

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.

HOME FROM SCHOOL.

Now here I am in the good old place—
Yes, little mother, I'm here to stay.
Let me hold your hair against my face
And kiss both cheeks in the dear old way.
Just look at me hard—I'm well and strong;
Just feel my arms—they'll stand the test:
I'll go to the kitchen where I belong;
You go to the porch and rest.
Now hear, little mother, you dear little mother,
Sit under the vines and rest.

I liked my teachers, I liked my books,
I had my share of the pranks and fun.
But my heart came back to the sweet home
nooks
And rested with you when the day was done.
I used to think what you had for tea;
Just what you were doing and how you were
dressed.

And somehow or other it seemed to me
You didn't take half enough rest.
You sly little mother, you sly little mother,
I'm going to have you rest.

Dear little mother, it brings the tears
Whenever I think what I've let you do,
You've planned for my pleasure years and
years—

It's time I planned a little for you.
So drop that apron and smooth your hair;
Read, visit or knit—what suits you best;
Lean back in your chair, let go your care.
And really and truly rest.
You neat little mother, you sweet little mother,
Just take a vacation and rest.
—Eudora S. Burnstead in *Youth's Companion*.

AMERICAN CHILDREN.

WHEREIN THEIR EDUCATIONAL TRAINING IS DEFECTIVE.

The Subtle Distinction Between "Instruction" and "Education" Made by the Clever and Farseeing French—The Need of American Youth.

A subtle distinction between "instruction" and "education" is admirably drawn by that people most highly endowed with a strong analytical faculty, the French, with the habit of keen scrutiny, thorough investigation and just deduction usual with them. The difference existing between acquired knowledge on the one hand and inculcated virtues on the other has been embodied in these separate appellations, which carry with them two distinct meanings. Both may be largely possessed apart from the other.

But when both are combined in one individually the highest degree of excellence has been obtained of which the human race is capable.

With us in America it is fair to state that instruction from books, in school and college, where the aim must of necessity be only the development of the mind and intellect, in conjunction with religious teachings from the pulpit and at the fireside, sums up the education generally given to the youth of the country, even among the prosperous and the wealthy. But between these two lines of education, both admirable and necessary, stands a more subtle and intangible form of mental and moral training which embraces the development of the finer elements of both the intellect and the sentiments having for effect not only to instill a desire for knowledge and virtue and a repudiation of vice, but to educate as to the desirability of that superior excellence which enables the possessor to strive for the ideal graces and beauties, which, when understood and practiced, produce a perfect civilization.

That religion alone cannot give this result is shown by the fact that the extreme and beautiful polish to character and the broad aesthetics it evolves have been possessed by men and women who have acknowledged no attachment to religious creeds and again by members of Christianity and paganism alike, while the bookworm and the savant, whose mind is the crowded receptacle of a marvelous agglomeration of knowledge, may be absolutely lacking in this particular phase of culture.

It is this education, which does not apply exclusively to the intellectuality nor to the moral sense, but envelops the whole being through a cultivation of the receptive faculties and finer instincts, which is denominated "education" by the French, and which should be applied with greater care in America to the training of youth, for as a factor in enlightenment and progress its value is enormous. With the many splendid qualifications given by nature to the American citizen, and which the political institutions under which he lives has fostered, his sturdy self dependence, spirit of inquiry, his energy and natural intelligence, if aided by a strong development in this direction, would produce remarkable results both in the individual and for the masses.

For it is evident that from a cultivation of this phase of the human mind springs the conception and execution of all that pertains to the arts, fine and industrial, they being the tangible expressions of the aspirations and genius of those from whom they have emanated. Unless the trend of a people be toward an ideal existence, stretching beyond the absorption of effort merely to supply the wants of man's physical life, neither poet, sculptor nor painter nor the artistic and accomplished artisan will emerge to adorn and testify to their civilization and their superiority. Indeed expansion in this direction proves the condition of national life with a sure and true precision.

The time has come when an education tending toward similar results should occupy public thought in this country, heretofore too exclusively engrossed in solving the problem of national existence. It is just to say, however, that there has been an advance, noticeable in large centers, which has been brought about by friction and competition and the contact with our nationalities, vary-

ing opinions and antagonistic creeds. But the general improvement has not been in accord with the capabilities in that direction of the American people, nor proportionate with the increased wealth, for outside of our large cities, in the interior portions of the country, life is still unjustifiably primitive, and those living on plain and frontier, in mountain and forest, are uncultured beyond what their isolation would justify.

Again it is noticeable that the education of the children of those classes possessed of ample means is in these United States generally superficial. The American early youth among the educated classes, which are those exerting the most influence on the destinies of a people, is not subjected to that sober discipline deemed necessary by the older nations of Europe as being a protection to them, against their own irrelative impulses, through mental habits thus enforced, and as constituting a desirable tutelage in preparation for the later severe struggles of life. The overindulgence generally accorded the American child and youth is the cause of a general disregard of authority and careless attitude toward obligations, a distinctive feature of the American youth. On the part of those in authority the effort would seem to be to gloss over the unsound basis of a scanty learning by some few gaudy accomplishments, equally superficially possessed. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Complications in South Florida.

A good story comes from the Manatee river. A man named Westfield had a quarrel with his wife, and they decided to separate, dividing their household goods between them. Westfield took his portion of the goods to his boat, but after thinking awhile over the matter decided that his wife had the best of the bargain, which so enraged him that he took an ax and went back to the house and broke up her portion. The woman swore out a warrant for him next day, and Westfield engaged a promising young attorney of Bradenton to defend him. After investigating the case the lawyer decided that his client was in a bad box, so he advised him to make up with his wife and try to stop the prosecution. This the man succeeded in doing, but the county authorities refused to let the matter be dropped. So the lawyer then advised him to kidnap his wife and baby and sail to Cinnabell island.

The matter was arranged for the next night. The woman was escorted to the boat, where her husband was awaiting her, by the lawyer and a constable whom he had engaged to assist him. The lawyer and constable then returned to the house for the baby, but by mistake they got another woman's baby, and the mistake was not discovered until the boat was well on its way to Cinnabell. The man was afraid to return for the right baby, thinking that he would be arrested and prosecuted. This happened several days ago, and the woman whose baby was stolen will not reconcile herself to the exchange and proposes to have the young lawyer prosecuted for kidnaping. He is in a terrible state of mind and swears that he will never practice law again. —Tampa (Fla.) Times.

Standing the Landlady's Bait.

Scores of poor fellows are waiting here in Washington city for for offices. It is really painful to meet some of 'em. One poor freckled devil from Arkansas told me today that he had just pawned his pistol for \$3, the last thing he had that was pawnable. He told me about four of his friends from the south that was boardin with a widow up on G street, all of 'em good poker players, but in bad luck. They hadn't paid any board for two weeks, and the old woman, thinkin to get rid of 'em, got up at the table the other mornin and said, "Gentlemen, the times is very hard, and the price of market is goin up, so I'll have to raise the price of board to \$10 a week." Nobody said a word for nearly a minute, and then one of the shoeing sports spoke up and said, "Madam, we stand the raise." The old lady is tryin to find out how much better off she is than she was. —The Major in New York Advertiser.

A Castle Goes Begging.

Heddingham castle, with its 2,000 acres of land in the Colne valley, was offered for sale at the mart. The most interesting feature of the property is the magnificent Norman keep, an almost perfect specimen. Queen Matilda, wife of King Stephen, is reported to have died in the castle, which was the stronghold of the Earls of Oxford from the conquest, and in the reign of King John it sustained two sieges. Unfortunately not all the historical associations combined could call forth a single bid, and it had to be withdrawn. —London Telegraph.

A Singular Fatality.

A singular fatality seems to attach to the chair of English literature in the State university in this city. Professor Milliken, the first incumbent, held it four years and died. He was succeeded by Professor Short, who also lived just four years. Professor A. H. Walsh, who next took the chair, died exactly upon the completion of his fourth year of service and was succeeded four years ago by Professor Chalmers, who is now dying at Sparta, Mich. —Columbus (O.) Journal.

Lucky He Is Quiet.

Few Philadelphians are perhaps aware that the founder of the new School of Vital Science and Theonomy, the inventor of the all tongue alphabet and co-mical, digitypy and the courageous propounder of co-mical pacification, is dwelling quietly and modestly in their midst.

HE WAS AT WORK.

But His Occupation Did Not Entire Him to Free Seats at the Theater.

He was what Steve Rowan would call "a shlim bit av a tur-rkey," and he stood near the box office of the Columbia, first looking at his last half dollar clutched in a grimy palm and then shooting an occasional glance at the main door, through which the strains of the opening overture could at times be heard.

His clothes were loud enough to serve as a World's fair hotel fire alarm, and the checks were too large to be honored by anything smaller than a first national. They were of the latest Kerry cut and hadn't been long enough in this country to kill the smell of the bog. He wanted to see the performance, and he hated to part with his money, so he waited and got into an argument with himself.

First he thought he would, and then he guessed he wouldn't, and while he thus hesitated a trim little woman tripped across the foyer. She sailed along like a clipper ship with a free wind and port in sight. There was a distinctive air of the "profesh" about her, and she carried her nerve in the outside pocket of an Eton jacket. He watched her and listened with astonishment when she opened her face and addressed the man in the box office.

"Hello, Harry!"
"Howdy, Mag."
"Gimme two seats, will yer, Harry?"
"Are you working?"
"Sure. Me and Jess is doin a turn at the Olymp."

The checks for seats were handed out, and Mag calling Jess the two went inside, while the "shlim bit av a tur-rkey" moved a peg or two closer to the box office.

Another form appeared in the doorway. Its hair was parted in the middle, and its buzzsaw hat reposed on the back of its head. Its trousers were freshly creased and sharp enough to pare corns. It shuffled up to the box office much after the manner of a crawfish in a net, and the little Irishman could scarcely prevent himself from laying violent hands on it and musing it up. In a low tragic voice it said:

"Ah, there, Harry."
"Hello, Falstaff, old boy."
"Favor me with two, old fellow?"
"Are you working?"
"Well, I should say I am."
"Where?"
"Me'n Ed's doing a Henry Irving burlesque at the Park."

Again two pasteboard checks were handed out, and by this time the "turkey" on the outside was becoming frantic. It was coming easy for everybody but himself, and he resolved to hazard a chance and keep his half dollar. He took a fresh bite of plug, gave his trousers an extra hitch and approached the window on tiptoe. He peered cautiously around the edge of the narrow opening. Harry was still there, checking up the house. He hesitated only for a moment, and then he blurted out:

"Hilloo, Har-ry,ould bye."
"How are you, sir?"
"O'm wur-kin."
"Are you, my friend?"
"Yis."
"Where?"
"Shitlock yar-rda."

And when the doorkeeper was through with him and the patrol wagon had gathered him in he sadly wondered at the eternal unfitness of things and why all men are not born equal. —Chicago Mail.

The Cause of Waterspouts.

A waterspout is a meteorological phenomenon of peculiar character, which is occasionally observed on land, but usually occurs at sea. It consists of a cone shaped pillar of condensed vapor, which descends, with the apex downward, from a dense cloud and at sea attracts a somewhat similar cone in a reversed position from the surface of the water. The two may not inaptly be compared to a gigantic hourglass. The cause of this phenomenon is supposed to be the gyratory movement of the air with such swiftness as to produce a vacuum in the axis of rotation, and the contact of the lower extremity of such an axis with water would effect the elevation of a column of the latter to a considerable height. The most probable solution of the phenomenon is that waterspouts originate in adjacent strata of air of different temperatures, running in opposite directions in the upper regions of the atmosphere. They condense the vapor and give it a whirling motion, so that it descends tapering to the sea below and causes the surface of the water to ascend in a pointed spiral till it joins that from above. —Brooklyn Eagle.

A Singular Accident.

A cyclist was riding on an old fashioned, ordinary machine, the wooden handles of which were missing, leaving the iron spikes exposed. He dismounted, but in starting the machine he missed the pedal, and the bicycle falling he fell on top of it, and one of the handle spikes entering his left breast and penetrating right through to the heart, came out at his back just under the shoulder blade. He died soon after being taken to the hospital. —Whole Family.

Popular National Songs.

We have a number of songs that seem to lay about equal claims to distinction as national songs. "Star Spangled Banner," "America" and "Columbia" are three of the first class. Then comes "Yankee Doodle," which is unquestionably the song and tune representative of New England, while "Dixie" has just as firm a hold upon the hearts of the southerners. —Chicago News-Record.

Four Helpless Men.

I met a brisk little married woman at the Long Island ferry house the other day, and I said:

"Why, I thought you were in the country for the summer."
"So I am, dear, but I have to run into town once a month to look after my husband's wardrobe."
"What's the matter with it?"
"Why, it's steadily decreasing. I am referring to his—hem—lingerie."
"Oh!"

"What he does with his things I don't know, but they disappear in the most astonishing way."

"He had complete sets of everything on June 1, but I've just come from a very discouraging hunt, I assure you."

"He runs down and sees me every Sunday, but he can't lose the things on the train."

"Hardly."
"I've found nine undershirts out of the original dozen, 44 pairs of socks out of another dozen, seven pairs of unmentionables out of a similar amount and so on."

"It's simply discouraging the way his ties, handkerchiefs, collars and cuffs are disappearing."

"It's probably the laundry."

"That's just what I think. He pretends to keep a strict account, but I don't believe he does it at all."

"Men are so helpless unless there's a woman to look after them."

They are—they certainly are. —New York Recorder.

Calculating the Distance of a Storm.

Although lightning and thunder occur always simultaneously, an interval of shorter or longer duration is usually observed between these two phenomena, which is due to the fact that sound travels only at the rate of 1,100 feet per second, while the passage of light is almost instantaneous. Based upon this fact, it is an easy matter to tell, at least approximately, how many miles a thunderstorm is away. A normal pulse will beat about one stroke to the second, and by counting the pulse beats during the interval of the lightning and the thunder the lapse of seconds is arrived at and consequently the number of feet, which can be reduced to miles.

For example: If 30 seconds elapse between the flash of the lightning and the crash of thunder, the storm center is at a distance of 33,000 feet, or about 6 1/2 miles. An almost accurate calculation can be made by using a watch with a minute dial. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Use Pure Water Freely.

Unhygienic habits report themselves unmistakably in the skin both in color and odor. To health and beauty it is essential that one should use pure water (rain water is best) frequently and freely and follow its use with brisk friction all over the body with a piece of coarse flannel, which is a wonderful aid to a soft and glowing skin, as it stimulates healthful circulation. Sun and air baths are necessary to the proper nutritive functions of the skin, and daily attention to the promptings of nature is imperative to save it from becoming a vehicle for offensive exhalation. Care will do much to put off the evil day of wrinkles and decay. —Exchange.

They Make Auroras to Order.

Artificial miniature auroras of the borealis variety have been produced by both De la Rive, the French savant, and Lenstrom, the Swedish astronomer. In Professor Lenstrom's experiments, which were made in Finland, the peak of a high mountain was surrounded with a coil of wire, pointed at intervals with tin nibs. The wire was then charged with electricity, whereupon a brilliant aurora appeared above the mountain, in which spectroscopic analysis revealed the greenish yellow rays so characteristic in nature's display of "northern lights." —St. Louis Republic.

Worse Than Wicked.

If more people understood that any appearance of haste or carelessness was out of place in formal correspondence, they would not use such expressions as "many thanks" any more than the hardly less objectionable phrase, "thanks," in conversation. Such curtness is like the old story, "Worse than wicked; it's vulgar." —Philadelphia Press.

The Tramp's Loyalty to an Ideal.

In one of his delightful essays Mr. Lowell tells of a tramp whom for seven years he assisted with money to enable him to get from Boston to Portland. "He was as fine an example," Lowell adds, "as I have ever met of hopeless loyalty to an ideal." —New York Tribune.

The conditions are favorable for the development of consumption only when the system gets "run down," then follows a cold, a catarrh, the bacilli of tuberculosis become lodged in the mucous membrane, invade the tissues and spread.

The human hair is absolutely the most profitable crop that grows. Five tons of it are annually imported by the merchants of London. The Parisians harvest upward of 300,000 pounds, equal in value to \$80,000 per annum.

The mosaics in the Church of St. Mark in Venice are the finest in the world. They cover 40,000 square feet of the upper walls, ceilings and cupolas and are all laid on a gold ground.

Until about a hundred years ago burial in coffins was by no means universal. In early times corpses were merely wrapped in linen shrouds.