

# ANGELIC TEMPER.

A CARLOAD OF TRAVELERS AND NOT A KICKER AMONG THEM.

They Had to Change Sleepers in the Middle of the Night, and Yet They Remained Good Humored—This Was an Exceptional Party, Even For Americans.

"Although Americans have the reputation of being born kickers," said the traveler, "once in awhile they give surprising exhibitions of philosophy and good nature."

"On a hot night I started on a trip up the state. I had been careful to engage my berth in the morning and had selected it in the center of the car, so I felt assured that I would be reasonably comfortable. It so happened that travel was heavy that night, and my car was crowded. To my great disgust, too, it was a very old car. I am too old a traveler to fret, however, and I went into the smoker with a calm mind. The train rolled out, and soon the porter began to make up the beds. We all turned in early, and I was in my berth before the train had got far beyond Mott Haven."

"I adjusted everything carefully, removed all my clothes, donned some nice cool pajamas and lay back on my pillow sleepily. I had just begun to doze off when I was aroused by a queer, rumbling noise. It sounded as though something was the matter with the running gear. I listened for awhile and then closed my eyes again, thinking perhaps that the noise would stop. It didn't, though, and presently others appeared to be disturbed also. Heads were poked out between the curtains, and passengers asked each other what the trouble was. The porter was summoned and interrogated, but he knew nothing that could enlighten us and said he was sure it was nothing serious. By and by some of the calmer spirits like myself felt reassured and dropped off to sleep in spite of the noise and jolting."

"I was in the midst of a dream about falling elevators and similar pleasant fancies when I was awakened by somebody yanking at my arm. It was the porter."

"I am sorry to trouble you, boss," he said, "but one of the wheels on this car has gone wrong, and the conductor is afraid we will have a smashup if we don't take the car off. You'll have to get up and get out, for we are going to run this car into the shop and put on another."

"Naturally I felt a little annoyed. When a man is sleepy, he doesn't like to be told he has got to get up and dress and fuss and bother. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to sleep in a stuffy car on a hot night anyhow, and interruptions are not apt to compose the mind. However, there was no use of kicking, and so I got up and dressed as quickly as I could, gathered my traps together and prepared to move. The car was full of people in various stages of undress, and it took some little time to clear them all out so that the car could be taken off the train. We found ourselves at Albany. We had to wait on the platform for nearly half an hour while the car was rolled back out of the way and another one brought out of the yard."

"If the first sleeper had been old, this one was antique. It must have been one of the first of the Wagners to be put in service. It was smaller and had fewer berths than the other car, and as it hadn't been cleaned for some time it was very dirty. Every time we touched anything our hands were covered with dust. We stood around while the conductor tried to arrange for our accommodation, and as the berths were differently arranged this took some time. In the meantime the train had started again."

"The conductor was an amiable person and tried hard to hurry things as much as possible, which relieved the situation a great deal. In allotting space to us he came finally to an old gentleman who lived up in the country. 'I am very sorry,' he said to him, 'but I'll have to put you, sir, in the state-room. There are no more berths left.' It occurred to all simultaneously, I guess, that that meant an extra charge. 'Great Scott!' exclaimed the old gentleman, 'have I been yanked out of my sleep and put to all this discomfort for to be compelled to pay double fare? Oh, of course not!' said the conductor. 'Inasmuch as it is our fault, we won't charge you extra fare.' The old man smiled broadly at that, for the idea of having a stateroom all to himself was naturally agreeable, but when he came to find out later that the stateroom included the washroom and was anything but pleasant to sleep in his smile became rather sickly. After awhile things were straightened out, but it was fully an hour from the time we left Albany before we had turned into our berths again."

"Naturally you would imagine that everybody would have been ill tempered after all this fuss, but the truth is I never saw a jollier lot of people in all my travels. Of course sleep was impossible for most of us after all this disturbance, so we kept up a running fire of conversation. Jokes were rattled off in a delightfully impromptu fashion, and everybody who had had any experience on sleeping cars recounted them to the edification of the others. Although we did not have any sleep, about every one who left the car the next morning wore a broad, good humored smile."—New York Sun.

**She Served as a Soldier.**  
The late Colonel Burnaby told of the discovery of a woman who served as a soldier in the ranks of the army of Don Carlos in 1874. She wore the uniform and lived and fought just as the other soldiers, but a priest in whose parish she had lived identified her. Don Carlos removed her to the nurses' quarters, but she begged to be sent back to the ranks. He laughed. "Not to the regiment of men, but when I form a battalion of women you shall be colonel."—London Truth.

**Impatience.**  
Impatience turns an acute into a fever, a fever to the plague, fear into despair, anger into rage, loss into madness and sorrow to amazement.—Jeremy Taylor.

# THE TALE OF A DOVE.

A Strange Incident in the Closing Scenes of a Murderer's Life.

"I can recall a strange incident that has never found its way into print," said a member of the New York congressional delegation to a Post reporter. "It happened in Long Island, in the Queens county jail, and, to say the least, is tinged with a strangeness. Patrick Casey, a Long Island City policeman, was an inmate of the jail, under the sentence of death for the deliberate murder of his superior officer, Sergeant Caminsky. The representative in congress from the First congressional district of New York, James W. Covert, was Casey's counsel and succeeded in having his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. On the day Casey was sentenced to death a pure white dove flew in the courtroom window and alighted on his shoulder."

"The dove refused to be removed, accompanied Casey back to his cell and became his constant companion. At the same time Charles Rugg, the notorious negro murderer, was also an inmate of the jail, awaiting trial for the murder of Mrs. Lydia Mayne and her daughter. Just previous to the day set for his trial Rugg escaped from the jail, but two days later was captured and returned to the jail. The day of his capture was the day set for Casey's removal to Sing Sing to serve his life sentence. As he was being taken from the jail and while in the sheriff's office being prepared for his journey Rugg was led in by his capturers. All this time the dove had been perched on Casey's shoulder, but as soon as Rugg was led in the dove flew from Casey's shoulder and over to Rugg, alighting on his shoulder, cooing as if it had found a long lost friend."

"All efforts on the part of Casey to call it back were in vain, and as Rugg was led back to the cell from which he escaped the dove went with him. It remained with him up to the morning of the execution. On that morning as Rugg marched up the scaffold the dove was perched on his shoulder and remained there until the black cap was drawn over his face. As soon as that was done the dove flew out one of the jail windows and was never seen around the jail again."—Washington Post.

# BLASTING GELATIN.

One of the Most Important Explosives, and How It Is Made.

By far the most important as well as the latest form of dynamites or solidified nitroglycerin are those designated not too happily as "blasting gelatins." Many persons imagine, quite naturally, that these consist of some form of gelatin, isinglass or glue, converted by chemical means into a powerful explosive. But "blasting gelatin" contains no particle whatever of gelatin, properly so called, the term being applied to a mixture of nitroglycerin and a nitrocellulose. It is prepared at Ardree, in Ayrshire, N. B., by heating nitroglycerin in "jacketed" pans to between 40 degrees and water at 60 degrees C.—140 degrees F.—a certain proportion of dry gun cotton of the "soluble" kind. A current of hot water at 60 degrees C.—140 degrees F.—circulating between the outer and inner pans keeps the contents of the latter at the required temperature, and the mixing is effected by mechanical stirrers.

Any rise of temperature above 45 degrees C.—113 degrees F.—is quickly checked by turning into the outer "jacket" a stream of cold water in place of the hot for a time. In the course of about an hour the nitrocellulose is dissolved in the nitroglycerin, the two bodies uniting to form a more or less stiff homogeneous jelly. It may indeed be compared to the photographic collodion, thickened by evaporation, the gun cotton having been dissolved not in the usual alcohol-ether mixture, but in nitroglycerin. When composed of 98 per cent of the latter, with 2 per cent cotton, we get a most powerful explosive. Mr. G. MacRobert, the manager at Ardree, observes upon this point: "Of all the nitroglycerin explosives blasting gelatin is the strongest. If the energy of dynamite be represented by 100, that of blasting gelatin will be 150. Nitrocellulose itself shows less energy than blasting gelatin."—Nineteenth Century.

**Cleopatra's Rival.**  
The beautiful Octavia, the wife of the great general, but weak and infamous Antonius, was a woman of rare personal integrity and moral worth. When Antonius for the second time, and this irremediably, fell under the sway of the incomparable fascinations of Cleopatra, Octavia not only maintained the dignity of her husband's house and took care of her own and Antonius' children, but also those he had had by Fulvia, one of his previous wives. Of this Fulvia Plutarch slyly remarks:

It was her ambition to govern those that governed and to command the leaders of armies. It was to Fulvia that Cleopatra was obliged for teaching Antonius due submission to female authority. He had gone through such a course of discipline as made him perfectly tractable when he came into her hands.—Westminster Review.

**A Perfect Leaf.**  
The teacher of a large class in one of the New York schools once said to the pupils who were leaving for the summer: "I want each of you to search for a perfect leaf and bring it to me when school reopens. Remember it must be perfect—every tooth right, not to speak of mold or blight or discoloration, not a vein broken." They searched faithfully, but none found a perfect leaf, though they learned a great deal about leaves while they examined them thus carefully.—New York Times.

**Small, but Important.**  
Rusty Nail (in the street)—What are you doing here?  
Carpet Tack—Waiting for a ride.  
"Do you think any of these fine people will stop their carriages to pick up a worthless little thing like you?"  
"No, but the first bicyclist that comes along will pick me up without stopping."—Good News.

# BAFFLING BURGLARS

SAFES AND LOCKS WHICH ARE PROOF AGAINST TAMPERERS.

Each Box of England Lock Costs \$275 and Has 362,880 Different Combinations. Elaborate Mechanism to Protect Treasure Vanities.

There is no denying the fact that the burglar of today, who aims at high game, displays amazing ingenuity in the manufacture of scientific tools and apparatus and also in the practical working of the same.

But he is completely out of the running when pitted against our safemakers and locksmiths, even though he periodically buys their wares for experimental purposes.

While the present writer was being "personally conducted" over the premises of the greatest firm of locksmiths in the world he acquired much interesting information concerning those wondrous pieces of mechanism which protect the vast riches of palaces, banks and strongrooms, and which render it absolutely impossible for thieves to break in.

Perhaps the most interesting department was that one in which an exhibition of the highest form of the burglar's craft was being given. Skilled workmen were seated before locked safes and were using the almost irresistible fusing apparatus on the door in order to reach the locks or were forcing gunpowder through the keyholes by means of a tiny pair of bellows.

Others were squirting corrosive chemicals into the locks and noting the effect, while sturdy artisans were using the drill and the wedge with a scientific force and skill that showed they could be dangerous enemies to society if they were criminally inclined.

The fusing apparatus consists of a cylinder of compressed oxygen gas, which supplies a short section of pipe terminating in an iron cup. The latter is pressed firmly against the door after a light has been applied, and a stream of flame issues from the end of the pipe in its bottom. So fierce is this flame that it melts the metal in the safe door and eats a jagged hole through it in a remarkably short space of time.

"We turn out about 288,000 locks every year," remarked the manager of the works, "and they range in weight from a quarter of an ounce—including key—to 228 pounds, the respective values of these extremes being 12 cents and \$1,500."

Foremost among those locks which protect enormous wealth come those on the treasury doors of the Bank of England. The making of each of these marvels of mechanism occupies three men for six weeks and costs \$375.

"These little fluted pieces of steel in the head of the key—technically called 'steps'—are nine in number and are capable of 362,880 different combinations."

"If a banker whose safe was fitted with this lock chanced to lose his key, or if he had reason to suppose that a wax impression of it had been made, all that would be necessary in order to bafflegate the burglarious designs would be to unlock the safe with the duplicate key, unscrew the head and change the position of the steps and then relock the safe or strongroom."

"The mechanism of the lock would instantly adapt itself to the changed combination and could never be unlocked by the former key."

"This, however, is not an unmixing blessing. One afternoon a certain city merchant was amusing himself by unscrewing the steps of both his keys when it suddenly occurred to him that he had forgotten the combination."

"As the keys in question were capable of thousands of combinations, there was nothing for it but to set to work on a system of numbered tables and tick off each combination as it were tried."

"But that may take months, objected the merchant ruefully. Well, as the only other alternative was to build a furnace round the door of the safe it was decided to try the combination first."

"We sent two men and an apprentice with the printed tables—great sheets of paper several yards long—and after nine days' labor, during which about 13,000 different combinations were arranged and tried, the right one was hit upon by accident, and the door opened. Needless to say there was a pretty big bill against the customer who gave us all this trouble."

"The treasury doors at the Bank of England measure 7 feet 8 inches and weigh about 2½ tons. Besides being fitted with the above mentioned changeable locks they have violence locks 5 feet long, each of which weighs 200 pounds, and gunpowder proof locks, having blowholes on every side, even through the massive bolt. These blow holes allow the gunpowder pumped in to escape and reduce the force of a possible explosion to a mere harmless puff."

It is worthy of note that there are more than 10,000 locks fitted in the Bank of England. Then comes the Savoy hotel with 1,800, controlled by one master key. The manager of each of the six floors at the Savoy, however, has a master key which controls the lock of every room under his supervision."

"Her majesty's safe at Windsor castle in which the gold plate is kept weighs eight tons and is protected by a violence lock 18 inches long, a changeable lock and a gunpowder lock, all of which can be mechanically covered by an undrillable steel plate, which renders it impossible to insert even a hairpin into any of the keyholes."—London Answers.

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# IT WAS WONDERFUL LUCK.

A Smelter Man Who Won Out Over \$1,000 on a \$2 Stake.

"The most wonderful run of luck I ever saw a man have was in the Combination at Butte, Mon.," remarked Phil Cusick of Billings to a party of gentlemen who were discussing games of chance.

"An employee at the Boston and Montana smelter came in, and holding up a \$2 bill, announced that he had a big note to meet in Jim Murray's bank and was going to win it out. He said that it was for \$888.88, and he was going to play the eight spot at faro and nothing else. He seemed to be well known, and everybody smiled. He put a copper on his \$2 bill and placed it on the eight spot. It lost on the turn. He let the \$4 stay, and again the eight lost. He knocked the copper off, and the eight won. He put it back, and it lost."

"Mind you, this was the result of four successive turns in the deal. The player let his \$32 remain on the dead card."

"'Ain't you afraid somebody'll cinch that for a sleeper?' inquired the dealer jocularly."

"'Not much!' was the reply. 'And I ain't going to touch it till you make me draw down or I win what I want.'"

"The dealer looked at him, thought of the chances of splits, I suppose, and quietly remarked, 'That goes.'"

"The very first turn on the next deal the man copped the \$32, and the eight lost. He didn't take the button off, and the eight lost out. Mister man had \$512 on the card. The dealer got up, and another took his place. The man never turned a hair and was as cool as a cucumber."

"When the cards were put in the box, every one expected to see him knock the copper off. He didn't touch it. The top card was a king. The dealer's fingers trembled as he pushed it out, and you may break me if the eight of hearts wasn't right under it."

"'I'll go over and pay that note now,' said the smelter man, and he rolled up \$1,024 in a big wad."

"'Pretty good winning on a \$2 stake, ain't it?' he remarked as he went out. I was told that his name was Bob Reynolds."—Chicago Times.

# THE ARAB AND THE JEW.

An Oriental Critic's View of Two of the Weekly Papers of New York.

A Jewish professor who is versed in the oriental languages looked over two weekly papers printed in this city, one of them in the Hebrew language, with Hebrew characters, and the other in the Arabic language, with Arabic characters. "Look," he said as he placed the two papers together, "at the peculiarities of the type used in them. Take notice of the power, breadth, depth, rectangularity and solidarity of the Hebrew type. Take notice of the Sarcenic delicacy, the ornateness, the subtlety, ingenuity and curvaceousness of the Arabic type."

"The contrast between them is very suggestive. Again, the reader who studies the style of the literary compositions in the two papers will notice that Hebrew thought is broad, strong and upright, like the Hebrew characters, while the Arabic thought is sinuous, temuous and ornate, as the Arabic characters. The differentiation of the Hebrew from the Arabic, both in the forms of the type and in the expressions of the mind, will strike every critic who places the two papers together, looks at them closely and makes a study of their contents. Yet both the Hebrew and the Arabs belong to the Semitic race and are monotheists. History and circumstances must be taken into account when tracing the characteristic differences between the two branches of the family."—New York Sun.

**The Poor German Novel.**  
While the number of second and third rate novels increases, those that deserve to be labeled A1 are as undoubtedly on the wane. The pitiable state of the German book market is partly answerable for this result, since it has driven some of the ablest contemporary novelists, such as Sudermann, Gerhardt, Hauptmann and Voss, to turn aside from their original and obvious vocation in order to write indifferent dramas, because these prove to be more remunerative than first class novels. Veteran standard authors like Freytag, Dahn and Spielhagen, who have been before the public for three or more decades, seem to labor under the delusion that whatever they now write must necessarily be worth reading, and that a writer who once has achieved fame has nothing further to do in order to keep it up but to go on producing with clockwork regularity a certain number of volumes per annum, whether or not these books are distinguished by any of those qualities which made the reputation of their earlier works.—Blackwood's Magazine.

**Hospitable.**  
It is customary on the continent of Europe to charge extra for heating a bedroom, no matter how bitter the weather, but it remained for a New England hotel keeper to charge double rates for heating a room for two."

It was this same man, whose tavern is in a town so remote from civilization that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the only theatrical attraction ever billed there, who bid for custom by advertising: "Special rates for theatrical companies. Little Eva and the dogs free."—Youth's Companion.

**Mrs. Astor's Coronet Comb.**  
Mrs. William Waldorf Astor wore at the recent drawing room the historic diamond coronet comb of which she has lately become possessed. It is the one that Louis XIV gave to Mme. de Montespan, and our wealthy countrywoman, it is said, paid \$100,000 for it.—London Standard.

**The language denotes the man.**  
A coarse or refined character finds its expression naturally in a coarse or refined phraseology.—Bovee.

# THE OLD GENERAL'S SCHEME.

Effective as an Indian Exterminator, but Too Merciless to Try.

"A good many years ago the Comanche Indians used to harry and annoy the people of Texas by predatory incursions, pretty much, I fancy, as the Scottish highlanders did their brethren who dwelt in less mountainous regions," said Colonel Alf Mason of the Lone Star State. "The Comanches, too, had exactly the same purpose in view that animated the adherents of Rob Roy—the lifting of cattle—and it would be hard to say which made the greatest success of the business, the sturdy foot-boosters of Scotia or the copper hued denizens of the American plains. The Texans of course resented to the utmost this conduct of the redskins, and many a brave paid the death penalty for trying to get away with horses or cows that did not belong to him."

"Many a poor settler, too, in trying to save his little homestead, fell a victim to the barbarous foe. Some unusually cruel raids, in which a number of white women and little children were butchered, about the year 1859, in Williamson county, not far from the state capital, caused the resentment of the people to rise to a boiling pitch, and vengeance was sworn against the whole tribe of marauding red demons. The affair was so ruthless in its atrocity that it came very near being the cause of a wholesale slaughter of the Indians, which could have scarcely been justified."

"The proposition came from one of the noted frontiersmen and Indian fighters of that day, who has long since crossed over the river, General Henderson. The old man advanced it coolly and could with difficulty be persuaded to abandon it. It was to invite, under the guise of pretended friendship and reconciliation, all the Comanches that could be assembled in a great scope of surrounding country to a big barbecue, where there was to be eating and drinking galore and a general smoking of the pipe of peace. It was to be a grand feast, especially in the roast beef part of the menu, said beef to be artistically dressed with poison enough to kill every son of a gun of an Indian that partook of it. Well, they wouldn't let the old general carry out his scheme, and he got very hot over it and to the day of his death cursed the sentimental fools that interfered with his plans for reducing the Comanche census."—Washington Post.

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"I am personally acquainted with Mr. Beck and believe any statement he may make to be true."—W. J. MAXWELL, Drug-gist and Pharmacist, Ayer, Ia.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for general debility and, as a blood-purifier, find it does exactly as is claimed for it."—S. S. ADAMS, Ezzell, Texas.

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**Fire Proof Vault.**

**ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.**  
ESTATE OF JOHN H. MULHOLLAN, DECEASED.  
Letters of administration on the estate of John F. Mulhollan, 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. R. J. MULHOLLAN, Administratrix of John F. Mulhollan, dec'd.