



Clothcraft Business Suits

embody every feature which appeals to the practical business man.

They are cut on lines which are at once conservative and stylish, and modish without being obtrusive.

Look at the style shown in the illustration.

It is the three button "Euclid."

This suit is a model of perfection in fabric, fit and finish.

See how the front fits without a wrinkle even when only the last button is buttoned.

That is due to the unbreakable front, a distinguishing feature of all Clothcraft Clothes.

You can't get larger daily clothing dividends than \$10 to \$25 invested in this suit will give you.

BING-STOKE Co.
Reynoldsville, Pa.

MOBBED THE CIRCUS.

Experience of an American Show in the South of France.

Everything was smooth sailing for us, writes James A. Bailey in Success in relating the experiences of the circus in Europe, except in the south of France. In one of the first cities at which we gave a performance, after striking south from Paris, we pitched our tents a little way outside the city limits under the brow of a hill. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon we had made up our minds that we were going to have one of the slimmest audiences in our experience. Things had a very dead look. But at half past 1 the people began to swarm over the hilltop. It seems that at noon a half holiday had been proclaimed and the citizens had been finishing the work of the day preparatory to the afternoon at the circus. The whole population was coming to see the show. In twenty minutes all our seats were sold, and yet the people kept swarming in upon us. We shouted to them that there was no more room inside, but this made little impression. They were there to see the show and didn't propose to be disappointed. They began to get excited. What had been merely a peaceable throng of merry-makers was taking on the appearance of a mob. Our best interpreter made a speech to them in which he asked them to name one of their leading men. Full of curiosity, they shouted out the names of several. Finally one came forward, and he was requested to select a committee of four who were to go inside to ascertain for themselves and report to their friends whether or not the tent was completely filled.

The committee was appointed and was escorted inside. The men came out in a few minutes, and one of them mounted a ticket seller's stand and announced that it was as we had said. A howl of disappointment went up. A woman with a baby in her arms called out something and rushed past the ticket seller. This was in the Joan of Arc country, you know, and this woman seemed to possess the spirit of the Maid of Orleans. Instantly the mob was surging in behind her. Many began to cut the guy ropes and crawl in beneath the canvas. The circus was being raided, and we were very fearful that there might be a panic and great loss of life. But meantime one of our men had galloped to the town, and just when things were looking most ominous and we began to be sure that they would pull the tent down upon their heads half a regiment of cavalry came racing over the hill. With drawn sabers they cleared out the people who were not seated, and then they surrounded the tents. Finally, after a long delay, we were able to give the performance. That was the most exciting time I ever experienced in the show business. To make sure that there might be no repetition of it we had a detail of 400 soldiers around our tents at all subsequent performances in the south of France.

An Adventure in India.

An enthusiastic motor cyclist in India, to escape the heat of Bombay, rode his machine up to Khandalla. It is a seventy-odd mile run and the road, until the foot of the ghats is reached, is perfectly flat. Upon the steepest gradient he overtook a herd of water buffalo. Hardly had he gone a yard in front of the animals when one of them took offense at the smell of the gasoline or regarded the labored

"tuff tuff" of the engine as a challenge to mortal combat. It gave a grunt, lowered its head and charged heavily upon the intruder. The road was more than steep. It was dangerous. Or the right hand towered a cliff; on the left there was a drop of nearly 1,000 feet on to the tops of the trees in the valley below. The lumbering beast gained rapidly. Luckily the rider carried a revolver. He drew it and fired back over his shoulder. The first shot missed, the second passed along the animal's side. With a roar of pain the huge beast started aside, slipped on the edge of the "khand" and the next minute crashed down on the tree tops below.

Electroplated Goods.

In the production of electroplated goods for table use, such as spoons, knives and forks and tea sets, the United States is ahead of all other countries," said a manufacturer.

"The chief factor in the American superiority is in the beauty of the designs. There is no style about the wares of the old countries, while over here the plated stuff so nearly resembles the solid silver goods in looks and fineness of workmanship that the average buyer can scarcely tell one from the other. The best grades of the plated product will last twenty-five to thirty years, which is about as long as one wants to keep an article of household use.

"The silver used in their manufacture is not a large element in the cost. The coating of silver goes over a metallic composition in which tin, zinc, antimony and copper are the chief ingredients."—Washington Post.

Flowers in Churches.

Women who take upon themselves the pleasant duty of decorating their churches may be interested in what the bishop of Worcester has to say on the subject. "Flowers," says the bishop, "should be used only on festivals. They should never be allowed to remain after they are withered. There should be voluntary offerings. There is no ecclesiastical reason why they should be put in brazen jars or tortured into unnatural shapes. There should not be too many of them. Leaves or flowers should not be allowed to intrude themselves upon or near the ledge of the pulpit, so as to interfere with the preacher's hands or books or to hinder the proper use of the font."

The Giant Petrel.

The giant petrel of the arctic regions will feed on oil until it is so absolutely gorged as to be unable to rise off the ice in flight. Then it runs along the ice if chased, spreading its wings out as sails. Before being captured, however, the petrel will suddenly stop and discharge a quantity of semidigested food and then go off on a run again. If overtaken a second time it will repeat the performance and when once it has got rid of its dinner flies away.

He Began to Talk Business.

"I shall make you love me yet," declared Mr. Stinjay determinedly. "I shall leave no stone unturned." "Ah, that sounds something like" exclaimed the fair girl. "If the stone weighs not less than a carat and is pure white you may interest me."—Exchange.

It doesn't take a man very long to become wise, but getting other people to recognize your wisdom after you have it is a long and tedious job.

LINCOLN AND LONDON.

Tower Dedicated to Our President in an English Church.

"With charity for all and malice toward none"—these well known words of the great, brave, sagacious Lincoln—appear in large lettering in the creed of Christ church, Westminster road. It is fitting, then, that the imposing tower of this superb structure, costing over £2,000 (\$310,000), should be dedicated to the liberator of a race. Rowland Hill, whose name is linked with the world's great preachers, founded Surrey chapel eighteen years before the close of the eighteenth century. Newman Hall was one of his successors, and under his leadership the church secured this splendid temple and center of Christian service. When the building was still in the hands of the architects Dr. Hill conceived the idea of dedicating the tower to Abraham Lincoln, the martyred president of the United States, and today within the tower you may read the following inscription:

LINCOLN TOWER.

Inaugurated 4th July, A. D. 1876, by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton Bart. The memorial stone was laid 9th July 1874, by the American Minister to this country. The cost (£7,000) was defrayed equally by English and American contributions obtained by the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.D.

It was built in commemoration of the abolition of slavery effected in 1863 by PRESIDENT LINCOLN. And as a token of international brotherhood.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

—St. Nicholas.

THE JAPANESE BABY.

Showered With Gifts Before It Even Makes Its Appearance.

A hundred gifts in various shapes are offered to the baby before its appearance—toys, big ones, of course; pieces of cotton, silk or crepe, invariably with a happy omen in their design, are a joy to the mother. The housemaids will be busy with the baby's dress under the supervision of the grandmother. It will be no slight affair if the baby is a boy—yes, especially if it be the first son.

Parties coming with their congratulations will begin to stream into the house the very next morning after the announcement. They will bring dried fish or a box of eggs to express their good wishes, which will be returned in some form of present when the baby is two weeks old.

On the seventh day after the birth comes the christening, and rice cooked with red beans—doesn't red mean happiness?—will be sent among the friends. Matsu (pine) is a favorite name, since it signifies bravery, keeping green even under winter's frost. Isn't Mume (plum) better, since it is the harbinger of spring, breathing out the most divine odor in the world? Mi amari (going to temple) will take place on the thirtieth day. The boy will be dressed in a kimono. It must be silk, with the family's coat of arms on it. He will be put under the immediate protection of the deity. His fortune will be secured.—Good Housekeeping.

Stature and Illness.

According to a paper read by Dr. Shruball before the British association, sufferers from tonsillitis, rheumatism and heart disease are of a higher stature, and sufferers from tuberculosis, nervous and malignant diseases of a lower stature than healthy individuals.

It appears that blond sufferers from pulmonary tuberculosis respond to treatment better than brunettes, while in diseases of the heart the positions are reversed. It is believed that in successive generations of city life stature shows a progressive diminution and that there is an increase in brunet traits with each generation passing from rural to urban life. With increasing length of residence there is an increase of morbidity among the different classes of Londoners.

Changed His Mind.

A man of notoriously bad character, residing in a village, wished to emigrate. To obtain assistance from the emigration commissioners one must have a character, and the man accordingly asked one from his neighbors. Everybody was anxious he should go, any everybody therefore testified to his excellent reputation. No one was more astonished at this result than the man himself, and after looking at his certificate, with its long list of signatures, "Well," said he, "I had no idea I was so much esteemed in the neighborhood. I think I shall stay."—London Tit-Bits.

Against Precedent.

"De Biter is building a cottage for himself in the mountains, I hear." "Yes, and for a poet he's displaying an atrocious disregard of the fitness of things. He's building right on the top of a hill." "Well?" "Well?" "By all the canons of poetry a cottage in the hills ought to 'nestle.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Younger Generation.

Judge—Can you prove an alibi, Casey? Casey—No, your honor, I can't, but me boy Patsy can do it for ye. He's all troy his arithmetic and way up in algebray.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

CATS AND DOGS.

The Enmity That Exists Between Them and the Reason of It.

Why does the dog hate the cat? Scientists have been investigating the enmity between these animals, and they believe that the instinctive hatred which certain beasts feel for each other is due to inheritance from ancient times when the animals met in a wild state and preyed on each other.

The enmity between cats and dogs seems to be due more to hatred on the part of the dog than of the cat. The latter animal apparently hates dogs because dogs chase her, while the dog hates the cat because she is a cat.

A cat will feed at a place where a dog has been without betraying any signs of anger, but a dog generally becomes excited and wild if he scents the trail of a cat anywhere near his food or sleeping place.

Now this enmity is not to be explained by anything that happens between dogs and cats in domesticity or anything that ever happened between them as long ago as human history goes. In all these thousands of years dogs and cats have been kept as pets, and of all animals they are the two which should be the most friendly.

But the reverse is the case. One naturalist, Dr. Zell, seeks it in the fact that the common cat not only looks like, but smells like, the great cats of prey. And of those cats of prey there is one, much like a domestic cat in many ways, which hunts dogs by preference. This big cat is the leopard.

The domestic cat and her larger relative, the wildcat, have never harmed the race of dogs, but their great speckled cousin is and always has been the most ferocious of dog murderers, and the cat must pay for it.

Authorities agree that there is no animal that the leopard would rather eat than the dog. As a result there are many villages in the districts in which leopards are plentiful where nobody can keep a dog. The great cats will not hesitate to break into the houses to seize their favorite dish.

But, says the doubter, the modern dog certainly could not have known leopards in many thousands of years. He has been a domestic pet in regions where there have been no leopards since man first appeared.

That is true, says Dr. Zell. But he points to the fact that dogs have a habit of turning around several times before they lie down. This, he says, is due to the fact that when they were in a wild state they had to do this to press down leaves and twigs in order to prepare a bed for themselves, and as they have not overcome this habit in all their years of domesticity it is quite natural that they should still inherit fierce hatred of any creature that smells like a leopard.

Dogs and cats are not the only animals that still show inherited fear or hatred of other beasts which they have never seen themselves. Thus the rhinoceros is frantically in fear of anything white, and naturalists say that this is because once upon a time some big white animal hunted him. But that must have been long ago, for there are no big white animals now where the rhinoceros dwells.

Catkins that have never seen a fox will cackle and run in fear if they come across the place where the animal has passed or where his carcass has been dragged. If a fox has been anywhere near a cat's drinking dish the cat will not approach it.—New York Press.

A Spoiled Dinner.

Mme. de Mazarin certainly was eccentric and unfortunate, according to the memoirs of Marquise de Crequy. She never gave a reception without some accident happening. When she had a supper party the kitchen was certain to catch on fire. She gave a grand fete chamber and in order to make it more realistic sent for a flock of real sheep, a heifer, and a shepherd's dog. The flock was to pass behind a glass screen. An unruly buck smashed the glass, and the entire flock, with the heifer and dog, rushed in upon the audience and scattered it. Some of the sheep got access to the supper table, and so there were no refreshments to speak of.

The Prince of Waterloo.

After the battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington was created Prince of Waterloo, and four pensions were conferred on him and his descendants. A Belgian paper states that in the great book of the Belgian public debt there are four entries every year of payments to the Prince of Waterloo. They are 80,106 francs 14 centimes, 492 francs, 25 francs 89 centimes and 3 francs 47 centimes, or a total of more than £3,000.

He Does Go Round Buttin'.

At a dinner recently given in London an American actor proposed the conundrum, "What goes round a button?" After the problem had been given up by the party he gave the answer, "A goat." There was a moment's silence.

Finally one of the women spoke up. "Why," she said in a puzzled tone, "I didn't know they ate buttons."—Harper's Weekly.

Tess—Maud told me she was going to bleach her hair. Fred—How indiscreet! He really ought to keep it dark.—Illustrated Bits.

THE FOOL'S VERDICT.

The Wise Judgment That Was Delivered by Simple Seyny Jean.

Here is a story which has gone the rounds of three and a half centuries. It has been credited to many writers, but was first told by Rabelais:

In Paris at a roast meat cookery of the Pettit Chatelet a certain hungry porter was eating his bread and at the same time sniffing the reek and steam from a fat goose which was being turned on a spit before a great fire, thereby gaining savory accompaniment to his dry ration.

He ate very slowly that he might enjoy the reeking, smoking savor as long as possible, and when his penny loaf had been consumed he attempted to depart. But the cook was not of that mind. The master of the shop laid hold upon him by the gorget, demanding pay for the smoke and steam of the roast goose. The porter demurred. The cook claimed that a portion of the meal had clearly been made from the savor sniffed up and swallowed.

It chanced while the discussion was going on that Seyny Jean, the fool, entered the shop, and the matter was referred to him.

"Will thou submit to the judgment of this good citizen?" asked the cook.

"Aye, by the blood of the goose, that I will," answered the porter.

The story was then told and the case argued. The fool listened attentively, and in the end he asked the porter to let him take two pieces of his money. The poor man drew from his fob two pieces of copper. Seyny Jean took them and juggled them awhile between his two hands and then gave them back whence he had received them. Then to the cook he said: "The porter did smell of thy goose, and thou hast heard the jingle of his money. Thou hast thy goose intact, he hath his money, as seemeth to me right and proper. And now this court doth decree further that every one go about his own business lest we have too many fools among us."

IRVING NO POLITICIAN.

Surprise of the Author at Receiving a Public Position.

President Andrew Jackson in 1829 appointed Washington Irving secretary of the American legation at London. This yielded a salary of \$2,500. Irving was at the Alhambra in Spain when Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, United States consul at London, sent him official advice of his appointment. Irving replied in the following letter:

Alhambra, July 22, 1829. My Dear Colonel—I have just been surprised by tidings of my appointment as secretary of legation at London, an office as unexpected as unasked for by me as that of pope at Rome. It has been equally unasked for by my friends. I confess I have felt great repugnance to enter into the business and bustle of the world and to lay myself under any restraint or responsibility.

An offer like this breaks in upon the quiet, retired literary life in which I have so long indulged. My brothers and my intimate friends, however, are unanimous in urging me to accept, and I have complied with their wishes.

I shall disengage myself, therefore, as soon as possible from my occupations and engagements in Spain and push for London as rapidly as the hot weather will permit. I hope to eat an English beef-steak with you toward the end of August. You need not address any more letters to me to Spain after the receipt of this.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Aspinwall and the young folks, for whom I shall endeavor to bring some marvelous stories, I am, my dear Aspinwall, yours ever, WASHINGTON IRVING.

Martin Van Buren was secretary of state and signed Irving's commission. Probably he never would have been appointed secretary of the legation if it had not been for his older brother, John T. Irving, judge of the court of common pleas in New York city in 1829. Washington Irving a short time before his appointment as secretary of legation had received \$15,000 for his "Columbus." He immediately invested it in a steamboat enterprise and lost it. Judge Irving thought it might be a good thing if he had something in the shape of a regular income, and he used his influence to have him appointed secretary.—New York Tribune.

United States Evidence.

Judge—You are charged with stealing chickens. Uncle Alek—Yes, boss, dat's so. I did it. I can swear to dat. Jes what I did, suah. Judge—Ten dollars and thirty days. Uncle Alek—What's dat, boss? What kind o' laws you got? When a feller turns United States evidence don't you let him go free? Neber ag'in turn state's evidence as long as I lib. Now, you mind dat!—Tabard Inn News.

Woman's Way.

"Jack sent me a handsome mirror for a birthday present." "That accounts for the funny question he asked me last night." "What did he ask you?" "If a woman ever got too old to be pleased with a looking glass."—Pittsburg Gazette.

Feminine View of It.

Her Husband—I suppose a woman would have to be quite a philosopher to be indifferent to her appearance. She—She'd have to be a lunatic.—Brooklyn Life.

Sometimes this happens: A man who has been sensible all his life lets a fool make a fool out of him.—Athenian Globe.

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OTTOS CURE

Cures throat and lung diseases.
Sold by all druggists. 25¢, 50¢
Sold by H. Alex. Stokes.

The Good Old Way.

A severe cold or attack of la grippe is like a fire, the sooner you combat it the better your chances are to overpower it. But few mothers in this age are willing to do the necessary work required to give a good old-fashioned reliable treatment such as would be administered by their grandmothers, backed by Boschee's German Syrup, which was always liberally used in connection with the home treatment of colds and is still in greater household favor than any known remedy. But even without the application of the old fashioned aids German Syrup will cure a severe cold in quick time. It will cure colds in children or grown people. It relieves the congested organs, stops the irritation, and effectively stops the coughs. Any child will take it. It is invaluable in a household of children. Trial size bottle, 25¢; regular size, 75¢. For sale by H. Alex. Stokes.

Cut Your Fuel Bill in Two



IN an ordinary soft coal stove, half of the coal arises in gas and promptly goes up the chimney. When you remember that gas is itself fine fuel, being used in all the large cities for cooking, heating and lighting, you realize how much is saved if the gas doesn't escape, but is held in the stove and burned.

Notice in this picture of Cole's Hot Blast how the draft burns the coal from the top. It discharges a blast of highly heated air over and through the body of fuel, thus distilling the gas from the fuel, oxidizing and burning it before its escape up the chimney. That is why

Cole's Original Hot Blast Saves Half the Fuel

This patented Hot Blast Draft doesn't work in leaky stoves and that is one reason why imitations are failures.

It really makes \$3 soft coal last as long and burn as nicely as \$9 hard coal. This wonderful stove burns anything—hard coal, soft coal, wood, coals, combustible rubbish—anything.

A GUARANTEE GOES WITH IT

A pretty thing to look upon
It is—if you can bear it:
It's scorched all other stoves clear out—
We've heard the folks declare it:

It is by far the swiftest stove
That all the world e'er saw go,
And leaves all heaters far behind—
This HOT BLAST from CHICAGO.

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