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SCHOOL SUITS,

\$2.



\$2.

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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.

ALL IN ONE DREAM.

WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY A MAN IN A SHORT SPACE OF TIME.

A Story Showing the Remarkable Swiftness With Which the Mind Works When It Is Supposed to Be Taking a Rest—How Long It Took to Do Ten Hours' Work.

A few evenings since a number of newspaper men were in an office awaiting the arrival of a gentleman who was to call together a meeting that they had been directed to report for their respective papers.

A number of topics was discussed, and one of these was dreams and the extreme rapidity with which mental operations are performed. A number of experiences were given, but the one that attracted the most attention was that of a Call representative, who narrated what he had done in a dream.

"It was," said he, "in 1868 that after a hard day's work I reached home and lost no time in retiring. Glancing at the clock as I turned off the gas I noticed that it was just 16 minutes after midnight.

"Shall I tell you at this point how long I was dreaming or tell first what I did in my dream? That you all may better appreciate what was done, I will defer the matter until the end. Bear in mind that what is to be told was all in the dream. Seated in the old office on Commercial street, above Montgomery, I was endeavoring to put into presentable shape the facts of a trial that had taken place in the district court, when in came E. A. Rockwell, who was the chief editorial writer, and calling me by name said: 'You had better get ready and go to San Leandro. There's been a terrible railroad accident. There's 50 or 60 people killed, and I don't know how many injured.' George E. Barnes, at that time one of the proprietors and managing editors, had overheard Rockwell, and in that quiet way of his suggested that no time be lost in reaching Oakland, and there procuring a buggy and a pair of horses, to go to San Leandro or wherever the accident was.

"Rushing down to the ferry landing at the corner of Pacific and Davis streets, I reached there in time to find that the steamer for the other side of the bay had just pulled out, and that I would have to wait half an hour for the next boat. The delay was vexatious, and then when the ferryboat did move eastward it seemed as if she would never make her landing, she seemed to be going so slowly. When the slip on the other side was reached, there was some accident to the local train, and there was not any prospect of starting for an hour or more. There was not a team of any kind at the landing, so I had to walk to Oakland.

"A desire to make up for the time lost urged me on, and I think the time made from the landing to Broadway and Washington street has never been beaten by man. Near the corner I went into a livery stable and ordered a pair of horses hitched up. There was a delay there, for the proprietor had his doubts about the ability of the team making the trip out and back. Finally I started, and the way those horses flew over the road was a caution. When the scene of the disaster, some distance beyond San Leandro, about 14 miles from Oakland, was reached, I proceeded at once to gather the facts.

"Down on the notebook were penciled the names of 30 odd men, women and children who had either been killed outright or burned to death in some of the cars which had caught fire. Then followed the names of about 40 who had been injured, a description of their injuries and the opinions of the physicians who were in attendance as to the possible outcome in each case. Now, any of you who have had experience in gathering information of that kind can fully appreciate that it was not child's play, for the injured were in different places, and it required time to get around to them all.

"Then there was the obtaining of data about the dead. A number of them were well known residents of this city, others were from San Jose, so it became necessary to obtain enough to give each a decent obituary notice. In addition to this it became a part of my duty to get the statements of passengers, so as to describe their feelings when the train derailed and went over on its side down a little gully and be able to write up the narrow or fortunate escape of each. Then there were railroad officials to interview, and, as you all know, they are the hardest kind of people to obtain facts from.

"Well, it took nearly three hours to get all the matter that was needed for a sensational article that was to appear under a half column scare head. Then there was the ride back to Oakland settlement with the livery stable man, who swore that he would never rent a team to a newspaper man again, a rush in a hack to the ferry landing and the trip to this city. Without waiting to get anything to eat I made my way to the office and at once commenced to write up, telling every one who came to ask for details to let me alone. I did not write in copper plate style, and for that matter I never did, but I wrote and kept on writing until I had enough to fill what would make about four full columns of The Call of the present day and wrote that big scare head. As I handed the last line to the foreman to set up I heaved a sigh of relief and exclaimed, 'Thank goodness, that's done!' That is my dream.

"At that moment I felt a hand on my

shoulder, jumped from the bed and heard my wife ask, 'What are you dreaming about?' I lit the gas, looked at the clock and discovered that it was 17 1/2 minutes after midnight, or, in other words, that in my dream of less than two minutes I had performed all that I have related.

"I have figured on the time it would take me to do what I did in that dream and find that it could not be done in less than 10 hours under the most favorable circumstances."—San Francisco Call.

Characteristics of Criminals.

The measure around the skull of the criminal, taken horizontally, is always less than that around the skull of the upright man, and his brain is found to be lighter, his constitution feebler, too, and his heart is weak. But even among culprits themselves there are great differences—thus the highway robber is naturally found to be taller than the pickpocket, and the bones of his skeleton are stronger. He and the murderer, when they write at all, write a large round hand with many flourishes. The thief writes with effeminacy, a small hand.

These people are apt to give the student surprises. He finds, for instance, that they are not habitually cruel. Wanton murderers will be kind to a pet. Where they are cruel it is the women who are most so, and who discover the most shocking forms of cruelty, and although a few have talent they are all wanting in the ability to use their talent to advantage, but most of them have great stupidity.

They are flighty and faithless always, clinging long to nothing. And with it all they are extraordinarily superstitious. The one satisfactory thing that comes out of all this investigation is the establishment of the fact that education diminishes the tendency to crime, and that as by slow degrees the day shall come when a whole generation is educated the children of that generation will be born with less and less tendency to crime or to crime made easy.—Harper's Bazar

Mr. Jarrett's Experience as a Forty-niner.

"The first time I was in Portland," said Theatrical Manager Henry C. Jarrett, "was in 1849. I came around the Horn from New York as supercargo of three ships bound for San Francisco. After we had discharged our cargoes I had some little leisure on my hands, and I concluded to come to this country and take a look at it. I took passage on the Sea Gull, one of the very first steamers that ever came up the Columbia river. The blowing of the whistle caused considerable fright among the Indians along the banks. I brought up from San Francisco a hoghead of sugar on speculation. When we landed in Portland the hoghead fell overboard, but was soon fished out. The sugar was about 150 pounds heavier after the accident, but I sold it, water and all, for 33 cents a pound. The sugar cost me 16 a pound.

"I bought a large lot of potatoes here by the bushel at a very low price, and sold them in San Francisco at \$1 a pound. I also took back with me four turkeys and told a sailor if he would hitch them up with strings and drive them through the streets of San Francisco and sell them he could have 25 per cent of the proceeds! He sold the turkeys for \$50 apiece to a couple of restaurant keepers, who wanted the birds as an advertisement. This was just before Christmas, 1849."—Portland Oregonian.

An Old Truth Proved Once More.

A pneumatic tired safety bicycle that rested against the curb in Eighth avenue opposite the Grand Opera House on Friday night had a crowd about it for an hour. It bore a huge placard with the inscription, "For Sale, Price \$12."

The placard had been placed there by the owner, who had made a wager that he would display the bicycle for two hours, and that no one would venture to buy it.

There was a lot of lively talk among the crowd that stared at the bicycle, but nobody went into the cigar store where the man who had bet that a purchaser would appear was anxiously waiting for some one with \$12 to materialize.

A stout Englishman neatly dressed came along and studied the placard with a frown.

"I hate these practical jokes," he cried. "I ride a bicycle myself, and I only wish I had \$12 in cash, and I'd get that wheel. That reminds me of the story of the man who stood on London bridge and offered to sell genuine gold sovereigns for a penny apiece and stood there an hour without selling any."

The bicycle owner won his bet finally, to the chagrin of the man who felt sure that a bargain would be snapped up. The fun of it was that the owner would have been forced to part with it under the terms of the wager.—New York Sun.

A Deserter's Good Fortune.

A deserter is not always a deserter, even though branded with a great big "D," according to the laws of Queen Victoria's realm. Some time ago a well known English resident of Wilmington, Del., applied to the British consul here for a pension, claiming to have served his country in an Australian regiment. He admitted having had his breast branded with a red iron, with the letter "D," which marked him forever as a deserter, but claimed to have rejoined his regiment after his punishment and served out the term of enlistment. The British home office found that he was right, and the pension has come to him after a long wait.—Philadelphia Record.

HOW CATS OFTEN SPREAD DISEASE.

Mothers Should Teach Children Not to Handle Strange Animals.

Since I have spoken in defense of the dog, let me say something more with relation to that other favorite household companion of man—the cat. I would call your attention to the fact that the cat is a beast far more useful to mankind than the dog. Without the latter we could get along, but if we had no cats we should have a continual plague of rats and mice, which would overrun the cities and devour the crops and small live stock of the farmers.

At the same time you may set it down an indisputable truth that the domestic cat is a prolific source of a great variety of diseases. It breeds them and disseminates them—skin troubles particularly. It carries about with it the contagion of diphtheria, one of the most fatal of human complaints, and it is seriously suspected of helping to sow the germs of consumption. A trouble akin to ringworm which attacks the scalp and causes the hair to fall out is frequently conveyed by cats. Likewise it is with scarlet fever, which, when it is in a house, is always likely to be scattered abroad by the pet pussies of the establishment.

The way of it is this: When there is sickness in a house, old cloths are apt to be used for various purposes. These are commonly thrown afterward into some out of the way place, like the corner of a closet. Suppose that there is a tabby about that is on the point of bringing into the world a litter of kittens. Female cats are constantly having kittens, as you know, being among the most prolific of animals. She searches for a sequestered nook for her accouchement and is likely to make her bed of just such a lot of old rags as I have described.

As a natural consequence, not only is the mother cat infected as to her fur with the contagious disease, but all of her kittens are likewise. The latter are fondled by the children. Pathogenic germs seem to find a most favorable breeding ground in the hair of cats. As a result the complaint is spread. Unfortunately the infection is not limited to the house. It is spread abroad by the cats, which are notorious stragglers. Thus before many days have passed there is an epidemic of scarlet fever or what not in the neighborhood. Nobody can imagine how it got about. Little Johnny dies of diphtheria, and nobody dreams that he contracted it by picking up a strange cat.

Children have a way of picking up cats and holding them to their faces to caress them. That accounts for many cases of that very disagreeable disease called ringworm. It is the same way with other skin troubles that are contagious. Cats as well as dogs are liable to tuberculosis of the lungs, otherwise known as consumption. That they communicate it to human beings is more than suspected.—Washington Star.

A Louisville Dog That Swears.

A Louisville railroad man has a dog that distinguishes the days of the week and different railroad trains. On days when Midget's owner makes his regular trips the dog accompanies him to the station, but never attempts to board the train—just stays on the platform, an interested spectator, and wags his tail cheerfully as the train moves out. On other days and other trains—suburban trains to Parkland or Pewee Valley—he hops aboard without hesitation, evidently aware that the ride in prospect is one that he may share. Midget swears, too; swears like a pirate.

The family understand him, but they report that his language is too terrible to be repeated. When things don't go to suit him, he retires under a bed or sofa and lies there rolling off oaths of fearful description for hours. A young man who was attentive to Midget's young mistress unintentionally offended him, but the dog got even. He actually broke off the match. He knew the regular nights on which the youth appeared, and at an early hour would ensconce himself under the parlor sofa, from which coign of vantage he would growl forth such volleys of personal and profane remarks that the prospective lover became intimidated and ceased his attentions. In recognition of these services Midget's master gave him a beautiful silver collar.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

News of His Defalcation.

One afternoon when the boat from Portland touched at Forest City landing, Peaks island, a newsboy leaped from the steamer, pressed among the great throng assembled on the wharf and commenced crying shrilly, "Even'n papers; all about the defalcation of J. H. Dow." Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd. A man was seen to reel and fall heavily to the ground. This man was J. H. Dow. He had been living at his cottage on the island for several weeks, waiting with horrible anxiety the day that should make his offense public.—Lewiston Journal.

Cattle Food in Maine.

Maine cattle are living on browse in the absence of fodder. One man says he's seen them push against the trunk of a small tree, bend it over and then walk astride of it toward the top to keep it from springing back while they strip the leaves.

In the same state pigeons were once so thick in spots that droves of hogs were driven hundreds of miles to fatten on them, and they could be knocked over by the wagonload with sticks. Dr. Ezekiel Holmes wrote these stories 50 years ago.

Wedge in a Sewer Pipe.

Strung along the corner of Cherry street are a number of clay sewer pipes. The pieces are 8 feet long and 10 inches in diameter. About dusk a crowd of children, among them Mamie Kaylor, daughter of Councilman Kaylor of the Fourth ward, were amusing themselves scampering over the pipes. This sport grew tame, and some one of them thought there was more excitement in playing "hide and seek." Little Mamie Kaylor, like the other children, would crawl into the pipes and hide. After the game had proceeded for some time it was noticed by the other children that Mamie was missing. While they were searching for her they heard muffled screams from the interior of one of the sections of pipe. Running to it, Mamie was discovered wedged in. In crawling in she had doubled a leg, and the knee joint and foot became wedged. The other children tried to release the girl by pulling, but their efforts only added to the pain she was enduring as well as to tighten the hold of the pipe.

Some men were attracted by the cries and the efforts of the children to release Mamie. They carried the pipe into the saloon of John Dickreider. Here they tilted the heavy pipe and tried to shake out the little one, but without success. The child was fast becoming faint from pain and fright, and the men decided to break the clog. This was a delicate job, for a chance blow might break the child's leg or do more serious damage. It was determined to chip the clay pipe, beginning at the end where Mamie's feet were. With a mallet the chipping process began, when suddenly the clog split squarely in half, and the child was liberated.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Popular Representation Blocked.

The whole question of the revision of the method of popular representation in Belgium is blocked at present by the attitude of the government in relation to the reorganization of the senate, which may lead ultimately to a conflict between the houses and may involve the throne. The correspondent of the London Times at Brussels says: A more perplexing matter is the utter insignificance of the point at issue. Apart from the 26 senators to be elected by the provincial councils without paying any taxes is the senate to be composed only of members paying a direct tax of 1,500 francs, with the proportion of one eligible in 5,000 inhabitants, or may it not be admitted that the inhabitants who pay the highest taxes in each province under 1,500 francs should be equally eligible for the senate in the proportion of one to every 3,000 inhabitants? Upon this the whole question turns. The latter proposal, while still constituting a senate of which three-fourths are to represent the great landed proprietors, would raise the number of those eligible from 1,300 to 2,000. And it is for this petty difference that the revision of the constitution is not only postponed in the house of representatives, but exposed to the danger of ultimate failure.

Saved From Death by a Boy.

From another great railroad catastrophe, the dispatches tell us, the country has been delivered through the alertness and devotedness of a boy. He discovered that a heavy crosspiece support on the Shore line bridge over the Quinnipiac river was broken, and notified the proper authorities in time to arrest the Washington express from Boston and the return "gilt edge" express train from New York to Boston from dashing upon the weakened structure, 500 feet long and 40 feet high.

All this was done, all this possible wreck and ruin and human agony, bereavement and mutilation, was prevented "by a boy."

Why does not the telegraph have enough sense of justice to name that boy?—New York Telegram.

Hard Times at the Watering Places.

A few, a very few, of the large summer hotels have been doing a good business, but a majority of the proprietors will be very fortunate if at the close of the season the balance is not on the wrong side of the ledger. At Saratoga there is a noticeable absence of the garden parties and balls on which money was so lavishly expended in former years, and a curtailment of expenses is made wherever possible. The hotels, as a rule, are not making money, and their doors will be closed with a bang on the very first frosty night. At the big hotels in the mountains, where high rates prevail, the conditions are much the same as at Saratoga.—Hotel Mail.

People who do not believe in dog stories are really subjects for heartfelt commiseration. They have either been unfortunate in their canine acquaintances or have not the penetration requisite for proper interpretation of dog characteristics.

It is said to cost less to send the product of an acre of wheat from Dakota to England than it does to manure an acre of land in England so that it can grow good wheat.

Queen Victoria is superstitious about precious stones. She invariably wears a chrysothrace in one form or another and thinks it brings her good luck.

A western geologist says that Kansas can raise wheat for another 1,000 years before exhausting the necessary properties of the soil.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient without the supplemental laws of good breeding.