A St. Louis man risked his life the other day to save a cat. The same genmeman would probably throw a shoe at a cat on a back fence and never have a pang in case he hit the mark.

At the Methodist conference in London the interesting fact was developed that there are very nearly 25,000,000 Methodists in the world and \$300,000-000 worth of Methodist church prop-

An American has just died in New York City at the age of 101 who was a veteran of four wars and had lived through a fifth. Are we such a peaceful nation when one lifetime supplies this record?

Authors are now writing flattering comments on their own works. The days when a writer begged the indulgence of the "gentle reader" are long past. Yet they were the days that produced the masterpieces.

Ocean steamships nowadays are as regular as the railroads in carrying the mails. They have their habitual rate of speed and are expected to make the voyage of 3000 miles over a trackless ocean through wind and storm in the same number of hours and minutes, winter and summer, never slowing down or heaving to except on the very rarest occasions.

The pistol is, perhaps, the readlest instrument of murder within reach of the hand of the assassin. While seeking the means of statutory curbforthe intending murderer, why not put a heavy restraining tax on the manufacture, sale and ownership of this readily concealed and life-destroying weapon? It is already forbidden by law to carry concealed firearms in many of the states: but if it should be made a costly as well as an illegal habit something would have been accomplished in safeguarding the right to live, thinks the Philadelphia Record.

"When will our legislators recognize the fact that the health of the community is its most valuable asset, and take the necessary steps to assist in preserving it?" inquires Health. "Doubtless there are many noises incidental to city life which it is impossible to suppress, but a very large proportion of them are easily preventable, for instance, the incessant discordant clanging of car gongs, the screeching and tooting of switch engines in railroad vards, the rattie of heavily loaded wagons over badly paved streets and the deafening yells of fruit venders and newsboys."

According to Harper's Weekly, England is looking forward to the fiercest municipal contests the kingdom has had for years. There is not an alderman in the whole realm who does not want to be mayor of his respective town, because it has been announced that every mayor in the United Kingdom will be knighted when Edward is had plenty of room for dodging, and crowned king. Whether Edward him- wheeled about the corral in erratic cirself will personally bestow the accolade cles, darting ahead, leaping sidewise, does not appear, but as he is going to revive all the ancient ceremonies connected with the coronation it seems no more than fair that he gratify the intense desire of so many loyal subjects. Only one thing could increase the happiness of John Bull when he is knighted, and that is to receive his knighthood from his sovereign's hand. It would be unkind in the king to disappoint the honored gentlemen.

The first case of "tapping the wires" of wireless telegraphy, if the Irishism may be pardoned, has been reported. During the recent French naval maneuvers in the Mediterranean the cruiser Bouvines was entering at the Straits of Gibraltar when its wireless telegraph call to it, as Sandy had taught him, apparatus recorded the fact that in the vicinity was another ship similarly equipped. The Bouvines, thinking that the other ship belonged to the French fleet, began to talk to it, and the other rider race down a long north slope ship replied. There was, so to say, a confusion of tongues, and after a few minutes the Frenchman discovered that instead of talking to a compatriot it was an Englishman "at the other end of the wire." The report, or so much of it as has been published, unfortunately does not tell how far apart the two ships were, but the epi- Indians had killed and scalped besode reveals the interesting possibilities of what might have happened had the two nations been at war. In such a case the Marconi system could have run on the express route. Riding his been both a source of danger and of own ponies, the young freighter covsafety to the Frenchman. It would have warned him of the presence of a foe hitherto unsuspected, and if, as swiftest runner, Sandy rode this animight happen, the Englishman had possession of the Frenchman's secret code, the latter might have been drawn into a very pretty trap. It is a point for naval experts to discuss, and doubtless it will not pass unnoticed.

#### PARAMETER STATE OF THE THE FEAT OF THE "CALICO" PONY.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

press there were no more perilous bits of trail than those which lay on either side of the station at Lapeer's. This North Platte country was a middle ground common to Pawnee, Sloux, Cheyenne, Ute, Arapaho and Kloway Hither all these came to chase the buffalo, to steal horses, or to fight the white men or one another; and here the adventurer, of whatever sort, carried his life in his hand.

One day there came to Lapeer's, from the western mountains, Sandy Van Sant, formerly mule whacker for a freighting outfit, young, stunted in growth and short in one leg. His savings consisted of an enormous mule and three Nez Perce ponies, one of which was a "calico of a picturesquetiess not to pass without remark. The genuine calico pony is usually of but two colors, a ground of white with ltberal markings of red or black; but Sandy's animal had all three colors

laid on very promiseuously Sandy desired above all things to secure a place as an express rider, and he asked for a remy at Lapeer's. When for answer the boss pinned a playing card upon his "shooting post" Sandy's countenance fell. He had failed in that test before. Hoping against hope, he mounted his steadlest animal and trotted several times past the mark He failed to hit the post. In the words of "Blue Bob," the station horse wrangler, "that mule whacker couldn't hit the mule he rode on."

But Sandy, not desiring to ride farther toward the tame east, rested from his travel at Lapeer's. His stock ran with Blue Bob's bunch and without comment, until the wrangler came in to supper one evening, with wrath in his powder stained visage.

"Say, mule whack," he said, "if you don't tie out those pintoes of yours, I'll sure roll your bunch into the

"Been tryin' to rope 'em, Bob?" Sandy asked, with a good natured twinkle in his eye.

"I'll sure rope that flea-bitten calico of yours, and I'll sure ride him to-Blue Bob announced in a heat, which greatly tickled the men at Lapeer's.

'Sure?" asked Sandy tantalizingly. "Sure," declared the wrangler, his

face flushing under its pits of blue. The next morning at sunrise the station boss, Jim Devine, his three gun men and Sandy sat upon a corral fence and enjoyed themselves. The fun be gan inside the corral, but was soon

transferred to the open. At Bob's first confident throw the calico pony dropped its head between its knees and dodged with the facility of a weasel. Bob ran a wider loop, and approached until he could almost lay hand upon the pony's flank. The calico stood with its ears laid back. The wrangler poised his noose and made a quick jump forward. When his rope struck the ground the calico pony was behind him. Then, while a shout of laughter went up from the onlookers that "painted" pony leaped the high corral fence with the ease of

a cat going over a chair. Blue Bob mounted the swiftest animal in his bunch and gave chase. Much to his astonishment the calico pony made no attempt to run away. It now or stopping short, as the nature of Bob's throw demanded. In a dozen casts Bob's noose did not once fall upon the pony.

"Who taught the pinto such tricks?" Bob demanded of the men on the fence, when at last he acknowledged

"Nez Perces-best horse trainers in the world, I reckon," said Jim Devine. Sandy nodded. "That's what," he

"Them others are just as bad," admitted Bob to Sandy, as they walked back to the station. "I don't see the use in such as that."

It was some weeks before Blue Bob saw and admitted the wisdom of Nez Perce training. In the meantime Sandy's ponies continued to run with the bunch, and when he wished to ride the calico the wrangler had only to in the guttural acents of its former Nez Perce owner-"Ksok, Ksok,

One day at noon the men at Lapeer's watched an east bound express with a cloud of horsemen at his heels. The gun men were about to dash to his rescue when the Indians turned back. The rider came up badly hurt and reeling in his saddle.

"The Cheyennes have done up them skinners," he managed to ejaculate, and then he fainted and was carried in. The "skinners" alluded to were a camp of buffalo hide hunters, whom the

side his trail. So it came about that, because there was no one else for the place, Sandy was assigned to a short and temporary ered, twice each day, the 12-mile stretch which lay between Lapeer's and Cow Creek. As the calleo was his

mal one way each day. The dead buffalo hunters were buried by a detachment of troops from Fort Laramie. The soldiers also scoured the region in search of the Cheyenne trail, but the wary Indians had scattered one by one and as-

On the long route of the pony ex- | caped. None of them were ever pun-

For two uneventful weeks Sandy rode his beat, a round trip each forenoon, the riders at either end of his trail taking extra laps until the wound-

ed man should recover. The Indian raid had well nigh passed out of mind when Sandy, riding the calico on his return trip from Cow Creek one sunny morning, was surprized by a crowd of Cheyennes upon the same long slope down which the regular rider had been chased.

Far to the northwest of Lapeer's the hills rose steadily in a succession of ridges, cut by deep ravines and ditchlike washouts. Out of reach of gunshot from these slashes, except at a single turn, the trail of the pony express followed the crest of a long and crooked ridge. At the turn mentioned with a washout close upon the left. the ridge dropped away toward Lapeer's. Past this cut, which had been the scene of more than one ambush, the pony riders were wont to race at full speed.

Sandy, upon his callco, had passed over the height at a flying pace and was now well within sight of the buildings at Lapeer's. Suddenly in his front, on either hand, there came scrambling up the slopes three or four squads of Indian riders. They had imed their break from cover so that there would be no space for a dash between their lines.

Sandy's eyes and brain took in the ituation quickly. The big war party of Cheyennes had returned to attack more express riders. There were a score in his front, and he knew the ravines and canyon cuts on either hand and the washout in his rear were hiding other squads ready to cut off his line of flight.

He was surrounded, and he determined to go forward and trust, first to an appearance of good faith, and finally to the quick wit and speed of his calico pony. Thrusting a useless revolver into a boot leg, he unbuckled his belt, with ammunition case and holster and let it fall to the ground. The mail pouch, which Sandy, like every other express messenger, would have refused to abandon under any circumstances whatever, was fortunately nearly empty, and added but little to his own light weight and that

of his saddle. Both parties of Indians were now nearly at the top of this ridge, and some 300 yards in his front. Sandy rode straight on at a jog-trot, holding up a hand in token of amity or of surrender, as the Cheyennes should choose to consider.

Seeing the express rider approach hem thus amicably, some 20 or more befeathered fellows halted their podes. Some were armed with guns, but most had their bow and arrows and long lances.

"How-how-how?" they chorused,

as Sandy came near. The Cheyennes were delighted at the apparent ease with which the man and is pony had fallen into their grasp, Three of their head men, each holding out a hand and grinning treacherously, rode forward to meet him. This was forcing his hand sooner than Sandy had expected. His pony was approaching the Indians apparently without fear or suspicion.

Sandy felt that it would never do to ct one of those Cheyennes grasp him the hand, and when his anima nearly touched noses with the pony of the foremost, he gave a sudden fierce grunt, gripped his saddle with both hands, and drove a Spanish rowel deep into the calico's flank.

He had good need to cling to his seat, for his pony's first leap nearly erked the breath out of his body, while the calico dodged like a frightened rabbit among the charging Cheyennes. It seemed to Sandy that a dozen riders hurled themselves upon him and his pony in the same breath.

The Indians could not shoot in such melce, but long lances were thrust at the messenger as his pony dodged hither and thither among plunging animals. Two of these awkward but dangerous weapons met in a clash and broke above his head. A tomahawk hit his mail bag and glancing, grazed an arm. And this harmless blow was the only stroke Sandy or his pony got in their zigzag dash through the Indian

His race, however, had only just be gun, and Sandy knowing speed to be his only hope, gave the calico free rein and simply clung to his seat. He immediately found himself plunging down the east scarp of the ridge and straight toward a deep, precipitous

washout. A crowd of yelling, shooting riders launched themselves upon his heels. The Indians were appallingly close but no man, red or white, can shoot accurately with his horse going at full speed, and if his animal be plunging down a hill, his shots must be aimed very much at random. In a short quarter mile dash the angry Chevennes wasted bullets and arrows recklessly upon the figure dropping down the

slope in front of them. Sandy was nearing the washout with several Cheyennes pressing hotly upon his pony's heels, and he clenched his teeth, expecting to take a tremendous slide and be set upon in a promiscuous scramble at the bottom. But at the moment when the messenger ravine and braced himself as well as he could for the steep and dangerous descent, his callco wheeled in a flash

upon the bring of the big ditch and

fled toward Lapeer's. Sandy reeled in his sept, then looked behind to see two of his pursuers, unable to check their ponies, go plowing into the washout, while still another, whose animal had set its feet in a standstill, was flung neck and heels over the bank. What fate awaited hose Indians at the bottom of the cut Sandy could not tell; he was too quickly out of sight.

But three of his pursuers were out of the race; that he knew. Then he felt a sense of mounting exultation as he noted how his calleo pony was running upon the very rim of the washout, clearing wide, dry ditches and water ruts in lithe, quick leaps, and scudding like a hunted fox over ground a fox might have chosen to fall the best of horsemen. This-this was a Nez Perce mountain pony.

The remaining Cheyennes followed hotly after the flying messenger, but prudently kept farther up the slope. They were no longer shooting, but Sandy noted that they were forging ahead and holding their lances in eadiness to thrust him through at the first favorable turn. Plainly there must be one more dodging match, one more running of the gauntlet, before he could hope to reach Lapeer's. Holding to his seat, Sandy awaited the trint.

It came soon. At the bottom of a small ravine the calico pony made another of those lightning turns, and ran straight up the draw. All but three of the Chevennes had crossed above, but these three, noting the cunning maneuver, wheeled upon the slope and came plunging down together to head it off. The callco responded with a fresh and unexpected burst of speed, and the foremost Indian, rising in his saddle to hurl his lance, lost his seat and was pitched head foremost under his horse's feet.

The riderless pony and the mounted Chevennes came together at the bottom of the draw, with further damage to the excited Indians, and Sandy's calico, dodging them, went by like the wind.

Sandy, shouting with exultation, looked back at a turn of the ravine to see a single Indian chasing him on foot, and frantically trying to load a rifle as he ran. The others were evidently still engaged in the effort to extricate themselves from the difficulty into which the riderless pony had threwn them.

One minute later the express rider emerged from the ravine, with his calico running straight for the ridge trail. and saw a dozen more Cheyennes looking for him along the washout below. Sandy heard their shrill yells of disappointment as he came into view 200 yards above and in front of them, and sped swiftly away down the slope.

The Indians at once gave over the chase, and it was as well for them, perhaps, that they did, for at the foot of the ridge Sandy met Blue Bob and the gun men of Lapeer's.

The men at the station had seen the Cheyennes ride out upon the ridge to cut Sandy off. In that clear atmosphere, three miles away, they had watched the express messenger as he approached the Indians, and had seen him and his pony apparently swallowed up and lost in a cloud of rushing horsemen. Then they had seen the calico pony suddenly emerge like a jack rabbit dodging a ring hunt, and they had waited to see no more.

As a result of this feat of his talented Nez Perce pony and of his own pluck and skill, Sandy remained at Lapeer's as rider and wrangler until the abandonment of the route.-Youth's Companion.

#### BROOM-CORN FOR FOOD.

New Cereal Can Be Prepared in Many Ap petizing Ways-Russian Breakfast Dish.

A new kind of cereal food for human consumption is to be introduced in this country, if the department of agriculture can persuade people to eat It is broom-corn millet, and the plant was brought hither from Europe not long ago by botanical agents of the government, for use as forage However, there is no reason why it should not furnish an article of diet for people inasmuch as it may be prepared in many appetizing ways. It produces, under favorable conditions, 60 bushels of grain (seed) to the acre so that, in view of its highly nutri tious qualities, it is a most economical and otherwise desirable plant.

This broom-corn millet is so called because, when growing in the fields, it looks like broom-corn. There are a number of varieties, and the seeds (that is, the hulls of them) are of different colors-yellow, white, brown and gray. A graceful spreading tassel crowns the stalk.

In Russia, where the plant is grown almost whony for use as human food, it is called "proco." People in that country eat it for breakfast in a form like oaten grits, or press the grits into cake and use them with soup The cereal also appears on their table in pancakes, such as we make out of buckwheat or Indian corn. Among the peasants, especially in the region of the Volga, the broom-corn millet is largely consumed.

One may judge of its popularity, in deed, when it is stated that from 60, 000,000 to 70,000,00 bushels of the grain are produced in Russia yearly. A special study was made of it recently by Dr. M. A. Carleton, who was sent to Russia by Secretary Wilson to gather agricultural information. He says that the broom-corn millet can be grown most successfully in this country in the northern plains region -in the Dakotas, Minnesota and Ne braska.—Saturday Evening Post.

Some men are more polished than their shoes would indicate



New China Closets.

The new china closets are much higher than those in use of recent years, and very many of them set up quite high on legs. A lower shelf of wood to display large bowls, pitchers, etc., is often seen on these latest closets, too.

#### The Fashionable Screen.

Screens of hugely blossomed cretonne are the fashion for a feminine bedroom. Those of plain green with a tapestry square let into each panel near the top still hold their own for a library or living room, but the leather one, of heavy, metallic-finished roanskin, fastened on with huge bronze nailheads, is far and away in the lead for hall or dining room. In fact, so popular and fashionable have these become that they are used everywhere. Their price of from \$40 to \$75 will keep them exclusive.

Hall and Parlor in One.

There is a growing tendency among housewives who have to live in the often cramped spaces of the modern house to throw hall and parlor into one, thus making a fair-sized room which they use as a living room-hall. Interior decorators usually object to this plan as lacking privacy, because drafts blowing from the stairway, and in the case of entertainment, the visitor is ushered at once into the presence of the family. For a country house, where calling is much more informal and the season they are inhabited drafts are welcome, they, however, recommend this plan.

#### How to Have a Good Light.

I will tell the young housewife in a little practical talk not only how to P. M. A.M. Leave. keep from breaking so many lamp chimneys, but also how to clean a lamp so as to have a clear, steady, brilliant light, for I think in your first housekeeping a well kept lamp is an important factor, not only for happiness and cheerful conversation around it, but for your health and eyesight

Lamp chimneys are not so liable to break upon exposure to changes of temperature if they are put in a pan of cold water and allowed to heat gradually until the water is boiling hot, then allow it to cool again. The common kerosene lamp used in almost every household will give a bright clear light if properly cared for. The bowl of the lamp should be kept full of oil, but when not used the wick should be turned down, to keep the oil from oozing out. If the wick is soaked in vinegar, then thoroughly dried before it is put in the lamp, it Hermosa. will not smoke. When you wish to clean the flues, founts, etc., wash them in a suds made by dissolving a teaspoonful of pearline into a pint of hot warm water and wipe dry in soft cheesecloths. Fill your lamps every day and clean every day also. See that the flues fit tightly. As you live in the country you will use lamps altogether, and this is an excellent method for cleaning.-N. H. H., in Farm, Field and Fireside.

# HOUSEHOLD

Minced Eggs-Chop hard boiled eggs and heat to boiling in milk seasoned with butter, pepper, catsup or any chopped herb; thicken with flour, and

serve garnished with croutons. Meat Cake-Mince any cold beef or beefsteak, and mix it with an equal weight of bread crumbs; add a little very finely chopped onion and parsley, a little stock, seasoning and a well beaten egg. Form into a cake and fry in dripping (about an ounce will be sufficient). This may be served with or without brown sauce.

Rice Fritters-Boll one-half a cup of rice in a cup of milk until the rice is tender and has absorbed all the milk, using an inner boiler. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs, a tablespoon of sugar, a sprinkle of cinnamon and a nutmeg and two teaspoons of softened butter. Remove from the fire and let cool before adding the beaten white- of the eggs. Drop in spoonfuls into pienty of boiling lard or lat and let them fry a light brown. Serve with one flavored strongly with lemon.

Butter Rolls-Dissolve two table spoonfuls of butter in one pint of scalded milk. When cool add que scant teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half of a yeast cake dissolved in a little warm water and enough flour to make a soft dough. Knead lightly for five minutes and set aside to rise. When very light make into small rolls and let rise again; then bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Prune Jelly-One pound of prunes, one-half box of gelatine. Soak the prunes over night and stew until tender in the water in which they have been soaked. Remove the stones and sweeten to taste. Dissolve the gelatine in a little hot water and add the prunes while hot. Lastly add the juice of a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of blanched almonds. Pour the jelly into molds and set it on the ice to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

### BUFFALO, RECHESTER & PITTSBURGH BY. IN EFFECT SEPT. 1, 1901

CONDENSED TIME TABLE NORTH BOUND.

EASTERN TIME.		6	- 5	14	1.74
Pittsburg Leave.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	F. M.	9. 3
Allegheny ( *****	*****	* 9 00		† 4 10	=10
Botler		10.12		5.71	1111
Craigsville West Mosgrove		*****		5 55	12
Echo		100000			1000
Imston	605000			6.50	12
Punxsutawney ar	A. M.	12 63	P. 76	7 10	101
Punxsutawney lv					11.5
Big Run	5 50	*****		7 45 8 11	1
C. & M. Junetion DuBois Falls Creek Brockwayville	6 03	19 45	2 10	8 20	
Falls Creek	6 00	12 52	2 47		
Brockwayville	6 26	1.05	8 01	*****	2
Ridgway	7 60	1 37	3 78	(0.00	1 3
Mt. Jewett	8 00	2 41	4 10		1 2
Falls Creek Brockwayville Brockwayville Ridgway Johnsonburg Mt. Jewett Newton Restford Ar	8 24	2 50	D-20		
Bradford Ar.	8 55	3 25	\$ 50		. 6
BuffaloAr.	A. M.	P. M.	P M.	-	As
BuffaloAr.	11 50	5 40	8 40	*****	1
Rochester				****	
Arrive.	A. M.	P. M.	P.M.	P. M.	A-
Additional training 7:45 A. M. dail					suta
90	HTU	BOUN	m,		
EASTERN TIME.	13	9	13	- 15	7
Rochester	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P

1 9	18		
	- 13	- 5	_2
	17-14-25	25555551	P. 0
8 20 8 42 9 27 9 55 10 80 0 11 00 7 11 00 7 11 00 7 11 45 0 A.M.	12 40 12 50 1 40 2 62 2 47 2 50 8 30 8 30 6 42	6 15 6 53 7 12 8 00 8 15 8 50 9 90 9 15 9 22 9 45 1 10 45 1	******
100	A. M. + 7 45 8 42 9 27 9 55 10 50 10 49 10 11 07 11 07 11 07 13 11 31 25 11 45 10 A. M.	* 7 45	9 7 45 4, M. P. M. P. 31, +7 45 12 10 6 15 8 29 12 44 6 53 8 42 12 50 7 12 9 27 1 49 8 10 10 90 2 22 8 52 10 90 2 247 9 00 10 11 00 2 50 9 15 77 11 07 9 22 13 11 31 9 45 10 40 8 33 1 P. M.

75 78 HASTERN TIME. 70 72 P. M. P. M. Arrive. Leave, A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. Arrive. Leave
1 20 Reynoldsville
8 15 1 00 Falls Creek
8 07 12 35 Inthois
8 00 12 29 C. & M. Junction
7 21 11 49 Curwensyille.
7 08 11 35 Clearff d, Mt. St.
7 09 11 80 Clearff d, N. Y. C. Arrive. A. M. F. M.

\* Daily. † Daily except Sunday. Trains 3 and 6 are solid vestibuled, with hand-ome day coaches, cafe, and reclining chair cars. Trains 2 and 7 have Pullman Sleepers between Buffalo and Pittsburg, and Rochester and Pitts

EDWARD C. LAPEY, General Passenger Agent, Rochester, N. Y (Form N. P. 2.)

## BECOMES A MARQUISE.

PHILADELPHIA HEIRESS BECOMES WIFE OF TITLED SPANIARD.

They Met Amid the Ruins of Old Mexico-Lore Was the Only Language They Knew in Common - Recalls the Revolutionary War.

A pretty romance had its end in the marriage the other day of Miss Franccs B. Holmes, a wealthy heiress of Philadelphia, to the Marquis de Klaves

The two met in Mexico among Aztec ruins. Both were wanderers. He could not speak English. She could not speak Spanish. He tried to tell her water. Clean well, then rinse in clear, the deeds of his ancestors, who came across the sea and ruled in the land

of the Sun God. But she could not understand, and she was far more interested in the man than in the tale he told. So she tried to teach him English-a word here and there. That was only a few months ago. Now they are married

The wedding has interfered with the lessons in English. The Marquis is still unable to speak a word of the language. But the marquise has learned a few words of Spanish, and she acts as his interpreter.

The new marquise is the only daughter of the late Charles W. Holmes of Philadelphia. The family residence is a beautiful old place Mother and daughter are well supplied with world's goods.

The majority of her relatives are quiet, matter-of-fact people. But there is a French ancestor, whose national characteristics this handsome, cleve



MARQUISE DE KLAVES HERMOSA and very original young woman has inherited

The marquise's grandfather was General Le Mercier, one of the two officers who came to this country with General Lafayette. His daughter. Marie Antoinette Mercier, married General Sturdevant of Washington's army.

The beautiful French woman and her husband, stately, old-time figures, look down from the walls of the Holmes homestead. There is a similarity in the expression in the faces of the French great-grandmother and the vivacious girl who recently brought home a Spaniard as a hus

#### BUSINESS CARDS.

C. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office on West Main street, opposite the

G. M. MCDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Nolan block, Reynoldsville, Pa.

MITH M. MCCREIGHT.

Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Col-lections will receive prompt attention. Office in Frochlich & Henry block, near postoffice, Reynoldsville Pa. DR. B. E. HOOVER.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
Resident dentist. In the Froehlich & Henry block, near the postoffice, Main street.
Gentleness in operating. DR. L. L. MEANS.

DENTIST. Office on second floor of First National bank building, Main street.

DR. R. DEVERE KING,

DENTIST.

Office on second floor Reynoldsville Real Estate Bidg. Main street Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. W. A. HENRY,

DENTIST.

Office on second floor of Henry Bros. brick uilding, Main street.

E. NEFF. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

HOTEL BELNAP, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. FRANK DIETZ, Proprietor.

First class in every particular. Located in the very centre of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commedious sample rooms for commercial travelers. HOTEL MCCONNELL,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor. The leading hotel of the lown. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, fre-bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections &c.

enicente | AT | YOUNG'S PLANING

MILL You will find Sash, Doors, Frames and Finish of all kinds, Rough and Dressed Lumber, High Grade Varnishes, Lead and Oil Colors in all shades. And also an overstock of Nails which

I will sell cheap. J. V. YOUNG, Prop.

# 

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$15,000.

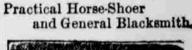
C. Mitchell, President; Scott McClelland, Vice Pres.; John H. Kaucher, Cashier. Directors:

C. Mitchell, Scott McClelland, J. C. King John H. Corbett, G. E. Brown, G. W. Fuller, J. H. Kaucher.

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons. Safe Deposit Boxes for rent. First National Bank building, Nolan block

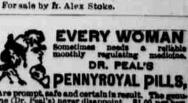
## L. M. SNYDER,

Fire Proof Vault.





Horse shoeing done in the neatest mann HORSE CLIPPING Have just received a complete set of ma-chine horse clippers of latest style '98 pattern and am prepared to do clipping in the best possible manner at reasonable rates. Jackson St. near Fifth, Reynoldsville, Pa.



Fer sale by H. Alex. Stoke.