

## Her Punishment

[Original.]

She was incorrigible. Within one winter season she had refused a wealthy and desirable part of forty and sent a young army lieutenant to "get over it" in Manila. He would not have had to go there if it hadn't been for Birdie, a nickname given her when she was a child, but which was even then inappropriate. It should have been Wasp. Her mother was vexed with her for refusing the older man, and the younger man's mother was furious that she had sent her son half round the globe where she could not be near him.

Birdie must be punished. Her aunt lived in her country place in the midst of farms, and there Birdie should go for the summer, where her propensity would be in check. Birdie protested, but her protest was unheeded. She was packed off into exile, and her aunt was requested to keep an eye on her.

At the end of a week she was ready to promise to behave herself if permitted to go home, or, rather, to the seashore, where her mother was, but the mother knew her promises would avail nothing. One evening when the twilight was long she was walking in a lane where she met a young farmer. He was a splendid specimen of manhood, and as Birdie was a dainty specimen of womanhood the two naturally looked at each other. The next evening at exactly the same hour the girl walked in the lane again. So did he. She looked very hard at him and after passing him turned. He turned too.

"Is it you," she said, "or am I mistaken?"

"I think we have met before," he replied.

"What are you doing here?"

"I thought I would try farming."

"How did you leave them all at home?"

"They're all very well."

"I'm staying with my aunt. Do you know her?"

"No; I don't."

"Sorry. You might come to see me if you knew her, but since you don't"—She paused.

"Possibly we may meet hereabout sometimes. I go after the stock at sundown, put them in the barn and go back about this time."

"Good evening. Glad to have met you again."

"Hope it will not be for once only."

That was the beginning of it. Birdie talked a great deal about people she knew, and the farmer listened to her references, making only general comments upon them. He never addressed her by name, always getting round doing so—but he might have forgotten her name. There was an appearance of honesty about him, a deference—not uncouth either—a vein of uncultivated intellectual vigor, that pleased her. On the whole, her exile was not so unbearable as she had expected. Sometimes she fancied he knew more than she had supposed farmers usually knew, but Birdie did not always tell all she knew, and to blame him for concealing would be like the pot calling the kettle black.

Affairs between the sexes usually commence by both keeping on their own side of the line. Perhaps the man would have kept on his side indefinitely had Birdie kept on hers. She soon began to practice her little arts; first by a look now and then, after that, a half finished sentence from which she retired in confusion and lastly by an open charge of indifference on the part of the man. The farmer always adroitly turned these thrusts, keeping on in the even tenor of his way. This was something Birdie had never encountered before. She poured a shower of Cupid's arrows from her quiver only to see them glance aside or fall harmless from her would be victim. July passed into August and August into September. How they contrived, or rather, how Birdie contrived, their frequent meetings without suspicion she was at a loss to know. Only a few times was she discovered conversing with the farmer, but in her case farmers were supposed to be out of the question.

At last the days grew so much shorter that one evening when Birdie was starting for her evening walk her aunt stopped her and forbade her going on the ground that it was already quite dark. Birdie did not dare excite suspicion by defying the order. She went off into a corner of the porch and sat down. Then there came a revelation. She was suffering under a great disappointment. Could it be that she who had played with the hearts of many men of the world could have "drifted on the rocks" in the case of a countryman? She went to bed early, but not to sleep. For the first time in her life she knew how it felt to be on the losing side in a love affair.

The next morning the farmer was passing a shaded nook near the road. He turned aside, expecting to see a feminine figure push away the drooping branches and greet him with a face that laughed. He was disappointed. But tied to a bush near by he found a note:

Forgive me for feigning that I had met you before. I never saw you until I met you here. My object was to pass the time. In a few days I go home. You have rendered my stay happy. Without you it would have been very dull.

When Birdie went to the trying place again she found the following on a bit of paper:

Goodby. You are forgiven. Forgive me for the same offense. My betrothed returns tomorrow.

"Poor Birdie writes," said her mother, "that her punishment is greater than she can bear. Poor child! It must have been very lonely for her."

D. FISK BRADY.

## MAKE CALLS AT NIGHT.

Peculiar Custom of the Arab Ladies of Zanzibar.

The Arab ladies of Zanzibar live in great seclusion in the large white houses, never going out in the daytime from one year's end to another, says the Manchester Guardian. A little cooking and sweetmeat making is their only recognized employment, though some few of them can do beautiful silk embroidery. To lie on their beds and be fanned by their slave girls is the usual occupation of the richer women.

If they want to visit their friends, or, as is more often the case, to perambulate the town, they wait until 8 o'clock in the evening, when a gun is fired warning all Mohammedans that it is the fifth and last hour of prayer; then they may go out. They are entirely enveloped in large mantles and their faces completely hidden by very ugly gilt masks, with oblong slits for the eyes, and many of them wear these even in the privacy of their own homes. Their other garments are trousers and a tunic reaching below the knee, which is often embroidered and trimmed with gold braid. They have a number of gold and silver ornaments, nose rings and earrings, bracelets, anklets, and so on.

They are very light in color, many of them cream colored. Their features are regular and good, and they have dark eyes and silky black hair. They paint under their eyes and stain their hands and nails a reddish color with senna. If they want to go any distance from home they ride through the narrow streets on large white asses stained a brick red, their slaves running by their sides, but you generally meet them strolling solemnly along, surrounded by their slaves, who carry enormous lanterns as big as a London street lamp.

Very often they do not return home till 4 in the morning, when another gun is fired proclaiming the first hour of prayer. It is very awkward at times when you meet in the streets some of these ladies whom you ought to know and are greeted by them. You cannot see their faces, it is not always easy to recognize a voice, and nothing would offend them more than to ask their names.

## FREAKS OF THE LAVA.

Some Curious Incidents of an Over-Flow of Vesuvius.

At one house, which had been entirely surrounded by the flood, but not destroyed, one saw people, on top of the mass of lava, entering the upper windows with a ladder and bringing forth their household goods to transport them to a place of safety. One vineyard was surrounded on three sides by this dividing current, and it was possible to walk into it among the lines of trimmed vines and to perceive the fire still glowing in the towering walls of lava on each side. The people attributed this remarkable phenomenon to the miraculous intervention of their Madonna, "Our Lady of the Snows," with whose sacred image they had confronted the all devouring monster sweeping implacably down on their apparently doomed homes.

Step by step the priests and the faithful, singing the litany, retreated as the awful flood swept on, and still the sound of singing and prayer rose above the fearful roar of the torrent and the thunder of the mountain above, belching forth from the central crater fiery bombs and enormous swirls of cinder, sand and smoke, which rose to great heights. Yard by yard the lava swept onward. Now a palatial villa would be surrounded by the torrent, crushed down and disappear in smoke; now a weeping peasant would see his little cottage and vineyard, his all, go under in an instant.

One poor woman was thus watching the fate of her earthly belongings from a little eminence when a smaller crater came roaring forth at her very feet. She turned to flee, fell, rolled to the bottom of the little hill, and the next moment the lava flowed forth like the foam from a glass of beer and swept over the spot where she had been standing an instant before.—William P. Andrews in Century.

## Glistonous Eskimos.

The eating powers of the Eskimos, if the tales told in the books of northern explorations are to be believed, are most extraordinary. One writer tells of a young man scarcely full grown who ate four pounds and four ounces of frozen sea horse flesh, four pounds and four ounces of sea horse flesh broiled, one pound and twelve ounces of bread, one and one-fourth pounds of rich gravy in twelve hours. Besides eating the above he also drank one pint of grog, three glasses of raw spirits and nine pints of water.

## Convalescence.

When a sick person is becoming convalescent, the rule of a quiet time between 2 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon should still be adhered to until complete strength is regained. Even if the patient cannot obtain sleep the fact of lying quietly in a darkened room will rest both eyes and brain, producing that feeling of wide awake brightness which invalids so often feel in the evening, to them the pleasantest time of the day in consequence.

## Base Slander.

"Your husband," said Mrs. Highmuss graciously, "is decidedly interesting and original, even if he does sometimes blow his own horn a little too."

"It isn't so!" indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Gaswell. "My husband always uses his handkerchief!"—Chicago Tribune.

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune nor dissatisfied with our understanding.—Rochefoucauld.

## The Sonnet Writers.

The fashion of sonnet writing was at its height in the sixteenth century, when Ronsard, the French "prince of poets" in his own country and generation, wrote over 900 sonnets, a total which appears only to have been exceeded by Gomez de Quevedo, the Spanish Voltaire, who is said to have written over 1,000. Fortunately for sonnet lovers some of the best poets have been prolific sonneteers. Petrarch, who created the classic model which later poets imitated, wrote 315. Camoens is responsible for 352, Sir Philip Sidney wrote 108, Spenser 88 and Dante 80. English sonnets were first written by Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-42) and Henry Howard, earl of Surrey (1517-47), and the first appearance of any in book form was in a rare publication briefly known as "Tottel's Miscellany," the full title being "Songs and Sonnettes written by the Right Honourable Lorde Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and other." The greatest sonneteers of our language are Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth and Rossetti.—London Standard.

## Tiger and Vulture of the Sea.

If the "killer" whale is "the tiger of the sea," as the writer of an interesting article in the September Windsor has it, the orcas surely are the vultures of the ocean. In connection with whale catching the author of this interesting natural history article tells of the following incident: Some years ago a whaler in the northwest had killed a large whale and had the animal alongside when it was attacked by a school of orcas. They doubtless were half starved and, crazed by the scent of blood that extended away a long distance, probably followed it up like hounds, immediately attacking the whale. The men, with spades and lances, cut and slashed at them, inflicting terrible blows, yet despite this the orcas literally tore the whale from the ropes and carried it off. This certainly shows that the orcas, together with a very fair share of intelligence, are also creatures of extraordinary courage.—Dundee Advertiser.

## Always in Trouble.

A still summer's evening, quiet and almost sad. The trees nodded sleepily, as if hushing the world to rest. Suddenly the silent beauty was rudely disturbed. The clattering of a horse's hoofs broke the silence into a thousand echoes. A horseman dashed through the scented lanes, rage glittering from his eyes. He sprang from his horse and rushed into the still homestead and dragged forth Farmer Brown.

"Why, what matter, Squire Tampus?" queried the worthy farmer in sleepy surprise.

"Matter?" repeated the squire. "Why, matter enough, to be sure! Your great lubberly son Jack has run off with my beautiful daughter Maud."

"Has he, really?" cried the farmer, now thoroughly awake. "Thee'rt right! 'I' call 'm a lubberly idjut. He's allus doin' somethin' clumsy. Only last week he went an' broke a shovel!"—London Express.

## Melting Fire Clay With Sun's Rays.

There is an apparatus which concentrates the rays of the sun from more than 6,000 small mirrors on a spot about seven inches in diameter. The heat generated is about 7,000 degrees F. Iron can be melted in less than a minute and fire clay fused in about three minutes by this machine. Magnesia, one of the hardest things to melt, requiring a heat of about 4,100 degrees F., can be reduced to a molten state in twenty minutes. For the benefit of those who wish to forget the name of this instrument it is called the pyrohelophor.

## Protective Colors of Animals.

I seem to trace a faint clue to the connection between the protective coloring and the mind in the intense desire of the fox to remain concealed and unseen. That this is a possible theory we infer from the fact that a blind animal does not change color. Put a dozen minnows into an ordinary white wash hand basin and they will in a very short time be of a pale color. If over one no change passes we may be tolerably certain that it is blind.—From Dale's "The Fox."

## Guess Again.

"I have a pleasant surprise for you, Miss Sharply."

"Can I guess what it is, Mr. Bore-some?"

"You may try, Miss Sharply."

"Let me see. I guess you are going to tell me that you intended leaving the city."

"Good night, Miss Sharply."

"Good night, Mr. Bore-some."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Monotonous.

"Wealth has its disadvantages," said the philosopher.

"Yes," answered the man with sporting inclinations. "It must be very monotonous for a man to be able to bet \$5,000 or \$10,000 on a horse race without caring whether he loses it or not."—Washington Star.

## Sounded Expensive.

Dumley—How much will it cost to send a packing case from Philadelphia to Boston? Freight Agent—Six cents a foot. Dumley—My! How many feet is it from Philadelphia to Boston?—Philadelphia Press.

## An Ascending Scale.

Curate's Little Girl—My hen has laid an egg. Vicar's Little Girl—My hen has laid two. Bishop's Little Girl—That's nothing. My father has laid a foundation stone.—London Sketch.

He that was never acquainted with adversity has seen the world but one side and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature.—Seneca.

## WASHINGTON AS A FIREMAN.

He Was a Member of the Friendship Fire Company.

George Washington was a member of the Friendship Fire company, organized in 1774 in his home, Alexandria. At first the company consisted of citizens who, out of "mutual friendship," agreed to carry to every fire "two leathern buckets and one great bag of oznaburg or wider linnen." Washington was made an honorary member, and when he went as a delegate to the congress of 1774 at Philadelphia he examined the fire engines in use there. On his return to Philadelphia he bought from a man named Gibbs a small fourth class engine for the sum of £80 10s., and just before he set out for Boston Heights to become commander in chief he dispatched this little engine to the Friendship company.

During his younger days he always attended fires in Alexandria and helped to extinguish them. In the last year of his life a fire occurred near the market. He was riding down King street at the time, followed by his servant, who was also on horseback. Washington saw that the Friendship engine was insufficiently manned, and, riding up to a group of well dressed gentlemen standing near the scene of action, he called out authoritatively:

"Why are you idle there, gentlemen? It is your business to lead in these matters."

After which he leaped off his horse, and, seizing the brakes, was followed by a crowd that gave the engine such a shaking up as it had not had for many a day.

## WOMAN AND THE LAW.

How Conditions Have Changed in the Last Half Century.

Truly the position of women before the law has suffered radical changes. Fifty or sixty years ago the woman was indeed one, and that one the husband. He could collect all debts, such as wages that might be due her—though incidentally, he was liable for all she owed. She could not make a will of her real estate, nor of her personal property, without his permission, and he was entitled to the income from her lands. He could lock her up in his house and keep her there. Whether he could inflict chastisement was a moot point, though a judge of the North Carolina supreme court held in 1838 that he possessed this power, provided he used "a stick as large as his finger, but no larger than his thumb."

Over the children the husband had absolute control, and could even appoint a guardian by will who could take them away from the mother. They were to be brought up in the father's religion, without any consideration for her feelings. In fact, it was only about 1838 that the supreme court of Judicature in England directed that the sons and daughters of the deceased nabob of Bengal by an English wife be reared as Mohammedans.—Every-body's Magazine.

## Whims of Ibsen.

Like many another man great in his writings, Henrik Ibsen was not without his foibles. Scarcely a company as he professed to do and desiring always for solitude, he nevertheless delighted to be dined, and to invite him to a banquet in his own especial honor was to give the great man unalloyed pleasure. In his latter days, too, he developed a passion for decorations, of which he received a large number from his own and foreign monarchs, and on public occasions he would wear all his insignia as probably the most decorated author in the world. It was on public occasions that Ibsen would carry a small mirror and comb in the crown of his hat, and "coram populo" would proceed to arrange his bushy hair and whiskers.

## Politics and Love.

"It's funny," remarked Study Bowen, "how politics and love are so much alike. For instance, if you meet a bonnie girl and she gives you half a chance to kiss her you go in for free trade. However, after you get married and your wife's mother wants to embrace her newly acquired son-in-law you go in for protection. If your wife seeks an osculatory exchange you in time become a passive resister, and"

"She turns out a home ruler if she has any sense," remarked Mrs. Bowen, who happened to overhear the conversation.—London Mail.

## Odd Knives.

In a monastery in Ireland there is a very curious collection of knives of the sixteenth century, the blades of which have on one side the musical notes to the benediction of the table, or grace before meat, and on the other side the grace after meat. The set of these knives usually consisted of four. They were kept in an upright case of stamped leather and were placed before the singer.

## Too Methodical.

"As for me," said Aunt Clarissa, "I haven't any use for a woman that takes three or four handkerchiefs with her when she goes to see one of these heart interest plays. She's too businesslike and calculating to be the genuine thing."—Chicago Tribune.

## Something Wrong.

Mrs.—Am I still "the star of your life," as I was when you used to write love letters to me? Mr.—Of course, dear. Mrs.—I don't seem to be drawing a star salary, though.

## Inherited Dollars.

The only reason some men escape social ostracism is because their fathers made enough money to buy them a ticket of admission.—Birmingham News.

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## Street Car Rules of Rio.

There are first and second class street cars, writes Albert Hale in the Reader, and I, with a package in my arms, had taken a first class bond, as a street car is called in Rio de Janeiro. Scarcely had I done so when the conductor requested me to transfer to a second class car whenever it might come along, because no one is allowed to carry anything greater than a lap satchel first class. So I humbly descended and had either to mix with market women and sweaty laborers or to take a tilybury. A tilybury, named after the English maker who years ago introduced it, is a curious two wheeled, light sprung cab, like an old fashioned gig, and resembles a hansom without the attachment for the driver. He sits inside the tilybury. A person without a necktie is no more allowed first class on the street cars than was I with my parcel. They are decidedly particular in Brazil and inherit many fastidious ways from the time of the empire, when dress and manners were the mark separating the aristocracy from the working classes.

## Peculiarities of Napoleon.

Napoleon's father was a toper, a man utterly lacking in moral sensibility, and his sisters were immodest and hysterical. According to Dr. Cabanis, Pauline was particularly so. Napoleon himself was exceedingly sensitive to atmospheric changes, was headachey and had auditory illusions. He had twitchings of the arms, the shoulders and the lips. He was at times the most irritable of men, often being unapproachable. His mania for destruction was such that he whittled pieces of furniture, broke articles presented to him, pinched babies while pretending to caress them and took keen delight in shooting Josephine's rarest birds. The slightest opposition threw him into a paroxysm of rage. But in a campaign all weaknesses vanished. His pulse ranged ordinarily between thirty and thirty-five beats a minute and never went above fifty-five. The usual pulse rate is about seventy-two a minute.

## The Eyes of the Eagle.

That the eagle has a most wonderful power of vision is shown from the fact that it flies in almost a straight line for any object which it desires to secure. Baby eagles also possess this far-sightedness. Long before human eyes can discern them their gaze is fixed on distance, and their cries of welcome to their parents are shrill and continuous. The structure of their eyes makes them peculiarly strong. The brightest glare of sunlight does not affect them. Eagles do not fly as high in the air as some other birds, but their flight is very long and steady. A peculiarity about eagles is that they are constant to their mates, not changing every season, as most birds do. Sometimes the same pair of eagles will return to the same nest year after year. They seem to become acquainted with the locality, and if they are not disturbed are regular tenants.

## Artificial Halos or "Sun Dogs."

An experiment which illustrates in a very curious manner the actual philosophy of the formation of halos or "sun dogs" is performed as follows: Take a solution of alum and spread a few drops of it over a pane of glass. It will readily crystallize in small, flat octahedrons, scarcely visible to the eye. When this pane of prepared glass is held between the observer and the sun or even a candle (with eyes very close to the smooth side of the glass) they will be seen three different but distinct and beautiful halos, each at a different distance from the luminous body.

## CONSCIENTIOUS ROGUES.

The Big and Formidable Sinners Are Gray of Soul, Not Black.

No paradox is it, but a demonstrable fact, that in a highly articulate society the gravest harms are inflicted not by the worst men, but by those with virtues enough to boost them into some coin of vantage. The boss who sells out the town and delivers the poor over to filth, disease and the powers that prey owes his chance to his engaging good fellowship and big heartedness. Some of the most dazzling careers of fraud have behind them long and reassuring records of piety, which have served to bait the trap of villainy.

Not that these decay virtues are counterfeit. They are, in fact, so genuine that often the stalwart sinner perseveres in the virtue that has lifted him into the high places he abuses. The legislator conscientiously returns the boodle when he finds he cannot "deliver the goods." The boss stands by his friends to his own hurt. The lobbying lawyer is faithful to his client. The corrupting corporation president is loyal to his stockholders. The bought-and-sold editor never quite overcomes his craft instinct to print "all the news there is."

In a word, the big and formidable sinners are gray of soul, but not black, so that chastisement according to their character rather than according to their deeds lets them off far too easily.—E. A. Ross in Atlantic.

## FIRE THE BEST FILTER.

Boiling Water the Surest Way to Get Pure Water.

"All this talk about the need of filters, about people dying for lack of filtered water, amuses me," said a chemist. "For filtered water isn't necessarily pure water. Boiled water is a hundred times better."

"A filter, you see, does not free water from things dissolved in it, but only from things floating in it. For instance, if you mix a quart of whisky in a gallon of water and then filter the mixture it will come out colorless, the floating color particles having been left behind, but this colorless fluid will be quite as capable of intoxicating you now as it was before, for none of its dissolved alcohol will have disappeared. So with water that is polluted with sewage. All the undissolved portions of the sewage are removed by filtration and the water is left clear, tasteless and colorless, but the dissolved sewage is still present and in it may lurk billions of typhoid germs."

"Let those who complain about the lack of filters just turn in and boil their water. A cent's worth of fire will purify a gallon of water better than a \$10,000,000 plant could do it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## The Curious Sensitiveness.

"Sensitiveness is a curious trouble," says a physician. "It is probably due to the disturbance caused by the motion of the ship to the little organs that govern the sense of equilibrium. In the inner ear are three little semicircular canals. In movement in any plane the fluid in these canals disturbs and telegraphs the sensation to the brain, which is then able to control the balance of the whole. By the motion of a ship this delicate apparatus of the canal system is, it is suggested, thrown out of gear and wildly telegraphs wrong messages to the brain. And that portion of the brain is intimately connected with the nerve that controls the happenings in the region whence the trouble arises. The whole system, in brief, is short circuited."