

**AN EPISODE OF WAR.**

**The Only Coward Evans Ever Saw in the Naval Service.**

After Admiral Evans had been so grievously wounded in the attack on Fort Fisher during the civil war he was picked up by a marine named Wasmouth and carried into comparative shelter. Wasmouth was killed a few minutes later. Evans' own account continues: "After Wasmouth was killed I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke it was some time before I could recall my surroundings. The tide had come in, and the hole in which I was lying was nearly full of water, which had about covered me and was trickling into my ears. I could see a monitor firing and apparently very near, and the thought came to me that I could swim off to her if I only had a bit of plank or driftwood, but this I could not get. It was plain enough that I should soon be drowned like a rat in a hole unless I managed to get out somehow. Dead and wounded men were lying about in ghastly piles, but no one to lend me a helping hand. By this time I could not use my legs in any way, and when I dug my hands into the sides of my prison and tried to pull myself out the sand gave way and left me still lying in the water. Finally I made a strong effort and rolled myself sideways out of the hole.

"When I got out I saw a marine a short distance away nicely covered by a pile of sand and firing away deliberately at the fort. I called to him to pull me in behind his bar of sand, but he declined on the ground that the fire was too sharp for him to expose himself. I persuaded him with my revolver to change his mind, and in two seconds he had me in a place of safety—that is to say, safe by a small margin, for when he fired the Confederate bullets would snip the sand within a few inches of our heads. If the marine had known that my revolver was soaking wet and could not possibly be fired I suppose I would have been buried the next morning, as many other poor fellows were. As soon as I could reach some cartridges from a dead sailor lying near me I loaded my revolver, thinking it might be useful before the job was finished.

"When I was jerked in behind this pile of sand I landed across the body of the only coward I ever saw in the naval service. At first I was not conscious that there was a man under me, so completely had he worked himself into the sand. He was actually below the surface of the ground. The monitors were firing over us, and as a shell came roaring by he pulled his knees up to his chin, which hurt me, as it jostled my broken legs. I said: 'Hello! Are you wounded?' 'No, sir,' he replied; 'I am afraid to move.' 'All right, then,' I said, 'keep quiet and don't hurt my legs again.' The next shell that came over he did the same thing and the next notwithstanding my repeated cautions. So I tapped him between the eyes with the butt of my revolver, and he was quiet after that."

**The Glove on the Pole.**

A quaint custom in an English town, Houlton, is "proclaiming the fair." The town obtained the grant of a fair from the lord of the manor so long ago as 1257, and the fair still retains some of the picturesque characteristics of bygone days. The town crier, dressed in picturesque uniform and carrying a pole decorated with gay flowers and surmounted by a large gilt model of a gloved hand, publicly announces the opening of the fair, as follows: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! The fair's begun, the glove is up. No man can be arrested till the glove is taken down." Hot coins are then thrown among the children. The pole and glove remains displayed until the end of the fair.

**Fill and Run.**

Nobody is so much alive as the dead-beat.  
No man wants to quit work early and go home on wash day.



**OLD WINTER IS COMING**

Along as usual, he is liable to make his appearance any day now. Are you ready for him? Sure you will be able to keep the house warm when cold weather comes? If not better see us quick. Let us talk steam heat to you for a little while. When we prove how effective it is, how much cleaner and more economical it is, ask us for an estimate of how little it will cost to have us put steam heat in your place.

**C. E. HUMPHREY Plumber**

**CHARTER NOTICE.**

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the sixth day of November, 1906, by E. A. Hull, George H. Rees, George O. Lutz and A. J. Meek, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1871, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Rea Rea and Honey Company, the character and object of which is for the raising, producing, buying and selling honey bees and their products and the manufacturing and selling of beeskeepers' supplies and their equipments, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto. M. M. DAVIS, Solicitor.

**OCEAN LINER'S CARGO.**

**Four Hundred Husky Longshoremen to Load One Ship.**

Down on the wharf the rush was at its height. Under the spluttering bluish lights, amid endless clang and rumble, the produce of America came in. From the prairies, the mines and the mills, from the forests, the cotton plantations, tobacco fields, orchards and vineyards, from the oil fields and meat packing houses, from the grimy factories, large and small, ponderous engines of steel, harrowers, reapers, automobiles, bars of silver and yellow bricks of gold, bales of cotton and wool and hides and tobacco, meats, barrels of flour and boxes of fruit, hoghead of oil and casks of wine—tens of thousands of things and machines to make things—piled up on the wharf by the acre. And still all night the teams clattered in and the tugs puffed up with the barges, and from hundreds of miles away the trains were rushing hither, bringing more boxes and barrels and bags to be packed in at the last moment.

In gangs at every hatchway the 400 men were trundling, heaving, straining, a rough crowd, cursing and joking at the hoarse shouts of the foremen, while from the darkness outside heavy black rope nets dropped down to gather gigantic handfuls of cargo, swing them back up to the deck of the ship and then down into her hold. So all through the night and right up to the hour of sailing the rush went on, for the great ocean liner's work is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. And the ship must sail on time.—Everybody's.

**HUNTING WILD HORSES.**

**How Brumbies in New South Wales Are Trapped and Broken.**

Hunting "brumbies," as the wild horses are called there, is a favorite sport in New South Wales. Districts like the Clarence and Stephens and Manning river watersheds are still the home of numerous droves of brumbies, and hunting them is declared to be a very exhilarating pastime. The first step taken is to stake out a corral and make all secure except a narrow entrance, which can subsequently be gated. On either side of the entrance and projecting from it funnelwise a "booby fence" is prepared.

To the simple minded brumby it presumably looks like a stockade, and pieces of fluttering cotton make it look impregnable. When this is ready, the young bloods, well mounted, gallop out and round up the wild horses, driving them with shouts and much loud snapping of stock whips toward the mouth of the funnel.

In a group of brumbies there is always a leader, and when once the hunters have got the leader heading for the corral they are pretty certain of the rest of the drove. The fluttering cotton rags of the sham fence are sufficient to deter the brumbies from breaking through the flimsy barriers, and in less time than it takes to tell the wild horses are safely corralled and the big gate shut on them. Then they are left for four and twenty hours without food and water to reflect on the situation, and after that they can be broken in without much difficulty.—London Standard.

**Hearn as a Creative Artist.**

Hearn's creative faculty began where creation is commonly held to end, with the material given. Of the creative gift in the sense in which the phrase is applied to the poet he had not a particle. He was not a maker, but a shaper. Dr. Gould puts the matter bluntly when he says, "He had no original thing to say, for he was entirely without creative power and had always to borrow theme and plot." And again: "Clearly and patently it was a mind without creative ability, spring or the desire for it. It was a mind improver by inheritance and by education, by necessity and by training, by poverty internal and external." The truth in these words becomes evident when one recalls the failure as fiction of every one of Hearn's attempts in this field and the fact that his greatest successes were won in reclothing the ideas of other men.—Forum.

**Very Clever.**

They tell a story in London of a certain peer who had never before shown the slightest interest in horse racing that he surprised a young man of his acquaintance by asking him apropos of nothing which horse had won the Derby. The young man told him, "That was very clever of him," replied the peer. "Was it the first time he tried it?" The young man stared, but said "Yes." Then I call it very clever of him," replied the noble but incomplete sportsman, "to win the Derby the first time he tried for it."

**Pleasant For the Lender.**

"There," said Dubley, adding up the column of figures, "a total of \$652. I guess that's all. Oh, no; there's \$30 I forgot! Gee! I wish somebody would lend me \$652. Can you do it, old man?"

"What for?" demanded Markley.

"Why, I want to get out of debt."—Philadelphia Press.

**A Holdup.**

De Roads—Mister, I found the dorg your wife is advertisin' a reward uv \$5 fer. Mr. Law—You did, eh? De Roads—Yes, and if you don't gimme \$10 I'll take it back to her. See?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Made His Mark.**

"Well, young Dr. Slicer has made his mark already, hasn't he?"

"Yes; did it on his first case."

"Great Scott! What did he do?"

"Vaccinated him!"

**THE SCOURING RUSH.**

**A Queer Plant That Can Be Changed Into a Mineral.**

The scouring rush, *Equisetum hiemale*, is an interesting plant which has been put to practical use. In old times its hollow, flinty stems were in great repute for kitchen cleaning purposes. The stems are hollow and are easily separated at the joints. If one would satisfy himself as to the peculiar property that first suggested the use of this rush for scouring purposes he has only to draw a joint across the edge of his teeth to find it like a file.

A very pretty chemical experiment is frequently made with the rush. If one takes a small vial of nitric acid into which any ordinary lead is immersed he will quickly see it dissolve, literally eaten up by the acid. But what does the scouring rush do under such circumstances?

Immediately upon its introduction to the acid the sizzling process begins. The green pulp of the stem is gradually consumed, the tube, however, still retaining its shape, becoming paler and paler in color until after a few hours the specimen is transformed into a pure white alabaster-like column which defies any further attack from the acid.

On taking it from the vial and washing it carefully in running water the operator holds in his hands a beautiful tube of pure, glassy flint, or silica, an object of great microscopic beauty of construction. The scouring rush is no longer a vegetable, but a mineral, and in observing its skeleton of stone the secret of its utility as a scouring brush is easily understood.—New York Tribune.

**DUTCH STREET CARS.**

**The Conductor Carries More Documents Than a Congressman.**

Countries may be known by their street cars. The rush and jar of our big cities are exemplified in the rapid, rude transit of its inhabitants. So the character of orderly little Holland may be gathered from observation of her car service. Says J. U. Higginbotham in "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium":

Street car fare in Holland is 3 cents a trip, and for 4 cents you receive a return ticket. The conductor carries more documents than a congressman. For every fare he opens an aluminum box about 4 by 6 and hands out a receipt or a return ticket, as the case may be.

When the passengers pay their tickets he places the tickets in a leather pouch hung by a strap round his neck. It is important that you retain the receipt given you, for at uncertain intervals a "controlleur" gets on the car and examines all receipts, puts his O. K. on them with a rubber stamp and compares the result with the manifest or log carried by the conductor. It is quite the correct thing to tip the conductor with a Dutch cent or two.

Each car has a card inside stating how many places there are, and on each platform is another saying how many people may stand thereon. When the seats and both platforms are full the sign "Vol" is put up and no more are permitted to get aboard. Our car probably had thirty people in it and on the platforms and was turning business away at every crossing.

**Color.**

Of the light rays that fall upon an object some are taken up by the object and others are reflected. It is to the reflected rays that we are to turn for the explanation of color. For instance, a sheet of white paper is "white" because all the seven kinds of light are reflected from its surface, while the sunflower is "yellow" because when light falls on it the violet, indigo, blue and green rays are selected for absorption, and yellow principally is reflected. The reflective rays, received by the eye, produce the sensation of color. This is an explanation of nearly all the colors that exist.

**Poison Hemlock.**

Water hemlock is a deadly plant common in most country neighborhoods. Its roots are eaten often in spring by mistake for some edible root, and death frequently results. Cattle are often poisoned by drinking water in marshes where it grows. The poison hemlock from which the Greeks made poisons is a near relative to the water hemlock. It stands from two to seven feet high and has clusters of small white flowers and large, parsleylike leaves. The stalk, being hollow, is often made into whistles by country boys, and many children are poisoned in this fashion.

**Handicapped.**

"What profession do you think our boy Joe had better adopt?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"I dunno," answered her husband. "Joe is rather handicapped by circumstances. The only profession he's naturally adapted to is that of a capitalist, and I don't quite see where he's going to get the money."

**A Tip.**

"Look as if you was feelin' pretty good today, James," said the first waiter.

"Yes, tiptop," replied the other.

"Some streak o' luck maybe?"

"Yes; tiptop tip."—Kansas City Independent.

**An Empty Form.**

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does it signify when one woman kisses another? Pa—About as much as when one man in business calls another "old chap." my son.—Stray Stories.

It requires little exertion upon our part to bring misfortune upon ourselves.—Menander.

**JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.**

**The Way He Came to Write His "Uncle Remus" Stories.**

Many great works of genius, as is well known, have been produced by accident and an author is seldom the best judge of his own work. When Joel Chandler Harris wrote the first of his "Uncle Remus" stories and presented it for publication he did so with a hundred misgivings. He was not sure that his venture in negro folklore would prove successful. He could not know that they would bring him worldwide fame.

At the time described Mr. Harris was a young man of twenty-eight, employed on the Atlanta Constitution. Sam W. Small, afterward a revivalist, who had been writing for the same paper a popular column of negro story and dialect, had just resigned from the staff. The managing editor of the Constitution, wishing to continue the feature, said to Harris one day: "Joel, it seems to me you could do that sort of thing to a tee. See if you can't turn in something tonight."

The young writer's memory flitted back to his early days on a plantation. All the quaint settings of negro life—the little cabins, the fiddling darkies, the wrinkled story teller, the black "mammies," the noisy corn shuckings, the bobtailed rabbits disappearing along the road—came hurrying from the past. Late that afternoon he turned in his copy. The next day his reputation was made.—Current Literature.

**TIPPING IN BOHEMIA.**

**Even the Street Car Conductor Expects His Gratuity.**

In the city of Prague a tip to the tramway conductor is considered de rigueur. The orthodox tip consists of but 2 heller, or two-tenths of a penny, yet as "strap hanging" is allowed for in considering the carrying capacity of the car the conductors should have got a goodly pocketful of the minimum coin by each day's end.

Tipping, it was ascertained in another of Bohemia's larger towns, is so fully recognized that the head waiter at a cafe pays a rent for his post, supplies all the journals for the coffee room and looks after the other waiters and then makes an income larger than that of a university professor, all out of his tips.

After supper at one of the delightful open air cafes of the capital it was found that approximately one should give a half krone (fivepence) to the head waiter who took payment, twopence to the underwaiter who brought the vands and a halfpenny to the boy who brought—and even brought again as one glass was finished—the beer.—London Chronicle.

**Don't Say Cologne.**

She sprinkled eau de cologne liberally in the bath of pink marble. "It is this perfume," she said learnedly, "which makes us think that the town of Cologne must be scented. Johann Maria Farina invented 200 years ago in Cologne a perfume made of the oils of neroli, citron, bergamot, orange and rosemary. He called the perfume after his city, eau de Cologne—water of Cologne. By the same token, had he been a Londoner, he'd have called it eau de London. In that case the illiterate would now think London a scented city, and instead of saying correctly, 'Put a few drops of perfume on my handkerchief,' they would say, 'Put a few drops of London on it.' In fact, it is a very vulgar and silly error to call all perfumes cologne. You might as well call them Chicago or Denver."—New York Press.

**No Satisfaction.**

The Editor—Eh, what's wrong?

The Correspondent—In that letter of mine that you printed this morning several gross errors were permitted to appear. Look at this. I wrote "Nobody has any desire to impeach the rugged quality of Mr. Skimmerhorn's honesty," and you turned "honesty" into "hosiery." Look at it!

"I see it. And, what's more, I see nothing wrong about it. Anything else?"

"Yes, here's another. This is what I wrote: 'Mr. Skimmerhorn's ripe experience and his respect for honor must not be forgotten.' And you speak here of his 'tripe experience' and his 'respect for Homer.'"

"Yes, that's so. And they're both highly commendable virtues. Good morning, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**The Hurry Fad.**

"Mr. Cleveland," said a Princeton lecturer, "had little sympathy with the rush and hurry that the American business man so complacently affects—no sympathy with train and boat dilatation, with the lunch table telephone, the letter phonograph and the other bluffs."

"Don't rush so," Mr. Cleveland once said to me. "Lightning might do a great deal more if it wasn't always in such an awful hurry."—Washington Star.

**The More Notable.**

"Which would you call more notable, the prima donna's debut or her farewell?"

"Her farewell. Wouldn't you?"

"Don't know that I would. She can make but one debut."

**One Thing Left.**

Elderly Uncle—Spent your entire patrimony, have you, Archibald? Gone through everything? Scapegrace Nephew—Yes, uncle; everything but the bankruptcy court.—Chicago Tribune.

A woman may not be logical when she undertakes to argue, but if she is only pretty enough that doesn't make any earthly difference.—Somerville Journal.

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That suit or overcoat you're going to need mighty soon ought to be cut in the latest style—else you won't look well dressed and up-to-date—

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For a short time we will sell the Famous Hedgethorn Puncture Proof Tires for only \$4.80 per pair. \$4.80 is the manufacturers' prices in Chicago and they send same by express collect, which costs you 60c, making the tires cost you \$5.40. Remit us \$5.40 and we will ship by express ALL CHARGES PREPAID, one pair of these tires. Tires cost you but \$4.80 with 60c added as the express charge. We save you several days time. Address OTTO J. NUPP, Dealer in Bicycles and Supplies, SYKESVILLE, PA.

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