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FAREWELL.

Farewell. We two shall still meet day by day. Live side by side. But nevermore shall heart respond to heart. Two stranger boats can drift adown one tide. Two branches on one stem grow green apart. Farewell, I say.

Farewell. Chance travelers, as the path they tread. Change words and smile. And share their travelers' fortunes friend with friend. And yet are foreign in their thoughts the while. Several, none, save that one way they wend. Farewell. 'Tis said.

Farewell. Ever the bitter asphodel. Outlives love's bloom. The fruit and blossom of the dead for us. Ah, answer me, should this have been the close. To be together and to be sundered thus? But yet farewell.

—Augusta Webster.

MADE THEM MARRY.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON WAS A MATRI-MONIAL DESPOT.

He Compelled Women to Marry to Suit His Interests or Whims—Some of the Disagreeable Alliances Brought About by This Tyrannical Matchmaker.

Among the numerous works to which the revival of the Napoleonic legend has given birth is one called "Napoleon and the Ladies." The writer exerts himself to the utmost to transform the rough soldier and despot into a hero of romance, but without success. His relation with his two wives were not remarkable for either consideration or delicacy, and he adopted a coarse pleasantry in his conversation with the ladies of his court which was not far removed from downright vulgarity.

But what tended to make the very name of Napoleon hateful to all young Frenchwomen was his famous conscription of girls, whom he married offhand to his generals without the slightest ceremony. The Marquise de Cognay, on her return to Paris, was ordered to marry her daughter to General Sebastian. Both mother and daughter protested in vain. Three days after the order the marriage took place at the Tuilleries, Napoleon himself giving away the bride. Mlle. Adele de la Rochefoucauld was renowned throughout the whole department for her grace, beauty and expectations, when she was privately informed by the prefect that Napoleon had decided to marry her to Count Al-dobrandini. The lady objected to the count for the best of feminine reasons—namely, that he was neither young nor handsome.

The count, however, was the brother of Prince Borghese, the husband of Pauline, the sister of Bonaparte, and the resistance of father and daughter was of no moment, and they were obliged to yield to the will of Napoleon. Count d'Arberg, the descendant of a sovereign family, prefect of the Bouches du Weser, and one of Napoleon's chamberlains, had two daughters of marriageable age. Napoleon ordered that one should marry General Klein, and the other General Mouton, count de Lobau. The mother of the two young ladies was Countess Stolberg, sister of Countess Albany, widow of the last of the Sturats. Fanny Dillon, the daughter of Count Dillon, was ordered to marry General Bertrand. The young lady refused even to see the general, objecting that he was hideous, which unfortunately happened to be the truth. Napoleon was irritated at this conduct and ordered the young lady to be arrested and confined in prison until she consented to marry Bertrand, the monster, as she called him.

The Duc de Laugreais, father of the Duc d'Arenberg, colonel of a regiment of cavalry and an unfortunate bachelor, was ordered by Napoleon, under penalty of dismissal from the army, to marry forthwith Mlle. Stephanie Tascher de la Pagerie, cousin germain of the Empress Josephine. The young lady as well as the duke objected to the marriage, and the former had the audacity to declare that she not only hated the duke, but was over head and ears in love with a certain M. de Gentry. The marriage between the cousin of Josephine and the duke nevertheless took place, and at the marriage ceremony, when the young lady, in reply to the priest's question, refused to say yes Napoleon himself deigned to push her head downward in token of assent. After the marriage ceremony this strangely married couple went to reside at the Hotel de Chimay. But the duchess refused to receive her husband, who, like a reasonable being, posted after his regiment, then serving in Spain. In 1811 he was made prisoner and sent to England, where he remained until the fall of Napoleon in 1814. On his return to Paris the duchess obtained a dissolution of the marriage on the ground of restraint, and she finished by marrying the happy M. de Gentry.

The Prince of Hohenzollern, cousin of the king of Prussia, was ordered to marry Antoinette Murat, a cousin of the "Beau Sabreur" and king of Naples, and although both the prince and Antoinette declared that they mutually hated one another the marriage nevertheless took place, Napoleon being of the opinion, like Mrs. Malaprop, that married life had better commence with a little hatred. One morning the Duc de Croy was informed by his friend, the prefect of Mans, that Napoleon had resolved that his daughter should be married at once to a general, and that an order to that effect would be delivered

to the Duc de Croy on the following day. But the duke was a man of resource, and there being in the house an amiable cousin, one Fernand de Croy, a marriage between the two cousins was celebrated at midnight by the parish priest. When the formal order of Napoleon arrived the next morning, the duke replied that he was "desolated," but that his daughter had already married her Cousin Fernand. But it was not safe to try to outwit the powerful emperor, and a few days afterward Cousin Fernand, the married man, was drafted into a regiment of cavalry and sent to Russia, from which country he eventually returned, minus an arm.

As late as 1812 the Minister of Police Savery issued a circular to all the prefects of departments, ordering them to send to Paris a list of all the heiresses in their respective departments, with full particulars as to age, personal charms and amount of property, either in possession or in expectation. These lists were sent to the emperor, who divided his time impartially between their perusal and the monthly returns of the positions of his regiments and their presumed equipments. In fact, the emperor, whether from policy or freak, or from both, was an inveterate matchmaker and never troubled himself about the "conscientious scruples" of either the ladies or gentlemen concerned.—American Register.

SIGNING THE DECLARATION.

Fires Festered the Fathers of the Republic as They Created It.

Jefferson was fond of telling a story which illustrates in a forcible manner the importance that absurdly insignificant matters may sometimes assume. When the deliberative body that gave the world the Declaration of Independence was in session, its proceedings were conducted in a hall close to which was situated a livery stable. The weather was warm, and from the stable came swarms of flies that lighted on the legs of the honorable members, and biting through the thin silk stockings then in fashion gave infinite annoyance. It was no uncommon sight, said Jefferson, to see a member making a speech with a large handkerchief in hand and pausing at every moment to thrash the flies from his thinly protected calves.

The opinion of the body was not unanimous in favor of the document, and, under other circumstances, discussion might have been protracted for days, if not weeks, but the flies were intolerable. Efforts were made to find another hall, free from the pests, but in vain. As the weather became warmer the flies grew worse, and the flapping of handkerchiefs was heard all over the hall as an accompaniment to the voices of the speakers.

In despair at last some one suggested that matters be hurried, so that the body might adjourn and get away from the flies. There were a few mild protests, but no one heeded them, the immortal declaration was hurriedly copied, and, with handkerchiefs in hand fighting flies as they came, the members hastened up to the table to sign the authentic copy and leave the flies in the lurch.

Had it not been for the livery stable and its inmates there is no telling when the document would have been completed, but it certainly would not have been signed on the Fourth.—Philadelphia Press.

Couldn't "Do" John.

He was a busted sport, with very much soiled linen, and when he found a laundry check issued by the only Chinese laundry in Carondelet he thought he was fixed. He took it to John's washhouse and demanded the clothes it called for. The washerman took the ticket behind a screen, where he had a long consultation with the other Chinaman. After a time he came out and asked:

"Shirtee?"
"Yes."
"Colla?"
"Yes."
"Hanchiff?"
"Yes."
"Socks?"
"Yes."

Here John's patience vanished, and throwing open the door he yelled: "All one big lie!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

New Statues in New York City.

Five new statues have recently been set up in the parks and squares of New York—the Columbus, designed by a Spaniard, in Central park; the Roscoe Conkling in Madison square, the Greeley at the junction of Sixth avenue and Broadway, the Ericsson in Battery park and the Nathan Hale in City Hall park—and among these the last named is the only one which can be called worthy of its cost and its place either as giving pleasure to the eye or as likely to inspire imitative ambitions and patriotic thoughts in the minds of our fellow citizens.—Garden and Forest.

A Secret Defined.

A secret is a thing which you communicate to one whom you can trust. He, in turn, tells it to somebody that he can trust, and that somebody reveals it to another somebody whom he can trust. And so it goes the rounds, but it is still a secret, although everybody knows it.—Boston Transcript.

One hundred years ago the Japanese were so separated from the remainder of mankind that so far as any intercourse was concerned they might almost as well have inhabited the moon.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Getting the Obelisk Aboard Ship a Pretty Piece of Engineering.

"One of the pleasantest recollections I have to look back on," said Adam Johnson, "is the fact that I was one of the party that helped to run up the American colors over Cleopatra's needle when it was being taken down to be carried to New York. Our vessel was out in the Mediterranean with a roving commission, and we were at Alexandria at the time the obelisk was being moved. The big stone had been presented by the Egyptian government to this country, but the people were wild about having it moved. We had to place a guard around the men who were working on the shaft, and even then there was almost a riot.

"But that was one of the prettiest pieces of engineering work I have ever seen. The engineers who were moving our shaft had a couple of big wooden cases built that fitted around the needle like the pieces of wood around the lead in a pencil. There were a couple of projectiles on each side of the casings just on the center of gravity in the shaft, like the trunnions on a cannon. Under these they put lifting jacks and just picked that immense stone off its pedestal, swung it around horizontal and then lowered it as gently as could be on a long sliding way, with cannon balls under it for rollers. They had a square hole cut in the stern of the steamship and slid it into the hull through that and replaced the sheathing outside.

"Under the shaft in the inside of the pedestal there were a lot of bronze tons and ornaments and the Lord knows what not that the Masons claimed were placed there by some of their progenitors eons ago. I don't know anything about that, though, and you can leave it or take it, as you choose.

"The British were not half so slick with the obelisk they carried over to England. They cased it up in a big sheet iron arrangement like a boiler, riveted it in and floated the whole thing off through a trench dug in the sand down to the water. Then they rigged jury sails on it and towed it over to England, but they lost three or four men off it before they got it in port and had all sorts of a time generally.

"A couple of years afterward I saw the British obelisk set up on the east bank of the Thames, and when I came home the first thing I went to see was ours in Central park."—Washington Post.

TRAGEDIES ON TOMBSTONES.

English Churchyards and Their Deeply Graven Accusations of Murder.

In the churchyards of Britain several tombstones exist with the accusations of murder deeply engraved upon them. A stone over the grave of three children in Merrington (Durham) churchyard bears the following inscription:

Sleeping we were slain,
And here we sleep till we must rise again.
In Sandridge churchyard, Surrey, on the tombstone of a custom house officer who was shot in an encounter with smugglers is the following:

Thou shalt do no murder, nor shalt thou steal
Are the commands Jehovah did reveal.
But thou, O wretch, without fear or dread
Of thy tremendous Maker, shot me dead.

On a stone in Cadoxton churchyard, Glamorganshire, is inscribed the most fearful accusation of murder to be found on any tomb in Great Britain:

"TO RECORD MURDER.
"This stone was erected over the body of Margaret Williams, aged 26, living in service in this parish, who was found dead with marks of violence upon her in a ditch on a marsh below this churchyard on the morning of Sunday, the 14th July, 1832.

"Although the savage murderer escaped for a season the detection of man, yet God hath set his mark upon him either for time or eternity, and the cry of blood will assuredly pursue him to certain and terrible but righteous judgment."

A tombstone stood in Dulverton churchyard a few years ago on which was inscribed:

Poisoned by the doctor, neglected by the nurse,
The brother robbed the widow, which made
the matter worse.

An accusation of murder appears on the tomb of Edwin, the Irish comedian, who was buried in St. Werburgh's churchyard, Dublin, and also on tombs to be found in Acton churchyard, Gloucestershire; Hoo, near Rochester; Little Stukeley, and Mytton, near Clitheroe, Lancashire.—London Tit-Bits.

Gold Lined Cups Not In It.

A tall young man, with a pretty young woman, sauntered across Independence square yesterday afternoon when Old Sol was at his hottest. When they came to the ice water fountain, the young woman stopped and picked up one of the tin cups, and scanning it carefully shook her head at her companion and laid it quickly down again. The next thing was to slip off a small suede glove, and placing the pretty hand it fitted under the stream she filled its palm with water and drank from it three times. And the next thing was to see the young man bend over the same palm while he held her wrist to balance the novel cup, and five times it took to satisfy him, and right willingly did the pretty young woman fill it and place it to his lips. Both actors were perfectly unconcerned, and after the young man had dried the young woman's hand in his pocket handkerchief they sauntered in a down town direction.—Philadelphia Record.

Not Ashamed of His Record.

"While waiting at a railroad station not many miles distant from Utica the other day for an east bound train," said a man, "a train passed going west. As the end of the train pulled out of the station a man with unusually long legs was seen running into one end of the depot and out of the other to the platform. He started after the moving train at a lively gait. He carried two grips, one in either hand, and they swung to and fro in a laughable manner. On he went, and on the train went. He gained on the train at first, but the train was all the time picking up, and he finally stopped. He walked back leisurely, the onlookers at the depot waiting till he came up to give him the laugh. As he approached them he dropped his grips, quietly put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a roll of bills, selected a \$10 note and exclaimed:

"I'll bet \$10 there is not a man in this whole crowd who can catch that train!"

"Of course there were no takers, nor did any one laugh at him for failing to catch the train himself either."—Utica Observer.

The Quince Blossom.

The beauty of the apple blossom has been sung by the yard and for ages, but the quince blossom has in some way failed to inspire the poets, though it is a lovely flower, at first a cone of five close wrapped pink petals that gradually unclose till there is a globe slightly opened at the top, showing the yellow anthers within. The petals keep one deep pink edge, the rest getting paler till the opposite side is almost white. Finally the flower opens into a flat, delicately tinted cup, with the pistils holding up the group of yellow anthers on mauve pink stems. The glossy green quince leaf, with its white satin underfinish, fits well with the flowers, and so does this cup that the glass blower in Murano made by rolling a white hot bulb of greenish glass over a sheet of gold leaf and blew and tossed and flattened on one end and cracked evenly off at the other till it stood shapely and gold flecked, ready for these faraway New England quince blossoms.—Newport News.

How Bridget Prepared Crabs.

Bridget, her Harlem mistress always said, was "willing," but she did not understand American cookery.

Her mistress sent home a half dozen live hard shell crabs one day and had left word that they were to be prepared for dinner. When the lady entered the kitchen on her return home, she found Bridget in tears and with her hands and arms tied up. Two empty green crab shells were on the table, three of the crabs were mutilated and dead, and the last one Bridget was preparing to attack.

"I've downed them all," exclaimed Bridget, "but that last devil in the corner, and he's a fighter."

"What are you doing to them?" gasped the mistress.

"Cleaning them, ma'am. There's two of them cleaned," pointing to the empty shells.—New York Herald.

The Statue Wept.

Last winter at one of the little hill-side shrines near San Remo the Madonna was observed to be weeping. This was not seen by one, but by many, as great crowds collected and watched the slowly dripping tears. The people were puzzled, bewildered, frightened. And so they called together the wisest men to find out the cause. After several days of deliberation and examination, they announced the cause of the Madonna's tears. There was a hole in the top of her head. The rain had entered and filled the cavity, and in time worked its way through the eyes, the pupils of which presented the thinnest portion of marble to work through.—Rome Letter.

Old Leather.

The thrift and economy of French methods have found a use for old leather. This heretofore almost useless article is put into vats, boiled, and being subjected to hydraulic pressure yields a greasy liquid that, after treatment with sulphuric acid, is run off into barrels to cool. After passing through various purifying processes it is fit for the use to which low grades of oil are put.—New York Ledger.

The most remarkable meteor on record in that of Dec. 21, 1876, which originated in Kansas, glided over Missouri to the south of Lake Michigan and became lost near Niagara falls. It exploded with a report like that of an earthquake.

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult, things of a powerful mind is to be its own master. A pond may lie quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.—Addison.

The works of Aristotle comprised more than 400 treatises on various subjects. The manuscripts which survive of his writings were accidentally discovered in an advanced stage of decay in an old chest.

There has been a notable decrease during the last three years in the amount of shipping passing through the Suez canal. Last year 8,341 vessels used the canal.

Russia has no colonies, in the proper sense of the word. All the additions to this gigantic empire have been by military conquest and annexation.