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**Dry Goods,
Notions,
Boots, and
Shoes,
Fresh Groceries
Flour and
Feed.**

GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

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Reynolds, Pa.

M. J. Riggs.

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Cash Grocery Store,

WEST MAIN ST.,

Has an elegant and fresh line of

Groceries, Provisions.

Flour, Meats, Confectionery,
Tobacco, Cigars and every-
thing kept in a First-class
Grocery.

Farm Produce always on
hand.

Goods delivered free to any
part of town.

Call and get prices.

This space is reserved for

H. J. NICKLE,

who is opening a large holi-
day stock this week. Look
for the advertisement
next week.

N. HANAU.
No Fancy Prices,

Though quality is the best.

We make the statement for
the benefit of those who are
not our customers, and so
may not know it: OUR PRICES
MAKE CUSTOMERS OF ALL WHO
COME.

A full line of

Dress Goods,

The Best and Cheapest ever
brought to Reynolds.

A full line of Henrietta at
25c. in all shades, 40c., 50c.,
and \$1.00.

Silk warp Henriettas.

Summer Silks for 50c. per
yard.

Ladies Coats and Capes the
finest and cheapest in town.

A nice line of Children's
Jackets from 2 to 12 years.

Clothing.

Men's suits the best and
cheapest you ever saw for
the money. We don't say so
except we can convince you.

Men's Suits, four button
cutaway from 10, 12 to \$15,
worth 14, 16 and \$18.

Men's straight cut worsted
for 10 to 12.50, worth 16,
to \$18.

Children's Suits 2.75, are
worth 3.50 to \$5.00.

A fine line of Boys' and
Men's Negligee Shirts.

N. Hanau.

THE BIG REVIEW.

When I went up, a raw recruit,
To Bodmin town from Scourier,
Our colonel wore a scarlet suit,
Like a warrior all ablaze.
Our colonel held a big review,
With knapsack, pouch and baggins,
And the colonel's darter drove thereto
In a waggins drawn by bays.

The horses pranced, the trumpets blazed,
The guns went off impartial,
But of all the regiment Private Coad
In a martial way did best.
"Stand forth, stand forth, thou hero bold
To you the rest be second rate;
For you shall wear this clasp of gold
For to decorate your broad chest."

"Oh, where, Oh, where's my best recruit
That ere I paid a shillin' for?"
But all the regiment stuck there mute,
Unwilling to explain.
Till forth I steps and gives a cough
An answers him so duffel,
"Look, colonel, dear, he's gallopin' off
With your beautiful darter Jane!"

"Of all the plans that'er I've known,"
Says he, "I do call that a plan
To bring my hairs in sorrow down
With a rataplan to the grave."
"Form up, form up, each gallant blade!
Form up, my sons o' Waterloo!
We won't interrupt our big parade
For a mortal who can't behave!"
—London Speaker.

ACUTE IMAGINATION.

INSTANCES OF TRICKS THE BRAIN
HAS PLAYED ON MORTALS.

Experiments Made by Doctors Which
Were Cruel in Their Treatment and Re-
sulted Fatally—Insanity Produced by
Fright.

It is said that some 20 years ago a long
wooden box, resembling a plain pauper's
coffin, might be seen inside the north
aisle of Westminster abbey. For two
days it was passed without notice by the
many people who visited the minster.
Then complaints were made to the police
officer at the door that the smell arising
from the body contained in the box was
not only disagreeable to pass near it, but
that it was a disgrace to allow it to re-
main there. A strong sense of duty, said
one of the complainants, impelled him
to draw attention to the scandal. The
policeman at once called a verger, who
found on inquiry that the box was
empty and had never been used to con-
ceal a corpse. However, he had the box
removed, and in this way prevented the
recurrence of the horrid smells of which
visitors to the abbey had complained.

A still more curious case of the way
in which the imagination may usurp the
senses of smell and sight is recorded of a
hospital patient. Two Paris medical
men interested in this subject of freaks
and delusions of the imagination told
the patient that in order to cure him
both his legs would need be amputated.
The man was thunderstruck. Until that
moment he had imagined himself to be
improving in health.

"Oh! good doctors," he exclaimed in
accents of terror, "you have made some
mistake. There is nothing wrong with
me. If my legs are cut off, what will
my poor wife and children do to get
their daily bread?"

"I am very sorry, my good fellow,"
responded one of the medical men, "but
your life depends upon the operation."
The patient was wheeled into the oper-
ating theater, and there, without chlo-
roforming the man, the doctors pretened
to proceed with the amputation.

"Ah," said the operator, with an as-
sumed sigh of relief, "there's one leg off."
"Oh, holy Virgin Mary, the pain is
frightful! I am dying," shrieked the pa-
tient.

Then the operator hurriedly "ampu-
tated" the second leg. The patient faint-
ed. When he came to, the doctors were
horried to find that he had become in-
sane. He actually believed himself to be
legless. Two months after the pre-
tended operation he died. Up to his last
moments he believed that his lower limbs
had gone. In this case there was no sus-
picion of hypnotism. It was simply a
phase—exaggerated, no doubt—of mad-
ness produced by an imagination too
cruelly played with by the medical men.

More striking instances of the
force of imagination have been given
than that in which a German physician
tried an experiment on three criminals
condemned to death. To complete the
illusion he entered the large cell in
which for the purpose the prisoners were
placed, accompanied by the governor and
other officials of the jail.

"Now, gentlemen," said the governor,
addressing the condemned men, "the
emperor has decreed that each of you
are to be executed in different ways.
You, —," he pursued, addressing the
first criminal, "are condemned to swal-
low a dose of poison, while you, —,"
turning to the next, "will be bled to
death, and you," speaking to the last
man, who was trembling violently,
"will die from an injection of poison in
the arm."

Each criminal was placed in a chair,
pinioned and blindfolded. Then said the
governor, looking at his watch:
"Now, doctor, you may begin."

The physician solemnly poured into a
cup an evil tasting but harmless liquid
and held it to the first prisoner's mouth.
The man clinched his teeth and refused
to drink the poison.

"Kill me!" he cried. "Murder me in
any way but this!" Before he could
speak again the jailers seized him and
forced the liquid down his throat.
"He will be dead in two minutes,"
whispered the doctor to the governor.
The criminal heard the remark and
gave a blood curdling shriek. When
the doctor turned round, he saw that
the man apparently fainted. He turned
to the next criminal, who tremblingly

awaited his fate. He clinched his teeth,
recovered himself and met the doctor's
inquiry, "Are you ready?" with the
"Yes" of a stoic. His arm was then
pierced with a lancet, though no vein
was opened.

"You see how pale he has become,"
said the doctor in the man's hearing.
"He is losing blood rapidly." The phy-
sician went on describing the symptoms
and at length pronounced the words,
"Now he's dying!" For a moment the
prisoner shuddered violently. Then he
became still. The doctor looked at the
criminal, bent his ear to the man's heart,
and then to his dismay found that he
had actually expired.

This unlooked for result, although it
merely anticipated by a day the actual
hanging of the criminal, at once caused
the experiments to be suspended. By
this time the first prisoner had recov-
ered, as though from a bad dream, but
the third man was heard slowly mur-
muring the Lord's Prayer ere he received
the "poisonous" injection. He gave a
mad cry of joy when he learned that his
death would not occur until the morrow.

Another remarkable but less deadly
trick played by the imagination is often
noted. Many people conceive an aver-
sion for some particular flower, perfume
or color. One man, noted for this idio-
syncrasy, hated green colors. He had a
notion—how it originated no one can tell
—that green was dangerous to him. Ac-
cordingly he was rarely able to go out
into the country except at night.—Mil-
lion.

Boxwood.

Among a large class of craftsmen the
wish has long been entertained for the
discovery of a hard, compact and even
grained wood, having all the charac-
teristics of boxwood and for which it
would form an efficient substitute. For
many years past the gradual diminu-
tion in the supplies of boxwood and the
deterioration in its quality have proved
serious facts in more than one occu-
pation, including engravers, hardwood
dealers, etc., especially the former, on
account of the higher price asked for
the material and the difficulty of se-
curing it of the needed size and firmness
of texture so as to insure the artistic
excellence of the engraving.

While by far the most important use
of this wood is for the engraver's art,
it is also applied to numerous other
purposes, such, for instance, as wear-
ing shuttles, mathematical instruments,
turnery uses, carving, cabinet work,
etc. The fact is interesting as well as
important that boxwood is the nearest
approach to ivory of any wood known
and will therefore probably increase
gradually in value as it becomes scarcer.
Small wood, under four inches, is used
considerably by flax spinners for rollers
and by turners for various purposes,
rollers for rick skates, etc., and if free
from splits is of equal value with the
larger wood.—New York Sun.

The Reward of a Bridge Builder.

It has frequently been observed that
public benefactors often have no other
reward than the consciousness of their
good deeds. The inhabitants of the lit-
tle town of Loschwitz, near Dresden,
are determined that no reproach shall
be leveled against them in a matter of
this kind. Their burgomaster is a
worthy man who has ruled over them
with signal ability, and who, in particu-
lar, has succeeded, during his tenure
of office, in constructing a bridge over
the Elbe at a place where several pre-
vious attempts to do so had failed.

The communal council have assem-
bled in solemn deliberation to consider
what reward to offer to their distin-
guished fellow citizen, and the upshot is
that he has been officially informed
that, in recognition of his services, he
will be permitted to cross the bridge as
often as he likes without paying the
halfpenny toll.—London Daily News.

Manliness.

Learn from the earliest days to in-
sure your principle against the peril of
ridicule. You can no more exercise
your reason if you live in the constant
dread of laughter than you can enjoy
your life if you are in the constant
terror of death. If you think it right
to differ from the times and to make
a point of morals, do it; however rus-
tic, however antiquated, however pe-
dantic it may appear, do it—not for
insolence, but seriously and grandly,
as a man who wears a soul of his own
in his bosom and does not wait till it
is breathed into him by the breath of
fashion.—Jenness Miller Monthly.

The Time For Him to Laugh.

Mack—You can't blame me for
laughing when you say such ridicu-
lous things. They're enough to make
a horse laugh.

Jack—Then let the horse laugh.
When I say anything sufficiently ridi-
culous to raise the risibilities of a donkey,
why, then you are at liberty to laugh
as long and as loud as you please.—
Boston Transcript.

A Whopper From Vermont.

A hen's egg recently opened in a local
bakery was found to contain a well de-
veloped frog nearly two inches long.
It was separated from the body of the
egg by a film of albumen. The frog,
attached to the egg shell, is now pre-
served in alcohol.—St. Johnsbury (Vt.)
Dispatch.

A duke during the middle ages was an
independent sovereign. The first rulers
of Austria were dukes. The title lost its
idea of independence during the reign of
Louis XIII of France.

ATTACKED BY A COUGAR.

The Ferocious Brute Finally Trampled to
Death by a Horse.

J. P. Jones, who lives near Perhama,
Crook county, had a rather startling ad-
venture with a cougar. He was speak-
ing of his experience to some friends and
said:

"I mounted a horse and went on a
hunting expedition to a place about 20
miles from Perhama, taking with me an
Irish staghound and an English pointer.
I brought down a deer and a brown
bear, which I left at a farmhouse, and
bagged a number of wild pigeons and
other fowl. While returning home
about 10 o'clock at night along a lonely
road about five miles from Perhama, I
noticed what seemed to be two balls of
fire in a tree but a yard ahead of me,
and which stood but a foot or two from
the road. At the same instant my horse,
which is what is known in the 'cow
counties' as an 'original herder,' drew
up with a startled neigh, almost throw-
ing me from the saddle. I took a close
look at the thing in the tree and saw that
it was a cougar crouched for a spring.

"As I tried to unstrap my rifle the an-
imal sprang, but missed its mark and
passed just over the horse's neck and
about two inches from me. It rolled in
the road, but recovered and sprang again,
this time at the horse's throat. The
horse bucked and threw me to the
ground, half stunning me. The cougar
then rushed upon me, but the stag-
hound, which had been standing by, bay-
ing furiously, corralled it. There was a
brief but terrific fight, and the dog lay
dead not five feet from me. The pointer
had disappeared, while the horse stood
trembling in every limb. The panther
again sprang at him, landing upon his
back, and away the horse went.

"I recovered my feet in a few minutes,
unstrapped my rifle and started in pur-
suit. Five hundred yards from the scene
of the encounter I found the horse stand-
ing still and the cougar lying dead at
his feet. The horse bore marks of the
cougar's claws upon his back, and his
flesh was torn in several places. The
cougar's head was smashed, presumably
by the horse's heels. I cannot account
for the result of the strange encounter
except by the theory that a limb of a
large oak tree, hanging low and directly
over the road, struck the cougar and
swept it off the horse's back, and the
horse took advantage of the opportunity
to trample him to death. The horse is
vicious, as all 'original herders' are.
These horses have been known to fight
for hours until one or the other fell, but
this is the first time I have heard of one
fighting a cougar. I have the animal's
skin and will keep it as a memento of
the encounter. The horse was not badly
injured and will soon be ready for serv-
ice again."—Portland Oregonian.

A Monster Owl Killed In the Catskills.

Henry E. McKenzie of Port Ewen
came up the U. and D. railroad as far as
Olive Branch for the purpose of shoot-
ing game. While out in the woods near
Brown's Station a large bird flew over
his head. McKenzie fired and succeeded
in injuring one of his wings, causing it
to drop in a woods near by. He quickly
ran to where it fell for the purpose of
securing it. When he reached the spot,
he made an attempt to get it, but it
sprang at him in such a furious manner
as to cause him some alarm and a great
deal of anxiety as to his personal safety.

With the aid of his companion, Ed-
ward Davis of Olive, and a long pole
they succeeded in turning the bird on
its back and tying its feet with a piece
of rope, thus rendering it helpless and
safe to carry. It turned out to be a great
owl, a bird rarely seen outside of British
America, its natural habitation. Its
wing measurement is 5 feet, it stands
nearly 24 feet high and has a head about
18 inches in circumference, surmounted
in two large horns. The only injury
done the bird was a slight wound about
the left wing, and it was taken to Port
Ewen by Mr. McKenzie, where he has it
on exhibition. Many people who have
visited Central park and seen the many
curious owls there say that nothing like
it, either as to size or resemblance, is on
exhibition.—Pine Hill Sentinel.

The Scoundrel.

A man who had just finished a com-
fortable meal at a restaurant the other
day suddenly rose from his chair,
grabbed his hat and umbrella that stood
against the wall and rushed out of the
building.

"Stop him!" exclaimed the cashier.
"That fellow went away without pay-
ing!"

"I'll stop him," said a determined look-
ing man who rose up hastily from a table
near where the other had sat. "He took
my gold handled umbrella. I'll stop
him, and I'll bring him back with a po-
liceman. The scoundrel!"

Without a moment's pause he dashed
out of the house in hot pursuit of the
conscienceless villain. And the cashier,
a cold, hard, unsympathetic kind of
man, has begun to suspect that neither
of them will come back.—London Tit-
Bits.

A Torpid Liver.

A clogged condition of the system is
one symptom of a liver out of order.
Here is as good and simple a remedy as
any I know, writes a physician. Get a
nice lemon, cut it in half. Take one half
in a tumbler of cold water, last thing
at night, and the other first thing in the
morning. Half a pint of very hot water
with a squeeze of lemon or lime in it
before breakfast is also good. Both re-
medies are well worth trying.—Liverpool
Mercury.

APPENDICITIS IS POPULAR.

Nature of the Disease That of Late Has
Become Almost Fashionable.

Not many years ago, a tolerably com-
mon report of the cause of death was
inflammation of the bowels. It was a
pretty general term and has since been
little heard of as different forms of
inflammation in the abdominal cavity
have become better known.

The most startling of all this is ap-
pendicitis, inflammation of the vermi-
form appendix, a useless and dangerous
closed pouch which projects from the
caecum. Almost concurrently with the
enormous advance in surgery, which
makes opening the abdomen reasonably
safe instead of almost certainly fatal,
there has been an enormous increase
in the number of cases of this disease
reported by physicians. The disease has
acquired an interest that it could not
have while it was almost impossible
to treat it successfully. While only a
limited range of treatment was open
for any abdominal inflammation it
made little difference just where or
what the lesion was; now there are every
reason to decide promptly and accu-
rately and good hope of a surgical cure
in this and some other affections of the
lower viscera.

At the same time, it is evident that
much remains to be learned as to this
particular affection. Until recently it
was usually supposed to proceed from
mechanical irritation of some indiges-
tible substance which became fastened
in this slender blind passage. Now there
is a germ theory for it, which gets
some support from the fact that occa-
sionally in a true case of appendicitis
no foreign substance is found in the ap-
pendix. In the great majority of cases,
however, a solid substance is found,
sometimes under circumstances which
make it impossible to doubt that it fur-
nished the starting point for the attack.
There seems also to be a distinct dif-
ference of opinion among physicians as
to the length of time a case may con-
tinue. Some say, or at least imply, that
a mild irritation may exist for weeks
or months, while others consider that
the acute and brief stage is the only
one which deserves to be known under
the title of appendicitis.—Hartford
Courant.

Vacuum.

The space above the mercury in a ther-
mometer is not a perfect vacuum. There
is not infrequently a small portion of air
left in such space, and there is always
an atmosphere of the vapor of mercury.
Physically speaking, it is perhaps impos-
sible to procure a vacuum. It is most
likely that even if a real vacuum could
be procured for an instant air or other
vapor would at once begin to be dissem-
inated from the sides of the vessel in
which it was made, and it would thus
instantly cease to exist.

It is true that Dexteres denied the
very possibility of a vacuum and says,
"If a vacuum could be effected in a ves-
sel, the sides would be pressed into con-
tact," but it is hardly correct to say,
"Scientists say that a vacuum cannot
exist." What scientists do say is what
Galileo said, "Nature abhors a vacuum."
As the statement of a fact is true, na-
ture does, to the best of our knowledge,
abhor a vacuum. She never suffers it
to exist to the extent of allowing any
space which is perceptible to our senses
to be vacuum. Vacuum, in scientific
speech, simply means a space from
which air has been expelled.—Brooklyn
Eagle.

He Was Conscientious.

Here is a good little story told by
George Tyler, a young newspaper man
who is actively engaged in theatrical
management:

"One of my theatrical friends," said
Mr. Tyler, "was not many seasons ago
doing the Romeo to a very bad Juliet in
a country town in Kansas. Even that
rural audience could hardly stand the
performance. Dozens of the auditors
hissed. At length only one man was
noticed as maintaining an absolute si-
lence. At last the man who sat by this
fellow said:

"Why don't you join in the fun?"
"It wouldn't be fair."
"And why?"
"Well, I came in on a pass, but if
they don't improve darned if I don't go
out and buy a ticket and begin on 'em."
—St. Louis Republic.

Her First Want.

A woman dropped into a Chicago news-
paper office. She was bright and clever,
but absolutely penniless. She stated her
case plainly. She had been lying ill in a
hotel for six weeks, with no money to
employ a doctor, and only the sparse
care that an overworked chambermaid
was able to give her. Would the editor
help her? He would. He gave her a
subject for a special, advanced money
on it out of his own pocket and said,
"Now, my girl, you'd better go and see
a doctor right off." "Oh, no," she said,
"I must have a fall hat first."—Chicago
Letter.

"Rising generation!" said a worn
looking mother. "I guess they would
not be called so if folks only knew how
hard it was to get six children out of
bed in the morning."—Boston Com-
mercial Bulletin.

The origin of Sleepy Hollow is cred-
ited to Washington Irving. It was used
by him to indicate, it may be supposed,
the backwardness and supineness of the
inhabitants of the district he depicts.

The smallest races are the Eskimos
and certain dwarfs in Africa; the larg-
est, the Patagonians.

Every Woman
Sometimes needs a re-
liable monthly regulating
medicine.

Dr. PEAL'S
PENNYROYAL PILLS.
Are accepted, safe and reliable in every case. The
most perfect remedy for all cases of Female Complaints,
and all Secret Diseases, Liver Complaints, Kidney
and Stomach Troubles and Kindred diseases.

Sold by H. Alex. Stoke, druggist.