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If you could visit every clothing store in the country you couldn't find in any of them such value—as you'll find in a CLOTHCRAFT Fall and Winter suit or overcoat right here and now.

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Don't wait. There's a big demand for CLOTHCRAFT. Come now, before the big lot of selections melts away.

BING-STOKE Co.

OUR EARLY STATESMEN.

Monroe's Expansion Views and Madison's Population Guess.

Some of our early statesmen were not expansionists. Washington was opposed to assuming the ownership of the Mississippi river, and James Monroe when a member of the Virginia convention in 1788 argued against the adoption of the federal constitution for geographical reasons. "Consider," he said, "the territory lying between the Atlantic ocean and the Mississippi. Its extent far exceeds that of the German empire. It is larger than any territory that ever was under any one free government. It is too extensive to be governed but by a despotic monarchy." And this from the man who thirty years later was elected president of the United States extended far beyond the Mississippi and who became the author of the "Monroe doctrine."

A year after the adoption of the constitution James Madison thought he was making a bold guess when he estimated that the population of the country might, "in some years," double in number and reach 6,000,000. He lived to see far beyond that. Yet it is true that for a number of years the

population was largely confined to the original thirteen colonies. In 1789, when the constitution was adopted, New York city had 33,000 inhabitants. In 1817 it had 115,000, Philadelphia 112,000, Baltimore 55,000, Boston 40,000, Providence 10,000, Hartford 8,000, Pittsburg 7,000, Cincinnati 7,000 and St. Louis 3,500. Chicago was but a fort, and Indianapolis was an unbroken wilderness. The country was not crowded yet.—Exchange.

CONSOLATION.

The Musician Reminded the Poet of the Case of Guarnerius.

The musician with a compassionate smile watched the poet trimming the fringe from his cuff.

"After all," he said, "your verse may live when Marie Corelli, Winston Churchill and Hall Caine himself are forgotten. Remember the case of Guarnerius."

"Who was he?" the poet asked. "A pauper and a violin maker. Guarnerius in the seventeenth century made violins that everybody thought too thick; hence they brought only \$2 apiece. Musicians would buy them and have them pared down.

"Guarnerius insisted that they were not too thick. When he heard of one of his instruments being pared down he flew into a frightful rage. He had a grudge against the world because it wouldn't agree with him about violin making. He died a pauper because the world would have none of his violins.

"A Guarnerius is now and then to be picked up. Usually it is a pared instrument, and its value is not very high. But find an unpared Guarnerius and you can get anything you like for it. It is one of the world's few perfect violins.

"But Guarnerius died a pauper. The Hall Caines and Winston Churchills of the violin world of his day refused with sneers to drink with him. He, too, trimmed his cuffs."—Los Angeles Times.

Fascination of an Old Bookstore.

There seems to be a fascination about an old bookstore that some persons find it difficult to overcome. I observed the proprietor of one of those establishments. "While we have a large number of good patrons, there are some who delight to come in and just pore over old volumes. I have seen men stand in this store and practically read a book through in an afternoon. They seem to forget their surroundings for the time being, and when they emerge from their abstraction they are apt to observe that they 'have just been looking over the books' and ask for some volume that they are quite sure is out of print. Yes, sir, the old bookstore is a free library in a way, but it is an interesting business and fairly profitable."—Philadelphia Record.

Literal Thirst For Work.

The lawyer who made a bluff at a big practice turned hastily to part from his companions.

"I am sorry, but I must go," he said hurriedly. "I have a case at home which I must absorb to the last detail."

"I guess," said one of the party, "it's a case of beer."—Baltimore American.

Nowhere with more quiet or with more freedom does a man retire than into his own soul.—Marcus Aurelius.

WINTER TERM STATE NORMAL

OPENS DEC. 29

CATALOG FREE

J. E. AMENT, LL. D.

INDIANA, PA.

KNOW HIS BUSINESS.

Why the Colored Cook Remained Below During the Blow.

A story is told of a well known amateur yachtsman who was one night anchored near a rocky and dangerous shore. Suddenly, just before dinner, a stiff inshore wind started up. The anchor began to drag. Another was rapidly thrown overboard, but in the increasing squall that, too, failed to hold. The schooner seemed in imminent danger of drifting on the rocks, but at last another anchor gripped, and the danger was past.

The yachtsman, nearly exhausted from his efforts, dropped on the deck to recover his breath and rest. In the quiet that followed there came to his ears the click-click-clack-clack of a busily manipulated spoon against a bowl.

He listened for a moment and then went below. The cook was preparing salad dressing.

"Why, Sam," he exclaimed in astonishment, "didn't you know that we nearly went ashore?"

"Oh, yassir, yassir," came the undisturbed reply. "I thought she was going on de rocks, suah."

"Well, in a case like that don't you ever go up on deck? We had a mighty close call."

"Well, you see, it's like this: You can't leave mayonnaise a minute, 'cause it'll turn right back."—Youth's Companion.

COMPOUND EYES.

Insects That Can See Thousands of Ways at Once.

We can see the single eyes of some insects without a lens, as in the locust. In viewing the house fly we need a lens. The big, visible, bulging eyes we see are composed of thousands of unit, cone shaped, eyes bound into one compound eye, each of more or less spherical shape. Under a lens they look like glass eyed pavement bent to convexity. Their faceted cornea are variously set in square, hexagonal or prismatic frames. Each glistening facet is the corneal lens of a distinct self working eye. Their number in each compound eye is enormous.

There are fifty such eyes in the ant, 1,400 are allowed the drone bee and 3,500 the "workers." Our pet kitchen fly has 8,000 chances of seeing food crumbs, the beetle over 6,000, while more than 13,000 aid the dragon fly in his eleemosynary pursuit of the mosquito, offset somewhat by several thousand awarded the latter for a "sporting chance." The hawk moth gets pictures compounded by 20,000 contributors. Over 25,000 window the brain of the mordenia (beetle), and 60,000—so it is claimed—contribute to the happy lives of some butterflies.—Dr. Edward A. Ayres in Harper's Magazine.

Ready Courage.

The Duchesse de Berry, whose husband was the son of Charles X. of France, is described in the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne" as one of the most courageous characters the writer ever knew.

One day, when she was driving with her husband, the Duc de Berry, the horses took fright and ran away. The duchesse had continued the conversation without changing the tone of her voice, and at last her husband exclaimed:

"Why, Caroline, do you not see what has happened?"

"Yes, I see; but as I cannot stop the horses it is useless to trouble about them."

The carriage was upset, but no one was hurt.

Shop.

"Well, well, well! Is this Bill Snoper?"

"Yes, and this is—let me see—can this be my old friend Tom Grigson?"

"That's who it is. I haven't seen you for—"

"Twenty-seven years."

"That's right. Twenty-seven years! Well, well! What are you doing now, Bill?"

"I'm a traveling evangelist. Are you a member of any church, Tom?"

"Not yet. I'm a life insurance solicitor. I represent the best company in the world. Carrying all the insurance you want, Bill?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Cheapest Sport.

Falconry is about the cheapest sport in existence, so there is no reason why the workman should not enjoy it—that is, when there is common land. It is also the most humane blood sport. The pursued has always the advantage. Then, when the end does come, how often death is instantaneous. There is, too, no escaping with an ugly wound. If escape at all is effected the quarry gets away unharmed.—Fry's Magazine.

Recognizing His Limitations.

Cholly—Let me see—what's that quotation about a nod being as good as a wink and so forth? Freddy—Why—er—I can't think—Cholly—Oh, I know that. I'm asking you to try to remember.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Inquisitive.

Magistrate—Why did you strike the telegraph operator? Prisoner—It was like this, yer honor. I give him a message to send to me gal, an' the feller started to read it. Then I swiped him.—London Telegraph.

The Honest Man.

Nearly every man in the crowd looks as if he were trying not to blush with modesty when some one observes that an honest man is the noblest work of God.—Ohio State Journal.

Refinement which carries us away from our fellow-men is not God's refinement.—Boecher.

Ring the Breakfast Bell.

An American family who had experienced the difficulty of obtaining and retaining the services of a reliable kitchen girl while on a visit to Ireland became acquainted with a promising young girl and brought her back home with them.

In a few weeks she was installed in her new home and made acquainted with her new duties. Among other things she was told that it was customary when breakfast was ready to be served to ring the breakfast bell. Her "all right, mum," came in such a confident tone that her mistress gave the matter no further thought.

The following morning at 6 o'clock the family were rudely awakened by the violent ringing of the front door-bell. Thinking that a messenger must be waiting with some unusual message, the gentleman of the house did not stop to dress, but hurried down in his night robe and opened the door. The new kitchen girl awaited him, her face beaming with a beautiful smile of triumph. Bowing low, she said in her rich Irish brogue, "Breakfast is ready, sor."—Los Angeles Times.

Diamond Cutting.

It is said that before the fourteenth century no one knew how to cut and polish diamonds. They were esteemed for their marvelous hardness, but not greatly admired for beauty. There is a tradition that a journeyman jeweler in Flanders, Louis Van Berghem, discovered the art of cutting diamond with diamond. But it is probable that he only made some notable advance in the art since associations of diamond cutters had existed in France and Flanders from the fourteenth century. Louis Van Berghem's most famous achievement was the cutting and polishing of a huge diamond belonging to Charles the Bold. Charles was so delighted with the result that he rewarded the artist liberally and declared that the diamond would now serve him for a bedroom lamp. This jewel, which was found on Charles' body after the battle of Nancy, is still in existence and celebrated under the name of the Sancy diamond.—Youth's Companion.

He Gave Them Latin.

Once, before he was president, Andrew Jackson was making a political speech in some obscure campaign in a backwoods Tennessee district. His address was very well received, but somehow there did not seem to be exactly the enthusiasm wanted for the occasion. Having vainly tried to "warm up" his hearers, the general was just going to sit down when the chairman of the meeting plucked him by the coat-tail. "For the Lord's sake, general, give 'em some Latin!" he hurriedly whispered to the speaker's ear. "They won't think you know anything at all if you quit like this. Smith, the opposition candidate, talked Latin to 'em half the evening."

Old Hickory rose to the situation. Advancing to the edge of the platform, he extended his arm and thundered out: "E pluribus unum! Sic semper tyrannis! Habes corpus!"

The audience roared with applause. The credit of the orator was saved, and the Jackson ticket won out in that county.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Spoiled Scene.

E. H. Sothern once found his wit fall him in time of need. It was in the fourth act of "The Lady of Lyons." Sothern played Claude Melnotte, and Virginia Harned was cast as Pauline. Beaumont, the villain, was pursuing Pauline, and she cried loudly for help. Claude is supposed to dash to her rescue and catch the fainting Pauline in his arms. Sothern dashed on to the stage, but slipped and slid, sitting down near the footlights. Losing his presence of mind, he declaimed the line: "Look up, Pauline. There is no danger." As Virginia Harned was standing, this was, of course, an impossibility. By this time the audience was in an uproar, and when Arthur Lawrence, who played Beaumont, scornfully said, "You are beneath me," the amusement of the audience knew no bounds.

The Stick For Wives.

In the old Anglo-Norman marriage ceremony the gentleman used to promise her husband to be buxom "unto my gentill manne." The word buxom corresponds to the modern German blegsam, meaning bending or pliant, and the old English was "buskam," all of which goes to show that things must have been very pleasantly ordered in the good old days that are dead and gone. According to the old English law, which is still unrescinded in the statute book, the "gentill manne" was allowed to beat his goodie wife with a stick the diameter of which did not exceed a quarter of an inch.—New York World.

What She Wanted to See.

The chauffeur was taking his load of tourists for a ride through the residence portion of the metropolis and pointing out to them the state mansions of the nabob. "I've often heard," said the portly dowager with the diamonds, "of these Oliver Wendel homes. Would you mind showing us one of 'em?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Sensitive.

"I hear you is out of a job, Willie?" "Yes. I may be a little too sensitive, but when the boss sez 'Git to blazes out of here before I kick you out!' then I got mad and resigned me position."—Illustrated Bits.

He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what was Washington's farewell address? Johnny—Heaven.—New York Sun.

Conscience and wealth are not always neighbors.—Messenger.

Silenced.

"Wasn't that young Mr. Tiff who left the house as I came in?" asked the judge of his eldest daughter.

"Yes, papa."

"Did I not issue an injunction against his coming here any more?"

"Yes, papa, but he appealed to a higher court, and mamma reversed your decision."

Run Down.

Tom—Of course the bride looks lovely, as brides always do. Nell—Yes, but the bridegroom doesn't look altogether fit; seems rather run down. Tom—Run down? Oh, yes, caught after a long chase.—Philadelphia Press.

Woes of the Amateur.

Wife—I wonder why the grass doesn't come up? Hubby—I'm sure I can't tell. You don't suppose you planted the seeds upside down, do you?—London Tit-Bits.



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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Joseph Kerr, late of Reynoldsville Borough, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Joseph Kerr, late of Reynoldsville borough, Jefferson county, Pa., 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.

C. J. KERR, Administrator.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Oct. 26, 1908.

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