

**10**

## Nusbaum's

### \$10 & \$15 Suit Store

306 West Main Street

SELLS EXCLUSIVELY

## Suits And Overcoats

At \$10 and \$15

THAT GIVE

Permanent Satisfaction

**NUSBAUM'S \$10 & \$15 Suit Store.**  
306 West Main Street.

**15**

## Reduced Entire Stock Ladies' Tan Shoes

To make room for our new spring footwear. See Window Display.

<b>\$5.00 Shoes,</b>	<b>\$3.25</b>
4.50 Shoes,	3.00
4.00 Shoes,	2.75
3.50 Shoes,	2.50

128 Third Street **Highland Bros. & Gore** 128 Third Street

Exclusive Shoe Fitters

## It Always Helps

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill.

I wish every suffering woman would give

# CARDUI

## The Woman's Tonic

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

**Get a Bottle Today!**



FOR A SHORT TIME

## 75c the set

### LEE & PARR

434 W. Pike St.

## THE Ne'er-Do-Well

By **REX BEACH**

Author of "The Spoiler," "The Barrier," "The Silver Horde," Etc.

Copyright, 1914, 1911, by Harper & Brothers.

(Continued from yesterday.)

Over at Panama the Cortlandts were looking for a house to lease. Affairs had reached a point where it seemed advisable to give up their quarters at the Tivoli and enter into closer contact with the life of the Spanish city. Meanwhile they gave a ceremonious little dinner, the one and only guest being Andres Garavel, the banker.

Of all the charming peoples of Central America there are perhaps none more polished and well bred than the upper class Panamanians. Of this agreeable type Senor Garavel was an admirable example, having sprung from the finest Castilian stock, as a name running back through the pages of history to the earliest conquests attested.

The present bearer of the name was of distinguished appearance. He was swarthy of skin, his hair was snow white, and he had stern black eyes of great intelligence. He was courtly and deliberate, evincing a pride that sprang not only from good blood but from good deeds. His nose was that of a man with heavy responsibilities, for Andres Garavel was a careful banker and a rich one. He was widely traveled, well informed and an agreeable talker.

"I am so disappointed that your daughter could not come," Edith told him for the second time. "I'm afraid she objects to our American informality."

"No, no, my dear lady," said their guest. "She admires American customs, as I do. We are progressive—we have traveled. In my home, in my private life, perhaps, I am a Panamanian, but in my business and in my contact with other people I am as they are. It is the same with my daughter. She has had a wide education for a child. She has traveled, she speaks five languages, and yet underneath it all she is a Garavel and hence a Panamanian. She is all I have, and my life is hers."

The meal progressed with only the customary small talk to enliven it, but as soon as the three had adjourned to the Cortlandt suit the host of the evening proceeded to approach the subject in his mind as directly as the circumstances permitted. Through a series of natural transitions the conversation was brought around to politics, and Garavel was adroitly sounded. But he displayed little interest. When at last he consented to show his awareness of the suggestion so constantly held out he spoke with deliberate intention.

"General Alfarez is my respected friend," he said, with a quietness that intensified his meaning, "and I rejoice that he will be the next president of Panama."

"You, of course, know that there is opposition to him?"

"All Panama knows that."

"General Alfarez does not seem to be a friend of the United States. May I speak frankly?"

Garavel inclined his white head without removing his intense, dark eyes from the speaker.

"Don Anibal Alfarez can never be president of Panama."

The banker made no visible movement, yet the effect of this positive declaration was almost like that of a blow. "After a pause he said:

"May I tell him you said so?"

"If you wish, but I do not think you will."

The hearer let his eyes fit questioningly to Mrs. Cortlandt's face to find her smiling at him.

"Believe me, dear lady," he said, "I suspected that there were grave reasons for this interview, but as yet I am at sea. I am not a politician, you know. I shall have no voice in our political affairs."

"Of course we know that, Senor Garavel, and of course there are grave reasons why we wished to talk with you. As Stephen has said, General Alfarez cannot be president."

"Madam," he said coldly, "Panama is a republic. The voice of the people is supreme."

"Down in your heart do you really think so?" She was still smiling at him. "No! The United States is supreme."

"Ah! That day will come, perhaps—I have said so. I look forward to it as the best solution, but—"

"The day has come."

"Even so, Alfarez is an honorable man, a strong man and the wealthiest man in our country."

"You are also a rich man, a man of ability," said Cortlandt. "Your name is second to none in all Central America. There is no one better."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the banker, in a strange voice. "I? No, no!"

"And why not? Have you never had political aspirations?"

"Of course. All men have dreams. I was secretary of finance under Amador, but the Garavels have never really been public men. Politics have been a curse to our house. My grandfather—"

"I know," broke in Mrs. Cortlandt. "But times have changed. Panama has seen her last revolution, and she needs a business man at her head. Panama is a healthy country, with no national debt. She is growing, developing. She holds the gateway to the western world, and her finances must be administered wisely. There is no one who can direct her so well as you."

"It is impossible!" repeated Garavel, his agitation growing more pronounced. "General Alfarez is my friend. His son will be my son."

"Ramon! Is Ramon engaged to your daughter?"

"Yes," exclaimed the banker shortly. He began to pace the room.

"What difference would that make, if the young people love each other?"

"Certainly," Cortlandt agreed. "They are not children."

"As for love, Ramon loves, and my daughter will love also, once she is married, for she is a Garavel."

"If Ramon isn't satisfactory to her, ought you to force her inclination?" Mrs. Cortlandt offered, eagerly. But the banker flung his arms aloft in a gesture of half humorous despair.

"Oh-h! These young ladies!" he cried. "They do not know what they want." He paused abruptly. "This comes upon me like a flood, my friends. I am swept away, and yet I—I will need to think seriously."

"Certainly."

"To an honorable man the salary will mean nothing. I have many affairs; I fear I cannot afford this sacrifice."

"Would you retire in favor of some one who could afford it?"

"Alfarez is honest."

"Alfarez cannot be president."

"It would require a great deal of money. I am considered a rich man, but I have discounted the future, and my enterprises—"

"I have spread out. I must be careful. It is not alone my money that I have invested."

"It will require very little money," said Cortlandt. "I have been from David to Darien, from Bocas to Colon and I know the public sentiment."

It was midnight before Senor Andres Garavel, the banker, bade his friends goodby. When he descended the hotel steps to his carriage he held his white head proudly erect, and there was new dignity in his bearing.

The winter season was at its height now. Every ship from the north came



"Oh-h! These young ladies!" he cried, laden with tourists, and the social life of the city grew brilliant and gay. Now that nature smiled, the work upon the canal went forward with ever growing eagerness. Records were broken in every department, the railroad groaned beneath its burden, the giant human machine was strained to its fullest efficiency.

Young Anthony mastered the details of his work very rapidly. Being intensely interested in his work, he avoided all social entanglements, despite repeated invitations from Mrs. Cortlandt. But when the grand opera season began he made an exception and joined her box party on the opening night.

It seemed quite like old times to don an evening suit; the stiff white linen awakened a pang of regret. There was a somewhat formal dinner in the Cortlandts' new home, at which there were a dozen guests, so Kirk had no opportunity of speaking with his hostess until they had reached the theater.

"I've scarcely seen you lately," she said at the first opportunity. "You're a very neglectful young man. I began to think you were avoiding us."

"You must know better than that." She regarded him shrewdly over her shoulder. "You're not still thinking of that night at Taboga?"

He blushed and nodded frankly. "I can't help thinking about it. You were mighty nice to overlook a break like that, but—"

Unconsciously his eyes shifted to Cortlandt, who was conversing politely with a giggly old lady.

She tapped his cheek lightly with her fan. "Just to show you how forgiving I am, I am going to ask you to go riding with me. The late afternoons are lovely now, and I've found a good horse for you. I suppose you ride?"

"I love it."

"Wednesday at 5, then." She turned to another guest, and Kirk leaned back to take in the scene about him.

Saxony, with 3,000 inhabitants to the square mile, is the most densely populated state in the German Empire.

CHAPTER XV.  
Gertrudis Garavel.

LIKE most Latin-American cities, Panama prides herself upon her government theater. Although it remains dark most of the year, its brief period of opera is celebrated by a notable outpouring of Americans and Panamanians. It was an exceedingly well-dressed audience, for although the pit was plentifully sprinkled with men in white, the two lower galleries were in solid full dress. In the center box of the first tier, ornately hung with flags and a coat of arms, Anthony beheld a giant, black man of majestic appearance, flanked by a half dozen aids in uniform.

"That is President Gallee," Edith told him.

As the curtain fell on the first act Kirk rose with the others and, accompanied by Mrs. Cortlandt, made his way down the long passageway and out into a brightly lighted, highly decorated foyer, filling now with voluble people. It was a splendid room, but he had no eyes for it. His gaze was fixed upon the welcome open air promenade outside, and his fingers fumbled with his cigarette case.

"Oh, wait, please," he heard Edith say. "I want you to meet some one."

There, not a yard away, was the girl of his dreams demurely bowing to Edith Cortlandt, her hand upon the arm of a swarthy man, whom Kirk knew at once as her father. He felt the blood rush blushing to his head, felt it drumming at his ears, knew that he must be staring like a man he met.

Mrs. Cortlandt was speaking and he caught the name "Garavel" like a bugle call.

She was the same dainty, desirous maid he had met in the forest, but now splendidly radiant and perfect beyond his imagining. She was no longer the simple wood sprite, but a tiny princess in filmy white moulded by some master craftsman. As on that earlier meeting, she was thrilling with some subtle mirth which flickered on her lips or danced in the depths of her great, dark eyes.

How he ever got through that wild introductory moment without making a show of himself Anthony never knew. The general confusion perhaps helped to hide his emotion, for around them eddied a constant human tide, through which at last came Mr. Cortlandt and the other members of his party. Then by some glorious miracle Kirk found himself moving toward the open air at his side, with Mrs. Cortlandt and the banker in advance of them.

"Oh, Chiquita," he said softly. "I thought I'd never find you. I've hunted everywhere."

At the tremendous intensity of his tone she flashed him a startled glance.

"Chiquita is not my name," she said, reprovingly.

"Yes, it is; it must be. I can't think of you by any other. Hasn't it been whispering at my ears ever since you said it? It has nearly driven me mad. Why didn't you come back as you promised?"

"It was Stephanie—she is such a ferocious person! I was brought to the city that day—but no, senor. I did not promise. I said only 'perhaps.'"

"Have you done your penance?"

"It was finished yesterday. This is the first time I have been out. Oh, it is delightful. The music—the people!"

"And I can come to see you now?"

"Very well do you know that you cannot. Have you not learned our customs? Do not be foolish, or I shall be forced to walk with my father."

"Don't do that. Can't you see we must make haste while the curtain is down?"

"I do not see. I am strolling in search of the cool air." She bowed and smiled at some passing friends. She seemed very careless, very flippant. She was not at all the impetuous, mischievous Chiquita he had met in the woods.

"See here!" he said, soberly. "We can't go on this way. Now that I've met your father, I'm going to explain my intentions to him, and ask his permission to call on you."

"My father is a stern man. In his home he is entirely a Spaniard, and he has learned how we met, for instance—even under the electric light he saw her flush—he would create a terrible scene."

"Trust me! I shan't tell him."

"There are so many reasons why it is useless."

(To be Continued.)

# LYNCH'S

## Special Prices Continued in Our Coat and Suit Department Today and Tomorrow



**Boudoir Caps**  
50c, 75c, \$1.00

**1/3 to 1/2 OFF**

Greatest values we have ever offered. NOW is the time if you are in need of a Coat or Suit for immediate use.

New dress goods for spring are beginning to arrive.

Sanitary Veils put up in sanitary wrapper black, assorted designs, 1 1/2 yards in each veil, at 30c, 35c and 40c each.

**THE MONTHLY FASHION BOOK**  
Illustrating the celebrated PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS will be mailed FREE for 12 months on request. Simply send us 12 cents to cover postage. If your dress is made from a Pictorial Review Pattern, it looks right, fits right, and is right-up-to-the-minute in S-T-Y-L-E.

## "Do You Spank Your Baby?"

Babies are good when they are comfortable, and you must soothe their delicate nerves. Follow the example of wise mothers and give them

### Dr. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP

The standard American remedy for infant complaints. Prevents Cholera Infantum, cures Constipation and Colic, makes Teething simple and safe. 25 cents a bottle. Free if you mention this paper.

Made only by DR. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, Md.

## This New Illustrated Book For Every Reader

CERTIFICATE OF PRESENTATION

THIS IS A 400 PAGE BOOK

# PANAMA AND THE CANAL

PRESENTED BY THE

CLARKSBURG TELEGRAM, Jan. 29

AS EXPLAINED BELOW

See the Great Canal in Picture and Prose

### Read How You May Have It Almost Free

Get out the above coupon, and present it at this office with the expense amount hereto set opposite the style selected (which covers the items of the cost of packing, express from the factory, checking, clerk hire and other necessary EXPENSE items), and receive your choice of these books:

**PANAMA AND THE CANAL**

In Picture and Prose

**\$4 ILLUSTRATED EDITION**

This beautiful big volume is written by Willis J. Abbot, a writer of international renown, and is the acknowledged standard reference work of the great Canal Zone. It is a splendid large book of almost 500 pages, 9x12 inches in size; printed from new type, large and clear, on special paper; bound in tropical red vellum cloth; title stamped in gold, with inlaid color panel; contains more than 600 magnificent illustrations, including beautiful pages reproduced from water color studies in colorings that far surpass any work of a similar character. Call and see this beautiful book that would sell for \$4 under usual trade conditions, but which is now being presented to our readers for ONE of the above Certificates and only the

**98c**

Sent by Mail, Postage Paid, for \$1.39 and One Certificate

**Panama and the Canal**

**\$2 OCTAVO EDITION**

Regular octavo size; text matter practically the same as the \$4 volume; bound in bias vellum cloth; contains only 100 photographic reproductions, and the color plates are omitted. This book would sell at \$2 under usual trade conditions, but is now being presented to our readers for ONE of the above Certificates and only the

**48c**

Sent by Mail, Postage Paid, for 67 Cents and One Certificate

**NOW—ONLY ONE CERTIFICATE—NOW**

## Two Accounts

Many of our depositors keep two accounts with us—a Commercial Account for their working capital, and a Savings Account for their surplus cash.

New accounts are cordially invited.

Every facility for handling your banking business.



THE EMPIRE NATIONAL BANK, DESS.

# EMPIRE NATIONAL BANK

MAIN AND FOURTH STS. CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

Capital \$250,000.00 Surplus and Profits, Undivided \$195,000.00