

### VOLUME 1.

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DR. B. E. HOOVER,

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REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.

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

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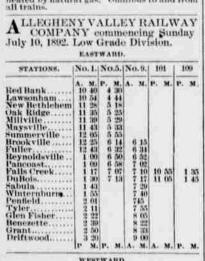
BROOKVILLE, PA.

BUFFINGTON & LONG, Prop's. Omnibus to and from all trains. Europear restaurant. House heated and lighted by gas. Hot and cold water. Western Union Telegraph office in building. The hotel is litted with all the modern conveniences. COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

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Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omnibus to and from all trains.



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Sabula Winternburra Penfield Tyler Glen Fisher Benezette Grant.... Driftwood. WESTWARD. No.2 | No.8 [No.10] 193 | 110 STATIONS. P. M. P. M. P. M 6 35 7 08 7 21 7 41 7 55 8 07 M. Driftwood Grant . Benezette Grant Benezette Gien Fisher. Tyler Penfield Winterburn Sabula DuBots Falls Creek Pancoast 141585844 \*\*\*\*\*\*\* 12 05 5 30 12 15 5 40 77777788888899 Pancoast Reynoldsville Fuller Brook ville Summerville Maysville Millville Oak Ridge New Bethlehem Lawsonham

A SOLDIER HERMIT. General Pleasonton's Life of Utter Secla-

sion in a Washington Hotel. "Alone in a great city; practically a hermit amid the throngs of the nation's capital; living a life of comfort and contentment, but a life of seclusion and exclusive retirement."

Such was the answer given in reply to an inquiry a few days ago regarding the welfare and whereabouts of Major General Alfred Pleasonton, whose name and fame a few years ago were on the lips of nine-tenths of the American people, and the records of whose exploits as one of the greatest cavalry leaders of our late war would fill volumes of graphic history.

Apparently in the full possession of all his mental faculties, and with no serious physical ailment, this man of genins, a soldier of two great wars, and explorer nearly fifty years ago of the then unknown domain of our great western territory-an Indian fighter of great renown, a traveler whose face and figure were at one time well known in every court of all the great powers of the Old World, a scholar, bon vivant, wit and most companionable of all the agreeable public men of his day-voluntarily betook himself to his private apartment in a snug little hotel in the very heart of Washington on May 15, 1890, and has not since been seen or talked with by, all told, more than a dozen of his fellow beings. And, with two or three exceptions, those who have seen or talked with him since that date have been of those necessary to him in administering to his personal wants.

There was a bill pending in congress to retire him as a brigadier general. He felt that so much as that recognition was his due at the hands of the country he had served so faithfully. He had been a major general in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Poto-mac; he had fought the first real cavalry fight of the war at Brandy Station, June 12, 1863, and then and there proved his superior abilities as a dashing and almost invincible commander; had met and thwarted the advance of the enemy upon Gettysburg, holding Lee's armies in doubt and abevance until Meade's infantry came up to fight the decisive battle of the war, and had never been found wanting when duty and patriotism re-quired his presence either in camp or in the field.

The canvasback, the terrapin and all the dishes he relished so highly in days of yore have been abandoned, but he has everything his appetite may crave, and with good digestion waiting upon it he eats to live and contentedly remarks that he no longer lives to eat. In other matters his habits are regular, for, like clockwork, he gets all the daily papers, keeping well posted regarding the affairs of the world of which he is part and parcel, but which he holds away off at arm's length, and with which he asso-

ciates as little as possible. No one of the few who see him ever thinks of asking him a reason for this most marvelous change in his manner of living, for they know it would be useless. In fact he has resented several inquiries of that kind in such a manner as to show that they are extremely distasteful to him. General Rosecrans wrote to him about a year and a half ago asking about his health and other questions that any old time friend would be apt to ask, but he did not answer the letter for months .-- Washington Star.

The Sandringham Funeral Sermon. The wide interest taken in the question of recognition in eternity was illus-trated by the extraordinary sale of the ermon preached at Sandringham on the decease of the Daka of Charence and Avondale, the eldest son of the Prince

and Princess of Wales. The profits during the short period of six months amounted to no less than £1,300, of which the sum of £650 was given by the Princess of Wales to the Gordon Boys' home and £650 to the British Home for Incurables. Over 50,-000 copies were sold in that time—a sale certainly unprecedented in the annals of profit from a single sermon of a few pages.

preacher has been heard to say The that this sale was not due to his slender sermon, but to the touching anecdote told by the princess, forming the prefatory note, and which she gave permis-sion to be printed. The substance of the story is that in 1888 all the five children of the princess were with her at Sandringham, and they all partook of holy communion together. "I gave Eddy a little book," said the bereaved "I gave

mother, "and wrote in it: "Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling,

"and also

"Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, O Lamb of God, I come. "When he was gone, and Iay like one

sleeping," continued the princess, "we laid a cross of flowers on his breast, and after we had done so I turned to the table at his bedside and saw the little book in which were written these words, and I could not help feeling that he did cling to the cross, and that it had all come true."-Leisure Hour.

# Tennyson's Interview with the Queen.

It was in the latter part of 1862, the year after the death of the prince consort, that I was conversing with Mrs. Tennyson on the sudden death of a much valned common friend and the loneliness of his widow, when Tennyson, who had been stalking up and down the end of the bow windowed drawing room with his usual long strides, suddenly broke in with, "I saw another widow three days ago." "Indeed," I replied, "and who was that?" "The queen," he replied in his deepest tones. "She sent for me to his deepest tones. "She sent for me to Osborne." I said that I supposed her majesty wished to thank him for his noble tribute to the memory of the prince consort, and with perhaps pardonable curiosity went on to ask what the queen had said to him. "I can't remember," he answered; "I lost my head. I only remember what I said to the

queen-big fool that I was!" "What was that?" "Why, what an excellent king Prince Albert would have made. As soon as it was out of my mouth I felt what a blunder I had made. But happily it proved to be the very right thing to have said. The queen replied that that had been the constant sorrow of her life-that she was called to govern, while he who was so worthy of the first place was obliged to take a secondary position." Tennyson had little more to say of his reception except that, notwithstanding the perfect calm ness and sel restraint of the queen, and the sweet consideration she manifested for him, the interview was a peculiarly trying one, and he was glad when it was over .-- Canon Venables in London Times.

TWO PATIENTS IN A DISPENSARY. Small Newsboy and a Big Fireman Each Undergo an Operation

Late one evening a man was seated in the receiving room of one of the dispensaries in the lower part of the city. was talking to a young surgeon who had charge of the room, and the conversation turned to the subject of the courage shown by young folks as compared with that of adults.

"It's all bosh," said the visitor, "about child standing pain better than a man. Why, it stands to reason".

"Hullo!" says the surgeon. "What's this?

"It's me."

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 14, 1892.

The visitor turned and saw two barefooted urchins, one about eight, and the other perhaps a year younger. The elder came in carrying his companion, whom he carefully laid on the lounge. Then be raised himself and said: "Me and Dannie 're newsboys, and just now he stepped on a busted bottle

in de park and cut his foot." "And you carried him all the way

from the park here on your back? "Yep. The doctor had washed the blood from

the foot and disclosed a deep, ragged cut about three inches long. He carefully washed and dressed it and was about to thread his needle to take a few needed stitches when the patient spoke up for the first time:

"Are you goin to sew it, doc?" "Yes, my little man. It can't heal without it."

"Oh-h-h-hf"

He lay back, and after one suppressed groan the tears which tikkled down his cheeks alone told the story of the pain. The sole of the foot of an ordinary New York newsboy is not a very easy thing for even the sharpest needle to pierce, and the pain of the operation was much increased. While it was go-ing on a member of the New York fire patrol entered and sitting himself in a chair waited with evident impatience for his turn to arrive. The sewing fin-ished, the foot was bandaged, and the young Styrax took up his burden.

"How far have you to go?" asked the doctor.

"Over to Oliver street."

It was a full half mile to Oliver street, out the youth took up his burden cheer-

fully. "Well, sir, what can 1 do for you?" said the surgeon to the man.

The patrolman was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, tall, broad and muscular.

"Well, you see, I was hitchin up the hosses, and they started and threw me down. I fell on my hand there," he added as he held out the member. It was considerably swollen. To find the cause of the swelling the doctor began to run his fingers along the injured part, but he had hardly begun when his wrist was seized in a grip like iron.

"Hold on there, doc: that hurts!" "Of course it does, but I have to find

out what's the matter.' Again he tried, and again he was prevented. "How do you think I can fix your

hand when you won't let me find out what's the matter with it?" "I know that, but I can't stand it," he began.

"Hold his arm, a couple of you," said

Some Yankee Traits in Mexico. "If anybody thinks the citizens of the Cactu- Republic do not possess their full share of Yankee shrewdness he is likely Branch to become wiser without growing wealth-ier during a year's sojourn in Mexico," said Ignatius Schumaker, as he joined the circle of bonanza kings who were talking pay rock in the corridors of the Southern. "I went down there a couple In Room Lately Occupied of years ago to pick up a few fortunes in the mining district. At Chihuahua I be-came acquainted with an old greaser who professed to become very fond of One day, when I had warmed his leathery old heart with pulque, he con-fided to me that he knew the location of an old Aztec mine of fabulous richness. It was situated upon a branch of the Yaquai river, on land owned by his brother, a wealthy ranchero. It was from this mine that the Montezumas drew the bulk of their fabulous wealth. "During the war waged by Cortez the

Star.

mine was forgotten, and he-my com panion-had lately discovered it. He had specimens of the ore, and it was fully 70 per cent. coin silver. Of course I bit—bit ravenously. I set out for his brother's ranch next day and reached it after a three days' ride. The old mine was certainly there, and it gave every indication of being as rich as represented. I scraped together every dollar I could command and bought a third interest in it. Then I went to work to form a company to develop it. I did not work long, however. The first man I interviewed looked at me pityingly and remarked: 'So old Jose has caught another sucker has he? My innocent friend, that old hole is salted. You could carry away every onnee of pay rock within twenty-five miles of the place in a meal sack."" --St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Isaac Newton's First Inspiration. The youth of high scholastic attainments who is always carrying off prizes naturally raises hopes of his subsequent success in a particular career. Of course the most is made of him. He is not only a credit to himself, but to his teachers to the latter, indeed, he is a practical certificate-a "human document"-of the first class. Finally he leaves school, and it is confidently predicted that, if he does not achieve greatness in the bat-tle of life, it can only be on account of some moral flaw which has not yet had

time to declare itself. But the "dull boy" seldom receives the benefit of the doubt in any speculation as to his future. Once dubbed "dunce" or reputed "slow," and he is allowed to develop in the shade, emerging from which he satisfies or surprises his friends only because nothing was expected of him. No one can dispute the claim of Sir Isaac Newton to a monument in Westminster abbey, nor to the praise conferred by Pope's well known epitaph:

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night. God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light. Nevertheless the greatest of English philosophers was a so called "dunce" at school. Sir David Brewster tells us that Newton made little progress "until one day the boy who was above him having given him a severe kick in the stomach, from which he suffered great pain, he labored incessantly till he got above him in the school, and from that time continued to rise until he was the head boy."-London Standard.

the largest in the United States and I am their representative in Reynoldsville and here is my platform, not politically, but my business platform and is popular with all parties. Here are the planks I stand on:

The Original House is

#### PROTECTION

For all customers from overcharges and mistatements and poor values.

#### FREE TRADE

With every one who is willing to pay cash for the Cheapest Goods in town.

## REGIPROGITY

Between the buyer and seller. I make a small profit; you get extra big bargains for your money.

#### PROHIBITION

Of shoddy goods and unjust dealing and oppressive high prices.

#### PEOPLES PARTY

The RACKET STORE where all the people are welcomed and courtesy extended to all: bargains given daily at one price to all and if not satisfactory money is always refunded.

This is the simple and truthful Platform given to the people. Call and be convinced.

Yours Respectfully, M. J. COYLE, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.



NUMBER 32.

Racket

Store

COYLE'S

**New York** 

by BOLGER BROS.

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Lawsonham.... 3 47 9 43 Red Bank...... 4 00 10 00 A. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.

Trains daily except Sunday. Trains daily except Sunday. DAVID McCARGO, GEN'L. SUPT., Pittsburg, Pa. JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS. AGT., Pittsburg, Pa

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTS-

B BURGH RAILWAY. The short line between DuBois Ridgway, Bradford, Salamana, Burdao, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil

region. On and after Nov. 13th, 1892, passen-ger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as fol-

- lows: 7:10 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For points North between Fails Creek and Bradford. 7:15 a. m. mixed train for

points North between Fails Creek and Bradford. 7:15 a. m. mixed train for Punxsutawney.
10:05 A. M. -Buffalo and Rochester mail-For Brockwayville, Ridgway Johnsonburg, Mi. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; commediate at Johnsonburg with P. & K. wain 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.
10:55 A. M. -Accommodation-For DuBols, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.
120 F. M. -Bradford Accommodation-For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Car-mon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.
130 F. M. -Bradford Accommodation-For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Car-mon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.
130 F. M. -Mail-For DuBols, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walston.
135 F. M. -Accommodation-For DuBols, Big Hun and Punxsutawney.
136 A. M. -Accommodation from Bufalo and Rochester 7:55 F. M. Accommodation from Punxsutawney; 10:25 A. M. Acc-commodation from Punxsutawney: 4:50 P. M. Mail from Bufflo and Rochester 7:55 F. M. Accommodation from Bradford, Tom Bradford.
14 Mail Strom Bufflo and Rochester 7:55 F. M. Accommodation from Bradford.
15 F. M. Accommodation from Bradford.
16 Haumert F. C. Laper, A. H. Baumer, F. C. Laper, S.

	gent, Falls Crook, Fa.
J. H. BARRETT.	E. C. LAPEY.
General Supt. Bradford, Pa	Gen. Pas. Agent
Hundford Da	Bochostor N V

# **GHANGEABLE WEATHER**

Nature has seen fit to have on the probability of the second second with a neat and nobby suit made of heavy-weight material to suit the weather that is now creeping upon us. You need a new winter suit and as the cold will be wise if you place your wide now for winter wearing apparel, so as to have it to don when blustering weather is ushered in. Such an immense line of winter patterns was never displayed in town as can be seen at

J. C. FROEHLICH'S, WNext door to Hotel McConnell.

#### Character in the Walk.

To the attentive eye none of the ordinary gestures or movements betrays peculiarities of individual character more plainly than the gait—the sailor's roll-ing, the soldier's stiff, the countryman's jolting gait are immediately recognized. Slow steps, whether long or short, suggest a gentle or reflective state of mind, as the case may be, while, on the contrary, quick steps seem to speak of agitation and energy. Reflection is revealed in frequent pauses and walking to and fro, backward and forward. The direction of the steps, wavering and following every changing impulse of die mind, inevitably betrays uncertainty, hesitation and indecision

The proud step is slow and measured; the toes are conspicuously turned out, the leg is straightened. In vanity the toes are rather more gracefully turned, the strides a little shorter, and there is very often an affectation of modesty. Tiptoe walking symbolizes surprise, curiosity, discretion or mystery.-Pall Mall Gazette.

#### Ingratitude of Parties.

The ingratitude of party is proverbial. One need go no further back in search of an example than the first Lord Iddesleigh; instructive stories have been told of the ingratitude which was shown toward him. The late Robert Lowe did something for his party once upon ' time. What did his party ever do fo. him? But the examples which, on a moment's reflection, occur to one's mind are too numerous to mention. A mah may, and frequently does, give all-time, money, intellect, his whole life-to the so called public service, to be shelved at last. And suppose he is not shelved; suppose, that is, he dies in harness. What then?—All the Year Round.

Money Spent in War. It costs \$7,000 to kill a man. From the Crimean war down to that of 1870-1 the civilized nations of Europe and America spent in destroying one another §21,000,000,000. The wars of the last 100 years have cost \$140,000,000,000, without counting the sorrow, the loss of men and other results.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### Gratitude Toward Great Men

We are told regularly-periodically told-that the eminent politician earns his country's gratitude. We have much to be thankful for, we little ones, but we have indeed cause to be truly thankful that we are not destined to earn such gratitude as that. How many politicians, say, during the past century may be said to have earned their country's gratitude? How many out of the great multitude of politicians? Is there one? Is there one man of whom his countrymen are willing to say, with an even nearly unaninous voice, "We owe that man our heartfelt gratitude; it is his; we give it him." As they sometimes cry in the arena of his former struggles: "Name". Namet" "Name! Name!"

Doubtless every man Jack of those extinct eminent politicians—for extinct they are as the dodo, to all practical in-tents and purposes—has his followers as he had them then. And equally true it is that he has his opponents, quite in the good old way. What sort of gratitude is it which consists in being set up by one set of men for another set of men to knock you down? Those eminent poli-ticians have handed on their stangles to our eminent politicians. We are wrangling just on the same old lines. If we look deeply into the matter we all begin to doubt if we have advanced auch farther than they did. We are making the same old plunges in the same old lucky bag.—All the Year Round.

#### Driver's Chaff.

Bus Driver (to conductor of opposition bus)-I've know'd yer ever since yer was born. I know'd yer poor mother; she had two on yer at that time. One was a werry nice little boy, tother was half hidiot—a sort of a brown paper fel-ler. The werry nice little boy died werry young, he did.—London Tit-Bits.

#### A Lucid Definition.

A Boston editor, asked to define the difference between a cult and a fad, rose to the emergency in this manner: "A 'fad' is anything that aronses evan-escent mentality, while a 'cult' is any-thing that inspires permanent mental-ity."—Philadelphia Ledger.

the surgeon to the attendants, who had come in, attracted by the noise. The man's arm was held, and it was found that the hand had been merely sprained. -New York Tribune.

#### The King and the Seidlitz Powder.

On the first consignment of seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his maj-esty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the twelve white pow ders were quickly dissolved in water. and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty.

With a shrick that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms the monarch rose, stared, exploded and in his full agonies screamed "Hold me down," then rushing from the throne fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effer-vescence of the compound, spurting like 10,000 pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.-Indian Mirror.

#### Douglas Jerrold in School

Douglas Jerrold wrote "Black Eyed Susan" when he was twenty-one, and contributed to Punch the immensely popular "Caudle Lectures" not long afterward. But at nine years of age young Jerrold had been scarcely able to rea and it was not until he was apprenticed to a printer, after serving for some time as a midshipman at sea that he showed either desire or capacity for intellectual improvement.-London Standard.

The Value of a Bussian Beard. The Russians had an old law by which any one who drew hair from another's beard should be fined four times as much beard should be fined four times as much as for cutting off a finger; and the im-portance and value of the appendage is further illustrated by the fact that, although the loss of a leg was estimated at 13 shillings, the loss of the beard was estimated at 20.—English Illustrated Magazing Magazine.

Perseverance and Push.

Perseverance and "push" are far from being the same thing, and quite as far from being equally commendable. A girl walked into a large dry goods store, and going up to one of the firm asked if he wished to employ any more girls in his workroom. The gentleman was busy, but he left his work and answered her courteously in the negative.

The girl, who was showily dressed and evidently impressed with her own ap-pearance, would not accept his answer.

"I was told you wanted more help," persisted the applicant somewhat defiuntly.

"It was a mistake, you see. I do not," was the reply. "But won't you need some one after

awhile?"

"No," was the answer, given very decidedly and with courteous coolness. The girl looked at the gentleman somewhat doubtfully and walked out. Turning to a friend the gentleman said:

"That young woman saw that I was busy and pushed herself forward without a word of excuse. She did not ap-preciate the courtesy I showed her. I would not employ a girl who had so much push and so little modesty and consideration for the rights of other people. She would never succeed in my store. I doubt if she would succeed anywhere."-Youth's Companion.

#### Men Are Good Listeners.

"What a splendid listener," says a woman, "seems the average young man, and how weak apparently are his con-versational powers! Yet he manages to traw much from his young women draw much from his young women friends, saying little, but quickly setting the ball rolling. Is it because we have all the volubility, which must pour out in any event? I think so, for two men walking or riding together find little to say to each other. But watch a throng leaving the theater or church or anywhere and you will see every woman chattering away, with nearly every man a pleased listener."-New York Times.

The Space Between Young Trees Trees that grow large tops, such as slms, silver maples, lindens, etc., should be planted forty-five feet apart in order to allow each tree room for expansion and prevent too much shade. --McKeep-port Times.

1. 1. 1.

I buy the best of cattle and keep the choicest kinds of meats, such as

MUTTON. PORK AND VEAL SAUSAGE. BEEF.

Everything kept neat and clean, Your patronage solicited.

E. J. Schultze, Prop'r. J. S. MORROW

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Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, and

Shoes,

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