

PROFESSIONAL CHESS PROFITS.

The Pecuniary Rewards Small in View of Demands on the Intellect.

Professional chess players, considering the laborious nature of their work, the character of mind, and the long preparatory study required, are probably as ill paid as any kind of intellectual workers.

A few professional chess players are men of means, but for the most part the passion for the game leads the professional player to put aside material considerations in order to follow his bent.

Professional chess players are rarely men of liberal education and usually men of one idea. Chess has been the diversion of great and broad minded men, but it is commonly the business of men devoted to one idea.

Famous as chess has long been, there are comparatively few really skilled amateurs, and it is impossible to maintain anywhere a very large chess club. One of the largest in the world is in this city, yet it is not a large club compared with other successful clubs formed on different lines.

There are some oddly placed chess experts in remote villages who come to New York perhaps once a year, as to the chess headquarters of the country. One such man is a bank officer and general factotum in a small border state city.

The Pope's Private Apartments. To the pope's bedroom only his private valet and his secretaries have access. It is of small dimensions, and contains only a bed, in an alcove adorned with graceful marble columns, a writing table, an armchair and kneeling stool and one wardrobe.

Besides these, there is his private study, in which the table and chair stand upon a little carpeted platform, other tables being placed on each side upon the floor, together with an extremely uncomfortable but magnificent straight backed armchair, which is one of the gifts offered on the occasion of the episcopal jubilee.

This private apartment occupies the second floor, according to Italian reckoning, though we Americans should call it the third. It is on a level with Raphael's loggia. The floor above it is inhabited by Cardinal Rampolla, the secretary of state.—Marion Crawford in Century.

The Rev. Robert MacDonald is one of Boston's clergymen who may be described as sympathetic preachers. He has an easy presence in the pulpit and a face whose character denotes sympathy. When in the midst of a warm passage of his sermon, his words pour out in a torrent and by the very impetuosity with which he himself seems carried away he holds his hearers and puts his thoughts into the minds of those whom he has brought into sympathy with him.—Boston Traveller.

The mendicant stood before the wayfarer with outstretched hand. "Please, sir," he said, "I have seen better days."

The empress of Russia owns an ermine mantle which is valued at \$50,000. It is a present from her subjects living in the province of Kherson.

ELECTRICITY IN THE EARTH.

Is It the Awful Force That Will Finally Destroy the World?

"Take a spade, turn up a small quantity of soil, hold a portion in your hand, hold it to your ear, then smell it. You will observe first a slight motion, hear a faint sound as of the moving of distant timber, and readily notice the odor of heat. Do you know that the forces held in your hand are from electricity; that the earth for three feet deep is alive with the invisible power and forms the secret of vegetable life? Waves of electricity are constantly passing through the soil in unseen billows, thus keeping the soil from souring, as the billows of the ocean keep the waters from becoming stagnant. To demonstrate this fact, go to some rock bound pool, dip out a small quantity of the polluted water, place it in a bottle, cork and set aside in a warm place for a short time. Then take the bottle into a dark room, shake the bottle, draw out the cork, and you will see tiny forks of blue lightning shoot out from the bottle, and if you keep perfectly quiet you will hear faint mutterings like thunder. This comes from the flintlike rocks preventing the unbroken flow of electricity through the soil and from the air becoming charged and emptying itself into the water.

"Electricity, as is being gradually shown, is fire—the fire of friction, if you will, the first known by the inhabitants of our globe. Look at an arc lamp and see its combined sparks as they emit from the carbons so swiftly that they are taken for a regular flame of eye bedazzling light. In the ages to come the charge of electricity will keep on accumulating until some commotion of the earth will cause it to ignite, when, in the twinkling of an eye, our world, with all it contains, will be enveloped and consumed by a conflagration that will startle if not frighten the inhabitants of other planets as they look down upon the flaming mass and see burn up one of the greatest works of the Almighty's creation."—Philadelphia Times.

CREDITED MISS ROCKEFELLER.

She Couldn't Quite Understand Why the Shopman Was So Gracious. A pretty story is told of Mrs. Harold McCormick while she was Miss Edith Rockefeller, showing the simple manner in which she regarded her father's great wealth.

The incident occurred when she was a pupil at one of the fashionable New York schools. She, with a party of girls from her class, presented herself at a certain furniture dealer's to choose a gift for a favorite teacher. The price of the pretty writing desk, however, was more than the sum in their possession. The girls suggested that if the desk was sent they would forward the balance as soon as possible.

The proprietor very politely, but also very decidedly, informed the girls that he could not do as they asked. "But," he said, "if you can think of any New York business man with whom any of your fathers are acquainted and who will vouch for you the matter may possibly be arranged."

"Why," said the daughter of the great petroleum magnate, "I think my papa has an office down on Broadway. Possibly we can get the money there."

"His name is Rockefeller," replied the girl simply; "John D. Rockefeller. He is in the oil business."

The merchant gazed and looked at the girl in amazement. "John D. Rockefeller your father? Is John D. Rockefeller good for \$25?" he repeated in excitement.

Then he recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to order the desk packed up and sent immediately, while Miss Edith, very much astonished at his unwonted excitement, thanked him with pretty and simple grace.—Philadelphia Press.

The Lord Mayor's Costumes.

London's lord mayor has to put on three suits of clothes on taking office. He wears a wide sleeved, velvet faced, fur trimmed robe of purple silk rep on presenting himself to the lord chancellor at Westminster; this he uses afterwards as a police magistrate. For his show he wears a robe of superfine scarlet broadcloth, faced with sable fur and lined with pearl satin; this he must wear when greeting the judges at the Old Bailey and on All Saints' days. The dress for evening and formal receptions is a black damask satin robe, embroidered with silver gilt. Under these he wears a velvet coat and knee breeches. The robes are perquisites of the office and cost \$1,000. The chain of the office has on it diamonds worth \$600,000, and each lord mayor must give bonds for its safe return on receiving it. When the queen passes through the city, a fourth robe is necessary; but, as that seldom happens, it is bought only when the occasion arises.

The Gate Where "Poor Joe" Died.

"Tom All Alone's," the dismal graveyard in Russell court, Drury lane, immortalized by Dickens in the Poor Joe episode of "Bleak House," is now almost an open space, owing to the extensive demolitions in the neighborhood. The old dismal passage and steps have gone, and the yard is paved and laid out as a poor children's gymnasium, but the sullen looking gate with the rust eaten bars still remains, and is, like the space in the custody of the London common council.—London News.

Why He Didn't Take His Wife to Rio.

A professor of mathematics in an eastern college is so completely absorbed in his profession that he is becoming more and more absentminded every day. Not long ago he said to one of the students, "You see, I wanted to take my wife out for a drive and give her some fresh air, but when I came to make preparations I suddenly remembered that I never had a wife."—Golden Days.

Wanted.

Ladies and gentlemen suffering with throat and lung difficulties to call at our drug store for a bottle of Otto's Cure, which we are distributing free of charge, and we can confidently recommend it as a superior remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption and all diseases of the throat and lungs. It will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy. We will guarantee it to cure you. If your children have croup or whooping cough it is sure to give instant relief. Don't delay, but get a trial bottle free. Large sizes 50c. and 25c. Sold by W. B. Alexander.

"Nattvinn" in Paris.

The directors of the Paris Grand Opera, in answer to criticisms that, although subsidized, they were producing foreign instead of French works, recently drew up a list by which they showed that during the past 20 years they had mounted 38 operas by Frenchmen and only 6 by foreigners, the two outsiders being Wagner and Verdi. M. Maurel, the Parisian critic, has now carried the statistics back to the beginning of the century.

It seems that the last generation of Frenchmen were not so particular as to the nationality of musicians. From the year 1800 down to the present time the Paris Grand Opera has produced works by 106 French and 82 foreign composers. On the other hand, it appears that only 5,984 performances of French operas have during this period been given, as against 8,149 representations of works by foreign musicians. The French writer laments that his compatriots preferred foreign works, although in fairness it should be said that the list probably includes the operas of Meyerbeer, Rossini and other great masters of a previous generation, who, although not French by birth, were practically Parisian by adoption.—London News.

The Selfish Bishop.

A story used to be told that Bishop Wilberforce always crowded the seats of his first class carriage with his papers to gain himself a separate carriage, and when asked if these seats were occupied would reply, "Yes—occupied," adding in a low voice as the applicant went away, "but not engaged."—London Spectator.

A Napoleon Mot.

A new bon mot of Napoleon III is just reported. When Nicholas I of Russia congratulated him on coming to the throne, he addressed him as "my friend" instead of "my brother," the usual royal phrase. "This is most flattering," said the emperor. "We choose our friends. We cannot choose our relatives."

In the Cyclopean buildings at Baalbec there are stones 60 feet long, 4 feet thick and 16 feet wide. Some of them are 30 feet above the foundation.

The war department was established by act of congress Aug. 7, 1789.

HALF A CENTURY OLD, DOWNS' ELIXIR, AND YET AS GOOD AS NEW. 100,000 COUGHS AND COLDS CURED ANNUALLY. For sale by H. Alex. Stoker.

Auditor's Report!

Table with columns for Auditor's Report, including items like To amt of duplicate, By tax returned, and various financial figures.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

Table with columns for BEACH CREEK RAILROAD, including train numbers, destinations, and times.

CONNECTIONS.—At Williamsport with Philadelphia and Reading R. R., at Jersey Shore Junction with Fall Brook Railway, at Mill Hill with Central Railroad of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia with Pennsylvania Railroad, at Clearfield with Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway, at Mahaffey and Patton with Cambria & Clearfield Division of Pennsylvania Railroad, at Mahaffey with Pennsylvania & North-Western Railroad.

THE REYNOLDSVILLE Building and Loan Ass'n.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT, March 23, 1896.

Table with columns for THE REYNOLDSVILLE Building and Loan Ass'n, including financial statements and assets and liabilities.

We have examined the books of the Association and find the above report correct.

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A Bonus, as stated below, will be paid for the withdrawal of stock on and after April 20, 1896; this in addition to the withdrawal value, as stated in the by-laws.

Office Hours. Nine o'clock a. m. to 12:30 p. m., 1 p. m. to 4:00 p. m., 6:00 p. m. to 7:30 p. m., except on Saturdays and holidays, when the office will be open from 10:00 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. Owing to extra work put on the secretary for the ensuing year it will be necessary to observe the office hours above mentioned.

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A. Katzen, Prop'r, Main St., Reynoldsville

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