

CATS FOR COMPANY.

A WATCHMAN HAS TWENTY-THREE AND HE LIKES THEM.

A Feline Crowd That Is Well Cared For. Visiting a New York Night Watchman Who Would Be Lonely but for His Devoted and Loving Pets.

Whee, whee! Whee, whee! It was such a whistle as the Pied Piper of Hamelin may have given when he called the rats from the famous old city to a watery grave in the river Weser. But instead of rats there came from a little shanty in Alderman Duffy's coal yard at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street the queerest colony of cats to be found perhaps in Christendom. They gathered about the watchman of the yard, Charles Melville, a short thick set man with bristling brown mustache, who walked with a slight limp and is familiarly known as "Doc," because of his veterinary skill, in answer to his whistle.

"Great family, ain't it?" said the watchman after a moment's pause, during which he counted them to see if the cats were all there. "Ain't another like it in the city. The black one's Nig. He's 2 years old, and the most intelligent. Larry, the brindle, is the same age, and is the biggest of the lot. That black and white small sized cat is Cinders. Klinkers, over there, is black and white too. She's the dead spit of her mother, is Cinders. Most people can't tell them apart. That staid looking old woman over there is Minnie. She is 8 years old, being the oldest of all, and the grandmother of most of the babies. The lively little lady with the five liver colored kits is Ginger. They think they are going to get something to eat. See how disappointed they look when they find they ain't."

"Nothing today," he said sharply. "Trot back; the gentleman has seen you."

The twenty-three cats were for a moment irresolute. Then they blinked their eyes as if to wipe away the tears, and turned about and went with drooping tails and bent heads into the shanty whence they came. The watchman followed, leading the reporter to the shed, which was built in the corner of the coal yard. It was not more than a dozen feet square and as many high, and was built of old boards. It stood at the entrance to the yard. At the street end was a door, in the bottom of which was cut a hole about three inches square. Hanging over the little hole was a flap of wood suspended from a piece of leather. Two windows lit up the interior of the shed. On one side was a raised bunk, where the watchman sleeps, and on the other, under the windows, was a long shelf. Coils of rope, shovels, pickaxes, tools, odds and ends of iron, pulleys and blocks, lanterns and empty boxes littered up the rest of the interior.

Upon the bunk, shelf and floor and in nooks and corners the cats were making themselves perfectly at home. The watchman picked up a small piece of meat from a closet and began to chop it up. Instantly the cats were all attention and watched him intently. When he threw down what he had cut each cat picked up a piece and took it off to a corner to eat it. There was no scrambling or fighting save among the kittens.

"I keep the cats for company," said their master. "Most of them I have raised from kittens which friends gave me. I used to have tribes of them, but a good many died of distemper. There used to be so many of them that when I went through the yard at night with a lantern I was almost afraid of stepping on them. You can't teach them any tricks except to jump over sticks and through your hands and to come when you call and to stick to you like a brother. A dog has got more intelligence. A cat lives about twelve years. The talk about their having nine lives is rot. They are awfully delicate creatures and catch the distemper very easily. You mustn't overfeed them. I don't believe in giving them milk; it's too heating. A little meat once a day is all they need. They catch rats and mice enough to keep them from being hungry. Be kind to them. Bob Ingersoll says a kind word to a dumb animal is better than a kick."

"Some of my cats are great fighters. Minnie is a perfect John L. Sullivan. She will tackle anything in the shape of a dog that comes along. A big bull terrier chased Cinders the other day. It was great to see Minnie go to her aid. Those two cats got that dog down and clawed him until he howled. When they let him up he had hardly any hair on him. He put his tail between his legs and ran away as if the old boy was after him. When a cat fights, you know, he lies on his back and paws with his hind feet. Wherever the claws strike the fur flies."

"If a strange cat comes around they will chase him away if they don't like him. If they think he is a pretty good fellow they will bring him in here when I call them to feed. Cinders has almost turned Protestant through kindness. She runs off to the female training school up the street and the nurses make a great time over her and feed her. I have forbid her going there, but she won't pay any attention to my orders." Then Melville went on to tell what a comfort the cats were to him the long winter nights. When he reads in his little home the cats climb on the bench where the lamp stands and sit there, on his shoulder and about the arms of his chair for hours, quiet as lambs.—New York Press.

Coming to the Point.

"Papa, what is a conflagration?" "A great fire, my boy?" "And what name would you give to a small fire then?"

"A small fire? I cannot think just now of any special word. You might call it an incipient fire or a fire of little moment."

"Well, papa, I have just noticed that your top coat was burning at the back, and I was wondering whether it was a conflagration or an incipient fire!" Flareup and explosion.—Sondage.

A Wise Choice. The World's fair at Chicago should be made the center of as many features of local and traditional interest, tending to arouse genuine American feeling, as possible. If by means of the exhibition we can make any strong historical association of a state or even of a neighborhood the common property of all the people, the fair will be of more than material advantage.

Each state—in the building which it is to construct at Chicago for its "club house" or headquarters—aims at something representative in some way of its special conditions of life or its history.

Many appropriate devices for state headquarters have been hit upon, but none is more interesting or fitting than the selection of New Jersey.

Few houses associated with the memory of George Washington, with the exception of Mount Vernon itself, are better known or are the objects of a deeper sentiment than the beautiful old mansion still standing at Morristown, New Jersey.

This house is noteworthy not only for its associations, but also because it is a pure and noble example of colonial architecture.

With a slight and harmonious addition this old house is to be reproduced by New Jersey on the World's fair grounds at Chicago. There it will speak eloquently of the father of his country, and together with such buildings as the Massachusetts building, which is modeled after the Hancock house in Boston, it will speak also of the large, serene and hospitable life of the people before the Revolution.—Youth's Companion.

Singing the Old Songs Once More.

A sacred concert was given at Welsh Run Dunker church on Sunday afternoon which brought together a large and appreciative audience to hear some of the old time singing teachers. These were Professor Solomon Baughy, who for more than fifty years has been known in southern Pennsylvania for his charming voice, and in his younger years as a most successful singing master; Jacob Mangau, of Mangansville, Md., who in 1844, with Solomon Baughy, gave a similar concert in the same building, and Mr. Myers, of Broad Fording, who is also a well known conductor. Each of the gentlemen took the floor.

All of the dear old church hymns were gone over. The large congregation, which had been constituted the singing class, united in the song service with spirit. Professor Baughy is now well advanced in years, but he still has a sweet, melodious voice and the presence and manner on the floor which have never deserted him. There were many persons present from Maryland and Pennsylvania. It was a notable occasion and one that revived pleasant and delightful recollections of yesteryear.—Chambersburg (Pa.) Public Opinion.

Recent Styles in Matchboxes.

Every young man, as well as old, is interested in the matchbox, if not from a smoker's point of view, at least from a feeling that it is something always serviceable. The best adapted and most fashionable designs at this time are those illustrating hunting scenes. The fishing rod and kinship have been put by the gun, the setter and the wild goose supplanting them.

Apart from nickel the material usually used for matchboxes has been silver, but a formidable rival has appeared in finely figured dark steel, the body being of that metal, the hinges, snap and cover of silver or gold. In the more expensive kind there is a horseshoe or bed of rubies, with an effect altogether gorgeous. The shapes vary from the shell pattern to a plain satin finish. The absence of elaborate decoration is amply atoned for by the great durability of the receptacle.—Jeweler's Review.

The Archduke's Experiment.

The friends of Archduke Joseph, of Austria, have had much fun over the results of his attempt to colonize his estates of Dobruza and Koebel with gypsies. During the spring and early summer the tribes seemed perfectly happy in their new homes, and the archduke was jubilant. Harvest time and the days for selecting recruits for the army came, however. The gypsies, fearing work and service, picked up their belongings a few weeks ago and silently stole away. When his imperial highness went out to muster his gypsy colonists he found none to greet him. He will not repeat the experiment. The archduke is a great friend of the wandering people, understands their language and has written a book about them.—New York Tribune.

PEOPLE FIND

That it is not wise to experiment with cheap compounds purporting to be blood-purifiers, but which have no real medicinal value. To make use of any other than the old standard AYER'S Sarsaparilla—the Superior Blood-purifier—is simply to invite loss of time, money, and health. If you are afflicted with Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Running Sores, Tumors, or any other blood disease, be assured that

It Pays to Use AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and AYER'S only. AYER'S Sarsaparilla can always be depended upon. It does not vary. It is always the same in quality, quantity, and effect. It is superior in combination, proportion, appearance, and in all that goes to build up the system weakened by disease and pain. It searches out all impurities in the blood and expels them by the natural channels.

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The Racket Store

and you will most likely get it, and you will be surprised how cheap. People wonder how I can pay rent and other expenses, sell so cheap and live. Easily explained, my friends, just like this: Buy for cash, sell for cash; I sell for net spot cash and I get bargains by paying net spot cash for what I buy, consequently I am enabled to give you bargains for your cash. Come in and look over my stock; no trouble to show goods whether you buy or not. Goods bought from me and not satisfactory, and returned in good order, and reasonable time, money will be cheerfully refunded if desired. Remember, I positively state that I have no old shelf-worn goods, no shoddy goods, but as clean cut a line of every day goods as you will find in any store in Jefferson county, and oh, how cheap. Come in Ladies and take a look at my line of beautiful Laces, Wrappers, Waists, Aprons, Gloves, Mitts, Night Robes, Stockings, Baby Carriage Robes, Calico, Robes, Shirting, bleached and unbleached Muslin. I might go on mentioning the lots of bargains but would take too long, step in and take a look for yourselves. Gentlemen, come in and buy one of our beautiful paintings, 30x36, gilt frame, only \$1.00, are going like hot cakes; if you want one come quick. I also have men's Hose, Shirts, Handkerchiefs, Drawers, Under Shirts, White Shirts, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Gloves and an endless number of other things for gentlemen. Come in and look for yourselves. I will only be to glad to show you my stock. I have in stock hundreds of articles for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, Boys, Girls and Baby's that would fill our town paper to mention them all. This advertisement is written in the plain American A.B.C. language so everybody that can read can understand every word of it.

M. J. COYLE,

The Racket Store.

Al. and Al. Cheap Johns

New Novelty

Hardware Store

Centennial Hall building.

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25-inch saw former price \$1.25, our price 49 cents.

1 brace, 5 steel bits, former price \$2.50, our price \$1.00.

Steel tack hammers 10 cents

Butcher knife 15 cents.

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Everything marked in plain figures.

Store open every evening until 9 o'clock.

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Every one of the newspapers that enjoy large circulations in which we announce our intentions and those in which we do not advertise speak words of praise of our methods of doing business. We most heartily thank the public that through their patronage we have been crowned with Phenomenal Luck. This luck is not alone enjoyed by us; it is shared with them likewise. Show us the person of Wage-Worker that will not take advantage of

Messrs. Bolger Brothers

Offering and we will show you one that does not study *The First Rule of Nature*. Here is a plain statement about **Our Coats and Suits** for young, middle aged and old. No person, it matters not how they are financially situated, all that is necessary is to state your circumstances to Bolger Brothers and you will have no occasion to go without an *Overcoat* this winter because we have them in stock for \$4.50 and we have them up as high as \$18.00, but if you want to see beauties that are well made and trimmed for \$8, \$15, \$20.50 and \$12 call in. Don't fail to visit Bolger Brothers when in need of a first-class suit of clothes, ready-made, or made to your measure.

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In fact anything you may desire in our line will be found in our mammoth store.

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I want to close out my summer goods to make room for fall stock, and will sell

Summer Goods

AT COST!

Outing Cloth, 6½ cents, Sold before for 8 cents.

Outing Cloth, 8 cents, Sold before for 10 cents.

Outing Cloth 12 cents, Sold before for 12½ cents.

Challie, 10 cents, Sold before for 12½ cents

Challie, 10 cents, Sold before for 15 cents.

Sateen, 10 cents, Sold before for 15 cents.

Indigo Blue prints 6 cents per yard.

Men's Seersucker Coat and Vest at 65 cents, Sold before for \$1.00.

Men's and Boys' Outing Shirts At 19 cents apiece.

Men's suits at \$3.60, Sold before for \$5.00

All Men's suits reduced From \$2.00 to \$3.00 per suit.

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Suits \$1.00.

Now is your time to save money. These goods are all new.

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And daily we see the account of some noted person that a few months ago was stout and hearty is now no more, from the effects of La Grippe. Now, good people, I have treated hundreds of cases of La Grippe, and in its worst stages, and never lost a case, and now I have a printed formula of my cure, which I have sold hundreds of for \$1.00 apiece, and have received praises from all parts and from a number of physicians as to its efficacy, and now the Grippe season is coming and that you may all get a formula I am having one wrapped around every bottle of Burgoon's System Renovator, at \$1.00 a bottle or six for \$5.00. For sale at all Drug Stores and 47 Ohio street, Allegheny, Pa. 34 tape worms removed in 4 months. Cancers removed from all parts of the body without the knife. The only sure cure for Catarrh on earth. DR. J. A. BURGOON. Office open from 8 A. M. until 9 P. M. Burgoon's remedies for sale in Reynoldsville by H. Alex. Stoke.



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