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Mundell's Solar Tip Shoes

FOR CHILDREN.

LADIES!
Our \$2.00 shoe is beyond doubt the best shoe ever shown in Reynoldsville for the money. Call and see it.
Near P. O.
Reed's Shoe Store.

GENTLEMEN!

I am positive that I have something rich in store for you if you will call at my tailor shop. I have received an excellent selection of

Spring and Summer Goods.

I can show you the finest selection of goods in this city. All fits guaranteed to be perfect. One trial of the excellent goods and work is convincing for all. Hoping that I may receive a call, I remain
Your obedient servant,
J. G. FROELIGH,
Reynoldsville, Pa.
Next door to Hotel McConnell.

ASK FOR



FINE CANDIES.

IN SEALED PACKAGES

AT
H. ALEX. STOKES,
THE LEADING DRUGGIST,
Reynoldsville, Pa.

J. S. MORROW,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods,

Notions,

Boots, and

Shoes,

Fresh Groceries

Flour and

Feed.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK

Reynoldsville, Pa.

City Meat Market

I buy the best of cattle and keep the choicest kinds of meats, such as

MUTTON, PORK
VEAL AND
BEEF, SAUSAGE.

Everything kept neat and clean. Your patronage solicited.

E. J. Schultze, Prop'r.

Grocery Boomers

BUY WHERE YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT.

FLOUR, Salt Meats, Smoked Meats,

CANNED GOODS, TEAS, COFFEES

AND ALL KINDS OF

Country Produce

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, TOBACCO, AND CIGARS.

Everything in the line of

Fresh Groceries, Feed, Etc.

Goods delivered free any place in town.

Call on us and get prices.

W. C. Schultz & Son

LOOK!

FOR THE

People's

Bargain * Store.

Quick Sales and

Small Profits.

General stock of Ladies

and Gentlemen's Furnishing

Goods and Shoes.

A. KATZEN,

Proprietor.

The Man

Who wears Shoes

wants, first of all,

SHOES TO WEAR.

He likes to look at 'em

when they're off, perhaps,

but he buys 'em to wear.

THE MULE SKIN SHOE

doesn't disappoint him.

It Wears,

and looks well, too.

\$2.50.

Reed's Shoe Store.

ON A TANDEM.

The hillside blazed in red and gold; The fields had turned to amber; The air was crisp, and yet so soft, As down a smiling girl's cheek fell With dew-drops on a flower.

Sweet Jennie, with her chestnut hair, Her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, How proud was I that she was fair, How glad was I to see her there, And know that none came after!

Oh, dream of happy days gone by! We spoke of autumn sailing; And when I seemed to hear her sigh I liped her name, I knew not why— Somehow she peeped at me!

I liped her name, and growing bold— No wonder she grew sadder, Or that the wheels so slowly rolled Along the smit, leaf-strewn mold This rare day in October.

I liped her name and bending low— While pedals turned at random— Till cheek touched cheek— I— but you know— Of course 'twas wrong to treat her so, Sweet Jennie on a tandem. Wheel.

THE MATCH FAILED.

NELLIE GRANT'S ROMANCE WHILE VISITING AT WEST POINT.

Her Father Had a Few Months Before Been Inaugurated President of the United States, and She Was in Consequence the Belle of the Gatherings.

It was the closing week of commencement exercises at the military academy in June, 1892, and historic West Point had never appeared more brilliant. Distinguished guests from all over the country were assembled to witness the ceremonies, and the wealth and fashion of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other cities crowded Roebuck and Cozzen's hotels and the private cottages to their fullest capacities. First and foremost of all those there was the newly inaugurated president of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant, then in the splendor of his fame. Then there was General William T. Sherman, his successor in command of the army; General Rufus Ingalls, General Quincy Gillmore and a host of lesser military chieftains and also the officers of the academy resident in uniform, besides many civic dignitaries.

Mrs. John A. Dix and Mrs. John Bigelow occupied cottages at Cozzen's, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was present to deliver the sermon to the graduates. The glories and the chivalry of West Point still cling to it and made it an attraction to the fair sex. Benny Haven's, with its many legends of clandestine cadet revelries, yet remained at the river's edge. The faculty were all noted gray haired professors who had been engaged in tutoring future military heroes for half a century, some of them. Their dean was Denis Mahan, professor of mathematics, who was afterward to seek a suicide's death in the Hudson river.

President Grant was accompanied to the academy by Mrs. Grant and their daughter, Nellie Grant. The president's son, Frederick Dent Grant, was a cadet in the third class, and for that reason the exercises had a special attraction for the members of the Grant family. General Thomas G. Pitcher, the superintendent of the academy; Colonel Henry M. Black, the commandant of the cadet corps; Lieutenant Colonel John M. Hildt, who was wooing at the time Miss Jerome, a daughter of Leonard Jerome, and whom he afterward married; Edward C. Boynton, the adjutant of the post, and the rest of the officers had prepared an elaborate and interesting programme for the commencement, and during the week or longer that President Grant and his family were at the Point there was mortar practice, signal service movements, the building of pontoon bridges, cavalry maneuvers and other object lessons in the art of war, with parades every afternoon on the plateau by the battalion of cadets, and a concert afterward by the government band.

Among the junior officers of the superintendent's staff was John E. Hosmer, a lieutenant of infantry, who was assigned as escort to the president and his family during their stay at West Point. He was a native of Massachusetts, of good family and attractive personal appearance. The daughter of the White House, Miss Nellie Grant, was new to society in the east, and the young lieutenant devoted much time to her entertainment. He was her daily chaperon over the military grounds and explained to her the many points of historic interest there. He arranged private entertainments and parties in her honor at the houses of the professors, while old dowagers, with little else to do than watch passing events, noted the growing intimacy of the daughter of the White House and the junior lieutenant, looked on the young couple approvingly and said to each other, "A match, sure."

The commencement of the academy terminated on the evening of Saturday, June 14, with the ball of the graduating class at Roebuck's hotel. It was a brilliant gathering, and in the opening quadrille there was a conspicuous set composed of President Grant and Miss Strother of Washington, General Sherman and Mrs. Grant, Lieutenant Hosmer and Miss Nellie Grant and Colonel Audendried, chief of General Sherman's staff, and Miss Kinsey, a southern belle. The grizzled hero of the march to the sea had his eyes open to what was going on, and in one of the pauses of the dance said to his partner, Mrs. Grant, in his quick, abrupt way, what the dowagers had previously remarked, "Looks like a match," nodding with his head toward Miss Grant

and her lieutenant escort. Mrs. Grant had her eyes opened.

The next day (Sunday) Nellie Grant remained in seclusion in the hotel, and bright and early on the following Monday morning was hurried away by her mother to Washington, while the president departed for the east in response to public invitations. Lieutenant Hosmer quitted West Point a few days later and went to his home in Massachusetts, where he died in a few months. Afterward the president's daughter was married to the Englishman, Algernon Sartoris, who died in Italy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Ancient Superstitions.

Omens and superstitions have their origin in the belief suggested to primitive man that the elements and everything pertaining to creation had souls and intelligences. This belief is found among the ancient Aryans, the Romans, the Celts, the Teutons, the Arabians, the Chinese, the American Indians and, in fact, in every nation. That human nature is the same the world over and at all times is shown by the analogy existing between early mythology, the source from which the superstitions of the present day are derived.—New York Telegram.

Bob's Ambition.

"I'm going to be a postman when I grow up," said Bob, who had been chidden by his father for whistling. "Then I can go around ringing front doorbells and whistling all I please."—Harper's Bazar.

An Anecdote of Roman.

Roman while traveling alighted at Naples. One morning a servant of the hotel came to him and said that as she had heard the preacher at the cathedral make use of his name many times, she would be thankful if he would choose for her a number in the lottery about to be drawn. "If you are a saint," said she, "the number is sure to be a good one; if you are a devil, it will be still better." Roman smiled and chose a number, but he never knew if the servant was lucky.—London Globe.

A Misleading Expression.

In a street car the other day two women were talking of a sick friend when a little girl sitting at the side of one of them interrupted with: "Mamma, what is the point of death? Will it hurt Mrs. Leach?" So many such expressions are widely misleading to the groping, literal child mind.—New York Times.

Willed His Heart to His Estranged Wife.

Major Earl Brandt, an old German newspaper man who died Tuesday, left a will containing a queer bequest. He bequeathed his heart to his wife and left directions for placing it in her possession. It seems that Major Brandt married while a young man, and his wife is still living in Germany. For some reason his married life was unhappy, and he came to America, leaving his wife in the old country. Though estranged from her for life, it seems that his love for his wife never ceased, and he frequently declared that as his heart was still hers she should have it after his death. In accordance with the provisions of the will the heart has been removed from the body and will be forwarded to Mrs. Brandt.—St. Louis Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

In the Czar's Country.

On the way back from Izora the czar wanted a cup of tea, but owing to a sudden jerk of the railway carriage the tea was upset. The next morning (as goes the story) the whole line between St. Petersburg and Izora was carefully searched by numbers of men ordered to find out what had jerked the czar's teacup! Every time the czar goes up and down to Peterhof the steamers have to be decorated, traffic is suspended on the river, and occasionally even the loading of steamers is stopped.—London News.

English Youth and the Army.

Walter Besant, in his very entertaining and valuable book on "London," notes an important change in the early part of this century in the feelings of the English gentry about trade. Mercantile life ceased to attract the younger sons of the gentry, who found employment in the army or navy, and the city was thus severed from the counties.

A Remarkable Watch.

There is a man in this city who is exhibiting a watch to his friends which he claims has a "cromwalaker balance, is congested to heat and cold, and has a criminal confinement."—Newburyport Herald.

Cape Colony is the natural habitat of the largest known species of earthworm. It is a soft, scaleless thing between six and seven feet long, and much resembles our common angle worm.

Some people say that it is very bad luck indeed for a baby to see itself in a mirror before it is a year old, though why this should be so considered it would be difficult to tell.

Good mucilage may be made of dextrin two parts, acetic acid one part and water five parts. Dissolve all by heating and then add one part of alcohol.

A remedy of great value, for cats and dogs is sweet oil. Put two table-spoonsfuls in their milk and they will rarely refuse to take it.

Some people prefer to line their stoves with potters' clay instead of brick, and it is said to answer the purpose very well.

ISAAC'S LITERARY OPPORTUNITY.

Just Now He Is a Printer's Devil, but He May Develop Some Day.

"What's your boy the doing down t' Boston, Jerome?" asked the Libbydale postmaster one stormy night, while he and Jerome Sargent waited for the coach to arrive. Mr. Sargent had returned from a visit to Boston the day before, and it was vaguely reported in the village that "he'd had great doin's down t'low with lie."

"Isaac," replied Mr. Sargent in a tone of ill concealed pride, "is right in th' midst o' things, I ken jest tell ye! M' wife, she's allus held to it that Isaac heder got t' be some kind of a literary feller when he'd got his growth, an I declare for't, it does appear 's of he was in a posty far way t' kerry out his ma's distress. He's jest right in amongst a mess o' th' literary folks th' hall 'durin time; sees 'em real informal day in an' out!"

"Do tell!" gasped the postmaster, with an expression of the greatest and most flattering amazement on his sharp featured countenance.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Sargent, seeing that he had made a declared impression on his listener. "I was roused with Isaac quite a little spell one mornin, but lawsez, I couldn't stand no such flusterin, hurryin times as he hes right along! 'Twould kill me right off, or anyways I shouldn't never be fit for anythin agin after a week o' such work! But Isaac likes it, an' seems t' feel real easy an' unconcerned 'bout gettin' roused. There's one thing his ma an' I would like t' hev changed though, that's th' short rations o' time they give him t' git from one place t' another an' back agin."

"Hes t' hurry, does he?" inquired the postmaster.

"He cert'nly does," replied Mr. Sargent, crossing his hands on his knees and surveying the effect meditatively as he talked. "Isaac's a likely boy at learnin, an' they'd order give him a little more of a chance, seems 's ef."

"Well, now, what is he doin' precisely?" inquired the postmaster after a pause, during which he had waited patiently for Mr. Sargent to give some more definite information as to his son's pursuit, which had always been shrouded in mystery.

"Why, I ain't callin' t' tell ye jest th' name they give t' a boy in Isaac's p'ition," remarked the father prudently. "It w'd strike ye kind o' queer, same as it did me first off, till Isaac explained 'bout it; I ain't deemed it hardly wise t' tell his ma even jest yet, for she's kind o' notional, an' taint a posty name no two ways 'bout it! But it appears t' be 's customary, an' don't mean what ye might 's'pose or anythin like it. What Isaac does is t' kerry what he tells me they call 'proof'—the literary folks do—back an' forth betwixt them that writes an them that prints. Jest think o' that! Right in with 'em all, Isaac is!"

"Do th' folks that he works for set much by him?" inquired the postmaster in a tone of great respect.

"Th' prin'ns folks set a heap by him," replied Mr. Sargent. "It's 'Isaac' here an' 'Isaac' there all th' time with them. Isaac says th' writin men don't seem t' take much to him, but I told him that ef he was a good boy an' did his work well they'd git so they'd feel real friendly to him an' be glad t' see him whenever he come in, same as th' printin folks are. An I said t' him, sort of encouragin, for I thought he seemed kind o' doubtful. 'Why, Isaac, what a good thing it w'd be for ye ef some o' them writin' folks sh'd take a real shine t' ye an' have a little talk with ye now an' then writin' they was finishin up their writin for ye t' take off (for Isaac says they never hev it done when he gits there hardly). P'raps they might kind o' set forth t' ye how they write, an' so on," says I. Isaac didn't seem t' think 'twas likely, but I do, an' so does his ma!"

"When a boy," said Mr. Sargent, rising as he heard the sound of the approaching coach, "hes a chance like Isaac's, there's no knowin what may come t' him!"—Youth's Companion.

Men Who Abuse Privileges.

Chambermaids at swell hotels soon become great students of human nature. It does not take them long to size up either the social or financial standing of the guests.

For instance, one showed her acumen in this direction the other day when I happened to call her attention to the array of six towels on the rack over the washstand in the bathroom. "Think that extravagant?" said the bright young woman. "Well, don't you make any mistake!"

"But it most cost the house a lot for laundry bills," I ventured.

"Not a bit of it," she replied vivaciously. "Most of our trade here is first class. No one ever uses a lot of towels unless they are not used to them at home. Men who are accustomed to the luxuries of life do not take advantage of the supply. It is only the class who usually wipe their faces on roller towels who abuse our generosity."

And doubtless the girl knew what she was talking about.—New York Herald.

Macer, a Roman official of Cicero's time, hanged himself when informed that the great orator intended to appear against him in his trial for peculation.

Alexander the Great had a twist in his neck. It therefore became fashionable for every one in that monarch's court to carry the neck in the same way.

Infancy is the germ period of man's existence; it is the spring time of the year, the time of seed sowing.—Young.

Trained Fish.

Fish have many times been taught to perform tricks, and it would appear as if they had much more intelligence than is attributed to them. Mr. J. A. Bailey of circus fame once had two brook trout in a small aquarium in his private residence that would jump out of the water and take the ball between the forefinger and thumb and would also ring a little bell when they required food. They would also leap over little bars of wood placed about two inches above the surface of the water.

It is a very simple matter to teach the fish these tricks. At first a little tower containing a tiny, sweet toned silver bell was fastened to the iron work of the aquarium with a piece of string attached to the tongue of the bell extending into the water where the trout were. On the loose end of the string an insect or other tempting morsel was placed, which the fish would at once seize, and pulling the cord the bell in the tower would naturally tinkle. After this had been repeated several days the fish were left without food for some little time until they made the discovery that they could obtain it by pulling at the string to which the delicacies had been attached. This they never failed to do ever afterward when they were hungry and as that was nearly all the time the little bell was constantly ringing as the fish were continually pulling the cord, and it was quite a pretty and novel sight.—New York Herald.

The Hawaiian Death Prayer.

Upon the minds of such a people as the Hawaiians were, while under their ancient form of religion, it was but natural that superstition should gain a rooted hold. The most curious and effective belief to which they were made subject was that a man can be prayed to death—a belief that survives among the natives to the present day. For the success of the tragical death prayer it was necessary to obtain some hair or a piece of finger nail of the intended victim. A priest was then employed to use incantation and prayer for his destruction. Always informed of the doom that the priest was invoking upon him, the victim generally pined away and died.

There is a story current that an Englishman in the service of Kamehameha I, having incurred the displeasure of a priest, the latter proceeded to "remove" him by the death-prayer process. The Anglo-Saxon, however, set up an opposition altar in derision, and jokingly proclaimed that he intended to pray the priest to death. Alarmed at the threat and overwhelmed at the failure of his own incantations, the sorcerer died, proving by his death his faith in his religion.—E. Ellsworth Carey in Californian.

From an Old Book.

In one of the older manuals of the common council of New York there appears an interesting directory of this city for the year 1665. Then there were exactly twenty streets and a population of 251. Broadway at that time was De Heere street (the principal street). The Battery was Aen de Strandt van de N. Reveir. Wall street was De Waal, Pearl street was De Perel straat, Whitehall street was De Winckel straat, William street was In de Smits valley (In the smith's valley), and Broadway above Wall street was Buyten de Lant Poort (outside the land gate). All of the residents were of Dutch extraction, with the exception of one whose name appears in the list as Jacob, the Frenchman.

There were Roosevelts, Beekmans, De Peysters, De Puyts, Van Cortlandts and Verplancks in those days. Clams, oysters and fish formed the principal food of the settlers at that period. Occasionally in the spring New York was visited by "such amazing flights of wild pigeons that the sun was hid by their flocks from shining on the earth for a considerable time; then it was that the natives laid in a great store of them against a day of need."—New York Times.

The Love of Domestic Animals.

The man who has not music in his soul is justly exposed to the disparagement of the poet, but what shall be said of him who cannot find one dumb animal at least on which to bestow care and kindness? Sailors and soldiers have their pets; the feathered, the feline, and the canine creation are universal favorites.

Carriers and draymen are rarely indifferent to the companionship of the four footed friends, and the navy's dog while his master is at work in the cutting or on the embankment, sits on his peajacket and guards the bundle containing that midday meal of which, when the toiler returns, the good and faithful servant will have his share. It would be a very dreary and perhaps a wickeder world than it is if we had not animal pets, domestic as well as regimental.—London Telegraph.

True Marriage.

A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to the brown hair and plump, round, crimson cheek. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love, with its prophetic crimson, violet, saffron, purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrance and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth.—Theodore Parker.