

**First National Bank**  
*OF REYNOLDSVILLE.*  
CAPITAL \$50,000.00.

C. Mitchell, President  
Scott McClelland, Vice Pres.  
John E. Knauer, Cashier.

**Directors:**  
C. Mitchell, Scott McClelland, J. C. King,  
Joseph Strains, Joseph Henderson,  
G. W. Butler, J. P. Keener.

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons.  
Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.  
First National Bank Building, North Block.  
**Fire Proof Vault.**

**COME IN!**  
**Where?**

**"Bee Hive" Store,**  
WHERE

**L. J. McEntire, & Co.,**  
The Groceryman, deals in all kinds of  
**Groceries, Canned Goods, Green Goods**  
Tobacco and Cigars, Flour and Feed, Baled Hay and Straw. Fresh goods always on hand.  
Country produce taken in exchange for goods.  
A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.  
Very truly yours,  
**Lawrence J. McEntire & Co.,**  
**The Grocersmen.**

## CHEAPEST and BEST GOODS!

Ever brought to our town in  
**Ladies' Spring and Summer Dress Goods!**

Brandenburg never was sold less than 20 to 25c. per yard; will sell you now for 12½.

Dimity	12½c.
Turkey Red Damask	37½
Prints	95
Gingham	95
China Silk	25

Better Goods than you can buy any place else.

The same Great Reduction in

**Men's - and - Children's CLOTHING.**

Children's Suits	\$ .90
" "	1.00
" "	1.25
" "	1.75
Single Coats	.50
Youths' Suits	\$3.25 to 8.50
Men's Flannel Suits	5.50
Worsted	7.50
Fine Cheviot Suits	\$6 to 9.50

A fine line of Men's Pants. Come and examine my goods before you purchase elsewhere.

**N. HANAU.**

Don't let Hard Times keep you away!  
**THE LITTLE ONES WILL WANT**

## Christmas Presents

this year just the same as other years. We are headquarters for everything in the line of

## HOLIDAY GOODS!

We have the Largest stock in Reynoldsville. Toys of all kinds. Dolls and Doll Carriages for the Little Folks. Books, Albums, Toilet Cases, Plush Goods, and Fancy Articles for the Older People. Sensible Gifts for Everybody.

—A Full Line of—

**Bibles, Testaments, Hymnals, Gospel Songs, Poems, Etc.**

Books of all kinds are away down. You can get them at your own price. Remember that we have the

**Largest Stock of Musical Goods**

in town. Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Harmonicas, Banjos, Accordions, Flutes, &c. A full line of Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings and musical trimmings of every description. You will find our stock complete and prices of goods lower than ever.

Remember the place—

**THE REYNOLDS DRUG STORE,**  
Main Street,  
**W. B. ALEXANDER, Prop.**

### MARY'S LITTLE CAMERA.

A little camera Mary had— She did not think it strange— And every place that Mary went She took the thing along.  
Tears of the instantaneous kind. "Would take the lightning's flash Or anything more quickly than The mirror takes his cash.  
She tried the camera on a fly And caught it as it flew, And of the busy, buzzing bee She got a splendid view.  
But when she tried to catch a boy Who o'er his schoolbooks pored The instantaneous process failed— She was completely floored.  
The times when he began a task Were very, very few. And when he did begin she failed Since he so soon was through.  
—James Castle in Home and Country.

### EFFECTIVE ALARMS.

#### THE RETIRED BURGLAR TELLS OF AN ANNOYING EXPERIENCE.

He Encountered a Most Remarkable System of Burglar Alarms in a House With Locked Doors—Bells, Tin Pans and a Baseball Bat—The Explanation.

"One night late," said the retired burglar, "I went into a house in a village in western Connecticut, catering by a cellar window, as I usually did when I was late, so as not to disturb the folks. I looked around the cellar and located the stairs and started up. About three-quarters of the way up a rope that was stretched across caught me under the chin and toppled me over down stairs. There was only the stone wall of the cellar on one side and no rail on the other, so there was nothing to grab to, and I just tumbled down. As I bumped along something scattered along down with me, whang-banging down the steps over me and under me, and around me, chasing me all the way down, and when I finally got to the cellar bottom that thing was lying across my chest. It was the coal shovel, which had evidently been stood up against the rope and which I had jarred loose.  
"But the worst thing of all was that my lamp was broke. I lit my jimmy on the way down, but I hung on to my lamp, but now the light was out and the glass was broke, and the slide was jammed around in front, and I could not turn it. I felt around till I found my jimmy, and then I waited to see if I'd wake anybody up. I didn't hear anybody, and so I started again, and this time I felt my way up the stairs carefully to the door. I found it unlocked, and I had got it open about an inch, I should think, when I heard a little bit of a scraping on the other side, and the next instant the dreadful racket that anybody ever heard, the falling of a dishpan that must have been hanging on the other side on the doorknob or the key, and at the same time what I imagine must have been the potato masher—I don't know, because I didn't look for it—dropped from the top of the door upon my head.  
"This door to the cellar opened from a little square hall or entry way that had, as I learned by feeling, a door to the left, to the kitchen, I suppose, and one to the right, I guessed, into the front hall. I waited again, but no sound from up stairs, so turned to the right and opened that door and stumbled the first thing over a chair close by in the hall and almost broke my shins. I felt along and found a row of chairs standing close together from that door clean to the front door. I sat down in one of them and nursed my shin and waited. Still no sound, and I tried again, and got along all right this time, and turned off to the left and into the parlor, and back from that into the dining room, for a wonder without falling over anything, and I began to feel encouraged. But in the dining room there was nothing but plated spoons and forks, which of course I could tell by the touch just as well as though I'd had an electric light. If they had any silver, they had carried it up stairs, as some people do at night.  
"I turned back into the hall and groped my way through that row of chairs to the foot of the stairs. To make sure of the first step in the dark I stepped high and stepped into a pan of water on the bottom step. That made me mad, but I didn't make any noise, and I stepped out of it and started on up. At about the third step my leg struck a string that was strung across these stairs and set a bell a-ringing that was hanging on it, and kicking that string started down on me from above a shower of pie plates, and presently I fell over a wash boiler that had been set on the stairs a step or two up and brought that down on me.  
"As I was floundering around in this tinware and string and bells and things I heard children's voices up stairs, and a minute later I heard steps in the hall above, and I could see in the darkness up there the white of a nightgown at the head of the stairs. Then something came slamming against the banisters, hitting me as it rattled down and finally landing with a great bang on the floor among the chairs in the hall. The minute he threw it, whoever he was, he ran, and I began to think it was about time for me to go too. I had freed myself from the bellcord by this time, and I got down the stairs and into the hall again, and there this time I stepped on a baseball bat—that was what had come banging down at me from above—that rolled out from under me

and upset me once more among those chairs.

"I got up and I opened the front door—it wasn't locked—and got out in the piazza. Before I had got to the top front step I heard a horn blowing from an up stairs window on the side of the house, and an instant later a shot from a revolver and a big bell ringing. There was a late moon just rising and a little light now and as I went away I looked back and saw three children all in white all leaning out of one window on the second story. On one side there was a boy of about 14, as I should guess by that light firing a pistol. He was the big one, no doubt, that had thrown the baseball bat. On the other side was his younger brother with a good pair of lungs blowing a fishhorn about as long as a bean pole, and in the middle was their little sister swinging a big bell with both hands, and take 'em altogether they were making a great deal of noise.  
"I didn't wait to inquire about it, but it was just as simple as rolling off a log. The children's parents had had to go away somewhere overnight, sickness or something, and had left the children alone. The young folks had forgot to lock the doors, but there really wasn't any necessity of locking 'em, with such a burglar alarm system as that."—New York Sun.

### A CURIOSITY OF LUNACY.

Periodic Recurrence of Mania, by Which the Patient Lives Three Lives.

There is a special form of mental disease first described in France, whose doltish character is given to it by its periodicity, and hence it is called folle-circulaire. In it there are three sections of the mental circle that the patient moves in—viz, elevation, depression and sanity—and in this round he spends his life, passing out of one into the other, for it is, when fully established, a very incurable disease.  
The patient takes an attack of mania, during which he is joyous, restless, troublesome, extravagant and often vicious. He eats voraciously, sleeps little and never seems to tire. His temperature is a degree or so above the normal, his eye is bright and glistening, he is enamored of the other sex, he shows diminished self control and no common sense.  
This lasts for a few weeks, or a few months more commonly, and then he passes sometimes gradually and sometimes rather suddenly into a condition of depression, during which he is sluggish, dull, looking differently, dressing differently, eating differently, fearful, unreliant and sedentary in habits.  
This state will last a few weeks or months, and the patient will brighten up into what seems recovery and is to all intents and purposes in his normal state. This again lasts for a few weeks or months, and he gradually gets morbidly elevated. You find he is passing through every minute mental phase and habit he did at first. Depression follows, as before, and then sanity, and this round of three states of feeling, of intellect, of volition, and of nutrition, goes on, circle after circle, till the patient dies. He lives three lives.—Hospital.

### Cleaning Bottles.

It is surprising, says a physician, how many people persist in cleaning bottles with shot after the frequent cautions that have been given. Nothing cleans bottles so easily as a handful of shot, which can be shaken into every corner until the glass fairly shines with cleanliness, but the danger of lead poisoning is great even when the bottle is rinsed out with clean water, and it is loudly dangerous when there is no rinsing out at all, as is usually the case. Clean sand is a convenient and thorough bottle cleanser, especially as the particles of sand which adhere must be afterward washed out to complete the process. When time is not an object, a bottle can be well cleansed by the aid of potato parings, but as they must be corked in and left to ferment the plan is not expeditious enough for general use.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Suez Canal Electric Lights.

The value of electric lights as a saver of time and money as strikingly illustrated in a return made of the average time occupied by ships in passing through the Suez canal. With the electric light the journey is accomplished in eight minutes under 20 hours. Without the light 31 hours and 24 minutes is the time usually required.—London Sun.

### In His Element.

Attendant—Professor Pithon, the naturalist, has got the d. t. 's tonight. Imagines he's surrounded by all sorts of queer snakes.

### Head Physician—Is he greatly terrified?

Attendant—Not at all. He's sitting there, with a sweet smile on his face, classifying them.—London Telegraph.

### Wife Beaters in Germany.

They know how to treat wife beaters in Germany. The brutal husband has to work all through the week, turn over his wages to his wife on pay day and go to jail Saturday night and Sunday. About two weeks of this sort of fun takes all the wickedness out of a fellow.—New York World.

### Did Her Best.

Miss Elderly—I shall never marry. Laura—Probably not, but you made a brave fight.—Philadelphia Times.

### INCIDENTS OF ARMY LIFE.

#### Unpleasant Social Experiences Sometimes Experienced in Posts and Garrisons.

Notwithstanding the fact that the officers of the American army are the very pinks of courtesy, they sometimes in post and garrison life have very unpleasant social experiences. An officer in a garrison is assigned quarters not according to the necessities of his family, but in accordance with his rank.

If therefore comes out quite frequently when a new officer is sent to a post that there are many changes of quarters, sent to make room for him. When a new major arrives, for instance, he selects the quarters that suit him best, it matters not who occupies them, provided the occupant is below him in rank. He can turn out a major lower on the list or any captain or lieutenant, and each of these when dispossessed can choose for himself what quarters suit him best if occupied by an inferior in rank. One move, therefore, may make a dozen others. The women of the army, it is said, are greater sticklers for their rights than the men. But the men themselves, while preserving all the forms of highest courtesy, sometimes push their authority to the fullest limit.

For instance, at a two company post in the west some years ago a captain of infantry was in command, as his commission was of older date than that of the captain of cavalry also there. The two captains were mutually antipathetic. In their official intercourse all the forms were observed, but still it was plain to all that they cordially disliked each other. One day the senior captain ordered the junior to take a file of men to the forest and cut the firewood needed for the winter. This duty ordinarily would have been given to a serjeant or corporal. The cavalry captain had no recourse and was obliged to obey. Just as he got outside the post the mail, which came only now and then at intervals of a week or so, arrived, and the cavalryman stopped for letters. One of these brought him his commission as major. He at once issued an order taking command of the post and then another order assigning the wood chopping duty to the late commandant.—Chicago Times.

### PAINTINGS OF CHRIST.

#### The Face as Depicted by Some of the More Modern Artists.

Among the more modern paintings representing the Saviour is that by Correggio, painted in the sixteenth century. It represents Christ with short curly hair, with long waving hair, surmounted by a crown of thorns. There is a look of mute anguish on his face that is heartrending, but nevertheless the face is rather weak.  
The most terrible likeness is that painted at about the same time as that of Correggio by Albert Durer. It represents a powerful face, with a Grecian cast of countenance, with eyes distorted by pain and anguish, and even a trifle of anger is apparent.  
The Christ of Raphael, a contemporary of both the above, is an essentially Italian work, the face being Italian, although the model for the forehead and upper face was evidently a woman.  
The Rembrandt Christ of the seventeenth century wears an unpleasant expression about the mouth and has too long a face to be perfect, yet it is one of the great artist's last efforts.  
Perhaps the most fantastic picture of Christ is that painted in the fifteenth century by Leonardo da Vinci. It represents the Saviour looking over his shoulder, a cynical smile on his face. A hand may be seen in his hair, evidently drawing the head to one side. It cannot compare in beauty, however, to the same artist's face of Christ in the famous "Lord's Supper."  
The noblest and the grandest is that by Titian, painted in the sixteenth century. It is a face of resignation, of firmness—strong, yet mild; mild, yet strong. Titian was 90 years old when he painted this, and it is considered as one of his masterpieces.  
Of the absolutely modern paintings of Christ those of Munkacsy, Ary Sheffer and Gabriel Marx rank highest. Still every one of these is an imaginary production, and the Saviour will still continue to be the "Man of Mystery."—Edgar Mela in Home and Country.

### Good When You Find It.

Judge Caldwell of North Carolina was slow to see the point of a joke. On trying a case on one occasion the solicitor called in vain for a witness named Sarah Mooney. As she did not answer he informed the court that he could not proceed "without ceremony." The bar laughed, but the judge looked puzzled. Some weeks after that when at home the point dawned on him, and he broke into a loud laugh. Upon his wife inquiring the cause of his merriment he explained that the solicitor had called Sallie Mooney, and when she did not answer he had said he could not proceed without ceremony. The wife said she did not see the point. The judge said it had taken him three weeks to find it, but when she did see it it would be very funny.—Green Bag.

### Dreadful Possibility.

It was evident that they were man and wife and were returning from assisting at the wedding of two of their friends. "Wouldn't it be awful," she was heard to say to him, "if they were to live together long enough to find out that the silver we gave them was only plated?"—Indianapolis Journal.

### PICTURESQUE PERSIAN FUNERALS.

#### Carrying the Remains of Deceased Pilgrims to the Gates of Paradise.

Carrying the Remains of Deceased Pilgrims to the Gates of Paradise. Saving an occasional "Yah khak!" from the throat of one of the tangle headed and wild eyed dervishes stalking along barefoot in the sand, not a sound breaks the stillness of the bright October morning as our caravan moves toward the bridge over the Holman river, that leads to the town of Klaukelin, the customs and sanitary station of the Ottoman government, about three hours distance from the Turbo-Persian frontier. It is a singular cavalcade we form, too, a veritable "caravan of the dead," for the true pilgrims among us are mainly defunct Persians, whose remains are being conveyed direct to djennet, the "gates of paradise," at the feet of their great saint and Aga, the Imam Hussein, at Kerbela. In front, and perched high up on the biggest camel that could be begged, borrowed or hired for the journey, rides our tshansh, or conductor, swarthy and turbaned, the blue in his garments proclaiming him a said or descendant of the prophet. The prophet, I may remark in passing, has a score of such in every Persian village. He holds aloft the royal emblem of the empire of the sun and lion, bearing the name of the shah and his own below it in letters of gold. Following him march the nashkosh, or "carriers of the dead," each at the head of a long string of mules laden with the remains entrusted to them.

The animals are led by charvadars—muleteers—and each bears two bodies, one slung on either side where the panniers would ordinarily be. The corpses, when intact, are carried in hermetically closed cases, but comparatively few of these are to be found as a rule, among these defunct pilgrims. The expense would be too great. So the pious Persian who desires to give effect to the last wish of his departed parents waits until nothing of their remains is left but the skeleton which is then swathed in bandages, mummy fashion, and handed over to the nashkosh to be taken to the gate of paradise, which every good Shure firmly believes is at the exact spot where the sainted Hussein is buried in Kerbela. Far the greater number of the mules comprised in our caravan are laden with such bandaged bones and swathed skeletons slung on each side, the outlines showing distinctly through wrappings as they swing to and fro with the measured pacing of the animals.—London Standard.

### Dangerous Surgery.

Medical authorities have in some cases had reason to regret too active and energetic surgery in diseases of the nose and throat. It has in a number of instances appeared that partial or entire deafness has followed operations, and complete loss of the sense of smell is not uncommon. Conservatism is gaining ground among the best surgeons, and palliative treatment is recommended whenever there seems to be a chance that it might have the desired effect. The best doctors know that the knife is a good servant, but an exceedingly bad master, and only those whose skill and judgment are likely to be faulty are willing to cut and slash on the slightest pretext.—New York Ledger.

### There Was One Difference.

Perhaps the best natured and at the same time one of the wittiest rejoinders in religious dispute was that made by Father O'Leary to an Irish Protestant. "I have no objection," said the latter, "to have the Virgin Mary treated with reverence, but only as a respectable, venerable woman, just such a one as my own mother." "Still," replied O'Leary, "you must allow there is some difference in the children."—Philadelphia Press.

### A Curious Bird.

Jan Debauer, a Viennese book agent, discovered a curious bird in the Australian bush, where he has been traveling in the interests of his employers. The curious creature resembles a guinea hen in size and shape. At the bottom of the lower bill of the female is a large pouch, something like that of the pelican. It is not used as a storage reservoir for food, but a place of refuge for the young when frightened.

### Holmes on Shelley.

Shelley vaporized everything in his glowing crucible, but there was gold at the bottom of it. When I look at him, spreading the stary wings of his fancy over his chaotic philosophy, he seems like a seraph hovering over the unfathomable chasm, whose blackness is the abode of demons.—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

### Hopofal.

"I am not sure whether she loves me or not," said Willie Whistles. "Have you had any encouragement?" "Yes, indeed. I am informed that she welters to me as 'it,' just as she does to her pet dog."—Washington Star.

### The Whiskers of a cat are supposed by some naturalists to be provided with nerves down to the tips, while others believe that the base of the hair is better fitted out with nerves than most other parts of the skin.

Dr. Johnson said, "No man in his senses, if he could get a young girl, would marry a widow." He himself married a widow many years his senior.

The St. Croix river, in Maine, was named from the cross made by two rivers at its mouth.