

Neighbors' Day Drew a Large Crowd to Town.

DuBois, Punxsutawney and Brookville People Attend by Thousands.

TWENTY THOUSAND HERE AT THE LOWEST ESTIMATE

Main Street Presented a Scene of Extraordinary Brilliance and Gayety in the Evening.

One of the merriest, maddest crowds that ever jostled together on the streets of Reynoldsville surged back and forth Thursday and in the evening it is estimated that fully twenty thousand people were in the town and most of them promenading the great court of amusement which in quieter days is known as Main street. It was Neighbor's day and our neighbors came to see us in numbers and in spirit which left no question of their good will towards us. Brookville, Punxsutawney, Big Run and the host of other county towns contributed their full quota and DuBois turned out as it has not done for a dozen years or more. Probably four thousand citizens of the latter place alone were here. Indiana was represented by a jolly crowd of roysters and New Bethlehem and Clarionites were here in appreciable numbers. Every street car that came here from the Sykesville and Punxsutawney terminals was weighted down with its load of human freight and the Pennsylvania railroad coaches were packed to their full capacity.

Everyone was bent on having an outing and the Reynoldsville people for the day laid aside all serious business and joined them. Many of the mills and industries were closed.

An unusually large crowd witnessed the ball game in the morning between Reynoldsville and Falls Creek and at the afternoon game, when the home team met a bunch of old Romans who used to do battle some centuries since, the "grandstand" on four sides of the field was filled with a mob of howling fans. On Main street races were held and the thousands of promenaders had no lack of entertainment from the time that Freddie Cunningham gave his startling exhibition on the tight rope to the moment of exorcising expectancy when Harry Breton cut the rope, glided down his awful incline and took flight through the atmosphere.

It was worth a year of life to have seen and to have been one of the great pleasure-seeking crowd which thronged Main street during the evening. Young people and old men, women and children jostled together in the best of good humor and in the wisest crowd there was but one case of disorderly conduct. The air was filled with confetti and every device known to tickle the risibilities of humanity was in evidence. A dozen great honking radios were racing up and down the street, a fantastic band under J. A. Blaydon made gayety all along the line, while the Keystone and Volunteer bands were surrounded by appreciative crowds throughout the evening. The latter organization came down with the big DuBois delegation and headed the procession as they marched up town. About eight in the evening, when the fun was at its height, another Pennsylvania railroad passenger train pulled in and another thousand of our "neighbors" dropped off to help the celebration along.

Main street, blazing with its myriad electric bulbs, lit up with the glare of red fire, with its mass of continually moving humanity and noise of bands, of autos, of passing cars and carriages, of street barkers, of shouting and laughter, was transformed into a great thoroughfare in Vanity Fair and its promenaders delirious with the mere exuberance of joy.

When the hour for Breton's wonderful leap arrived, Main street was blockaded with an immovable massed body of people. It was the greatest crowd that has ever gathered to witness such an event in the town. Ropes had been stretched to prevent the near approach of persons to the big incline but they were useless. The rush from the rear was so great that those in front were forced to push ahead to the very verge of actual danger and when the thrilling leap was made, Breton shot right through a crowd so eager to see the feat that they forgot the danger and crossed the very path of the auto's deadly course. As in the afternoon the feat was accomplished successfully and

Breton was wildly cheered as he landed safe and sound after a forty foot flight in the air. The visitors who witnessed it were unanimous in their opinion that he stands pre-eminent among performers in his line now before the public.

Immediately after the exhibition a beautiful display of fireworks was given on an adjoining lot, an account of which appears elsewhere.

While these events were transpiring on Main street, a dance in progress in Frank's park which was one of the largest and most enjoyable events of the kind given in Reynoldsville for many years. Young people from all over the section congregated there and waltzed away the time until the eastern sky began to glow with the tints of a new day.

It was the greatest day of a great week and alone sufficed to prove that the Old Home Week was the "most notable, social and industrial event in the history of the town," well worth every cent contributed by the citizens, and all the ceaseless labor of the committeemen. It brought forth from every neighboring town expressions of good will that will go far to cement bonds of social friendships for the future.

HISTORICAL DATA.

Early Happenings in Reynoldsville and Some Facts of Interest to All.

What is now Reynoldsville was laid out in 1830 by Charles C. Gaskill and called Olney. Only one lot was sold. Gaskill was agent for the land and erected the first building, a two roomed log house on the east side of Sandy Lick, and on the south side of the turnpike. This building was a tavern for the new town and was opened by a man named Caldwell and was kept by Joseph Potter until 1838. In 1832 the land on which Reynoldsville now stands was a hemlock swamp and the present Main street was a long corduroy bridge.

Reynoldsville was originally an Indian village and was such when Andrew Barnett located in this wilderness. The last Indians to tarry here was the John's family, in 1824. The present town was laid out in September 1873 on Warrant 3826. The plotting off and the lots were sold by David and Albert Reynolds. The first burgess was M. M. Miner who was appointed and served only a few months. The first elected burgess was Dr. J. W. Faust in March, 1874. When the town was incorporated it had about two hundred people. The first coal shipped from Jefferson county was from the Diamond Coal Mine at Reynoldsville. The first bridge built across the creek was in 1822. The first timber raft was run out on the Sandy Lick to Pittsburg in 1843. The first circus exhibited in Reynoldsville was in 1845. The first store in what is now Reynoldsville was opened by Thomas Reynolds in 1844. In 1844 he erected the first tannery. Woodward Reynolds was the first man to mine coal for sale. In what is now Reynoldsville, about 1838. The first school in this place was taught in a little log house on the east side of Coolspring Hollow. Patrick Feeley was teacher in 1847. Between 1851 and 1860 the greatest amount of ratting was done on Sandy Lick creek. The early merchants in Reynoldsville were Daniel Dunham, Frederick Farmer, Washington Rhodes, Henry H. Gordon and Charles H. Gordon. The early religious services were held in a house that stood near the present site of Burns hotel, and which was occupied by Milton Coleman. During a service in 1852 the second story floor of this house gave way. The stove was upset and the congregation was precipitated to the basement. Five persons were so injured that they died. The first white person born within the present limits of Reynoldsville was David Reynolds. He is still living in the town. In 1857, when Dr. W. J. McKnight, of Brookville practiced medicine in Winslow township and in the town of Reynoldsville, he came from Brookville on horseback. He doctored in the families of nearly all the old pioneers. He is the only doctor in Jefferson county living that practiced medicine in that year. The first newspaper for Reynoldsville was printed in 1871 and was named the "Advocate." The pioneer burying ground was located near the school house which stood in Coolspring Hollow. In 1857 when Dr. McKnight practiced in this place there were only about a dozen families living there. He performed the first surgical operation in Reynoldsville on the night of November 16th., 1873. Amputated the arm of John McHugh in Frank's Tavern, then the Reynolds house.

AN EX-SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY HELPS TO LYNCH A MAN.

Posse Madly Gallops Through the Town in Search an Alleged Horse Thief.

One of the greatest farces ever attempted in Reynoldsville was pulled off Thursday afternoon when a posse of eight men, mounted and armed, pursued an alleged horse thief through the streets of town, going at a gallop through the crowded thoroughfares, firing blank cartridges, shouting like Comanches on the war path and finally rounding up their victim on the ball ground. A pitch battle was fought between pursuers and pursued but the villain was out matched. A good stout rope was produced and the culprit was promptly strung up to a nearby tree.

This little extravaganza, reminiscent of Wild West days, was the suggestion of W. C. Elliott and those figuring in mad race were George Hartman, the culprit, Postmaster Burns, D. H. Breaker, John Fuller, Leroy Yohe, Sheldon Evans, Pete Yewenine, Frank Guns and John Pomroy.

The "lynching bee" was not on the program and when the people heard the continuous firing, and saw the wildly galloping horsemen careering through the streets, the excitement was intense. Everywhere the posse put the question, "Where did he go?" "Did you see the fellow who stole the horse?" and many more of the kind and in a few moments a quarter of the town's population came pouring into the Main street or went racing after the posse. It was dangerously thrilling, and a score of accidents were narrowly averted when the horseman cut through the packed crowd. Not only Main street but side streets were traversed in the search.

The farce was well executed and made lots of fun for the big crowd on the streets.

Pretty Display Of Fireworks

Great Crowd Witnessed the Exhibition Thursday Night.

One of the prettiest displays of fireworks ever seen in the county was given about 9.30 p. m. Thursday on the vacant lot opposite Breton's auto incline. It was in charge of the amusement committee. The big crowd of pleasure-seekers were just turning away after seeing Breton leap the gap when a half dozen sky rockets shooting over their heads was the signal for a burst of beauty that held them spell-bound for half an hour or more. Some of the pieces were very elaborate and costly and caught the fancy of the people, who expressed their approval in repeated cheers. Perhaps the crowning feature was the representation of a house, of beautiful architectural design, aglow with light at windows and doors. As the piece proceeded a fire seemed to break out, flames shot on high, sparks rained down and presently the structure commenced to fall, disappearing at last in darkness. There were many other varied designs and it was a fitting close to the most successful day of the Old Home Week celebration.

PHYSICIANS HOLD ANNUAL PICNIC.

The annual picnic of the members of the Jefferson County Medical Society held in Reynolds Park Thursday was well attended and was a very enjoyable picnic. As usual the doctors had their appetites along, and any person that ever saw a doctor get "soot" down before a square meal knows that they are, generally speaking, all good feeders. If you have never seen one of them store away victuals it would surprise you what capacity each one carries with him. Get up a big meal some time and invite "any old doctor" in and see him enjoy himself.

"Regular as the Sun"

Is an expression as old as the race. No doubt the rising and setting of the sun is the most regular performance in the universe, unless it is the action of the liver and bowels when regulated with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed by Stoke & Feicht Drug Co., druggists, 25c. Reynoldsville and Sykesville.

IRA C. FULLER WAS BORN NEAR HERE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

A Son of John Fuller, Pioneer Settler in this Section of the County.

Ira C. Fuller, of Brookville, who was born on the Fuller farm at the junction above Prescottville, eighty years ago, was one of the visitors in Reynoldsville Thursday. Mr. Fuller is, perhaps, the oldest man living who was born in this immediate vicinity. This section was then a vast wilderness in the true sense of the word. Bear, deer, wildcats and other kinds of wild animals roamed this section at will in Mr. Fuller's boyhood days. The only house in this place at that time was a little log cabin, then a palatial mansion, where Dr. S. Reynolds now resides on Main street.

At one time since Reynoldsville was incorporated Mr. Fuller was a banker and leading merchant in this place. Mr. Fuller's sight and hearing are as good as they were in early life and he is very active for a man of four score years, in fact people who do not know his age would not guess him to be a man over seventy years old. Mr. Fuller was looking for some old citizens to talk over by gone days, and we did not see him later to learn whether he found any one to swap ancient reminiscences with or not. He expected to find "Uncle" John S. Smith and wife and spend an hour in the long ago with them.

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

William Carroll Died Early This Morning.

William Carroll, who played the bass drum in the Keystone band, was found dead in bed this morning. He retired last night in his usual good health. About five o'clock this morning he was found dead. A doctor was called and when he arrived at the home the body was not entirely cold yet, showing that Mr. Carroll died shortly before he was called to get up. Wm. Carroll was about 50 years old. He lived with his widowed mother on Worth street. Was a member of the Eagle Lodge in this place. No arrangements have been made yet for funeral.

Punxs'y Spirit's Special.

The Punxsutawney Spirit issued a special edition Thursday devoted to Reynoldsville Old Home Week, "the most notable, social and industrial event in the history of the town." Besides a number of illustrations of men prominent in the movement, of old settlers, old landmarks and a few of the modern buildings, the edition contained historical matter relative to Reynoldsville of rare interest and worthy of preservation by every family in town. Not the least important of the features were the poems reminiscent of Reynoldsville in the days of "auld lang syne" when the now distinguished editor of the Spirit was a boy and dwelt in our midst. The Spirit has done credit to itself and benefitted the town and a vote of thanks is due them.

Relics at C. C. Gibson's.

A number of new relics have been placed in C. C. Gibson's collection. Among them are: Spice box 157 years old, loaned by A. B. Moore, fish gig by Mr. Moore. Archie Campbell's old "gears," or harness. Plate 117 years old, made in Melbourne, Australia, loaned by A. C. Fish. A number of old newspapers. A baptismal record made in 1801, written in German, loaned by C. E. Krob. A skein of linen and huckle for working flax, 60 years old, loaned by Mrs. Haymaker. Canteen carried by 'Squire E. Neff in the Civil war, and a number of other war relics.

Secured Bail.

Fred C. Miller, the State Constable who was arrested yesterday on a charge of assault and aggravated assault, secured bail shortly after noon yesterday and was released. The cases will come up at the next term of court.

Excursion to the Great Toronto Fair

Via B. R. & P. Ry., Tuesday, Sept. 3rd. Special train leaves Falls Creek 6.10 a. m. Round trip tickets, good five days, also for stop over at Niagara Falls, only \$4.00.

Samuel Williams and Albert Burgess were out picking berries near here yesterday and they killed a blacksnake five feet and two inches.

Old Mountain Leaguers Still Know How to Play

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

No visitor to Reynoldsville's Old Home Week should have missed seeing the collection of relics in the Old Curiosity shop on Fifth street. The collection contains many articles of genuine educational value as well as historical interest. Among many others are the following:

W. C. Elliott, a hall clock made in England in 1710, brought to America in 1810, saved from the DuBois fire in 1888; vegetable remains of the carboniferous era; fossil remains of ancient vegetation; several hundred insects from China; Indian relics and a number of sea curios.

H. E. Phillips, petrified sea grass from the Arctic ocean; tooth wood club from Texas. Grant Rhoads, tomahawk 100 years old. Charles Strouse, ancient candle lantern; bed spread made 90 years ago by hand.

H. S. Belnap, hand made quilt; very old.

Mrs. Marie Roller, bed spread made in England in 1770.

Lyman W. Scott, a remarkable collection of canes, made in Mexico, California and many other points in the United States; also two books of great age and value, Pollard's History of the Lost Cause, a story of the rebellion, and a book of biographies of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, containing an engraved reproduction of the original document.

Charles A. Herpel, a German bible, very old.

W. T. Cox, a revolutionary flintlock nearly a century old.

M. J. Dalley, the musket carried by his father in the Civil War.

G. W. Fuller, a gun brought to this country by John Fuller, second pioneer settler in Winslow township.

There was also on exhibition a chair and lamp once owned by F. K. Arnold long used; a chair by Ninian Cooper, a Venezuelan blunderbuss; military weapons, by C. F. Hoffman; the Stars and Bars of the Confederate army; a sailors knife that went through the Boer war, a valuable gold watch, 101 years old, with two seals and a slide, belonging to W. H. Cumins.

HE OVERDID IT.

A Last Wager That Might Perhaps Have Been Won.

When it got as far as the cigars of an informal supper the other night, at which the manager of one of the most talked of New York hotels was the host, the talk turned on the perfection of modern hotel management. The manager boasted of the fact that in his house at least the clerks were paragon of memory and cleverness.

"Yet I will bet the cigars," said one of the guests, "that exactly at midnight when the clerks change I, having no room here, can walk to the desk, ask for the key of a certain room, giving the number, and get it."

"Done," said the manager. Exactly at 12 the man making the bet entered the lobby as if he had just come from the street. This dialogue followed at the desk:

"My key, please—No. 76."

"Yes, sir; what name?"

"Mr. Johnson."

"Yes, Mr. Johnson."

The clerk turned back to the desk as if to reach the key from the rack. For a moment he was out of sight of "Mr. Johnson."

Then to "Mr. Johnson's" dismay he was quietly seized by two men, who seemed to come up from the floor on either side of him and who asked him very politely, but with firmness, to leave the hotel at once.

It was then that the manager appeared from behind a pillar and explained.

A few moments later, when they were smoking the cigars, the chagrined loser said:

"Well, that's a wonderful thing. How the deuce do they remember everybody's key?"

"Easy enough," said the manager, "and then in this particular case there isn't a room in the house numbered below 100."

The loser bought more cigars without being asked.—New York Times.

Nothing Unusual.

Lord Cromer when ruler of Egypt made himself hateful to all sorts of rascals in that country, but he worked wonders of reform there and left it in more contented frame of mind than it had ever known previous to his arrival. While Lord Salisbury was British premier a member of the ministry complained that Lord Cromer had told him to go to the devil. "Dear me," said Salisbury, "he tells me that every time he comes to London."—Cleveland Leader.

Play all Around the Youngsters and Win Out by a Good Margin.

GILLESPIE, BELL, KANE AND MALONEY PLAY BRILLIANTLY

Plenty of Fun and Some Science and the Veterans all Survived to tell the Tale Next Day.

One of the crack features of the Old Home Week celebration was the game of base ball Thursday between the old Mountain Leaguers, who evorted around the bases some quarter of a century ago, and a bunch of youngsters who thought they were going to have some fun with the hoary headed old veterans. They were all there—the heroes of the diamond in the days when lumbermen, raftsmen, miners and other pioneers, formed the mob fans. Jim Gillespie, the inventor of the curved ball, whose wont it was in a long ago to station a catcher around a corner and twist the sphere right into his mit, was in the box feeling the hero he was in the days before he degenerated into a mere business man, while Jack Kane with 300 pounds avoirdupois, playfully gamboled around the bases and threw a few just to show that "handing them out" has kept his arm in excellent trim. Maloney who once despised the new fangled padded glove and caught with bare hands anything short of a cannon ball, condescended to use a mit and lined them out to second in a way that struck terror to the hearts of the youngsters who were running. Butler in right and Whitehill in left field, had troubles of their own and the little restaurateur nearly got lost in the crowd when a Reynoldsville batter connected with one of Gillespie's slow ones for a sky shot. Will Bell was right at home at short and as limber as he was in a famous game of long ago when he "rix" six feet in the air, pulled down a ball so hot it gave him a double somersault and let it fly for home on the second turn in the air, putting out the runner and saving the game. Incidentally Bell trotted across home plate three times himself in Thursday's game, Hunter and Chestnut each landed on Sutter's curves for a hit. Taylor, on second, would have played a star game if he had only had a chance.

When it was all over the notches in the stick were counted and lo! the old men had a lead of \$60. Score, Mountain Leaguers 7; Reynoldsville 5.

| League. | R | H | P | A | E |
|----------------------|---|---|----|---|---|
| Williams c..... | 2 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 0 |
| Sutter p..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Nolan s..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| R. Williams 1st..... | 1 | 1 | 7 | 0 | 1 |
| Barkley 2..... | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| McEntire 3..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Frost l..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Stross m..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Plynn p..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Schultz 1st..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Williams p..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 5 | 7 | 15 | 9 | 4 |

| Reynoldsville. | R | H | P | A | E |
|------------------|---|---|----|---|---|
| Maloney c..... | 0 | 0 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Gillespie p..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| Bell s..... | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Hunter 1st..... | 2 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Taylor 2..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Kane 3..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Butler l..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Chestnut m..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Whitehill r..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Totals | 7 | 3 | 15 | 7 | 5 |

Struck out by Gillespie 6 by Sutter 3; two base hits Hunter. Time 1 hour. Umpire, Reess. Scorer, Hoffman.

Big Four Fair.

The Big 4 Fair at Brookville September 3 to 6, inclusive, under the management of the Jefferson County Agricultural Society, promises to be one of the most attractive fairs held at Brookville for some years. One of the attractions will be Prof. Apdole and his troupe of performing animals. The association will give \$12,000 in premiums; good races and good attractions are promised.

Fingers Caught.

Harold Parsons, son of Dr. J. A. Parsons, had two fingers and the thumb of his left hand badly lacerated Thursday by getting them caught in the cogs of an ice cream freezer at Christie's factory on Fifth street, while brushing away salt. The nail was torn from the second finger.

If you wish to save money attend I. Horwitz clearance sale.