

CLARKSBURG, W. VA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1893.

## DIRECTORY.

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Office with Hon. John Bassel, Clarksburg, W. Va. 25-1f

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**W. LYNCH'S**  
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*MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c.*  
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Office: Main Street, opposite 4th.  
Hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m.

**J. H. ADAMS,**  
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Office in Court House,  
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**D. GEO. M. HOLT**  
*DENTIST.*  
Will be in his office, Clarksburg, W. Va., four months of the year, name's, February, May, August and November. Painless extraction of teeth guaranteed, and a set of beautiful teeth inserted in one minute after the extraction. Office: Main street, opposite Fourth.

**DR. A. B. HALL,**  
*Of Morris & Hall*  
**DENTISTS,**  
As permanently located in Clarksburg, are will be found at his office on the First St. fourth of each month.

**DR. C. B. MORRIS**  
will visit Clarksburg as usual, from 1st to 12th of Sept. Dec. March and June.

**Dr. A. B. Van Osten,**  
*DENTIST*

**E. N. FLOWE & M. D.,**  
*PRACTITIONER OF MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c.,*  
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**MILL ENGINEERING**  
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**PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT.**  
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Gas and Steam Fitters, and dealers in Lead, Iron and Drain Pipe, Steam and water gauges, Pumps, Gas Fixtures.  
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**Dr. A. M. Jarret,**  
**DENTIST.**  
Will be in his Clarksburg office, Howell building, every fourth month—see local notice. Every thing in Prosthetic Dentistry done here—not brought and inserted. All of the finer specialties attended to promptly. Address J. R. Adams, Secretary. 48.

**THE MONTICELLO BRICK COMPANY,**  
Manufacturers of  
**Hand Made Brick,**  
and Contractors for Brick Work. Will keep constantly on hand a full supply of first-class brick, at the Monticello Brick Yard, on Monticello St., Clarksburg, W. Va. Orders solicited. Address J. R. Adams, Secretary. 16-1y.

**CLARKSBURG Brick Works.**  
Having purchased the above works located on Clay street, I am prepared to fill all orders for superior Hand made  
**Red Brick.**  
Will also contract for Brick work of every description.  
G. W. Moffett, Notary Public, Conveyancer and Pension Solicitor. Prompt attention to all business, West Millford, W. Va.

—Why pay a big price for saddles and harness when you can buy them so cheap at Wm. S. Sumner's tannery, west Mainst

## AN AWFUL MISTAKE.



HE shades of evening were fast approaching, "when a solitary traveler, riding along a lonely way, in a picturesque valley between two

low lines of hills, paused at a vine-covered cottage and asked for food for himself and horse. It was freely given, for no more hospitable section of country could be found than that in which this valley lies. After resting awhile the stranger made preparations to continue his journey. The host demurred.

"Do not go on to-night," he said. "You may meet trouble. There is a gang of horse thieves about. That is a fine horse and buggy you have there, and you might be relieved of it as a man was down the valley only yesterday. It was a bold piece of work and officers are after the fellow. Stay till morning. You're welcome."

"Thank you, friend," replied the stranger, "but I'm not afraid. My old mother lives up in the mountains. I haven't seen her for three years, and I want to get home. I wrote her I would be there to-morrow, and if I don't travel to-night I won't make it. 'Tis bright moonlight, and I don't anticipate any danger, besides I think I can take care of myself. Thanks, for your warning, as well as for your generous hospitality. Good night," and the stranger dropped a coin into the old man's hand, sprang into his buggy and drove away.

It was yet early bed-time when a second traveler halted at the same house and inquired if any stranger had passed that way. The old man recognized an officer of the law, and he felt almost dazed as a suspicion crossed his mind that the man he had entertained earlier in the evening was the daring horse thief. With that conviction he recounted the circumstance to the officer, dwelling upon the man's apparent haste to proceed and utter disregard of horse thieves.

"Brown horse, new buggy, well-dressed stranger," repeated the officer. How much start has he? Only two hours. Good! Dexter can travel. The road gets bad for a buggy a few miles up, and we'll overtake him before midnight. I doubt, if he sees his mother to-morrow—unless she's dead," added the sheriff with a laugh.

In a moment he was on his horse and galloping up the valley.

The stranger was riding leisurely along, drinking in the quiet beauties of the summer night and whistling softly to himself, in a manner quite unbecoming a hunted desperado. The huge rocks by the roadside cast sombre shadows in the moonlight and the horse frequently shied as his own shadow fell upon some big rock they were passing, but the driver was not timid, and no thought of horse thieves crossed his mind until he heard the galloping of an approaching horse in the rear. He quickened his horse's pace somewhat, but the road was rough. He knew whatever the danger he must face it. He examined his revolver and laid it on the seat beside him, and then he lowered the buggy curtain and waited. Soon the horseman appeared in view. It seemed a daring and resolute face the stranger beheld as he glanced through the glass at the form behind him, and he determined his course accordingly.

"Halt!" ordered the new comer.  
"By what authority?" questioned the occupant of the buggy.  
It was a mistake, fraught with

terrible results that the horseman made when, instead of answering the question as he should he counter-queried in a peremptory, tone.  
"Who does that horse belong to?"  
"Me," was the firm reply.  
"Since when?"  
"Yesterday," replied the stranger.

"I thought so," sneered the horseman. "I'll relieve you of it now. Halt! and deliver it up, or I'll fire."  
The command was followed by a quick report, but not from the speaker's weapon.  
"That'll teach one horse thief to mind his own business," said the stranger to himself.

The man was still in the saddle and fast retreating down the valley when the occupant of the buggy succeeded in quieting his own horse, and not caring to be delayed, he leisurely proceeded on his way.  
He could not dismiss the subject from his mind, however.

"I hope I didn't kill the fellow," he said again and again, "if he was a horse thief, I'd rather have given him the horse and buggy. Maybe I was too hasty."  
Daylight dawned and our traveler was beginning to feel more cheerful when he again heard the clatter of hoofs. Not one horse, but many, were overtaking him.

"What now?" he thought.  
He was not long in doubt. A determined looking set of men soon surrounded him, and, under pressure of a dozen gun muzzles he was forced to head his horse down the valley. He knew by the imprecations of the men and the suggestive coil of rope dangling from the leader's saddle that terrible danger threatened him, but not a word of explanation was vouchsafed until they reached a point some three miles below where he had shot the horse thief.

If, as he supposed, he was in toils of the gang; he knew that remonstrance was useless, and he must meet his fate. Some coats were piled under a big oak tree, and near them sat two men. Here his captors dismounted and secured his horse and theirs to scattering sapplings. He knew from frequent glances cast down the valley that they were waiting yet for reinforcements. They had not long to wait until a dozen men came in sight. They were well mounted and well dressed, but were evidently greatly excited. They proceeded at once to the pile of coats the stranger had noted. Some were thrown aside, revealing as he had half expected, the dead body of a man doubtless the victim of his shot. He could overhear a part of their conversation, and by degrees he came to understand that it was the county sheriff he had killed. The dead man's horse had not paused after its rider fell until it reached the house where it had stopped in the evening.

The excited old man was on the alert, and the blood besmear horse had told the tale. The country was roused. Men started in pursuit of the sheriff's murderer, and a messenger was despatched to the sheriff's home.

The stranger was overtaken and brought back, as we have seen, and the new arrivals were the sheriff's fellowtownsmen come to avenge his death. Horse stealing was bad enough and when the murder of one of their friends was added to the crime, none too soon could the murderer meet retribution.

Bottle after bottle of liquor was drained to nerve the men to the deed of vengeance they felt called upon to perform. After a hasty inquest on the dead body had been held it was covered from sight again. The rope was uncoiled, the noose made and tightened upon the neck of the prisoner. In vain did the unfortunate man, in a quiet and dignified manner protest that he shot in self defense, laboring under a delusion that he himself was

shooting a horse thief. He pleaded for a chance to prove himself an honest man, but the excited and half intoxicated men would listen to no explanations. The rope was thrown over a limb, and breathing a prayer, not for himself, but for his mother, the helpless man was swung aloft, and one more was added to the long list of Judge Lynch's victims.

When the executioners regained their senses they began to doubt the wisdom of their hasty deed. An investigation was made that proved the stranger's statements true. He had purchased the horse and buggy at the railroad terminus to complete his journey. Two of the men visited the old mother, still waiting for the son that never came. They told her that a man answering his description had met with a fatal accident down the valley. All was done that could be for her comfort, but years of atonement and regret have never quieted the consciences of those men who subjected an innocent fellow man to an ignominious death.

The horse thieves were afterwards captured, but Judge Lynch did not preside at the trial.

### Gould's Daughter Engaged to an Actor.

NEW YORK, November 23.—Rumor has it that Miss Helen Gould, the twenty-one year old daughter of the late "Wizard of Wall Street," and heiress of \$10,000,000, has followed in the footsteps of her brother George and chosen a life partner from the stage. The fortunate man is said to be Harry Woodruff, a young actor known in the profession as "the boy ingene," and now playing in the Charley's Aunt Company at the Standard Theater, in this city. According to the story which has gained general currency on Murry Hill, this will be Actor Woodruff's last season on the stage, at least for some time. He has handed in his resignation to take effect next Saturday night, and, upon his retirement, will go to Yale College to study law; preliminary to espousing Miss Helen in wedlock. The courtship of Actor Woodruff and Miss Gould has been going on for a long time, and Geo. Gould, until lately, has been bitterly opposed to it. It is only recently after leaving no stone unturned to break off the affair, that he has given his consent, on condition that Woodruff retire from the stage and take a two year's course at Yale.

Old Lady Rumor gives out an other piece of information by declaring that George Gould has consented to pay all of Woodruff's college expenses, and is said to have given the young man \$10,000 to keep his mouth closed about the matter until the expiration of the two years of probation. If at the end of that time the young people are still in love, George Gould has agreed that they shall get married.

George Gould, however, when seen in his office to-day, indignantly denied the truth of the report, and declared that Miss Helen is not even acquainted with Actor Woodruff, much less being engaged to marry him. If Brother George's denial is to be believed, the richest young woman in America is not entangled in the web which that ingenious little spider, Love, is wont to weave.

Scrofula eradicated and all kindred diseases cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its vitalizing and alterative effects, makes pure blood.

Furniture, repairing and turning are now specialties with J. W. Odell at his shop and warehouse, opposite the Sumner tannery, West End. Persons needing chamber and parlor suits, tables, desks, bedsteads &c., are cordially invited to call. Any furniture supplied on short notice. 38-1f.

Subscribe for the TELEGRAM and learn what is going on.

### SMALL PARAGRAPHS.

The Atlanta Journal, which is Hoke Smith's paper, says: "For democrats this is more than an off year; it is awful."

A United States Treasury statement issued on Saturday shows that the gold reserve has decreased to \$81,700,000, the lowest point it has ever reached.

The Chicago clothing firm of Frankthal, Frendenthal & Co., failed on Saturday; liabilities, \$350,000, and assets about \$280,000.

Senator Peffer's daughter Nellie is clerk of his committee, and his son Jake is a Senate messenger. His wife is the clipping agent and makes his newspaper scrap books. Mrs. Peffer is a quiet, matronly looking woman, who never voted but once in Kansas and then gave it up as a bad job.

It is reported from Mexico that the Mormons are negotiating for the purchase of 3,000,000 acres of land in the State of Chihuahua and that the Mexican government takes kindly to Mormon colonization. If what these people did toward developing the resources of Utah they do for Mexico it will be a great thing for that country.

LOST CHECK, W. VA., Sept. 30, 1892.)

We deem it our duty to humanity to state that Dr. Davidson's Susanna for children did noble work for our babe during the summer past, when suffering from summer complaint. We also gave the medicine to Mother Van Horn, who had been prostrated with stomach disease for about two months, and it resulted in her speedy recovery, and she is now telling what it will do for the old people.  
NEWTON J. VAN HORN AND WIFE.

All Sorts.

The army of unemployed increases. Not a city but is compelled to relieve distress. How many of those who are helped came to this country within five years. Meanwhile immigration continues on an enormous scale. It is time to put up the bars. Strange how long this reform is put off. Charity begins at home.

A registered letter that was received at the Portland, Me., post office the other day bore a stamp of \$4 denomination. It would have gone for the usual eight cents and the postage. The stamp collecting fad was suggested as an explanation, the stamp that had been used being regarded as more valuable than an uncanceled one.

Gunson—Another increase in your family, eh? Son or a daughter? Bilbee (gloomily)—Son-in-law.

It's a rather knotty question to ask a girl to be tied to you for life—Ex. It takes nerve when the young man has not much to offer.

An enterprising hosier has announced a new button, which he calls "The Old Maid's Wedding." Why? You ask. Because it never comes off.

### The Gas is Falling.

It is reported that the natural gas wells in the northwestern part of Ohio are falling fast, and as a consequence the coal dealers and wood choppers are happy. Upper Sandusky, which for a long time past has been supplied with natural gas, to the almost entire exclusion of all other sorts of fuel, has been cut off from the pipe line, and is a natural gas town no more. The people have been compelled to return to their coal and wood stoves. The event was anticipated and has taken nobody unawares, so there will be no suffering, as would have been the case if the cessation of gas had come suddenly. A company has been organized there to manufacture artificial gas and furnish it to the community, that people may continue to use their gas-burning fixtures.

ALL FREE. Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing at Clayton & Dent's drugstore.

### NO SMALL-POX ABOUT THIS.

If you accept a Life Policy of any Life Insurance Company that does not state in the policy THIS POLICY WILL PARTICIPATE ANNUALLY IN THE COMPANY'S DISTRIBUTION OF SURPLUS, you will lose every dollar of your surplus or dividends, should death occur before the time stated for the distribution of surplus. See that the Policy is absolutely incontestable except for non-payment of premiums. The Mutual Benefit Life, of Newark, N. J., organized in 1845, don't ask for the use of your money twenty years for nothing. It pays its dividends annually, during life, and is one of the largest and best dividend paying companies in the United States.

GRANVILLE BARTLETT, Ag't. Office with Clifford & Sperry, Main Street, Clarksburg, West Virginia. 2-1f.

THE HANDSOMEST LADY IN Clarksburg remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. Any druggist will give you a sample bottle free. Large bottles 50c and \$1.

### Traders' National Bank

OF CLARKSBURG.  
Main Street, near Court House.  
CAPITAL \$50,000  
T. MOORE JACKSON, President.  
DR. FLEMING HOWELL, Vice-President  
DIRECTORS:  
DR. FLEMING HOWELL, WM. MOOD, T. MOORE JACKSON, J. E. SANDS, W. B. MAXWELL.  
Does a General Banking Business  
C. SPRIGG SANDS, Cashier.  
NO. 1,530.

### MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK OF WEST VIRGINIA

CLARKSBURG.  
Organized - 1865.  
Capital - \$100,000.  
DISCOUNT DAY, TUESDAY,  
10 o'clock a. m.  
OFFICERS:  
R. T. LOWNDES, President.  
THOS. W. HARRISON, Vice President.  
LUTHER HAYMOND, Cashier.  
LEE HAYMOND, Asst. Cashier.  
S. R. HARRISON, 2d Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS:  
R. T. LOWNDES, T. W. HARRISON, T. S. SPATES, A. C. MOORE, LLOYD LOWNDES, A. J. LODGE, DAVID DAVIDSON.  
Careful attention given to all business entrusted to the bank. Collections receive strict personal attention and prompt remittance. Accounts of Individuals, Merchants, Firms, Corporations, Trustees and Banks solicited.

### WEST VIRGINIA BANK.

Clarksburg, W. Va.  
Third street, between Main and Pike.  
Discount Day—Wednesday at 10 a. m.

Jas M. Lyon, President  
DIRECTORS:  
Dr. W. M. Late, James M. Lyons, T. W. Harrison, F. A. Robinson, David Davidson, W. R. Alexander, Chas. M. Hart.

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Transacts a general banking business, Exchange furnished. Collections made at reasonable rates.

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Its Woman's and Children's columns are of unusual domestic interest.  
Its Special Features cost more money than is paid by ANY OTHER papers in the same territory.  
Its news columns cover the world. Bill Nye writes for it; Dr. Talmage preaches for it; Wallace P. Hood and Budyard Kipling, Richard Malcom Johnston, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Julian Hawthorn, E. R. Wilson, Rider Baggard, Nym Crinkle, and the best literary genius of the world contribute to its columns. It is a magazine! And every issue an educator.  
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