

The BELLIGERENT SCHOOLMASTER And the BELLIPOSE EDITOR.

In a part of the country where the teacher is still credited with vast mental range and encyclopedic knowledge—and is not regarded as a harmless drudge—there lived and "conducted classes" a long, raw-boned mountaineer named Hill. He was a man of amazing industry and possessed of diplomatic learning, but he retained in rich luxuriance the unpruned colloquial speech of his native mountains—a speech which took grotesque liberties with grammar and idiom.

Now this Hill was, among other things, a "great hand for the girls," as he elegantly phrased it, and in their company he took a satisfaction which overflowed in grins and cackles and uncouth compliments. Even here, however, he had, like Washington Irving's immortal Ichabod Crane—whom, in general, he rather closely resembled—an eye upon the practical side of things. In short, he was apt to look with special favor upon young women who were blessed with rich fathers.

Now, in the same region in which this schoolmaster held sway lived a gentleman who undertook to supply the community with the local news in weekly installments, and, to that end, maintained a plant consisting of a hand press of respectable age and an office force of one compositor.

Naturally Mr. Harris, the editor, was a man in high consideration; no political or social function was complete without him. Naturally, also, Mr. Hill, the schoolmaster, was a person of equal if not superior consideration, and likewise much in demand for all manner of festivities. Both gentlemen went at least as cheerfully as they were bid—and neither ever missed one of these delightful dances which were a feature of Wauhatchie society. Both the editor and the schoolmaster danced wileily—and each regarded his own capers with much complacency. These facts are interesting but not essential; the point is that both the editor and the schoolmaster, by chance, fixed their affections upon the same lady—a local belle. At first good friends, they presently began to look at each other out of the corners of their eyes and then settled down to a deadly rivalry marked by an uncompromising attitude of mutual scorn—a scorn which neither took the pains to hide.

The lady in the case was not wiser or more beautiful than the general run of girls, but she had the astuteness which belongs to the sex, and she held the balance so true between the two rivals that neither could claim any long-continued advantage.

It so happened that the learned Mr. Hill had as assistant a harmless drudge who, as is the way of some foolish schoolmasters, set his boys to write compositions, many and long, and Mr. Harris, as befitted a public-spirited editor, offered a prize for the best composition on a matter of public interest, written by a pupil of the school in which the whole town of Wauhatchie took pride. But, because he hated Mr. Hill, Mr. Harris stipulated that the editor was to be the sole arbiter of merit. These compositions "on matters of public interest" were duly written, doubtless with much painful thought and more chewing of the tops of innocent penholders on the part of the youthful authors. The results of their labors were handed to the editor, and the editor awarded his prize—a year's subscription to *The Wauhatchie News*. Further, he published the prize essay in his columns. This juvenile scrawl was not remarkable in any special way, but it was outspoken about a matter of local politics which was at that time making bad blood. What was worse, the youngster who wrote it—a pugnacious youth—had ventured to assume a position which did not at all agree with the stand which the schoolmaster had judged it wise to take on the same subject. Reading the effusion now in a public print and proclaimed in scarce head lines as a prize essay by a pupil of his school, the learned Mr. Hill fairly boiled with indignation. His enemy had played him a senny trick, and he must have revenge. He seized his hat, and still holding on to the offending newspaper, set out to find the editor. This he had no difficulty in doing. The faithful servant of the pen and the public was in his sanctum with the lone compositor and several loafers who spent much time there. In the midst of this sleepy senate appeared suddenly the indignant Mr. Hill—very red in the face and agitating his newspaper—and declared with great vehemence that he objected to that so-called prize essay. He began to sling his mountain lingo about recklessly and even indulged in threats of personal violence—at which the editor smiled pleasantly. Then the schoolmaster, beside himself, made for the editor with his fists, whereupon the compositor and two burly loafers promptly collared him and hustled him away, swearing in a manner that would have given infinite delight to the innocent boys over whom he presided—and, doubtless, shocked the young ladies to death.

All the next day the schoolmaster explained the mysteries of the pons asinorum to a lot of blockheads or made the same blockheads recite Latin verbs. The young villains had evidently heard all about the scene in the office of the *Wauhatchie News*.

They tittered and talked in corners when he was busy—and the young lady members of the school were especially maddening.

Poor Hill stood at his blackboard and fumed. Was it not enough that this meddling Harris should be perpetually in his way with the lovely—and wealthy—Miss Carry-May? Not the fellow must print in his confounded little paper things containing reprehensible and—what was infinitely worse—impolitic doctrines. Then he had the impudence to proclaim these things as "prize essays" of the pupils of Wauhatchie academy! The pupils knew—and Miss Carry-May would certainly tell her if nobody else did. It was intolerable.

Hill's wrath having cooked this all day, he set out as soon as school was dismissed to find the editor once more. This time he met him on the street.

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Harris," said Mr. Hill, sidling up awkwardly to the place where his enemy stood.

"I am at your service, sir," said Mr. Harris, looking bored, "but be brief; I am in something of a hurry."

"I want," said Mr. Hill, without further ceremony, "to fight you."

"I don't see the use of that," said Mr. Harris.

"You must apologize," said Mr. Hill. "I certainly shall not," said Mr. Harris.

"Then I'm going to lick you right now and here," said Mr. Hill, flying into a great rage and making wind with his arms.

"Not now or here," said Mr. Harris, coolly. "I am no street brawler. I am, as you are aware, a justice of the peace, and I do not propose to get myself hauled before the mayor—even to oblige you. I shall be more than pleased to meet you at some more convenient season in some retired spot outside the town limits. At present I am going to supper." And Harris turned on his heel, linked his arm in that of a friend, who had been a curious observer of this scene, and strolled slowly on down the village street. Hill, left thus unceremoniously, stood and stared—his mouth open—the picture of helpless fury. Then he rushed after the editor, shouting a torrent of speech, in all of which the word "fight" alone was articulate.

Harris turned.

"I told you," said he to Hill angrily, "that I was going to supper," and he resumed his walk. This time Hill, after standing like a lost man and gazing after Harris for a moment, swung round in his turn and strode off in the opposite direction. He walked violently, slinging his arms.

The worst of it was that when the schoolmaster met Miss Carry-May the young woman, instead of answering his grins and compliments with smiles as she had been used to, was apt now to turn her head and giggle, and when the wretched Hill tried to explain she giggled more than ever. It might be supposed from this that the editor was in high favor. But in that view he was evidently mistaken.

The editor came back from "up the county" some time during the next week, and called immediately upon Miss Carry-May. He was received with frowns. Miss Carry-May told him frankly that she could not respect a coward. Everybody knew, she said, that he had declined to fight the schoolmaster—afterward he had run away—and, well, she, for one, was surprised. The editor, who had it very bad, was dumfounded at this view of the matter, and hemmed and hawed at a fearful rate. Miss Carry-May took advantage of his confusion to overwhelm him with reproaches.

"I never thought you would be a coward," she insisted, and was so clearly distressed that the editor sprang to his feet and declared he would go after Hill at once and thrash him within an inch of his life. Before Miss Carry-May, now a little frightened, could stop him he was gone out into the night.

With all possible speed he made his way to the schoolmaster's dwelling and rang the bell with a jangle that alarmed the quiet household in which Mr. Hill was a boarder. A little boy—one of Hill's pupils—came to the door, and, to the question put as to Mr. Hill's whereabouts, replied with very round eyes that the schoolmaster had just left the house with no more explanation than that he was going "up the road a piece." The editor started. That was the phrase Hill used to employ when he was going to see a "gal"—and what girl could there be but Miss Carry-May? His enemy must have passed him in the dark.

The editor left the boy still staring, and retraced his steps hastily. As he came opposite Miss Carry-May's house again, sure enough, he heard Hill's unmistakable nervous cackle within. Miss Carry-May's voice was not audible.

The editor did not go in. Instead he went to his room. In the morning the schoolmaster received a note which read:

"Sir: I have been waiting for you to name a time and place for the encounter you were so kind as to suggest to me the other day. You have sent me no word. May I venture to offer a suggestion in my return? If it is agreeable to you, I will meet you in

'Dead Man's Hollow' at 5 o'clock this afternoon. Kindly bring your gun. (Signed) "JOHN HARRIS."

This note was delivered to Mr. Hill in his schoolroom, and produced a curious effect. Mr. Hill had been in a villainously bad humor. Now he twisted ecstatically in his chair as he read, his face spread into a wonderful grin. "Tell Mr. Harris," said he to the boy, "I'll be there."

All the rest of the day he was notably preoccupied and fidgety, and several times the pupils heard him chuckle to himself. About half past 4, having at that time dismissed the last lingerer, Mr. Hill, from the window of his schoolroom, saw Mr. Harris walking in the direction of Dead Man's Hollow, which, by the way, was a lone spot in the pines, and the reputed scene of a murder. The editor was accompanied by the same gentleman who had been his companion at the time of the street encounter. The two men walked rapidly, and Harris' face wore an expression of much grimness.

When the pair were well past the house and out of sight around a curve in the road, Mr. Hill laughed aloud all to himself, and followed slowly. Just as he reached the edge of the town he met a buggy. In the buggy was Miss Carry-May and a man with red hair. Miss Carry-May bowed, and the buggy drove on. Mr. Hill turned to look after it, and seemingly forgot to turn again; for, instead of going to Dead Man's Hollow, he walked straight home. The editor and his friend waited for him at the appointed place a full half-hour—then they came back to town, and went without delay to Mr. Hill's place of residence. There they learned that the schoolmaster had just gone toward the station carrying a small handbag. They followed in haste, and were in time to see the tail end of the southbound train disappearing a mile down the track. Then the editor swore in his slow way, and the two trudged back to town again.

A little later Mr. Harris rang Miss Carry-May's doorbell. He was ushered into the parlor and found the young woman arrayed in her most becoming frock and very busy entertaining a strange gentleman with red hair. Miss Carry-May looked startled, but introduced the stranger as the Rev. Mr. Jopling. Mr. Jopling, basking luxuriously in the lady's smiles, kept up an incessant flow of small talk, and was evidently good for the evening. Clearly there was no chance for Mr. Harris tonight, and he took himself off in a state of mind which beggars description.

At his room he found a note in a strange, wild handwriting.

"Dear Harris—We are both of us enured, I ain't going to fight for no gal alive—especially not one that is spoke for already. This one is going to marry that red-headed parson. She told me so last night. Yours truly, T. HILL."

That night the editor did not sleep. Hill came back Monday morning—the dull had been set for Friday—entirely cured of his warlike fever. He was very friendly with the editor—who received his advances with very bad grace—ignored Miss Carry-May utterly, and was presently a violent admirer of another of the young women of Wauhatchie. The editor, for his part, withdrew from society, and his leaders took on a tone of chronic misanthropy.

Miss Carry-May, it seems, did actually, in time, marry the parson with red hair.—*New York Times*.

Excess in Golf.

Too much time is spent over golf, and men bring to bear on the game an industry and a devotion to detail which ought to be expended upon more serious things. This kind of enthusiasm for a form of recreation cannot be regarded as merely a struggle to maintain the standard of physical health on which mental health depends. It must rather be looked upon as immoderate attention to a fascinating sport and must be guarded against like any other form of excess. It is an admirable thing in golf—which we admit to be an excellent game even while we desire to say a warning word against its cult—that it cannot be played carelessly and that assiduous practice is required after the position in the handicap list that is somewhat contemptuously described as "domestic 12" has been reached, if a higher standard is to be attained. It is exactly here that golf proves, to our thinking, a pitfall to many men. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, is an axiom that every thinking man must cordially indorse. As no one can play golf really well without the sacrifice of much time, the working-man is soon brought to a parting of three ways. Shall he leave off playing a game in which he can only excel by much expenditure of time? Or shall he continue to play moderately a game which he feels that he could, and he would, play much better? Or shall he give more thought than is right to what, at best, is but laborious idleness? We hope that all our readers will take the middle course. Let them reap the undoubted good that is offered to them by a break in their round of toil and by brisk exercise in an open hill and heath, and let those of them who are not brilliant exponents of golf recognize cheerfully that excellence can only come by the neglect of more important things.—*The Lancet*.

Spot Cash.

Jim—Yes, Squiggins paid me in spot cash.

Jam—Spot cash! And yet you say he cheated you.

Jim—Oh, I afterward found that the spots in the cash were holes showing where the money had been plugged and rendered useless!—*Baltimore Herald*.

VALUE OF WARSHIPS.

PROOF POSITIVE THAT THEY ARE CHEAPER THAN WAR.

Significance of a Fleet in All International Matters—Lord Charles Bessford's Epigram—The Verdict of History—Natural Pugnacity of Human Beings.

That battleships are cheaper than war; that we must have the force necessary to hold and defend what we possess; that an individual or nation must be prepared to guard his belongings, as well as his life and honor, from the attacks of other persons or nations; these are simple axioms, writes Rear Admiral H. C. Taylor, U. S. N. Our advanced civilization, with its numerous and effective safeguards against thieves and highwaymen, as well as against all forms of public disorder, has indeed clouded these axioms and confused the reasoning powers of those who protest against war preparation. The security in which we live lulls their minds to drowsiness, and encourages them in the fallacy that this condition of things is a natural one, rather than entirely artificial, as is in truth the case.

This does no great harm so far as state or municipal affairs are concerned. The protesters consent instinctively to the police, and, indeed, demand that they shall be well armed, and regard the taxes they pay as many times repaid by the protection thus afforded.

It is in international matters that the danger of the fallacy appears. The false logic, which urges that order and security within the country are natural results of our modern civilization and intellectual advancement, goes further and proposes to employ these noble but inadequate forces as the only protection of the nation and its property from the attacks of other nations.

It is, therefore, only to these few persons that arguments need be addressed. To them it should be mentioned that the civilization which secures them in the city and state, and provides them with a police and law to guarantee their safety, has not, up to the present time, provided these or similar safeguards for any nation as against other nations. Vague and shadowy beginnings have been made. International customs have been collected in books, and given without justification the name of law. A tribunal has been established, which arbitrates in the interest of peace, but no sword has yet been placed in its hand with which to enforce its decisions. Wars do not cease. The stronger still overpower the weaker throughout the world.

Such being the case, we may logically present one of two propositions. First, to accept defeat, and resulting conquest of our people and territory whenever another more warlike nation desires our riches; or, second, to arm ourselves in good season and resist the attack. With these alternatives should be considered the fact that we are sure to be attacked if we do not prepare, because a nation is likely to attack only those whom it thinks it can overcome.

We arrive then at the point emphasized by Lord Charles Bessford that "battleships are cheaper than war," and that if battleships are not provided and thoroughly drilled, we will certainly have war, and war costs more than a fleet of battleships.

The present situation of our country brings out forcibly the need of a fleet as distinguished from a land army. The latter will always be needed, of course, but our recent acquisition of important island territory at great distances from our own continent makes a sea force indispensable, and Admiral Bessford has probably taken these changed conditions into account as strengthening his recommendation to provide a worthy naval force.

History shows numerous instances of the value of a fleet to a nation which is dependent for its safety upon territory separated from the home government by the sea.

The Athenians by keeping their fleet well drilled and ready maintained for themselves supremacy in the Levant, and control of the great trade routes. The naval victories of their Admiral Phormio over the unprepared fleets of Sparta seriously checked the development of that famous state.

So long as Carthage kept its fleet the equal or superior of the Roman fleet, it could strive with confidence for the commercial control of the Mediterranean; but Rome was not ignorant of this, and did not hesitate at vast outlays of money in order to make its fleet superior, and its final victory over the fleet of Carthage at Ecnomus, in the greatest sea fight recorded by history, was quickly followed by the disappearance of Carthage as a rival in power or war.

By the possession of an effective fleet England gained and held the trade and riches of India; by the lack of one, Spain lost the Empire of the west. France, slackening in its attention to its sea force, loses Canada. England, falling later to provide a sufficient fleet of superior Cornwallis at Yorktown, sees America pass from her control.

The rule is almost invariable. When a county has distant possessions or a large foreign trade, even without territory, it must have armed protection. It possesses something that other nations want, or, indeed, need, for their vital development. They will seize it, as will desperate men seize gold or jewels if displayed in their sight without being guarded. As to conditions now existing, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that they are no better, if no worse, than former periods in the world's history

which preceded great wars. The teachings of experience give us no guarantee of peace, but, on the contrary, warn us to be thoroughly armed in order that marauders may not molest us, and thereby drive us to the extravagance of a long and bloody conflict.

Battleships will not always prevent war; nothing will do this, for an element of pugnacity appears to be implanted in us by Providence, which does not permit nations to be satisfied without an occasional appeal to arms. We need not discuss the right or wrong of this. History shows plainly the existence of such an element, and further shows that if too long a period elapses without the war sentiment being gratified, nations tend to become selfish, and a lowness of view is engendered, and an undue love of material ease and tendency to the lower vices. Mr. Ruskin claims that the arts flourish during the long periods but that the great virtues also flourish then, and that peace, too long continued, results in degradation of the national spirit. Heroic conflicts for noble causes develop heroic virtues in the men who carry them on. It cannot be denied that they develop, at the same time, fierce and brutal passions that react disastrously on the finer qualities of a civilized humanity; but if war can engender heroism, valor, and the courage that enables a man to meet death without flinching, it cannot be wholly profitless.

We need not on this account seek for war. It will come without urging. The keen desire for commercial supremacy constitutes a certain cause of war, which is always with us, and we may rest assured that the nation which sees this supremacy passing from it, will, after trying other remedies, surely fight, and in so doing will prefer as an opponent the nation that is the least prepared and the richest.

In conclusion why should arguments be necessary to show the advisability of maintaining an adequate military force on land and sea? The government of a great nation is made up of certain essential elements without any one of which it must fall in the race. Armies and navies are among these elements, and their importance in the machinery of government can be determined, and the amount of money to be spent upon them. Details will differ in different countries. Those in the interior of continents will naturally need larger armies, while insular and peninsular nations should spend more money on their navies than on their armies. For all, however, some armed force is indispensable, and though its work at times must be sad and even repulsive, yet there is something in war which uplifts the spirit of man and tends to diminish that fear of death which degrades life and mars its enjoyment.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Opportunity Thrown Away.

Recently a friend of mine, a great business man, assembled his clerks, to the number of 200. He gave them a 20 minutes' statement on the outlook for the business. He told them that he was overworked, that the development must be along certain lines, and that the men in the different departments could develop those lines to any degree that they desired. He gave a list of books that they could read, a list of the firms in the same line whose methods they could study. From his address and from the 200 young men he hoped to be able to sift some 15 or 20 who would take up the study of the business, give it their nights, sleep with it, and at length develop fortunes for themselves.

What an opportunity was that! One would have supposed that his office would have been besieged by the whole body of 200 clerks.

But, strangely enough, out of that entire number only three or four came to him afterward through interested even to pursue the inquiry or obtain the names of the books.

Each one had a niche, a soft berth, a position with which he was satisfied. Each loved ease, hated struggle, and was content with enough.

The decline of ambition is a singular phase of modern life. The 19 out of 20 are content. They will not climb. Instead of meeting opportunity half way, the angel of opportunity must go all the way and scourge men towards success.—*New York World*.

The Somali.

A military correspondent gives a good description of the Somali, who as a fighting man is not first class, though he is fond of drill and proud of his uniform. But he is by nature decidedly effeminate; his toilet is a constant source of anxiety to himself, and the pains he will take to curl his crisp black hair by the application of various substances to his head is incredible. He is fond of finery, of luxurious and indolent habits, and keeps up an incessant fire of chatter. He is grasping, and in the matter of food is greedy. Timid in the presence of the European, he is easily excited, and quickly loses his head. Darning is one of his chief pastimes, accompanied by the loud clapping of hands and a continuous and monotonous wail, which no doubt does duty for a song. Somali women never dance, and scarcely even smile; they are completely cowed by the men, who treat them in most cases unkindly, if not actually cruelly. The Somali is most punctilious in the performance of his religious rites; but he seems hypocritical to a degree.—*London Express*.

A German mathematician estimates that the average man who lives to be 70 years old consumes \$10,000 worth of food in his life.

SCISSORS GRINDERS.

Come from the Austrian Tyrol, Some From Italy—How to Distinguish Them.

Speaking generally, the scissors grinders with machines which they trundle ahead of them like a wheelbarrow, come from the Austrian Tyrol, while those with machines carried on their back come from Italy, and it may be from as far south as Naples. But there are some Italian scissors grinders from the far northern province of Venice, bordering on the Tyrol, who, like the men from Austria, use trundle machines, and may themselves more nearly resemble the men of the German races to the north than they do those of the Latin race to the south.

The back machine men have been here the longer. The trundle machine men did not begin coming in numbers until 20 years ago or less. But there are now here many of each, and they are scattered all over the country.

The back machines are all substantially alike; of the trundle machines, while they do have some general resemblance, there are scarcely two just alike. In Austria there are places where those machines are made. They cost there \$12 or \$15, and made of hardwood, they last for many years.

But many of the grinders make their own machines, embodying their own ideas of what would be most convenient or desirable in use, or what might suit their fancy.

Under this last head might be classed the cranks seen on some of the machines, connecting the treadle with the shaft of the driving wheel. Some of these, instead of being straight, like an ordinary crank, are curved, crescent-shaped, or so much curved that they make all but a circle, which play round and round curiously when the machine is worked.

In this country when a man wants one of these trundle machines he makes it himself or he draws his plans and takes them to a carpenter. The grinders wear out, of course, and have to be renewed, and the grinders buy stones here. American grindersmen say that they give the grinders better grinders than those they bring with them.

Most of the scissors grinders confine their work to the sharpening of scissors and knives and tools; there are some, these mostly back machine men, who add to that work the mending of umbrellas. The grinders who, within recent years, have brought here or adopted the bugle instead of the time-honored bell, are, of course, back machine men. The trundle machine needs both hands with which to wheel his machine.

Does scissors grinding pay? Not so well as it did when scissors grinders were fewer. The grinders were all drawn here, of course, as so many millions of other Old World people have been, by the attraction of the New World's prosperity and wealth. The earlier comers did well, and their success attracted many more, until now a grinder said, the business in New York is overdone. Of the earlier days a grinder told this story:

Some years ago he made a little scissors grinding tour through New England. He was a trundle-machine man himself, but on this trip he carried a back machine. The trundle machine is heavy and adapted to sidewalks and city pavements, not to country dirt roads.

His trip was prosperous, for in many parts the scissors grinder had remained quite unknown. He was tilling fresh ground, and his returns were corresponding. Even in one small city that he struck, a place of 10,000 inhabitants, they had never seen a traveling scissors grinder, and here he took in six or seven dollars a day, something more than \$20 in three days, while his daily expenses had been about \$1.

"A gold mine?" said his interlocutor.

"Better than some gold mines," said the shrewd and good-humored scissors grinder.

But there are no such New England cities now. The scissors grinder is everywhere, and the business has found its level. But it is uncertain and variable, even at that.

Here in New York, one scissors grinder said a man might go all day and make nothing, and then he might take \$2 or \$3 from one house, one customer bringing another.—*New York Sun*.

Mr. Badger, the Sagacious.

A badger which had made its home among the granite cliffs dealt with the fire god with sagacity and skill. A friend while painting a scapiece discovered a badger's lair, and thought to play the animal a practical joke. Gathering together a bundle of grass and weeds, he placed it inside the mouth of the hole, and, igniting it with a match, waited for the ignominious flight of the astonished householder. But Master Badger was a resourceful animal, and not disposed to be made a butt of practical jokers. He soon came up from the depths of his hole as soon as the penetrating smoke told him that there was a fire on the premises, and deliberately stretched earth on the burning grass with his strong claws until all danger was past. No human being could have grasped the situation more quickly or displayed greater skill in dealing with an unfamiliar event.—*Nature*.

Electric Traction in Mexico City.

The electric lines of the City of Mexico, which began only a few years ago as a few independent mule lines, now form one electric system with modern equipment. There are 190 miles of line, and the service comprises 604 cars; 2600-horse power is required to work the system.

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Office on second floor Reynoldsville Real Estate Bldg. Main street Reynoldsville, Pa.

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Office on second floor of Henry Bros. brick building, Main street.

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And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

King Alfonso will review the Spanish fleet at Cartagena at the end of July.

Herbert Bowen, Minister to Venezuela, has been given sixty days' leave of absence.

Georgetown University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Secretary of Commerce Cortelyou.

Count Tolstol's contribution of \$7500 in aid of the persecuted Jews of Kishineff is one of the largest made in Russia.

Senator Dryden, of New Jersey, denies the report that he intends to resign his Senatorial seat for business reasons.

William K. Vanderbilt has offered his bride the money to carry out her long unfulfilled desire to build a hospital in Paris.

Bishop Henry C. Potter tells the good play actors, who frequent the company of rectors and such, that theirs is "a noble calling."

General M. W. Ransom, a former United States Senator from North Carolina, is devoting his time to farming, and this year will run about 250 plows.

President Hadley, of Yale; President Raymond, of Wesleyan, and President Smith, of Trinity College, will select the holders of the Rhodes scholarships from Connecticut.

Henry R. Edmunds, President of the Board of Education, of Philadelphia, has declared himself in favor of so modifying the curriculum of the elementary public schools of the city that all home study shall be made unnecessary.

Recently General O. O. Howard was a guest at a juvenile social. A little child near the general displayed a good command of English. "You eat well, my son," said the old soldier. "Yes, sir." "Now, if you love your flag as well as your dinner you'll make a good patriot." "Yes, sir; but I've been practicing eating twelve years, and I ain't eaten a gun but six months," was the laconic reply.

IN 1840.

Harriet Martineau visited the United States in 1840 and reported that only seven occupations were open to women. They were teaching, needlework, keeping boarders, working in cotton factories, typesetting, bookbinding and household service.

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

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