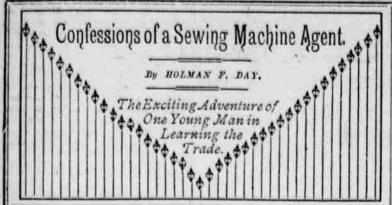
THE FLOWER.

There is a flower we cannot find,
Whose home is on a hight,
Some mountain peak of soul or mind
Above our veiled sight.

Our eyes the vision cannot hold, So beautiful and fleet, The petals of perpetual gold, The perfume heavenly sweet.

And thus we know the wondrous flower
By dust of earth unstained,
Was born in some celestial hour
And called The Unattained,

-William H. Hayne, in the Independent.



store and postoffice, almost any sort of change was a welcome one. The monotony of the slup-slop of the molasses-hogshead's bung

was accentuated by the tedium of the everlasting gab of the old men who ant behind the stove. There were also the never-censing complaints at the wicket by the patrons whose mail averaged a postal-card and a medicinecircular a week. I wanted to be out and away.

From the outside the job of a sewingmachine agent looked like a fairly pleasant one. The agents that drove our way rode in handsomely painted wagons, and the harness was pretty well nickeled up. I questioned one of these agents one day. He told me that business they would like. But that didn't discourage me. The general agent of a sewing-machine company came along that way to collect some old snags of bills, and I hired with Father and brother helped me by "going on" a bond of one thousand dollars. The company fitted me out with a sample machine, horse and team, and put me with another agent to learn the business.

A man who couldn't learn the business with that fellow wouldn't be able to learn anything. It seems strange that I never have heard from or about him in late years. A star of his luminosity ought to be shining above the business horizon with an effulgence to be seen of all men.

First of all he taught me how to sew plain, but especially how to use the "attachments."

"That's what catches the womenfolks every time," said he; "the attachments. They'll never use them in a dog's age, but they must have them. You would think, to hear the women chine so as to tuck and ruffle and hem and furbelow. So you must give them all the tricks of the machine. And you must also sew the baby's old shoe, and run a cigar-box cover through under the tread, and take a few stitches in a tin can, not necessarily because tin cans are to be fashionable articles of apparel next season, but because it is a guarantee of good faith. And It also gives the agent an opportunity to talk. Never stop talking. Keep your vocal treadle going."

Well, after a few days of instruction, Carter-that was his name-took me out for a canvassing trip. He no sign, picked one side of the street in the watch him and see how he did it. He was what he said. directed me to keep my eye on him. He told me he had been selling sewingmachines ever since he was big enough to lug one of the old-fashioned handcrank ones into a country sitting-

Therefore, like a dutiful pupil, I stood on the other side of the street that house as I didn't have the heart and watched him. Cater yanked to walk up the steps. But setting my tt grated out yawkingly. I always was the next house, and rang the bell imaginative. The sound of that bell. I tried to get a smile on my face as attachment made me wager in my I had seen Carter do. I am rather mind that an ugly woman lived in that house. But Carter seemed valiant around for the proper expression, when enough. He braced back his shoulders, tugged at the lapels of his coat. his throat and waited. The woman of the house rattled at the key inside. had St. Vitus' dance. She looked and then opened the door. She had frightened. I was so embarrassed one of those square heads with little wispy fringes of hair bobbing on her

"Good-afternoon, madam," said Carter, speaking clearly so that I might hear him. "This is lovely weather for this time of year. Here is my card. have had a letter from my people in New York asking me to call and see you. I would like to explain our sewing-machine-

The woman slammed the door in his face, and both of us heard the bolt of the lock go "click." She didn't say Carter looked at the door a moment, and then turned around and looked at me. I laughed. I could feel the red go up over my face at the same time, because I was embarrassed for his sake. But Carter only grimaced. He grinned over at me as though were enjoying it. I wondered how could have the heart to be chip-

"Business woman, isn't she?" he remarked, cheerfully. "Guess, I'll be obliged to sell her a machine now,

He walked right around to the back oor, and I sidled down the sidewalk was to keep my eye on him. There was no bell at the back door, so he rapped good and hard. The woman-ranked the door open, and said something short. Then she tried to shut the

O me, a clerk in a country I door, but Carter stuck his toe in . He was smiling very sweetly. He had one of the most innocent and winning

smiles you ever saw.
"My dear madam," he said, "you must have misunderstood me a mo ment ago, but I'm sure a woman of your standing in the community would not be rude to a gentleman. I assure you I did not ask you for a piece of cold pumpkin-pie. It may have sound ed as though I said that, but believe me, that was not the idea at all."

The woman started to say something, but Carter didn't give her the opportunity.

"I pray you don't - don't apologize, he cried. "It's all right. madam," Ladies do frequently think I am asking for cold pie. Perfectly natural mistake, I assure you. You will note for folks who liked that kind of a that when I smile I have a real coaxing business it would be just the kind of mouth for pic." mouth for pie."

Carter gave the woman one of his sweetest efforts in the smile line. "But I mustn't bother you by talking

about pie," he continued. "You un derstand I'm really here on business. You know there are different kinds of business. I would prefer to be running a New York department store, and have my customers come to me. but in the stress of present circumstances I am obliged to go to my customers. I do not enjoy transacting business on the door-step, for the neighbors are very inquisitive in all places. It is ridiculous what stories the neigh bors will start sometimes. Once I was kept talking on the door-step for some time, and it got reported around the place that the So-and-sos were hard up financially, for an agent of a col-lecting firm had been at their place, and a real wrangle occurred on the door-step. I very much prefer to do all my talking in the house." Again did Carter lavish his radiant smile. His manner was so ingratiating and his quiet waggishness so won upon talk, that they were buying the ma- her that she relaxed her hold on the door. He took off his hat, and saying "By your leave!" he went in. As the door closed I could hear him start in on his sewing-machine "oration."

I walked slowly along, pondering that in all probability the woman would annihilate him as soon as she got him cornered in the sitting-room I couldn't understand the gall of a man who could do the thing that Carter had just maneuvered. I looked back once or twice, half expecting Carter to come flying out through one of the windows. But whatever the tragedy that was occurring within, the outside walls gave

Carter had told me that when he was willage where we landed, and I took safely inside the house I was to go and ever felt so wholly like passing in my the other side. That was so I could do likewise. "Just follow my hand," resignation as I did when I staggered said, 'Auntie, how glad I am to see

Really, I had half a mind to jump the whole business right then and there. I couldn't picture myself bracing through such an ordeal as Carter had just faced so valiantly. I saw a woman sitting in the window of the first house on my way. I burried past briskly on the door-bell knob, and teeth, I went to the front door of sour-visaged. I was twisting my face the door was suddenly flung open, and there stood the woman of the house. pulled out an advertising-card, cleared By the manner in which my face was working she must have concluded I that my usually sour countenance must have seemed demoniac. I had been thinking of Carter's speech to the other woman, trying to remember how funny it had sounded. I hoped to bring up a smile in that way. Now, in my excitement, I blurted out, "Ah, good morning, madam; this is a lovely afternoon. You may think by my looks that I want a sewing-machine to eat

but I assure you I have called merely to sell you some pie. I-that is-Well, you ought to have seen that woman look at me. I could tell from her eye that she thought I lived in a padded cell at home. But I kept myself from falling off the steps, and before the woman had time to escape, I blundered out the whole story-how l had been watching Carter down the street, and how I had mixed up what he had said to the other woman. It tickled her. She was a brisk little woman, with a snappy way of speak-ing, and she invited me right in, and wanted me to tell the story over to

some women who were calling. Before the laugh died out the wo confided that it was queer I should come along that day, for she had been thinking about getting a new ma-chine. Oh, didn't I talk to that woman then! If I could sell a machine. idn't I crow over Carter, the old

to the point where she said she wou look at the machine, I concluded that I had struck the one proper vocation of my Hre. I hustled out, ran down to the hotel, and drove our team up to the woman's door. I unloaded the ma chine, and ten minutes later had made arrangements to leave it three weeks on trial. The woman said she knew well enough she would like it, and would keep it.

Then I treated myself to a cigar and waited at the hotel for Carter to show up. I walked to meet him with

my hat on one side. "Well, I sold her a machine," said he, running his fingers around inside his collar, and then wiping his brow. "What? Not that royal Asiatic

tiger!" I cried. "To that same rampageous female." he replied, with immense satisfaction "We'll drive up and deliver it."

"Well, I've been doing some business on my own hook," I said. "I sold the machine we brought with us, and I have delivered it."

"Cash or installment?" Carter asked looking at me in some astonishment. "Well, the whole trade isn't exactly elenched," I admitted, "but it's the same thing. She has taken it for three weeks on trial, and says she'll probably

"Who ?" "Mrs. Peter Scott-lives up nearly opposite your woman."

First Carter sat down and laughed. then he made some remarks that were extremely ungentlemanly. I didn't like such talk, and I told him as much

"You blamed fool," he shouted. "that woman has worked every sewing-machine agent who has come along -when he has been gullible enough It's her old trick. She will never buy a sewing-machine, for she doesn't need one. She does her sewing each season on the machines that the fool agents leave there on trial. Now you go right up and take back that machine. She'll claw you down in good shape, but it will teach you to look out for the snides after this. You'll find as a general rule that the really good customers always cut up rough at the start-off. Now bustle right up and get that machine."

I refused to go, but Carter insisted, I said I'd throw up my job, but Car-ter reminded me of some of the items in my bond. So there was no help

for it, and I set off up the street. I found the woman hard at work at the machine. She was making the most of the golden moments. I suppose Carter, with his tact and knowledge of the business, could have eased the machine away without the riot that I percipitated. Carter told me afterward that he could have provided me with half a dozen little tricks that experienced agents play to get machines away from suspicious parties, but he wanted me to be dressed down in good shape. He said it was the only way to learn the sewing-machine business. I learned right there in ten minutes with that woman more facts of a personal nature than some young men find out in a college course. When I discovered that I was no good in joint debate, I simply dared fate and picked up the machine. Did you ever see a king-bird tackle a crow. and chase the big fellow down across the sky? Well, that was it! She buzzed around me, and cuffed my ears all the way to the front gate. It was extremely amusing for the neighbors and for Carter, who stood looking on.

In the years since then I have tackled cross husbands, made collections under the guns, raced rival agents, steeled my heart and taken machines away from the poor and the wretched, forced up to the wagon with that hornet in you!" "That wasn't a lie, mamma," petticonts giving me things that are not served at five o'clock teas. Why did I stay in the business? Well, I belonged to the State militia, and the first principle of soldiering is never to resign under fire.-Woman's Home

An Accident. "What's the matter, Johnnie?" asked a small boy, as Johnnie emerged from

"Frightful accident," replied Johnnie "No! What was it?"

the house crying.

Companion.

"Well, you see, I was talking to mother and I got mad and sassed

"Yos." "And then she started after me."

"Yes." "And I ran all over the house, and down into the yard, and round that; and then into the woodshed, you

know-"Yes; go on." "Well, I was runnin' under full

steam, you see." "Yes, yes; of course." "And I ran into an open switch The old gentleman was in the woodshed with one. Terrible accident on that road, I can tell you. Tracks ain't cleared yet. No; I don't believe I'll sit

on the fence."-Chicago Post.

The Instructive Butler. All the guests, with one exception. at a recent gathering of a portion of Washington swelldom were quietly amused because of an embarrassing occurrence in connection with which the exception mentioned figured as the victim. The exception was a lady well equipped with "airs." Ice-cream had been served, when she requested of the butler, in tones rather loud:

"Please let me have a spoon." "Beg pardon, mum," replied the utier, in voice dignified but equally as loud, "but we are using forks, not

spoons, for ices this season."

The other guests made believe they badu't heard, but they had, and some of them repeated the remarks.—Washington Star.

MANHINE AND SHADDER

Ef it wasn't fer our trials,
Would our blessin's be complete?
Et it wasn't fer the shadders,
Would the sun shine out so sweet?
The rose of rarest beauty
Often has the sharpest thorn."—
The man that said that told the
Gospel truth, ea sure's you're born?

The crops 'ud come up missin'
Ef we never had no rain,
We'd never know life's sweetness
Ef it wan't fer death 'n' pain.
When yer walkin' in the sunshine,
Some un else is in the night.
Sunshine allus will make shadders;
Shadders makes the sunshine bright.

ingles

"How late do you usually sleep or Sunday morning?" "Well, it all de "Depends on what?" the length of the sermon."-Philadel-

His praises everybe ly sings.
He is esteemed in many lands.
He has a way of saying things
That no one really understands.
—Washington Star.

Wife-"I wish we had a nice large country place, where I could give a lawn party." Husband-"Just for the pleasure of inviting some of your friends, ch?" Wife-"Well, yes; and the pleasure of not inviting some."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Wife-"I dreamed last night that I was in a store that was just full of the lovellest bonnets, and-" Hus band (hastily)-"But that was only a dream, my dear." Wife-"I knew that before I woke up, because you bought me one."-Philadelphia Press.

"Mr. Nozzleton," she said, "if you to hug and kiss me again, I shall call papa." "Where is your father?" he asked. "He's in the Yellowstone Park and will be beyond mail or telegraphic communication for three weeks."-Chicago Record-Herald.

"Our front fence wants painting badly," said the head of the matrimonial combine. "I'll take a day off next week and paint it myself." "Well," rejoined the other portion of the outfit, "I'm sure no one is capable of painting it worse."—Portland Express.

"Blessings often come disguised."
Said the man with troubles harrying.
"Poverty, though never prized,
Often keeps a man from marrying."
—Philadelphia Record.

"I should think you would be ambitious for political distinction." "No," answered Mr. Cumrox, "I don't care for it. My daughter has studied painting, and her pictures of me are funny enough without calling in the aid of any professional cartoonist."-Wash-Ington Star.

"How inconsistent you are." ex-claimed the tomcat, dodging the pro-fessor's bootjack. "What? How?" gasped the startled professor. "Why." said the cat, "you teach poetry and literature and all that during the day. and yet here you are trying to dis my mews." - Philadelphia courage Ledger.

"One Government insists on pulling me one way," said the Sultan, gloom ily, "and the next is tugging in the opposite direction." The eminent counsellor bowed his head as an indorse ment of the opinion. "Well, what I want to know is this: What am I in this Turkey-the wishbone?"-Wash-Ington Star.

"Agatha," said her mother, "I don' like to hear a daughter of mine tell even a conventional lie. You know by grim orders from headquarters, even a conventional lie. You know but under no circumstances have I you can't bear Aunt Becky, and yet answered Agatha. "That was an exclamation."-Chicago Tribune.

Largest Auto in the World.

The largest automobile ever built is harvester and "auto" combined and is used in Southern California. It is equal to sixty horses and goes at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, mowing a swath thirty-six feet wide, putting up the grain in finished shape. threshing, etc.

The machine is sixty feet long and thirty feet wide. The motive power is furnished by oil. It is such an expensive "harvest hand" that one farmer cannot, of course, own it alone, but is the property of a company, and goes from one farm to another. Eight men are required to run it. As the machine starts off the grain begins falling in sacks on the opposite side from where it is cut and the straw drops into a cart behind.

Three machines sent to Russia for work on the steppes were delayed in China and captured by the Boxers. There they remained for a couple of years, but they are now in Russia and considered an American wonder.-Washington Star.

When the Fish Leaped.

Professor Charles W. Oldrieve's dynamite bombs, thrown into the sea while he was giving an exhibition of walking in wooden shoes on the water at Revere Beach carnival, caused thousands of fish to leap into the air in plain sight of the great crowds of people who lined the shore. It was a feature not down on the programme but was curiously interesting. Oldrieve and his wife rowed with some difficulty out through the breakers, then he put on his wooden shoes, climbed out of the boat and began walking on the surface of the water. When he threw the first bomb, the explosion sent a column of water high in the air. There was a momentary calm, then fish came leaping out of the water all around the spot for some distance. The same thing happened when later bombs were exploded. Apparently no fish were killed.—Besten Transcript.

While in the Arctic region trying to reach the North Pole the Duke of the Abruzzi was told this tale of the adventures of a young Esquiman, who had secretly courted the daughter of an enemy. The lints of the lovers were not far removed, but one night the terrific cold ripped a great crevasse in the ice, and the young man's house was left isolated. A gorge 100 feet deep and twenty feet wide separated it from the igioo, or hut, containing his sweetheart, but there was a narrow bridge of ice left across the crevasse, and this, the young man found, would bear his weight.

Esquimaux sleep in bags. The lover decided that he would that night cross the ice bridge, steal the maiden he loved, bear her to his hut, and then break down the bridge, so that he and she together might enjoy their honeymoon unmolested.

He planned very successfully. He crept in the dead of night into his enemy's hut; he snatched up the maiden in her sack without awaking any one; he bore her over the ice bridge safely, broke down the bridge according to his plan, and then he opened the sack to embrace his bride. But, beholding its contents, he gave a loud cry. It was not the maiden, but her father, that he had stolen.—Tit-Bits.

On a Cash Basis Only.

A very eminent physician had cured a little child of a dangerous illness. The grateful mother turned her steps toward the house of her son's saviors.

"Doctor," she said, "there are som services which cannot be repaid. I really don't know how to express my gratitude. I thought you would, per haps, be so kind as to necept this purse, embroidered by my own hands.

"Madam," replied the doctor, coldly medicine is no trivial affair, and our visits are only to be rewarded in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendships; but they do not sustain our families."

"But, doctor," said the lady, alarmed and wounded, "speak-tell me the fee,"

"Two hundred dollars, madam." The lady opened the embroidered purse, took out five bank notes of \$100 each, gave two to the doctor, but the remaining three back in the purse, bowed coldly and departed.-Philadelphia Ledger.

For Another Gent.

A gentleman who is a keen sports man but an execrable marksman some time ago was with a shooting party and had the misfortune to half cripple a guide. After the experience the head guide took extra precautions for the safety of himself and others. On the occasion of the gentleman's last visit the man who usually attended him happened to be ill, so another was substituted. The new man was not allowed to take up his position until he had received his instructions from the head guide himself. Toward the close of a busy day, during which the gen-tleman had been distinctly unfortunate-having hit nothing-he was told by his keeper that his ammunition was expended, "Indeed!" he exclaimed espying a number of cartridges in the bag, "then what are those?" stammered the man, "them's not for you, sir. They're for another gent. They've got bullets in 'em."-Kansas City Independent.

Savings of Soldiers.

The annual report of the Auditor for the War Department shows that during the year enlisted men of the army made 121,709 deposits under the act of May 15, 1872, amounting to \$3, 751,616, and that 158,179 were withdrawn, amounting to \$4,802,190, upon which the depositors received \$262,378 Interest.

During the year the sum of \$743,139 was placed to the credit of the permanent fund of the home under the act of March 3, 1883, being the amount retained from pay of enlisted men of the United States army on account of twelve and one-half-cent fund, fines by general court-martial, and amounts due deserters at large and dishonor ably discharged soldiers.-Washington Post.

Farming in the City. Eight hundred Philadelphia families are now earning a portion of their livelihood-in some cases all of it-by the cultivation of vacant city lots, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. At the close of last season nearly 200 acres, divided into small lots, were being cultivated, the number of beneficiaries being 3775. The product, valued at \$50,000, was grown at a cost of less than \$6000 to the association which instituted the scheme. The enterprise demonstrates that permission to cultivate land in the neighborhood of great cities can be made a source of income to thousands who, though willing to work, are unable, by reason of physical infirmities or advanced age, to compete with those who are younger and stronger.

She Seemed to Know.

"Just a little one!" was implored. "No, sir," replied Mehitabel firmly. 'My lips are only for the man who marries me."

It will be perceived that the girl talked like a popular priced melodrama, but, anyhow, as we are very set in our ways at times, we went right out and married her, of course. As soon as we got back we naturally kissed her a few.

"I wonder why it is," mused Mehitabel, "I wonder why it is that all chaps shut their eyes when they take a good kiss."

We are still thinking. And then, you know, they wonder why married life is frequently unhappy.-New York Sun.

Anthracite coal underlying a tract of over 1000 acres has been discovered in Vancouver Island, B. C.

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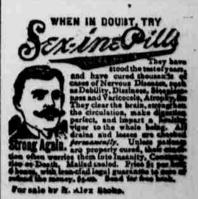
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