

# JACK'S HOUSE

BY RACHEL B. HAMILTON

It was only a plain, snug little house, rising slowly from the small, neatly fenced lot, and gradually assuming house-like proportions; but Content watched its daily growth with a wonderful light of satisfaction in her brown eyes. She could see it plainly from Aunt Prissy's little shop window, looking down the quiet road and across a field white with daisies; and she loved to watch the sea of bending blossoms, and whisper softly to herself, "The path that leads to it is all pure white."

"Grown! finely ain't it?" said Miss Prissy, cheerily, dusting and arranging the bright silk handkerchiefs, skeins of yarn, boxes of needles, jars of candy and the rosy checked apples that decorated the show window, even while she looked beyond them at the new building. "It's goin' up slick as a new pin."

"Yes, yes," returned Uncle Joachim, shaking his head; "if there only don't come a hard wind and blow it over, or a heavy rain to flood the cellar, or somebody set it a-fire, mebbe. There's no tellin'-never no tellin' in this uncertain world!"

"La, Joachim," said Miss Prissy, nimbly mounting the counter and pursuing conversation and a spider-web together, "we hadn't had a drop of rain this three weeks, and it's just what we're needin'. As for winds, 'twould take something more'n common to blow such walls as them down."

"I don't know 'bout that—don't know," answered Uncle Joachim, unconvinced. "It blew a pretty smart breeze last night, and I could feel our roof would be carried away afore mornin'—more'n likely. I went up to the garret to-day and fed a rope to the rafters and then hitched the other end fast to the old spinnin' wheel; but it's doubtful if that'll save it—doubtful."

Content laughed softly, but Uncle Joachim heard it.

"Don't make fun of solemn things, child; don't never do that," he said, reprovingly. "I knew a man once that ridiculed the idea of any burglar ever breakin' into his house, and the very next day his brother had his pockets picked. A good many folks have a good-funny things happen to 'em, and it's best to be prepared."

"Well," commented Miss Prissy, briskly, "I must say for't, I'm 'bout as well prepared for pickpockets as for anything I know of. Nobody'd make much out of my pockets, unless they were sufferin' for a pair of steel-bowed spectacles and an old brass tumbler. There comes the mail," she added, as a rusty, dusty horseman stopped at the door. "Content and me'll tend to it, Joachim, dear; you're feelin' poorly to-day, I know, and you'd better sit still."

He had no idea of doing anything else; but it was a pleasant notion of Miss Prissy's that "brother Joachim" was always just about to do something useful and energetic—a belief that had never died out in all the twenty years that she had taken care of him. Father, mother, sister, all were gone but these two and the sister's orphaned child, Content, a bonny, winsome maiden, who had come like sunshine to the quaint, quiet old house.

Uncle Joachim sat in his easy chair, with aze that wandered afar off, musing over the hills that were not leveled, the valleys that never would be filled up and the mountains that wouldn't come to Mohammed. He had no time nor strength to spare in helping to do the daily work and bear the little daily trials, because he was holding himself as a sort of reserve corps against the terrible calamities that never came. But Miss Prissy's keen and kindly eyes could, fortunately, see nearer home—even to the sewing of buttons on brother Joachim's coat, the mending of rents in his linen, and the necessity of providing for three meals a day. So she whisked about always busy, worked and planned, turned and darned; made over her dresses wrong side up and inside out, contrived neat caps out of nothing, and collars out of what was left. She took care of the small store that was also the village postoffice, and looked after the dilapidated garden besides, all the while family grateful, and innocently pitying any "poor lone women folks that hadn't any man to help or protect 'em."

The arrival of the mail was always a pleasant little ripple in the day's still current, and Content and Aunt Prissy sorted the small bundle with some good natured guessing and neighborly sympathy—hoping this for Mrs. Gray was from her sailor boy, and that the one for Deacon Cole would bring good word from his sick daughter. Content was listening with deepening color meanwhile for a step that was sure soon to come.

"Any letters for me, Miss Prissy?" asked Jack Howard's clear, hearty voice.

"Not one," answered Content, laughing up into the blue eyes that did not look particularly disappointed. In fact, Jack's correspondence was not immense; but it was a satisfaction to know whether there was anything or not—a great satisfaction, one would have said, seeing how regularly he came and the way in which he lingered.

"How are you to-day, Uncle Joachim?"

"Hard to say—hard to say. Don't feel as if I knew nothin' sure about myself even. I felt such a burnin'

heat early this mornin' that I didn't know but I was goin' to be took right down with a fever, and since then I had such a shivery-shaky spell as if I might be goin' to have a stroke of palsy. Either of 'em is likely enough; might one or both on 'em carry me off any time," concluded Uncle Joachim.

"Oh, I hope not," replied Jack, consolatory, but alarmed, as he looked at Content to the sunny portico.

A trying place that portico had been for many a day. There the house across the daisy field had just been planned, and the promise given that made it not "mine," but "ours." Room by room, window by window, it had been dreamed and talked of, larger and fairer than it now could be in reality, but that only Jack and Content knew. Jack was skillful and energetic; he had laid up some five or six hundred dollars, and that was not all.

"You see, Content," he had said, gaily, when they talked of it in the spring time, with the old apple tree showering its pink blossoms around them where they stood—"you see, there is that work for Regan, if it succeeds, and I think it will. It is some sort of a pumping apparatus, you know. He had got the idea in his head, but wasn't workman enough to carry it out, and so he came to me. I dug into it until I fancied I knew what he wanted, and improved upon it a little, maybe. I've spent all the time I could give, evenings and odd hours, on it for nearly five months now, sometimes doing and sometimes undoing; but Regan is to pay me \$3000 if it works as he expects it to. He thinks I can do it."

"I think so, too," said Content. "It will be something nice for us," remarked Jack, thoughtfully. "But we won't say anything to any one about it yet a while, until we are sure. There is no need, for we have enough for a little home, even without that." Uncle Joachim and Aunt Prissy were not very worldly wise. They thought, or Miss Prissy did, that love and even the smallest home promised considerable material for happiness; and her eyes twinkled with tears and smiles behind her old spectacles while, in one breath, she wondered how she was "ever goin' to do without Content," and in the next if they "hadn't better be huntin' up rags to cut for a carpet for Content's floor—against she has one."

Uncle Joachim was as nearly congratulatory as he knew how to be, but deprecatory also.

"I don't see why you two shouldn't stand as good a chance for comfort as anybody, s'posin' there is any such thing, 'twich is doubtful," he said. "Any way, 'tis risky, very risky; like as not you won't enjoy yourselves. It'll be a great affliction to have Content leave us, but it'll be a load off my mind to know she's safe out of the house. It's a dangerous place to live in, this, keepin' a post office as we do. 'Counts of folks robbin' the mails keep comin' all the time, and I've just a feelin' that ours'll be robbed, too, some night, and we all murdered in our beds."

"Dear me! I shouldn't think it would be worth while," exclaimed Aunt Prissy, unselfishly, scanning the matter in the light of a speculation. "Our mail! Why, I don't believe there's ever more'n ten dollars in the whole on't at one time, and mostly there ain't anythin'."

"That don't make no difference, Prissy—no difference," persisted Uncle Joachim, with a doleful shake of the head. "You don't know the sight of wickedness there is in this world. I tell you there's plenty of folks that would do 'most anything for ten dollars."

"Well, well," succumbing to superior wisdom, "maybe it's so; but it does seem dreadful low wages for any human being to do such work as that for. I s'pose there comes some time for most of all us, though, when the Evil One comes along our road and asks what we'll sell ourselves for. If we're willin' to do it at all, I don't know as it matters much about the price."

As the days passed by, and Jack's "prize-work," as he laughingly called it, bade more and more fair to prove successful, he and Content conjured golden plans for the fair little home kingdom it should bring them—how they would add to this and beautify that—talking it over, evening after evening, in the soft twilight.

"It's just about done," said Jack, one day, stopping for a moment at the door. "Regan wants me to take it down to the old stone quarry and try it. It's a sort of quiet place, and there's always water there, you know; so I guess I'll go this afternoon."

"Oh, I do hope it will be all right! Just what you expect of it!" exclaimed Content.

"Bid it good speed, then," he said, with a hopeful smile, turning away down the narrow garden path, while the sweet fact watched him from the door-way.

The sky was wondrously blue above his head that day, and the whole earth marvelously fair in the golden sunlight. Every rustle of the leaves, every bird-note, seemed to him most perfect music as he passed down the old road that led to the disused quarry, bearing his precious burden. It was a quiet spot, not without its own lonely beauty in the gray shelving rocks and the masses of broken stone that lay at their feet. Moss had grown upon some of these, and trailing vines from the green beyond had found their way thither, rejoicing in the clear water

that Jack had selected for his purpose. The place suited him altogether, and as he carefully proceeded with his experiment, and trial after trial assured him that his work was well done, he leaned back upon one of the rude pillars near him, glad to enjoy in that congenial solitude and silence the first delicious moment of success.

"Hallo! Why, is that you, Jack?" said a rather uncertain voice near him; and he started suddenly from his reverie to find that Uncle Joachim had approached unobserved. "Didn't know but you was a highwayman, or escaped convict, or somethin', when I seen you down here all alone. What you got there? Some new-fangled water-wheel or somethin', I s'pose. Well, well; you young folks always think you can turn the world upside down with some grand new plan or 'nother, but you never do it."

"Maybe not; I don't think I'd care to try, for the side that it'd care to please me well enough. What brings you here, uncle?"

"Well," answered the old man, fumbling his way over the rocky, uneven mass about him, "I just thought I'd come down here and look round for a good, big, hefty stone. I tell you what 'tis Jack, I don't feel a mile safe about them mail robbers. You see we open the trap-door nights, and put the mail-bag right down into the cellar; and I've been a-thinkin' if we had one of these heavy stones hitched on to the under side of the door, so's two or three men couldn't raise it, 'twould be safer."

"But I don't see how you are going to raise it yourself then," objected Jack.

"Well, I can't tell exactly," said Uncle Joachim, somewhat discomfited, but persevering. "We'll have to think some way, for if anybody got down there to rob, and just touched off some powder down there, why, they could blow us all to flinders—to flinders, Jack!"

The young man watched with an amused smile for a moment or two, as he wandered about near by examining one stone after another, then forgot him in his own occupation. A train went thundering by on the heights above, and the old man paused in his search to watch it.

"Dear! how these rocks crack now and then!" he exclaimed, as a sudden, sharp sound fell upon his ear.

Jack started and looked up with a thrill of horror as his quick eye detected the rapidly widening fissure that was separating a mass of overhanging rock from the main wall.

"Uncle Joachim!" he shouted.

But before the warning cry had left his lips the old man, too, had seen, and turned to fly, but stumbled and fell.

"Thought lives in a region above time. It was but an instant that he paused irresolute in the sharp, fierce struggle; then he sprang to the old man's side, raised him up, and half dragging, half carrying, bore him away with the speed and strength that only such an hour can know—hurrying up the sloping bank until a deafening crash behind them told that they were safe."

They paused then, exhausted, and sank down upon the ground to survey the scene. A great mass of broken stone covered all the place where they had stood, and Jack's model was crushed to atoms and buried beneath it.

"Well, well," murmured Uncle Joachim, tremulously breaking the solemn silence that had succeeded the dying echoes, "that was a narrow chance, and I'd never have got away but for you, Jack. I'm 'bliged to you, I really am; though, seein', as somethin' is sure to happen some time, I don't know as 'twould have made much difference—only for the women folks; 'twould have been a great loss to the women folks. More'n likely I'll be sick for a week or two now. Jack—as a sudden thought struck him—"why, Jack, you left that jimerack of yours down there, didn't you? Kind of a pity to have it smashed up, though I s'pose it wasn't of much use."

Jack turned his eyes from the ruin and looked at him with a strange smile on his pale face. How little he knew of all the hopes and plans that had been, or could comprehend the value of that which he so carelessly called worthless! And yet, perhaps he himself could as little understand this work of the great Creator beside him, of comprehending His purpose in even this seemingly feeble and useless life that he had saved. There was nothing of contemptuous pity in the gentleness of Jack's voice as he said:

"Hadin't you better go home now, Uncle Joachim? I will go with you."

He told Content the story that day—only Content ever knew it all—and she listened with the light that shone through her tearful eyes growing brighter at every word. "Sorry but glad!" she said, not so paradoxically but Jack could understand it.

"It was hard to decide for a minute, though it seems a shame even to say it now," Jack said, honestly. "But I couldn't sell myself, you know, and so a good many of our hopes and plans are ended for a long while to come, Content."

"But Jack, dear," answered Content, softly, "I think our work often reaches farther than we know. It may be in building our warthy houses we are building for our heavenly homes as well, and some things that crowd and cramp these may make those all the fairer."

So Jack's house is only a little one, but Content thinks Uncle Joachim speaks more truly than he knows when he calls it "well built," and watching it from over the blooming meadow, she sees more than the daisies, and murmurs to herself, as if the words were set to inward music, "The path that leads to it is white—clean and white, thank God!"—Good Literature.

## Pluck and Adventure.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

**A** YOUNG thief escaped from a Virginia jail the other day in a manner sometimes described by romancers, but seldom recorded in history.

He had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and was waiting for the officers to take him to prison. His mother came to say goodby to him, and the jailer left them alone for a few minutes.

Any man would hate to watch a mother's farewell to her son under such circumstances, so in their few moments of privacy mother and son changed clothes.

When the time was up the jailer led out a grief-stricken figure in skirt and bonnet, leaving a lad weeping on the prison bed.

By and by he returned to say words of comfort to the boy, to bid him to "brace up." To his astonishment he found a laughing woman.

Two hundred years ago, almost—1710—the Countess of Nithsdale rescued her husband from the Tower of London in much the same manner. The Earl of Nithsdale was to be executed for treason. His wife had begged in vain for his life, and then had made up her mind to rescue him.

With two women she went to the Tower to see him, carrying an extra skirt, hood and cloak. Then she sent one of her friends away, then the other; one of them returned and went away again.

Finally, when she thought the guards would be confused as to the number of women who had gone in and out, she packed off her husband, dressed in the clothes she had brought.

She herself stayed in his room for half an hour, talking in her own voice and replying in his, and at last, telling his servant and the guards that the Earl was praying, and did not want to be disturbed, she went away herself.

The Earl escaped to the Low Countries, where in time the Countess joined him.

In 1815 the French Count de Lavalette was sentenced to death for having aided Napoleon on his return to France earlier in the year. His wife took his place in the cell and let him escape.

In the same way Maggie Jordan helped Sharkey, a convicted murderer, to escape from the Tombs thirty years ago. He was never recaptured.

Another historical story has been repeated recently.

Adolph Beck, an Englishman, served two terms of imprisonment for obtaining money under false pretences. He swore that he was innocent, but as "they all do that," no one believed him.

Not so long ago he was again arrested on a similar charge. About the same time William Thomas was arrested also on a like charge. Then the police began to investigate matters, and Thomas confessed that he had committed the two crimes for which Beck was punished.

So the British Government gave Beck a "free pardon," to restore him to citizenship, and offered him \$10,000 to say nothing about the matter.

He refused. He has not kept quiet, and he hopes to get more money as compensation.

In 1762 Jean Calas, a French merchant, was the victim of a similar error. He was accused of murder, found guilty and executed with the cruelty of the time. His family, too, was ruined by the confiscation of his property.

After his death the real murderer was found. Voltaire, the great French writer, led a successful popular demand that his memory should be cleared.

The story of Jean Calas' tragic fate has been used as the basis for a play, "Le Courier de Lyon," which is known in this country as "The Lyons Mail."—New York Journal.

### COWBOY'S FIGHT WITH A STEER

The great event at Cheyenne this season was the remarkable feat of Will Pickett, a negro hailing from Taylor, Texas, who gave his exhibition while 20,000 people watched with wonder and admiration a mere man, unarmed and without a device or appliance of any kind, attack a fiery, wild-eyed and powerful steer and throw it by his teeth. With the aid of a helper, Pickett chased the steer until he was in front of the grand stand. Then he jumped from the saddle and landed on the back of the animal, grasped its horns, and brought it to a stop within a dozen feet. By a remarkable display of strength he twisted the steer's head until its nose pointed straight into the air, the animal bellowing with pain and its tongue protruding in its effort to secure air. Again and again the negro was jerked from his feet and tossed into the air, but his grip on the horns never once loosened, and the steer failed in its efforts to gore him. Cowboys with their lariats rushed to Pickett's assistance, but the action of the combat was too rapid for them. Before help could be given, Pickett, who had forced the steer's nose into the mud and shut off its wind, slipped, and was tossed aside like a piece of paper. There was a scattering of cowboys as he jumped to his feet and ran for his horse. Taking the saddle with him, he touched the stirrup, he ran the steer to a point opposite the judges' stand, again jumped to his back and threw it. Twice was the negro lifted from his feet, but he held on with the tenacity of a bulldog. Suddenly Pickett dropped the steer's head and grasped the upper lip of the animal

with his teeth, threw his arms wide apart, to show that he was not using his hands, and sank slowly upon his back. The steer lost its footing and rolled upon its back, completely covering the negro's body with its own. The crowd was speechless with horror, many believing that the negro had been crushed; but a second later the steer rolled to its other side, and Pickett arose unharmed, bowing and smiling.—Harper's Weekly.

### EXAMPLE OF JAPANESE PLUCK.

It was a matter of less than half an hour before the Japanese held the main ridge to the left, or west, of the village of Sulteanza, and the great flanking movement over the hills was ready to begin, from the point gained, about 9 o'clock, writes William Dinwiddie, special correspondent for Harper's Weekly.

It was broiling hot at this hour, and the motionless air and the glaring sun promised to make the land a veritable furnace before nightfall. The dirty khaki uniforms of the stockily built soldiers were wringing with water, but they marched forward briskly and with no display of exhaustion, though they had been up all night and had already worked three hours in a sweater of heat.

The fourteen hours' march made by that regiment of the Guards in the flanking movement, would have killed off half the men of any European or American force long before the Japanese had finished it, and were still keen to fight, and, notwithstanding this, the official report says that the left wing division did not so well as was expected. Only salamanders could have survived the heat and toll.

It was a marvelous performance, and one which, at first blush, seems impossible, for it necessitated traveling beneath the crests of the mountains, in order to be screened from the enemy. They moved ahead on mountain slopes whose angle was often sixty degrees. They toiled through thick underbrush and around the bases of rocky pinnacles 500 to 800 feet above the valleys. One would have believed the feat impossible for loaded men, let alone heavily laden pack horses.

The left wing regiment marched six miles in this fashion and threatened Ye-shi-er (Yank's) ling in the rear of the main position, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

### A YANKEE CAPTAIN'S NERVE.

In parallel fifty-seven degrees, in the dog watch, 4 to 6 p. m., when the chief officer came on deck to relieve the second officer, he swiftly cast his eye toward the horizon in the direction of the wind, then at the struggling canvas, and particularly at the main topgallant sail, which threatened every minute to blow away. As nautical etiquette forbids an officer in charge to alter canvas when the captain is on deck without his command or consent, the chief officer, after his hurried survey, said: "Captain Mather, that main topgallant sail is laboring very hard." "It is drawing well—let it stand," Mr. Bartlett, was the reply. At 6 o'clock, when the second officer in turn relieved the first, he also gave a rapid glance about, and said: "Captain Mather, that main topgallant sail is struggling very hard." "It holds a good full; let it stand," Mr. McFarland, was the reply. Even the old sea dogs among the crew begged the petty officers to send them up to take in sail, while it was held safe to do so. As the helmsman turned his wheel, every turn of a spoke would make the ship lurch in the water like a frightened bird. Men were stationed at every belaying pin, holding halyards and clew lines, by a single turn "under and over" ready to let go and clew up at a signal. We were making a record passage, and sail was to be carried to the last minute, the utmost the ship could bear, while every exigence of storm was anticipated. Later in the evening the captain could not help asking if the crew still thought that he had married the owner's daughter. Captain Mather illustrated then, as always, a quality of mind usually exhibited by those who succeed in most any direction—an extreme daring and extreme caution running parallel.—Atlantic Monthly.

### TWO LIVES FOR A FRIEND.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." These words of the Christ were exemplified when Henry Weigh, of Newport, and George Pletz, of Harrisburg, unhesitatingly faced almost certain death to save the life of George Smith, a companion. Their sacrifice was successful, but Weigh and Pletz sustained injuries which will result in death.

The three men were railroad laborers and were erecting a block signal station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, twenty miles west of Newton Hamilton, Pa. Smith was crossing the tracks and stepped between a signal bell crank and the rail just at the moment that a block operator around a curve was setting a signal for a fast passenger train that was due. Before Smith could withdraw his foot the crank was turned and he was caught.

Realizing that the train was bearing down upon him, he shouted for help, and Weigh and Pletz rushed to his rescue, carrying with them a pair of crow-bars. The train swept around the curve at the moment they reached his side and Smith gave himself up for lost, but his comrades did not for a moment lose their courage. Thrusting their crowbars under the crank they lifted it from its fastenings and Smith fell back out of harm's way. It was too late, however, for the rescuers to save themselves. The engine hurled them high in the air and their injuries are so serious that they cannot recover.

### ORIGIN OF COINAGE.

The First Inventors of Gold and Silver Coins Ages Ago.

It has been recently stated that Pastor Losmann, of Berlin, during a late visit to Northern Syria, obtained a coin of pure silver in a good state of preservation upon which is an Aramean inscription of a king known to have reigned 800 years before Christ. The name of the king is not given, and the account is somewhat vague, but it has attracted attention from the bearing it has on the origin of the coinage of the precious metals.

The invention of gold and silver coins has been attributed to the Lydians and to the Greeks. Herodotus ascribes the first coin to the Lydians, and the date has generally been fixed at about 700 B. C. Others claim the credit for Pheldon, who was king of Argoe somewhere about 750 B. C., according to the calculations generally accepted. As the last of the Aramean kings is said to have yielded to Tiglath-Pileser, of Syria, between 745 and 725 B. C., the recent discussion would seem to give the earlier date to the Aramean coin.

Of course, it is premature to conclude that this is established until the subject has received more mature investigation. We are, at frequent intervals, treated to discoveries of specimens of "the shekel of Solomon," and coins purporting to be such are exhibited. They have on them inscriptions in Hebrew characters that were not in use until long after the time of Solomon, who lived 1000 years before Christ. The temptation to make these antiquities to order is very great, and an extensive business is done in them. The new find in Syria may be of this character, or there may be a mistake as to its date. At the same time, it is not improbable that there are silver coins older than those of the Greeks or Lydians, and if so they may naturally be expected to have existed in the great monarchies of Asia.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Dewey's Subtle Argument.

One of the first cases which Chauncey Dewey had after being admitted to the bar was a civil suit involving a somewhat complicated question of inheritance.

In no way daunted, young Chauncey tackled it, looked up authorities all the way back to Julius Caesar, and prepared an argument of a few hundred pages which seemed to him more than unanswerable. His only fear was that it might be beyond the comprehension of the court.

When the time came the young man rose and plunged in boldly. The Judge seemed interested, and Chauncey took further courage. But at the end of an hour and a half, in the midst of the most intricate part of his plea, he was pained to see what he thought was a lack of interest on the part of the Court. It was just as he had expected; the Judge was unable to appreciate the nice points of his argument.

He paused, hesitated, and then said: "Your Honor, I beg pardon, but do you follow me?"

"I have so far," answered the Judge, shifting about in his chair; "but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way back I'd quit right here,"—Sunday Magazine.

### The First Directory.

The first directory dates from 1595, Queen Elizabeth's reign. A copy of it is in the British Museum, entitled "The Names of All Such Gentlemen of Accounts as Were Residing Within the City of London."

The next does not seem to have appeared for nearly a hundred years. It was called "A Collection of the Names of Merchants Living in and About the City of London." This was printed for Lee, Lombard street, in 1677. The names were arranged alphabetically, 1700 in number. In a separate list were the names of no fewer than forty-four bankers under this heading, "Goldsmiths who keep banking cashes," twenty-three of them being then in Lombard street. This book contains the name of the father of Pope, the poet.

The first directory, expressly so called, was compiled by Brown in 1732, who soon issued it annually and realized through it a large fortune. The earliest postoffice directory appeared in 1800, and successive volumes have been brought out yearly ever since.—London Telegraph.

### Where Torpedoes Fail.

A remarkable fact about this ingenious and now almost accurate weapon is that down to the present war there had been no instance of a ship under way being struck by a torpedo. All its victims had been caught at anchor, or were otherwise stationary. And, from the best information available, the same thing has happened between Russia and Japan. Now, the question arises, if the torpedo boat, which has power to catch the hare, cannot cook him, how is the cooking to be done by the submarine, which can neither see him nor catch him? The design, certainly, is to use the submarine against ships under way to replace the torpedo boat, which cannot act in daylight. And it is an open question, which experience alone can decide, whether it will be easier for a submarine to catch the hare by day than it has hitherto proved for the torpedo boat to catch him by night. Certainly enthusiasts will be by no means satisfied if the submarine proves capable merely of attack on ships at anchor.—London Monthly Review.

### New Fad in Letter Writing.

The latest fad among women who vary their forms of letter writing every little while is to use Roman numerals for dates. It is a puzzling proceeding, too, for to see a note of November 11, for example, dated XI, XI, MCMIV., is quite as confusing as is the illegible scrawls of the average fashionable woman's handwriting.—New York Press.

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Grain, Flour and Feed.	
Wheat—No. 2 red	51 05
Wheat—No. 2 yellow	50 95
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear	52 40
"  "  "  shelled	50 51
Mixed ear	48 42
Oats—No. 2 white	35 35
"  "  "  red	35 35
Flour—Winter patent	6 30
Straight whiteners	5 70
Hay—No. 1 timothy	13 50
"  "  "  No. 2	12 50
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton	45 00
Brown middlings	39 00
Wheat, bulk	18 00
Straw—Wheat	7 00
Oat	7 50
Dairy Products.	
Butter—High creamery	45 48
Ohio creamery	45 19
Factory country roll	43 14
Cheese—Ohio, new	11 57
New York	11 12
Poultry, Etc.	
Hens—per lb.	12 13
Chickens—dressed	16 17
Turkeys, live	16 16
Eggs—per doz.	24 34
Fruits and Vegetables.	
Potatoes—New per bu.	59 55
Cabbage—per 100	75 100
Onions—per barrel	475 185
Apples—per barrel	157 425
BALTIMORE.	
Flour—Winter Patent	55 50
Wheat—No. 2 red	1 12 1 12
Corn—mixed	63 66
Eggs—per dozen	24 26
Butter—Creamery	45 28
PHILADELPHIA.	
Flour—Winter Patent	53 575
Wheat—No. 2 red	1 10 1 11
Corn—No. 2 mixed	58 59
Oats—No. 2 white	35 37
Butter—Creamery	45 26
Eggs—Pennsylvania brand	24 25
NEW YORK.	
Flour—Patent	6 01
Wheat—No. 2 red	1 14 1 20
Corn—No. 2 mixed	59 60
Oats—No. 2 white	35 37
Butter—Creamery	45 26
Eggs—per dozen	24 25
LIVE STOCK.	
Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.	
Cattle.	
Extra heavy, 1600 to 1600 lbs.	25 15 5 40
Prime, 1500 to 1400 lbs.	5 00 5 10
Medium, 1200 to 1300 lbs.	4 40 4 50
Thin, 1000 to 1100	4 25 4 30
Butcher, 900 to 1100 lbs.	3 90 3 75
Common to fair	2 90 2 75
Oxen, common to good	2 75 2 90
Common to good fat bulls and cows	2 50 2 80
Milch cows, each	10 21 50 00
Hogs.	
Prime heavy hogs	4 75 4 81
Prime medium weight	4 75 4 85
Best heavy Yorkers and medium	4 50 4 65
Good pigs and light Yorkers	4 30 4 45
Pigs, common to good	4 20 4 35
Roughs	3 75 4 10
Slags	3 25 3 30
Sheep.	
Extra, medium wethers	5 00 5 25
Good to choice	