A BRIG IN THE DESERT

SURPRISING DISCOVERY OF A TRAV-ELER IN DEATH VALLEY.

A Man Constructed and Fitted Up a Vessel on a Sandy Waste Because He Wants to Be Ready When the Water Rises, as He Firmly Belleves It Will.

"One of the queerest and most surprising sights I ever saw in all my wander-ings over the wilds of this country," said E. C. Traver, a well known prospector and civil engineer, a few days ago, "was a newly constructed brig lying on the floor of Death valley. And it is there yet, so that anybody can see it.

"When I first saw it, I was almost paralyzed. I could not believe my eyes and thought I must have passed through some montal lapse and was not in Death valley at all. But, after gazing at the strange object a few minutes and then looking around me and seeing the wastes of burning sands and feeling the hot breath of the desert wind, I knew that everything about me was most realistically ren?

"It was by the merest chance that I ran across the vessel," said Mr. Traver, 'because had I been a few feet farther south I would never have seen it. You see. I had been working on the eastern side of the valley for several weeks without success and concluded to go to Mount Darwin, where I would at least be sure of expenses. I was crossing the valley at the northern end, which is quite narrow, but about the lowest spot on the earth's surface. I am not exactly certain, but I think that where the vessel is it is about 200 feet below sea level.

"After the first surprise had worn off I began to figure out how the craft came there. That the vessel was a relie of a past age never entered my head for a moment, because it was constructed on perfectly modern lines and the wood had a yellow appearance, indicating that it had not been cut very long. I am something of a sailor myself, and the first glance told me that it was the work of some modern shipbuilder, but that only made the mystery greater.

"Going close, I made a careful examination of my strange find. It proved to be a perfect brig of about 400 tons, that had never been in water. Everything about it was of the best style of workmanship and showed plainly that the builder had put forth his best efforts. The keel was laid flat on the sand and the starboard side placed up against a small reef of rocks. The port side was supported in the usual manner.

Climbing onto the deck by a small rope ladder, I found everything shipshape. The decks were as clean and white as a man-of-war's, and every rope was in place. Entering the cabin, I found everything neat and clean and several bunks with bedding ready to sleep in. Such a thing, however, would been impossible, as the heat was have simply unbearable, and I had to go to the door, gasping for breath, before I had completed my investigation. The more I looked the more mystified I became. It was plain the brig had been built where she was, but by whom and for what?

"I spent the whole afternoon climbing over the vessel. I went into the rigging and looked over the surrounding country, but could see no sign of a human being. When night came on, I concluded to camp near by, but had no sooner got fixed comfortably when a voice from somewhere called 'Good evening!' You may be sure I jumped, as my nerves were feeling a little weak through my strange afternoon's experience.

"There was no need to be alarmed, though, for a good natured looking man, with gray hair and beard, was smiling Of course I at once concluded that he knew something about the brig. I was right, and in a few moments he

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

The Most Highly Prized of All the Surviving Orders of Chivalry.

Of all the orders of mediaval chivalry which have survived the shock of cessive revolutions on the continent of Europe since the great cataclysm of 1789, that of the Golden Fleece is perhaps the most distinguished and the most highly coveted by personages of royal birth or of illustrious patrician Students of the histo of the art or science of heraldry will learn with interest and pleasure that, the Order of the Toison d'Or of Spain having been conferred on the Duke of York, his royal highness was on Tuesday invested, at Marlborough House, with the insignia of the order by the Prince of Wales, himself a knight of the order, acting in the name of the queen regent and on behalf of the young king of Spain. The secretary of the Spanish embassy, as chancellor of the order, read the royal commission creating the duke a knight, and the august ceremony was also attended by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Due d'Anmale as knights of the order, and by the Spanish embassador and the Earl of Kimberley, her majesty's secretary of state for

foreign affairs. The Duke of York only received the badge of the order, in the shape of the figure of a sheep in embossed gold sus pended from a heavy chain of gold, but at a chapter of the order or at great court functions at Madrid he would be entitled to wear the full robes, consisting of a long mantle of crimson velvet. ent in the fashion of a sacerdotal cope, richly embroidered at the borders with emblematic devices of stars, half moons and fleeces in gold and lined with white satin, over a doublet and hose of crimson damask. The full robes also com prise a "chaperon," or hood, with a long flowing streamer of black satin, but this headgear has in modern times been generally dispensed with.

Originally the robes of the order, which was founded in 1429 by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, were of crimson cloth lined with white lamb's wool, and this circumstance has somewhat strengthened the theory that the golden fleece was instituted by Philip the Good in grateful recognition of the immense treasures which the Duke of Burgundy had acquired from the wool of the flocks reared on his vast estates in Flanders. Be it as it may, the woolen costume was changed in 1473 at a chapter held at Valencienne for the more costly materials of velvet, taffeta, damask and gold embroidery .-London Telegraph.

CATCH QUESTIONS.

Some Puzzling Queries That Appear Not Hard to Answer.

If a goose weighs 10 pounds and a half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose? Who has not been tempted to reply on the instant 15 pounds? the correct answer being, of course, 20 pounds. It is astonishing what a very simple query will sometimes catch a wise man napping. Even the following have been known to succeed:

How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth 50 yards long, one yard being cut off every day?

A snail climbing up a pole 20 feet high ascends five feet every day and slips down four feet every night. How long will the snail take to reach the top of the post?

A wise man having a window one yard high and one yard wide, requiring more light, enlarged his window to twice its former size, yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard wide. How was this done?

This is a catch question in geometry, as the preceding were catch questions in arithmetic. The window was diamond shaped at first and was afterward

PREMONITIONS OF DEATH.

Soldiers Who Have Gone Into Certain Batties Perfectly Conscious of Their Fate.

"Soldiers had strange premonitions of death before going into battle during the war, " said an old soldier. "I could not tell you how many times I have seen my comrades foretell their death. They med to feel it was coming and wen into battle fully prepared to meet their end. So common was this, and so regularly did death follow when foretold, that I often heard officers upbraiding their men for speaking of death, remarking A man never speaks of a fear of death without death following shortly after. It's like the smallpox; the one that dreads it most is sure to be the first vic tim.' But the officers were reasoning backward. In all the cases I saw the prediction of death was caused by an inward feeling, telling that his end was near.

'It wasn't fear, for I remember 'Boss McKellar, as we used to call him, who came from Butler county. He had been a brave soldier, serving his full three years, never once failing in his duty. The day before his three years were up he went into the battle of the Wilderness. He was so pale and careworn and lacked so much the usual vigor with which he entered battle that some of his friends remarked how changed he He looked like a ghost and was WAS. trembling all over. They asked him what was the matter. 'Why,' he replied, 'my three years are up tomorrow, but I'll never see my service out. I will be killed in this battle-that I know.

'His friends tried to cheer him up betting him that it was only a morbid but no amount of talk could en fancy, liven him. He went into the battle and was among the first to fall, being hit squarely in the forehead. I also remem ber John Dunbar sitting eating crackers with an officer before a campfire on the eve of battle. He had a sad expression when he turned, and breaking the cracker in his fingers said in a contem plative manner, 'Well, boys, this is my last night on earth.' In the dim fire light I saw the big tears well up as the officer inquired what he meant. 'I'll be shot tomorrow sure.' The officer, see ing how deeply the man was affected placed his hand upon his shoulder at said: 'Brace up, John. Don't be fool-ish. Men of Ohio don't talk like that.' But this only made the soldier break down. In the battle next day he was killed among the first. I could give you an indefinite number of such instances which show that soldiers really had death foretold to them, but these are sufficient. To me it was a most solemn moment when I heard a man say he was going to be killed. It invariably turned out that way. "-Exchange.

FRENCH ART OF TODAY.

Only the Genius of the People Keeps 1 From Hopeless Deba

For years all the art roads have led to Paris. It is today the center of the art world, a model of taste, skill and knowledge as well as a hotbed of eccentricities. mannerisms, stilted affectations and small trickeries. It takes in the world, takes credit for all its virtues and is saddled with all its vices. It is ruled by the quips and cranks of what at times seems outrageous fortune; it is magnified and belittled; it is overpraised and underpraised; it seems to be rising to lofty heights at times and then again to be sinking into the mire. It is at once the best and the worst art center in the world, a crucible where all elements mix, all become alloyed, and yet all average up a respectable grade of amalgam. That which keeps it from hopeless debasement is the art genius of the French people. Has that art genius ever reached is apogee? Has it fulfilled its mission and voiced the finer feelings cance, as painting once did in Italy and Spain? Did we accept the exhibit at the World's fair as a criterion we might think her day was about finished, that her artists had said all there was for them to say, but the representation was inadequate. The French stand sponsor for all the academic emptiness displayed there, for all the studio recitation, all the exaggerated realism, all the tawdry senti-ment, and yet at heart they have little sympathy with them. The academic was foisted upon them early in life by the example of Italy and the misdirected energy of royalty. Poussin or Lebrun was no more French in thought or method than Corneille. The monarchy up-held the academic because it smacked of heroism and the empire because it fostered the military spirit, but the republic has barely tolerated it, and the radicals have always hated it. It is the bete noir of French art, against which there has been a long series of revolu-tions. Why, if not that it fails to represent the French? They are fond enough of talking about such loyalists as Poussin, David, Ingres and Cabanel, but the men they love are the rebels, Watteau, Fragonard, Delacroix, Millet, Corot, Courbet. The vivacious, the decorative, the emotional, the sentimental, the positive-all these they love because they are national characteristics, but the mock heroic, the grandiloquent, the bombastic, have been more the result of foreign imitation than the outerop of French feeling.-John C. Van Dyke in Century.

BERLIN MANNERS.

Customs That Proved Rather Mortifying to Two American Girls.

Two young girls were made miserable by an unwritten law which laid me low not long ago, writes a lady correspond-ent in Berlin. They were calling upon German women, and as they entered the room they saw that the least comfortable seat was the sofa, where they naturally seated themselves. One after another of the older women surveyed them until they became intensely uncomfortable, not knowing what dire accident could possibly have befallen them. At last the hostess rose majestically, sav-

ing: "Young ladies, will you be so kind as to get up and give your seats to these older ladies?"

The poor things were crushed. My own encounter with the sofa regulation was funnier than it was crushing. I

went to a musicale given by a countess Two daughters of titled houses had been cordial in their overtures, and I was having a beautiful time watching little differences of manner and wondering if all young women were expected to courtesy and kiss the hands of married women, as my vis-a-vis was doing. As the evening wore on I concluded what well bred people were, after all, the same everywhere. When supper was annonneed, there was a slight confusion in the placing of the guests, and I found myself in a smaller room with a few others, among them the most important woman of the assembly. The table had been drawn to a sofa, and there is where made my mistake. My new friend, the countess' daughter, motioned me to the sofa, which seemed the best solution of the entanglement into which our hostess had led us in a moment of flurry, for a German does not approach the eas and surety of an American hostess. At the same time the woman of importance took a seat on the sofa also. As she apparently spoke neither English nor French, and as I had not been here long enough to have acquired fluency in German, her attempt at a conversation was soon given up.

When our hostess came to see if we were all happy, our lady of importance asked who I was, and on receiving a whispered reply sat up very straight and threw herself back on the sofa, exclaim-ing, "Ah mais c'est trop!" I was seized with a horrible fear that my hostess had told her that I was an American reporter, and I was intensely uncomfortable in spite of my companion's friendliness. After that the great lady was very stiff, and I fear I was even stiffer. Looking again to see if she had fainted, I saw her calmly eating with her knife and no longer felt uncomfortable. If she scorned me for any reason, I certainly should be ashamed of her at my own ta-I learned several days later from an American woman versed in German proprieties that my unpardonable offense had been in presuming to sit on the sofa beside my lady without a European title of high rank to back me up.

SITTING BULL'S DEATH.

The Killing of the Chief Brought About by His Son's Taunt.

"Did you ever know just how Sitting Bull was killed?" asked Lieutenant Baker of the Twelfth infantry, U. S. A. "I do not think," he continued, "the details were over printed. I never saw

them, and I was there." I tell it, as near as it can be recalled, as the lieutenant told it.

Sitting Bull was at his shack with his sons, near Standing Rock agency, when he was sent for to come into the agency. The Indian police were commissioned to bring him in, and when an Indian po liceman gets that order and finds his man he brings him, dead or alive, unless the man gets the drop first. Sitting Bull was disposed to obey the summons,

THE BROOK.

I looked in the brook and saw a face. Heigh-ho, but a child was II

Heigh-bo, but a child was II There were rushes and willows in that place, And they clutched at the brook as the brook ran by. And the brook it ran its own sweet way, As a child doth run in heedless play, And as it ran. I heard it say: "Hasten with me To the rolstering sea That is wroth with the flame of the morn-ing skyl"

ing skyl" I look in the brook and see a face

I look in the brook and see a face. Heigh-ho, but the years go by? The runkes are dead in the old time place, And the willows I knew when a child was I. And the brook it seemeth to me to say, As ever it stealeth on its way, Bolemniy now and not in play: "Oh, come with me To the slumbtrous sea That is gray with the peace of the evening sky?"

eRyP Heigh-ho, but the years go by, I would to God that a child were II —Chicago Record.

IN THE DAYS OF TOM SAYERS.

ochere's Description of Scenes at Lab Prize Fight Thirty Years Ago,

Among my many sins I have attended a prize fight, and for the outpour of rank blasphemy and reckless blackguardism it ran an execution at Newgate or Horsemonger Lane jail very close. The police were dead against prize fights, which were excuses for a gigantic form of extortion. Two rufflans of the lowest class contracted to batter one another about in order to extract the guineas from the swells, the toffs and the supporters of the "noble art of self A programme had to be sedefense cretly arranged, a special train had to be secured for the army of men, the swells about town and the scum of the metropolis, who lived upon the excitement or the pelf of prize fights. There was a certain official countenance to these illegal "mills." The editor of Bell's Life in London constituted himself the arbiter on these occasions. This was the organ of the prizefighter. The editor received the stakes deposited, acted as referee and afterward described the fights in a jargon delightfully humorous. "Tapping the claret," "One in the bread basket," "A rouser on the conk," were all phrases invented by the editors of Bell's Life

The night before it was necessary to go to a sporting pub to get "the office" and to receive for a valuable consideration the special railway ticket. The vigil of the fight was usually spent in the "wild west," for in those days there was no closing hour. Restaurants and public houses could keep open as long as they liked. Races were run in the Haymarket at 3 o'clock in the morning, and about 4 or 5 the "swells," all in evening dress, would assemble at the railway station, each one in charge of a specially appointed protector. The scene at the railway station was

indescribable. The officials made themselves scarce, and the station was handed over to mob law. On the platform the pocket of every unprotected man or youth was emptied, and when the train started amid a chorus of obscenity and blasphemy no one knew the destination. It might be a deserted chalk pit, or an old quarry, or a lonely wood, or a river marsh. Suddenly the train would stop, and away went the excursionists tramp ing over field and meadow. The princi pals were mufiled up. The attendants carried the ropes and stakes, and when the ring was pitched every one who had a sovereign left was fleeced to buy the colors of the favorite-a silk handkerchief that could not have cost fourpence

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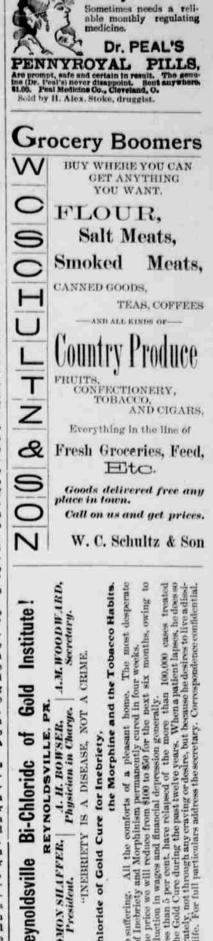
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I forbear to describe the hideous blasphemy that soiled the morning air or the mad execrations during the mill. When a champion's eye was bunged up with a blow, his second lanced it and then sucked it into fighting condition. I have seen many a brave young fellow faint at the hideous sight of a prize fight soldiers, most of them, who would have gone to battle without flinching. -London Truth.



Every Woman

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.

explained the whole thing to me and also showed to what ends a foolish idea will drive a man

'He said that his name was Frederick Evans, that he was a ship builder by trade and one of the California pioneers of '49. He had never made a big strike, but had always kept prospecting. and when the water rose in Salton lake a few years ago he was at work in the mountains around Death valley. It was then that he got it into his head that the water would eventually reach that locality, and he was determined to have the first vessel to float in the new sea.

"Evans was not a poor man, but had money enough to hire a couple of men to help him lay the keel of the vessel, put in the masts and do the other heavy work. At first the work was pushed rapidly, but when the water commenced to recede Evans took things easily and did all the work himself, because he thought the water would not come again for a year. He has been disappointed every year since, but still thinks that Death valley will become a sea, and he is ready for it.

"I was well treated by Evans," said "I was well treated by Evans," said Mr. Traver in concluding. "He took me to his abode, which was a deep cave a few feet from the brig, with a delight-ful temperature. I staid with him two days and found him a well educated man and very interesting, but when I left him his last words were, 'When the water rises, I will be ready for it.""— San Francisco Call.

Monuments to Women. Hitherto in France Joan of Are has been almost the only woman to mount upon a marble podestal, but the privi-lege is being extended. At Vitres a statue is being raised to Mme. de Sevigne, and at Valeuciennes a similar honor is in store for Mile. Duchenois. Apropos of these facts a French writer observes, "Woman being, even in marble, so much more decorative than curselves, one can only rejoice over the advent of feminine statues."

His Opposite.

She-They say that persons of oppo-site qualities make the happiest mar-

riages. Ho—That's why I am looking for girl with money.—Tit-Bits.

made square. As to the two former, perhaps it is scarcely necessary seriously to point out that the answer to the first is not 50 days, but 49, and to the second not 20

days, but 16, since the snail, who gains one foot each day for 15 days, climbs on the sixteenth day to the top of the pole and there remains ---Pittsburg Dispatch.

Where Woman Comes Last.

An Arab-meaning a tent dweller; in an equine sense the town dweller is no Arab-loves first and above all his horse. No one need to recite the oft sung affection he will lavish upon him. Next he loves his firearm. This, poetically speak-ing, ought to be a six foot, gold inlaid, muzzle loading horror of a matchlock, which would kick any man but an Arab flat on his back at every shot, but actu-ally, in Algeria or Tunis, when he lives near a city, it is more apt to be a mod-ern English breechloader. You must fly from the busy haunts of men to find the matchlock. Next to his gun he loves his oldest son. Last comes his wife-or one of his wives perhaps. Daughters don't count-I mean the

Arab doesn't take the trouble to count them unless in so far as they minister to his comfort, dietetic or otherwise. Until some neighbor comes along and proposes to marry-in other words, to make a still worse slave of one of them -she is only a chattel, a soulless thing. -she is only a chattel, a soulless thing. And yet she is said to be a pretty, amia-ble, helpful being—said to be, for no one by any hap ever chances to cast his eyes on one worth seeing. This disre-gard for women, be it said to their hon-or, does not always apply to the Bedon-ins of the Syrian and Arabian deserts. —New York Journal.

"Counselor Therefore."

Sergeant Kelly, a celebrity of the Irish bar, had a remarkable habit of drawing conclusions directly at variance with his premises and was consequently nick-named "Counselor Therefore." In court on one occasion he thus addressed the on one occasion he thus addressed the jury: "The case is so clear, gentlemen, that you cannot possibly misunderstand, it, and I should pay your understandings a very poor compliment if I dwelt upon. It for another minute. Therefore I shall at once proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible."—Green Bag.

Photographs of "Lip Speech."

What is regarded as the greatest tri-umph of the photographer was the re-cent successful experiment by Professor Dameny of Berlin in taking photo-graphs of "lip speech." By making successive negatives of the movements of the lips of a rapid talker he managed to arrange photographs minited from to arrange photographs printed from them in such a manner that deaf mutes who were familiar with "lip speech" could plainly interpret every word that the speaker uttered.-St. Louis Republia

Sympathy.

Maude-I'm in an awful fix. I am in love with a young man who is poor. Bello-And he won't marry you!-Truth.

but one of his sons, as haughty an In dian as ever lived, taunted the old man for his weakness. He called him a squaw, and that epithet to an Indian brave is the cap sheaf of all that is derisive. The old man weakened under the boy's taunts, and the Indian police did the rest. Sitting Bull was all that his admirers claimed for him. When he fell, the boy who had taunted him crawled under the bunk where the old man had slept. He was there when Shavehead, an Indian from the agency, came in. He heard the story. He liked Sitting Bull, and when he was told that the boy had taunted his father and was the cause of his death Shavehead said the boy deserved death, and he was dragged out from under the bed and killed. These details Lieutenant Baker says he never saw in print.-Chicago Herald.

Quickly Arranged.

Foreign terms are apt to occasion con-fusion in the minds of those who are ignorant of their meaning, because, as one old lady who thought mirabile meant a "rough, noisy crowd o' folks," said, "They don't scussly ever stand fer what they'd orter, jedging by the sound!"

A western man wished to file a paper for his partner and himself in the circuit court and affixed to the firm signature the words "per se." "I reckon that won't do," said the

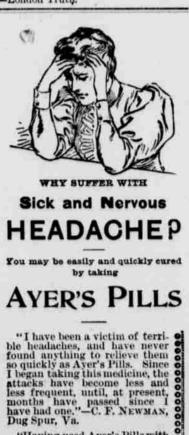
partner, whose education was somewhat more extensiva. "'Per se' is sin'gler and means jest you, and ther's two of

"Oh, all right! I can fix that easy enough," responded the other easily. "Gimme the craser."

The article in question was passed to him, and after some scratching and re-writing he shoved the document over to his partner with a smile of triumph. It was signed, "Green & Wilson, per 2 o's."-Youth's Companion.

The Abbe de Marolles, in one of his latest works, calculated that he had printed 133,124 verses, and yet the pub-lie had not sense enough to appreciate him as a poet.

Spain has over 400 islands in the eastern seas, mostly comprised in the Philip-pines and Moluccas.



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J. G. Froehlich, the Tailor. Reynoldsville, Pa. WNext door to Hotel McConnell.



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A DMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JOHN H. MULHOLLAN, DECEASED.

Letters of administration on the estate of John F. Mulhollan, late of Reynoldsville bor-ough, fefferson county. Pa. deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the adminis-tratrix, and those having claims against it will present them properly authenticated, for settlement. Mas. R. J. MULHOLLAN, Administratrix of John F. Mulhollan, dec'd.

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