

10

NUSBAUM'S

\$10 and \$15 Suit Store
306 West Main Street

The Store That True
 Values Built

15

Sheffield cutlery firms have subscribed \$55,500 for the purpose of prosecuting for fraudulent use of the word "Sheffield" abroad.

Information for all Lung Sufferers

Would you like to know more about a remedy for Lung Trouble which has brought about many complete recoveries? The makers of Eckman's Alternative are in receipt of many really wonderful reports and will be pleased to forward to you copies of original letters and also booklet on diet and proper care needed in recovering health. Investigate this case—1619 Susquehanna Ave., Phila., Pa.

"My Dear Sir: For two years I was afflicted with hemorrhages of the lungs, and in February of 1902 I was taken with a severe attack of pneumonia. When recovered sufficiently to walk about the house I was left with a frightful hacking cough, which no medicine I had taken could alleviate. It was at this time, March, 1902, that I started taking Eckman's Alternative. In a short time my cough was gone and I was pronounced well. I cannot speak too highly for the good it has done."

(Signed) HOWARD L. KLOTZ.

(Above abbreviated, more on request.) Eckman's Alternative has been proven by many years' test to be most efficacious for severe Throat and Lung Affections, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Straborn Colds and in upbuilding the system. Contains no narcotics, poisons or habit-forming drugs. Ask for booklet "How to Recoveries" and write to Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa. for evidence. For sale by all leading druggists.

The Rev. A. Smythe Palmer preached in Wanstead, England, a sermon which consisted of 899 monosyllabic words.

Everything men wear—
Quality right—
Price right.

Corliss-Coon Collars
 2 for 25¢

THE SIERS HABERDASHERY

MI-O-NA FOR ALL BAD STOMACHS

Why suffer with that uncomfortable feeling of fullness, headache, dizziness, sour, gassy, upset stomach, or heartburn? Get relief at once—delays are dangerous. Buy today from your druggist a fifty cent box of Mi-o-na Tablets.

They are not a cure-all or an experiment, but a scientific remedy recommended to regulate the out-of-order stomach and end indigestion and distress. Their action is sure, safe and immediate.

There is no more effective stomach remedy than Mi-o-na. Besides quickly stopping the distress Mi-o-na soothes the irritated walls of the stomach, strengthens and builds up the digestive organs and increases the flow of gastric juices, thus assisting nature in the prompt digestion and assimilation of the food—your entire system is benefited—you will enjoy good health.

Do not suffer another day—get a box of Mi-o-na Tablets from **Wells-Maysmeyer Co.** Take them as directed. You will be surprised and delighted with the quick relief.—Advertisement

LOOK LOOK

20% off on all heating stoves and stove boards for the next ten days ending Saturday, 28. Now is the time to buy.

LEE & PARR
 434 W. Pike St.

slight. Overcoats and rugs were pressed into service as cover. Mr. Bland blithely assisted.

"If I see any newspaper reporters," he assured the professor on parting, "I'll damage more than their derbies."

"Thank you," replied the old man heartily. "You are very kind. Tomorrow we shall become better acquainted."

"Good night."

The two young men came out and stood in the hallway. Mr. Magee spoke in a low tone.

"Forgive me," he said, "for stealing your Arabella."

"Take her and welcome," said Bland. "She was beginning to bore me anyhow. And I'm not in your class as an actor." He came close to Magee. In the dim light that streamed out from No. 7 the latter saw the look on his face and knew that underneath all this was a very much worried young man.

"For God's sake," cried Bland, "tell me who you are and what you're doing here. In three words—tell me."

"If I did," Mr. Magee replied, "you wouldn't believe me. Let such minor matters as the truth wait over till tomorrow."

"Well, anyhow," Bland said, his foot on the top step, "we are sure of one thing—we don't trust each other. I've got one parting word for you. Don't try to come downstairs tonight. I've got a gun, and I ain't afraid to shoot."

He paused. A look of fright passed over his face, for on the floor above they both heard soft footsteps, then a faint creak as though a door had been gently closed.

"This inn," whispered Bland, "has more keys than a literary club in a prohibition town. And every one in use I guess. Remember, don't try to come downstairs. I've warned you. Or Arabella's castoff kimono may be found with a bullet in him yet."

"I shan't forget what you say," answered Mr. Magee. "Shall we look about upstairs?"

Bland shook his head.

"No," he said, "Go in and go to bed. It's the downstairs that—that concerns me. Good night."

He went swiftly down the steps leaving Mr. Magee staring wondering why after him. Like a scraith he merged with the shadows below. Magee turned slowly and entered No. 7. A faint taste of frost was on the window sills; the inner room was drear and chill. Partially undressing, he lay down on the brass bed and pulled the covers over him.

At length his mind seemed to stand still, and there remained of all that amazing evening's pictures but one thing of a figure in a blue corduroy suit who went—went only that her smile might be the more dazzling when it flashed behind the tears. "With yellow locks, crisped like golden wire," murmured Mr. Magee. And so he fell asleep.

Every morning at 8, when slumber's chains had bound Mr. Magee in his New York apartments, he was awakened by a pompous valet named Geoffrey, whom he shared with the other young men in the building. It was Geoffrey's custom to enter, raise the curtains and speak of the weather in a voice vibrant with feeling, as of something he had prepared himself and was anxious to have Mr. Magee try. So, when a rattling noise came to his ear on his first morning at Baldpate Inn, Mr. Magee breathed sleepily from the covers, "Good morning, Geoffrey."

But no cheery voice replied in terms of sun, wind or rain. Surprised, Mr. Magee sat up in bed. About him the maple wood furniture of suit 7 stood shivering in the chill of a December morning. Through the door at his left he caught sight of a white tub into which, he recalled sadly, not even a Geoffrey could coax a glittering drop. Yes—he was at Baldpate Inn. He remembered—the climb with the dazed Quimby up the snowy road, the plaint of the lovelorn haberdasher, the vagaries of the professor with a penchant for blonds, the mysterious click of the door latch on the floor above. And last of all—strange that it should have been last—a girl in blue corduroy somewhat darker than her eyes, who went amid the station's gloom.

"I wonder," reflected Mr. Magee, staring at the very brass bars at the foot of his bed, "what new variations on seclusion the day will bring forth?"

Again came the rattling noise that had awakened him. He looked toward the nearest window, and through an unfrosted corner of the pane he saw the eyes of the newest variation staring at him in wonder. They were dark eyes and kindly. They spoke a desire to enter.

Rising from his warm retreat, Mr. Magee took his shivering way across the uncarpeted floor and unfastened the window's catch. From the blustering balcony a plump little man stepped inside. He had a market basket on his arm. His face was a stranger to Magee; his hair to shears.

Magee dived hastily back under the covers. "Well?" he questioned.

"So you're the fellow?" remarked the little man in awe. He placed the basket on the floor. It appeared to be filled with bromide groceries, such as the most subdued householder carries home.

"Which fellow?" asked Mr. Magee.

"The fellow Elijah Quimby told me about," explained he of the long brown locks, "the fellow that's come up to Baldpate Inn to be alone with his thoughts."

"You're one of the villagers, I take it?" guessed Mr. Magee.

"You're dead wrong. I'm no villager. My instincts are all in the other direction—away from the crowd. I live up near the top of Baldpate in a little shack I built myself. My name's Peters. Jake Peters, in the winter. But in the summer, when the inn's open

and the red and white awnings are out and the band plays in the Casino every night, then I'm the hermit of Baldpate mountain. I come down here and sell picture postcards of myself to the ladies."

Mr. Magee appeared overcome with mirth.

"A professional hermit, by the gods!" he cried. "Say, I didn't know Baldpate mountain was fitted up with all the modern improvements. This is great luck. I'm an amateur at the hermit business. You'll have to teach me the fine points. Sit down."

"Just between ourselves, I'm not a regular hermit," said the plump, be-whiskered one, sitting gingerly on the edge of a frail chair—"not one of these 'all for love of a woman' hermits you read about in books. Of course I have to pretend I am, in summer, in order to sell the cards and do my whole duty by the inn management. A lot of the women ask me in soft tones about the great disappointment that drove me to cold Baldpate, and I give 'em various answers, according to how I feel. Speaking to you as a friend and considering the fact that it's the dead of winter, I may say there was little or no romance in my life."

"Back to nature, in other words," remarked Mr. Magee.

"Yes, sir; back with a rush. I was down to the village this morning for a few groceries, and I stopped off at Quimby's, as I often do. He told me about you. I help him a lot around the inn, and we arranged I was to stop in and start your fire and do any other little things you might want done. I thought you ought to get acquainted, you and me, being as we're both liter'ry men, after a manner of speaking."

"No," cried Mr. Magee.

"Yes," said the hermit of Baldpate. "I dip into that work a little now and then. Some of my verses on the joys of solitude have appeared in print—on the postcards I sell to the guests in the summer. But my life work, as you might call it, is a book I've had under way for some time. It's called simply 'Woman'—just that one word, but, oh, the meaning in it! That book is going to prove that all the trouble in the world from the beginning of time was caused by females. Not just say so, mind you. Prove it."

"A difficult task, I'm afraid," smiled Magee.

"Not difficult—long," corrected the hermit. "When I started out four years ago I thought it would just be a case of a chapter on Eve and honorable mention for Cleopatra and Helen of Troy and a few more like that and the thing would be done. But as I got into the subject I was fairly buried under new evidence. Then Mr. Carnegie came along and gave me per Aesop a fine library. It's wonderful to think the great works that man will be responsible for. I've dedicated 'Woman' to him. Since the new library I've dug up information about a lot of sad disasters I never dreamed of before, and I contend that if you're back a ways in any one of 'em you find the fifty little lady that starts the whole row. So I hunt the woman. I reckon the French would call the greatest cherchez la femme in history."

"A fascinating pursuit," laughed Mr. Magee. "I'm glad you've told me about it, and I shall watch the progress of the work with interest, although I can't say that I entirely agree with you. Here and there is a woman who more than makes amends for whatever trouble her sisters have caused. One, for instance, with golden hair and eyes that when they weep—"

"You're young," interrupted the little man, rising. "There ain't no use to debate it with you. I reckon I'll start your fire."

He went into the outer room, and Mr. Magee lay for a few moments listening to his preparations about the fireplace.

"I say, Mr. Peters," he cried, leaping from bed and running into the other room, where the hermit was persuading a faint blaze, "I've an idea. You can cook 'em, can't you?"

"Cook?" repeated the hermit. "Well, yes; I've had to learn a few things about it, living far from the rathskullars the way I do."

"The very man," rejoiced Mr. Magee. "You must stay here and cook for me—for us."

"Us?" asked the hermit, staring.

"Yes, I forgot to tell you. After Mr. Quimby left me last night two other amateur hermits hove in view. One is a haberdasher with a broken heart—"

"Woman!" cried the triumphant Peters.

"Name, Arabella," laughed Magee. "The other's a college professor who made an indiscreet remark about blonds. You won't mind them, I'm sure, and they may be able to help you a lot with your great work."

"I don't know what Quimby will say," studied the hermit. "I reckon he'll run 'em out. He's against this thing—afraid of fire."

"Quimby will come later," Mr. Magee assured him, drawing on a dressing gown. "Just now the idea is a little water in your tub and a nice cheerful breakfast after. It's going

to pay you a lot better than selling postcards to romantic ladies. I promise you. I won't take you away from the work for which the world is panting without more than making it up to you financially. Where do you stand as a coffee maker?"

"Wait till you taste it," said Peters reassuringly. "I'll bring you up some water."

He started for the door, but Mr. Magee preceded him.

"The haberdasher," he explained, "sleeps below, and he's a nervous man. He might commit the awful error of shooting the oily took on Baldpate mountain."

Mr. Magee went out into the hall and called from the depths the figure of Bland, fully attired in his flashy garments and looking tawdry and tired in the morning light.

"I've been up hours," he remarked.

"Heard somebody knocking around the kitchen, but I ain't seen any breakfast brought in on a silver tray. My inside feels like the Mammoth cave."

Mr. Magee introduced the hermit of Baldpate.

"Pleased to meet you," said Bland.

"I guess it was you I heard in the kitchen. So you're going to enter to this select few, are you? Believe me, you can't get on the job any too soon to suit me."

Out of a nearby door stepped the black garbed figure of Professor Thad-

When Things Go Wrong

with your plumbing send for us at once. Do not tinker with it yourself or you may make things a whole lot worse instead of better. We are experts at all kinds of plumbing work, but, unlike most experts, we do not exact large fees for our services.

Simmon's Plumbing Co.
 WEST PIKE STREET

and the red and white awnings are out and the band plays in the Casino every night, then I'm the hermit of Baldpate mountain. I come down here and sell picture postcards of myself to the ladies."

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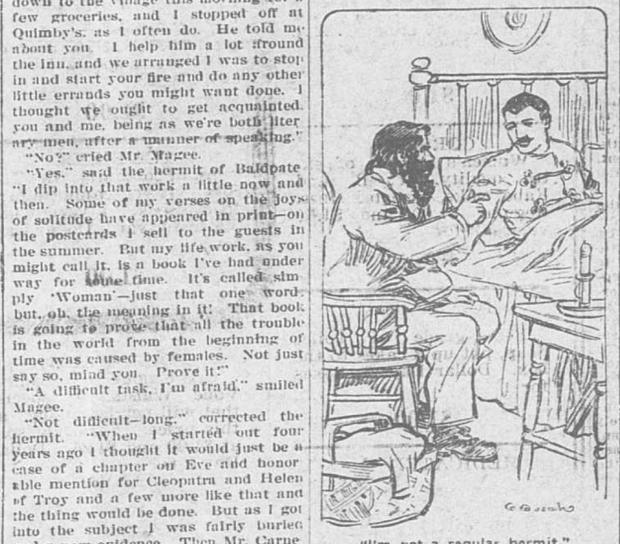
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dens Bolton, and him Mr. Magee included in the presentation ceremonies. They talked little, being men unafraid, while Jake Peters started proceedings in the kitchen and tramped upstairs with many pails of water.

"You ain't going to see any skirts up here," Mr. Bland promised him. And Mr. Peters, bringing the water from below, took occasion to point out that "having was one of man's troubles directly attributable to woman's presence in the world."

At length the hermit summoned them to breakfast, and as they descended the heavenly odor of coffee sent a glow to their hearts. Peters had built a roaring fire in the big fireplace opposite the clerk's desk in the office, and in front of this he had placed a table which held promise of a satisfactory breakfast. As the three sat down Mr. Bland spoke:

"I don't know about you, gentlemen, but I could fall on Mr. Peters' neck and call him blessed."

(To be continued.)

ONE MARRIAGE LICENSE.

A marriage license has been issued to Sherman Rowin and Lottie Nay.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

Mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from a reliable physician. The danger they will do is ten fold to the usual you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Terminalia Trade.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons owing the estate of D. D. Robinson, deceased, or having claims against said estate, will please call upon the undersigned personal representative of said estate at once, for settlement. All accounts against said estate must be duly verified by affidavit. This the 13th day of February, 1914.

S. R. MICHAEL,
 Administrator of D. D. Robinson, deceased.
 Dola, W. Va.

LYNCH'S

Dainty Shirt Waists, \$1.00 to \$5.00

Ready-To-Wear Garments In Great Demand

Our new spring line is complete. Many new and attractive styles and materials at prices below competition.

SUITS, COATS, SKIRTS, WAISTS, DRESSES, PETTI-COATS.

IMPORTED CREPES

Silk embroidered sheer material in neat and dainty patterns, \$1.00 TO \$1.25 YD.

CREPE IS THE LEADER

There is every grade and weight of crepe weaves and all are selling. 36 inch all wool crepe at 60c yd.

NO. 7029.
Report of the Condition of THE EMPIRE NATIONAL BANK, at Clarksburg, in the State of West Virginia, at the close of business March 4th, 1914.

Resources.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| Loans and discounts | \$1,619,096.10 |
| Overdrafts, secured and unsecured | 4,681.18 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | 250,000.00 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits, \$14,000.00, to secure Postal savings | 14,000.00 |
| Other bonds to secure U. S. Deposits, \$8,000; to secure Postal Savings, \$6,000 | 17,000.00 |
| Premiums on U. S. Bonds, securities, etc. | 4,500.00 |
| Banking house, Furniture and fixtures | 207,263.50 |
| Due from National banks (not reserve agents) | 57,156.58 |
| Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, and savings banks | 29,851.57 |
| Due from approved reserve agents and other Cash items | 297,779.44 |
| Notes of other National Banks | 10,538.88 |
| Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and cents | 1,045.50 |
| Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz: | |
| Specie | \$111,165.25 |
| Legal-tender notes | 10,826.00 |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation) | 12,360.00 |
| Total | \$2,858,348.10 |

NO. 1530.
Report of the Condition of THE MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK OF WEST VIRGINIA, at Clarksburg, in the State of West Virginia, at the close of business March 4, 1914.

Resources.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| Loans and discounts | \$977,263.79 |
| Overdrafts, secured and unsecured | 620.30 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | 100,000.00 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits, \$—; to secure Postal Savings | 10,000.00 |
| Other Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits, \$—; to secure Postal Savings | 40,000.00 |
| Bonds, Securities, etc. | 77,154.21 |
| Banking house, Furniture and fixtures | 62,280.00 |
| Due from National banks (not reserve agents) | 80,729.44 |
| Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks | 3,678.72 |
| Due from approved reserve Agents | 182,361.02 |
| Checks and other cash items | 2,077.11 |
| Notes of other National Banks | 19,750.00 |
| Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels, and Cents | 397.57 |
| Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz: | |
| Specie | \$50,048.85 |
| Legal-tender notes | 28,507.00 |
| Due from U. S. Treasurer | 5,000.00 |
| Total | \$1,639,367.81 |

Liabilities.

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Capital stock paid in | \$100,000.00 |
| Surplus fund | 100,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid | 12,421.18 |
| National Bank Notes outstanding | 100,000.00 |
| Due to other National Banks | 1,331.64 |
| Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers | 18,861.52 |
| Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks | 19,764.72 |
| Dividends unpaid | 733.00 |
| Individual deposits subject to check | 473,261.21 |
| Demand certificates of deposit | 768,236.54 |
| United States Deposits | 20,000.00 |
| Postal Savings Deposits | 208.00 |
| Reserved for taxes | 25,000.00 |
| Total | \$1,639,367.81 |

OSCAR C. WILT, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

OSCAR C. WILT, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of March, 1914.

WM. I. LYNCH,
 Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

JOHN M. FLANIGAN,
 F. B. HAYMAKER,
 D. W. CORK,
 Directors.

NOTICE.

Bids will be received up to 12 o'clock March 27th, 1914, by the County Court at their office or the office of the County Road Engineer, at Clarksburg, West Virginia, for the erection or construction of a cross-tied plank block and bituminous cement floor on the east

Main street bridge over Elk Creek at the east end of Clarksburg. All lumber shall be long leafed sound square edged yellow pine, treated with 14 pounds of creosote oil for plank, ties and spiking pieces and all curb and other lumber of any description necessary for the construction of said floor, and 13 pounds of creosote oil for the blocks. The roadway of said bridge is approximately 485 feet by 26 feet wide. All contractors shall make their own measurements and submit their own plans, showing a complete floor, ready for travel in every detail, finished to the grade of the top of the street car rail. All work must be first class in every respect. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

C. C. FITTRO,
 County Road Engineer.
 March 10th, 1914.

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Wiles Ointment

Cures in 6 to 12 Days

Druggists refund money if WILES OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. First application gives relief.