


W. C. HENRY



STYLISH, SERVICEABLE, SEASONABLE Suits

at Henry's at a price lower than the lowest.
Overcoats for men and boys in all the latest styles at Henry's.


NICE, EAT, NECKWEAR AT HENRY'S

We can truly testify that without a doubt this is the choicest line of Neckwear ever brought to the town.

HATS.

The Pantomist,
The Philadelphia Special,
The Liberty Bell,
Are the newest and now the leading styles. Don't fail to see these styles at

HENRY'S.



We cordially invite you to come to our store and look over our line and get our prices. It is a pleasure for us to show our line of goods for we can boast of having the very latest styles.

Don't forget the place, for these late styles cannot be found elsewhere in Reynoldsville.

W. C. HENRY.

THE JEFFERSON SUPPLY COMPANY

Being the largest distributor of General Merchandise in this vicinity, is always in position to give the best quality of goods. Its aim is not to sell you cheap goods but when quality is considered the price will always be found right.

Its departments are all well filled, and among the specialties handled may be mentioned L. Adler Bros., Rochester, N. Y., Clothing, than which there is none better made; W. L. Douglass Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.; Shoes; Currier Bros. Co., Rochester, N. Y., Canned Goods; and Pillsbury's Flour.

This is a fair representation of the class of goods it is selling to its customers.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We have the largest assortment of Holiday Goods ever placed on sale in Reynoldsville, consisting of,

FRENCH LIMOGES CHINA,
FANCY GERMAN CHINA,
ENGLISH AND AUSTRIAN CHINA
DINNER AND TOILET SETS,
KITCHEN WARE,
CARVING SETS AND CUTLERY,
DECORATED PARLOR LAMPS,
AMERICAN PORCELAIN,
JARDINIERS AND CUSPIDORS,
MIRRORS AND RUGS,
NOVELTIES OF ALL KINDS.

Also Cook Stoves, Ranges and Hot Blasts, Furniture, Carpets, Lace Curtains and Blinds.

Hall's House Furnishing Store.

Opposite Postoffice.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE

Drowning in Golden Sand.

F. DE JERSEY-GRUT and L. Simpson, both of Sydney, Australia, are traveling on pleasure through the United States. Mr. Simpson has had an experience that does not often fall to the lot of man—of being nearly drowned in gold. And it happened in this wise, he says:

"I was in New Zealand about a year ago and was down in the southern part of the place. There is a river there, named the Zalsas, and a very peculiar river it is in a good many ways. It is remarkable for the strength and swiftness of its current in the mountains, and it goes underground for a space of about a mile in its middle course. But the chief of its peculiarities is the gold-bearing quicksand to be found near its mouth. There is about a mile of the river there, where it spreads out, that is full of quicksand, and for a good distance this sand is full of gold. It occurs as high as \$1200 a ton and is, of course, a very valuable thing. Until recently there was no known way of utilizing this gold, but about a year ago a new method was found whereby the gold could be extracted.

"Well, I was near there, with a party of friends, camping and shooting and fishing. The first night I rode out on my horse down the river to see some people that lived on a farm near the mouth of the river. There was a light wind blowing at the time and it blew my hat off of a sudden from my head and on into the stream. It floated down slowly, and I rode on the bank and followed and watched it. I thought that it would soon come near the bank and then I would be able to go out and get it by making my horse wade in the stream. I had not heard of the quicksand.

"Pretty soon it did not come near the bank, and I urged the animal out into the river. The horse would not go, however, and relished loudly when brought near the water. After I had made repeated efforts to get the horse out into the stream I gave it up, and then thought that I would wade out and get the hat myself. It was close to the bank and the river did not look deep.

"So I jumped off the horse and into the stream and then in an instant I knew what was the matter with the animal. For I had struck the quicksand. It was the place where the gold is most to be found, but it did not seem to make any difference to me whether it was gold I was sinking in or just plain sand. It rose higher and higher on me, and I felt that it was surely the end. But the luck was with me, and I was pulled out by a chance passer on a horse, who threw a lariat over my shoulders. I thought that I was surely being cut in two by the lariat. But I was not, and I was pulled out after a while and got over my scare. That sand where I was is now worth millions of dollars, and I was literally drowning in gold, but it wasn't any fun, I can tell you."

Sixty Hours in an Old Well.

Michael Stepaniek, a Polish laborer employed on the farm of John Owens at New York Mills, spent three days in an old well and lives to tell his experiences. Mr. Owens sent Stepaniek to look for some stray cattle. When he failed to return a search was made for the man, but no trace of him was discovered until three days after. A boy searching for nuts heard some moans coming from an opening in a brush heap. Then came curses, and the boy went to a near-by farmhouse for help. Ira Betts, John Crossman and George Younger accompanied the boy to the spot and found the missing Stepaniek in the bottom of a fifteen-foot well. Stepaniek was too weak to adjust a rope about himself, and Betts and Crossman lowered Younger into the well. Stepaniek, almost unconscious, was hauled out and taken to Mr. Owens's home, where he is slowly recovering from his terrible experience.

Horseshoes as Quit Rent.

An ancient ceremony took place at the Law Courts, says the London Express, when the King's Remembrancer (Master Pollock) sat in the Referee's room at the Law Courts to receive the quit rent services from the city of London for two hereditaments of great antiquity held by the city from the Crown. The payment is made for an estate called "The Moors," in Shropshire, and for a tenement called "The Forge," which once stood in St. Clement's Dances. The City Solicitor (Sir Hemwood Crawford) appeared to make payment, and the Referee's room was crowded by a number of interested spectators, this being the second occasion upon which the payment has been made in open Court.

The Solicitor, having read the city's warrant for the payment, laid before the Remembrancer six horseshoes and sixty-one nails in neat parcels as payment on account of "The Forge." Two faggots were then taken, one of which was cut in two with one blow from a "good axe" and the other by three blows from a "peer axe"—two axes of different quality—being payment for "The Moors." The Remembrancer having expressed himself as satisfied with the payments, the ceremony was over.

The Rise of a Stenographer.

The Swedish Minister to Great Britain, Count Carl Lewenhaupt, began life as a stenographer in the House of Nobles at Stockholm.

Attacked by a Heron.

"I've hunted everything from gray squirrels to grizzlies," said a veteran Philadelphia sportsman, "and the nearest I ever came to being seriously injured by any sort of game was one time when a wounded bird attacked and tried to kill me.

"I was a boy then, and went down to a creek that flowed through my father's farm to watch for a mink. It was early in the evening and a blue heron came and sat within tempting gunshot. I knew it would spoil my chances at mink to shoot the bird, and I didn't intend to do it, but I killed it. I raised the gun and took aim just to see how I could kill it if I would. I lowered the gun and then raised it again. Every time I raised it I would touch the trigger gently. After a while I touched it too hard, the gun went off, and I started toward the heron, which was wounded.

"I thought it would be a good scheme to catch the bird, and started to do so when his bill shot out like a sledge hammer and struck me between the eyes. When I came to my senses it was dark, and it was several minutes longer before I could remember where I was or what had happened. A little harder and the bird would have killed me. I shudder even yet when I think what would have been the result if the bill had struck one of my eyes."

How Boer Prisoners Escape.

Du Plooy, so far as it is known, is the only Boer prisoner in Bermuda who has succeeded in obtaining his liberty, although several stories are told of prisoners evading the vigilance of the guards in the prison camps and escaping to the main island.

In making these attempts the Boers prove themselves to be extremely enterprising. One man under cover of darkness made a number of breathing holes in a big packing case which, with its cover knocked off, was lying on the beach. The following morning, during the bathing hour, he succeeded in launching this, and managed unobserved to get his head inside it. He had taken the precaution to knot a piece of cord through two of the breathing holes in what had been the bottom, but as it floated was the top of the box. Holding to this with one hand he swam along with the receding tide so lily that to the guards it appeared that the packing case was being carried at random on the waves. It so happened, however, that the envious eyes of a sailor on one of the British gunboats fell upon this box as it drifted past, and wood being scarce he obtained permission from an officer to drag it aboard. One can conceive his amazement when he found beneath it a living Boer!—Pearson's Magazine.

Tarpon Leaps Into a Boat.

Floyd Conyer and his men, of Cedar Key, Fla., met with a peculiar adventure with a tarpon a few nights ago. While sailing along there was a sudden splash in the water and a heavy object fell on the deck, which proved to be a tarpon, between five and six feet long. After striking the deck it gave another leap and struck the sail, which knocked it back upon the deck, and into the hatchway, where they succeeded in capturing it. The negroes were frightened nearly out of their wits. They thought it was a mermaid or some horrible sea serpent, and were almost ready to desert the ship.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

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Lively Fight With Bears.

Two New York hunters, F. W. Low and Joshua Sands, and a friend, Augustus Schneider, of Nyack, had a desperate fight with two bears at Clairville, N. Y. The hunters had been after partridges, and when the noon hour came sat down to eat their luncheon. A good sized bear cub tumbled down among them from an overhanging spur of rock. Almost at the same moment the mother bear and a nearly grown young bear were upon them. Low seized his gun and sent a charge of

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THE "KEEP A-TRYIN'" SIGNBOARDS

"My boy," said Uncle Hiram, "you'll soon be starting out. To drive 'er life's long road way, and oft a bit of doubt. Will puzzle you completely, as to which you'd best pursue. Of branching ways, when roads fork out, as the're inclined to do. Each bears the equal marks of well-worn travel, like a note. And so, one's undecided which he'd better choose to trot; But I have learned the route, my boy, and this much I'll confess— The 'Keep a-tryin'' signboards mark the highway to success."

"Success in such a pretty town—to reach it, all men strive; You'll find the crowd, though growing less the farther on you drive— For many, seeking shorter cuts through Dilly-dally Lane, Get so far off the highway that they find it ne'er again! You'll be assured, as on you go, by finger-posts that say— 'Take Chance's Road, past Waitingville, it's far the better way.' But I this safer route would fain upon your mind impress— The 'Keep a-tryin'' signboards mark the highway to success."

—Roy Farrell Greene, in Success.

"KEEP A-TRYIN'" SIGNBOARDS

That life, indeed, is short, Four letters testify, And half of life is "if," Three-fourths of life are "Oh," Philadelphia Record.

"An umbrella is the badge of worldly preferment in the Orient." "A subtle reminder that worldly preferment is easily lost."—Detroit Free Press.

"Miss Holler says she thinks she will have her voice tried." "Well, if she does the verdict will be guilty of murder in the first degree."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Why, gentlemen!" cried the after-dinner speaker tragically, "what would this nation be without the ladies?" "Stagnation, of course," murmured the Cheerful Idiot.—Judge.

A giggler's better than the man To laugh at nothing's better than To worry over it. —Philadelphia Press.

Jones (referring to the pleasant-faced lady who had just passed)— "Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman." Brown—"Indeed! Who is she?" Jones—"My landlady."—Tit-Bits.

"An old O'Brien have a good wake?" asked Rafferty of Mulligan. "Did he?" replied Mulligan. "Sure, an' if he'd been alive to enjoy it he'd a thought he was havin' the toime of his life."—Judge.

She (indignantly)—"Why, talk about women! The ordinary man has an enormous capacity for scandal!" He—"Yes, and the capacity of the ordinary woman is so small that it's always running over."—Brooklyn Life.

"I wonder why the young men are so shy about calling on Miss Bunncombe. Is it because she is such a singular kind of girl?" "Not at all, it's because her younger brothers are so formidably plural."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Murphy to her husband, excitedly—"Run, run for the doctor, Pat. The child has swallowed the half penny you gave him to play with." Mr. Murphy—"Oh, keep your mind easy, Bridget; it was a bad one, anyway."—Tit-Bits.

"Can he cook?" inquired the proprietor of the restaurant. "Cook?" echoed the caller, who was rooting for a friend out of a job. "Can he cook? Say, I've seen that man make four squab pies out of one old pigeon."—Chicago Tribune.

"Yes," said the haughty young woman, who was a Colonial Dame as well as a Daughter of the Revolution, "my great-great-grandfather fell at Bunker Hill." "Ice or banana skin," inquired the polite young man from Milwaukee.—Ohio State Journal.

"Sir!" exclaimed the legislator who had been "approached," feigning indignation in the hope of a raise, "how dare you offer me this gross insult?" "Pardon me," replied the lobbyist, who knew his man, "but this offer is absolutely net."—Philadelphia Press.

Citizen—"Madam, why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella?" "I want to make you look round, so that I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't you go off and say that women haven't any manners."—Modern Society.

FOR ALL KINDS OF

Plumbing, Gas Fitting, &c.

GO TO THE

KEYSTONE HARDWARE CO.

Where you can get reliable work by competent and experienced workmen at moderate prices.
A full line of Gas Fixtures, Lamps, Tubs, Closets, Instantaneous Heaters, Etc., kept on hand.

The Only First Class Plumbing Establishment in the Town.

KEYSTONE HARDWARE CO.

CENTENNIAL BUILDING.

FIRE INSURANCE.

W. G. Dimney

Brookville Pa. Since 1878.
12 FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES.
JOHN TRUDGEN, Solicitor. Reynoldsville, Penn'a.

Just as They Grow

FRUITS Right off the Trees
VEGETABLES Fresh from the Farm
FISH Wiggling from the Water.

FINEST CANNED IN THE WORLD.
40 VARIETIES IN TIN AND GLASS.

FOR SALE BY
H. W. Moore, Reynoldsville, Pa.

HOTEL McCONNELL.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.

The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free; bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, etc.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY. CONDENSED TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT NOV. 3, 1901.

NORTH BOUND.		EASTERN TIME.		M. P. M.	
Leave	Arrive	4	6	8	10
Pittsburg	Leaves	9:00	9:00	10:10	10:00
Butler	10:12	11:22	11:12
Cragsville	12:32	12:22
West Moagsville	1:42	1:32
Delo	2:52	2:42
Dayton	4:02	3:52
Punxsutawney	5:12	5:02
Big Run	6:22	6:12
C. & M. Junction	7:32	7:22
Brookville	8:42	8:32
Falls Creek	9:52	9:42
Rockawayville	11:02	10:52
Hidway	12:12	12:02
Johnstown	1:22	1:12
St. Jovett	2:32	2:22
Newton	3:42	3:32
Bradford	4:52	4:42
.....	6:02	5:52
.....	7:12	7:02
Buffalo	8:22	8:12
Rochester	9:32	9:22
.....	10:42	10:32
.....	11:52	11:42

Additional train leaves Butler for Punxsutawney 7:30 A. M. daily, except Sundays.

SOUTH BOUND.		EASTERN TIME.		M. P. M.	
Leave	Arrive	11	9	7	5
Rochester	Leaves	7:45	7:45	8:55	8:45
Buffalo	10:05	9:55
Bradford	11:15	11:05
Newtown	12:25	12:15
St. Jovett	1:35	1:25
Johnstown	2:45	2:35
Ridway	3:55	3:45
Brookville	5:05	4:55
Falls Creek	6:15	6:05
Dayton	7:25	7:15
Punxsutawney	8:35	8:25
C. & M. Junction	9:45	9:35
Big Run	10:55	10:45
Punxsutawney	12:05	11:55
Punxsutawney	1:15	1:05
Dayton	2:25	2:15
Delo	3:35	3:25
West Moagsville	4:45	4:35
Cragsville	5:55	5:45
Butler	7:05	6:55
Pittsburg	8:15	8:05
.....	9:25	9:15
.....	10:35	10:25
.....	11:45	11:35

Additional train leaves Punxsutawney for Butler 4:30 P. M. daily, except Sundays.

First National Bank

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
Fire Proof Vault.

EVERY WOMAN

Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine.

DR. PEAL'S PENNYROYAL PILLS.

Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine (Dr. Peal's) never disappoints. \$1.00 per box.
Ver signed by H. Alex. Stokes.

The United States produces as much borax as the rest of the world combined.

EDWARD C. LAFAY,
General Passenger Agent,
Rochester, N. Y.