

First National Bank

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

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

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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, Nolan block
Fire Proof Vault.

MRS. JENNIE B. PINNEY

Solicits the patronage so generously tendered to her husband, the late N. G. Pinney, of Brookville. All of the

Insurance Companies represented by him have appointed her as his successor.

JOHN TRUDGEN.

Solicitor for Mrs. Pinney in Reynoldsville.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ROMANCE AND SECRET PLACES OF THIS FAMOUS CHURCH.

Mystery of the Door With the Seven Locks That Blocks the Entrance to the Chamber That Was at One Time the Treasury of England.

To the man who thinks he knows every nook and cranny of Westminster abbey it will probably be a surprise to learn that there are many of its most ancient and interesting parts of which he has never even caught a glimpse.

For instance, in the eastern cloister is an ancient double door so guarded against unauthorized intrusion that it can only be opened by seven keys, which are in the jealous custody of its many government officials. Five of the keyholes of this wonderful door, which, by the way, is covered with human skins, are concealed from view by a stout iron bar which traverses it.

This door gives access to a vaulted chamber known as the chapel of the Pyx, the walls of which were standing, as they stand today, before ever the Norman conqueror landed on the shore of Sussex. This chamber was once the treasury of England, to which were brought "the most cherished possessions of the state." The regalia of the Scottish kings and of the Holy Cross of Holyrood were deposited here; for many a year it served as a mint for coining silver and gold; it was, centuries ago, the scene of a daring robbery, when treasure valued at £100,000 (equal to two millions of present day English money) was taken from it, and today it contains, in addition to a stone altar, some old chests, one of which is said to have held the jewels of Norman kings.

Not far away is a passage leading to the little cloister, the arched walls of which were built under the eyes of Edward the Confessor nearly eight and a half centuries ago and which has echoed to the footfall of the first William and his mailed attendants. Hidden from view under the pavement are the bases of the original columns of the abbey, which have also stood since before the conquest, and adjoining the little cloister is a garden, shut off by high walls from the outside world, in which monks meditated and walked and prayed eight centuries ago.

At the southeast corner of the little cloister are the remains of St. Catharine's chapel, which was probably built within living memory of the conquest. The beautiful doorway which once gave access to it now serves as the entrance to one of the official residences, and in its walls are still to be seen traces of the high altar and a fireplace. Not far from this interesting relic of ancient days is a square gray tower which once served the grim purpose of a monastic prison and has also been the repository of the royal jewels (for many years it was known as the "king's jewel house") and acts of parliament. After all these centuries of existence it still has its uses, for in it are kept the standards of weights and measures.

Few who have explored the abbey have been privileged to inspect the chapter library, with its treasures of books and manuscripts many centuries old, or perhaps know that under the passage leading to the chapter house lies the dust of the first abbot of Westminster, who had his day when the confessor was king of England. The chapter house, which is open to the public, has, of course, centuries of interesting memories. It was originally the chamber where the abbot and monks used to transact their monastic business; for many generations the commons sat and legislated here before moving to the chapel of St. Stephen in Westminster palace, and in later years it was used as a storehouse for the public records, including the original Domesday Book. Beneath the chapter house is a crypt, the entrance to which is kept jealously locked and which seems to have served the purpose of a strong room to the Plantagenet kings, and not far from the chapter house is St. Faith's chapel, at one time the vestry of the abbey and in which the ancient and priceless altar plate of the abbey is kept.

Of peculiar interest is the Jerusalem chamber, which was built more than 500 years ago and was probably at one time the abbot's withdrawing room. It was in this chamber that Henry IV. died, in curious fulfillment of a prophecy that he should die in Jerusalem: It hath been prophesied me many a year I shall not die but in Jerusalem. Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land. But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie. In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

And in the same chamber Addison, Congreve and Prior lay in state before their splendid interment in the abbey.

A Notable Deficiency.
The Professor—Of course in many respects the ancients were far behind us in civilization. His Wife—Yes. Now, I never heard you say that anybody had discovered the ruins of an ancient retail dry goods store.—Brooklyn Life.

A Candid Critic.
Author—Is it true that you say my latest is the worst book I ever wrote? Critical Acquaintance—Nonsense, my dear fellow. What I said was that it was the worst book anybody ever wrote; not you in particular.

BIRTHDAYS IN JAPAN.

All the Girls Celebrate in February, All the Boys in May.

The Japanese have a queer way of celebrating birthdays. Instead of a party in June for little Tama and a party in September for little O'tatsu and a party in December for little Ume there's a party in February in honor of all the little girls and one in May for all little boys. In February every little girl receives from all her grownup relatives and friends gifts of dolls, and besides these dolls her mother takes out of the closet many of the dolls she had when she was a child and some even older dolls that the little girl's grandmother had when she was a little tot, and I dare say there are dolls that belonged to the little girl's great-grandmother and even her great-great-grandmother, quaint dolls in faded clothes of a hundred years and more ago, carefully handed down from mother to daughter ever since. I saw one old doll, about six inches tall, dressed as a daimio, or great lord of bygone times, in gorgeous brocade robes, covered with steel armor of little overlapping plates, just as beautifully made as if for a real warrior. He wore a tiny helmet and carried two tiny swords not as large as matches. You could draw the swords out of their scabbards just like real ones, and they were as sharp as they could be. Well, for about a week all Japan is one grand dolls' tea party. And then the festival is over, and all the best dolls, even the presents to the little girl, are put carefully away, never to be even looked at for a whole year. I don't see how the little Japanese girls can bear that part of it.

Then at the 1st of May comes the boys' festival—the fish festival, it is called. Every family that's lucky enough to have a boy puts up a flag pole in the dooryard, or perhaps several families combine to use the same pole and have it a bigger, handsomer one than one family could afford. On the top of the pole is a gilt ball or else a basket with something bright and tinselly in it. And flying from the pole in the brisk spring winds is a whole string of carp made of oiled paper or cloth, painted in bright colors and anywhere from five to fifteen feet long. Each fish belongs to some particular boy, and the carp is chosen because it is a big, strong fish and not only can swim against the most rapid currents, but in its eagerness to get upstream will leap straight up waterfalls. The gold ball means a treasure, which the carp, leaping and struggling, buffeted by the wind, is forever trying to reach. And the whole thing means that the boy when he's a man will have to battle his way as the sturdy carp struggles up the river. The fishes look so very pretty and gay, flying over his house, and the boy gets so many treats at fish festival time that I don't think he minds even if the carp is a nice little jolly lecture on ambition.—St. Nicholas.

A Gentle Knock.
Those who are in the habit of arriving home in the early hours and finding their doors and windows locked and their "folks" asleep beyond the power of the doorbell to awaken them will find comfort in a new recipe for their relief offered by the New York Evening Post.

A man who had banged the front door and rattled the knob for nearly an hour appealed to a policeman to help him break a pane of glass or open a window.

"It isn't necessary," said the policeman. "I'll wake up your family."

He walked up the street to a pile of building material and brought back a piece of board about five feet long. This he slammed flat sided against the side of the house with a tremendous whang.

"I guess that'll rouse 'em," he said. "You see, that sort of a blow sets the whole house to vibrating and makes the folks inside dream of dynamite explosions."

He had hardly uttered the words when a front window opened and a head appeared.

"Oh, officer," gasped a woman's voice, "what in goodness' name was that awful noise?"

Good Looks and Conceit.
The man's Apollo is generally a comely specimen of flesh and blood, with a blooming cheek and bright eye, who is a credit to his tailor. Women admire a more rugged type, or a type in which a tinge of asceticism is combined with intense nervous strength, or the picturesque may take their fancy. Roughly, the good looking are vain or not, in proportion as they are dowered with the saving salt of humor. So with the women. The pretty dolls may be vain. The nobler and more interesting beauties are probably less so than their plainer sisters, for the simple reason that their physical charms are undoubted and have been tacitly acknowledged ever since they can remember. They shine without effort, and their attention is preoccupied with other things.—London Chronicle.

A Word of Warning.
Wife—I must run across the street and bid Mrs. Neighbor goodby. I'll be back in a second. Husband—Well, you'll have to hurry. The train leaves in three hours.

BREAD IN CHINA.

Curious Sights in Peking—Dispensing of Perishable Wares.

Among the many curious sights in China none presents a stranger aspect to our American eyes than the bread peddlers and their methods of dispensing their wares. They carry their stock in trade about with them, either in oval boxes strapped to their backs or in two boxes depending from a yoke across the shoulders or on trays held by a strap hung from the neck and carried in front of them, after the manner in which the pianist of Simple Simon fame is invariably pictured by all orthodox illustrators of Mother Goose. In the city of Tientsin these street vendors offer three different kinds of bread for sale. Two of these are twisted in oval shape; the third is a thin, crisp cake sprinkled with seeds of sesame, that magic word which at once recalls to our minds the wonderful tale of All Baba and the Forty Thieves. How little we ever dreamed when we listened spellbound in our childhood days to the thrilling account of All Baba's adventures that he should ever behold, far less taste, the fateful sesame, the name of which proved so illusive to our hero at the crucial moment when he was confronted by the rock of difficulty! But the peddler's bread is not more curious than his method of selling it, for it is frequently disposed of by raffie, for which purpose he carries three dice, held in a little dish.

In Peking, the capital of the Celestial empire, the bread peddlers generally come from the provinces, mostly from Shantung. They are called popo sellers. Their street cry, "Yao-chin-manton?" ("Can I sell you a pound of bread?") is often heard until late in the evening. Their bread is made of wheat flour and baked in hot vapors, distinguished from another kind which is baked in hot pans. They also sell several varieties of popo, or baked goods, a special favorite with the Chinese being an oval oil cake made of the very best flour, usually eaten with pork, sausage or liver.

The Mohammedans in China have a reputation for good bread and evidently wish to be known as pure food advocates, for in order to enable customers to distinguish their wares from those of other vendors they ornament their carts or boxes with the Moslem emblem. This consists of a vase containing a branch of the olive tree, on the top of which is perched the Mohammedan cap. On each side of this design is inscribed the motto, "Pure and True Islam." These Mohammedan peddlers also sell a kind of patty filled with a mixture of meat, vegetables, oil and sage. Another of their products, which is called "la shouning ya chakuel," is a large roasted cake or dumpling baked in oil. Many of these Chinese confections are much more appetizing than one would imagine from the description; but, like many foreign dishes, the taste for them must be acquired by cultivation before they can be thoroughly appreciated.

The average Chinaman eats very little bread prepared according to our American formulas; consequently the bakery and confectionery shops are few and far between. Like all other stores in China, they are open in front, with no partition to protect them from the heat or cold or the dust of the streets. Wooden shutters are used to close them up at night. One finds practically the same wares at the bakers' as the bread peddlers offer for sale. Among them is one special kind of cake having the figure of a hare imprinted on it, which is eaten by the Chinese in honor of the birthday of the moon. As soon as the festivities celebrating this anniversary are over the cakes are withdrawn from sale and are not again displayed until the next moon birthday, which corresponds in season to our Easter.—Living Church.

Nothing Wasted.
Chemistry, like a thrifty housewife, economizes every scrap. The horse-shoe nails dropped in the streets are carefully collected and reappear as swords and guns. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was probably once the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The shavings of the traveling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs and the worst kind of woolen rags, and these are worked up into an exquisite blue dye which graces the dresses of courtly dames.

The drugs of port wine, carefully decanted by the toper, are taken in the morning as a seditive powder to remove the effect of the debauch. The offal of the streets and the wastings of coal gas reappear carefully preserved in the ladies' smelling bottle or used by her to favor blancmange for her friends. All thrift is an imitation of the economy of nature, which allows no waste.—London Answers.

A Narcotic.
Teacher—Give me a familiar instance of a narcotic. (Pupil hesitates.) Teacher—What does your father smoke in his pipe? Pupil—Mother says it smells like hayseed, but I guess it's leather.

Free Fiction.
Mrs. Muggins—Do you read much fiction? Mrs. Buggins—No; I get all the fiction I want listening to my husband's reasons for coming home late.—Philadelphia Record.

The Baby Beetle's Cradle.

If, at almost any time of the year, we walk through the woods where the red, scarlet, black or pin oaks are growing—that is, where we find those that ripen their acorns in two seasons and therefore belong in the pin oak group—we shall probably find on the ground fallen branches that vary in size from that of a lead pencil to that of one's thumb or even larger. These at the broken end appear as if cut away within the wood, so that only a thin portion is left under the bark. Within the rather uneven cut, generally near the center of the growth, is a small hole tightly plugged by the "powder post" of a beetle larva. Split open the branch or twig, when a burrow will be seen, and the little, white, soft, hard jawed larva that made it will be found or perhaps the inactive pupa.—St. Nicholas.

Why Sailors Wear Collars.
Probably not many people, including the wearers themselves, know the origin of the sailor's collar. Many years ago when Jack Tars wore their hair in pigtails, which they were in the habit of keeping very greasy, the backs of their coats used to get in a very dirty and untidy condition owing to coming in contact with the hair, consequently the order was given for a detachable and washable collar to be worn, so that they might look more tidy.—London Standard.

Forget Once in a While.
The health of the body as well as of the mind depends upon forgetting. To let the memory of a wrong, of angry words, of petty meanness, linger and rankle in your memory will not only dissipate your mental energy, but it will react upon the body. The secretions will be diminished, digestion impaired, sleep disturbed and the general health suffer in consequence. Forgetting is a splendid mental calisthenic and a good medicine for the body.

What Tact Is.
What we call tact is the ability to find before it is too late what it is that our friends do not desire to learn from us. It is the art of withholding on proper occasions information which we are quite sure would be good for them.—S. M. Crothers.

What is Celebrity?
The advantage of being known to people who don't know you.—Chamfort.



Perfect SKIN FOOD

Beauty Within Your Reach.

Why have a poor complexion when Perfect Skin Food will do so much for you?

This is the kind of weather that spoils a good complexion.

Perfect Skin Food is a positive relief for chapped hands, chafing, and all afflictions of the skin due to winter weather.

Delightful after shaving. Yes, we will give you a sample. Full size jar, 25 cents.

REYNOLDS DRUG COMPANY.

WANTED!

Girls to learn Weaving and Winding. Enterprise Silk Co.

JOHN C. HIRST,

CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER, Surveyor and Draughtsman. Office in Sol Shaffer building, Main street.

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J. H. HUGHES,

UNDERTAKING AND PICTURE FRAMING. The U. S. Burial League has been tested and found all right. Cheapest form of insurance. Secure a contract. Near Public Fountain, Reynoldsville, Pa.



Sick-Headache.

Up to one year ago I had a severe sick-headache every Sunday, just as regularly as the day came. At such times I could not eat and could not raise my head from the pillow without being violently nauseated. Celery King has cured me, and now I never have headache.—Mrs. Wm. Elliott, 25 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
By enriching the blood, toning the nerves and strengthening the stomach, Celery King makes sick-headache impossible.
Sold by H. Alex. Stokes.

Honey!

The nectarine of flowers—sweet product of the busy bee.

Wouldn't it surprise you to know that the annual production of honey almost equals the rice crop in value.

'T is true nevertheless—because Uncle Sam's staticians tell the truth.

PURE HONEY is not only the most wholesome of all sweets, but the most delicious.

OUR HONEY is procured from one of the best apiaries in the country—it comes to us in the comb—you can be sure it's not adulterated.

C. P. KOERNER

Main Street. GROCER Reynoldsville, Pa.

FEBRUARY SHOE SALE!

We've Got too Many Shoes— Have You?

If not, come here and get a pair at a Price so Low it will Astonish You.

Spring stock will soon be here and we must have room for it. Besides it's the policy of this store never to carry stock from season to season and WE NEVER WILL. Here are inducements that will make your feet and purse very uneasy.

MEN'S SHOES.	WOMEN'S SHOES.
\$3.50 Shoes for \$2.60.	\$3.00 Shoes for \$2.19.
2.50 Shoes for 1.89.	2.50 Shoes for 1.78.
2.00 Shoes for 1.59.	2.00 Shoes for 1.50.
1.75 Shoes for 1.15.	1.50 Shoes for 1.10.

Boys' and Girls' Shoes at 1-3 Off Regular Price.

COME AND GET FIRST PICK. DON'T DELAY.

Adam's Shoe Store

—Successor to Robinson's—
REYNOLDSVILLE PENNSYLVANIA.

Special Drive for February.

Six pounds nice new meaty Prunes for 25 cents. Sold regularly 8 cents per pound.

Six pounds clear flinty Carolina Rice for 25 cents.

Robinson & Mundorff.