

Don't let Hard Times keep you away!  
THE LITTLE ONES WILL WANT

## Christmas Presents

this year just the same as other years. We are headquarters for everything in the line of

## HOLIDAY GOODS!

We have the Largest stock in Reynoldsville. Toys of all kinds. Dolls and Doll Carriages for the Little Folks. Books, Albums, Toilet Cases, Plush Goods, and Fancy Articles for the Older People. Sensible Gifts for Everybody.

—A Full Line of—

Bibles, Testaments, Hymnals,  
Gospel Songs, Poems, Etc.

Books of all kinds are away down. You can get them at your own price. Remember that we have the

## Largest Stock of Musical Goods

in town. Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Harmonicas, Banjos, Accordions, Flutes, &c. A full line of Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings and musical trimmings of every description. You will find our stock complete and prices of goods lower than ever.

Remember the place—

## THE REYNOLDS DRUG STORE,

Main Street,  
W. B. ALEXANDER, Prop.

# Must be Sold!

—BY—

# Jan. 1, '95,

ALL OUR STOCK OF

# SHOES

We have rented our store room to Mrs. S. B. Gilbloom, of Punxsutawney, Pa., for a Clothing Store.

ALL SHOES will be sold at Cost and Carriage. Money saved by all who buy Shoes from us!

## HENRY A. REED.

### REX MORITUR EXSUL.

"We know no king, no God, no master, we!" What wonder when your passions know no master? When morbid, moonstruck, measureless vanity, The mock of nations, whirl you faster Toward the steep doom of downfall and disaster— A ruin deeper than the unfathomed sea? Vain glories, fools, your chronic rage is vain! Birth royal is nature's gift, as brain or brain, And natural right thrones high above you mob Of stilly mouths and maws, whose stender sense The froth of individual impotence Stirs to ridiculous rage that fate would rob The sun of right to shine in heaven, if thence Absinthic nerves might thrill and pothouse pulses throbb. —C. J. B. in Academy.

### WORKS HE STUDIED.

THE KIND OF LITERATURE THAT INTERESTED NAPOLEON.

He Fell Under the Influence of Abbe Raynal, Who Advised Him to Read More Before Writing—He Was Partial to History, Politics and Geography.

Rousseau had been the prophet and forerunner of the new social dispensation. The scheme for applying its principles is found in a work which bears the name of a very mediocre man, the Abbe Raynal, a man who enjoyed in his day an extended and splendid reputation which now appears to have had only the slender foundations of unmerited persecution and the friendship of superior men. In 1770 appeared over his name a volume of which he was the compiler, but not the author. "Philosophical and Political History of the Establishments and Commerce of the Europeans in the Two Indies" is a miscellany compounded of extracts from many sources and of short essays by Raynal's brilliant acquaintances on superstition, tyranny and similar themes. The reputed author had written for the public prints and had published several works, none of which attracted attention. The amazing success of this one was not remarkable if, as the critics now believe, at least a third of the book was by Diderot. The position of the self-styled author as a man of letters immediately became a foremost one, and such was the vogue of the work that the authorities finally became alarmed. A dramatic climax to Raynal's renown was secured when in 1781 the volume was condemned to be burned and the writer fled for safety into exile. The storm had finally subsided, he had returned to France, and communication was opened between the great man and his aspiring reader.

"Not yet 18," are the startling words in the letter written by Bonaparte, "I am a writer. It is the age when we must learn. Will my boldness subject me to your railery? No; I am sure. If indulgence be a mark of true genius, you should have much indulgence. I inclose chapters 1 and 2 of a history of Corsica, with an outline of the rest. If you approve, I will go on; if you advise me to stop, I will go no further." These chapters as they came to Raynal's hands are not in existence, so far as is known, and posterity can never judge how monumental their author's assurance was. The abbe's reply was kindly, but he advised the novice to complete his researches and then to rewrite his pieces. Bonaparte was not unwilling to profit by the counsels he received. Soon after, in July, he gave two orders to a Genevese bookseller, one for books concerning Corsica, another for the memoirs of Mme. de Warens and her servant, Claude Anet, which are a sort of supplement to Rousseau's "Confessions." The young historian's letter teems with bad spelling and bad grammar, but it is saturated with the spirit of his time.

Some of the lagging days were not only spent in novel reading, as the emperor in after years confessed to Mme. de Remusat, but in attempts at novel writing to relieve the tedium of idle hours. It is said that first and last Bonaparte read "Werther" five times through. Enough remains among his boyish scribbles to show the kind of fantastic dreams both of love and of glory in which he indulged. Many entertain a shrewd suspicion that amid the gayeties of the winter he lost his heart, or thought he did, and was repulsed. At least, in his "Dialogue on Love," written five years later, he says, "I, too, was once in love," and proceeds, after a few lines, to decry the sentiment as harmful to mankind, a something from which God would do well to emancipate it. There seems to have been in the interval no opportunity for philandering so good as the one he had enjoyed in the drawing rooms of Mme. de Colombier. It has at all events been the good fortune of that excellent and charming woman to secure, by this supposition, a place in history not merely as the influential patroness of Napoleon, but as the mother of his first love.

But these were his avocations. The real occupation of his time was study. Besides reading, again the chief works of Rousseau and devouring the Abbe Raynal, his most beloved author, he also read much in the works of Voltaire, of Filangieri, of Necker and of Adam Smith. With notebook and pencil he extracted, annotated and criticised, his mind alert and every faculty bent to the clear apprehension of the subject in hand. To the conception of the state as a private corporation, which he had imbibed from Rousseau, was now added the conviction that the institutions of France were no longer adapted to the

occupations, beliefs or morals of her people, and that revolution was a necessity. To judge from a memoir presented some years later to the Lyons Academy, he must have absorbed the teachings of the "Two Indies" almost entire.

The consuming zeal for studies on the part of this incomprehensible youth is probably unparalleled. Having read Plutarch in his childhood, he now devoured Herodotus, Strabo and Diodorus. China, Arabia and the Indies dazzled his imagination, and what he could lay hands upon concerning the east was soon assimilated. England and Germany next engaged his attention, and toward the close of his studies he became ardent in examining the minutest details of French history. It was, moreover, the science of history and not of literature which occupied him—dry details of revenue, resources and institutions. The Sorbonne, the bull Unigenitus and church history in general, the character of peoples, the origin of institutions, the philosophy of legislation—all these he studied, and if the character of his notes is trustworthy with some thoroughness. He also found time to read the masterpieces of French literature and the great critical judgments which had been passed upon them.—Professor William M. Sloane in Century.

### POLICE AND THE POODLES.

Ladies Who Want Officers Detailed to Protect Their Pet Dogs.

"Some folks have strange ideas as to the duties of the police force," said the desk sergeant.

"When I was at the North Chicago avenue station, for instance, I remember a case. A lady rang me up one afternoon and said she wanted two policemen sent to her residence at once. She lived on Dearborn avenue, and when she told me her name I recognized it as that of a well known business man. I asked what the policemen were wanted for.

"They will be told when they get here," said she.

"But, madam," said I, "I couldn't send two policemen to your house without knowing what they were going for, even if I wanted to. It's against the rules."

"She thought it was a very strange rule, she said, which compelled her to state her private business over a telephone, but she finally told me what the trouble was. She said she had been out walking with her little dog, and that two very suspicious looking men had been watching her from the other side of the street. She was sure they meant to steal the dog, and she wanted them locked up. When I explained to her that we couldn't arrest anybody on such evidence, she gave a few more opinions about the police and rang off.

"I had a call something like this from a residence in Bellevue place. This one came by phone, too, and was from a lady. She wanted the patrol wagon sent to her house right away. She declined to tell me at first what it was wanted for, but when I refused to do anything until I knew something further she said an ugly dog was hanging about her back steps, and that she couldn't let her dogs out to play in the yard, as this dog insisted on playing with them and was not the kind of a dog she wanted her dogs to associate with. I told her that I couldn't send the patrol wagon on such an errand, but said I would have the dog taken to the pound by the wagon on its way there next day. She said she didn't want the dog there overnight, and I suggested that perhaps he would go away of his own accord when he saw he was being snubbed. She hung up her phone with a bang, and as I learned afterward reported me at headquarters." —Chicago Times.

### Japanese Love For Children.

Next to their frugality and exquisite neatness a remarkable thing about the Japanese is their great love for the little folks. They have an extraordinary talent for making their doll babies happy. They are forever inventing comical toys and designing fantastic little playthings to amuse them. With us the grandfathers and grandmothers are the children's playfellows and best friends. Over in the sunny little empire all the world has nothing more important to do than provoke the pleasure of his own child or the Mr. Little Boy or Miss Little Girl of his neighbor, as they are always called. At the bazaars, on fete days, at festivals and concerts, the indescribable little creatures are seen pickaback, with their sweet, round yellow arms tightened lovingly about some big sister's or big brother's neck. They have peppered jam, lead beans and pickled sweetmeats to their hearts' content, delicious tarts jellied to laurel or lemon leaf, and as many dolls, kites and colored lanterns as they can possibly carry away from the booths.—Tokyo Letter.

### There Were Two Kinds of Fish.

Mr. Broker says he has changed his restaurant down town, "so he can know what he's getting." His mind got uncertain about his old place after an experience he had last Friday. Friday is "fish day" at this place, and Mr. B. likes fish when it is "just right." So he cast his eye over the bill of fare and remarked: "Lizzie, how is the boiled codfish today? If it is good, you may bring me some; but, you mind, if it isn't good I don't want it. Do you see?" Lizzie saw and departed, and then, Mr. Broker says, he heard her call down the shaft of the dumb waiter in the rear, "One boiled cod, please, off the new fish!"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

### SHORT SWORDS FOR TWO.

A Story of What Might Have Been Among Old Time Senators.

The late Judge L. Q. C. Lamar possessed a remarkable peculiarity. Unusual excitement seemed to act upon his nerves like an opiate and put him to sleep. This was strongly exemplified after his remarkable verbal encounter with the great New Yorker, Mr. Conkling. Mr. Lamar, after scaring Mr. Conkling for life, leaving him with burning yet deferential resentment, closed as follows:

"I apologize to the senate for this seeming unparliamentary language" (advancing to the New Yorker and throwing his index finger full in his face), "language that no man, good man, deserves, and no brave man will wear." Immediately Mr. Lamar walked to the cloakroom on the Democratic side, lay down on a sofa, and in three minutes was sleeping as calmly as a babe. There was great excitement. It was believed Mr. Conkling would not submit to the language applied to him, and that, while he probably would not challenge Lamar, being an athlete, he would meet him on the streets and assault him. The late Senator Zeb Vance, a Hercules in stature, who was devoted to Mr. Lamar, without the knowledge of that gentleman or of any other human being, shadowed Mr. Lamar for some days, explaining afterward that if Conkling ever struck Lamar he intended to beat him to death. Mr. Vance, however, did not know what those intimately acquainted with Mr. Lamar knew. In all probability Mr. Lamar could have whipped them both. He prided himself upon his muscle and has often said to the writer, "I believe I am better fitted for a prize fighter than I am for a senator." It was apprehended by some that Conkling would challenge Mr. Lamar. Conkling was known to be an expert with the short sword. Mr. Lamar said afterward to an intimate friend in discussing the matter, "If Mr. Conkling had sent me a challenge, I should have chosen short swords."

"Why, Mr. Lamar," replied his friend, "Conkling is an expert with the short sword."

"I know that," replied the senator, "but I took some lessons with the short sword myself when I was in Paris the time that I was sent by the Confederacy on a mission to Russia."

"Why, senator," the friend replied, "you have not had a short sword in your hand in 20 years."

"I know that," coolly replied the senator, "but I should have chosen short swords." —New Orleans Picayune.

### Toad Superstitions.

Superstitions as to toads having been early inculcated, it has been exceedingly difficult to get rid of them. One remnant of this ancient credulity still exists. It is in regard to the absolute imperishable character of the toad. There are well educated Americans who believe that a toad hops out alive from a slab of stone, though he has been imprisoned there for several millions of years. We give in brief Dr. Buckland's experiments with toads in 1835. He took 12 toads and had the toads put in 12 cells cut in sandstone, and over these he put plates of glass. They were buried in a garden for over a year. When exhumed, they were all dead. Then some were put in porous sandstone, and at the end of a year a few were found "greatly emaciated." When buried for another year, they all died. Toads were inclosed in wood, and they all died. The conclusion is that, deprived of atmosphere or without food, toads must die. If a toad as a tadpole could have entered a crevice in a rock, it might have grown, but would have died in time for want of air and food. This toad nonsense is so irradicable that it is supposable it never can be dissipated. —New York Times.

### Didn't Make a Sale.

A Lewiston family, which traces its ancestry back beyond the Revolution, owns an old coat which is supposed to have been worn by a major in the colonial army, and which is stained by his blood. This coat hangs in a showcase in the hall, among other curiosities, and the family have for 50 years pointed to the yellow stain with pride. The other day a peddler came to the door and was left standing in the hall to await the lady's pleasure in seeing him. He sold some kind of infallible soap to remove stains, and seeing the coat and its honored stain he thought to please the owner by removing the discolor.

"You see, madam, that this soap is sure to remove stains of all kinds," he said when she appeared, and he pointed to the coat.

He did not sell any soap there. —Lewiston Journal.

### Fish, Flesh, Herring.

"Neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring" occurs in Dryden's Epilogue to his Duke of Guise (182). The Epilogue takes the form of a dialogue between the actress who spoke it and a trimmer, and ends with this exclamation: D—d neuters, in their middle way of steering. They're neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring. —Macmillan's Magazine.

Fabre, in 1855, ended a series of experiments by which he concluded that by careful cultivation for 12 years he had produced a species of perfect wheat from a common grass growing in southern Europe.

### A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

One Case in Which the Patient Would Rather Fight Than Take It.

The man from the tamaracks had been standing around the Brush Street station so long that the policeman on duty concluded he would tackle him on suspicion, so he crossed the street and approached the man standing on the sidewalk.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the officer.

"Nothin," was the quiet response.

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothin."

"What are you after?"

"Nothin."

"What do you want?"

"Nothin."

The officer was getting tired.

"Well," he said sarcastically, "why don't you take it and go?"

"I am, soon's that train gets ready to start."

The officer looked at his victim curiously.

"That's all right," laughed the visitor. "I ain't goin to steal the street car track nor a horse and lot nor a church steeple. I ain't got no use fer 'em up my way. I live a piece up here onto a farm. I've been workin fer five years tryin to life a mortgage on my place. It's the heaviest liffin I ever undertuck. Got it h'listed at last, though, and felt good, but the doctor said I needed rest and a change of scene. Told me I'd better come down to Detroit and do nothin for awhile. That's what I'm doin now. You've seen me at it. You'll do for a witness in case I need one. I've been doin it since the train came in this mornin. It's the hardest work I ever done. I'd rather lift mortgages. I'm goin back soon as that train starts. If that doctor says anything to me, I'll give him a hikin that'll make him think rest and health of scene restored me to strength and health in a supprisin manner. Now, you g'long about your business, and I'll tend to mind," but the officer talked with him till the train left and was invited to come up and spend a week with him. —Detroit Free Press.

### Not a Target.

In a New England courtroom one afternoon an energetic counsel was setting forth in no measured terms his opinion of certain testimony which had been given by one of the witnesses. As he talked he gesticulated freely and was particularly lavish in the use of the forefinger of his right hand, which assumed a decidedly threatening aspect as he progressed in his speech.

Suddenly a tall, lank countryman, who was directly in a line with this warning forefinger, rose from his seat among the jurymen.

"I just tell you what 'tis," said he. "I ain't done nothin I'm ashamed of. I ain't done nothin no way of no kind, so far's I know, an I ain't a-goin to set here an be abused. Ef you say another word, I'll just light out fer home."

"My dear sir," stammered the counsel, "my remarks were not intended for any member of the jury. They referred entirely to the witness."

"Well, then, you jest quit a-p'intin your finger at me when you're talkin like that," said the lank jurymen without appearing to be much mollified by this statement. "If you do it agin, I'll break up his 'ere court, or my name ain't Joshuy Bowker."

And with a determined mien and fire in his eye Joshua Bowker at last subsided, and the counsel continued his harangue without further interruption. —Youth's Companion.

### Economical Mr. Staybolt.

"The most economical man I know of," said Mr. Gratebar, "is my friend and neighbor, Mr. Staybolt. When he smokes a cigar, he lights it carefully and completely, so that it will burn perfectly and without waste, and having so lighted it he blows out the match. Of course he knows that a match once lighted is of no further use, but his habit of mind is such that he hates to see any waste of material whatever. Some men blow out a lighted match before throwing it away, so that no harm can come from it. Mr. Staybolt may have that in mind, too, but his actuating impulse no doubt springs from his spirit of economy." —New York Sun.

### Charity.

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on.

"The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity."

"Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear." —Exchange.

### Lofty Sarcasm.

"What did the critics think of your play?" inquired one author of another.

"Think about it? They did not think about it at all. They merely wrote about it." —Washington Star.

Hadrian, one of the best Roman emperors, was married to Julia Sabina, Trajan's niece, but neglected her to such an extent that she went mad and killed herself.

St. Louis was named from Louis IX of France. The name was originally given to his depot and trading station by Pierre LaCade Liguast.

The Indians called the Des Moines river the Luysashoh-shahwopka, "River of Red Stones."