

ASK FOR
Tenney's
NEW YORK.
FINE
CANDIES.
IN SEALED PACKAGES
AT
H. ALEX. STOKES'S,
THE LEADING DRUGGIST,
Reynoldsville, Pa.
GENTLEMEN!

I am positive that I have something 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 its garments are to be perfect. One trial of the goods about goods and work in considering for it. Hoping that I may receive a call, remains

Your obedient servant,

J. G. FROELICH,
Reynoldsville, Pa.
Next door to Hotel McConnell.

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.

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.

An Inaugural ride.
In the midst of the bleat and din,
To see how a great and grand federal state
Doth enter a new year in.

And he smiled as the back of the people,
And he heard the loud rejoicing there,
And his feet moved to the merry strains
Of the good old songs of jubilation.

And he said with a sigh that was tearful,
And a face that was dreary to see,
"Despite the hard seats and the acrobats' feats,
Despite the bad jokes and the commonplace folks,
Despite the mock frank and the lemonade wheel,
The circus of old suits me!"
—Harper's Bazar.

One of Africa's Latest Marvels.
Only five years ago a magnificent harbor was discovered at the mouth of the Pangwe river, about 115 miles below the Zambezi delta. It is about two miles wide and six miles long and on its northern shore has arisen the town of Beira, where 500 Europeans, half of them British, are now living. Beira is one of Africa's latest marvels. Probably no white man six years ago had ever seen the barren promontory of sand it occupies. On Nov. 28, 1892, a locomotive that had been put together in Beira pulled through one of the streets and a little way out of the town, for Beira is to be the port of Mashonaland, the region of mountain and plateau, where British enterprise is opening new goldfields.

A month ago 35 miles of the railroad had been completed. The route for nearly half the way to Massikese lies along the Bosu river. Its total length is less than 200 miles, its longest bridge has a span of about 200 feet, and the cost of the road is estimated at about \$5,000,000. The Mozambique company, a Portuguese corporation, is carrying out the work, but by arrangement the British South Africa company is to have certain privileges in the management of the road and will build an extension from the Portuguese frontier at Massikese to Fort Salisbury, the seat of government in Mashonaland. —Engineering Magazine.

A Fish Story From Sandy Hook.
Eels are cheap on Sandy Hook peninsula just now. On last Wednesday, after a terrific gale, old Johnnie Collins, a clam digger of Navesink Highlands, went down to the beach to see if any crabs had been washed up. As he came to high water mark he observed that the sand was fairly alive with eels. They varied in length from 3 inches to 2 feet and were silver eels.

Scattered among them were young fresh water perch. The perch were dead, but the eels were very much alive. He went back to the village and told what he had found, and the villagers came down to the beach with baskets and boxes and barrels. After they had filled all their receptacles the beach was still covered with eels. They went back and emptied their loads and returned and got more loads, but they didn't succeed in making any noticeable reduction in the number of the eels. A number of men got more than 100 pounds each.

Seabright and other villages on the Sandy Hook peninsula also got a large number of the fish.

People are at a loss to understand how the eels and fish came to be on the beach. Both the perch and the silver eels are fresh water fish and abound in the Shrewsbury river. Never before have they been known to be found on the seabeach. —New York Sun.

Concerning Crinoline.
Concerning crinoline the following extract from the Dundee (Scotland) Advertiser, Jan. 5, 1799, has been unearthed: "Mr. Isaac Bickerstaffe, censor of Great Britain, sitting in the court of judicature, had crinoline brought in and hoisted by a pulley to the roof of the hall, where it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the enpola of St. Paul's. On inquiring for the person belonging to the petticoat Mr. Bickerstaffe, to his great surprise, was directed to a very pretty young damsel. 'My pretty maid,' he said, 'do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?'"

The young lady who wore this hoop confessed that she did not like it, and that she kept out of it as long as she could and till she began to appear little in the eyes of all her acquaintances and said she would be very glad to see an example made of it. History does not go on to relate in what manner the hoop was consumed, but the young lady, for her modesty and amiability and somewhat for her good looks, received great praise.

African Slave Caravans.
The English cruisers may have checked the slave trade on the eastern coast, but the caravan route from central Africa to the shores of the Mediterranean is still the scene of all the horrors of which Livingstone wrote. Mr. C. H. Allen, secretary of the Antislavery society, last summer reported that a caravan of 10,000 camels and 4,000 slaves left Timbuctoo for Morocco, and of this number 500 to 600 died of thirst in the desert. In

another caravan it is stated that out of 800 slaves 600 died, and the survivors were worth little from the privation and hardships of the journey. Mr. Allen says "the desert route this year must have proved more than usually fatal, but the atrocity of the trade cannot be ignored." Yet there are English men who call for the abandonment of Uganda and the region of Lake Nyanza, the retention of which would give a splendid advantage ground for the ultimate suppression of the slave trade.—London Leisure Hour.

Keeping the Mouths of Oysters Closed.
If the plans of Messrs. Freeman, Hirst and Thurston, three gentlemen from the City of Brotherly Love who are now in Chicago, do not miscarry, the oyster business not only of Chicago, but of the United States, will be revolutionized. By a process invented by Mr. Freeman and controlled by these gentlemen it is possible to ship oysters in the shell to any part of the country with the certainty that upon their arrival at destination they will be as fresh and delicious in flavor as on the day they were shipped. No chemical solutions or embalming preparations are used to secure this result. The only thing aimed at is to prevent the oyster committing suicide, and a little clamp of lead that prevents the bivalve from opening his mouth is the whole secret. —Chicago Journal.

An Eight-hour Day In England.
The 8-hour day, which is the aspiration of organized labor in this country, is to be made the subject of a practical experiment in the great iron works of Salford, near Manchester. The effort is to be made to reconcile the economic objections which have been held to be irreconcilable. That is, the workmen, who have been laboring 50 hours a week, are to endeavor to turn out an equal product by the labor of 48 hours. If by punctuality, energy and increased activity they can show this to be possible, the experiment will be a success, their wages will remain as now, and the 8-hour day will be established. —Boston Commonwealth.

An Old Settler Begins to Travel.
It is hardly in the west one would look for white people unacquainted with railroads and telegraphs, but Parson Quina, the oldest settler in Garfield county, Washington, who went there 33 years ago, saw a railroad and took a ride on a train two weeks ago for the first time in his life. He has not been out of the state since he entered it in a prairie schooner. Two or three similar cases have been noted in the northwest within the past few months. —Chicago Herald.

A Boston paper recently contained an announcement that certain gentlemen had "filed a remonstrance to the proposed widening of Chestnut Hill avenue with the Brookline selectmen."

When the rising generation gets thrust pressed for instances of early fame hard upon the contemporary young man it always has the governor of Massachusetts to fall back upon.

He Was His Own Grandfather.
Of all genealogical curiosities the one set forth below is probably the oddest—a singular piece of reasoning to prove that a man may be his own grandfather! Here it is: There was a widow (Anne) and her daughter (Jane) and a man (George) and his son (Henry). This widow married the son, and the daughter married the father. The widow was therefore mother (in law) to her husband's father and grandmother to her own husband. By this husband she had a son (David), to whom she was of course great-grandmother. Now, the son of a great-grandmother must be grandfather or granduncle to the person to whom his mother was or is great-grandmother, but in this instance Anne was great-grandmother to him (David), therefore David could not be other than his own grandfather. —St. Louis Republic.

Colonel Hale's Short Visit to Town.
Colonel Hale blew into a rapidly growing western town recently and quickly grasped the fact that there was no cable road. With everything gone but a silk hat and \$125, he spent \$100 for admission in a swell local club and proceeded to exist on the remaining \$25. He gathered about him the leading moneyed men and laid bare the scheme of millions in a cable line. He agreed to obtain the franchise and put it through for \$30,000, part of which was to be paid down as a guarantee of good faith. The colonel dusted up his silk hat and attacked the aldermen next. By dint of promising and pompous appearance of wealth he secured an ordinance, was voted stock, drew what was coming to him and blew out again, leaving every one to wonder. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Shingles by the Carload.
The northwest is sending immense quantities of shingles to the east just now. Fifteen to 20 carloads a day was the average freighting of this commodity passing through Seattle in the first half of the month, and one day a solid train of 30 carloads of shingles left that point for the east.

John W. Bookwalter, the Ohio lionaire, said the other day, "I cannot tell you how much money I have spent trying to build a machine which will fly, but I think that I have a model under way now that will solve the problem."

It is said that a large hotel for the accommodation of colored people is to be built in Slater, Mo., by colored capitalists.

The Pipe Craze In the East.
Upper Broadway and Fifth avenue in New York swarm with men whose attire indicates that they are in Ollie Tenor's "4,000." These perambulating fashion plates like the amber tip of a truly English short hairwood pipe with a tenacity worthy of the pipes himself. It's English to smoke a pipe in public places and also on the street, and that settled it. But it is in New Haven and Cambridge that the fever has broken out like smallpox pustules. Thin, concave chested student chappies struggle along Church and State streets, or hold up the front walls of Treavor's or Huebels', every blessed one of 'em nursing a pipe, the shorter and stumper the more the chappie thinks he's in it.

It's really comical to observe the dead boys in couples, trios and squads, pipe in mouth, trombones rolled up, with the most killing Piccadilly swagger, march along like children from a nursery school. The pipes bite their tongues, give them bronchitis, disgust everybody else, but they are in the swim, and that's enough for chappie, dead boy. —Cor. Washington Star.

An Interesting Use of Photography.
A French photographer lately invented a process by which a bit of ordinary paper—the leaf of a book, for example—can be made sensitive to the light without affecting the rest of the page. Acting on this hint, the French war minister has begun to take the portraits of conscripts and recruits on the paper which gives their height, complexion, age, etc., and the clearness and swiftness of the operation, which is already in use in the French army, is something remarkable. It costs only a cent to get two copies of a portrait of Jacques Bonhomme—one for his individual register and the other for his muster roll—and so rapid is the process that in a few hours a whole regiment can be photographed. The soldiers file along one by one, and each sits for three seconds in the photographic chair, and the thing is done. —Boston Advertiser.

Leaving No Stone Unturned.
"Take all my beard off and give me a short hair cut," said the man in the adjoining chair as he threw himself upon the mercy of the razor wielder.

"What, take off all that fine beard?" inquired the barber in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the customer. "I have been cultivating this beard for over 20 years, and I hate to part with it. It must go, as I am after a job in the interior department, and I got a straight tip from a Georgia friend that Hoke Smith is partial to men who do not wear any hair on their faces. Take it all off," he added to be leaned back in the chair and indulged in mental speculation over his prospects for obtaining employment in Uncle Sam's vineyard. —Washington Post.

Berry Wall in Wall Street.
Not much has been heard of Berry Wall of late, but he is very much in evidence in Wall street, where his talents, which are of no mean order, are being guided in one of the largest brokerage houses. He still displays his old charm of dress, although his waistcoats are not so stunning as they used to be, and he only changes his clothes once a day now.

He is really very well informed in industrial securities, and one morning lately he sent a group of brokers into convulsions of laughter when he was appealed to by an operator to go into a little speculation in one of those stocks.

Berry Wall straightened up, looked sternly at the man who dared make this proposition and then said, "I have been sweetened with Sugar, I have been stupefied with Gas, a few weeks ago I was strangled with Coriander, and I have been paralyzed with Whisky, and if you suppose there is anything left of me for further experience of this sort you know me better than I do myself."

And there was quite as much of truth as there was of sarcasm in this comment, and the experience has not been peculiarly that of Berry Wall. Some of the brokers think that the time is coming when the famous deposed king of the dudes will cause quite as much comment upon the street as he did in the old days upon the avenue. —Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Saving For the Government.
The fervor of economy which recently agitated congress recalls an incident of the government printing office which occurred during the Rounds administration. A chief of a division in that big workshop had had a good deal of difficulty in getting requisitions for supplies filled. The amount of lead pencils he had called for had been criticised as excessive, and he put his wits to work to devise ways and means to avoid clerks carrying away those useful articles. He made a rule that a clerk should be issued one pencil at a time and that he should return the stump of his old pencil upon receiving a new one. This process was continued during a couple of years.

It never seemed to occur to the chief that a clerk could gather in stumps of pencils from his friends, if he were inclined to cheat the office, and the method was regarded by its promoter as an evidence of the massiveness of his brain. Finally, when his successor was appointed, among the effects of the office turned over to him were two good sized boxes of stumps of pencils, each stump averaging less than an inch in length. The curious collection took up a good deal of room, and the new chief lost but little time in sending it out of the office and in taking away the economical safe guard. —Exchange.

WAY THE INTERVIEWERS GO.
A Few Reasons to Account for the Popularity of One Form of Journalism.
Why do persons of notoriety admit the domestic interviewer? Probably a number of reasons may be assigned. The most common is the inherent curiosity of the interviewer. He is a "nosy" man, and he is "nosy" to have the things in your fireplace described as "Persian" and "the same" as the work of an antiquarian, than to keep your drawing room for your acquaintances. This is the fairest plan for permitting your person and furniture to be exhibited to the suburban citizen who, honest man, probably never heard of you and cares very little about you.

Again the patient may really like being talked about in public—may enjoy the idea of permitting all the world to know, as Mr. Allen says, "curious little details which ought to be left to your conscience, your cook and the commission-ers of inland revenue." It is an odd taste, but it is possible that "the animals enjoy it." The interviewed may pretend to complain, but may really rejoice. The public does not mind it, the patient is pleased, the interviewer earns his fee in the way he has been inspired to choose.

All this may be admitted, but the plea of necessity cannot be admitted. Again, probably many of the patients think an "interview" a good advertisement. They are brought before the public without their own consent, and the public will read their books or buy their pictures. This is a serious mistake. The public which reads interviews knows nothing about the interviewed author and his works, cares nothing about them nor about anything of the sort. "Here is gossip about somebody whose name I have seen in the papers," says the reader, so he reads the gossip, but there his interest ends.

The theory of advertisement, of profit to accrue from a little more of personal notoriety, is a blunder. The public of this kind cares to know that an author equine, weighs 12 stone 10 or has a broken nose, or uses a thick handled pen; but as to what he writes with that pen this kind of public is serenely indifferent. Where, then, is the necessity for admitting the interviewer? Necessity there is none, but indolence, vanity, love of notoriety, are likely to keep the author of interviews in full employment.

Mr. Blathwayt has added to his volume a defense of his art, in which he says practically that "Zenophon" interviewed "Socrates." An author who talks of "Zenophon" falls a little short of the universal knowledge which it seems necessary for the ideal interviewer. —London Saturday Review.

Gibraltar and Spain.
It may be objected that, although Gibraltar might be useless to us as against Spain, it would still, in wartime, be useful to us as against any other power. It certainly might be useful to a very modified extent. It is nevertheless a matter of notoriety that Spain ardently desires to regain possession of the fortress, and it is scarcely conceivable that, unless we were actually fighting for the protection of Spanish interests, Spain would remain rigidly neutral while another power was attempting to expel us from the rock.

In order to secure the more or less active co-operation of Spain the other power would merely have to give some secret pledge that, having once gained possession of Gibraltar, she would hand it over without charge to its ancient owners. France, there is no doubt, would, with things standing as they do at present, be very glad to see Spain take our place there, and though Italy might not like it she would not spend a single centesimo to prevent it. —Fortnightly Review.

Man and Wolf Surprised.
A hunter and a wolf had an interesting mutual surprise party to themselves in the hills near Heloum a few days ago. The hunter, arrayed in a heavy wolfskin overcoat, fur side outward, was examining some traps set the previous night. He was stooping over one, rearranging the bait, when there was a fierce growl, and a heavy weight fell suddenly on his back, so that he barely missed being caught in his own trap. He managed to shake himself free, and recovering his feet found facing him a full grown buffalo wolf. The wolf seemed quite as much surprised as the hunter, and they looked at each other some seconds before the fight, which ended in the death of the wolf, began. The brute evidently was fooled by the coat and the hunter's stooping position and mistook him for another wolf. —Big Horn County Rustler.

Ready For the Eclipse.
The total eclipse of the sun, to occur in April, will, it is generally supposed, be one of the longest in duration of the present century. Extensive preparations are being made all over the world for its observation. One English party goes to Bathurst, Africa, and one to Pernambuco, Brazil; the Bureau des Longitudes, Paris, sends an expedition to Africa; Harvard college observatory will be represented at Arequipa, Peru, and the Lick observatory at a station in Chili. A number of other Americans will probably follow.

Farmers in Marin county, Cal., are complaining of a weed which the cows eat and which gives a peculiar taste to the milk, so much so that in some districts the milk is unpalatable.

It is reported that Melbourne is overflooded with men who want work but are unable to secure it.

Died In a Strange Land.
During the Barnum & Bailey circus parade Saturday morning a pretty Italian girl, Celeste Ciampi, appeared on one of the floats as a Chinese woman. She was dressed in red-colored tights, and very thin shading covered the upper part of her body. Celeste was only 15 years old. She was much pleased with her exalted position and scattered smiles all along the route until, as the procession neared the close of its journey the chill wind began to pierce her frail form. She shivered like an aspen leaf. Returning to the Garden she complained of severe pains in her chest, but stuck bravely to her work and filled her part as a ballet dancer in the spectacle of "Columbus and the Discovery of America."

She grew worse as the evening wore on and was taken home by Tody Hamilton in a hack to the humble apartments at 236 Thompson street, where she roomed with several other members of the troop. She suffered intensely during the night and died next day of pneumonia before a physician could be summoned. She came here three weeks ago on the Paris with Kralffy's corpaof dancers. Her home was in Turin. She had no friends in this city. —New York Advertiser.

Forbidden to Swear by a Chicken's Head.
The trial of William Walsh, charged with robbery in the first degree, was begun in the criminal court yesterday. The defendant was represented by Don Clark. An amusing scene ensued when Clark demanded that Jen Eon Yee, a Chinese interpreter, who was present to interpret the Chinese witnesses, do so upon the Chinese fashion, and that the same rule be pursued in regard to all the other witnesses. Judge Edmunds inquired what was the Chinese oath, and Clark replied that the head of a live chicken must be cut off in the Chinaman's presence while he uttered certain words, unintelligible to the American ear, which signified that he hoped he would be treated in the same way if he told a lie while giving his testimony. Humane Agent Holmes here interposed and objected to any chicken decapitation on the ground of cruelty. Judge Edmunds stated that he could think of no precedent in the law books for such a proceeding, and did not think he would countenance it. Judge Edmunds, after explaining to the Chinaman that they were liable to be sent to the penitentiary if they did not tell the truth, allowed the trial to proceed. —St. Louis Republic.

Another Authentic Portrait of Columbus.
An alleged discovery at Naples of a beautiful authentic portrait by Titian of Christopher Columbus has caused a great sensation there. Our correspondent writes: The full length life size portrait was shown to me by Signor Cannavina, the antiquarian, who purchased it from Count Aldobrandi at Bologna. The whole, with the exception of the face and hands, had been coarsely painted over. This extraneous coat being removed, the figure in the uniform of a Spanish admiral was revealed.

The pose and coloring are very quiet; the face is that of a man with hair just turning gray; the eyes are blue, thoughtful and even sad; the mouth is firmly cut, and he wears a pointed, short blond beard and mustache. On the tapering fingers are three massive rings. The canvas is of a peculiar twilled kind. Signor Cannavina possesses documents which vouch for the authenticity of the picture. It is to be sent for exhibition to Chicago. —London News.

Surprised While Stealing a Ride.
A man named Edward Fuller of Philadelphia tried to steal a ride on a Pennsylvania railroad passenger train from the Broad street station, intending to get off at a suburban station. Instead of getting on a local train he boarded the Cincinnati and St. Louis express, getting between the tender and baggage car. He could not jump off and was sitting on the platform when the locomotive scooped up water from the tank between the rails. As the tank in the tender filled up it overflowed and almost drowned Fuller, who to escape opened the baggage car door and entered the car. The huge volume of water poured in after him and deluged the car, destroying the contents of a number of trunks. Fuller was arrested when the train reached Harrisburg and is now in jail for malicious mischief. —Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Effect of a Popular Song.
A shining light of the variety stage has really come to play a prominent part in the social life of New York city. Some time since a vaudeville songstress named Lottie Gilson caught the fancy of the metropolis with a song entitled "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bowwow." The tune-fu ditty is now heard in every drawing room and at every musical in New York. The refrain has become a sort of catchword and points half the bits of repartee exchanged in the resorts and rendezvous of fashionable folk. A gloomy look or a somber air invariably brings forth the explanation that its cause is due to the circumstance that "daddy won't buy me a bowwow." —Exchange.

Good Authority for "Boughten."
"Boughten" has the authority of age, example and well-considered use by Coleridge, Southey and others. Still more weighty authority is found in a story told to us by Roscoe Conkling, who was present at a fashionable hotel in Philadelphia thirty years ago, when a lady asked for tea. The reply was, "Will you have sassafras tea or boughten tea?" —New York Sun.