

GOLDEN OIL
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For Headaches, Coughs, Colds,
Hoarseness, Croup, Diarrhoea and
Healing Purposes.

**FOR CHILDREN 6 TO 12 DROPS
ADULTS 15 TO 20 DROPS
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED**

TRADE MARK
AN OLD INDIAN REMEDY
PREPARED BY
LLOYD MEDICAL COMPANY
KENOVA, W. VA.

GUARANTEED UNDER THE FOOD AND DRUGS ACT OF JUNE 30th 1906
FILED UNDER SERIAL NO. 6265

**PRICE, 25 AND 50 CENTS
PER BOTTLE.**

I. O. O. F. HONOR HENRY G. DAVIS.

Elkins, March 29.—Henry Gasaway Davis, Democratic candidate for Vice President in 1904, will have the honorary veteran's jewel of Odd Fellowship presented to him by Randolph Lodge, No. 16, of which he is a member, in the Elkins opera house at a date to be fixed later. Such an honor is only conferred on those whose membership extends over a continuous period of fifty years or more, Ex-Senator Davis having been 64 years an Odd Fellow. The jewel, which is of solid gold studded with diamonds, will be presented on behalf of the local lodge by Grand Master J. D. Marstiller, member of the local lodge.

MRS WINTERS DIES AT MASON

Mrs. Andrus Winters died at Mason City Saturday morning at five o'clock, aged fifty-nine years. She had been ill but a few days and her death came as quite a shock to her friends. She had been a lifelong member of the Catholic church and was universally esteemed for her Christian spirit. Her maiden name was Christian Gress, and she had resided in Mason all her life. She leaves an invalid husband and seven children, as follows: Henry, Edward, Mrs. Curt Zirole, Mrs. Harvey Smith and Miss Lens, of Mason, Andrew, of Columbus, Louis, of New Castle, Indiana, and Mrs. Thomas Turnbull, of Orbiston.—Pomeroy Independent, Moh. 30th.

PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE

Charles E. Yanoy, of Hinton, a fireman on the Piney Branch of the O & O., who a short time ago invented a gravity machine, which if not perpetual motion is the next door neighbor to it, has just been offered \$6,000 by the Victor graphophone people for the invention. Mr. Yanoy has declined the offer and is holding out for more money.

The machine consists of a gravity arrangement assisted by springs and when once wound up and set going, will continue to run indefinitely, or at least until the springs weaken or wear out. The machine will run a graphophone, a sewing machine or other small mechanisms, and if constructed on a larger scale it would probably prove useful where more power was required.

DEAD OFFICESEEKER.

Washington, D. C., March 30.—The first of the dreams of hopeless dreams who throng the capital at the beginning of each new administration, lies at the morgue here—dead of disappointment due to lack of means. He was Albert G. Lum, of Chicago. Mrs. Lum is destitute in Chicago, and Congressman Bontell, of Chicago, will have the body returned to that city.

Mrs. Lum says in a telegram that her husband worked hard in ward politics. "Had he worked as hard for his own interests things would have been different," she said. Lum was found ill in the street and taken to the Emergency hospital, where he died.

ANOTHER MINE EXPLOSION.

Five Miners Meet Awful Death In Fayette Coal Mine.

Charleston, W. Va., March 31.—As the result of an explosion in the Echo mine at Beury, Fayette county, this afternoon shortly after 2 o'clock, five men are entombed in the recesses are believed to be dead. Two men were taken out shortly after the explosion, slightly injured. The men entombed are Sam Melborn and his brother Charles, Jones, Andy Sydenstricker, and a man named Smith. All are married. George Lynch and his son, Orvill Lynch, were taken out of the mine unconscious, but later recovered.

FAYETTEVILLE.

Access to the town of Fayetteville, the capital of Fayette county will be made possible without the use of a balloon, by the construction of a railroad from the Fayette station on the south side of New river to Fayetteville on the top of the mountain.

A company with this purpose in view was chartered Tuesday morning at the office of Secretary of State. The company will have its principal office in the city of Richmond and is capitalized at \$200,000.

Good For Ruttentutter.

Lemmie Ruttentutter, son of W. E. Ruttentutter, the Mason City merchant, has signed a contract to pitch for the Lancaster base ball team.

Stop earache in two minutes; toothache or pain of burn or scald in five minutes; hoarseness in one hour; muscleache two hours sore throat in twelve hours—Dr. Thomas Electric Oil, monarch over pain.

Do the Duty of To-Day. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken or distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them.—Kingsley.

An Atmospheric Delusion

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When Ned Pike, cowboy, rode up to the ranch of Franklin Dolbearre on the evening of the 10th of October, 1889, he found trouble in the household. Dolbearre was a consumptive who had gone from the east with his wife and two little children to live in Colorado in the hope of regaining his health. The cause of the trouble was Jim Newell. That's all any one ever knew about it. Why Newell was bent on killing Dolbearre was a secret that neither gave out. Anyway every one sympathized with Dolbearre, first, because he was a pleasant, mild mannered man; second, because he was sick, and, third, because he had the loveliest wife in the world and two of the prettiest children. Pike, who had been sent for by Mrs. Dolbearre, found that lady waiting for him in the living room.

"Ned," she said, "Newell has written Frank a letter saying that he will shoot him on sight unless he consents to a more regular way of meeting. I got the letter, opened it and haven't said anything to Frank about it. For heaven's sake try and get rid of Newell without letting Frank know. In his condition he isn't able to think about it, much less stand up and fight."

"It wouldn't be fight. It would be murder," said Pike.
"Can't you do something?"
Pike took some tobacco from his pocket, rolled a cigarette, lighted it, gave a few thoughtful puffs and said:
"How long has Newell been up here?"
"He came yesterday."
"Ever been in these parts before?"
"Not that I know of."
A few more deliberate puffs.
"Just you don't worry, Mrs. Dolbearre, and don't say anything to anybody. I'll see what can be done."

With that he went out, mounted his horse and rode away. Later, after making inquiries as to where Newell might be found, he rode up to an adobe house where he saw his man sitting on the porch.

"Mr. Newell?" he asked.
"Yes?" said the other, with a slight start and placing his hand where he could more easily grasp his revolver.
"I've got a message for you from Franklin Dolbearre. He'll meet you tomorrow morning just before sunup."
"All right. When? Where?"
"You stayin' here?"
"Yes."
"Well, you start from here with one six shooter at 5 o'clock exactly and walk up the road. On the way you'll meet your man with another six shooter. You can crack away as soon as you like. He'll do the same. Is that satisfactory?"
"Yes; that suits me as well as any way."

Late that night Pike rode up to the ranch and asked Mrs. Dolbearre for a suit of her husband's clothes.
She gave him what he wanted with anxious inquiry in her face, but asked no questions. Pike gave her no information. Before daylight the next morning he had shaved off his beard and put on Dolbearre's suit. Then he drew his sombrero over his eyes, looked at the clock, examined his revolver and started at a slow pace down the road.

It was a cloudless, crisp autumn morning. The altitude was 7,000 feet above sea level, and the neighboring peaks stood out clear cut against the slowly lighting sky. Presently the cowboy squatted behind a bush at the side of the road, waited and watched. Ten minutes later Newell turned a bend and appeared plainly in sight. Pike waited. Newell came on. Suddenly Pike left the bush and appeared in the road. The moment Newell saw him he raised his revolver and fired, but without effect. Then he fired two more shots, and as he saw his enemy still advance unharmed he appeared to be astonished. But at that moment Pike fired a shot. This drew another from Newell, making four. Pike fired two shots in succession and Newell fired one.

Pike now had three shots in his revolver to Newell's one. Pike stopped and appeared to be taking a deliberate aim. His enemy, fearing he would this time surely be hit, fired his last shot.

Then Pike, who had been walking slowly, increased his pace. Newell, throwing away his empty revolver, put his hand to his hip, drew another and began a rapid fusillade.

"The hound!" muttered Pike between his teeth.
It was evident that Newell had lost his head. It was not surprising that he should. He had fired nearly a dozen shots, any one of which he felt sure when he fired it would bring down his man. Yet that man kept advancing, apparently getting no nearer. But presently the shots began to whistle about Pike's head, though so great was his enemy's agitation that none of them told. Suddenly Pike stood still, took deliberate aim and shot his man through the forehead.

While Mrs. Dolbearre was dressing for breakfast she was told that Pike wished to see her. Throwing on a

wrapper, she went to meet him with a pale face and inquiring eyes.

"It's all right, Mrs. Dolbearre," he said.

"How? What is it?"

"Oh, it was easy enough. When these chaps come up here they don't know anything about our distances. They don't calculate on the thinness of the atmosphere. When they see a barn a mile off they think they're going to walk right in at the door."

"But Newell? What of him?"

"Oh, he's dead! I shot him this morning before sunup."

NORMAN P. WHITE.

IN OLD NEW YORK.

First Leaf From the Diary of a Gentleman of 1840.

This is a bona fide extract from the diary of a New York gentleman in the year 1840:

"Jan. 1.—Arose early and dressed, wore my fine ruffled shirt and white satin cravat. Boots rather tight, though have been wearing them a week. The curl would not straighten out of my hair, but was better after brushing. Superintended William's dressing, his white gloves not as tight as mine; nearly half an hour getting mine on.

"After being dressed we were inspected by the whole family, Mary and the girls each one doing something, pulling out my shirt ruffle or poking my cravat.

"William's hair brushed by each one in turn. About ten sallied forth.

"Called on Dr. Burgess first; very merry here; told my story about Mr. Bell being a 'Pewseyite.' Mrs. Burgess' mother very solemn and grand in a black silk gown and enormous lace cap. William rather afraid of her. Miss Burgess looked pretty. Next call on Dr.

—, who was not at home, but the ladies very fine in silks and satins. Got to James' about 12; a great table, as usual; took refreshments.

"Five p. m. got round home and called in for a moment. William very tired and complained of not feeling hungry. Ordered carriage for evening, as I had to call on friends in Brooklyn. Quite a lively company at Dick's, all his literary friends and his artist friend. Was obliged to take a glass of hot punch. Did so, but managed to slip out with it to John, the coachman. Then got him another glass and some chicken pie. Was glad William was not with me. At Mrs. Hopson's had a fine glass of madeira. Have not had such a wine out of my own cellar. Had another. Went to sleep in the carriage, and John took me home. At least six calls not made. Found the house full of the girls' beaux. Old Mrs. Damon, our neighbor, who is receiving calls with us, did not know me and received me in some state in the back parlor.

"Went to bed about 1, greatly tired, having made forty or more calls, and William going to thirty-two of them; pretty good for a boy of twelve."—New York Post.

"MANAGED TO SLIP OUT WITH IT TO JOHN."

HOGMANAY DAY.

Quaint Scotch Customs Described by James Barrie.

The last day of the old year in Scotland is called hogmanay, the derivation of which word is in grave doubt. With their faces concealed with paper masks and wrapped in large sheets forming a big pocket in front of their little persons the children go a-begging for their hogmanay. Halting before the door of a house, they sing one of various verses, one of which runs:

Get up, good wife, and dinna swear
And deal your bread to them that's here,
For the time will come when you'll be dead,
And then you'll want neither ale nor bread.

They are then promptly admitted to the house and supplied with oat cake, cheese and a dram. Mr. Barrie has pathetically described how sentimental Tommy and Little Elsie observed this custom in their mother's squalid London lodgings, playing the part of mummies and visiting her for their hogmanay. While waiting for the right time to act their little play Tommy lured his mother into telling them "how they would be holding hogmanay in Thrums that night, how cart loads of kebbock cheeses had been rolling into the town all the livelong day and in the dark closes the children were already gathering with smeared faces and in eccentric dress to sally forth at the clap of 8 when the ringing of a bell lets hogmanay loose. Inside the houses men and women were preparing (though not by fasting, which would have been such a good way that it is surprising no one ever thought of it) for a series of visits, at every one of which they would be offered a dram and kebbock and ban-

nock and in the grander houses "bridles," which are a sublime kind of pie.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Shocked St. Augustine.

Among the ancient Romans after the time of the reformation of the calendar by Julius Caesar Jan. 1 was looked upon as a day of great rejoicing. Law proceedings were stopped, white robed processions thronged the streets of Rome, visits were exchanged, presents were sent, masquerading was in vogue and banquets were held. To such an extent did Christians join in these secular celebrations that prominent bishops, like the great Augustine, thought it necessary to protest.

Our Common Birthday.

Charles Lamb said: "No one ever regarded Jan. 1 with indifference. It is that from which all date their time and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam." And as the clock tolls forth the death of the old year one cannot but secretly grieve over its departure, and as the birth of the new year is heralded the events it has in store for one and all cannot but awaken a feeling of expectation, mixed with awe.

Gleanings.

According to Consul General Michael of Calcutta, the natives of India are not much addicted to drink.

After living seven years in cities a horse broke out of a stable at Wash, Ind., and went to his old home in the country several miles distant.

The subscribers to the telephone system in Peking are said now to number about 1,700, and the demand for connections is more than the administration can keep pace with.

W. B. Flick of Lawrence, Ind., recently sold a bushel of white pippin apples to Professor J. H. Skinner of an agricultural school for \$15.50, which is at the rate of 10 cents apiece for the apples.

The Royal Box.

Edward VII. skates well in the stiff English style.

Queen Amelle of Portugal has one of the largest scientific libraries in Europe. Her favorite study is medicine.

By King Victor Emmanuel's orders all court menus will in future be written in Italian, and only Italian wines will be served at the royal table.

Carmen Sylva, the white haired queen of Roumania, affects the charming flowing draperies of her country, with a long lace veil held in position with jeweled pins.

Gold Mines.

Since 1903 the gold production of Rhodesia, South Africa, has been more than doubled.

Beloch, the mining expert, says the Johannesburg gold reef is good for at least \$15,000,000,000.

Mount Morgan, New South Wales, is a veritable mountain of gold. It has produced 2,471,303 ounces of gold, worth \$20 an ounce.

As Many Bald Women as Men.

"Why is it men get bald and women don't?"

At this question the hairdresser laughed.

"My dear sir," he said, "there are quite as many bald women as men—in fact, I incline to believe that there are more."

He pointed to the switches, curls, fronts, fringes and complete female wigs in his window.

"Why would those things exist if women didn't get bald?" he said. "The hairdresser puts in all his spare time in making false hair contrivances, and nine out of ten of them are made for woman. Well, woman wouldn't wear them if she didn't need them, would she?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Savage Proverbs.

"The proverbs of the savages of Africa are interesting," said an ethnologist. "They are full of color. Here are a few from the Basutos, the Yorubus, the Wolofs and the Pashtos:

"Cross the river before you abuse the crocodile."

"He who unjustly spears another knives himself."

"The mud hippopotamus does not bring forth the gazelle."

"One head impaled on the post is more valuable than six on the shoulders of enemies."

"Kraals built in a day are not run in a week."

Hands and Feet.

There is considerable difference between the size of the hands and feet and, curiously enough, on opposite sides. Thus, while the right hand is generally larger, it is the left foot which is the bigger and stronger of the two. This is probably due to the fact that we stand habitually on the left foot.