

CAMP ALGONAC

**THE MANY INQUIRIES RECEIVED DAILY,
INSURES LARGE CROWD.**

The Register, laboring ever for the benefit and comfort of all the world and especially for its own numerous patrons is highly gratified to announce that its good fortune to be able to afford its patrons a summer outing that cannot be surpassed either for the pleasure to be derived or the little expense that it will incur, has already interested a great number of the good people of the city and the numerous inquiries that are reaching the office indicate that the outing will be more popularly patronized than anything of the kind ever presented to the public in this section.

Indeed it now looks as if CAMP ALGONAC is going to be almost as familiar to the people of Point Pleasant before the close of the "heated term" as the name of the local pleasure resorts. It is confidently believed that there will be from fifty to seventy people who will take advantage of the splendid opportunity to enjoy the week at Camp Algonac. That there is no place in the entire country more favored by nature, more inviting to those who are compelled to undergo the drudgery of city life, than this newly established resort is fully conceded. Its magnificent scenery, the invigorating air, its uniform temperature all combine to make it the ideal place to enjoy an outing whose benefits to both body and mind are inestimable.

Then the cheapness of the proposition is certainly such as to commend it to the attention of those of moderate means. Indeed it is cheaper than to remain at home. Think of it! Eight days, every one of which is to be an undisturbed round of unalloyed comfort and pleasure, all to be had for the nominal sum of \$20.00.

LITERARY COCKTAILS

Elderly Relative—Mortimer, what are your intentions in regard to Miss Bullion?

Scapegrace Nephew—Strictly honorably and praiseworthy, uncle.

Elderly Relative—I am glad to hear that, Mortimer. I was afraid you were going to try to persuade her to marry you.

A DIMINUTIVE SOUL.

A friend was once talking with a crazy woman, when a stingy man passed by.

"Do you see that man?" said she, with a cunning smile. "You could blow his soul through a hummingbird's bill, into a mosquito's eye, and the mosquito wouldn't wink."

WHERE HE SLEPT.

A prosperous farmer sent his son to New York to begin life as a clerk. After he had been in the metropolis for six months the farmer wrote the merchant to ascertain how his son was getting along and where he spent his nights. In due time the merchant sent a reply to the farmer which read:

"Your son sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he spends his nights."

DOING IT.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy—That's what the gov'nor told me to do, mum.

"Told you to whistle?"

"Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."—London Fun.

QUIT IN TIME.

Once on a time a lonely little boy began praying to the Lord to send him a baby brother. Regularly every night, before retiring, he got down on his knees and offered up his petition. Finally he suggested that he had waited a long time, and hoped the Lord would hurry up matters. In a few days he was called to his mother's room and shown twin brothers. The mother was very much surprised when he exclaimed:

"Gee, it's a good thing I quit praying when I did."

Rocksford Cantelopes on ice served at Bryan's ice cream parlor. It.

Blind Man's Buff.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

Copyrighted, 1905, by Associated Literary Press.

They had been talking some minutes over the phone—one of those protracted and intimate conversations in which girls delight and which drive to the point of frenzy the man who wishes to get the line in order to tell his wife that he is to take the 3 o'clock train for Chicago.

It was Hildegarde who broke in on her friend's account of Tuesday's german with a little dismayed shriek.

"Goodness! I didn't dream it was so late. I have an engagement in five minutes, and I'm not half dressed."

"Who is it—Darrell?" It was not a question for the telephone, but Irene never allowed her discretion to stand in the way of her curiosity.

"Ye-es." The hesitating answer gave Irene the impression that her friend was blushing. Darrell's adoration of Hildegarde was the season's joke. It



"I'M NOT QUITE USED TO THIS KIND OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF."

was, however, a very suitable match. Darrell was preposterously rich and not bad looking.

"Too bad about Jack Carr, isn't it? I don't know what you mean." Hildegarde's tone was suddenly icy.

"Why, you don't mean that you have not heard of his accident?"

"Accident! What accident?"

"Bentley Boynton told me about it last evening. I supposed, of course, you knew. You and Jack used to be such friends. Some workmen dropped a bag of lime beside him, and it burst and puffed up into his eyes and blinded him. Poor, dear fellow! But he's so plucky that I dare say he'll make a joke of it."

Hildegarde rang off abruptly. Her head went down on her arms. Tremors shook her bowed figure. Hot tears rained from her hidden eyes.

Jack and Hildegarde had been good friends. The worldly wisdom which belonged to their station in life, the tacit acceptance of the theory that every girl owes it to herself to marry money if she can, alone had kept them from being more. There had been times when the glowing eyes of the young man suggested an almost irresistible temptation to set at defiance the traditions of his class, and the flutter of the girl's heart had acknowledged some uncertainty as to her own course under such circumstances.

But if Jack had kept his tongue in leash, even if his eyes had been less tractable, and had gone his way and left the field to Darrell with his millions!

And now never again would those dear eyes woo her. Never again would she watch from her window that lithe figure swinging down the street as if it walked on air. She saw him groping his way through unending darkness, with only sad memories to keep him company. And then on the desk beside her she saw Darrell's card, which the maid had just laid there.

No one has ever given an explanation of the fact that a woman's tenderness for one man is so likely to result in cruelty to another. But owing to this peculiarity of feminine psychology Darrell's sole reward for a year's devotion was the hasty note the maid brought down five minutes later.

"I cannot see you this afternoon. And please do not come again till you are willing that I should be nothing more than your friend."

HILDEGARDE DEVRIES. "A lady to see me?" Jack Carr, sitting in his darkened room, with a shade over his eyes, betrayed no satisfaction at the prospect of companionship.

"What's her name?"

"She didn't say, sir. She said to tell you that a friend would like to see you for a few moments."

"Oh, show her up. I'm not much to look at just at present; but, anyway, the room's too dark for her to see." His philosophy stood by him till a swish of skirts on the stairs suggested an idea so preposterous that his heart leaped. He put up his hand as if to ward off a blow. Then a voice said:

"Jack!"

"Hildegarde!" He sprang forward, stumbled over a footstool and regained his balance and his self control at the

same moment. "I'm not quite used to this sort of blind man's buff," he said in a rather breathless voice. "You must find a chair, please. Awfully good of you to look me up, I'm sure."

Hildegarde was thankful that the room was dark. In the clear daylight her courage would have failed her. "It wasn't good at all," she quavered in an uncertain voice. "I just had to see you, Jack." Her voice died away and she regained it only by an effort. "Jack, tell me—was I mistaken in thinking that you used to care for me?"

The pause that followed seemed unendurably long. "No," Jack said at last in a voice unlike his own—"no, that was no mistake, God knows."

She breathed more freely now that the plunge was taken. Except for the dryness of her throat and her burning cheeks she felt almost at ease.

"But I was mistaken about myself, Jack. I thought I could be satisfied with a great deal of money and a good social position and all that, and what I wanted all the time was you. I have money enough for both of us. I shan't give you a chance to remember your blindness." She hesitated at the word, but took it gallantly, like a thoroughbred. "I'll be eyes to you and sunlight—oh, Jack, I'll make you happy in spite of everything."

He crossed the room and stood beside her. "Hildegarde," he cried hoarsely. "You mean that you are ready to refuse Darrell and marry me?"

"Mr. Darrell means well," Hildegarde acknowledged with an air of wishing to give every one his due. "But you're—Jack."

"You—you said something about my eyesight," stammered Jack. "Did you mean—"

Hildegarde caught his hand. "Oh, dearest, that was what opened my eyes! When I heard that you were blind I couldn't bear it, and then I knew perfectly well that I couldn't live without you."

He swept her to him, and a blissful moment followed. But the mysterious sixth sense which belongs to you led Hildegarde to divine disquiet in her lover. She drew away palpitating. "Jack, are you sure that you haven't got over caring for me?"

He was so reassuring on this point that the scared color came back to her cheeks. "You're not worrying because you're not rich?" she rebuked him quietly. "Why, Jack, we can get along beautifully with what I have, even if I don't come in for a share of Uncle Enoch's money!"

"It isn't that altogether, darling. You spoke about my eyes!"

She flung her arms about his neck. "My eyes are yours from now on, dear. I'll never give you a chance to know that you've lost anything."

"You are an unselfish angel," said Jack with conviction. "But the truth is, dearest, that the matter has been a little exaggerated. It's been quite painful, you know, but the doctor thinks that in three weeks I can go back to the office again."

"Oh!" Horror turned Hildegarde rigid in his arms. "And I've proposed to you without any excuse."

Jack did not answer—verbally at least—but without the aid of speech and in an incredibly short time Hildegarde was convinced that no excuse was needed.

Odd Luck at Cards.

There was an extraordinary illustration of beginner's luck given recently by a young man who had been enticed into a poker game by three "experts." The latter were not professional card sharps, but, well acquainted with the game, had no scruples against fleeing an easy mark. Having very diplomatically induced the youth to enter the game and having explained the cardinal principles to him, the play began. Things went quietly for a while, but finally the excitement started. One "expert" opened the jack pot with three aces, one of the others came in on a pair, while the "easy mark" drew four cards. The man with the three aces started the betting, but the "easy mark" came right back at him. The "expert," having taken note of the four card draw, concluded that the youth was betting on little or nothing and played his three aces far more strongly than he would have done had his opponent been well up in the game. Finally, when the table was piled high with money, the "expert" called. The "easy mark" laid down five spades, not one of them higher than the nine. "But you drew four cards!" exclaimed the "expert" in dismay. "Which one did you hold?" "I held the two of spades," replied the youth. "But why under the sun did you hold the two of spades?" "That was the only spade I had," said the "easy mark" innocently, and that was the only reason he could give. He played the whole evening in just such luck, and when a halt was finally called the "experts" were far behind the game.—Philadelphia Record.

An Affair of Weight.

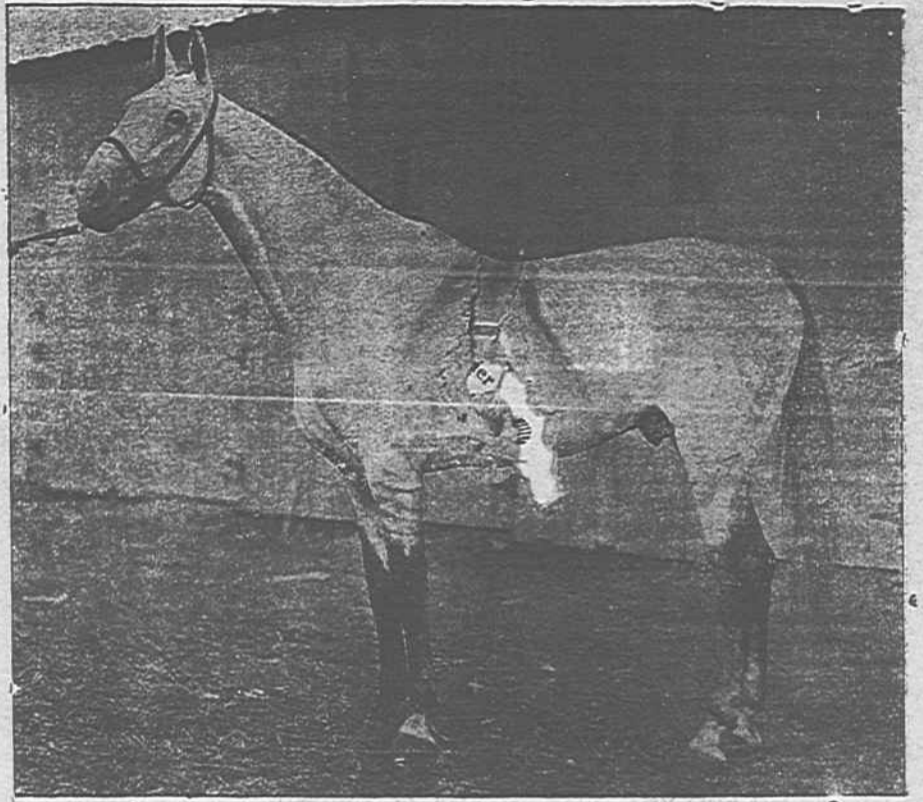
It is one of the absentminded Professor Rounder's fads to keep himself within certain limits of avoirdupois, and at stated intervals, when he does not forget, he calls at the village stores, tries the scales and notes carefully whether he is going over or under the permitted 225 pounds.

On one occasion he was astonished to observe the machine register 233 pounds. "Tut, tut! Dear me, this will never do," he frowned. Then a happy smile twinkled in his eyes as he reflected: "Of course. Last week I wore no overcoat."

Removing his outer garment, he threw it over one arm and again consulted the figures. Two hundred and thirty-three pounds!

With a look of scholarly perplexity Professor Rounder walked out into the cold street, still carrying the overcoat over his arm and muttering: "Tut, tut! Dear me! Then I am gaining! This is very serious."—Lippincott's.

**C A P E H A R T
S T O C K F A R M
P O I N T P L E A S A N T , W . V A .**



HAPPY J. 2:12 1-2

Happy J. 2:12 1-2 Trial 2:08 No. 34500 Sire of Happy F. 2:11 1-4 \$50. to Insure a Mare in Foal.

Blue Point, Trial 2:15 No. 45405 by Jay Bird dam by Scarlet Wilkes. Blue Point sire of the fastest lot of pacing colts in W. Va. \$20. to Insure a mare in foal.

Henry McKinney No. 38641 by McKinney 2:11 sire 20 in 210 list. The greatest sire in the world. \$20. to Insure a mare in foal. Henry McKinney is the sire of the best trotting coat I ever trained.

Jacks Dr. Wood a Kentucky Manmouth Jack. Col. Bill a Spanish Jacks. \$10. to Insure a mare in foal. For Pedigrees etc., Address

R.P. LITER, Pt. Pleasant, W Va

**JOHN H. HUGHES
GROCERY**

Cor. First and Decatur Streets would like to have a part of your trade.

We handle a full line of FRESH GROCERIES, VEGETABLES AND PRODUCE

all the time. Send in your order. We will appreciate it.

PHONOGRAPH FOR SALE.

Phonograph "Edison's Standard" with large brass horn and records. Good as new—a bargain.

Earl E. Kerwood, Henderson, W. Va.

**Chamberlain's
COLIC, CHOLERA AND
Diarrhoea Remedy**

Is a reliable, pleasant and safe remedy for bowel complaints both in children and adults. Buy it now; it may save life.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

THE REGISTER.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

CIRCULATION, 2,000.

EVERYBODY READS IT.

Will Always be Found Pulling for the Best That is Good for our Town, County and State.

NOTICE.

List of applicants for Retail License for carrying on the business of selling, offering for sale, exposing for sale and soliciting and receiving orders for, spirituous liquors, wines, porter, ale, beer, and drinks of like nature, in the town of Point Pleasant, Mason county, West Virginia, for the year commencing July 1st, 1909, published in accordance with Act of Legislature, 1909.

Name	Residence	Place for which Application is Made
Homer Smith	Point Pleasant, W. Va.	Spencer Hotel, cor. Main and Fourth sts
David Price	Point Pleasant, W. Va.	506 Main street.
C. M. Nutter	Point Pleasant, W. Va.	E side Main st. bet. Third and Fourth sts
C. W. Alexander	Point Pleasant, W. Va.	About 100 feet West of E. & M. depot.
E. P. Arrington	Point Pleasant, W. Va.	Phoenix Hotel, E side Main st. bet. 4th & 5th
James R. Short	Point Pleasant, W. Va.	Corner First and Main sts. E side
John G. Stortz	Point Pleasant, W. Va.	E side Main bet 5th and 6th sts.

APPLICATION FOR LICENSE TO SELL PORTER, ALE AND BEER—AT WHOLESALE

The G. Wildermuth Brewing Co., residence Pomeroy, Ohio, place of business South-east corner of Walnut st., Point Pleasant, W. Va., E. E. Thomas, Local Manager.

May 12—4w

W. C. WHALEY, Clerk. The Town of Point Pleasant.

**W. H. BOGGESS,
EXPERT PIANO TUNER
AND REPAIRER. LEAVE
ORDERS WITH L. SHIFLET**

Road to Wealth. Knowing how to make other people work is a more valuable accomplishment than being able to work yourself.