

## THE DEACON'S PIETY.

IT WAS EQUAL TO ALL OCCASIONS AND LASTED OVER EIGHTY YEARS.

Suspended Religious Services Indefinitely to Nurse the Victims of a Smallpox Epidemic—An Example in This as 'Ye Was in Devotion to the Flag.

Deacon William Trowbridge was a small farmer living near Sheboygan Falls. He went there over 50 years ago. Besides tilling a little patch of ground the deacon, who was indeed the very soul of honor and ever had the respect and confidence of all in that community, was in the habit, before regular preachers were sent there, of reading a sermon or exhorting. There was no sham about Deacon Trowbridge's piety. He was sincerity itself.

Fifty years ago the little village was visited by a smallpox epidemic—an old fashioned, widespread and spreading epidemic—and they didn't know how to scotch it as well as they do now.

The first Sunday after the dreaded disease made its appearance the deacon's congregation was quite large. At the end of the services he made an announcement in about these words:

"These services will be postponed until after the smallpox disappears from the community. From this on I shall give my services to the stricken families. I shall minister to their wants, help to nurse them, and when they die follow them to the grave. It may be a long term or it may be a short term, but, however long or however short, it is my plain duty to help my distressed neighbors."

The word was well suited to the action which followed. The good old deacon hurried to his home, changed his clothes, laid his family goodby and at once began his work of mercy. What a work it was! The epidemic lasted nearly all winter. Large numbers died. Few in the village escaped the disease. The deacon's example was followed by others. Men went to their homes, told their wives and children what the deacon had said and was doing, arranged their business, provided fuel and provisions, kissed their dear ones and went to the aid of the unfortunate. Like the deacon they went without reward or hope of reward. Like him they spent weeks and some of them months in that service without daring to go home lest their dear ones catch the disease.

The strangest of all this strange experience is the fact that neither the deacon, the good souls who imitated his example nor their families were overtaken by the malady, notwithstanding the fact that the watchers, helpers and nurses were almost constantly in the presence of the suffering patients and notwithstanding the fact that they laid out and helped to bury the dead.

Nearly half of the deacon's congregation had disappeared when, the next spring, he resumed services in the schoolhouse. It was a sorrowful Sunday. Those in the audience who had not lost members of their family had lost neighbors and dear friends. When the good old Christian had read a chapter, prayed and talked a practical sermon, he referred feelingly to the scenes through which the community had passed. I think every man, woman and child in the room, including the deacon, wept. At the close of the talk he asked all present to join him on their knees in asking that the community might escape such visitations for all time to come. It was a most earnest appeal. I believe that that prayer has been answered. There may have been a few cases of smallpox there since then, but there has never been an epidemic.

The Sunday after Sumter was fired upon, and while Deacon Trowbridge was conducting services in the Baptist church, the denomination to which he belonged for over 80 years, he and his congregation were disturbed by a great commotion in the street right in front of the church. There were beating of drums and sounds of life much out of tune. It was so uncommon a thing that most of the congregation walked or ran out of the church. Finally the deacon closed the Bible and slowly followed his fleeing flock. When outside, he asked the cause of "this unseemly disturbance on the Lord's day." Some one told him that the president had called for soldiers to uphold the honor and the flag of the nation and that they were going to raise a company right then and there.

The old deacon's eyes flashed as he walked out into the street, where a young fellow was irregularly pounding a bass drum, and said: "Nathan, I know it is Sunday and that all but the Lord's work should be abandoned, but the saving of our country and the shielding of its flag from dishonor is the Lord's work. Give me that drum." And that model of piety strapped on the big drum and went to pounding, greatly outdoing Nathan in two respects—he made more noise and kept perfect time. He drummed as no one before had ever drummed in the little village. As if it had gone on lightning wings, word flew through the community that Deacon Trowbridge had left his pulpit to beat a drum, and on Sunday too.

Within half an hour nearly every one in town and many from the outskirts had gathered around the old drummer, all cheering him, and on Sunday too. That night Nathan Cole, who had been relieved as drummer by the deacon, went to Sheboygan with enough men to make up what became Company C of the Fourth Wisconsin.—J. A. Watrous in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Great Find.  
Lady of the House (to servant girl applying for a situation)—You were in the service of my friend, Baroness K. Why were you sent away?  
Servant—Please, ma'am, for listening at the doors.  
Lady—Ah, then I will take you, only you must promise to tell me all you heard.—London Fun.

**Melting Iron.**  
The working and works of the great furnaces in this country are interesting in the extreme to those who are fond of knowing the processes by which familiar articles are made. At one of these establishments 2,000 tons of iron ore, coke and limestone are consumed each day. Long trains bring this mixture, which is known to the workmen as "burden," into the works. The cars are brought up on trestles and emptied into long bins. The furnace is kept full and burns continuously. The gases rise and are carried off, and the solid matter, gradually dissolving and softening, steadily descends, when the space thus left vacant is immediately filled by the "burden." An examination of the interior of the furnace would show a top layer of crude material with a temperature of about 500 degrees F. A few feet below this the temperature of 1,000 degrees F has decomposed the limestone and formed carbonic acid and lime. Beneath this there is a stratum with a temperature of 1,500 to 1,700 degrees. In this the iron is reduced from the ore and is taking up carbon. Below this the iron is melted and fills the receptacles.

Above the iron is the slag, which escapes through a hole at the top of the hearth. At the bottom of the hearth is a narrow opening from which the cast iron is taken. A furnace is tapped six times a day and furnishes about 700 tons of iron daily. When the furnace is empty, the top hole is closed with clay. When it is again filled, this clay is broken out, and the melted metal at a white heat flows down through the channels, spreading to the right and left into the smaller depressions prepared for its reception. These are so arranged that the molds at the extreme edges fill first, and those near the furnaces are the last ones to be completed.—New York Ledger.

**The Dread of Death.**  
To look upon the face of a friend as he goes away; to be one of a group whose tears will not cease, while the one who is dying is calm, confident and triumphant; to listen to lasting good-bys spoken as if only a short and beautiful journey were ahead; to see pain soften itself into peace and a tired and weary body go to sleep like a weary child—that takes away the dread of death as nothing else can. When a strong man or frail woman looks upon such a sight, he feels, "Well, I, too, dare go along the pathway that has been so light before the feet of the one I love." It may seem as if meditation on death were not wise, but that is a mistake. Brooding over it no doubt leads to fear; but, on the other hand, more fear and suffering result from the surprises of those who have been too carefully guarded from the face of the guest who "knocks at the palace and the cottage gate."

We should not stay long in the charnel house, but it is good now and then to look in, at least often enough to see that it is not always a place of chills and glooms, but for many a mansion of peace and rest. Look upon the face of a good man who is waving his farewell to the earth, and you will understand that he is embarking on no wild sea. Listen to the goodbys of those who have loved you, and it will not be so hard to speak your own when the moment to speak them comes.—Rev Amory H. Braddon.

**Fireproof Sheet Iron Curtains.**  
One of the regulations in certain European theaters was that every theater be supplied with a sheet iron curtain, by which, in case of necessity, the auditorium could be completely isolated from the stage. This curtain, which was enormously heavy, had to be counterbalanced by massive iron weights, but so evenly was the weight distributed that the screen could be raised or lowered instantly by the pressure of a button controlling an electro magnetic adjustment. The first theater in Europe to use the electric iron curtain was the Comedie Francaise, in Paris, and the installation was made by an American electric company. This curtain is worked by a two horsepower motor and can be lowered at a maximum rate of four and one-half feet in a second. In many theaters the iron curtain is now superseded by one of asbestos, which is infinitely less cumbersome and equally serviceable.—Chautauquan.

**Small School.**  
A bright answer is put down to the credit of Dr. Fitchett, brother of the editor of the Australian Review of Reviews. He was a member of a colonial parliament, wherein one day a certain eccentric and elderly member named Taylor insisted on making a speech on education. The oration consisted of a hyperbolic eulogy of the board of schools in Mr. Taylor's constituency. Dr. Fitchett interjected some jocular expression of doubt. "Why, sir," said the irate Taylor, turning upon him, "at this very moment I have a school in my eye!"—"No, only one pupil, Mr. Taylor!" retorted the doctor, and the orator's eloquence was drowned in laughter.—London News.

**A Quaint Epitaph.**  
The following epitaph is over a grave in the Caroline islands:

Secord to Wilm. Collis  
Boat Steerer of the SHIP  
SAINT GEORGE of New BED  
ford who by the Will of  
Almity god  
was severly injured by a  
BULL WHALE  
off this land on  
18 March 1850  
also to  
Pedro Sabienas of Guam  
4th Mate drowned on  
the SAME Date his  
Back broken by WHALE  
above  
McNTHOND

**Not Satisfactory.**  
"Our sexton doesn't like the new woman preacher."  
"What are his objections?"  
"He says she isn't strong enough to keep the dust pouded out of the pulpit cover."—Chicago Record.

## A GENEROUS SWEETHEART.

She Gives Half of an Immense Fortune to the Cause Her Fiance Espouses.

Miss Isabel Craigie Haywood, a Tucson (A. T.) girl with \$2,000,000 of her own, has just sent half her fortune to Miguel Santos, a leader in the revolu-



tion in Guatemala. Mrs Haywood met Santos a few years ago down south, and an engagement resulted. Santos was recently called home to aid Morales in his fight for supremacy. After his departure Miss Haywood fell in love to \$2,000,000 from an uncle in Scotland. She immediately sent half of it to Santos as her contribution to the cause of the insurgents.

**Three Heroines.**  
The report of the Royal Humane society was more than usually interesting last month. If evidence be wanted of the strength and courage and hardihood of our young women, here it is—with a vengeance, old fashioned folks would add. The silver medal was granted to Miss Fullerton of Dudhope terrace, Dundee. Of such a heroine every detail is worth note. Miss Fullerton was strolling on the Forfarshire coast, apparently, when she observed a man fainting in great distress out at sea. We are not told whether she throw off any of her clothes, but since the man was seized with cramp and was drowning it is to be supposed that she did not. The distance was 300 yards and the sea "heavy," but Miss Fullerton swam out and, "exhorting the manufacturer to preserve his presence of mind"—also "holding him up"—she conveyed him safely until a boat picked them up midway. This is something like a "record." Our fathers would not have believed it possible for a girl to swim a quarter of a mile in her clothes through a heavy sea, but this brave young athlete actually supported a manufacturer—who ran to weight as a rule—in the agony of cramp.

Miss Joan Harris of Belfast also plunged into the sea without undressing and rescued a grown girl. Further circumstances are not given, but swimmers know that it was a feat, anyhow. Miss Louisa Bright of Reading, too, did not waste time in preparations when she saw a schoolboy drowning in the Kennet. It is not many years since swimming was regarded as a dubious sort of accomplishment for women.—London Standard.

**Jewelry Fads.**  
The more ancient the style of workmanship the more in demand is jewelry this winter. All the old fashioned stones, from chrysoberites to cameos, are in favor, and coral and dulled silver are the "height of elegance," in the language of Mrs. Gildory.

Some of these odd new baubles are indescribably beautiful, but they are not for every one. The everyday, pretty, unpretentious, rosy, healthy woman, if she be wise, will stick to her diamonds. Barbitic splendor is not for her. With strings of coral around her plump, white neck, tiaras of old silver and beryl in her yellow or brown hair, and girdles of winking cats eyes, translucent jade and unearthly opals around her ample waist, she would look like a much dressed doll or an animated antiquary had hung his treasures to admire the effects and forgotten to remove them.

Ancient jewelry, like aesthetic frocks, is suitable only when worn by slender, regal looking women, with brunette coloring and a grace of bearing which is absolutely devoid of heaviness and never suggests good dinners, stiff stays or other things of the earth earthy.—Boston Transcript.

**The Suffrage Question.**  
Says a woman writer: Dr. William M. Brundage of Albany lately preached a strong sermon in favor of equal suffrage. It was a courageous thing to do in that stronghold of the "antis," and Dr. Brundage addressed a portion of his discourse especially to them. He said to them in part:  
"Can you not see that the very same arguments that you employ today were employed by the opponents of liberty in the past, were employed against the higher education of women, against the individual ownership and control of property by women, against the admission of women to business and professional pursuits? Can you not trust the nature of things? Is it not your great fear lest the political emancipation of woman should break up the home and destroy what you consider the true womanliness of woman, based upon a feeble and utterly inadequate appreciation of the laws of human nature?"

**A Precedent.**  
Miss Emma Hart was appointed on Nov. 18, by Secretary Sherman, to act as consular agent of the United States at Edmunston, N. B., during the two weeks' leave of absence granted to J. Adolph Gray. The office is one involving little work and no salary, but as this is the first time that a woman has acted as the representative of our government abroad it may be valuable as a precedent.—Woman's Journal.

## CALIFORNIA.

Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The next Personally-Conducted Tour to California via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh by the "Golden Gate Special" on Wednesday, February 16, stopping at the Great Mammoth Cave and New Orleans during the Mardi Gras Carnival. Four weeks will be allowed on the Pacific Coast. Returning, stops will be made at Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs (Garden of the Gods), Denver, Chicago, &c. Round-trip rate, including transportation, meals, carriage drives, hotel accommodations, and Pullman accommodations en route, and Pullman berth Los Angeles to San Francisco, and transportation in California, \$335.00 from all stations east of Pittsburgh; with hotel accommodations, meals, transfers, and carriage drives through California for four weeks, \$125.00 additional. An experienced chaperon will accompany the party for the benefit of the lady tourists.

For itineraries and full information, apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old cough remedy, N. H. Down's Elixir: "Why my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I use it in my family; it always cures." It is always guaranteed to cure or money refunded. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

Every mother should have Arnica & Oil Liniment always in the house in case of accident from burns, scalds or bruises. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

Costiveness can be permanently cured by the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

## ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

Whereas, letters of Administration to the Estate of Joseph S. Morrow, late of Reynoldsville, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent will make known the same without delay in the following manner:

HARRIET L. MORROW, Administratrix.

## Notice of Application for Charter.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 16th day of February, 1904, by S. B. Elliott, H. A. Stoke, Solomon Shaffer, Charles A. Herpel, C. Mitchell, et al., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1904, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of an intended Corporation, to be called The Reynoldsville Land and Improvement Company, the character and object whereof is the purchasing, holding, leasing, selling, donating and improving real estate, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

C. MITCHELL, Solicitor.

## DOWN'S' ELIXIR

Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping-Cough, Consumption and all Lung Diseases.

People stand by Down's Elixir because it cures and has cured for sixty-five years. This is the strongest possible endorsement of its merits. Price 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. At Druggists.

Henry, Johnson & Lord, Props., Burlington, Vt.

For sale by H. A. Stoke.

## First National Bank

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

Capital, \$50,000.  
Surplus, \$5,500.

C. Mitchell, President;  
Scott McClelland, Vice Pres.;  
John H. Kaucher, Cashier.

**Directors:**  
C. Mitchell, Scott McClelland, J. C. King,  
John H. Corbett, G. E. Brown,  
G. W. Fuller, J. H. Kaucher.

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons.

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.  
First National Bank building, Nolan block

**Fire Proof Vault.**



**L. M. SNYDER,**  
Practical Horse-shoer  
And General Blacksmith.

Horse-shoeing done in the neatest manner and by the latest improved methods. Repairing of all kinds carefully and promptly done. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

**HORSE CLIPPING**  
Have just received a complete set of machine horse clippers of latest style '03 pattern and am prepared to do clipping in the best possible manner at reasonable rates.  
Jackson St. near Fifth, Reynoldsville, Pa.



## ARE YOU NERVOUS

Or "out of sorts" and so not in harmony with your neighbor? For a headache or nervousness

## Magic Headache Powders

are invaluable. They have done wonders for thousands who have used them. Try them and do not allow an easily cured ailment to steal away your brains. No one need do so with Magic Headache Powders for 10c. at all druggists.

STOKE, the Druggist,  
Reynoldsville, Pa.

A package by mail on receipt of 10c.

Fancy Lamps, and Queens-ware.

## Jefferson Supply Co.

STORE

Is Headquarters for

Dry Goods, Notions, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes.

—IN OUR—

Clothing Department we have great bargains. We invite you to come in and examine our line. It is no trouble to show goods.

## Our Furniture and Carpet

Department is complete and prices that cannot be beat.

Largest and Finest Selected Stock of Fresh Groceries in town.

Jefferson Supply Co.,

Pleasant Avenue, Reynoldsville, Penn'a.

## A CHEST PROTECTOR,

And a good one, but no possible protector can rival the merit of the hardware we supply in qualities worthy of the finest chests on earth. Our hardware line is a top one. There's nothing above it, and we wouldn't carry anything below it.

## OUR PRICES

too, always have a size about them that's just right and make it an absolute waste of money to go elsewhere.

## STOVES!

Our line of heating and cooking stoves is the largest to be found in town, and our prices are the lowest. We can save you money.

## Reynoldsville Hardware Co.

In making a selection of Goods for

## Fall and Winter Wear

It is important that the choice should be made from a thoroughly up-to-date and well assorted stock. Then there is no possibility of getting goods of doubtful style. Our offerings of

## DRESS GOODS,

## LADIES' JACKETS

## AND CAPES

Can be accepted as being absolutely correct, care having been taken to secure exclusive, but popular styles. In every department the articles presented will be found of a quality to command approval. Prices are wonderfully small for such value. Such goods as we have will serve better purpose elsewhere than on our shelves, and we sacrifice profits to make quick sales.

**N. HANAU.**

**JOB WORK DEPARTMENT**  
—THE—  
**Star Office**  
Is replete with the Latest Styles of Types.  
—or—  
**Job Work Done**  
on Short Notice!

Complete Line of Cook Ranges & Heating Stoves.

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Clothing Department we have great bargains. We invite you to come in and examine our line. It is no trouble to show goods.

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