HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS.

By MR3, PELECIA DOROTHEA HEMANS (BROWNES,

The poem printed below was suggested to the authoress after reading the lines, Thanks be to God for the mountains, 'from Howitt's "Book of the Seasons." The poem is sometimes entitled "The Hymn of the Mountain Christians," as the Vaudois inhabit the Swiss canton of Vaud. They are of the Protestant faith, of the sect known as the Waldenses, whose barbarous treatment by an army of Louis XIV. of France in 1655 inspired Milton's immortal sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy Slaughtered Saints."

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou has made Thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod,
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge,
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master
Seeks there his wild delights:
But we, for Thy communion,
Have sought the mountain sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose lights must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by Thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Theo,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where Thy still, small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by Thy breath are stirred;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain,
Far, far below us waves;
The war horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves;
The dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of Thy presence,
Round our camp of rock outsprend;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For these snows and for the torrents,
For the free hearts' burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

## Mr. Tibbets' Meteors.

his easy chair reading the evening paper and enjoying his after-linner cigar. MOK His dinner had been a good one; it had agreed with him, and be felt cozy, comfortable and disputatious. Mr. Tibbets is one of those men who feel most belligerent when we should expect them to feel most other-

Mrs. Tibbets sat at the dining table, "doing over" a hat according to direc-Housekeepers' Column."

Mr. Tibbets occasionally glanced as her over the top of his paper and over the top of his glasses, seeking material for a controversy.

At length he wriggled impatiently, and, removing his cigar from his lips, remarked:

"Bet you a dollar you don't know how a steam engine works." "Place the perforations on the bins

sently, looking up from a tissue paper pattern and removing a few dozen plus from her mouth.

"Oh, no, dear," returned Mr. Tibbets in tones of olly yet surcustic sweetness. "I wasn't speaking, I was small things. Here you sit fussing over an old spring bonnet and a lot of foolery, when you might be improving yourself, adding to your knowledge. lots of ways. Have you any iden what

makes a trolley car go?" "Now, dearest, what do you want to rend to me?-the forty-fourth perforation-what'd I do with the scis-you know I always did just dote on those dear scientific things when you explained them. They always seemed so

"It's nothing," replied Mr. Tibbets of meteors, the grand bi-contennial dis- hall furthest from the door, tion Unfcorn, which is positively to occur to-morrow morning at 3 o'clock. It will be a most remarkable exhibition of celestial phenomena, visible only once in two hundred years, and I tell you what, Mrs. T., we ought to thank our fortune that we were born in the nick of time to witness this thing. Just suppose we had lived a hundred years ago; we never would have had a chance. And think of the bulge we've got on those to be born a hundred years hence!"

Mr. Tibbets paused. "I should love to see those beautiful stars, William," observed Mrs. Tibbets meekly. "As you say, we women do neglect our opportunities. Can we see them from the house? I should hate to go out of doors at that awful hour."

"My dear, there is a senttle in the roof. Leading from a platform up to said scuttle is a ladder. It will not be necessary to go out of doors."

"But how shall we wake up that time of night?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets ear-

nestly. "I'm sure I could never keep awake until 3 o'clock." "My dear, did you ever hear of such

a thing as persistent mentality? Are you aware that the mind never sleeps? We will wake up because we will put our minds on it; we will, as it were, set our minds to go off at three o'clock," declared Mr. Tibbets authori-Mrs. Tibbets looked admiringly but

doubtful.

When they had retired for the night Mr. Tibbets became aware, after he had put out the light and turned over with a sigh of solid comfort, of an head of the bed. He shivered, for it sounded like the noise made by certain insects, prophetic of a death in the

"Kitty, my dear, do you hear that eurious noise?" he asked. "Yes," admitted Mrs. Tibbets, in

muffled tones. "What can it be? It sounds as if

was under the bed-in the bed-the pillow-in my ear." It is the alarm clock." "Alarm clock? What for?"
"May I was afraid you might be copy and forget to wake up, so I set a slarm clock. It is a real big one,

R. TIBBETS was seated in | with a nice loud gong, almost sure to wake you up. I got it for a dollar

> a year." "H'm," commented Mr. Tibbets, "and where is the delightful bargain concenled?"

eighty-nine, and it's warranted to last

"In the bureau drawer. I thought we could bear it go off at three without hearing it tick. It's wrapped up in a stocking."

"If it goes off much louder than it ticks, we'll wake up, all right," observed Mr. Tibbets sarcastically. "I hope you don't expect me to go to sleep with that infernal machine playing ping-pong on my car drum all night, do you?"

And Mr. Tibbets crawled wearily out of bed and made deliberately for the bureau. But he had neglected to allow leeway for the steamer trunk that lay in his path. There was a sound as of a shin-bone coming into quick contact with some resisting substance having of the eighteenth flap—yes, dear, did a sharp edge. Mr. Tibbets set suddenly you speak?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets abdown on the trunk, seigad his foot by down on the trunk, selzed his foot by

the heel, and hugged it to his bosom. For a space there was no sound heard save a seething of the breath as it was sucked in between the teeth, closely followed by a long moan in a descending scale. Afterward, in explaining the merely talking in my sleep. But I matter to his wife, Mr. Tibbets ac-should like to remark, Mrs. T., that a counted for his temporary silence on counted for his temporary silence on woman's mind is content to dwell on the ground that so many strong words came to his mind in a hurry that his sense of selection was temporarily paralyzed. But it soon returned, and Mrs. Tibbets, who was experienced, confessed that she hed never before heard such a variety and profusion of powerful language. It was ornate and original, and greatly augmented Mrs. Tibbets' opinion of her husband's re-

ources when reduced to extremities. When Mr. Tibbets was able to walk he made his way cautiously to the bureau and proceeded to open and rummage each drawer but the right one. somewhat mollified, "only I see the pa- He finally secured the clock, however, per speaks of a magnificent shower and deposited it in the corner of the

Once in the night Mrs. Tibbets missed him. She looked about in alarm. Had be gone alone to see the meteors? She got up hastily and crept into the hall. A white-robed figure was emerging stenithily from the attic

"William, you've been without me." "I suppose I didn't need you to carry

"Carry what?"

"The clock. What do you think I am prowling around at this hour for if not to get that confounded thing out of hearing? Do you imagine I am out here practicing a cake-walk?" Mrs. Tibbets said nothing but re-

tired. In a short time both were asleen.

Then there came a sound of an alarm. hideous and clanging, disturbing the hallowed quiet of the night. Mrs. Tibbets seized her husband by the

"There it is!" she cried.

"There's what?" "The clock. It just went off. Didn't

"No-did it? Come nlong quick, woman, or we'll be late." Thrusting their feet into their respective slippers, the pair proceeded hastily toward the attic stairs. "Ma, oh, ma!"

The voice came from the chamber of William, Junior.

"Say, ma, that wasn't the alarm It was only an automobile. 1 think it was Jimmy Bloodgood's Pink

Mrs. Tibbets crept quickly back to bed, and was shortly feigning slumber. unusual noise proceeding from near the Mr. Tibbets followed, but whether it was on account of his sleepy condition or his indignation, he again neglected to make the necessary calculations for the steamer trunk. There was another collision with that obstruction, and he resumed a sudden seat thereon.

"O-O-Oh!" he moaned, as soon as he had breath to spare; "it's the same

"The same what, dearest?" inquised

was due to a violent shaking of the shoulders.
"Hark!" whispered

There's burglars." They looked at each other in alarm and listened. Sure enough, there were footsteps coming down the attic stairs But it was apparently a very careless burglar, for there seemed to be no

attempt at stealth. "Do hurry, William, and see what I " urged Mrs. Tibbets in excitement. Mr. Tibbets thought of pistols, sud len death, and-of the steamer trunk but he was valiant. He jumped out of bed and rushed into the hall just as the door at the foot of the attic stairs burst open, owing to a violent impetus being imparted thereto by the cook, who appeared suddenly with her arms full of garments, her best bonnet on and her purse in her teeth.

"Where's the fire?" she gasped Where is it? Have we time to git out? The saints presarve us."
"What fire? Where's the fire?"

"Sure an' didn't yez hear th' niar um?"

"Where? What alarm? The wom an's mad."

But then a light suddenly dawned upon him, and he said, in a some what apologetic tone:

"Oh, Bridget, that wasn't a fire alarm. It was only our alarm clock, on know. I set it for 3 o'clock, and forgot you were sleeping in that room." And here Mr. Tibbets, suddenly realize ing that his costume was hardly adapt ed for a lady's reception, plunged back into the privacy of his own apartment, "Th' alarrum clock, is it? You for, got, is it? And a mighty fine time of

night it is to be settin' an alarrum clock," shouted Bridget, through the closed door. "I'll hev yez understand yez'il be playin' no jokes wid me. An alarrum clock! Sure, an' it's as loud as a fire bell. It's to-morrow I'll be afther lavin', an' I'll not go to bed in the place again. An alarrum clock!

And this was the passing of Bridget. "Aren't you going to get up, Wil-llam?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets as her husband returned to bed and buried his head in the clothes. "You know I set the clock on purpose, and it seems too bad to ruin it all, now we happen to be awake at the right time at last." Mr. Tibbets sat up, scratched his hend, and, remarking that a woman never was satisfied until she had a man miserable, proceeded to get into

his dressing gown. "I suppose we ought to take Willie with us," echoed Mr. Tibbets, sweetly. "Shan't we invite the cook, too, and make it a family party? She happened to wake up at the right time, too, you know.

"You had better bring a candle, too." said Mrs. Tibbets, ignoring his thrust. "Certainly, by all means, a candle, But why a candle? Let's have an electric light. Let's get a searchlight. You can see the stars so much better, you know."

Mrs. Tibbets said nothing, but folowed her husband up the stairs, dragging William, Junior, by the hand. Mr. Tibbets explored his way cautiously up the ladder leading from the platform under the scuttle.

"I don't see where that confounded book is gone to," he exclaimed testily. 'A man never can lay his hand on anything in this house when ne

"What's the matter, William? Did you burt yourself?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets, as her husband's words were ended in a sudden sharp crack, folowed by a growl, indicating that that gentleman had found the hook by means of the crown of his head.

"Hadn't you better put out the candle if you want to see the stars?" he hinted, as Mrs. Tibbets cautiously the scuttle dark closet.

"Where are the meteors?" she asked, in a tone of some disappointment. "I don't see anything but stars, and they don't seem to be moving, I'm sure."

"Woman, you wouldn't know a meteor if you saw one. Just have a little patience, will you? In a minute I'll show you more meteors than you-But here Mr. Tibbets' remarks were cut short, for he had suddenly vanished. There was a sound of revelry, as of ten plus being bowled over by one large ball, and of that ball striking the floor from an indefinite distance.

"Oh, William, dear William." cried Mrs. Tibbets hysterically, "did you hurt your poor head? Oh, dear, are

you killed?" And in her excitement Mrs. Tibbets ocsened her grasp on the hand of William, Junior. There was a shrick, a scrambling sound of a body in sudden descent, terminated by a sudden thud, which in turn was followed by a hollow grean. William, Junior, had alighted upon the very pit and marrow of his father.

When Mrs. Tibbets reached the foot of the ladder she was just in time to fully gather himself together, as for a final effort.

"Woman." he said, as he attempted to straighten out a lump on the back of his head, "don't you ever try to drag me into any tomfoolery like this again, do you hear? You just stick to your sewing, and don't you go meddling with things you don't understand."

But Mr. Tibbets had disappeared into his bedroom and slammed the door. And the rest of that night Mrs. Tibbets slept with William, Junior,-New York Times.

"But the meteors, dear; aren't you

Has Walked 100,000 Miles. There is at present living in retirenent at Chester-le-Street, near Durham, a septuagenarian workman, Wil-liam Hewitt, who for close upon sixty Mrs. Tibbets in some alarm.

"Ob—the same—ship."

Mrs. Tibbets said no more for she knew it was best just then not to disturb her husband in his travail.

When Mrs. Tibbets next awaks it Tit-Rits.

## TAVE THE LOWER ANIMALS OTHER SENSES THAN OURS

BY J. CARTER BEARD.

without hesitation directly to it.

possesses this sense in a high degree.

the beetles with which to store the bur-

rows she digs in the soil for her future

larvae, she never gets outside a partic-

ular family of these insects, but, re-

markable as it may appear, will take

specimens altogether different in ap-pearance, shape, size and color, pro-vided they belong to the right family.

The range of selection, so wide in respect to varieties, so limited as to kind,

seems to point to some sense of which

we know nothing, but which supplies

Cereeris with the power of discrimina-

Fabre captured a dozen female Cer-

ceris, dropped a spot of white paint on

the thorax of every one, put each into

a paper roll, put the rolls containing

the prisoners into a box from which

they were liberated one and a quarter

miles from home. Five hours after-ward, when he visited their home, four

had returned, and he had little, if any,

doubt that the others also found their

way there. He afterward took nine of

a distance of two miles, and released

them in the public street, in the centre

of a populous quarter. Each wasp, on

oofs, and flew off in a southerly direc-

tion, in a beeline for her nest. On vis-

iting the homes of the little wasps next

day he found that at least five out of

But perhaps the strangest instance of

to us occurs in the case of the parasitic

wasp Leucopsis (Leucopsis gigas). Leu-

copsis lays her eggs in the cells built

by the mason bee Challcodma. The cell

of this bee is placed in a mass of solid

nasonry, a part only of which is occu-

pled by cells. Every cell is built with

hard mortar, making an uneven sur-

face, and access is rendered even more

difficult by a layer of sun-baked clay

spread over the whole. Leucopsis has

erhaps to work uninterruptedly for

three hours with the tools nature has

furnished to penetrate the defense pro-

vided by the mason bee for the egg and

food stored in the cell. But the cover-

ing is uniform over the whole struct-

after all her work may not be in vain;

that she may not penetrate masonry that covers no cell? This problem is

easily solved by the wasp, who walks

slowly and, so to speak, thoughtfully

over the clay, tests it with her anten-

nae, and unfailingly selects the right

spot to begin her work, which of course

s to obtain access to the larvae of the

mason bee, upon which her young will

feed when the egg she lays there is

It is, to make the matter plain, as if

feeling of the walls, three or four feet

thick, of a prison, just where cells ten-

Examples of insects that possess an

X-ray sense, not only among European

but our own hymenopters, can be mul-

tiplied indefinitely. Only one or two of

the senses peculiarto the lower animals

I do not know any more interesting

are here noticed. Lubbock suggests

field for zoological research and experi-

ment than this-a field open to any one

who has the requisite patience and love

of nature to explore it .- Scientific .. mer-

An Unprofitable Trick.

but it is, indeed, seldom that one

is not caught practicing such tricks,"

remarked a local merchant tailor. "?

can vouch for this through personal

Some time ago," he continued.

when I was rushed with work one of

my best customers ordered a \$45 suit.

I knew his exact measurements, and

instead of making the clothes myself,

sent the order to another tailor to be

made at \$30, telling him that when

completed to send it to the purchaser.

I neglected, however, to tell my tailor

friend to send the bill to me, which

mistake not only caused me to lose

the \$15 clear profit, but the purchas-

"When he finished the suit, the tailor

sent it and the bill therefor to my

customer. In due time I sent my col-

ector around with a bill of \$45 for the

clothing. He was met by my customer

who informed my emissary that by my

little trick he had saved \$15."-Wash-

Champion Circulation Liar.

The champion circulaton liar has been discovered. His lair is in Japan,

where hs is acting as editor-in-chief

of the Thundering Dawn, a Buddnist

organ just started in Tokio. Here is

"This paper has come from eternity.

"Yes, there are tricks in all trades,

anted by the prisoners were situated.

person were able to determine by

hatched.

experience."

er's trade.

ington Star.

How is Lencopsis to know that

the nine had "put in an appearance."

the insects to the town of Carpentras.

tion required.

a person who could see | forms her nest in sandbanks that are were to find himself in a sometimes acres in extent. Before region, the inhabitants of leaving her burrow the insect covers it which had never known or over with saud, masking it so completeheard of creatures that ly that it is entirely indistinguishable

were not, like themselves, from the surrounding nest. On revisit-blind, the use of his eyes might enable him to perform acts which must be in-do in storing it with food, she files him to perform acts which must be incomprehensible to them. Imagine the bewilderment and surprise of these unseeing people in their encounter with one who could describe objects and recognize individuals with out contact, avoid pitfalls without ascertaining their existence by the sense

ence of objects at a very considerable distance. Doubtless such sightless folk, if they were reasoning beings, would try in various ways to account for their vis-

of feeling, and even announce the pres

itor's achievement. In doing this, moved by the impulse that leads us to measure the faculties of others by our own limitations, they might be inclined to credit him with a development of hearing or of smelling or of some other power exercised by themselves in apprehending external things, sufficiently extended to meet the case. The simpler and, all things considered, the more probable explanation that the performer possessed a sense absent in themselves, might be the last to occur, or, perhaps, prove acceptable when suggested to them.

In their unwillingness to accept such an interpretation of the facts they would follow many of our scientists who, until quite recently, have been reluctant to admit that a number of the lower animals possibly possess other senses than ours. So much new and undeniably affirmatory evidence is, however, now being offered on this point that there can be no longer any substantial reason for doubting that the five senses man imperfectly exercises are by no means all that are possible to sentient creatures. One such sense not possessed by human beings, but to a greater or less degree almost universally present in mammals, birds reptiles, fish and insects, is what perhaps may be called the sense of locali gation. It enables its possessor, apparently by its sole use, to find a desired spot. It is evidently closely connected with an instinctive and perfect memory of distance and direction. That the homing pigeon exercises it to some extent, though undoubtedly aided by the landmarks it recognizes, is indisputable; that the honey bee has it in its fulness and perfection cannot, after the careful experiments of Albrecht

Bethe in Germany, be doubted. Perhaps as striking an instance of its use as any is that related of the ringed seal (Phoca faetida), which furnishes the Eskimo of Greenland and of the Arctic archipelago with food and clothing. The female seal, when about to have young, forms for herself an igloo or domed cavity in the snow just above the breathing hole which she keeps open in the ice. Here her baby is born, and rests, sheltered from the flerce Arctic gales by the roof of snow over head, on the ice near the breathing hole. To supply herself and the little creature with food, the mother seal has to swim for miles through water black es midnight without the faintest ray of light to guide her on her way; no light can penetrate the strata, dozens of feet thick, of ice and snow above Aided by none of the faculties we exercise in apprehending external things. but by some mysterious power, of which we can form little or no conception, she follows swift, elusive fish in that "there may be fifty of them." and held the candle aloft as if hunting all their turnings, secures her prey for something on the top shelf of a and returns, unerringly, to her own

particular At-luk, or breathing hole, however distant, where her young one awaits her. I. H. Fabre, the celebrated French entomologist, tried several experiments with mason bees (Chalicodoma pyre naica); results which are useful in confirming those of Bethe on the honey bee, and still further strengthening hi position, insomuch as the mason bee is very different from the former, living as it does but a short time in the winged state, and not having opportu nity to become acquainted with localities as distant as those to which Fabre carried it. One of these series of experiments made with bees, testified very convincingly to the fact that the sense of sight has nothing at all to do with the recognition of objects or of localities by the insects in question. A bowlder, to which a partially finished nest of a Challcodoma was attached. was, during the temporary absence of its builder, removed a short distance. but in plain sight of the place formerly occupied by it. The bee returning flew quickly to the spot where she had been carrying on her unfinished dwelling. She then flew off, but speedily observe her husband slowly and pain- returned, and again sought diligently in the self-same spot for her absent nest. This she did a number of times, occasionally passing in her flight within a very few inches of the object she was in search of, without once recognizing it. When the nest and the bowlder to which it was attached were moved back again to within a very short distance of the locality to which his "greeting to the public:" she had always returned, the bee would at times actually alight upon the

It starts its circulation with millions stone, visit the nest, run about over and millions of numbers. The rays of the sun, the beams of the stars, the the bowlder as if to examine it, and then fly away again. leaves of the trees, the blades of grass, It is evidently its location in space the grains of sand, the hearts of tigers, and not its appearance that enables the elephants, lions, ants, men and women bee to recognize its nest. Another nest are its subscribers. This journal will put in place of her own was adopted henceforth flow in the universe as the by Challeodoma, without any question rivers flow and the oceans surge."

Any llar who can beat that can get a although the nests were very different in appearance, the one consisting of a small job with a big salary-in New single incomplete cell and the other of York.-Detroit News.

many cells. These same powers and the same limitations belong to this localizing sense in London show 40,000. That is one in wasps. Bembex, for instance, house in fifteen of the whole city.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

> Her Winning Smile. She had a winning smile.
>
> It nearly had me killed,
> Till Amy whispered to me,
> "Her teeth have just bee, filled."
> —New York Sun.

No Need of Protestations "Did she ask you if she were The little wasp (Cerceris tuberculata) the only girl you ever loved?" perhaps also another, for in choosing Jack-"No, she took it for granted. Somerville Journal.

What a Burnt



powah, professah?" "It's a dent."-New York Sun. being released, rose vertically high enough between the houses to clear the

A Sense of Satisfaction. "We are one of the richest nations on earth." "Of course we are," answered Sen-

ator Sorghum. "And I can say without boasting that I have done much to help day of nine hours. along a few of the people who reprethe possession of some sense unknown | sent its wealth."-Washington Star.

His Reason.

Smithkins-"There's old Bifkins. don't care to meet him. Let's turn this way. Last summer I requested a loan of \$20."

Tiffkins - "Well, he ought to have obliged you; he's rich enough." Smithkins-"The trouble is he did!"-Smart Set.

Fletion on Fletion. "Have you read Wrighter's new work

of fiction?" "Not exactly."

"What do you mean?" "Well, I've only read the advance notices, but I suppose there is really more fiction in them than there is in the book itself."-Baltimore Herald.

Distinction Without Difference. Mr. Jones-"It is uscless my arguing with a woman who says she is always

right." Mrs. Jones-"I never made any such assertion, and it's utterly cruel and unkind of you to say so. I did not say I was always right; I simply asserted that I was never wrong!"-Comfort.

Not Up to the Predictions

"Well, is married life all that it is s painted?" asked the girl. "Not quite," replied the bride, with what her friend declared later she was almost sure was a sigh. "We've been married three months now, and during that time Jack has spent but four evenings at the club."-Syracuse Herald.

Should Say, But Didn't. He—"I know your family doesn't like me, but will you be my wife?"

She-"Well, I should say not?" He (taken aback)-"Whew! that's rather short." She-"I repeat, I should say not, but

as a girl in love doesn't always say what she should, I'll say 'yes.' "-Philadelphia Press.

Removing the Causes. "So you belong to the Don't Worry

Club? "I do, and I'm glad of it, although my membership compels me to take a few chances." "In what way?"

"I had to quit looking at the gas meter and weighing my ice."-Wash-Ington Star.

Did He Do It?



Visitor-"Sam, I shan't kiss you any more if you don't wash your face.' Sam-"There you go again, putting temptations in a man's path. It's hard enough to keep clean as it is."-New York Sun.

His First Pair of Trousers. One cold day, little Tom, in his first trousers, was walking out with his tiny overcoat turned back to its utmost limit, when his father said to him;

"Tom, button your coat!" Tom hesitated awhile.

"Look at mine," added his father.

"Yes," said Tom, ruefully, "but everybody knows that you wear trousers." BUSINESS CARDS.

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LABOR WORLD.

There are 750 trades unions in lows with a total membership of 75,000. There are nearly 650,000 women dressmakers in the United Kingdom.

Kansas needs at least 25,000 men and 4000 teams for the wheat harvest. Massachusetts in 1869 was the first State to establish a bureau of labor

statistics. Union iron molders at Dayton, Obio have received an increase in wages of tive per cent.

Farm laborers in Montana have formed a union and demand \$2.50 a Telephone linemen at Alexandria, Ind., have received an increase of

twenty-five cents a day. Quarrymen at San Francisco, Cal., will receive an increase of twenty-five

cents a day on September 1. Carpenters in Austria work ten to eleven hours a day for an average weekly wage amounting to \$4 and \$5. Unskilled employes of the packing houses in Omaha, Neb., numbering

over 21,000, have been given increas wages. Harness makers in the Birmingham (Eng.) district have refused to submit their demand for increased pay to arbi-

Strikers in two of the big shoe shops at Brockton, Mass., won most of the demands they made, others being submitted to arbitration. Iron workers employed on State con-

tracts in Holland are paid eight cents an hour, about one-fifth of the rate paid in this country. Carpenters at Wheeling, W. Va., after a six weeks' strike, have been granted their demand for an eight-hour

day with no increase in pay. The longest strike on record is not yet ended. The 2800 men and boys employed in Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries, in Wales, went out two and a half years ago, and the settlement of the strike is now a question in British

party politica. The honor of possessing the largest membership of any automobile club in the world rests with the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, which has now no less than 2,180 mem-

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## BON TON BAKERY

JOHN H. BAUM, Prop.,

For good first-class baked goods such as fine Marble Cake, English Wine Fruit Cake, French Fruit Deviled Cake, Angel Cake, Lady Fingers, Jelly Drops, Kisses, Maroons and lots of other good cakes. A fine selection of all kinds of cookies; a good line of Fresh Bread and Parker House Rolls, Buns, Coffee Cakes. A nice selection of pies always on hand.

Weddings and Parties a Specialty. Give us a Call.

## YOUNG'S PLANING MILL

AT

You will find Sash, Doors, Frames and Finish of all kinds, Rough and Dressed Lumber, High Grade Var-nishes, Lead and Oil Colors in all shades. And also an overstock of Nails which I will sell cheap.

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