birthplace. I afterward learned that the governor was also born in Durham, in the county of Androscoggin, and I know that nothing but my presence here prevents his claiming he was born in Brunswick too. And I feel like apologizing for being here, for it will hereafter be an honor to have shared in the birthplace of Governor Dingley."—Pittsburg Times.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR.

Piles quickly and positively cured with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. It's made for piles alone—and it does the work surely and with satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large, nickel capped glass jars, 50 cents. Sold and recommended by all dealers.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR.



are caused by indigestion. If you eat a little too much, or if you are subject to attacks of indigestion, you have no doubt had shortness of breath, rapid heart beats, heartburn or palpitation of the heart.

Kodol For Dyspepsia

digests what you eat, takes the strain off of the heart, and contributes nourishment, strength and health to every organ of the body. For Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Inflammation of the mucous membranes lining the Stomach and Digestive Tract, Nervous Dyspepsia and Catarrh of the Stomach.

After eating, my food would distress me by making my heart palpitate and I would become very weak. I used a bottle of Kodol and I feel like a new man. Dure for about four months and it cured me. MRS. LORING NICHOLS, Penn Yan, N. Y.

Prepared at the Laboratory of E. D. Merrill, Chicago, U.S.A.

SOLD BY STONE & MERCER.

Many different reasons are assigned for their unwillingness to submit to the extraction of teeth. But it was no fear of pain which was uppermost in the mind of Miss Melitaba, dentist that she would be much benefited by the loss of two of her prominent teeth.

"You say they can't be filed," she said, in evident distress, "and you couldn't get any others in for me for more'n a fortnight?"

The dentist admitted reluctantly that it was so.

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to get on as best I can." And Miss Melitaba seated herself in the torture chair. "But I don't see how I shall make out. Here I am, chambermaid to the Willowby inn during the summer, and it's cheek full of folks, with lots of transients coming and going and those are my pillowcase teeth!"

There is just five ounces less amount of brain matter needed to keep a woman from idly than there is needed for a man. The average weight of a man's brain is forty-nine and one-half ounces and that of a woman forty-four ounces. When a brain falls below thirty-seven and a half ounces in a man idly usually occurs. A woman's brain has to fall to thirty-two and one-half ounces before she reaches the same condition. Man has a larger brain in proportion to his stature than woman, while, on the other hand, woman has a larger brain in proportion to her weight. The female brain begins to lose weight after the age of thirty; that of the man not till ten or fifteen years later. The loss in a woman is slight, however, and she keeps up a high brain weight much later than a man.

The Deadly Dull Bachelor. "It is always easy to see how long a couple have been married by noting whether the house is full of his friends or how," according to a writer in the London Ladies' Field. "A man invariably begins by inviting all his bachelor friends to his house. He is anxious to show off his wife, and he fondly imagines that they will like her and that she will like them, which rarely happens." The writer then goes on to dissect the bachelor and concludes: "I don't know why one's husband's bachelor chum should, as a rule, be so deadly dull, but they usually are, and, as a matter of fact, it was probably their dullness which originally drove him into matrimony, only he has not the sense to see it." There would be fewer married if it weren't for the bachelors.

As a Last Extreme. Once a number of legal lights in Washington were gathered in the smoking room of a lawyers' club, when the talk turned to a discussion of the "art" of lawyers. "The average man," remarked one disciple of Blackstone, "seems only too ready to assume we are all liars, a very unjust position, it seems to me. Do we not sometimes tell the truth?" He asked of his neighbor, a well known criminal lawyer.

"Certainly," promptly responded the latter. "We will do anything sometimes to win a case."

Same Thing. Mrs. Scribbles—I believe the brother who knocked at the door with his bill. Ferdinand Scribbles—Tell him I am sorry, but I've just paid the rent and am short. Mrs. Scribbles—But it may be the landlord, Ferd. Scribbles—Well, then tell him I'm sorry, but I've just paid the butcher and am short.—London Fun.

Making It Clear. He—Will you marry me? She—No! I'm not a clergyman. He—Well, will you permit a clergyman to marry us? She—Yes; you to somebody else, and me to—well, somebody else.—London Fit-Bits.

Exhausting. "They say early rising is very unhealthy." "Of course, many a woman has broken down her constitution getting her husband up in time for breakfast."

An Odd Supply of Talk. "I've had to get a new barber." "Your old one getting careless?" "No, but his baby is beginning to say 'barber'."

JOHN BRENNAN'S LIE

Traveler Round the World and Caused Lots of Anxiety. One of the silliest lies ever told was the famous invention of Safflor Man John Brennan of Sligo, Ireland, who set of whole cloth. There wasn't the shadow of foundation for it, but there was so much that might have been true about it that it was called round the world wherever men go down to the sea in ships, and for several hours it kept hundreds of people on the rack of anxiety.

About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Oct. 14, 1891, a bulletin was posted at the New York Maritime Exchange that the City of Rome had foundered off St. Shotts, off the coast of New England. About the same time the newspaper editors got a dispatch from St. John's, N. F., saying that Safflor Man John Brennan of Sligo, Ireland, had got into the little town of Trepassy that morning from Peter's river and had declared that he was probably the only survivor of the City of Rome, which had struck on the rocks and gone down. He was in such a condition of exhaustion that nothing more could be got out of him until he had had rest and nourishment.

That story was cabled and telegraphed everywhere, and at once the newspapers began to strive for further details. The first effort was to get confirmation or denial. It was found at once that the City of Rome had sailed from New York at such a time that she must have been near St. Shotts when Brennan said she was there. That looked like confirmation. The evening papers got out extras, with lists of the passengers and crew, pictures of the ship and her history. The offices of the Anchor line agents were crowded with persons eager for news. Brennan had absolutely no confirmation of the passengers flocked about the place. The Maritime and Lloyd registers were searched for reports of other ships with names similar to that of the City of Rome. An Italian Citta di Roma was found, but when she was tracked it was found she was all right.

Then the newspapers began to prepare to send men to the scene of the wreck. Dozen papers got men off for Halifax, there to take ocean tugs for St. Shotts. All the time the telegraph and cable were worked for further news from Newfoundland. At last there came a dispatch from the cable station at Cape Race to the Anchor Line agents here:

"Your City of Rome passed here on Tuesday. All well, it said."

That was all. For the next twenty-four hours the truth hustled to overtake the lie. It succeeded, but it was a hard chase. Brennan had absolutely nothing on which to go in making up his story. He couldn't have known even that the City of Rome was in New York or had sailed. He just fired in the air, and, as may happen once in ten million times, he hit the mark.

The Choir He Wanted. John Fliske, the American historian, was an ardent lover of music and himself no mean musician. Furthermore, he was extremely capricious and felt the hot weather of the summer of 1891 as a summer school in a small city of the middle west. The heat was terrific, and adjoining the house where the lecturer stayed was a church where an ill matched but zealous "quartet" practiced and performed during all hours of the torrid afternoons and evenings. One evening, seeing the famous man sit for a time unoccupied and apparently oppressed by this combined affliction, the young daughter of his hostess tried to divert him by offering him a new novel, then just becoming popular. "I think 'The Choir Invisible' is perfectly splendid, Mr. Fliske," said she. "Wouldn't you like to read it?" The historian put the book aside. "My dear young lady," said he, "the only choir in the world in which I could feel any interest at this moment would be the choir laudible."

"Spelling." Did any one ever try a derivation test? Its difficulty no doubt would be very often in deciding what is the right answer. For instance, what is the derivation of the word "spelling" itself? At one time Professor Skeat found its origin pretty confidently in the Anglo-Saxon "spel," meaning discourse or story, and the verb "spellian" to declare, relate, tell (which appears in "spell," a charm, and in "rospeil"). To spell, then, would be to tell the letters one after another, though Skeat admitted that there might have been some confusion with "spell," a slip of wood, since such a slip was used in our old time schools to point to the letters of a word one after another in spelling them out. Later he has become more lenient toward the view that this wooden "spell" may be the real origin of "spelling," "spellian" being irrelevant.—London Notes and Queries.

Physicians' Earnings. A very few physicians in large cities enjoy incomes of about \$25,000 a year, and possibly there are some whose receipts exceed this amount. The average physician in large cities receives probably from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year, and comparatively few established city doctors have annual incomes of less than \$1,500. There are in large cities quite a number of family physicians who are not specialists, yet have practices worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. The average annual income of the physician established in some country center is from \$2,000 to \$3,000, the minimum probably being not over \$1,000 and the maximum not in excess of \$6,000 to \$7,000, comparatively few receiving more than the larger amount. Well established country physicians earn from \$800 to \$2,500 a year.—From "Starting in Life," by N. C. Fowler, Jr.

When the tip of a dog's nose is cold and moist, that dog is not sick. A feverish dry nose means sickness with a dog. And so with the human lips. Dry, cracked and colorless lips mean feverishness, and are a sign of ill appearing. To have beautiful pink, velvet-like lips, apply a thin coating of Dr. Shoop's Bedtime and Green Salve. It will soften and heal any skin ailment. Get a fresh tin box at our store, and be convinced. Large nickel capped glass jars, 25c. Sold by all dealers.

EMPIRE BUILDING DIRECTORY

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Cook Coal & Coke Co., Fourth floor.	Room 428, Fourth floor.
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Dr. J. E. Wilson, Physician, Third floor.	Rooms 312-3, Third floor.
Robert R. Wilson, Lawyer, Fourth floor.	Room 424, Fourth floor.
West Virginia Casualty Co., Insurance, Sixth floor.	Rooms 643-4-5, Sixth floor.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

Schedule Effective May 27, 1906.
CLARKSBURG, W. VA.
Daily, except Sunday.
WEEK-DAY SERVICE:
Cumbersburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, Depart 7:15 a.m., 7:45 p.m.
Arrive 12:55 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 7:25 p.m.
Gettysburg Accom., Depart 10:25 a.m., 7:15 p.m. Arrive 7:15 a.m., 3:45 p.m., 9:25 p.m.
W. VA. & WEST VIRGINIA:
Farmersville, Clarksburg, Louisville and Mt. Zion, Depart 7:15 a.m., 7:45 p.m., 9:55 p.m.
Arrive 7:15 p.m., 9:55 p.m., 11:55 p.m.
Farmersville Accom., Depart 11:35 a.m., 12:40 p.m. Arrive 10:25 a.m., 7:25 p.m., 11:00 p.m.
W. VA. & WEST VIRGINIA:
Connsville and Fittsburg, Depart 8:15 a.m., 10:25 a.m., 10:50 a.m.
Arrive 12:35 p.m., 11:05 p.m.
Farmington and Morgantown, Depart 7:15 a.m., 10:25 a.m., 11:50 a.m.
Arrive 7:25 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 11:00 p.m.
W. VA. & WEST VIRGINIA:
New Martinsville and Wheeling Accom., Depart 7:15 a.m., 11:50 p.m.
Arrive 11:15 a.m., 9:40 p.m.

WELLS' PATENT WITCH HAZEL. A. L. V. D. For Piles, Burns, Scalds.