

## SINGULAR DREAMS.

A MAN WHO HAD THEM ASKS FOR THEIR INTERPRETATION.

Though Very Ill He Learned From Visions That He Would Recover—Dreams of Struggles, and the Next Day He Was Very Sober—On the Sea of Galilee.

Dreams are not without significance, especially to those who have a high set purpose in life. And as this subject is of interest to many I will relate a series of dreams in my own experience to which possibly some one can give a clearer interpretation than I.

Having been taken very ill in winter and this being my second attack, all my friends and associate physicians said I was at death's door and it was not possible for me to recover. It meant but a few hours, or days at the most. I was unconscious at times, but through it all the idea was firmly rooted in my mind that "there is more life for me, and I cannot, I will not go."

There followed four days of complete darkness, and when a little natural sleep came it was accompanied each night for three weeks by a dream of my encounter with some vicious animal—beginning with a bull, then a bear and next a large mastiff. This order never varied. When the bull came toward me, I easily and quickly vaulted the fence as he pinned it below me. In my encounter with the bear I grabbed him by the throat and threw him on his back, thus getting safely away. (Next morning the biceps and supinators of my arm were so sore that they had to be rubbed). Next the mastiff approached. I quickly grasped him by the larynx till I could get hold of his tongue. This grip seemed to affect the muscles of my wrist and hand alone, which were just as sore and stiff as formerly.

After the expiration of the three weeks I had no dreams whatever for a few nights. When they returned, I became more and more worried, until, after the last one, something said to me: "This is good, not evil. You are surely a conqueror." However, not much physical improvement was visible.

In the next dream I saw a blue and white light growing into a crown, in which the word "Power" in bright letters was inscribed. This seemed to give me hope, also strength and courage, and I felt somewhat better.

Three nights later I dreamed of being on the lake of Galilee, in the boat with Christ and his disciples, and such a picture as lay before me is hard to describe. The disciples seemed agitated, the sea was rough, and the boat frail; yet I was calm. The disciples looked at me and then at the sleeping Christ, but did not speak. I was half reclining, but why so calm I knew not. Presently the spokesman of the group arose and whispered to the rest, and as they all got up he touched Christ and said, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Christ's face, as he arose and rebuked them, wore an expression of mingled gentleness, sternness and pity. I was thrilled as he held out his hand, with a graceful movement and said, "Peace, be still." Then came a remarkable calm—a beautiful sunset on a sea of glass.

I awoke feeling much better and with strong hope. My improvement was very noticeable from this time forward. Then came a lull, which was followed by dreams of a different character for another period of three weeks. I heard glorious music by a full voiced choir, commencing regularly at sunset and continuing until I was soothed asleep. I felt more vigorous after this experience. Then, for the next three weeks, I saw only a beautiful blue and white light, just as I fell asleep.

As I went about, obliged to mingle in the affairs of daily life, I had no dreams for quite awhile, being somewhat worried by business and other cares. Finally my will again asserted itself. Then began, lasting for three weeks, a series of wonderful texts and sayings, which were given to me by a voice sufficiently audible to arouse me in the morning. They would frequently ring in my ears all day. This seemed to give me power over myself and others. Then I began to get messages and impressions from friends at a distance.

Lastly, approaching my office one morning after leaving the car, I seemed overwhelmed by a condition in which I was very happy and unconscious of my surroundings. When I reached the office, I felt a desire to be alone for a few minutes. I sat down, and my eyes closed, when I saw a beautiful, large star, and while I was looking at it a voice said audibly, seven times, "Let the light of life shine forth in you."

Next morning the same condition came at precisely the same place, lasting until the office was reached. This time I saw a beautiful moon and heard a voice speak the words seven times, "This light of life, so free, is yours." The moon disappeared, as the star had done, after the seventh time. I felt very sleepy and dozed for about three minutes.

It would seem that in these occurrences the regularity of the appearances and of the number of times in each case is worthy of note.—Metaphysical Magazine.

### Chinese Ways.

The Chinese are said to be very skillful in telling the time of day by looking into a cat's eyes. When they want to know what o'clock it is, they will run to the nearest cat, open her eyes, and at once tell what time it is. This they do by observing the size of the aperture of the pupil of the eye, which they have discovered is of varying size at different hours of the day, being affected by the position of the sun and the character of light, even when the day is cloudy.—New York Times.

### Crime and Cruelty.

Crime is nothing but cruelty, and all cruelty is criminal in its tendencies.—Church Union.

## THE BEST PASSPORT.

It is to Always Look Pleasant and Do No Grumbling.

"What is the first duty of a good traveler?" asked a young lady who was about to start from New York on an extended European tour.

"To look pleasant and never to grumble," was the answer of a veteran wanderer who had crossed the ocean 20 times and gone twice around the world. It was a good prescription and will help to make a good traveler of any novice. The fatigue of the longest journey can be patiently endured if one can only be amiable and avoid the weariness that comes from fretting over what is unavoidable and worrying over trifles.

An American girl not long ago spoiled the pleasure of a party of tourists by complaining of everything on sea and on land. The ship was a dreadful roller, the cabins were badly ventilated, the cooking was abominable, the service was shocking, the officers were unwell, and the passengers were disagreeable and stupid! Nothing suited her, and she had not a good word for anybody. Every member of the party was indignant over her want of amiability.

"It makes me almost seasick merely to look at her!" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"Perhaps she will cheer up," was the charitable response, "when she reaches port."

But she was as unhappy on land as she had been at sea. She was angry with the customs officers and told them that they had mauled and ruined her best gown. She found fault with the lovely rural scenery between Southampton and London. She pronounced English cooking to be utterly vile. She inveighed bitterly against the weather and the climate. She was not interested in cathedrals, castles, palaces, pictures, colleges, ruins or country roads. She was bored by everything she saw.

One night she received a round robin signed by every other member of the party, expressing regret that she was not enjoying her journey and offering their sympathies in her vexations and discomforts. It was a bold stroke on the part of her friends, who were worn out by her tiresome peevishness. Fortunately it was not successful. Not another word of complaint was heard from her during the remainder of the tour.

A pleasant, cheerful face and manner that express kindness and good will make the best passport which a traveler can carry into a foreign country. They insure civility and courtesy from officials, fellow travelers and strangers and are an unerring resource whenever there is any misadventure.—Youth's Companion.

## TWO VIEWS OF PENSIONS.

Not Many Rich In Our Wars, Writes Ex-President Harrison.

"There may be fair differences of opinion as to the extent and conditions of pension relief, but there is no room for doubts as to pensions," writes ex-President Harrison in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "Eleven dollars a month for war service implies at least relief in case of wounds or sickness for the soldier and that the public will care for his widow and minor children. When the law of pillage prevailed, it was otherwise, and when our rich men take to fighting our wars we can abolish the pension system, but thus far it is as historically true of the armies that won our independence, delivered us from the Indians and the British and saved the nation in the great civil war as of the kingdom of heaven, 'Not many rich.'"

"There are two views of the pension question—one from the Little Round Top at Gettysburg, looking out over a field sown thickly with the dead and around upon bloody, blackened and maimed men cheering the shot torn banner of their country; the other from an office desk on a busy street or from an endowed chair in a university, looking only upon a statistical table."

### Wealth of Actors.

The wealth of actors is generally overestimated. Joseph Jefferson, Sol Smith Russell, Joseph Murphy and William Crane are rich men, of whose solid fortunes there is little doubt. But most of them, like Nat Goodwin and Henry E. Dixey, while they make enormous sums, spend money as if they were possessed of Fortunatus' purse. They seem to go on the principle that governed Sarah Bernhardt, when, at one of her periodic auctions in Paris, she replied to somebody who protested against her prodigality: "I have my capital in me, and it will last as long as I do. When I lose it, I shall no longer be in need of money."—San Francisco Argonaut.

### Two Tempting Offers.

One of the down town clothiers has this advertisement, which he has displayed in several newspapers: "We agree to give all our customers fits."

A patent medicine dealer, who caught sight of the ad. yesterday for the first time, said that he intended to immediately insert another notice beneath it, as follows: "I will cure those fits cheap as dirt."—Syracuse Post.

### True Devotion.

Will—I am tired of this life, and I am going to the other world.  
Marie—What! Do you mean that you intend to commit suicide?  
Will—No, no. I mean London, Paris and perhaps Vienna.  
Marie—I, too, am tired of this life. Take me with you, and let's have a double funeral!—Town Topics.

It is a curious circumstance that the skin of the abdomen of frogs changes its hue on the approach of bad weather, and from the clear white becomes a dirty yellow.

A letter written and mailed in Jiddah, Arabia, will be delivered in New York 21 days later.

## A Blind Bargainer.

Shoppers in one of the big stores down town last bargain day curiously watched the movements of a blind woman at the dress goods counter. She was about 80 years old, her face showing great intelligence and refinement. She was richly dressed for her age, and a girl about 20 years old accompanied her.

The blind woman examined the fabrics placed before her by passing them through her hands. She depended upon her own sense of touch apparently, for she seldom spoke to her companion, and then only in answer to questions. She appeared to be quite critical, and before she made her selection the counter was piled high with patterns of all kinds.

After she had examined a large number of pieces she took up one of the first that had been shown her and decided to buy it.

When the clerk had measured it, she verified the length herself by measuring it with her outstretched arms. Seemingly satisfied that the piece contained as much as she had bargained for, she took a transfer ticket and went to the counter where trimmings are sold. There she selected the material with which to finish her dress, examining the laces and other delicate fabrics most critically.

After the blind woman had left the store the floor manager said her shopping was not an unusual thing. She was but one of the many blind customers who came into the store regularly. This woman, he said, was not only able to make the nicest discrimination in the matter of trimmings, but so delicate was her touch she could often distinguish colors. He added, however, that she never depended entirely upon her touch in matching shades, but verified her selections with the eyes of the clerk and her companion.—Chicago Tribune.

## Joan of Arc Before the Judges.

The questions addressed to Joan and her answers day by day have been transmitted in the records of the court. To read them is to understand the brutal ferocity with which she was tortured, until, turning on her accuser, she cried: "You call yourself my judge. Be careful what you do, for I am indeed sent by the Lord, and you place yourself in great danger."

To answers almost sublime succeeded questions filled with naive ingenuity. Questions were piled, traitorously conceived, concerning the visions which had come to her and the celestial voices which she heard and which throughout her mission had counseled and guided her. But on this point she was firmly silent. It was as though it were a secret which she was forbidden to betray. She consented to take an oath to speak nothing but the truth; but, concerning her visions, she made a reservation, "You could cut my head off before I would speak," she protested. At night, in the darkness of her dungeon, St. Catherine and St. Margaret appeared to her, and celestial voices comforted her. She avowed that she had seen them "with the eyes of her body \* \* \* and when they leave me," she added, "I wish that they would take me with them."—"The National Hero of France," by Maurice Boutet de Monvel, in Century.

## Block Island.

The hum of the spinning wheel is still a familiar sound on Block Island, a quaint and interesting resort in summer and a miniature world in winter, in which the habits and customs are those of 150 years ago. The island is 15 miles off the Rhode Island shore and almost directly south of stormy Point Judith.

There are times during the winter when the wind sweeps across the treeless land at a velocity of 84 miles an hour, and women take their lives in their hands when they venture out of doors. The isolation of the island is almost complete.

John Schofield established the first woolen mill in Connecticut near Oakdale, where the carding was done by power cards. In 1798 the Block Islanders began to send wool to the mill to be carded into rolls, and generation after generation have kept up the practice. Formerly many bags of grain accompanied the wool, and grist and woolen mills were kept running day and night, while the fishermen and farmers enjoyed themselves in the quiet Connecticut village until the work was done.—New York Herald.

## Hard on Mothers-in-law.

In the islands of New Britain a man must not speak to his mother-in-law. Not only is speech forbidden to this relative, but she must be avoided, and if by any chance the lady is met the son-in-law must hide himself or cover his face. Suicide of both parties is the outcome if the rule is broken. One of the English missionaries tried to get the natives' ideas of an oath, and he found the most solemn asseveration among them was, "If I am not telling the truth, I hope I may touch the hand of my mother-in-law."—Pearson's Magazine.

## Julian Hawthorne.

Julian Hawthorne is the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was born in 1846, but he does not show his 50 years. When he was a boy of 7, some lady's remark on the fact that he was "weak chested" stung him, and he determined to make that comment impossible in the future. How well he succeeded is evidenced by the fact that while he was in college his chest measure was 48 inches, and it is well known that the late John C. Heenan, the pugilist, advised the young man to enter the prize ring.

## Long Headed.

First Lady—I don't see how you can afford to let your lodgers owe you several weeks' rent.

Second Lady—Well, it's like this. When they're in debt it affects their appetites—they never like to ask for a second helping—so it comes cheapest in the end.—London Tit-Bits.

## How It All Came About.

It took the little acorn but a few days to become the spreading oak. Ezekiah Reubens told his wife in confidence that Josh Watkins said he'd like mighty well to buy Widow Spilkins' farm. Mrs. Reubens ran into Mrs. Blunter's just to borrow a little baking soda, and to make her errand less objectionable told that Josh Watkins talked of buying Widow Spilkins' farm, thoughtfully adding, "I wouldn't surprise me a bit if he would take the widder with the farm."

Mrs. Blunter left her baking in the stove while she threw her shawl over her head and went through the back way to Mrs. Penrup's to tell her that Josh Watkins was going to marry Widow Spilkins for her property and to wonder what would become of her children, giving it as an opinion that "like as not the widder would have 'em bound out."

Mrs. Penrup could scarcely wait till next morning, when she hitched up to drive over and tell Mrs. Flowerly that Josh Watkins was going to marry Widow Spilkins just to get her property and that those poor children of hers were soon to be bound out to any Tom, Dick or Harry that would take them. She thought "Josh a designin rascal and the widder a cruel mother."

All this soon reached the ears of Josh and the widder. They promptly went to pursuing the story down, and when they had traced the thing back to its tiny beginning were so sympathetically minded that they met pretty nearly every evening to hold indignation meetings. It naturally came about that they were engaged and just as naturally that they were married. Then Mrs. Ezekiah Reubens and the rest of them had the nerve to boast that they made the match.—Detroit Free Press.

## Spark Arresters.

The system of spark arrester, according to a recent writer in Engineering, which is found most efficient in locomotives is, for coal burners, the device known as the extended smoke box with straight smokestack, setting, deflecting plate and spark arrester. While no spark arresting arrangement is absolutely efficient, the degree of serviceableness of any such mechanism depends, it is urged, upon the care with which it is maintained in good condition. Fine sparks will be found to escape from such devices even when in the best condition and coarse sparks necessarily get across when anything is in a defective state, and while the fine sparks are not of a dangerous character, the coarse sparks are. Emphasis is laid especially upon the care which should be bestowed upon a locomotive to prevent any portion of the setting wearing into holes by keeping the front end cleaned out.

## A Modern Matelop.

Mrs. Shadmind—What a wonderful singer that new soprano is! Of course, you heard her at the concert last evening.

Mrs. Franklaign—No; unfortunately I was not able to attend.

Mrs. Shadmind—Indeed! You have no idea of what you missed. Why, she just electrocuted the audience.—Boston Courier.

## A Famous German Doctor's Work.

Consumption is now known to be curable if taken in time—the German remedy known as Otto's Cure, having been found to be an almost certain cure for the disease. Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs, Colds, Pneumonia, and all throat and lung diseases are quickly cured by Dr. Otto's Great German Remedy. Sample bottles of Otto's cure are being given away at Reynolds Drug Store. Large sizes 25c. and 50 cents.

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