

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.

THE LEGEND OF EVIL.

This is the sorrowful story
Told when the twilight falls,
And the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails:

"Our fathers lived in the forest
Foolish people were they,
They went down to the cornland
To teach the farmers to play.

"Our fathers frisked in the millet,
Our fathers shipped in the wheat,
Our fathers hung in the branches,
Our fathers danced in the street.

"Then came the terrible farmers,
Nothing of play they knew,
Only they caught our fathers
And set them to labor too!

"Set them to work in the cornland,
With plows and sickles and flails
Put them in mudwalled prisons
And cut off their beautiful tails!

"Now we can watch our fathers,
Sullen and bowed and old,
Stooping over the millet,
Stirring the silly mold.

"Driving a foolish furrow,
Mending a muddy yoke,
Sleeping in mudwalled prisons,
Steeping their food in smoke.

"We may not speak to our fathers,
For if the farmers knew
They would come up to the forest
And set us to labor too!"

This is the horrible story
Told as the twilight falls,
As the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails.

—Rudyard Kipling.

IT IS A USELESS GIFT.

THE VERMIFORM APPENDIX CAUSES SERIOUS TROUBLE.

Science Advances to the Rescue and Shows the Only Way to Safety—A Possibility That the Coming Man Will Be Without That Dangerous Organ.

Will the coming man have a vermiform appendix? Who has not heard of that troublesome little pouch in the abdominal region which serves no good purpose, but is responsible for thousands of deaths each year?

Emmons Blaine, Senator Hagan and hundreds of other persons of prominence had trouble with the vermiform appendix—and they died.

Now science is asking in all seriousness whether the vermiform appendix shall be allowed to exist; whether it shall not be removed entirely before it has the opportunity to poison and destroy.

Professor B. G. Wilder has said flatly that children should be relieved of the vermiform appendix, just as they are vaccinated. But other students in this new field are not yet ready to pronounce in favor of so radical a scheme.

Physicians have known for centuries that the vermiform appendix existed, but it was not until 1888—not until five years ago—that any one of the profession had the daring to make an incision into the abdominal cavity and remove this rank offender against the laws of health.

The attack on the vermiform appendix is but five years old, but it is being prosecuted with remarkable vigor in New York city, where it originated, and the reason is not far to seek. It is simply because physicians feel sure that they have evidence that appendicitis, as disease of the vermiform appendix is named, causes more deaths every year than consumption, the long acknowledged chief among fatal diseases.

The appendix vermiformis in normal condition is about the size of a lead pencil and about 6 inches long. It is very well shown in a specimen which was removed at a clinical lecture at the Post-graduate Medical school on Jan. 13.

This appendix had ulcerated and increased in size somewhat, but gave very fair idea of the part. When perfectly normal, it so compares with an ordinary lead pencil that it is most frequently described as like it. It is a pencil that writes only death warrants.

Even today very few physicians outside of New York city have any accurate knowledge of appendicitis or would undertake an operation for the removal of the appendix. So entirely is the discovery of the disease and the proper method of treating it an American development of knowledge and practice that among scientists of other countries today appendicitis is known as "the American disease."

Since the recent discoveries removals of the cause of all the trouble have been very frequent. One general practitioner has had 48 such cases within a year.

Speaking in the light of recent research, it seems safe to say that appendicitis is far more prevalent than consumption, and in just that proportion causes more deaths, the chief difference being that the cause or seat of appendicitis may be removed bodily with success in most cases, and success means restoration to perfect health.

The removal of the vermiform appendix in the early stages of an attack of appendicitis is now held to be one of the safest of surgical operations, while such an operation, when the case has come to near its last and fatal stage, is one of the most desperate. The sad case of Senator Hagan is one in point. He had long desired an operation, but it had been delayed until too late for an assured success.

And now, after all these facts are related, recurs the question of whether the coming man will have a vermiform appendix. It is not meant by this to inquire whether the coming man will have his appendix slain lest it slay him. A much wider question is indicated. The number of appendices removed in this city since the discovery that such an operation could be safely performed is very great, all things considered. One general practitioner, not a surgical specialist,

told the representative of The World that he had removed 100 appendices in two years. Possibly 1,000 appendices have been removed since the first operation of this sort in 1888, and most of these in the past three years.

What follows? If such a rate is to be maintained, there will soon be a very large proportion of the people of New York city who have eliminated their vermiform appendix, and we are glad of it.

Will the children of these people be likewise possessed of vermiform appendixes? Undoubtedly. But should the eliminating process be continued for a few generations, how long would it be before this useless and dangerous, degenerate and rudimentary portion of the body is permanently bred out of existence?—New York World.

Hypnotizing Witnesses in Court.

Dr. J. S. Wintermute, complainant in a \$41,000 damage suit against James Stinson, a Chicago stockman, was accused in the United States court of hypnotizing a witness who was on the stand. Wintermute is said to be able to mesmerize and hypnotize people.

Stinson sent him a lot of blooded horses a couple of years ago. They were placed on Wintermute's farm for breeding purposes, and now Wintermute has sued Stinson for services and the use of his farm properties. This morning the court denied a motion for a nonsuit, and Stinson, who had engaged able counsel, began to introduce his evidence.

One of his witnesses "could not remember." He halted and hesitated repeatedly, and finally Stinson told the court the witness was being hypnotized by the complainant, Wintermute. Judge Sandford did not seem to consider the objection seriously. The examination was ordered continued and the witness asked more questions, but he still seemed confused. Again Stinson arose and called the court's attention to the witness's mental condition and insisted that he was under a hypnotic spell. Wintermute was observed to be making curious passes with his hands in the direction of the witness. He was ordered to keep his hands down. Stinson says Wintermute hypnotized persons in his house at Chicago and is positive he had the witness under his influence.—Tacoma Cor. Chicago Tribune.

An International Episode.

An international incident of an unusual and amusing sort has given interest to the news of the week from Canada. Admiral Magnaghi arrived at Montreal with his ship Etna, and as he dropped anchor he fired a number of guns prescribed by naval etiquette as salute to the flag of a friendly nation. But Montreal has a mayor who does not recognize the kingdom of Italy, and by his orders the salute was not returned. It is understood that he bases his refusal to recognize King Humbert on the ground that Victor Emanuel wronged the head of the church of which he is a faithful member, and that the king of Italy is, therefore, in some way a usurper.

The mayor of Montreal is evidently a long way behind the times. But Admiral Magnaghi is not, and he forthwith telegraphed the Ottawa government, demanding that the prescribed amount of powder be burned in honor of the Italian flag, and intimating that unless this were done without further offensive delay he should feel compelled to resent the indignity by sailing right away out of the St. Lawrence. So the premier at Ottawa ordered the mayor at Montreal to fire the salute, the admiral is appeased, and the international incident is closed.—Boston Commonwealth.

The White Cruiser Chicago at Dublin.

The stars and stripes are as familiar to Irish eyes as the flag of green, but not often is the symbol of the United States of America seen on an American battleship in Dublin bay. A warship is regarded as a part of the territory of the state to which it belongs, and therefore the Chicago may be looked upon as the part of the great country in which so many of our people have found a home, and not a few of them have found fame and fortune. It was only natural, therefore, that her advent to our shores should have stirred Irish hearts, and that the flag flying above her should have conjured up visions of battle days when side by side with it was carried the flag of green. Ireland gave Barry to the American navy, and the blood of Old Ironsides coursed through the veins of Charles Stewart Parnell, and the Irish nature would have ceased to be Irish if our warmest affections were not successfully appealed to by the sight of part of the armed force which the genius of Barry helped to create and of the flag under which the grandfather of the Irish leader served and fought.—United Ireland.

Gentlemen Who Aspire to Be Flunkys.

With the exception of Lord Carrington (who did very well indeed) the official actors in the ceremonial at the duke's wedding appeared to be very imperfect in their parts, and it is a wonder that no accident took place. It was odd indeed to see a number of aristocratic personages walking backward with the appearance of being saturated with the most slavish servility, but even more grotesque and remarkable were the constant and profound bowings and scrapings of all the courtiers.

Lord Palmerston once remarked to Lord Dalling, who repeated the saying to Charles Lever, "What a happy arrangement it is that in an age when our flunkys aspire to be gentlemen there are gentlemen who ask nothing better than to be flunkys," and he never said a better thing.—London Truth.

WHY BOOKS ARE CHEAP.

A Machine That Prints and Folds Three Thousand Every Hour.

There are various rumors and tales floating about town among those in the business concerning some wonderful machinery over on the west side of the city in a certain monstrous bookmaking establishment.

The "novel machine" is a large web press similar to the kind newspapers are printed on, but arranged to take curved electrotypes of each page of a book instead of a single large metal cylinder casting. There are two cylinders, on each of which 144 pages may be screwed, and as the long strip of paper goes through, first one side is printed and then the other, making it possible to print 288 pages at every revolution. The strip of paper, after being carried over rollers which dry the ink, is cut, folded and brought together in the shape of a small volume, with the edges all trimmed. Every time the great cylinder goes round a novel is printed, folded and trimmed, and 5,000 of these are turned out every hour, while, if it were necessary, 7,000 or 8,000 might be the quota.

From the printing press these books are carried to a little machine that looks like a sewing machine, and two wire stitches are taken in the back of each. The stitched volumes are then carried to the covering machine, where they are put side to side in a long feeding trough. At the end of this is a little compartment large enough to take a book, carried on an endless chain running over wheels at each end. Indeed, there are a series of little compartments on this chain, and as the chain moves along each one receives a book. As the book proceeds a wheel running in a gluepot presses against its back, smearing it with glue. A little further along there is a pile of covers that comes up at just the right moment, leaving a cover sticking to the gluey back of the book.

In this way 50 books can be covered every minute. Two hundred and fifty thousand of these paper covered novels are thus turned out every two weeks, and extra editions of 50,000 or so are often worked in besides.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Last English Rabbit.

The game of the world is decreasing, and as new lands are opened to civilization so it will get less and less. In the struggle for existence, there will be no room for the sportsman. His requirements will grow more modest as time advances, but they will not be satisfied. The last British wolf was killed in Sutherlandshire about the year 1700 by a man named Polson. Who will be handed down to posterity as the slayer of the last British rabbit? What a pathetic picture might be drawn of the last cock pheasant! Perhaps some Macaulay of the far distant future may astonish his readers by his account of what went on in the rural districts of Great Britain in the nineteenth century.

He would relate how, owing to the scantiness of the population, men used to shoot partridges and pheasants by the thousand on ground then and for generations past the sites of immense towns; telling how the great garden of England, then mapped out into small tenements, each laboriously and minutely cultivated, with no waste of wood or hedge row, used in those far away years to be furiously ridden over by hundreds of horsemen in pursuit of an animal long since extinct in the land and only known to the curious in old books of natural history.—Macmillan's Magazine.

French Servants and Wealthy Shopkeepers.

The one extravagance of dress of the French servant girl lies in having her best gown made by a dressmaker instead of making it herself. Hence her corages always fit her well, and her plain stuff costume has a degree of style about it which she is fully capable of appreciating. The ladies of the so called bourgeois set—the wives and daughters of rich shopkeepers and manufacturers—very rarely indulge in rich fashionable toilets. Mme. Boucaut, the fondness of the Bon Marche, was worth millions upon millions. Always arrayed in black silk or satin of excellent quality, but made in the plainest possible style, she looked to the last hour of her life just what she was—the greatest and richest shopkeeper in Paris possibly, but still a shopkeeper, and one that never tried to look like anything different. When the daughter of one of these wealthy trades people marries, her trousseau is usually very superb, but the famous masters of the art of dress are seldom or never called upon to exert their inventive talents in her behalf.—Lucy Harper in Home Journal.

Amusing Memories.

Horace Vernet is the best example of visual memory. He could paint a striking portrait of a man, life size, after having once looked at his model. Mozart had a great musical memory. Having heard twice the "Miserere" in the Sistine chapel, he wrote down the full score of it. There are soloists who during 24 hours can play the composition of other masters without ever skipping a note.—M. Binet in Revue des Deux Mondes.

Streets Versus Presidents.

A little Buffalo miss, when asked by her schoolteacher to name the presidents of the United States in order, began glibly, "Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Watson, Emalie!" Here she was checked by the teacher, who remarked that she seemed more familiar with the streets of her native city than with the presidents of her country.—New York Times.

Electric Freight Engines.

The three electric locomotives being constructed by the General Electric company to haul cars through the Belt railroad tunnel are nearly completed. The machinery is about finished, and the generators are well under way. The locomotives will be of 1,200 horsepower each and will consist of three separate trucks coupled together to form one motor. The weight on drivers will be 80 tons, and the number of drivers to each locomotive will be 12. The maximum weight of freight trains to be hauled is placed at 1,200 tons, which can be carried at a speed of 15 miles an hour; maximum weight of passenger train, 500 tons; speed, 30 miles an hour.

Each axle of the locomotive is mounted upon it a gearless motor flexibly connected to the driving wheels, and means are provided for controlling the motors and commutating them, so that high efficiency can be attained at nearly all rates of speed by running the motors either in series, multiple series or multiple, according to the load to be hauled and speed desired. The current will be supplied to the motors from the generators by the regular trolley wire, with ground return through the rails. Where switches and sidings occur special arrangements will be made to prevent the trolley by any chance from jumping the wire.—Baltimore American.

To Be Buried Alive.

The mind reader, A. J. Seymour, is generally known in Illinois, and his proposed attempt to be buried and remain in the ground while a crop of barley is grown on his grave creates interest throughout the state. Dr. E. C. Dunn of Rockford has been selected by Seymour as manager. Dr. Dunn says:

"There is no question that this feat can be performed. I have seen it performed successfully three times in India, at Allahabad, Delhi and Benares."

For several days Seymour will be fed upon a diet of fat and heat producing food. He will then throw himself into a cataleptic state, the lungs will be filled with pure air to their fullest capacity and the tongue placed back and partially down the throat in such a manner as to completely close the aperture to the lungs. The nose, eyes and ears will be hermetically sealed with wax.

After paraffine has been spread over the entire body to close the pores it will be ready for burial. The body will be put into an extra large casket. This will be placed inside another, and both will be perforated in order that if any poisonous gases exude from the body they may make their escape and be absorbed by the soil. The interment is to be made in a clay soil.

An Old Carpet Worth \$5,500.

The longer a carpet is used in the coiners' department at the United States mint the more it is worth. Wear and tear do not diminish its value. Yesterday a thick woolen carpet that has been on the coiners' floor for seven years was taken up and carefully cremated. The precious ashes were scrupulously gathered together, as if they were the relics of some departed saint, and by an elaborate refining process the government recovered 279 ounces of gold, worth over \$5,500. The metal had been deposited there by the infinitesimal abrasions and disintegrations of the yellow metal while being converted from bullion into coin.

Even the heavy gloves of the men who handle bullion are incinerated, and the gold is brought back to Uncle Sam's coffers. Even the smoke from the furnaces used for melting the metal is made to redeliver the treasure with which it is trying to escape, and from the soot in the chimney cunning little bars of the yellow stuff are secured.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Energetic Camera Fiend.

For several days an enterprising photographer from Kansas has had a masked camera so arranged in a tent at the main crossing into the Cherokee Strip that he can take a negative of everybody passing without his knowledge. As the department holds that every person who now goes upon the strip is a "sooner" and loses his right to take land there, these negatives will become very valuable evidence against those going in now to hunt out good claims, and the owner of them can command a good price from each subject to have his negative destroyed, or can sell the same to contestors or the government attorneys employed to hunt up evidence against perjurers.—Guthrie Cor. Chicago Herald.

A Clock That Registers the Tide.

The chamber of commerce of Rouen has erected a clock tower which gives the time on three sides and the height of the tide on the fourth, namely, that fronting the harbor. The tide indicator consists essentially of a float, which, by means of a cord and counter weight hung on a drum, actuates a series of shafts with bevel wheel gearing and moves a hand or pointer on a dial like that of a clock, marked with the necessary figures to show the level of the tide. The dials are of opal glass and are illuminated at night. The clock has an apparatus for distributing the time to other clocks in Rouen and also for unifying the time after the method adopted in Paris.—London Globe.

A Siamese Statue of Buddha.

The reclining statue of Buddha in the Temple of the Sleeping Idol at Bangkok is 160 feet long, made of brick and covered with gold. The soles of the feet are 16 feet long and are inlaid with mother of pearl in designs representing flowers and fruits.—Philadelphia Press.