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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.



\$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.

CHRIST AND THE SOUL.

When thou turn'st away from ill,
Christ is this side of thy hill.
When thou turnest toward good,
Christ is walking in thy wood.
When thy heart says, "Father, pardon!"
Then the Lord is in thy garden.
When stern duty wakes to watch,
Then his hand is on the latch.
But when Hope thy song doth rouse,
Then the Lord is in the house.
When to love is all thy wit,
Christ doth at thy table sit.
When God's will is thy heart's pole,
Then is Christ thy very soul.
—George Macdonald in London Spectator.

TWICE EMBARRASSED

THE ONLY TIMES IN A CHEEKY MAN'S CAREER WHEN NERVE VANISHED.

His First Unfortunate Experience Was in Public and His Second in Private, but in the latter situation was confusion worse confounded.

I have never been really and genuinely embarrassed but twice in my life. I have been close to it many a time, but my training as a traveling man and a naturally cheeky disposition has always saved me, excepting these two times.

The first time happened many years ago. I had more hair on the top of my head then, more self confidence and far less experience. It happened during some school commencement exercises in the town hall of the little place where I lived. I had to deliver an oration that night. It was "Spartacus." Every boy knows it and has been thrilled by it. The whole town population and the country for miles around were there. So was my sweetheart and all her folks. The town hall had a regulation stage, and in the center of that stage and near the front was a trapdoor. I never knew this trapdoor to be used, but it was there, and underneath was a dark space used for storing old broken chairs, dilapidated scenery and wrecked furniture of every description.

On this night in question somebody had weakened the underpinning of this door. I never knew who did it, and if I found out at this late day even I would kill him. I came out in all the glory of Sunday clothes—a starched shirt and tight shoes—and began telling without a tremor how Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the population of old Capua and how the little band of gladiators gathered that night in the forsaken arena. At this point I began the speech of Spartacus.

With right arm upraised I shouted, "Ye call me chief!" and stepped square on that fatal trapdoor. Down I went like a piece of lead on the end of a plumb line, and the audience rose. I thrashed around in the dirt and debris, half stunned, for a few moments, but could find no way out. They finally fished me out through that hole again. I was covered with dirt and cobwebs, my clothes were torn, and my reappearance was the signal for wild applause. I can state honestly and feelingly that I was embarrassed. No boy has ever spoken "Spartacus" in that town since. The recollection of my effort has always been too much.

Bad as this was, my second experience was worse. It happened a short time ago. The memory of it is so recent that my blood hasn't recovered yet from the chill I went through. I have a very intimate friend who has a young lady acquaintance in a certain city. We can call her Miss Green. But that is not her name. My friend is a fine young man, but as careless and thoughtless as a butterfly. I had to visit this city of which I speak, and my friend insisted on my calling on Miss Green and taking a letter of introduction. I didn't much like the idea of being introduced in that way and said so. But my friend was so anxious that I weakly gave in and departed, bearing a letter to Miss Green. And, as I found out afterward, neither inside nor outside of this letter did my friend use her first name.

The evening after my arrival I put on my best and costliest raiment, rehearsed a number of my best sayings and started out. Miss Green lived in the very best part of town. Her residence evidently belonged to people more than well to do. To the servant who opened the door I gave the letter, asking if Miss Green was at home. She was. I was ushered into a parlor, and the inside of the house showed more than the outside that I was in the home of people of wealth and refinement. I began to feel that awe that strangers amid strange surroundings always feel, when a door opened and the prettiest girl I ever saw came into the room. I arose and bowed. She stood a moment irresolutely, and a faint blush came over her face. She had my letter in her hand also, I remember. Soon she spoke. I will never forget her voice. It was clear as a silver bell.

"Mr. Bee," she said, "I have no doubt but that it would be pleasant to have you among my acquaintances, but really I do not know your friend who has written this letter. He is a stranger to me."

Talk about being knocked down with a feather. A piece of down from a humming bird's wing would have felled me. Hot and cold streaks ran over me like a flash, while the perspiration in drops like marbles came out on my forehead. I was embarrassed and wild with rage at the trick that had been played. I thought in an instant that here is this pretty, refined and modest girl, who thinks that I have seen her somewhere and adopted

such a subterfuge to become acquainted with her. I don't know how I ever escaped from that house, but I did, and if I had been in reach of the writer of that letter that night there would have been an immediate row.

The next day the blackest negro out of Africa brought me a little note. The note said a terrible mistake had been made. My letter had been intended for a sister who knew my friend very well. The sister had been out when I called, and as there was nothing in the letter to distinguish which Miss Green was meant the recipient took it to herself, and being somewhat embarrassed and confused hadn't thought of its not being for her, and then, too, Mr. Bee left so suddenly that she had hardly time to collect what little thought she had, and wouldn't I please call that evening?

I did call. But on the evening when I first saw Miss Green and heard her speak I was distinctly and emphatically embarrassed as I never had been before.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Announcements of Marriages That Have Been Unceremoniously Interrupted.

A few years ago a ludicrous, albeit vexatious, incident occurred at a church in Larkhall. A rustic couple, after having had the banns published the prescribed number of times, proceeded to the church to be joined in holy wedlock. The service was conducted without a hitch until the officiating clergyman arrived at that part where he asked, "William Wisner, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" when the bridegroom replied with some astonishment that his name was not William Wisner.

The ceremony was of course suspended, and on investigation being made as to the cause of the mistake it transpired that the bridegroom had written to the sexton of the church requesting him to have the banns published, and concluded his letter thus, "So no more from your well wisher and Mary Williams." The sexton, supposing that William Wisner was the name of the intending Benedict, published the banns accordingly, and the disappointed couple were compelled to await the publication of the banns in their proper names.

The precursor of a country parish church near Arbroath one Sunday announced from his place that "there was a solemn purpose of marriage between Alexander Spink of Fisher's loan and Elspeth Hackett of Burn wynd," when the parish beadle, who was something of a character, suddenly arose and unceremoniously interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming: "That's wrong! That's wrong! It's no Sanders Spink o' Fisher's loan that's gann to marry Elspeth Hackett, but Lang Sanders Spink o' Smiddy croft." The name of one of the parties had been wrongly stated in the proclamation paper, and this was the way the beadle took to correct it.

Some years ago a middle aged agricultural laborer called upon the session clerk of Alloa and asked him what the charge was for publishing the "cries"—i. e., banns of marriage—three times on the same Sunday. "A pound," replied the clerk. "Aye," said the other, "an what d'ye tak' when ye tak' two Sundays to do it?" "Half a guinea," was the reply. "An what d'ye charge when ye tak' three Sundays to it?" was the rustic's next query. "Seven and six," answered the clerk, with an amused air. "Aye, man," rejoined the querist, "I see; the langer ye tak' to dae't the cheaper it gets. Just cry awa' till ye pay yer sel!"

And he took his departure without more ado.—London Tit-Bits.

Milord, Miss and the Dog.

A traveler's tale of British phlegm is told in the following terms: A Frenchman was seated in a smoking carriage and had for his companion a "milord Anglais." Enter a British miss—of course with a plaid and protruding teeth and a Skye terrier. She sat opposite the milord. He politely informed her that she had by mistake got into a smoking carriage. She made not the slightest answer, but sat grimly on.

The milord threw away his cigar, much to the astonishment of the Frenchman, who, according to the story, sat watching what would happen. When they reached the next station, the milord said, with the cold dignity of his race and cast: "Madam can now change into a nonsmoking carriage. If she does not, I shall assume that she does not mind smoke and shall light another cigar."

Madam said not a word, but stared in front of her. The train went on again, and the milord lighted up. When his cigar was well alight and the train in motion, the lady bent forward, took the cigar out of the milord's mouth and threw it out of the window. The milord not only did not make any remark, but he did not even seem disturbed. All he did was to wait a minute, and then to bend over the lady, seize the Skye terrier, which was lying in her lap, and fling it out of the window.

Of this act the lady, to the complete astonishment of the French spectator, took no notice whatever. At the next station both the lady and the milord got out, but without exchanging a word in regard to the cigar and dog incident, while the Frenchman turned over in his head an etude on the subject of "Les Anglais tacturnes."—London Spectator.

Good Horse Sense.

Gummev—Skidmore has good horse sense.

Gargoyle—I suppose you mean he knows how to pick the winners at the races?

Gummev—No, I mean he never bets.—Detroit Free Press.

CAPITAL AUTOCRATS.

OFFICIALS IN WASHINGTON WHOSE ONLY LAW IS THEIR WILL.

A Striking Example Is the First Comptroller of the Currency, Whose Decisions Cannot Even Be Vetoed by the President, Who Has the Power of Removal.

Among the most remarkable features of this government by the people is the extraordinary authority vested in certain subordinate officials at Washington. For instance, no man in the United States wields such power in money matters as the first comptroller of the currency. He is entirely independent of the secretary of the treasury, and even the president has no means of coercing him, as the following story shows:

When Grant was in the White House, First Comptroller Taylor refused to countersign a warrant for the payment of a big claim out of the funds of the treasury. The president summoned him and said:

"You must sign."

"I will not, Mr. President," replied the recalcitrant official.

"Then I will compel you to do so," said General Grant.

"You have not the power," rejoined the comptroller coolly and respectfully.

"We will see about that," said the president. "I will consult the attorney general."

The attorney general, on being consulted, stated that the comptroller was right—he could not be forced to countersign the warrant. Next day the president summoned Mr. Taylor and said:

"I find that I cannot compel you to countersign the warrant. However, I can get another first comptroller."

"Very well, Mr. President," replied the officer. "You can have my resignation, but not my signature."

In fact, the only way in which the president can override a decision of this powerful official is by dismissing him and appointing another man. All of the accounts of the government, except those which relate to customs and the post-office department, are settled by warrants countersigned by the first comptroller. Without his signature the payments cannot be made.

There are two autocrats in the post-office department. One of them is the assistant attorney general. It is his function to decide whether matter offered for mailing is immoral or not. He acts as censor for the people. Whenever a postmaster in any city is doubtful regarding the morality of a publication that is sought to be mailed, he forwards a copy of the suspected work to the third assistant postmaster general, by whom it is referred to the assistant attorney general.

Very likely the latter may be too busy to investigate the subject personally, in which case he turns it over to one of his clerks, who peruses it and marks any passage which he considers indecent. Thus the law lord has simply to glance over the selected tidbits of impropriety and pass on them. The assistant attorney general also determines what mail matter shall be considered fraudulent and be excluded as such from the post.

The third assistant postmaster general is himself an autocrat. He has authority to exercise his own discretion in depriving periodical publications of the advantage of second class postal rates. Publications intended for advertising purposes primarily are not allowed those rates. On account of the "Kreutzer Sonata" a wholeseries of books, of which it was one, was shut out of the mails.

Publishers commonly get out volumes in series, because in this shape they go second class as periodical publications so long as they are issued at least four times a year. The decision against that work did not actually exclude it from the post, because it could be and was sent at first class rates, sealed, so that nobody could lawfully open the package and find out what was inside.

The autocrat of the department of agriculture is the chief of the bureau of animal industry. He has authority to kill any animal he may choose anywhere in the United States. When one of his inspectors reports that such and such cattle are afflicted with an infectious disease, he orders them purchased and slaughtered. The value of the beasts is judged by two appraisers, one chosen by the owner and the other by the bureau. If they cannot agree, they appoint a third person to decide. In case a man refused to have his live stock thus disposed of, the police and United States marshals would be summoned.

The payment adjudicated is made by check. The chief of the bureau's authority in such matters is absolute over the territories and District of Columbia. For operations in any state he must have the consent of the governor, but the governor's consent cannot be withheld because he is in a position to coerce the state. If he chooses, he can quarantine the state, preventing all animals from going into or coming out for an indefinite period.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Spent Only One.

Little Dot—Mamma gave me two quarters to buy candy, but I only spent one of them.

Father—That's something like. Now I'll give you another quarter to put with the other.

Little Dot—Thank you, but I can't put it with the other till I find it. It dropped out of my pocket on the way to the candy store.—Good News.

A Wonderful Timekeeping Automaton.

One of the most wonderful timekeepers known to the horologist was made in London about 100 years ago and sent by the president of the East India company as a gift to the emperor of China. The case was made in the form of a chariot, in which was seated the figure of a woman. This figure was of pure ivory and gold and sat with her right hand resting upon a tiny clock fastened to the side of the vehicle. A part of the wheels which kept track of the flight of time were hidden in the body of a tiny bird, which had seemingly just alighted upon the lady's finger.

Above was a canopy so arranged as to conceal a silver bell. This bell was fitted with a miniature hammer of the same metal, and although it appeared to have no connection with the clock regularly struck the hours and could be made to repeat by touching a diamond button on the lady's bodice. In the chariot at the ivory lady's feet there was a golden figure of a dog, and above and in front were two birds apparently flying before the chariot. This beautiful ornament was made almost entirely of gold and was elaborately decorated with precious stones.—St. Louis Republic.

High Explosives.

There are certain explosives of high power which, when heated, burn quietly if freely exposed, or if confined explode only at the spot where heat is applied without the whole mass taking part in the explosion. Nitroglycerol, dynamite, gun cotton, picric acid and the new German military powder are examples. This is said to be because they are bad conductors of their own explosive wave. If, however, the same substances are subjected to a violent shock by the explosion in their midst of initial charges of mercury fulminate, the shock seems to affect all the molecules of the explosive at once, and the whole mass of the latter explodes with enormous violence.—New York Sun.

The Pearl Oyster.

Very few people are aware that the pearl oyster is not in any way like the oysters which we eat. It is of an entirely different species, and as a matter of fact the shells of the so called pearl oysters are of far more value to those engaged in pearl fishing than the pearls. There are extensive pearl fisheries in the gulf of California, and some of the finest pearls have been taken from those waters. In 1881 one pearl—a black one—was sold for \$10,000, and every year since that time many pearls have been taken from the beds in the California gulf valued at over \$7,500 each.—Chicago Herald.

Wire as a Strengthening.

The method of strengthening copper steam pipes by means of coiled metal wire has been quite generally adopted in the Italian navy. The practice is to serve the tubes with one or two layers of wire wound under tension. The method is not considered applicable to other than straight tubes. The wire is of sufficient strength to carry the full load of steam, and the tension used in winding is about 14 tons per square inch. The wire is put on in two or three independent spirals, and the ends of each are independently fastened to the flanges.—Safety Valve.

She Loved Him.

Single Man (to himself)—I am sure that darling little angel loves me. She takes me into her confidence and tells me all her troubles.

Same Man (some years later)—Concern it all! From morning till night, and night till morning, when I'm home, I hear nothing but tales about the servants, the butcher, the butler, the baker, the candlestick maker and all the rest of 'em.—New York Weekly.

Not to Be Considered.

Mrs. Chugwater (after an unusually spirited engagement)—Josiah, if we can't get along in peace, we'd better separate.

Mr. Chugwater (shaking his head mournfully)—It wouldn't help matters any, Samantha. I can tell you right now you'd never get another man that would endure your cooking as meekly as I do.—Chicago Tribune.

Switzerland's numerous waterfalls have proved a means for the generation and supply of an abundant amount of power for a comparatively small expenditure of capital. At the end of last year there were in that country 652 electric light installations and 53 plants for the electrical transmission of power.

Roots of all trees draw large quantities of moisture from the soil, which is discharged into the air through the leaves. It is estimated that an oak tree with 700,000 leaves would give off something like 700 tons of water during the five months it carries its foliage.

In British India the number of persons adhering to the sects of the ancient Brahmanic religious belief is estimated at 211,000,000. There are 7,000,000 Buddhists, 90,000 Parsees, 57,000,000 Mohammedans and 9,000,000 of the ancient pagans or nature worshippers.

There was recently given in Denmark a concert that may be regarded as absolutely unique as regards the instruments used. The instruments included two horns from the bronze age, which are believed to be at least 2,500 years old.

The drinking of salt water is said to be a perfect cure for seasickness, though it makes the patient very miserable for a few minutes after he takes the cure.