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Our line of Dress Goods surpasses all others. We have without doubt the largest and most complete line of Black Goods ever shown in Reynoldsville. Novelties from 12 1/2 to 50c. per yard. Fine Black Crepon from \$1.00 to \$2.00. 42-Inch Serge at 25c. per yard. A beautiful line of all-wool Poplins in all shades. A fine line of Dress Patterns—Dress Trimmings to match. Call and see our Silk Waist Patterns from 35c. to \$1.25 per yard. A complete line of Taffetas.

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Something you need for cool evenings. Ask to see our \$1.79 Collarettes. We have a few left; we expect another new lot in this week.

Ladies, Misses and Children's

Coats and Wraps

Ladies' plain cloth Capes, Kersey and Bouclays, nicely trimmed. Ladies' plain and crushed plush fur-trimmed Collar and Front—they are beauties—fancy lined. Our Ladies' Jackets—great care has been taken to select only one of a kind. Call and see our new Blues, Tans and Greens. We can save you money on any wrap you buy of us. We certainly can give you good values.

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A. D. Deemer & Co.

High School Bulletin.

EDITORIAL STAFF:
Editor-in-Chief, Will Smith, '99.
Asst. Editor, Elvin S. Coleman, '99.
Local Editor, Aida B. McEntire, '99.

The school has received enough subscriptions to justify them in going ahead with the lecture course. Next Friday the first number will be given. The Schubert Quartette will entertain on that evening. Now, all people who love music should attend this, also those who don't. (If there be any such people). "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast," some one has said. Let all come and enjoy this feast for the soul.

After this will come the lectures by world-renowned men. What do we go to lectures for? To learn new things, grasp new thoughts which will make us nobler men and women. Some one may say, "Why they say things I have thought of myself." Perhaps they do, but they put that thought into a pleasing, polished sentence, and it comes to us with a clear forcible light, stimulating within us new thoughts along with the old, and revealing the old in a broader and plainer light.

The persons, especially the young people, who say, "Oh, I do not care for lectures, they are too dry and prosy," what future can you predict for such? He who appreciates beauty wherever found, whose soul is thrilled by the exhibition of talent in whatever form—he alone may some day hope to be not merely the artist's fond admirer, but the artist indeed. He who is eager to learn and become spiritually and intellectually elevated will expend his greatest effort and place himself in contact with the leading minds and advancing spirit of his age.

Many a young person's life has been altered by impressions received in a good lecture. Realizing what good results may be obtained from good lectures, we will show our sympathy with this movement to bring to Reynoldsville the best American talent by contributing liberally our presence on the chosen dates.

Why don't some of you Juniors and Sub-Juniors make a few contributions to this column? Are you afraid your contributions will be refused or ridiculed? This column, as has been said before, is not for three or four persons alone. It is distinctly for the benefit of the High School. If it were for one class only it would be indicated thus at the head of the column; but as it is for the benefit of No. 14, it is called the HIGH SCHOOL BULLETIN. It is the duty of every scholar in the room to lend his cheerful aid and make the column a success. The old saw, "Faint heart never won fair lady," applies in this case as well as in any other. If you are too faint-hearted to try, how do you ever expect to be able to express your thoughts in written form? The people who scan our work with critical eye will not be very severe in their criticisms, because they know that we are but amateurs and have not the polish of professional art. If your pieces are altered somewhat, do not feel insulted, for it is all for the best. If our frail attempts at composition always were printed in the same words in which they are written, they would sometimes be very sad specimens of our English tongue. Again we ask all to endeavor and try to help us put before the public a respectable column from the High School. Anything from an essay to a local will be gratefully appreciated by us.

Some of the scholars think that because three of the Seniors are on the board that the column is especially for the benefit of the class of '99. This is a mistake, as all should know, because the editors were elected by the school.

If you have anything you want published, hand it to any one of the editors and, unless it is a joke too strong against any person, it will be published. Remember that we are not respecters of persons.

LOCAL.

Miss Amelia Morrow has returned from a visit in Pittsburg.

Some of the Juniors say that "the boys in Senior class have a swelled head." Three boys with one swelled head is something new.

The studies in the Junior class were omitted Friday forenoon on account of an examination in Physics.

Several young ladies in High School are cutting their wisdom teeth and in consequence are very much elated.

Muggins, better known as "Shorty" for short, got a new hat.

One of the Juniors knows where chestnuts may be found in good quantities.

A '00 is taking lessons in whistling. Winfield Sterley, a familiar face in High School, returned Monday.

Miss Mollie McDonald spent Sunday with her parents in Falls Creek.

It is said that most girls are talking

machines and there are a few in the Junior class that cannot be surpassed.

The Shakespearean Literary Society elected the following officers for the coming month: Pres., Aida B. McEntire, Vice-Pres., Pearl Barto; Sec., Elsie Ross; Program Committee, Bertha Marshall, Reynolds Gibson; Critics, Florence Stone, Joe Mitchell and F. S. Breed.

LaFayette Day was observed in the schools last week.

Gettysburg-Washington.

The last of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's five-day personally conducted tours from Buffalo, Erie, Pittsburg and principal intermediate points, to Gettysburg and Washington, will leave November 7th.

Round-trip tickets, including transportation, Pullman berth in each direction, hotel accommodations and carriage drive over the battlefield at Gettysburg, and hotel accommodations at Washington—in short, all necessary expenses—will be sold at rate of \$25.00 from Suspension Bridge, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse and intermediate stations on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad; \$24.00 from Elmira; \$25.00 from Erie and Corry; \$21.50 from Williamsport; \$23.00 from Pittsburg and points west of Altoona, and proportionate rates from other points.

Tickets will also be good to return on regular trains until November 17, but without Pullman accommodations.

Descriptive itineraries and full information can be obtained of ticket agents; B. P. Fraser, Passenger Agent Buffalo District, Buffalo, N. Y.; F. Palmateer, City Ticket Agent, 11 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.; E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all other diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on H. A. Stoke, Druggist, and get a trial bottle free. Regular size 50c. and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

Paradise.

While picking apples one day last week Martin Strouse fell off a ladder and severely sprained his left arm.

Amos Strouse had the misfortune to get one of his horses hurt so badly last week that he had to kill the animal to end its misery.

Scott Syphrit and Ruth Cathers attended a party at the home of Henry Norris last Thursday eve.

Henry Roush, of Big Soldier, visited his uncle, P. M. Wells, last Sunday.

Miss Orpha Newcome, of Brookville, is a visitor at the home of Noah Syphrit.

P. Mead Syphrit, of Sugar Hill, was in Paradise last Sunday.

The hour for service at the M. E. church has been changed from 3.30 to 3.00 P. M.

W. A. Sheesley is erecting a new barn.

About seventy-five people attended an old fashioned corn-husking at the residence of William Dougherty last Thursday evening.

Amos Strouse is busy hauling hay to Eleasora.

Diek Yohe and wife have returned home from a five weeks' visit at Carson City.

Any person wishing to buy potatoes should call on Scott Syphrit.

An Important Question.

If your friends or neighbors are suffering from coughs, colds, sore throat, or any throat or lung disease (including consumption), ask them if they have ever used Otto's Cure. This famous German remedy is having a large sale here and is performing some wonderful cures of throat and lung diseases. No matter what other medicines have failed to do, try Otto's Cure. Large sizes 25c. and 50c. Sold by H. Alex. Stoke.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Omit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

Matches.

The man who was old enough to know better was chusing up and down a Sixteenth street boarding house, trying to find a match to light a cigarette with.

"Did it ever occur to you," he said to the man who finally found a light for him, "what a boon and a benison the cigarette manufacturer has been to the match manufacturer? Think of it a moment. First, however, give me another match for this cigarette. I don't know how many cigarettes are made in this country, but let us, for the sake of argument, say there are a thousand cartons a year. Well, it takes on an average—another light, please—four matches to the cigarette, and the manufacturer of matches must therefore make 4,000 cartons of matches just to meet the cigarette demand. You may not think 4,000 cartons is a great quantity, but if you knew how hard it was to get one match when your cigarette is out, you would think 4,000 cartons wasn't a few if you had to go around begging them. I have never given serious study to the matter, but, looking at it casually, I should say the match manufacturers owe an inestimable debt of gratitude to the cigarette makers."—New York Sun.

Cash Versus Glory.

An ordinary service to mankind is usually paid for at current rates in legal tender. An extraordinary service, not involving the element of heroism, is rewarded by both legal tender and more or less fame. The highest of all services, rendered at the risk of life, is supposed to receive its full compensation in glory, unaccompanied by more sordid considerations. If, however, the hero of the service last mentioned should not be contented with his meed of glory, but should demand more substantial reward, he may receive it indeed, but at a large discount from the other (and in sentimental estimation more valuable) consideration.

Unlike the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, who receive their quid pro quo without a thought of humiliation, either in their own minds or yours, the man who saves your life at the risk of his own is looked upon as almost if not quite disgracing himself by accepting your proffered pecuniary reward, although he may, in fact, be in far sorer need than any one of the worthy trio who simply contribute to your necessities or comforts.—Edward P. Jackson in North American Review.

The Glowworm's X Ray.

The glowworm's light is said to have been shown to be due to the emission of rays similar to Roentgen's. Three hundred glowworms were caught near Kito and placed before photographic plates screened from the light by several thicknesses of black paper, together with plates of brass, copper and aluminum. A piece of cardboard with a hole in it was placed between the metal and the photographic plate, and for two days the arrangement was kept in a dark chamber, sheltered from all foreign lights. On developing the plate it was found to be blackened, except the part opposite the hole in the cardboard. The rays of the glowworm would appear therefore to penetrate metal and excite luminosity in cardboard. When there is nothing between the sensitive plate and the glowworm, the rays are said to behave like ordinary light, but in traversing some metals and cardboard they seem to acquire properties like that of X rays, or it may be that the ordinary glowworm emits X as well as ordinary rays.—Revue Scientifique.

A Mean Trick.

Absentmindedly Brooks stepped up to the cashier's desk and paid for his luncheon. Then, accompanied by Rivers, he went out into the open air.

"Brooks," said Rivers, "you'd better go back and settle for your dinner if you don't want the proprietor to follow you out and dun you right here on the street."

"Great Scott! Didn't I pay for it?" ejaculated Brooks. "Where's my check? I haven't got it."

"I picked it up as we left the table," said Rivers. "Here it is."

"Ah, you have come back to pay the other gentleman's check," said the cashier as Brooks went back, stepped up to the desk a second time and handed out a half dollar.

When Brooks went outside again, a moment later, Rivers was nowhere in sight, and there is another unsettled account between them.—Chicago Tribune.

Causes of Death.

An Austrian professor estimates that only 900 persons out of 1,000,000 die from old age, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2,700 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus and 7,000 to rheumatism. These averages of course vary according to locality. Smallpox does not even get a place in the list. Was this Austrian professor an antivaccinator?—London Globe.

A Good Starter.

Long—I'm getting too stout for comfort, but am unable to find a remedy.

Short—It is said that nothing reduces surplus flesh like wurr.

Long—But I have nothing to worry me.

Short—Well, just to help you, I'm willing to let you lend me \$10.—Chicago News.

AN ANCIENT CHESS KING.

Faintly some rajah first in the ages gone
Amid his languid ladies lingered there,
While a black nightingale, sun-swarmed as he,
Sang his one wife love's passionate oration;
Happily that mayst have pleased Old Prester
John.

Among his pastures when full royally
He sat in tent, grave shepherds at his knee,
While lamps of balam winked and glimmered
on.

What dost thou here? Thy masters are all
dead.

My heart is full of ruth and yearning pain
At sight of thee, O King, that hast a crown
Outlasting thine, and teils of greatness fled
Through cloud-hung hills of unshated ring
And murmurs of the dark majestic town.
—John Ingelow.

"A SAD NIGHT."

How Carlyle and Leigh Hunt Differed Even About the Sky.

Leigh Hunt and Carlyle were once present at a small party of equally well known men. It happened that the conversation rested with these two, and the others sat, well pleased to listen. Leigh Hunt talked on in his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle would drop some heavy tree trunk across his pleasant stream and bank it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval, but Hunt never ceased his joyous anticipations nor saturnine Carlyle his infinite demurs. The listeners laughed and applauded by turns, and now fairly pitted them against each other as the philosophers of hopefulness and unhelpfulness. The contest continued with ready wit, philosophy, pleasantry and profundity and extensive knowledge of books and character.

The opponents were so well matched that it was quite clear that the contest would last indefinitely, but night was far advanced, and the party now broke up. They all sallied forth, and, leaving the close room, the candles and the arguments behind them, found themselves under a most brilliant and starlight sky. They looked up. Carlyle can have no answer to this, thought Hunt, and shouted: "There! Look at that glorious harmony that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of hope in the soul of man!"

Carlyle looked up. They all remained silent to hear what he would say. They began to think he was silenced at last, but out of the silence came a few low toned words in a broad Scotch accent: "Eh, it's a sad night!"

They all laughed and then looked thoughtful. There might be some reason for sadness, too—that brilliant firmament perhaps contained infinite worlds, each full of struggling and suffering beings.

Unrecognized.

Perhaps when one makes that conventional blunder which is known as a "break" it is best to say nothing whatever about it. Extenuation only renders a bad matter worse.

Not long ago a lady was visiting the studio of a portrait painter and trying to make herself as agreeable as possible in return for a welcome and afternoon tea. She enjoyed the pictures, although in each case they seemed to her much idealized, and she went from one to another, civilly expressing her approbation.

"Ah," she said to her hostess, "you must tell me all about them! Who is this?"

"Mrs. Lorraine."

"I don't know her; charming, but of course I can't speak for the likeness."

"I try to be faithful," said the artist humbly.

"Oh, I know! I know! And who is the very pretty lady in brown?"

"That," said the other, with some frigidity, "is myself!"—Youth's Companion.

Below Decks During a Fight.

The position of the men below decks on a modern vessel of war, they being isolated by the watertight hatches and doors, has been frequently commented upon, but their position is not always so hard as has been supposed. On the Brooklyn, during the fight before Santiago, Admiral Schley sent orderlies among the men behind casemates and below decks telling them the effects of the shots and how the fight was going. When the chase of the Colon began, the orderlies went down to the stoke holes and engine room and told the men there that the race had begun and everything depended upon them. The wisdom of the action was partly shown in the outcome.—Argonaut.

People of Stone Age.

"The stone age" is not, properly speaking, an expression of time. It refers to a stage in civilization which passed long ago in Europe and Asia, but still lingers in some out of the way corners of the world. A report of La Plata museum in Paraguay describes the Quayquis, a small tribe of 500 or 600 living near the headwaters of the Acary river, as a true stone age people. They are timid, harmless folks, desperately afraid of the whites, and with reason, as they have been shamefully abused by them. They have no weapons for defense save bows, lances and stone tomahawks. They are undersized and round headed.

Impressing the Neighbors.

Mr. Wigsby—See here, my love, there is some mistake. The baggage delivery man has left seven trunks on our front porch.

Mrs. Wigsby (who has just returned from the mountains)—Imbecile! Don't you understand? He's coming back after dark for the extra five.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.