

SUITINGS—JOS. HORNE & CO.
JOS. HORNE & CO.,
 New Spring Suitings.

Lot All-Wool Covert Suitings—grey and brown mix—splendid for separate skirts or entire suits—38 inches wide,

25c a yard.

All-Wool, wide-wale Imported Diagonal Chevils—two shades brown, navy and green—splendid quality, well adapted for plain and tailor-made dresses, 38 inches wide,

50c a yard.

Lot Black Tailor Serges—\$1 25 goods, 54 inches wide,

75c a yard.

Write our Mail Order Department for samples of Dress Goods, Silks and Suitings and all other piece goods. Catalogue and any information concerning shopping by mail given freely.

Jos. Horne & Co.
 Penn Ave. and Fifth St., Pittsburgh.

WHISKIES.
OLD Export Whiskey.

 GUARANTEED 8 YEARS OLD.
 It certainly is a duty and our desire to acquaint you with the excellent qualities of our Export Whiskey when you need this article for medicinal or family purposes. There is none on the market more entitled to your consideration. It has Age, Purity, and being free from all injurious ingredients should command your attention.
 FULL QUARTS, \$1.00.
 Sold in Wheeling only by
 Cor. Market and
JOHN KLARI, 1617 1/2 Street.
 Mail and express orders will receive prompt attention. JOE FLEMING & SON, 412 Market Street, Pittsburgh.
 JOE FLEMING

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

 Cinderella Kitchener Range, an entirely portable range. Finished in the highest style of art and provided with all modern improvements.
NESBITT & BRO.,
 1312 MARKET STREET.
 PLUMBING, ETC.
TRIMBLE & LUTZ COMPANY,
 SUPPLY HOUSE.
 Plumbing and Gas Fitting,
 Steam and Hot Water Heating.
 A Full Line of the Celebrated
SNOW STEAM PUMPS
 Kept Constantly on Hand.
WILLIAM HARK & SON.
Practical Plumbers,
 GAS AND STEAM FITTERS.
 No. 38 Twelfth Street.
 All Work Done Promptly at Reasonable Prices

TROUBLE CARD UP.

The Fortune Tellers Must Shuffle the Pack Once More.

THE POLICE HAVE CUT THE DECK

The Extent of the Clairvoyant Business in New York—Preying on the Credulous. Large Fortunes Accumulated by the Profession—Some of the Famous Ones Who Came to Grief.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—This seems to be about the right time for fortune tellers, clairvoyants and the like to follow the example of the ground hog, and get out of sight of their shadows. The police have had many complaints against the "profession" and are determined to root them out.
 The extent of this nefarious business in New York and Brooklyn is amazing. It is said that in this city alone there are 300 fortune tellers and seers, and probably half as many more who call themselves clairvoyants. Brooklyn is said to be infested with them and the police of that city are determined to prosecute every case brought to their notice.
 In this city there have been large fortunes accumulated by these harpies. Mme. Verazzi, who recently retired, accumulated over \$200,000, as is generally believed, in ten years' practice. Among her clients were two society women who sought to establish fortune telling as a fact among the upper ten. One of them held "seers afternoons" at her home and her wealthy friends gave liberally on visiting the Queen of Night, as she was called.

Caught by "Lightning" Charley.
 Another woman, in whose veins flowed the blood of the Napoleons, had an establishment on Sixth avenue. She was known as Mme. Venier. She successfully fooled the police for years. One day "Lightning" Charley McDonald, dressed as a Jersey farmer, called on her to find out who had sold him \$5,000 worth of green goods for \$2,500 cash. Mme. Venier told him he could get his money back on the payment of \$300. He asked who had sold him the cash, and she, growing bold, said Captain McDonald, who was in the game, knew the man who had sold the worthless paper. "Lightning" Charley arranged to pay the money the next day, but Mme. Venier found out she had been talking to that policeman herself, and during the night she packed her trunks and sailed the next day for Havana.

Perhaps the most successful woman who ever plied her nefarious trade in this city was Mme. Floretta Xavier, whose rooms were visited by men and women of means from all parts of the country. This woman had a genius for reading character, and more than any other fortune teller she was able to detect malign influence. She came to this city from Budapest and stopped at one of the most fashionable hotels for several months before deciding upon a place in which to locate permanently.
 The house which she finally occupied was within half a block of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It was furnished with the greatest taste, but without the least attempt at lavish display. The first floor was opened by an archway into one spacious room, and overlooking the yard a bay window was built, the glass of which was stained a dark purple. Plants and lace curtains were so arranged that the sun's rays shone only faintly into the room. The carpets were thick and restful to the eye, being of the same tone as the glass of the conservatory windows.

More Mystery.
 Visitors were ushered into the front part of the parlor, and when the servant girl returned after having notified madame of one's presence the visitor was conducted upstairs and shown into a small room whose only light came through a small skylight of purple glass. In this room were three chairs, a silver teapot, under which burned an alcohol lamp, a silver tray on which were Egyptian cigarettes and wax matches.
 So thick were all carpets throughout the house that not a sound was made by the heaviest walker. Sometimes the visitor might have to wait twenty minutes or even longer before madame would appear. When she did enter the waiting room, her manner was so serene that her regrets apparently so sincere that umbrage could not continue.
 One of Mme. Xavier's peculiarities was the ease with which she won a person's confidence. Without making any inquiries into her visitor's affairs, she seemed to divine their terms, thoughts and before the victims were aware of it they had given the essential facts of their life history to the woman, who used them to her own advantage.
 After a few minutes' conversation, Mme. Xavier would withdraw, saying that she would retire for a few moments' reflection and then be prepared to tell the man or woman whatever he or she wished to know. In due time a servant would show the visitor to madame's "study," a room ten feet square, and on the same floor with this little waiting room.

Questions Shyly Put.
 There was nothing of the vulgar trance in her methods. Instead of this, she would seat herself beside the victim, and leaning back on the purple velvet sofa, take one's hand so gently and at the same time so firmly that she exercised an influence not easily overcome. During all the time she kept her big gray eyes directed sleepily at those of the visitor. Her voice was soft as velvet. She spoke slowly, putting her questions in the form of statements, which he coincided in or not without proving her to be mistaken.
 After this tomfoolery had lasted about twenty minutes, the servant who opened the door when the visitor called, would appear, and without saying a word, conduct one out of the room and into another, almost entirely without light. Closing the door she would withdraw, to return in a few minutes with the announcement that "Madame awaited."
 Upon this third interview, Mme. Xavier told more about her victim than he or she ever dreamed of, and always with nearness enough to their wish to assure of satisfaction. Such a visit at this cost not less than \$50, and in many instances five times this was paid for information requiring extraordinary powers of divination.
 This woman was well known among the newly rich in this city, and her clients were many. Unfortunately for her, she overreached herself in the case of a young woman who came all the way from Baltimore to learn whether

a well known club man of Philadelphia was married, or if he had ever been married. This man heard of the visit by means of a letter from the young woman, who cast him off. He went to Baltimore and was told all the circumstances of the Xavier interview.
 Since Xavier lost his wife, and his vengeance was not appeased until the police had driven her out of the city. From there she went to Naples, where the authorities got after her, and five years ago she was heard of in Paris, where she was living quietly, apparently having abandoned her profession. She claimed to be a member of the aristocratic nobility and said her husband was murdered at Monte Carlo.

FOOLISH VIRGINS.
The Women Men Marry, and the Reason They Marry Them.
 They ordered their luncheon, and then the younger woman remarked sadly: "I tell you that I repented that marriage bitterly. Think of John, with his big brain, choosing that girl for a wife!"
 "Is she pretty?" inquired the matron, smiling slyly.
 "Pretty? Oh, yes, pretty enough, I suppose. But she never could get through college, and even now doesn't know the difference between suffrage and suffragism."
 "Of course, John is unhappy?" observed the friend.
 "No, he isn't. And that's just the hard part of it. He was often restless, and low-spirited, no matter what I did to entertain him, but now he seems as happy as a lark. He never talks about literature or philosophy with Cora. The intellectual side of his nature seems to be entirely put aside the moment he enters the house. He hardly says a word. Cora does all the talking. She just chatters, and he sits there and smiles and lets himself be led about like a baby. He looks like a big, amiable dog watching a kitten. And the odd thing is, he doesn't seem to feel the real emptiness of his home life at all. He starts down town in the morning looking as if he were going to conquer the world."
 The matron laughed again. "No, Cora certainly isn't silly. I should say she was very wise. When you love a man you want to make him happy, don't you? And you say he is happy. Well, then, Cora proves her wisdom by that very fact."
 "Oh, but think of his higher nature!"
 "Higher nature! Pah! Has your brother been less successful as a lawyer since he married?"
 "No."
 "Then don't trouble about his higher nature. It's all right. He's putting it into his work, just as he should, instead of wasting it on philosophical discussions at home. Let me tell you, my dear, Cora is the superior woman, and you are the silly one."
 "Silly! What do you mean?"
 "I mean just that. Cora doesn't talk philosophy, but she's married. She will have children—sons who will grow up to adore her just as John does; daughters who will be adored in their turn as she has been. You are not married. There is not one man in the world whom you influence. Even your brother, as you admit, is more influenced by this woman you call silly. What are you doing in the world? You are very superior and very learned—but what are you doing? Is the world going forward any faster because of you? You think yourself Cora's superior, but the same amount of energy that you are putting into barren study she is developing to keeping her finger-nails polished and wearing pretty clothes, and giving charming dinners, and bringing up her children in an interesting way. Your brother starts out every morning to conquer the world because he has been petted and coddled at home. You think it shameful for Cora to sleep on his shoulder, but she is sensible enough to know that that little, tired, confiding head inspires him to more manliness and endeavor than all the philosophy in the world."
 "Oh, but don't you think it ignominious to let one's self be only an 'inspiration' because of one's helplessness?"
 "Fiddle-de-dee! We'll be having a revolution among the babies some of these days, and then how silly our own arguments will sound! Here they'll say to their mothers, 'All this protesting tenderness degrades us. We insist upon being your equal. It's all very well for you to tell us that your clinging, innocent feebleness brings out your highest virtues—inspires you to unselfishness and tenderness and efforts for our happiness—but all that sort of thing offends us. We'd rather bring out our virtues by reading papers to you on the Infinite and on the 'Equality of Babies.'"
 The younger woman laughed this time and grew rather red.
 "And besides," went on the other, "Cora is perfectly A. A. You admit she does her share of the work. She makes John's home beautiful and happy. She inspires him to give out the best that is in him, in his efforts to surround her with luxury and luxury. If the truth were known, I suspect there are half a dozen young men who adore her—men who are perfectly respectful way, think she's the very ideal of what a woman should be, and let her influence them very strongly in the direction of all that is good and high-minded."
 "Yes," said the sister, a little reluctantly, "all of John's men friends are very fond of Cora. My dear, it is women like Cora who rule the world, and always have and always will rule it, because they are the women who rule the men. It makes me laugh when I see how seriously the superior, masculine-minded woman takes herself. What is she after? A man? She is a failure as a woman, and can never hope for any real success as a man. The very best she can do will fall below the level of Shakespeare or Washington, or any of the really great men, while the feminine woman has something that, in its way, is just as powerful as the brain of the greatest man, and that's her femininity. And she has the sense to use her gift. You studied philosophy to try and inspire your brother. But he could get that from other men. What he wanted was something men couldn't give him—femininity."
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