

A NOTORIOUS RASCAL

Bold Exploits of Colonel Thomas Blood in England.

TRIED TO STEAL THE CROWN

The Daring Scamp Almost Succeeded, Too, and Managed to Escape Punishment After Being Captured—His Attack on the Duke of Ormonde.

A daring, fearless scamp and one of the most reckless and brazen soldiers of fortune that ever cut a swath in England was the notorious Colonel Thomas Blood.

This choicest of seventeenth century scoundrels was born probably in Ireland in or about 1618. During the civil war he was active on the parliamentary side, was made a Justice of the peace by Henry Cromwell and received large grants of land. These were confiscated at the restoration, and Blood forthwith began his career as a desperado.

His first plot was to seize Dublin castle and the person of the Duke of Ormonde, the lord lieutenant, in 1603. A crowd was to be collected at the castle gates, a pretended baker with a load of bread upon his shoulder was to stumble and upset the loaves, and in the scramble which would probably ensue among the castle guards the gates were to be seized, but the plot was betrayed to Ormonde, and, although Blood himself escaped, his brother-in-law was arrested and executed.

After a period of seclusion among the Irish hills and in Holland, Blood crossed to England and joined the fifty monarchy men. After one or two minor deeds of daring he planned and nearly carried out a desperate stroke in 1670.

That year the Prince of Orange visited England and was entertained by the city of London. In his train on the occasion was the Duke of Ormonde, against whom Blood nursed undying hate. The duke was dragged from his coach in St. James street by Blood and his son-in-law, strapped on horseback to one of the conspirators and hurried toward Tyburn. So determined was the prime mover in the affair that his enemy should die that he hurried on toward the gallows to arrange the rope. The duke's coachman gave the alarm and followed his master with assistance, and a timely rescue was effected.

On May 9 in the following year Blood made his great attempt to carry off the Tower jewels. He set about the task in quite a modern style. Some three weeks before the attempt he and a woman whom he represented as his wife—his real wife being then in the north of England—visited the Tower, where the lady feigned a sudden illness. She and her companion were invited into the private apartments of Edwards, the aged keeper, that she might rest and recover.

Three or four days later they returned with a present of gloves as an acknowledgment of the civility. Blood's courtesy itself, admired ever-

thing, but especially Edwards' pretty daughter, and presently proposed a match between the young lady and his "nephew." This was agreed to, and the visitors at once dined with the family. Blood pronouncing an edifying grace. After dinner they were shown over the house. Blood managed to find Edwards of a case of pistols by purchasing them for a friend, and it was arranged that the "nephew" should be brought for inspection by his future bride at 7 o'clock on the morning of May 9.

Punctual to the day and hour, Blood appeared with three companions—Parrot, Hunt and Holloway. Each had a swordstick in his hand, a dagger in his belt and pistols in his pockets. Holloway remained outside to guard the door.

Blood, with a nice regard for the etiquette of the occasion, proposed that they should await the arrival of his wife before joining the ladies and that Edwards should show them the crown jewels to while away the time. The jewel room was entered and the door, as usual, closed. Edwards was at once attacked, gagged and bound, an iron hook being even attached to his nose "that no sound might pass from him that way." In spite of threats he struggled gallantly, was knocked down, stabbed and left for dead. Parrot took the globe in his loose breeches. Blood crushed up the crown and thrust it beneath his cloak, while Hunt began to file the scepter in two before putting it in a bag.

At this moment, like a bolt from the blue, appeared Edwards' son, newly arrived from Flanders and eager to greet his family. He went first to his mother and sister, and the thieves slipped out, but Edwards, regaining consciousness, managed to give the alarm, and they were taken. Said Blood philosophically, "It was a bold attempt, but it was for a crown."

After this one imagines there would be short shrift for Colonel Blood, and we expect the march to Tyburn and an edifying "last speech." But he refused to plead unless in private to the king and was admitted to an interview, got on the right side of the merry monarch, hinted at accomplices by the hundred who would avenge his death, was granted his forfeited estates and was thenceforward frequent in the presence chamber. Then he quarreled with his patron, Buckingham, and was cast in damages for slander on the duke. He died in 1680 and was buried in Tottenham fields; but, a "sham funeral" rumor being started, he was exhumed two days later and identified at an inquest.—London Globe.

Seeing the Alps.

"Did you see the Alps?"
"Oh, yes. Our car broke down right opposite them, and, do you know, I'm almost glad it did. I found them so charming and interesting."—Exchange.

A Slight Diversion.

"Anything new at the reception last evening?"
"Well, yes. The genial host and the amiable hostess quarreled informally."—Kansas City Journal.

THE COUNTRY BANKER.

His Influence on National Finance During Crop Harvesting.

Enter the small town for almost any purpose—to sell books, to seek a location, to look up land titles, to write life insurance, to get a news story, to collect a debt—and early in your visit you will go to the ornate, imposing building on the corner of the two busiest streets. You will pass a lattice crown ed counter and be admitted to a room large enough only to hold a desk and two chairs. There you will come face to face with the town's financier, the Pierpont Morgan of the community, the banker. Not an enterprise, not a considerable business undertaking, I started without consultation with him. The man who sells a farm and wishes to put his money where it will earn interest goes to the banker. The widow with a few thousand dollars of life insurance—more money than she ever saw together in all her life before—asks the banker how to invest it. It would be better if more of this class would take the banker's advice when it is given. Then there is the merchant who owes for a large portion of his goods. He comes nervously asking if the bank will "see him through" the dull season. The banker gives assent to one, explains to another, refuses a third and comes at last to read unconsciously the business record of every man he meets on the street.

The country banker exerts his greatest influence on national finance during the crop harvesting season. Whether it be in the gathering of fruit in California, of cotton in the south or of wheat in the plains region, the banker comes in direct touch with the worker.

Take the wheat harvest as covering the widest area and creating the most intense demand during its existence. In a single state 20,000 harvesters are needed besides those already at work on the farms. Through the labor bureau and railway departments whole train loads of workers are secured from states at a distance. These helpers are mostly itinerants, and they have no local standing. A grain raiser went among his laborers one Saturday night and, asking their names, proceeded to make out checks for the week's work.

"What shall we do with them?" asked one.
"Cash them at the bank, of course."
"Who will identify us?"
The employer saw the point, tore up the checks and secured currency with which to pay the men. That made a demand on the bank. Scores of other farmers were doing the same thing. Hundreds of other communities did it. The result is that the country bankers draw millions of dollars from the "reserve centers" every harvest and to some degree change national financial currents thereby.—C. M. Harger in Atlantic Monthly.

Helping the Postoffice.

"It is surprising," said a postoffice employee, "how many people there are who think they know better than the postal authorities the most direct way for a letter to reach its destination. It is quite common for us to handle mail that has instructions in regard to speedy delivery written in one corner of the envelope. Not only are we directed to send domestic mail by a certain railroad or steamboat line, but the route by which the writers wish foreign bound letters to travel is also designated. These instructions frequently denote a lamentable ignorance of transportation facilities on the part of the writers. If they were obeyed the delivery of the letters would be delayed rather than expedited. Fortunately such directions are disregarded by the postal authorities unless they happen to coincide with the government's arrangements for handling mail, so nobody is inconvenienced except the clerks who read the unnecessary advice."—New York Sun.

Mother.

At a mothers' meeting a young woman recounted with some pride a number of proverbs about mothers.
"It's easier for a poor mother to keep seven children than for seven children to keep a mother." That said and striking proverb," she said, "is from the Swiss.
"A mother's love is new every day." "He who will not mind his mother will some day have to mind the jailer." "Better lose a rich father than a poor mother." "A father's love is only knee deep, but a mother's reaches to the heart." Those proverbs are all German.
"The Hindus say poetically, 'Mother mine, ever mine, whether I be rich or poor.'
"The Venetians say: 'Mother! He who has one calls her. He who has none misses her.'
"The Bohemians say, 'A mother's hand is soft even when it strikes.'
"The Lithuanians say, 'Mother means martyr.'"

Measures.

"The money a man amasses," remarked the philosopher, "is not the measure of his value to the community."
"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "it's the measure of the community's value to him."—Washington Star.

A married man says it isn't the jaws of death that worry him, but the jaws of life.

FIERCE CANINES.

The Wolfish Dogs of Newfoundland and Labrador.

On the extreme northern coast of Newfoundland, as well as on Labrador, the fishing villages and settlements are all situated in the harbors and creeks along the seashore. In the summer all intercommunication with the various villages is by water, so that the roads are very primitive. In winter, when the ground is covered with snow and the marshes and lakes are frozen, the people utilize dogs and "comatiks" to travel to and fro, and also for hauling firewood, building material, etc. These dogs are savage mongrels, closely allied to their progenitor, the wolf; in fact, they are half wolf.

The residents do not trouble much about these mongrels in the summer, and they are generally kept in a state of semi-starvation. They feed on fish offal during the fishing season and occasionally band together and go a-hunting on their own account. On these occasions they will attack anything they come across, man or beast, and so fierce are their depredations that caribou, which are plentiful in Labrador, can only on rare occasions be found within twenty-five miles of the seacoast, as these mongrels have destroyed or driven them all inland.

Last winter it was reported that a team of those dogs turned on the driver and devoured him and his wife and child, who were accompanying him to a distant settlement. It has been long recognized that these packs of savage dogs were great obstacles in the way of the progress of the people in these parts. It was impossible for them to keep cows, sheep, goats or even poultry.—Forest and Stream.

EARTHWORMS.

They Can Move About Only When the Ground Is Damp.

Ever since Darwin wrote his remarkable book on earthworms the general public has taken an interest in these lowly creatures. Everybody has observed thousands of them on the cement walks during and after a rain, but the true cause of these remarkable wanderings is not often written about. The fact is that earthworms can move about only when the ground and the grass are wet. The truth of this is easily shown by placing an earthworm on some dry sand, when the dry grains will stick to its slimy skin and make it helpless.

All living creatures are endowed with the instinct to move and spread over the earth. Human beings, like animals and birds prefer to move about in fair weather. To the earthworm and other lowly creatures, the frogs, salamanders, slugs and land snails, rainy days are the only fair days for traveling. When the sun comes out and dries the roads and the meadows, they withdraw into their hiding places. As earthworms cannot see clearly, they crawl about in an aimless sort of way. If they happen to get on a board or cement walk, when the sky clears they soon die and shrivel up.

When a dry season or winter approaches, the earthworms burrow deeper into the ground. At a depth varying from six inches to two feet each worm coils up into a little ball. By aid of secreted slime it makes a case of dirt round itself, and in this state it remains dormant until abundant rains or the spring thaws call it back to a more active life.—St. Louis Republic.

Well Known Signal.

The trainman who when sober was so competent that the officials had winked at his occasional bibulous lapses was at last called up on the carpet.

"What does this mean?" asked the trainmaster sternly. "A month ago you went on a prolonged trip when we were short handed—stayed drunk a month. Then recently you were away on two different occasions for a half week each time. What does it mean?"
"Why," said the trainman, "I am surprised that you should ask me what it means. I had understood that you came, up from the ranks yourself, and yet you ask me the meaning of one long foot and two short ones. I thought everybody knew that was the signal to stop."—Chicago News.

A Greater Noise.

They had removed from New York to a quiet country town, and a new neighbor was tendering his sympathy.
"I guess you must miss the noise of the elevated cars a good deal," she said. "I don't suppose you could get to sleep at first because you was so used to hearing them where you lived."
"I never heard them," said the lady from New York. "My husband snores."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Helping Him Out.

Borrows—I say, old man, I wish you would help me out today.
"Busyman—Haven't time to do it myself, but I'll call the porter. John, open the door and help the gentleman out."—Chicago News.

"The best lightning rod for your protection," says Ralph Waldo Emerson, "is your own spine."

EVENED UP MATTERS.

The Way a Fine Imposed in Court Came to Be Remitted.

A raw mountaineer got back at Judge Mose Wright of the Rome circuit in a very clever way. While the judge was presiding over the Chattooga superior court he had occasion to plaster a fifteen dollar fine on this man because he failed to appear in time as a witness in a case.

"Say, judge, hain't that purty steep?" mildly inquired the Chattoogan.
"No," was the reply. "You know you were an important witness in this case and ought to have been here. I will suspend payment, however, and hold it over you to see that there is no like trouble in the future."

Later Judge Wright was spending a few weeks at Menlo, a popular summer resort in Chattooga county, several miles from a railroad. He had package to come out from Summerville, and the big mountaineer happened to deliver it.

"Well, what do I owe you?" asked the judge genially, reaching for his change pocket.

"Waal, judge, I reckon about \$15 would square us," was the calm reply.

"What?" yelled Judge Wright, staggering back.

"Mebbe you won't be so dern keerless next time 'bout leavin' yo' packages," was the imperturbable answer.

"Look here," whispered the perturbed jurist, "I'll just remit that fifteen dollar fine I put on you down in Summerville."

"Old ap, Beck. That 'bout squares us, judge."

It's true, all right, because Judge Wright told it on himself.—Atlanta Georgian.

A CLEVER THIEF.

His Capture and Sale of a Consignment of Diamonds.

An expert criminal named Raymond is described by Sir Robert Anderson as a Napoleon of crime. The plot which he devised for the theft of diamonds worth \$450,000 and which he carried out with a mastery forethought and address is unrivaled.

Diamonds were habitually sent from Kimberley to the coast just in time to catch the mail steamer for Europe. Were the convoy delayed the gems were locked up in the postoffice until the next steamer left the harbor.

Raymond, profiting by a knowledge of those simple facts, visited the port of departure. He made friends with the postmaster, learned his habits and took wax impressions of his keys. He then returned to Europe, leaving behind him a memory of pleasant manners and good fellowship.

A few months later he was in Africa again, disguised and unknown. He made his way up country to the point where the diamonds had to be carried across a ferry on their way to the coast. Unshipping the chain of the ferry, he sent the boat downstream, and the next convoy of diamonds missed the mail.

All that remained for Raymond to do was to unlock the safe in the postoffice and go off with the treasure, which by a fine stroke of ironical humor he presently sold to its rightful owners in Hatton garden. This was Raymond's masterpiece.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Precaution.

She—But, Fred, dear, fancy coming in such shabby clothes when you are going to ask pa's consent. Fred—Ah, but, dearest, I once had a new suit ruined.—London Sketch.

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.—Spanish Proverb.

OCEAN CABLES.

The Many Dangers to Which They Are Constantly Exposed.

The vicissitudes of a submarine cable are many, says the Magazine of Commerce. It may be torn by an anchor, crushed by a rock or seriously damaged by coral reefs such as abound in the tropics.

Some of the growths often found on a cable tend gradually to decay the iron sheathing wires.

Then, again, a cable is sometimes severed by a seaquake. It may be fatally attacked by a snout of a sawfish or by the spike of a swordfish. But perhaps the little animal that makes itself most objectionable from the cable engineer's standpoint is the insignificant looking teredo navalis.

This little beast is intensely greedy where gutta percha is concerned, working its way there between the iron wires and between the serving yarns. The silica in the outer cable compound tends to defeat the teredo's efforts at making a meal of the core, and this defect is further effected by the core being enveloped in a thin taping of brass.

But where the bottom is known to be badly infested with these little monsters of the deep the insulator is often composed of India rubber, which has no attraction for the teredo and possesses a toughness, moreover, which is less suited for its boring tool than the comparatively chisel-like gutta percha, which it perforates with the greatest ease.

WIGS IN COURT.

Bench and Bar in England Stick to the Traditional Headgear.

American visitors to English courtrooms have been struck by the strange appearance—strange to their eyes, at least—of judges and lawyers in wigs.

Times and customs change, but the judicial wig of England remains unchanged. Bench and bar hold faithfully to the traditional headgear.

Until 1827 human hair was used in making the wigs, which were heavily powdered when worn, but since then white horsehair has been used. While English horsehair is considered the best, the wigmakers buy supplies in France, Russia and even China and South America.

Every operation in the manufacture of wigs is by hand except the curling, and this is done on a small hand curling machine. Most of the wigs run from twenty-one to twenty-four and a half inches in circumference.

The wig of the average member of the bar costs \$30. Full bottomed wigs, such as are worn occasionally by judges and the king's counsel and always by the speaker of the house of commons, cost about \$60.

Few lawyers buy more than one wig in the course of their career at the bar. Some of the most famous advocates of England may be seen in court with dilapidated wig and rusty gown.—Philadelphia North American.

The Reptile.

Schoolmaster—So, then, the reptile is a creature which does not stand on feet and moves along by crawling on the ground. Can any one of you boys name me such a creature? Johnny—Please, sir, my baby brother.—London Tit-Bits.

Little Things.

Life is made up not of great sacrifices of duties, but little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir H. Davy.



Have you passed our window lately?
Next time take a peep at those dainty summer low cuts that grace the display.
Ever see prettier, more graceful heels?
Ever see nattier toes?
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And several prices sandwiched in between.
(The above talk is addressed to women only; we will say things to husbands and brothers next time.

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