

Books of Reference.

Newspaper editors like to answer questions addressed to them by their readers—if they are not too hard—and they deem themselves as arbiters rather than as accessories to a misdemeanor when they are appealed to for information "to decide a bet." But they wonder sometimes why certain questions are put to them for arbitration when the answers are to be found in one of three very accessible books—an almanac, a grammar and a small dictionary.

These are books of reference that ought to be in every home library, however small. We guess that they are, but that they are sometimes dusty with misuse or out of easy reach on a top shelf. It is well to have an almanac, a dictionary or an atlas handy when you are reading your newspaper. By consulting them frequently the reader will find his daily paper relates his early historical studies to present events and makes his touch with the world closer and more significant. Get the habit!—New York Mail.

A Sporting Parson.

The inhibition of a hunting rector by his bishop reminds a correspondent that the Rev. Jack Russell, the famous west country sporting parson, was once cited to appear before the bishop of Exeter to answer charges of neglecting his spiritual and parochial duties, and he was also remonstrated with for keeping and following a pack of hounds. The charges were proved unfounded, and Russell refused to give up the sport, which he continued to pursue almost to the day of his death in 1883, at the age of eighty-eight. Besides being an insatiable hunter, he was, as his biographer pithily remarks, "a staunch supporter of Devonshire wrestlers, an admirable sparrer and an enthusiastic upholder of the virtues of Devonshire cider and cream." And in the pulpit he tried to reform conduct rather than to expound doctrine and was a stern denouncer of bad language, strong drink and "the filthy habit of smoking."—St. James' Gazette.

A Tremendous Task.

"So you are going to study law?"
"Yes."
"Going to make a specialty of criminal law?"
"No."
"Corporation law?"
"No. Both are too easy. What I want is to be accurately and reliably informed as to what months in the year and days in the week it is permitted to shoot certain game in the various sections of the country."—Washington Star.

GERMS IN HER SYSTEM

Every Woman Should Read This.

The number of diseases peculiar to woman is such that we believe this space would hardly contain a mere mention of their names, and it is a fact that most of these diseases are of a catarrhal nature. A woman cannot be well if there is a trace of the catarrhal germs in her system.

Some women think there is no help for them. We positively declare this to be a mistaken idea. We are so sure of this that we offer to supply medicine absolutely free of all cost in every instance where it fails to give entire satisfaction or does not substantiate our claims. With this understanding, no woman should hesitate to believe our honesty of purpose, or hesitate to put our claims to a test.

There is only one way to cure Catarrh. That way is through the blood. You may use all the snuffs, douches or like remedies for years without getting more than temporary relief at best. Catarrh is caused by a germ. That germ is carried by the blood to the innermost part of the system until the mucous membrane is broken, irritation and inflammation produced, and a flow of mucous results, and you can probably realize how silly it is to attempt to cure such an ailment unless you take a medicine that follows the same course as the germ or parasite.

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MEN'S CLOTHES.

Not What They Used to Be in the Days of Elizabeth.

Most men nowadays do not get much pleasure from dress and scarcely notice the changes of fashion in men's clothes. They are vaguely aware that a hat looks odd when its shape is old fashioned, and they accept the hat of the moment because they do not wish to look odd themselves. But this is a merely negative interest. They are also apt to be contemptuous of women's greater interest in the fashions, as if it were a mark of frivolity.

This is an ignorant mistake. Dress is or ought to be an art, and therefore, if only a minor-art, it is a more serious matter than any of the games to which many men give so much time and pains. Besides, men have only become indifferent to their clothes in modern times.

In the heroic age of Elizabeth they made themselves as smart as peacocks. Great soldiers and poets then took pains to be in the height of the fashion, and fashions changed with some violence and rapidly. In the eighteenth century, too, which we do not think of as a time of effeminacy and when men were wanting neither in enterprise nor in seriousness, they were as splendid and extravagant in their dress as women.—London Times.

WONDERS OF VELOCITY.

A Piece of Thin Cardboard Will Cut Through Wood.

Velocity has a great deal to do with one substance's ability to break through another, and it is remarkable what can be accomplished by a comparatively soft substance against a much harder one when the former is given enough velocity. A bullet made of a tallow candle would smash flat if fired against a board from a toy gun, but when shot from an army rifle it will go right through the board. A stream of water has been known to have such swiftness of movement that a sword was broken in two when a strong man tried to cut it through. Cyclones have been known to drive such frail projectiles as straws well into a tree.

An interesting experiment showing what a soft substance can do may be performed by attaching a Bristol board disk to the motor of an electric fan and setting it to revolving at the fan's usual rate. If a piece of wood, such as a lead pencil, for example, be carefully applied to the edge of the revolving disk, the wood will very readily be cut through. Of course if the disk were to revolve slowly the wood would soon blunt its edge.—Pathfinder.

Roaring Muscles.

"If a writer would of roaring muscles, you would laugh at him. Joints crack, the stomach thunders, but muscles, you would say, don't roar. That is your mistake. They do."

The speaker, a physician, put his finger in his ear.

"I hear a muscle roaring now," said he. "Try it, and you, too, will hear the sound. And to prove that it is the sound of a muscle, put a plug of wood in your ear instead, and you will hear nothing."

"Contracted muscles give out a roaring sound. Relaxed muscles are silent. This fact is of use in diagnosing certain diseases. The stethoscope makes the muscular roars audible, and those strange voices proclaim the presence of such diseases as tetanus, meningitis or strychnine poisoning, while silence on the muscles' part is, so to speak, a sullen admission of the presence in their midst of atrophy, degeneration, paralysis."—Buffalo Express.

It Is Well.

It is well to carefully cultivate tastes. Ruskin says, "Tell me what you like and I will tell you what you are."

It is well to study human character. Bodenstedt says: "In the face of every human being his history stands plainly written; his innermost nature steps forth to the light. Yet they are the fewest who can read and understand."

It is well to "brush up against the world." Goethe says: "Talent forms itself in secret. Character is the great current of the world."

It is well to be never cast down. Elizabeth Barrett Browning says: "Let no one till his death Be called unhappy. Measure not the work Until the day's out and the labor done."

Who the Mound Builders Were.

Who were the mound builders of North America? The Rev. Dr. Bryce of Winnipeg has examined a large number of these interesting structures and is of the opinion that they were built by the Toltecs and mark the course of the Toltec immigration from the south along the Mississippi and Ohio to the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, along the Missouri and along the Mississippi proper to the Rainy and Red rivers. This would make the earliest mound date from about 1100 A. D.—Boston Herald.

His Strong Point.

"It is true," said a friend, "that you have amassed a great fortune. But your grammar!"

"Never mind the grammar," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "This is an era of specializations. I may be weak in some branches, but I'm an authority on the possessive case."—Washington Star.

Writing For Money.

Green—I hear your wife is an authoress. Does she write for money?
Brown—I never receive a letter from her that she writes for anything else.—Town Topics.

A BRILLIANT SHAM.

Paris Under the Rule of the Third Napoleon.

Never was there so pleasure loving and so easy going a court, and seldom has there been one which was externally so splendid. The emperor spent money like water and thereby produced a prosperity for the time and with it popularity for the government. Hundreds of millions were lavished upon Paris, much of it being wasted, yet none the less with the result that the city really deserved its title in the ville lumiere. In these days it has gone to seed and grown shabby, but in 1809 everything seemed fresh and new and brilliant and imposing. The army was rotten to the core. Yet the emperor's cent gardes were splendid soldiers to the eye. Society was no less demoralized, yet its gaiety was exhilarating. These were the days when it was said that good Americans when they die go to Paris. The emperor conferred distinction by recognizing any foreigner. The empress set the fashions for the world. It was all a sham, but it was thoroughly magnificent in its way. It can best be understood at present by reading Zola's early novels, by recalling some chapters of Daudet's "Le Nabab" and by remembering Jacques Offenbach, whose opera bouffe was the most characteristic production of an empire which itself was bouffe. That shallow and yet catchy music was a tonal sneer. Every libretto was a mock at the old time virtues of chastity and honor and courage.—Harry Thurston Peck in Bookman.

BELLINI'S BEST OPERA.

"Norma" Was Hissed at First—The Composer's Death.

Bellini was born in Sicily. He died at Puteaux, near Paris, under some what strange circumstances, in 1835. Baron Ayne d'Aunno wrote to a friend: "I rode out to call on him; but, as usual, the gardener of his house refused to let me in. Later on in the day there was a heavy storm, and at about 5 o'clock I once again tried to see him. As no one answered the bell I pushed against the gate, and it gave way, so I got into the house. I found Bellini on a bed, abandoned by all. At first I thought that he was asleep. When I touched his hand, it was quite cold, for he was dead."

A curious letter is published, written by him when his "Norma" was hissed at the first representation: "I have just returned from the Scala. Would you believe it? 'Norma' was hissed. I no longer recognized the friendly Milanese, who received with enthusiasm and delight the 'Il Pirata,' 'La Straniera,' 'La Sonnambula.' I have deceived myself. I have made a great mistake. All my prognostics have been wrong. All my expectations have been illusions. But, I assure you from my heart, there are morsels in it that I shall be proud if I can ever excel. Did not the Romans hiss 'L'Olympiade' of the divine Pergolesi? In all theatrical productions the public is the supreme judge. The public will reverse its judgment. It will recognize that 'Norma' is the best of my operas."—Argonaut.

Where Parliament Failed.

According to all accounts, the Cameron highlanders militia are a fine body of men physically. Not long ago four of them occupied the least crowded seat in a full compartment on a Scotland railway. Just as the train was moving off a diminutive little clergyman jumped into the compartment and tried to edge himself in between two of the highlanders. Not finding it very comfortable, he turned to the one on his right and said: "Sit up, please. You know that, according to act of parliament, the seat holds five." The highlander looked at him for a moment and then replied: "That may be a' richt enough for your kind, sir, but shairly ye canna' blame me for no beln' constructed according to act of parliament!"

Contagion and Infection.

A contagious disease is one in which the disease producing organism goes direct from the person having the disease to a person who has not the disease without passing through an intermediary medium, as in tuberculosis, for example. Malaria, on the other hand, is an infectious disease, because the organism which produces it is taken from a person by a mosquito, re-produces itself in the mosquito and is transmitted by the mosquito which may never have been in contact with the person by whom the original organism was given off.—New York American.

Another Way.

A well known London physician was invited out to the country for some shooting; but, although he tried several times, he could not hit a single rabbit.

"I'm very unlucky," he exclaimed. "I've killed nothing all day."
"Never mind," said his host. "Write the rabbits one of your prescriptions."

Foul.

"Foul tactics," declared the halfback. "What's the trouble now?" demanded the referee.

"I tried a kick for the stomach, but this fellow blocked it with his head."—Kansas City Journal.

Good Behavior.

Employer—Why were you discharged from your last place? Applicant—For good behavior. Employer—What do you mean by that? Applicant—They took three months off my sentence.—Cleveland Leader.

To make luminous paint, mix a small quantity of calcium sulphide with ordinary white paint.

ANGER IS DANGEROUS.

It Wrecks the Whole System and Tends to Shorten Life.

It is well known that a violent fit of temper affects the heart instantly, and psychophysicists have discovered the presence of poison in the blood immediately after such outburst. This explains why we feel so depressed, exhausted and nervous after any storm of passion—worry, jealousy or revenge—has swept through the mind. It has left in its wake vicious mental poison and other harmful secretions in the brain and blood.

There is no constitution so strong but it will ultimately succumb to the constant racking and twisting of the nerve centers caused by an uncontrolled temper. Every time you become angry you reverse all of the normal mental and physical processes. Everything in you rebels against passion storms; every mental faculty protests against their abuse.

If people only realized what havoc indulgence in hot temper plays in their delicate nervous structure, if they could only see with the physical eyes the damage done as they can see what follows in the wake of a tornado, they would not dare to get angry.

When the brain cells are overheated from a fit of temper their efficiency is seriously impaired, if not absolutely ruined. The presence of the anger poison, the shock to the nervous system, is what makes the victim so exhausted and demoralized after loss of self control.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

THE BACK OF THE NECK.

Make It Proof Against Drafts and Colds in the Head.

"When I was a boy," said a doctor, "I didn't believe in drafts. I thought that they who imputed colds to drafts were cranks. But one November night at a concert I felt all the evening a strong draft on the back of my neck. It was so strong it resembled a suction pump. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'we'll see if this draft will give you a cold!'"

He shuddered.

"For a week," he said, "I was laid up with so vile a cold that I couldn't breathe save with my mouth open. And now I am satisfied that nine out of every ten colds are solely due to a draft on the back of the neck."

"I know how to prevent such colds. Hence I may practically say that I know how to prevent all colds. It is a fact that none of my patients, thanks to my method, know what a cold is."

"They learn from me to do this—to bathe the back of the neck every morning in cold water. Thus the spot becomes hardened. It becomes draft proof."

"And when a new patient, peculiarly sensitive to colds, visits me, my peculiar treatment is to blow on the back of his neck with a bellows for several days in succession. The bellows, in conjunction with the icy douche, frees him from all future susceptibility. Thenceforth his winters pass without that horrid winter pest, a bad cold."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Colored Preacher's Text.

A colored man in Atlanta, Ga., is a preacher on Sundays and a barber on week days. One of his customers makes it a rule to be first in the chair on Monday morning, when he is sure of being entertained by a resume of "Uncle Rastus'" Sunday dissertation. At night the family always looked for the latest from the colored brother. This was one of his recent effusions: "Yesterday I took for my text 'Cleanliness am next to godliness,' and I dun reach my climax wid dis argument: 'Now, what day follows Sunday? Why, Monday. Monday is wash day in all well regulated families. Monday comes nex' to Sunday; so, my breddren, that settles it that the words of my text am true, 'Cleanliness am nex' to godliness.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Much Quiet.

On one occasion the hustling and energetic archbishop of York, Dr. MacLagan, wrote to the vicar in an outlying village suggesting that he should lend his church for the purpose of giving the clergy of the district a "quiet day" for meditation and fraternal reunion. The witty vicar of this sleepy hamlet in the wolds promptly replied:

My Dear Lord Archbishop—Your very kind letter to hand. But what the people in this village want most in their spiritual life is not a "quiet day," but an earthquake.—London Standard.

An Appeal For Mercy.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I suppose you're going to soak me."
"You are a habitual offender," replied the judge; "were caught with the stolen goods, and the court will have to do its painful duty."
"I don't want to seem unreasonable," replied the prisoner. "I don't mind a long sentence. I'm used to it. But say, judge, cut out the lecture that usually goes with it, won't you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Brute.

"Yes, this room is dark, damp and positively uninhabitable. It is supplied for your wife's mother, if she has one."
"She has. I'll take the flat."—Boston Traveler.

An Old Timer.

"He's an old newspaper man."
"About how old?"
"Well, he can remember when they only issued extras when something happened."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Europe is less than one-fourth as large as Asia.

Sarcasm in the Commons.

The reluctance of the house of commons to adjourn over Derby day recalls a story related of one of the Roman Catholic peers who took their seats some four or five years before the passage of the first reform bill after an exclusion of a century and a half. He gave notice that on a certain day he would make a certain motion, whereupon there arose from his noble colleagues a general cry of "Derby!" The astonished novice named another day, only to be greeted with an equally unanimous expostulation of "Oaks!" At this he explained that he would have to ask the forgiveness of their lordships; but, having been educated abroad, he was forced to acknowledge that he was not familiar with the list of saints' days in the Anglican calendar.

His Glasses.

He came home in the small hours of the morning, and his loving spouse confronted him with wrath in her eye and a telegram in her hand, saying, "Here is news that has been waiting for you since supper time."

He blinked, looked wise and, braced up against the hatrack, felt through his pockets, murmuring, "I left my glasses down town."
"Yes," she replied, with scathing irony, "but you brought the contents with you."

Not Grasping.

"What a grasping fellow you are, Hawkins! You've bothered me about this bill fifty times in ten days."

"You wrong me, Jarley. I'm not grasping. I've bothered you about the bill, I admit, but I haven't been able to grasp anything yet."

Found Him Guilty.

Counsel (to the jury)—The principal fault of the prisoner has been his unfortunate characteristic of putting faith in thieves and scoundrels of the basest description. I have done. The unhappy man in the dock puts implicit faith in you, gentlemen of the jury!

She Had to Mend Them.

Benham—I believe in putting my best foot forward. Mrs. Benham—I have noticed that your toe always goes right through your stockings.—New York Press.

FEEBLE OLD LADY

Has Strength Restored By Vinol

Mrs. Michael Bloom of Lewistown, Pa., who is 80 years of age, says: "For a long time I have been so feeble that I have had to be wheeled around in an invalid's chair. I had no strength and took cold at the slightest provocation, which invariably settled on my lungs, and a cough would result. My son learned of the cod liver preparation called Vinol, and procured a bottle for me. It built up my strength rapidly, and after taking three bottles I am able to do most of my work, and I can walk a quarter of a mile easily. Every aged or weak person who requires strength should try Vinol. I am delighted with what it has done for me."

As a body builder and strength creator for old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, and after sickness, Vinol is unexcelled. If it fails to give satisfaction we will return your money.

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ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

Estate of Mrs. Catherine Foltz, Deceased.
Letters of administration on the estate of Mrs. Catherine Foltz, late of Winslow township, Jefferson county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to the administratrix, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for payment.
LYDIA S. DEEMER, Administratrix.
S. M. McCright, Attorney, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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