

FINDS SIX POTS OF GOLD

WHILE EXCAVATING ON SOUTH MAIN STREET.

While excavating for the new additions to the plant of the Wheeling Stamping Company at 2123 Main street, contractor Wm. J. McClain Jr., of Bellaire, uncovered six pots of gold. Just how much money there is in the pots is not known at this time, but the find is a fortune, which may run up into many thousands of dollars.

The discovery was made several days ago, but the finder has managed to keep it quiet. He hustled the gold to Bellaire and deposited it in a bank there. It was thought no one would ever learn of the discovery, but it has leaked out and the former owners of the building that occupied the spot have claimed the money. Both sides have employed counsel and a fight is to be made for possession of the money.

HUSTLED MONEY TO BELLAIRE.

Mr. McClain claims a fight to keep the money, but he anticipated other claimants and it was on this account he hustled the heavy pots to Bellaire. Mr. McClain has examined the money, but has not up to this time undertaken to count it. Besides United States coin there is South American money and money of other countries, some of which is rare and on which premiums are offered.

The uncovering of the money recalls a tragedy of eighteen or twenty years ago when Dr. Fred Schukart was murdered by his nephew, Genter Schnelle. Schnelle walked right into his uncle's home and shot him, supposedly for the purpose of robbery. During the trial, however, it developed Schnelle was mentally unbalanced. He was committed to the lunatic asylum and has since died there.

In his last will and testament Dr. Schukert bequeathed his possessions to another nephew, Mr. Robt Schnelle who is still living. Mr. Schnelle, now, it is understood, lays claim to ownership of the pots of gold and is prepared to make a fight in the courts for possession of them.

MONEY FOUND BEFORE.

It is said that a short time after Dr. Schukert's death money was found interred in pots in the cellar of one of the three houses he owned on South Main street. These three houses, two of which were afterwards purchased by Samuel J. Shipley, the soft drink man, were sold a few months ago to the Wheeling Stamping Company, which has had them razed preparatory to erecting an addition to their plant. The work on this addition is now going on and it was in the excavations that the wealth was revealed, contractor McClain having the contract for the excavations and foundations.

In addition to practicing medicine Dr. Schukert had a drug store in one of the buildings. He was always rated as a man of immense wealth. He was married, but his wife preceded him to the grave and they left no children. He had, it is said, a large deposit in a local bank, but at the time of an impending panic he withdrew all his money and it is supposed that this is the money found in the cellar of one of the buildings a few days ago by contractor McClain.—Wheeling Telegraph.

GLENWOOD.

A happy New Year to all readers of the dear old Register.

Miss Bessie McCoy and niece have returned from their visit to Welcome, W. Va., and report a fine time. Miss Fox is contemplating a visit back to Jackson county.

Whorlie Camp was seen on Feas Branch Sunday with his best girl. Boys get your bells ready, Madam Rumor says there is to be a wedding.

Mr. Verlib Hannan and wife, of Columbus, are visiting friends at Glenwood.

J. D. Keister and Geo. McCoy made a business trip to J. H. Bryan's Monday and that mule tried to skate. Woa mule, woa!

Misses Essie and Ethel Meadows were the pleasant visitors of Miss Iva Starkey Sunday.

The Modesty of Women

Naturally makes them shrink from the indelicate questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispels all the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription." It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures. It is strictly non-alcoholic, non-secret, all its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper; contains no deleterious or habit-forming drugs, and every native medicinal root entering into its composition has the full endorsement of those most eminent in the several schools of medical practice. Some of these numerous and strongest of professional endorsements of its ingredients, will be found in a pamphlet wrapped around the bottle, also in a booklet mailed free on request, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. These professional endorsements should have far more weight than any amount of the ordinary lay, or non-professional testimonials.

The most intelligent women now-a-days trust on knowing what they take as medicine instead of opening their mouths like a lot of young birds and gulping down whatever is offered them. "Favorite Prescription" is of known composition. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

TAMING A WILD HORSE.

This Broncho Buster Performed the Operation Very Gently.

Even an outlaw broncho can appreciate that it pays well to curb his equine temper for a master that handles him gently and speaks kindly. In his book, "Reminiscences of a Ranchman," Mr. E. B. Bronson gives this instance of taming a horse known as "bad," a fighter every time he was saddled:

"It took a lot of time and patience and nearly wore me out, but finally I worked up the rope, hand over hand, until, dodging his strikes, I succeeded in slipping a half hitch over his nose, and then there was another long tussle before I could approach him.

"When at last I got within arm's length I began gingerly to rub his nose, scratch his head and pat his neck, and, wonder of wonders, he actually stood still in sheer astonishment to meet a puncher that neither yelled at, struck nor jerked him!

"Presently I got a lump of sugar into his mouth and then a second. It tasted good, and the wicked eyes glared less balefully, the nervous ears drooped lazily, the resentful muscles relaxed, and old Bars stood quietly at ease.

"Then I softly slipped my bridle from the back of my belt, slowly approached it to his head, gently, very gently, pressed the tongue of the bit into the side of his mouth, and he received it with another lump of sugar, and a moment later I had the headstall over his ears.

"Once during the saddling he came out of his trance and fought me, but with patience and more patting and another lump of sugar he was again quieted till the saddling was finished.

"And when I led out old Bars, while the boys sat their horses at a little distance, swung myself into the saddle and quietly fastened my rope with the horn string a wild yell of approval rose from the boys."

His Feelings While Falling.

The Swiss Alpine climber, Sigris, who once fell from the top of the Karpstock, in Switzerland, described his sensations while falling as follows:

"The plunge, which was taken backward, was in nowise accompanied by the anxiety such as one has when one dreams of falling. I seemed to be borne in the most pleasant manner gently downward and had complete consciousness during the entire fall. Free from all pain or fear, I contemplated my position and the future of my family, which I knew was assured by the insurance I carried. And this contemplation was accomplished with a rapidity which I had never before known. Of the losing of my breath, of which people talk, there was no suggestion, and only the heavy fall on to the snow covered ground caused me to lose suddenly and painlessly all consciousness. The bruising of my head and limbs on the rocks as I fell caused me no pain. In fact, I did not feel it. I cannot conceive of an easier, pleasanter death. The reawakening, however, brought with it entirely different and far less agreeable sensations."

"Mighty interestin' readin'" on every page of the Register.

A STORY OF JENNY LIND.

Her Meeting With Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

On a summer night Prince Frederick William of Prussia was returning with a few companions from a ramble near Rolandseck. Some one suggested a supper at the local inn. "All right," said the prince, "so long as you drop his royal highness and remember that my name is Fritz." On entering the inn the strains of a voice as of a siren held the young men in a thrall. Mine host protested not to know the singer's name. Once more the liquid notes thrilled out into the night. The student Fritz sprang from his seat. "It is Jenny Lind!" he cried. "It can only be Jenny Lind."

He dashed into the adjoining room. It was Jenny Lind. The great songstress felt that she ought to be angry at the intrusion, but it is difficult to be angry on a summer's night at Rolandseck. The end of it was that she found herself at the piano singing national songs to a delighted audience of three unknown students.

"If I had a voice like the nightingale of Sweden," said the student called Fritz, "I would sing the song of Blucher's hussars."

"Sing it to me," answered Jenny Lind. "I know that all German students can sing."

Fritz was nothing loath. All the fervor of his patriotism rang out in the stirring refrain in which the warrior poet, Ernst Moritz Arndt, had given voice to the spirit of the wars of liberation.

"A song that carries one away with it!" said Jenny Lind. "I should like to try it."

Then the young prince again seated himself at the piano to teach the greatest singer of her time the song to the music of which he was to lead his troops to victory at Weissenburg and Worth. She was not long in learning it. "Like the roll of an organ and the clash of bells," says the chronicler, "the magnificent voice rang out over the whispering river." When her new friends were taking leave Jenny Lind asked her teacher to tell her his name. At that moment the door was thrown open and a tall, white haired figure entered the room.

"Ernst Moritz Arndt," whispered the student in respectful welcome.

"Yes, Ernst Moritz Arndt," he answered, "and if you, fair singer, ask that man's name I will answer for him. He is called his royal highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia."—London Saturday Review.

Their Own Lookout.

There was an Irishman who after reaching America was full of homesick brag, in which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the old sod he grew especially rosy and said: "Why, the baze in that country's twice as big as in this, bedad. Indade, they're bigger than that—they're as big as the sheep ye have in this country!"

"Bees as big as sheep!" said his incredulous listener. "Why, what kind of hives do they have to keep 'em in?"

"No bigger than the ones in this country," was the reply.

"Then how do the bees get into the hives?" he was asked.

"Well," replied the Irishman, "that's their own lookout!"—Exchange.

The Picture and the Frame.

A well known artist used to tell a good story concerning his first academy picture. He was favored by many visitors to see it, his frame-maker among the number. This good fellow took his stand before the work and seemed buried in profound admiration.

"Well," said the painter, "what do you think of it, John?"

"Think of it, sir? Why, it's perfect. You won't see one better, I know. Mr. — has got one just like it."

"What!" said the amazed artist. "A picture just like that?"

"Oh," replied the framemaker, "I wasn't talking about pictures. I was speaking of the frame. You may believe me, sir, it's the frames as gets 'em in, and that is just a beauty!"

Wise Effie.

Both father and mother struggled valiantly to teach little Effie to repeat the letter "A." The child emphatically refused to pronounce the first letter of the alphabet, and after many vain efforts the father retired from the fight discouraged. The mother took the little girl on her lap and pleaded with her affectionately.

"Dearie, why won't you learn to say 'A'?" she asked.

"Because, mamma," explained Effie, "des as soon as I say 'A' you an' papa will want me to say 'B.'"

A BIT OF ADVICE

First—Don't Delay. Second—Don't Experiment.

If you suffer from backache; headache or dizzy spells; if you rest poorly and are languid in the morning; if the kidney secretions are irregular and unnatural in appearance, do not delay. The kidneys are calling for help. Slight symptoms of kidney trouble are but fore-runners of more serious complaints. They should be given attention before it is too late.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure kidney trouble. They are recommended by thousands. Can Point Pleasant residents desire more convincing proof than the statement of a Point Pleasant citizen who says that the cure Doan's Kidney Pills effected years ago has proven permanent?

W. E. Church, one and one-half miles north of Point Pleasant, W. Va., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills made a complete and lasting cure in my case. I was annoyed by a lameness across my back for several years and often I found it hard to straighten from a stooping position. The kidney secretions were highly colored and the flow at times became scant. It only required two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Hooff's drug store, to rid me of these troubles. In March 1903 I gave a public testimonial in favor of this remedy and as I have had no return of kidney complaint, I can now confirm that statement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. 58

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Try this Balm and be convinced. 50c. and \$1.00 at Drug Stores.



Notice to the Public

Once more does the Shingle King come before the public to supply the needy ones with Roofing Material.

Five Cars of Shingles

Just received from the western coast, Washington Red Cedar 16 and 18 inch; Michigan White Pine 16 inch. The best ever brought to this village.

Also a full stock of Felt Roofing in all its kinds and quality. No. 1 Poplar Lath

REMEMBER

that I manufacture a full line of Undertaking Supplies, such as Caskets of all colors and shades, Linings in all its kinds. Can make to Order any kind of Casket upon 12 hours' notice. 7 Funeral Cars, 5 black and 2 white, 5 Hacks, 3 Covered Wagons, and Good Horses and Good Help for Prompt Calls and attention. Both Phones at the office at Pomeroy.

The Mason City Office

is well equipped with Hearse and Hacks and a full line of Undertakers' Goods for high water and ice time for the accommodation of the public. Calls by telephone are promptly answered.

Sash, Doors, Glass and General Hardware at the old stand. Prices and quality are always right.

Yours.

B. F. BIGGS,

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FIRST-CLASS GOODS, FIRST-CLASS TREATMENT FIRST-CLASS EVERYTHING.

DAVE PRICE'S LIQUOR HOUSE.

FORMERLY OF POMEROY, OHIO.

POINT PLEASANT, W. VA.

Note the following Prices:

Table listing various liquor items and prices, including Price's Private Stock, Morning Star, Rye Malt, Old Continental, Limestone, John Emmons, Sam Thompson, Smoke House, Mellwood, Marshall, Monongahela Rye, Red Rose, White Corn, Silver Spring, Peach Brandy, Ginger Brandy, Apple Brandy, Apricot Brandy, Rice Brandy, Cognac Brandy, Royal Palm Gin, Alcohol, Flaherty's Pure Malt, Shaw's Malt, Rock and Rye, Mammoth Cave, Duffy's Pure Malt, Old Land Mark, and Gordon's Dry Gin.

BOTTLED IN BOND.

Table listing bottled liquor items and prices, including Limestone, Oid Overholt, Rich Valley, and Mellwood.

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