

# AFLASH IN THE NIGHT

### SIGNALS OF LIGHT AT FIRE ISLAND AND THEIR ANSWERS.

How News Is Sent In From Sea Through the Darkness and Lives and Property Are Saved—The Pilotboats and the Lonely Watchers on the Beach on the Lookout.

Stowed snugly away in his little tower at Fire Island, the man who always has his weather eye open sweeps the horizon with his night glass, watching and waiting. Beside him in his list of vessels bound to the great port of which the flaming beacon way above his head is one of the sentinels, and all around are the moaning of the distant surf, the breaking of waves on the beach at his feet and the whistle of the wind as it eddies and swirls around the tower and huge lamp at its top. Minute after minute passes away, each one marked by a great beam of light sent out over the waters.

Suddenly there comes from the southeast, as if thrown up by the ocean, a gleam of red—red, the danger signal, but the watcher is not disturbed. He only waits. Not for long, however, as the night glass pointed toward that point of red on the ocean's rim shows a blue light on each side of it, about 100 feet away, while just below the red light is a faint speck of green. That is enough. The signals have told their story, and the next instant a blinding flash of green light from the tower answers the distant vessel, and before its glare has died away the electric spark has sent to the Western Union Telegraph office and to every newspaper in the city the message, "Steamer Paris southeast of Fire Island."

The big boat speeds on her way. The watcher checks her name off the list of vessels due. But others have seen the green signal. The dim lights of the steamer had not attracted the attention of the sailors on the little pilotboat standing to the eastward, but the brilliant flash of green told them that a signal had been answered, and there was no need for the Paris to send up the familiar pilot call of white—red—white. The Paris meant \$150 for the pilot-catching her, and the men started right off after her, knowing that she was due and hoping it was her signal that had been answered.

The ocean greyhound has passed away to the westward in the darkness, and again the watcher resumes his vigil. But the wind has increased. The breeze has given way before a gathering of the forces of the air, and up from the southwest comes a surging of waves, and the surf is beating and pounding on the shore with a hollow, resounding boom that tells of a tempest abroad in the night. Blacker and blacker grow the clouds overhead, narrower and narrower grows the circle of ink sea and sky that marks the limits of vision, and while the faithful monitor overhead keeps up its clocklike regularity of blazing and fading its range of power is constantly lessened by the coming storm.

Down on the beach the swing of a lantern marks where the life saver is steadily tramping along to meet his companion from the next station. It is a terribly lonely mission. "He is alone with the moaning surf, and each step is like entering some enchanted realm of darkness, ruled by the spirit of the storm. On one side of him is the sullen, grinding sea, on the other a waste of sand, and in front the fitful gleam of his own lantern. He is lonely and cold, but that has no terrors for him. His next step may touch some one lonelier and colder than he—a human body pressed into the moist, unyielding sand. Or away through the breakers rises the form of a ship, helpless for all her strength, driven by the gale far on the shore despite the friendly warning from the tall tower with its finger of flame.

Then the crimson signal in his hand tells the watch at the station that there is work to do, and the wrecked mariners that help is at hand. He hurries to the station to assist in the preparations for rescue. As he nears the little house there begins a brilliant display of fireworks. A glare of red, changing to a clear white, which is followed by a vivid green, conveys the message to the next station, and a bright white blaze tells that the signal is seen and understood, and then the beautiful Coston lights send shooting through the gloom a series of orders easily understood. A bright green tells the distant watchers that aid is needed, and a red and green call for boats and equipments. A red and white would have called for a rocket apparatus, a green and red for the life car or "breaches buoy," and so on, different combinations of colors conveying different instructions.

But it is not always stern business that calls into play the Coston colors. A big yachting club has its regatta. From up and down the coast come the swift, white winged or steam driven pleasure craft. Some of the stragglers come in late, and as a white—red—green—white succession of fires appears lighting up the sails of a belated flier the waiting fleet prepares to welcome the wanderer from the Eastern Yacht club of Boston, and chasing close after her comes a red—white, followed by a red and then a white star, and the welcome to the man from Boston is extended to the Corinthian's delegate.

Next comes a four color combination, and the red—white—green which is followed by a blue star shows that one of the American Steam Yacht club's boats has fallen in line.—New York Tribune.

**Death In Floating Dust Particles.**  
The Staten Island microscopical sharp who has been examining the dust that sifts into the best modern built New York houses find in a single gram (15 grains) scraped from a third story window not less than 2,000,000 of microbes and bacteria, besides chalk, plaster, hair, wood, fiber, vegetable refuse, pollen cells and numerous other infinitesimal notes and unclassified particles.—St. Louis Republic.

# THE OLD SONGS.

Whatever the Vogue of a Style in Music They Never Lose Favor.

It was a hotel parlor; a brilliant pianist had just rendered one of Wagner's most difficult pieces, and a murmur of well bred applause followed. Then very softly and tenderly, like a sweetly tremulous old voice reciting pathetic memories, the ivory keys sent the plaintive melody of "Auld Lang Syne" sighing through the room. The idle chatter ceased, every mind was busy with bitter sweet memories, and the air was full of the scent of vanished clover, the warm fragrance of newly tossed hay, the echo of babbling brooks. The simple tune knocked at the door of every heart, and the ghosts of dead days came trooping forth in answer.

A stout dame on the musician's left looked away through the open window, beyond the moon flooded hills, and a sigh scintillated the jet upon her ample bosom. She had gone back to a summer eve years ago and was dressed in a faded pink calico and flapping sun-bonnet again. Her bare toes sank deep in the yellow dust of the country road as she drove the cows home through the lonely, cool shadows. John Edward, freckled faced and honest eyed, came sheepishly out of the woods and joined her, and the cows were late that night, for what has young love to do with time?

A dignified old gentleman beside her blew his nose and incidentally wiped his eyes. He was thinking of the morning when he went out to seek his fortune and turned under the windy orchard trees to a wave of last farewell to a mother, who stood in the door with her check apron to her eyes. He had whistled "Auld Lang Syne" to keep back the rising sobs as he trudged upon his way.

Not a word was spoken when the last memory haunted note died away in silence, but every one had paid the tribute of a tear to "Auld Lang Syne."

An almost forgotten poet, Robert Hinckley Messinger, quaintly wishes for old wood to burn, old books to read and old friends to talk with in an ideal old age, and he might also have added old tunes to be played in the long twilights in which he dozed and dreamed in an easy chair. It is a fact that none of the popular songs of late years survives a mayfly existence. They catch the lip, but do not hold the heart, and are written to cater to the popular fancy, unlike the old tunes which are birth marked with the joys and woes of the human race.

Music hall melodies may come and go and be forgotten, but as long as a sprig of heather blossoms on Scottish moors "Highland Mary" will bring tears to Scottish eyes, and the cruelty of "Barbara Allen" will go down through all the ages while lads go courting and lasses are capricious. Every sailor leaves a "Black Eyed Susan" in port behind him, and there is a chord in every bosom set to the wanderer's immortal cry, "Home, Sweet Home."

"Amie Laurie" will live as long as the English language. Neither a Handel nor a Beethoven composed the "Marche au Lendemain," yet it became the battle cry of a nation. It is not to the music of the symphony societies that the dying turn, but to "Rock of Ages."

Many of Gilbert & Sullivan's catchy melodies are borrowed from old ballads, and they have even "Mother Goose" to thank for some of their success.

Strains may set the feet to dancing, Wagner tickle the brain and Mozart please the ear, but nothing can touch the heart like the old tunes.—Philadelphia Press.

# SHE WAS HELD UP.

And Yet, After All, the Little Tot Made No Trouble About It.

"This highway business is getting so bad that something must be done soon," said the stout man to a reporter as he looked over his free paper and read of another holdup. "Why, just the other day my daughter was going home about 6 o'clock, when she was stopped by a man who said he wanted her money. She just yelled as loud as she could and ran. There was no one in sight or hearing, but the fellow evidently got scared and quit, and she got home all right."

"That was terrible," said the lean man with the serious face. "It was, for a fact," said the stout man. "Not a circumstance to a case I saw the other day," said the lean man, as if he didn't care if the subject were dropped right there or not.

"What's that?" said the stout man. "Fact. Not half as bad as one I saw the other day." "What was it?" asked the stout man as the gang began to listen.

"Well, I hate to tell it, but if you insist on the story I guess I'll have to tell it briefly. It happened in the presence of at least 20 people. I am sorry to say I was one of them. A little girl not over 5 years of age was held up, and 10 cents and a child's car ticket taken from her, and never a soul to offer an objection."

"Why didn't you get up and do something?" asked the stout man indignantly. "It was none of my affair," said the lean man carelessly. "Where was this?" blarneyed the stout man, growing fierce.

"Oh, on a street car. The little girl's mother held her up so the conductor could take the fare." The stout man collapsed, and the lean man continued to look as if he was not in any way interested in the case.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**A Sombambulistie Fisherman.**  
A Pittsburger, who is a fisherman, told me a strange story about a guide who attends him on his excursions on Lake Erie. The old guide lives at Put-in-Bay, and every night when at home he was accustomed to put out a night line for a catch of fish. One summer it was a regular occurrence for a long period for him to get up and find the fish removed from his hooks and placed in a basket in his cabin. He was at a loss to account for these strange proceedings, knowing of no person so kind as to save him the labor.

One morning some of his friends happened to be near his place very early, when they found the old fisherman out in his boat getting the catch of the night from his lines. He apparently paid no attention to the salutations of his friends, but proceeded with his work. After he had completed the round of his lines he rowed slowly back to the landing, making fast his boat and removing the basket of fish from it. As he came toward his friends with the basket upon his shoulder they noticed a strange expression on his face.

He passed them by without noticing their presence, when one of the party ran after him and caught his arm. This seemed to bring the old fisherman out of his strange state, and he looked around as if awakened from a dream. He could not explain why he was there and concluded he had been getting up every morning in his sleep and performing his work without knowing it. Thus the strange incident was explained.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Talked the Roof Off.**  
Natural aptitude to grasp a situation has been turned to account more than once on the stage, and in one case, if the voracity of a favorite comedian goes for anything, it saved a panic and possible loss of life.

"We were playing one night stands," said he, "in Kansas during the terrible period of cyclones and found ourselves in a large, dilapidated building called by courtesy a theater.

"The low comedian was on the stage in the part of a drunken husband receiving a vigorous lecture from his wife. 'Madam,' he had just observed, 'if you keep on, you'll talk the roof off,' when there was a roar heard, followed by a tremendous crash, the building swaying like a tree in a storm. Everybody jumped to their feet, for they saw the roof had been carried away. They were about to turn and make one dash for the exits when the comedian, coming down to the footlights, looked up into the air, and quick as a flash turned to the lady and said, 'There, what did I tell you?' The audience howled with laughter, and the quick witted comedian was undoubtedly the means of preventing a serious calamity."—Exchange.

# With Your Cup of Coffee.

The invalid who is tired of taking her egg tonic with sherry, and who dislikes the taste of a raw egg, may be glad to know that the egg may be effectually disguised in a cup of coffee. Prepare the coffee to the taste, with cream and sugar, keeping it very hot until ready for the egg, which must be beaten thoroughly in another cup, and the prepared coffee added by degrees to it. Drink it hot, and you will find it not only palatable, but strengthening.—Philadelphia Times.

# His Condition.

Old Doctor—So you think my daughter's happiness is safe in your hands, eh? Young Doctor—I know she loves me, and I do not see how I could live without her.

Old Doctor—Well, you are a young man of good character, and I will give you my consent on one condition.

Young Doctor—Name it. Old Doctor—It is that when she is ill you won't try to doctor her yourself.—London Answers.



**PRaise, ONLY,**  
FROM ALL WHO USE  
**AYER'S**  
**Hair Vigor**

"Ayer's preparations are too well known to need any commendation from me; but I feel compelled to state, for the benefit of others, that six years ago, I lost nearly half of my hair, and what was left turned gray. After using Ayer's Hair Vigor several months, my hair began to grow again, and with the natural color restored. I recommend it to all my friends."—MRS. E. FRANKNATHAN, box 568, Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.

**Ayer's Hair Vigor**  
PREPARED BY  
**DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.**

# Grocery Boomers

BUY WHERE YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT.

**FLOUR,**  
**Salt Meats,**

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CANNED GOODS,

TEAS, COFFEES  
—AND ALL KINDS OF—

**Country Produce**  
FRUITS,  
CONFECTIONERY,  
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Everything in the line of  
**Fresh Groceries, Feed,**  
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Goods delivered free any place in town.  
Call on us and get prices.

**W. C. Schultz & Son**

**Reynoldsville Bi-Chloride of Gold Institute!**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.  
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"INERBILITY IS A DISEASE, NOT A CRIME."  
Bi-Chloride of Gold Cure for Inerbidity, the Morphine and the Tobacco Habits.

No suffering. All the comforts of a pleasant home. The most desperate cases of Inerbidity and Morphine are cured in four weeks. This cure will restore from \$100 to \$500 or more of lost vitality, owing to the reduction in wages and financial depression generally six months. Less than 5 per cent. have relapsed of the more than 100,000 cases treated with the Gold Cure during the past twelve years. When a patient lapses, he does so deliberately, not through any craving or desire, but because he desires to live a disreputable life. For full particulars address the secretary. Correspondence confidential.

**Every Woman**  
Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulative medicine.  
**Dr. PEAL'S**  
**PENNYROYAL PILLS**  
Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine (Dr. Peal's) never disappoint. Sent anywhere \$1.50. Peal Medicine Co., Cleveland, O.  
Sold by H. Alex. Stokes, druggist.

**First National Bank**  
OF REYNOLDSVILLE.  
CAPITAL \$50,000.00.

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Does a general banking business and collects the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, providing the most careful attention to the business of all persons.  
Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.  
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**Fire Proof Vault.**

**Royal**  
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**Coffee**  
**Why You Should Use It.**  
**Because**  
All that use one pound of it will use no other,  
Physicians recommend it,  
It changes a person's taste for something more delicious than ordinary coffee,  
A trial proves it and it is cheaper than other coffee.  
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# CHEAPEST and BEST Goods!

Ever brought to our town in  
**Ladies' Spring and Summer Dress Goods!**

Brandenberg never was sold less than 20 to 25c. per yard; will sell you now for 12½.

Dimity,	12½c.
Turkey Red Damask,	37½
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Better Goods than you can buy any place else.

The same Great Reduction in  
**Men's and Children's Clothing.**

Children's Suits,	\$ .90
" " " " " " "	1.00
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Youths' Suits,	\$3.25 to 8.50
Men's Flannel Suits,	5.50
" " " " " " "	7.50
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A fine line of Men's Pants. Come and examine my goods before you purchase elsewhere.

# N. HANAU.

Next door to Hotel McConnell.

# ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JOHN H. MULLIGAN, DECEASED.  
Letters of administration on the estate of John F. Mulligan, late of Reynoldsville borough, Jefferson county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the administratrix, and those having claims against it will present them properly authenticated, for settlement.  
MRS. E. J. MULLIGAN,  
Administratrix of John F. Mulligan, dec'd.

**What?**  
**WHAT?**  
**Another Plumber in town?**  
**YES!**

**Who is it?**  
**G. M. RHOADS**  
Is now prepared to do all kinds of Sanitary Plumbing. Call once, call again.

**Good Work and Fair Prices Guaranteed.**

I wish to call the  
**ATTENTION**  
of the public to the fact that I have received my  
**Spring - and - Summer Suitings,**  
and that the cloth is the latest and best. My prices are made to suit the times and my workmanship is guaranteed to be perfect.  
Yours for honest dealing to all,  
**J. G. Froehlich, the Tailor,**  
Reynoldsville, Pa.  
Next door to Hotel McConnell.

**A Liberal Offer.**  
Domestic—Please, sir, the grocer and butcher and baker and milkman are down stairs, and they say they won't leave until they are paid!  
Mr. McAuber—Hem! Very well. Tell them that if they will continue to supply me with provisions they are welcomed to stay here and board it out.—New York Weekly.

**Rough on the Cashier.**  
Mr. Manygirls—I have discovered that my cashier has robbed me of \$30,000.  
Friend—Have you notified the police?  
Mr. Manygirls—Not yet. I'll give him one more chance to propose to my eldest daughter. If he doesn't do it, then I shall have him locked up.—Texas Sittings.