

Miscellaneous.

C. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

D. B. E. HOOVER,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
Resident dentist. In building near Methodist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentleness in operating.

Hotels.

HOTEL MCCONNELL,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.

The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, &c.

HOTEL BELNAP,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

GREEN & CONSER, Proprietors.
First class in every particular. Located in the very center of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
BROOKVILLE, PA.

BUFFINGTON & LONG, Prop's.
Omni-bus to and from all trains. European restaurant. House heated and lighted by gas. Hot and cold water. Western Union Telegraph office in building. The hotel is fitted with all the modern conveniences.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
BROOKVILLE, PA.

JAS. H. CLOVER, Proprietor.
Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omni-bus to and from all trains.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RAILWAY.

The short line between Dullops, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after May 23d, 1892, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:10 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For points North between Dullops, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region. 7:15 a. m. mixed train for Punsutawney.

10:05 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

10:55 A. M.—Accommodation—For Dullops, Sykes, Big Run and Punsutawney.

1:20 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

4:50 P. M.—Mail—For Dullops, Sykes, Big Run, Punsutawney and Walston.

7:35 P. M.—Accommodation—For Dullops, Big Run and Punsutawney.

Trains Arrive—7:10 A. M. Accommodation Punsutawney; 10:05 A. M. Mail from Walston and Punsutawney; 10:55 A. M. Accommodation from Bradford; 1:20 P. M. Accommodation from Punsutawney; 4:50 P. M. Mail from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:35 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. GEO. W. HARTLEY, J. P. THOMPSON, General Supt. Gen. Pass. Agent Bradford, Pa. Rochester, N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday, June 28, 1891. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.
Red Bank	10 40	4 30								
Lawsonham	10 54	4 44								
New Bethlehem	11 28	5 18								
Oak Ridge	11 35	5 25								
Millville	11 39	5 29								
Maysville	11 43	5 33								
Summersville	12 03	5 53								
Brookville	12 25	6 14	6 15							
Fuller	12 43	6 32	6 34							
Reynoldsville	1 30	7 19	7 21							
Panconost	1 09	6 58	7 02							
Falls Creek	1 17	7 07	7 10	10 53						
Dullops	1 42	7 32	7 37	11 05	1 40					
Sabula										
Winterburn	1 52									
Penfield	1 57									
Tyler	2 06									
Glen Fisher	2 16									
Benezette	2 33									
Grant	2 40									
Driftwood	2 49									
	P. M. P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M.									

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.
Driftwood	10 05									
Grant	10 32									
Benezette	10 42									
Glen Fisher	11 02									
Tyler	11 15									
Penfield	11 25									
Winterburn	11 31									
Sabula	11 43									
Dullops	12 00	7 00	8 43	11 20	4 00					
Falls Creek	1 17	7 19	8 51	11 45	4 10					
Panconost	1 34	7 38	9 20							
Reynoldsville	1 42	7 46	9 28							
Fuller	1 59	7 46	9 28							
Brookville	2 21	8 08	9 45							
Summersville	2 39	8 26								
Maysville	2 56	8 51								
Millville	3 02	8 55								
Oak Ridge	3 26	9 19								
New Bethlehem	3 35	9 19								
Lawsonham	3 47	9 45								
Red Bank	4 01	10 00								
	A. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.									

Trains daily except Sunday.
DANIEL MCCARGO, GEN'L. Supt., Pittsburg, Pa.
JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. Pass. Agt., Pittsburg, Pa.

DO YOU NEED A NEW ATTIRE?
If so, and you want a good fitting and well made suit at a reasonable figure you will receive same by placing your order with

J. C. Froehlich,
THE ARTISTIC TAILOR.
Next door to Hotel McConnell, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

EFFECTS OF A WAVE.

A STEAMER STANDS HIGH AND DRY OVER TWO MILES INLAND.

A Tidal Wave That Carried Away Everything but a Lighthouse and Destroyed Over 40,000 Lives—The Steamer Intact but is in the Midst of a Jungle.

Tourists that visit Batavia nowadays are quite out of the fashion if they fail to make the passage through Sunda strait and see all that is left of Krakatua and the vestiges of the ruin wrought by the terrible eruption of 1882. If they push up the Bay of Lampong, on the Sumatra side of the channel, they are likely to land on the low shores occupied by the village of Telok-Betong, and hire carts for a short jaunt into the interior; and when they have gone about two miles they will pause to take in the curious scene presented; for here is seen one of the most interesting results of the great wave of Krakatua.

There was just one man amid all that wild scene of death and devastation who was not overwhelmed in the common ruin. He escaped while 40,000 perished. He was the lighthouse keeper, who lived alone on an isolated rock in the strait. It was broad daylight when Krakatua burst asunder, but in a few moments the heavens were so densely shrouded by dust, mud and smoke that the darkness of midnight covered all the channel. The guardian of the lighthouse was in the lantern 130 feet above the sea level. Here he remained safe and sound in the midst of the terrible commotion.

He felt the trembling of the lighthouse, but it was so dark that he could not see the threatened danger. He did not know that a tremendous wave had almost overwhelmed the lighthouse, and that its crest had nearly touched the base of the lantern. He did not hear it because he was deafened by the awful detonation of Krakatua.

In a few moments the wave, over a hundred feet in height, had swept along a coast line of a hundred miles on both sides of the channel.

Scores of populous villages were buried deep beneath the avalanche of water. Great groves of cocoanut palms were leveled to the ground. Promontories were carried away. New bays were dug out of the yielding littoral. Every work of human hands except that lighthouse was destroyed, and 40,000 persons perished in the deluge that mounted from the sea or beneath the rain of mud that filled the heavens.

A little sidewheel steamboat was borne on the top of that wave through forests and jungle, over two miles into the country, and was left as the wave receded. It will be remembered that for weeks before the final cataclysm at Krakatua, Pleasure parties were made up at Batavia to visit the volcano. Not a few people landed on the island, little dreaming that in the twinkling of an eye two-thirds of it was to be blown into the air as though shot from a gun. They wished to get as near as they thought they might safely venture to the growling, steaming crater.

This little steamboat, on the day before the explosion, carried one of these parties to the island. There were only twenty on board besides the crew. They spent a couple of hours around the island and then steamed up the deep and narrow Bay of Lampong, and it is supposed they anchored for the night in front of the big town of Telok-Betong, which was one of the largest settlements on the south coast of Sumatra.

The ill fated pleasure party was never heard of again. It is supposed that the boat was turned over and over like an eggshell in the surf. It had every appearance of such rough usage when it was found some months later. The machinery and furniture were badly broken and were strewn about in the greatest confusion. But the vessel held together, and was finally set down in good shape, erect on her keel.

Only two bodies were found in the vessel. They were, of course, below deck. As it was morning when she was picked up by the wave it is supposed that nearly everybody was on shore. Not a vestige remains of the villages that lined the water edge. But the hull of this little boat still stands, battered and broken, though as erect as when she plowed the channel, and she is the most curious and interesting relic of the greatest volcanic eruption of modern times.—New York Sun.

The Venom of Snakes.

As to the venom of serpents, no distinct chemical principle has as yet been detected in it, though such there must be, seeing that the effect of the saliva of different poisonous snakes is different—the blood coagulating after a fatal cobra bite, though not after that of a rattlesnake or a viper. It has also been ascertained that if the blood of a poisoned animal be injected into a healthy one the latter will be poisoned in the same way as if it had itself been bitten, although its flesh may be eaten with impunity.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that a snake's poison can have no effect unless actually mixed with the blood. It will act after being absorbed through such delicate skin as that which lines our lips, though its action when thus received is less powerful.—Quarterly Review.

Bowknots Still in Favor.

The rage for bowknots shows no signs of abating. Easter gifts were devised of them in every form.

GOODBY, GOD BLESS YOU.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Far down into your feelings;
That some folks deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they shun it;
But I have never found it so
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gaelic they have paid for,
With "Au revoir," "Adieu, ma chere,"
For that's what French was made for;
But when a crowsy takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo, and
He says, "Goodby, God bless you!"

This seems to be a sacred phrase
With reverence impressed;
A thing come down from righteous days
Quaintly but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful;
Into the pores of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To seek its gracious function;
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you,
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told, "Goodby, God bless you."
—Eugene Field.

The Lemonade of Yore.

"Wunct upon a time," recently recently remarked an aged candy butcher who dispenses peanuts and popcorn bars at the Madison Square garden, "they used to make circus lemonade as was circus lemonade, but them times is gone up the centerpole and they ain't never agoin to come back. In them days all we fellers needed to clean up twenty or thirty dollars before and after the show was three pounds of sugar, a pint of citric acid, a washin tub and a pump that threw a good stream. We uster put lemons in and let 'em float around, but when the crowd went we'd fish 'em out again, and one dozen lemons 'ud last us through a whole county."

"I tell you, young feller, a schooner of that there lemonade, after it had been a-standin in the sun for an hour or so, with a fly or two doin the Captain Boyton act in it, was something to be remembered. But that's all changed now they put stuff in it that makes it pink and dudy lookin, they mix it in punch-bowls instead of wash-tubs, and instead of savin money they use real lemons instead of acid."

Then, with a sigh of regret for the golden past, the aged man sold the small boy a short weight bag of peanuts, a damaged popcorn bar and gave him two plugged nickels in change.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Didn't Want a Pony.

Small Boy—Papa, Willie Winklers got a pony.
Papa—Has?
"Yes, and it's the bee-utafullst pony I ever saw."
"You don't say!"
"Just as gentle as can be. I rode on it an didn't fall off once. A boy couldn't get hurt on that pony."
"I suppose not."
"It eats hardly anything, too, and doesn't cost much to keep."
"It doesn't?"
"Not anything, hardly. Willie said his papa bought it real cheap."
"No doubt."
"And he said there was plenty more where that came from."
"Humph! Do you want me to buy you a pony?"
"N-o. I was only thinkin what a nice pony Willie Winklers has."
"Oh!"
"Yes, Willie's got a nice papa, too, hasn't he?"—Good News.

Wood in Egyptian Stonework.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is that found in the ancient temples of Egypt in connection with the stonework, which is known to be at least 4,000 years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temples, is in the form of ties holding the end of one stone to another. When two blocks were laid in place, an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, in which a tie shaped like an hour glass is driven. It is therefore very difficult to force any stone from its position. The ties appear to have been of the Timarish or Shittim wood.—Yankee Blade.

A Venerable Goose.

The oldest goose on record as now living belonged to John Ray, a respectable resident of Croton Landing, N. Y. He says he purchased the goose from Isaac Hill, who made an affidavit at the time that the faithful fowl was fifty-two years of age then. The goose lays fifty eggs a year, and was sold by Mr. Ray at the end of the third year of his possession for \$100. He says, to the best of his knowledge and belief, she is now eighty-six years of age.—New York Sun.

New England Cures.

A New Hampshire cure for sore throat is to wear about the neck a stocking, in the toe of which a potato has been tied. According to a Maine belief, a nutmeg pierced and hung on a string around the neck prevents boils, croup and neuralgia. The effect of a Connecticut wooden nutmeg is unknown.—Kansas City Journal.

An Important Amendment.

A bill was introduced into one of our state legislatures granting permission that the bishop of the diocese might be buried in the crypt of his cathedral. One of the members who did not admire the bishop greatly, moved an amendment to the bill that it take effect immediately on its passage.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Guarding Against Sparks.

A new arc lamp has a wire gauze protector upon the top of it, the object being to prevent the escape of the dangerous sparks which occasionally fly from the carbon poles and are the cause of fires. The gauze is fine and does not interfere with the diffusion of the light nor with the placing of the carbons.—New York Journal.

HE KNEW.

Hiram Was Not at All Scared by the Noise Down Stairs.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Higinbotham shook her husband. "Ugh," he responded unconsciously. "Hiram! Hiram!" she exclaimed in a whisper.

"U-ugh," he observed. She gave him another shake. "Hiram," she whispered, "there's robbers down stairs."

"Ugh?" he ventured again, this time with a rising inflection indicating that he was gradually absorbing the idea that something was wrong.

She gave him a tremendous shake. "Ugh," he almost shouted, sitting straight up, "what in thunder's the row, Maria?"

She clapped her hand over his mouth. "Sh—sh!" she whispered, "there's burglars down stairs."

"Aw," he growled, "we ought to be thankful they are not up stairs. Go to sleep!" and he fell back to the pillow.

"Hiram, I tell you," she insisted, with another shake, "there's burglars down stairs. I heard them. You go down and see what they want."

"Maria," he protested, "I'll do nothing of the sort. If they don't see what they want they can ask for it. That's business."

"But you shall go down, Hiram, and see," she urged and pleaded at the same time.

"I won't, I tell you, Maria. Because your father owns a dry goods store is no sign that I believe it is no trouble to show goods, and I repeat, madam, if those burglars want anything they've got to wait on themselves. It's after business hours anyway. You must think we run an all night place. Go to sleep, I tell you."

Mrs. Higinbotham gave a sudden clutch at his arm.

"There," she nearly screamed, "I hear them coming up stairs now."

"Well, dear," he said soothingly, "you'd better jump up and put on a dress. It will never do in the world for you to receive strange gentlemen in your present attire."

"We'll be murdered in our beds," she wailed.

"Do you really think you will," he inquired with some interest.

"I'm sure of it, Hiram," she sobbed. "Suppose you get out and lie on the floor, Maria, and then you won't be," he suggested heartlessly. "I'm willing to take mine right here in bed, where it's warm."

Mrs. H. began to cry.

"What's the matter, Maria?" Mr. H. asked, as if he had just that moment discovered her grief.

"You're a mean, horrid man, Hiram Higinbotham," she said in her natural voice, and she began to get out of bed.

"Where are you going, Maria?" he inquired uneasily.

"Down stairs," she answered heroically. "As between you upstairs and the burglars down stairs, I prefer the burglars," and down stairs she went, and the black cat in the preserve closet upset four jars of her finest quinces in its mad effort to escape.

She screamed, but Hiram Higinbotham made no sign; he knew he had forgotten to put the cat in the cellar when he shut the house up for the night and reported to his wife that everything was all right.—Detroit Free Press.

Home of the Sea Serpent.

The question of the "great sea serpent" has of late come before us with an episcopal sanction; but whatever may be the explanation of the various appearances which have given a certain currency to a belief in the existence of an unknown marine monster of some kind, that small sea serpents exist is most certain. They are all marine, and with the exception of one or two species never quit the water. As might be expected under such circumstances they bring forth their young alive, and these can swim as soon as they are born.

Mr. Boulenger tells us that their home is essentially the coasts of the Indian ocean and the tropical parts of the western Pacific, from the Persian gulf to New Guinea and North Australia. One species, however, ranges from west and south Africa to the western coast of tropical America and extends northward to Japan and southward to New Zealand.—Quarterly Review.

Two Guilty Consciences.

A Danbury youth went trout fishing and ventured to drop a sly line into a posted brook. Soon the approaching figure of the owner loomed up in the distance, and the Danbury youth knew he had been seen. He took inconspicuously to the bushes, where he spent a very miserable two hours in hiding and caught a cold that kept him two days in bed.

Meanwhile the terrible owner, who was not the owner at all, had sought a similar refuge at sight of the original culprit, and not until his teeth chattered like a typewriter did he venture to leave the friendly but damp shelter and slink away from the scene. He was an elderly man, and his share in the day's sport resulted in a four days' rheumatic limp.—Boston Transcript.

Reed's Special Offer.

We want no odds and ends.

You Want Shoes.

We have some makes of shoes for

MEN, LADIES and CHILDREN

That the sizes and widths are broken and we desire to close out at once.

A bargain counter of

FINE and HEAVY SHOES,

ALL KINDS, STYLES PRICES.

We have the above described shoes piled on a counter in the center of our shoe store and you can save money.

Men's and ladies' \$1.35, \$1.40 and \$1.50 Shoes at \$1.25

Men's " " \$2.00 Shoes at \$1.75

Men's " " \$2.50 Shoes at \$2.00

Men's " " \$3.00 Shoes at \$2.60

Men's " " \$3.50 Shoes at \$3.00

Every shoe box in our store is marked in plain figures. No chance for skinning one and not another. We never did and never will advertise anything we cannot show.