IRVING'S STORY OF THE "BUSTED" ACTOR'S GOOD SAMARITAN.

A Reminiscence Which Seemed to Touch the Relator's Heart - Once He Was Very Poor and Unknown, but New He Is Rich and Famous In All Lands.

The place was a copy room in a copy house in a quiet street off the Strand, London. The time was Saturday; the hour, midnight. A company of professional men, composed of some of the lawyers, doctors, newspaper men and actors whose names are tamous on both sides of the Atlantic, was scattered in groups about the rooms smoking and chatting after the Saturday night supper, which had become a standard metitution with them. In a sheltered corner over by the fireplace sat a small knot of men, every one of whom had reached the top, or at least the front rank, of his profession. The talk, drift-ing in a smooth, desultory, half sleepy way from phase to phase, had gradually assumed a retrospective hue. From one to another the story had passed, each telling the tale of an empty stomach, or an empty pocket, or a hopeless tramp of 30 miles or so in thin shoes along a snowbound road in search of employ-

Henry Irving, thoughtfully smoking, with an air of deep attention, had not spoken and did not speak until the others, having exhausted their stock, turned to him. He had experienced harder luck than any of them, and they knew it. He looked up at them for a moment and then, after a pause, said:

The recollection uppermost in my mind just now, while you boys have been talking about tramping and winter roads and all that, is of a certain Christmas dinner at which I was present. I wonder whether any of you remember a poor fellow, long since dead-Joe Robin -who played small parts in London and outside it, and who made the one big mistake of his life when he entered the profession. Joe had been in the men's underwear business and was doing well when an amateur performance for a charitable object was organized, and he was cast for the part of the clown in a burlesque of 'Guy Fawkes.' Joe belonged to one of the bohemian clubs, and on the night of the show his friends among the actors and journalists attended in a body to give him a 'sendoff.' He played that part capitally, and the mischief might have ended there. but some one compared him to Grimaldi. His fate was sealed. He sold his stock, went on the stage, and a few months later I came upon him playing general utility on a small salary in a small theater in Manchester. One relic of his happy days still remained to him. He had retained shirts, collars and underwear sufficient to last him for a gen-But if Joe lacked ability as an ac-

tor he had a beart of gold. He would lend or give his last shilling to a friend, and piece by piece his stock of under-wear bad diminished until only a few shirts and underclothes remained to

"The Christmas of that year-the year in which we played together-was perhaps the bitterest I ever knew. Joe had a part in the pantomime. When the men with whom he dressed took off their street clothes, he saw with a pang at his heart how poorly some of them were clad. One poor fellow without an overcoat shivered and shook with every breath of the wind that whistled through the cracked door, and as he dressed there was disclosed a suit of the lightest summer gauze underwear which he was wearing in the depth of that dreadful winter. Poor as Joe was, he was determined to keep up his annual custom of giving his comrades a Christmas dinner. Perhaps all that remained of his stock of underclothing went to the nawabroker, but that is neither here nor there. Joe raised the money somehow, and on the Christmas day was ready to meet his guests.

Among the crowd that filed into the room was his friend with the gauze underelothing. Joe beckoned him into an adjoining bedroom, and pointing to a chair silently walked out. On that chair hung a suit of underwear. It was of a comfortable scarlet color: it was of silk and wool; it was thick and warm, and it clung around the actor as if it had been built for him. As the shirt fell over his head there was suffused through his frame a gentle, delicious glow that thrilled every fiber of his body. His heart swelled almost to bursting. He seemed to be walking on air. He saw all things through a mist of tears. The faces around him, the voices in his ears, the familiar objects in his sight, the very snow falling gently outside the windows, seemed as the shadows of a dream with but one reality—the suit of underwear. "His feelings seem to have entered

your heart," said one of the listeners.
"They might well do so," replied Mr. Irving, "for I was t New York Tribune. 'for I was that poor actor."-

Valuable Pumps.
The hydraulic pumps at the Combination shaft cost \$3,000,000; the first set put in cost \$750,000. The surface pump plant at the same shaft cost \$400,000. That at the Union shaft cost \$650,000. At the Yellow Jacket's shaft the steam pump plant cost nearly \$800,000, while that at the Forman shaft cost \$500,000. Statistics show that the pumping ma-chinery on the Comstock is not only the most costly but the most powerful in the world.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

Gayboy — Have a drink with me?
Hardhead—Certainly. Here's to you.
Gayboy—Ah! That's good.
Hardhead—First rate. Order another round if you like. I belong to the
Antitreating league and have promised not to treat, but there is nothing in the rules about accepting treats. Order right along, oid boy. You pay, and I'll drink.—New York Weekly.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

How the Lady, His Patient, Managed to Keep on With Her Opium.

This story comes from one of our best known physicians. For reasons that are obvious the proper name of the woman is withheld.

"She is a divorcee," the physician said, "and is quite well known in soci-She is good looking, clever and rich, but for a long time was addicted to the use of optum. The habit grew so strong that her relatives advised her to go to some sanitarium for treatment. For a long time she refused to do this, but when they threatened to have her confined in some asylum she yielded and came to our retreat.

She brought a nurse with her-a clever, bright faced girl-whom she paid \$50 a week to wait on her. were all greatly surprised as the days went by to note that she did not seem to be at all depressed, as most people are during the first few weeks of abstinence from the drug. She seemed as bright and as cheerful as on the first

day. I said to her once. "You don't seem to miss your

"'No,' she said, with a smile. 'It did not have such a hold on me as I

thought it did. "One day, after she had been there over a month, we discovered by mere accident what kept her so cheerful. One of our attendants caught her in the act of taking opium. When we asked her where she had obtained the drug, she refused at first to tell. After a little urging, however, she told us that she had brought a lot of opium with her.

The matron searched her room, and when she came to the office to report the was almost speechless with amazement. The woman had hidden little packages of opium in every conceivable part of all her dresses. There was opium in the sleeves, in the ruffles, in the lace, in the lining and in every pocket. There was opium sewed inside her garters and in her undergarments. She even had opium in the papers which she used to curl her hair.

It was her maid's duty, we learned, to administer this opium to her in such a way that we would not detect it. The young girl always curled her mistress' hair and took care not to spill any of the drug in the curl papers.

"The maid was promptly sent home. Her mistress was relieved of all her clothing and was supplied with new dresses and placed in another room. For several weeks she underwent the depressing experience of all who break off the habit. All her brightness and good nature vanished for a time. She is now cured, however, and is married again."-New York Sun.

The Typical American.

The typical Americans have all been western men, with the exception, let us say, of Washington. Washington had not had much of European culture. The qualities that made him a great commander and a great president were qualities which would have made him an equally great frontiersman. ot imagine Hamilton or Madison or Livingston or John Adams or the Pinckneys living tolerably on the fron-They are not Americans in the sense in which Clay and Jackson and Lincoln are Americans. We may wish that the typical Americans of the past had had more knowledge, a more cultivated appreciation of the value of what was old and established, a juster view of foreign nations and foreign politics: that they had been more like Webster and less like Jackson, and we may hope that the typical American of the future will be wiser and better poised. But in the meantime the past is to be under-stood and estimated as the facts stand, and only a thoroughly sympathetic comprehension of these men, who have actually been the typical Americans, will enable us to effect that purpose. The fact that Clay rather than Webster, Jackson and not John Quincy Adams, represented the forces which were really predominant and distinctively Amer ican in our development is commentary enough on any theory that makes either of the peculiar sections of the Atlantic seaboard the principal or only theater of American history .- Forum.

My journalistic friend on The Beacon

tells this story:
A dignified and elderly spinster who sits at an editorial desk in town was asked by the manager of her paper the other day if she knew of any poor but deserving person who would like a pair of his discarded treusers and replied that her furnace man would doubtless hail them with joy. Accordingly a morning or two later she found on her desk a brown paper labeled plainly, "Old trousers for Miss W---'s furnace man." At night she carried the parcel bome in her hands, together with an-other smaller package.

Sitting in the trolley car between a couple of gentlemen, she noticed that one of them seemed to be much amused

about something in her lap.
What was her horror and disgust, on looking down, to observe that she had partly covered the larger parcel with the smaller, concealing the last part of the inscription, so that it read in bold black ecript, "Old trousers for Miss W---," giving her name in full!--Boston Globe.

A Relative.

The young man was being entertained by the small boy while he waited for the young lady to appear. "I say." said the youngster, after a

long list of questions, "your mother doesn't live here, does she?" "'No; she lives in Saginaw."

"You haven't got any relations her either, have you?"

'None at all.' "I said so," said the boy in a satis-

fled way.
"Said it to whom?" "To sister when she said she believed your uncle had your watch, 'cause you never took it out to see if it was time to go."—Detroit Free Press. BRIDGE OF SIGHS AT VENICE.

The Famous Archway Around Which Romance Thickly Clusters.

In the heart of Venice, between the magnificent palace of the doges and the grim walls of the old prison, flow the dark waters of the Rio del Palaggo and across the canal stretches the Bridge of Sighs-connecting link between the splenders of a palace and the terrors of the dungeon, the torture chamber and the heading block. One of the most noticeable points about this bridge is the fact that it is closed in, thus proving all stories of suicides committed from it to be fabulous.

This fact robs the Bridge of Sighs of one of its most remantic associations of its pretty legends of grief laden mortals heaving their last sigh upon its parapet and ending their sorrowing lives in the black waters beneath it. From without the bridge, with its archlike form, its ornamental stonework, its grotesquely carved beads and its small square windows filled in with iron tracery, presents a rather fine appearance, but the interior is strictly devoid of ornament and has not the slightest pretensions to beauty.

During our visit to Venice of course we included the doges' palace and the dungeons in our programme. After wandering for some time through the vast balls and beautiful saloons of the old Venetian palace we passed over the Bridge of Sighs on our way to the gloomy cells. The bridge seemed to be little more than a narrow passage between two thick walls of stone, and unless you stepped up onto the slightly raised stonework which runs along beneath the tiny windows on either side and caught a glimpse of the canal without you might easily take it for an ordinary passage within the palace. At the far end of the bridge our progress was barred by a grim looking oaken doornail studded, age blackened and of immense thickness—guarding the entrance to the dungeons. Our guides came to a halt. There was a jingling of keys, a lighting of torches; then the great door swung slowly back, and we passed into the darkness beyond. When next we passed the ancient door and crossed the Bridge of Sighs, it was with the memory of those terrible cells, those fearful dungeons where the hapless prisoners en-dured the most horrible tortures that tyranny could devise or brutality in-

I remember strolling, on the last evening of our holiday in Venice, along the Piazza San Marco and making my way to the Ponte della Paglia to take a farewell look at the Bridge of Sighs. It was a summer evening, hot and sultry, while the fast gathering clouds, dense and inky, betokened an approaching I had just reached the Ponte della Paglia and was gazing at the Bridge of Sighs when a tremendous peal of thunder rent the heavens, seeming to shake the city to its very foundations with its violence

Suddenly a blinding flash of lightning lit up the palace, bridge and dungeous with its lurid flare. For an instant the bridge stood out with dazzling distinctness, while the lightning played on its traceried windows; then all seemed durk. And this was the last I saw of the Bridge of Sighs,-Newcastle Chron-

A Postman's First Attempt.

A route is given to you, and just about this time it begins to dawn upon you that perhaps you could not cover the route in half the time the regular man did, and before you got half a block away you got mixed up because you couldn't work your papers in with your letters, to say nothing of several small packages in your bag. You found your-self chasing up and down the street, and in order to make up the time you were losing you began to plunge, and the more you plunged the more you got mixed up and the hotter you got, and ence, when you stood still looking for a number, a little boy asked you whom you were looking for. Dreadful, wasn't

And when you got back an hour or so behind the regular man's time you were sure it was the heaviest route in the office, and you felt like fainting when you were told that it was the easiest. And owing to your inability to make time you had, to double up with your partner, so that you worked all day long, from before sunrise until long after sunset. You got no lunch except a few mouthfuls you grabbed in passing from a free lunch counter, and when you got home you were so tired, so hungry and so disgusted with your first day at the business that you would have resigned forthwith, but, aye! there was the rub, -Postal Record.

Chinese Visiting Cards 1,000 Years Ago. The Chinese, who seem to have known most of our new ideas, used visiting cards 1,000 years ago, but their cards were very large, and not really the prototypes of our visiting cards, as they were on soft paper and tied with rib bon. Venice seems to have been the first city in Europe to use cards. Some dating from the latter part of the sixteenth century are preserved in a mu-seum there. The German cities followed the Venetian custom in 100 years or so, then London followed suit-actually followed suit, for the first visiting cards in Great Britain were playing cards, or parts of such cards, bearing the name of the bestower on the back. They were first used in England about 1700. We do not know when they were first used in this country, probably not long after their first introduction into British society.—St. Louis Globe-

Infinitesimal Webs.

Mexico, the land of Montezuma, prickly pears, sand, volcanoes, etc., has many subtropical wonders, both in vegetable and animal life. Among these latter is a species of spider so minute that its legs cannot be seen without a glass. This little arancida weaves a web so wonderfully minute that it takes 400 of them to equal a common hair in magnitude.—St. Louis Republic.

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On and after Nov. 19th, 1861, passerger trains will arrive said depart from Falls Greek station, daily, except Sunday, as fol-

lows: 7.10 A.M.; 1.20 p. m.; and 7.00 p. m. Accom-modations from Punxsutawaey and Big

7.10 A M.; 1.29 p. m.; and 7.99 p. m. Accommodations from Punxentawney and Rig Run.

8.50 A. M. Buffalo and Roc 1.11 n. millfor Brockwayville, Ridgway Johnsonburg, M., Jewett, Bradford, Salamonea, Raffalo and Rochester; comociting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3. for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

7.45 A. M.; 1.45 p. m.; and 7.39 p. n. Accommodation For Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

2.20 P. M. Bradford Accommodatio : For Beschtree, Brockwayville, Ellmost, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

6.60 P. M. Sailfor DuRois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walston.

8.20 A. M.; Sunday train for Brockwayville, Hildgway and Johnsonburg.

8.10 P.M. Senday trainfor DuRois, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

Passengers are requested in purchase tlekets before entering the cars. An excess charge of Ten Cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains, from all stations when fares are paid on trains, from all stations where a ticket office is maintained, Thousand, mile tekets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations, J. H. McInstyn, Agent, Falls creek, Pa. J. H. Bangert E. C. Laffey, General Supt. Gen. Pas. Agent Ruffalo, N. Y. Rochester N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

Philadelphia & Eric Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driffwood.

Philadelphia & Eric Railroad Division Time Table. Trains 8. daily except Sunday for Sundary Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 p. m., New York, 19:38 p. m.; Railmore, 7:29 b. m.; Washington, 8:35 p. m.; Pullman Farlor carfrom Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kanaco of Philadelphia.

3:28 P. M.—Train 6. daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and Intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:39 a. M.; New York, 7:33 a. M. Through coach from Dalois to Williamsport. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:29 a. M.

9:35 P. M.—Train 4. daily for Sundary, Harrisburg and Intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:39 a. M.; Washington, 7:20 a. M.; Baltimore, 6:29 a. M.; Washington, 7:20 a. M.; Pallman cars from Eric and Williamsport to Philadelphia, Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington sleeper at Harrisburg, Passenger coaches from Eric to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

more.

WESTWARD

7-33 A. M.—Train I, daily except Sunday for
Ridgway, Bulkols, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:56

9- M. for Eric.

250 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Eric and inter-

P. M. for Erie.

2:30 A. M.-Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

6:37 P. M.-Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DIBITWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. m.: Washington, 7:30 A. M.: Baltimore, 8:53 A. m.: Wilkesburre, 10:15 A. M.: daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:37 P. M. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m.: Philadelphia, 11:39 p. m.: Washington, 10:49 a. m.: Baltimore, H.49 p. m.: daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:39 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington not Fallimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Raftimore to Williamsport and through passenger caches from Philadelphia to Erie and Raftimore to Williamsport and through passenger caches from Philadelphia to Erie and Raftimore to Williamsport and to Dulbois.

TRAIN 1 leaves Removo at 8:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:32 a. m.

JOHNSONEURG RALLEDAD.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.) TRAIN 9 leaves Ridgway at 9:30 a. m.; John-sonburg at 9:55 a. m., arriving at Clermont softmarg a. m. at 10:55 n. m. ar at 10:55 n. m. ar TRAFN 20 beaves Clermont at 10:55 n. m. ar riving at Johnsonburg at 11:36 n. m. and Bidgwny at 11:36 n. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

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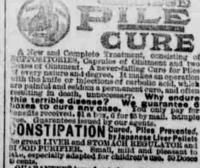
A LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY

Dec. 24, 1893, Low Grade Division.

EASTWAID. No. L No.5, No. 9. | 101 | 109 Red Bank Lawsonham New Bethlehem Oak Ridze Maysville Summerville Beil Fuller Reynoldsville Pancoast, Falls Creek DuBols Sabula Winterburn Penfield Tyler Glen Fisher Benezette

Grant... Driftwood. WESTWARD. STATIONS. No.2 | No.6 | No.10 | 106 | 119 Driftwood. Orintwood Grant Behezette Glen Fisher... Tyler. Penfield Winterburn Sabula. DuBols... Falls Croek ... Pancoust Palls Creek
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