

Big Reduction! Your Opportunity!

Here is your opportunity to get good Shoes at a big reduction. Don't miss it.

Bargains In Shoes

I handle a fine line of the latest styles in ladies' and gents' shoes which I am selling at a small profit. Call and see my stock before buying your shoes.

JAMES K. JOHNSTON, Nolan Block.

Handy Tools

are more than convenient; they're necessary. You want tools, and you want good ones, too. In our stock of hardware we carry the best tools made in this or any other country. It's a maxim in hardware that the better the article the better it pays to buy it.

Reynoldsville Hardware Co.

A. D. DEEMER & CO.

Dress Goods

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.

Fur Collarettes

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.

See our WOOL BLANKETS from 2.50 to \$4.00 per Cotton Blankets from 45c. to \$1.25; Haps from 75c.

A. D. Deemer & Co.

High School Bulletin.

EDITORIAL STAFF: Editor-in-Chief, Harry Rysel, '99. Asst. Editor, Edna Myers, '91. Local Editor, Lydia Hallinger, '99.

PERSEVERANCE.

Almost every portion of the earth teems with works which show what man has been able to effect in the physical world by means of perseverance.

Calculate, if you can, the effort required to build the pyramids of Egypt. Can you conceive of a more enduring monument to the triumph of perseverance than that?

Look at nature. She has a thousand voices teaching lessons of perseverance. The lofty mountains are wearing down by slow degrees. The ocean is gradually but surely filling up by deposits from its thousand rivers, and by the labors of a little insect so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye.

How many of those whom the world call geniuses can exclaim with Newton that they owe all their greatness to persevering efforts. All of them. Gibbon consumed nineteen years in writing his masterpiece.

Go to the men of business, of worth, of influence and ask them who shall have their confidence and support. They will tell you, "The persons who falter not by the wayside, but who toil onward and upward and whose motto is 'excelsior.'" They shun the lazy and the indolent; they would as soon trust the wind as such people.

We, the Juniors of '99, should set our aim high, and instead of sighing, wishing and waiting, go to work with an energy and perseverance that will set every obstacle in the way of our success flying like leaves before a whirlwind. Let us be our own helpers. If a rock rises up before us, roll it along or climb over it.

LOCAL.

Some skaters half the time are on ice only have "a skate on."

"Shorty," when asked to explain the formation of dew, she said: "The earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours and in consequence of its tremendous pace, it perspires very freely."

It has been said that a certain Sub. is not a positive scrub, but a comparative scrubber.

The request for a Junior class meeting has been granted. The meeting took place Friday afternoon for no other purpose than to fulfill the request and put up a bluff. The Pres. said a part of this: To go out or not to go out, that's the question.

Whether you like it or not, the first was accepted on the spot. Much to her surprise, for they wanted us to apologize for a deed that was never done.

The persons that failed to serve on the program Friday didn't have much "interest in the principal" after the meeting.

A Senior has found a new synonym for necktie. It is "belt." He ought to have a "belt on the neck" instead of one around his neck.

Guy Slur is authority on Plumcreek football rules.

A Senior said: I haven't an "axe to grind," but I've got some "Latin to grind."

Smith got a new pair of breeches.

These cold days bring plenty of work for Coleman.

If bread is the staff of life then the minor editors of this staff must be hard biscuits.

The long looked for pins of the Junior class have arrived. The boys have not received any, as they intend to have theirs made of gold, two inches in diameter.

Come, you members of the High School, show your zeal by putting your shoulder to wheel and move the Bulletin along in its good work.

A Sub. said: The war with Spain caused an enormous stagnation to the trade of our E pluribus unum.

Muggins has a new beau and she has a string on it, too.

The High School is going to present a petition to school directors to establish a lunch counter in connection with the High School, especially for the

Sub-Juniors who cannot satisfy their appetites when they are at home.

Statistics from the Principal's Report for the Third Month, Ending Nov. 20, 1898. Table with columns: Name, Attendance, Percentage.

Prospective Candidates.

The indications are that there will be plenty of candidates for the various county offices next year. Those already spoken of, so far as we have learned, are: For Sheriff, T. M. Kurtz, of Punxsutawney; James Lockard, of Lindsey; J. B. Sykes, of Sykesville, and J. M. Chestnut and John E. Barr, of Brookville.

A Young Girl's Experience.

My daughter's nerves were terribly out of order. She was thin and weak; the least noise startled her, and she was wakeful at night. Before she had taken one package of Celery King the change in her was so great that she could hardly be taken for the same girl.

Pointed Paragraphs.

It is a wise barber who never illustrates his stories with cuts.

The sins that pay best are the last ones we want to give up.

The confirmed bachelor prefers to settle his affairs out of court.

It's always hard to please a man who doesn't know what he wants.

A girl's conversation is naturally flowery when she talks through her hat.

But few people worry themselves to death because of other people's hatred.

Time improves everything but women; they, of course, have been perfect from the beginning.

Advice is the only thing that the average man will give freely and without price.

It might be well to remember that one little apple did the world more harm than all the cider ever made.

Our respect for old age depends a great deal on whether it is to be applied to men and women or boarding house poultry.

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.

It is said that a Punxsutawney man is going crazy trying to find a single instance where a man has succeeded in business without advertising.—Big Run Tribune. There is only one business that we know of that is dead easy without advertising, and that is the undertaking business.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. Alex. Stoke.

The Age of an Oyster.

It is just as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as it is to ascertain the age of a horse by examining its teeth, or a tree by inspecting the circles revealed by the ax or saw when it is laid low. When the oyster is 6 months old, it is as big as a dime; when 1 year old, it will cover a silver half dollar, and when 2 years old, will be about the circumference of a silver dollar.

The oyster, unlike the crab, is not obliged to seek new quarters or build a new house every time he grows appreciably. The extensions that he puts on his house are clearly marked by a well defined ridge.

Oysters are esteemed to be at their best when between 4 and 5 years of age, and the planters endeavor to protect the beds for that length of time. Conscientious oyster men—that is, men who are not inclined to kill the goose that lays the golden egg—always return to the bed oysters that are too young, but in case a patriarch is brought up, over whose shell the tides of from 8 to 12 winters and summers have ebbed and flowed, he is sent to market, where he is put at the bottom of the heap and sold with his younger and more luscious companions.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Ethical Process.

Mr. Huxley says ingeniously (speaking of societies of animals) that the ethical process "is, strictly speaking, part of the cosmic process, just as the governor in a steam engine is part of the mechanism of the engine." But we know how the governor got into the engine; we don't know how or why early men introduced the ethical process. "It was their nature to," and the ignorant, superstitious blacks say that a god, Baime, gave them this law.

Practice, youths, a little virtue, just as much as will not hurt you.

This is ordinary morality. Go much further, and you are a saint. The Isle of Saints has ever been the most distressful country. Whither in the world are these reflections hurrying us? I have no idea beyond an ineradicable conviction that the ethical process, plus some "governor" not yet invented, will win in the long run, and that we must back it with our best exertions.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

Neither Did the King.

It is told of King Frederick VI of Denmark that while traveling through Jutland one day he entered a village school and found the children lively and intelligent and quite ready to answer his questions.

"Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?"

"With one accord they cried out, 'Cantus the Great, Waldemar and Christian VI!'"

Just then a little girl, to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something, stood up and raised her hand.

"Do you know another?" asked the king.

"Yes—Frederick VI."

"What great act did he perform?"

"The girl hung her head and stammered out, 'I don't know.'"

"Be comforted, my child," said the king. "I don't know either."

Why Do We Yawn?

There can be little doubt that one of the objects of yawning is the exercise of muscles which have been for a long time quiescent, and the acceleration of the blood and lymph flow which has in consequence of this quiescence become sluggish; hence its frequency after one has remained for some time in the same position—for example, when waking in the morning.

Co-operating with this cause is sleepiness and the shallow breathing which it entails. This factor, as well as muscle quiescence, is apt to attend the sense of boredom which one experiences in listening to a dull sermon; hence it is that the bored individual is apt to yawn. As in the case of sighing, the deep breath which accompanies the act of yawning compensates for the shallow breathing which is so apt to excite it.—New York Herald.

Hardly.

Cabman (sitting in the street amid the ruins of his cab and horse, to driver of the bus which occasioned the disaster)—You — — — — — I — — — — — I — — — — —

Constable (to the orator)—Now, now! You mustn't call him such names as that.

Cabman (in frenzy)—Him wot smashed me cab an' killed me 'orse an' left me a 'elpless cripple! Wot the — — do yer expect me to call 'im—a 'owl'n hangel!

What Changed His Mind.

"I had supposed until yesterday, doctor, that the days of the bleeding of patients were past."

"And so they are. But what changed your mind?"

"The bill you sent me."—Harper's Weekly.

A Thorough Sport.

The Deacon—Young man, don't you know that there's a rainy day coming? Spendthrift—Mebby there is, but I've got \$5 that says the weather man won't call the turn. Come, now, if you've got any nerve show your money.—Chicago News.

A CITY NIGHT.

Come, let us forth and wander the rich, the murmuring night. The sky blue dusk of summer trembles above the street, On either side uprising glimmer houses pale.

But see the turbulent bubble and voice of crowds delight. For me the wheels make music, the mingled cries are sweet, Motion and laughter call; we hear, we will not fail.

For see, in secret vista, with soft, retiring stars, With clustered suns, that stare upon the throne below, With pendant dazzling moons, that cast a moonday white.

The full streets beckon, Come, for toil has burst his bars, And idle eyes rejoice, and feet unheating so.

Oh, let us out and wander the gay and golden night, —Lawrence Binyon in New York Tribune.

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

What Can Elicit Through a Man's Brain in One Minute. It is very certain that the majority of dreams are only of momentary duration, though extended occasionally to the length of a minute.

In proof of this Dr. Sholz tells the following story from his experience: "After excessive bodily fatigue and a day of mental strain of a not disagreeable kind I betook myself to bed after I had wound my watch and placed it on the night table. Then I lay down beside a burning lamp. Soon I found myself on the high sea on board a well known ship. I was again young and stood on the lookout. I heard the roar of water, and golden clouds floated around me.

How long I stood so I did not know, but it seemed a very long time. "Then the scene changed, I was in the country, and my long lost parents came to greet me. They sent me to church, where the loud organ sounded. I was delighted, but at the same time wondered to see my wife and children there. The priest mounted the pulpit and preached, but I could not understand what he said for the sound of the organ, which continued to play. I took my son by the hand, and with him ascended the church tower, but again the scene changed. Instead of being near my son I stood near an early known but long dead officer. I ought to explain that I was an army surgeon during the maneuvers. I was wondering why the major should look so young, when quite close to my ears a cannon sounded.

"Terrified, I was hurrying off, when I woke up and noticed that the supposed cannon shot had its cause in the opening of the bedroom door, through some one entering. It was as if I had lived through an eternity in my dream, but when I looked at my watch I saw that since I had fallen asleep not more than one minute had elapsed—a much shorter time than it takes to relate the occurrence."—St. Louis Republic.

The Ghost in "Hamlet."

Not many years ago at the Queen's theater, Dublin, during one of the late T. C. King's engagements, "Hamlet" was being played to a densely crowded house. The actor portraying the part of the Ghost solaced himself during his long wait from the first to the third act by perusing the evening paper, using his spectacles in so doing. Being interested in some article (probably the "weights" for an important handicap), he delayed leaving the greenroom until the moment of hearing his cue, when, hastily snatching up his truncheon, he rushed upon the stage without his beard.

A titter greeted his appearance, but still the solemnity of the darkened stage and the fine acting of King as Hamlet prevented any great outburst until Queen, replying to Hamlet's question, "Do you see nothing there?" answered, "Nothing at all. Yet all that is I see," when a voice from aloft exclaimed, "Lend her your specs, old boy," followed by another: "Hould your row. Sure he's put them on to see to shave himself."—Cornhill Magazine.

A Lawyer's Retort.

The greater number of cases are tried before judges without juries, and the occupants of the bench are accustomed to resent an eloquent appeal as something in the nature of an insult to their mental powers.

"Do you think to soften my heart," sarcastically asked a well known chancery judge when a member of the equity bar, making a rare attempt at rhetoric, drew a pathetic picture of his client's wrongs.

"My lord," replied the counsel, who who at once recognized the failure of his appeal, but was quick to find success in his retort, "I know it is impossible."—London Globe.

Two Extremes.

"My ambition," said a French writer, "is to condense a book into a chapter, a chapter into a paragraph, a paragraph into a phrase." A teacher in one of our colleges said of Richardson, "His ambition was to expand a phrase into a paragraph, a paragraph into a page, a page into a chapter and a chapter into a volume."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Family Secret Out.

Teacher—You don't know what h-u-n-t spells? What does your father, do when his collar button is lost? Johnny (slyly)—He says things.—Jewelers' Weekly.