

## A CRAFT IN BALLAST.

This earth is not the steadfast place  
We landmen build upon;  
From deep to deep she varies pace,  
And while she comes is gone.  
Beneath my feet I feel  
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;  
With velvet plunge and soft upreel  
She swings and stumbles to her keel  
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,  
The sun is her masthead light,  
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail  
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.  
Now hid, now looming clear,  
On the face of the dangerous blue  
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,  
But on, but on does the old earth steer  
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,  
Though she goes so far about?  
Or, blind astray, does she make her  
sport?  
To bruise and chance it out?  
I watched when her captains passed;  
She were better captainless,  
Men in the cabin, before the mast,  
But some were reckless and some aghast;  
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battered hatch I learned and  
caught  
Sounds from the noisome hold—  
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught  
And cries too and to be told.  
Then I strove to go down and see;  
But they said, "Thou art not of us!"  
I turned to those on the deck with me  
And cried "Give help!" But they said  
"Let be."  
Our ship sails faster thus.  
—William Vaughn Moody.

## FATE'S STRANGEST MOVE.

I was only a young man then—  
Twenty-six—just married, and with a  
reputation to make. At that time the  
whole detective staff were engaged on  
the mysterious Damian case, which  
you no doubt remember. No?

It was this: Miss Damian was a  
wealthy old lady who lived on the  
outskirts of Windsor. She was eccen-  
tric, but generous, and lived alone  
with a man and his wife as servants,  
whom she treated very kindly.

One morning the female servant, al-  
most dead with fright, crawled into  
the Windsor police station with the  
intelligence that thieves had broken  
into the house during the night, and  
that something dreadful had happen-  
ed.

Miss Damian had heard them and  
cried out. Petworth, her husband, had  
gone to Miss Damian's aid. She her-  
self was so terrified that she dared  
not move. She heard a groan, and  
lay paralyzed with terror till it was  
light, and had then crept down the  
back staircase, and brought the news.  
What had really taken place she did  
not know.

Two officers went back with her.  
They found Petworth on the stairs,  
unconscious from a great wound in  
his head, and Miss Damian outside  
her bedroom door, stone dead.

Petworth was taken to the infirmary  
at once, and the hue and cry was  
raised. Windsor telegraphed to us.  
Two of us went. We came to the  
conclusion that it was a London job.

We worked hard to secure the mur-  
derers. We made every inquiry at  
Windsor and at the railway stations.  
We closely watched all known thieves  
in town, and arrested on suspicion  
those whom we thought likely. But it  
was useless. For several weeks we  
exerted ourselves to the utmost, but  
it became one of those many crimes  
that seem fated to be a secret. Of  
course the papers, who were wiser  
than we, were very severe with us on  
account of our failure. We had come  
to the conclusion that it was one of  
a series of robberies that had taken  
place within a radius of thirty miles  
from London, which had all of them  
completely baffled us.

One evening, about a month after  
the murder, being off duty, my wife  
asked me to take a message to her  
brother, a Strand tobacconist's assist-  
ant. My wife used to tell me I was  
the handsomest man of the force, and  
she delighted in making me look as  
smart as possible. As I was going  
out she plucked a carnation and stuck  
it in my buttonhole, laughingly de-  
claring I looked "just lovely." Little  
did we guess that that simple flower  
would bring fortune to one and death  
to another.

I found my brother-in-law was not  
there, being out on business, but was  
expected back by the train due at  
Charing Cross at 7.15; so I strolled up  
to the station to meet him. A train  
had just arrived, and I sauntered up  
and down the platform watching the  
arrivals.

Everybody had cleared away from  
the platform when a veiled lady came  
hurrying by. She looked at me and,  
I observed, took particular notice of  
the flower in my coat. She made as  
if to pass me, but turned around.

"Good evening, Mr. Trenchard," she  
said in an inquiring tone.

I do not know what spirit of mis-  
chief it was that prompted me, but I  
answered "Good evening."

"I should have known you by the  
description I've had of you, sir, as  
well as by your flower, but I thought  
you would speak first."

What did that woman mean? A de-  
tective is always suspicious; a young  
detective, eager to achieve fame, more  
than suspicious. There was something  
about the woman I didn't like, and I  
determined to let her talk on, little  
dreaming what was to follow.

I noticed that the tone of voice did  
not correspond with her dress. She  
was dressed richly, if not exactly ele-  
gantly; but her speech showed that  
she was a person of little education.

"Although you have never seen me  
before, sir, you may put full confidence  
in me. I am Bill's wife, you know,  
and one of you now. You know, sir,  
how things turned out?"

"Yes, but let me have the particu-  
lars again, I said ardently.

"Well, Bill and Alec are in a blue  
funk; I never thought Bill would be  
so nervous as he is; they want to go  
over the water for a bit. Bill said I  
must tell you as they didn't mean to  
do for the old lady, nor even hurt her."

squeak, I can tell you sir. Bill'll take  
his Bible oath he didn't hit hard, and  
he thought he had only stunned her,  
and Alec says the same about her  
man. They got away with the swag,  
and a nice sum it is—in a whisper—  
"close upon two thousand."

"We've been in a funk ever since.  
Tees been about everywhere, but they  
never suspected us. But it makes us  
feel nervous to see them about. Bill  
and Alec want to get off this week,  
and they want you to manage it for  
them."

"What do you wish me to do?" I  
asked.

"Well, Bill's plan is this: He thinks  
the best way would be to escape  
dressed up as sailors. He says would  
you send or bring two suits of sail-  
or's clothes, and give them to me here.  
Then Bill wants you to bring your  
yacht round into the Thames, and  
fix a night for Bill and Alec to come.  
They'll pretend to be slightly slewed  
if any one is about and you must be  
looking out for 'em and blow 'em up  
for not being on board before. Bill's  
sure they can get through all right  
that way."

"And supposing I refuse?" I asked,  
rather foolishly.

She looked at me in surprise.  
"Refuse, sir! Oh, I know sir, you  
won't refuse. I said to Bill, 'Spose  
Mr. Trenchard says no, how then?'  
Bill only laughs and says: 'It'll be all  
right, for he hasn't forgotten the Le-  
ward business.'"

I had great difficulty in again re-  
pressing my emotion. Was I about  
to solve the Leward mystery too?

"Oh, very well," I added hastily, as  
if mention of the Leward affair was  
enough. "I'll be here myself to-mor-  
row night at the same time. And be  
sure you come yourself. It would be  
too risky with 'tees about and Bill  
and Alec nervous, for anyone else to  
come; and I'll let you know to-morrow  
night when I'll have the yacht round."  
"Thank you, sir; I knew you would.  
And be sure to bring the suits in a  
Gladstone bag. Peelers are down on  
bundles."

"Yes, very well; and now you'd bet-  
ter go. Have a handson?"

"Yes, thank you, sir," and she was  
soon out of the station.

I was so excited and elated that I  
scarcely knew what I was doing as I  
paced up and down the platform  
thinking over what I had just heard  
till another incident called me to my-  
self.

Another train had just come in that  
was evidently late. One of the pas-  
sengers about my size and looks, and  
with a flower like mine in his coat  
lingered on the platform, looking  
keenly about. I saw it all. The train  
late, and my carnation had revealed  
the Damian murderers to me. I took  
the flower out of my coat, and then  
called a smart looking porter.

"Look her," I said, "do you know  
me?"

"No," he said.

"Well, I come from Scotland Yard  
and I've a job on, and I want you to  
do a little for me. It's not much, and  
if you do it well here's a sovereign for  
you."

"Yes, I'll do it," he said, his eyes  
glistening.

"There a gentleman up on the plat-  
form yonder with a red carnation in  
his coat, looking around for some one.  
I want you to go up to him and say,  
'A young lady was here, sir, and she  
said would I tell a gentleman with a  
carnation in his buttonhole that all  
was right; that she had gone back,  
and that it would be better not to  
trouble you.' You can remember?"

"Yes," he nodded.

"And if you can find out whether  
he's going back, and where to."

He started off, and I stood where  
I could see them without being seen.  
Presently the porter came back.

"He looked mighty pleased, sir,"  
and then said: "How soon is there a  
train for Westsea?" "In ten minutes  
sir," I said; "further platform." And  
off he's gone."

"Thank you, you've done well, not  
a word about this, now," and I gave  
him a sovereign.

I ran to the office, booked, and then  
went toward the Westsea train. I  
found my gentleman in a first-class  
carriage. I got into a second. I looked  
out at every station to be sure that  
"Westsea" was not a blind, but no,  
he got out at Westsea, and I followed.

"Hansom!" I heard him call, and  
one came up. He was evidently well  
known, for the driver did not need  
any directions. I walked up to the  
next in the rank.

"A cab, sir?"

"No," I said; "but here's a shilling  
if you'll tell me if that isn't Lord  
Hayleth who just took the hansom."

"Oh, no, sir; that is Mr. Trenchard  
of Westmare House."

## "What is he?"

"Oh, a hindependent gentleman, sir.  
Made his pile in the north, and came  
to live down here. He's a nice and  
openhanded gentleman, is Mr. Tren-  
chard. He's in the Town Council and a  
magistrate, and it strikes me he'd be  
in parliament if Westsea only had a  
say in the matter. His yacht, the Cleo-  
patra, is in the bay now."

"Thank you," I said, as I tipped  
him. And, well content, I went back  
to town.

I told my superior that I had a clue  
to the Damian murders if they would  
give me a free hand.

"Certainly, Beckett," said my  
chief; "and I hope you'll succeed.  
Promotion is sure if you do."

At 9 o'clock that evening I met  
Bill's wife again. I handed her a por-  
tmanteau containing two sailor suits,  
and gave her explicit directions.

"You will tell them to come down  
to Septon Wharf, and I will be there  
myself, and some of the crew. Or,"  
recollecting myself, "I will send my  
captain."

"Thank you, sir, very much. Bill  
will bring a thousand for you, and he  
says that they will be able to do a  
bit of work in Paris, for Bill can  
Parlez-vous pretty well."

"Now, listen. Tell them to say 'Houp  
la!' when they get to the wharf and see  
a boat, and I will answer with the  
same. Now just go over what I have  
told you."

sra'sv-ts, a-o-m ' forgase lgoe b  
Straightway she recounted my in-  
structions, and with a cordial "Good  
night" she left me.

I had a busy time the next day. I  
applied for, and was granted, as many  
men as I wanted. I sent one, on whom  
I placed most reliance, down to West-  
sea to watch Trenchard, while I ar-  
ranged the capture of Bill and Alec.

My heart beat wildly as, with four  
policemen disguised as sailors, we  
rowed up to the rendezvous. I instructed  
my men that directly the two came  
in the boat they were to shove off  
(it was hardly likely that they could  
find out the deception in the dark),  
and when I said "Now" they were to  
get up and handcuff the pair.

We lay for some time so perfectly  
still that we could almost hear our  
hearts beat, for my men were suffer-  
ing from suppressed emotion as  
much as I myself. Presently two fig-  
ures came slowly through the gloom,  
and stood above us.

"Houp la!" said one, just loud  
enough to be heard.

I responded with the same word, and  
rowed the boat close in. They came  
down, while I on the steps held in the  
boat. They peered at me doubtfully,  
but I said:

"It's all right; Mr. Trenchard  
couldn't come himself, so he sent me.  
I'm his sailing master. Jump in quick;  
he said we must waste no time."

Full of confidence, they obeyed, and  
sat down in the stern beside me. We  
went out about thirty yards, when I  
said to the one I took to be Bill:

"Just go and sit in the bow; we're  
too many here."

I could see the men quivering as Bill  
rose and began to walk carefully to-  
ward the bow. He had got in the mid-  
dle of the boat when I cried out:

"Now," and turned on a dark lantern  
I had.

Instantly two policemen fell on each  
passenger, and in a moment they were  
handcuffed.

"Two of you row back, and you,  
Stimmonds and Thomas, keep guard."  
I will not waste words in describing  
the stupefaction of the twain.

"Be sure they've no weapons," I  
said, "before we land."

They were at once searched, and  
we found they each had a revolver.  
We took them up the steps, hailed  
the two cabs we had in waiting, and  
took them to the station.

"What's the meaning of this?" said  
Bill, who was in the same cab as my-  
self, when at last he found his tongue.

"Oh, only this," I said sweetly:  
"The next time you send your wife  
to meet somebody, you ought to make  
sure she will speak to the right per-  
son."

"Great Scott!" he groaned, "she's  
given us away," and, coward-like, he  
sobbed aloud.

When the charge was read over to  
them, Alec said: "Lord have mercy  
on us! It's the rope Bill!"

As I had foreseen, we got some  
very valuable information. There was  
a gang of five with Trenchard as leader.  
From what they said, he was an  
extremely daring man. He lived in  
grand style at Westsea, as I already  
knew. He seldom committed a ro-  
bbery himself, but his was the master  
mind that arranged all. He moved in  
good society, and that aided him in  
his crimes, and many of his friends  
and acquaintances who had been  
robbed little thought that their charm-  
ing guest was the head and front of  
the theft.

Next morning two of us went down  
to Westsea. We were very fortunate.  
He was on the station platform, look-  
ing at the bookstall, when he found  
each arm seized, and I said:

"Edward Trenchard, I arrest you."  
Our extreme caution was justified,  
for he fought like a wild beast, and  
we had to call assistance before we se-  
cured him.

The case created quite a sensation,  
and for a short time my praises were  
sung loudly. We also managed, after  
a few weeks, to secure the remaining  
members of the gang. Bill and Alec  
escaped the rope for what I consider  
a worse fate—a life sentence.

But Trenchard did not escape. The  
Leward murder (I have not time to  
give you the particulars) was brought  
home to him, and one wild March  
morning a flag that hung above a pris-  
on wall told that the magistrate of  
Westsea had paid the penalty of his  
crimes.—London Mirror.

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST MARKET.

### NIJNI NOVGOROD RUSSIA FAIR IN ITS OLD GLORY.

Remarkable Gathering of Mussulmans  
of Russian Empire—Shrewdness of  
the Tartars—How Scales Are Made  
—Fair Grounds in a Mud Flat  
Along the Volga—Picturesque Dress  
of Attendants.

During the last two and a half years  
neither the German commercial travel-  
ler nor his wares have had much  
chance to get along the Siberian rail-  
road. Now that the twin line of  
steel, running for six thousand miles  
from Moscow to Vladivostok, is free  
from the conveyance of troops, the  
Siberian towns, which have been starv-  
ing for goods, are demanding large  
supplies and speedy deliveries. In the  
disturbed condition of the country,  
however, German firms have shown  
no eagerness to risk the lives of their  
travellers in a region where the value  
of life is decreasingly regarded, nor  
to forward goods for which there is  
a very problematic prospect of pay-  
ment. Accordingly, Mahomet has had  
to come to the mountain, and this  
season writes Foster Fraser in the  
Lancet Standard, Nijni Novgorod is  
basking in its old glory.

The fair has provided opportunity  
for a remarkable gathering—a con-  
gress representing twenty million Mus-  
sulmans in the Russian Empire—Mos-  
lems from south Russia, men who have  
taken to the garb and customs of the  
West, and who, with their hair cropped  
a la Franciscan and imperials, dark  
gray lounge jackets and patent leather  
boots, might easily be mistaken for  
Parisians; Moslems from Mongolia and  
Bokhara, men slim and sallow and  
seated, with shaven heads and henna  
dyed beards; men in long flowing and  
embroidered sheepskin coats, boots of  
red and turbans of green, who, for  
sitting, find the floor more comfortable  
than chairs.

The Tartars are the cleverest mer-  
chants who come to Nijni Novgorod.  
Whether it be in the selling of "over-  
land" tea—believed by the Muscovite  
to have been brought by caravan from  
China, but which has been sent around  
by ship to Odessa and trained to Nij-  
ni—or in making a fuss with precious  
stones which he hints have been stolen  
from the mines, and therefore are to  
be obtained as a bargain, but which  
are imitation, made in a Parisian fac-  
tory, the Tartar scores.

He stands by his shed or stall, look-  
ing cold and grimy, his fur cap down  
over his ears and his hands hid in the  
sleeves of his skin coat, which is badly  
tanned and most unappetizing in odor.  
He has wondrous stacks of skins, from  
silver fox down to rat. You can walk  
the better part of a mile past shops  
crowded with skins, most requiring to  
be cured. For a year Siberia is hunt-  
ed for skins to supply the Nijni Nov-  
gorod mart. The tribes of the north  
stalk in the winter; colonies of polit-  
ical exiles have sometimes little other  
means of winning a livelihood than by  
getting skins.

Over hundreds of miles of trackless  
snow the skins are hauled till a river  
is reached. Then by boat they are  
brought to some place where the Si-  
berian railway can be touched or are  
taken to some affluent of the Volga.  
The Tartar merchant has his buyers  
everywhere. In his slothful but still  
methodical way he meets the skins at  
certain points and arrives at Nijni  
Novgorod with perhaps a couple of  
thousand pounds worth of goods.

The market is conducted on strictly  
Eastern principles. There is no fixed  
price. Everything is worth what it  
will fetch. The Tartar asks twice  
as much as a thing is worth, aware all  
the time that you know he is asking  
double what he will accept. You offer  
half what the thing is worth, aware  
that he knows that you intend to  
increase the offer. So, much time  
is wasted by him regretfully lowering  
his price and you grudgingly raising  
your offer, until at the end you come  
very near if not actually to the price  
you both know to be about right.

There are splashes of the pictur-  
esque about the people who attend the  
fair. They have come from all points  
of the compass, by the slow and dirty  
Russian trains, by the huge, commodi-  
ous, shallow draughted, naptha driven  
Volga boats—quite as big as the notor-  
ious floating towns on American  
streams—and by caravan. Russians  
from the towns are dressed in the  
European style, on the German model;  
Russians from the country are in wide  
trousers and top boots, flapping red  
shirts and thick belts; they are bearded  
while the hair is cropped short and the  
back of the neck shaved; their women  
are plain, stout, figural, and have  
shawls tied about their heads.

There are the brown cloaked, sheep-  
skin hatted Persians from below the  
Caucasus mountains; there are al-  
mond eyed Mongols, shrivel faced and  
wisp whiskered; there are tawny Bu-  
riats and gay robed men from Bok-  
hara; there are innumerable Tartars,  
some accompanied by their women  
folks; fat, swaddled, wearing collar  
box hats of velvet decorated with  
pearls.

The fair grounds is a mud flat lying  
across the Volga from Nijni Novgorod  
proper. There are rows upon rows  
of cheap brick sheds, one story high,  
yellow ochred, with a pavement of  
sorts. The roadway, once cobbled, is  
a mass of disgusting mire. Peasant  
carts, in charge of inconsequent  
teams hauling miscellaneous merchan-  
dise, yell and bawl. A jolting drosky  
attempting to dash by splashes the  
uniform of a Russian officer with alth  
and as the Russian language is well  
stored with epithets there is violent  
cursing. Russian soldiers, unwashed

and in unkempt clothing, trudge soli-  
tarily in the gutter, carrying big loaves  
of black bread under their ostlers.

A cadaverous, long haired, black  
gowned priest goes hurrying by. Old  
women cross themselves and young  
men spit on the ground. A bunch of  
porcine Chinese in blue jackets and  
with swinging pigtails come over the  
bridge from Chinatown, where all the  
buildings have eaves that leer, and on  
the doors are painted rampant dragons  
of fearful design, intended to frighten  
away thieves—which they probably do.  
Tinkle, tinkle and an awkward heave  
and bump electric tramcar comes siz-  
zling along.

Some Moslems are facing the east,  
fancying they look toward Mecca,  
which they do not, and are performing  
their devotions in the street. Moscow  
merchants are in an adjoining cafe,  
and a gramophone blares "I wouldn't  
leave my little wooden hut for you."

There is the constant click of the  
abacus—beads on wires, on which we  
learned to count as children, and with-  
out which the Russian, inheriting his  
use from Tartar ancestors, cannot  
reckon how many two and three total.  
A playbill on the side of a rickety  
kiosk announces a performance—in  
Russian, of course—"The Geisha."  
Nowhere have I seen such a jostling  
of East and West.

One likes to think Nijni Novgorod  
fair is Oriental. It is customary to  
associate the Orient with the dazzling.  
But there is nothing dazzling about  
the fair. The Eastern practice is fol-  
lowed of having all the shops selling  
particular wares in one district. I  
looked for old silver and found cart-  
loads of crude Austrian electroplate.  
I sought antique rugs and got a head-  
ache looking at the vile, highly colored  
and grotesquely patterned mats manu-  
factured in German Poland. The only  
embroideries were imitation rubbish  
from Switzerland. In a dirty cafe I  
did come across some melancholy Per-  
sians who had turquoise and opal  
stones to sell, and we spent a rainy  
afternoon in haggling.

Yet there is a fascination in the mul-  
titude of articles. At times one can  
imagine that all the manufactures of  
shoddy articles have dumped their  
things on Volga-side. Try to picture  
a third of a mile of tombstones for  
sale—though, Hibernian like, most of  
the stones are of wood. Here the  
merchant from the far interior may  
acquire a really striking monument  
which will make him the envy of his  
neighbors who have never been to the  
fair. A whole street is devoted to  
the sale of ikons, pictures of saints  
set out in Byzantine style in flaming  
gilt, and to be found in every Russian  
house in the right hand corner at the  
upper end of the room.

There are streets sacred to the sale  
of Russian boots—there must be mil-  
lions of them. Battalions of sacks  
laden with raisins block one thorough-  
fare; another road is a maze of bales  
of wool. A row of shops is given up  
to the sale of umbrellas, and there is  
merriment watching the astonished  
countenance of a simple peasant wo-  
man having an umbrella opened in her  
face for the first time. Miles upon  
miles of cotton goods are here, with  
no nonsensical half shades about them  
but strong and unmistakable reds and  
greens and blues and yellows. Half  
a street is given up to cheap German  
toys.

In the centre of the fair is a large  
red brick arcade with shops selling  
the usual tinsel and expensive things,  
with the usual band playing in the  
afternoon, and the usual row of wooden  
faced individuals sitting on benches  
and stolidly enjoying the music. There  
is the usual pestering by importunate  
dealers. And there are literally bil-  
lions of postcards.

Last evening at sundown I climbed  
the hill of the quaint walled fortress  
which guards Nijni Novgorod. The  
falling sun was burnishing the domes  
of innumerable churches, a hundred  
sweet toned bells, beaten with wooden  
hammers, made the evening melodious.  
There was the heavy tramp of full  
killed Russian soldiers mounting the  
hill to the fortress; there was the dis-  
tant babel of a city doing business at  
the top of its voice; down below on  
the Volga was the scurrying of tug-  
boats hauling mammoth cattle boats  
and snakelike rafts into place, and  
the constant shrill warning hoots of  
the sirens; away eastward, Siberia-  
ward, stretched a flat and unbroken  
land to the very horizon, with a low-  
ering purple sky deadening to black.

### Mending Day in Labrador.

The following morning Duncan an-  
nounced that it would be necessary  
for him to mend his sealskin boots  
before beginning the day's work. He  
had pretty nearly worn them out on  
the sharp rocks on the portages.  
The rest of us were well provided  
with oil-tanned moccasins (sometimes  
called larigans or shoe-packs), which  
experience has taught me are the best  
footwear for a journey like ours.  
Pete's khaki trousers were badly torn  
the day before by brush and were  
pretty ragged, and he wished time to  
mend them, so I gave the men a little  
while in which to make necessary re-  
pairs before breaking camp. Richards  
and Easton wore Mackinaw trousers.  
This cloth had not withstood the hard  
usage of Labrador travel a week, and  
both men, when they had a spare  
hour, occupied it in sewing on can-  
vas patches, until now there was al-  
most as much canvas patch as Mack-  
inaw cloth in these garments. Rich-  
ards, however, carried an extra pair  
of moleskin trousers, and I wore mole-  
skin. This latter material is the best  
obtainable, so far as my experience  
goes, for rough traveling in the brush,  
and my trousers stood the trip with  
but one small patch until winter came.  
—Dillon Wallace in "The Long Labra-  
dor Trail," in The Outing Magazine.

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