



### TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH.

The Trinity Lutheran church was built in 1884. It is located on Jackson street, near Fourth street.

#### MOONRISE SERENADE.

Moonrise and a mellow shoen  
All the slumbrous hills are sleeping.  
Wake, my sweet one, nor be sleeping  
Through sweet Cynthia's softest phase—  
Wake and rise and sweetly glide  
To thy lattice, sweet, for, oh,  
One who woos thee for his bride  
Sighs th'ere below!  
I love you! I love you!  
My heart, I must confess,  
Can no more love you more  
Than it can love you less.

Moonrise! Through the casement blind,  
Lo, the golden lovelight streaming—  
Lady, lady, past my dreaming,  
Thou art kind, most kind!  
He who heard thy garment glide  
Swiftly o'er the happy floor,  
He who wooed thee for his bride  
Sighs th'ere now no more.  
I love thee! I love thee!  
My heart—oh, happiness!  
Can never love thee more,  
Need never love thee less.

—O. K. Bell in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

#### SHE RODE FOR FUN.

"Jim," said I, breaking in upon his ditty, "what was the yarn you were going to tell about the time you engineered that English hunting party through the Bear Paw mountains?"

We were riding along the trail which stretches its serpentine length at the feet of the eternally grand old Rockies between Forts McLeod and Calgary on a bright, warm afternoon in January. When they have a "chinook" out there, sporting in its rude, boisterous, yet withal genial fashion, through the deep defiles of the mountains from over the Pacific, with a rumble like Niagara at a distance and a force which makes you button your coat up tightly to keep it from blowing off, the snow soon vanishes even in midwinter, and the thermometer jumps from "40 below" to "temperate" so suddenly that you wonder if the sun has not wheeled himself several degrees out of his normal course at such a season or the breath of an approaching prairie fire is not fanning your cheek.

The singer gave the wad of tobacco in his jaw a twist with his tongue and aimed an amber jet at a "bulldog" on his horse's ear before turning upon me a pair of glistening eyes, with black points set in saucers of milk, a short, impudent nose and a rather weak mouth, round the corners of which lurked a musing smile. Then, after a pause, he said:

"Oh, yes, Well, Littlefield was the chief of the outfit, an he hed his wife along—fine, spunkin woman, good to look at. There was another Englishman—a great shot—called Wells, an a nigger cook, a big, slashin buck, but with no mo' sand in him than a pussillimus jack rabbit. Lord, how we did scare that poor critter! His teeth used to chitter like a squirrel's; it's a wonder he didn't shake 'em out of his big woolly head." Fraid of his own shadow after night, an he'd make one any time, even if it was pitch dark, he was so infurnal black. You might as soon git this here buzzard head I'm a-ridin' to stand on one leg as coax that nigger to moey outside the flare o' the campfire after sundown for a pail o' water or fer any other pu'pos', fer the matter o' that. You see, he was a 'pilgrim'—never been on a layout of this sort afore, an he was that blamed tender a goat would nibble him.

"But, I b'leeve, to talk Christian, I was partly re-sponsible for his bein so extray-ordinary skittish. He sta'ted onct or twicet fer water after night to a crick quite handy, sho'tly after we went into camp. I jest stepped off 15 paces into the pines an let a 'yee-ow' or two out of me, an Jumbo, he throwed back his ears an yelled—tee-riffle, I tell you—an come prancin up to the campfire—jest techin high spots, you understand—with his two sighters stickin out like the knobs on the horns of a crumey freight ox, shakin like a sick cow in a north wind, an dern a pail in sight.

"After that a Quaker meetin ner a cyclone wouldn't budge him, an if you asked him to put a tree between him an the blaze after dark he'd weep like a wolf. An that woman! No—she didn't laugh none—oh, no-o!" And Jim lay back in his saddle and sent a yell echoing up among the foothills

#### EARTHQUAKE SCIENCE.

The Internal Fires of Earth and the Cracking of the Upper Crust.

It has long been the popular belief that volcanoes were the cause of earthquakes, and many scientists have held to this theory, but Professor John Milne, F. R. S., who has recently been investigating the causes of earthquakes in Japan, in connection with the University of Tokyo, made the statement in a lecture that most of these shakings, probably 95 per cent, were caused by fractures of the earth's crust.

He explained that the earth's crust was in perpetual motion, and the tremor was either so slight as to be imperceptible or so great that it might plainly be felt. It is not, he said, necessary to go to Japan or South America to study earthquakes for an earthquake in one part of the world can, by proper instruments, easily be recorded in another.

"The inside of the earth is hot," said Professor Milne, "and the crust is constantly breaking downward, and as it accommodates itself to what is underneath, the surface of the earth's crust becomes puckered up, and mountains and hills are formed. When any interruption takes place in the process of the internal crumbling of the crust of the earth, there is a subsidence producing a violent shaking, which is called an earthquake. If a big shaking takes place in any part of the world, the motion is sufficient to be propagated over the whole surface of the earth.

"In countries where there are volcanoes earthquakes are most frequent, but they are not all directly attributable to the volcanoes. When the ground opening upward is near the ocean or other great body of water, volcanoes are found there, for volcanic action is due to steam from water in heated rocks, the water having soaked through from the surface.

"In Japan earthquakes, great or small, are of such frequent occurrence that people there do not talk about the weather, as they do almost everywhere else in the world, but you are asked what you thought of the last earthquake, and there is much guessing and betting on the earthquakes that are to come.

**A Boy's Appearance.**  
Ruth Ashmore, addressing herself to "That Boy of Mine" in Ladies' Home Journal, writes that his personal appearance "should be good. You owe that to yourself. And whether it is at the office or when you are out visiting you should be a clean, wholesome looking young man. Cleanliness does much toward godliness, and a clean body aids a clean soul. It may not be in your power to possess a dress suit, but if you should not don't borrow one and don't hire one. Brush up the best clothes you have, make them immaculate and then enjoy yourself and forget your clothes. Your linen can always be fresh and clean, and your tie can be in good style and properly knotted. Never wear a loud scarf and never wear imitation jewelry. Gentlemen select plain gold buttons, and simple gold links, and scarfpins of the most modest pattern.

If you can afford dress clothes, remember never to appear in them until after dark. You may wear, as you like best, either a lawn tie or a black satin one, but the stiff little bow should be looped by yourself and not bought ready made."

**Japanese Singing.**  
Japanese music is crude. There are no written notes to go by in playing, nor has the singer any "Do, Re, Mi" to play by observation, imitation and practice. Instrumental and vocal music are always taught together, and by the same instructor, who is either a lady or a blind man, who has received a musical degree.

The singular method of practicing by a young lady intent upon cultivating her voice is thus described:  
During the winter the girl in training clothes herself comfortably, takes a samisen—a banjo with a square body, played with a plectrum of ivory—and ascends every cold night the scaffold erected on the roof of the house for drying purposes.

There she sits for hours, sitting and banging away, until she can endure it no longer. Upon coming down she is so hoarse as to be unable to utter a word. This training is persisted in until her natural voice has left her and a new clear voice has been acquired, which can be heard in a storm. The girl screams her worthless voice out and away.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Worth Knowing.**  
Many thousand people have found a friend in Bacon's Colery King.  
If you have never used this great specific for the prevailing maladies of the age, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Costiveness, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and all diseases arising from derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys, we would be pleased to give you a package of this great nerve tonic free of charge.

W. B. ALEXANDER.

**Mlle. Hugo.**  
M. Trebuchet, who died in Paris the other day, was the guardian of Mlle. Adele Hug, the insane daughter of the poet, now about 60 years old. The fortune which Mlle. Hugo inherited has increased under the management of M. Trebuchet, so that she is now, French papers say, several times a millionaire. She is confined in a private asylum, her only pleasure being to visit the theater. It is always difficult, however, to get her to leave the building after the performance, as she thinks a play never ends.

Paper hangings, for use on walls, were introduced into Europe from the east in 1675.

which shook the few lingering traces of soft snow from the branches of the spruces.

That Jim was a "mule skinner" does not imply that he was expert at removing hides—in toto. Simply that he belonged to that select bunch of frontiersmen whose superlative boast is that they can drive or ride "anything that wears hair"—that he was passed master in the craft of teamsterism.

He adjusted the pistols in his belt, gave a forward tilt to his broad rimmed buckskin hat and a hitch to his fringed leather "chaps," and kicked his big, jingling Mexican spurs against his cayuse's flanks before resuming:

"But I was a-goin to tell you 'bout Mis' Li'l'field. She was a mighty fine woman, as I said before, an well put up—fond of out' of door sport an of ridin in partic'lar. Well, one bright, warm mornin Li'l'field an Wells went off huntin, an I got orders (I was teamster an guide to the outfit, you know) to move camp across the 'divide'—about 20 mile—in the meantime. So, after breakfast an the dishes hed been wiped, we packed up, the outfit an struck camp, but it was well on in the day before we pulled out.

"Now, Mis' Li'l'field hed a spankin bay hoss specially fer her own use. I hedn't no objections to her ridin, of co'se, not commonly. But you know it ain't jest nice to be rollin down a blamed co'screw mount'in trail after dark an gettin into camp late an hevvin to plant yer tents an square things out, out yer kindlin an git yer water by cat light an wait till 9 o'clock, mebbe, fer yer supper. This was what hed happened different times through Mis' Li'l'field. She allers wanted to 'ride' when we shifted camp an lollered the wagon on her bay hoss. It was unde'stood that when I was goin too fast or hed got too far in the lead she would wave her handkercher, an I was to slack up or stop till she ketchted the wagon. So I jest natterly 'lowed I'd give her a song an dance, hevvin a pretty smart day ahead o' me an wantin to git into camp early. Consekently I told the nigger—who rode with me—not to look back.

"When we sta'ted, of co'se the fast ten mile or so was up hill mostly, an I couldn't travel extra fast, so it was 'bout 2 when we hit the summit, an everything hed went lovely. Then we hed a little 'hand out,' an the descent begun.

"I didn't lose no time. The mules stepped out gay' me a-peppin the buckskin among 'em onct an awhile jest to keep 'em chee'ful an in good humor, an the hill—well, chain lightning could go down—with britchin. I hedn't went a great ways when I heard a fur off call—like a coyote got astray. Jumbo shifted kind of uneasylike on the seat an squinted sideways at me, but I was a-whistlin 'The Gal With the Travall Train,' an didn't see nor hear nothin, of co'se. Pretty soon the nigger he couldn't set peace'ful an unconcerned no longer an stealed a look behin. Then he loaned foward, 'th his han's 'tween his knees, an chuckled to hisself. I paid no manner of notice. Now he screws round again in his seat, chuckles, an



The above is a picture of the three story brick building on Main street that was built in 1892, of which S. T. Reynolds is proprietor. The building contains six large rooms, two on first floor, two on second floor and two on third floor. The building is 48 feet wide and 83 feet long.

# PRIESTER BROS

FOR

## Carpets, Oil Cloth and Mattings

All grades, and prices to suit the times.

### WINDOW SHADES!

Any size and color, in the cheapest felt to the best oil opaques. Our stock of

### FURNITURE

Is more complete than ever, in Ant. Oak, Birch and Mahogany.

### Iron and Brass Beds Spring Beds

Any size and prices to suit the trade.

Long experience teaches the secret in good springs and we have the king of them all.

### MATTINGS

We defy competition in this, for our stock is complete, from the cheapest fiber to the best hair.

### CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES

Our line is larger, styles better and prices lower than ever.

When in need of anything in our line call and get prices. No trouble to show goods.

## PRIESTER BROS.

We have been in Reynoldsville

Doing business for One Year and think that we can safely assert that we have saved the people of this city and community thousands of hard-earned dollars in prices of GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, &C. We have stood between consumer and high prices in our line of goods. To this fact many can testify. We intend to continue to give Best Goods at lowest possible prices. We've got the goods, bought from headquarters in large quantities, for cash. We can and will save you money. Come and see us.

ROBINSON & MUNDORFF,

Reynoldsville, Pa.

Centennial Building.



### L. M. SNYDER, Practical Horse-shoer and General Blacksmith.

Horse-shoeing done in the neatest manner and by the latest improved methods. Over 100 different kinds of shoes made for correction of faulty action and diseased feet. Only the best make of shoes and nails used. Repairing of all kinds carefully and promptly done. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Lumbermen's supplies on hand. Jackson St., near Fifth, Reynoldsville, Pa.