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KEYSTONE HARDWARE CO.

Opposite Hotel Belnap.

SLICING A RATTLER.

THE COLORADO WAY OF TURNING THE DANGEROUS TRICK.

Dexterity and Daring of the Cowboy in Cutting Off the Head of the Rattlesnake After His Ineffectual Attempt to Strike.

"Did you ever see a cow puncher kill a rattlesnake with a knife?" said a Colorado citizen now in town. "When I first went west, I punched cattle on the Sunset ranch, one of the largest in southern Colorado. I was a tenderfoot, fresh from the east, but no swell head about me. That saved me a lot of trouble. The boys were dead willing to put me next, even to a 14-year-old broncho never halter broken. Among other things, I learned how to kill a rattler with a bowie knife. I killed one with a knife to make my standing good, but after that a gun or a pitchfork was good enough for me.

"I have seen a plainsman ride up to a small sized rattler, jump off his horse, kick at the waving head, avoid the strike and as the reptile came down place a heel upon its neck, coolly take a knife from his belt and dispatch it. I have also seen a live rattler thrown up on a haystack machine, and I have seen the men working on that stack jump, roll, tumble and slide to get away. They could not see the rattler; that was all. In the open they would have played with it.

"A rattlesnake is harmless out of coil. For that reason it wastes no time in getting back into coil after the spring. It will not strike unless it is perfectly sure it can reach its object. Therefore the cowboy must get into reach of the snake's spring. It can spring half its own length, and sometimes more. Of course the larger the snake the more coils, and the more coils the more vicious the strike.

"Dick Haynes was a young daredevil who would go out of his way to play with a rattler. I have seen him kill at least a dozen with a knife, and I saw him when he got such a close call that he dropped the game and used a gun forever after.

"We were out together one Sunday. It was warm, and as we rode he fanned his face with his hat. Suddenly he clapped his hat on his head and started his broncho on a lunge. 'Watch me get that pison,' he shouted. 'Fifty yards to our right was a rattler. It was trying to get away, but he headed it in an instant and wore off our horses. It immediately coiled, and then I saw the biggest snake I have ever seen. It was a diamond rattler and about 20 years old. It had the ugliest head I ever saw, enormous in size, and with a mouth that reminded me of a bulldog's jaw. Dick stopped just long enough to size up its length so as to get an idea of its spring, and then went in on it.

"The strike came like a flash of lightning. The snake struck the ground with a sound like the cracking of a four horse whiplash in the hands of an expert. Dick just saved himself by throwing his body back full length. The snake coiled again before Dick could get to it. I got nervous and called to him to shoot it.

"That's the first one that ever struck at me and got back," he said, 'and I'm going to have that pretty head.'

"The rattler was beside itself with rage. It lay, coil upon coil of smooth, glistening length, showing the long reach and powerful spring in reserve. Out of the coils two feet more of body and neck rose straight in the air, and above all that black, venomous head, with glowing eyes and forked tongue, waved, slightly, warily, to and fro.

"Dick stepped in again, more cautiously. He reached the knife nearer and yet nearer to that swaying head. I knew he was getting too close, but I feared to speak to him. Then came the strike, with that marvelous dart of speed. Dick's knife flashed and the snake lay squirming, a headless thing, upon the ground.

"Let's get to camp," said Dick. 'It got me in the thumb.'

"We jumped for the saddles and started on a mad run for home. Dick rode with his thumb on the saddle horn and his knife in his other hand.

"If she begins to swell, off she comes," said he.

"We reached the ranch, and while Dick poured down whisky we examined the thumb. We could find nothing, not the slightest wound. The snake had struck the handle of his knife, and the strength and suddenness of the impact made Dick lose his nerve. It was a good thing for him. He never went after a rattler again without a long '44.'—New York Sun.

Going All the Time.

"I see a Wisconsin man claims to have solved the perpetual motion problem."

"That's nothing. I have a model of a perpetual motion machine at my house now."

"Does it work successfully?"

"From the standpoint of perpetual motion, you bet it does."

"Have you given it a name?"

"Sure."

"What do you call it?"

"Jimmie, and it was 5 years old its last birthday."—Chicago Post.

Concession to Superstition.

"Thirteen dollars and a half seems a high price for such a comparatively short trip," said the man with the traveling bag in his hand.

"We thought people would rather pay that than \$13," replied the agent of the steamer line with an explanatory and apologetic cough.—Chicago Tribune.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "doesn't seem to take no special interest in telling de troof 'cep'in when it's sumpin disagreeable."—Washington Star.

POOR AND BIG HEARTED.

Specimens of the Hospitality of the Southern Mountaineer.

The latchstring hangs outside every cabin door if the men folk are at home, but you must shout "Hello!" always outside the fence.

"We uns is pore," you will be told, "but y'u're welcome ef y'u kin put up with what we have."

After a stay of a week at a mountain cabin a young "furriner" asked what his bill was. The old mountaineer waved his hand. "Nothin," he said, "cept come ag'n."

A belated traveler asked to stay all night at a cabin. The mountaineer answered that his wife was sick, and they were "sorter out of fixin's to eat, but he reckoned he might step over to a neighbor's an' borrow some." He did step over, and he was gone three hours. He brought back a little bag of meal, and they had corn bread and potatoes for supper and for breakfast, cooked by the mountaineer. The stranger asked how far away his next neighbor lived. "A leetle the rise of six miles, I reckon," was the answer.

"Which way?"

"Oh, jes' over the mountain thar."

He had stepped six miles over the mountain and back for that little bag of meal, and he would allow his guest to pay nothing next morning.

I have slept with nine others in a single room. The host gave up his bed to two of our party, and he and his wife slept with the rest of us on the floor. He gave us supper, kept us all night, sent us away next morning with a parting draft of moonshine applejack, of his own brewing, by the way, and would suffer no one to pay a cent for his entertainment. That man was a desperado, an outlaw, a moonshiner and was running from the sheriff at that very time.

Two outlaw sons were supposed to have been killed by officers. I offered aid to the father to have them decently clothed and buried, but the old man, who was as bad as his sons, declined it, left for that, and if not, why, he had—"The Southern Mountaineer," by John Fox, Jr., in Scribner's.

WASHDAY WISDOM.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens.

Calicoes, ginghams and chintzes should be ironed on the wrong side.

Clotheslines are made much more durable by boiling for ten minutes before they are used.

Table linen should be ironed when quite damp and ironed with a very hot and very heavy iron.

Irons should not be allowed to become red-hot, as they will never retain the heat properly afterward.

Embroideries should be ironed on a thin, smooth surface over thick flannel and only on the wrong side.

Linen may be made beautifully white by the use of a little red-hot borax in the water instead of using a washing fluid.

Wash fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salt water, to set the color, before washing in the suds.

Silk fabrics, especially white silk handkerchiefs, should not be dampened, but ironed with a moderately warm iron when taken from the line.

His Test.

A dealer in pictures who makes it his business to find as many new painters as possible, both in this country and abroad, was asked in regard to his methods of selecting pictures to buy. He was very frank in his talk, and one thing which he said is shrewd enough to be worth quoting.

"Of course," he said, "with my experience I am able to judge whether there is promise in a painter's work, but I never buy with any idea of putting the painter on my list until I have seen the man and talked with him myself. I always watch him closely, and I never buy his pictures unless his eyes lights up when I talk to him about his work and about his profession."

The artist whose heart was really in his work could not discuss it without kindling, and the man who did not paint from the heart was not the one whose pictures the dealer wanted.

A Bird of Passage.

"And where, may I ask, do you generally reside?" the young man said after all other subjects had been exhausted.

"Oh, I have no fixed abode," Miss Mobile replied, "but I usually pass the greater part of the winter in Reading. In Lent I find myself attracted to St. Paul. After Easter I go down to West Virginia and spend the summer and part of the autumn in Wheeling."

"And then?"

"Then, Mr. Heavy, I find myself admirably prepared for a month or two of Aiken."—New York Herald.

A Good Cricketer.

Dr. W. G. Grace was once giving a brilliant batting display at the oval, and one of the spectators observed to his friend: "Did you ever see anything like it? Why, he puts 'em wherever he likes." "Well," said the other, "it's all practice—he's always at it—he doesn't waste any of his time over family prayers."—C. W. Alcock's "Cricket Stories."

Not to Blame.

"Delta, this is no way! The dirt in this room must have been here a month."

"Then blame the girl before me, ma'am. I've only been here three weeks."—Exchange.

Easy to Prove.

If a man wants to know definitely just what kind of a peg he is—square or round—there is only one way—he must get into a hole.—Philadelphia Press.

BETRAYAL.

Out of the chilling rain and fog That hid the mountain from our sight A dusky cloud came floating down At early dawn of light.

The cloud dropped softly to the lake Amid a sound of whirling wings And spread into a graceful line A host of living things.

We halted this burst of joyous life; The sunless day seemed dark no more. When suddenly a shot rang out And echoed round the shore.

The waterfowl were nature's guests. But they were doomed, and all that day The shots pealed forth, and on the waves The dead and dying lay.

At last into the brooding mist There vanished, softly as it came, A broken flock, with plumage torn, After that day of shame.

—Mary Thacher Higginson in Youth's Companion.

UNINHABITED ISLANDS.

There Are Thousands of Them in the Indian Ocean.

If you should want an island—that is, an uninhabited island—for the purpose of occupying it alone, Robinson Crusoe like, or to use it for romantic fiction or for any other purpose, to the exclusion of all others in the world, you need have no trouble in finding one if you see fit to make a journey to the Indian ocean.

In the waters between Madagascar and India you can find more than 15,000 of them, where there is not a human being and where you can, if you will, be monarch of all you survey.

An English traveler has recently been among the small islands that dot the western end of the Indian ocean to make an inventory of them and reports that he counted 10,100 and found only about 600 of them inhabited. Now, there is a good chance for any one who may want an island.

These particular islands are not large, as islands go, but very many of them are sufficient for the purpose of a Robinson Crusoe or any other novel hero or for even a small colony of shipwrecked mariners or other persons who might be cast on one of them or seek for the purpose of making a home pretty much out of the busy world.

Some of them are only an acre or two, well elevated above the tide, while others are a quarter of a mile in diameter and running from that up to a mile or two in length and a quarter or less of the length in breadth. Many of them are granitic structures that rise steeply from 20 to 100 feet, well covered with rich soil, through which small fresh water streams hurry to the sea, which they reach after flowing over benches of glistening calcareous sand that are begirt by coral reefs, which form walls about the islands.

How He Saved His Dinner.

In the little town of Arundel there is a taxidermist who is gifted with wonderful presence of mind. Here is an instance:

Some time ago a gentleman called at his shop with a cock pheasant, which he desired to have skinned, stating at the same time that he did not require the body. This quite suited the taxidermist, who thought the pheasant would do for his dinner on the morrow.

However, later in the day the gentleman called again and said that he would take the body away. The taxidermist replied that it was unusual for customers to take the bodies away, but that he had no objection, and he fetched the bird, which his wife had put on a plate and covered with flour.

"Ah!" exclaimed the gentleman. "It looks very nice. But what is this white powder with which it is covered?"

"Oh, that," replied the taxidermist quietly, "is arsenic. I always cover the bodies with that until I can dispose of them."

"Ar-arsenic!" stammered the gentleman. "Why, I thought that the bird would be good to eat. Thank you, I won't trouble to take it away with me. Good day."

The taxidermist had saved his dinner.—London Answers.

Rude Justice.

A certain Arizona justice of the peace, whose knowledge of the law was never gained from books or actual practice before the bar, was hearing an assault and battery case. The lawyer for the defense was shouting his arguments when the court said:

"That will do. Sit down."

He then adjusted his spectacles and angrily observed:

"Prisoner, stand up! Accordin tah th' law an' th' evyidnee—an thare is no evyidnee—Ol found yez guilty, sor, an foine yez \$50. If yez air guilty, faith, it's a very light sinitance, an if yez are not guilty I'll be a mighty good lesson for yez!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Prudent Scotsman.

A cautious Scotsman, 85 years old, had saved enough to purchase a piece of freehold land upon which he had had his eyes for some time. He repaired to the freeholder and opened negotiations for the purchase. The freeholder, however, informed him that for some reason or other he could not part with the freehold, but said he would give him a lease for 999 years. This, he was informed, was practically the same thing. "Na, na," said the aged one, shaking his gray head; "time soon rins awa'."—London Outlook.

The Only Difference.

Mrs. Symperly—Now that you have got your divorce and are happy with Mr. Ranger, life is real once more, isn't it?

Mrs. Ranger—Oh, yes; only it's very much like it used to be, except that the piano is a different make.—Brooklyn Life.

It is said that mate, the South American tea, will sustain life many days without the pangs of hunger.

It's usually when a man speaks without thinking that he says what he thinks.—Philadelphia Record.

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is headquarters for dolls and toys of every description.

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Underwear at a Sacrifice.

Call and see them.

I carry a large line of

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It is a sacrifice, but they must go.

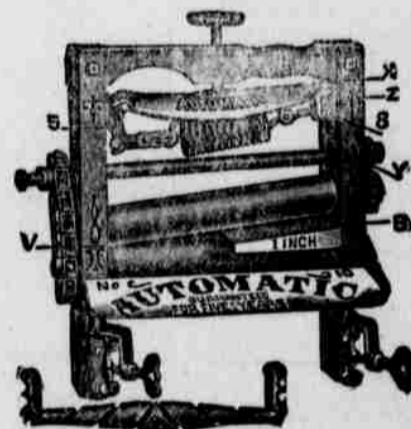
If you want a Stove, come in, look at the Stove and get our prices.

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Automatic Wringer.

Warranted to fit perfectly the smallest article or one which opens the rolls an inch without changing the wheel screw unduly straining the spring or getting out of gear. Saves over 50 per cent in labor and is pronounced by all who have used it to be much the best wringer on the market. Five year guarantee with every wringer. For sale by

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We have over 1000 different patterns in elegant Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats to select from. These garments are equal to any \$25 to \$30 Suit or Overcoat.

All our garments are made by skilled union labor.

Our Raglan Overcoat cannot be excelled.

\$15.00 From Mills to Man Direct. \$15.00

THE CASH NEW YORK RACKET STORE ONE PRICE TO ALL.

We are cutting down prices to the very lowest notch and the people are finding it out. Our holiday trade was immense and resulted in leaving a lot of odds and ends which we will sell at a sacrifice. Ladies' and gentlemen's Underwear is reduced 10 per cent. below the regular Racket price. This is a great chance for you. Notice especially that we have reduced the price on men's Waterproof Duck Coats to less than other merchants can purchase at wholesale. This is no fair tale for we have the goods to back up our statements. Our prices are always the lowest—depend upon it.

1 Cent Goods.		2 Cent Goods.	
5 Slate pencils	1c	50 gold collar buttons	2c
300 Matches	1c	200 Yards machine thread	2c
25 Hair pins	1c	1 Dozen bone collar buttons	2c
2 Yards torchon lace	1c	5c Box of tacks	2c
Box of shoe blacking	1c		
5c Nickel back lead pencils	1c	3 Cent Goods.	
14 rows of pins	1c	Fancy hat pins	3c to 5c
20 darning needles	1c	2c package needles	3c
1 dozen shirt buttons	1c		
		4 Cent Goods.	
		50 yds silk thread	4c
		1 bottle black ink	4c
		5 fine dish towels	4c
		Clark's O. N. T. thread 300 yds	4c
		Lamp chimney No. 1	4c
		5 Cent Goods.	
		25 sheets writing paper, 25 envelopes	5c box
		Scrub brushes	5c

THE CASH NEW YORK RACKET STORE, SOL FRIEDMAN, PROP., Dr. Murray Building, Main St. Reynoldsville, Penn'a.

The Ballad Hit of the Century!

Be sure and get a copy Arthur H. Haskin's great ballad hit, entitled

"Don't Leave Old Kentucky."

This is positively the best ballad that has been published in years, so don't fail to secure a copy at once. For sale at

Haskin's Music Store,

Headquarters for Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise.

Reynoldsville, Penn'a.

Clearance Sale At Cost.

A. Katzen, of the People's Bargain store, has decided to make a clearance sale of clothing for

30 Days.

He will sell

Mens', Boys', and Children's Clothing,

including men's pants and hats, at cost.

These goods are all first class, but are to be sold cheap in order to make room for spring goods. Call in and see my stock and be convinced that I am offering you big bargains in clothing.

A. Katzen, Prop.