

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

Capital	\$70,000
Surplus	\$75,000
Total	\$145,000

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### SAILING AND SINCERITY.

#### The Link of Sympathy Between a Vessel and a Skipper.

Like all fine arts, sailing must be based upon a broad, solid sincerity, which, like a law of nature, rules an infinity of different phenomena, says Joseph Conrad in the Booklovers Magazine. Your endeavor must be single minded. You would talk differently to a coal heaver and to a professor. But is this duplicity? I deny it. The truth consists in the genuineness of the feeling. In the genuine recognition of the two men, so similar and so different, as your two partners in the hazard of life. Obviously a humbug thinking only of winning his little race would stand a chance of profiting by his deception. Men, professors or coal heavers, are easily deceived. They even have an extraordinary knack of lending themselves to deception, a sort of curious and inexplicable propensity to allow themselves to be led by the nose with their eyes open. But with a ship it is not so. She is a sort of creature which we have brought into the world, as it were, on purpose to keep us up to the mark.

In her handling a ship will not put up with a mere pretender, as, for instance, the public will do with Mr. X, the popular statesman; Mr. Y, the popular scientist, or Mr. Z, the popular—what shall we say? anything from a teacher of high morality to a bagman—who have won their little race. But I would like, though not accustomed to betting, to wager a large sum that not one of the few first rate skippers of racing yachts has ever been a humbug. It would have been too difficult. The difficulty arises from the fact that one does not deal with ships in a mob, but with a ship as an individual. So we may have to do with men. But in each of us there is some particle of the mob spirit, of the mob temperament. No matter how earnestly we strive against each other, we remain brothers on the lowest side of our intellect and the instability of our feeling.

With ships it is not so. Much as they are to us, they are nothing to each other. These sensitive creatures have no ears for our blandishments. It takes something more than words to cajole them to do our will, to cover us with glory—luckily, too, or else there would have been more shoddy reputations for first rate seamanship.

#### Enlightening General Sherman.

"When General Sherman was on his march from Atlanta to the sea," said an old timer, "he had with him the Eighth Missouri, noted for its foraging propensities. Nothing was safe from its men. One day the general's for-

agers brought in some fine chickens, and to make sure that the Missouri men did not get them they were placed in a corner only a few rods from the beat of a sentry. But in a few days the whole bunch had disappeared. The Eighth was suspected, but could not be convicted. Years after the war at a reunion at Cincinnati General Sherman met the major of the Eighth and immediately after greetings said all would be forgiven if the major would tell how those chickens were taken. 'That's easy,' said the major. 'The first very dark night we sent a squad of our best forgers with the smallest fellow in the regiment. Removing a slat from the crib, he made an aperture large enough to admit him. A cloth soaked with chloroform, which our hospital supplied, applied to the head of a chicken soon caused it to topple over, and it was passed out for the bag. In this way the birds were in a few minutes transferred to our camp under cover of darkness absolutely without noise. The sentry was not bribed.'—Columbus Dispatch.

#### Height of Thunder Clouds.

A great, cumulous thunder cloud, towering up on the horizon like a huge, flamboyant iceberg, is often higher than the highest Alps would be if they were piled on top of the Himalayas. It is not unusual for these clouds to measure five, six and even eight miles from their flat, dark base, hovering a mile or two above the world, to their rounded, glistening summit, splending in the sunlight. And in these eight miles the changes of temperature are as great as those over many thousand miles of the earth's surface. These clouds contain strata of temperature, narrow belts of freezing cold alternating with large distances of rainy mist and frozen snow and ice particles. Halitones, which are formed from a snow particle that falls from the upper strata and is frozen hard in the freezing belt and coated with added ice on the wet belt, are often found with a series of layers in their formation, showing that they have passed through this succession of cloud strata more than once on their way from the upper air to the earth.—Philadelphia Inquirer

#### Pitched Lower.

In the course of her first call upon one of her husband's parishioners young Mrs. Gray spoke feelingly of his noble, generous spirit. "He is as nearly an altruist as man may be," she said proudly and affectionately. "Is he an altruist?" said her hostess, with mild surprise. "I thought from the tone of his voice that he probably was a bass."

### QUEER SIGHTS IN EGYPT.

#### The Spectacle That Greets the Eye at the Assuan Dam.

"Boats are making fast along the river bank, some coming down the Nile from Khartoum, some coming up the Nile from Cairo," writes Jerome Hart in a description of the queer sights at the great Assuan dam in Egypt. "The quay along the river is semi-European, or, rather, Levantine, its buildings, with arched fronts, like those one sees in Algiers and other Mediterranean cities. Tourists in the latest tourist fashion pass along this boulevard, on foot, on horseback, on donkey back and in carriages. Every combination of costume may be seen. Here comes an old man (a European) in a high silk hat and white kid gloves. Behind him skips a Bishareen boy of fifteen, his shiny black skin exposed to the cool breeze, his curly hair lustrous with grease. Next comes an American girl in a thin muslin gown, a chip straw hat, mounted on a donkey. Behind her rides an elderly Egyptian official, sour faced and fazed, all crouched up and apparently shivering, on his donkey, with a very heavy cloak gathered about his shoulders.

Next comes a squad of Sudanese soldiers in khaki uniforms and khaki colored fezes, with riding breeches and puttees on their powerful but lanky legs. They carry little 'swagger switches,' like those of Tommy Atkins, and are modeled on him in other respects, but have faces so hideously ugly and so incredibly black that they make you fairly stare. Behind them again is another native group, this time of Bishareens. They differ both from the Egyptian Arabs and the Sudanese. There is nothing of the Ethiopian about their faces except their skins, for they have the same rich, glossy, stove polish black that the Sudanese have. In other respects they are utterly dissimilar, for they have straight noses, fine features, oval faces, kind eyes and are often very handsome, except for their color. They usually wear but one garment, a dirty cotton shirt.

"Here comes a Mohammedan lady, richly attired, with immaculate gloves and neat Greek boots. She wears a very thin veil, has large black eyes and from her figure and her eyes is apparently young and beautiful. A nurse accompanies her with a baby, and they step into a smart carriage behind a span of beautiful Arabian horses. A scowling black servant is seated on the box beside the coachman. We see another Mohammedan woman in the same picture, also in black. But hers is not a handsome woman. She is matched

torn, dirty; it is in rags and winded raggedness; it is apparently the wearer's only garment. Above it her skinny arms stick out, holding her baby. Below it her shrunk shanks and bare feet protrude. She is extending a mendicant hand to the woman in the carriage.

"Up the street comes a camel caravan laden with kegs. At the command of the driver the camels kneel down. The drivers unlash the kegs, which roll all over the road until at last they are stacked up on end. Curious to see what the kegs contain, for theoretically the Mohammedans drink no liquors, we approach. A trimly uniformed native policeman politely warns us off. When I endeavor to ascertain the reason the only English word he can dig up is 'magazine.' From this I gather that they are powder kegs, and I respect his warning. Generally speaking, it is wise to obey the orders of sentries and police officers in a strange land, perhaps even at home."


#### Onions For Rabies.

"In one of our growing western towns which I occasionally visit," said a New York business man, "I knew a young man who was engaged to marry a beautiful girl. He was suddenly seized with an insane desire to injure her. She called for her father and brother and the latter ran for the family physician, who, upon his arrival, ordered a glass of water to be brought. At sight of it the young man frothed at the mouth, exhibiting all the symptoms of rabies. He was taken to the attic and fastened with a chain around his body to a ring in the floor. One day, after many weary weeks of watching, a favorable change was noticed. 'How do you feel?' asked the doctor. 'Oh, I'm much better,' was the reply, 'but you didn't cure me, doctor. It was that pile of onions in the corner. See! Every time I felt a crazy desire to bite anybody I would bury my teeth in one of the onions, and they have gradually drawn out all the poison. I am entirely well! Upon examination an onion was found which had turned green with the poison, perhaps the first one bitten. The physician frankly acknowledged that the onions had saved the patient's life.'—New York Press.

#### Forgiving.

Constance was three. Her mother, having forgotten to do something for her which she had promised, said: "Oh, darling, I forgot it! Wasn't it naughty of me?" Constance replied consolingly, "Oh, no, mother, dear; not naughty, only stupid!"

Nothing raises the price of a blessing like its removal.—Moore.



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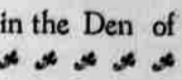
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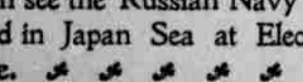
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