

The wedding in the dome of the Capitol at Washington, 375 feet above the ground, may be classed with propriety as a happening in high life.

The Brooklyn Eagle says that within a radius of ten blocks of his office there are twelve abandoned churches. The population in the same area is greater than it has been at any time in the history of the city.

President Wheeler of the University of California, says that football is becoming more and more restricted to the specialist, that it tends to exclude even the average healthy man, and that it, on the whole, encourages "rooting" rather than physical development.

The sale of recent translations in Japan indicates that foreign authors rank as follows in the estimation of the Japanese: Zola, Doyle, Gessé, Lang, Bret Harte, Stevenson, George Meredith, John Morley, Pat, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Ian Maclaren, Ruskin, Steven Phillips, Tennyson and Mark Twain.

Minneapolis Times remarks that medical expert testimony in suits at law has fallen in such disfavour that judges, lawyers and physicians alike are casting about for a way to restore it to respectability. Expert testimony should be candid, impartial and scientifically true. In practice the reverse is too often the case.

London's latest fad is said to be a system of somersaults for cure for fat people. There is no question that the turning of handsprings has a tendency to reduce obesity, but it is a heroic cure and the average man or woman who weighs over 250 pounds would be in great danger of breaking the neck to indulge in such gymnastics.

The recent appointment of a commission to consider the whole question of Russian agriculture and the condition of the peasantry marks a new departure in the internal policy of Russia. The powers accorded to the commission are of the widest possible, and, in fact, amount to a charge to complete the work begun a generation ago with the freeing of the serfs. Thus the entire manner of life with the Russian mujik will form one of the principal matters of consideration for the commission, which is empowered to present its proposals for the bettering financially, educationally, economically and in general culture of agricultural labor in all its phases.

The Cooperative union at Milan has established the first Rowton house in Italy, a huge building with 530 bedrooms, with everything of the most faultless make and perfect pattern. Cooperative pharmacies are much appreciated by the working classes. There are seventeen general stores in connection with the Turin Cooperative alliance, and excepting with regard to bread, the Turin alliance has adopted the old Rochdale principle. Bread is sold under current rates. The stores are open to all the world, and all who deal receive the same amount of dividends, but provident benefits, free medical treatment, and education at the popular university are reserved for members only. The productive societies are for the most part humble. The societies of bricklayers and stonemasons undertake contracts for executing buildings, and give general satisfaction. Italian cooperatives do little as yet in respect of providing laborers' dwellings; but, on the other hand, the agricultural banking movement has spread far and wide throughout Italy, states the Economic Review.

It is notorious that the confirmed practical joker is the least tolerant of jokes at his own expense. He is never able to see any fun in being duped. This adds much to the enjoyment of those who manage to trick him. On one of the big days at the Buffalo Exposition the hotels were forced to make new arrivals double up. A drummer who was an inveterate practical joker proposed to have a room and a bed to himself. He suggested to his friend the clerk that should any applicant for half his bed prove persistent, he should be told that the drummer was just convalescent from smallpox. The drummer was aroused from his first deep sleep by a man getting into his bed. "Hold on there!" he cried; "didn't the clerk tell you I have the smallpox?" "Yes," replied the newcomer, drawing up the covers, "but that's all right—I've got it myself!" With a yell the drummer leaped from the bed, seized his clothes, dressed in the hall and spent the night in a chair, longing for the morning so he could get himself disinfected. In the morning he discovered that the man was a joker himself. The drummer was infuriated by such shabby treatment.

## An Idyl of Oyster Point.

By ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.

Whitewash sunshine, a pervasive smell of crabs, omnipresent oyster shells—and Mrs. Carruthers. Such is my impressionistic recollection of Oyster Point. Though there were other Oyster-Pointers, of course. There was, for instance, Mr. Sprockett.

Early in my acquaintance with Mrs. Carruthers I acquired a light-headed feeling that Mr. Sprockett was with one of the elemental facts of consciousness—so casual, so unexplained was even her first casual introduction of his name, it so permeated in the same way our subsequent intercourse. And yet I never really knew Mr. Sprockett, though after awhile I accidentally became aware that the name pertained to a snuffy-haired, middle-aged man of retiring demeanor whom I had daily seen passing—the sort of man we are always vaguely surprised to find so far differentiated as to have a name. I am not sure that I ever met him, even, for he was further differentiated, I discovered, by a nervous horror of any situation requiring speech; and I mercifully assisted his frantic efforts to escape me whenever I had occasion to call at Mrs. Carruthers' in his off hours. What his business was I have forgotten, if I ever knew. I somehow associate oysters with him; but whether because of his occupation or of his personal peculiarities I cannot undertake with any degree of assurance to say.

The white palling of the house in which I was for a time sojourning, continuing, formed the front boundary of Mrs. Carruthers' demesne; a similar palling alone divided the respective back yards of the two establishments. A day or two after we moved in we heard wild and distressful squawking from our yard, and upon investigation found that our chickens were being fiercely pursued by a turtle-head—apparently as little inconvenienced by its boldness condition as a Raphael cherub.

"What did it want with a chicken?" I asked Mrs. Carruthers when she called with earnest apologies; for it was, it appeared, a fugitive remnant of her dinner. She did not know, but she seemed much surprised at my laughing.

A tall, brawny woman with a deep voice, and a faint trace of dark down on her upper lip, she had the small, light blue eyes of a baby, almost, and, as I afterward found, a cheering responsibility of manner which I have never seen in any other adult. This, however, was on this particular occasion overclouded by a sincere regret and chagrin at the contretemps, which all my assurances could not suffice to dispel.

"I told Mr. Sprockett," she said, "that you all certainly would think I was a poor manager—leaving turtle-heads running round like that and bothering the neighbors. But just as I was going to bury it my pickle began to boll over, and when I came back 'twas gone."

As the call was somewhat a formal one, she wore, I remember, her Sunday best—a voluminous black silk, a larger bonnet gorgeous with purple roses, and a lace collar pinned with the gold-framed, half-length picture (in a horizontal position) of some gentleman unknown; unknown, I mean, to Mrs. Carruthers herself.

"I got it mighty cheap at a sale," she told me afterward; "thought it would lok sort o' dressy."

I had not unnaturally supposed it to be the portrait of Mr. Carruthers (to whose decease five years before the black silk and purple roses were referable—Mrs. Carruthers' natural inclination being for what she called "cheerful colors.")

She stared a little when I mentioned my assumption. "Mr. Carruthers?" she said. She meditated awhile. "That's so! I could have it put in if you think I ought to. I never thought of it. There was a picture of him 'bout the house somewhere that would be just the thing—if I could lay my hand on it."

Apparently she found it, for the next time I saw the brooch the rather unsympathetic countenance of Mr. Carruthers stared from the rim, looking for some mysterious reason somewhat larger than life, and crowned by a tall and inflexible hat—for the accommodation of which the picture was perforce curtailed below, so that the chin-whiskers barely escaped.

"It does lok better, I reckon," she said, simply; "and I want to do what's right—as I said to Mr. Sprockett. Mut, lor me! Mr. Carruthers wouldn't have cared. He was mighty practical!"

From all I ever learned of him I should have inferred a certain lack of poetry and sentiment in Mr. Carruthers.

"I never will get over not having any wedding," she said one day.

"Not having had any wedding!" I repeated blandly.

She did not notice my surprise. "I'd saved up money, and all," she went on. "I'd set my heart on a white silk dress, and veil and wreath—and bridesmaids—and everything. But Mr. Carruthers put his foot down. He said a cow would do me a heap more good than frills and furbelows—and wedding fixings would—and maybe he was right. 'Twas a mighty good cow I bought (I was teaching when he married me, cut out to teach, but think I was really cut out to teach, but there ain't many things I can't turn my hand to in the way of work, though I say it that shouldn't). 'Twas a mighty good cow

I bought with the money I'd saved up, as I was saying, and I made a heap o' money selling the milk; and after all, 'twain't what a wedding would have been, I don't care what anybody says!"

With all his practicality Mr. Carruthers had not been a business success, and it was to her own thrift and industry that his widow owed her present condition of modest comfort—particularly to her exquisite mastery of the art of pickle making. To her justly celebrated pickles, in process of manufacture, the neighborhood was indebted for a spicy fragrance, which modified most agreeably the indigenous flavor of marine delicacies in an imperfect state of preservation.

A slight alcoholic infusion was also occasionally observable in the atmosphere of Oyster Point, and a chronically inflamed nose marked more than one prominent citizen—notably the mayor, who was also the doctor, both horse and human, of the village. But whatever drunkenness there was—and I do not now recall any means of diversion beyond alcoholic indulgence which the pince presented—was carried on, as a rule, with a sobriety, so to speak, and decent reserve, which precluded scandal and offense.

One day I heard Mrs. Carruthers, as I thought, declining chickens or other household supplies at her back door, and idly looking out at my window. I then saw that she was speaking to Mr. Sprockett, who, standing on the step, with his hat pushed back upon his head, listened with a countenance absolutely devoid of any expression whatsoever.

"I'm mighty obliged to you, Mr. Sprockett," she was saying, "and if I was thinking about getting married—" I drew back with such ill-considered haste as to bump my head loudly against the window sash, and so doubtless made my unintended eavesdropping perfectly apparent. I apologized when she came over later in the day.

"Oh, that's all right," she said, good naturedly; "there wa'n't much to see—you know Mr. Sprockett's mighty quiet. But I certainly was surprised. He's been after me more than once lately about going into the pickle business on a big scale; but I didn't know he wanted to be taken in or was thinking about me. Mr. Sprockett's mighty inoffensive—I'd just as soon marry him as anybody—but I kind o' think marrying ain't what it's held out to be. And so I thought I'd better let well enough alone—specially as he wa'n't very pressing!"

The next morning he did not appear at breakfast, and upon investigation it was found that he had not come home the previous night.

"I don't think I could have hurt his feelings," Mrs. Carruthers said to me over the back fence; "and he didn't seem to be a bit set on it! I just hope he ain't sick off somewhere."

The potato man arrived as we were talking.

"Mr. Sprockett" he said, with a grin. "Mr. Sprockett got shut up for being drunk last night. They say he carried on terrible. He'll be up before the mayor this morning. He'll be up before the mayor this morning. He's up now, I reckon."

Mrs. Carruthers had dropped the tubers she was examining. "Shut up for being drunk last night!" She looked at me in a way that I did not in the least understand, but I saw that she was strongly moved. "Shut up!" she repeated. "Before the mayor this morning! Go 'long! I don't want any potatoes!"

I had never seen her in a towering rage. I should have believed her as incapable of it as Mr. Sprockett of the outrageous, violent and truculent conduct of which I learned he had been guilty while under spiritualistic excitement—conduct of which the guardians of the law could but take cognizance in the interest of public safety. But I could not help suspecting that if it had been a comparatively "nice offense" it would have "met his comment." What business did he have getting drunk when he never had been drunk before in his life, so far as appeared?

That Mrs. Carruthers was in a towering rage her very back showed as she hurried into the house. I saw her emerge in a moment, with her bonnet strings tied very tightly under her chin, and rapidly disappear up the street. To the (unsolicited) kindness of the milkman I owe an account of what followed.

"Things was 'most over when she got there," he said, "all out of breath; the mayor was just fixing to fine him heavy—anybody could see that—when she walked right up and looked him in the eye; there was a crowd there, but they gave way, and she says, says she, 'Look a here, Doctor Blanks; she says, you let Mr. Sprockett alone; she says, 'What I say is, she says, 'them that live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones; she says, 'You ain't to be setting in judgment on anybody for getting drunk; she says, 'and you know it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself; she says, 'There ain't any use in being a hypocrite if you are a drunkard; she says, 'which Mr. Sprockett ain't—and never will be! Come 'long, Mr. Sprockett!'"

The case I understood, was hurriedly, even precipitately dismissed. No one, I think, thought the occurrence especially notable, least of all Mrs. Carruthers herself. She dropped in to see me next day and sat fanning herself placidly, her bonnet strings comfortably untied, and talked of a variety of topics, embracing, as I remember,

tomato catchup, measles, thunder storms, clatern and well water, moths and moth-extermiators, ways of utilizing cold meats, the effects of tea and coffee on the nerves, dreams and presentiments, mosquitoes, Mrs. Brown's bonnet, methods of pickling oysters, dahlia culture, and powdered oyster shells as a medium for burnishing table knives.

I thought she looked a little occupied, but motives of delicacy prevented my touching upon the subject which I suspected was weighing upon her mind—the woeful lapse of Mr. Sprockett. All at once (we were discussing the uncertainty of human affairs) she said, with sudden animation, "Now, who in the world would ever have dreamed of Mr. Sprockett's going off and getting drunk?"

"Nobody," I assured her, with a readiness that seemed to gratify her. She broke into an oddly right-hearted laugh, like that of a young girl. "I never was so surprised in my life!" she said. "Wa'n't it romantic?"

"There ain't nothing for me to do, I reckon, but to give in," she added, in a matter-of-course way, but her eyes shone, and this time I'll have a wedding."—Woman's Home Companion.

### RINGS AND ELECTRICITY.

A Combination That Gave a Denver Woman a Startling Shock.

The diamond engagement and plain band wedding rings on the third finger of the left hand of Mrs. Clara Banker formed the connecting link of a complete circuit for an electrical current when she attempted to turn off an incandescent light, and almost caused her death by electrocution. Although she escaped with her life, through a wonderful exhibition of feminine presence of mind, her left hand was very badly burned by the current and a large piece of flesh torn from the inside of the little finger.

Mrs. Banker is the wife of L. E. Banker, manager of the Gano company, and resides at 2205 East Colfax avenue.

When Mrs. Banker attempted to grasp the button to turn off the light, the rings came in contact with the brass casings surrounding the upper part of the globe. In an instant she felt the effects of the current, and when she attempted to jerk her hand away she found she could not remove it. She attempted to pull her left hand from the globe by using her right hand to jerk with, but was unsuccessful. By that time, Mrs. Banker says, her entire left side began to grow numb, and she threw herself backward with all her force. The sudden jerk released her hand from the incandescent light fixture and broke the current. Mrs. Banker threw herself with such force that she fell against the door two feet behind her, cracking one of the panels.

The effect of the current going through the woman's body, almost completely un-nerved her, and for several hours she required constant attention. When she jerked her hand from the light fixture a large piece of flesh from the inside of the little finger was torn away. The other fingers and palm of the hand were badly burned, the flesh looking as though it had been cooked with carbolic acid.—Rocky Mountain News.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

According to the traditions, about 2000 people perished in the destruction of Pompeii. The excavators have found 286 human skeletons and those of nine horses and five dogs.

Divers are able to converse under water by placing their helmets, which are invariably made of copper, together, and shouting to one another. The sound, they say, is swiftly and distinctly conveyed.

It was William Pitt who originated the income tax in Great Britain, in 1798, as a war tax. The Napoleonic wars were fought with it. From that time to this it has been the resort of all ministers to meet war expenditures.

The combined age of four brothers of the Bastien family of Galena, Ill., is 543 years; of the four brothers and two sisters, 508 years, the youngest of them being 77, and the oldest 93 years old. They are all in good health, and live within a radius of two miles of each other.

The foundations of a Roman villa have been laid bare in Greenwich park, London, by the park keeper. The space opened has an area of about 16 feet, and the only loose materials found, so far, are some tiles. The discovery is regarded with great interest by local authorities.

The earliest known hot water heating is curiously traced to Greenland, where the strangely forgotten colony of Norwegians had increased to 190 villages in the 14th century. A German author was told in 1516 of the heating and cooking by water in pipes from a hot spring. The ruins of the colony were located in 1723, and the hot spring was some years ago seen by an American artist.

Two remarkable historical relics have lately come under the auctioneer's hammer in Europe. At the Falkenhayn sale in Vienna the pen used by Czar Alexander I., Emperor Francis II., and King Frederick William III. of Prussia to sign the "Holy Alliance" treaty was sold for \$160. In London the pale blue silk undershirt that King Charles I. took off and gave to his doctor before stepping upon the scaffold, brought \$1022.

Dazzling prospects seldom make one blind to one's own interest.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The busy have no time for tears.—Byron.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—Socrates.

What frenzy dictates jealousy believes.—Gay.

Strong reasons make strong actions.—Shakespeare.

Whatever makes man a slave takes half his worth away.—Pope.

There is little influence where there is not great sympathy.—S. I. Prime.

Maxims are the condensed good sense of nations.—Sir J. Mackintosh.

Great talkers are like leaky vessels; everything runs out of them.—C. Simmons.

It is only reason that teaches silence; the heart teaches us to speak.—Richter.

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.—De Sales.

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools.—Chesterfield.

Waste of time is the most extravagant and costly of all expenses.—Theophrastus.

The world is full of hopeful analogies and handsome, dubious eggs called possibilities.—George Eliot.

### PROHIBITION TERRITORY.

One-third of the Population Live Under Anti-Saloon Laws.

It is estimated that fully 30,000,000 people are living in the United States under prohibition, either by state law or by local option. This is more than a third of the entire population of the Republic. The following counties have in the various states enacted prohibition laws:

Alabama—In 59 out of 66 counties. Arkansas—In 50 out of 75 counties. California—In 175 cities and towns. Colorado—In 50 cities and towns. Connecticut—In 75 out of 125 towns. Delaware—In fully half of the state. Florida—In 30 out of 45 counties. Georgia—The whole of the state except 4 cities.

Illinois—In 450 cities and towns. Indiana—In 140 towns.

Iowa—The whole of the state except 25 cities.

Kansas—The whole of the state. Kentucky—In 90 out of 119 counties.

Louisiana—In 20 out of 59 counties. Maine—The whole of the state.

Maryland—In 15 out of 24 counties. Massachusetts—In 263 out of 353 cities and towns.

Michigan—In 400 cities and towns. Minnesota—In 400 cities and towns. Mississippi—In 71 out of 75 counties.

Missouri—In 84 out of 115 counties. Montana—In 250 cities and towns.

Nebraska—In 250 cities and towns. New Hampshire—The whole of the state.

New Jersey—In 200 cities and towns.

New York—In 700 cities and towns. North Carolina—In 60 out of 90 counties.

North Dakota—The whole of the state.

Ohio—In 500 cities and towns. Oregon—In the great Indian reservation.

Pennsylvania—In 60 cities and towns, and 20 counties.

Rhode Island—In 20 cities and towns.

South Carolina—The whole of the state, except 10 cities.

South Dakota—The whole of the state, except a few cities.

Tennessee—In 70 out of 96 counties. Texas—In 120 out of 246 counties.

Vermont—The whole of the state. Virginia—In 55 out of 106 counties.

Washington—In 50 cities and towns. West Virginia—In 40 out of 54 counties.

Wisconsin—In 300 cities and towns. —Exchange.

### Peacock Tails to Order.

The Japanese are ruthless in their tampering with nature. If they decide that they want a bird or an animal of a certain shape or color, they set about manufacturing the article, so to speak, by the exercise of exceedingly clever ingenuity and untiring patience. Here, for example, is how the white sparrows are produced:

They select a pair of grayish birds and keep them in a white cage in a white room, where they are attended by a person dressed in white. The mental effect on a series of generations of birds results in completely white birds. They breed the domestic cock with enormously long tails after the same principle. They first select a bird with a good tail, giving him a very high perch to stand on; then with weights they drag the tail downward, carrying on the same system with the finest specimens of his descendants till a tail almost as long as a peacock's is produced at last.

### Painting on Human Skin.

Marcus Lorenzo, an Italian painter who flourished in the last century, one paid 200 francs for a piece of human skin no larger than a dinnerplate, upon which to execute a landscape in oils. The skin, which was chemically prepared to receive the paint, was taken from the back of an aged woman, whose body had been sold to a medical man for dissecting experiments. The human parchment was drawn tightly over a metal frame, and the artist spent nearly seven months in producing a painting that was afterwards exhibited in various salons and ultimately realized 84,000 francs.—Leeds Mercury.

### The Roar of a Waterfall.

The roar of a waterfall is produced almost entirely by the bursting of millions of air bubbles.

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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.

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### LABOR WORLD.

All the mines in the Tarentum (Pa.) district are closed.

Brooklyn (Ohio) carpenters are making an effort to form a new union.

Electrical workers at Duluth, Minn., have been granted an advance in wages.

Advices from Mexico state that scarcity of labor is retarding railroad construction.

The wages of South Wales miners, regulated on the sliding scale, are to be reduced ten per cent.

The wages of miners and tankmen have been reduced two and a half per cent. at Newcastle, England.

Montreal (Can.) stonemasons threaten to strike unless granted thirty cents an hour and a nine-hour day.

Brickmakers at Detroit, Mich., contemplate forming a union. They want more pay and a uniform scale.

Boiler-makers, sheet iron workers and boiler-makers' helpers at St. Louis, Mo., have asked for increased wages.

The tinners and slaters at Youngs town, Ohio, have been granted an increase of twenty-five cents a day.

The International Union of Car Builders and Repairers has increased its membership 10,000 in less than four months.

Western women golfers will play for the championship at Onwentsia, Chicago, during the four days, August 27 to 30.

The Stonemasons' Union, of Toronto, Can., and their employers have agreed on a rate of forty-one cents an hour for one year.

The mills of West Duluth, Minn., have met the wage scale demanded by the lumber millers, but refuse to recognize the union.

Tacoma (Wash.) team drivers have returned to work. Concessions were made on both sides. Ten hours constitute a day's work and the union is recognized.

### California Has Great Resources.

California has a coast line of more than 700 miles—a stretch of ocean front that would reach from Boston to Carolina. It has an average breadth of 200 miles, which gives it an area of considerably over 100,000,000 acres, or about the combined extent of all New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Within these borders there are various kinds of climate, marvelous diversities in soil and products, and conditions that excite interest and wonder. The census shows that the State has increased rapidly in population; that it has taken higher rank in the value of agricultural crops; that it is first in vine culture, and that it has made most astonishing progress in manufactures.

The United States Department of Agriculture now has well-equipped laboratories for the investigation of the diseases of plants in Washington City, Florida and California. There are also 50 experiment stations where plant diseases are studied, and in perhaps half that number of colleges practical courses on plant life are given.

New South Wales attaches the death penalty to setting fire to a dwelling house knowing that a person is there.

### WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY

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For sale by E. Alex. Stokes.

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