

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS WILL COMPETE IN COUNTY FIELD MEET

To be Held at Brookville on
Saturday, October 22.

GLEE CLUB FORMED IN SCHOOL

Some air pump attachments have recently been added to the physical laboratory.

The members of the senior class have purchased Harcourt binders for their notes and experiments in physics.

The High school enrollment has dropped to 108. The loss is confined to the first year class. One girl has withdrawn to enter the eighth grade and two boys have left school.

The chart for the lecture course of the public schools will be open at Stoke's drug store on the 22nd inst. At this writing about half the necessary tickets have already been sold. The first number of the course is a concert by the Vassar Girls on October 28th.

Mrs. Frank Alexander and Mrs. John H. Wagner visited schools on Thursday afternoon.

The schools were closed at 2 p. m. Wednesday to give the pupils and teachers a chance to view the Columbus Day parade.

Assembly exercises for the four upper grades were resumed Friday morning. Mrs. Black's school rendered a short literary program.

Mrs. W. W. Deible and Mrs. Joseph R. Milliken paid the schools a visit last Friday afternoon.

The school enrollment is 647 pupils. The figures for the past five years are as follows: Enrollment May, 1910, 598; May, 1909, 586; May, 1908, 588; May 1907, 647; May, 1906, 646.

The Junior class receives special mention for perfect attendance and punctuality last week.

Perfect attendance and punctuality are reported for the following: Senior boys, Freshman girls, Miss Dailey's girls.

There were thirteen pupils tardy last week; only three the previous week.

The High School Glee Club, under the direction of Prof. I. M. Smith, made its first appearance at chapel on Monday morning, when they sang "The Happy Miller." The members of the High School Glee Club are: First Soprano—Esther Ball, Mame King, Lucille Marshall, Carries Morrison, Second Soprano—Eddie Northey, Marian Booth, Hazel Heffner, Pansy Foust, Little Reed, Hazel Sharp, First Alto—Alma London, Paulina Katzen, Mabel Smith, Rose Hughes, Ruth Bashor, Second Alto, Ruth Mitchell, Cora Mitchell, Florence Stoke, Gertrude Stoke, Celia Jones.

The Reynoldsville High School will enter the following boys in the Field and Track meet at Brookville on Saturday, October 22nd: Running broad jump, Watson, Fleming and Alexander. 220 yard dash, Nolan, Dehart, Cochran. Standing high jump, Lewis, Shughrou and Reed. Half mile relay, Nolan, Dehart, Alexander and Cochran. Standing broad jump, Watson, Lewis and Alexander. Running High jump, Reed, McCreight, Seidel. 100 yard dash, Nolan, Dehart, Cochran. Half mile run, Nolan, Alexander, and McDonald. 44 yard dash, Heckman.

A Good Position.

Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of "Wireless" or Railway telegraphy. Since the 8-hour law law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from \$70 to \$90 per month, with good chance of advancement. The National Telegraph Institute operates six official institutes in America, under supervision of R. R. and Wireless Officials and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details at Cincinnati, O., or Philadelphia, Pa.

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Do not forget the place for your home-made candies—Reynoldsville Candy Works.

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SAVED

By T. DEWITT BOWMAN

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Farmer Insley was tossing about in bed vainly trying to sleep. At last he arose, went to the window and looked out. The moon was at the full, illuminating everything in sight—namely, the undulating plain, scattered dwellings and the meeting house more than 200 years old. Suddenly Insley opened his eyes wider than they had been opened during his sleeplessness. A light passed across one of the windows of the church. He went to the door, opened it and stood looking out. All was still. Not a house was lighted save by the moon. Not a living creature was in sight.

The light appeared again. This time it was stationary for a few seconds, then seemed to have been extinguished. Insley hurried into his clothes and ran as fast as his legs would carry him to the church. As he proceeded he thought that he had better see than be seen. He knew the church well and felt confident that he could enter by a basement window. A tall tree cast a shadow on his approach. Finding the window, he crawled in stealthily, and, guided by sufficient light from without to enable him to see his way, he ascended a staircase leading up into the vestibule. Opening a door only so far as would enable him to peep into the body of the church, he saw a strange sight.

Two men were standing by a window, the moon shining full in their faces. The one was young and of city mien—that is, so far as Insley could see by moonlight alone. The other was dressed in the garb of a clergyman. The men were talking, but he could not hear what they said. Now and again the younger man would take out his watch and look at the time impatiently.

Then Insley heard a knock at the church door. The men heard it, too, and the younger hurried to the front of the church. The watcher, that he might not be seen, descended the stairs, but not so far that he could not know what passed in the vestibule. The young man opened the church door and admitted a woman. There was no light for him to see by, but he could hear.

"Sweetheart," said the man, "what has kept you?"
"I heard father tossing about in bed and dared not venture."
"Well, come. It will soon be over, and then you'll feel better. You are all unstrung."
"Oh, I can't."

These were the last words Insley heard, for the man drew the girl into the body of the church and toward the other end. Insley entered and passed in shadow part way down an aisle entering one of the high pews. The two men and the woman were in shadow, but presently Insley saw one of the men and the woman standing in a flood of moonlight, with their backs toward him, while the man in clerical garb faced him and them. The clergyman held in his hand a lamp or candle covered so that its light could only shine on the page of a book he held in his hand.

Insley knew that a marriage service was about to be performed. Whether it was a case for interference or one to suffer to proceed he knew not. But he had passed the romantic age when one sympathizes with those who would wed in opposition to their parents' wishes and was not minded to permit the marriage without being informed of the circumstances attending it. One thing made him suspicious. The pastor of the church was a large man, while this one was of medium height and slender. Besides, the pastor was not a person to wed couples in his church at midnight and if he did would not require a light upon his book by which to read the marriage service.

True enough, a marriage service was begun. Insley could hear every word. When the clergyman asked if any one had aught to say why the two should not be joined together in wedlock Insley said solemnly:
"I forbid."

At the same time he dropped down into the pew. He did not see the commotion his words produced, but he heard a woman's cry. Then there were indistinguishable sounds and a muffled voice:

"We'd better get out. Some one's got on to it. You'll be judged for this."
"So will you."

Insley heard steps—men's steps—hurrying past him in the aisle and passing out of the front door. As soon as all was still he went down to where he had seen the bridal party standing. His foot pressed something lying in the dark on the floor. Raising down, he felt a woman's form. Stooping her, he carried her to where the moonlight shone upon her face.

Great heavens, she was his own daughter!

She came to herself, and by the light she saw him gazing down upon her with a mingled expression of surprise and pain.

"Father!"
"Dessie!"
"Is it a dream?"
"No, dear heart, not a dream, but a reality. Some one from above—possibly your mother—sent me here to save you."

He carried her home in his arms. It was the old story of a villain from the city seeking by a mock marriage to lead astray a simple country girl.



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RUSSIAN SYMPHONY LAST TO BE HEARD

Famous Orchestra Will Close
Pittsburg Exposition

The Russian Symphony Orchestra will begin a six days' engagement at the Exposition on Monday afternoon, October 17. This will be the last week of the season and no better attraction for a closing feature could have been selected than the famous organization that has popularized Russian melody throughout the country. The return of this brilliant company of musicians will no doubt be hailed with delight by the music loving public. The appearance last year of this orchestra is well remembered. It came to Pittsburg practically unknown and went away leaving behind none but fond and lingering memories in the minds of all those who had the pleasure of attending the concerts. It was the Russian Symphony that acquainted Pittsburg with the works of many noted Russian composers whose compositions were never heard here before. The purpose of this orchestra was to familiarize the American public with the compositions of Russian music masters and in doing so it has entrenched itself in the hearts of the people throughout the country. In the present day development of the symphony orchestra, and of the best in music, the Russian Symphony players and their gifted conductor, Modest Altschuler, have contributed a generous part. After seven years of hard work this institution has finally taken its place among the great orchestras of the United States.

Director Altschuler plans to offer orchestral works of the German, French and English schools at the forthcoming concerts, and enough compositions of so-called popular nature to combine, with other numbers, programs that will satisfy every variety of musical taste.

As next week is to be the last of

the season large crowds will no doubt pay the Exposition a farewell visit. In a short time the wonderful wireless telegraph demonstration, the picturesque naval spectacle Monitor and Merrimac, with its never-to-be-forgotten battle; the postoffice exhibit, the Latin-America booth, with its interesting information about trade relations and the Panama canal; the great mechanical and electrical features and many others will soon pass from view to become a pleasant memory of a season fraught with pleasure and entertainment of the highest type.

His Birthday Present.
Fair Customer—I want a birthday present for my husband. Dealer—Yes, mum. How would this old clock suit you? Fair Customer—Let me see. I've got a corner in my boudoir that will just do for it! And I've been wanting an old clock for a long time. Yes, that will do!

To Be Noble.
Most of our unhappiness comes about because there is in us a scrap of the infinite that is not satisfied with finite things. There is a longing in the human heart to unfold into a better life. To do and to be noble is the deepest desire of every heart. — Dr. Henry van Dyke.

Those who pursue happiness are fortunate to catch up with content.

When the sea is smooth we have sunny good sailors.

Wellington's Self Control.

One of the best stories of self control is told of the Duke of Wellington, who in the penitential campaign was sitting at breakfast with Pleton and other officers just before the engagement. Orderlies were riding up to the tent every few minutes with news of the steady approach of the enemy. The duke did and said nothing, but by the knitting of his brows was supposed to be deep in thought. Presently he turned to his companions and said: "Was your egg well cooked, Pleton? Mine was abominable." The "Iron Duke" was not careless of the issue of the battle about to be fought, but had made his arrangements long before and knew exactly how the enemy would advance and how to counteract it.

Hardness and Coldness.
Ethel—Jack really won Maud by hardness and coldness. Elsie—What do you mean? Ethel—Diamonds and ice cream.—Boston Transcript.

THE TOWN THAT PUSH BUILT

VII.—The Brainy Hardware Man



THIS is the hardware man who took at the jeweler's ad a careful look, Then went and bought some trinkets neat For a girl whom he thought was very sweet And paid for them with the clothier's bill That came from the furniture dealer's till. Where it went when the dry goods merchant bought And paid with the bill the butcher got From the grocer who had settlement made With money the honest workman paid. P.S.—The local dealer who's up to snuff Will always advertise his stuff.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

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ANDREW W. SMITH
Of Washington Township, Jefferson Co.
General Election Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1910.
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