

The Art Union's MODERN PORTRAITS DON'T FADE NEVER BECOME DIM OR YELLOW

If they did we would have no right to charge the fair price we do for them—they would be of no value to you and would reflect discredit on us. They look *art* valuable. Will you not examine them?

Studio Corwin's Stand, Reynoldsville.

CELEBRITY KING

A Tonic Laxative.

Cathartics are not tonic-laxatives. Pills and salts and castor-oil are cathartics. They leave the system in an exhausted and depressed condition. Many cathartics contain drugs that produce hemorrhoids and other unfavorable complications. **Celebrity King** is a tonic-laxative. It restores the intestinal tract and digestive organs to their normal condition. It cures constipation and the ill resulting from inactive bowels. Price, either herb or tablet form, 25c.

EASTWARD	
STATIONS	No. 101
Pittsburg	8:25
Red Bank	9:05
Lawson	9:45
New Bethlehem	10:25
Ok Ridge	11:05
Mayville	11:45
Summersville	12:25
Brookville	1:05
York	1:45
Fuller	2:25
Reynoldsville	3:05
Frederick	3:45
Falls Creek	4:25
DuBois	5:05
Smith	5:45
Winterburn	6:25
Denfield	7:05
Tyler	7:45
Denner	8:25
Grant	9:05
Pittsburg	9:45

WESTWARD	
STATIONS	No. 102
Pittsburg	8:25
Red Bank	9:05
Lawson	9:45
New Bethlehem	10:25
Ok Ridge	11:05
Mayville	11:45
Summersville	12:25
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Tyler	7:45
Denner	8:25
Grant	9:05
Pittsburg	9:45

PEOPLE WHO LOOK CLOSELY

At both quality and prices are the ones who will be particularly interested in our furniture store. Our goods are of the very best quality that money will buy. They are the most artistic. They are made up of the finest grades of furniture carried in the country. These are strong statements, and we mean them to be strong.

The goods are here to be seen, and you are invited to come and see how perfectly they fit the words we use in our advertisement. We are earnestly, honestly trying to make this the best furniture store in the country, other towns may have bigger stores, but we want ours to be best.

J. R. HILLIS AND COMPANY.

JOHNSBURG RAILROAD.

R. D.	WEEKDAYS	S. D.
10:40	at Clarksburg	10:50
10:50	Woodvale	11:05
11:00	Quinnwood	11:15
11:10	Smith's Run	11:25
11:20	Instant	11:35
11:30	Brookville	11:45
11:40	Harveys Run	11:55
11:50	Johnstown	12:05
12:00	at Ridgeway	12:10

First National Bank OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

Capital Surplus \$50,000 \$40,000

Scott McClelland, President.
J. C. King, Vice President.
John H. Kaucher, Cashier.
R. H. Wilson, Directors.

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons.

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.
First National Bank Building, Nolas block.
Fire Proof Vault.

LIGHTNING IN THE ROCKIES

It is One Continuous, Dazzling, Awe Inspiring Performance.

If the reader of this has never been in a mountain thunderstorm at an elevation of 7,000 feet or more he has missed an experience that will doubtless should be ever pass through it add several gray hairs to his head. To me a thunderstorm back east held no special terrors, and frequently I have been out in such a demonstration without feeling any special nervousness. Up here on the Rocky mountains things are different, and I confess now to live in awful, abject terror of a thunderstorm, especially at night, in my tent. I suffer this terror notwithstanding the fact that so far the storms have in every instance except one gone around or beneath us without even raining enough to wet the ground. But it is the "going around and beneath" that gets on to my nerves. In the first place imagine what it is to be one and one-half miles nearer a rip roaring thunderstorm than one is at Pittsburg. There you have occasional flashes of lightning; here it is one continuous, dazzling, awe inspiring performance. The lightning strikes, too, for it is not uncommon thing during a storm to hear the rocks splintering and cracking where one especially vigorous bolt has landed.

Add to this nerve racking exhibit the most awful detonations of thunder that you can imagine and a "straight blowing" wind that sometimes makes the flaps of your tent play a ragtime melody, and you have some idea of a mountain thunderstorm. The thunder is worse than the sound of a mighty battle. It bangs up against the mountain side and reverberates and rolls off into one ear splitting concussion after another until you, lying quaking in your tent, fully believe that the next "boom" will split the mountain and valley in twain and land you in China or some other remote town.

I lay one night and with chattering teeth counted five distinct thunderstorms come up to the edge of the plateau on which my tent stands and each time go through with an electrical performance that would give a stone man a dumb ague, and through it all not a cupful of water fell on my tent. Later on in the night when I had about regained something like my usual majestic calm of mind, it began to rain steadily, and the thunder and lightning didn't even whisper. They had doubtless gone off down the canyon, searing some other poor tenderfoot half out of his wits. These electrical displays are not seemingly much dreaded by the people who live in high altitudes. They comfortably declare that a tornado or cyclone is unknown in the mountains. But sometimes these mountain storms go off through a canyon to the foothills and the plains. Then there is something doing.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Odd Things Sold in New York.

Drinking water is sold by the barrel to tramp steamers, sailing vessels and pilot boats.

Kisses may be bought occasionally at church fairs.

Reduced gentlemen sell their social influence, acquaintanceship and knowledge of good manners in the guise of chaplains.

Superstitious persons buy relics of prisoners condemned to death, and abnormally curious persons buy personal belongings of notorious prisoners from jail employees.

Astrologers and fortune tellers sell rabbits' feet, madstones and moonstones.

Hairdressers and ladies' maids are frequently offered money for locks of hair from the heads of famous society beauties and popular actresses.

The big hotels sell unspiced scraps of food to cheap restaurants.

Florists sell four leaf clover for good luck.—New York Press.

A Fashionable Woman's Confession.

Nobody finds it more difficult to spare time for reading than the very idle, yet every woman in society religiously orders every new book from her library, even though she sends most of them back without having even cut the leaves. If it is a book every one is talking about she skims through the opening chapters, dismissing the volume with a single observation at a dinner party and forgetting everything about it a month after she has returned it. Most of us remember the books of our youth, but if any one were to ask me the titles of the novels I read a couple of years ago no definite impression would be aroused.—"A Countess" in London Telegraph.

Sounded Bigger.

Merchant—That new clerk of yours refused an offer from me. How did you induce him to come to you?
Smoothie—Perhaps you didn't offer him enough.
Merchant—I told him his wages would be \$10 to start.
Smoothie—Ah! I told him his salary would be \$10 to start.—Philadelphia Press.

The Extent of His Interest.

"I never looked to see."
"That's strange."
"Not at all. My daughter picked him out, and all I had to do was to pay for him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Legend of Roquefort Cheese.

Roquefort cheese, like many other unique food productions, has its legend of accidental origin. A shepherd lad, having for once more lunched than he could eat, while tending his flock of sheep, laid a large portion of his bread and cheese upon a natural shelf in one of the caverns nearby. Boylike, he forgot all about it until several months later on returning to that cavern he found his lunccheon. The cheese, instead of being dried up or rotten, was rich, moist and creamy and streaked with greenish blue veins of mold, the remains of the bread which had lain on or under it. He probably told his mother of his discovery and shared his piece of cheese with others. The villagers were quick to recognize the improved texture and quality of the cheese, and henceforth all their cheeses were taken to these caves to ripen.

The caves are owned by a joint stock company, who employ about six hundred women to tend the cheese. Oak shelves on which the cheeses are placed and so arranged that each cheese may have one side next the cold wall of the cave give over 65,000 square yards of storing room.

Cows Worse Than Bulls.

It is said that the Spanish bullfighter refuses to face a cow, as being so much more dangerous. A bull makes a little rush at his assailant, and with a little knowledge and experience will soon enable an active man to avoid, but a cow fences with her horns with a skill and quickness unexpected in such an apparently clumsy animal, and a man must be active indeed who can avoid the repeated attacks of an angry cow.

The bull, in a state of nature, fights to obtain the mastery of the herd and not to kill, but the cow only to protect her offspring, and, in her case, there is no quarter given. It would not be to the advantage of the herd that the bulls should kill each other in determining which was the stronger, and therefore they do not use their horns as lethal weapons, but it is, on the other hand, greatly to the advantage of the calves, and so of the future of the herd, that all enemies that dare to attack them should be slain.

Overstated.

In a well known Lancashire town there resides a man who is about as careful of a shilling or two as a man can well be and appear anything like decent. He is in business, in comfortable circumstances, and, being thrifty, honest and industrious, he was considered quite the most eligible bachelor of the neighborhood notwithstanding his painful exactness in matters financial. He finally married a widow worth in her own right some \$15,000, and shortly after the ceremony an old friend met him.

"Allow me," he said, "to congratulate you. Your wedding was worth a clear \$15,000 to you."
"No," he replied, "not quite so much."
"Indeed! I thought there was every penny of \$15,000 in it."
"Oh, no," said the benedict; "I had to pay £2 12s. 6d. for the marriage license!"—London Answers.

Only Jar of Its Kind.

Horace Walpole told a lively story of an old porcelain vander who had an exceedingly rare and valuable jar on which he set an almost fabulous price. One hot summer a slight volcanic shock, such as the British occasionally experience, joggled his house about his ears and split his porcelain vase. To an ordinary mind the accident would have been calamitous, but the china seller rose superior to fortune. He doubled the price of the article immediately and advertised it as "the only jar in the world which had been cracked by an earthquake." Nothing very slow about that; whether he got his money is not added, but certainly he deserved it.

The Cossack's Whip.

People who are unacquainted with Russia and who read of street disturbances being suppressed by the Cossacks with their whips have little idea of what formidable weapons these are. Made of hard leather and tapering to a fine point, they are triangular in shape, and the Cossack who knows how to bring the edge down upon his victim can inflict a wound that is not infrequently fatal. A favorite stroke is one by which the eye and a portion of the cheek are cut.

French Beards.

M. Maxime du Camp says in "Souvenirs Littéraires" that after the revolution of July, in 1830, the politics of Frenchmen were known by their beards. Supporters of Louis Philippe wore "mutton chop" whiskers, Bonapartists had mustaches and imperials, Republicans did not shave at all, and Legitimists wore their beards like a collar, with shaved lips and chin.

Embarrassing.

A Missourian editor is responsible for the assertion that at a recent church entertainment in his town the master of ceremonies made the announcement that "Miss Bates will sing, 'O That I Had an Angel's Wings That I Might Rise and Fly,' accompanied by the minister."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Good Example.

We notice that many of our exchanges are giving us credit now. We trust their example will be emulated by the grocer and butcher at home—

AN ABODE OF THE DEAD.

Not a cemetery, but the Great British Museum.

To say that the British museum is a dead museum may sound like flat blasphemy to those old habits of the institution to whom its atmosphere is almost the breath of their life and to whom its treasures of antiquity and art are certainly the nourishment of their minds and souls. But apart from this little band of devout worshippers at the shrine of learning the British museum seems to me quite dead—as dead as a door nail. I have been there many a time, and I went there again and walked through long and silent galleries peopled only by the gods of Egypt, India, China, of ancient Greece and Rome and thronged only by those wonderful works of sculpture wrought by cunning hands long crumbled into the dust of past ages, but whose spirit of beauty and reverence still lingers in these heroes and heroines of old renown.

In some of the rooms one may see a few nursemaids relieving the tedium of their daily walk through Bloomsbury by bringing their little charges to the museum, where they may amuse themselves and get material for bad dreams while the nurses themselves have a quiet gossip.

In the holiday season also one may see troops of Americans passing swiftly through the galleries, "doing" the museum with wonderful despatch and commenting with western levity upon the relics of ancient civilization and the bones of prehistoric man.

But the Londoner does not come. The time that he can spare from lunch he devotes to a walk up Cheapside, the Strand or Holborn, "to look at the shops." The day's work done, he takes the first train home. On a Saturday afternoon he prefers a matinee, a game of tennis or cricket or a few hours on the river. I do not blame him altogether, but the fact remains that the British museum is to him an abode of the dead, which he regards with the same repugnance as a tomb.—Philip Gibbs in London Mail.

FARMER IN WINTER TIME.

Steady Jobs Are Feeding the Stock and Keeping Warm.

The great steady winter jobs on an American farm in the north nowadays are feeding the stock and keeping warm. And keeping warm nowadays means hauling coal. When I lived in the country, it meant cutting wood. It meant for our large family constant teaming day after day from the woods to the wood yard and a wood pile that must have covered a quarter of an acre. It meant toward spring the coning of men with a horse power and buzz saw to cut firewood, and that was almost as interesting an operation as thrashing.

There were other stirring days when the lake had frozen hard and the lea-house was filled, involving ice cutting and more teaming and more precarious hitching on bebind loads and going back in empties. And early in the winter there was the momentous and gory killing of pigs. Oh, that was indeed a stirring time! They kill a pig every second, no doubt, in Chicago nowadays, but that is mere mechanical routine, with no quality of sport in it.

There was nothing so very slow about the country winter in days as late as the civil war. I suppose soap-making as a domestic industry is as dead as household spinning. In those times of wood fires and wood ashes all self respecting families made soap. Our family had an outstanding kitchen expressly for that use, with a big eastern-like hoghead behind it in which ashes were leached and convenient tubs for holding the soft soap. A very handsome substance is soft soap of the proper consistency and complexion, and a pleasing exercise it used to be for the young to stir it with a stick and watch its undulations. All the superfluous fat of meat from our kitchen was turned into soft soap in those near-by old times.—Harper's Magazine.

The Badger's Digging Ability.

The sportsman naturalist, St. John, one day found a badger in a trap not much injured. Tying a rope to his hind leg, he drove the animal home—strange to say, the captive beast jogging steadily along in front of him and giving little more trouble than a pig going to market. On reaching home the animal was put for the night into a paved court, where it seemed perfectly secure. "Next morning," said St. John, "he was gone, having displaced a stone that I thought him quite incapable of moving, and then, digging under the wall, he got away."

The Bitter Truth.

Husband (looking up from a book)—Do you know what I would have done if I had been Napoleon Bonaparte?
Wife—Yes, I know. You would have settled down in Corsica and spent your life grumbling about bad luck and hard times.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

His Attractiveness.

He—I can't understand how you should be so taken with Mr. Blakley. There is nothing striking about the man. He is just ordinary.
She—I know, but he is ordinary in such an extraordinary degree!—Boston Transcript.

Growth of the Human Heart.

A scientific analysis of the growth of the human heart demonstrates the fact that the increase is greatest and most rapid during the first and second years of life, its bulk at the end of the second year being exactly double what it originally was. Between the second and seventh years it is again doubled in size. A slower rate of growth then sets in and continues during the period of maturity of other portions of the body. After the fifteenth year up to the fiftieth the annual growth of the heart is about .001 of a cubic in-h, the increase ceasing about the fiftieth year.

The Deluge.

In answer to a correspondent a newspaper says: "The deluge mentioned in the Bible was threatened in the year 1750 B. C. and began on Dec. 7, 1650 B. C., and continued 377 days. The ark rested on Mount Ararat on May 6, 1655, but Noah did not leave it until Dec. 18 following." Any reader who imagines that it would be an easy task to figure these details from a Biblical account can find a task for his calculations in the seventh and eighth chapters of Genesis.

An Even Break.

"She's a girl after his own heart," he says.
"Yes, and he's a man after her money."
"But you know it's whispered on the quiet that she hasn't any money."
"Well, it's a notorious fact that she hasn't any heart."—Houston Post.

Nothing Done.

"You know, they say money talks," suggested the woman with the subscription paper, cheerfully.
"Well, I never was any hand for extravagant speeches," replied the close fistet millionaire.—Syracuse Herald.

"Quick as thought" is not very quick while a light wave would travel around the equator in a second a nerve wave makes but about 100 feet a second.

What He Wanted to Know.

He—But—er—your mother—
She—I am sorry to tell you. Lancelot, that she detests you.
He—That's all right. But has she gone so far as to threaten to be my mother-in-law?—Harper's Weeker.

Life is short, and we have never too little time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the same dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love; make haste to be kind!—Amiel.

Knack of Concealing Their Knack.

"Many women," said the philosopher, "can make their own clothes, but it is the exalted few who can make them so that the others will not suspect it."—Indianapolis News.

When a man is looking for a wife, he wants an angel, but when he goes to housekeeping he sometimes says: "If things because he didn't get a cook."

A Foot's Pastime.

It was not only as a boy that Wordsworth shod with steel, hissed along the polished ice.

He was a skater of skill in his manhood. "A girl skater; none better in these parts," was the testimony of a Dales man, quoted by Canon Hawtrey in his "Lake Country Sketches." On one occasion the poet went by himself to figure a bit upon the White Moss tarn, and a man sent a boy to sweep the snow from the ice for him. When the boy returned from his labor, the man asked:
"Well, did Mr. Wordsworth give you any?"
"Nay," rejoined the boy, with a grin of content from ear to ear. "I seed him tumble too!"

But the lad, who had thought the tumble a fair equivalent for a tip, had been much impressed by the quiet way in which Wordsworth had borne his fall. His skate had caught in a stone when he was in full swing, and he came down with a crash.
"He didn't swear nor say nowt," said the boy, "but he just set up an' said, 'Eh, boy, that was a bad fall, wasn't it?'"

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient, and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion, and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectation in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and debilitating night-sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer climate, you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefited and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c, at H. Alex. Stokes.

HUGHES & POMROY.

UNDERTAKING AND PICTURE FRAMING.

The U. S. Rural League has been tested and found all right. Cheapest form of insurance. Secure a contract. Woodward Building, Reynoldsville, Pa.

PRIESTER BROS.

UNDERTAKERS.

Black and white funeral cars. Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Mrs. Margaret Carlin, late of Reynoldsville Borough, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

Mrs. EMMA C. APPLEGATE, Executrix.
Reynoldsville, Pa., Dec. 12, 1903.

Why not keep your This Year's Resolution

to have a bank account by placing your earnings on deposit at 4 per cent annual interest, compounded twice a year, July 1st and January 1st, i. e.

Germania Savings Bank

Wood and Diamond Streets
PITTSBURG, PENN'A.

UNUSUAL BARGAINS

For the Best Goods and Lowest Prices . .

Ladies and Children

Ladies' Coats and Suits, \$8.50 to \$15.00, Misses' Coats, \$1.50 to \$10.00, Children's Coats, 75 cents to \$5.00. Ladies' Furs 75 cents to \$18.00. Ladies' Furnishing Goods—you can save from 15 to 35 per cent.

Also Men's Clothing . .

Best goods at lowest prices.
Men's Suits from \$4.50 to \$15.00. The best suits you can find. Men's Overcoats \$4.00 to \$15.00. Boy's Suits \$3.50 to \$8.50. Boys' Overcoats. Boys' Knee Pants, 10 to 75 cents.

Come and see for yourself at—

N. HANAU'S.