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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



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.

GRANDMOTHER SAID.

"Always set your chair back when you are going away! Don't leave it in the middle of the room or standing carelessly." This is what grandmother said, as often, when a boy, I jumped up and ran out of doors a reckless hobbie-de-hoy.

"Always set your chair back when you are going away! Don't leave it in the middle of the room or standing carelessly." These words, repeated long ago, come ever fresh to mind.

When little duties are overlooked or left to lag behind. In the daily walks of busy life, when we think we haven't time To be orderly and almost look upon politeness as a crime, We are quite too apt, from carelessness, to think, if not to say, That it matters not if we forget to set our chairs away.

But it will be found that daily life will be more worth the living If we blend, in harmony, the precepts of receiving and of giving; If we heed the tender chidings dealt out in childhood's day, And always "set our chair back when we are going away."

—Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.

AN OCEAN TRAGEDY.

THE TERRIBLE FATE WHICH BEFEL THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

A Contest Between Angry Waters and a Bucket Line, in Which the Latter Lost. A Cowardly Engineer—A Bird Guided the Ellen to the Rescue.

And who that remembers the name of the steamship Central America, which sank in a great storm on Sept. 12, 1857, with most of her officers and crew, nearly 400 passengers and \$1,800,000 in gold?

The Central America was crowded with treasure laden people from California on their way to New York. After leaving Havana on Sept. 8 she ran into a storm. The steamer began to leak, and Captain Herndon called upon the passengers to form lines and pass the buckets. Hour after hour the tempest howled, and the huge vessel groaned as the immense seas broke against her. Hour after hour the men with the buckets toiled for their lives; slowly the water gained on them.

The officers exhorted the bucket gangs not to pause for a moment if the ship was to be saved. The wind roared and the storm increased in fury. Every passenger stuck to his post and worked until he fell to the deck exhausted. Then the women offered to take the places of their wornout, fainting husbands and brothers, but none of the men would allow it. As the horror of the situation gradually dawned on the minds of the women and children the air was filled with sounds of terror, but above the raging hurricane and the cries of lamentation rose the chorus of the bucket men:

Heave, oh! heave, oh! stamp and go, We'll be jolly blather, oh!

All day long they sang this song and fought for life against the steadily rising water. Mrs. Easton, a bride on her honeymoon trip, passed bottles of wine to the heroic men to strengthen them in their desperate work. All night long the struggle was continued, and still the ocean gained inch by inch. The women begged, with tears in their eyes, to be allowed to help. They cheered the brave fellows and wept when they saw them fall to the deck with white faces and trembling limbs.

During the next day the peril of the steamer was increased by the lack of food and water. The hurricane tossed the sinking hull about and shattered her spars and masts. While the tired and sleepless men stuck to the buckets the women knelt and prayed to God for assistance.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon a sail was seen to windward. Guns were fired and signals of distress hoisted. The strange vessel, which turned out to be the brig Marine of Boston, answered the signals and tried to approach, but the gale blew her about three miles away.

Then the boats were made ready, and the women and children prepared themselves. They had to strip off nearly all of their clothes and put on life preservers. Many of the women had gold, which they could not carry with them. Two of them went to their staterooms and took out bags of \$30 gold pieces, which they threw down in the cabin, inviting the others to take what they pleased. The money rolled and jingled about on the floor, while the two weeping women explained that they were returning home to enjoy the fortune which they had made in California, and that they would be beggars if the ship was lost. None of the women dared to take more than two pieces of gold lest it might weigh them down.

The men still remained at their work, saying that they would remain on board until another ship arrived, as the Marine could not take all the passengers, and the women and children must be saved first. Among those heroes was Billy Birch, the famous minstrel.

Two of the lifeboats were smashed by the sea, but three boats were filled with women and children, many of the latter being infants. The last boat to leave carried the chief engineer. He solemnly promised the captain to return, but the moment he got into the boat he drew a knife and threatened to kill any one who followed him. Later on, when the women and children were put on board the Marine, the chief engineer, like the coward and liar he was, refused to return.

Now the sinking steamship was so low in the ocean that almost every wave

swept her deck. Some of the passengers got into the rigging, while others tried to build a raft. Night came on. The storm continued to rage. The ship quivered and careened. Rockets soared up into the bellowing, angry heavens. Slowly the vessel filled with water, and the doomed host clinging to her deck and rigging prepared for death. There was no weeping and no shrieking, no wringing of hands. The captain stood at the wheel to the last.

All at once the ship, as if in an agony of death herself, made a plunge at an angle of 45 degrees, and with an appalling shriek from the engulfed mass she disappeared, and nearly 500 human beings were left struggling among the fierce waters. The scene was horrifying, and many who were saved afterward fainted at the mere memory of it.

A few held on to planks and spars all through the wild night, and as the day broke the Norwegian bark Ellen arrived and picked up 49 of the men.

"I was forced out of my course just before I met you," said the captain of the Ellen to the rescued passengers, "and I altered my course a bird flew across the ship once or twice, and then darted into my face. A few minutes later the bird repeated its movements. I thought it an extraordinary thing, and while thinking on it in this way the mysterious bird reappeared, and for the third time flew into my face. This induced me to alter my course back to the original one, and in a short time I heard noises in the sea and discovered that I was in the midst of shipwrecked people."

Who shall say what power guided the flight of the frail messenger through the stormy air?—New York Herald.

Cannibalism in Saghalien.

The Vladivostock, a newspaper published in eastern Siberia, reveals a terrible state of affairs among the convicts on the island of Saghalien. It would appear that the convicts there have been treated by some of the subordinate prison authorities so harshly that the governor of the island has been obliged to interfere for their protection.

A warder named Khanoff and some of his assistants, who at one time were convicts themselves and had been raised to the rank of jailers, have been removed from their posts. Khanoff's treatment of the prisoners was so abominable that a number of them crippled themselves, cutting off fingers and toes, in order to be treated as invalids and to be freed from his terrible cruelties. Others fled to the impenetrable forest, where they suffered all the horrors of hunger.

In a satchel belonging to a fugitive convict who had been hunted down were found some pieces of human flesh. Investigation revealed that this man had been one of a party of four, and that only one of them now remained. The others had been killed and devoured by their comrades. Similar cases of cannibalism are, according to the Siberian journal, not infrequent.

In Frozen Russia.

In Russia, where the cold is very intense, the markets are very curious things. The meat is frozen; the carcasses of dead animals, as sheep and pigs, stand upright outside the stalls; everything, even game and poultry, requires to be thawed before it can be cooked, and the market people's dress is as picturesque as it is warm and comfortable.

Then the rivers are frozen over all the winter long, and so thick is the ice that every one can skate, anywhere and any time. Stalls are put up on the ice and busy markets held there.

In the Asiatic part of Russia the people live chiefly by hunting and fishing, and the fur of the Russian animals is very beautiful—the ermine, fox, sable, sea otter and others.

At the end of the winter, when the snow melts, the huntsmen pursue the elk, wearing long shoes, in which he can glide over the snow very quickly, while the poor elk sinks into the snow deeper and deeper every step and is at last overtaken and killed.—Good Words.

A Widow.

Our house servant is a Japanese, polite as are most of his race. Among his duties is taking care of the chickens. One day he chanced to find a nest of fine eggs at the barn, away from the chicken yard, contributed by a hen that had escaped from the others, and as a consequence the eggs were not fertile. In ignorance of this fact, however, an old lady of our household—a widow—immediately put a hen to "set" on them. Biddy stuck to business, but to no purpose. When the required time had more than elapsed, the lady was very much put out and puzzled that no chickens had been hatched. Turning to the Jap, she said, "What do you suppose is the matter of those eggs, George?" George (bowing low): "Excuse me, ma'am, excuse me, but I 'ink [bows again], I 'ink that hen was a widow." Widow satisfied.—California Review.

Told at the Liars' Club.

"No sooner was I seated in the chair than the barber commented on the weather and directed a current of discourse into my ears.

"Je ne comprend pas," said I, with an inward chuckle, thinking his volubility would be checked.

"In very good French he started in afresh. I looked at him as if bewildered and then interrupted him by asking:

"Was sagen Sie?"

"He began to repeat in German all that he had been saying, when I shut him off with:

"Oh, talk to me with your fingers. I'm deaf and dumb!"—Truth.

THE STUDY OF A WORD.

The Resources and Variety of Information It Is Likely to Furnish.

The great dictionaries are a library in themselves and furnish an exhaustless source of information. A study of a single word like cross in the Century Dictionary shows the resources and variety of information that a familiar word may furnish. There are 134 columns devoted to this word and its combinations. There are 24 pictorial illustrations. All in all there are 257 different words made out of cross which have to be defined. In the great Oxford Dictionary there are 11 pages given to this word, or twice as much as in the Century. In the Century the study is highly fascinating. There are 14 radically different sets of definitions to the word itself.

The fundamental idea is, of course, the cross, the erux for crucifying, but it has come to have a variety of meaning as a monument, a crucifix, the atonement, the Christian religion itself, any suffering for Christ's sake, anything that thwarts or vexes, a mixing of breeds in animal breeding, a term used in changing plants, a joint in a pipe, the accidental contact of two electric wires, a sportsman phrase for a contest dishonestly decided.

Then cross becomes an adjective, with several meanings, as falling, athwart, passing from one to two positions, perverse, etc., to the other, being opposed, being peevish or fretful, ill tempered, thoroughly contrary, in the breeder's vocabulary. Then it becomes an adverb, meaning transversely or adversely. Then it becomes a verb, with all kinds of significance, from the running of a line to cross a thing, to cancel by crossing, to cross one's self in devotion, passing from side to side of a man, to go over a body of water, to obstruct, to cause to interfere, to cross plants, to hoist from the deck to its place on the mast any of the lighter yards.

Then there is the preposition, in riding cross-country or walking cross-lots. All this with the simple word itself, which goes cavorting from the most sacred thought in the world to the breeder's and the sportsman's language of the coop and ranch.

After this the mysteries begin. There are crosses—anserated, arellane, beazanty, bretense, catosed, comuisse, crenelle, estoile, fitchy, gringole, laubeaux, moline, nowyed, nyle, quatre-foi, saltier, sarele, resarceled. Then there are the innumerable compounds of cross from cross-armed, cross-bated, cross-biter, cross-bar and cross-bun, through cross-flucan, cross-ruff, cross-sower and cross-spale to cross-wort.

Then there are a cross-grained set of crosses, such as crossarchinal, cross archus, crossette, crossopinal, crossopterygia, crossopterygian, crossopterygide, crossopterygii, crossopterygia, crossopterygium, crossopus, crossorhined and crossorhinine.

It is incomprehensible that a word so simple should have gone rollicking all over the earth, into the bowels of the earth, into the depths of the sea, among the fowls of the air, the horse upon the turf, to card table, to the ships upon the sea, to the fishes in their glee, to the sharks in their ferocity, to the architect and plumber, to the farmer in his barrowing, to the railroad in its building, to the engine in its working, to the seamstress in her labors, to the spider in his webbing, to the spinner at his loom, to the lawyers in their pleading, to a show in her wrangling, to the gunner in the fort, to the miner at his loam, to the Turk as he sits, to the sword of the gladiator, to the expert with his telescope, to the woman in her gazing and in her dressing, to the athletes in their wrestling and to the swindler at his arts.—A. E. Winship in Journal of Education.

Queer Phenomena of Falling Bodies.

I am unable to say who first noticed the peculiar caprices of a stone or other heavy body dropped from the top of a high tower, but it is nevertheless a curious fact that such objects invariably fall slightly to the east of the perpendicular line. Persons of inquiring turn of mind who ask why this is as it is may find an answer in the following: All falling bodies partake of the earth's eastward motion to a greater or lesser extent. Therefore during the time occupied by a stone in falling from the top of a high tower or other eminence the earth's rotary motion has carried it an appreciable distance to the east. The initial impetus of the stone has carried it to the eastward also, therefore it strikes the earth to the east of the perpendicular, varying in degree according to the height from which it has fallen.

A curious article on this subject may be found in the Leipsic Zeitung of May 9, 1889, page 3. The author of the article, who has given it the title of "The Nonperpendicularity of High Towers," claims that the tower on St. Peter's cathedral at Rome leans 18 inches to the east.—St. Louis Republic.

She'll Know Him Again.

When the king of the Belgians stopped in tavern at Spike during a recent rain-storm he overheard the hostess remark: "I've seen the mug of this tall fellow before." Ere leaving the place the king presented the hostess with a bust of himself and later forwarded a large photograph, with his autograph.—Exchange.

Improving the Breed.

"Why do you cut up such antics when you feed your turkeys, Mr. Farmer?" "Oh, I'm trying to make game of them."—Washington Star.

PULLED OUT HAIR BY HAIR.

A Remarkable Story of Indian Cruelty Suggested by Jealousy.

Living near this town is a woman whose perfectly bald head tells a curious story of jealousy and Indian cruelty. In 1859 Oswald Thurwald, a Swedish farmer, had a home in the territory close to the Texas border, and his family consisted of his wife, two daughters and a son. The Indians seemed friendly, passing over the Thurwalds even when slaying the other settlers about and frequenting their place to sell their wares and to purchase such goods as Thurwald brought out from the states for barter. He was rapidly growing rich and had made his preparations to move to Dallas, where he intended to extend his business, when the tragedy occurred that destroyed his home and scattered his family.

It seems that the chief of the Tonkawa Indians, who visited that part of the country from the south on raiding expeditions, had seen Elsa, the elder daughter, and fancying her offered to buy her of her father. But Thurwald, though fond of money, refused, which gave great offense to the chief. Returning home, he incited his people against the Thurwalds, and the following spring they made an attack on him. He and his son succeeded in escaping, but the wife and younger daughter, though they eluded capture the first few days, were overtaken finally. Mrs. Thurwald sank under the fatigue of her flight through a rugged country, and when the Indians came up with them it was to find the girl holding her mother in her arms, the poor woman having just expired.

The next day the girl herself, lagging on the march from an arrow wound in her ankle, was shot in the presence of her sister, who had been seized and held from the moment of the attack till now. She was taken to a village and given into the charge of the squaws until the men should have returned from the war trail.

In the meantime the Kickapoos declared war on the Tonkawas and raided the village, when Elsa Thurwald was carried off with such of the Indian women as were spared as slaves. The Tonkawas, on returning, found the smoking remains of the house and started after the despoilers, overtaking them close to the Colorado, where an obstinate battle ensued, but both sides then consented to a truce. The chief of the Kickapoos, however, stipulated that the white woman should be given him. This was opposed by the Tonkawa chieftain, who claimed her by right of priority. This brought on a quarrel, which was terminated by a hand to hand fight between the rivals, resulting in the chief of the Tonkawas being killed and the bone of contention falling to the victor.

He carried her home and confided her to the care of his squaw with the injunction that if she were injured in any way the life of the woman would pay for it. But, fired by jealousy for her successor, the woman took advantage of her lord's absence to wreak her vengeance on the detested object. Binding her to a tree, she deliberately pulled out the unfortunate beauty's hair thread by thread. This torture lasted several hours, until the white woman's head was covered with blood and she shrieking with agony.

When the chief returned and learned what had occurred, he ordered the witch burned at the stake. She escaped into the bush, but was recovered and the sentence executed. Thurwald had now died, but his son, hearing of his sister being in the hands of the Indians, organized a rescuing party and succeeded in liberating her after 18 months of captivity. Her head took weeks to heal, and it is thought her mind was affected by her savage treatment, though in 1875 she married a farmer in this vicinity. Her hair has never grown again.—Oklahoma Letter in Philadelphia Times.

A Singular Coincidence.

The chaplain of an American jail vouches for the following. A little boy was taken by his parents to visit the prison, and on passing one of the cells in which a notorious criminal had been incarcerated his father playfully pushed him in and closed the door upon him. The child, overcome by some vague terror, screamed aloud and could scarcely be comforted by his mother's caresses.

Years passed. The lad half thoughtlessly fell into crime and was only recalled to his better nature on finding himself, having been sentenced to a term of imprisonment, in the identical cell into which he had been momentarily thrust as a child.

A Hard Problem.

A certain debating society is discussing the question as to which is the agricer—the husband who goes home and finds that the dinner is not ready or the wife who has dinner ready and whose husband does not come home. It is believed that the debate will end in a draw.—Worthington's Magazine.

Just the Time.

Jack—How would it do for me to speak to your father tonight?
Jesse—Best time in the world. He got the bill for my new bonnet just before we started for our drive.—Exchange.

Their Belief.

Bloomfield—There are very few infidels in Arizona, New Mexico and the other territories.
Bellefield—Is that so?
Bloomfield—Yes; every man there believes in a future state.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.