cop cradled in the forest clay, our lost, it anugly slept away valle winter, summer, passed it o'er brough twice a hundred years, or more; valle saplings into oaks upreared; valle saplings into oaks upreared; valle grood the land was cleared; vall glaucing from the paleface plow t waked to meet the world of Now.

and on my study desk it lies, a dereifet, in mute surprise. Where vanished is the em'raid shade? saises of the primeral grade?
deer's shrill anort, the turkey's call?
Indian's measured guttural?
meccasis, the copper face,
war-whoop, and the striped grimace? Perchance, could but thy tale be told,
Some wrinkied arrow-maker, cid,
Another Minnehaln's sire,
Close cronching by his wigwam fire,
With patient labor, chip by chip
Slow wrought thee—barb, and edge, and tip;
And striding over trunk and brook
A Hiawatha came—and took.

The mind may paint, but cannot give The breath to make its figures live, Gone are the hands that shaped thee so; Gone is the warrior and his bow; Gone is the quarry and the oak; Gone are the wild, red forest-folk— Like their own boits forever sped; Gone all thy world, O arrow-head. -Edwin L. Sabin, in Youth's Companion.

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* THE OLD GUITAR.

By EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

<del>~~~~</del>

It was noon hour in a large bust- ous. ness establishment, and a group of well suited to each other. The year merry girls were standing by a win- before Jetty had had some terrible afdow, chattering, as such girls will, of fection of the ear, and instead of chloreverything and nothing. Even a cas- oforming him and "putting him out of ual glance would reveal the fact that his misery," as the landlady advised, the force of this office was socially far Miss Triffet, in place of going away above the ordinary run of such places. as she had intended, spent her whole In fact, many of these young girls bore two weeks' vacation in attending to in their faces such evidences of refine | the sufferer and bringing him successment that it was hard to understand fully through the trying time. Since just how they found themselves there. To the manager, however, a warm- on one side. These two dumb but insympathetic woman, was known the private history of nearly element in this lonely woman's happievery girl in the establishment.

From disliking her as an innovation, and fearing her rule as a curtailing of privileges which they had wrested from the firm, under the very slack management which had preceded her advent, they had grown to respect and love her in spite of the inflexible will to which they were obliged to bow. They had gradually recognized the fact that adherence to duty alone was the suppers, no matter what happens, standard by which they were gauged. must'nt they?" A purr and a noise When this fact was thoroughly understood, it soon became a recognized fact that the cierk who disliked the manager was one who would shirk her legitimate work whenever she could.

It was no wonder then to see her one of this group mentioned in the beginning.

"Have you ever been to St. John's at Easter, Miss Triffet?" inquired Millie Wendall, drawing her head in from the window where she had been watching a runaway, and turning suddenly

A new excitement turned the heads of all the girls, and Millie Wendall did not see the quick, nervous clasp of the hands, or hear the breath sharply drawn in, as one in mortal pain might do. All she was conscious of

was the quiet reply-Wendall-once-many "Yos, Miss

"Why, Miss Triffet, how big and black your eyes are!" exclaimed Nettie Julian, suddenly, a warmhearted, impulsive hoyden, who, as she declared, "adored the ground Miss Triffet walked on."

"Nonsense, Nettie, you make me blush! You must see very droll things with those new glasses of yours. The Idea of my pale blue eyes looking big and black!

"Look, girls! See if I am not right!" exclaimed Nettie, taking Miss Triffet by the shoulders and trying to turn her around.

But Miss Triffet laughingly declared she was not on exhibition, and break- the world seemed made for happiness. ing away from her captor, went to her desk and struck the gong for the close love. There, under the stars, they had of the noon hour,

For a few moments she sat as one eyes while John had sung to her tae in a dream, then, with a smothered exclamation she rose.

"No! No! I cannot, must not think now. I cannot afford it!" she said to well she remembered the lessons he herself, as she threw herself into the had given; what amusement they had work of the afternoon with feverish had over her awkwardness; the mo energy. How the hours dragged! It ment of triumph when she could really as if time never passed so sing the pretty little Spanish ditty all slowly. But at last five o'clock tolled through, and accompany herself, withslowly out from the great clock across street, the gong struck twice and the work of the day was over.

The same feverish energy that had grew overhead! characterized her work of the aftergoon, was thrown into her walk as she wended her way home. People who | years she could not think of without noted this energetic woman striding paling to the lip, and growing sick and up the street looking neither to the faint-the awful time when the news came that John Gray had been killed right nor to the left, evidently seeing nothing, quietly turned aside and in a railway accident and so horribly lot her have the right of way. Arriv- mangled that his dearest friend would ing at a large old fashioned house on not know him! So stunned was she by the blow, that when a few weeks the edge of the city, she opened the later the crash came, and her father door with her latch-key and ascended three flights of stairs to the place she died of despair, she hailed her changed called "home"-"Old Maid's Hall"as she laughingly termed it.

As she entered her rooms her two black cats raised their heads and greeted her with a gratified purr, at night, and underneath all her refleconce dropping back into their comfortably positions behind the "Lady Frank. little Spanish ditty learned so long ago. which did duty for an open grate and fraught with such precious recolin this cosy set of apartments, which lections. Never since that night, so consisted of two large rooms upon the many years back, had she touched the third floor, overlooking a large yard guitar, but tonight she was irresistful of great trees.

So absorbed was she in her own it once more. Poor thing! A sad thoughts that she omitted her customlooking object it was! The pearl setary ceremony of stooping to pat them tings loosened, a long crack across its on the head and give them a word of face! As she lifted it tenderly from sarment. Throwing herself in her its case, her hands accidentally swept thair, she had just given herself up across the teneless strings and brought to reflection when she felt herself forth a wall that made Miss Triffet gently pulled by the skirt.

"Why, poor old Jetty," she laimed, "it is too bad. I almost forow! I think I feel more for you than sharp, sobbing sigh caught her throat. I de for Tippie, you poor unfortunate! dear, haven't we?" And she took self, laid it softly across her lap. With her handkerchief she delicately wiped "Come on Tippie! There's the dust away and then mechanically

g by herself for years, this si-man had learned to make com-of these two speechless com-of hers, and surely no human could have been more decor-

Altogether, these three were

then his head had always been turned

telligent animals, formed a very large

ness. Many a confidence did she re-

pose in their silent breasts, and many

a one-sided conversation did she hold,

for them. Herself alone, and the past,

rousing herself with a shake, and

dropping them gently on the floor, "this

won't do; pussies must have their

which she chose to interpret as as-

sent, was their reply, as they rubbed

themselves slowly back and forth

against her skirt. Each having de-

youred his saucer of warm milk, which

was their evening meal, they stretched

themselves out behind the Lady

Franklin again and went to sleep, all

interest in Miss Triffet's movements

having entirely vanished for the time

Back and forth she went with lag

ging steps, preparing her own light

cup, saucer and plate.

supper and washing her solitary tea-

All done, and her arrangement for

What a host of memories had the

idle question of Millie Wendall called

up, a question forgotten by the querist,

almost as soon as asked! "St. John's

at Easter!" How well she remem-

bered that day long ago, when in all

the flush of warm young love she had

walked to church with John Gray, her

chosen one out of all the world! What

a noble man he had seemed, so tall

and protecting-so handsome and ten-

der, and how happy she had been! As

she listened to the service every word

seemed addressed to her personally,

and of all the people in that congre-

gation, from no heart did more joyous

sincere paeans arise than from that

Then had followed all those beauti-

passed almost like a dream, when all

and the air itself seemed to breathe of

sat, and she had listened with shining

ones of love he had learned in foreign

climes, accompanying himself with a

soft strumming upon the guitar. How

out a mistake! How ne had praised

her and ther had laughingly crowned

her with a wreath of woodbine that

Then had come that awful time, that

fortunes with pleasure, and threw her-

The spell was strong upon her to-

"Nothing but the ghost of lost happi-

Reverently she stooped and kissed the

began to tune the strings. The spell

self into the work of the business

tion, was running the strain of the

world as her salvation.

ahiver.

even now, after an interval of ten

of Ellice Triffet.

the evening completed, she sat down

and gave herself up to reflection.

occupied her thoughts.

Tonight, however, she had no words

"Well, pussies," she said at last,

"Please, Miss Triffet," said the land lady, when she finally gained a hear ing, "the gentleman on the floor above (the cripple I told you about), ha asked me who it was singing down here. I told him I didn't know, but as it's you, miss, I thought maybe you wouldn't mind coming up and singing for him, just once.'

Mrs. Mulligan!" exclaimed "Oh, for anybody. I haven't sang years." She flushed painfully at the

most its old-time beauty and fulnes

So absorbed was she that the perso

on the other side of the door was obliged to knock loudly three times before the sound was carried to Miss

Triffet's inner consciousness.

Indeed, miss, I wouldn'taskyou, bu being a cripple, an' all, and he seems awful low, like, this evening. Indeed, miss," she added in a wnisper, "I believe on my heart, he's been crying." Miss Triffet's tender heart was touched. What did it matter? A sac-

rifice more or less, for suffering humanity! Why not this kind as well as another? So flushed and trembling with excitement, she ascended the stairs to the auditor. "I'm sorry, but I only know a few

tered. "Only a little song or two; but if they give you pleasure I shall be As her auditor turned his face to the

little things," she began, as she en-

light Ellice Triffet beheld-John Gray. "Oh, Ellice! Ellice!" he eried. "For give me for sending for you. My heart cried out for you so, I could not help it, dear, I could not help it! It has been so hard all these years,, but I would not come into your bright young life, I a wretched cripple, dependent upon the bounty of my friends. Forgive me, dear, forgive me! I knew you thought I was dead, and it was better so-but, oh, my darling! how hungry my heart has been for you." During these impetuous words Miss Triffet had stood as if frozen to the

"Oh. John!" she wailed, as with a swift motion she went to the bed and knelt by his side. 'Oh, my love! my love! how could you, how could you, all these years?'

"Sweetheart, did I not tell you I was dependent upon the bounty of my friends? How could I marry you? It was best that you should be left to forget me."

"You are no longer dependent upon the bounty of your friends, John, dear Your wife, dear," she replied to his questioning look, flushing till she looked almost as young as she had done ten years before, under the woodbine, "your wife will take care of you. No protests. You cannot help Nay! yourself. I shall marry you in spite of yourself. See, dear, this is leap year, and I intend to press my rights. Dear,' she added tenderly, "do not break my heart by refusing to accept this from me, Would you not have done it for Life will seem an Eden, if we can be together. Think what you are doing for me by just simply living and being your own true gelf!

A loving smile gave assent. When am I to be married?" asked he with meek meekness.

Ellice Triffet laughed. "in St. - John's, in June," she answered softly, but firmly, as one who has made arrangements that were not to be gainsaid.--Waverley Magazine. ful spring and summer months, that

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The shah of Persia has the long lege.

The ostrich claims the distinction of laying the largest egg. The egg, which | containing one skeleton or several weighs about three pounds, is considered equal in contents to twenty-four

To encourage the erection of beautiful recidences in Paris, the authorities award three gold medals annually to the designers of the most artistic dwellings. The owners of these homes are relieved of half of their annual

Henry Hudson, an Englishman, sailing under Dutch service, for the purpose of finding a new route to India, hanced to enter the river now bearing his name. His reports of an abundnewly discovered region inspired the Dutch fur-traders to send a ship there to secure supplies of fur. The traders built a comp on an island naming it, region, Manhattan. The little camp was the beginning of New York. All New Netherland was governed by the selfish company had many other things on hand, the colony was badly gov-

Charlotte Corday perished by the guillotine a hundred and ten years ago, four days after her killing of the feroclous Marat. The often told story of her face having been seen to blush after decapitation is probably imaginary; but it is true that this Roman seroine was still so much of a woman that, after her arrest, she netitioned ness could have evoked such a wall the authorities to allow her portrait as that!" she said, half aloud, while a to be painted. This was refused, but she was pleased to note that an artist was sketching her during her trial, and she carefully "posed" for him, and gave him part of the few hours spent in her cell between sentence and execution. She was a beautiful woman twenty-four years of age. The guillotine had been in use fifteen months when she was executed, and it is probdear in the past. Over and over again she sang the little song, her voice gaining confidence at each repeable that she was the first woman was so put to death. The queen followed her three months later.

# tition, until it swelled forth with at SALT PANS OF INDIANS.

THE PURPOSES FOR WHICH THEY WERE INTENDED.

Largest Ever Discovered Now In Possession of Peabody Museum at Harvard-Heated With Stones-The Kitchens of the Aborigines-Pottery From Graves.

That the aboriginal Indians of North America did considerable cooking in their time has been made evident by the discovery in various parts of the United States of numbers of Miss Triffet, "I couldn't; I never sing the earthenware vessels known as "salt pans," but whose chief use was apparently the preparation of food. These vessels-called salt pans by the archaeologist because their main purpose seemed at first to have been the evaporation of salt from the salt springs near which the Indians established so many of their villages-are the largest known specimens of native North American pottery. The largest one ever found has recently come in to the possession of the Peabody museum at Harvard, writes the Cambridge correspondent of the New York Post. It measures some 31 inches in diameter by 11 inches deep. In appearance, therefore, it is very much like a big, shallow punch bowl. It was discovered not long ago by an archaeological expedition under the joint auspices of the Peabody museum and the University of California, and is an important part of the instructive spoil taken from what is now farm near the meeting of the Little Maramac and the ble Mississippl rivers in Jefferson county, Mo., once the site of a small Indian village.

This big salt pan, in whish the Indians not only evaporated salt from the water of salt licks which still exist in the immediate vicinity, but doubtless cooked their ell; ment or venison, is only one of a goodly number of similar but smaller utensils found in the same locality. The larger pans were all sunk in the clay bottom upon which the encampment had rested, and were therefore as permanent as any modern stove or oven. The difference was that fire, instead of being built under or against the oven, was brought to it in the shape of heated stones, some of which, still showing evidence of the many heatings to which the Indians had subjected them, still remained in the salt pans recovered by the Harvard and California archaeo

logists. Near the salt pans, or native cookng apparatus, still remained portions of the ancient fireplaces in which the stones had been heated, together with the bones of several kinds of animals which formed part of the Indian bill of fare about 200 years ago. These remains included elk, beaver, deer, fox and turkey; but there were no traces of the buffalo, although buffalo remains are often found among the relics of the Indians who once roamed the more western prairies.

The big salt pan and its smaller companion pieces of abortginal kitchen and dining room economy were natturally not the only evidence of early Indian life found in the old village so long hidden under the plowed furrows of modern agriculture. The excavation, not yet fully completed, has already revealed a cemetery as well as a village, the cemetery differing from most of the Indian burint places already found and opened in various parts of the United States, in that it was very much smaller than was usualtails of his horses dyed crimson for ly the case. Although occasional isosix inches at their tips. No one else lated graves have been discovered, the in the country is allowed this privi- eperience of previous archaeological investigations would have led naturally to the epectation of finding either a very small group of graves, each skeletons, or a very large one embracing hundreds of purials. In this case only 27 graves were discovered, though this number represented the burial of several times as many In-

In the graves, which were probably not earlier than the 17th century, were found manysmaller specimens of pottery, chiefly earthenware bowis in which the friends and wintives of the departed warriors had placed what they considered would be food enough to last them during their journey to the happy hunting groundsone bowl in some cases having evidently been considered sufficient for ance of fur-bearing animals in the two warriors, while in other cases a single warrior, perhaps a very hungry one during his lifetime, had been supplied with several. These bowls, in interesting contrast with a somewhat after the Indian tribe inhabiting that similar custom that existed among the European nations of antiquity, which the buried food vessels were the region found by Hudson and called almost always broken in pieces before burial, were nearly all unbroken Dutch West India company. As the Like the larger cooking pans, they were made of clay-in many cases, perhaps, the clay taken from the banks of the small creek that still connects the site of the village with the Mississippl river, about one and a half miles distant-mixed with finely broken shells and moledel by hand. But whether the Indians actually made their pottery is one of the denated cured a staut blekury club. He ther questions of archaeology, and it has cautiously retraced his steps and found been argued, especially in the cases of the larger and more difficult cocking pans, that it may have been an inher- | half an hour he succeeded in killing itance from more civilized ancestors.

#### Appreciation.

"Whatever success I have achieved," said Mr. Meekton, "I must give Henrietta credit for."

"Yes, but what have you accom-

"Well," he answered after some thought, "I am a pretty good hand at building a fire in the morning and see-ing that the basement door is locked at night."—Washington Star. GERMAN TOY INDUSTRY.

Home Labor Is Being Supplanted by Large Factories.

toy industry of the Erzgebirge, or ore mountains, which has been developing for centuries has been slowly drifting into economic difficulties, according to a report of Consul Monaghan at Chemnitz. With the application of steam power and modern machinery to the production of toys house industry has gradually been forced to the wall. With an increase in the price of wood and a decrease in the price of finished product, these people of the mountains have been put into a position where it in necessary to toil night and day for a meagre existence, which is apparently becoming more and more severe.

For some years the labor press of this part of the country has busied itself with a portrayal of the wretched conditions existing among the peasants of the mountains, with the result that an investigation was recently made by the industrial commission of Freiburg, which largely substantiates even the strong representations of the labor organs. The main points of the report of this commission may be summarized as follows:

The number of large establish ments engaged in the manufacture of toys is increasing. This might be considered prima facie as a welcome sign were it not for the fact that the toys are not manufactured upon the regular factory plan with hired hands, but are made by men who have rented space and machines quite independent ly of one another, and who form sort of voluntary association banded together only for the sake of economy in roof and equipment, but carrying on their own separate businesses. A disinclination is said to prevail among the young men to enter a factory on the basis of wage earners and be subjected to the immediate control, supervision and direction of an employer, Rather than earn the higher income afforded by the factory wase, the young men in the hills prefer a much more meagre existence in the independence and freedom of their own homes. Be cause of the fact that the inhabitants of the mountains make but few and simple demands upon life, the real wretchedness of their situation is said

to be but rarely fully appreciated. The wage conditions existing in the toy industry can be readily observed from the following figures prepared by the commission referred to. The most remunerative branch of the trade affords a gress income of from 24 to 40 marks (\$5.71 to \$9.52) per week one-half of which may be considered as profit. In other branches the net income is as low as 6 to 9 marks (\$1.42 to \$2.14) per week. It must be remembered that these incomes are not the carnings of a single person but represent the labor of entire fam-

How inconceivably small the price paid for certain kinds of toys is can be seen in the case of pencil boxes of the cheapest quality, for which the makes gets from 48 to 58 cents per gross, or

about 1 1-3 cents a dozen. The daily meals of these people are reported by the commission to be con fined largely to potatoes, linseed oil. bread and coffee, and, at times, ment

on Sundays, With the price of wood rising, to: factories increasing in numbers in other parts of the country and the price of toys falling, it seems that the people of Erzgebirge must in theh increasing wretchedness find some other means of sustenance. Exporters of toys who operate large factories in this neighborhood report goo business, and are of the opinion that the house industry of the Erzgebirge is doomed and that the peasants will be ferred to give up their independent production and enter factories.

#### America's Future Climate.

On the whole, the winters will be come milder, the summers dryer and dustier. Like the Nile, the lower Misissippi will protect its own, but the midland region of the great cotton oolt will become as dry as a Kansas boliday. No irrigation will avail to undo all the mischief of what Parson Brownlow used to call the "run and ruin system of agriculture," the antebellum plan of wearing out the or ganle life of one district and then sabing on to devetate the next. Some 12,300,500 nerss of cotton lands were wasted in that manner and now sigh to heaven in the form of barren bramble fields, torn by deep gullles, and getting dryer and guichier from year to year. Springs are failing and the migratory locust, the ominous harbinger of the desert, has made its appearance on the Atlantic coast plain. Droughts will become more frequent all over eastern America.-National

Fight With Swamp Serpents.

While Charles Wilcox was gatherig huckleberries at the head of Union Lake pond in Millville, N. J., one at ternoon, he had an encounter was two huge rattlesnakes. At the fire note of warning Wilcox ran and sea huge reptite coiled and ready to strike. After a desperare struggle o the sunke.

Scarcely had he fastened a rope to his victim when he heard a rattle sehind him, and jumped in time to escape the faugs of a larger snake. He teft the swamp at once, and returned before dark with hih double barrelled shotgun, but could find no trace of his second adversary. The snake he killed measured five feet three inches, and had 16 rattles and a button. This is the fourth rattlesnake Wilcox has killed in the last year.—Philadephia

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