

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and bare,
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle in the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread,
The robin and the wren are down,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer air, a beautiful sisterhood?
Alas! they are all in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brim-rose and the orchid died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smiles was gone from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mid day, as still each day will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair pink blossom that grew up and faded by my side,
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—William Cullen Bryant.

WON BY A TUNE.

By T. BONNALL.

"Good-by, dearest!"
"Good-by!"

For the twentieth time Mark Jermy gittered the words of farewell, and for the twentieth time the girl responded, but, realizing that the parting was not an ordinary one, they were loth to part even then. Years hence they might meet again; perhaps never!

"And, dearest, you'll remember, if the recollection of me ever stands in your light, you're to forget I existed. Promise me that!"

The girl looked into the earnest face bending over her, into the depths of the grave, brown eyes.
"I cannot," she said softly. "More-over, is it necessary? Is it what you would do were you in my place?"

Her logic was unanswerable, and he sighed.

"If you were the only child of somebody next door to a millionaire," she went on, "and your father forbade you to marry anyone who was not wealthy while you really loved one poor as a church mouse, would you give up without a struggle? Of course you wouldn't, Mark. You'd wait, and wait, and hope!"

"But waiting doesn't always bring wealth," broke in Jermy, "especially in the musical profession. Why did my father ever destine me for his own career?" he added, bitterly.

"Because it's what you're most fitted for," Elsie Renton replied. "Mark, dear, you're going to be a great man."

He waived away her words with a smile and another kiss.

"You flatter me, sweetheart," he said, "although it's true my father was far from being a mediocrity. He changed his name on marriage, and died when I was only five years old, but his existence really ended, so far as the world was concerned, when he forsook his old name, for he never composed a single thing after."

"How strange!" remarked the girl, wonderingly. "And what a terrible example to you, dearest."

"You may think so. Of course, I was too young to know much then, and never heard how it all happened, for my mother soon followed my father."

"And his name before was—?"
"Wegar—Mark Wegar—one of the foremost composers of his time!"

A couple of years later Mark Jermy was in London. It seemed much longer since he had parted from Elsie Renton in Paris, where they had been fellow students at the Conservatoire; she, for the sake of finishing a musical education, he because he had his future Paris to consider.

In Paris the girl had been free from the hidebound conventionalities of home, and her dotting parents would doubtless have horrified had they known she had dared to regard some one with affection. The two had parted; he to work for a name and she to enter society.

And now he was in London, his fame having preceded him, and Mark Jermy, the celebrated pianist, was announced to make his debut before the most critical audience in the world. Success had not spoiled him, and he remained the same modest man that had held Elsie's hand in his two years since; deeply, madly, in love with her still. Several times she had written to him, and with her last letter in his pocket as a talisman, he faced the eager crowd that evening.

The performance was a success. Mark Jermy's reputation was more than upheld and he quickly became the lion of the hour. Invitations from the highest in the land literally showered upon him, so numerous, that they would have taken years to respond to all, one of the earliest coming from the Rentons offering a princely fee for a short recital at a forthcoming "At Home." To this Jermy stiffly replied that he only accepted social engagements. An answer soon came altering the tone of the invitation, and a day or two later, he found himself about to meet his loved one once more.

The place was already thronged with guests when he arrived, but Elsie was the first to greet him, and as he took her hand, he would have knelt down there and then and kissed it, had not decorum forbade. She welcomed him gently, and he felt all at once the hap-

piest of mortals, for a single look served to tell him he held her heart still.

"I'm hostess for the moment," she observed. "Let me take you to mother."

He followed her, and a little later was being introduced to Mrs. Renton. "Mr. Jermy, mother!"

The stately lady addressed, looked up, and as she saw his handsome, clear-cut features, started.

"Mr. Jermy?—ah, yes, of course! Your appearance seems familiar. But then, aren't your photographs all over London?" she asked.

Mark bowed, but guessed by her tone that she had never seen his portrait.

He sauntered aimlessly about, conversing first with one and another, till at length he found himself addressing the host himself. And Jermy was agreeably surprised; Elsie's father was not nearly so formidable as he had pictured him to be; on the contrary, his attitude toward the young lion of the season was courtesy and geniality itself.

"Ah! my daughter tells me she met you in Paris," he remarked. "One of the first to discover your genius, I believe? Elsie's a dear girl, my dear sir!"

"She is" assented Mark, earnestly. "Always a dutiful girl, and a prize worth the winning," continued Mr. Renton, briskly. "It's a pity we're to lose her so soon—but there! the men, the men! I was young myself once."

"You mean some one will fall in love with her?" queried Jermy, anxiously.

"Has fallen in love. Scores of them. By the way, there she is with Lord Mapleson."

Mark Jermy turned and followed the other's glance to where Elsie stood talking with the man he had noticed but a few moments before.

"Are they—?"
"Engaged, my dear sir, engaged. And to be married shortly. My wife's a wonderful woman; she's arranged it all!"

Mark's first impulse was to flee, but he resolved to learn the truth from Elsie's lips first. At last he caught her glance, following her into a small ante-room leading from one of the principal apartments. When the door closed, he took her hand, and looked into her eyes.

"Elsie," he asked. "Is it true?"
She avoided his gaze.

"Is what true?" she murmured.
"That you're engaged to Lord Mapleson?"

Her eyes filled with tears and she turned toward him passionately.

"No!" she said vehemently. "He's asked me frequently, but I've always refused. But mamma insists, and the rumor we're engaged is about already. Oh, Mark! Mark!—With an outstretching of her arms that was irresistible; 'what's to be done?'"

He took her into his arms.
"You love me, what is to prevent our happiness?"

"Mother—she insists. Father, I know, would rather I married a man of my choice."

"And I insist on you marrying me!" he cried earnestly. "That is, if you're willing to become the wife of a nonentity?"

She looked up quickly.
"Who is the nonentity?" she asked.

"You, the clever artist or—" with a gesture of disdain—"Lord Mapleson?"

"Then, darling," he cried, "if your mother will not consent, it must be a runaway match. You're sure you don't mind intrusting your happiness to me?"

played before, his audience spellbound and enraptured. The applause at his conclusion, unlike most drawing-room applause, was for once sincere.

Mr. Renton was profuse in his thanks, and then his less genial wife inquired as a special favor, whether he would give them a novelty.

"A novelty?" repeated Mark, anxious to please his prospective parent. "Ah, yes! I had almost forgotten. Today's the twenty-second, isn't it? There is one thing I only play once a year, and always on the twenty-second of this month."

The last notes of the song were gradually dying away, when all at once there was a tense scream from a distant corner of the room.

All turned and saw that Mrs. Renton had fainted.

A few days later Mark Jermy called to inquire after Mrs. Renton, whom it was understood was seriously ill. The young fellow was at once shown into Mr. Renton's study, where the millionaire greeted him cordially.

"My dear Mr. Jermy," he said, "you're the very man I wish to see! You remember the effect your wonderful playing produced on my wife the other evening?"

"Unfortunately," responded the famous musician. "Believe me, I'm exceedingly sorry."

"It's not your fault, my boy," he answered kindly. "The event has brought something to light which I hope may mean your happiness. I have learned that my daughter loves you."

"Yes," responded Mark, quietly. "And I love her too."

"Just so, just so! What I was going to say was this; my wife, it appears, was once engaged to your father."

Mark Jermy looked up in astonishment.

"Yes," continued Mr. Renton, "and from what I can hear—of course, this is in confidence between you and me—it broke Mark Wegar's heart. My wife jilted him for myself, and it seems that, out of pity, he afterward married a cousin whom he discovered had been in love with him for years. The air you played the other evening was one of Wegar's compositions, was it not?"

"Yes," replied Mark. "My father left me the manuscripts, with the injunction it was only to be played on the twenty-second of November in each year—the anniversary of what I could never make out."

"Ah! my wife recognized the theme; it was the old love song he used to play to her and of which she had been so fond. The date you mention was the one on which she broke off the engagement. Old memories came back to her, and—"

"Say no more, sir, it's a painful subject."

"To be sure, to be sure! My wife wishes me to tell you that, although she broke your father's heart, she has no wish to break either yours or her daughter's. We are both willing you should marry Elsie."

Someone opened the door just then, and Elsie Renton, seeing Mark, threw herself into his arms.—New York News.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

To settle once for all the frequent disputes with customers regarding the varying size of eggs, Stockholm merchants propose to effect all future sales on the basis of actual weight instead of by the score.

Japan's latest curiosity is a baby boy, who at the age of ten months weighs near four stone, and is over three feet in stature. His parents have taken him to Tokio to have him educated by a wrestler.

Honesty is a prevailing virtue among most Chinamen. Some of them in their native towns and cities often leave their places of business unguarded while they go off for half an hour or more. Should customers arrive in the meantime, they find the price or goods plainly marked, select what they want, and leave the money for them.

Dutch fishermen make astonishing catches by means of a very simple expedient. They put a number of live worms and insects into a bottle partly filled with water, which is then securely corked. The bottle is dropped into the water, and the fisherman sinks his line alongside. It appears that the wriggling contents of the bottle so tempt the fish that they fall easy victims to the baited hooks.

At Beaverton, in northern Ontario, a peat machine is in operation, consisting of a press, dryer and spreader—a most ingenious machine—for it cuts, pulverizes and spreads the material at the same time. This reduces the moisture 50 percent, and the balance is taken out by the drying process. The plant has a capacity of 20 tons a day, and the demand for the fuel is such that it brings \$3.25 a ton at the plant and is retailed at Toronto at \$4.25.

Miniature watches for the corsage and wrist are common enough, but it has been left for a western genius, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, to produce a finger ring timepiece, and that of the alarm order. A piece of mechanism so tiny, of course, could not contain an alarm bell, but a needle puncture was possible. Now, all that the man or woman who wishes to rise at a certain time has to do is to set the alarm, adjust the ring and lapse into forgetfulness. At the appointed hour the faithful little warder pierces the finger with just enough emphasis to rouse the sleeper.

NORWAY'S WINTER FUN.

Skies Furnish Not Only Sport but Necessary Means of Travel.

It is during the Norwegian winter that the most characteristic sports in that country hold sway. When the floods are frozen after the snow has fallen, the water is covered with bright, shining ice, and like the gulls during the summer, the Norwegian boys now glide about on their skates where, in July and August, they had crossed in sailing-boats. But when the snow covers mountain, valley, and flood many feet deep, snow-shoeing, or ski-lobbing, as it is called in Norway, becomes universal, not merely as a sport, but also as a necessary way of traveling.

The skis are made of wood, generally of ash. It is the most suitable wood for the purpose, but they can also be made out of pine, of birch, or of almost any wood in which the grain runs straight, and which is not too knotted. But woods like ash, which is both hard and flexible, are admirably adapted for ski-making. The skis are some 10 feet long and about four inches broad, and taper up in front in a graceful curve. A very slight groove about half an inch wide runs all along the middle of the skis from front to back, giving a tendency to keep it steady in one direction, and to prevent it, to some extent, from sliding to one side. About an inch back of the middle of the skis, a loop is made out of twisted willow or, in recent years, frequently out of leather-covered bamboo, forming a firm but flexible support for the foot about two inches back of the toe. Another loop of leather-covered bamboo runs from the base of the loop for the toes and all around the heel, while one strap combines the two sides of this loop under the foot. The skier runner then finishes the fastening by buckling a strap over his instep.

This peculiar arrangement of loops and straps allows the runner to move his heel in a vertical direction so far that he could, although with effort, put his knee down to the skis in front of him, while his toes still remain in the loop; but in a horizontal direction the foot is arrested; the skier must follow every small movement of the foot to the right or left.—(From C. E. Borchgrevink's "Ski-Jumping in Norway" in Christmas St. Nicholas.)

Ancestors of the Elephant.

The director of the British Museum would like to find a millionaire to finance a fossil-hunting expedition to Egypt. The story of the recent finds in the region to the south and southeast of Cairo was told in detail by Dr. Andrews at the meeting of the Zoological society. In addition to the discovery of the remains of many animals hitherto unknown, the most important work done is the demonstration of the ancestry of the elephants and their predecessors, the mastodons. If Dr. Andrews has not actually discovered the original stock, he has certainly traced the pedigree two steps further back, and one need only look at the remains he has brought home to see how well founded are his conclusions.

Till Mr. Bendall of the geological survey discovered how rich the district was in fossil remains, and the director of the survey gave facilities for the recent researches, the earliest known ancestor of the elephant was the narrow-toothed mastodon from the Pliocene deposits of the south of France. This animal had four tusks, two in the upper jaw sloping downward and two in the lower jaw directed forward between the other two. Not only have the remains of this mastodon been discovered in the Eocene deposits of the Fayum, but also, and associated with them, two other forms of a more primitive type. In the earliest, Moeritherium, two of the incisor teeth in each jaw are on the way to become tusks, and the inflated skull shows signs of the cellular structure characteristic of the elephants. Paleomastodon, another of the forms, stands just midway in the character of the teeth between Moeritherium and the narrow-toothed mastodon.

It is highly probable that the systematic exploration of this district may lead to the solution of other problems; for instance, that of the distribution of the mastodons and elephants, which will no doubt throw light on the configuration of the earth's surface in Tertiary times.—London Field.

Cost of F X Hunting.

Fox hunting is not necessarily an expensive sport as those not interested in it might imagine, but, of course, it is not a poor man's game. Compared with the other amusements of the rich, such as yachting, polo, or the maintenance of a racing stable, it is less costly and probably affords more pleasure. The hounds cost just so much as the club or individual cares to pay for them. An average price for a good pair is about \$150. Fine imported hounds cost about twice that, and, of course, if one's taste runs to prize winners the cost may mount up to the fabulous. A good pack of American hounds represents from \$2000 to \$3000.

A good hunter will probably cost \$750 and an average price is about \$1,000. The care of the horses is a great expense and feed bills and the wages of grooms mount up in the course of a year. As a good hunter is never used for any other purpose that expense may all be laid to the door of the chase.

In this country there are at least 25 recognized packs, and Onwentsia is assuming a place among them. The sport has been cherished longest in the south, where English traditions lived longest, but there are famous packs in Pennsylvania.—Chicago Tribune.

The Flow of R Vers.

The average rate at which rivers flow does not exceed one and one-quarter miles an hour. Even a torrent does not exceed eighteen to twenty miles an hour.

A VERY FINE MUMMY.

Body of Priest Unearthed After Four Thousand Years.

The German Oriental society has been most successful in its explorations at Abu-Sir in Egypt, and most interesting "finds" were distributed among the Berlin museums during the month of October. One of the most important discoveries was a perfectly preserved mummy of Jen Em Jehvet, the high priest of the temple, who died about 2,000 years before Christ. The body was found in a family vault, which also contained the remains of his priest and reader and their wives. Only three tombs of such an age have been found in good preservation during the last century, and this is the first time that the contents have been brought safely to Europe. Jen lay in his coffin enveloped in a brown linen shroud, just as he had been placed there 4,000 years ago. In accordance with the fashion of the time, he has small side whiskers, and a longer tuft on his chin, and his eyes are made to appear unnaturally long by means of the careful application of rouge. The wig, which is large and parted down the middle, has a bluish tint verging on green, and must originally have been the color of lapis lazuli, in imitation of the hair worn by Egyptian gods. The mummy was lying slightly on the left side, as Egyptians sleep to-day, and the head rested on a support such as is still in use in the Soudan. The eyes are turned toward the rising sun. Two staffs were found beside the body, and a little wooden statue.

TOLD OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Shrewd Answers Given by Tots in Examinations.

The word "govern" was on the board and the pupils were asked to name derivatives therefrom. Governor was easy, and there were many who could give such examples of its use, as "Mr. Bates is Governor. Mr. Crane is Governor," but when governable and ungovernable were mentioned there was no proper example of their use offered, as the children seemed to have no acquaintance with them at all. At last one held up a hand and said with confidence, "Oh, I know teacher. Gaston is ungovernable." Gaston was the defeat candidate for Governor of Massachusetts at the recent election.

On another day exercises in drawing being in order, one child was told to draw a person sitting in a chair. When called up some time after, she showed a sketch of a child, or a very small person, standing at the side of a chair, as tall only as the seat of the chair. "But," said the teacher, "why didn't you make this person sitting in the chair, as I told you to?" "Oh," said the child, "when you called me up I was just going to bend her."—Boston Transcript.

Garfield's Nomination.

At the Republican national convention in 1880 the Blaine Half-Breeds (to use the nomenclature of the day) and the Grant Stalwarts, 306 in number, hugged each other in a death grapple. They crushed each other and Garfield scampered off with the nomination for president. When leaving Washington to attend the convention as leader of the Sherman delegation, Garfield was asked by John Randolph Tucker of Virginia: "Whom are you going to nominate?" Garfield is said to have loved Ran. Tucker. They were far asunder in politics, but there were love and affection and intellectual kinship between the Virginian and the Ohioan. Garfield put his arm around Tucker's shoulders and whispered: "Keep your eye on me." And so it was. Garfield became President and Blaine took the secretaryship of state, "to keep his hand on the helm," his friends said. "To watch the Peruvian guano beds," his enemies replied.—Washington Letter to Richmond (Va.) Times.

When the Tide is In.

The boats lay stranded on the beach, tangled with seaweed, dark and green; A desolate and dreary scene; As far as the eye could reach; The tide was out.

How changed the view when day is done; The boats rode gayly in the deep; Their white sails nodding as in sleep; Kissed by the setting sun; The tide was in.

Thus many a life, in want and woe Lies stranded on the barren shore; But God is God forever more; Take courage, for we know The tide is coming in.

And lifted from the rocks and shoals We sail upon the sunlit sea; Night opens on eternity— Sweet rest for weary souls— The tide is in. —Frank L. Stanton.

Book of Comfort for Mourners.

Quite a successful business by preparing obituary albums has been built up by a New York man. He has 1,500 daily newspapers from different cities of the country, and clips from them obituary notices. Then he approaches surviving relatives to see if they will not buy an album prepared from these notices, and the letters of condolence they may have received. He has fixed prices for everything. Each obituary clipping is 5 cents. Telegrams and cards are 10 cents. Mrs. John W. Mackay has two or three albums prepared from the notices about her husband. There were over 6,000 clippings about him. Samuel D. Babcock and Bert Reis are also subjects for voluminous albums.

The average lake trout lays 6,000 eggs each season, and the whitefish a greater number.

There are more things done without motive in this world than are dreamed of by the police department.

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

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Senator Warren, of Wyoming, says there are 40,000 bears in his State.

Rear-Admiral Frederick Rodgers was three months leave of absence, which he will spend in Europe.

The Very Rev. William Richard Wood Stephens, Dean of Winchester, England, is dead. He was born in 1829.

Stephen Decatur, Jr., a grandson of Commodore Decatur, has just passed the examination for the Naval Academy.

W. A. Craig, the custodian of Washington Monument, reports that 2,200, 320 people have thus far visited the top of the monument.

Count Tolstoi has personally appealed to the newspapers not to publish further statements regarding his health because they annoy him.

Dr. Joseph Parker, the great English clergyman, who has just died, preached his first sermon at the age of eighteen, standing on the cross beam of a saw pit.

The Berlin newspapers say Prince Henry of Prussia is coming to the United States in 1904 to visit the St. Louis Exposition and unveil the veterans' monument in Philadelphia.

Rear-Admiral Bradford, while congratulating Mr. Marconi on his tests, declares the uncertainty of the wireless system of telegraphy makes it unsafe for commercial purposes.

The latest information about Mrs. Carrie Nation is to the effect that she will take up a professional stage career as soon as she finishes serving a term in the Topeka jail for "joint smashing."

She will take a star part, and is even now taking elocution lessons in jail.

During his recent visit to Paris and London, King Carlos of Portugal showed considerable versatility, the last instance of which was his fine rendition of some of Faure's melodies on the piano in Paris. He also sang Tosti's "Morir Marie" in a most creditable manner.

LABOR WORLD.

A union of stationary firemen has been formed at Sacramento, Cal.

Women clerks at Denver, Col., have formed a permanent organization.

A movement for the building of a labor temple is on foot at Kansas City, Mo.

Bessemer (Ala.) union clerks have arranged with employers concerning hours for 1903.

The Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners is chartering unions at the rate of over thirty a month.

Pipe and boiler coverers of Newport News, Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., have organized a union.

The National Union of the United Brewery Workmen will convene at Cincinnati, O., February 1, 1903.

Augusta, Ga., plumbers have struck for \$4 a day of eight hours. They have been getting \$3.50 for nine hours.

The retail clerks' union at Manchester, N. H., is regarded as one of the banner organizations of its kind in the East.

The strike of the telephone operators of Des Moines, Ia., which has been in progress about six months, has been settled.

Union Pacific shop men expect an early settlement of their strike by the granting of concessions on the part of the road.

The State of Missouri has over 14,000 manufacturers, with a total paid-up capital of over \$169,588,546. They employ 143,138 men.

A movement is on foot among the thousands of clerks employed by the Santa Fe Railway to secure a general increase in wages.

A crusade against Chinese and Japanese laundries is to be waged in earnest by the drivers of laundry wagons at San Francisco, Cal.

After May 1, 1903, 40,000 union stonecutters in the United States and Canada will refuse to work more than eight hours in any one day.

Apollo Oil.

Apollo illuminating oil, yielding an odorless and smokeless flame without a glass chimney and with small consumption of oil, is stated by a German authority to be thus produced: Pure oil, a cheap by-product of alcohol distillation, is mixed with 15 per cent. of milk of lime, which decolorizes and purifies it, and then with 25 per cent. of petroleum. On standing 24 hours the lime separates in scales, when the oil is poured off.

Agricultural machines and implements are admitted into Turkey free of duty.

LONGING FOR SUMMER.

Which Suggests an Old but Hardly Complimentary Aphorism.

When the frost is on the window and the kitchen pail is frozen, when the little icy needles come from every breath that blows, when chilblains make us faint and cold feet give us pain, it's safe to bet that we all wish for summer days again. For while we sweat and fume around in gauzy summer clothes, it's easy enough to get cooled off, as everybody knows; but it's different in the winter, when the world is full of ice, and the weather is as hard as a pair of loaded dice. We may talk about our climate, and about our springs and falls, but the balmy days of summer are the days that suit us all.

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