

## The Unparalleled SUCCESS!

Of our sales for Summer of

## Men's and Boy's Suits



Is due wholly to the fact that we give you one hundred cents' worth of value. Why does everyone say that Bells are always doing something? Because we have the Goods and give you Good, New, Fresh Goods always. No old, second hand stuff on our counters.



We have a few more

## MEN'S SUITS

we are selling for the sum of

**\$7, 7.50 and \$8.50,**

actual values \$10, \$12, and \$14, so if you care to secure one of these Gems and at the same time save \$3 to \$5 in cash you will have to come at once.

## SCHOOL SUITS,

**\$2.**



**\$2.**

Reduced from \$2.50 and \$3.00.

School will soon commence again and many a boy will be in need of new clothes. We will offer 1,000 Boys' Good, Durable and Stylish Cassimere, Cheviot and Jersey Suits, sizes 4 to 14, in all different new styles (see above cut) at the unequalled low price of Two Dollars.

## BELL BROS.,

Clothiers, - Tailors - and - Hatters,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

### A ROUMANIAN FOLK SONG.

He whom I loved so well  
Is in his long, long sleep.  
Yet I lament him not,  
For he told me not to weep.  
More dear to him the grave  
Than I could ever be,  
For though I go to him,  
He does not come to me.  
I envy not the grave  
What yesterday was mine,  
But bow my head and say,  
"Keep him, for he is thine."  
But keep not, grave, my youth,  
Which cannot profit thee,  
My smile and my light step—  
Oh, give them back to me."  
But the grave answered, "No,  
For these things still are dear,  
Since he, deprived of them,  
Would be too lonely here."  
Then to the dead I pray,  
"Restore my youth to me,  
That when we meet again  
I be not old to thee!"  
But he nor hears nor sees  
For his eyes like mine are dim.  
So to his grave I come  
To get them back from him.  
For only in the grave  
Are tears no longer shed  
And the living happy made  
Beside the happy dead.  
—R. H. Stoddard in Harper's.

### COAL TAR PRODUCTS.

REMEDIES THAT HAVE BECOME FAVORITE MEDICINES.

During the Past Ten Years Many New Drugs Have Been Brought Into Service For Diseases and Complaints Which, Though Common, Were Hard to Treat.

Only a few years ago coal tar was looked upon as a "waste product." At the present day, however, it is no longer treated as such, for through the almost ceaseless activity of the German chemists enough new remedies have already been obtained from coal tar to fill a good sized pharmacopeia.

About the first one of these products to attract any considerable attention was antipyrine, which made its appearance some 10 years ago and became popularly known during the epidemic of la grippe of several years ago. This was soon followed by antifebrin, which, although it had a new name, was an older drug than antipyrine, having been known for several years as acetanilid, a name derived from the substances from which it was made. It is prepared by the action of acetic acid on aniline oil.

The acetanilid is now used by many doctors in preference to antipyrine. The principal features in its favor are smallness of dose, less danger of a depressing effect on the heart and cheapness. The price of acetanilid is hardly one-tenth that of antipyrine.

Phenacetine is another drug of this class which has met with much success and apparently deservedly so. It has been used with excellent results in the treatment of influenza, the hyperaesthesia or soreness of la grippe and rheumatism, both muscular and articular.

The drug is often combined with salol and quinine in the treatment of the above mentioned affections, and the results reported are invariably of a very satisfactory nature.

One of the most interesting of the coal tar derivatives is saccharin, a substance that is 280 times sweeter than sugar. The medicinal properties of this drug are antiseptic and sweetening. As a substitute for sugar it is used in the dietary of gout, diabetes and all diseases in which saccharine foods are contraindicated. It has also been used to disguise the taste of medicines for children. To give one an idea of the sweetening power of saccharin it is only necessary to say that one grain of the drug will sweeten an ordinary cup of coffee. If sugar were used at least a half ounce or a tablespoonful, would be necessary.

In the treatment of mental disease sulphonal is considered a very valuable agent. The drug could hardly have achieved success had it been introduced under its chemical name, which contains just two letters more than the entire alphabet. Diethylsulphondimethylmethan is the "jawbreaker" by which it is known technically.

The value of sulphonal as a hypnotic seems to be pretty well established. It has been used with marked success in the treatment of sleeplessness caused by fatigue and worry. It is also said to be of equal service in cases of acute mania, imbecility, melancholia, dementia, epilepsy, hallucinations and acute alcoholism. One observer stated that in every case treated "the slumber was accompanied by no disturbances of circulation or respiration and lasted from two to five hours or longer." From 15 to 30 grains are usually given as a dose. Even in very large doses the digestive functions are not disordered, and there are no disagreeable after effects beyond a slight drowsiness and a feeling of lassitude the next day.

In combination with hyoscyne hydrobromate, sulphonal is said to form a very good treatment for the insomnia and restlessness of opium habitues. When a coal tar product is introduced, it can almost be taken for granted that one of the four medicinal properties is claimed for it. The four properties are antipyrine, analgesic, antiseptic and hypnotic.

Trional, which hails from Elberfeld, Germany, is brought forward as a candidate for therapeutic favor. It possesses the last named property. Brie of Bonn has found trional of value in treating insomnia or hysteria and neurasthenia in cases of great obstinacy and which had failed to respond to any other treatment.

In maniacal excitement and paralytic mania, he reports excellent results in 90 per cent of the cases treated.

Salophen, although not distinctly a "coal tar derivative," is partly so, as one of its component parts, carbolic acid, is derived from coal tar. It is said to be a valuable remedy in the treatment of articular rheumatism. The dose is from 15 to 20 grains three or four times a day.

The very latest in the long line of coal tar products is gallanol. It is prepared by boiling tannin with aniline. It is introduced as a substitute for pyrogallol acid, having the advantage of being non-toxic and nonirritant. In the treatment of skin affections it has been used with success.

Cazeneuve, the introducer of the drug, reports great success in treating psoriasis by painting the spots with gallanol suspended in chloroform and covering them with a solution of gutta purcha in chloroform, called traumaticin.—New York World.

### A Lie Told In School.

It has always been father's purpose to give his children a fair education, but as the family increased in size and numbers and father's salary would not grow in the same proportion, he found it necessary to cut down some of the avenues of expenditure. One of his first thoughts was that of the shoe bill for the family. Said he, "I'll be the cobbler when any shoes need repairing after this." Unfortunately my shoes gave out first, and the next day was set for repair day. Father brought from the shop where he was working some of the old belting that had been laid by. This leather was thoroughly saturated with oil, and as I entered the schoolroom next day with new taps on my shoes the oil would form a mark on the floor, just like a footprint on the newly fallen snow, and what good excuse to tell I couldn't think of.

It became an eyesore to the whole school, and I was wishing somehow I might take a vacation. Finally the teacher noticed it. I was called up to the desk, leaving my track all the way, and asked to explain. Shaking like a leaf, I told the story. My brother Jack and I had got to fighting the other day in the cellar, and he threw me in a pan of grease that was near by cool. That he settled the teacher, but the other element of the school were not satisfied until they stood me on my head and looked at my shoes.—Cor. New York Recorder.

### In a City Restaurant.

A trifling incident noted not long ago in a city restaurant tells its own story and needs no spoken moral. Two girls, possibly attendants in a shop, were sitting together eating their luncheon, and one was holding forth to her companion on an experience which had just befallen her.

"I came in here," said she, "and got this seat, but won't long before an old lady came in and sat next to me. She took off one pair of glasses and put on another. Then she stared and stared at the bill of fare and laid it down. I thought first she couldn't read a word. Then she turned around to me.

"Will you let me sit next to the window?" says she.

"I didn't take any notice, and in a minute she said it again. Then I answered her:

"No," says I, "this is my seat, and I'm going to keep it."

"She turned 'way round in her chair then and looked me all over. Then she looked away. But I guess she knew I'd got the best of her, for she did have the manners to say:

"I beg your pardon."

"She spoke real low, and I noticed she looked kind of surprised."—Youth's Companion.

### Sticks In Mercantile Life.

Many young men choose a mercantile position for the present only without thought or intention of making it a permanent business. The result is that oftentimes we find these men at 30 years receiving no more pay than they did when only 18.

There is an army of this class of young men behind counters today. They are an aimless, pitiable class. They stand listlessly in their departments and are as unobservant of what's going on around them as are the inanimate figures which one sees at the entrance of clothing establishments.

Many of them let slip grand opportunities of becoming great business factors in the commercial world and have doomed themselves to the treadmill of common drudgery. Singleness of purpose implies self reliance, without which a young business man is not thoroughly furnished for a successful business career.—Dry Goods Economist.

### Pleasure In the Heavens.

There is a satisfaction in learning the names and positions of the stars that does not belong to the study of the planets. The stars apparently never change so far as their position relative to each other is concerned. The planets are always moving, and to those who do not watch the heavens with particular attention it is a cause of surprise very often to find a "new star" adorning a certain section of the heavens. If, however, this newcomer be carefully observed from night to night, it will be found to change its distance from the fixed stars, and the observer will discover that it is a planet and at liberty to wander about from place to place under the sole condition that it obeys certain rules of motion. When the bright stars that grace the heavens become familiar to observers, they will know just what to expect on each succeeding season.—New York Times.

### A BATTLE STRANGELY WON.

An Army Put to Flight by One Man and With the Loss of Only One.

It was probably one of the most remarkable battles that was ever fought. The advance had been well planned by the attacking force, the idea being to surprise the enemy at the dead of night. Every detail had been carefully considered. The advance would be hidden by a wood, and the first the enemy would know of it would be when the troops swept out of the wood and carried the camp by storm. There were apparently no pickets in the wood, and there seemed to be no possibility of a failure.

The colonel in command was gloating over his expected victory, when one of his officers called his attention to a bright light some distance to the left of the advancing column.

"What is it?" asked the colonel anxiously.

"I don't know," replied the officer.

"It flashed up there only a minute ago."

"Well, if any one suspected we were here he wouldn't go along swinging a lantern to make a target of himself," asserted the colonel.

The column had barely begun to move again when a light appeared on the right and a little to the rear of the one that had just disappeared. Another halt was made, and the colonel was tempted to order a volley in the direction of the light, but of course that would betray the exact whereabouts of the column and would be almost suicidal.

"We are being surrounded!" exclaimed one of the officers excitedly.

Then a light appeared in the shrubbery immediately ahead of the retreating column. The first man yelled "Rifle pit!" and cleared the whole thing at one bound. The second man was not so fortunate. He stumbled and fell, and as he fell he instinctively made a reach for the light. He was the only man killed, but his death completed the panic. Ranks were broken, and the retreat became a wild race to get out of the wood.

And the lights seemed to dance here and there, appearing at the most unexpected points and adding to the confusion.

When the excitement was at its height, a man climbed out of a pit some distance in the rear of the retreating force. He stretched himself and peered after the fleeing soldiers.

"Hanged if I wasn't cramped in that hole," he said. "I suppose I might as well turn a cannon or two loose just to wake the boys up and scare those foot racers a little more."

He lay down on the ground at the edge of the pit, reached his hand down to some keys on a sort of switchboard, and in an instant cannon boomed out. Then he raised himself to a sitting posture, lit a pipe and chuckled to himself.

Two or three men rushed up and breathlessly inquired what the trouble was.

"Oh, I had a little brush with the enemy," replied the man with the pipe calmly. "They tried to surprise the camp."

"And you beat them?"

"Why, they're running yet."

Quite a crowd from the camp had gathered by this time, and one of them cried, "Three cheers for the electrician!" but the man with the pipe raised his hand to stop them.

"The credit is not all mine," he said. "Remember my able force of linemen who ran wires through this wood and made it possible for me to win this victory."

Just then some of the men who had gone into the wood after the retreating enemy returned with the news that one man had been killed.

"What?" cried the electrician, jumping up. He hurried to the place where the body lay.

"Too bad! Too bad!" he said regretfully, "but then accidents will happen, even in a battle. He had no business to catch hold of a live wire."

"Oh, well, there's no use feeling bad about it," put in one of the officers. "A victory has been won, and only one life has been lost."

"But why have one lost?" asked the electrician. "Of course it was tiresome work in that pit, and when I got them on the retreat I was glad of it, but I never supposed any one was going to grab hold of the light. It's too bad!"

And the man who had won the victory could not be consoled.—Chicago Tribune.

### The Goliath of Big Basin.

In Big Basin, Santa Cruz county, Cal., there are thousands of giant redwoods that will measure from 10 to 23 feet in diameter. But the Titan of them all is a giant known far and near as "the Goliath of Big Basin." This monstrous vegetable growth is 23 feet in diameter at the ground and is perfectly solid, a fact noted as a rarity in these colossi of the forest. Goliath is a fraction over 300 feet in height, the lower 100 feet of the trunk being free from branches or unsightly excrescences. Experienced woodmen declare that the tree would weigh more than 100,000 tons and that it would "cut" 1,500,000 feet of clear board measure lumber, besides 100 cords of wood that could be gotten out of the limbs and waste.—St. Louis Republic.

### An Irish Greenback.

A \$5 Irish greenback, issued by "John O'Mahoney, agent of the Irish republic," under date of March 17, 1886, and payable "six months after the acknowledgment of the independence of the Irish nation," was presented for payment in a grocery store in New York one day last week.

### A Famous Steamboat Race.

The famous race between the Hannibal City and the Ocean Spray occurred in 1839. Prior to this race the Ocean Spray had splendid records. The race was from St. Louis to Keokuk. The early part of the race was very close, and the excitement was intense. When nearing Bissell's point, the Ocean Spray found the Hannibal City passing her. The mate on the Ocean Spray, one Davis, becoming desperate, ordered the head of a barrel of turpentine to be knocked in. His men were then ordered to dip the wood in this turpentine before putting it in the furnace, the object being to quickly increase the steam pressure. The Ocean Spray was supposed to carry only 160 pounds of steam, but Davis thought that by "putting another nigger on the safety valve" he could run the pressure up to 200 pounds and distance his rival. In carrying the dripping wood to the furnace the track became saturated with turpentine, which caught fire from the open furnace. The flames quickly reached the barrel. An attempt was made to throw the barrel overboard, but it exploded, and the burning oil being scattered all around the boat was soon a mass of flames.

Scott Matson was captain on the Hannibal City. He was a brave and generous man, and in this instance these two qualities made his name famous. Notwithstanding the imminent danger, he ran his boat alongside the burning one and rescued every person on board. Davis, the mate of the burned boat, was afterward convicted and sent to the penitentiary for such gross violation of the rules of safety. He was later pardoned.—St. Louis Letter.

### Somebody's Father.

I think that one of the saddest incidents of the war which I witnessed was after the battle of Gettysburg. Off on the outskirts, seated on the ground with his back to a tree, was a dead soldier. His eyes were riveted on some object held tightly clasped in his hands. As we drew nearer we saw that it was an amputee of two small children. Man though I was, hardened through those long years to carnage and bloodshed, the sight of that man who looked on his children for the last time in this world, who, away off in a secluded spot, had rested himself against a tree that he might feast his eyes on his little loves, brought tears to my eyes which I could not restrain had I wanted. There were six of us in the crowd, and we all found great lumps gathering in our throats and mist coming before our eyes which almost blinded us.

We stood looking at him for some time. I was thinking of the wife and baby I had left at home and wondering how soon, in the mercy of God, she would be left a widow and my baby boy fatherless. We looked at each other and instinctively seemed to understand one another's thoughts. Not a word was spoken, but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's picture clasped over his heart. Over his grave on the tree against which he was sitting I inscribed the words: "Somebody's Father. July 3, 1863."—Blue and Gray.

### Exploded Traditions at Old Yale.

Both South college and the Athenaeum have their now blasted traditions. As to the former, it has been alleged in New Haven—and at least one prominent archaeologist has indorsed the story—that about the time the college was built there was a mysterious hiatus of grave-stones in the old cemetery on the New Haven green. The tradition then averred that these stones had been built into the fireplaces of South college, where they would be found when the structure was pulled down. Here was the fine hint for a college ghost story, based on a spectral apparition of the affronted owner of one of the stones, but, if ever penned, it is outlawed now by the discovery that every fireplace in Old South was of simple brick.

Then, again, President Stiles' diary notes the confession of a student that he had stolen the college Bible, dropped it between the courses of mason work during the building of the Athenaeum (1763), and that there the sacred volume had been trickered up—a myth proved so now by the fall of the Athenaeum's walls without the fished Bible's reappearance.—New Haven Cor. New York Post.

### The Order Pleas'd the Cook.

The following story is told on a missionary of the China inland mission, a bachelor keeping house for himself in the southern part of China: One morning, in ordering his dinner, he wished to tell his cook to buy him a chicken. Instead of saying "ye" for chicken he aspirated the word, saying, "Buy me a 'che.'" His cook thought that was an eminently proper command and went about his marketing in high good humor. At noon the missionary found no chicken cooked—in fact, no dinner at all, for his cook had not returned. About dark the man came back, saying: "This was not a good day for buying wives, and I have been all day looking for one, but at last I found one for you. She is rather old and not pretty, but you can have her cheap. I have promised \$40 for her."—New York Independent.

The first European bank, founded at Barcelona in 1401, issued no bank notes. The first ones circulated in Europe were from the Bank of Stockholm in 1688.

Turkish toweling in pure white is considered the most correct thing for the covering of chairs and couches in the summer sitting room.