......

mira station, with an excited look on his face and a sprinkling of dust on ars podshed ances and near ciothes walked over to the sent where he had left his valige. He had not the air of complacency proper to a student whose vacation had just begun after ten successful months in college.

Chester had seated himself, drawn his handkerchief twice across his forehead, and looked at the clock bene observed the back of a young man seated reading a paper under one of the lights. This young man seemed Chester addressed him without cere-

"Hullo, there, Wainwright!" said he. "Thought you were home long ago. What are you doing here?"

Walnwright raised his eyes, turned his head, dropped his paper, and came neross the floor to his friend.

"Well, I'll be shot!" he exclaimed, "I didn't think I should meet any of you fellows here. I did leave early this morning, but a wreck delayed us four hours. So I'm about as well off as if I had waited for you. Did you just get

"Oh, no." said Chester, glancing at the clock. "I got here at eight-ten, and it's almost nine now. Didn't see you around here then.'

"No, I took a walk up the street." "So did I. And thereby hangs a tale. Haven't you noticed my wild ap-

"Now that you mention it," said Wainwright, "you do look as if something was wrong."

'I went out to take a stroll," said Chester, taking off his straw hat and running his hand through his hair. 'And as I was going up one of those abounding side streets, I was attacked by footpads-

What? Footpads in Elmira? How

Three. Two were perhaps 18 years old, and the other 13 or 14." "Pshaw, boys! What did they

want?" "Very determined boys,, I can tell you," said Chester, "They wanted money. If I didn't happen to have any they wanted my 'ticker.' I happened to have use for both articles, and so I had to fight for them. The bigger fellows were easily knocked out, but the youngest clung to me, tearing and cursing and kicking. I wanted to bring the business to an end. I threw him back very forcibly. It wasn't until he fell that I saw how really small and young he was."

"So you came out ahead?" said Wainwright, "But where were the police? Of course, though, you didn't want to be detained here a day or two as a witness. Could you identify them?

"I know they were 'toughs,' but that's all. I heard one of them call another Carvan."

"Garvan!" explaimed Wainwright. "Hold on a minute. Did the smallest one have short trousers and curly hair and blue eves?

'He certainly had short trousers,' said Chester, "and I think his eyes were blue, and his hair might have curled, for all I know. But it was all jammed under a soft cap pulled over

"I think," said Wainwright, "that I know who he was-he was Mrs. Garvan's Baby."

"Mrs. Garvan's baby!" ejaculated Chester. "Well, I must say he's a charming infant! But what do you call him Baby for? He's no baby, I

"He is to her." Wainwright said "And I happen to know his whole history. Yes, he has a history, and I will just have time to give it to you. My train leaves at 9."

"You have 10 minutes," said Chester. "Fire ahead. Is he one of your Corning friends?"

"He belongs in Corning, though I've never spoken to him, I think. Some years ago I used to see in Corning a small, curly headed boy, very bright, and well liked by all who knew him. It was Ms. Garvan's Baby. She always called him Baby because he was her youngest. His father worked on the railroad, and they were so poor that when the boy had gone to school a few years they let him work one summer in the factory. He wanted to go, and they thought it would keep him off the streets.

'tough,' and in a year he was a thoroughly bad boy. In the daytime he worked, and at night he was on the He learned all the bad things that the streets of a town at night could teach him.

"He smoked, chewed and even ometimes. He began to stay away from home for weeks at a time But he always came back until the day, about a year ago, when his fafound him drunk on the streets. and horsewhipped him severely. The Baby has never been home since."

ster whistled softly. That isn't the worst part of it," Wainwright went on. week that the boy ran away the faher was killed on the railroad. The two shocks crazed Mrs. Garvan a little, and she has never been the same The people around where she take care of her. But at night she roams the streets and goes into all the stores and saloons and asks people if they have seen her

es, and when they tell her they t know, she only says, 'If you see will you tell him, please, that mother wants him?' That's all, her precious Baby, meanwhile, is ag to rob young men in the streets

*************** Young Chester, coming into the El- | of Elmira. I don't think his father whipped him haif enough, do you? There's my train, I think. Well, goodby, old man! See you later, I hope, Be good to yourself."

Young Chester went outside to see his friend off, and then returned to the waiting room and sat down thoughtfully. He sat in one of the groomy corners, with the woman and the boy opposite to him. The place was draughty, and the June night air chilly. Chester wondered why the lady chose this room in which to wait. He decided that it must be because

she could see her train coming. The lady was middle aged and of refined appearance. As she sat with one arm thrown over the shoulder of her boy, her attitude bespoke motherly tenderness and concern. It struck Chester how much like the Baby the was in size and general appearance. The young man wondered vaguely if she knew how much she had to be thankful for in this innocent little n, even though he was delicate,

He reflected that a delicate little boy, who was dutiful and good, was preferable to a hardy little boy who was undutiful and "tough." He felt sure that this mother would think so and he wondered how it would seem to that other mother in Corning.

A cold wave of air cut short his reflections, and he shrugged his shoulders slightly and was thinking to about, when the woman said something to the boy, and then rose and left the room.

For a few moments the silence of the station was broken only by the roar of a train that came and went in the darkness, leaving the stiliness more perfect than before. Chester glanced at the clock; it indicated 10 minutes after 10.

He had still some minutes to wait. and he was beginning to wonder how he could occupy it when his attention was drawn to a boy doing a step dance on the platform outside Chester looking through the window, recognized the youngest of the boys who and assaulted bim.

The boy danced as though be had nothing else in the world to think of. Chaster, looking closely, could just distinguish the forms of his two older companions. In another instant these two disappeared. The Baby shouted, and ran after them.

Their movements suggested to Chester that they were trying to get rid of the Baby's company. He felt more sure of this a few minutes later when the door was pushed open wide, and the smaller boy came, in a surly tashion, into the room, dragging his large shors across the floor with a great deal of noise.

Chester, feeling safe from recognition in his dark corner, watched him closely. The boy's hand was evidently wrenched or twisted, for he shock it repeatedly with a very flerce frown. Choster saw that the boy answered perfectly Wainwright's description of

Mrs. Garvan's Baby. The new-comer made straight for the cozy corner in which the delicate little boy was sitting, and looked at

him impattently. "Git out o' the way!" he said. crowding the little boy from his seat without ceremony. The delicate boy, much frightened and wide awake, went across the room and took another seat. The Baby sat down and drew himself together as if he were cold, and then leaned back and blinked revengefully at the light with his cap pulled over

The door now opened, and the lady came back into the waiting-room. She did not pause nor look about the room but went over to where the Baby was sitting with his head down and his feet drawn closely under him. The lady sank into the seat beside him, gently threw one arm over his small shoulder and bent her head above his.

Chester felt sure that the Baby's yes were watching her from under his cap, and he waited for the Baby to do something. But the Baby did noth-

Whether it was that the lady's action had taken him completely by surprise or that he had become too much embarrassed to move, it is impossible to say. Chester's eyes went to the delicate little boy wonderingly. but the little boy was sitting with his face turned away from the door and had not noticed his mother's entrance. When Chester looked at the lady again her hand gently strayed to the Baby's tangled hair, which she was softly ca-

ressing with her fingers It seemed to Chester that her lips were touching the young outcast's head, and that she was faintly murmuring some lullaby. The Baby's head had dropped lower; but he still sat so motionless that Chester began to think that perhaps he had gone to

Five minutes passed, and Chester be gan to wonder how the incident would close. He had quite made up his mind that the Baby had fallen asleep when the lady turned her head and her eyes fell on the other little figure in the distant corner of the room. She knew her boy immediately. A startled look came into her eyes. She drew back and looked amazingly at the boy beside

"Dear me! I had no idea-I beg your pardon, but I did not notice you. and I thought you were my boy.

Then Chester saw that the Baby had not been asleep, for he threw aside his head, after one quick glance into the lady's face, and murmured, in

what was almost a tone of reverence—
"Yes, ma'am."

A few minutes later the woman and the little boy went out to meet the southern bound train.

Young Chester swung one eross the other uneasily, and looked dreamily at a ponshed model of a locomotive under a glass case. Then he stood up, walked over to where Mrs. Garvan's Baby was sitting, and took the seat beside him.

'Do you know," Chester began slowly and uncertainly, "a young fellow around here named Garvan? I was told I might find him somewhere and I thought perhaps you might have seen him."

The Baby gave a quick, keen glance and then said, with scronful impa-

"Naw! How'd I know'rn? What d've want of him?"

Well, you see," Chester said, "his to see him about it. He ran away from home, you know, long ago. His people who knew him and used to like him when he was a smaller fellowthey can't tell whether he's dead, or sick, and that's pretty bad for them. When you care very much for a person, and the person goes away and you sever see him nor hear of him even, it hurts a good deal. And his mother cared very much for him, for he was dearer to her than anything in the

Chester paused. The silence in the waiting room was complete. The boy sat still and did not seem astonished by this strange story.

"Perhaps you know," Chester went on, "that his mother lies all alone now, and has no one belonging to her. The people around where she lives take care of her in a sort of way. She needs to be taken care of now, you know. She's not so very old, but she's feeble, and she always has a sort of tired appearance, and she's always expecting and watching for this boy of

"Nearly all the saloon keepers and boy used to go around those places a thinking she'll find him in some of them. She goes often at night and asks those people if they've seen her Baby. She always tells them if ever they see him to tell him that his mother wants him. And she does want him very badly. Why, she's nearly all the time crying alone by herself.

The boy shifted uneasily. Everybody wants to do something for her, but nobody can bring back her boy, and that's what would do her the most good. Oftentimes they find her sitting alone with something that used to belong to her boy-something her like that crying silently. Queer, don't you think it is, how mothers will go on that way?"

The Baby's head was in his hands, and he seemed to be critically observing the floor. But he answered at once, and in the same tone in which he had spoken to the lady-"Yes, sir," he said, without looking

"It seemed to me," Chester went on, quietly, "that if this young Garvan only knew how she feels about it, he would go back to Corning and try to make her as cheerful as she used to be. He doesn't know about her, I suess, and he wouldn't stay away, perhaps, if he knew how much she cared." the why of it, and sewing is rapidly Chester paused a moment and then

continuedright on to Corning as soon as he ould. And perhaps if I gave you a ticket to Corning you might be able to see him and give it to him. Do you think you could?"

Baby did not raise his head, The and Chester bent to catch what he

'Yes, sir," the boy whispered. "That's good," said Chester, cheerfully, rising from his seat.

He stepped across the floor, bought head down, but Chester put the ticket | Montgomery county thrice weekly into his hand and told him that there during the year, but manages a large Then Chester went outside and walked | ual labor, such as plowing, harrowing. up and down the platform.

erhaps will not do any good. But other fellows risk money in worse ways, and why shouldn't I put mine into this bit of humanity?"

That night, in one of the scats of the late train into Corning, a little of jetties, and dredging. Few people notice the lights that flashed by in employs the only woman train disthe darkness, nor the different staat all like a hardened and bad boy.

letter to Chester-

Mrs. Garvan's Baby,' whose acquainmira. Perhaps you will be surprised most respectable citizens. He is working in one of the stores down town. dle horses. When I saw him the other day he was dressed very neatly, with his shoes polished and his hands clean, and his Garvan doesn't go around the streets any more at night, and she thinks she

reformation of the Baby." back easily in his chair. "I don't care how soon everybody knows about the whole business. Some might say could have put the price of that railger returns, but I call it a very good investment."—Waverley Magazine.

Forty-six of every 100 postal cards sold in Germany last year were tour-ists' pictorial cards.



Hats That Parisian Women Are Wearing Paris women of fashion are order ing for summer wear hats that are Amazon in shape, and worn low over the forehead. They have a bunch of mother lives in Corning, and she has reathers or flowers in front, sticking a pretty hard time of it, and I wanted up straight; and they come down over the "chignon" in the back. Often there are little streamers or lace ends friends-I mean his mother and all the in the back.-Ladies' Home Journal.

Fashions for Girls. Point lace, which is especially associated with bridgl occasions, is the favorite trimming for the wedding gown, Some of the finer deep nets with lace border are used for flounced skirts. With these the waist usually is trimmed with a bolero of the fig ured lace and a front of the plain net. The long points of the jacket hang down over the skirt, but at the back the waist is all in one piece. A Cluny lace gown just completed is made with the body of the gown of louisine, and a wide flounce of the Cluny. The waist is of the lace, made with a square yoke effect.-Harper's Bazar.

How Ella Wheeler Wilcox Looks,

The first thing a stranger notices about Ella Wheeler Wilcox is her They have the coloring of a eves. yellow brown topaz, and the tone is repeated again in her hair. store keepers know Mrs. Garvan. Her a very expressive face and expressive hands. While you watch her talk it good deal, you see, and she keeps impresses you that if she had not become a successful poet she might have been an equally successful actress. She has a melodious voice, and a youthful, graceful figure.

The gowns she wears are of a different style from anything you find in a fashion magazine. Ten years ago she adopted certain styles which were becoming and comfortable, and ever since her gowns have been something like an idealized Empire dress.-Good Housekeeping.

Farm Life for Women.

It has been said that young farmers would not be so anxious to come that reminds her of him-they find to the city if it were not for the excessive distaste of young women in the country to settle down to the drudgery of woman's work on the farm. Efforts are being made in several states to counteract this objection by making farm life more agreeable

Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, preceptress of the school of agriculture of Minnesota university, herself a practical woman farmer, says:

"The farm home is the ideal home and the thought of our school is always to educate the girl for the life she will have to live. We give our girls special work adapted to women in the home. Butter making is not drudgery to the girl who understands ceasing to be a lost art now that the girls see that patterns are comprehen-"And so I wanted to tell him to go sible things and not Chinese puzzles." -New York Tribune.

Strange Careers for Women Women bread winners have chosen strange careers for themselves in various parts of the earth. Their example may inspire others, if not to adopt ciple which guided them to choose the one thing they could do that was near at hand. For example, in Georgia a woman not only personally dea ticket for Corning and came back. livers mail over a 40-mile route, riding The Baby was still sitting with his over the scantily settled region of was a train leaving 10 minutes later. | farm as well, doing much of the mansowing and harvesting, and supporting "It's a risk, of course," he mused, by her energy and courage a family of spending my money on tickets that four. Not 20 miles from Savannah there resides a widow, who has for the last 10 years made more than a comfortable income as a government contractor, bidding for the removal of wrecks, anchoring of buoys, building boy sat alone with his face pressed riding over the New London Northern close to the window pane. He did not railway are aware that the company patcher in the world. Her responsibiltions, for he was crying quietly, not ity is great, her hours from 7 in the morning to 9 in the evening, her du-Some months afterward Wainwright ties a continual nervous and mental wrote the following paragraph in a strain. Quite recently the directors of the road complimented her upon her "You may remember our friend, efficient service, and it is a pleasure to add she receives the same compentance you made in the streets of El- sation paid the men occupying similar positions. A Virginia girl has made to learn that he is now one of our a widespread reputation as well as a good bank account, as a trainer of sad-

Parasols for the Summer. Parasols for the summer of 1901 are clothes eminently respectable. He to a degree attractive. Some exqui-was always bright, and now he bids sitely dainty examples are chiffon infair to become a leading man. Mrs. serted with lace and frilled with tucked ruffles, which are again edged with narrow lace. Black and white has the best son in the country. I am effects in parasols are the vogue, and they are inserted with black velvet and panne appliques, which are edged "Now," said young Chester, leaning with tiny gold or silver cord. The most alluring novelty of the season is a parasol of thin cloth of gold built over a white silk foundation. It is incrusted with velvet designs. is a tendency to keep the edges of parasols plain, although of course in the more elaborate examples lace is In fact, parasol covers with real lace are deemed the most elegant of the

is in vogue, and women of fashion are scarching in their treasure boxes for the dainty little sun shades that were a part of every woman's dress 25 years

Thread lace then was the most desirable, and both black and whits covers were mounted over white silk. The handles of these dainty articles are of carved ivory, tortoise shell and coral. The popular cover of the mediumsized parasol is Duchess lace. Plain a parasols, which are, in fact, a little less small than the average woman's umbrella, are the latest fancy of the moment. They have club handles, which are studded with brass or silver pail heads, the same nail head appearing in the stubby little ends. Again, dog's heads carved from ebony are surmounting the sticks of light sunshades. These parasols are to be found in all of the light shades, pink, invender, green, blue and yellow, but the white parasol is considered the smartest to wear with the average summer costume, but if madam's purse strings are long enough she will have a parasol to accompany each costume. There are also to be found among the new parasols those of the delicate flowered silks. A white parasol, for example, is besprinkled with hazy lavender flowers, and it has a handle of carved gold, set with amethyst. fact, most of the colored parasols have a colored stone in the handle to match the tone of the silk. Jet snangle appear on many of he lace designs. and silver spangles are employed with embroidery and insertion. A charming example of white silk has a large estrich plume design in black lace, plume being illuminated by silver spangles .- Chicago Record-Herald.

Dangers of Over-exercise, The busy woman needs to conserve ber nervous force, and to increase it by every possible means. If her health is excellent she will be greatly profited by moderate exercise, but she will find it greatly to her advantage to take this at first in small and divided doses, only increasing the amount after days of moderation and rest. If, on the contrary, her winter's work leaves her not ill, but ex-hausted, tired out, complete rest for one or two weeks, taken out of doors, is frequently the best prescription that can be given.

The amount and duration of this rest cannot be absolutely specified here, as it must depend upon individual needs. In general, at least a week of lying around will be found very profitable, in which short drives may be taken, and a 10-minute easy walk in the cool of the day. Many will improve best by adding a second week of out door rest to the first, and interspersing the hours in the hammock with a short ride on a wheel, not exceeding 20 minutes at first, or a couple of holes on the golf course, or some equally temperate method of easy exercise. Whether this second week needs to be one of complete rest or not, must be for each woman a personal question; if she will decide it upon personal grounds-taking her own measure rationally, and not that of some athlete or other wholly vigorous person as her standard, and abide by this, she will sain more actual refreshment and energy from her often all-too-short vacation than her former conscientious routine of so many miles a day has ever brought to her. One needs to be acclimatized, as it were, to a vacation, to change of dist as well as to the change of air, to the lack of absorbing occupation and the general disturbance of daily habit, before making prolonged physical exertion. Some of the and the other man's \$7 a month. Now signs that exercise is beneficial are the fault was at home. One man prean improved appetite and digestion, pared against drouth in case it needed ing sense of vicor and well being ling. He had hoped it would be a wet The fatigue that lasts over night (ex- | year, and there would be plenty of cept in the case of a new form of exercise) is a sign of over exertion .- | pected to have no money. He received Harper's Bazar.

Hats of point d'esprit are among the prettiest light hats for children.

Dainty little corset coversare of dimand pink upon them.

The buckles on ties are losing their plainness, and instead of the round metal harness buckle, show a cutting in squares, which is a very considera-

Bands of point d'esprit set into fine muslin gowns make one of the prettiest of trimmings. There is an edge of the skirt is finished.

Golf belts are of leather, with leath er buckles and sometimes studded with nails. Ooze leather belts are very stylish and are shaped somewhat wider at the back than in front. One can use one's belt clasps now for

hats if one has a taste that way. These buckles, or rather claups, are to be seen on some of the hats in the sailor styles holding the band of ribbon or velvet at the side. The new sweater for golfing is cu

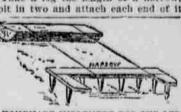
low in the neck like the golf vest and is lapelless. The pattern is a striped one in brilliant red or green and the buttons down the front are of gold, or namented with crossed golf sticks of green enamel. There is no end to the variety to be

seen in sashes. They come in watered silk with painted flowers; in satin with raised velvet flowers; in white silk with a fancy weave; with no other ornament than the fringe, with which most of the shashes are finished, and there are colored ribbons in fancy weaves, the material in stripes, some lengthwise and some across.

FARM TOPICS

Dealing With the Weed Pest, Some weeds prefer cool weather and start to grow early. Others do not be gin growth until the ground is warm. There are also weeds which delight in damp weather, and others that can flourish during severe drought. no weeds can stand loosening of the top soil when they are just coming on of the ground, for, if they are not cut down, their roots are loosened and Diey perish, because they cannot so cure food.

A Smoothing Harrow. Take a log the length of a harrow, spit in two and attach each end of it



A ROMEMADE IMPLEMENT FOR THE LEV

to a harrow, as portrayed, by means placing the oval side of log down Such an implement works well in smoothing the surface after the har ow.-E. Dickenson, in Farm and

Watch the Chicks Closely. Watch the little chicks closely, and note the first symptoms of any disor-

A continual chirping denotes trouble of some kind, while that contented lit. tle peep, which we have all learned so well, denotes a healthy state, that foretells rapid growth.

Perhaps it is lice, and if so, there is no surer road to fallure-unless they are at once cleaned out.

Catch the hen and dust her with in sect powder, and if possible, treat each chick similarly, but if this is not possible, then grease the hen slightly under wings, tall and on top of head. This will kill every louse and egg.

change the diet at once, and note each change as made. We can never hope for success with chicks that were started wrong, and a little extra cost at first will be offset

by greater gains in the future.-Home

and Farm.

If the fault lies in the feeding

Preparing For Drouth. I will give you an instance of two dairymen in my neighborhood. One is about the best and the other is not the worst, but among the poorest. They have each 100 acres. Last season was very dry, the dryest I have ever come through. We had not a good sonking rain from the time the snow went off till October. This good dairyman had fourteen cows, to which he attended thoroughly. He had about an acre of oats and peas, and put in two and one-half acres of corn early, and he fed his cows right through the senson. Both these farmers sent to the factory for seven months, and the good dairyman received in the seven months an average of Coo7 pounds from each of the fourteen cows in the herd. The other dairyman, who aid not provide anything, received an average of 2032 pounds each. Then when it came to money the man with the 6007 pounds got \$49 per cow, the other man got \$18 per cow. The poor dalryman's cows averaged \$2.59 a month, grass, but if it was a dry year he exabout \$162 for these nine cows, and the other man received \$441, making a difference of \$280 to the man for his farsightedness .- W. C. Bright, before the Ontario Dairy Convention.

Varied Bations. The stock raiser and feeder must not only know the kind of beef the market demands, but must know how to feed to cat desired results; he must also know the combination of foods that will produce these results and at

minimum cost. The basic fact is that the feeding must be varied, not so much to develop and pet the appetite, as to meet the needs of the animal system. If corn is fed to excess, stock will cense to eat with relish, because only part of the system is being normally nourished, but if with this carbonaceous food a nitrogeneous one is fed, and it usually on the flounce with which also foods are furnished that will sup ply the mineral substances needed by the animal, the varied food is furnished that will give good results and keep the animal in health and appetite.

This ration question is one should be intelligently considered by the intelligent calf raiser. It was but a few years ago deemed that such knowledge was only needed by the feeder finishing cattle for market, but the well informed cattleman knows to day that bone and muscle to give the large frame are developed in the calf while maturing, and he feeds foods that will make bone and muscle These facts being true, the farmer that ignores them must be the loser This varied ration problem should be given critical attention, and not be treated as a fad. Raise a calf or two on what are regarded as established feeding laws, and see if the calf doesn't show the intelligence of its owner. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, so give "bossie" a balanced ration pudding and he will tell the story.-Eural World.

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