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Licorice -  
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Peppermint -  
Bit Carbolic Soda -  
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and **LOSS OF SLEEP.**

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**THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.**

**Weak Men Magnify While Strong Men Overcome All Obstacles.**

The young man who, after making up his mind what he wants to do in the world, begins to hunt up obstacles in his path, to magnify them, to brood over them until they become mountains and then to wait for new ones to develop, is not a man to take hold of great enterprises. The man who stops to weigh and consider every possible danger or objection never amounts to anything. He is a small man, made for little things. He walks around an obstacle and goes as far as he can easily, but when the going gets hard he stops.

The strong man, the positive, decisive soul who has a programme and who is determined to carry it out, cuts his way to his goal regardless of difficulties. It is the wabblor, the weak kneed man, the discouraged man, who turns aside, who takes a crooked path to his goal. Men who achieve things, who get things done, do not spend time haggling over perplexities or wondering whether they can overcome them. A penny held close to the eye will shut out the sun. When a man lies down on the ground to see what is ahead of him, a rock may hide a mountain. A small man holds petty difficulties so closely in view that great objects beyond are entirely shut out of sight. Great minds keep their eyes on the goal. They hold the end so persistently in view and it looks so grand and desirable that the intermediate steps, no matter how perplexing, are of comparatively little importance. The great man asks but one question, "Can the thing be done?" not "How many difficulties will I run across?" If it is within the reach of possibility all hindrances must be pushed aside.—O. S. Marden in Success.

**THE WONDERFUL SUN.**

Some of the Things We Know About That Mysterious Star.

A very wonderful and in some respects mysterious object is the sun, a typical star, the nearest one, and not so far away as to prevent us from studying it in detail, and yet presenting conditions so different from those we can obtain in our laboratories that to a considerable extent it defies our reasonings and renders our conclusions merely conjectural.

Certain facts, however, have been established beyond any possible doubt and must necessarily form the foundation of all reasonable theories and opinions.

We know, for instance, that its mean distance from the earth is very closely 93,000,000 miles; that its diameter is about 865,500 miles, or 109½ times that of the earth, and its bulk about 1,300,000 as great.

We know also that its mass is about 330,000 that of the earth and that consequently gravity upon its surface is about 27½ times as powerful as here. A man who here weighs 150 pounds would weigh more than two tons upon the sun, and there a squirrel would not be able to jump any more friskily than an elephant here.

Experiments with burning glasses make it certain that the effective temperature of the sun's surface taken as a whole (doubtless the actual temperature varies widely at different points) is much above any which we can produce by artificial means. Not even the electric furnace can rival it. Carried to the sun and kept there for a few hours only, the earth would melt and pass into vapor. The estimated temperature is about 12,000 degrees F., but cannot be regarded as exact.—Professor Charles A. Young in Harper's Weekly.

**Tried and Found Wanting.**

"I've had so much bad luck," said the gloomy man, "that I lie awake half the night thinking about my troubles."

"The cure for that," they told him, "is to quit thinking of your own troubles. Think of other people's."

"I'll try it," he said.

Three months later they met him again.

"Well, how did it work?" they asked him.

"Didn't do any good," he replied. "I lie awake all night now thinking of other people's troubles."—Chicago Tribune.

**With Humboldt's Notes.**

Auctioneer—This book, gentlemen, is especially valuable, as it contains marginal notes in the handwriting of Alexander von Humboldt. A hundred marks are offered. Going—going—gone! It is yours, sir.

(The autograph marginal note by the renowned scholar was as follows: "This book is not worth the paper it is printed on."—London Telegraph.)

**One Good Reason.**

Hogg—Well, I'm mighty glad I ain't got no children. Kaustick—It's just as well. Hogg—That's what! Kaustick—Yes, for in these days of free education they wouldn't be able to escape some knowledge of grammar, and they'd be forever correcting you.—Catholic Standard.

**Ambiguous.**

Wife—Do you recollect that once when we had a tiff I said you were just as mean as you could be? Hubby—Yes, darling. Wife—Oh, James, how little did I know you then!—Glasgow Times.

**Treason.**

He—I wonder if there is another girl in the whole wide world so sweet as my little sweetheart? She—What's that? How dare you think of another girl? I shan't speak to you for a week.

Some people have an idea that they comfort the afflicted when they groan over them. Don't drive a hearse through a man's soul.

**THE DEMON PRINCESS**

**LEGEND OF TAMARA OF RUSSIA AND HER SUITORS.**

The Story, as Narrated in the Mystical Folklore of the Transcaucasus, of Why This Beautiful Royal Woman Relinquished Her Suitors.

Outside the skazkas or folk stories of Russia no woman is said to be more beautiful than anything in all the world. In the skazkas this expression is used only concerning the princesses and the queens, those marvelous women who have from time immemorial held first place in the historic literature and the legends of every country on the face of the earth.

The princesses in the English fairy stories were more beautiful than anything, and the queens in all the folk tales of literature have been most wondrously beautiful. In the Russian folklore the expression of great beauty is used only concerning the princesses and queens, while in other countries it is used to describe all the heroines of folklore stories.

In all the legends relating to early history of all the Russias there is no story which is held in higher regard than the tale of the Princess Tamara, who reigned over the Georgian state of the Transcaucasus in the twelfth century. Her story holds a high place in Russian or Georgian literature, and Lenontoff has made a play about her that is more thrilling in its suggestion even than the story of Ivan the Terrible.

Sir John Maundeville in his travels abroad found references to her terrible beauty, and he has written in his books as to how she slew her suitors.

The legends are not easy in the translation, but so far as they may be told in modern English this is the story, coated in the mysticism of the far east:

Ye shall know, then, that the Princess Tamara dwelt in a high mountain place—up against the clouds—where the rains come down and where the winds sweep from the crags of the mountain tops.

It is told in the countries hereabout that she was the most beautiful woman in all the whole world. Nowhere was ever one more beautiful, not even Sheba's queen. In the great castle she dwelt, and there came to her suitors from the farthest ends of the earth to sue for the hand of Tamara, the princess who dwelt in the castle high in the mountain tops where meet the east and the west. A great road has been built which leads to the castle, and along this road journeyed the suitors who would have her for wife—kings and princes and knights of high degree. But the Princess Tamara was a proud princess, and she would have none of their favor—no, not a favor, even from the king of farthest Ind. She would have none of him, and she caused to make let a great joust and tourney, and he was slain.

So that was the end of that king.

Now, upon a day the Princess Tamara performed a great magic. She let make herself into the form of a dragon, and nowhere ever in the world was ever seen a dragon so terrible as she. Then she caused messages to be sent to all the princes of the earth, and all the kings, and all the knights, and all the nobles of great degree, and she said in this message that whosoever, be he king or prince or noble, should come and kiss her on the mouth while she was in the form of the dragon, then he should be king over her dominions and rule with her on the throne.

Now, upon another day the Princess Tamara was in a room in her castle combing her hair—black, like the night—and into the castle came a man who had ridden from a great ship somewhere, and he had heard of the marvelous beauty of the Princess Tamara, and he would have her to wife. Now, in the mirror when she was combing her hair she saw the image of this man, and she asked of him if he were knight, and he said, "Nay, I am no knight, but only a sailor come from a ship."

Then she told him to return to his fellows and cause them to make a knight of him, for he was fair of favor and a man such as might reign as king in her dominions.

Then he returned to his ship, and his companions made a knight of him.

But before he had gone from the castle the Princess Tamara had said that he should find her upon his return in shape like a dragon, but that he was to have no fear. He was to come to her and kiss her upon the mouth, however dreadful might be the appearance which she should assume.

Now, when the man returned to the castle, after he had been made a knight by his fellows he rode upon a palfrey, and he was attended by his squires and his retainers and a great cavalcade of others who had come from far countries by ship with him.

And he rode into the castle yard, and there he saw a dragon of many yards of length and of aspect most fearsome, and he knew that the princess had done what she told and that she had taken form of dragon to fright him.

He would have kissed her on the mouth as she had said, but his palfrey took fright and reared terribly and threw the knight to the ground.

Then the princess, thinking that he was afeared of the kiss of the dragon, let cry a sacrifice, and the knight and his horse and his cavalcade were thrown into the river a thousand feet below.

And the princess reigned alone, and never came man who would dare kiss the dragon on the mouth.—New York Press.

The only sure way to an envious man's favor is not to deserve it.—Steele.

**WILL GO TO FAIR IN AUTO**

**WHEELING MEN WILL MAKE TRIP TO ST. LOUIS OVER THE NATIONAL PIKE STARTING THE FIRST OF JULY.**

**WILL CHANGE THEIR GARB FROM GENTLEMEN TO TRAMPS FOR "EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES."**

Dressed in the garb of railroad engineers, Will H. Colvig, of 113 South Penn street, and Guy Pryor, his partner in business, at No. 1056 Main street, will leave this city about the first of July in a big Cadillac touring car for St. Louis. They will go by the way of the National Road and will pass through Zanesville, Columbus, Springfield and Terre Haute and thence southwest. The car in which they will travel is geared to 30 miles an hour and it is expected that the entire distance of six hundred miles will be made in forty-eight hours running time.

The car in which the long trip will be made is sold by H. S. Sands' Electrical company, of this city. In a like car thirty-five horse power, made under his own management, Archie Paul, of Woodsdale, will probably follow, as he is seriously contemplating the trip.

It is the intention of the party to leave this city early in the morning and sleep in Columbus the same night, although Mr. Colvig stated to a Telegraph reporter yesterday that a great deal of running would be done at night. If the roads are in good condition the trip will be made in good time unless an accident of some kind befalls the machine.

It is the intention of those comprising the party to get an educational benefit as well as pleasure from the trip. They will learn the prevailing feeling towards different classes of people by changing the engineer garb to that of tramps and fixing up the automobile accordingly after Columbus, Ohio, is passed.

The party will spend about ten days in St. Louis and during their stay there will continue to wear the dress of an engineer—consisting of a blue blouse, jumpers and black tight fitting cap.

For some time Mr. Colvig has been in communication with the American Automobile Association. Wheeling is on the main route between the east and St. Louis. It is pertinent here to quote a selection from a letter written by Augustus Post, chairman of the touring committee to Dr. S. M. Taylor, of Columbus:

"That portion of the road between Zanesville and Cumberland, which passes through Wheeling, on the Ohio river, is the best road, conditions, scenery and historic interest considered of any road of similar distance which I have ever traveled. We had the satisfaction of knowing that it was a road upon which \$7,500,000 had been spent by the government as the connecting link between the Potomac and the Ohio at Wheeling, W. Va., many of the iron milestones are still standing though in a good many places they have been removed from their proper positions and installed in door yards." Further Mr. Post talks of the historic interest and of old relics he has seen along the way.

From the 25th of July until the 16th of August the automobile, St. Louis tour will be open. Many of the machines starting in the east will pass through this city and it is expected that Wheeling will be used as a relay station by many of them.

In a letter received by Mr. Colvig it was stated that two automobile loads of confetti would be scattered along the route between Chicago and St. Louis. It will be distributed in large quantities and it is thought it will serve as a good guide to those following after. There are many entries at the present time for the long trip, and it is expected that by the time for starting arrives that the road will be well traveled by machines.—Wheeling Telegraph.



Vost Billiard Hall, South Side Pharmacy, The Health Cigar Company, Johnston Studio.

**PENSION CLERKS AGOG**

**A NUMBER OF THEM TO BE OFFICIALLY DECAPITATED—TO SAVE \$25,000 EACH YEAR.**

**MR. WARE PROBABLY WILL FOLLOW THE SPIRIT IF NOT THE LETTER OF THE LAW.**

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18.—Clerks in the Pension Office are trembling in their shoes in anticipation of the fall of Commissioner Ware's ax, which is scheduled to drop across the neck of 25 employes of that bureau on July 1.

Some months ago the Post-Commissioner notified Congress that he could run the Pension Office with fewer clerks, and recommended that 25 of the \$1,000 class be dropped from the rolls. Congress acted on this recommendation and cut \$25,000 off the annual appropriation. Gossip around the Pension Office has it that he will not decapitate 25 clerks of the \$1,000 class, but will do a little juggling. It is claimed that he will reduce some of those in the class mentioned and promote others. Some he will remove. In order to make things come out even he will dismiss a few clerks of the \$900 class, and also a few from classes higher than \$1,000.

The attention of the Secretary of the Interior has been called to the matter by clerks who have influence, and when the time comes it is highly probable that the Commissioner will find his views in conflict with those of Secretary Hitchcock.

Mr. Ware has first to recommend to the Secretary what he wishes to be done. If the Secretary agrees with his plan it can be carried out. It is more than probable that there will be changes in the recommendations of the Commissioner upon the subject of the proposed dismissals, and every clerk who can command Senatorial or Congressional influence is seeking out his benefactor and asking him to "fix it" with Secretary Hitchcock.

When the postoffice scandal was at its height and retrenchment in the expenditures of all the executive departments were the order of the day, "Uncle Joe" Cannon and his lieutenants decided it would be well to cut off the carriages which many of the department officials were allowed. The appropriation bills, when passed, did not contain items covering the cost of maintaining many of the equipages, and Commissioner Ware was among those cut off. Under last year's appropriation, however, these vehicles were taken care of, so they have continued in service. On July 1, the beginning of the fiscal year, they will go out of commission.

A provision of the bill which eliminated them was to the effect that no vehicles were to be used by government officials save those on which were painted the name of the department to which they belong. Ware now comes forward and announces that he will be willing to have "Interior Department" painted on the doors of his public carriage, if he may be allowed to keep it.

The request that he be permitted to do so was made to Secretary Hitchcock, who has not yet acted upon it.

**Charming Bedroom For a Little Girl.**

Little girls are really but the reflections of older women, for as Wordsworth says, "The child is father of the man," and we usually find the small girl loves beautiful objects and surroundings quite as well, although not as understandingly, of course, as does her grown-up sister or her mother.

Particularly does a little girl desire a dainty and attractive room that she may call her own, and the room once inhabited by the little daughter of Charles Francis Daubigny, the famous artist, was most charming, and may serve as a hint for some little one's mother.

The room is in the artist's house at Auvers-sur-Oise, a town not far from Paris, and once in a while when visitors are going through the house the room is thrown open for inspection. On the wall, just back of the bed, with its dainty French hangings, the artist father painted an apple tree. Birds are fluttering about it, and tucked away in the leafy boughs there is a robin's nest filled with tiny speckled eggs. The whole room is divided into panels, and on each is painted a fairy tale scene. Red Riding Hood is there, with the wolf beside her. Another panel is devoted to Hop o' My. The panels, on all around the room, these panels are toys strung together, as if on a string, and are decorated with flowers.