- There be who are afraid to fear,
 The myrmidens of Hope!
 Their watchword cannot lend me cheer
 'Gainst that with which I cope!
- There is a courage of the lost, Who sail unchartered seas, Past many a firm, or flying coast, and I must sail with these.
- There is a valor of the slain Who strive past mortal sight
 While their spent corses strew the plain,
 and I must night their fight.
- Hast thou that courage of the lost, Past theirs, that reach their goal, Whose'er thou art, I these accost— Thou Comrade of my Soul!
- Thou dost not fear to fear—ah, no l The depths will thou descend; And when thy planet sinketh low Will make of Night a friend!
- Then come! We two are proof, at last, We dare our fears to own; But had our lot with Hope been cast What heart-break had we known!

-The Independent.

A Debt Discharged.

By EDITH BASS.

Who would have thought of seeing you in. I did not reafize that she belonged in Boston just now! I had an idea you to our set. Forgive me, old man, I've were in the White Mountains, or some where equally remote." congratulations."

The man addressed-a tall, broadshouldered individual, with a keen, rather cynical face-turned at greeting, and a rare smile illumined his somewhat heavy features as he recognized the speaker.

"Cyril!" he exclaimed. "My boy, I am glad to see you. You are looking as fine as a fiddle."

"Yes." replied Cyril Carstairs: "I feel tiptop. I only got back from Saratoga last night and you are the one person in the world I wanted to see, I have some news for you."

"News," remarked the elder man, banteringly, as he linked his arm in that of his friend, "why, it's written large in your face, my boy. I can read it in your beaming eyes, and in your faunty walk. You have either won a fortune or you have fallen in love."

colored all over his fair, fresh, young

"Don't chaff, old man, it's no joke ly. She is the loveliest woman I have nature. ever seen, and as good as she is beautiful. And she loves me! Why, man, she might marry anybody. I can hardly believe my good luck."

that? Well, come into the club and tell your father-confessor all about it," fully, half humorously at Carstairs. joice more over your happiness than I, though I wish it had come ten years

Men who only know Londesborough superficially were apt to call him gloomy and taciturn. He certainly was inclined to shun his fellows and live rather a hermit's life; at least, he avoided the society of women, and so had acquired a reputation for unsocfableness. But if there were a tender spot in his heart it was for young Carstairs, a man some fifteen years his junior. They had been friends ever since Carstairs had come to Boston five years before with college honors thick upon him, and had begun to mount the rungs of the journalistic ladder with enviable rapidity. Londesboroughhimself a brilliant writer when he chose to exert himself-had taken a keen interest in the young man's career from the first, and had grown to care for him to an extent of which Cyril himself was quite ignorant. Carstairs was a singularly modest young man, with a frank, lovable nature, and Londesborough, cynical and weary, a man of undeniable talents, but who had somehow not managed to make a success in his life, watched over the future of his protege with an almost fatherly care. Ambition for himsen had died many years before when he was poor and struggling, and the wofor a richer man, but that Cyril's genhear all details of the matrimonial stairs' life.

Seated in the window of the club friend. Cyril launched into a glowing description of his flancee

Londesborough ticked off the particulars on his ungers in a cold-blooded fashion that made Carstairs squirm.

"Item, red-golden hair; item, two violet eyes; item, a creamy complexion and dimples—a dangerous combination by boy. I have met it before and face. it's rarely to be trusted. However, we will let that pass for the moment, and come to more practical details-age. position, name, etc."

Cyril hesitated. Well, she is a bit older than I am, 28 I think she said, out you'd never take her for a day over twenty-two or three. As for position, she is a lady, and wealthy as far as I could see. She dresses perfectly, and has a maid, and al. her appointments were in absolute Mason, and, by the by, she's a widow."

"Whew!" A look of anxiety came into Londesborough's deep set gray eyes. "A rich widow with red hair and dimples, discovered at Homburg! Forgive me, old man, but I wish it didn't sound quite so-er-well, quite so-er

"My dear Hugh, I assure you you are making a great mistake," said Cyril. member you are speaking of my prom-with an assumption of reproving dig-ised wife. You may have known Vera nity that would have amused the older man had he not been so uneasy. "Mrs. the past does not give you the right fonk-Mason is not an adventuress, as you seem to imagine, but a lady who has done me infinite honor by promis- Londesborough, in a hollow tone. ing to be my wife. Why, she knows heaps of the people we don't know; the De Bretons and the Vivians, and they all think her charming. It was Fane Wolstenhoume who introduced

"Oh, well, that does certainly after Cyril grew very white, but his lips antiers a little; I imagined she was a tightened into a determined line.

"Hullo, Londesborough, old chap! stranger, and was possibly taking you no doubt she's all she should be, and I offer the lady and you my heartlest

The two men shook hands affectionately and there was a moment's si-lence. Cyril's thoughts were in the future, that golden future which he was to spend with Vera by his side. Londesborough's lips were curved in a grim smile, and he gazed straight in front of him. He did not see the busy tide of life flowing down Tremont street nor the trees in Boston Common, with their yellow autumn leaves He was back in the nast. He saw himself young, and eager and hopeful like Cyril, working night and day to make a home for the woman he loved. She, too, had had violet eves and dimples, but not red hair. Hers was of the palest gold, making a veritable halo for her perfect face. How he had gloried in her beauty! How he had slaved so The boy-for he was little more- that when they were married he would be able to give her the luxuries she loved. Then he remembered the night her letter came, the few words which this time. I'm bowled over complete- had changed his whole life, his whole

"Hugh, I love you, but I love wealth and luxury still more. I could not bear to be a poor man's wife, and your own exertions would never make you "Great Scott! has it gone as far as rich enough to content me. Herbert Mason has been bothering me weeks to marry him, ever since he besaid Londesborough looking half wist- came the sole heir of his wealthy father. At last I have yielded, and when You know there is no one who will re- you get this I shall be his wife. I shall not ask you to forgive me. I only hope

you may forget." He had neither forgiven nor forgotten, but since that day he had taken no woman's hand in his in aught but the merest conventional politeness. A half-unconscious prayer arose to his lips that Cyril's Vera might be as unlike as possible to Ethel Fortescue-the whose falseness had wrecked woman

his life. Cyril's voice aroused him from his reverie.

"You'll be my best man, won't you, Hugh?" "By all means, dear boy. Is the hap-

py event to be soon?" "In about two months, I hope, We have nothing to wait for, and I mean

to start house hunting at once." "And when does Mrs. Monk-Mason return to town?" "Not for three weeks," replied Cy-

ril, with a heavy sigh. "She is staying with some friends in Keene, New Hampshira. She is sending me her photograph tomorrow. I shall bring it around for your inspection. "Yes, do. Come and dine with me on

"Right you are," and with another hearty handshake, the two men parted.

Dinner had been comfortably discusman he loved had thrown him over were sitting before a glowing fire in peaceful content with themselves and should have fair play, and that the world in general. Hugh was lishe should win fame and fortune, was tening sympathetically, while Cyril ratnow Londesborough's keenest wish. He tied on about his approaching marwas full of eagerness, therefore, to riage, of the flats he had seen, the "bijou residences" he had inspected. At plans which would make or mar Car- length he drew a case from his pocket, and handed a photograph to his

> "There she is," he said, proudly; "that is my Vera."

> He waited confidently for a hearty expression of admiration, but he heard instead a gasp of surprise, and looking at Londesborough saw that he was gazing with white face and staring, horrified eyes at the beautiful pictured

"Hugh, old man, what is it? Are you ill?"

Londesborough passed his hand

across his eyes. "Ill? No. I must be mad or dreaming. Cyril, explain! This is not Vera Monk-Mason-it is Ethel Fortescue!" "Was Ethel Fortescue, you mean," replied Cyril, calmly. "She is called Ethel, but I prefer Vera, her second name. And she was a Miss Fortescue before she married Herbert Mason, she good taste. Her name is Vera Monk- told me so. The 'Monk' was added when he came into some property. Did you know her? You look as if you had

> seen a ghost." "Good heavens!" burst from Londes borough's white lips. "Then she is the same woman, the same false, mercen-

ary lttle flend who-" "Stop, Londesborough," interpose Carstairs, in a commanding voice. "Reised wife. You may have known Vera years ago, but whatever happened in

to insult her in my presence now."
"You don't understand, Cyril," said must tell you. Thank God! It is not too late. You have never heard the story of my life, but you shall now. When I was just about your age it was wrecked cruelly and heartlessly

that woman.

"Old man," he said, quietly, "I nevor believe in raking up the peat. I am sorry, heartily sorry, that it was Vera who caused you pain, but what she did ten or more years ago cannot affect me now. I love her so well that I will hear nothing but what she choose to

"But I insist on telling you. You cannot marry her, Cyril. She is absolutely unworthy of you, she would

spoil your life. Her behavior to me was shameful." Cyril faced his friend with a stern

light in his dark blue eyes. "Hugh," he said, "I don't want to quarrel with you, so if you value our friendship you will be silent. The past is done with, the present and the fut-ure are mine." He laid his hand on Londesborough's shoulder. "Don't let us speak of this again, old man. I want to keep your friendship as well as my wife's love."

but Londesborough did not stir. It was all too horrible to think that of all women in the world, Cyril should have set his heart on Ethel-Ethel. who must be at least ten years his senior, and who was false and selfish to the core. The marriage must not take place-at all costs he must prevent it. When the first glamour of a boy's hot-headed love was over, he knew only too well the bitter disillusfonment and suffering that would fellow. Yet if he were to interfere, Cyril

would never forgive him. Unsteadily and with set face, Lon desborough paced far into the night, wrestling with the problem that faced him, and when the morning broke his resolution was taken. He would not stand by and see his friend's whole career spoiled. He knew too well what little chance of happiness there would be for such an ill-mated pair. Even if it cost what was to him the dearest thing in the world-Cyril's affectionhe must contrive to put an end to the engagement. To insist on telling Cyril, would, he knew, be useless; he must try what an appeal to Ethel herself would do, and without further hesitation Londesborough made his preparations to leave town at once.

It was the afternoon of the next day when Londesborough stood face to face with the woman he had prayed never to see again. In contrast to his lined and haggard face her beauty appeared all the more brilliant, and even in the midst of his trouble he found himself wondering how 1.me had dealt so lightly with her.

But it was art and not nature that had given Mrs. Monk-Mason her redhair and smooth skin, and that made the widow of thirty-five look like a girl in her twenties.

The sudden appearance in the New Hampshire village of the man she had jilted so heartlessly somewhat disconcerted Vera, and it was with evident nervousness that she greeted him.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," she egan, hurriedly, in that soft, low voice the very tone of which re-opened still further the wound that had never healed. "I hardly recognized you. Are you staying in the neighborhood?"

Londesborough pulled himself together, away from the memories of the past that had threatened to overwhelm him at the sight of her face, and his set lips unclosed.

"No." he said, "I have come from town on purpose to see you, but I am afraid you will not find my visit a pleasure when you hear the reason. I have come to ask you to break off your engagement with Cyril Carstairs."

"Break off my engagement with Cywhat right do you-

"Never mind my right," he interrupted. "Cyril is my friend, and you are not fit to be his wife." him?" asked the woman, softly, but

her bosom heaved angrily, and she elenched her white hands together. "Would you like me to tell him how you treated me?" went on the stern voice. "Would you like the young man's pride and faith in you shattered and broken? He believes you 'as good as you are beautiful' "-with a bitter sneer. "Let him keep some of his illusions. You can find a good reason

for breaking off the engagement without breaking his heart.

"And supposing I refuse?"
"Then I must tell him everything." "He would not listen. Besides, after all, what have you to tell him? That I jitted you fifteen years ago. He loves me too well to give me up for that."

Londesborough bit his lips. Did he not know how loyal and devoted her young lover was? He turned to her

"Is there no love on your side that should make you pause? Cyril is young, brilliant, on the threshold of a great career. You are the last wom-an in the world he should marryheartless, mercenary, with no thoughts but of pleasure and admiration. Is it not enough that you have wrecked one man's life, but that you should want to will tire of him in six months, he is not your sort," he added, bitterly. Why should you want to marry him?

-you do not love him." "He is so young, and fresh and ar dent," she said, thoughtfully. "So chivalrous and devoted. I am so tired of the men who run after my money, so sick of the hohowness and sham I meet on every side."

There was the ring of sincerity in her voice, and Londesborough found himself wondering: Had she a heart after all?

"But you are right," she went on, "I do not love him in that way. There is only one man I ever loved like that. Hugh." she said, with a little gasp, "I will throw Cyril over if you will marry

Londesborough started back with a gesture of horror and repulsion.

"I always loved you," she cries fercely, "and I have repented—oh! have never ceased repenting—that treated you so badly."

"I marry you!" cried Londesborough, in a hoarse voice. "God forbid!" He looked at the purple hillside on which they were standing. "My love for you is dead," he said. "As dead as last year's flowers."

A long silence followed.

At last the woman turned to him, the violet of her eyes drenched in a mist of unshed tears.

"I will do as you wish, Hugh," she said, in a low voice, "I will break of my engagement with Cyril. Poor boy! -he will feel it badly for a time, but he will get over it. He is not the kind that suffers long. It is you-you who have suffered," she went on, passion-ately, looking at his hollow cheeks, his dark hair sprinkled with gray, "and through my fault. I will make what The door closed softly behind him, reparation I can-I will pay my debt to you. For your sake, Hugh, not for his. I will give up my chivalrous young lover who believes in me, and perhaps some day you may think less hardly of me than you do now."

Her voice broke-Londesborough, deeply moved, bent forward and took

her hands in his,
"Thank you," he said, gently. There was a long pause. Vern was struggling to regain her composure, and Londesborough was fighting a battle with himself. At last he spoke:

"I have been unjust to you-I did not

redit you with one good impulse. We have both something to forgive." He looked at the woman whom he had loved so madly, and for a moment Cyril was forgotten. Then he remem-

"You will hurt him as little as you can," he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I will be very gentle with him. He shall keep his faith in me—and in you. You shall not lose your friend.

"I am very grateful to you," he said, and then he raised her hand to his lips.

But Vera lifted her face wistfully to his, and for the last time on earth their lips met in a kiss of forgiveness.

As the man walked away he noticed on the roadside, in a patch of green, one solitary sprig of white, and he thought the flower of love may die. they may spring up from among the fallen petals the white blossom of tenderness and charity, which softens all bitterness and anger, and proves anew the "soul of goodness in things evil." -New York Weekly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The sultan of Turkey requires that all state documents and papers in tended for his perusal shall first pass through a careful process of disinfec-

Hungarian peasants have a supersti tion that fire kindled by lightning can only be extinguished with milk, and owing to their refusal to use water a barn with a farmer's whole hay crop has been burned in one of the prov

Ordinarily a diver is able to remain under water from one to two and a half minutes. James Finny, a professional diver, in London, stayed under wa ter four minutes and 29 seconds. Pro fessor Enochs stayed under water at Lowell, Mass., for four minutes and 46 seconds. Professor Beaumont of Australia made a record of four minutes and 35 seconds.

"Oyex, Oyez, Oyez! Lost, a steam roller!" Such was the ery with which the town orier recently awoke the slumberous echoes of Axminster. The tioned by the local highway board for road-repairing purposes, but although it had been sent, and although tons of macadam had been laid on the roads up. So the town crier was sent out, and he "cried" the lost engine so effectually that it soon afterwards made its appearance in the town.

More than 300 meteorites from outer space are seen in the National museum at Washington, their range in weight being from a few ounces to 6000 pounds. The monster one roughened from its surface, being melted by friction with the earth's atmosphere. One weighing 1400 pounds is almost pure iron. Precious metals are not found in these aerial excursionists, but microscopic diamonds are sometimes formed by combustion with the earth's atmosphere They are made up from iron, nickel sulphur, carbon, phosphorous, oxygen, silicon, magnesium, aluminum and calcium.

Accounts of early writers show that squirrels must formerly have been amazingly numerous. Golman says that the gray coat was a fearful securge to the colonial farmers and spoil this trusting young fellow's? You that Pennsylvania paid £8000 in bounties for their scalps in 1749 alone. This meant the destruction of 640,000 within a comparatively small district In the early days of western settlement regular hunts were organized by the inhabitants, who would range the woods in two companies from morning till night vying as to which band should bring home the greatest number of trophies. The quantities thus killed are almost incredible now

Automobiles in Spain.

An automobile service has been es tablished between quite a number of smaller towns in Andalusia. Both freight and passengers are carried, and the service is said to give very satisfactory results. Some of the freight automobiles have been constructed in Spain, while those for the passenger traffic are chiefly of French origin.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Bobby Walthour, the speedy cyclist, has given up the racing game. Lou Dillon, the two-minute trotter will be given a let-up for the time

Hans Wagner is credited with throwtwenty inches.

Fanny Dillard paced a mile in 2.03% in a race at Columbus, Ohio, beating the best time record for mares. The Austrian Automobile Club has signified its intention to participate in

the international cup race of 1904. In a hard-fought same Memphis de-feated Atlanta and by a parrow margin won the Southern League pennant from Little Rock.

Iver Lawson and Floyd MacFarland have sailed from San Fancisco of Australia, where both will appear in all the big bicycle meets,

Steps toward the formation of a national automobile body were taken at meetings of the American Automobile Club of America.

Cycler Joseph Kopsky, of the Century Road Club of America, made a new record for 100 miles on the road. He completed the century in 5 hours 23 minutes and 40 seconds. The veteran golfer, Paul Waterman,

continues to be heard from occasionally in tournament play. He plays regu-larly in the South during the winter and in the mountains during the warm weather. Despite the absence of many candidates of the giant class, the sponsors of the Harvard football team are be-

ginning to entertain hopes of turning out an eleven that will give Yale a hard rub for the championship. American golfers are showing less and less liking for the stymie. Every old Scot will teil you it's "no golf" without the stymie, but for all that it's clearly such a matter of chance that many believe it should no longer figure

LABOR WORLD.

many believe it should no lo in match play competitions.

Longshoremen in China earn thirty The National Mine Workers of America now have 325,000 members.

Retail meat cutters are endeavoring

Korea, the Azores and Portugal are to be drawn upon for labor in Hawaiian cane fields.

Minnesota painters, decorators and paper hangers have formulated plans for a State organization. Rumors of further trouble are affont

In connection with the engineering trade in the Clyde (Eng.) district. Chinese barbers work on percentage, the employer receiving seventy per cent, of the earnings and the journey-

Roofers' and sheet metal workers' strike at Montreal, Can., has been settled by the employers agreeing to the new scale of wages. At Minneapolis, Minn., an agreement

men thirty.

between the upholsterers' union and the employers has been signed and will become effective November 1. Present indications lead the labor unions of Indianapolis, Ind., to believe that they can begin the erection of labor temple by January 1, 1904.

There is a strong movement through out Connecticut to have one union of telegraphers which will comprise all the union telegraphers of the State Street car men-at El Paso, Texas, are as well organized as those of any other

city in Texas, although their union has only been in existence since last Octo-ber. Eleven of the twenty-nine master plumbers of Pawtucket, R. I., have signed an agreement with the journey-men in which wages are raised from \$3 to \$3.50 a day.

The first union organized in the State of Iowa was formed in 1858. It was not until 1865 that the second was organized. There are now 829 unions. with 48,400 members.

Biggest Farm in the Southwest. The Oklahomans claim to have the argest farm in the Southwest. It is the 101 ranch in the Ponca reserva tion, and is so big that it is neces sary to plant several varieties of wheat in it—one of which ripens several days later than the other—in or der that all of them may be harvest ed at their prime. On this farm the wheat fields are of 1,000 acres each. the cattle pastures are of 1,000 to 1,500 acres each, and pasture 6,000 head an nually; the corn rows are one and a half miles long, requiring 500 mules and 300 men to handle the crop, and it takes 30 self-binders three weeks to cut the wheat crop and a dozen more steam threshers 40 days to thresh it There are 50,000 acres in the ranch.

The Council of Scottish Associations in London recently passed a resoluof the kilt and distinctions of the Highland regiments. Lord Roberts to whom the resolution was forwarded replies that there is no intention to in-terfere with the dress and specific tartans of the Highland regiments, except that the color of the service dress must be like that of the rest of the army.

An elephant's jaw has been unearth ed in Halleck canyon, Wyoming.

The LATEST FASHIONS IN GENT'S CLOTHING

The newest, finest cloths, the latest designs, all the most fashionable cuts for the summer season. Call at our shop and see samples of cloth—a complete line—and let us convince you that we are the leaders in our line. Reasonable prices always and satisfaction guaranteed.

Johns & Thompson.

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 al-ways be found right.

Its departments are all well filled, and among the specialties handled may be meationed 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.

HANAU

I am closing out my stock of dry goods and clothing and ladies and gents' furnishing goods at 25 per cent less than cost. Am going to quit business



First National Bank

OF REYNOLDSVILLE. Capital \$50,000

Surplus \$25,000 Scott McClelland, President; J. C. King, Vice President; John M. Kaucher, Cashie

Directors John H. Corbett J. H. Kaucher G. W. Fuller R. H. Wilson

Does a general banking business and solicite
the accounts of merchants, professional men
farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and
others, promising the most careful attention
to the business of all persons.
Bafe Deposit Boxes for rent.
First National Bank building, Nolas block Fire Proof Vault.

____GO TO___ BON TON

BAKERY

JOHN H. BAUM, Prop.,

For good first-class baked goods such as fine Marble Cake, English Wine Fruit Cake, French Fruit Deviled Cake, Angel Cake, Lady Fingers Jelly Drops, Kisses, Maroons and lots of other good cakes. A fine selection of all kinds of cookies; a good line of Fresh Bread and Parker House Rolls, Buns, Coffee Cakes. A nice selection of pies always on hand.

Weddings and Parties & Specialty. Give us a Co.

EVERY WOMAN something post in the property of PENNYROYAL PILLS, are prompt cafe and certaints result. The gave For sale by M. Alex. Proke.

Statistics show that in 50 years the average height of British men has given an inch. The present average height for a man of 30 is 5 feet 81/2

Six hundred men are regularly em-

BUSINESS CARDS.

G. M. McDONALD. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents ecured, collections made promptly. Office a Syndicate building, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. Resident dentist. In the Hoover building

TR. L L MEANS, DENTIST,

Office on second floor of First National bank ratiding, Main street. DR. R. DEVERE KING. DENTIST,

State Bids. Main street Reynoldsville, Pa-DR. W. A. HENRY.

Office on second floor of Heary Bree. brish E. NEFF.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

and Roal Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa-CMITH M. MOOREIGHT. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Notary Public and Real Estate Agent, scrions will receive prompt attention. In Froehlich & Heury block, near post Reyneldsville Pa.

AT **YOUNG'S** PLANING MILL

You will find Sash, Doors, Frames and Finish of all kinds, Rough and Dressed Lumber, High Grade Var-nishes, Lead and Oil Colors in all shades. And also an overstock of Nails which I will sell cheap.

J. V. YOUNG, Prop.

