

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.

DEGENERATE CAPTIVES.

Where waters tremble into hillside lights
From rocky crevices and shaded nooks
The wild stag pines, watch, fulsome he
cools
His shapely limbs. His proud head towered
the heights
He lifts to look in contemplative mood
On his companions feeding freely there
From nature's lavish feast, spread every-
where,
And asking no man's friendship or his food.
Where men betake themselves in tacit shrifts
Of city foulness runs a deer glen girt
With close set barriers. Here, tame, inert,
The deer caress men's hands for paltry gifts.
—Clara Dixon Davidson in Godey's.

Seeking Fortunes in the Johnstown Raids.

While workmen were taking sand out of the river bed near the stone bridge they found the skeleton of a flood victim. A large number of men are at work every day and also at night in the bed of the river in a search for valuables.

Local officers say that the craze has reached such a pitch that the river bed is seldom deserted at any hour of the day or night now, every find of any value being magnified until the fever has caught every idler in the place and several who have given up steady employment at sure pay to seek their fortunes among the remains of those who lost their lives and belongings in the flood.

Some valuable finds have been made, two of them during the last 24 hours. One man came upon a crock buried in the sand, with its cover on, in which he found 18 solid silver spoons, 12 solid silver forks and a heavy silver cup inlaid with gold. Another found a package of gold eagles mixed with some \$5 gold pieces, in all \$380, wrapped in what was either a woolen cloth or an old stocking, which was rotted to a pulp in most places. Three prospectors, who have been digging in partnership, have taken out spoons, forks, silverware, jewelry, vases and in several instances valuable unbroken cut glass pieces, and have already sold more than \$900 worth of the stuff to dealers in Pittsburg.

One of the ghastliest mementoes which the finder is preserving as a relic is a plain gold ring, close to the frame of most of the hand, from which the flesh has long been gone, the ring being kept on by the finger being crooked and the joint not having fallen apart at the angle. There are three fingers on the hand left, evidently those of a lady, as the ring would probably not have been worn by a child, and the skeleton is too small for a man.—Johnstown Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Telegraph Line Before Morse's.

Honor to the pioneers in the vast field of science! Mr. John Sime has published at the Chiswick Press in pamphlet form a very interesting memoir of Sir Francis Ronalds. Twenty years before Wheatstone and Cooke or Morse had patented their improvements in the telegraph, indeed while the first two were respectively lads of 12 and 14 years of age, Ronalds had sent messages over eight miles of overhead wires of his own construction and had laid and worked a serviceable underground line of telegraph of sufficient length to demonstrate the practicability of communication by telegraph between long distances.

Details of his overhead telegraph wires were published by him in 1833. Ronalds' residence at Hammersmith, where these experiments were carried out, is the house now and for long past occupied by Mr. William Morris, the poet, who has caused a tablet to be placed on the wall bearing the inscription, "The first electric telegraph, eight miles long, was constructed here in 1816 by Sir Francis Ronalds, F. R. S., etc. An autotype facsimile of a portrait of this father of electric communication accompanies the publication.—London Telegraph.

Ristori's Dual Nature.

I have never met with a more passionate, fiery actress than Ristori, with one possessed to the same degree by the demon of tragedy. Yet when she came to Paris for the first time she was nursing her last child. Well, on the days she was acting she brought her baby with her to the theater, put it to sleep and went to give it the breast during the intervals of "Myrrha," which is simply the most monstrously passionate of all dramatic works. Did the part of nurse detract from the part of the tragic actress? By no means. Did the part of the nurse detract from the part of the actress? No more than in the other case. I am, no doubt, quoting an exceptional fact, which may be solely accounted for by the strength of organization possessed by Mme. Ristori, but La Malibran also showed us numberless contrasts of feeling altogether unlooked for.—"Recollections of Sixty Years."

The Champion Cantaloupe Farm.

Buck Anthony, colored, of Early county, Ga., is said to be the best cantaloupe raiser in the state. His methods are thus described: "He fertilizes them with moccasins, adders, coachwhips and such other snakes as he can conveniently catch in the spring, which imparts to them the finest flavor imaginable. He also raises the most delicious rattlesnake watermelons."

They Were Not Voting.

Foreign Visitor—Ah, you have a beautiful country and a noble system of government—every man a freeman and all equal. What is that great crowd about that hotel? Are they voting for and against some new law?

American Citizen—N-o—ahem—a princess is stopping there.—New York Weekly.

A Vile Lie in the Pillory.

Weeks before the royal wedding it was openly whispered that the Duke of York, a gallant sailor and a gentleman, had made a false step, had been forgetful of his princely and knightly duties and obligations, and had, in fact, been secretly married and involved himself in a mesalliance, repugnant to his sense of honor and illegal in the eyes of the well known statute law. That law is simple. None of our blood royal can legally contract marriage without the consent of the reigning sovereign. Morganatic marriages have been recognized as such, and such love inspired sanctity as attaches to these unions when faithfully adhered to. The world knows all about them and sympathizes with them. But what said the quidnuncs, the tattlers, the irresponsible, the chattering sparrows who build under the eaves of palaces?

Blankly this, that George of Wales was married; that the name of the place and the name of the lady, alleged to be the daughter of a naval officer of high degree, were known, and both names and places changed and fluctuated as the price of scandal shares rose or fell in the gossip market. Like ill winds, the ugly rumor grew apace over the dinner table and afternoon teapots. Men talked of it—more shame to them—women murmured it with giggles and innuendo; the very "outsiders" got hold of it, and all the time the story was positively and absolutely untrue. Think you for an instant that the head of our church would have married our prince and princess had he not first satisfied himself, as we have reason to know he did, that the silly story was wholly untrue, absolutely baseless? The question carries its own answer. We contradict it directly with authority.—London Gentlewoman.

A Woman Who Got Along.

The ability of a woman to get on alone in the world is sometimes questioned by her big brothers. But there are plenty of instances where women have been left in circumstances which would try the powers of the stoutest hearted man to the utmost and have come out triumphant. One of these was mentioned to a reporter the other day in connection with a rough side hill farm in a remote part of an inland town. "There," said our informant, pointing to the place, "lived Aunt Abby S— when her husband died. She then had three small children, and another was born soon after. The farm was in poor condition and had about all the mortgage it could bear. Her husband's old father, feeble and fussy, was left on her hands.

"Did she send the old man to the poor farm, think you? Not a bit of it. She kept him a year or two, and he was so fussy she couldn't live with him. Then she hired a neighbor to take him, and she paid his board 12 years, when he died. She raised her children and brought the farm into good condition. She paid the mortgage, and when she died she left a good property free and clear of all debts. The boys hadn't the old lady's spunk, for there's a mortgage up there now, and nothing in the world but laziness did it. They had everything left ready to their hands and ain't had no drawbacks, 'cept losin their mother, but somehow the weeds have got the start of 'em, and I guess they'll keep it."—Lowiston Journal.

Will's Grave.

"That grave on the right hand of the path as you go down to the porch door; that heap of sirth with no growth, not one blade of grass on it—that's Will Pooley's grave that was hanged unjustly."

"Indeed! But how came such a shocking deed to be done?"
"Why, you see, sir, they got poor Will down to Bodmin, all among strangers, and there were bribery and false swearing, and an unjust judge came down—and the jury all bad rascals, tin and copper men—and so they all agreed together, and they hanged poor Will. But his friends begged the body and brought the corpse home here to his own parish, and they turfed the grave, and they sowed the grass 20 times over, but 'twas all no use, nothing would ever grow—he was hanged unjustly."

"Well, but, Tristram, you have not told me all this while what this man Pooley was accused of; what had he done?"
"Done, sir! Done! Nothing whatever but killed the excise man!"—Rev. R. S. Hawker.

In Northern Alaska.

Juneau is the most northerly stopping place on the regular Alaska excursion route, and while it is not sufficiently near the pole to meet the midnight sun there is time during the summer season of the year for a good deal of light work. What most troubles strangers is to know when to go to bed. The sun is apparently unwilling to pass and leaves its halo behind.

Twilight waits for dawn, or if there is an interval between I have not discovered it. It is not difficult to read ordinary print at 11 o'clock, and sitting on the deck at midnight (the ship keeps San Francisco time) watching the shadows cast upon the smooth water and the snowcapped peaks at a few miles distance is not uncomfortable with an overcoat.—Cor. San Francisco Bulletin.

Suffering on the Marshes.

"Have you had a good season?" asked a tourist.
"Naw," replied the seaside landlord.
"Why even the mosquitoes have nearly starved to death."—Philadelphia Press.

Experience With Lightning.

Ernst Tobel, whose little girl Lizzie was killed by lightning recently, is recovering, and to a reporter told how he felt when the bolt struck him: "We were hurrying along the road and watching the clouds that were coming up rapidly. It hadn't begun to rain, although a few drops had fallen. All of a sudden there was a terrible glare of light in my eyes, which blinded me so I could not see anything. The crash of thunder must have been very loud, though I can hardly remember hearing it. At the same time that I saw the light I felt as though something had hit me a terrible blow on the back of my legs. The shock was a hard one, and I went over on my face. It seemed as if my legs had been knocked right out from under me. I must have been unconscious for a time. When I came to myself, I saw the others on the ground, all except Mr. Meyer.

"I tried to get up, but somehow I couldn't stand on my legs. I fell down again and managed to crawl over to where my little girl was lying. Mr. Meyer ran for help, and I lay on the ground there until the ambulance came, when I was lifted in and taken home. I felt no pain then and haven't since, except a kind of numb pricking in my legs as if they were asleep. It makes me very nervous and restless, but I do not suffer. I have no control over my legs below the knee, but the doctors think they will bring me round all right. I think my legs are not as stiff as they were. They have been rubbed a good deal, and the doctor has put something on them, and I guess I will be all right again soon."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Days of Gunpowder Numbered.

It begins to look as if the days of gunpowder as a charge for the guns in the British navy were numbered. Recent experiments just concluded at the government proofworks, Woolwich, appear to prove the decided superiority of cordite. A 6 inch quick firing gun was loaded with 29 pounds 12 ounces of the ordinary black gunpowder and yielded a velocity of 1,800 feet per second, with a pressure strain on the gun of 15 tons per square inch. The same gun was charged with 14 pounds 8 ounces of cordite and gave a velocity of 2,274 feet per second and a pressure of 15.2 tons. More important still, after 250 rounds had been fired there were no signs of erosion.

The new substance is manufactured at the government powder mills, Waltham Abbey, and contains 56 per cent of nitroglycerin, 37 of guncotton and 5 of mineral jelly. The velocity of the shot along the bore of the 6 inch gun was calculated to the millionth of a second from the first moment of being set in motion. Minute as this may appear, Lieutenant H. Watkin, R. A., has invented an instrument which, it is said, will measure fractions of time to the nine-billionth part of a second.—Chicago Tribune.

Asleep on Niagara's Brink.

A story of a man snatched from the brink of the gorge is related by James le Blood and John Thomas.

Monday night while walking up the long, narrow, winding roadway from the Maid of the Mist landing to the top of the gorge on the Canadian side, their dog became uneasy when they neared the top and began to bark loudly. The men made a search along the high bank, and to their surprise found a young man lying on the very edge of the bank, with his head hanging over. He was in a stupor or sleep, and his hat had fallen over the cliff, and any move on the part of the man would have hurled him over. The men resolved to grab the man suddenly and pull him back out of danger before he could awake. This they did. He was found to be Charles H. Moffat of Buffalo, a wealthy young man who had been on an extended spree.—Niagara Falls Cor. Rochester Union.

Tan Shoes.

The tan leather shoe is abroad in the land, and no self respecting man, woman or child is without a pair or two. They are worn with that charming lack of discrimination that is one of our national characteristics in matters of dress. Their proper use is with negligee or so called "outing" costume, but they are to be seen on men wearing frock coats and silk hats, and not long ago I saw a chap one evening on the street in dress clothes, dinner coat, etc., of most correct style, terminating at one end in a straw hat and at the other in a pair of russet shoes. I really cannot see how we ever existed without this most comfortable and useful shoe. Only a few years ago and the tan leather shoe was unknown. Thus speedily does a luxury become a necessity.—Harper's Bazar.

Liquids During Meals.

If we bear in mind the whole mechanism of digestion, it will readily be seen that in cases of weakness or want of tone on the part of the muscles of the stomach, when every part of the food cannot be properly presented to the action of the digestive juices, the introduction into the stomach of a moderate amount of water may be of no slight benefit. The mass of food will become more pliable and so more easily operated upon by the weakened muscles.—Youth's Companion.

The Five Great Oceans.

The following are the latest estimates of the five great oceans: Pacific, 71,000,000 square miles; Atlantic, 35,000,000 square miles; Indian, 28,000,000 square miles; Antarctic, 8,500,000 square miles; Arctic, 4,500,000 square miles.—St. Louis Republic.

The Beauty of Wrinkles.

And now an authority inveighs against steaming the face as a preventive against wrinkles, alleging that this is the swiftest and surest process by which to produce them. "The second layer of the skin becomes attenuated, and there is a decrease in bulk of the superficial layers," is the technical explanation which the laity will not understand and does not need to. The simple fact is sufficient. But why should wrinkles be such a red rag to every woman? They must inevitably come if one lives long enough, and barring the suppression of the habit of frowning and the avoidance of dangerous cosmetics it seems useless to fight them.

Time was when we were taught that they were the lines of character, and time is when character, as shining forth in the expression of the face, makes the wrinkles forgotten. Watch the soul beneath the wrinkles. Take as much care of that as you strive to of the outer layer of cuticle, which is its external semblance, and the wrinkles will be lost or overlooked in the serene and steady eye and quiet but smiling mouth. "Think lofty things," says a preacher, "and the countenance will show the thought."—New York Times.

The Natives Had Scruples.

Once an amusing story was told me by a South sea trader, writes Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. He had been in the habit of carrying all sorts of tinned meats, which the natives bought with avidity. Each tin was branded with a colored picture—a cow for beef, a sheep for mutton and a fish for sardines.

It happened that the firm who furnished the mutton thought it a good plan to change their labels, that their goods might be more easily distinguished from others. The mark chosen was a red dragon. The natives came with their copra to trade as usual. The new tins were shown them, but they recoiled with horror and gave the trader to understand that they had had some religious instruction and were not to be deluded into eating tinned devil.

The trader was forced to eat his stock of mutton himself, for not a native could be persuaded to touch the accursed thing.

"More Haste, Worse Speed."

Of all the "tournaments" I ever saw, one among the "dairy maids" at an agricultural show was perhaps the last to associate itself with that heroic procedure which such a word suggests. There were about 40 of them armed with "churns" and started at the same moment to make butter against time. Each came provided with a watch, and the temptation was almost irresistible to turn the handle of the machine as quickly as possible. But no, butter must be "humored," not driven. The silent lists were filled with the provokingly deliberate "flip, flop" of 40 churns. One of the slowest combatants won the race. I never realized more plainly that "most haste is worst speed."—Cornhill Magazine.

Just Like a Business Man.

Kuniffus (in fruit store)—Which is correct now, "these peaches are a cent apiece," or "those peaches are a cent each?"

Fruiterer—Neither is right. Those peaches are 50 cents a dozen, or 5 cents if you only want but one.

Kuniffus—That's just like you, Baldwin; never can sink the shop.—Boston Transcript.

Striking For a Raise.

"If," said Mr. Tenawek wearily as he came out of the proprietor's office and walked sadly to his place behind the handkerchief counter; "if an injection of gold will cure the liquor habit in all its forms, why will a similar judicious use of whisky or a like beverage not be a sure cure for heartless miserliness and hard fisted penury?"—Boston Herald.

Genuine Know-nothing.

"Well, I see congress has met."
"She has?"
"Yes."
"What's congress?"
"Don't you know?"
"Ain't I asking you?"
"Why, you know about the money stringency?"
"An what's 'stringency'?"
"The devil!"
"Hit is?"
"My friend, there was a war in this country at one time."
"Whereabouts?"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Minister's Scheme.

A Lewiston minister has accompanied the riding of a bicycle with the study of a rose colored scheme for attaching a small sail to the front of the wheel and for increasing the speed of the steel horse to about that of the lightning express train. He has made one or two efforts to make the scheme work and is sure that it will succeed. Some good friend of the reverend gentleman ought to see that his memory is refreshed with the story of the fate of Darius Green before it is too late.—Bangor Commercial.

Maine's Loss From Forest Fires.

A million dollars is not a large estimate of the damage already done in Maine by forest fires this summer. No county has been spared.—Lewiston Journal.

A Wise Lad.

"If fishes knew enough to live in the ground instead of water," remarked Frank, "they could get all the worms they wanted without hooks in them."—Harper's Young People.