A French economist has figured out that, as compared with France, the lower freight rates in Germany effect an annual saving to the German industries of \$40,000,000. France's great need, he thinks, is more canals.

The industrial depression at present prevailing in Germany is accompanied with the customary manifestations of poverty and distress among the working classes-the establishment of soup houses and free food depots for their relief. Berlin is supposed to be now harboring 100,000 workless men and women, 45,000 of whom, according to the reports of the city authorities, belong to the metal trades alone.

Third position for Great Britain in the world's commerce—this is the well grounded fear of English economists, according to the annual report of United States Consul Boyle, at Liverpool, to the State Department. Even England's long supremacy in the carrying trade is seriously threatened, and it is possible that the seeking of remedies may radically affect the industrial and social life of the Nation.

Syracuse, N. Y., has maintained a municipal lodging house for the past two years at a net cost to the town of 16.03. For this sum the town has given lodging accommodations to the number of 12,869; single meals to the number of 25,738, and baths to the number of 11,288. The institution is kept on a self-supporting basis by compelling each night ledger to work four hours on the streets of the city and an hour for a single meal. During the existence of the house the superintendent has found work for 1198 men.

A little time ago Australia was cursed with the rabbit, which ate up all verdure in sight and became such a pest that the various governments, particularly that of Queensland, were compelled to adopt most strenuous measures in order to keep enough grass on the ground to feed the sheep and cattle. Now there is a new pest, vegetable this time instead of animal. A few years ago some of the Australians thought the colony would be more like "home" if they had blackberries to eat. Some bushes were imported from England and planted. In their new environment they grew like Jack's beanstalk, and now the country is being overrun by vast brambles that threaten to become in their way as great a pest as the bunny was.

The Indianapolis Sentinel has been doing some figuring in averages on the baby boy's chances in life. It says that the chances are 30,000,000 to 1 that he will not become President of the United States, or Vice-President, or Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Yet it holds true that any baby boy may reach either of these places-that is to say, there is a possibility, until the phenomena of his development surely count him out. The chances are 410,000 to 1 that he will not be United States Senator, 103,330 to 1 that he will not be a member of the House of Representatives, and 820,000 to 1 that he will never be the Governor of a State. The chances are 588 to 1 that he will not go insane, 1250 to 1 that he will not be blind, 864 to 1 that he will not be an inmate of a public almshouse, 400 to 1 that he will never be an enlisted soldier or sailor, 1200 to I that he will never be a city policeman, and 9117 to 1 that he will never be the President of a National bank.

According to the Forum there are not many rich Chinamen in America; but some of them are very well off, with fortunes ranging from \$100,000 to \$500,000. There is one multi-millionaire, Chin Tan Sun, who is the richest Chinaman in the country. Chin Tan Sun owns whole towns, and employs hundreds of white men and womee in his factories and canneries. He owns ranches, city real estate, gold mines, and diamonds; he runs lottery games; he imports laborers; he conucts a real estate business, and he bas several merchandise stores in San Francisco. He is a self-made man and very shrewd and progressive. He came to America in the steerage as a lad, and went to work in a kitchen. He married a white woman, and with their savings they originated a "little lettery" business in San Francisco n grew rich enough to become bant also. From this beginning ped into a commercial and itties power. He is six feet tall, and rtioned, good-looking man. as he is regarded as the sou

(Provoked by Caverley's "Forever.").
"Farewell!" Another gloomy word
As ever into language crept,
"Tis often written, never heard

In playhouse. Ere the hero flits— In handculfs—from our pitying view, "Farewell!" he murmurs, then exits R. U.

"Farewell!" It is too sighful for An age that has no time to sigh. We say, "I'll see you later," or "Good-by!" When, warned by chanticleer, you go
From her to whom you owe devoir,
"Say not 'Good-by,' " she laughs, "but Au
Revoir!"

Thus from the garden are you sped; And Juliet were the first to tell You, you were silly if you said "Farewell!"

"Fare well," meant long can bre
It crept, tear-spattered, into song,
"Safe voyage!" "Pleasant journey!" or "So long!"

But gone its cheery, old-time ring; The poets made it rhyme with knell, Joined, it became a dismal thing— "Farewell!"

"Farewell!" Into the lover's soul You see fate plunge the cruel iron. All poets use it. It's the whole Of Byron.

"I only feel-farewell!" said he; And always tearful was the telling. Lord Byron was eternally Farewelling.

"Farewell!" A dismal word, 'tis true (And why not tell the truth about it?) But what on earth should poets do Without it? -Chicago Tribune.



her widowed mother in a little Lake View cottage. Helen tapped the fender before the crackling wood fire a bit nervously with her tiny foot. Then she turned to her mother and said: "Well, dearie, I've answered it."

"Oh, Helen, you ought not to have done it. There must be something sinister, perhaps a crime, behind an advertisement like that."

Helen laughed. "Criminals don' have first-class references, dearle, and then you know we need the money." "Read it to me again."

The girl took up a morning paper and read this: "Wanted-by a man thirty years old, comfortable room in subur han residence, where there are no vis itors; absolute seclusion the first consideration. Applicant will refer to people of standing; highest price paid. Se clusion, box 85, Breeze office."

There was a step on the veranda. Helen exclaimed: "Dearie, there's the answer." A moment afterward a man with a tall, well-knit figure stood in the shrouded in the folds of a scarf. This side he kept away from the lamplight. The voice had in it a ring suggesting that at times its keynote was com-

night. He is a soldier and a gentle

before daybreak. At 1 o'clock every day a closed cab was driven to the doorstep. The recluse drove away in ever Helen caught a glimpse of their mysterious lodger she saw the ever part of his features. One morning her surprise almost overcame her when she heard his voice calling from the uppe you would ask the cabman when he comes to go for Dr. Girard, the headquarters surgeon, at once."

The surgeon came. He saw the Mar tins' lodger, and then going to the little parlor said to Helen: "Mr. Sidney is suffering intensely. I have expected little parlor. One side of his face was this trouble and have urged rest. Now he must take it. He must keep his room and on no account is he to use his

Thus it was that Lleutenant Sidney

ELEN MARTIN lived with | reasons of his own he works only at man.

For two months the members of the little Lake View household saw George Sidney infrequently. He left for his work after nightfall and returned just it, presumably to his breakfast. Whenpresent scarf concealing the greater floor. Lieutenant Sidney was standing in the doorway of his room with his head averted. "I am sorry to trouble you, Miss Martin," he said, "but I wish

became the patient as well as the lod-"Is this Mrs. Martin? I have called ger of the Martins. For weeks he sat in response to an answer to my adver- in a darkened corner of his room while



BUT HE SAVED HIS FELLOW.

tisement. My name is George Sid- Helen read to him from where the ney. I know, Mrs. Martin," he continued, "that my advertisement may have seemed strange. I do desire absolute seclusion and freedom from callers. My reference is General Nelson, army headquarters, Pullman Building. I should like to see the room, and if you find my credentials satisfactory, I think other details may be arranged

Helen led the way up a winding stair to a well-appointed room. Lighting the gas she turned to look at her follower. He was in the act of drawing still more closely the folds of the scarf about the right side of his face. What she could see of his countenance was thrown wide the shutters and the room strikingly handsome. "Mother and I live here alone," she said. "After my father's failure and death we came here from a distant city. We have few friends and no visitors.

"I like the room," said the stranger; "kindly look me up and let me know if I shall make a satisfactory lodger." Then he said good night and left the

"Well, mother, what do you think of him?" asked Helen, "and why does he cover up half of his face like the talent that was buried in a napkin?"

"What I saw of his face, Helen, had something of nobility in it. As for his hiding one side of it, I suppose that has something to do with his seeking se-

Helen called on General Nelson in the Pullman Building. Did he know

light found its way through a halfopened shutter. How she had come to do this she did not just know, but it came about naturally. The girl's life had been a lonely one, and it needs but to say that there slowly stole into her heart something deeper than a mere interest in her charge. As for George Sidney, he knew, and the thought was like a knife to him that something was once more creeping into his breast which he thought was forever barred.

The day for the patient's release from the dark room had come. Helen heard his voice calling her. The girl went to the doorway. Sidney had was bright with sunlight. He was standing with folded arms at the window where she had sat when reading. The strong light was full on his face and the carf which he had ever worn was gone. The girl gave one search ing look at the face so long concealed. Sidney's eyes were on her. A cry came from her lips, and she recoiled with a feeling half fear, half horror. Sidney saw the action and heard the cry. In

an instant he had closed the door quietly. Helen with a white face fled to her mother's room.

"Child, what is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Martin. "Mother, I saw his face. He showed it purposely. Mother, it is the face of a fiend."

The mother led the girl to a sofa and took her in her arms. They heard him pass on to the veranda, and both moth-"Yes, well. He is an officer in the army, retired for disability received in line of duty. Mr. Sidney is now work-not return. A month passed. Helen in cash will be returned. — London ing on some ordnance plans, and for went about her duties as usual, striv-

ing to be cheerful, but the mother

At the end of the month General Nelson called. Mr. Sidney had not re turned to his work as expected after his recovery. Did Mrs. Martin know of his whereabouts? No. Well, for years Sidney had been a man of moods. "You see," said the general, when Sidney was in active service he risked his life to save a brother officer. It's an old army story. It's enough to say that Sidney jumped between his friend and a shell the fuse of which had become accidentally ignited. The shell exploded. Sidney received a fearful wound and was marked for life but he saved his fellow. Marked for life, did I say? Yes, marked worse than Hugo's 'Man Who Laughs.' That shell fragment gave to the handsomest man in the service the half-face of a fiend. He was to be married, poor chap, but the girl saw his face and She was the sister of the man whose life he saved. What a world it is! The face of a devil and his life a hell. That is George Sidney's fate." It was the auniversary of the day

that George Sidney left the Martin cottage. Helen was standing at the gate looking down the moonlit road. A bush partly hid her. She heard footsteps, Leaning forward she saw a figure approaching. Her heart gave a sudden throb, and she muttered the halfsmothéred cry, "Mr. Sidney!" man heard and turned as if to hurry away, but there was something in the tone of the cry that held him. He saw the girl's face in the moonlight, and in a moment he was at her side,

"Helen," he said, "I left because loved you." She looked up. "Then stay becau

you love me," she said, and saying it she drew the scarf from the side of his face, and, kissing him gently, said: "It is God's mark of manhood."-Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Hernld.

LI WROTE TO BOTH MEN. Sut They Compared Notes and Spoiled His Effect. Many tales are told of the dealings

of Li Hung Chang with his diplomatic subordinates, and there is a character-istic story affoat with regard to his relations with the present Minister to England, Sir Chih-chen Lo Feng Luh. The time was that of the siege of the legations in Pekin, when all the civilized world was in fear as to the fate of the beleaguered, and when China, with her emissaries and all pertaining to her, was looked on with no very friendly eye. Li Hung Chang was the virtual ruler of China, and it was from him that the various ministers and ambassadors received their instructions. There had, apparently, been some fresh manifestation of European displeasure, when one day the minister in England received from Li a message, the purport of which was as follows:

"We are not satisfied with your efforts in London. The English are hosile, and you must do something to alter matters. You are not energetic enough. You are neglecting to influence the Government. The man who is doing all the work is your colleague n Washington, Wu-Ting-fang. He is the man you should imitate,"

Unfortunately for Li's little game, Sir Chih-chen and Wu-Ting-fang happened to be close friends, and the Minhere confided what had hapsened to his friend in Washington. Wu-Ting-fang was, to say the least of t. surprised.

"This is very extraordinary," he re-"I also have had a message from Li Hung Chang. This is what he says to me:

Your efforts are not giving satisfaction. We feel you should be more pergetic, and that you should try to influence the American Government to take our side in this affair. You are not doing half enough, and, if you want an example, you should turn to Sir Chih-chen Lo Feng Lub, the minister in London. He is the man who is doing all the work."-The Candid Friend.

Young Cannon and the Old Judge Representative Cannon began his po litical career by running for State's attorney in his town. His opponen was another young lawyer, who, like Cannon, had not made much headway in the practice of law, but both can didates went upon the stump and promised to do great things if elected. One day as the rival candidates went down the street together they were joined by the judge of the court He stepped in between them taking each young man by the arm.

"What are you boys making all this fuss about?" he queried. "We want to be State's they replied in unison.

"Well," said the judge laughing, "I ought to take some interest in the mat ter, but I don't. No matter which one of you is elected there will be no crim inals sent to jail."

Cannon, telling the story, says that he was elected, but whether it was be cause he was the best or the poorest lawyer, he has never been able to tell -Washington Post.

"Coronation" Clubs.

It is a sign of the times to find "cor onation" clubs are being instituted throughout the busiest of London districts. The cue has been taken up by the clothiers and linen drapers of the poorer parts. By entering at once and punctually paying sixpence or so a week, either a man or woman can insure new garments for wear on the eventful day of the approaching ceremontal. Some one or two have a provisional rule to the effect that should a member desire to withdraw from the club he is at liberty to do so, and have

HOW SMOKE EXPLODES.

Explained and Demonstrated for the Ben-

How smoke explodes in a burning building was graphically shown the Fire Insurance Society last night in its rooms by Underwriters' Inspector William McDevitt. Mr. McDevitt set a two-story building, about three feet high, on a table. Then he partly filled it with smoke from pieces of burnt wood. Thrusting in a gas jet, a smart explosion followed, and a tongue of flame and smoke ten feet long shot out of the windows! The inspector also endeavored to make, on a small scale, what firemen call a back draught, which is really a downward explosion of smoke through elevator shafts or stairways where there are iron window shutters, but the roof of his little house was blown off, and the smoke went upward instead of downward.

The inspector used only plain wood to produce the smoke for his explosions. Varnished or offed wood would, he said, have been more effective, as producing more and thicker smoke. Be fore giving his practical illustrations of the explosive force of hot smoke, he briefly explained the causes of such explosions. In a fire, he said, free carbon rises and mixes with hydrogen; methyl, alcohol, creosote and other gases are also present in smoke. These gases become heated to the point of ignition and an explosion is the result, Of itself smoke would explode, he said, at a temperature of from 600 to 800 degrees, but frequently it is ignited by sparks or by coming into contact with a flame.

"When the smoke becomes ignited," the inspector went on, "the interior of the building is instantly converted into a mass of flame. The Hunt-Wilkinson fire strikingly exemplified that. When first saw the fire great volumes of dense black smoke poured out of the windows. Suddenly there was an explosion, and the smoke was transformed into such flame as I never

saw before. Very thick smoke, when ignited, the speaker said, becomes a pillar of flame, and rolls through a room with such force as to shake the walls and make the windows rattle. If sprinkled with water there would be no explosion. Where formerly firemen tried to keep smoke in, under the impression that it smothered the fire, they now immediately break in windows or skylights to let it out.

Several ways of preventing such explosions were described by Mr. Me Devitt. In large stores, he said, if an air shaft of sufficient size were in the centre, there would be no lateral spread of fire.-Philadelphia Public Ledger.

John Bull, the Laundryman.

The allegorical figure of Britannia presiding at the world's washtub is hardly gratifying to the national van ity, but it is quite true that she is fast becoming the washerwoman, or rather the clear starcher, of the world.

There was a time when the Englishman's shirt front and collars were 'done up" by French workpeople in London, but now it appears the tables are completely turned. Shiploads of linen cross the channel from France.

Not only does the French dandy send his laundry to London, but on the Dutch packets come great bales from Holland, and cargoes of men's soiled linen are sent from India at regular intervals, being returned a week later

in a state of glossy whiteness. Britannia personified as a buxom woman with sleeves turned up and hands buried in the suds is not going to appeal very strongly to the humor of the English people.-London Cor respondence, New York Herald.

An Alluring Appeal For Recruits.

Nearly a century ago England was in her life and death grapple with Napoleon, and recruits being wanted for that crack corps, the Twenty-third Light Dragoons, under orders for service with Wellington in Spain, the regimental recruiting officer advertized for men in terms whereof the following is a choice extract:

"You will be mounted on the fines horses in the world, with superb clothing, and the richest accourrements; your pay and privileges are equal to two guineas a week; you are everywhere respected; your society is courted; you are admired by the fair, which, together with the chance of getting swished to a buxom widow. or brushing with a rich heiress, renders the situation truly enviable and desir-Young men out of employment, or otherwise uncomfortable—'There is a tide in the effairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune -nick it, and instantly apply."

Baden-Powell's Idea For Cavalry. Baden-Powell's brain is never still. His versatile nature is ever improvising and improving. The stern needs of war have shown him many plans to help cavalrymen in action, and one of the most important is a method to hold horses in action from stampeding. He has just been asked to submit his plan to the War Office. The idea is simplicity itself, and, seeing that it allows every man to go into action, has been favorably received by the War Office officials. The system is that of leaving the reins simply undone on the offside of the horse's bit, the nearside being left fastened. The rein is then fastened to the nearside stirrup. so as to give just sufficient pulling power on the horse's mouth to keep it moving in a small circle, if it is inclined to move at all. In this way it will be seen that all possibility of a stampede is done away with, as the tion .- London Express.

No man's destiny can be judged un til destiny has ended him.

N. HANAU.

CLEARANCE SALE

About stock taking time and I want to sell all winter goods at cost for the next four weeks.

CLOTHING. -

Men's \$10 and \$12 Overcoats, now \$3 to \$8.50.

Men's Overcoats, \$8 and \$10, now \$5.50 and \$6.75.

Boy's Overcoats, \$5, now \$3.

Boys' Overcoats, \$4, now \$2.75.

Men's fine Clay Worsted suits, \$12 to \$15, now \$10.

Dense Many Pants Suit, 75 coats.

Boys' Knee Pants Suit, 75 cents. Boys' Knee Pants, 19c.
Mens' Fleece-lined Underwear, suit 80c.
Mens' All-wool Underwear, suit \$1.25.

Men's Necktles, 25c, now 15c

-PRESS GOOPS.

Black Henrietta, 25 cents " 45 cents. 90 c.mts. now 45 cents. Ladies' Plaid. 15, 18 and 29 cents, now 12‡ cents.
Ladies' Fleece Lined, 40 cents, now 12‡ cents.
Ladies Flannelette Night Gowns, \$1.00, now 75 cents.
Ladies' Night Gowns, \$1.25, now 95 cents.

Misses Night Gowns, 50 cents, now 40 cents.

Outing, 50 cents. Fleisher Yarn, 90 cents per pound. I have a few Ladies,' Misses and Children's Jackets left yet

which I will sell at Half Price COME IN AND SEE THEM FOR YOURSELF.

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; Curtice 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.

FIRE INSURANCE. M. G. Dinney

Brookville Pa.

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

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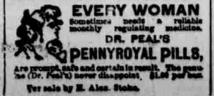
DENTIST. Office on second floor of First National bank uilding, Main street. DR. R. DEVERE KING.

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REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. FRANK DIETZ, Proprieto First class in every particular. Located in the very centre of the business part of town Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.



L. M. SNYDER Practical Horse-Shoer

and General Blacksmith



Horse-shoeing done in the neatest manner of by the latest improved methods. Reading of all kinds carefully and promptly one. SATISFACTION GUARAFTERD. HORSE CLIPPING

Have just received a complete set of me-chine horse clippers of latest style '8 putters and am prepared to do clipping is the best possible manner at reasonable rates. Jackson St. near Fifth, Reynoldsville, Pa

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. Companies and the second section of the second

Death Asks for a Birth Certificate. A man of the name of Jean Baptiste A man of the name of Jean Baptiste Pabre, 87 years old, presented himself the other day to Mayor of Montreuilsons-Bois to obtain at last a birth certificate. Scarcely had he uttered his request when he sank down without a cry. Men pushed to help him, but without avail; he was dead with a sudden stroke of apoplexy.