

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.

DREAMING.

The cooling fingers of the twilight lay
A balm upon the fevered ebb of day,
And, languor lulled by dream winged spirits in
their flight
Between the half uncertain hours of dark and
light,
I dream of thee.

Titled through the silvery sphere of fading
day,
A late bird homeward wings its weary way;
And, through the wide tranquillity of upper
sea,
Attunes his vespere note of faroff minstrelsy
To songs of thee.

Far from the west the sentinel of light
Sets the dead altars of approaching night
Adrift, and paints the ambient skies with
mystic gold,
Whose liquid light reflects the happiness of old
Of me with thee.

The sky, the air, the sea, the earth, its flowers,
Lie steeped in magic of the moonlit showers,
And I? Far out beyond the waves, where sky
meets sea,
From star to star across the night's tranqui-
lity,
I come to thee.

The evening winds, distilled from fragrant
flowers,
Pour out their incense on the dew wrapt hours,
And on the still, sweet harmony of sky and sea
I stray a little space into infinity
To dwell with thee.

Thus when the fingers of the twilight gray
Four balm upon the ebbing tides of day,
I, languor lulled by dream winged spirits in
their flight
Between the half uncertain hours of dark and
light,
Can live with thee. —Amy Seville Wolf.

Kilgore's Objections.

A single phrase has made Colonel Kilgore a national character. Very early in his congressional career he began to say, "I object." He has kept this up at every session of congress with serene consistency. A small man, a nervous man or a bad tempered man could never have made a success of such a policy. He would have been run over in some way. But Colonel Kilgore's "I object," uttered with dignity and with deliberation and backed by such an impressive personality, has won its way. It has stopped hundreds of little bills; it has sent many a disappointed member to the cloakroom fuming and swearing. And yet the big man, who is always good humored and who smiles on slight provocation, is a popular member of congress. There is everything in the way that "I object" is said. The tone can carry malice or anger or honest opposition. Colonel Kilgore says "I object" with such utter disregard of personal considerations and with such unflinching regularity that he has disarmed the resentment which usually falls upon objectors. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Smelling Out Bank Bills.

If a bill must be sent in a letter, the safest plan is to roll it tightly into the shape of a lamp lighter and lay it in the fold of the sheet inclosed. Arranged in that fashion, the fact that it is money cannot well be distinguished by the "feel." A thread, with a knot at the end, will not be so likely to fetch a tell-tale fragment of the fiber paper when drawn by means of a needle through the envelope, and the smell of it will be less perceptible. So peculiar is the effluvia belonging to bank or treasury notes that experts at the bureau of engraving say that they can distinguish them when sealed in envelopes by the nose every time. A thief once showed to government detectives who had caught him that he could pick out, while blindfolded, from a pile of 400 letters every one of seven which contained paper cash merely by scent. —Washington Star.

Tollemache's Consideration.

Of the late Lord Tollemache's consideration for others an amusing instance has been related by his brother. One day, at Peckforton, he came down earlier than was his wont and happened to look into the drawing room. He found the room "not done" and littered with brushes and dusters. Extremely displeased he rang the bell impetuously, and the inculpated housemaid was summoned, but when she appeared, instead of administering the intended rebuke, he apologized to her for coming into the room so early, and was so full of excuses for his untimely visit that she said at last, "Pray, don't mention it, my lord." —London Tit-Bits.

Malta Drinking Water.

"The best water I ever drank," writes a correspondent, "was at Malta, where it is collected on the flat roofs, which are most carefully cleaned preparatory to the heavy fall of rain which takes place when the weather breaks the first or second week in September. Every house has below it an immense tank, often of the same area as the house, and about 12 feet deep, and into this pours the beautiful fresh water, which comes up cool and sparkling when wanted."

Scared Enough to Dye.

"See here," said the man who had married a widow, "hasn't your hair turned gray rather suddenly since we were wed?"

"Oh," said she, "that's from fright. I was so scared when you proposed to me, don't you know?" —Indianapolis Journal.

Big Guns Don't Last Long.

An English authority, in speaking of heavy guns, says that the 110 ton gun, 16½ inch bore, will fire 95 ordinary rounds, after which the gun is unfit for further service. The 97 ton gun, 13½ inch bore, will fire 127 rounds, and the 45 ton gun, 12 inch bore, will fire 150 rounds before becoming useless. The cost of the British 110 ton gun is \$82,500. That of the 97 ton gun is \$54,500, and that of the 45 ton gun \$31,500. —Japan Journal.

A MAN IN PETTICOATS

THE QUEER NOTION OF AN OLD SOLDIER CITIZEN OF MAINE.

He Has a More Costly Feminine Wardrobe Than Any Woman in Town—Visions of Lace, Ruffles, Etc.—Weighs 186 Pounds, but Wears a Woman's No. 2 Size.

Commander James Robbins of the local post G. A. R., Cooper's Mills, Lincoln county, in this state, is one of the prominent men of his community, a citizen generally esteemed as a man of integrity and intelligence. Mr. Robbins has a brilliant war record as a member of the Thirtieth Maine. He has lived in the village since 1883 and is a jeweler. His house is a neat cottage house on the brow of the hill as one drives into the Mills. In the narrow front hallway is Mr. Robbins' bench, lathe and tools, and here you will find him placidly working away at the tiny wheels and springs.

If you are on sufficiently intimate terms with Mr. Robbins you will find him indulging in his hobby. He has one, like the most of us. In his case the hobby is startlingly picturesque, and it may be safely said that he is the most original man in the state of Maine, so far as his curious fancy is concerned. He wears petticoats. Not when he goes down street for the mail and to do his marketing. At these times he slips on the masculine pantaloons. Yet he does not wear his trousers, even, like ordinary masculinity. No suspenders for him. He wears a sort of dress waist, and his trousers are buttoned tightly about his hips. He always wears a woman's number six shoe, with high heels and graceful, slender shape. Mr. Robbins weighs something like 180 pounds, and the effect produced by those shoes peeping coyly out from beneath manly trouser legs is startling, to say the least. Mr. Robbins doesn't mince or toddle, and his shoes seem to fit him pretty well.

He reserves his petticoats for the sanctity of the home circle, for the partial retirement of his orchard and for calls upon neighbors with whom his acquaintance is close. Mr. Robbins isn't squeamish about showing himself in petticoats. He enjoys wearing them, he has worn them when opportunity has presented all his life long, and he wears them scientifically too. In the first place, there's no half way business about it. Every detail of feminine attire is there, and Mr. Robbins is rightly fussy about the details.

There is no woman in Cooper's Mills who owns so many dresses of such excellent material as does the commander of the Cooper's Mills post. He takes pride in having only the best. His lingerie is elaborately tucked and ruffled, edged with lace and fashioned according to the most approved models of any lady's wardrobe. The material is of the finest quality, and when Mr. Robbins lifts his skirts the eye gets a vision of ruffles, lace and "all such like" of dazzling whiteness and immaculate smoothness.

He is very particular about his ironing. Everything must be starched "up to the handle," whatever that is, and sometimes Mrs. Robbins finds her hands full and her clotheshorse loaded down like a pack donkey. Amazed neighbors, who were not fully aware of the extent of Mr. Robbins' hobby, have been obliged to ask for more details, when Mrs. Robbins has laconically informed them that "it is Jim's ironing." Mr. Robbins' history is of the long sort, and it is currently rumored that the stockings are hitched up at the sides. His corsets he has made especially for his girth, and these he wears continually. His shape is fairly good, especially when he dresses up for afternoons.

In the morning he wears print gowns, for he assists in the housework. Almost every morning Mr. Robbins in his print gown is seen sweeping off the piazza and whisking about the kitchen. He wears petticoats at home almost exclusively, putting on his garb as soon as he enters the house. For afternoon wear his gowns are elaborate. Some of them are made by Mr. Robbins, and some are fashioned by local dressmakers. One cashmere dress is quite a favorite, and this is frequently worn by Mr. Robbins when he promenades in the orchard. He has lots of these good clothes, all of fashionable cut, puffed sleeves, and with all the fixings that go to lend grace and dignity. Usually he wears an apron and especially so when at his bench. The apron is white ordinarily and has a bib with ruffled straps and pockets. Therefore does Mr. Robbins present a somewhat unique appearance as he works away of afternoons or sits and converses with his wife.

Look at the gown and you see a stylishly attired woman, but the face is very mannish indeed. Mr. Robbins would be marked in any crowd. His face is full, and he wears a jet black mustache that possibly owes its color to art. His hair is long, black and curly, his voice is deep and full, and there's nothing effeminate about him except his attire. —Lewiston Journal.

The strongest animals in the world are those that live on a vegetable diet, say the vegetarians. The lion is ferocious rather than strong. The bull, horse, reindeer, elephant and antelope, all conspicuous for strength and endurance, choose a vegetable diet.

When you speak of bees, designate the kind referred to. There are 4,500 species popularly known as "wild bees," 8,300 being natives of the Americas. Britain has 70 species of bees and 18 of wasps. Of the latter there are 170 species known to entomologists.

GREELEY AND RAYMOND.

A Philosophical Dissertation on the Merits of the Two Great Editors.

There is not a paper in all this country that possesses the individuality that characterized the New York Tribune when Horace Greeley was its editor or The Times when edited by Henry J. Raymond. —Kansas Commoner.

The day of great newspapers, edited by great editors, such as Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond, has passed away. —Chicago Tribune.

We had the pleasure of knowing both Greeley and Raymond. We were more intimate with the first named of these contemporary editors than with the other. They were able, sincere, energetic, public spirited Americans. Neither of them was a cherub. Mr. Greeley, good man! said "damn" more than once as we regret to remember, and when he called Raymond "the little villain" that cool headed man retorted in language which many people have forgotten. The two did not get along very well together when one was editor of The Tribune and the other among his assistants, nor afterward when they were editors of rival papers, though both were of the same party. Neither of them was an "ideal editor," or a very deep thinker, or a first class statesman or a notable scholar.

Greeley was a stronger and more stirring writer than Raymond, but Raymond was a far more skillful editor than Greeley. Greeley was more fervent in mind than Raymond; Raymond was more judicious and nimble than Greeley. Raymond, when he was a member of the legislature, and the speaker of the assembly, and the lieutenant governor of the state, and a member of congress, and a delegate to state or national conventions, gave evidence that he was greatly more ingenious in politics than Greeley, who, indeed, during the brief period of his service in congress, did not win distinction. Raymond always kept up a close intimacy with those astute political managers, Thurlow Weed and William H. Seward, while Greeley was unable to stay long in the "political firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley," in which, as he said when he left the concern, he had been a "junior partner."

Greeley was more of a philosopher than Raymond, who, in turn, was more of a man of affairs than Greeley. Greeley was often compared with Benjamin Franklin, though he did not possess Franklin's scientific quality; Raymond might be compared, in many respects, with Franklin Pierce, though he was not of Pierce's politics. Greeley had certain eccentricities of manner and action; Raymond was always regarded as a very level headed man. Both of them belonged to the antislavery school in politics; but Greeley's fervor in the cause far surpassed Raymond's. Greeley had in his earlier years been a champion of "social reforms" which were bitterly denounced by Raymond, who, however, in the latter years of his life, began to look with favor upon certain theories of socialism. Greeley was negligent in his dress; Raymond was natty. Both Greeley and Raymond were founders of New York daily papers which still exist, but neither of which is now characterized by the traits of its founder.

We agree with The Kansas Commoner that none of the New York papers now possesses the individuality of Greeley's Tribune or Raymond's Times, and no one of them can possess it, for both of these memorable individuals long ago departed for "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns" after it had been their lot "to grunt and sweat under a weary life," but that is not a reason why we should despair of the American press. We may yet have editors not unworthy to be compared with the greatest and best we have ever had.

A true man was Horace Greeley, strong, earnest and good—honored be his memory! An able man was Henry Jarvis Raymond—clear headed, quick witted, reasonable, temperate, genial and highly accomplished—let his name shine in the editorial galaxy! —New York Sun.

A Dance Without a Smile.

They have a singular kind of dance conducted on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart, a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there, each sex by itself, and silent as a crowd of mutes. A piper breaks into a tune, a youth pulls off his cap and challenges his girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing, she waves her handkerchief in token of assent. The youth advances, takes a corner of the handkerchief in his hand and leads his lassie round and round.

No word is spoken, and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with braids the girl moves heavily by herself, going round and round, and never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The pipe goes droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure, and the prize of merit in this "circling," as the dance is called, is given by spectators to the lassie who in all that summer revelry has never spoken and never smiled. —New York Ledger.

Ancient Stationers.

In medieval times the stationarius, or stationer, held official connection with a university and sold at his stall, or station, the books written or copied by the librarians, or book writer. Such is the origin of the modern term stationer, one who now keeps for sale implements of such service, and not usually the productions of literary persons. —Harper's Bazar.

Queen Victoria's "Jubilee Book," the volume containing the jubilee speeches and addresses, is 18 inches thick, has leaves 2 by 3 feet and weighs 63 pounds.

A DIPLOMATIC BOY.

His Reformation Was Sudden and Many Sided and Served His Purpose.

I have a little son 8 years old. He is smart and bright, and for mischievousness I think can't be beaten. I was sitting in a room one day reading and smoking, when he came sauntering up to me with the forefinger of his left hand in his mouth. I thought of the time that there was something wrong, but said nothing with regard to the same.

"Pa," he said after awhile, "I didn't get one demerit in school today."

"You didn't, Willie?" I interrogated, throwing a rather fierce look upon him.

"Well, I'm sure that's a good showing."

"Yes, and I carried a bucket of coal up for Kate after school," he went on, still keeping that finger in his mouth.

"Why, you are getting very considerate," I returned.

"Yes, and I brushed your coat all off nice and clean."

"No, Willie; you didn't do that?" I asked, looking frowningly at him, for I knew he had been up to something.

"Yes, I did, pa, and I lit the gas in ma's room for her."

"Well, now."

"And I shined your best shoes until they glitter like Sister Ella's looking glass."

"Is that so? What else have you done?"

"Well, I studied all my lessons in school, got out at the regular time, said 'yes, sir,' to Uncle John and helped the hostler around the stable."

"Why, what is the matter with you? Are you going to get sick?"

"No, sir," he replied, twisting around a trifle, "but I'm going to be a better boy—at least for a while."

"You are? Well, I'm glad to hear that."

There was a short pause, and then he said: "Here, pa, are two cigars for you. I bought them with my own spending money. I'll buy you a boxful when I get money enough."

At this juncture he placed both little arms around my neck and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, pa," he asked, "do you like your little boy?"

"Why, of course I do," I replied, getting alarmed. "Are you ill?"

"No, but I've got something to tell you. Would you keep your little Willie from pain?"

"Certainly I would. Tell me what is the matter, my son?"

"All right, pa, I will—dear, good, old pa. This morning Billy Button, Tommy Todd and myself were playing ball, and I couldn't catch very well, so I went and got your brand new stovepipe hat and caught with that. Pa, that hat must be made of awful poor stuff, for the first fly ball went clear through it, knocking the roof out. But never mind, I'll buy you another one," clasping me tighter as I essayed to rise, "and one gooder'n that too!"

What could I do? —Boston Courier.

Paderewski as a Hard Worker.

To be a pet of the public sometimes has its disadvantages. M. Paderewski, for instance, keeps up his reputation only at the cost of tremendous efforts. To an interviewer for Black and White he has confided the fact that he practices at the piano often for 15 or 16 hours a day. Once, in New York, he had to work up eight entirely distinct programmes in little over as many days, and then it was a case of 17 hours practice daily. One must always be at it, he explains, to keep the fingers right and the memory active. The work is certainly tiring, and M. Paderewski considers that playing billiards—a game he is very fond of—has saved his life by affording him the necessary relief from his arduous work.

Those crashing blows of his on the piano are not, as some might imagine, made with the closed fist. Sometimes they are done with the third finger stiffened out, sometimes with the thumb sideways. He seems to see nothing wonderful in the effect produced, although his hands are so delicate that an ordinarily firm shake makes him wince. It is true that he has a forearm such as a professional strong man might envy, so perfect is it in its muscular development. —London Daily News.

Women Usurers.

Women are, as we know, invading most trades and professions, but it is interesting, says the London Lady, and not a little startling to learn that they have even taken to the doubtful one of usury. "You would hardly credit," said a well known solicitor recently, "what a huge number of women money lenders there are about." Many of them have small private connections only, obliging feminine friends or acquaintances pressed for the amount of some dressmaker's or milliner's bill with temporary loans at interest. But there are others who go in for it extensively—advertise, and, in fact, make quite a handsome income out of it.

The Nurse's Business.

The Caller—Do the children mind you when the mother is out?
The Nurse—I don't require any minding, ma'am. I was not hired for them to mind me, but for me to mind them. —New York Press.

In the Vatican library there is a treatise on dragons, a manuscript in a single roll 300 feet long and a foot wide, the material of which is said to be the "tanned gut of a great dragon."

A woman wearing stays as loosely as it is possible for such articles to be worn exerts a pressure of 40 pounds on the organs which they compress. Such figures in cold print are startling.