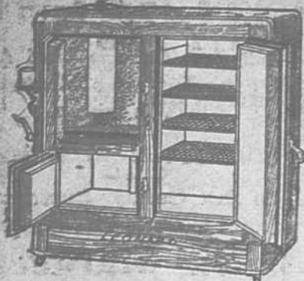


PALACE FURNITURE & PIANO CO.

221 SOUTH THIRD STREET

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.



Refrigerators
Our entire line
Reduced 20%



SEWING MACHINE
A high grade and absolutely reliable machine in every respect, polished oak case, drop head, full set of latest attachments FREE. Guaranteed for 10 years. Sale price \$15.00

July Clearance Sale

Starts today, and in value giving it will be the greatest in the history of our store. All regular stock as well as summer stock have been reduced. Odd and ends and discontinued lines have been cut almost in half. Please note that each article is a true value and no exaggeration indulged in.

This Sale SAVES YOU FROM 10 to 50%



Extension Tables
\$6.50 Oak Extension Table now \$5.50
\$18.00 Genuine quartered oak Extension Table, polished, Golden Oak, or Early English finish. Sale price only \$16.00



Library Tables
The largest line we have ever shown, all finishes, a large selection of Burkhardt Desk Tables. For quick sale they are.....
20% OFF



This Reed Rocker
Made of high grade reed, green finish, well braced, full size. Value \$3.00. Sale price \$2.25

CASH

Goods Bought At Sale Prices Must Be Paid For At Time Of Purchase

CASH



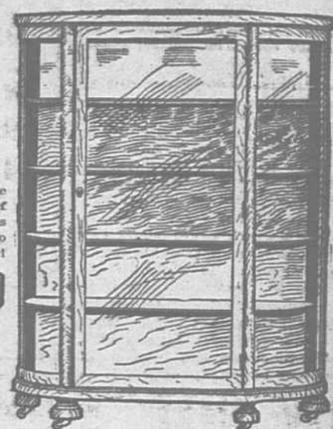
EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN BRASS BEDS

22 styles to choose from if you come now.
\$15.00 Brass Beds, lacquer finish, now \$11.50
\$30.00 Royal Satin finish Brass Beds, 2-inch continuous post with 3-inch double husks. Sale price \$19.95
\$40.00 Royal Satin finish Brass Beds, 3-inch continuous post with 3 1/2-inch double husks. Sale price \$29.50



Buffets and China Closets Reduced

An opportunity for you to furnish the dining room at a genuine saving of 20 per cent. Twenty styles of Buffets and ten styles of China Closets to choose from if you come today. All woods and finishes ranging in price from..... \$11.50 TO \$70



\$45.00 Genuine Quartered Oak China Closet, Early English finish, Colonial style. Sale price \$36.00

THE DANGER TRAIL

By **JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD**
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(Continued from Saturday.)

He saw now what he might have done. Somewhere, not very far back, the sledge carrying Melesse and Jackpine had turned into the unknown. They two were alone. Why had he not made Croisset a prisoner, instead of allowing himself to be caged up like a weakling? He swore aloud as there dawned on him more and more a realization of the opportunity he had lost. At the point of a gun he could have forced Croisset to overtake the other sledge. He could have surprised Jackpine, as they had surprised him on the trail. And then? He smiled, but there was no humor in the smile. He at last would have held the whip hand. And what would Melesse have done?

Melesse loved him. He would have staked his life on that. His blood leaped as he felt again the thrill of her kisses when she had come to him as he lay bound and gagged beside the trail. She had taken his hand in her arms, and through the grief of her face he had seen shining the light of a great love that had glorified it for all time for him. She loved him! And he had let her slip away from him, had weakly surrendered himself at a moment when everything that he dreamed of might have been within his grasp. With Jackpine and Croisset in his power—

He went no further. Was it too late to do these things now? Croisset would return. With a sort of satisfaction it occurred to him that his actions had disgraced the Frenchman of suspicion. He believed that it would be easy to overcome Croisset, to force him to follow in the trail of Melesse and Jackpine. And that trail? It would probably lead to the very stronghold of his enemies. But what of that? He loaded his pipe again, puffing out clouds of smoke until the room was thick with it. That trail would take him to Melesse—wherever she was. Heretofore his enemies had come to him; now he would go to them. With Croisset in his power and with none of his enemies aware of his presence, everything would be in his favor. He laughed aloud as a sudden thrilling thought flashed into his mind. As a

last resort he would use Jean as a decoy.

He foresaw how easy it would be to bring Melesse to him—to see Croisset. His own presence would be like the dropping of a bomb at her feet. In that moment, when she saw what he was risking for her, that he was determined to possess her, would she not surrender to the pleading of his love? If not he would do the other thing—that which had brought the joyous laugh to his lips. All was fair in war and love, and theirs was a game of love. Because of her love for him Melesse had kidnaped him from his post of duty, had sent him a prisoner to this death house in the wilderness. Love had exculpated her. That same Love had exculpated him. He would make her a prisoner, and Jean should drive them back to the Wekusko. Melesse herself had set the pace, and he would follow it. And what woman, if she loved a man, would not surrender after this? In their sledge trip he would have her to himself, for not only an hour or two, but for days. Surely in that time he could win. There would be pursuit perhaps; he might have to fight, but he was willing and a trifle anxious to fight.

He went to bed that night and dreamed of things that were to happen a third day came. With each hour grew his anxiety for Jean's return. At times he was almost feverish to have the affair over with. He was confident of the outcome, and yet he did not fail to take the Frenchman's true measurement. He knew that Jean was like live wire and steel, as agile as a cat, more than a match with himself in open fight despite his own superior weight and size.

He devised a dozen schemes for Jean's undoing. One was to leap on him while he was eating, another to spring on him and choke him into partial insensibility as he knelt beside his pack or fed the fire, a third to strike a blow from behind that would render him powerless. But there was something in this last that was repugnant to him. He remembered that Jean had saved his life; that in no instance had he given him physical pain. He would watch for an opportunity, take advantage of the Frenchman, as Croisset had taken advantage of him, but he would not hurt him seriously. It should be as fair a struggle as Jean had offered him, and with the handicap in his favor the best man would win.

On the morning of the fourth day Howland was awakened by a sound that came through the aperture in the wall. It was the sharp yelping bark of a dog, followed an instant later by the sharper crack of a whip and a familiar voice.

Jean Croisset had returned. With a single leap he was out of his bunk. Half dressed he darted to the door and crouched there, the muscles of his arms tightening, his body

tense with the gathering forces within him.

The spur of the moment had driven him to quick decision. His opportunity would come when Jean Croisset passed through that door.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGHT.

BEYOND the door Howland heard Jean pause. There followed a few moments' silence, as though the other were listening for sound within. Then there came a fumbling at the bar and the door swung inward.

"Bon jour, m'sieur," called Jean's cheerful voice as he stepped inside. "Is it possible you are not up, with all this dog barking and?"

His eyes had gone to the empty bunk. Despite his cheerful greeting Howland saw that the Frenchman's face was haggard and pale as he turned quickly toward him. He observed no further than that, but flung his whole weight on the unprepared Croisset, and together they crashed to the floor. There was scarce a struggle and Jean lay still. He was flat on his back, his arms pinioned to his sides, and bringing himself astride the Frenchman's body so that each knee imprisoned an arm Howland coolly began looping the babesh things that he had snatched from the table as he sprang to the door. Behind Howland's back Jean's legs shot suddenly upward. In a quick, choking clutch of steel-like muscle they gripped about his neck like powerful arms, and in another instant he was twisted backward with a force that sent him half neck broken to the opposite wall. He staggered to his feet, dazed for a moment, and Jean Croisset stood in the middle of the floor, his caribou skin coat thrown off, his hands clinched, his eyes darkening with a dangerous fire. As quickly as it had come the fire died away, and as he advanced slowly his shoulders hunched over, his white teeth glinting in a smile. Howland smiled back and advanced to meet him. There was no humor, no friendliness, in the smiles. Both had seen that flash of teeth and deadly scintillation of eyes at other times, and both knew what it meant.

"I believe that I will kill you, m'sieur," said Jean softly. There was no excitement, no tremble of passion, in his voice. "I have been thinking that I ought to kill you. I had almost made up my mind to kill you when I came back to this Maison de Mort Rouge. It is the justice of God that I kill you!"

The two men circled like beasts in a pit, Howland in the attitude of a boxer, Jean with his shoulders bent, his arms slightly curved at his side, the toes of his moccasined feet bearing his weight. Suddenly he launched himself at the other's throat.

In a flash Howland stepped a little to one side and shot out a crushing blow that caught Jean on the side of the head and sent him flat on his

back. Half stunned, Croisset came to his feet. It was the first time that he had ever come into contact with science. He was puzzled. His head rang, and for a few moments he was dizzy. He darted in again in his old, quick, catlike way and received a blow that dazed him. This time he kept his feet.

"I am sure now that I am going to kill you, m'sieur," he said as coolly as before.

There was something terribly calm and decisive in his voice. He was not excited. He was not afraid. His fingers did not go near the weapons in his belt, and slowly the smile faded from Howland's lips as Jean circled about him. He had never fought a man of this kind; never had he looked on the appalling confidence that was in his antagonist's eyes. From those eyes rather than from the man he found himself slowly retreating. They followed him, never taking themselves from his face. In then the fire returned and grew deeper. The dull red spots began to glow in Croisset's cheeks, and he laughed softly when he suddenly leaped in so that Howland struck at him—and missed. He knew what to expect now. And Howland knew what to expect.

It was the science of one world pitted against that of another—the science of civilization against that of the wilderness. Howland was trained in his art. For sport Jean had played with wounded lynx. His was the quickness of sight, of instinct—the quickness of the great north loon that had often played this same game with his rifle fire, of the sledge dog whose ripping fangs carried death so quickly that eyes could not follow. A third and a fourth time he came within distance, and Howland struck and missed.

(To be continued.)

OFFICE DISCONTINUED.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18.—The postoffice at Beach, Calhoun county, has been discontinued. Mail will be sent to Arnoldsburg.

BABY BORN.

Johnny Caussau, agent for the Clarksburg Brewing Company, is taking a holiday today and celebrating the birth of a twelve pound baby girl which arrived at his home at Northview Monday evening. Mother and babe are doing nicely.

To the fat-hunter, house-hunter—to anyone to whom the words "for rent" have a timely interest—the Telegram classified ads. tender real service.

BOATMEN PROTEST

Will File Complaint with War Department on Manipulation of Dams.

PARKERSBURG, July 18.—As a result of the Pittsburg and Cincinnati packets Ohio and Lucille Nowland being held up recently by the methods used by Major F. W. Alstaetter in the operation of the dams of the Wheeling district of the Ohio river, a protest will be filed with the War Department by the owners of the boats.

This information has been given out by Captain B. S. Pope, one of the prominent stockholders, who alleges that Major Alstaetter is discriminating against the packets in favor of the pleasure boats in his district by losing the wickets.

PENSION BILLS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18.—A bill has been introduced in the House to grant an increase of pension to Allen Taylor, of Spring Hill, as well as to grant pensions to David King, of Romont, and Nancy J. Bryant, of Burnwell.

MISSIONARY MEETING.

A union missionary meeting will be held in the Central Presbyterian church Thursday evening at 7:45 o'clock. The subject will be "Japan." All are most cordially invited to this meeting.

DANIELS IN JAIL.

WELLSBORO, July 18.—Charles Daniels, Sr., whose wife and daughter were some time ago killed by a posse in search of him, has been landed in the local jail. He is accused of the murder of Henry Davis two months ago. Daniels will make a defense that he shot to protect himself.

BEER CHOSEN.

FAIRMONT, July 18.—Prof. W. A. Beer, formerly member of the Fairmont state normal school faculty, and afterwards connected with the editorial staff of the Fairmont Times, has been chosen principal of the Sabraton high school at Morgantown.

PUMPER

Is Drilled on the Rhoda Lyons Farm in the Ten-mile District.

On Grass run, Tenmile district, this county, Hoefmiller & Deegan have now completed and shot their test on the Rhoda Lyons farm and will not have better than a 15-barrel pumper from the Gordon sand. On the same stream, Bradley & Alexander are due to get the sand this week at their test on the W. S. James farm.

On the West Fork river, Eagle district, the Hope Natural Gas Company has completed its test on the Nancy Griffin farm and has a gasser in the Big Injun sand. On Rock Camp run, Sardis district, the Philadelphia Company has completed a test well on the S. S. Smith farm and has a gasser in the fifty-foot sand.

On Pigott run, Eagle district, the Carnegie Natural Gas Company has made a location for a test well on the John Shreve farm. The same company has also made a location on the E. O. Robinson farm, located on Big Birmingham creek.

On the West Fork river, Clay district, Hutchinson & Company have lost the ball in their producer on the J. H. Madden farm, which was drilled in two weeks ago, and showed for a good producer in the fourth sand.

VISIT INFIRMARY.

A visit of inspection was paid by the members of the county court Tuesday to the infirmary in course of erection on the county farm.

McCULLOM FUNERAL.

The funeral of Russel King McCullom, the fourteen-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. McCullom, of Northview, was held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home in Northview, burial following in the Elk View cemetery.

MAN JAILED FOR TRIAL.

John H. Fink was arrested and jailed Tuesday by Constable William Post to await trial before Justice G. H. Gordon on a charge of skipping a board bill amounting to \$3.10.

BOARD

(Continued from page 1.)

Brown's creek will be free from mine sulphur water flowing through this stream and other contaminating tributaries. The contract provides for the completion of the dam by November 30, 1911.

On petition of G. G. Oliver, general manager of the Hazel-Atlas glass factory, and other large water consumers, the resident engineer was authorized to extend the present 8-inch line from a point opposite Boyle's store on Sycamore street to the corporate limits near the Baltimore and Ohio crossing on Sycamore street, and the further expense of carrying the line to the company's plant is to be paid by it.

The residents of the "East End" in the vicinity of the Loop hotel being entirely without adequate fire protection, it was ordered that the new 12-inch line recently completed to Cherry street be extended to the corporate limits on East Pike street, and that a sufficient number of fire hydrants be installed for the protection of neighboring property.

Conditions at the pumping station were taken up at the meeting and on the recommendation of James B. McClintock, resident engineer, the contract for the repair of boilers, Nos. 1, 3 and 4, was awarded to the Salem Boiler Works, its price on the work being the lowest of several bidders. The question of several large water consumers who are alleged to be paying practically nothing in proportion to the service received was deferred until the next meeting of the board.

Miss Thelma Post, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Post, of West Pike street, is visiting relatives and friends at Jane Lew for a week.

HAVE YOU READ IT?

The Adler-ka book telling how you can EASILY guard against appendicitis, and get instant relief from stomach and bowel trouble, is being read with much interest by Clarksburg people. It is given away free by F. G. Bland, druggist.

California Sherry Wine \$2 per gallon; Imported Sherry Wine \$3.50 per gallon at Burke's Family Liquor Store, Fourth St.

SUSANNA FOR CHILDREN—Prevents cholera infantum.