

## THE LAND OF WORSHIP.

The East Believes Too Utterly to Care if Others Disbelieve.

Prayer pervades the east. Far off across the sands when one is traveling in the desert one sees thin minarets rising toward the sky. A desert city is there. It signals its presence by this mute appeal to Allah. And where there are no minarets in the great wastes of the dunes, in the eternal silence, the lifelessness that is not broken even by any lonely, wandering bird, the camels are stopped at the appointed hours, the poor and often ragged robes are laid down and the brown pilgrims prostrate themselves in prayer. And the rich man spreads his carpet and prays, and the half naked nomad spreads nothing, but he prays too.

The east is full of lust and full of money getting and full of bartering and full of violence, but it is full of worship—of worship that disdains concealment, that reckons not of ridicule or comment, that believes too utterly to care if others disbelieve. There are in the east many men who do not pray. They do not laugh at the man who does, like the unpraying Christian. There is nothing ludicrous in prayer. In Egypt your Nubian sailor prays in the stern of your dahabiyeh, and your Egyptian boatman prays by the rudder of your boat, and your black donkey boy prays behind a red rock in the sand, and your camel man prays when you are resting in the noontide watching the faroff, quivering mirage, lost in some wayward dream.

And must you not pray, too, when you enter certain temples where once strange gods were worshipped in whom no man now believes?—Robert Hichens in Century.

### Scared by Frogs.

It is said to be owed to the frogs of western Australia that that part of the empire is English and not French. About 1880 a party of prospective French colonists landed on the west coast of Australia, but on the first morning they were alarmed by the loud croaking of the frogs, which they took for demons, and retired with all speed to their ships. Western Australia might have preferred the frog to the swan as her emblem, just as Rome might have preferred, instead of the eagle, the goose that saved the capital.

### In His Line.

"I'm surprised that you should be so interested in watching those silly dudes."

"Force of habit, I guess. I'm president of a real estate improvement company."

"Well, they're a vacant lot."—Philadelphia Press.

### Paid in Full.

Hiram (coming to the point)—Sally, I've been a payin' my respects to you for five years come next August, ain't I? Sally (blushingly)—Yes, indeed, Hiram. Hiram—Well, all I'm a-goin' to say is that I'm durn sick up the installment plan! Sally (in his arms)—Pa's agreeable, Hiram!—St. Louis Republic.

### Missionary Work.

"So you once lived in Africa, Sam?" "Yes, sah."

"Ever do any missionary work out there, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah! I was cook for a cannibal chief, sah!"—Plick-Me-Up.

### His Mark.

Hewitt—Gruet can't write his own name. Jewett—I know it. Whenever he sees a man showing another man how to make a cross on an Australian ballot he thinks he is forging his signature.—New York Press.

### The Pampered Pets.

"Hortense, call up Mr. De Millyuns and ask for Fido."

"Yes, me lady."

"Carlo wishes to bark to him over the telephone."—Washington Herald.

If the brain does not sow corn, it plants thistles.—German Proverb.

A good countenance is a letter of recommendation.—Fielding.

## We Sell Vinol

on the positive guarantee that if it does not give satisfaction we will return the entire amount of money paid us for it.

We ask all those who are run-down, nervous, debilitated, aged or weak, and every person suffering from stubborn colds, hanging-on coughs, bronchitis or incipient consumption to try Vinol with this understanding.

Stoke & Feicht Drug Company  
Reynoldsville, Pa.

HUGHES & FLEMING.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

Main Street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

## SEA AND LAND.

The Way They Meet and Clash and Finally Harmonize.

In "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof by Velma Swanston Howard, is the following pretty description of how sea and land meet:

You see that sea and land can meet in many different ways. In many places the land comes down toward the sea with flat, tufted meadows, and the sea meets the land with flying sand, which piles up in mounds and drifts. It appears as though they both disliked each other so much that they only wished to show the poorest they possessed. But it can also happen that when the land comes toward the sea it raises a wall of hills in front of it, as though the sea were something dangerous. When the land does this, the sea comes up to it with fiery wrath and beats and roars and lashes against the rocks and looks as if it would tear the land hill to pieces.

But in Blekinge it is altogether different when sea and land meet. There the land breaks itself up into points and islands and islets, and the sea divides itself into fjords and bays and sounds, and it is perhaps this which makes it look as if they must meet in happiness and harmony.

Think now first and foremost of the sea! Far out it lies desolate and empty and big and has nothing else to do but to roll its gray billows. When it comes toward the land it happens across the first obstacle. This it immediately overpowers, tears away everything green and makes it as gray as itself. Then it meets still another obstacle. With this it does the same thing. And still another—yes, the same thing happens to this also. It is stripped and plundered as if it had fallen into robbers' hands. Then the obstacles come nearer and nearer together, and then the sea must understand that the land sends toward it her littlest children in order to move it to pity. It also becomes more friendly the farther in it comes, rolls its waves less high, moderates its storms, lets the green things stay in cracks and crevices, separates itself into small sounds and inlets and becomes at last so harmless in the land that little boats dare venture out upon it. It certainly cannot recognize itself, so mild and friendly has it grown.

## ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A Display of Courtesy "In Memory of Old Virginia."

All the seats were taken in the car which I entered one morning in early April. An old colored man sat next the door. It is not often in these days that I see that type of black man. I used to see that kind on the old Virginia plantation, where he was "Ung Lige" or "Ung Sambo" to all the household.

His days were devoted to useful toil and his evenings to his banjo and the old plantation melodies that no one can ever sing again as musically as they were sung then.

"Take this seat, mistis," he said, rising promptly. "Mistis" sounded very "homey" and pleasant to me. It had been so long since I was "mistis" to anybody.

"Thank you, uncle," said I. "Keep your seat. I would just as lief stand."

"Scuse me, please, mistis, but 'tain't fitten for you ter stan'; you mus' set." He admonished respectfully.

I took the seat, thanking him for his courtesy. Soon a departing passenger left a vacancy.

"There is a seat for you," I said to the old man.

"Between the ladies, ma'am?" He hesitated.

"Yes," I said.

He bowed apologetically to right and left and took the vacant place. Just before leaving the car I slipped a silver piece into his hand, saying, "Uncle, get you a nice luncheon with this—in memory of old Virginia."

"Thank you, my mistis," he said, opening his hand to look at the little gift and then closing it. I left the car with a sunnier feeling in my heart because of the chance meeting, but with no thought that I should ever again hear of my old Virginia.

That afternoon I received a bunch of arbutus which had been left for me by an old colored man—"fer the tall lady with a long blue coat an' white hair—in memory of ole Virginia an' dem old time days."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Distinction Without a Difference.

Five-year-old Deborah had been invited to take luncheon at a restaurant with Miss K.

"Do you like cocoa?" she was asked. When the answer was "Yes," the beverage was duly brought, but remained untasted.

At last Miss K. said, "Why don't you drink your cocoa, Deborah, when you said you wanted it?"

"I didn't say I wanted it," replied the child politely. "I only said that I liked it."—Woman's Home Companion.

### Current Comment.

The most dangerous of the revenue cutters is the tax dodger.—Atlanta Journal.

Eight men who were flitted by a Chicago girl have formed a club. Gratitude has strange ways of manifesting itself.—Buffalo Express.

"We are not," says Dr. Wiley of the department of agriculture, "a nation of rascals." We are glad Dr. Wiley has confirmed a supposition that we have entertained for a long time.—Reading Herald.

Some one has invented a clock that will run a year with one winding. Now invent something else that will remind the owner once a year that it is time to wind the clock.—Boston Transcript.

## A HUMAN MACHINE.

He Was Able to Correct a Language He Did Not Understand.

When Max Muller was preparing his edition of the Rigveda he had, so the story goes, an illustration of the instinctive wisdom of the compositor. In providing the manuscript for about 6,000 sheets of print the author naturally tripped from time to time.

Whenever he did trip, there on his proof was the error queried in a casual hand. Surely, he thought, some unknown scholar in the university must be overlooking his proofs with kindly interest and making the corrections for him. Inquiry showed that this was not the fact. The corrections were the corrections of the man who set up the type. "Did this man, then, know Sanskrit?" Muller asked. Not a bit of it. Use and wont enabled him to detect the errors as a hungry child scents a cooking dinner. The discovery originated through his arm rather than from any intellectual doubt, and that arm was palsied!

This printer had sustained an accident, leaving him with an arm partly paralyzed, and as this made him slower with his setting his masters turned him on to Sanskrit, with which he had had no previous acquaintance. He had to learn upward of 300 types for the work, but he learned them and accustomed himself to the work. Now, many of the letters in Sanskrit cannot follow each other or, if they do, must be modified. In writing Muller sometimes forgot these modifications, but they were all marked on the proof. Muller was so interested that he sought out the printer to ask him how he was able to correct a language which he did not understand. The explanation was remarkable: "You see, sir, my arm gets into a regular swing from one compartment of types to another, and there are movements that never occur. So if I suddenly have to take up types which entail a new movement I feel it and put a query." What a dog's life the "nu spelling" or Artemus Warfa, which is the same thing, would have caused that marvelous human machine!—St. James' Gazette.

## BARNUM'S OLD LION.

How the Great Showman Turned His Death to Account.

Among the features of the parades of the Barnum circus there was formerly one that never failed to attract attention. On the top of one of the wild beast cages lay an enormous lion. He was not confined in any way, and nervous people watching the parade would shudder at the sight and contemplate the terrible possibility of the lion springing into the midst of the crowd.

But the venerable old king of beasts had reached the leonine dotage, and stiffened muscles and blunted claws rendered him harmless. He was as mild as a kitten and in the winter quarters, where he was allowed to roam at will, sometimes had to be protected from the onslaughts of irreverent and mischievous puppies.

One night he wandered from the quarters. In the course of his travels he chanced on a barn where a meek-eyed cow was placidly chewing her cud. A faint flicker of the stumbling jangle spirit stirred his pulse, and, with a crashing blow of the huge fore paw, the cow was slain; then, lying down beside his victim, he went to sleep and dreamed of the time when he was a shaggy little whelp playing with his brothers under the bright sun of his faroff African home.

In the morning the owner of the cow, a stalwart female with the blood of Irish kings in her veins, entered the barn with milk pail in hand. She was filled with wrath at the sight that met her gaze. With a keen edged ax in her hand and grim determination in her eye she fearlessly approached the sleeping lion, and when the men sent out to search for him arrived he lay cold in death. Barnum promptly paid for the dead cow and engaged to appear on exhibition "the woman who in mortal combat had slain a lion."

### The Oldest Treaty.

The oldest text of a real treaty now in existence is that of the convention between Rameses II., king of Egypt, and the Prince of Kheta, which embraces the articles of a permanent offensive and defensive alliance, with clauses providing for the extradition of emigrants, deserters, criminals and skilled workmen. This treaty was drawn up in the fourteenth century B. C., and is the earliest record that we have of any international transaction.

### Her Uncooked Gown.

Miss Fluffigirl—Miss Newthought has gone the limit with her vegetarianism! Miss Furbelow—Why, what is her latest? Miss Fluffigirl—She actually refuses to wear anything but raw silk gowns now.—New York Press.

## Facts From France.

The Paris Gaulois says that Taft's nomination is due to Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

In the little town of Venanson, in France, a man named Guigo has been elected mayor, his brother clerk and his six sons municipal councilors.

Although France has had compulsory education for about twenty-five years, the percentage of illiterates reaches the high figure of forty per 1,000 men and sixty per 1,000 women.

The former residence of the Catholic bishop at Marseilles, France, is now used as a police station, while his chapel is used for an assembly room for the officials, this being one of the odd turns brought about through the expulsion of the church from France.

## A CHEMICAL FURY.

Fluorine is a Rabid Gas That Nothing Can Resist.

The fury of the chemical world is the element fluorine, although, strangely enough, it exists peacefully in company with calcium in fluor spar and also in a few other compounds.

Although this element was known and named a good while ago, it long resisted the efforts of chemists to isolate it—that is, prepare it in a pure state, uncombined with other substances—for the instant the compound containing it was torn apart the free fluorine attacked and combined with whatever substance composed the vessel containing it. It was finally isolated by the great French chemist Moissan.

Fluorine is a rabid gas that nothing can resist. It combines with all metals, explosively with some, or if they are already combined with some other nonmetallic element it mercilessly tears them away from it and takes them to itself.

In uniting with sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium and aluminum the metals become heated, even to redness, by the fervor of its embrace. Iron filings slightly warm burst into brilliant scintillations when exposed to it. Manganese does the same. Even the noble metals, which at melting heat proudly resist the fascinations of oxygen, succumb to this chemical siren at moderate temperatures.

Glass is devoured at once and water ceases to be water by contact with this gas, which, combined with its hydrogen, at the same moment forms the acid, glass dissolving hydrofluoric acid and liberates ozone.

Even hydrofluoric acid eats into and destroys every known substance except platinum and lead.—Exchange.

### Glaciers.

It has been demonstrated that the glacier does not move in one block, but flows, accommodating itself to the channel in which it moves. Professor Tyndall planted a row of sticks in a straight line across a glacier, and after a few days the line had become a crescent, with the concavity upward, showing that the middle of the glacier moved faster than the sides, just as in a river the stream is stronger in the center.

### Her Mild Ambition.

"You expect your boy to become a good man?"

The mother's face fell.

"He is not a brilliant child," she made answer doubtfully. "No, I think I shall have to be content if he attains only a moderate success—becomes a very rich man, say, or something like that."—Puck.

### A Scratch.

"How does Mrs. Sleigh get on in the club?"

"Oh, she always comes up to the scratch."

"Of course she does—the cat!"—Kansas City Newsbook.

Some people only believe half of what they hear, and then invariably select the wrong half.—New York Telegram.

### Pleasures of Canoeing.

The canoeist is the most independent of men. He can push his craft through a stream three feet wide and five inches deep, and he can safely negotiate any bit of water that a catboat or moderate sized launch would care to attempt. Canoeing is popular because it brings its devotees out into the open freedom and lets them live their summer life as they will. The canoe does for humanity what the bicycle failed to do. The bicyclist was tied to roads, was dependent upon hotels and restaurants for food and lodging. When the bill was steep he must alight and walk. When the road was bad or the foot of the hill dubious he must do likewise. The canoeist suffers none of these restrictions. He carries with him his place of abode—his bed, his food and the means of preparing it. He is not confined to well worn highways. He is able to penetrate and explore out of the way streams and pitch his tent in spots inaccessible to the average wanderer.—Yachting.

### Wouldn't Risk It.

Tired Tatters—Say, we've got the matter wid us walkin' down de railroad track?

Weary Walker—Not for me. I ain't goin' to disgrace myself by havin' people think I'm a ac—.—Chicago News.

### Church Work.

The national board of church extension of the Christian church is trying to raise \$1,000,000 by the end of next year.

The new buildings of the Wesleyan East End mission, in London, cover one and three-fourths acres and are the result of twenty-three years' work.

The first payment has been made on the three and one-half acre tract of land in Baltimore which is to be the site for the Episcopal cathedral in that city.

The summer vacation work of the Episcopal City mission in Boston costs about \$5,000, being devoted wholly to the care of women and children who need fresh air.

There are about 4,000 churches in the missionary territory over which Rev. C. A. Woody acts as superintendent, he being an agent of the Baptists in Montana, Idaho, Washington, California, Oregon and Nevada.

### Not Worth Repeating.

Kind Lady—But that isn't the same story you told me the last time you were here.

The Hobo—Course it ain't. Youse didn't believe de odder one.—Chicago News.

## When Children Smoked.

Every one has read that Hawkins introduced tobacco into England and that King James inveighed against it. Elizabeth liked to sit on a low stool and watch Sir Walter Raleigh puffing away. In Anne's reign almost every child smoked. In Charles II.'s reign "children were sent to school with their pipes in their satchels, and the schoolmaster called a halt in their studies while they smoked."

In 1702 Jorevin spent an evening with his brother at Garraway's coffee house, Leeds, and writes: "I was surprised to see his sickly child of three years old fill his pipe of tobacco and smoke it as audaciously as a man of threescore. After that a second and third pipe without the least concern, as it is said to have done above a year ago."

### Women Smokers in Ireland.

The comparison between women smoking in England and in Ireland, says a correspondent, is hardly on all fours. In Ireland many of the older women whose lives are spent in hard toil smoke in the country districts, but they would utterly disdain a cigarette. They smoke a short "cutty" pipe and the very strongest and most pungent tobacco—Limerick roll. It is no uncommon thing for a man to hand his lighted "cutty" pipe, black with long seasoned smoking, over to a woman for a "draw," as it is called. In Ireland the pipe has long been the solace of the poor, aged, hardworking woman, and the habit has its origin in the use of tobacco for allaying the pangs of hunger in famine days.—London Chronicle.

### His Spasm of Economy.

"Speaking of misdirected economy," said the lecturer, "reminds me of an old man who lived in my town. The old man had lost four wives and desired to erect for each a headstone with an inscription commemorative of her wifely virtues. But inscriptions, he found, were very expensive. He economized in this way: He had the Christian name of each wife cut on a small stone above her grave—'Emma,' 'Mary,' 'Hester,' 'Edith.' Under each name a hand pointed to a large stone in the center of the lot, and under each hand were the words: "For Epitaph See Large Stone."

### Time Reminders Unpopular.

A wise shrewd woman who wished to entertain a great deal one day wondered why her guests always seemed so uncomfortable.

"It is because of your clocks," said a candid friend. "There are three within hearing distance of your drawing room that strike. I don't know of anything that makes company feel quite so uncomfortable as to hear a clock strike. Somehow it is bound to give the impression that we have overstayed our welcome and the hostess is anxious to get rid of us. Of course that is purely a matter of fancy, yet somehow a striking clock always seems to say, 'You'd better be going.' The wise hostess knows that, and if she wants her callers to be thoroughly comfortable she shuts a clock that strikes."—New York Times.

### Transmitted Snake Bite.

An extraordinary case of snake poisoning is reported from a country hospital in Victoria. An old man was brought in in a comatose state and showing all the symptoms of having been bitten by a venomous snake. But on investigation it was found he had been bitten by a dog, which died almost immediately afterward from snake bite. Medical treatment was successful, and the man gradually recovered from the snake poison which the reptile had indirectly transmitted to him.—Pall Mall Gazette.

### The Heiress Abroad.

"On your trip abroad, did you see any wonderful old ruins?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied archly, "and guess what?"

"Well?"

"One of them wanted to marry me."—Harper's Weekly.

### Golf and Brains.

The radical type of golf enthusiast is exemplified in the retort of a St. Andrew's caddy to the university professor, "Oybody can teach a wheelon loon Lajin and Greek, but gowf, ye see, gowf requires a heid."

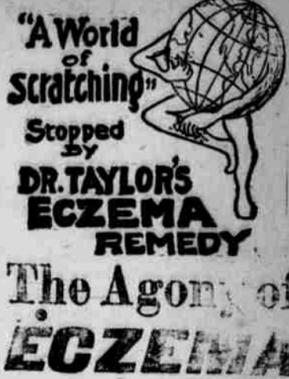
Lady (entering breathless)—I want to stop the divorce suit! Lawyer—Why, you said your husband was an abominable, beastly brute and you wanted to be rid of him at any cost! Lady—Oh, yes; I know. But now an automobile has run over him, and I want you to start suit for damages.—Lippincott's Magazine.

### He Smoked.

"What do you mean by smoking my pipe, young man?" queried the stern father of a precocious five-year-old.

"Mamma said if I teased the cat again she'd make me smoke for it," explained the little fellow, "and I teased her again."—Chicago News.

After all, it is the imponderables that move the world—heat, electricity, love.—Holmes.



**"A World of Scratching"**  
Stopped by  
**DR. TAYLOR'S ECZEMA REMEDY**  
**The Agony of ECZEMA**

Promptly and Permanently Relieved by  
**DR. Taylor's Remedy**  
Never known to fail. Most stubborn and distressing cases, permanently cured. No cure—no pay—that's the guarantee.  
Stoke & Feicht Drug Co., Reynoldsville, Pa.  
Send for free illustrated booklet.

**Veribest Rubber**  
—AND—  
**Climax Asphalt**



Needs no painting. Nothing better made regardless of cost. Made by reliable people, sold by reliable people and backed up by quality.  
**McHenry-Millhouse Bldg. Co.**  
South Bend, Ind.  
FOR SALE BY  
**Reynoldsville Hardware Co.**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

**WINDSOR HOTEL**  
W. T. Brubaker, Mgr.  
Midway between Broad St. Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert st.  
European \$1.00 per day and up.  
American \$2.50 per day and up.  
The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

**Dr. F. S. DAVENPORT**  
Osteopathic Physician  
Matson Block  
Brookville, Pennsylvania

Consultation and treatment in Reynoldsville by APPOINTMENT ONLY. If you want my opinion and examination of any chronic case, write me and make an appointment for any MONDAY OR THURSDAY and I will call at your home.  
Dr. F. S. DAVENPORT,  
Brookville, Pa.

**LABEL IN DIVORCE.**  
Eva Synakay Halasy versus Stephen Halasy. No. 24, January Term, 1908. Pluries Subpoena in Divorce.  
JEFFERSON COUNTY, SS:  
The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.  
To Stephen Halasy, Greeting:  
We command you, as twice before you were commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Brookville, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the second Monday of November next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife, Eva Synakay Halasy, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you the said Stephen Halasy, agreeable to the Petition and Label exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no case omit at your peril.  
Witness The Hon. John W. Reed, President of our said Court at Brookville the 13th day of August, A. D., 1908.  
Allowed by the Court.  
CYRUS H. BLOOD, Prothonotary.

To Stephen Halasy, Greeting:  
You are hereby notified to appear before the Honorable Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Brookville, Pa., on the second Monday of November next, to answer as set forth in the above subpoena.  
GRANT SCHEAFNOCKER, sheriff.  
October 7, 1908.

### CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the sixth day of November, 1908, by E. A. Holl, George H. Rea, George D. 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, 1874, 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 beekeepers 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.

**BEST BY ANY TEST**  
and the best test is its use.

**"Family Favorite"**  
**LAMP OIL**



Gives the nearest to natural of any artificial light known.  
Burns white, clear, steady and full flame to the last drop.  
Will not smoke, "sneel" or flicker.  
Costs no more than ordinary tank wagon oil and infinitely better.  
Most any dealer can supply you.  
**Waverly Oil Works Co.,** Independent Pittsburg, Pa.  
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasoline.