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RECONCILED.

"Have pity!" eried the weeping rose.
"Oh, tear me not from this dear bower!
Here have I dwelt in sun and shower;
Here have I grown from bud to flower;
Here let me in my bloom repose."

"Weep not, O rose!" I whispered low.
"I'll take thee to a heavenly rest.
Upon my sweetheart's swelling breast
Thy beauty shall in rapture grow."

"I'm happy," sighed the smiling rose.
"Her radiant eyes upon me bend.
Her breath and mine in greeting blend.
I feel the throbbing of her heart.
On, never tear us two spart!
Here through tife's bloom would I repose.
—Clement Clifford in New York Ledger.

TELEPATHY TALES.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY O' MIND ACTING UPON MIND.

The Novelist Believes That the Existence of Telepathy Has Been Scientifically Established-His Curious Personal Ex-

A writer like David Christie Murray, who has taken all life for the field of his art as a novelist and draws upon the whole planet for his illustrations, must have had rich experiences in the domain which the Psychical Investigation society has chosen for its own. But he does not overload his books with material of this kind, nor is his conversation much weighted with the burd n of things between beaven and earth that we do not usually dream of. And yet when prompted to do so he can speak subjects not only with knowlon the edge, but also with eloquence. He is fit-ted to do this, first, by his fine mental organization, for he has been psychically sensitive since boyhood, and next by the many psychical experiences which have fallen to his lot during a long. active and adventurous life, lived among many people and many parts of the He does not, of course, believe in the aberrations of "occultism," but he is convinced that beneath the ordinary experiences of life, perceptible to the senses, there exist spiritual phenomena which will repay investigation and which science is only now beginning to

learn. One day recently Mr. Murray talked to a Boston Herald man on the special subject of telepathy, and after showing from his own personal experiences how mind may act upon mind at a distance, independently of the ordinary means of

intercommunication, he went on to say: "Here is a case in point. My eldest brother, who died in 1865, was at sea as midshipman on board a merchant vessel. He sailed under a drunken captain, who behaved to him with horrible cruelty He got the seeds of consumption on that voyage. While he was at sea my mother was nursing her uncle, James Withers Marsh, and in the very bour of his death the old man, who had been tenderly attached to my brother, sat up and said alond: 'Let the lad alone. Have you no bowels?' My mother asked him what he was thinking of, and he cried, 'That captain is ill treating poor Jack horribly.' "The first officer, a Mr. Mundy, took

command of the ship when Captain Gregory died in delirium tremens and was buried at the Azores. Mundy brought my brother home, and he was words. He produced his own notebook and showed that on the day of the old man's death he had made an entry, because he intended to indict the captain for his cruelty on their return to a British port. What is most singular is that when he came to work out the differ-ence of latitude he found the entry in his private log and the time of the old man's words coincided to a moment. There are thousands of such instances reported, and it seems to me quite idle to dismiss them as mere coincidence Coincidence has a very long arm indeed, especially in drama and fiction. But I

"Not very long ago," Mr. Murray resumed, "Ihad a very curious personal experience. Two people had been dining with me—one a very dear and intimate personal friend, the other a comparative stranger. When they had left me, I distinctly beard a personal conversation within my own mind. I do not pretend that the words would have been audible to anybody else. That would be non-sense. But I heard it within my mind and recognized the voices of the two men. They discussed my own character and the action I had taken about a certain matter at that time. The comparative stranger was critical and unfriendly, and my old friend fought my cause with great warmth. I questioned him afterward, and he assured me that such a conversation had taken place as he and his convive had driven in the car-riage to the clib from my house."

The novelist was here asked whether he had met with any cases of the action of a dead on a living mind. He replied, speaking in an impressive and reverent tone of voice: "I am profoundly convinced, though I do not want to be regarded as a madman, that after his death my father assisted me in my literary work. For a year or two I was profoundly conscious of it, and I wrote as if I was absolutely under his eye, and with an as-surance of his sympathy and aid that, however conveyed, was absolute. "I had an allusion to this kind of in-

fluence," Mr. Murray continued, "in my book, 'Rainbow Gold.' There is a dialogue there with a great strong man who has committed some dreadful crime and is repenting of it, and the question between the talkers is as to whether

there is any knowledge of us on the part of the dead. And old Armstrong, a practical minded Scotchman, remarks that he cannot conceive of the souls of Burns and Shakespeare as spending their time in knocking devil knocks at the tables of noodles like a pair of demented postmen. 'But,' says he, 'you can fan-cy the spirit of a mother saying to the master setaph, 'I have been behaving pretty well of late, and I would like to go back to Castle Barfield and have a ook at the lad I left behind me," and the master scraph says, "Go to the poor creature, go!" And you feel her near you, and you say in the blindness of your mind, "Nerves." And you try to chase your poor old mother's soul away from you with a decoction of Peruvian

BANK BOOKKEEPING

A Perfect System Never Has and May Never Be Developed

The cashier of a prominent up town bank says that such a thing as a perfect system of bookkeeping has never been devised and probably never will be. 'When you think of it, " he said, "bookkeeping is simply a question of mental ingenuity. What one brain can devise in the way of safeguards another brain can usually undo, speaking in a general way. The daily papers in condemning the banks because of the moderate salaries paid to bookkeepers overlook a very important fact. The banks pay the market rates to expert bookkeepers, which are anywhere from \$1,800 to \$2, 200 a year. An almost unlimited number of men can be obtained at these figures, and paying more money would not make the banks a bit safer, for the simple reason that men of strong mental powers, great business capacity and unswerving integrity are not, as a rule, content to be mechanical bookkeepers in large institutions. I do not, of course, mean to disparage bookkeepers in any

way. "The point is that the men who make good bookkeepers are unimaginative, reliable and steady going persons, who are not influenced by great ambition, and who do not aspire to lofty places. It is not required of a bookkeeper that he shall have very high mental qualifications as bookkeeping is now conducted in our big institutions. Each man has a stipulated amount of work of a stereotyped nature to do. He has of course enough ingenuity to swindle, if he chooses to do so. Anybody who believes that a perfect system of bookkeeping can be devised must also believe that it would be impossible to counterfeitmoney. The Bank of England has been held up as a marvel for many years, and yet it is no secret that that institution was swindled in the most complete manner for many years before it was found out. The most important and conservative commercial agencies and financial institutions in this city and London have lost money through their employees, and the Credit Lyonnaise, in France, where bookkeeping is said to have been carried to the very highest point of safety, was completely upset by a number of clerks two years ago, who had no difficulty whatever in hoodwink-ing the experts and pocketing the bank's money."-New York Sun.

Who Invented the Guillotine?

It is now certain that neither Dr. J. I. Guillotin, who is said to have died upon the instrument which has a name so strikingly like his own, nor Dr. J. B. V. Guillotine, who has also been given the credit of being its inventor, was the designer of the French instrument of capital punishment. It is known to have been in use in Italy at least 500 years before the time of either of the gentlemen mentioned and was the recognized instrument used for inflicting the death penalty in Scotland during both the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Conradin of Suabia was exe outed by such a machine at Naples in the year 1268, and that it was in use in France more than 100 years before the time of Dr. J. I. Guillotin is proved by the fact that the Due de Montmorency was decapitated "by a sliding ax" in 1632.—St. Louis Republic.

The Principle In Thought

During normal sleep cerebral force is restored which during the day was consumed. We cannot during wakefuln maintain an electric supply as fast as we disperse it, as not only all thought, but simple consciousness itself, must consume something. Those are marvel-ous microscopic twinkles of electric light that attend the disruption of the microscopic cells when we think. Wonderful is that carnal enginery whose going, wrought by cerebral action, marks the genesis, and whose stopping indithe exodus of our lives .- New York Advertiser.

A New Use For the Telephone.

It has remained for the latter part of the nineteenth century to evolve another and wholly different method from that usually employed for the transmission of osculatory favors. This is to have the matter accomplished by telephone. The invention is not, however. patented, and may upon occasion be adopted in other cities than Washington. - Washington Times.

Lying Low.

Schoolmate-Why do you never touch Miss Thumper-We're buying it on

"What difference does that make?" "I'm afraid if paw should hear me play he'd stop paying."—Good News. THE KING OF INNISHKEA.

He Dwells on an Irish Island and Rules.

a Mayo Tribe. About 16 miles from Dugort, in Achill. island, out to sea, looking like a thin line of sand in the waves of the Atlantic, is the island of Innishken. One fine morning our party started to visit it in a trusty hooker. As the hooker came in sight of the shore great excitement was visible among the islanders, and it was very hard to realize that we were still but 36 hours' journey from London.

The inhabitants turned out en masse. The women and children in their scanty garments of red flannel cronched outside their cabins, while numbers of the men ran down to the beach and put out in their coracles on chance of rowing us to land. It was a strange scene and curiously like a picture plate in a boy's book of adventures. We knew there was a king of Innishkes, and soon a tall, bronze faced man was pointed out to us as his majesty. On landing all the party were introduced and conducted by him to the palace, where the queen dowager, with her daughter, bade us welcome in

true Irish fashion. The old lady was in her picturesque native costume-red dress and plaid shawl over her head. The princess, however, had evidently on first sight of the hooker arrayed herself in modern fashion to do us henor, and we were amused on penetrating into the reception room to find advertisements from shops in Buckingham Palace road and St. Paul's churchyard hung up to embellish the wall, though only by a favored few could they be read.

The island was destitute of any school or means of justruction for the children. a very small proportion either understood or spoke English, and there was neither watch nor clock among the people, who had a happy go lucky idea of time and troubled themselves little as to Greenwich regulations.

There were no church bells to ring, no trains to catch, no office hours requiring punctuality, so when the sun was high in the heavens they would get through their not arduous farming duties, and when he sank in the great waste of waters they could sleep. The king's word settled all disputes. It was a hereditary monarchy, and his people, so far as he was concerned, were untaxed. Happy those states, thought some of the visitors, where royalty could be maintained with so little grandeur! How ever, I am in honesty bound to add we found King Philip had other means of filling his coffers besides levying taxes on his faithful subjects and learned the art of making good his opportunity whenever the Saxon stranger to land on his shore. But Innishken has an interest altogether apart from its situation, surrounded as it is by views of mountain cliff and rocky head-land. On this spot, hundreds of years ago, early Christian missionaries landed, and on top of a shelly mount, half a mile from the beach, are Christian remains of great antiquity. West of the island there stand also the ruins of a church said to have been built by the successors of St. Columba.-Leisure

Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind must have been the most simple, unpretending prima donna that ever lived. When she first came to Eng land she was bound to sing only at the Royal Italian Opera House, and when commanded to sing at the queen's concert she was obliged to refuse. Very sorry to be compelled to notify this, she ordered her carriage and drove straight to Buckingham palace. She handed her card to an official, who, not unnaturally, declined to take it in. A higher authority happened to pass and took it upon himself to present it. As soon as her maj-esty saw it she said, "Admit her, by all means." Jenny Lind appeared and said simply that she was so very sorry to be unable to sing at her majesty's concert that she thought it better to call herself and explain. The queen was charmed with her natural manner, gave her a cordial reception and promised to be her friend.—Today.

A Fine Polish For Tinware.

When the kitchen range is cleaned out, there will be found in the flue un-der the oven a considerable quantity of gray dust. It is not ashes exactly, not yet soot, but a smoke deposit as near akin to lampblack as a coal fire is able to produce—soft, light, impalpable, finer than the finest flour. Not many among those who throw this into the ash bin are probably aware that this is the best thing in the world for polishing tinware, far surpassing all the prepared powders and pastes sold for that pur-pose. Apply it to the tin with a damp cloth, and a few strokes will produce such a luster as is on new ware or as the engraver puts upon his zinc plates by the use of charcoal.—Exchange.

Triumph of Bad Spelling.

Mr. R. E. Bartlett, Chelmsford, writes: "I can beat the achievement of Charles Edward, who, by spelling box 'botsk,' made more mistakes than the letters admit of. I have in my possession a letter addressed many years ago to my father, in which 13 mistakes are made in a single word of five letters. The word is, or was meant to be, usage; the spelling is yowzitch. There are thus five sins of omission and eight of commission; total, 13."—London News.

Norwalk, Conn., is said to have an Indian origin, but there is an English village of this name.

MAY MARRIAGES UNLUCKY

fluence With European Bridal Couples. The municipal statistics of the city of Marseilles show the observer that on the 28th of April, 1894, there were registered at the mayor's office in that town no less than 94 marriages. Why this enormous number? Because, according to an ancient tradition, couples that marry in the month of May expose themselves to great danger-death will soon smite the unfortunates, or, at the very least, their union will not be blessed with children. Therefore a large num-ber of Marseillaise lovers availed themselves of the last days of April to join themselves in wedlock.

This curious superstition is ly no means confined to Marseilles. M. le Blaut, a French investigator, ascribes to it an origin in Roman antiquity. The Roman poet Ovid said that May was no time for widows to marry or for young girls, and adds that the imprudent oman who braves fate by so doing will die early. Plutarch agrees to the truth of this.

It may be because of this ancient principle that the Roman Catholic church has made the menth of May sacred to the Virgin. However this may be, the idea has certainly perpetuated itself with singular persistence. Tassoni, writing about the middle of the seventeenth con-Tassoni, writing tury, relates that among the inhabitants Ferraras many young nobles and princes who were married in May died only a few days afterward. "It is the observation of this strange fact, " he observes, "that induced the Ferrarese, so it is said, to follow the ancient custom."

At the present day the superstition has not ceased to show itself in certain regions of Italy, in Roumania, in south Germany, Bohemia, Westphalia, England and France, notably in Saintonge and in the Cevennes, where every one acknowledges the truth of the proverb, "The month of flowers is a month of

"Perhaps," said Plutareh, "the mouth of May is regarded as unlucky because it comes between April and June, the months respectively of Venus and Juno, the tutelary goddesses of marriage, or perhaps it is because May is the month of the feast of the Lemures, the souls of the dead. "-Paris Letter.

TREE PLANTING IN FRANCE.

Useless Sand Dunes Converted Into Valuable Land With Pines.

The French thoroughly appreciate the advantages to be derived from systematic tree planting. Tracts of sand have been covered with pine forests, and the word lande, berrowed, as it is thought, from the German, is losing its meaning of 'waste." Till a century ago a large portion of the forest of Fontainebleau consisted of bare sand hills, but the planting of pines was begun. A variety capable of standing the severest win-ters was evidently found, and millions of trees now diffuse healthy and agreeable odors, besides furnishing timber for fuel.

The decomposed fir needles, moreover, gradually form a crust of vegetable mold, permitting the growth of trees and shrubs less able than the pine to live on air. The department of the Landes, once a barren region, with sand so loose that people had to walk on stilts, is covered with pines, and the problem of draining the subsoil has been solved, as described in Edmond About's story of "Maitre Pierre."

The losses by fire and anxiety to produce something more remunerative than pine are now, however, inducing schemes of artificial fertilization. In many French watering places dunes have been transformed into woods, thus holding out to seaside visitors the attraction of agreeable shade and a change from monotonous beach. Shifting sands have been prevented from extending inland. In some cases dunes have been acquired by companies, which, after planting them, have out them up into building lots and have seen them dotted with

Elsewhere municipalities have taken up the matter, and in large operations the district or the department has pro-vided the funds.—London Times.

He Loves to Work.

The foreman of a bootblacking shop in Madison square is a continual surprise to the customers. His employer is a padrone, and he is left in complete control. His conduct justifies his employer's confidence. He is the hardest worker among the half dozen employees and frequently takes the brushes from one of his subordinates when there are not enough customers to keep all busy. He never allows a customer to go away unless he is satisfied that his boots have been polished in the best manner possi-He is ever full of enthusiasm and works with as much energy at the end of a busy day as at the beginning. His humor never lags, and his muscles never

tire.

"It is as good as a bracer to watch that fellow," said a rounder. "He is the only man I ever saw who always seems to love to work."—New York Sun.

Pretty Thin.

They have recently made gold leaf by electro-chemical processes as thin as four-millionths of an inch thick, if you can imagine that. It was exactly 1-2, 798,000 of an inch. The highest previous thinness ever reached was 1-367,650. This is 10,584 times thinner than ordinary thin writing paper.—Journal of Education.

SAVED HER SLIPPERS.

Old Superstition Which Has Powerful in-fluence With European Bridal Couples.

A Bit of Ritherto Unpublished History of

This is a chapter of semiofficial, semidomestic history, and it is vouched for by a granddaughter of the hero's fam-ily line, a Chicagoan who now lives on Dearborn avenue.

Prominent in Mr. Madison's cabinet sat, fourscore years ago, Secretary of the Navy Jones, the son of a famous shipbuilder, a man gallant not only in spirit, but in dress and manner. His fitness for his office is attested by the naval histories of the war of 1812. But the successful secretary had more wit than hair, and a wig was a sine qua non of his political and social life. All went well with this adorument until the luckless August day in 1814 when the British marched from Bladensburg upon Washington.

It will be remembered that President Madison and his cabinet stood not upon the order of their going on that occasion, but went at once-to a very retired summer resort. Every one knows how Lady "Dolly" remained behind long enough to save some valuable White House portraits from having their eyes put out by English bayonets, but few have heard how collected Mrs. Secretary Jones was in this national crisis.

Presence of mind is said to be promot ed by absence of body. This lady dis-played in the face of danger presence of both mind and body. As the secretary emerged from his doorway, his hands full of such family valuables as his agitated condition had allowed him to collect, Mrs. Jones confronted him with the appalling words:

"My dear, you have forgotten my slippers. You must go back and get

General Ross was almost at his door bringing imprisonment or death, but the unhappy man turned back to hunt the slippers, which, it is only fair to Mrs. Jones to add, were adorned with dia-mond buckles. In his headlong quest for these treasures—which he secured—his wig dropped off in a dark corner, and he did not dare to take time to hunt for it nor to attempt the purchase of another. The shorn appearance of the sec-retary, hitherto faultless in all appointments of dress, is said to have very much lessened the melancholy of the cabinet journey. It is further asserted that dur-ing the time of retirement, no matter how depressed any member of the presidential party felt over public and private woes, if he but glanced at Secretary Jones peal upon peal of irresistible laughter was sure to follow and that the despoiled Adonis cordially joined in these bursts of merriment.-Chicago

A Malay Water Slide.

In Perak, a state in the Straits Settlements, the Malays have one form of amusement which is probably not to be enjoyed anywhere elso in the wide world.

There is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which the water trickles about two inches deep, the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the bowlder. This rock, the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of water during hundreds of years, the Malays-men, women and children—have turned into a toboggan. Climbing to the top of the rock, they sit in the shallow water with their feet straight out and a hand on each side for steering and then slide down the 60 feet into a pool of water.

This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings, as many as 200 folks being engaged at a time and sliding so quick ly one after another or forming rows of two, four or even eight persons that they tumble into the pool a confused mass of screaming creatures. There is little danger in the game, and, though some choose to sit on a piece of plantain, most of the tobogganers are content to squat on their haunches.—London Lit-tle Folks.

Life In Japan.

"It is a curious, but accepted truth," comments the wife of a naval officer who has resided a number of years in Japan, "that Americans, as a class, do not long stand up against Japan life. " There is something in the air, or something lacking in it, which is peculiarly trying to us. So many naval officers serving a three or six years' duty there have come home with an incurable com-plaint that it is common talk in the service. Two admirals have died of abcess of the liver after several years' residence there, and other officers have had their health seriously impaired under similar conditions. I never was seriously sick in my life till I got out to the island empire, and throughout my whole stay I fought something. The English resi-dents do not seem to suffer as we do, which is also a commented upon fact." -New York Times.

Algy's Ambition.

Algy—Aw, can you spare me a few hundred to wun ovah to Lunnon?

Father-What's the object? "Golf." "Good! If you learn how to play golf,

it may' want to learn how to pwonownce it."

—New York Weekly. "Oh, but I don't want to play it.

The leaves of the talipot tree are used in Ceylon for the leaves of books. The characters are impressed upon the leaf, which is rubbed over with charcoal, and are then strung together between boards. They last for years.