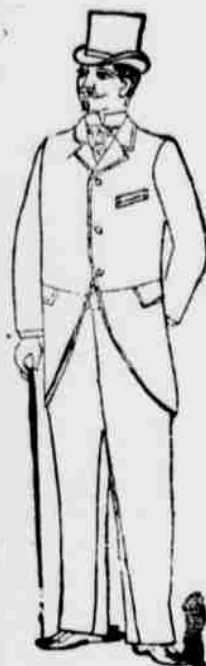


The Unparalleled SUCCESS!

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



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MEN'S SUITS

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\$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.



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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,

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WHOM THE GODS LOVE.

You say that being so old
'Twas time for him to die?
Rings not your comment cold
And even inhuman? Why
Should tenderer tears be shed
When death lays young lives low,
Spared years of sorrow and fret,
Spared age's overthrow?

When young, we are called away,
We shirk untold regret;
For auster Time will slay
Not merely ourselves, but yet
Brand with authentic sign
His despotism elsewhere—
Drape wisps of silv'ring hair
O'er eyes beloved—prow line
And furrow on treasured cheeks.
"Whom the gods love die young."
Ah, me! there wisdom's tongue
With sovereign accent speaks!

Pity the old who die.
The young behind them leave
Such bounteous grief whereby
Fate bids they should not grieve.
Heart racked with many a sigh,
Wounded with many a scar,
Pity the old who die.
The young are happier far.
—Edgar Poe in Lippincott's.

LOVED AND WAITED.

Mme. Novar reclined on a lounge in the magnificent boudoir of her Moscow house. Between her lips was a small cigarette, and from the salver by her side she from time to time raised a tiny cup of coffee to her mouth.

"Tonight I shall tell him all," she murmured, throwing one hand beneath her head and gazing at the wreaths of smoke as they curled upward. "It is scarcely fair to deceive the boy longer. He loves me passionately, and I—well, Martha Novar is also in love." She knocked the ash of her cigarette into a silver tray.

At that moment a man entered the room. He was clothed in the uniform of an officer in the imperial guard and was as handsome as a man well can be.

"Ah, good evening," he said gayly. "You see I have not kept you waiting tonight." He threw down his shako on the table and drew his chair close to the lounge.

"No, you are very good, Stanislas." Then, after a slight pause: "I have something of great importance to tell you tonight—something that my cowardice has prevented me from telling you long before this, and for which I have to suffer by marrying the happiness of such a time."

She threw away her cigarette impetuously, and then continued: "It is about Ivan Novar."

"Do not talk of him now, He is dead and should be forgotten. What reason have you for speaking of him to me? Today you are his widow; tomorrow you will be the wife of Stanislas Feovitch."

"You misunderstand me. My husband is dead, but I did not lose him by death. He married me because I was wealthy, because I had many servants and was rich in gold, but three months after the wedding he went away from me to live with the woman he loved. He never loved me, nor did I ever love him, yet I believed I did at the time. I should have told you all before it was too late, but even now there is time to retract."

The young officer bent closer to her, pressing her hand with his lips.

"My poor Martha! What misery you must have suffered, what pain it must have caused you! Still there is one whom you can trust, and one whom you—love. Is that not so?"

"Yes," she replied simply. "I love you. But," releasing herself from his grasp and standing up, "my mind is made up. You do not know the woman I am. You do not realize that I am disgraced forever. I cannot destroy the happiness of your life by uniting myself to one so pure, so innocent of the world. You are but a boy, I a woman of 28 winters. Such marriages are never, never happy ones."

He was looking at her in amazement while she stood before him as pale as marble, with a slight tinge of red on either cheek.

"Martha, you say you have no wish to destroy my happiness. Why, then, do you do so by casting this terrible misery in my path? God knows how much I love you. As for our union being an unhappy one, it is preposterous." Then, more calmly: "Do not destroy our plans for the future in this heartless fashion, my darling. Your disgrace I have no thought for. It is in my eyes not a disgrace, but a misfortune."

Mme. Novar was happy now. She felt that her duty had been done, and now that this passionate boy's love was not only unrequited, but actually increased, her heart's one desire was fulfilled.

The desertion of his wife by Ivan Novar 10 years before had formed the topic of society scandal in Moscow for some time after the event occurred. But the woman had not slunk away and hidden herself from the eyes of the world. She had fought against all and lived it down with all the determination of her character.

No one knew where he had gone but she. She had never loved him and did not mourn his loss. It was the dishonor, the degradation that would ever be attached to his, to her name when the truth was known that made her face so pale and wreathed her eyes with furrows.

When she met Stanislas Feovitch and he had first declared his love for her, she had resisted him, not unkindly, but firmly, and had shielded her heart against the passion which but for this precaution would have plunged her into disgrace as great as that which polluted the name of her husband.

But one day she received the news of

the death of Ivan Novar. With this intelligence the barrier of reserve which had been thrown up between herself and her ardent lover was removed, and now they were to be married.

Stanislas was a comparative stranger to Moscow and scarcely two and twenty, so that the history of Mme. Novar was unknown to him. All he knew was that she was a widow, but until then he had never had any idea of the truth.

The next day Mme. Novar drove to a distant part of the city. Happy in her own thoughts, her face bright and suffused with a deep color as the biting wind touched her cheeks, she scarcely noticed the passersby as the sleigh slipped over the snow. When at the corner of a street the horses slowed down, she raised her eyes, and they fell upon the figure of a tall, gaunt man wearing coarse, ragged clothes, torn and greasy.

Neither the persistent scowl on his face nor the thick, matted beard which covered his cheeks could blot out the air of refinement that pervaded his whole person. In the dragging, slouching walk there was a similitude of former firmness and elasticity of step that had been shattered by debauchery and vice, while the brown hands that swung carelessly by his side had lost but little of their delicacy and softness.

The very that she gave caused him to raise his head and look directly at her. He stopped and would have entered the vehicle, but she hastily thrust a card into his hands, and murmured hurriedly: "Call on me at noon today."

He looked her full in the face for a moment, then turned on his heel and continued his walk. He was Ivan Novar.

"You have come back, then," said Mme. Novar in a cold, harsh voice as her husband entered the room.

"Yes," he answered, folding his arms. "The rumor you heard of my death was a false one, set afloat by those whom it most benefited. I have for a long time been trying to discover your whereabouts to let you know the truth. I have come now to save you from disgrace."

"You have come to save me from disgrace," repeated Mme. Novar, dwelling with bitterness on each word. "You have come to rob me of the only happiness which my life has ever known! You have come to poison my love, to tear me away from the only man for whom I hold respect! You have dragged your own name into the mire, and with it mine! You ruined my life and blighted my hopes, and now you come to save me from from disgrace! I thank you."

"You are very bitter," he answered. "I did it for your sake."

"And what are you going to do now?" she asked, sinking into a lounge.

"I shall go away—forever. I shall not see you again. I will let you know when I am—when you are free. That is all I can do."

There was a few moments' silence. Then she spoke again:

"And Vassily, where is she?"

"Dead," he answered hoarsely.

"Well, you took your happiness at the expense of mine, and you have suffered for it. I no longer have need of you." She waved her hand in the direction of the door, and the next moment he was gone.

For a little while Mme. Novar sat, cold, dumb and passionless, trying to gather the thoughts which flew madly through her brain. Then of a sudden she threw herself on the lounge and burst into a flood of tears.

Shortly after, Stanislas, unannounced, entered the room and stood with his hand upon the door, gazing in astonishment at the sobbing figure. She did not hear his approach.

"Martha," he said, laying his hand on her arm, "what does this mean?" He went down on one knee by the side of the couch. She raised her head and staggered to her feet.

"It means that we must part." Stanislas looked curiously at her, wondering if intense happiness had affected her mind. She saw his incredulous expression and added chokingly:

"My husband is alive. I have seen him today."

"It is impossible!" he almost shouted. "You must be mistaken. It is an impostor whom you have seen. Your husband is dead, and in a few hours you will be my wife."

Then she told him everything. When she had finished, he led her to a seat and sat by her side.

"There is one remedy—the law. You have but to release yourself from this man's clutches by the law, and you will be free. I will go at once and arrange the matter for you. I will see that your—my—future happiness is not destroyed by this fellow."

He rose to go, but she detained him.

"No, no. I am as free now as ever I can be while he lives. I could not wish to seek redress from the law. I could not do it. It could never bring me happiness, and that is all I want. No, no. You must go away from me—must try to forget me. You are young and have all the world before you, while I—I have seen enough of the world. You must not ruin your peace of mind by refusing to see reason through your love-glamoured eyes."

Her voice trembled, for the effort to speak calmly when her very soul was torn asunder had caused her cheeks to blanch and her lips to quiver. For some time he pleaded with her, implored her to make the union with him possible and honorable by the intervention of the law, or at least to hold out some hope of all obstacles being eventually removed. But she told him with firmness that they must part forever.

"I will go," he said at length, "if you

wish it, but I shall return. I will not be with you, but I shall watch over you and guard you until the day comes when you are free. Then I shall come and claim you as my own, and nothing shall mar the happiness of our lives."

"You will never be able to be near me and yet keep from my side. You must go away altogether, and when you may come back I will send you a message. But it may be years."

"As you wish. We are both young and can afford to wait. But, oh, my darling, reconsider your decision once more—the last time! Think!"

She shook her head sadly.

"Not even the love I bear to you can induce me to unsay what I have already said."

"Then we must say goodbye."

All the coldness went out of her heart at a sweep when those bitter words fell upon her ears. She looked full into his eyes and said falteringly:

"It seems to me that I have spoiled your whole life. All I pray for is that you will learn to forget me soon and to put me from your thoughts. I do not mean to be unkind, but such a state of affairs will be better for both. Goodbye."

Five years had flown, and Mme. Novar sat in her drawing room at St. Petersburg. In her hand she held the key that unlocked those chains which had bound her life's happiness for so long and which she now hesitated to utilize as her heart told her. For more than an hour she sat, filled with a strange happiness, that savored of regret mingled with remorse. She was free now, freed from the bonds that the law had wound about her and the man who was once her legal husband.

Drawing her writing materials toward her, she wrote the letter which she had promised to send five years before.

"Come, Stanislas," she wrote, "if you are happy, that I may know it and rejoice. Come, if you are unhappy, that I may comfort you."

She did not dispatch it, but kept it, with the intention of handing it herself to his lawyer.

That evening she had an engagement at Mme. Zernova's. There were more lines on the forehead and checks of the image reflected in her mirror than she had ever noticed before. The gray hairs stood out with a distinctness that she had never realized hitherto. After bending close to the glass, she stood erect sharply.

"What am I doing? This childlike vanity is foolish. But where is that beauty which brought my ruin. Where is the luster of my eyes or the roses of my cheeks? Ah, it is sad that while the heart is still young the flesh should have aged so much."

She went down the staircase and entered her carriage, driving to the house of her friend.

There were a large number of guests that night. Mme. Novar became herself once more and played and enchanted the company with her captivating voice.

There was one song which on this particular night she sang with all the fervor of her heart. It was "The Sleigh Bells," a duet of which she sang but one part, while no one accompanied her.

People wondered at her strange freak, but she laughingly told them it was her whim. Never had she been so gay since the time of that terrible parting.

During the second verse a tall, handsome man, dressed in the uniform of the Imperial Guard, walked quickly over to the hostess and whispered:

"Will you bring Mme. Novar over to my wife? I should like to introduce them to one another."

When the song was finished—the one in which he had so often accompanied her five years ago—Mme. Zernova led her across the room to where Stanislas stood by the side of his wife.

"Madame, let me introduce to you a new arrival in St. Petersburg, Captain Feovitch."

There was an awkward silence for a moment, while Mme. Novar went ghostly pale and pressed her lips tightly together.

"Allow me to introduce to you my wife," he said, holding out his hand toward a lovely young girl, who glanced shyly at the woman before her.

"Let me congratulate you. You have indeed a sweet wife."

The words were slowly and painfully uttered.

When the others had moved away, he said: "You did not write to me. I waited until a year ago. Then I thought I should never hear."

He spoke with the same frank, boyish voice that had poured out its torrent of passionate love in her ears five years ago.

She refrained from telling him the whole truth now—now she was free—and how she had waited all these years to claim him. She said nothing about all this.

Some one was playing a dreamy waltz, while amid the throng of dancers was his young wife. Mme. Novar roused herself from the reverie into which she had fallen and cast her eyes round the room. When they fell on Mme. Feovitch, she murmured:

"She is lovely." She sank into a chair and looked down at the polished floor. When she raised her head again, Stanislas was gone. She did not see him again that night. She did not see him again ever.

In the solitude of her chamber an hour afterward, still in her evening dress, Mme. Novar tore open the note addressed to the man she loved.

"Come if you are happy, that I may know it and rejoice."

A moment later and a tiny heap of ashes lay beneath the burning taper.—

THE SNAKE BITE WAS FATAL.

And the Red Nosed Man Went on to Tell How the Venom Got In Its Work.

"It's all humbug, this talk about rattlesnakes being so deadly poison," said a red faced man in the smoking car. "I've lived among 'em. They used to be so thick out where I live that you had to be mighty careful where you put your feet down if you didn't want to hurt a rattler or two every time you stepped."

"My bed was never any more than big enough for me and the easy conscience I always slept with, but I've woken up more times than I've got fingers and toes and found that two or three rattlesnakes had managed to find room with us. They were plenty, I tell you, out where I live. But deadly? Poo! Why, I've known scores and scores of people to be socked, and socked deep, by rattlers, and I never knew of but one instance where a rattler's bite was fatal; never but once out of more cases than there's pimples on a goose."

"Bill Bulger was the man that was bit that time—a great, big, rough scuff of a log chopper that didn't look as if a whole den of rattlers could raise as much as a flea bite on him. But he went to teasing a big buck rattlesnake that had come down to camp to look around one day, and the snake just threw his upper teeth against Bill a couple of times, and every drop of poison he had he emptied into Bill's wrist. Holler! Great jee-wax, how Bill did holler! We grabbed him and hustled him over to the Pig's Ear shebang on t'other side of the camp and began to decant rum into him, and it wasn't long before Bill looked as if he was glad he was bit."

"Everybody said he'd die, though, sure pop, because that buck rattler must have unloaded into Jim close on to three fingers of the best poison he had. Consequently folks were surprised more than you can think when they got around next morning and found Bill on deck as chipper as a red squirrel and sound as a white oak knot."

"What!" exclaimed a man in the next seat. "Bill got bit and was bit was fatal?"

"It was, sir," replied the red faced man. "Bill got bit, crazy drunk on the strength of that snake bite and killed the bartender!"—New York Sun.

Cosmetics Among the Romans.

All that had been previously done in the way of facial decoration was left far in the shade by the ancient Romans. All the Latin writers—historians, poets, naturalists and others—mention it in one way or another. It was the practice of Roman actors, as it has been of those of the profession since the theater has existed. Many of the emperors used paint more or less freely. Hellogabalus, one of the most eccentric, when he entered Rome for the first time, had his eyelashes painted black and his cheeks red and white. In the time of Augustus the custom was universal among women of fashion, details of which are given by Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, Ovid, Propertius and the rest. Martial speaks of the chalk of Fabulla that fears the rain, and the wax of Sabella that fears the sun.

Horace mentions red lead and carmine as among the articles employed. Juvenal in one of his satires describes a paste that covers the faces of wives and adheres with tenacity to the faces of husbands. Coquettes, according to Horace, used a paste prepared from beans, much like that used by some modern Frenchwomen, and were also given to the use of cummin. Mandragora is mentioned by Pliny, and poppies by Ovid.—San Francisco Chronicle.

How Lightning Kills.

The cause of death by lightning is the sudden absorption of the electric current. When a thundercloud which is highly charged with positive electricity hangs over any certain place, the earth beneath it becomes abnormally charged with the negative electric current, and a man, animal or other object standing or lying directly beneath also partakes of the last mentioned influence. If, while the man, animal or other object is in this condition, a discharge takes place from the cloud above, the restoration of the equilibrium will be sudden and violent, or, in language that we can all understand, the negative current from the earth will rush up to join the positive cloud current, and in passing through the object which separates the two currents, if it be an animate being, will do so with such force as to almost invariably produce instant death.

According to the above, which seems a tenable hypothesis, to say the least, a fellow is really "struck" by the ground current and not by the forked fury from above at all.—St. Louis Republic.

An International Worker.

One of the most active and earnest promoters of the university extension movement, either in the new world or the old, is Miss Jessie D. Montgomery, a young woman whose name is often seen among the contributors to some of the best known English periodicals, and who is at present honorary secretary of the Exeter Center, England.—New York Tribune.

A Substitute Watch Crystal.

Did you ever smash your watch crystal just when you could not possibly replace it? When it happens again, shake out the broken glass, open the little rim that holds it—the bezel—lay over the face a piece of tissue paper and shut the bezel. This will save the hands from catching in things and not interfere with the going.—Northwest Magazine.