Weep not the years—
The bitter storm and trouble of the past,
Life will not thank thee for thy tenderest Take heart—take hope at last.

11.

Let not thy sighs Make and the music of earth's briefest The light is shining in Love's unveiled Behold;—the Morning's ray!

The valley's violets gleam:
A song is ringing from the sea-swept

rills;
Serrow is but the echo of a dream—
Joy on the Morning hills!
—Atlanta Constitution.

MRS. FORRESTER'S FIRST HUSBAND.

By E. RALPH.

My name is Spencer Lockwood, my profession the law.

Last summer, I spent my vacation, as usual, in a charmingly old fashioned

inn near Milford, Penn.

I congratulated myself upon having left "pleas," "plaints," and all such things legal far behind, for a time at any rate, absolutely unsuspicious that I was on the eve of becoming a leading actor in a stranger criminal drama than ever I had played in at the Court

"By Jove!" I said to myself as I sat at the open window after dinner on the evening of my arrival, watched a young lady, accompanied by an elder one, passing up the road, "that's the sweetest looking girl I have seen for many a day! Wonder who she is? I'll ask Jackson, perhaps he knows; or, rather, he's sure to

Jackson, the proprietor, knew me well, and would have no hesitation in enlightening me as to the identity of the fair stranger.

"Them two," said Jackson, "is Mrs. Russell and her daughter. Mrs. Ruswell is the widow of a captain in the navy, and I should say, is pretty well off. They live in that old red shingled house half a mile up the hill road.

"The old lady's a bit softheaded, so they say, hasn't a soul above tea-table gossip, and is about the worst kind of mother a young girl could possibly have, according to my opinion."

All this whetted my curiosity to know more of the young lady, a desire which the next day was gratified through the good offices of a friend, who introduced me to Miss Russell.

She was young; in fact, barely 21. She was good looking, too, but wore, I thought, a depressed and anxious expression. Naturally, I concluded that she was in ill health, a victim, perhaps, to the gayeties of the New York season. Later on I hinted as much to Mrs. Russell, who, as it seemed to me with somewhat heartless indifference, deprecated the idea in no measured

Netta Russell and I became very good friends, but I came no nearer to getting at the reason of her trouble. Her strangeness of manner haunted me, and yet, after all, I thought, why should I worry about it. It did not

But I was not able to satisfy myself so easily. I was obliged to confess that my interest in Netta Russell was stronger toan I had imagined. I was not in love with her: the idea was absurd, having regard to the shortness of the acquaintance, though she peculiarly interested me, and I carnestly ished to be of service to her.

An exploring pedestrian of the ardent order, I was making my way, toward the end of the week, through what was locally known as the "big clearing."

This was at least a square mile if not more of dense new growth, now about 10 feet high, through which ran a narrow strip of path.

I was about half way through this leafy tangle, when I heard voices within a stone's throw of me.

One of them was evidently a woman's, and, for the life of me, I could

not shake off the impression that I knew its owner. The other was that of an uneducated, if not vulgar, man. "Very well, Mrs, Forrester!" the lat-

ter was saying; "I've given you Jack's ssage, and you'll only have yourself to blame if you don't do as he says. Which, shall I tell him, is it to be; you to go back to him, or-what I think'll suit him just as well, or, rhaps, better-that you send him, by me, \$2000 before the end of next week?

"Neither!" replied the woman in raised, decisive tones, "and you may tell him so!"

"You'd best listen to reason," pernuasively replied the other. "Jack Forrester is a dangerous customer to cross, and I know as he'll never let you alone, or leave you, if you don't one or the other of them two things.

"Well, you have my last word! will do neither, and any attempt to molest me in any way will only bring

trouble to you and to him." "Have you any money about you

'No; and if I had I would not give

It to you! Supposing I were to take it. This a pretty lonely spot; nobody could

hear you, I fancy." It was Netta Russell without a doubt, and, unless I was mistaken, in sore strait from some blackmailing ruffian. That he addressed her as Mrs. Forresdid not for the moment appeal

I came face to face with Miss Rus-

"Don't be too sure of that!" I cried, addressing the latter, a truculent look-ing, underbred loafer. "I have overheard quite enough to know that you are intimidating this lady, and I warn you that if you don't sheer off on the instant it will be the worse for you.

The fellow looked me up and down, as if to calculate probabilities, but, judging discretion to be the wiser course, with a jeeringly defiant laugh, disappeared in the thicket to the right

The immediate strain lifted, Netta Russell all but completely collapsed on the reaction, and I saw that there was nothing for it but for me to accompany her home.

Her helplessness rendered her still more an object of solicitude to me, and I begged her to, if possible, confide in me, so far, at least, as to enable me to do what I could for her.

She then, after a brief hesitation, told me the most extraordinary story, imposing upon me, however, the condition that I would not repeat it to

I, of course, assured her upon this point, and listened thunderstruck to what practically amounted to a confession

"Miss Russell," I said, "I-" "That is not my name," she interrupted me.

"Not your name?" I exclaimed "No. Not a human being knows what I am going to tell you-I am married

"Married!" I echoed. "Yes; I was married nearly four years ago, and my name is-is Forrester."

Then she went on to say that when a girl of 17-she was staying with some friends at Long Branch, she met a man with whom she fell in love. Handsome, fascinating, and knowing far more of the world than she did, she believed in him. His proposal of marriage to her, on the condition that she should keep the matter a profound secret for a month, so that he might obtain the consent of his father-who, he said, was a wealthy Chicago bank er-she innocently agreed to.

She, indeed told her mother, who with the imbecility natural to her. made no inquiries; letting the girl in fact do just as she pleased.

Leaving home one day on the pre text of paying a visit to a relative in New York, she met Jack Forrester by arrangement, at a certain little church on the East Side and was married with only the sexton and his assistant as witnesses.

The catastrophe was not long de layed.

At the entrance of the hotel, where they were to dine, her new made husband was arrested on a charge of swindling, by a couple of detectives, who, it appeared, had been upon his

Not staying to think or hear more, she returned home at once, and managed to keep the whole wretched affair a secret.

Her mother thought it was but an engagement; weak-minded as she was, she never dreamed of a runaway marriage. Had she known that, Netta's life would have been unbearable. The poor girl just threw away her wedding ring, and resigned herself to misery.

In little more than a year, she saw in a paper that her busband was dead. He had tried to escape from Sing Sing. and had been shot.

Though once more free, she was never able to shake off the haunting memory of her mistake and its consequences. Her conscience upbraided her with deception as toward her name, and with posing as an unmarried girl, when she was in reality a widow.

"But this man." I said. "who is he the man I mean who accosted you this

afternoon?" He had followed, she had explained to me, upon a letter-a terrible letter received from her husband.

"But," I said, a bit bewildered, thought you said he was dead."

"Yes-yes!-I quite believed so; but I suppose the man who had tried to escape was another of the same name.

"I know," I interrupted her. "Your return to him, or a sum of money." 'I would sooner die than to return to him; and as for \$2000, I haven't it,

and would not send it to him if "You have his letter?" I asked her. She produced and gave it to me.

"You are sure that it is his handwriting?"

"No; I am not sure, but I think it is-I never had a letter from him before.

In a flash I saw what ought to done, and at once. "You must answer this letter." I

said. "No;" she replied, "I will not write

Then I sought to show her that if she would write a note at my dictation, saying that at that moment she had no money, but promising to send him some in the course of a few days, I would take charge of it, and go to

New York with it. The same evening I started with the letter in my pocket, and within three hours had laid the whole case before the smartest private detective in town.

In three days he had news for me Jack Forrester, confidence man, swindler and forger, had been undoubtedly married to Netta Russell; and, as undoubtedly, was now dead, in

the way the newspapers had stated. The relief I felt was immense, Netta was free, and the way was open to me to win her for myself if I could.

to win her for myself if I could.

There was, however, one little thing more to discover—the writer of the letter.

if you will wait half an hour my agent will have something to tell us about this very enterprising gentleman." As, indeed, he had.

He reported that, having taken Net-ta's note to the address given—a cigar store with private letter boxes to he left it to be called for. He found that a man had been ask ing for letters in the same name, each

day for the two previous days.

Posting himself in the passage, the agent saw the man come and receive the letter and shadowed him home He knew him as a notorious "crook."

Handing his memo, book to his principal, the latter read out: "Name, Earney. Well known turf operator. Ten years in 1895. Just

It was decided, subject to Nette Russell's opinion, that nothing much was to be gained by a prosecution of the rascal.

It is needless to say that I caugh the first train back to Port Jervis Prepared by a wire from me, Netta met me at the station, and drove with me to Milford.

Already she looked brighter, and comparatively free of her melancholy. I found, too, to my great satisfaction that she had told her mother every-

Netta married a year later. Who she married you may well guess, and I think I may suggest that her second husband was an improvement upon the first.-New York News

FISH EATEN BY FISH

Now the Little "Killies" Seek to Eluc the Big Rass.

The species of fish of which th New York Aquarium has the largest number, but of which the public sees the least, in the killfish, states the New York Tribune. Although they are only from one to three inches long they are as quick witted as the brightest of the big fish. They have to be, for they have so many enemies. At the aquarium they have an adaptation. They have only one opportunity to show what they can do in this direction, but they make good use of it. There is only an instant in which to decide upon the use which they will make of this opportunity, there is no hesitation in making the decision.

The "killies" are collected every day for the aquarium by a man employed for the purpose. They are needed in large numbers, for they are used as they display their intelligence or instinct, whichever it is. One is inclined at first thought to believe it is the former, for it is certain that they have which they are thrown. They quickly

The striped bass are kept in one of the oval basins on the main floor. blurt out impetuously, 'and you can't There are a score or more of as fine go back on it.' a specimen of the species as a fisherman ever looked upon in it, and it is stick to what I said. But gosh! I had no tantalizing to one fond of fishing to idea she'd pan out like this.' watch them lazily moving across the proaches the tank with a pail containng a hundred or two of the little fish. leans over the edge, dips his hand into the pall, takes out a handful and tosses them into the centre of the pool, faint with delight. You'll have a forface with a rush. It is now or never with the little fish. Do they lose their heads? No! The fight between the the bass they lave supper? The have

sumped for the largest of the "killies," leaving the smaller ones for dessert. When by themselves, the smaller 'killies' usually remain at the bottom | so high. of their tank. They do not seek the bottom now. It is safer on top. With sundry darts they sprint for the side of the tank. They know the habits The small fish says to himself: "If I can only get to the side of the tank before the bass gets me, I have a fighting chance. Unless he is exceptionally clever he cannot get me without hurting his snout when he jumps for me." He succeeds in reaching the white tile side, and finds there many of his fee lows. They swim along the tank side in groups, and the bass leave them

alone for a t'a.e. But, unfortunately for them, the hunter is as wily as his game. The larger "killies" swallowed, he turns his attention to those gliding along the basin's side. He creeps up behind them and drives a number together. Then, skilfully darting upward at an angle which will just save his snout, he opens his mouth as he slides along the side, and in tumble a half-dozen of the little fellows. His jaws snap together above the water with a crast which suggests that he has struck against the side. He has not, however, for he has just learned from experience. He turns at just the right moment and drops to the bottom, leaving the top of the pool a choppy sea. The "killies," with all their skill, lose the battle at last, for they are smaller, lut

"When it comes to marriage I would one way to 'salt' a gold mine. 'There not give a thought to how much the are others'! Suppose you are interestman I love is making," remarked the ing yourself in a mine where tunnel

dreamy-eyed girl. "Neither would I," answered

"I think," said the detective, "that "SALTING" A GOLD MINE.

HOW TO TURN A WORTHLESS CLAIM INTO A BONANZA.

a Mine Right Under Your Eyes and You Be Never the Wiser - Interesting Experiences of a Forty-Niner.

"Lots of people think," said the grizzled Fortyniner, "that nowadays salting" a gold mine is one of the lost arts. Those people were never more mistaken in their lives. 'Salting' a mine to sell it is even more common than it used to be, and every week in the far West some shrewd dealer, by the liberal use of 'salt,' unloads an empty proposition on the guileless tenderfoot. "Easy to detect, you should think? Not a bit of it. An old hand at the game

will 'salt' a mine right under your eyes, and you never the wiser. "Tell you how it is done, you say? Well, you must think I am pretty crooked myself, to know the ways of the devious ones; but experience is

thorough teacher, you know. "Well, there are all sorts and kinds of 'salting'; one of the neatest tricks is in the manner of 'salting' a mine where the test is by pan. Suppose, for instance, a man comes to sell you a gold claim. He declares that his paydirt pans out \$50 to the pan or thereabouts, and offers to take you right out to the claim and prove his statement. You take him up, and out you go together. Your man is openness itself. He tells you to shovel up a pan of dirt from any place on the claim that you like, and he will wash it out for you. What could be fairer than that? No possible chance for a fake.

you think. Of course not! "All right. You shovel up your panful at random and hand it over to your man to be washed. You watch him with an eagle eye. No chance while you are by for him to slip a little dust from his hand into the pan! You are too keen for that, of course. In fact, as the moments speed by, and the dirt opportunity to display their powers of and water swirl away over the edge. you begin to think what a nice old boy he is anyway-nothing to conceal everything open and aboveboard. His smile is truly benevolent as he puffs away on his old pipe, or, rather, bites the stem in the corner of his mouth, for he is so in earnest over his work that he has fairly let the pipe go out, and it is almost upside down.

"'Look out!' you say, 'your ashes are falling out."

"'Oh, well, the tobacco is out anyfood for the other fish. Every day a way,' he says, and goes steadily on quantity of them are thrown to the with his work, you meanwhile watchbass and trout alive. It is then that ing eagerly and covetously for the shining particles and dust to gleam from the black sand at the bottom.

Ah, there they are at last! "You draw a deep breath of relief never been called upon to meet the and delight, while the benevolent old enemy in tanks shaped like those into man looks up with a kindly smile and says, shaking his head: 'Wal, I declare, adapt themselves to the conditions un- that shows up a heap sight better ever der which the conflict for survival must than I figured on. I'm sort of sorry be fought. The foe is as keen in the I named that price to you on this 'ere hunt as the hunted. It is a war of the claim. Looks like as if you had a bonanza.

"'But you gave me your word,' you "'No, young feller, that's right. I'll

"With trembling hands you scoop white enamel bottom. A few minutes up the sand and gold from the pan and before 4 o'clock one of the keepers apcan feel your hair turn gray while he

is weighing it out. "'Sixty-two dollars,' he announces "Whew! You almost drop in a dead There is a sudden commotion in the tune in a week at that rate. This is

"You rush after the old man and put the transfer papers through in a jiffy, paying out every dollar that you bass and their supper is now on. Will possess in the world for the claim. You are full of gratitude to the old man, who stuck by his word of honor, re gardless of loss. You did not know that in mining camps moral standards were

"But the next morning comes change. After a couple of hours of back breaking panning out you have practically nothing for your painsof bass. The bass jump for their food. few dollars perhaps-hardly more than 50 cents a pan. A horrible suspicion enters your mind that there is some

thing wrong. "Why continue the suspense? The mining expert, whom you summon in and whose reputation is known for miles around, looks over the ground and then asks you a few questions about the former owner who sold you the claim. 'Positively no chance for 'salting' the testpan, you assert.

"The expert nods assent, 'Was h smoking?" he asks. "'Let me think.' You meditate-'Ah yes, smoking an old clay pipe." "'Bowl upside down?' asks the ex

pert pleasantly. 'Why yes, I guess it was; in fact-"'I know,' interrupts the expert. 'The pipe was out, a big bunch of gold dust was mixed with the ashes, and they all sifted from the bowl into the pan. "As sudden light dawns upon your

mind. "'Oh, just one of the old ways o "salting" a gold mine, says the ex-pert consolingly, I hope he didn't hit

"'No, not hard,' you say slowly, and turn away to look for a job, for now they give the bass "a run for his a job is the only thing between yo and starvation.

"Well," said Mr. Forty-niner, "that's precious metal. Let me see, it's 50 practical damsel. "What would primarity interest me would be how much be tion of that kind. The affable owner had already made. There's no use taking chances."—Chicago Post.

'to sell, but felt that he must return

east,' at my request led me promptly through the tunnellings of the preperty just beginning to be developed. A couwere filling up big canvas bags with quartz and pay dirt that had evidently een mined out only a few hours be-

"I felt that I was an old hand at mining, and so I walked up promptly to one of the bags that had just been filled and said: 'I want this one taken out for sampling.' The mouth of the bag was tightly sewn together, so I knew that it could not be tampered

"The owner looked somewhat pained at my abrupt methods, and I was fairly gleeful over my acuteness and promptness.

"Well, to my delight, that bag assayed away up-almost to the limit. It was as rich ore as had ever been found in the camp. Within 24 hours the mine belonged to me, and, though it cost me about all I had, I was walking on air.

"But the atmosphere forms a very thin sort of a promenade, and is likely to let you fall through suddenly. So it was with me. The mine was simply N. G. I worked it a month, with no results, and then quit in disgust. "I told my story to an old miner.

Salted'! was his brief comment, 'salted to the limit." 'But how?' I asked. He looked at

me pityingly. 'Young man,' he said, 'you're ten der at that business. Of course that chap had scattered a handful of gold dust in each of those few bags. He knew you'd pounce on one, and I'll bet he could hardly keep from yelling when

he saw you walk right into the trap.' The Forty-niner shook his head sad ly. "It is melancholy, even 50 years after, to recall the occasions when one has been tried and found an easy

mark," said he. 'Salting' a mine with a blow pipe isn't an uncommon way to do the trick," mused the narrator of old California days. "That method requires considerable skill. Suppose a crooked owner of a half-developed set of tunnellings decides to unload. He goes through the tunnels, notes carefully all the knobs or chunks that project prominently from the sides or roof and, with an ingenious sort of a blower, he forces fine gold dust into the cracks and crevices of these outcropping knobs. Then he takes the would-be

purchaser through the mine. "This time the prospective buyer is an old hand-not a raw youth, to be caught by such tricks as fooled me. He doesn't intend to be taken in by salted bags of ore. He will do a little actual mining on his own account. He takes a pick and hacks away at a few knobs of the hard quartz that are imbedded in the sides of the tunnel.

" 'That's right,' says the owner, 'take it out wherever you want, If those chunks don't assay good, then the rest

of the mine won't either.' "That owner was quite right; he wasn't overstating the case a mite. Of course 'those chunks assayed good'that is what they were blown for. But after the mine was sold there wa nothing doing. It was empty as a shell Just the old story—a salted mine un-loaded on another "sucker."

"New York's a wicked city all right, guess, but if you think that the effete East has a monopoly in the trade of gold bricks you're grandly mistakan!"-New York Tribune.

EVOLUTION OF THE ORANGE.

It Has No Progeny, No Future, No Fund

For centuries the orange was the exclusive possession of the Latin, Mongolian and Malay races; then it was carried to India, then to America and fell under the improving touch of the Anglo-Saxon. Bringing together the incomparable Jaffa, as a seedling, from Palestine, the Melitensis from Malta, and others, be budded and grafted in Florida, until the fruit was brought through blending and selection, to the highest pitch of perfection, as it

But strangely enough there came out of the province of Bolivia, Brazil, still another seedling-one of those consummate blossoms of perfection through centuries of waiting on nature by the Latin which the American accomplishes by cross-pollination in five years-the Bahia or navel orange. It had reached the acme of quality not only in favor, but also in its attribute

Now, is not that a proper food for the ultimate man; a fruit which has no progeny, no future, no possible function except as a minister to him? The orange has been called the universal fruit of commerce, and so it is, for its aroma carries it unharmed, the acrid juices of its peel protect it against insects, its toughness endures long transportation, and everywhere on earth men eagerly seek its subtle charm and its exquisite nectar.

The orange is not strictly a food but it is greater; it is the connecting link to a higher status, the guarantee and preserver of health and of intellect. The gross gormandizing on meats, the curse of drink, burning the brain, hardening its delicate convolutions-these are the fountains of ills innumerable; the pangs of gout, the sudden and black terror of apoplexy But this gentle and benign pharma copela of nature, these fruits with their wonderful blending of corrective acids and cordials, are the ready medicament of the ultimate man. As we advance in horticulture and develop other seedless and perfect fruits we shall approach the perfect regimen of higher humanity.-Florida Times-

On the railroads in Canada it is no easary to keep over 600 snow plows in

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.

LIKE TRAMPS.

One Section of the County Where Ho boes Are Ever Welcome.

Speaking of tramps I know of one interesting and erratic member of so-ciety is looked upon as a luxury," said a visitor at one of the hotels in New Orleans, "and instead of meeting with kicks and cuffs, and being hustled around by the police, he is always welcomed. The place I have in mind is out in the extreme northwestern part of Arkansas, in the Ozark Moun tains. Few tramps ever get into that region of the world. You see there but one railroad running through that part of the country. Tramps, as you no doubt know, follow the rail But the Frisco system which runs through the sections of the Ozarks I have in mind does not stop regularly at the various points along the route, and besides the small com mercial centers are some distance apart. This is one reason for the scarcity of tramps out there. The ex treme cold is another reason. If a tramp should happen to be thrown of in the mountains between stations h would likely freeze, and starve before he could get within hollowing distance of a human being. Conditions of this sort have tended to keep the migrating element of the country's popula-tion out of the Ozarks, and hence out there the tramp is looked upon as sort of luxury. The few tramps who are bold enough to venture into that section strike a perfect paradise for the winter if they happen to land in one of the centers of population. By doing some of the lighter work around the house he will be fed like a prince for several months, and will wind up with a suit of clothes, and if he suc ceeds in winning the good will of the family he is with he will be cordially invited to return the next winter. There are no negroes out there. Servants are very scarce. In the summer servants are not needed. But when the mountains are wrapped in snow and ice the families begin to look around for help, for some person to split kindling and bring in wood, and do other little things of the kind.

MOOSE THAT TAMED HERSELF. Animal is Thoroughly at Home on

Hotel Lawn. Kineo has a special attraction just now in the shape of a cow moose which makes herself thoroughly at home on the hotel lawns eyeing spectators mildly or chewing her cud in the sun with evident satisfaction.

Early in October the cow put in an appearance in the vicinity of the camps of the Nighthawk Club at Sugar Island, and very soon manifested a decided tendency to make friends with the club men. She soon became so tame as to eat out of the hands of her friends. When it came time to close the camps the members thought of the

cow moose. They telephoned to Man-

ager C. A. Judkins of the Mount Ki-

neo house, asking him if he would take her to Kineo. He did, and since that time she has roamed at will close to the hotel, evidently thoroughly at home. She enjoys the fresh green grass of the lawns, watches the bustle of life here with apparent interest, poses willingly for amateur photographers, and in fact is a most obliging and congenial guest. The intention now is to keep her here as a permanent attraction. It is believed that this is the

Grant Helped Out. Capt. Lamb, the Richmond member. always adorns his speeches with numerous brief incidents, in which the life of the colored people of the south

only instance on record where a wild

moose has been tamed in this way.-

Boston Herald.

is depicted. "The captain and I spoke from the same platform over in Baltimore the other night," said Mr. "Hank" Smith of Michigan. "He made a speech that took. I think he pleased the audience most by telling of a Democrat's plea n the last election for the vote of a

that Republicans emancipated slaves,' said a Democratic candidate to this negro. 'That was providence.' 'Mebbe it was providence,' said the doubting colored man, 'but I reckon Mars Grant helped out lots.' "-Washington Post.

'You mustn't get it into your head

BUSINESS CARDS.

C. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

M. McDONALD. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, real estate agent, Patente secured, collections made promptly. Office in Nolan block, Reynoldsville, Pa.

SMITH M. MOCREIGHT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Colections will receive prompt attention. Office in Froehitch & Henry block, near postoffice, Reynoldsville Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. Resident dentist. In the Hoover building next door to postomes, Main street. Gentle-ness in operating.

DENTIST, Office on second floor of First National bank utiding, Main street.

DR. L. L. MEANS,

DR. R. DEVERE KING. DENTIST. Office on second floor Reynoldsville Real Estate Bldg. Main street Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. W. A. HENRY. DENTIST,

Office on second floor of Henry Bros. brick

E. NEFF. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

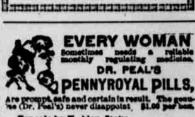
And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

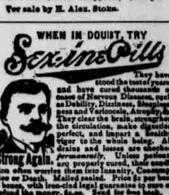
AT YOUNG'S PLANING

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

J. V. YOUNG, Prop.

I will sell cheap.





How to Keep an Umbrella

For sale by M. Alex Stoke

Apropos of rainy days and their indispensable accompaniment, the umbrella which is stood upon its head to dry will last just swice as long as the umbrella allowed usual way when not in use—that is to say on the ferrule, instead of on the handle. The silk invariably begins to tear first around the tip of the rod, owing to the action of the wet, which rots the silk, gathered closely at this point, and consequently slower to dry than the tightly stretched edges. Stand the umbrella on its handle, even if it be only during the short time spent in a car or in the umbrella stand of a shop. The umbrella thus treated will outlast one of superior quality which is allowed to show its handle at the ex-pense of its silk.