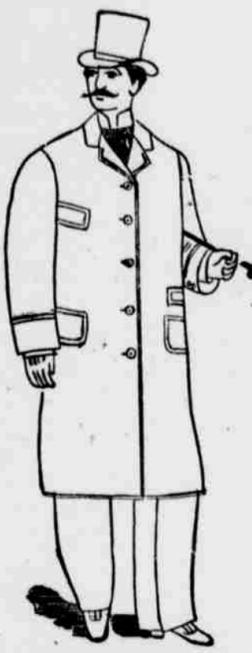


- Bell's - REMARKABLE Holiday Offers!

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

Two Wonderful Special Offers that will make it easy for any man to treat himself to a Suit or Overcoat for a Christmas Gift.

<p>\$10.00.</p> <p>FOR</p> <p>CHOICE</p> <p>Men's fine double-breasted Cheviot and Cassimer Suits, solid colors and mixtures, regular price \$12, now \$10.</p> <p>Men's fine black Dress Suits in sack and cutaways, regular price \$12, now \$10.</p> <p>Men's strictly all-wool Business Suit, the latest pattern, now \$10.</p>		<p>\$10.00</p> <p>FOR</p> <p>CHOICE</p> <p>Men's celebrated Cans robe twilled Melton and Kersey Overcoats, regular price is \$12.50, now \$10.00. Men's all wool Ulsters in green, black, blue and steel colors, regular price \$12, now \$10. Men's real Shetland and Irish - Freeze Storm Overcoats, finest linings, regular price \$15, now 10.00.</p>
---	---	---

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Two surprising bargains which should induce every mother of a boy to make a bee line for BELL'S.

<p>\$2.00 for Choice.</p> <p>Buy good quality double-breasted suits in new, dark designs for \$2.</p> <p>Boys' elegant and fashionable feebler suits with broad collar for \$2.</p> <p>Long cut double-breasted overcoats with deep cape for \$2.50.</p>		<p>\$5.00 for Choice.</p> <p>350 B. Seelig & Co. celebrated novelty suits in every newest style and finest materials, now \$5.</p> <p>Boy's famous Shetland ulsters, latest long English cut, now \$5.</p> <p>Young men's fine and durable Metlin and Kersey overcoats, all shades, now \$5.</p>
---	---	---

CLOSED!

World's Fair Exhibition at Chicago.

OPEN!

Our Great Shirt Exhibition. One dollar each. No fare or hotel bills here, at BELL'S.

HATS!

If you hatn't any hat, and you hat to buy a hat, hatn't you better buy a hat from us,

THE ONLY HATTER.

—BELL'S.

TIES! TIES! TIES!

Tied or Untied, 50c. at

BELL'S.

A PRELUDE.

In youth, beside the lonely sea,
Voices and visions came to me.
Titania and her furtive broods
Were my familiars in the woods.
From every flower that broke in flame
Some half-articulate whisper came.
In every wind I felt the stir
Of some celestial messenger.
Later, amid the city's din
And toll and wealth and want and sin,
They followed me from street to street,
The dreams that made my boyhood sweet
As in the silence haunted glen,
So mid the crowded ways of men.
Strange lights my errant fancy led,
Strange watchers sat beside my bed,
Ill fortune had no shafts for me
In this aerial company.
Now one by one the visions fly,
And one by one the voices die.
More faintly the accents ring,
More frequent the receding wing.
Full dark shall be the days in store,
When voice and vision come no more!
—Thomas W. H. Aldrich in Scribner's.

AN ODD REGULATION.

HOW THE HOUSE OF COMMONS GETS MEMBERS TO PRAYERS.

Piety Not Always the Incentive to Punctuality—Spurred by the Desire to Sit During the Day's Proceedings—The Ceremonial of Opening the House.

The house of commons is unique among the legislatures of the world in having no complete accommodation for its members. There are altogether 670 members of the house, and there are exactly 430 seats, of which only 306 are on the floor. The speaker takes the chair at 8 o'clock, except on Wednesdays, and unless the house has agreed to what are called "morning sittings," which begin at 2 o'clock. Three o'clock is sufficiently late in the afternoon, judging by the example of other legislatures, but it is too early for the men of business, the practicing lawyers and the men of fashion, who still form so large a factor in the membership of parliament. It is rarely therefore that there are more than a few members in attendance at that hour. Another reason for this abstention may be that this is the hour of devotion. Each sitting of the house is begun by the solemn reading of prayers by the speaker's chaplain, at present the well known Archdeacon Farrar. Those who attend prayers reap an immediate and earthly reward. On the large table that stands in front of the speaker's chair there is a box which contains a number of cards with the word "Prayers" printed upon them.

The member who has attended prayers writes his name on this card and thereafter places it in the small slot which is at the back of each seat in the house, and for that particular evening that seat is his. He may leave the seat for hours, but he is entitled to it whenever he returns and can expel any person who may have taken it during his absence. There are only two classes of persons in the house who have any settled rights with regard to seats. The front bench on the right hand side of the speaker's chair is called the treasury bench, and on this sit the various members of the existing administration. The bench immediately opposite is called the front opposition bench, and on this sit the members of the previous administration.

There are, it will be thus easily understood, two peculiarities under these circumstances about the attendance at prayers. First, the gentlemen usually present are not always those most distinguished for their piety. The caustic editor of Truth has taken in recent years to laying the foundation stones of nonconformist places of worship, but nobody would be less likely to set up a claim for special piety than Mr. Labouchere. Nevertheless, every night of the week Mr. Labouchere listens with pious attention to the ministrations of the chaplain. The secret reason is that the first seat on the front bench below the gangway is a place peculiarly well suited for the guerrilla that is ever on the watch for the moment to make an onslaught on a wicked administration, and Mr. Labouchere, as the chief of the guerrillas, is especially fond of this seat and has occupied it for years. This incumbency, though sanctified by so many years of usage, has still to be won by regular attendance at every evening's prayers. The rule is inflexible, except in the cases already mentioned, that a seat can be held only for one night, and that then it shall be won by attendance at prayers. The second peculiarity is that the men who are most in want of the assistance of prayers, as having the heaviest responsibility upon their shoulders—the members of the administration and the leaders of parties—are always conspicuously absent.

Just before prayers are begun the procession of the speaker to his place in the house takes place. Enough of the old ceremonial still exists to make this a quaint and interesting spectacle. The speaker still wears the large, full-bottomed wig of state occasions, is dressed in a short-tailed coat, covered by a sweeping robe, wears knee breeches and low shoes with large buckles. Behind and before him is a small cohort of attendants—the sergeant-at-arms bearing the mace, the chaplain with prayerbook in hand, the trainbearer holding up the train and two or three

other attendants, the exact purpose of whom it is impossible to tell beyond the desire to make the procession more imposing in point of numbers. The sergeant-at-arms, like the speaker, is arrayed in knee breeches, with low shoes. He carries a sword by his side, but is allowed to dispense with the wig. The ceremonial is made more imposing by the policemen and attendants, who shunt along the corridors which separate the speaker's house from the house of commons: "Speaker! Speaker!" a shout which has a strange, indefinable effect, however often heard, and stirs the blood somewhat as the dreams of De Quincey were moved by the recollection of the Roman consul passing over the Appian way. It sounds like a reminiscence and momentary embodiment of all the fierce struggle, oratorical triumphs, tragic and world-shaking events which are associated with the history of the august parliament of Great Britain.

When the speaker reaches the lobby, the chief of the police force attached to the house repeats the cry, "Speaker!" with the additional words, "Hats off, strangers," and it is rarely that the lobby, however noisy and tumultuous before, does not fall into a certain timid silence as this black, solemn and picturesque group sweeps by.

When the speaker enters the house, every member rises from his seat. The speaker bows two or three times as he walks up the floor, and some of the country gentlemen and the more ceremonious members of the house bow at the same time.—Thomas Power O'Connor in Harper's Magazine.

In Defense of the Weed.

The American silver weed, or tobacco, is an excellent defense against bad air, being smoked in a pipe, either by itself or with nutmegs shred and raw seeds mixed with it, especially if it be nosed, for it cleanseth the air and choaketh, suppresseth and disperseth any venomous vapor. It hath singular and contrary effects, it is good to warm one being cold, and will cool one being hot. All ages, all sexes, all constitutions, young or old, men and women, the sanguine, the choleric, the melancholy, the phlegmatick, take it without any manifest inconvenience; it quencth thirst, and yet will make one more able and fit to drink; it abates hunger, and yet will get one a good stomach; it is agreeable with mirth or sadness, with feasting and with fasting; it will make one rest that wants sleep, and will keep one waking that is drowsie; it hath an offensive smell to some, and is more desirable than any perfume to others. That it is a most excellent preservative, both experience and reason do teach.

It corrects the air by fumigation, and it avoids corrupt humors by salivation, for when one takes it either by chewing it in the leaf, or smoking it in the pipe, the humors are drawn and brought from all parts of the body to the stomach, and from thence rising up to the mouth of the tobaccoist, as to the helms of a sublimate, are avoided and spitten out.—"A Brief Treatise," 1665.

How Do You Cross Your 'T's?

A graphologist has discovered that character can be read from the letter "t" alone, according to an English paper. He claims that the vertical line represents the fatality of life, and the horizontal bar the influence human will exercises over this fatality.

In addition, he claims that the higher or lower a writer crosses the "t" is a guide to the amount of idealism contained in his nature, and that the lower part of the letter corresponds to the practical and material part of the man's character.

For instance, the optimist crosses his t's with a line that slopes upward—from the ground to the sky, as it were. The poet often crosses his t's quite above the vertical line—in other words, in the sky.

The pessimist crosses his t's with a downward sloping stroke. The line which is below the ideal portion of the letter descends little by little until it is lost among the sad realities of earthly existence.

The practical man, it appears, always steers a middle course, and crosses his t's neither in the ideal nor in the material manner, but exactly midway between both.—Boston Globe.

The Barrister's Retort.

A case was once tried in Limerick before Chief Baron O'Grady. A barrister named Bushe was making a speech for the defense, when an ass began to bray loudly outside the court. "Wait a moment," said the chief baron. "One at a time, Mr. Bushe, if you please." The barrister waited for a chance to retort, and it came presently. When O'Grady was charging the jury, the ass again began to bray, if possible more loudly than before. "I beg your pardon, my lord," said Bushe. "May I ask you to repeat your last words? There is such an echo in this court I did not quite catch them."—"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

Balm of Gilead.

The real balm of Gilead is the dried juice of a low shrub which grows in Byria. It is very valuable and scarce, for the amount of balm yielded by one shrub never exceeded 60 drops a day. According to Josephus, the balm or balsam of Gilead was one of the presents given by the queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The ancient Jewish physicians prescribed it evidently for dyspepsia and melancholia.—Methodist Protestant.

CAPTURED BY MOONSHINERS.

Two Drummers Have an Experience In the Mountains of Kentucky.

Two drummers, Alf Hill of Chicago and Tom Johnson of Baltimore, decided to take a few days off and go fishing on the Cumberland river near Harlan. Things went smoothly while there. The natives were hospitable and kind. But they were not so fortunate on their return trip, as they missed the road and became lost in the mountains. While wandering hopelessly about they ran into a body of mountaineers. They were promptly arrested, and after a conference on the part of the mountain people they were blindfolded.

After what seemed to them an all day's tramp the blinds were suddenly removed, and they found themselves in a cave lighted by lamps. About 30 rough men and women surrounded them. They were asked many questions about their business, and after they succeeded in showing they were not revenue officers the attitude of their captors changed. A meal of their best was set before them. After this the fiddle and banjo were brought out, and the "light fantastic" was indulged in for several hours. The drummers were then blindfolded again and led from the cave. After what seemed to them an endless march the blinds were again removed, and they were told that they were on the main road. They were also told that the fate of the informer was death—to go and never return.

In the cave were several small stills with a capacity of several barrels a week. The cave had several departments for sleeping. As to where the cave is located Hill and Johnson have not the remotest idea.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

RECENT BRIGAND OUTRAGES.

Bold and Brutal Robbers In the Caucasus Rob and Kill Treat a Good Man.

Brigands in the Caucasus are becoming bolder than ever before. Extraordinary stories of their recent outrages are coming to hand. The following is a typical instance:

The other day a band of 24 men, with a pack horse and ammunition, approached the village of Zatoroff in the Baku naphtha region. They met four peasants and asked where the richest man lived. The first peasant refused to say and was immediately cut down. The second, declining to give any information, was stabbed. The other two led the brigands to the house of a benevolent wealthy man, Hadshi Hussein. The latter hesitated to say where his money was kept, but a dagger driven through the muscles of his right arm and left there induced him to lead the robbers to his safe, where they found 10,000 rubles in gold and valuables worth an equal amount. Hadshi Hussein was afterward decapitated.

His housekeeper wore gold earrings, which attracted the attention of the murderers. In a moment her ears were cut from her head. She sprang to the door, but was stabbed. Her cries had alarmed the villagers, who opened a fusillade upon the robbers. The latter made a desperate sortie, regained their horses and made good their retreat, leaving four dead victims. All efforts have failed to unearth the band.—Moscow Letter.

An Indian Treasury Looted.

A grave scandal has come to light at Indore. Treasure which has long been supposed to be guarded in the Khagzi treasury, amounting to 900,000 rupees, is missing. Her late highness Ma Saheb told the maharajah that she had presented a few of the gold ornaments from the Jawahir Khana to some of her servants, and that the younger Ma Sahebs—the stepmothers of his highness—knew all about the jewelry and silver articles and cash in the treasury, and that he would get all information respecting them from the younger princesses. But no one of them has been able to furnish any explanation respecting the missing sum of rupees, or the jewels, ornaments and silver articles which were with them. On this account the allowances of the maharajah's stepmothers have been partially withheld while the mystery is under inquiry.—St. James Gazette.

Can Look In and See His Heart Beat.

A remarkable case was presented to the students of Starling Medical college a couple of weeks ago by Dr. Lovington. The patient had been subjected to an operation for pleurisy by a Buffalo physician, and five ribs in front and four in the rear were removed. The left lung was entirely gone; an open cavity extended through the chest. The heart was laid bare, covered only by the pericardium and could be clearly seen pulsing in its normal activity. Dr. Lovington stated that there was probably not another case like it in the United States. The man is 38 years old and is in fairly good health. It is a marvel that he is alive.—Columbus (O.) Dispatch to Cleveland Leader.

A Pistol Shot Brings Down an Eagle.

Captain F. S. Robertson, uncle of W. R. Blackford of this city, made a remarkable pistol shot several days ago while riding on horseback with a party of friends from Saltville to Red Rock, Va. A large eagle flew across the path 50 yards ahead of the party, when Captain Robertson, with one shot of a .32 caliber revolver, brought the bird to earth. The eagle weighed nearly 10 pounds and measured 6 feet 7 inches from tip to tip.—Baltimore Sun.

GREAT Reduction!

A Reduction of from
10 to 20 per cent

Ladies,
Misses' and
Children's

GOATS

AT

N. Hanau's.

MASTER AND EXAMINER'S NOTICE.

The Borough of West Reynoldsville vs. Winslow Township. Pleas of Jefferson County, No. 1, Feb'y Term, 1894. Sitting in Equity.

Having been, on Dec. 11, 1893, appointed Master and Examiner, in above case, to equitably adjust and apportion indebtedness between said Borough of West Reynoldsville and the township of Winslow, all persons interested are hereby notified that I will perform the duties of above appointment at my office, in the Borough of Brookville, on **MONDAY, THE 27TH DAY OF MARCH, A. D. 1894, AT TEN O'CLOCK, A. M.**

And all persons having claims against the said township of Winslow are hereby notified to present them on or before the date above mentioned, or they will be forever barred.
Dec. 18, 1893. JOHN M. VAN VLIET, Master and Examiner.

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 centre of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
BROOKVILLE, PA.
PHIL P. CARRIER, Proprietor.
Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omnibus to and from all trains.

Miscellaneous.

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

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

First National Bank
OF REYNOLDSVILLE.
CAPITAL \$50,000.00.

C. Mitchell, President;
Scott McClelland, Vice Pres-
John H. Kaucher, Cashier.

Directors:
C. Mitchell, Scott McClelland, J. C. King,
Joseph Strauss, Joseph Henderson,
G. W. Fuller, J. H. Kaucher.

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons.
First National Bank building, Nolan block
Fire Proof Vault.