

THE THIRD DEGREE.

HOW IT WAS WORKED ON SUSPECTS BY INSPECTOR BYRNES.

The Shrewd Catcher of Criminals Had a Way of Making the Guilty Ones Confess. How McGloin Was Brought to Time and Increased the Rope Collection.

George Aronson, dramatic, horrible beyond conception, to the men who are compelled by a subtle force, a moral magnetism, to convict themselves with their own uncontrollable words—arrest infrequent at police headquarters.

An interesting case was that of McGloin, a tough who killed a Frenchman. There was little positive evidence against him. Everything was suppositions, but Thomas Byrnes' suppositions in matters of that kind are likely to be not far from right.

He was reasonably certain that McGloin was guilty, and that there had been three witnesses of the crime. The names and whereabouts of these probable witnesses he knew. McGloin had also pawned a pistol. Byrnes guessed that it was the pistol with which the crime had been committed. But he had not a particle of proof of any one of these things.

One day, however, he had McGloin and the three other men arrested, taking care that no one of the quartet should know that the others had been captured, giving no one of them an inkling of why he had been taken into custody. This also occurred during Byrnes' term as inspector. He occupied the room now used by Inspector McLaughlin, and around its walls in those days were the cases of implements and mementoes of crime now on exhibition in the museum across the hall.

Into this room, where, as he entered, a tall glass case full of the ropes and black caps had figured in the city's executions stared him in the face, McGloin was led. Neither the surroundings nor the fact that he was to be closeted with the famous police official worried him, however. He was full of the bravado of the "tough."

One of the windows of this room looks out upon the courtyard in the center of the building. Inspector Byrnes placed a chair so that its back was close against this window, and another facing it, with only room for knees between it and the casing. To the latter chair McGloin was led. As he sat there he had a full view of the courtyard. Byrnes sat in the other chair, with his back to it. Close on Byrnes' right was a desk.

Thus arranged, the plot began to unfold. For 10 minutes the inspector talked earnestly to the prisoner without good result. Then he touched a bell. The door of the room opened, and an obsequious Jew entered, and approaching the desk laid on it a pistol. McGloin's attention was attracted by the noise of the newcomer, and he turned to see—the pistol with which he had killed the Frenchman and the pawnbroker to whom he had pledged it. Without a word, but keeping his eyes on McGloin's, the Jew backed out of the room. It was a good deal of a shock to McGloin, but not enough to break down his bravado.

"What in—does this mean?" he demanded boldly. "Oh, nothing," replied the inspector nonchalantly. "It is merely a pistol I wanted to see." Then he picked it up. "Handsome weapon, isn't it, McGloin? Might kill a man, eh?"

Then, laying the pistol down again, the inspector went on calmly talking about the crime. McGloin, beginning to feel the mystery, the dramatic force of it all, was getting nervous. He looked for a moment at the inspector, but one long, steady, searching glance from those penetrating eyes made him quickly turn away and direct his gaze out of the window into the courtyard again. Thus relieved of the strain of seeing disagreeable things, he began to regain his self possession. "A man named Barber saw that crime committed," said the inspector quietly. McGloin started a trifle at hearing the name. Then Byrnes saw his face pale, and his mouth twitch, and knew that Barber was being led across the yard between two officers, and that McGloin was watching them. Even this did not break McGloin down, however. Five minutes later, though, when Flint, the second witness, was marched between two bluecoats across the court, he started almost from his chair. "Sit still, McGloin," said Byrnes impassively. "Another of those witnesses I spoke about was named Flint." From that time on McGloin weakened. Then, having spoken about Flint's connection with the crime, Byrnes said, a few minutes later, "And the third witness, McGloin, was Henry Farley." As the words left Byrnes' lips Farley began a slow progress across the yard. Byrnes had worked the third degree. McGloin yielded all at once. With a cry of terror, he literally sprang from his chair, and falling to his knees clasped Byrnes about his legs, crying like a child, confessing and begging the inspector not to have him hanged. His prayer was not granted, however. He was executed a year later in the Tombs yard, and the three witnesses were sent to state prison for 12 years each. Among those ropes ends and black caps in that glass case now is one bearing on a bit of cardboard the name "McGloin."—New York Press.

Humbert's Civil List. The civil list or salary of King Humbert of Italy is the largest of all those paid by European nations to their respective sovereigns. This is so much more remarkable because Italian finances are at the lowest ebb. Humbert's civil list is fixed annually at 14,500,000 francs—nearly \$23,000,000. The European sovereigns who receive the highest pay below that of Humbert are Emperor William of Germany, with a civil list of 12,000,000 francs, and Queen Victoria, with about 9,000,000.—New York Tribune.

CAPTAIN KAY'S HAT.

It Was Battered and Antiquated, but Struggled Hard For Existence. Captain Kay, as we will call him, then in command of H. M. S. S., at anchor in Aden harbor, having been three years on the East Indian station, was clearing out his cabin prior to being ordered home, and finding a London hat case opened it, and, as may easily be credited, three years' moth and dampness had reduced its tenant to a dilapidated condition, besides which sundry pictures in illustrated journals had made the pallid captain aware that his once fashionable title had been superseded by a shorter and more curly trimmed description of the hatty genus.

Wanting in shape, color and condition, the captain said to his servant, "Throw it overboard," and overboard it went, but was not got rid of, as events quickly showed. One of the crew of a boat from the flagship coming from the shore, spying the hat floating in the water, picked it up, and seeing the name inside the cosswain brought it to the commander of his ship, and he sent it on board Captain Kay's ship with his compliments, thinking of course that it had fallen overboard by accident.

"Dash the hat!" said Captain Kay; "here, chuck it overboard again, and tell your commander I'm very much obliged," and down he went to his cabin. Two hours afterward the hat returned, looking sadly out of repair, with Captain N.'s compliments. This time it had been picked up by the boatkeeper in one of the boats lying astern of Captain N.'s ship, an American man-of-war lying further down Aden harbor, and having been dried in the sun was sent back to its proper ship and owner. "Tell Captain N. I'm very much obliged to him," said the now wrathful captain, and the American officer departed. "Confound the hat!" said Captain Kay. "I shall have to ask N. to dinner. Here, bring me a shot or a lump of coal or something else heavy." A lump of coal was produced, it was placed inside, and by the captain's directions the hat was taken down the accommodation ladder, carefully allowed to fill with water, and it sank!

"Well, I've seen the last of that blessed hat," said Captain Kay, and whistling cheerfully descended to the cabin, but again he underestimated that hat's resurricane powers, for two days afterward a parcel arrived addressed to "Captain Kay, H. M. S. S.," with 3 rupees 8 annas to pay. The money paid, the parcel was opened, and inside, looking still more disreputable and dispirited, was the hat again, together with a very civil note from the superintendent of police, saying that one of the diving boys—and there are swarms of them, as any one who has been in Aden harbor knows—had found the inclosed hat, which he saw from the name inside belonged to Captain Kay, and as he knew Captain Kay would wish the diving boy to be rewarded for his honesty he had presented him with a rupee, which action he hoped would meet with the captain's approval. Police station fees, 1 rupee and boat hire, 1 rupee 8 annas!

Then Captain Kay smiled graciously at the hat, and he ordered a big fire to be lit in the stove, and when it was very hot he took the hat below, and having jumped on it directed it to be pushed into the hottest part of the furnace, and then he gloated over its destruction, but even as it crumbled to ashes, "Captain Kay, R. N.," was seen inside to the last.—Westminster Gazette.

Knew What She Was Doing. During the hearing of a case at a police court a woman was called into the witness box, when she at once began to address the magistrate.

"Stop, my good woman," said the clerk; "you must kiss the book." "Aa wees ony sayin'," she remarked, "that Aa saa Tom thor, and—" "Stop, stop!" cried the clerk. "Kiss!" "Aa wees sayin'," again observed the woman to the magistrate, "that Aa saa Tom!"

"But, my good woman," interposed the clerk, "you haven't kissed the book!" "Oh, you shut up!" exclaimed the woman, now fairly nettled at the interruptions. "Aa's not speakin to thee at all; Aa's speakin to that little fat man up thor," and she pointed to the magistrate.—London Tit-Bits.

Taking a Nap While Standing. Janitor Eastman of the new schoolhouse in Perryville, Auburn, says that while the pupils were at play in the yard one day he looked out of the window and saw a number of them gathered around a little girl. Their actions indicated alarm, and he went out to see what the trouble was. He found the child to be sound asleep while yet standing upon her feet. Janitor Eastman took the girl in his arms and carried her into one of the teachers' private rooms and fixed up a bed and pillow for her out of shawls and various kinds of wraps. Here she remained for over an hour, sleeping as soundly and as peacefully as though in her more comfortable bed at home. After her nap she appeared refreshed and was eager to play again.—Lewiston Journal.

Abuse of Respectability. Stuart—Why didn't you manifest a little patriotism by going to the polls and casting your vote? Farrasee—Well, I understand that the respectable element stays at home on election day, and I dislike to do anything which might reflect on my respectability.—Raymond's Monthly.

A Cold Snap. "So you went and proposed to her, in spite of my warnings?" "Yep." "And the result?" "The answer I got was so chilling that I fell several degrees in my own estimation."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE STATE OF OKLAHOMA.

The Claims Made by the Territory's Governor and Likelihood of Its Admission. The Oklahoma statehood convention assembled in Kingfisher will appeal to congress at the opening of the session for the admission of the territory into the Union as a state. The governor of the territory furnished the convention with statistics to justify the claim for statehood. He estimates the population of the territory, including the Cherokee strip, at 251,000, and he sustains this estimate in a way which is not wholly unsatisfactory. The value of the taxable property of the territory is given as \$14,000,000, and the territorial government is free from debt. There are several hundred churches in the territory; there are 30 banks; there are public schools, and there have been 2,372,000 acres of farming land taken up. The various kinds of grain grow there and the ordinary kinds of fruit. Cotton also can be grown. "Oklahoma," says Governor Renfrow, "possesses vast resources, and, with its genuine American inhabitants, it will make a state equal to any other in the Union."

If the governor's estimate of the population of the territory is correct, Oklahoma is entitled to admission into the Union as a state. In his estimate, however, the people who settled upon the Cherokee strip a few months ago are included, and the strip is not a part of the territory of Oklahoma. It belongs properly to the territory, and it must be united therewith before the bill for the admission of Oklahoma can be passed through congress.

We observe that Secretary Smith of the interior department makes no reference to this fact in his report, when expressing the hope that "Oklahoma may speedily assume the responsibilities of statehood." It will undoubtedly, however, be brought to the notice of congress.—New York Sun.

MAY BE THE OLDEST MAN.

A Negro Who Has Records to Prove That He Was Born on Dec. 20, 1770.

Cole county can boast of the oldest man in the state of Missouri and perhaps in the United States. His name is Richard Hoops, and he is a negro. He lives in a small shanty on the banks of the Osage river at Osage City.

According to the records of his own statements he was born in Chatham county, N. C., on Dec. 20, 1770, and consequently will be 123 years old on the 20th of this month. He came to Missouri with his then master, John P. Hayden, settling at Lane's Prairie, Gasconade county. A few years later he was transferred to the man whose name he now bears and lived with him near Vienna, Maries county, until the emancipation of the slaves. Since that time he has lived at Westphalia, but for the past 25 years he has made his home at Osage City.

Hoops is remarkably well preserved and lives alone in his shanty. He fishes a great deal for the big catfish that frequent the waters of the Osage and is never happier than when he can catch a big one and make soup of its head. He is still able to do some work, and it was only a few years since that he contracted with a farmer in the vicinity of his home to remove the stumps and roots of a newly cleared tract of land. He fulfilled his contract, doing all the work himself. His mind is still clear on many of the events that happened toward the close of the last century, and he recalls with great pride that he once held the horse of General Greene of Revolutionary fame. He has the record of his birth, and there is but little doubt that he is the oldest person in the country.—Jefferson City Letter.

Citizen Train Is Happy.

"Speech is silver, but silence is golden," said George Francis Train at the Palmer House yesterday, "and I am going to relapse into silence again. For 14 years I refused to speak to a man or woman, and I am going back to New York on a scalper's ticket and in Madison square resume my old occupation of silence. I have had a good time in Chicago. I have lived at a hotel and had a nice room on the first floor, counting from the top of the building. Five hundred servants of the hotel have been at my beck and call. The nuclagee pot, pen and ink and stationery have been supplied me, all for \$1 a day. When I am hungry, I go down to a lunchroom and get a plate of wheat cakes and a cup of coffee for 15 cents. I am happy and have solved the problem of living."—Chicago Tribune.

Maine Kleptomaniacs.

A tradesman in a Maine village had missed articles from his stock from time to time, and at length the clerks saw a woman take things she did not buy and pay for. This furnished the desired opportunity. An advertisement in the paper over the merchant's signature said he had positive proof that "some of the best ladies" of the town had taken articles from his store, and if matters were not fixed up there would be a rumpus. This was only three weeks ago, and so far four women have been in to "settle up," with possibly more to follow. One woman came from an adjoining town to admit that she took up an article one day with the thought of stealing it, but repented and put it back again.—Lewiston Journal.

Jewish President of Each Board.

In the city of Lexington, Ky., there are about 100 Jews out of a population of 30,000. Recently at the election for the boards of aldermen and councilmen, the one of eight members, the other of 12, one Jew was elected to each body. When the boards were organized and a president chosen, the Jew in each board was chosen to fill the honorable position. There surely could be no more striking instance of how few are here from pestiferous anti-Semitism, or of the ability of Jews to earn distinction in so conspicuous a manner when the opportunity is thus offered.—American Hebrew.

SOME FAMOUS DWARFS.

One That Was Served in a Pie and Passed as a Talking Cat.

One of the most celebrated of little men was Jeffrey Hudson, who figures in Sir Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." His history has been so often written as to bear but a brief mention. A whimsical mite was he, presented by the Duchess of Buckingham to Queen Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I, served up in a cold pie, and many were the pranks in which he took a part. For instance, there was the party of tattle baskets, as they were vulgarly termed, sitting down to enjoy the "cup that cheers" and a dish of gossip at the same time, while Butterkin, the cat, sat gravely by.

The meal over, one guest offered pass a bit of cheese, and was almost paralyzed to have that animal speak up and say, "Butterkin can help himself when he is hungry," and then make off down stairs, leaving the old crones with uplifted hands, in wild confusion, shouting at their hostess, "A witch, a witch, with her talking cat!" while it might have gone very hard with the poor woman had it not soon been found that a wag, for a joke, had killed and flayed her pet grimaldin and dressed wee Jeffrey in its skin.

When knighted by the king, Hudson assumed many high and mighty airs, although he was the butt as well as the amusement of the court; was once almost drowned in a basin of water, and would have been blown into the Thames but for a shrub that saved him. But Lord Minimus (as he was dubbed) really had his doughty adventures; was sent on diplomatic missions; fell into the hands of a Turkish pirate, who carried him off a prisoner to Barbary, and finally distinguished himself by shooting a Mr. Crofts in a duel, that gentleman having at first come to answer the small man's challenge armed only with a syringe filled with water.

A contemporary of Jeffrey was Richard Gibson, an artistic hillpintian, who studied under Sir Peter Lely, painted very creditable historical pieces and miniature portraits and taught drawing to the royal Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, who were afterward queens of England. He was appointed in his youth page of the back stairs, and was married to Anne Shepherd, another court dwarf exactly his own height, having a most brilliant wedding, King Charles giving away the bride, while the queen presented her with a diamond ring, and Edmund Waller, the poet to their majesties, composed a poem on the event. This diminutive pair, 3 feet 10 inches high, passed a long and happy life together, and had nine children, five of whom grew to maturity and were full ordinary size.—Harper's Young People.

The Flag of the Suffrage Cause.

Mrs. Clara B. Colby, the editor of The Woman's Tribune of Washington, in her address before the suffrage convention, happening to mention the colors of the Woman Suffrage association—the narrow orange ribbon worn on the breast of every delegate—explained the circumstances surrounding the adoption of the emblem.

The women of the state of Washington, on the first election day when their newly acquired franchise was in force, each, without respect to the political party with which she cast her ballot, displayed orange colors somewhere about her throat or bonnet in acknowledgment of the obligation to Judge Orange Jacobs, whose efforts were largely instrumental in securing for women their right to vote in the state. The right had since been rescinded by judicial decision, but throughout the country Judge Jacobs' services are commemorated by the orange ribbon. The flag of the suffrage cause—an orange star on a blue field—was first raised on that election day in Washington, and stars have been added as Colorado and Wyoming have also acknowledged the worth of women's opinion in political affairs.

The Miner's Lamp.

In many respects the miners' electric handlamp meets the requirements of mining work infinitely better than the old safety lamp, but it has a radical fault, which must be overcome if it is to be kept in use. The inrush of mine gas to the working galleries is often so sudden that the miner has no idea of its presence, and the only means he has of discovering it is the combustion that goes on within the netting of his safety lamp. As a matter of fact, an electric lamp will give a splendid light while its too confiding owner is being smothered. What is wanted is an electric lamp fitted with an appliance that will automatically give warning of the presence of either black damp or fire damp without the making of any special observation. Until this is done the use of the electric lamp in mines will be attended with anything but safety.—Chicago Record.

Curious Specimens.

This curious specimen of orthography was displayed on a house in a street in Marylebone: "The Mangelling Traid removed hear from the Strete round the Cornir. Threahapense A. Duzzen. N. B.—New Milk and Creme Stoll Hery. Warentid Fresh and not Stall eery Mornin."

A dealer in ice thus attracted public attention to his cold commodity: Ice! Ice! Ice! If you want it pure and n And at a reasonable pr Follow no new dev But send to me in a tr At my off.—Chambers' Journal.

Lady Carlisle Admitted.

It is a matter of sincere regret that Lady Carlisle should have joined her friend and coworker in the cause of temperance reform. Miss Frances Willard, in at least semi-invalidism. The former is now suffering from an affection of the heart, aggravated by overwork and physical strain, and has been peremptorily ordered an indefinite rest.—Exchange.

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY. The short line between Buffalo, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region. On and after Nov. 19th, 1893, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Buffalo Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows: 7:45 A. M.; 1:20 P. M.; and 7:00 P. M.—Accommodations from Pannasaway and Big Run. 8:50 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsbury with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie. 7:45 A. M.; 1:45 P. M.; and 7:00 P. M.—Accommodations—For Sykes, Big Run and Pannasaway. 2:20 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Carleton, Ridgway, Johnsbury, Mt. Jewett and Bradford. 6:00 P. M.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Pannasaway and Wadeton. 6:20 P. M.—Sunday train—For DuBois, Brockwayville, Ridgway and Johnsbury. 6:00 P. M.—Sunday train—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Pannasaway. Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. McLESTER, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. J. H. HANNEY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y. Gen. Pass. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood.

9:04 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:20 P. M., New York 10:15 P. M., Baltimore 7:20 P. M., Washington, 8:37 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia. 3:20 P. M.—Train 4, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 A. M.; New York, 7:30 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:30 A. M.; Washington, 7:30 A. M. Through coach from DuBois to Williamsport. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 A. M. 9:35 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 A. M.; New York, 9:30 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:25 A. M.; Washington, 7:30 A. M. Pullman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

7:32 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 7:30 P. M. for Erie. 9:50 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points. 6:27 P. M.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations. THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH. TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 8:45 A. M.; Williamsport, 10:15 A. M.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 P. M. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport. TRAIN 2 leaves New York at 8 P. M.; Philadelphia, 11:20 P. M.; Washington, 10:40 A. M.; Baltimore, 11:40 P. M.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:20 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport and to DuBois. TRAIN 1 leaves Reno at 6:35 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:32 A. M.

JOHNSBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.) TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:40 A. M.; Johnsbury at 9:55 A. M., arriving at Clermont at 10:45 A. M. TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:35 A. M., arriving at Johnsbury at 11:40 A. M., and Ridgway at 11:55 A. M.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Table with columns for Southward and Northward stations and times. Southward stations include Ridgway, Island Run, Mill Haven, Croysland, Shorts Mills, Blue Rock, Vineyard Run, Carrier, Brockwayville, Mt. Summit, Harveys Run, Falls Creek, DuBois. Northward stations include DuBois, Falls Creek, Harveys Run, Mt. Summit, Blue Rock, Shorts Mills, Croysland, Mill Haven, Island Run, Ridgway.

S. M. PREVOST, J. R. WOOD, Gen. Mgr., Gen. Pass. Agt.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday Nov. 19, 1893. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

Table with columns for Stations, No. 1, No. 5, No. 9, 101, 109. Stations include Red Bank, Lawsonham, New Bethlehem, Oak Ridge, Maysville, Summersville, Brookville, Bell, Falls Creek, Reynoldsville, Pannasaway, DuBois, Sabula, Winterburn, Fenfield, Tyrone, Glen Fisher, Benecetto, Grant, Driftwood.

WESTWARD.

Table with columns for Stations, No. 2, No. 6, No. 10, 106, 110. Stations include Driftwood, Grant, Benecetto, Glen Fisher, Tyrone, Fenfield, Winterburn, Sabula, DuBois, Pannasaway, Reynoldsville, Fuller, Bell, Brookville, Summersville, Maysville, Oak Ridge, Lawsonham, Red Bank.

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LISTEN!

Till I tell you of something that is of great interest to all. It must be remembered that J. C. Froehlich is the Popular Tailor of Reynoldsville, and that is what I am going to dwell on at this time. Never, as his exhibit Fair for a few moments, as his exhibit of goods is something on that scale. The tremendous display of reasonable suitings, especially the fall and winter assortment, should be seen to be appreciated. A larger line and assortment of fall and winter goods than ever. I ask and inspection of my goods by all gentlemen of Reynoldsville. All fits and workmanship guaranteed perfect. Yours as in the past, J. C. FROEHLICH, Reynoldsville, Pa. Next door to Hotel McConnell.

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