

DEATH IN THE STORM.

**PITILESS WORK OF THE GIANT TWINS,
WIND AND WAVE.**

**How Cruel at Times Seems the Ocean—The
Most Populous Cemetery on the Planet.
The Land the Book Tells of Where
"There Shall Be No More Sea."**

And there was no more sea.—Revelation
xvi, 1.

What a strange mystery the ocean is! Sometimes it holds your little craft as tenderly as a mother holds her child, and you wonder that the charge of caprice can be brought against it. At other times it is like an angry ogre who has a tyrant's power and uses it like a tyrant.

It is a marvelous sight, a spectacle of thrilling magnificence which makes the blood tingle, to stand on the beach at such a time and watch the serried columns of white capped rollers dash themselves to pieces on the sands. They remind you of Napoleon's army at Waterloo, which had wandered over Europe with victorious banners, which dreamed of no force which could resist its progress, but suddenly found itself face to face with its master, and then, with uncontrolled madness, threw itself to death as well as to defeat. The huge array of white capped monarchs, thinking themselves invincible, attack the shore with ferocious energy and pound themselves to spray. The heart beats wildly as this great battle between sea and land fills the air with thunder, and poet and painter come from far to witness the conflict and describe its glories with pen and brush.

But how cruel the ocean can be when it catches our craft at a disadvantage! Wind and waves in unholy alliance, a compact of death, make the world's cheek blanch with horror as the work of destruction goes on. These twin giants seem to be moved by a common hatred of whatever floats, and as though every vessel was an intruder on their domain tear it to pieces and doom it to disaster. The sails are cut into tatters, their masts are torn away as though the rigging were made of pack thread, and the huge hull is either sent to the bottom or thrown high on the beach in disdain. The sun in very pity creeps behind the veiling clouds for awhile, and when it shines again, after the waves have subsided and the tempest has spent itself, the coast is strewn with wrecks and many a brave sailor lies with upturned face on the sands.

That was sad news which flashed over the wires one Thursday morning. One story followed on the heels of another until disaster seemed to be multiplied by itself, and each account was more pitiful than the last. A fisherman out- rode the gale for awhile and then went down with all hands; a sturdy freighter off Hatteras was dismantled, sprang a leak and sank, leaving only one survivor to tell the tale; scores of lesser craft were torn from their anchorage, and the Jersey shore was literally strewed with wreckage. Other vessels which had managed to outlive the hurricane were towed into harbor, either the captain or part of the crew missing.

The book of Revelation tells us that in that other country from whose bourne no traveler returns "there shall be no more sea," and on this Sunday morning we breathe a sigh of relief over the statement. We can dispense with its magnificence if we may be rid of its dangers. It has devoured millions of property and is the most populous cemetery on the planet. When the sea gives up its dead, a countless multitude of the lost will reappear.

But we are specially impressed with the lesson which the great storm emphasizes—namely, the uncertainty of life. On the ocean the unexpected happens more frequently than elsewhere. At one moment a cloudless sky and a musical ripple along the vessel's side. The long roll lifts the craft, which lazily yields to the rhythmic motion of the waters. But danger is in ambush, and after a little the puff of wind grows stronger, the long roll is plumed with a white crest, the tempest sounds its trumpet, and the rigging, like the strings of an molian harp, emits a mournful note like that of a dirge. In another half hour the whole artillery of nature is at work, the moaning vessel is thrown on her beam ends and creaks and groans as though crying for mercy. In another hour there is nothing visible except some struggling sailor clinging to a spar.

However, death has many ways of achieving its purpose. Not on the sea alone, but on the land, it does its daily stint, and it behooves us to remember that sooner or later it will have something to say to us. "All men may die, but I shall live," is the dream of heedlessness. "All men must die, and therefore I," is the fact that is to be recognized and prepared for.

But we can become indifferent even to this "last enemy." It is not the grim indifference of desperate despair, but the cheerful indifference of perfect faith. If we have no place to go to, it is hard to contemplate our exit. But if there is a better place, a residence in which will be added happiness, we may even shake hands with Death, tell him that our latchstring is always out and he will be welcome whenever he sees fit to come. It is the fear of taking a leap in the dark that bids us pause. But if we are sure of taking a leap into the light we can easily let go our hold on this rugged life and drop into the life to come. The sea may rage as it pleases if our next port of entry is heaven, and lurking accidents and diseases may come out of their hiding places into the open, for at the worst they can only do us a good turn by opening the door of a larger and better house to live in.—New York Herald.

A Story About Painting.
The story is told that a woman once asked St. Francis de Sales whether she might use paint to improve her complexion. His reply was: "Some holy men object to its use, while others see nothing wrong in it. I would adopt a middle course and grant you a dispensation to paint one side of your face only."—New York Times.

"ASH BARREL JIMMY."

**The First Convert of the Salvation Army
In America.**

Our first convert in America is still living and serving the army in Boston. The history of his reform is a remarkable one.

The conversion of the first of a mighty multitude was brought about by Commissioner Railton, then in command of the American forces of the army, and Superintendent Thomas Byrnes of the New York police. Mr. Byrnes was an inspector of police at the time, early in 1880.

It is safe to say that in Salvation Army circles there are very few who do not know Jimmy, by reputation at least. Jimmy was a thief and drunkard when converted in New York in March, 1880. His name is James Kemp.

Three times Jimmy narrowly escaped losing his life. On one occasion he was nearly frozen to death outside Billy McGlo's notorious dive. On another occasion he was so brutally beaten in a Water street dive that he was supposed to be dead. The morgue wagon was called by the police, and the bruised and battered body, apparently dead, was carried to the morgue. When it, or rather he, arrived there some of the doctors made the discovery that Jimmy still lived, and so he was taken to the hospital, where he remained four months. His last narrow escape from death was when he drank a quantity of spirits of wine which he found in a cellar. Jimmy drank so much he went raving mad and tried to hang himself. He was sent to prison for three months for attempting suicide.

The first Saturday afternoon in March, 1880, Jimmy started out to have some amusement, and hearing that the Salvation Army, which had just arrived from England, was going "to show" at Harry Hill's notorious resort he concluded to go there and see what kind of people the soldiers were. When he arrived at Hill's, he found that there was an admission fee, and he, with a drunkard's economy, determined to spend the price of admission in a different manner. Toward night he strolled into a dive in Water street, where his Whyo friends painted his back and served his face the same way and wound up the performance by rolling the unfortunate man in the saw-dust of the dive floor. Jimmy, after submitting to their treatment, thought they would let him stay there all night; but, alas, they kicked him out on the street.

Just as Jimmy reached the sidewalk his cap blew off and fell into an ash barrel which was standing near the door of the den. Jimmy tried to recover it, but in doing so lost his balance and fell head first into the barrel. He struggled to get out, but all his efforts were in vain. He seemed to be there to stay.

A short time after Jimmy's acrobatic feat a policeman came along, and seeing a man's legs in the barrel set to work to discover who was the owner of them and why he had them in such a position. He took out his club and struck the inverted man on the soles of his feet. These means are sometimes resorted to by policemen to arouse drunken men.

From the depths of the barrel came a voice which the policeman at once recognized. He rapped for assistance, and when another officer appeared on the scene an effort was made to get Jimmy from his novel but painful position. They pulled at the protruding feet, but Jimmy failed to respond, his clothes having been caught on the nails which had been driven through the barrel. They pulled until the old rotten shoes gave way and were left in their hands. The policeman then threw the barrel down on its side, and laying hold of the unfortunate man's feet they dragged the barrel and its howling occupant toward the police station.

A pitiful sight was poor Jimmy when he reached the station. His face, which had been blackened by the tongs in the dive, was all battered and bruised, and the paint on his face, mingled with blood, was strongly suggestive of a scalped Indian. His clothes were all torn and his shoes gone. How complete the ruin! How perfect the wreck!

Superintendent Byrnes suggested that the Salvation Army be allowed to try its hand on the man, and the result was his conversion, since which time he has served faithfully in its ranks.—Boston Herald.

Machine Work and Handwork.
It is to be remembered that, notwithstanding all we hear of the vast superiority of machine over handwork, this machinery must itself possess as great, if not greater, accuracy and refinement than the product manufactured by it. No machine can in this respect be superior to its maker. It can only produce sufficiently accurate and good work at a lower cost than if made by him. The first sewing machine of a kind, built by skilled machinists or toolmakers, is at least as good and as accurately made as any subsequently manufactured by machinery, and the same men can duplicate it more exactly than can any machinery, but machines built thus would cost far more than people could afford to pay for them, and that is all there is to the talk of the substitution of the "certainty and accuracy of machinery for the uncertainty and inaccuracy of handwork."—Scribner's Magazine.

A Provision In a Doctor's Will.
A Philadelphia physician who died the other day left a will containing some queer provisions, including this one: "If my family never settled with Mr. Foster concerning the dog, I wish and want them to give to the boy Foster who was bit the sum of \$10, but if they have settled with the said Foster, then they are not to pay any money to said boy. This is in fulfillment of a promise I made to them when I was in trouble concerning the dog."

Nearly Choked by a Snake.
George Traley, employed near Loudonville, O., raised a pitchforkful of hay and dropped it pretty quick. A black snake fell therefrom upon his neck affectionately and came near throttling him before the other fellows pulled him off.—New York Recorder.

What He Helped At.
The congressman was telling stories. "It was on me once," he said. "I had a friend who was dry as a humorist, but not always dry as a drinker, and when he was full he did foolish things. One of these was to buy a jackass for \$500, and when he sobered up and knew what he had done he sold him back to the original seller for \$400. Naturally the loss of \$100 made him sore, and he did not like to be twitted about it. One day I saw him on a mule waiting in front of a store, and I spoke to him. He was just full enough to be serious. "Hello," I said, and he responded with a nod. "You are a judge of that sort of animal you are riding, aren't you?" "I don't know that I am particularly so," he said earnestly. "I thought you were in the business." "No, I ain't." "Didn't you buy a jack for \$500 not long ago?" "The crowd that had gathered giggled, and he looked more serious than ever. "Yes I did," he answered solemnly. "What did you do with him?" I asked, with a wink at the crowd to be ready. "He looked at me solemnly. "I helped elect him to congress," he said, without a smile, and the howl that went up made me seek shelter in the nearest place that could be found."—Detroit Free Press.

A Newsdealer Pays For a Libel.
A libel case somewhat similar to that which Messrs. W. H. Smith successfully defended the other day has just come before one of the correctional courts in Paris. M. de Sesmaisons, a former minister plenipotentiary of the French republic at Hayti, at present residing in Paris, was annoyed at some comments upon his conduct while in America that appeared in the New York Tribune. The article spoke vaguely of his having acquired a certain notoriety and of his being irresponsible for his actions in the eye of the law.

As the New York Tribune has no property in France, M. de Sesmaisons judged it was useless to proceed against that paper, but he decided to indict M. Bron-tano, the proprietor of the Anglo-American library in the Avenue de l'Opera, where copies of the offending number were sold. The plaintiff asked for 50,000 francs damages.

Without admitting so extravagant a claim, the court condemned the unfortunate news agent, who quite possibly cannot read English, to pay 5,000 francs to the plaintiff, as well as a fine of 100 francs, and to insert the terms of the judgment in any 10 newspapers M. de Sesmaisons may select.—London News.

An Aluminum Bicycle.
In a window on Fulton street there is hung up for the inspection of the passer-by a bicycle. It is suspended from a set of scales and the indicator registers the weight of the wheel as 13 1/2 pounds. This is by far the lightest bicycle which has been put on the market, and it marks another step in the evolution of the old velocipede toward the perfect bicycle. It is made of aluminum, the metal which has so lately become quite general in its use. The cost of the wheel is considerably more than that of the steel ones now in use, but after the novelty has worn off the price will probably be reduced to that of the high grade wheels of today.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Blue Monday.
A great many people have what they call blue Monday—that is, they do not feel so well then as on other days of the week. The cause is found in overeating on Sunday. A good dinner is provided and eaten, and then, instead of taking the customary exercise, the man sits about the house and reads or sleeps. Of course he feels badly the next day. If the same amount of exercise and kind of diet were taken on Sunday as all other days, there would be no such thing as a blue Monday.—Philadelphia Record.

More Than Money.
"Mister," he said to a restaurant man on Randolph street, "I've lost me wallet through your front grating. Kin I go down after it?" "Boy, don't bother me." "But I want me wallet." "I'll bet you didn't have 10 cents in it." "I know I didn't, but it's de private papers—of no use to any one but the owner—dat I want to recover." He was permitted to recover.—Detroit Free Press.

A Greek peasant living on the island of Aegina recently discovered a magnificent statue buried in the ground, upon which had been a small plantation and which he had cleared. The statue was sold to a bric-a-brac dealer, who sent it to London, where it has just been bought by the British government for the sum of £8,500.

In Physical Education Dr. Luther Gulick argues that by exercising certain muscles it is possible to develop certain sections of the brain. His argument has special reference to feeble minded persons, whose mental condition, in his opinion, might be improved by the right kind of muscular exercise.

Among the exhibits in the show window of a New York dental establishment is a fancy border around the other objects displayed that is made of nearly 6,000 teeth, which have been pulled from patrons' jaws.

The nobles of Spain claim the right of appearing in the presence of the king with their hats on to show that they are not so much subject to him as other Spaniards are.

A piece of ancient wooden water pipe which was unearthed recently in New Britain, Conn., is claimed to have been nearly two centuries old.


The little town of Yaleta, on the Rio Grande in Texas, is said to be the oldest settlement in the United States.

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.
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, etc.
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.

Grocery Boomers
W. C. SCHULTZ & SON
BUY WHERE YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT.
FLOUR,
Salt Meats,
Smoked Meats,
CANNED GOODS,
TEAS, COFFEES
—AND ALL KINDS OF—
Country Produce
FRUITS,
CONFECTIONERY,
TOBACCO,
AND CIGARS,
Everything in the line of
Fresh Groceries, Feed,
Etc.
Goods delivered free any place in town.
Call on us and get prices.
W. C. Schultz & Son
The 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 collects the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons.
Temporary quarters in Centennial Hall Building, opposite Hotel Belnap.

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A Religious Weekly.
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NO PAPER LIKE IT ON EARTH
Unique not Eccentric.
Witty not Funny.
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Not for Sect but for Souls.
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Send a dime in stamps for three weeks trial.
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Are prompt, safe and sure in their result. The same for Dr. Peal's Worm Expeller, sent anywhere \$1.00. Post Medicine Co., Cleveland, O.
Sold by H. Alex. Stoke, druggist.

KNOW ME BY MY WORKS.

Are you going to attend the Pittsburg Exposition and see the Wonders of the World? The greatest and grandest is that of Dr. Burzoo. Did you ever see thousands of tape-worms and cancers in one collection? Stop at Dr. Burzoo's office, 47 Penn ave., Pittsburg, five minutes walk from Union station, and see them; their equal has never been seen. Dr. Burzoo has taken 300 tape-worms in 49 months, and has cured thousands of people of cancer without the use of the knife. Use System Renovator and live, for sale at all Drug Stores. Catarrh, parasites, tape-worms, etc.; secret diseases of men and women a specialty. He defies the world to show as many cures of so-called incurable diseases as he can. Remember new address; send stamp for book.
907 PENN AVENUE,
Pittsburg, Pa.
For sale at H. Alex Stoke's drug store.

N. HANAU.
No Fancy Prices,
Though quality is the best.
We make the statement for the benefit of those who are not our customers, and so may not know it: OUR PRICES MAKE CUSTOMERS OF ALL WHO COME.
A full line of
Dress Goods,
The Best and Cheapest ever brought to Reynoldsville.
A full line of Henrietta at 25c. in all shades, 40c., 50c., and \$1.00.
Silk warp Henriettas.
Summer Silks for 50c. per yard.
Ladies Coats and Capes the finest and cheapest in town.
A nice line of Children's Jackets from 2 to 12 years.

Glothing.
Men's suits the best and cheapest you ever saw for the money. We don't say so except we can convince you.
Men's Suits, four button cutaway from 10, 12 to \$15, worth 14, 16 and \$18.
Men's straight cut worsted for 10 to 12.50, worth 16, to \$18.
Children's Suits 2.75, are worth 3.50 to \$5.00.
A fine line of Boys' and Men's Negligee Shirts.

N H anau
Town - Talk!
Bargains!
The general topic of the people is
Where they get their Bargains.
Their reply re-echoes from the woodland and the valleys:
—AT THE—
RACKET STORE.
You know they are always busy in every town where there is one.

Why?
Because prices are the same to all.
goods are of 1st-class quality.
money is always refunded if not satisfactory.
an apportionment of goods is handled that is in daily use.
they buy for cash and sell for cash,
which enables you to get **ROCK BOTTOM PRICES,** and you do.
Yours Respectfully,
M. J. COYLE,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

ASK FOR
Tenney's
NEW YORK.
FINE CANDIES.
IN SEALED PACKAGES
AT H. ALEX. STOKES,
THE LEADING DRUGGIST,
Reynoldsville, Pa.

LISTEN!
THI I tell you of something that is of great interest to all. It must be remembered that J. C. Froehlich is the Popular Tailor of Reynoldsville, and that is what I am going to dwell on at this time. Never mind the World's Fair for a few moments, as his exhibit of goods is something on that scale. The tremendous display of seasonable suitings, especially the fall and winter assortment, should be seen to be appreciated. A larger line and assortment of fall and winter goods than ever. I ask and inspection of my goods by all gentlemen of Reynoldsville. All fits and workmanship guaranteed perfect. Yours as in the past,
J. G. FROELICH,
Reynoldsville, Pa.
Next door to Hotel McConnell.

City Meat Market
I buy the best of cattle and keep the choicest kinds of meats, such as
MUTTON, PORK
VEAL AND
BEEF, SAUSAGE.
Everything kept neat and clean. Your patronage solicited.
E. J. Schultze, Prop'r.

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DEALER IN
Dry Goods
Notions
Boots, and
Shoes
Fresh Groceries
Flour and
Feed.
GOODS DELIVERED FREE.
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Reynoldsville, Pa.
M. J. Riggs,
Proprietor of the Cheap
Cash Grocery Store.
WEST MAIN ST.,
Has an elegant and fresh line of
Groceries, Provisions,
Flour, Meats, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars and everything kept in a First-class Grocery.
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