

ON MOUNTAIN TOP.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE VIEW FROM LONG'S PEAK.

A Landscape No Painter Can Put Upon Canvas, No Words Fully Express—Trembling With Fear at the Stupendous Scene—Anna Dickinson's Card.

All lovers of mountain scenery having a few days' time at their disposal must make a flying trip to Estes park, the most beautiful and inviting of all Colorado parks, but not the largest. It is only six miles wide by ten miles long, through which run several streams, filled with "speckled beauties," so much sought for by skilled anglers. At the south end of the park rises Long's peak in all its majesty and grandeur, with a sentinel on either side nearly equal its height. The altitude of the park is 7,500 feet.

We leave our wheels at the hotel and drive up to Lamb's ranch, where we spend the night at an elevation of 10,000 feet.

At sunrise the next morning, mounted on horseback, with an experienced guide in the lead, we ride up to timber line, where we picket our horses and commence the climb of the bowlder fields, necessitating much courage and determination, as these bowlders are angular rocks of solid granite and run in size from a chicken coop to a modern dwelling. In the center of this bowlder field was passed the slab recording the death of Carrie Weston of Connecticut, who a few years since unwisely insisted upon the guide accompanying her to the peak too late in the season. When returning, they were caught in a severe gale and blinding storm. After suffering as only one can suffer when surrounded by that intense loneliness, stung by the pangs of cold and cravings of hunger, her life was sacrificed. The trusty guide for hours made supernatural efforts to carry her over those almost impassable rocks until, at her request, he left her to bring a rescuing party from the ranch, which upon arrival found life extinct.

Following the guide, we pass through an opening called the "keyhole" and emerge beside an unwelcome precipice. We carefully pick our way along the brink, which requires all our nerve and resolution, but yet is not as tiresome as the loose sand and broken rock, rising at an incline of 45 degrees, just beyond. By perseverance and an occasional rest we are enabled to reach that ugly precipice on our right, and by using both hands and feet we make the summit, where we stand speechless with wonder and admiration. Hard as it was, we would make the same heroic effort a hundred times were it necessary to witness the grand scene before us.

Nearly 8,000 feet below is Estes park, the sportsman's paradise; to the west is Middle park and Hot Sulphur Springs; to the south South park. Beyond these peaks we see the range for a distance of over 200 miles. With the aid of our glasses we discern Gray's peak, Mount Lincoln, Mount Evans, Pike's peak and Old Ouray in Marshall pass, some of which are 300 miles distant. What a scene it is! What an ocean of mountain billows, in contrast to which we turn to the east and see an ocean of plains—the one as quiet as the peaceful sea in a calm, the other as tempestuous as the tossing billows.

Never was time more valuable than now. So much to be seen. Such a picture to paint in our minds so that it may never fade. Think of making this impression indelibly upon one's mind, covering this panoramic view of 200 miles in either direction of plains, valleys, parks and mountains, of growing fields of wheat and far distant cities, of snow capped mountains, of magnificent forests and crystal streams.

Again and again we sweep the horizon and study a landscape no painter can paint, no speech can express. Before returning we must look at the souvenir deposits of visitors. Here is a shingle by Major Powell, who, with William N. Byres, was the first to make the ascent in 1858. Here is Anna Dickinson's card, the first woman to ascend the peak, also of the party who climbed the peak in 1878 to witness the total eclipse, together with thousands of visitors' cards. The top of the peak is level, covering a few acres, and we wonder that a house has not been built there for the accommodation of those who might wish to remain overnight and see the sun rise. Before returning we must take one look over the crater wall, which has a perpendicular descent of 3,000 feet. How nervously we approach the edge, step by step, until our strength fails us and we can go no farther.

Trembling with fear, we return from this stupendous scene, bewildered with mixed feelings of pleasure and fear. Before making the descent we take a final view, the like of which we shall never again see. We retrace our steps, and having passed the most dangerous places courage is restored, and we reach the park after nightfall so tired and with such a longing for our couch, but with the feeling that we would sacrifice anything reasonable rather than deny ourselves to Long's peak, but having once made it nothing would tempt us to climb it again.—Edward B. Light in Good Roads.

She Knows.

"Do be quiet, Johnny. Don't you know that there's a visitor in the next room?" said Frances to her little brother.

"How do you know? You haven't been in."

"But," said Frances, "I hear mamma saying 'my dear' to papa."—Pick Me Up.

Remove.

A chemist had made a mistake in his weights and poisoned a customer. When the fatal tidings were brought to him, he pulled out two handfuls of hair and exclaimed:

"Wretch that I am—and my best customer too!"—London Judy.

HIS SWEET REVENGE.

Kicked Out When a Boy, He Lived to Repay the Offender.

A story with a moral is told me by a friend from Bloomington, Ind. That pretty little university town numbers among its notabilities not only the college professors, but another professor also, whose accomplishment lies not in the direction of human education. I mean genial Henry Gentry, known wherever there are little and big children, who like to see his performing dogs and ponies. Professor Gentry was a very poor boy, which was no dishonor, but still much against him in the race of life. During the last few years he has made a fortune. I am afraid to say how much, but it must be up in the hundred thousands. Ten years ago he was still struggling to make a living for himself and his parents, and very often it was hard enough. And thereby hangs my tale.

Every one knows how difficult it was for business men to keep heads above water during the hard times and what a serious matter it was to obtain money, but Gentry had plenty of it all through and is said to have helped more than one man over the stepping stones.

One day a very prominent business man of his own was caught short and needed \$5,000 to see him through. He had property and values, but no money. He went to the bank and asked for a loan, but was snubbed and told that the bank had it not. Just as the conversation was going on Henry Gentry happened to pass the bank, and the banker remarked, "There's only one man in town who has that much cash, and maybe he'll lend it to you." He pointed to Gentry.

The business man took the hint, stepped out of the bank, caught up with Gentry, and after a very complimentary talk on his success broached his request. Gentry turned full upon him and replied: "Oh, yes, I have \$5,000; more too, but do you remember a barefoot lad who came into your store at one time trying to buy a pair of shoes on trust? Do you remember how you kicked him almost out of your store? Well, I was that boy. No, you can't have no money from me!" Maybe it was not very Christian, but it must have been awfully sweet revenge.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

New Use For a Parrot.

The talents of parrots have, we read, just been turned in a new direction by the authorities of a French town. It has hitherto been the habit to more or less "dicker away the intellectual force of parrots by merely teaching them to say naughty or witty things or to use such expressions as "Pretty Poll" or "Poor fellow." The municipal authorities of the town referred to have, perhaps the future will prove, opened up a wider field of action for the parrot. The poor box at the town hall, it seems, had for a long time past been in a condition of chronic emptiness, which did not reflect much credit on the charitable feelings of the inhabitants. To remind them of their duty toward their poorer neighbors a parrot was purchased, which has been installed close to the box and trained to cry, "For the poor, if you please." It appears that the result of the innovation has been highly satisfactory, peace and silver coins having been freely given in response to the bird's appeal. The idea, as is remarked, is capable of being applied in a variety of ways. To denote to the passerby that he is in the proximity of wet paint on any shop front, parrots might be used, or to remind people on entering a house to wipe their feet on the door mat before going up stairs the bird's services could be employed, instead of the time honored placard, "Essayez vos pieds, s. v. p.," to be met with in French houses. In fact, there may be a new opening for parrots.—London Standard.

He Was Fed.

That old motto, "Where there is a will there is a way," though now a little out of fashion, perhaps, and somewhat exaggerated, as is the case with mothers in general, is still expressive of a truth.

Writing of old times at White Sulphur springs, General Maury says there were many complaints of the fare at the hotel. The dignified proprietor used to console his guests by remarking that they really paid nothing for their dinners, but only for the wonderful sulphur water which he had discovered.

One day in the height of the season, when the crowd was great and the service scanty, the people in the dining room were startled by heartrending cries of "Murder, murder!" Steward and servants rushed to the victim, who, in answer to their eager inquiries, informed them that he could get nothing to eat and was dying of starvation.

That young man was served well and promptly as long as he remained.—Youth's Companion.

One Good Board of Health.

Visitor—You must have a remarkably efficient board of health in this town.

Shrewd Native (one of many)—You are right about that, I can tell you.

"Composed of scientists, I presume?"

"No, sir. Scientists are too theoretical."

"Physicians, perhaps?"

"Not much. We don't allow doctors on our board of health—no, sir, nor undertakers either."

"Hum! What sort of men have you chosen, then?"

"Life insurance agents."—New York Weekly.

Mme. Couvreur.

Mme. Couvreur, who has succeeded her late husband as the London Times' representative in the Belgium capital, is best known to the public as Tama, the novelist. Of Dutch family, she was born in Highgate and was brought up in Tasmania; hence her nom de plume. She first made her name in Europe as a lecturer on emigration in the principal towns of France.

In China young blood may go out and have a frolic at a cost of about 1 cent for the night's fun.

FAMOUS ARCHERS.

Stories of Wonderful Skill With Bow and Arrow.

The expression "drawing a long bow" does not of necessity mean the telling of a falsehood. It sometimes refers to a wonderful story, which may be true enough, but which is so marvelous as to require a firm trust in the veracity of the narrator to enable the hearer to believe it. Some of the longest bows of this sort have been drawn about bows and arrows.

These stories began long ago. Virgil, in the "Æneid," tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the mark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mark, the second cut the cord, and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying toward the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire, and it swept on, like a meteor, to disappear in the clouds.

The stories told of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance as Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain upon a sensible person's credulity. The famous story of William Tell, doubted by many persons, is believed by others to have a foundation of fact. There was a Dane named Foke of whom the same story is told, and William of Clondesley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his expertness.

Most stories of bows and arrows relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vignerot, tells one that shows the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow be strong and long enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw Barbarossa, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Soliman, send an arrow from his bow right through a cannon ball.—Philadelphia Times.

He Was Smart Enough.

"I witnessed a very interesting incident when I was in Washington a couple of years ago," said Francis T. Gray of St. Louis, "and I have frequently laughed over the lesson it taught. I was strolling out one of the broad avenues in the residence part of the town, Connecticut, I think it was. Well, a couple of Chinamen, attired in robes of silk and satin of the most gorgeous description, came pushing along at the characteristic gait of their race. The superior appearance of the Celestials did not appear to affect a number of small boys who were loitering on a corner, for there was an immediate chorus of 'Chinamen eat rats' as the men approached. The Chinamen took no notice of the juveniles, who followed in their rear, continuing their shouting. Farther up the street a youth was standing on the sidewalk, and as the Chinamen passed him he, evidently inspired by the boys, asked them what shirts were being washed at. He apparently thought the Chinamen didn't know a word of English. You can imagine his discomfiture when one of them turned to him with an expression of the deepest commiseration on his face and remarked in excellent United States:

"You seem to be a very nice looking fellow. What makes you such a fool?"—Washington Star.

Brasses and Bronzes of the Hindoos.

The brass and bronze trade is kept alive by the religious customs of the Hindoos, who are not allowed to use wooden and earthenware vessels freely, and brass and bronze are to them as important as glass and china to the westerners. Almost all Hindoo utensils are of brass, copper or bronze, and it is the custom to present the female portion of a Hindoo family with a valuable batterie de cuisine, made either of brass or copper, and a still existing Hindoo ceremony is that of carrying the utensils in a procession at the wedding. The result of this custom, is that almost all the platters, trays, bowls, nut crackers and all brass and copper utensils are most beautifully ornamented, and there are lovely combinations of brass and copper and silver and copper. All Hindoo women used to have lovely brass caskets covered with ornamentations called chellams, manufactured in Malabar, in which they kept their jewels, but these are fast being replaced by the vulgar English japanned dispatch box. At Sivaganga a beautiful but seldom patronized brass trade exists, which makes toys and most lifelike representations of animals, lizards, frogs, etc.—Chicago Tribune.

Aluminium and Glass.

M. Charles Margot of the physical laboratory of the University of Geneva, says L'Industrie, has made a curious discovery. He has found that by rubbing on glass with an aluminium point we obtain clear metallic lines, which cannot be removed by washing, no matter how often repeated. Many applications can be suggested for aluminium in this direction. It can be used instead of the engraver's tool in cutting designs on glass. With the aluminium pencil diamonds can be distinguished from imitation, since it will make no mark on a diamond. It is possible that the new discovery may make a great difference in the making of cut or engraved glass.

Too Tough For Them.

Two runaway convicts took refuge in a church which was having an experience meeting. They listened to the stories told by several of the regenerated until one of the fellows exclaimed in a whisper to the other: "Come, Jim, let's get out o' this! It's a tough crowd, and no man's life's worth a copper!" And out they lit.—Boston True Flag.

Dennis Koorobee, who died in Ireland in the early part of 1852, had 48 children, 286 grandchildren and 944 great-grandchildren.

Thunder in September indicates a good crop of grain and fruit for the next year.—Old Proverb.

ETHICS OF THE REGISTER.

What Hotel People Have to Say About Titles and Degrees.

For a man to take a lady to dine at a hotel and register as "Mr. So-and-so and lady" is considered the height of ignorance by hotel clerks. The proper way is to register both names, or, if the man is sensitive, to write "Mr. So-and-so and one." This is sometimes done, but not very often. To use "and lady" is bad form in this generation, when it comes to hotel registers, for obvious reasons. But this is not the only evidence of bad form which is seen on the register. When a man pens Mr. before his name he is judged as being egotistical, and no professional man will put Dr. or Prof. before his name if he desires to avoid the clerk's anathemas.

Many city people exhibit their ignorance of good breeding by going to a local hotel and giving the number and street of their residence. A notable instance of this is a well known jeweler, who, when he puts his name on a register, which is frequent, invariably puts his business address after it. To put Hon., Gen., Capt. or any other title before a man's name on a hotel register is as bad as Prof. or Dr.—in fact, it is looked upon as worse by all good hotel men.

The only exception to the above is in case of theatrical people, who put the name of their company after their names. All professional stage people got reduced rates at hostilities in nearly every instance, and for them to put the names of their troops on the book is a good thing for the hotel people. It goes to show that the person thus registering is not afraid of being questioned as to his connection with a company and is not trying to get lower rates in a surreptitious manner. It is also in the case of theatrical people that there may be a permissible violation of the rules in regard to putting Mr. before the name. Many stars do not register, but allow some one else to do it for them, generally the manager. In order to show all possible deference to his proteges, the manager generally puts Mr. before the names of the men. In the cases of ladies it is invariably proper for them to put Miss or Mrs., as the case may be, in front of their names.—New York Dispatch.

The Dog Man Escaped.

She was standing on her front steps on Hastings street telling two or three women how it happened. She waved a broom about her head and said:

"I was in the back bedroom up stairs, making up the bed. My husband was down in the kitchen, heating a sticking plaster for his sore heel. Our dog was sitting on the curbstone right out there. Suddenly I hear a rattle on the cobblestones, and I takes it for a funeral procession and goes ahead and turns over the mattress on the bed. Then I hears the children whooping, but I thought they had a goat. Then comes a squeak, and a howl, and a bang, and I runs to the window to see the dog wag on driving off and my dog gone."

"And you screamed?" queried one of the women.

"I did. I screamed out and seized the club I've been keeping for the dog man. As I rushed down stairs my husband rushed up, and we collided and rolled down into the kitchen and under the table, and he called me names, and I thumped him, and before I could get out the dog man was gone, and with him the blessed dog that Detroit will ever know."—Detroit Free Press.

Well Done.

One of the most unique specimens of the courting crisis on record occurred at a London dinner party. He had long made love to her, and while at the table he learned from a friend sitting next to him that his rival intended to "pop the question" that very day. What was to be done? He was some distance from her, while the dreaded rival was at her side. Tearing a leaf from a notebook, he wrote on it with a pencil: "Will you be my wife? Write your answer, yes or no, on this paper and return it to me." This he sent to her by a waiter, saying: "To the lady in blue at the end of the table. Be very careful." This servant was careful enough, but the sender forgot to give him the pencil for the lady to use. She didn't have a pencil, but she coolly put the note into her bosom and answered to the waiter, "Tell the gentleman yes," with as little betrayal of excitement as if she were accepting an invitation to a game of croquet.—London World.

Love Laughs at Doctors.

A young man wanted to marry a girl, but her rich parents forbade the match. The young man thereupon became sick and had terrible fainting fits. The doctors were called and said he would soon die, and he said he wanted to die. The father of the girl visited the patient, and the poor fellow said that if he could marry his Mary Ann he would die happy. His dying request could certainly not be refused, and Mary Ann having no objection, the minister was sent for, and the marriage ceremony was performed. The knot being securely tied, the patient rose from his bed a hale man.

It was a great cure, astonishing both the cruel parents and the doctors, but the bride acted as though she had expected it all the time.—London Tit-Bits.

Absentminded.

Benson—I have a literary friend who is so absentminded that, when he went to London recently, he telegraphed himself ahead to wait for himself at a certain place.

Smith—Did the telegram have the desired result?

"No; he got it all right, but he had forgotten to sign his name, and not knowing who it was from he paid no attention to it."—Pearson's Weekly.

Coffee planting was formerly the most important single industry of Ceylon. Now tea is the leading article of export, having risen from £2,000 worth in 1878 to over £1,000,000 two years ago.



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