A THRILLING MOMENT

THE DARING ACT OF HEROISM OF AN OIL WELL SHOOTER.

He Played Back Stop In the Game Between Life and Death, With Nature In the Box and Twenty Quarts of 'litre "lycerin Boing Service as the Itall.

One of the most thrilling experiences recorded in the annals of shooters' ca-reers was that in which Dick Singleton, an old time Bradford shooter, played the role of hero. He played it well too. That the sensational drama did not turn were taken in the last act is due to the hero's cool head, quick decision and su-perb nerve in the face of almost certain death.

Singleton was one of the best known shooters in the Bradford field. He bad all the qualities which enter into the make up of a successful juggler with death's agencies. He had shot hundreds of wells and transported glycerin all over roads which at certain seasons had no counterpart for all round vil-tainy anywhere, but his reckless coutien and always averted a catastrophe.

One day Singleton started out to shoot a well located near Bradford. The well had been "drilled in" two or three days before, but the shooter had been too busy to put in a shot.

Arrived at the well Singleton pro-ceeded to fill the shells with glycerin from his cans. That is a proceeding of some delicacy, as glycerin allows no liberties to be taken with it. Care must be exercised in pouring the stuff from the cans into the shells.

The well was about 1,800 feet deep, and during the interval since drilling had stopped about 1,000 feet of fluid had accumulated in the hole.

There was nothing unusual about that, but something unusual did happen speedily and most inopportunely; something calculated to turn one's hair gray and make such an impression on the memories of the men present as time could not efface.

The glycerin shell had been lowered several hundred feet, and Singleton was slowly playing out the cord, when he felt the line slacken. Immediately be heard an ominous roar. It was a sound to annall the stontest heart.

The well had started to flow !

Singleton knew the meaning of that sound. He knew that a column of oil 1,000 feet high, obeying the impetus of the mighty forces of nature, then in convulsion 2,000 feet underground, was forcing to the surface with a velocity of a cannon ball a shell containing 20 quarts of glycerin.

He realized that the propulsive energy of that column of oil would project the shell against the timbers of the derrick with tremendous force. No need to speculate on what would follow the impact.

All this was flashed upon Singleton's consciousness as he steed leading over the hole. The thought flash and the signal of peril were coincident in point of time.

It was an awful moment-such a moment as no man had ever experienced - to describe. and L

Singleton's companions understood the import of that terrifying sound. Acting upon a natural impulse, they turned to flee, seeking in flight the safety which they knew it was futile to hope for. Almost before terror could impart motion to their limbs the catastrophe would befall.

If Singleton had lost his head or hesitated for only a fractional part of a second, six men would have been blown into eternity, and another horror would have been added to Des long list charged to the account of nitroglycerin.

But he did not lose his head. He knew that flight was useless. No time for that. Whether he should run or

Ruse to Win a King's Love. When Wilhelmina, who is soon to be crowned queen of the Netherlands, was a child, her father often refused to see her for days at a time. This dislike of

innocent baby, which she repaid with a passionate devotion, was the re-sult of her being a daughter ins ead of Wilbelmina's mother, Queen Emma,

grieved constantly over this unjust re-sentment, and she finally planned a ruse to win King William's favor for his baby girl. The king was very fond of flowers, and a bouquet of the choicest blossoms always adorned his breakfast table. One morning at the matutinal meal, as he bent over to inhale a great bank of roses which filled the center of the table, a baby face peeped at him from its midst and two soft arms crept round his neck, while a tiny voice exclaimed, "Oh, papa, take me out of the flowers, they prick me so." And the king, so runs the story, took her in his arms and loved her over after.

Figtails Popular.

Twenty-five and 30 will masquerade as "sweet 16" and "bread and butter 14" this summer. You will hardly credit this, but it is nevertheless the fact. In "pigtails," "Gretchen braids," whatever you please to call them, but sure enough braids—two of them, fall-ing down the back—the modern girl is to appear from now on in the country in the mornings.

Of course after lunch she will put up her hair in the most proper and precise coiffure.

What is accomplished by wearing the hair in long braids is that it is given what is known as a "rest." Hair experts have now developed the theory that a good rest about once a year is what a head of hair needs .- New York Herald.

Women In Rellef Work.

The efforts of the various relief organizations that have been formed among women's clubs are confined to the most practical methods. It is significant of the experience of the women at organized work that they have undertaken these measures in such a promptly efficient fashion. Cool headed women, accustomed to committee work, have brought quick order out of apparent chaos in the embarrassment of volun-teer service, and a prompt, discriminating judgment has rapidly produced tangible results. The impractical woman who has occasionally presented herself has been quickly suppressed, and the work in all its phases has gone ahead with most commendable dispatch and efficiency.-New York Post.

China Silk Conta

Tucked into a silk reticule no bigger than the bag that holds her bath sponge the smart traveler carries her new and improved waterproof coat. It is made of a taffeta impervious to water or a perfectly soft Chinese silk that is treated so that it is as water tight as a gutta percha bowl. Patterned exactly on the form of a mendicant monk's brown robe, the silk rain coat covers the wearer from neck to heels and is the coolest, lightest protector yet invented. The sleaves fall away from the wrist or can be buttoned tightly about the hand, and a bood at the back can be drawn up to protect without in the least crushing the most fragile hat.

A Woman's Scientific Expedition.

Miss Hastie, the Scotch lady who is undertaking a scientific expedition to south seas, hopes to take meteorothe logical observations in addition to making scientific collections. Miss Prince, a well known botanist, will accompany Miss Hastie on her trip. Conchology and anthropology will be studied as well as botany. The ladies intend to visit the New Hebrides, the Friendly islands in that latitude. Fif



stay, death seemd to be inevitable. If he should stay, there was one chance—only one. It came to Singleton like an inspiration. The one chance decided him. Desperate as it was-a mil-lion to one that it would fail-he resolved to take it.

Who can say what passed through the man's mind during the inappreciable fraction of time that he waited to put his plan into execution?

Perhaps Singleton himself could not describe what his mental vision beheld in that brief interval between the warning and the appearance of the messenger of eternity.

He was conscious of nothing but the ril which was rushing upon him and his companions and of the stern resolve to stand at his post and do all that he-role manhood could do to avert the impending doom.

Men think quickly at such time. Singleton's mind acted with the celerity of lightning. His muscles obeyed the mandate of the will with electric promptitude

He made his title clear to heroism on that eventful day. He braced himself, and as the shell shot from the hole he threw his arms around it, not knowing but the sudden arrest of motion would explode the charge and not knowing that he could hold the shell at all.

Desperation gave him strength. There he stood, victor over death, surprised to find himself alive and smoth-ered in the thick, greasy fluid which flowed from the well and fell in torrents upon him. But he held fast to the prize which his alert mind, quick eye and prompt action had won in the hand to hand grapple with the forces of destruction

Singleton is still living somewhere in the lower oil country, and he occa-sionally tries his hand at a shot, but if he should live until the final day of adgment he could never forget the day when he played back stop in the game setween life and death, with nature in box and 20 quarts of nitroglycerin ng service as a ball.-St. Louis Re-

The bandaging of the feet of Chinese It is begun in many cases at the age

teen members are joining the expedition, for which a barkentine is being fitted in Sydney harbor.

The Fing Girl.

The flag girl is coming on nicely. But this one was just a little more be flagged than usual. She wore a stock of white satin ribbons, patterned with Old Glory and so tied that no less than three separate rows of flags ran around her neck. Down the middle front plait of her patriotic shirt waist were pinned a dozen or so small flag brooches. The pocketbook she carried in her hand was stamped with flags. And she had to flag the conductor of the cable car when she wanted to alight, because she could only speak German.

The Newest Note Paper.

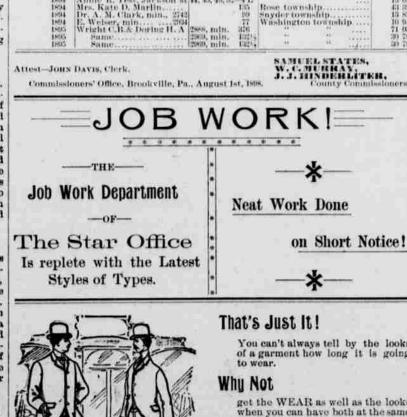
The newest wartime note paper is mottled gray and bright blue, orna-mented with miniature ships, portraits, etc., in the upper left hand corner. The boxes for this patriotic paper are unique. They are seven inches high and ten inches long, exactly in the form of a tent and covered with canvas. One end is of cardboard, with a picture of a sen-tinel. The other shows the opening of the tent, laced across with red, white and blue silk cord to keep the paper from falling out.

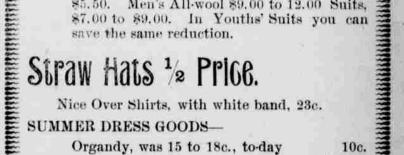
Follies of the Bathing Seasor

The women who have the run of the \$100 per season bathing booths on the beach fenced off by the exclusives have devised a new custom. They are going in the surf with all the jewelry on and decked as if for an afternoon reception or a ball. Some maidens of the smart set are giving matinees in bathing dresses of elaborate make, wearing white mousquetaire gloves and a profusion of jowelry.- New York Letter.

The Latest Is Expensive.

Ojamoe is the latest is Expensive. Ojamoe is the latest novelty in orna-mental ware from Bohemia. It repro-luces the antique in form, and, like the Phoenician glass, as we know it in the Cesnola collection, has its surface illu-minated by prismatic colors. The price of each article, whether wase, jar or bowl, varies, according to its size, from \$250 to \$50.





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