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Not an Auction

But a Cost Sale

Of the Largest Stock of Fine Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silverware, Umbrellas, Clocks and Christmas Novelties Ever Brought to Reynoldsville.

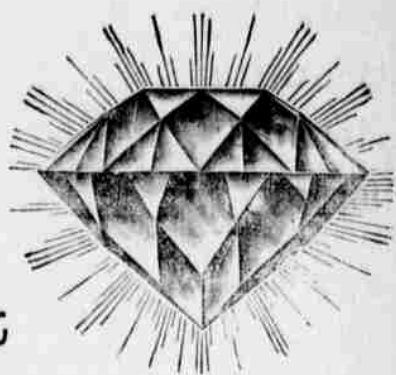
For Sale from this Day Until Christmas Eve.

Competition compels this sale and goods must go at any price, even less than auction. Come in, get prices and be convinced.

GOODER'S JEWELRY STORE

In People's National Bank Building.

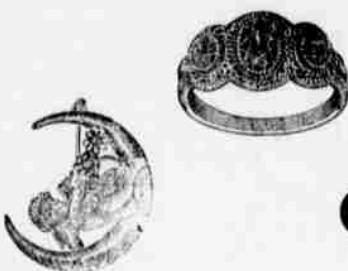
Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania.



REMEMBER

The goods we sell you are

HAND
ENGRAVED
FREE
OF
CHARGE.



Come and see the best of everything for Xmas.



LANDES SHEPHERDS.

French Peasants Who Are Experts in Walking on Stilts.

There is a vast district in France where the entire community goes about and transacts its business on stilts. This district is called "Les Landes."

The inhabitants, who are among the poorest peasants in France, gain their subsistence by fishing, by such little agriculture as is possible and by keeping cows and sheep. The shepherds make use of their stilts for two purposes—first, because walking is quite impossible on account of the sage and undergrowth of brush, and, second, because the height of their stilts gives them a greater range of vision.

The stilts generally are about six or seven feet high. Near the top there is a support for the foot, which has a strong stirrup and strap, and still nearer the top a band of leather fastens the stilt firmly to the leg just below the knee. Some stilts, especially those made for fancy walking and for tricks, are even higher than seven feet, and the man who uses them—and he must be an expert—can travel as fast as ten miles an hour. The lower end of this kind of stilt is capped with a sheep bone to prevent its splitting.

Some of these Landes shepherds are wonderfully clever in the management of their stilts. They run races, step or jump over brooks, clear fences and walls and are able to keep their balance and equilibrium while stooping to the ground to pick up pebbles or to gather wild flowers. They fall prone upon their faces and assume their perpendicular without an effort and in a single moment after they have thus prostrated themselves.—Technical World Magazine.

A VICTIM OF WORRY.

The Man Who is Always Expecting Some Kind of Trouble.

There is always a cloud on his face because he is constantly expecting that something unfavorable is going to happen. There is going to be a slump in business, or he is going to have a loss, or somebody is trying to undermine him, or he is worried about his health, or fears his children will be sick or go wrong or be killed.

In other words, although he has achieved quite a remarkable success, yet he has never really had a happy day in his life. All his life this man has been chasing rainbows, thinking that he could only get a little farther on, a little higher up, he would be happy, but he is just as far from it as when a boy.

I believe this condition has all come from the habit of unhappiness which he formed during his hard boyhood and which he has never been able to overcome. He has learned to look for

trouble, to expect it, and he gets it.

I have been his guest many a time. He has a beautiful home, a very charming wife, a most delightful family, but there is always the same cloud on his face, the same expression of anxiety, of unhappiness, of foreboding.

A little properly directed training in his boyhood would have changed his whole career, and he would have been a happy, joyous, harmonious man instead of being discordant and unhappy.

There is everything in starting right. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life.—Success Magazine.

Self Control.

The self control of the Japanese, even in times of the utmost stress, and their courtesy, which begets quietness and discretion, are both brought out by a writer in St. Paul's Magazine.

"Cry. It will do you good," I said once to a poor Japanese woman who, crouching beside her dying husband, was controlling herself with an effort that would, I feared, make her ill.

She laid her little slim brown finger upon her trembling red lip and shook her head, then whispered, "It might disturb him."

"Cry. It will do you good," I said the next day, when the man was dead and she seemed almost prostrate with grief and overwrought self control.

"It would be most rude to make a hideous noise before the sacred dead," came the soft reply.

Bread and Pipe Baker.

The lecturer at the cooking school sometimes enlivened her remarks with an anecdote.

"The eighteenth century baker," she said, "was a pipe cleaner as well, just as the barber a little earlier was a surgeon. Everybody in those days smoked clay pipes, provided the same as cups or spoons by the coffee houses. Well, each morning a waiter carried his master's stock of pipes, some hundred perhaps, to the nearest bakery. The baker would boil them, then dip them in liquid lime, then bake them dry. They came out of the oven as sweet and white as new."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Degrees of Hunger.

"I'm simply starving!" cried the short story writer at the Hungry club.

"I wish they'd begin dinner."

"I never saw you when you weren't starving," said the poet.

"I'm never as hungry as you are, though," the short story writer declared, "because I write prose."—New York Press.

Good Imagination.

Teddy, after having a drink of plain soda water, was asked how he liked it.

"Not very well," he replied. "It tastes too much as though my foot had gone asleep in my mouth."—Success

Sense and Sensibility.

For some days the dining room had been disturbed by the invasion of the new boarder. She was fat, fifty and very sentimental, and her tender nature led her to whisper so many rapturous confidences in her neighbor's ear that all the rest of the table felt uncomfortable, so uncomfortable that one day after a harassed breakfast the neighbor determined to make a struggle for liberty and general conversation. Her opportunity came that night at dinner.

"Sweet flowers of spring!" murmured the sentimentalist, apostrophizing the nodding daffodil centerpiece. "Aren't they dear? So full of poesy! And don't you think that we ought always to call them daffadownillies instead of daffodils?" she whispered.

"No, I don't," answered the neighbor uncompromisingly and quite out loud. "Just think how awkward it would have been for Wordsworth if he'd had to write:

"And then my heart with pleasure filled
And danced with the daffadownillies!"
For once the sentimentalist was silenced.—Youth's Companion.

Facts About Hailstones.

If it was not for the countless trillions of dust particles that float separately, invisible in the atmosphere, there could be no raindrops, snow crystals or hailstones. From a perfectly dustless atmosphere the moisture would descend in ceaseless rain without drops. The dust particles serve as nuclei about which vapor gathers. The snow crystal is the most beautiful creation of the aerial moisture, and the hailstone is the most extraordinary. The heart of every hailstone is a tiny speck of dust. Such a speck, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ from which may be formed a hailstone capable of felling a man or smashing a window. But first it must be caught up by a current of air and carried to the level of the lofty cirrus clouds five or six or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing by fresh accessions of moisture, it begins its long plunge to the earth, spinning through the cloud and flashing in the sun like a diamond bolt shot from a rainbow.—New York Tribune.

The Thunder Sounding Smoke.

The Victoria falls, the native name for which is Mosi-oa-Tunya, or the Thunder Sounding Smoke, have rightly been called the most beautiful gem in the whole of the earth's scenery. No pen picture or photograph can give the faintest idea of the marvelous grandeur and beauty of the scene. The majesty and mystery of the gigantic gorges, the foaming torrents, the wonderful atmospheric effects—all come upon one with a force and power as though nothing had ever before been read or heard in connection with them. The falls by moonlight are a truly fascinating spectacle. The roar-

ing clouds of spray, the somber rain forest, the stream of the Zambezi shimmering far above the trembling earth, the lunar rainbow, combine to make an inimitable picture.

Where the Zambezi takes its mighty plunge of a sheer 400 feet the river is over a mile wide, or, to be exact, 5,808 feet.—Rand Mail.

Horse or Beef?

The first day horse was served out at Kimberley some of it was cooked for the officers' mess at the mounted camp. At the table Peakman said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that we were unable to get all our ration in beef today and had to take part if it in horseflesh. This which I am carving is beef; the horse is at the other end, and any one who prefers it can help himself."

Nobody did prefer it, and so they all ate beef and made a good dinner. When they had finished Peakman suddenly exclaimed:

"By Jove, gentlemen, I find I have made a mistake in the joints! This is the horseflesh and the other is beef." It was just a dodge of his to get them started on the horseflesh.—Diary of Dr. Oliver Ashe.

Needle Dust.

In factories where needles are made the grindstones throw off great quantities of minute steel particles, with which the air becomes heavily charged, although the dust is too fine to be perceptible to the eye. Breathing the dust shows no immediate effect, but gradually sets up irritation, usually ending in pulmonary consumption. Ineffective attempts were made to screen the air by gauze or linen guards for nose and mouth. At last the use of the magnet was suggested, and now masks of magnetized steel wire are worn by workmen and effectively remove the metal dust before the air is breathed.—London Graphic.

Not Entertaining.

A vender of fresh shrimps had had a very unexciting day. Money was scarce. Eventually in a dreary street a woman stood shouting at the door. Hurrying up, he asked eagerly, "A pen'orth, mum?"

"No," she replied sharply, "a hap'orth. D'ye think we've got company?"—London Scraps.

What He Lacked.

"He's got no license to talk the way he does."

"Oh, he's got a license, all right! What he lacks is a muzzle."—Cleveland Leader.

Disagreeable.

Aunt—I can tell at a glance what other people are thinking of me. Niece (absentmindedly)—How very disagreeable for you, auntie!

Although the world is full of suffering, it is full of the overcoming of it.—

HOLIDAY GOODS



"Mrs. Hiram Hoosier was going to get Hiram a pair of lace curtains for Christmas, but she's made up her mind to buy him a Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet like you got for John."

Make your wife happy and save her steps with one of these cabinets.

It seems as if about one-half the husbands in Reynoldsville are going to receive Hoosier Cabinets for Christmas. And the other half are going to give Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets to their wives. The Hoosier Special is the ideal kitchen servant.

We never had so many beautiful Christmas goods.

Furniture, Dishes, Rugs, Bissell's Sweepers, Brass Goods, China and Etched Glass.

FOR THE CHILDREN—Doll Go-Carts, Wagons, Wheel Barrows and Brooms, High Chairs and Rockers.

C. R. HALL, Reynoldsville, Pa.

As it is only a few days until you will be buying Christmas presents for your friends, we want to call your attention to the

Finest Line of Rockers, Rugs, Devons, &c.

that we have ever had in our store and the prices are to suit the times. Call in and see our stock before buying elsewhere.

J. R. HILLIS & CO.