

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.

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR THEE.

For thee I shall not die,
Woman high of fame and name;
Foolish men thou mayest slay,
I and they are not the same.
Why should I expire
For the fire of an eye,
Slender waist or swanlike limb?
Is't for them that I should die?
The round breasts, the fresh skin,
Cheeks crimson, hair so lustrous & rich,
Indeed, indeed, I shall not die.
Please God, not I, for any such.
The golden hair, the forehead's gleam,
The chaste mien, the gracious ease,
The rounded heel, the languid tone—
Fools alone find death from these.
Thy sharp wit, thy perfect calm,
Thy thin palm, like the sea foam;
Thy white neck, thy blue eye,
I shall not die for these alone.
Woman, graceful as the swan,
A wise man did nurture me;
Little palm, white neck, bright eye,
I shall not die for thee.
—Douglas Hyde in London Sun.

An Old Family.

Several years ago there was an old family in Pennsylvania named Roth. Indeed the long line of Roths was about all the family had to show by way of distinction, and so much did they make of the long branches of the family tree and the Niagara of blue blood that had in centuries past coursed through their veins that people of the more recent generations really began to think these Roths were of some account.

One evening there happened to be a party in the little town of M—, and beside the great Roth family the guests numbered among others young Dr. Sharp. He was a popular and rising physician and considered by match-making mammas a particularly desirable catch.

Mrs. Roth had four marriageable daughters, so at the first favorable opportunity she cornered the young doctor and sought to impress upon him the importance of her wonderful family.

"Why, doctor," she said, "we all came over on the Mayflower, so I know you will not think me bold in asserting that the Roths are really one of the first families."

"Pardon me," replied the young physician, "but I have no hesitation in saying that your family enjoys even a greater distinction."

"Oh, doctor," gushed the old woman, giving herself a congratulatory hug on her coming triumph. "Indeed you flatter us."

"Not at all," he replied, "for I know you are the first family."

"Who told you that, dear doctor?"

"The Bible," he replied reverently, "for it says the Lord was Roth."—Boston Budget.

Count D'Orsay and Lady Holland.

A story going the rounds is one told of the famous Count d'Orsay. On the occasion of his first visit to England, while he was very young, very handsome and not easily disconcerted, he chanced to be seated at dinner next to the brilliant and singular Lady Holland.

That remarkable and many-sided woman was in, as it happened, one of her imperious humors, and her young neighbor soon felt its weight. She dropped her napkin. The count picked it up gallantly. Then her fan, then her fork, then her glass, and as often her neighbor stooped and restored the lost article. At last, however, the patience of the youth gave way, and on her dropping her napkin again he turned and called one of the footmen behind him. "Put my plate on the floor," said he. "I will finish my dinner there. It will be so much more convenient to my Lady Holland."—New York Times.

Growth of the Human Heart.

Dr. Benecke of Marburg has made known his observations on the growth of the human heart, the fact appearing that the increase is greatest and most rapid during the first and second years of life, its bulk at the end of the second year being exactly double what it originally was. Between the second and seventh years it is again doubled in size. A slower rate of growth then sets in and continues during the period of maturity of other portions of the body. After the fifteenth year up to the fiftieth the annual growth of the heart is about .061 of a cubic inch, the increase ceasing about the fiftieth year.—Leisure Moments.

Royal Pin Money.

The Princess of Wales's long retirement has enabled her to save much of her pin money—£10,000 a year—and bring up to a comfortable amount. In the past Alexandra has had plenty to do with that allowance, dressing herself most elegantly, her daughters very much less so, and fitting out the boys. Times have changed, her children have an annual income of £26,000 to divide among themselves, and the princess has lived aloof from London society since the death of her eldest son, thereby incurring but little expense for dress.—New York Advertiser.

"Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read," says Emerson in his essay on books. "There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion—the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature and cartilage."

German papers give detailed descriptions of six statues recently unearthed in a crypt under the sacristy of the "Peter-Paul Kirche" at Liegnitz, in Silesia. The statues, which are all connected with one another, are supposed to represent apostles, and to date from the twelfth century.

A TRAPPIST REFECTION.

Cold and Gloomy Surroundings and a Scanty Bill of Fare.

We reached the Trappist refectory. A great cold room, with whitewashed walls and five long, narrow tables, with benches on each side, stretching from end to end, was the place where the monks took their very frugal meals. The tables were laid for the next meal. There were no cloths, and it is almost needless to add that there were no napkins, although these are considered so essential in France that even in the most wretched abbeys one is usually laid before the guest. Trappists, however, have little need of them.

At each place were a wooden spoon and fork, a plate, a jug of water, and another jug—a smaller one—of beer, and a porringer for soup, which is the chief diet of the Trappists. Very thin soup it is, the ingredients being water, chopped vegetables, bread and a little oil or butter.

Until a few years ago no oily matter, whether vegetable or animal, was allowed in the soup, nor was it permissible, except in case of sickness, to have more than one meal a day, but the necessity of relaxing the rule a little was realized. Now, during the six summer months of the year, there are two meals a day—namely, at 11 and 6, but in winter there is still only one that is called a meal, and this is at 4. There is, however, a gouter—just something to keep the stomach from collapsing—at 10 in the morning. No fish, nor flesh, nor animal product, except cheese and butter, is eaten by these Trappists unless they fall ill, and then they may eat or anything else that they may need to make them well. There is, however, very little sickness among them.

The living of each Trappist probably costs no more than sixpence a day to the community. Assuming that the money brought into the common fund by those who have a private fortune—the fathers, as a rule, are men of some independent means—covers the establishment expenses, and the taxation imposed by the state, there must remain a considerable profit on the work of each individual, whether he labors in the fields or in the dairy and cheese-rooms, or concerns himself with the sales and the accounts, or, like the porter at the gate, tests with an instrument the richness of the milk that is brought in by the peasants, lest they who have been befriended by the monks in sickness and penury should steal from them in return.

To devote this surplus obtained by a life of sacrifice, compared to which the material misery of the beggars whom they relieve is luxury, to the lessening of human suffering, to the encouragement of the family, offering the hand of charity to the worthy and the unworthy, expecting no honor from all this, and not even gratitude, is a life that makes that of the theoretical philanthropists and humanitarian philosophers look rather barren.—Temple Bar.

Origin of the Peach.

Nothing is now more universally accepted than the fact that the peach is an improved variety of the almond. The almond has a thin shell around the stone, which splits open and shows the stone when mature. This outer skin has simply become fleshy in the peach, so that it is all that gives it its specific character. It seems now clear from investigation in the history of ancient Babylon that in their gardens, nearly 4,000 years ago, the peach was cultivated then as it now is.

It must have been many years before this that the peach was improved from the almond, and this fact goes to show the great antiquity of the fruit. Possibly gardening in some respects, at least so far as it relates to many of our cultivated fruits, was as far advanced 6,000 or 8,000 or perhaps 10,000 years back as it is today.

Phoenicians, many thousands of years ago, as is proved by the records, had in their gardens almonds, apricots, bananas, citrons, figs, grapes, olives, peaches, pomegranates; and even sugar cane was in extensive cultivation. Certainly this shows how far advanced these nations were in garden culture many years ago.—Detroit Free Press.

Musical Tones.

A stringed instrument suspended in a favorable position near a pianoforte will sound when tones corresponding to the open strings are produced on the pianoforte. The volume of the answering tone will depend upon atmospheric conditions, the quality and color of the responding material. There is a familiar anecdote told of a famous tenor, who by singing the tone that was consonant with that of a wineglass, could make the glass shiver so violently that it would fall to pieces. It is because of this tonal sympathy that the cause of a harsh, rattling tone that may suddenly appear in a pianoforte is detected with difficulty. Though it may appear to be in the instrument, it is often far away and may come from a loose globe or pendant on a chandelier. Even a key in a door has been known to be the guilty cause.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cellar Mad.

Honora—Oh, missis, Mr. Vanderwater has hung himself to the chandelier, an his eyes do be stickin out like taycups.

Cholly Vanderwater (after being cut down by a committee of boarders)—What means this wude intusion? I am pwpawing my neck for a high callah, and I do not wish to be interrupted. Go 'way!—New York Recorder.

FLOWER SUPERSTITIONS.

Maidens' Barometers For Divining the Depths of Their Sweethearts' Love.

It is singular to see how many meaningless ceremonies are now practiced by young women—ceremonies which were formerly used in earnest as love charms or incantations. Most of these have an amatory origin, and in connection with a few certain flowers are used, presumably as a means of foretelling the future. In several parts of New England when a young lady expects a visit from her lover she will pluck a marigold, take it in her hand when he arrives and carry it until the end of his visit, when from its fresh or faded condition she will judge of the strength of his affection.

A German girl, after having been called on by her lover, will put a star flower or dandelion in water and leave it there until his next visit, drawing an omen from its condition, while a Spanish maiden will take a moss rosebud, wear it on her breast, and if it expands to become a perfect flower the omen is considered exceedingly fortunate. A superstition of the same kind is shown by the East Indian maiden who places a poppy in her hair. In England the primrose is used for the same purpose, and in country districts of New England the spikes of the rib wort plantain are taken, wrapped in dock leaves, placed beneath a stone, and if the next day signs of new buds appear the omen is considered happy.

In France young ladies desirous of ascertaining the extent of a lover's affection take the common daisy and pull off its leaves one by one, with the question, "Does he love me? Does he love me little? Does he love me much? Does he love me with all his soul?" Marguerite in "Faust" uses the common blue bottle with similar questions. In England the ash leaf is sometimes employed to ascertain the faithfulness of an absent lover, and the Irish maiden learns of her future by putting a shamrock in her shoe, after which she walks abroad, and the first man she meets or one of his name will be her husband.—New York Advertiser.

Some New York Breakfasts.

Nearly every German bakery on Third avenue serves breakfast and luncheon to the furnished room population of the east side. Some serve eggs and cold meats, coffee, tea and chocolate. The majority, however, provide only coffee, tea, rolls and cakes. Nine out of ten of the customers take coffee and cake. The latter is not the French or American kind. It consists of four varieties dear to the German palate—apple, peach, prune and sugar. The last named is also called cinnamon. It is made of bread dough on the upper surface of which is spread some butter, sugar and cinnamon. Then it is baked hard.

The peach and apple cakes are made of thinly rolled bread dough, surmounted by slices of apples or peaches, as the case may be. When a little butter and sugar have been placed between the slices, the baker has approached as near perfection as possible. The dough of the prune cake is made like the other and covered thickly with mashed stewed prunes.

In the best bakeries a slice of any of these cakes from four to five inches square is sold for 5 cents. A good cup of coffee or tea with milk and sugar costs the same. Those who like light and sweet breakfasts can thus be satisfied for 10 cents. Probably 5,000 east sides eat such breakfasts in the bakeries every morning.—New York Sun.

The Origin of Starching.

The course of history carries us back no further than the year 1564 for the origin of starching in London. It was in that year that Mistress Van der Plasse came with her husband from Flanders to the English metropolis "for their greater safety," and there professed herself a starcher. The best housewives of the time were not long in discovering the excellent whiteness of the "Dutch linen," as it was called, and Mistress Plasse soon had plenty of good paying clients. Some of these began to send her ruffs of lawn to starch, which she did so excellently well that it became a saying that if any one sent her a ruff made of a spider's web she would be able to starch it. So greatly did her reputation grow that fashionable dames went to her to learn the art and mystery of starching, for which they gladly paid a premium of £4 or £5, and for the secret of seething starch they paid gladly a further sum of 20 shillings.—New York World.

A Hair Splitting Bishop.

It is recorded of a certain hair-splitting English bishop, who was accustomed to compose his "charges" in the train, and whose desk was always placed opposite to him, that he invariably treated it as though it were a living vis-a-vis. The train being very full on one occasion, a would-be passenger inquired if this place was taken, and the bishop, with his sunniest smile, expressed regret that there was no room. "I don't think that was quite right, my lord," said one of his fellow passengers. "What was not right?" inquired his lordship urbanely. "To say that the place was taken." "Pardon me, I did not say that it was taken; I was particularly careful to use the word 'occupied.'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Her Preference.

"How is it your little baby sister goes to sleep as soon as your father takes her?"

Little Four-year-old—I spec' it's 'cause she'd rather do that than stay awake and hear him sing.—Beau Monde.

GENESIS OF THE STEAMBOAT.

Ancient Craft That Foreshadowed the Modern Greyhounds of the Sea.

The first steamboat was built by Denis Papin, who navigated it safely down the Fulda as long ago as 1707. Unfortunately this pioneer craft was destroyed by jealous sailors, and even a very memory of it was lost for three quarters of a century. In 1775 Perrier, another Frenchman, built an experimental steam vessel at Paris. Eight years later, in 1783, Jouffroy took up the idea that had been evolved by Papin and Perrier and built a steamer, which did good service for some time on the Saone.

The first American to attempt to apply steam to navigation was John Fitch, a Connecticut mechanic, who made his initial experiments in the year 1785. To what extent Fitch was indebted to the three illustrious French inventors named above we are not informed, but that his models were original there is not the least doubt. In the first he employed a large pipe kettle for generating the steam, the motive power being side paddles worked after the fashion of oars on a common rowboat. In the second Fitch craft the same mode of propulsion was adopted with the exception that the paddles were made to imitate a revolving wheel and were fixed to the stern—clearly foreshadowing the present stern-wheeler.

This last mentioned boat was the first American steam vessel that can be pronounced a success. It made its first trip to Burlington in July, 1788. But, after all, it was not until after the opening of the present century that steam navigation started into actual life. In 1807 Robert Fulton (who every school child knows was an American), in conjunction with one Robert R. Livingston, built the Clermont, and established a regular packet service between New York and Albany.

The success of this undertaking was so satisfactory that four new boats were built before the end of 1811, at least two of them being designed for service in other rivers.—St. Louis Republic.

The Man in the Iron Mask.

A letter to Louvois by Louis XIV, written in cipher, has been long in the archives of the ministry of war and has at length been deciphered. In it the king orders Louvois to arrest General de Burlonde for having raised the siege of Conti without permission, to send him to Fignerol and to conceal his features under a loup, or black velvet mask. The order was executed, and the presumption is therefore violent that the "Man in the Iron Mask"—it was a black velvet one with iron springs—was General de Burlonde. The story tallies with the known fact that the prisoner made repeated attempts to communicate his name to soldiers; that he was treated with respect by his military jailers, and that Louis XV, who knew the truth of the whole affair, declared it to be a matter of no importance. The difficulty is to discover the king's motive for such a precaution, but he may have feared discontent among his great officers or the soldiery. It must, however, be possible to discover from the lists in the war office whether General de Burlonde was recorded as "missing" or "dead" about the right time.—Saturday Review.

Tricks In All Trades.

The young doctor was sitting in his consultation room chatting with a friend when some one entered the outer office. He stepped out, and the friend heard him say:

"Pray take a seat. I'll be at liberty in a few minutes."

Then he came back into the consultation room and closed the door after him. "I'll skip," said the friend.

"Not for the world. Sit down," said the doctor.

"But you have a patient waiting."

"Well, it's a woman. Let her wait about 15 minutes."

"You may lose her business."

"On the contrary, I'll get it regularly. I always make them wait."

"Why?"

"To give the impression of a rush of business. It is the only way to keep a woman. If she thought I wasn't rushed to death, she'd lose confidence in me and go somewhere else."—Chicago Record.

A Cabman's Revenge.

A good story is told of a stipendiary magistrate in a Yorkshire town, not given to err on the side of leniency, who heavily fined a cabman for fast driving. A few days after the magistrate, detained rather longer than usual in the court, was hurrying along to catch his train when, seeing an empty cab handy, he hailed the driver and directed him to proceed to the station, telling him that he was pressed for time. The driver, however, heedless of the hint, kept to a gentle trot. "I say, I say, my man," exclaimed the fare, with his head out of the window, "drive faster than this!" "It can't be done, sir," replied the driver. "Ye see, if we drives faster we're had up afore the 'beak,' and we gets fined, so we has to be careful." He did not alter his pace, and neither did the "beak" catch his train.—London Tit-Bits.

Soapstone In China.

The Chinese in utilizing soapstone, which is found in their country in large quantities, make of it trays for pens, slabs for rubbing ink, flower vases, incense boxes, sandal wood burners, flower baskets, candlesticks, chessmen, cups, bowls and lamps, all sorts of emblems, animals and the idols which the disciples of Confucius revere with so much favor.