



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

It is located on Fifth street, near Main street. It was built in 1879 during the pastorate of Rev. Plannett. A large addition was built onto the church in 1885, during Rev. C. Peter's pastorate.

BLACKBERRYING.

When I was but a wee, shy boy,
My mother's pride, my father's joy,
My hands and mouth had full employ
When blackberries were ripe,
And oft my mammy she would squeeze
The thorns from out my arms and knees,
And my good dad, to give me ease,
Laid by his favorite pipe,
And even since I've become a man,
And crossed on quite a different plan,
I've still gone carrying the one,
When blackberries grow sweet,
Yes, from 'ing through the bramble brakes,
I'd want a keener pain and ache
For two or three fair colliers' sakes—
Whose names I'll not repeat—
Till Nora of the amber hair,
Who'd been my partner here and there,
Around about and everywhere,
As blackberries come in—
When I just tried, with too much haste,
The richer, rarer fruit to taste,
That on her lips was going to waste,
She tosses up her chin,
And marches by me night and morn,
Her gray eyes only glancing scorn,
Regardless of the rankling thorn
She's rooted in my heart.
Yet maybe though I natch misdoubt—
Her eyes that flash, her lips that fount,
Will yet ten kind, and conjure out
That thorn of cruel smart.
—London Sketch.

THE GOLDEN HAND.

LEGEND OF HIDDEN TREASURE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

Two Venturesome Men Hear the Story From an Old Indian, and With Him as Guide They Seek Out the Place—Only Two of the Party Return.

"You're counting too much on the word of an Indian. Old Zapetl is a noted liar—like all these Spanish speaking aborigines."

"Ah, Jack, you do him injustice. He's a deeper liar than you give him credit for. It's ridiculous to believe that the ancients had enough mechanical knowledge to contrive a machine that could prevent one from getting at the gold."

This last speech was from my old comrade, Tom French. We were in the interior of Central America when the foregoing conversation took place. It was the end of many a long debate we had had on the subject of a search for a treasure.

The legend was briefly that deep in the center of a crater of a worn-out volcano the ancient Indians of that country had excavated a vault where they had piled up countless bars of virgin gold. There was above this planted a boulder, the only indication of the hiding place. The peculiarity of the crater was that it was four square, half a mile each way, and from the summit to the floor, a distance of 500 feet. To reach the floor there was a hidden path and this was guarded by a mysterious golden hand. Tradition, the Indians said, made it possible to locate the mountain in only one way. That was by climbing the peaks in the barren region far above us to the southeastward until one should be found from whose lofty crests there were three other peaks forming a straight line. In the central mountain was the treasure.

Few burdens could be carried with us in that high, rare atmosphere, and we were soon on our way with old Zapetl shaking his head, as if in prediction of disaster. Hardened as we were by our out of door life, the strain was terrible. We lost our way repeatedly and found ourselves confronted by vast crevices in our pathway up the mountain side. Wide detours, costing us half a day and sometimes a day of valuable time, were performed made, only to find ourselves at the top of a precipice that barred our progress. We had with infinite trouble climbed two lofty mountains, only to find ourselves at the summit out of range of other mountain towns, as demanded by the legend, when I finally refused to go farther. It was suicidal. Half our provisions and water were gone. But Tom pleaded for one more chance. "Do you see that long range?" he cried. "It's in one of those. Let's make one more attempt." In mistaken pity for him I yielded.

As we reached the summit, behold! there were three mountain peaks in a row. Tom sprang forward and after another struggle we were at the top of

the central mountain. As we approached the top it could be seen that there had been volcanic action in ages past. Zapetl's eyes were rolling in every direction, on the lookout for some supernatural phenomenon. Suddenly bursting through, dense fringe of bushes we found ourselves on the very edge of a vast crater. As with common impulse we looked to the center, and there was an immense boulder. "At last," cried Tom, "at last!" Then he ran his eye along the verge, scanning it foot by foot. "The path," he almost screamed, and he stumbled along at a pace that, exhausted as we were, we could scarcely maintain. "Take care, Tom," I managed to exclaim, though I was nearly as wild as he. But Tom apparently heard nothing. He had eyes and ears only for the one goal.

The path along the side of the precipice, we could see, led upward from the wide floor of the arena far below us, but the top was concealed from our intent gaze by a dense mass of shrubbery. Around the sides of the crater we half stumbled, half ran. When we reached the spot where we thought it possible to strike upon the opening, we made dashes here and there into the greenery. After many disappointments a cry from Tom told me the path had been found. Zapetl by this time was in a state of collapse through fear and fatigue. Again I warned Tom to exercise caution, but he plunged ahead, and I followed as slowly as I could. The path downward was not more than a foot in width, and it required all my strength and dexterity to keep my footing. Suddenly on rounding a sharp angle in the face of the precipice I was confronted by a flat rock five minutes' climb further down. It seemed to be set in the face of the crater and to jut out, cutting off further progress in that direction. The rock was of a peculiar reddish yellow color, and, on looking more intently, it seemed to take upon itself the shape of a monstrous hand. It flashed over me all at once—this was the golden hand of the Indian legend. I called to Tom, but he was far below me. "Tom, the rock!" I cried hoarsely, and my own voice sounded strangely in my ears. But Tom had already reached it. Suddenly a scream of anguish I shall never forget rose in that awful stillness, and in another instant I saw that ponderous hand of golden stone sink lower, still lower. Another scream wilder than before and Tom's form could be seen striving vainly to clutch with his hands the smooth surface as it sank downward with increasing rapidity. I shut my eyes and listened. The sight was too awful to bear. When I opened them, the rock that had turned on a pivot with poor Tom's weight was upright and was moving back to its original place. Of that frightful fall into the crater I never dared to think. Old Zapetl and I had weary days of toil in our return to the plantation, and my life was nearly forfeited by a fever in which I could hear Tom's last despairing shriek and see him sliding to his awful death.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Lessons For Schoolboys.

There is no question that our forefathers supposed that benefit might be derived from causing schoolboys to be spectators of the hanging of criminals. Sir Walter Scott had borne testimony to this custom being not unknown in Scotland. In "The Heart of Midlothian" Mr. Saddletree is represented as saying: I promised to ask a half play day to the school, so that the bairns might gang and see the hanging, which canna but have a pleasing effect on their young minds, seeing there is no knowing what they may come to themselves.—Chapter 26.

Sir Walter would not, we may assume, have written the above had he not known that such things had actually taken place.—Notes and Queries.

A Shock to His Complacency.
Jaggs—Why is it every one laughs at a fool?
Snaggs—They don't. Some one was trying to humor you.—Adams Freeman.

A man that loves his own freese, and can govern his house without falling by the ears with his neighbors or engaging in suits at law, is as free as a Duke of Venice.—Montaigne.

HUMORS OF WHIST.

Remarks That Have Been Made Around the Table.

A good story is told of a lawyer in Chicago who considered himself a great authority on whist. He wrote a book on the subject, and sent it to a famous Milwaukee player for his opinion of it. In about a week the book was returned to him, with the following letter:

My DEAR SIR—Your favor of the — inst., accompanied by your book, was duly received. I have read it very carefully. It seems to be a very good game, but I don't think it is as good a game as whist. Sincerely yours,

It is no unusual thing to hear a player at whist remark, after being berated by his partner for very bad playing, "Well, I play whist for pleasure." He does not stop to think that he gives his partner anything but "pleasure." Such players cause their partners many "un mauvais quart d'heure." It might be a great "pleasure" for a novice to play a duet on the piano with Paderewski. One can readily imagine how much "pleasure" Paderewski would find in the performance. If a man wants to play whist, he should study the books and familiarize himself with them before inflicting his play on a partner who knows anything of the game, or else devote his great mind to dominos.

It is related of one of these gentry that, after a hand at whist, his partner asked him, "Why in thunder didn't you trump that queen of clubs?" He naively replied, "Why, I only had one little trump." Sometimes, as in this case, the humor—unknown to the perpetrator—carries off the bad feeling engendered by his horrid mistakes and ignorance. It is so easy, if one would devote a little time and ordinary intelligence to the study of the game, to learn to play a fairly good game of whist.

Four players started a game of whist not long since, a noted wit being one of them. He was dealing and made a misdeal. He dropped his cards and burst into laughter. "That reminds me," said he, "of my dear old friend, Judge Peckham, father of the present judge. He was a great whist player of the 'old school' and had scant patience with a poor player. I was passing the cardroom one day and met one of the poorest players in the club coming out. 'Have you been playing whist?' I asked. 'Yes,' said he. 'Who was your partner?' 'Judge Peckham,' he replied. 'Did he pitch into you pretty strong?' 'No, indeed. He only made one remark. I was dealing and made a misdeal. The judge said, 'Why, you fool, you don't even know how to deal!' This is the only remark he made during the entire game."—Washington Star.

A SAVAGE MARSUPIAL.

An Australian Mammal That Is a Whole Menagerie in Itself.

The so-called zebra wolf of Australia is also called the native tiger; but, strange to say, it is not even a cousin to zebra, wolf or tiger, belonging to the same family as the kangaroo, the slow and gentle wombat and the sly old opos-

sum—all those animals that carry their babies in their pockets.

The eyes, which are large, are furnished with a membrane, like the eyes of owls, and this is called the nictitating membrane. This is almost continually moving in the daytime, as the eyes are exposed to more or less of sunshine. Without this membrane the amount of light admitted through the large pupil would puzzle the zebra wolf.

The general color of the somewhat short woolly fur is grayish brown, a little inclined to yellowish. Across this ground color the black bands show up sharp and clear. These stripes are usually 14 in number, beginning just back of the shoulders, where they are narrowest, and growing broader and longer back of the haunches. The skins are in demand for lap robes and rugs, which gives an added reason for hunting the wengers.

Two zebra wolves were taken to the zoological gardens in London, where they flourished and raised a family. When they came, it was thought Great Britain would be too cold for them, but there seems to be no reason why they should not thrive even in Canada, as they have been known to live on the mountains of Tasmania, 3,500 feet above the sea level, where the ground is sometimes covered with snow for many weeks and frosts are severe.

Do you wonder that his name is slightly mixed? The marvel is that he is not named menagerie and done with it, for with his doglike face and short wolf ears, eyes like an owl, zebra stripes and a pouch like a kangaroo, his mixed pickle beastship could answer to almost any name you might wish to call him. When he becomes extinct, we can truly say we ne'er shall see his like again.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Senator's Dress Suit.

There is a certain senator from a western state who dined with the president one night not long ago. He wore on that evening what he always wears on full dress occasions, a coat made after a design of his own—a coat which combines the elegance of a dress coat with the lines of a cutaway, but is neither one nor the other. When the senator was ready to start for the White House, some busybody bustled up to him and said:

"Why, senator, aren't you going to put on a dress coat?"

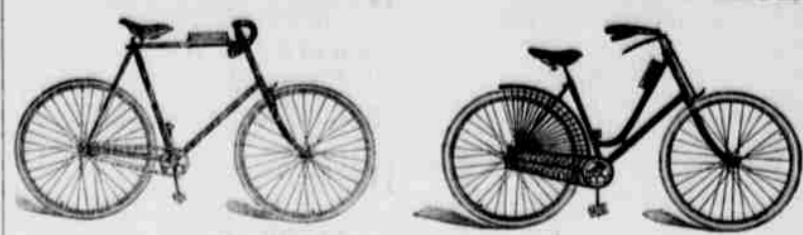
The senator drew himself up to his full height.

"What! I dress like a waiter!" he said.—Washington Star.

Waitresses.

The deftness of the woman waiter is rapidly being recognized. Caterers are announcing that they can supply neat, capable waitresses of all manner of social functions, and society women accept the news as a gratifying guarantee that their new gowns will survive the most elaborate dinner in an unspotted condition. The expert maidens are clad in black alpaca, with dainty white caps and aprons, and so far they are guiltless of gloves.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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