

Children's Reefer Suits FOR \$2.00.	BOYS' Long Pants Suits FOR \$3.50	Children's SUITS FOR \$2.00.	Boys' Knee Pants Suits with extra pair pants \$3.00.	Boys' Knee Pants SUITS FOR \$1.00.
--	--	---------------------------------------	--	--

Mens'
All-wool
SUITS
for
\$6.50.

Mens' Good
Business
SUITS
for
\$8.00.

Mens' Good
Black Suits
for Dress
\$10.00.

Remember we
have one of the
Finest
GUTTERS
in our Merchant
Tailor - Depart-
ment. Suits for
\$20.00 and up.

Make a
Base - Hit
and come to
Bell's

Black or Blue!

Men's, Boy's and
Children's
SUITS
ANY - SIZE - OR - STYLE!

Single Breasted Sack Suits, sizes from 33 to 48,
Blue or Black.

Cutaway Froek Suits, Blue or Black.

Regent Cutaway Suits, full long style.

We buy all our suits from the finest manufactory
of men's suits and if you find any of our clothing to
rip we ask you to bring the suit back and we give
you a new suit.

Match Us If You Can.

BELL,

The ONLY Clothier, Hatter
and Furnisher.

Mens'
Prince - Albert
SUITS
FOR
\$15.00.

G. A. R.
Suit,
the Best in the
world, for
\$10.00.

Two sets buttons
Gents,
Call and ex-
amine our
All-wool Pants
FOR
\$3.00.

Hats! Hats!
For the Children.
Hats! Hats!
For the Men and
Hats! Hats! Hats!
For Everyone.

Wed a Neck-
tie to your Col-
lar. We will tie
the knot for
25c.

Our Fall
Stock of
Under-
Price
Under-
Wear,
75c. per suit.
STYLES
and PRICES
to suit the times.
We have them
for you.

COME IN!
Where?
TO THE
"Bee Hive" Store,
WHERE
L. J. McEntire, & Co.,
The Groceryman, deals in all
kinds of
Groceries, Ganned
Goods, Green Goods
Tobacco and Cigars, Flour
and Feed, Baled Hay and
Straw. Fresh goods always
on hand.
Country produce taken in
exchange for goods.
A share of your patronage
is respectfully solicited.
Very truly yours,
Lawrence J. McEntire & Co.,
The Grocerymen.

J. S. MORROW,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods,
Notions,
Boots, and
Shoes,
Fresh Groceries
Flour and
Feed.
GOODS DELIVERED FREE.
OPERA - HOUSE - BLOCK
Reynoldsville, Pa.

Important to All!
To Save Money go to the
People's Bargain Store.
Cut prices in every department.
Fine line children's cotton underwear
from 10c. up; children's all-wool red
flannel underwear from 18c. up; heavy
quilted ladies' Jersey shirts at 25c.;
men's merino underwear 90c. per suit;
men's all-wool underwear \$1.40 a suit;
big line top shirts from 45c. up; desir-
able line of men's fine pants from 85c.
up; every customer buying a suit of
boys' clothes will get a 50c. hat free;
fine assortment of shoes at reasonable
prices; men's first-class gloves from 25c.
up; handsome table oil cloth at 17c. per
yard; big line hats and caps at prices to
suit every customer.
Call and be convinced that we always
make quick sales and small profits.
A. KATZEN,
Proprietor.

FIRST AND LAST.

Hope smiles a welcome, though none other
smiles
Upon our entrance to this world of pain,
And on each purpose of our youth again,
With an inspiring sympathy, she smiles.
She leads us forth to battle and beguiles
Our anguish, if the long fight proves in vain,
Till, pierced with countless wounds, among
the slain
We leave her, with the victor for reviles.
But, even as we touch at ruin's verge,
And hear the voices of despair, that urge
The fatal plunge to chaos, hope, alone—
How healed and how ransomed none may
guess—
Rising again, in pallid loveliness,
Resumes her way, a thousand times o'er-
thrown.
—Florence Earle Coates in *Cosmopolitan Mag-*
azine.

SAVED BY A BADGE.

A STORY THAT WILL INTEREST ALL
COLLEGE MEN.

There Was a Rope Round the Gamma
Beta Man's Neck, and He Was About to
Be Strung Up When His College Society
Emblem Was Seen by One Who Knew It.

The sixtieth annual dinner of Gam-
ma Beta was certainly a great success.
At the long table sat 150 guests, of all
ages and from all parts of the land.
The feast was ended when the captain
arose from his place near the head of
the board. Straight of figure and alert
of eye, he bore his 60 years lightly.

"Boys," says the captain, "I haven't
been to a Gamma Beta dinner for 40
years. The last time I went I was a boy
in college. As I look around me I am
glad I am not the oldest alumnus here,
for I feel as young as any freshman.
But I came here tonight to tell you a
story, and if you have patience to hear
me I may as well begin. Remember,
we old ones are garrulous at times and
stop me when you have had enough."

His audience was all attention, and
the captain lighted a fresh cigar, blew
out a puff of smoke and began.

"I was the first northern man to
plant cotton in Arkansas after the war.
The state had declared for the Union
early in 1864, but there was plenty of
lawless secessionism about, and a north-
erner's life and property were none too
safe. Before I had been long at my
planting I got a notice from some of my
secessionist friends that I must stop
operations or leave the district if I had
any regard for my life—in short, they
gave me to understand that if they
caught me they would string me up to
the nearest tree as sure as my name was
Jim Roberts. Now, I didn't intend to
stop planting, and I didn't intend to be
hanged, so I went ahead and told them
they could hang me—if they could catch
me.

"About a month after that I was rid-
ing across country one afternoon to get
a little business done in the nearest
town. As I entered a lonely piece of
road a dozen men jumped out of the
woods, pointed their guns at my head
and ordered me to halt and dismount.
I saw I could do nothing but surrender
at discretion, so I came down from my
horse and was marched off in silence.
In a few minutes we turned into a lane
that led deeper into the woods and kept
on until we came to a little clearing.
One of my friends brought out a rope,
slung one end of it over the limb of a
convenient tree and had the other end
slipped around my neck in a jiffy.

"Probably none of you has ever felt a
hangman's rope around his neck, so you
can't appreciate the state of my feelings
at that time. I'll tell you, I felt pretty
serious and thought my lease of life had
run out for certain. But a man clings
to life at such times, and all at once I
had a happy thought. I remembered
that I had a package of excellent cigars
in my pocket, and I drew it out.

"Gentlemen," I said, with as much
coolness as I could muster. I know
that I have but a few minutes more to
live. I want to ask one favor. Give me
time to smoke out a cigar before you
swing me into eternity. Will you join
me? You will find them most excel-
lent."

"My captors grimly assented, and we
lighted our 'weeds' together. No one
said a word. Well, boys, I made that
cigar hold out, you may depend. But it
would burn. Little by little the ash be-
gan to get longer and drop off until
there was just so much left." And the
captain held up his smoking stump,
measuring its small remainder critical-
ly with his finger.

"Well," thought I to myself, 'here
goes for a few more puffs anyway,'
and I was just getting the very last of
them when we heard a horse coming
through the trees. A fine looking fellow
rode up, who seemed to be a sort of
commander of the company. 'Hello,
boys!' he called out, 'who've you got
here?' 'We've got Roberts, and we're
going to hang him,' said they. 'All
right,' said the officer and came over to
have a look at me.

"Now, I had on my watch chain this
little badge here," and the captain
touched a jeweled monogram of gold
that hung to his breast. "I have always
worn it there and expect to as long as I
live. My coat was open, and as the Con-
federate came up his eye caught the
badge. Well, sirs, he turned all sorts of
colors, and leaning close to my ear
whispered the name of our fraternity,
at the same time grasping my hand with
the good old Gamma grip. Given with
the strength of a giant. Then he turned
to his men. 'Boys,' said he, 'this man
is my friend. You must let him go.'
And in an instant he took the rope from
my neck, led up my horse, pulled a pair

of pistols from his pocket and handed
one to me. 'Now, brother,' said he, 'de-
fend yourself and get away as best you
can!' I lost no time in following his ad-
vice and made my escape. And here I
am today, and that is all."

"There was a storm of applause when
the captain had finished and had taken
his seat.

"But, captain," cried more than one,
'you'll have to finish the story. Who
was the man that got you free, and did
you ever see him again?'

The captain arose again, smiling.
'Who was he? Well, he belonged to one
of our southern chapters. And did I
ever see him again? Yes, I did.'

The captain laid his hand on the
shoulder of an elderly man in the seat
next to him. 'Yes, I can see him this
minute. Now, tell the boys your side of
the story!'—*New York Tribune.*

THE ENGAGED YOUNG MAN.

He Who Follows These Rules Shall Be
Happy In His Betrothal.

It will be well for the man who ex-
pects to sail smoothly into the nutri-
tional port to continue those flattering
attentions after his engagement which
preceded it. It will not suffice for him
to talk of what he is saving to make
their little home worthy of her. He
must, by some magic, be able both to
save money for the future and to pro-
vide her with the flowers, books, bon-
bons, theater tickets and other trifles
which he bestowed upon her when there
was no future to be taken into consid-
eration.

He must treat her people with defer-
ence, cordiality and filial affection. He
must treat "the girls" with the intima-
cy which never borders on familiar-
ity; must enjoy their society, which
will be thrust upon him at all times
and places, and at the same time must
be prepared to agree with her estimate
of their shortcomings. It will be just as
well for him never to admire them too
extravagantly.

In public he must always be prepared
to show her the attention she needs, but
must also be prepared to let her "have
a good time," unhampered by his devo-
tion. For instance, he must never let
her sit out a dance alone, yet he must
never glower when she seems to be
dancing often with other men. His man-
ner must be a perfect mingling of devo-
tion and noninterference.

Incidentally it may be added that an
occasional dose of neglect is wholesome,
and that a semi-occasional quarrel is not
to be despised.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Speeches From Notes.

It is usually supposed by the lay
reader that the greatest speeches made
in congress are the result of long prepa-
ration and are delivered from volumi-
nous notes. This is not always correct.
The preparation may be all right, but
in many cases notes do not exist at all.
This may be illustrated from a little
conversation I had with ex-Congressman
John M. Farquhar. He was booked to
speak at a reunion of veterans. Half an
hour before he was announced to take
the platform I approached and said:

"Mr. Farquhar, I shall be glad to get
an advance copy of your speech."

"My dear sir," he replied, "I never
wrote a speech in my life and never
shall. I never spoke from notes but once
in my life. That was when I was in
congress, and my speech occupied over
four hours. My notes consisted of five
words scribbled on a piece of paper. I
have kept that piece of paper, and when
I have joined the majority it may be
considered an interesting souvenir to
somebody."

I thought so too.—*Buffalo News.*

A Great Problem.

"As we were going home from flying
his kite," said Mr. Bozzle, "my young
son says to me, 'I know how to fly a
kite when there's a good breeze, don't
I?' and I say, 'Surely,' but I do not say
to him—why should I burden him with
such things now?—that anybody can fly
a kite when there's a breeze—that the
great problem of life is to know how to
fly a kite when there isn't any breeze."
—*New York Sun.*

Shell Sounds.

The peculiar murmuring sound, not
unlike the ripple of the waves on a still
evening, which we hear on placing a
shell or other hollow object to the ear,
is due to the fact that the concave sur-
face concentrates and multiplies all dif-
ferent sounds around us, so as to render
them audible. The many sounds always
present in the air are augmented by the
resonant cavity of the shell.—*Science*
Journal.

Overheard on the River.

"You are nothing but a big bluff,"
remarked the river to the bank.

"Is that so?" retorted the bank. "If
I take a notion to come down on you,
your name will be mud."—*Indianapo-*
lis Journal.

A Unique Will.

Widow—Well, Mr. Brief, have you
read the will?

Brief—Yes, but I can't make any-
thing out of it.

Heirs—Let us have it patented. A
will that a lawyer can't make anything
out of is a blessing.—*London Tit-Bits.*

FELL INTO MILLIONS.

The Slip of His Horse Resulted In the Rider
Discovering a Great Mine.

One of the most productive mines in
California was discovered through an
accidental fall of the discoverer. He
was one of a hunting party that had
gone out from San Francisco during the
Christmas holidays. While passing
along the side of a steep hill on a nar-
row trail his horse suddenly slipped,
and with his rider went down into the
gulf.

Happening to be the last in the line
and some distance behind the others, he
was not missed for some moments, but
when his absence was noticed the party
turned back to look for him, fearing
some untoward accident. He was no-
where to be seen, but the place where
his horse had slipped and fallen over
the bank, together with the traces of
the fall, was plainly visible. Following
the tracks made by the falling horse and
man, and when near the bottom, the
man suddenly came upon an interesting
spectacle. Just behind a clump of bushes
which the man and his steed had
crashed through on their way down
stepped the horse, apparently uninjured,
while near by, on a slab of rock pro-
jecting from the snow, the man was
capering like an Indian at a ghost
dance.

The first impression of the rescuing
party was that the man had gone sud-
denly crazy, but as he caught sight of
them he suddenly ceased his gyrations
and shouted for them to approach. They
came, when he showed them several
lumps of almost pure gold he had hap-
pily knocked from the edge with a stone
for a hammer and announced his dis-
covery of a gold mine. The sliding
horse had brought up against the ledge,
and the restive animal, kicking vigor-
ously in the efforts to rise, had struck
off the moss from the stone and dis-
closed the fact that it was a gold bear-
ing ledge of unusual richness. The find
was appropriately named "The Christ-
mas Gift," and a valuable gift it proved
to be.—*Chicago Times.*

KYRLE BELLEW'S VANITY.

How It Was Once Sadly Disconcerted by an
American Girl.

There had been lively discussions
some years ago over a then seemingly
important question theatrically, and in-
deed socially. "Was or was not Kyrle
Bellew possessed of great vanity?"

I believe the matter has never been
definitely settled, though in an individ-
ual instance I recall it would seem there
was valid ground for a decision in the
affirmative.

The occasion was an informal "even-
ing" at Mrs. Lester Wallack's, and
gathered about one of the tables were
two or three young ladies, Mr. Bellew
and other men. Bellew had some bits of
paper in his hands, from which he was
idly fashioning little boats. "I hear,"
he drawled, addressing no one in par-
ticular, "that your American navy is
badly in need of ships. I propose to
remedy the trouble by presenting you
with a few." One girl spoke up quickly
in slightly sarcastic vein, "I am sure
we all render sincere thanks in the
name of the American navy."

The actor favored her by an especially
comprehensive glance, and finishing his
boat penciled a few lines on it and
rather patronizingly tossed it over to
her.

The girl picked the boat up slowly
(this was the first occasion she had met
Mr. Bellew) and read: "My love to you,
Kyrle Bellew." A rather vivid flush
overspread her face, but looking the
young man steadily in the eyes she said
in tones sufficiently clear for compre-
hension, "The sentiment inscribed here
(indicating the paper boat) is surely too
much of an honor for any one woman
to aspire to; so, with your permission,
Mr. Bellew, I will take it home, raffle
it and—send you the proceeds." She
then rose, bowed and left the table, at
the same time leaving Mr. Bellew suffi-
ciently disconcerted to bite his lips and
permit his brow the shadow of a frown.
—*New York Herald.*

A Unique Affidavit.

The following affidavit was filed in
court of common pleas in Dublin in
1822: "And this deponent further saith
that, on arriving at the house of the
said defendant, situate in the county of
Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of
personally serving him with the said
writ, he, the said deponent, knocked
there several times at the outer, com-
monly called the hall door, but could
not obtain admittance, whereupon this
deponent was proceeding to knock a
fourth time, when a man, to this de-
ponent unknown, holding in his hands a
musket, or blunderbuss, loaded with
balls or slugs, as this deponent has since
heard and verily believes, appeared at
one of the upper windows of the said
house, and presenting said musket, or
blunderbuss, at this deponent, threat-
ened that if said deponent did not in-
stantly retire he would send his (the
deponent's) soul to hell, which this de-
ponent verily believes he would have
done had not this deponent precipitate-
ly escaped."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Proverbs are the literature of reason
or the statements of absolute truth
without qualification. Like the sacred
books of each nation, they are the sanc-
tuary of its intuitions.—*Emerson.*

According to careful estimates, three
hours of close study wear out the body
more than a whole day of hard physical
exertion.