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About a car load of the "Autumn favorite" flowers Monday and Tuesday next. Prices low.
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Try a pair of Dorothy Dodd \$3.00 shoes and see if they are not equal to any \$4.00 shoe you ever wore. C. B. Highland.

RELICS OF WARS OF THE REPUBLIC

The Army and Navy Museum on Governor's Island a Repository of Trophies Won by Soldiers and Sailors—Valuable Manuscripts.

There is one museum in New York filled with historical treasures closely identified with the early history of the city and the Nation that very few persons, compared with the number that might derive pleasure and profit from it, know anything about. That is the museum belonging to the Military Service Institution of the United States in Governor's Island, says the Washington Post.

Men whose names stand high on the roll of honor in the army and navy have contributed to it. One exhibit after another has been sent by brave men fighting for Uncle Sam at the uttermost ends of the earth. Some of the treasures are not duplicated anywhere else in the country. They are worth a long journey to see for men interested in military history. Not a war, nor an important battle, from earliest Colonial times to the recent conflicts with the Filipinos in the Philippines that is not represented by battle flags or trophies.

There can Sheridan's famous horse, Winchester, the hero of story and song in the school books, be seen with all his brave general's accoutrements on his back.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;

By the flash of his eyes and the red nostrils' play

He seemed to the whole great army to say:

"I have brought you Sheridan all the way

From Winchester down to save the day."

A skillful demonstrator has mounted Winchester for the Governor's Island Museum, just as he looked rushing into action at the memorable ride. After the horse died in Chicago in 1878, General Sheridan was inundated with requests for his hide for exhibition purposes. Those not of a strictly patriotic nature received no attention. But there was a number of requests from Grand Army posts and military societies that the general felt bound to consider. Most pressing of all, perhaps, was the claim of West Point. Finally, through the efforts of Brig. Gen. T. F. Rodenbough, secretary of the Institute, Winchester was awarded to the Governors Island Museum. Gen. Sheridan appreciated the fact that it was the only institution of its kind of a National scope in the United States. He foresaw the future its founders had in view.

General Sheridan sent Winchester's body to Prof. Ward, at Rochester, and paid about \$300 to have him put in condition for the museum. He also wrote a brief history of the charger, with a list of the engagements in which he took part. Sheridan got the horse as a present when 3 years old. He was of Black Hawk blood, foaled near Grand Rapids, Mich., in 1859, and an animal of great strength and endurance. "It is doubtful," General Sheridan wrote, "if his superior as a horse for field service was ever ridden by any one."

In the present cramped quarters of

the museum on Governors Island Winchester does not get a fair show. He is surrounded by too many interesting rivals to appear to advantage. The old museum building was given over to the Ordnance Department at the time of the Cuban war, and has never been restored. At least half the war treasures were packed in boxes, where they still remain. But in the new Governors Island, which is already beginning to assume formidable proportions from the 50 odd acres filled in on the southwest shoals, the museum will be provided with a new, spacious building, large enough to permit of giving Winchester a room to himself surrounded by the tattered flags of the battle in which he participated.

Among the curios is a Korean battle flag, which has peculiar interest just now, on account of the war in the Far East. The flag is a huge piece of yellow serge, with a grotesque tiger embroidered in colors. It was captured in the interior of Korea in June, 1871, by Sergeant Vopel, who was with the marines sent from the United States warship Colorado to capture a fort. There were only a handful of Americans, but they utterly put to rout thousands of Korean soldiers—the pick of the army—who quit the fort and deserted the flag, but not before they had killed Lieutenant McKee and three of his men.

In the sword racks there are Persian scimitars, French sabers, daggers, specimens of the Japanese damascene sword, and Chinese mandarin swords, all beautifully lacquered. One of the Japanese swords is so heavy that it takes a man with almost the strength of a Sandow to lift it. This very sword has, it is asserted, lopped off hundreds of heads of treasonable subjects in the Flowery Kingdom. The executioner, apparently, had little to do, once he got the sword as high as the shoulder and over the neck of his victim. The sheer weight of the weapon would carry the razorlike blade through the thickest collar bone.

In the cases there are shirts of chain mail, French and Prussian helmets, and ancient clothing and accoutrements of all nations. There are papoose cradles that have carried Indian princesses thousands of miles. One of them shows the hole made of loss by infertile eggs is less than 10 per cent.

The best ostriches for plumes come from Nubia. The California farms now have a new home-bred ostrich that it is believed will be the finest plume producer ever known.

The first ostriches in America were brought to Los Angeles from Cape Town in 1882. There were thirty-four in the flock when they were shipped. Eleven died at sea, and all but six died here a year after they arrived. The pioneer in the California ostrich farming lost \$30,000 in that investment.

But he started back to Cape Town for another flock. With these he had better luck but while he was learning to adapt South African ostrich farming to California and trying to grow marketable feathers, he lost from \$6,000 to \$8,000 annually for several years. A dozen men were ruined by ostrich farming in this region in those experimental days, but now all is changed. The ostrich farmers are making large profits.

SOCIETY

Miss McKinney as Hostess.

Miss Margaret McKinney gave a handsomely appointed luncheon yesterday from one until three o'clock at her home on First street.

Miss Eleanor Moberwell, of Toledo, Ohio, was guest of honor.

The luncheon was a campaign affair, the rooms being decorated with flags and the pictures of the prospective Presidents and Vice Presidents.

The national colors were entirely carried out and red, white and blue horns made unique souvenirs.

Those present were Misses Eleanor and Mabel Moberwell, Madge Sample, Willa Butcher, Flossie Fleming, Janie McKinney, and Miss Guile; Mesdames Earl Smith, Harry Hartley, Murray Dickerson and Robert Cunningham.

Miss Griffin Entertained.

Miss Isabelle Griffin entertained the MacFarland Mission Circle of the Presbyterian Church last night at her home on Benoni avenue.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by those present.

You can follow between the acts to-night if the election goes to suit you. The full returns will be read at the Grand Opera House.



FAIRMONT, W. VA.

HAMLET'S MALADY.

A Study of the Melancholy Demeanor and His Moods.

The tragedy of Hamlet is that a man of a peculiar introspective temperament is called upon to settle a practical crisis. Hamlet knew this very well himself, and that makes the tragedy deeper. Brutus never doubted when once his decision was taken that he was the right man to cure the evils of Rome; Hamlet doubted from the very beginning.

The times are out of joint. O cursed spite that ever I was born to set them right.

He was too fine, too distinguished, too intellectual, a character to be the rough instrument which fate demanded. He has the fatal malady of analyzing his own motives, which is generally destructive of action. If you once begin asking yourself what will be the results and consequences of a definite act, you will find that at the moment of action your will is paralyzed by excess of scrupulosity, as Hamlet's was when with his drawn sword he saw his uncle praying. It was a disease of will from which Hamlet was suffering. In any other times it would not have been so fatal. In this particular time, when he was called upon to do a specific act—to avenge his father and kill the usurper—it is not he, but a man rather of the Fortinbras build, who will be the savior of society. Observe, too, that, like many intellectual men, he cannot be sure of his own moods. He sees the ghost of his murdered father but is it an honest ghost, is it really his father's spirit? Hamlet believes in it on the battlements of Elsinore, but he entirely disbelieves it in another mood, when despite the evidences of his senses he talks of "the hourn from which no traveler returns." The traveler who had returned is dismissed apparently as a fantasy of his brain. And these supernatural visitings in such an analytic and introspective mind do not, as a matter of fact, supply him with the motive for his subsequent action. The ghost can make him put on an antic disposition, play with such creatures as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, deride the senile humorings of Polonius and lessen the torrent of his words against his mother. But what the ghost cannot do is to make him kill his uncle. He murders him at last, more or less accidentally, because his mother was poisoned and Laertes had played foul in the fencing bout. So curiously destructive of strong, practical volition is an intellectual malady when it has grown morbid—the tendency to ward introspection, self analysis, metaphysical speculation.—W. L. Courtenay in National Review.

A BUDGET OF MAXIMS.

Rather than say nothing, men are content to speak ill of themselves. A proud man can never be a loser—no, not even when he renounces his pride.

It is much less for a man's honor to distrust his friends than to be deceived by them.

Few people have the wisdom to like reproofs that would do them good better than praises that do them hurt.

It is with true love as with ghosts and apparitions, a thing that everybody talks of and scarce anybody hath seen.

The most disinterested love is, after all, but a kind of bargain in which the dear love of our own selves always proposes to be the gainer some way or other.—Rochefoucauld.

Naval Cadets.

To enter the Naval academy at Annapolis a boy must be between fifteen and twenty years of age, physically sound, well formed and of robust constitution. He will be examined in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, English grammar, United States history, history of the world, algebra through quadratic equations and plane geometry.

He must sign articles by which he binds himself to serve in the United States navy eight years, including the time of probation at the academy, unless sooner discharged. His pay, which begins at date of admission, is \$500 a year.

A Fair Opportunity.

Tasso, being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy, replied, "I wish not to plunder him, but there are things which I wish to take from him—not his honor or his life, but his malice and ill will."

Well spoken! A noble taking from an enemy, "his malice and ill will!" How is that done? Love is the potent weapon. "Heap coals of fire on his head."—Exchange.

His Farewells.

"That young chap that calls on our Myrilla reminds me of Patti," said the old man in the dining room.

"Why so?" asked his wife.

"He has so many farewell performances in the vestibule."—Baltimore Herald.

Worse Than That.

"Do you think that the governor's remarks were spontaneous, grandma?"

"Worse. They were positively scandalous."—Exchange.

Those Girls.

Stella—He wore my picture right over his heart, and it stopped the bullet. Bella—No wonder, dear; it would stop a clock.

Bribery.

Gracie—Oh! Stealing jam! I'm going to tell mamma. Freddy—Wouldn't you rather have some jam?—Harper's Bazar.

Remember that to be successful as a hypocrite you need to be a first class actor. Comparatively few can play the part.—Somerville Journal.

Rain coats, rubber shoes and leggins at C. B. Highland's.

FIRST WARD NOTES.

By Our Regular Correspondent.

Ralph Brown, who was called back from Central City on account of his brother's death some days ago, will remain until after the election and then return to his position in the glass factory there, where he has been employed for several months.

Will Scott, of Washington, D. C., is in the city on leave of absence, visiting among his friends and to help swell Marlon county's majority for the Republican ticket to-day.

Purse Lazier, the decorator of Water street, who has been at Weston for some weeks beautifying a bank building there in his artistic style, came home on Sunday to remain over and cast a plain Republican ballot without any added embellishments.

Ed. Anderson, of the Bartlett Hotel at Manngton, came in on Sunday to spend the day and evening. It is intimated that there is a magnet of the feminine gender located somewhere hereabouts who has the fatal draw upon him, the charm of which neither the changing conditions of time nor weather can break.

T. A. Merrifield came in from Central City on 55 Sunday evening to spend a few days, and in the meantime to exercise the right of franchise so as to feel that he had a legal right to join in the Republican victory which he helped also to win.

Curt Layman, who has been at the Cook Hospital for some weeks as the result of appendicitis, returned home on Sunday much improved and hopeful of early and permanent recovery.

Harry C. Grimes, of Aurora, associated with Will B. Jenkins, the barber on Water street, left on the 3:30 train this morning, to help boost Republicanism by his vote in Preston county.

The First ward correspondent received by express yesterday, a half dozen fine squirrels from Alexander, West Va. They were sent by W. Colman Van Gilder, of Chicago, who with a party of eight friends are spending a few weeks in the mountains hunting. In the package were four fine specimens of grey squirrels, one black and one red mountain squirrel, which latter is of a smaller species than the rest. After the election is over and the returns are in, the party expects to go back farther into the mountains in quest of wild turkeys, bear and deer. Success to them.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Diamond Street Church will serve supper this evening and lunches later while awaiting election returns, next

to the Monomathe Bank of Merchant street.

The Battle Now On.
The confusion of oratory and the din and noise of parades and processions of enthusiasts have ceased and the silent battle of ballots is now on in the First ward, with work begun on time this morning. In the second voting precinct the commissioners are Jacob Harr, Fred S. Harr and J. C. Leonard. Clerks, Z. W. Morgan and Clark Snyder. Challengers, Charles Hitzelbotham and W. H. Brant. In the First precinct commissioners are A. P. Harr, W. E. Cordray and Homer Hall. Clerks, C. B. Barnes and J. J. Stealey. Challengers, Dr. McKay and C. D. Robinson. Up to the noon hour everything has been as quiet and orderly as a prayer meeting, while the undertone of the coming and going audience betokens deep earnestness, but whether the same spirit will dominate to the time for the evening voters remains to be seen. In the first precinct 183 votes were polled before noon and in the second precinct only 76 votes, but they are looking for an enthusiastic rush this afternoon, and then the casting up of accounts and decision in favor of the successful contestants.

Run-away Accident.

Rosie Nuzum and sister, while driving into the city yesterday noon with a horse and buggy, stopped at Maple Grove cemetery to feed. While bridling up the horse ready to start on, Jones' white hearse came along and so frightened the horse that it got away from them. It ran with the buggy down Morgantown avenue as far as Harmon Lemley's, where it was halted for a moment by some men, then dashed on, leaping the wire fence into the field and clearing ditches, demolishing the buggy by degrees as it sped on its way. Returning again to the avenue it ran on into the city and down Water street, the wheels now all off but one, which with the front axle and shafts were all that remained. The horse's hind foot was fearfully cut and bruised at the hoof by striking the dragging axle as it ran. But on it went in its fury and it reached the Silax Stone factory, and there turned up the hill toward Merchant street before stopped. It was at once released from the shafts and dragging axle still clinging to it, and taken to Perry Bartholow the veterinary surgeon, who cleaned and dressed its foot but from its serious condition being cut through the hoof and then pounded by the dragging axle at every leap during its long run, will at least maim it for some time to come, if indeed not permanently.

Thrown From a Buggy.

Tom Reed, of Barnstow, was taken to the Cook Hospital this morning suffering from bruises caused by being thrown from a buggy. Later in the day he had recovered from the shock enough to go to his home.

Remember, you will find the largest

lines of washing machines, wringers, tubs, &c., carried in the city at J. L. Hall's Hardware Store.



Miss Henrietta Lee, the Principal Beauty in "The Beauty Doctor."