

## 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 BOY IN THE MOW.

There glides through the barn's mammoth door  
A sweet scented hilltop of hay,  
An athlete, with strength bubbling o'er,  
Now flings it in forkfuls away.  
Another is stowing it back,  
With white pearls of toil on his brow,  
And, treading the hay in his track,  
Looms faintly the boy in the mow.

Through crovices often can he  
View, past the old barn wall of brown,  
A river that leads to the sea,  
A railway that drives to the town.  
"Oh, when shall my fortune make hay  
In yon fields of splendor, and how?  
'Twill wait for full many a day:  
'I'm only a boy in a mow."

A cloud like a flag from the sky  
Is splendidly spread and unrolled;  
The sun reaches down from on high  
To fringe it with silver and gold.  
"Oh, when will heaven's mercy my name  
As bright as those colors allow?  
But earth has no glory or fame  
To waste on a boy in the mow."

A cloud in the west, like a pall,  
Creeps upward and hangs in the light  
It carries a gloom over all,  
It looks like a part of the night.  
With clamor the thunderbolts swarm,  
And trees bend in agony now.  
"Tis thus, too, that poverty's storm  
Would conquer the boy in the mow!"

The clouds have flown into a dream,  
The birds are discoursing in glee,  
The smile of the sun is agleam  
On river and hilltop and tree.  
Look up to the heavens, little lad,  
And then to your earth duties bow,  
And some day both worlds may be glad  
To honor the boy from the mow!  
—Will Carleton in Youth's Companion.

### DELIGHTS OF DINING.

HOW EASILY THE SPELL OF SOLEMN ENJOYMENT MAY BE BROKEN.

Dishes That From Their Peculiarly Subtle and Lonely Character Demand Attention, Reverence and Silence—An Epicure's Serious Affliction.

For my thorough appreciation of a large and good dinner I am, I believe, indebted to my father. He was a great diner, and it is well known that the finest qualities of the English race are hereditary. My father suffered from gout, and the doctors, who are a mass of prejudices, tell me that I also have got it. However, I am thankful to say that I know my own constitution. What is really the matter with me is a sort of cold accompanied by inflammation in one toe. It arises, I should say, from overwork. Old port is good for it.

A fine appreciation of dinner should be accompanied by a large income. When my father died of apoplexy (brought on by a quarrel with his cook, who was a fair instance of talent as distinct from genius), I succeeded to his position in the firm, and to an income which even in the city is considered to be fairly large. I love largeness. I love large incomes, large houses, large appetites, large waistcoats, large dinners. I can never be too thankful that I can well afford large dinners. It was always my ambition to be, like my father, a great diner, and it would be but false humility to say that I shall die without having earned the reputation.

I distinguish between the diner and the diner out. I do not want to be uncharitable, but I have no high opinion of the diner out. He does not, as a rule, take the dinner itself quite seriously. He is liable to show an interest in the women whom he takes in or in the conversation. Now, life is too short for that division of interests; we only have time to do one thing well. Let dinner be that one thing. I say, dine—merely dine. That is enough. Do that well, and you have the best delight that this world can give you. As for conversation, I despise it.

Now, there was the case of Charles Nutcomb. He was with us at one time and might for family reasons have come into a small partnership. It would not have been much—some £3,000 a year—but ample for a young and unmarried man who is willing to exercise ordinary care. Charles was a diner out, and for family reasons I once asked him to dine with me, although in a general way I will not have young men at my table. At the very moment when we were eating a vol-au-vent that from its peculiarly subtle and lovely character demanded the eater's attention, reverence and silence—at that very moment, Charles Nutcomb was tactless enough to tell a story. It caused noisy laughter. It, if I may use the phrase, completely broke the spell. It was like whistling in church. However, it was not in consequence of this indiscretion alone that I finally decided to get rid of Nutcomb. He refused port. A man who refuses port—my port—is a fool and consequently unfit to be a partner in Gorgury & Pigge. A fortnight afterward I managed to make some excuse for getting him out of office. I feel positively certain that he would have embezzled money if he had remained. His after career only confirmed my low opinion of him. He went completely to the dogs—became an author, in fact.

But I am not unduly devoted to wine. Indeed I sometimes wonder whether I am more fond of that or of the solid part of the dinner. Both are good. Both bring out all that is best in a man. The feeling of gratitude, for instance, is commendable. It is impossible to think much about the commonest viands—asparagus, the simple oyster, or even a cut from a perfect saddle of mutton—without feeling grateful. Then, too, dinner promotes the kindly spirit. When I lie back in my chair after dinner, breathing stertorously, my temper becomes kindly to the verge of fatuousness.

When in the morning a clerk arrives an hour late and makes some paltry excuse—that his wife is dead, or some nonsense of that sort—I of course dismiss him at once. But if I were to defer my decision until the evening I should very likely confine myself to fining him a week's salary. If it were his first offense, and my dinner had been particularly good, I might even let him off with a reprimand. That is the reason why I do no business under any pretext after dinner. It is all very well to feel kindness, but one has to be careful that the feeling shall not influence one's actions.

How inseparable from our dearest delights are our deepest sorrows! I have but one serious affliction, the great soup—the soup of the city—has not a real attraction for me. It is richly expensive; it is hallowed by a thousand historical associations; it has brought ecstasy to the hearts of men with larger incomes than I shall ever possess, but to me it is almost a closed book. Sometimes when I am eating it at a city banquet I feel as if I could see afar off its perfect meaning and catch dim glimpses of its superb generosity. But that is all. I cannot love it as I know that it ought to be loved.

Heretofore I have kept my affliction a secret, but last night, when Thomas Pigge and I were dining with the Fendermakers (one of the 12 principal companies), I noticed that he was watching me. He saw that I did not really understand that soup. However, I am not afraid that Thomas Pigge will ever dare to reproach me for this. He also has his weak point, and as he is aware, I know it. He is quite unorthodox on the subject of sauce hollandaise. He has a theory as to the correct preparation of it which can only be characterized as dangerous and revolutionary.

But I must pause. I hear the gong, waking gently and sleeping as gently again. Blessed sound! Blessed, blessed dinner! I write no more! I go!—Henry Pain in London Illustrated News.

### A Powerful Antiseptic.

Extensive researches made upon corrosive sublimate by Dr. McClintock of London show that the substance is not a valuable germicide—germs withstanding its action for some time—it proves to possess, of all substances, the greatest antiseptic power, so that a germ treated with the article, unless perchance it gets into the blood or is exposed to very exceptional conditions, is powerless to grow—that is, it is probable that a spore of subtilis or anthrax treated with sublimate, 1 in 1,000, and then thrown on the soil or into water, will not germinate, owing to the fact that the capsule of sublimate surrounding it is not removed.

It is found that corrosive sublimate forms with cellulose, as cloth, filter paper, etc., with silk, with albuminous bodies, with some part of bacteria, probably the envelope, a chemical compound that cannot be removed with any amount of washing in water. Thus sublimate when acting on a germ forms a capsule around it that protects the germ for a time from the further action of the sublimate and in turn forms an impenetrable barrier to the growth of the organism unless removed. This barrier may be removed with salines.

### Artificial Auroras.

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."—Foreign Letter.

### Our Other Self.

Each of us has two selves, the higher and the lower. When God seems out of reach, as is often the case, and our prayers return to us heavier and sadder than when they left our lips, it is a good plan to commune with that alter ego which is a shade nearer the divine, that part which longs to help and to overcome, but is held down by the infirmities of the lower nature. Ask it for strength and instruction, and by so doing help the whole man. God is so often beautifully found in such ways.—American Woman's Journal.

### The Tapping of the Deathwatch.

The so called deathwatch, dreaded by the superstitious, is a small beetle which has a very powerful joint in its neck and calls its mate by tapping with its head on the wall or on any surface where it may happen to be located. The noise is similar to that which may be produced by tapping with the finger nails on a table, and the insect can frequently be made to answer such taps.—New York Evening Sun.

### Why They Would Not Kiss the Stone.

A correspondent is guilty of being the originator of the following joke: "Many people would not kiss the Blarney stone at the World's fair if they knew it was merely a sham-rock."—Philadelphia Ledger.

One of the largest wire cables ever made has been completed by a Liverpool firm. The rope has a continuous length of 44 miles and weighs over 25 tons.

Very few can reach deep into their own minds without meeting what they wish to hide from themselves.

### THE MIDSPOT OF OUR PLANET.

Many Places Which Contest the Honor. Their Claims.

For several centuries different cities of the orient have contested with each other for the honor of being recognized as the midspot of our planet. In 1888 a London geographer issued an elaborate work, in which he tried to prove the British metropolis to be the center of the landed surface of the globe. Jerusalem and Delhi, notwithstanding that neither is situated on or very near the equator, have for ages been the two main contestants in this great central city controversy.

William Simpson of the London Society for the Exploration of Palestine tells us that Herr Schick has sent home drawings of the spot in Jerusalem which is supposed by some to be the exact center of our world. This interesting place is in the Greek church, nine feet to the right of the reliquary containing what purports to be the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour, the first nail that was driven through his right hand and the blood which he shed on that memorable occasion.

It is written in the Psalms, "God is my king of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth."

This can only refer to the scenes of the passion and of the holy sepulcher. The midspot of the earth must, therefore, be sought in that vicinity. The belief that the center of the earth is at Jerusalem is very ancient, for it is alluded to by St. Ephrem in his reference to Noah's prayer over the bones of Adam. St. Ephrem says, "And Noah buried Adam's bones in the middle of the earth." A certain round stone in the temple of Delphi is also spoken of by the ancient writers as being the "navel or center of the earth."

Orestes takes refuge there when pursued by Euménides. Pindar also makes mention of the exact location of the center of the world, and Pansanius, like Herr Schick, also had the pleasure of beholding the only genuine central hub of our planet. He, however, locates it at Delphi instead of at Jerusalem. "It is made," he said, "of white stone, smooth and polished, and is no doubt the middle point of the world."—Philadelphia Press.

### A Mean Trick.

A lawyer defending a promissory note went to lunch, leaving his books and citations on the table in the courtroom. The opposing counsel sneaked back into the room and changed the places of all his bookmarks. In the afternoon the lawyer, taking up his books, referred the court to his authorities. His lordship noted every volume and page carefully and took the case under consideration. In rendering his opinion he said:

"I was inclined after hearing argument of counsel for defendant to nonsuit plaintiff, but I find, after referring to the authorities quoted by counsel, none of them bear on this case, and I am led to think that the gentleman has been willfully trying to insult the court. He has referred me to an action of an Irishman who sued the proprietor of a monkey for damages for biting him to a case of arson, one of burglary, two of petty larceny and three divorce cases, none of which bears on an action to recover on a promissory note. Perhaps the grossest insult to the court is referring to 'Duckworth versus Boozymann,' an action charging defendant with breach of promise. Judgment for plaintiff with costs."

The lawyer never knew what the matter was and to this day thinks the judge was out of his mind.—Pearson's Weekly.

### Fined a Dead Man.

Down in southwestern Texas, just about midway between Houston in the east and El Paso in the west, and very near to the Rio Grande, the Southern Pacific railway has built over the Pecos river the highest bridge in the United States. Just before this bridge was finished one of the workmen fell from it and was of course killed.

The county judge was brought from Langtry, the town nearest to the bridge, to hold a "crown's quest." The judge arrived with a great concourse of people, all anxious to serve on the jury. Proceedings were begun by examining the body of the dead man. Upon this were found a loaded revolver and \$40 in cash. Perceiving this, the judge said:

"There ain't nothing to do about this case, gentlemen of the jury. The man's dead, and it's perfectly plain how he met his death. But what I want to know is, what was he doing with that gun? That's against the laws of Texas. He ain't here to explain, but because a man takes it into his head to put on wings and mount to the skies is no reason why the great state of Texas should be defrauded. Law is law and justice is justice. I fine him \$40 for carrying a deadly weapon."

It is needless to say that the fine was paid.—Harper's Magazine.

### The Gallows Plant.

During the middle ages the botanists, or old "herbalists," gave currency to many curious stories concerning the growth, form, etc., of the hake or May apple, which finally resulted in its being given the name of "gallows plant." The pseudo-scientists of that time declared that mandrake would grow in no other place except upon which some terrible crime had been committed. The roots were formerly supposed to bear a strong resemblance to the human form and are figured in the old "Herbals" which lie before me as I write, even distinguished as to sex, the female of the plant having long hair; the male, heavy beard.—St. Louis Republic.

### The Poison of the Cobra.

The bite of the terrible cobra of India is looked upon as meaning certain death. It is not surprising that experiments to determine the nature of this awful poison should attract wide attention when they are made in a scientific manner entitling their results to be accepted with confidence. Such experiments have recently been conducted by Mr. A. A. Kanchack. The venom was obtained by pressing the heads of living cobras, by which nerve trying operation the deadly fluid was squeezed out of the fangs.

The fluid dries very quickly and leaves a yellow substance resembling gum arabic or the dried albumen of egg, which is easily pulverized. The activity of the poison is destroyed by prolonged boiling, a concentrated solution of it withstanding the effects of boiling for an hour or two before entirely losing its poisonous action. A weak solution could be rendered innocuous by being boiled for 20 minutes to half an hour.

But of course this can give no comfort to any victim of a cobra bite, since the venom, once injected into his blood, could by no possibility be subjected to such a process of boiling.

Ammonia and chlorine water also proved capable of destroying the poison if applied to it for a considerable time in strong solutions, and carbolic acid considerably delayed its poisonous action.

Some hope had been raised that doses of strychnia might prove a means of cure, but the experiments showed that there was no foundation for this hope. So far, then, a cure for the bite of the cobra remains to be discovered.—Youth's Companion.

### A Sewer Gas Destroyer.

Some of the English towns and cities have introduced a device for ventilating sewers—a Bunsen gas burner operating to heat to a high temperature a series of cast iron cones over the surfaces of which the sewer gases have to pass on their way out to the atmosphere, which by such contact are entirely destroyed. In order to obviate all danger of explosion caused by leakage, this new safety furnace consists of a series of cylindrical rings or segments, each mechanically fitted. An intermediate ring divides the combustion chamber from the vertical air passages formed between the inner and outer ring of the furnace. The heat of the furnace is conveyed to the outer ring by means of thick cast iron webs that form tiers of air channels through which the uprising sewer air passes, and the burner is supplied with air taken from the outside of the "destructor column."—New York Sun.

### Frenchwomen In Trousers.

For the privilege of wearing trousers the French government charges women a tax of from \$10 to \$12 a year. This by no means gives every woman who is willing to pay the tax a right to wear trousers. The government instead confers the right as a tribute to great merit. Trousers are, in fact, a sort of decoration given to women as the ribbon of the Legion of Honor is given to men. The only women to whom has been granted the right to wear trousers are George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Mme. Dieulafoy, the Parisian archeologist; Mme. Foucault, the bearded woman, and two feminine stonecutters, Mme. Fourreau and La Jeannette.—New York Evening Sun.

### Secondhand Plate Glass.

One of the novel business trades of Boston is that of a dealer in secondhand plate glass. Nearly all of this glass is bought by the dealer from insurance companies. The large plates of this kind of glass are insured when put in a window, and when any of them is broken the owner of the injured glass usually prefers that the insurance company should replace the broken piece rather than that he should be paid its price. The dealer in the secondhand glass contrives to utilize what remains of the unbroken part of the glass.—New York Tribune.

The inhabitants of this earth have never seen but one side of the moon. The explanation is this: The moon makes one revolution on her axis in the same period of time that she takes up in revolving once around the earth; thus the same geographical region of the lunar surface is always toward us.

A business man of Canada of an enterprising nature has established a "floating bank" on Kootenai lake, Canada. It is in a steamer which journeys from place to place along the lake, thus enabling its owner to supply the inhabitants of the lake villages with banking facilities.

### His Part.

Hobbs—How are you getting on in your literary career?  
Graph (with composure)—Splendidly. I am now collaborating with Scribner, the author.

Hobbs—Is it possible? What part of the work do you do?  
Graph (who plays the typewriter for Scribner)—I put his ideas into readable form.—Tit-Bits.

### The Butterfly and Its Case.

The most curious thing about the butterfly is the size of the case from which the insect proceeds compared with the size of the insect's body. The case is rarely more than an inch long and a quarter of an inch in thickness. The butterfly covers a surface of nearly 4 inches square.—St. Louis Republic.