

SCENERY COMPARED.

THE MAIN DIFFERENCES BETWEEN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

The One Is Everywhere Affected by Man and Art—The Other Is Primal and Virgin—Luxury May Suit English Scenery, but Not So With Us.

Having lately visited England after a long absence, my mind since my return has been busy with the subject of the relations between our scenery and that of the old world. I visited a dull part of Hampshire. On leaving the house where I was staying it was necessary to get up to an early breakfast to catch a train. Two young soldiers, very pleasant and friendly fellows, who went away at the same time, were in the cab with me. Reformer was made to the scenery, and one of them, who had been in America, said, "You Americans may not always say you admire England, but in your hearts you know there is nothing like it."

I looked out of the cab window at the flat and very rolled out landscape, cut up into squares and plots by iron fences, which, however, with its sparse oaks standing here and there, was not without a classic grace, and thought of the fresh and magic outlines of the Virginia mountains. But the hour was much too early and too drowsy to allow of any expression of dissent. It is an old question, that between the scenery of the two worlds. It is simple enough, however, with an obvious answer. Here it is primal and virgin nature; there, nature affected by man and art.

The difference between European and American trees and woodlands is significant of this. Early in September an acquaintance took me to look at a remarkable oak on his place in Essex, which he said had been thought by some persons to be a relic of the ancient British forest. This oak, which was not very high, threw its powerful arms straight out in all directions over a wide space of ground. Certainly such a tree could not have stood in an aboriginal forest. There would not have been sufficient sun to produce so great an amount of leafage, and there would have been no room for such a vast lateral extension.

It so happened that only a few months before, in June perhaps, I had seen in Tennessee a good deal of a forest which was almost virgin. The trees went straight upward to a great height, the boles being clean of branches a long distance from the ground, and the leafage scant, except at the top, where it received the sun. I rode into the middle of this forest. The trees were often so close together that it would have been hard for a horse to go between them, and my horse followed the bed of a stream which was so shallow that it scarcely more than wet his fetlocks, the rhododendrons being very thick on each side of me. Halting in the midst of the level floor of the forest, it was an impressive scene which I found. The pale, lofty trunks stood everywhere parallel, and with a stately decorum and regularity, except where, half way up the adjacent mountain side, some tumbling trees, leaning at angles against their surrounding fellows, which had arrested them in falling, varied the universal propriety with a noble confusion, the gray trunks looking like mighty tall pillars of a ruined temple.

It is true that our scenery is not very rich in its associations of human history. This source of interest we have here only to a slight degree. But the landscape has its own history. Is it not well to consider that history? Is not scenery made more impressive by the study of those sublime changes which have prepared the world which we see, and may not the disclosures be capable of comprehending them, be brought to the service of the sense of natural beauty?

Another contrast there may be in the scenery of the two lands. There is this to be said of English scenery—it is suitable to the luxury and comfort of English country life. It is appropriate to the English fashions. There are plenty of country houses throughout England in which material comforts are of the best, and which at certain seasons contain much agreeable company of both sexes. I had some experience of such a house in Surrey. The library was excellent. For a wonder the weather was good, the ephemeral British sunshine remaining all day on the southern walls and really lavish among those flowers of the garden you do not know by name. Easily detained by such an existence, you are not inclined to anything more active than some kind of pleasant reading and are likely to lose your place at that, while your gaze rests upon the hills to the west. To such a life and such a state of mind the vague, soft aspect of the Surrey hills was most suitable—two impalpable ranges of hills, alluring to the eyes. Essences they seemed rather than substance or matter, and unreal, save in their gentle emerald coloring. And they were always lying there, quivering as in a dream—a mirage which did not go away.

If there is an agreement between luxury and English scenery, my sentiment is that, on the contrary, luxury does not suit our scenery. An iron foundry, strange to say, does no harm. A forge, a factory by the side of a pond filled with water lilies—I have now in mind the New England landscape—these are not unsuitable. But a fine house in some way is, and my sense of incongruity extends as well to those mansions which a friend describes as Queen Anne in the front and Mary Ann in the rear. Architecture, both private and public, should be such as is suited to the local requirements and history. A white spire, for instance, marking such a church as New England farmers have built for generations, what an eloquent object in a wide and undulating view!—E. S. Nadal in Century.

A medical man has found out that distal weather has a bad effect upon the reasoning powers as well as upon the wits. He says his deductions made on study days often prove to be faulty.

A BAD STATE OF SOCIETY.

Count Tolstoi Thinks That Things Are Better In America Than Elsewhere.

In the London Standard is given an admirable account of an interesting interview which a Russian journalist has had with Count Leo Tolstoi.

The journalist had beforehand apprised the count of his intention and stated that the theme of conversation he wished to start would be "the vicious tendency of society," or briefly, "inbred sin," and the count consented to give his ideas on the subject as follows: "Suppose for a moment," said he, "that six tigers had been brought in a solid iron cage to some menagerie in the government of Tula. Go on to suppose that the beasts had broken loose and spread over the plains and forests, attacking the inhabitants. Naturally, if these six tigers were killed or caught and shut up again in their cages, the mischief would be at an end. Some people seem to think that the case of vicious men is similar, in which they are altogether mistaken. Vicious human beings are not tigers in Tula, but wolves—wolves which regularly breed there and have done so for generations, and which it is absolutely impossible to exterminate."

"You propose, then, count?" "I declare that if I find that in my own house fleas are breeding it would be strange for me to try and catch these insects one by one. A much simpler way is to clean out all the dust and dirt from the house, and the fleas will disappear of themselves."

"And what have you to say, count, of the rapid development of 'the vicious tendency' which is to be observed now even in the most cultivated society?"

"It is due to the absence of good sense and of love. I consider the cultured society of today, as you call it, as something abnormal. Common sense has lost its footing there, and, as for love, it is conspicuous by its absence. It is very sad. 'Inbred sin' (zlava volia) leads to grievous consequences, especially because it is never possible to define the form in which it is likely to manifest itself or the victims predestined for it. If a dying horse in the street lashes out in spasms, any passerby may fall under his hoof."

"You say a 'dying horse'?" "A 'dying' or raging or bolting, it is all the same. I mean an 'abnormal' animal, just in the same condition as an abnormal man—of vicious tendency."

"And which nation do you consider the most abnormal at the present time—Americans, French, English, Germans?"

"At any rate, not Americans! To their credit must be put an immense national self love which cannot exist in an abnormal people. I one day wrote an article on America and the Americans, in which I did not particularly overload the latter with flattery. Nevertheless I sent the MSS. over the ocean, thinking it would be accepted by any paper as eagerly as my other productions. Not a bit of it. The translator took it to 14 different editors without it getting accepted and finally it had to be sent to England."

"If not America, count, then?" "Why, France! Can anybody consider France as normal where such things as 'Panama' occur, where men occupying high positions in society are ready to commit any crime for gold? Is that a normal state? A thousand times no!"

Modes of Divination.

If a Scottish maiden desired to summon the image of her future husband, she read the third verse, seventeenth chapter, of the book of Job after supper, washed the supper dishes and retired to bed without uttering a single word, placing underneath her pillow the Bible, with a pin thrust through the verse she had read. On All Hallow eve various modes of divination were in vogue. Pennant says that the young women determined the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold, a custom which lingers still in some parts of Scotland. They also threw nuts into the fire, a practice prevailing also in England, as Gay has described:

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame, And to each nut I gave a sweethearts name. This with the loudest bounce me scorned, And in a flame of brightest color blazed, As blazed the nut, so may thy passion glow. Or they took a candle and went alone to a looking glass, eating an apple and combing their hair before it, whereupon the face of the future spouse would be seen in the glass peeping over the foolish girl's shoulder.—All the Year Round.

Dwarfing Bamboo Trees.

The dwarfing of bamboo trees is an important branch of the Japanese nursery business. A few weeks after the shoots begin to grow, and when the trunks measure about 8 inches in circumference and 5 feet in height the bark is removed, piece by piece, from the joint. After five weeks, when the plants get somewhat stout, the stem is bent and tied in.

After three months, when the side shoots grow strong enough, they are all cut off five or six inches from the main trunk, they are then dug up and potted in sand. Care should be taken not to use any fertilizer, but plenty of water should be given. Cut off the large shoots every year in May or June, and after three years the twigs and leaves will present admirable yellow and green tints.—Garden and Forest.

One View of the Transaction.

"Did you hear Banx say that he bought that property for a song?" "Yes." "Ever hear him warble?" "Occasionally." "Then you must realize that that purchase was about the worst case of intimidation on record."—American Industries.

Education.

Education has silently become the one thing which all men who differ ever so much in creed, culture, sect and race now practically agree to believe in.—President G. Stanley Hall in Forum.

SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

The Experiences of a Man Who Barely Escaped a Watery Grave.

When the water rushed into my lungs and stomach, it felt for all the world like a pleurisy pain, which has also given me a tussle in later years, but was over in a second, writes a man who was once nearly drowned. Then my body settled quietly to the bottom, and my arms fell limp by my side. In my half-conscious condition I could see all my relatives and acquaintances crowding about me and looking down on me with tearful faces. All the events, it seemed, of my career passed slowly in review, and the good, bad and indifferent acts stood out before me in bold relief. I knew I was drowning and remembering thinking, "Why, this is not so hard, after all!"

I wondered where my body would be found and shuddered at the thought that it might never be found. I also wondered whether or not my companion had become alarmed and run away and left me to my fate, or whether he was diving here and there to find me. Then I pictured my burial, and how the clouds would resound on my coffin when it was lowered into the grave, and my fate would be pointed out to other boys by anxious mothers as a warning.

At the next stage I could hear bells softly ringing in the distance, together with little tinklings and chirrupings in my ears. Then I began to see pretty pictures. The colors of the rainbow danced before my eyes and intermingled and formed into all sorts of odd shapes. I had no pain and no fear of what was expected to follow. I seemed to be enchanted at the scene before me. Everything was light and calm and moved about without any visible impelling force. It was like looking into a large mirror with every beautiful thing that the most vivid imagination could conjure up revealed thereby.

The last stage that I entered increased the beauty of the surroundings. All discordant noises ceased and were superseded by the softest, sweetest music that could be thought of. Apparently I had been transported to a place flooded with bright, calm sunshine. It was neither too hot nor too cold, but seemed like a clear autumn day. Then I seemed to rise from the ground and float off into space like thistle down. Higher and higher I went until I seemed to look down on the world from a great height, and then came a blank.

The next thing I knew I was lying on the raft with my companion looking down on me with a pale face.—New York Journal.

Chinese Women's Feet.

It is the common understanding among Americans that the women of China have dwarfed feet. From the time that China was opened to explorers books of travel, and especially school textbooks, have been filled with descriptions of the dreadful agony to which Chinese women were subjected to make their feet small. According to these stories and according to the popular belief in America, the feet of Chinese girl babies are put in compresses until their growth has been stunted.

Travelers in China have described the attempt of Chinese women to walk as something very painful. No one would be shocked at Mrs. Yang Ju's pedestrian style. It is true, the interpreter of the legation tells me, that in the southern provinces of China women's feet are dwarfed, but it is only in the southern provinces that small feet are considered a mark of aristocracy.

Mrs. Yang Ju's feet were never put through the dwarfing process. Neither are the feet of her children undergoing that painful operation. The little tots run about the legation halls freely, and on the day when I was there one of them took a long peep at me through the doorway of the reception room when I was not supposed to be looking in that direction. This little fellow was dressed in the gaudy silks which are an invariable feature of the Chinese custom.—Washington Star.

Strange Captivity.

The springbok of South Africa migrate in vast herds, moving in a compact body and carrying everything before them. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march—as it sometimes happens—it is surrounded, enveloped and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the army. An African hunter tells the strange story of seeing a lion in the midst of the antelopes, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

If the springbok travels in such armies, how can those in the middle and rear find food? In this wise: Those in the front ranks, after they have eaten greedily of the pasture, gradually fall out of the ranks to rest, while the hungry ones in the rear come up, and so the columns are all the while changing.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Adirondack Lakes.

One of the most striking phenomena of the Adirondack region is the carrying power of the human voice in still weather upon the lakes great and small. Persons ashore easily hear the ordinary conversation of others who are so far out upon the lake as to be indistinguishable, and as a great many Adirondack visitors habitually violate the law touching the slaughter of deer all such offenders are extremely careful not even to whisper a word that might betray their guilt when rowing upon the lakes.—Exchange.

An Inference.

Corra—You want me to describe my friend, Miss Pleiners? She's a charmingly vivacious and witty girl, an excellent conversationalist, accomplished, bright and intellectual.

Tom (disappointed)—Oh, pshaw! Why didn't you tell me she was ugly in the first place.—Chicago Record.

Used to It.

The prophets tell us that we shall all travel by airship one of these days, but the experience will not be a novel one to those who have lived on heirships all their lives.—Newport News.

Churchill hated to correct his own poems. He said that the erasure of a line was like cutting away one's own flesh.

The first letter envelope dates back to May, 1696. It is now in the British museum, London.



Why Was It

That Ayer's Sarsaparilla, out of the great number of similar preparations manufactured throughout the world, was the only medicine of the kind admitted at the World's Fair, Chicago? And why was it that, in spite of the united efforts of the manufacturers of other preparations, the decision of the World's Fair Directors was not reversed?

BECAUSE

According to RULE 15—"Articles that are in any way dangerous or offensive, also patent medicines, nostrums, and empirical preparations, whose ingredients are concealed, will not be admitted to the Exposition," and, therefore—

Because Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a patent medicine, not a nostrum, and not a secret preparation.

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NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Pursuant to an Act of Assembly, I will attend at the following times and places to receive County and State Taxes for the year 1894, to-wit:

- Union township and Corda borough, Friday, June 1st, at the Glenn Hotel. Clover township, Saturday, June 2d, at the store at Baxter in the afternoon. Summerville borough, Saturday, June 2, at the Commercial Hotel, in the forenoon. Warsaw township, West, Monday, June 4, at house of G. W. Richards, in forenoon. Folk township, Monday, June 4, at the house of Fulton Shoffner, in the afternoon. Heath township, Tuesday, June 5, at the house of William Payne, in the forenoon. Barnet township, Tuesday, June 5, at the house of William Wallace, in the afternoon. Eldred township, Wednesday, June 6, at the Jones Hotel in the forenoon, and at the store at Howe, in the afternoon. Knox township, Thursday, June 7, at McCracken store in the forenoon. Pinecreek township, Thursday, June 7, at the store of George Zeller in the afternoon. Warsaw township, East, Friday, June 8, at house of J. A. Fox, in the forenoon. Beaver township, Tuesday, June 12, at the store of B. C. Reitz, in the forenoon. Worthville borough, Tuesday, June 12, at the house of E. H. Hedges, in the afternoon. Ringold township, Wednesday, June 13, at the hotel in Ringold, in the forenoon. Porter township, Wednesday, June 13, at the store at Porter in the afternoon. Perry Township, Thursday, June 14, at the store at Perryville, in the forenoon, in the afternoon at the store at Fredsburg. Punxsutawney borough, Friday, June 15, at the Hotel Pantel. Young township, Saturday, June 16, at Hotel Pantel. Clayville borough, Monday, June 18, at the office of W. W. Crisman, Esq. Bell township, Tuesday, June 19, at the house of Henry Brown, in the forenoon. Gaskill township, Tuesday, June 19, at the store of Gibson in the afternoon. Big Run borough, Wednesday, June 20, at the McClure House. Henderson township, Thursday, June 21, at the house of Andrew Pifer, in the forenoon. McCalmont township, Thursday, June 21, at the house of Curt North, in the afternoon. Oliver township, Friday, June 22, at the store in Oliveburg, in forenoon, and at the hotel in Cool Spring, in the afternoon. Reynoldsville borough, Saturday, June 23, at Hotel Belpap. Winslow township, East, Monday, June 25, at the Hotel in Hatfield, in the forenoon. West Winslow and West Reynoldsville, Monday, June 25, at the Ross House, in the afternoon. Washington township, Tuesday, June 26, at Rockdale, in the forenoon, and at the Washington Hotel, in the afternoon. Snyder township and Brockwayville borough, Wednesday, June 27, at the Logan House. Brookville borough, Friday, June 29, at the Treasurer's Office. Rose Township, Saturday, June 30, at the Treasurer's office. Parties paying taxes at the above times and places will save ten percent, as that amount will be added when placed in the hands of the collectors. Mercantile Licenses will be collected at all places visited and all licenses remaining unpaid after the first of July, will be placed in the hands of the proper officers for collection. JOHN WAITE, County Treasurer, Brookville, Pa., May 7, 1894.

Grocery Boomers

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