

INK THAT NEVER DRIES.

Care Used in Handling Fine Etchings and Engravings.

"One of the first things we have to impress upon newcomers in this business," remarked a dealer in fine prints, "is to take the utmost care in handling prints for the simple reason that the ink used in printing engravings and etchings practically never dries. Of all the men whose works in this line we handle it can be safely said that on the prints of only two of them—Rembrandt and Durer—has the ink really dried. And you know it is a long time since they were alive. It has been our frequent experience to have prints fully 200 years old show signs that the ink still had some moisture in it, as we have learned to our cost in seeing them rubbed."
"An expert, whether he be a professional or amateur collector, can tell at a glance that a print has had another one pulled across it, for to his accustomed eyes the telltale marks of the ink having been drawn across a blank place on the paper are as clear as daylight. That is why we keep all of our prints in boxes that just fit them so that they must be lifted out squarely with no chance of their being dragged across the one below. It seems like a trifle. But it is just such trifles that make or mar the sale of a really fine print worth thousands of dollars."—New York Press.

A CORDIAL NATURE.

If It Is Not Yours, Do Your Best to Acquire It.

The cultivation of cordiality and popularity early in life will have a great deal to do with one's advancement, comfort and happiness.

It is a mortifying thing to have a kindly feeling in the depths of one's heart and yet not be able to express it, to repel people when one has just the opposite feeling toward them. To be incased in an icy exterior with a really warm heart is a most unfortunate thing.

Some people have a repelling expression in their faces and manner which is a constant embarrassment to them, but they do not seem able to overcome it. This is largely due to a lack of early training or to the fact that sometimes these people have been reared in the country, away from the great centers of civilization, where they do not have the advantages of social intercourse, and in consequence become cold and appear unsympathetic when they are really the opposite.

It is a very difficult thing to overcome these handicaps, but the cultivation of good will, of a helpful spirit and kindly feeling toward everybody will go far to open up the hard exterior so that the soul can express itself.—Success Magazine.

The Horse's Ancestors.

Lovers of horses may be delighted with the distinguished genealogy which geologists have completed for that favored animal. At least the names of the horse's ancestors look very distinguished. Here is the list, with the geological eras in which each lived, as arranged by Professor W. N. Rice: The line of descent begins with Hyracotherium and Eohippus of the lower eocene age. Then follow Protorhippus and Orohippus of the middle eocene; Epihippus of the upper eocene; Mesolippus of the oligocene; Anchitherium of the lower miocene; Parahippus, Protohippus and Plihippus of the middle and upper miocene, and finally Equus of the pliocene and the quaternary, from which the modern horse directly descends. Hipparion and Hippidium represented ancient side branches that died without descendants.

More Laughter, Less Suicides.

The physiological benefits of laughter cannot be overestimated. It shakes up the diaphragm, sets the pulses beating to a lively measure, stimulates the blood corpuscles, enlivens the brain and sometimes produces dislocation of the jaw when indulged in too heartily by a man with a large mouth. Used with discretion, laughter is as inspiring as a sea breeze, as refreshing as an August shower. Its moral effect is beyond computation. It has killed more ridiculous superstitions by its rollicking roars of unbelief than any other agency. What can be more desirable than a laugh? The man who laughs never kills himself.—Exchange.

Living Up to His Name.

A teacher in a mission school in Boston had among her pupils a colored boy named Ralph Waldo Emerson Longfellow. As he was absent one Sunday, she asked the class if any one knew the reason for his absence.

"I reckon I do," said one small, serious looking boy.

"What is the reason, Johnnie?"
"I guess he's home writing poetry," responded the boy, with a delighted chuckle.—Youth's Companion.

That's What Makes Him Mad.

"Why are you always quarreling with your wife?"

"She is always arguing with me."

"But you need not get angry; just explain to her in a calm, gentle tone of voice wherein she is wrong."

"But she is never wrong."—Houston Post.

Farming.

Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison.—John Burroughs.

THE SNOW BUNTING.

A Feathered Songster of the Arctic's Treeless Wastes.

One of the most interesting of arctic birds is the snow bunting, or polar-singing bird. A native of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, its short, agreeable notes sound doubly sweet when heard in these treeless wastes. The birds build their nests in the mountain clefts or under large rocks, lining them with feathers and down. In winter time their plumage is warm and abundant and especially fits them for the rigor of an arctic winter. During the breeding season and summer they live entirely on insects, particularly gnats, while in winter they subsist on moss, roots and seeds. Some winters less rigorous than others they are in abundance, but at times famine compels them to seek a more favorable climate, and they are then seldom found until they invariably reappear toward spring. These buntings are distinguished by a long claw on their hind toe, a structure which really enables them to run about with ease on the soft snow.

Of the other birds I may mention puffins, divers, loons, dovekies, gulls, skuas, burgomasters, kittiwakes, terns, swans, geese, hawks, eagles and every variety of ducks known to inhabit the northern shores of America and Europe, including the scoter, long tail, scaup duck, merganser, goosander and raven. These delight in reveling and resting among the moss covered banks and shores and among grasses and shrubs that exist about the polar willow with its horizontal roots and shrubs, for in this country the forests are more in than above the earth.—Field and Stream.

SHE HAD A REPUTATION.

But the Customer Was Not Going to Eat the Lady.

A lady who intended to give a dinner to some friends at which the piece de resistance was to be duck shot by her husband on the shores of eastern Maryland, decided that none but the very best jelly should be served as an accompaniment to the dainty fare.

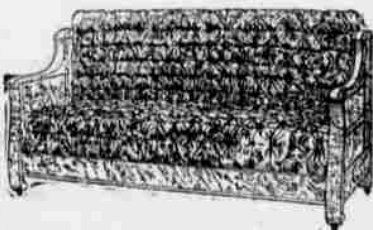
So she proceeded to a gorgeous Broadway establishment, a place where one pays a quarter apiece for tomatoes and a dollar a stalk for asparagus at certain seasons of the year. The jelly the clerk offered her did not appear to be just what she wanted, so she suggested another variety.

"But, madam," said the clerk laughingly, "this is the very best jelly you can buy. It is made by Mrs. McGuggin of Brooklyn." And he pointed to the label on the jar.

"I've never heard of it," meekly suggested the lady. "Are you sure it's all right? Do you guarantee it?"

Seeing that his customer was extremely mild of character and perhaps to be easily rattled, the clerk smiled in a patronizing way. "Guarantee!" repeated he, more laughingly than ever. "Madam, we don't have to guarantee Mrs. McGuggin's jelly. Her name is enough. This lady, madam, has a reputation!"

"Oh, I have no doubt of that, I'm sure," broke in the mild mannered lady, with a heightened color. "I'm not questioning the lady's reputation. It was the jelly, I assure you!"—New York Tribune.



You will Want a Rest

After the fun and laughter of Old Home Week. Try one of these Davenport at

HALL'S Furniture Store

on Main Street.

Are You Acquainted

With the greatest song written in years—

"GOOD BYE, SOLDIER BOY"

Words and music by Arthur H. Haskins, the Reynoldsville composer. Get a copy at once at—

Haskin's Music Store

Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania.

BING-STOKE COMP'Y

Department Stores

Saturday Winds up Old Home Week and we sincerely hope you all had a GOOD TIME.

OUR FALL STOCK OF

Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods, Shoes, Rubbers and Basement Goods are arriving daily

Reynoldsville is on the map.

Bing-Stoke Company

DEPARTMENT STORES.

The National Hotel

ALWAYS THE BEST.

Owen J. Edelblute, Prop.

L. M. Harris

TAILOR

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing.

Opposite Postoffice

THE City Hotel

W. W. WILEY, PROP.

A Well Supplied Restaurant in Connection.

Rates \$1.50 per day

J. R. HILLIS & CO.

Will furnish your home complete with

Furniture and Floor Coverings

We have over 100 Rugs, room size, \$5.25 to \$35.00 and more than 6,000 yards of Carpet. Never before have we had such a line to select from.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK AND SAVE MONEY

This is No Joke

We have a number of remnants of Linoleum and Floor Oil Cloths anywhere from 2 to 8 yards in a piece that will be old positively for less than actual cost, also

2 Grain Drills

the Pennsylvania Low Down and Farmers Favorite both good drills at just what they cost. We want to close them out.

Reynoldsville Hardware Company.

Closing Out all Summer Goods at Less than Cost.

- Dotted Swiss, 25, now 17c. Dotted Swiss, 20, now 14c.
- Dotted Swiss, was 20c, now 14c.
- Figured Batiste, was 15 and 18c, now 10c.
- Figured Batiste, 12 1/2c, now 8c.
- Figured Batiste, 10c, now 6c.
- Ladies' Dressing Sacques, 50c, now 39c.
- Ladies' Hose 9c. Children's Hose, broken lots 15 and 18c, now 10c.
- Men's Dress Shirts, 50c, now 35c. Men's Dress Shirts, \$1.00, now 75c.
- Men's Summer Underwear, 22 cents.
- Men's Pants, 75 cents. Men's \$1.50 Pants for 95c.

Can't quote prices on all goods, but everything reduced proportionately to prices quoted.

N. HANAU.