\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* THE SINKING OF THE DELILAH. First Story of the Sea, Based on the Use

## of Wireless Telegraphy.

At the extreme end of the Cornish | surely, now, and no answer. Again,

help .

help-

be "Yes

to:

the darkness,

"Where are you?"

At last an answer: "S. S. W. of Liz

ard; about one hundred miles off; in

struments damaged; rudder broken;

can keep affoat few more hours-is

still the tapper clicked again "is

With horrible vividness he saw 500

men and women huddled together on

the sinking ship in the midst of the

raging tempest waiting, for that an-

swer, praying heaven that it might

he "Yes," trusting, believing it would

His hand moved slowly, steadily

Five hundred men and women, hus-

He jumped from his chair and

rushed to the window and stared out;

black, black everywhere! Impotently

he beat his hands against the window

and mercilessly the rain and the wind

Back to his seat he rushed, and of a

sudden an inspiration came. If, per-

chance, there was another boat any-

where near that he could telegraph

He relit the lam pand turned up the

book giving the names of vessels fitted

with wireless telegraphy. The last

boat on the list, the Scotsman, there

was just a chance she might be in

the English channel, the vaguest

chance, he knew, but is was possible.

trying to signal Scotsman; if within

distance will send her to help you."

came. Had she already gone down?

call-the machine clicked-and wait

ed. He was fighting the storm now

fighting Nature who gives no quarter:

fighting earth who open-mouthed

Why din't she answer? Wherever

"M. S. Delilah sinking fast. Are

'Fear impossible but will look ou

for her-trying to beat down Channel

myself." Then after a long pause: "Am

trying to get into communication with

Again Priest flashed: "For God's

He waited and for an instant the

silence lifted and he heard an exult

ant shrick from the wind and sea out

side and the house trembled. Where

Close over the table he bent and

"Cannot keep afloat until the morn

Spoken Scotsman beting

ing. Have you been able to send help?"

down Channel. She is looking for you

Keep affoat as long as possible. All I

can do-" his fingers ceased to move

the horror of having done no more

Again the tapper moved, and now he

"Thanks. Don't leave instrument

Communicate with us long as possible

A few minutes elapsed and no fur

ther message was sent; then, sudden-

ly with long pauses between each let-

the weakness of that message!

feared what it would spell.

or until Delilah sinks."

sake do your best-500 passengers.'

she was she should receive the mes

panted for 500 lives.

sage! Ab, at last-

hor.

you near enough to help?

Presently the answer:

were those 500 souls?

Click.

Yes.

held his breath.

Hastily he telegraphed now: "Am

He waited for an answer but none

If so-hastily he changed the signal

and the sea spume beat back.

bands, wives, lovers! Children, too-

now, as he spelled out four words in

'Impossible to send help."

He had sent death.

" The rest was unreadable;

coast, on the most southerly point of England, stand the sentinels of the past and the future. A great ragged rock rears its head above the sea some four miles from the shore barren, but for tufts of sickly grass, uninhabited save by the sea hirds. Once a guide to the unwellaly ships that sailed seeking empires, a landmark to sailors, the first glimpse of homeland to wanderers; now a danger-mark to the huge black liners-a forgotten sentinel of the past.

And a little inland a small turret house, with a wooden must pointing skyward, and square glass eyes ever staring oceanward, stands as the sentinel of the inture-the future of the wireless telegraphy.

The clouds had been driving round the Lizard point for several days, forming solid banks of blackness in the southwest, swooping across the green seas, that hourly grew more restless,and often hiding the old barren rock from the strongest telescope. The lonely watcher-one by day and one by night-in the gray house Marconi's wireless telegraph station of the south. had long known of the approach of the storm. Ships already caught in its fierce clutches had telegraphed its advent to the watcher, and he. Jovelike, had hurled electric warnings of the danger to other boats.

John Priest felt the nervous excitement in the air communicate itself to his body, filling him with a vague unrest and fear.

His companion was waiting at the door.

"I'm glad you're not late." he said. "I fear even now I shall get caught in the storm before I can cover those three miles along the cliff. Good night."

"Good night," replied John Priest. He watched the other run swiftly down the path and along the cliffs. He felt a strange longing to call him back. The quiet threatening of the night. quivering with electricity and storm, thrilled his nerves.

"I wonder what's wrong with me? he said aloud, and then checked himself, unpleasantly conscious of his own voice.

Nothing living was visible-not even a tree; not a bird on the wing; nothing. With an effort he laughed and banged and bolted the door loudly. and entered the operating room-the room with the square eyes facing seaward. It was a round, plainly furnished chamber, containing one comfortable sofa, a bookshelf filled with books. several maps and charts, a list of rules and explanations concerning the work ing of the Marconi wireless telegraph. and in the centre of the room the instrument itself .

Priest looked at his watch. Eleven hours and a half of solitary confinement, practically cut off from all human communication.

When he looked at his watch again what had seemed an hour proved 15 minutes. Then he swore quietly at himself for a fool and filled his pipe dellberately. As he put it to his lips a sudden blaze of light lit the room and a terrible crash rent the air, tearing silence and the night asunder and echoing from cliff to cliff.

With the first great crash all the elements sprang to life. To the watcher it seemed as if fire, earth, air and water were swirling and struggling through space, inextricably mixed to-

ter-

a matter of minutes now-passengers ask will you kindly convey to friends -the letters advanced before Priest' eyes, and became confused. He fancied heheard the voices of men and wome calling-he sprang to the window and looked out. A pale gray light in the east. Was that dawn?

The tapper still clicked, but the words spelt were confused-then it stopped. What is happening now beyond that

bar of light, on the gray down? Where is the Scotsman? Frantically he seized the instrument and called the Scotsman again.

He is answered: "Have sighted De lilah-making for ner." One two, three, four-how the minutes slide away, each one an hour. Ten, fifteen-the bar of light has grown; the gray dawn peeps of a sudden through the square windows of the little house, the Sentinel of the Future, and touches the cold, bare

sides of the rock at sea, the Sentinel of the Past, and John Priest hears a rush and swirl of waters-and then an oppressive silence and a void. Still he watches the machine; the tapper quivers; the final message slowly spells itself: "Have passed up and down where saw Delilah; nothing vis-

ible save wreckage. Scotsman.' That is the final message. The gray dawn is over all now .- New York News.

### DOCS IMITATE MASTERS. Take on Characteristics of Those Who

Own Them. One of the most curious traits to be

found in the animal nature, sald an observant citizen, is that which grows out of the unconscious imitativeness of creatures of the lower order. I have observed many instances of where the creatures of a lower order have taken on the characteristics in some notice t ble degree of members of the human family. One might know, for instance, the beggar's dog just from the look of the dog, from the droop of the eye, the pathetic hang of the lip and a certain general air of despendency and hopelesaness which seems to speak in the very nature of the animal. I mention the beggar's dog because it is a familiar example. The beggar's dog never looks cheerful, never smiles, never frolics, but simply sits by his reaster and broods and bees for whatever charity may give. I have seen the dog character moulded under happler influences and the dog become more cheerful. He was a light-hearted, free-and-easy sort of cr-ature, and seemed to get something of the sunnier side of things. I am almost tempted to say that if you will show me a man's dog I will tell you what manner of man the owner is, with particular reference to temperament and his moods. The melancholy man, the man who grovels mentally 'long the gloomler grooves, the pessimistic man, who is also looking at the dark side of the picture, all the men who come within these unhappy classifications rarely own a cheerful dog. The dog unconsciously takes to the ways of his master, and in his moods imitates the master's way of thinking. But turn to the dog of the jolly, cheerful fellow. Watch him show his teeth in laughter when the master appr aches. He is darting across the yard and dancing and frisking around the master's feet in the happiest way imaginable, and he is up to all kinds of pranks and does all kinds of little things to indicate the good nature that is in him. He does as his master does, and seems to take the same general view of life. These are small things, I guess, but they show just how important one's ac

tions are in life. Even one's way in instantly and thus save their lives. It thinking mayconvince one's dog and Lecame a sort of cast-mark for the change his whole view of life. woodsman to have only three out of his GUAINT AND CURIOUS.

killed, as they are not shy, regarding A CURSE OF MARTINIQUE thems lves as immune by virtue their profession. THE FER-DE-LANCE, ONE OF THE

DEADLIEST OF SNAKES.

country about St. Pierre will be

doubtless gravely increased by the

This serpent, which is the curse of

the island, is said to be the deadliest

of shakes outside of India, and the in-

habitants of the regions infested by it

say that not even the terrible hooded

cobra inflicts death more swiftly or

surely. Says one gentleman who lived

"Unless all the fer-de-lance in the

region of St. Pierre were destroyed by

presence of the fer-de-lance.

for some years on the island:

so infrequent.

them.

ger?

Of course, the fer-de-lance came back. They had been living the life of terrified mice in nooks and crannies for years, but enough of them sur-Frightful Danger That is Likely to vived to rehabilitate the snake com-Greet Relief or Exploration Expedi-tions in the Ill-fated Island-The Repmunity as soon as the enemy disap-Now they lord it over the enpeared. tile's Curious History-Its Deadly Bite. tire islands outside of the cities, and Former residents of Martinique say man and beast alike walk in constant that the perils of any expedition makterror of their fangs .- New York Sun. ing exploration or bringing succor to

#### FASHION IN FOOD.

Whales, Grampuses and Porpolses Once Popular as Table Fishes.

Foods have their fashions as well as clothes. For no clear reason we eat certain kinds of fish, flesh and vegetable and disdain others which might be edible and pleasing to the taste. Queen Elizabeth ate the fiesh of whales, but we, today, would turn up our noses at such a dish. Yet why? Is the cetacean flesh disgusting or tough or tasteless? We do not know, for we have never

the eruption there is likely to be a considerable mortality from snake bite had it on our tables. Fish soup, gramfor the next few weeks. The gulches puses and porpoises were dainties to around the city fairly swarm with the the English palate before French cooks venomous reptiles. It is principally invaded the tight little isle and imbecause of their presence that ascents posed the gastronomical modes of of Mont Pelce, otherwise not particu-Paris on the British cuisine. It is not larly difficult or hazardous, have been very many years since English and American stomachs revolted at the "So far as we now know the waterdelicate legs of frogs, yet we munch courses of the locality have been chokthose tender tidbits now with the ed. The vipers all require moisture, steadiest nerves and the nicest relish of their sweetness and flavor.

What untried dainties are there yet to be found in the world and introduced to our bored stomachs, hungry for new sensations? It is said that the French, in spite of occasional periods of hostility, revere and love the Jesuits because Jesuit missionaries first brought the turkey into France and taught the cooks of Paris its delicious properties. Why should we not eat mice and kittens? Shall we always abhor the flesh of fat young pupples? Oh. for an epicurean Columbus to open new worlds to our appetite! Since we do not scruple to eat pork-the flesh of the filthy hog, and a very palatable flesh, too-why should we choke at mice, kittens and puopies? One dares say that if the flesh of a puppy were served under some French nom de caisine we would praise it mightily and attacked. He is a born murderer. When call for a second helping.

he has once set his venomous mind on In our eating, more, perhaps, than a man he will follow until one or the in anything else, we are slaves of prejother is alain. Add to this natural udice, custom and caprice. We do not leaning the fear and fury of the snakes venture. Our bill of fare does not at being driven forth from their own grow with civilization. We have a few places and I think one can appreciate staples which we disguise and vary by that their presence will not be the least means of sauces and French aliases. of dangers following the catastrophe." We improve the kitchen range, but we The history of the fer-de-lance in the island of Martinique is a peculiar do not improve our dinners. Talleyrand said that the English had 24 reone. It is said that originally this isligions and only one sauce. Since then land was entirely free from poisonous the English have multiplied their resnakes, as Cuba is now. It was, howligions, but they have not yet invented ever, overrun with a particularly active their second sauce. As people the and voracious specie of rats. Some English and Americans oppose expanenterprising inhabitant, hearing that sion and innovation in their dining the fer-de-lance was extremely rough rooms. When forks were brought over on rats, sent to Trinidad and had some from Italy to London there were stout imported. The visitors did their work. Britons enough to declare that to eat In a few years it was said in Martinwith a tool, as though pitching hay. ique that the only surviving rats were and not with the fingers," was to desthese that had learned to climb trees troy the simplicity and manliness of and turned into flying squirrels. Howold England.

ever that may be, the community soon The English speaking peoples have found itself contronted by the Massstomachs, but no palates. They have achusetts cutworm and English sparnot enthusiasm for an excellent truffle, row proposition, but in a far more serithey do not feel emotions of pure ous form, the remedial agents proved pleasure in the memories of good dinto be worse than the original pest. So ners, long since digested. Who but a many persons were bitten that work in Frenchman could throw up his hands the fields came to a standstill. Roadand exclaim in praise of a certain making ceased. It was said that no green sauce, the recipe for which, alas, bitten person recovered except in the is lost, "With this sauce I could eat my case of woodchoppers. Having their grandfather!" Brillat-Savarin deaxes handy they would, if the bite were clared that the man who discovers a on the arm or leg, chop off the member new dish is a greater benefactor of his race than the man who discovers a new

was President of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute planet. This is a truly Gallie opinion. It is said in Munich that the United and is not shared by our sauc

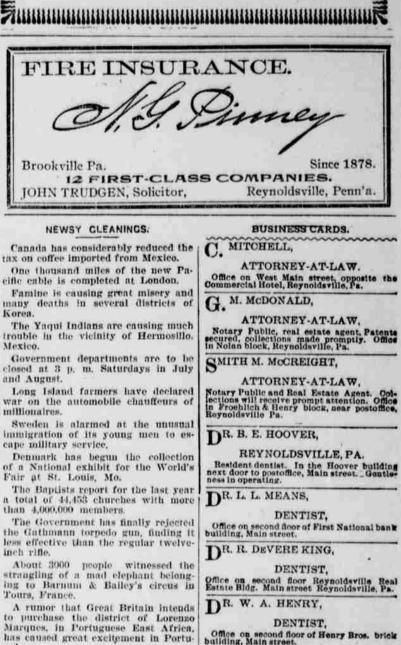
gal

least.

# THE JEFFERSON SUPPLY COMPANY

Being the largest distributor of General Merchandise in this vicinity, is always in position to give the best quality of goods. Its aim is not to sell you cheap goods but when quality is considered the price will always be found right.

Its departments are all well filled, and among the specialties handled may be men-tioned L. Adler Bros., Rochester, N. Y., Clothing, than which there is none better made; W. L. Douglass Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass., Shoes; Curtice Bros. Co., Rochester, N. Y., Canned Goods; and Pillsbury's Flour. This is a fair representation of the class of goods it is selling to its customers.



Office on second floor of Henry Bros. brick building, Main street.

E. NEFF. A movement is on foot in Alabama to crect a monument to the memory JUSTICE OF THE PEACE of the late William Leroy Brown, who And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

> L. M. SNYDER Practical Horse-Shoer and General Blacksmith.

and the fer-de-lance is very partial to water. Undoubtedly, then, there has been an exodus from the slopes and guillies down to the waterfront. "It is a curious fact that in cases of seismic disturbance snakes make for

the low land. I have heard that when Mont Pelee was disturbed in the middle of the last century the fer-de-lance overran the streets of the town, although they are naturally a grassland snake, and a number of people were killed by "Suppose, now, that the shore beyond the district where all life has been blotted out has become the refuge of these creatures. What will happen to the men who land there, particularly if they are ignorant of the dan-It is not pleasant to think of. The fer-de-lance does not wait to be

gether.

How long he watched with awe and wonder he did not know but the rushing winds howled him into a semi-concious sleep, in which he heard the waves rising and roaring nearer and nearer.

He awoke with a start, feeling some thing or some one had spoken to him. The yellow light burned more dimly, but instinctively he glanced first at the Marconi instrument. All was in order. The tapper was silent, motionless, As he wondered what had suddenly called him the instrument clickea.

He drew his chair to the table and bent over the instrument and waited. Again that little spark of light behind him and simultaneously the click -"-LE-LE-LE-DH-DH-DH" it said.

"DH!" that was no trick of the torm; yet he did not know the call. Quickly he turned to the code:

"DH"-S. s. Delilah mail and passenger steamer 9000 tons-Good heavwhat did the Delilah want and where was she? Surely, if he remembered right, she was due in Liverpool two days ago.

For an instant Priest hesitatingly ed and listened. From whence amidst the thousands of miles of mad waves was tais message sent? iWth unsteady hand he held his machine and replied:

on," and waited. No answer. He held his breath and counted the

At last an answer "LE" again; an instant's pause then the machine be gan slowly with many pauses and aaks as if the message flying on aguetic wings through space to the little gray turret on the Cornish coast, battling each yard of its way with the wind, the sea and the rainthe machine began to spell its mes-

"The Delliah-damaged by terrific nes-fear fast sinking-five hundred gers-send help-

ash "DH. Where are you?" to found a difficulty in breathing-the seconds dragged-minutes,

We are getting out the boats." An other pause that semed hours. flash of lightning momentarily filled the room with a blue glare, and the crash of thunder deafened Priest for a moment. When the last rumble died away he heard the wireless inscrument again clicking. Had he missed something during that appalling "Have launched one of the crash? boats." A pause that seemed to last for hours. Then, "Boat has overturned with 20 passengers. All lost." Another wait longer than the first. In imagination Priest saw men and women struggling in the relentless waves. He pictured the others huddling at the side of the helpless liner, and at each flash of lightning thought he could see the ghastly terror on pale faces. "Good heaven, they will drown

drown!" he cried aloud, in agony, Again the instrument ticked out its piteous message: "Two more boats launched. Both overturned. Fear must abandon hope; fast filling."

A long pause. Priest sat motionless, his eyes steadfast on the machine coldly ticking of approaching doom to the only man in the world who knew and could not save.

Then-"Passengers have behaved splendidly. Perfect order; no panic. A still longer pause. Priest dropped from the chair to his knees and began hysterically to pray, while he watched with staring eyes the tapper and heard the click-dot-beat hammerlike into his brain.

"Passengers four hundred and forty -two fifty men, one seventy women, twenty children-remainder crew, off cers-

"Save them, save them!" cried Priest aloud, and the storm shrieked derisively. Unconsciously his fingers, convulsively touching the chine, spelt these two words, and the message was carried out into: the light, over the seas, to the sinking

"There is still hope" the women whispered; "he is sending for help. But the men-guessed. "Cannot decipher your last message

-stern of ship nearly under water-

The bridal veil of a Japanese young lady is subsequently used as her sbroud. Directly after the marriage it is carefully put away and reserved until death makes its use again neces sary.

The intestines of the ox are 187 feet-small ones, 150 feet; large, 37 feet, Sheep, 107 feet; small ones, 85 feet; large, 22 feet. Those of the hog measure 77 feet; small, 60 feet; large, 17 feet.

Granite is the lowest rock in the earth's crust, it is the bed rock of the world, and shows no evidence of animal or vegetable life, it is the parent rock from which all the rocks have been either directly or indirectly derived.

The greatest cavern in the world is Mammoth Cave, 85 miles southwest of Louisville, Ky. It is about 10 miles long, though to explore its multitude of avenues, chambers, grottces, galleries, domes, rivers and cataracts entails 150 miles of travel.

Another curious fact. According

to Captain Maury the gulf stream runs up hill, After leaving the Gulf of Mexico, this current of warm water

broadens out toward the north and becomes more shallow. Its depth off the Island of Bemini is about 200 fathoms, off Cape Hatteras, about 100 fathoms. He calculated the ascent at 10 inches to the mile.

The largest flower in the world is the Rafflesia Aroldi, of Sumatra. It. size is fully three feet in diameterabout the size of a carriage wheel. The five petals of this immense flower are oval and creamy white, grow ng round a center filled with countless long, violet-hued stamens. The

flower weighs about 15 pounds and is capable of containing nearly two galons of water. The buds are like gigantic brown cabbage heads.

Then the French government got up

statistics and discovered that in proportion to the population the deathrate from snakebite was the highest in the world, worse even than in the centre of India. A bounty was offered. Bands of snake hunters went forth to hunt. Some few of them came back.

At this time there was living in St Pierre a former South African. He had seen the great snake-eating secretary bird of that continent, and at a very considerable expense had several pairs of the birds sent to him. His neighbors said he was crazy. They

prophesied that the quickest-witted of the birds would be flying swiftly southeast fifteen seconds after they had first seen a fer-de-lance. The secretary birds were turned loose in the infested districts. Within a month they had grown almost too fat to work

There was a corresponding diminution

of viperine activity. It became quite a common sight to see a fugitive ferde-lance darting across some dusty roadway with the big vulture-like creature in hot pursuit. Occasionally a seven-foot snake would give battle. It always ended one way. The bird would receive the viper's blows on its wings

or heavily feathered breast, meantime dancing upon it with murderous claws, until the venom was enhausted, when a driving peck of the formidable beak would end the battle.

It wasn't long before the people of St. Plerre could till their fields again. As brood after brood of the feathered Africans spread abroad the area of safety widened. Unfortunately the

secretary bird is a very striking individual, and he has a crest of considerable beauty, not to mention his picturesque tail feathers. The young ladles of Martinique desired those feathers as millinery. Therefore the youth of the island set forth to get them. As the secretary bird is some four feet long and a fighter by nature, it is not practicable to catch him and pull out his crest and tail. The Martinique sports went after him with guns and soon the places that had known him knew him no more. Most of the birds were soon

ple, but, when one comes to think, it is curious that the only permanent work of the great soldier-statesmanecclesiastic, Armand Richelieu, was the mayonnaise sauce, which he invented. and that the only idea of the brilliant Cardinal Wolsey, which the world remembers, and still makes use of, was idea-original with him-that

#### Volces of the Ice.

strawberries and cream would go well

together .- San Francisco Bulletin.

The winter of the far north is not wholly silent, although so little life is manifested at that season. A paragraph from Captain Koldewey's account of his winter's stay n the east coast of Greenland, remarks the Youth's Companion, makes this fact very clear:

All these movements of the ice-the gradual crowding and pressing, bending and pushing, the breaking of the masses of snow lying at the "icefcot"-do not go on neiselessly, but are generally accompanied by certain counds, which are called "voices" of the ice.

Now we hear a low singing, splashing or grumbling alternating with various other noises, cracking and snapspecimen of certain infusoria can lie ping: now it sounds irregularly from a great distance, like a confusion of hudivided into 25,000 parts. man voices, the changing din of a train

or a sledging party, or, you fancy you hear the steps and voices of all sorts of animals.

There is a charm in listening these sounds on a still night.

Mere Opinion

The man who is afraid to earn more than he gets never rises very high. No woman can be a heroine to her kitchen maid.

Every man has his price, and it is generally too high.

Pity the old bachelor. If he isn't single because the love of his youth lies in her grave or because he must suppert his widowed mother he is doubly Itinble.

When a woman has said all she has to say she goes right on and says nore.-Chicago ecord-Herald.

point a joint commission of bacteriologists, who will endeavor to discover a cheaper and more simple method of disinfecting hides.

Novel Car Rail.

England has a new rail for street cars which is attracting much attention and differs in some marked re spects from the rail now in use. Its principal part is shaped like a trough turned upside down, and is provided with a suitable depression. over which the flanges of the wheels are

to pass. The trough rests on a suit able foundation, and the street on each side is raised so that it may be on a level with and fit as closely as possible to the sides of the trough. The rails are laid on the track in the

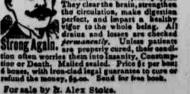
Infinity and Infinitesimality.

Morse shoeing done in the nestest manney ad by the intest improved methods. Re-string of all kinds carefully and promptly ne. EATISFACTION GUARANTERD. HORSE CLIPPING Have just received a complete set of ma-chine horse clippers of istast style '8 pattern ind am prepared to do clipping in the best possible manner at reasonable rates. Jackson St. near Fifth, Reynoldsville, Paordinary fashion, but are connected together in a manner somewhat dif ferent. Experts claim that rails of this type will last at least 20 years. and that no street in which they are

laid is ever injured by them in the regulating medicin DR. PEAL'S To illustrate immensity and minutely, J. E. Gore cites the fact that the nearest fixed star is 271,000 times are prompt safe and certain is result. The genu as far away as the sun, and that a For sale by H. Alex. Stoke.

Dr. N. C. Morse, president of the Iown Association of Railway Surgeons, is the heaviest physician in America, weighing 325 pounds.

WHEN IN DOUNT, TRY Sexincoill ng Again









J. V. YOUNG, Prop.