

# PALACE

FURNITURE & PIANO COMPANY

Third St. Store, 221 S. Third St.

## PORCH FURNISHINGS

### BAMBOO SHADES

Made of split bamboo, bound with strong seine twine, green color, all drop 8 feet.  
6 feet wide.....\$1.25  
8 feet wide.....\$1.50  
10 feet wide.....\$1.75

### SETTEES

Bent wood green...\$4.50  
Double cane, green \$7.50  
Cane, mission frame \$7.50

### CANE ROCKERS

In natural finish; very comfortable and substantial.  
Cane Rockers, slat back, medium high. \$2.00  
Price.....\$2.00

Cane Rickers, high slat back.....\$2.25

Cane Rockers, extra large double cane seat and back.....\$4.75

MISSION FURNITURE  
Solid oak, mission finish, very substantially made.  
Mission Chairs.....\$3.00  
Price.....\$3.00

Mission Rockers.....\$3.25  
Price.....\$3.25

Mission Settees, cane seat and back.....\$7.50  
Price.....\$7.50

Mission Swings.....\$4.50  
Price.....\$4.50

### WALDO WOODWEB SHADES

The most durable and beautiful porch shade on the market. Keeps out the sun and lets in plenty of light and air.

Green Color.  
4x8 feet.....\$2.25  
6x8 feet.....\$3.50  
8x8 feet.....\$4.50  
10x8 feet.....\$5.50

Natural Color  
4x8 feet.....\$2.00  
8x8 feet.....\$3.75  
10x8 feet.....\$4.75

### KALTEX FIBRE FURNITURE

Green waterproof finish the most substantial and beautiful Porch Furniture made.

Chairs and Rockers  
\$4 to \$14 Each

DELTOX & GREX RUGS  
For the Porch, all sizes, plain green or printed border. Prices

\$1.50 to \$7.50

### LEONARD CLEANABLE Refrigerators

\$6 to \$80

## The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

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(Continued from yesterday.)

"But you can surely tell what that? They expected a violent reply, and they got it."

"No, I can't. What has my hat got to do with the guilt of Elwood Ranelagh?"

"Nothing, we hope," was the imperturbable answer. "But we find it necessary to establish absolutely just what overcoat and what hat you wore down street that night."

"I've told you that I don't remember." "The young man's color was rising."

"Are not these the ones?" queried the district attorney, making a sign to Sweetwater, who immediately stepped forward, with a shabby old ulster over his arm and a battered derby in his hand.

"The young man started, rose, then sat again, shouting out with angry emphasis: "No!"

"Yet you recognize these?" "Why shouldn't I? They're mine. Only I don't wear them any more. They're done for. You must have rooted them out from some closet."

"Mr. Cumberland,"—the district attorney was very serious—"this hat and this coat, old as they are, were worn into town from your house that night. This we know absolutely. We can even trace them to the clubhouse."

Mechanically, not spontaneously this time, the young man rose to his feet, staring first at the man who had uttered these words, then at the garments which Sweetwater still held in view.

"I don't know anything about it," were the words with which he sought to escape from the net which had been thus deftly cast about him. "I didn't wear the things. Anybody can tell you what clothes I came home in. Ranelagh may have borrowed."

"Ranelagh wore his own coat and hat. Mr. Cumberland, you have told us that you didn't know at the time and can't remember now, where you spent that night and most of the next morning. All you can remember is that it was in some place where they let you drink all you wished and leave when the fancy took you, and not before. It was none of your usual haunts. You dreaded to have your sister know how soon you could escape the influence of that moment. You wished to drink your fill and leave your family none the wiser. Am I not right?"

"Yes, it's plain enough, isn't it? Why happen on that string?" "You cannot remember the sloop in which you drank. That's possible enough, but perhaps you can remember where that was. Was it whisky, rum, absinth or what?"

The question took his irritable listener by surprise. Arthur gasped and tried to steal some comfort from Coroner Perry's eye, but that old friend's face was too much in the shadow.

"I drank—absinth," he cried at last. "From this bottle?" queried the other, motioning again to Sweetwater, who now brought forward the bottle he had picked up in Cuthbert road.

Arthur Cumberland glanced at the bottle the detective held up, saw the label, saw the shape and sank limply in his chair, his eyes starting, his jaw falling.

"Where did you get that?" he asked, pulling himself together with sudden desperate self-possession.

"That," answered the district attorney, "was picked up at a small hotel on Cuthbert road, just back of the markets, not far from the Whispering Pines."

"I don't know the place." "It's not a high class resort, not select enough by a long shot to have this brand of liquor in its cellar. There were only two bottles of it left in the clubhouse when the inventory was last taken. Those two bottles are now gone, and—"

"This is one of them? Is that what you want to say? Well, it may be for all I know. I didn't carry it there. I didn't have the drinking of it."

"We have seen the man and woman who keep that hotel. They will talk if they have to."

"They will?" His dogged self-possession rather astonished them. "Well, that ought to please you. I've nothing to do with the matter."

A change had taken place in him. The irritability, approaching to violence which had attended every speech and infused itself into every movement since he came into the room had left him. He spoke quietly and with a touch of irony in his tone.

"Then I have no doubt but you will do us this favor," volunteered Sweetwater in his pleasantest manner. "It's not a long walk from here. Will you go there in my company, with your coat collar pulled up and your hat well down over your eyes, and ask for a seat in the snuggery and show them this bottle? They won't know that it's empty. The man is sharp and the woman intelligent. They will see that you are a stranger and admit you readily. They are only shy of one man—the man who drank there on the night of your sister's murder."

"You're a——" he began, with a touch of his old violence. But, realising, perhaps, that his fingers were in a trap, he modified his manner again and continued more quietly: "This is an old request to make. I won't go

with you to that low drinking den unless you make me, but I'll answer."

"Don't speak. It is unnecessary to say who spoke. We wouldn't believe you, and it would be only adding injury to the rest."

"You wouldn't believe me?" "No; we have reasons, my boy. There were two bottles."

"Well?" "The other has been found, bearing your home."

"That's a trick. You're all up to tricks."

"Not in this case, Arthur. Let me entreat you in memory of your father to be candid with us. We have arrested a man. He claims his hat, but can produce no witnesses in support of his assertions. Yet such witnesses may exist. The man who took the bottles from the clubhouse's wine vault did so within a few minutes of the time when this crime was perpetrated on your sister. He should be able to give valuable testimony for or against Elwood Ranelagh."

"This is absurd!" Young Cumberland had risen to his feet and was wraying to and fro before them like a man struck between the eyes by some maddening blow.

"If I had only died that night!" he muttered, with his eyes upon the floor and every muscle tense with the shock of this last calamity.

"Dr. Perry, let me go for tonight. Let me think. My brain is all in a whirl. I'll try to answer tomorrow."

But even as he spoke he realised the futility of his request. His eye had fallen again on the bottle, and in its shape and its label he beheld a witness bound to testify against him if he kept silent himself.

"Don't answer," he went on. "I may as well own the truth and be done with it. I was in the clubhouse. I did rob the wine vault. I did carry off the hat to have a quiet spree, and it was to some place on Cuthbert road I went. But when I've admitted so much I've admitted all. I saw nothing of my sister's murder, saw nothing of what went on in the rooms upstairs. I crept in by the open window at the top of the kitchen stairs, and I came out by the same. I only sipped the liquor, and when I got it made my way over the golf links to the road."

The district attorney's voice sounded thin, almost pleading, as he made this remark.

"You entered by an open window. Why didn't you go in by the door?" "I hadn't the key. I had only abstracted the one which opens the wine vault. The rest I left on the ring. It was the sight of this key lying on our hall table which first gave me the idea. I feel like a cad when I think of it, but that's of no account now."

Flushed, he slowly sank back into his seat. No complaint now of being in a hurry or of his anxiety to regain his sick sister's bedside. He seemed to have forgotten those fears in the perturbations of the moment. His mind and interest were there; everything else had grown dim with distance.

"Did you try the front door?" "What was the use? I knew it to be locked."

"What was the use of trying the window? Wasn't it also, presumably, locked?"

The red mounted hot and feverish to his cheek.

"You'll think me no better than a street urchin or something worse," he exclaimed. "I knew that window. I had been through it before. You can move that lock with your knife blade. I had calculated on entering that way."

"Mr. Ranelagh's story receives confirmation," commented the district attorney, wheeling suddenly toward the coroner. "He says that he found this window unlocked when he approached it with the idea of escaping that way."

Arthur Cumberland remained unmoved.

The district attorney wheeled back. "There were a number of bottles taken from the wine vault. Some half dozen were left on the kitchen table. Why did you trouble yourself to carry up so many?"

"Because my greed outran my convenience. I thought I could lug away an armful, but there are limits to one's ability. I realized this when I re-appeared the greater part of them behind."

"Why, when you had a team ready to carry you?"

"A—I had no team." But the denial cost him something. His cheek lost its ruddiness and took on a sickly white which did not leave it again as long as the interview lasted.

"You had no team? How then did you manage to reach home in time to make your way back to Cuthbert road by half past 11?"

"I didn't go home. I went straight across the golf links. If fresh snow hadn't fallen you would have seen my tracks all the way to Cuthbert road."

"If fresh snow had not fallen we should have known the whole story of that night before an hour had passed. How did you carry those bottles?"

"In my overcoat pockets—these pockets," he blurted out, clapping his hands on either side of him.

"Did it begin to snow when you left the clubhouse?" "No."

"Was it dark?" "I guess not; the links were bright as day, or I shouldn't have got over them as quickly as I did."

"Quickly? How quickly?" The dis-

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EPPO—The Eppo fits the figure without being altered, the elastic band conforming to the waist and insuring a snug fit at the waist over the hips without wrinkles.

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### SORE AND PIMPLY FACES

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If you don't have Manoline and haven't used it, you have missed the best method of keeping the skin healthy. 25c in tin tubes of 360 drops.  
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Perhaps there is an offer in one of today's "classified ads." that you couldn't find again in a year.

## Empire Building Directory

Alexander & Alexander, Insurance, Room 416, Fourth Floor	Dr. R. L. Osborn, Room 205, Second Floor
D. D. Britz, Civil Engineer, Room 312, Third Floor	Osborn & Boggs, Room 319, Third Floor
H. C. Brooks Co., Contractors, Room 553, Sixth Floor	Prudential Life Insurance Co., Room 400, Fourth Floor
Consolidation Coal Co., Rooms 533-540, Fifth Floor	Pittsburg, Provision & Packing Co., A. T. Martyn, Room 429, Fourth Floor
Cook Coal & Coke Co., Room 486, Fourth Floor	Public Stenographer, Room 508, Second Floor
Clarksburg Telegram Co., Printers and Publishers, First Floor, Main Street	Richards Construction Co., Contractors, Rooms 645-645 1/2-646, Sixth Floor
Christian Science, Room 417, Fourth Floor	Dr. R. D. Rumbaugh, Dentist, Rooms 652-653, Sixth Floor
Citizens' Loan Co., Room 316, Third Floor	Dr. B. F. Shuttleworth, Jr., Physician, Rooms 312-313, Third Floor
Empire Sign Co., Empire Bulletin System, Office, entrance, basement.	Star, Rig, Reel & Supply Co., Oil and Gas Well Contractors' Supplies, Room 423, Fourth Floor
Fairmont Coal Co., Room 535, Fifth Floor	Short Line Coal Co., Room 426, Fourth Floor
Home Loan Co., Room 648, Sixth Floor	Sperry & Sperry, Attorneys-at-Law, Rooms 03-203 1/2-204, Second Floor
Dr. E. A. Hill, Physician, Rooms 201-202, Second Floor	ALBERT SNEDEKER, Room 645, Sixth Floor
Harrison County Medical Society, Room 208, Second Floor	W. H. Taylor, Lawyer, Room 432, Fourth Floor
Hope Natural Gas Co., Rooms 754 to 761, Seventh Floor	A. K. Thorn & Co., Bonds, Room 428, Fourth Floor
Holmboe & Lafferty, Architects, Rooms 761-3-4, Seventh Floor	Union Land Co., Room 431, Fourth Floor
Dr. S. M. Mason, Physician, Room 201-202, Second Floor	United Brokerage Co., Room 317, Third Floor
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Life Insurance, Suite 515, Third Floor	Union Central Life Insurance Co., Room 645, Sixth Floor
Mrs. Houlah W. Morgan, Room 645, Sixth Floor	West Virginia Fire Underwriters' Association, Room 648, Sixth Floor
Neff & Lohm, Attorneys-at-Law, Room 207, Second Floor	Olandus West, Coal, Oil and Gas, Room 418, Third Floor
S. Newman, Ladies' Tailor, Rooms 541-2, Fifth Floor	Dr. J. E. Wilson, Physician, Room 211, Second Floor
National Aluminum Company, Room 208, Second Floor	W. Va. C. A. M. Society, Room 431, Fourth Floor
National Cash Register Co., Mesanerie Floor.	
O'Garra Coal Mining Co., Room 644, Sixth Floor	
Owens Bridge Co., Rooms 520-521, Third Floor	