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Men's and Boy's Suits



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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,

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TO THE WARBLING VIREO.

Sweet little prattler, whom the morning sun Found singing, and this livelong summer day Keeps warbling still; here have I dreamed away Two bright and happy hours that passed as one, Lulled by thy silvery converse, just begun And never ended. Thou dost preach to me Sweet patience and her guest reality. The sense of days and weeks and months that run Scarce altering in their round of happiness, And quiet thoughts, and toils that do not kill And homely pastimes. Though the old distress Looms gray above us both at times, ah, still Be constant to thy woodland note, sweet bird; By me at least thou shalt be loved and heard. —Archibald Lampman in Youth's Companion

WITH FINGER TIPS.

HOW HELEN KELLER WAS TAUGHT THE NAMES OF THINGS.

Something of the Method Explained by Her Tireless Instructress—A Face That Mirrors a Soul Which Knows Naught of the Appearance of Sin.

The most interesting feature of the educational congress was the appearance of Helen Keller under the kind and skillful guidance of Miss Annie M. Sullivan, her teacher. When a babe, Helen Keller became blind, deaf and dumb. When Miss Sullivan, a young woman of unusual beauty of form and feature, stood before the audience beside a girl who, except for the sad sign of blindness in the large eyes, gave promise of still greater beauty, her face glistening with a rapture that painters try to express in the ecstasy of angels, hearts seemed to stand still. It was a face that had never consciously looked on the distortions of passion or pain—the mirror of a soul that could not imagine the outward appearance of sin nor remember any of the disorders of life.

In her presence it was hard to appreciate the fact that her world lay within ours, without sun, music or speech. No one who saw it will forget the impulsive fluttering of her young, white hand as it sought her teacher's face or round, white throat; the satisfaction when the contact of her delicate white finger tips gave her what sight gives us; the flash of light over her face when, with her forefinger resting on her teacher's lip, she read the answer to the question she had asked by the twinkling digital movements in her teacher's palm. There were those who wept when she repeated audibly, with a depth of feeling she alone can feel:

Tell me not in mournful numbers Life is but an empty dream.

All were invited to ask questions, yet not many did so. The occasion seemed sacred.

"How did you teach her the first word?" some one ventured at last.

"Her first word was 'doll,'" was the answer. "I gave her the doll, placed her finger on my lip and spoke the word. When she wearied of the doll, I took it from her, and when I returned it again gave the movement of the lips. The second word was 'mug.' I used the cup from which she drank, but became convinced that she had not a clear idea of the name, but that it meant to her also water or drink. So I one day took her to the pump, and as the water was flowing into her cup had her hold her hand in the stream, and then putting her finger on my lip gave her the word 'water.' Then I again gave her the word 'mug.' The idea that everything had a name, the comprehension of nouns, was a great revelation to her and came then and all at once. She was greatly excited. A nurse, with the baby sister in her arms, was standing near. Helen immediately put her hand on its face to know its name. I told her 'baby,' and she caught it at once. Then she stooped down and patted the ground to know what it was called. She learned many words that day, and those words she never forgot."

"How soon after she learned words did she frame sentences?"

"Immediately."

"Were verbs harder to learn than nouns?"

"Not at all. I began with such words as 'sit,' 'stand' and the like that were easy to illustrate. Prepositions troubled her most."

"How does she get an idea of the abstract?"

"I cannot tell. It seems to be with her, or it comes."

"Has she any distinguishing sense of musical vibrations?"

"Yes, very distinct. She likes music."

"Is her vocabulary large?"

"Very large. She expresses herself fluently and is choice of words."

"What books does she like best?"

"Every now and then the white fingers fluttered to the teacher's face for just one delicate touch—a finger look it was—and now they rested on Miss Sullivan's lip:

"Tell—the—people—what—books—you—like—best."

Helen's face was an open book of her mental processes. She repeated each word after Miss Sullivan, but hesitated a little on the words "tell" and "you," the brightness of her face dimming for the instant. As soon as she comprehended the question, which she did in advance of its completion, the flash of intelligence came, and when she turned toward the audience, for she did not seem at any time to lose her location, she said with spirit:

"Oh, I have read so much that it is very hard to say what I like best, but"—waiting a moment—"Little Lord Fauntleroy"—And then followed rapidly the names of several works, some of which, it would seem, could hardly be understood by any one who cannot know

sound and color.

"How do you read?"

"By raised letters and by my teacher."

"I noticed when you pronounced for her you articulated with an exaggerated motion of the lips," said one. "Is not that necessary?"

"Her teaching was begun in that way. I do not think it is necessary or best. I attribute the peculiarity of her voice to that mechanical action which she uses. I think it would have been better and just as easy if she had been spoken to with the usual movement."

In reply to the question of her knowledge of the abstract, General Fulton remarked that the greatest development in the case of Helen Keller was that of the spiritual.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

The Moon as We See It.

Did you ever stop to consider the fact that the inhabitants of this earth have never seen but one side of the moon, and to inquire the reasons why such is the case? 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. As one explanation usually calls for another, it may not be out of place to mention the fact that the reasons the two motions of the moon above referred to so nearly coincide are these:

The moon is not a true globe, but is very elliptical in form. It did not in all probabilities originally start on its axial rotation with precisely the same velocity with which it moved around the earth, but the very best astronomers say that the two motions were not far apart in the start. Assuming that the moon was semi-liquid or at least soft in those remote days, the earth's attraction caused the lunar surface to elongate, and in the untold ages which followed its axial rotation, owing to the attractive influence of both the earth and the sun, was made to correspond with its orbital movement around the earth.—St. Louis Republic.

Old Time Banking Methods.

While discussing the matter of the troubles and trials of banking business of today President James Espy of the Ohio Valley National bank said to a group of friends: "I tell you that we do not know anything about the peculiarities of the banking business. I have heard officials of the bank when I was beginning in the business rehearse the experiences in early banking in Virginia. As is well known, the residents of that state were not much given to business tactics. Whenever they had occasion to issue a note, and it was quite frequent, the bank officials had to drive around to the various farms, or to the place where the maker lived, and it was quite difficult to get them to sign the original, but much more so a renewal. Experts got so they could tell whether the note was renewed in the house or in the field, as they could tell whether it was written on the pomel of a saddle or at a regular desk."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why He Didn't Shoot.

A man with a wife who has her own ways about doing things catches her now and then.

"My dear," he said the other morning as he was dressing, "I think you were right when you told me last night that there were burglars in the house."

"Why?" she asked nervously.

"Because all the money that was in my pockets when I went to bed is gone."

"Well," she said, with an I-told-you-so air, "if you had been brave and got up and shot the wretch, you would have had your money this morning."

"Possibly, my dear, possibly," he said gingerly, "but I would have been a widower."

She laughed softly then and gave half of it back to him.—London Tit-Bits.

The Whistling Tree.

A species of acacia, which grows very abundantly in Nubia and the Sudan, is also called the "whistling tree" by the natives. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larvae of insects, distorted in shape and swollen into a globular bladder from 1 to 2 inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of this swelling, the opening, played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument nearly equal in sound to a sweet toned flute.—New York Telegram.

A Good Excuse.

Judge—You are charged with assaulting this man.

Prisoner—I plead guilty, your honor, but I have a good excuse. I addressed this man civilly three times, and he never answered me.

Judge—Why, the man is deaf and dumb!

Prisoner—Well, why didn't he say so?—Schalk.

A curious box was recently found amid the ruins of Pompeii. The box was marble or alabaster, about 2 inches square and closely sealed. When opened, it was found to be full of pomatum or grease, hard, but very fragrant. The smell resembled somewhat that of the roses, but was much more fragrant.

The Bombay officer of health protests against the destruction of the crocodiles. He says they are the best and only scavengers possible of the water reservoirs in which they dwell.

The greatest courage is to bear persecution, not to answer when you are reviled, and when a wrong has been done to forgive.—The Newcomer.

SEARCHING AFTER TRUTH.

The Realization Was In Weird Discord to the Anticipation.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well," so the people of the world told her.

She was young and fair, and she searched for Truth, but her frequent visits to the well brought no discovery: only the reflection of her beautiful face in the water.

One night a knock came at her door, and she sprang up and opened it.

There on the threshold stood a bundle of rags, which moved as if breathing. She shuddered as she asked, "Who are you?" Then came the answer:

"I am Truth."

"I would see your face," she cried.

"Nay, innocent one, my face is not fair to look upon, but I am Truth."

The cold wind was blowing and crying, and she closed the door. The Truth she sought was pure and beautiful, not loathsome, and with the conviction of youth she was satisfied with herself for having refused this grewsome thing admittance. From that day, however, strange visitors knocked at her door, and each called himself Truth.

First came a gay party of dancers, whose graceful figures swayed to and fro captivated her fancy; their musical voices held her as in their thrall. Their visit was like a delightful dream, and she asked, "Pray tell me who you are?" And they answered, "We are Truth."

So she believed for days; then she realized her mistake, and that they were not Truth, but pleasure. Again she went to the well, but there found nothing.

A day dawned brightly, and there came another knock.

On her threshold stood a lovely child. Its hair was garlanded with flowers, and its garb was spotless white.

When it entered, it was as if a portion of the pure light of the sun had stolen into the room.

The child's arms were soon entwined about the neck of the seeker after Truth.

The odor of the blossoms intoxicated her; her heart beat with wild delight; a tender kiss was stamped on her brow, and with a gentle whisper, "I am Truth," the child was gone, and at her feet buds blossomed—the room was lighter than it had been for years.

The memory of that vision remained with her a long time, but at last it fled, and then she knew it was Love, not Truth.

Again she went to the well, yet found nothing.

Years after another knock came. Her heart beat fast as the figure of a man entered. His manner was flattering and full of grace—his face seemed honest.

She had never felt the influence of other visitors exerted over her with the power of this one.

She dared not ask his name, but as he left he said, pressing her hand, "I am Truth."

For years she believed it; then came doubt, and she saw what had been her ideal of Truth was only Policy.

The next visitor was a long bearded, bent old man, whose face was furrowed and whose hands were palsied.

From his feeble lips came the words, "I am Truth." His stay was short, but she remembered that visitor, and oft when the days were drear she saw before her the trembling hands, the thin, snow white locks, the bent form and the quivering lips, and she believed she had found Truth.

But she was growing older now, and something told her that Sorrow was not Truth. Then she went to the well, and it was dry. But there, far down in its depths, she saw a toad. "Who are you?" she cried, and a hollow voice replied, "I am Tradition." So she turned her face toward home and knew that the whole world lied and was deceived.

That same night came a knock at her door. She rose slowly and opened it. There stood the strange creature covered with rags—her first visitor.

"What would you? Who are you?" Then came the answer, "I am Truth."

"I would see your face," she murmured.

"Nay, experienced one, my face is not fair to see, but I am Truth."

"Yet would I see it," she made answer, "for well know I now that Truth is not what we would have it, nor is it fair."

Then the figure threw off its rag covering, and before her stood a skeleton.

Now she knew her life search was ended and that she had at last found Truth.—Henry Russell Wray in Philadelphia Ledger.

American pioneers were God fearing and Bible loving. They staked out town lots in 23 Bethels, 10 Jordans, 9 Jerichos, 14 Bethlehems, 23 Goshens, 21 Shilohs, 11 Carmels, 18 Tabors and Mount Tabors, 22 Zions and Mount Zions, 26 Edens, 30 Lebanons, 28 Hebrews and 36 Sbarons.

A Liverpool policeman, who, as he thought, swallowed a sixpence 13 years ago, recently had a severe pain in his throat. A fit of coughing came on, and the long lost coin, half of its original thickness, was released from his throat.

There is an unknown quantity of silver in the bay of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil—a silver mine, in fact, of comparatively speaking, unlimited dimensions, and every ship that drops anchor there cuts into the bed of ore.—Exchange.

At Redditch, England, 20,000 people make more than 100,000,000 needles a year, and they are made and exported so cheaply that England has no rival and practically monopolizes the trade.

The Hoosier Poet Makes Confession of a Troublesome Weakness.

James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, describes himself as a train misser. A friend thus relates how the poet confesses his weakness:

I found him occupying an easy chair in a parlor car that was attached to a train leaving Chicago at 10:30 a. m. for Indianapolis. After the greetings, in that quaintly humorous strain that has made the man and his writing so popular, he described the trial he meets with as a traveler:

"I have been in the depot three hours waiting for this train to start for Indianapolis."

"Why did you come here three hours before train time?—10:30 is its leaving time."

"Well, you know I am a train misser. I can't make a train. It doesn't make any difference what precautions I take, I miss it or take the wrong train. I got my ticket yesterday—bought it over the 'Monon route' because I knew it went right through without change. If I ever have to change cars, I'm lost. I am sure to miss the connection or take the wrong train. I had a messenger boy go with me to the ticket office. Never could he find it myself. When I got to the hotel after the entertainment last night, I asked the clerk what time the 'Monon' train left for Indianapolis."

"'Monon—Monon,' said he; 'hasn't that road got another name?'"

"It probably has. It would be just like these railroads to change the name immediately after I bought my ticket." Then he looked at one of those brain splitting time cards and said:

"'Yes! yes! Monon route—that's the L., N. A. and A. C. railway, and it leaves at 8 a. m.'"

"I left a call for 6:30, so I could have my breakfast and be at the depot at 7:30. I always go to the depot 30 minutes before the train leaves, and then I miss it oftener than I catch it. When I presented my ticket to the gatekeeper, he said: 'Your train leaves at 10:30.' That was so, and here I have been since 7:30."

"Bill Nye says that when my head was built they run out of gray matter when they came to fill my bump of location, and they filled it with mayonnaise dressing, and that's a pretty hard thing for a man to think with."—Detroit Free Press.

A Courageous Corporal.

When Lord Rawdon was in South Carolina, he had to send an express of great importance through a part of the country filled with continental troops.

A corporal of the Seventeenth dragoons, known for his courage and intelligence, was selected to escort it.

They had not proceeded far when they were fired upon, the express was killed and the corporal wounded in the side. Careless of his wound, he thought only of his duty. He snatched the dispatch from the dying man and rode on till, from the loss of blood, he fell. Then fearing the dispatch would be taken by his enemy, he thrust it into his wound until the wound closed upon it and concealed it. He was found next day by a British patrol, with a smile of honorable pride upon his countenance, and with life just sufficient to point to the fatal depository of his secret.

In searching the body the cause of his death was found, for the surgeon declared that the wound in itself was not mortal, but was rendered so by the irritation of the paper.

Thus fell this patriot soldier—in rank a corporal, he was in mind a hero. His name was O'Lavery, and he came from the parish of Moira, in County Down, Ireland.—Youth's Companion.

Appearances May Deceive.

Should you happen to see a girl walking along the street with her face wreathed in placid smiles, don't take it for granted that she feels perfectly contented and happy. For the truth is that—

She may be having a nerve destroying argument with herself as to whether her skirt and waist meet properly in the back.

She may have a tiny hole in her shoe and be perfectly wracked over the thought of getting her silk stockings soiled.

She may be on the verge of insanity because she knows that the one pin with which she fastened her skirt is going to give way.

She may be conscious of a big chunk of soot that has found lodgment on the end of her nose.

She may remember that there is but one hairpin in her hair, and that it would be just her luck if it were all to tumble down.

She may hear a little snap and may know that her garter has broken. That, however, is simply too horrible for words.—New York Advertiser.

Palettes of Painters.

Palettes of famous painters form an interesting collection in the possession of M. Bouguet of Paris. His collection numbers over 100 specimens, chief among which are the palettes used by Corot, Troyon, Delacroix, Benjamin Constant, Bonnat, Rosa Bonheur, Detaille, Pavis de Chavannes and other artists of celebrity.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Older Than He Was.

"I say, boy," remarked a tourist to a youngster, "what's the name of that hill yonder?"

"Dunno," replied the lad briefly.

"Don't know? Lived here all your life, I'll warrant, and don't know the name of that little hill? Well, I am surprised," continued the pilgrim.

"No, I dunno its name," replied the lad, stung by the criticism. "Anyhow," he continued, "the hill was here before I com'd."—New York Herald.