

WANTED THEM SAVED.

Lincoln Stuck to His Selection of a Hospital Chaplain.

The nomination of a Mr. Shrigley of Philadelphia, a Universalist, for the position of chaplain for the hospital was not met with favor on all sides, and a delegation of protestants went to Washington to see President Lincoln on the subject. The following interview was the result:

"We have called, Mr. President, to confer with you regarding the appointment of Mr. Shrigley of Philadelphia as hospital chaplain."

"Oh, yes," replied the president. "I have sent his name to the senate, and he will no doubt be confirmed at an early date."

One of the young men replied, "We have not come to ask for the appointment, but to solicit you to withdraw the nomination."

"Ah," said Lincoln, "that alters the case. But on what grounds do you wish the nomination withdrawn?"

The answer was, "Mr. Shrigley is not sound in his theological opinions."

The president inquired, "On what questions is the gentleman unsound?"

"He does not believe in endless punishment. Not only so, sir, but he believes that even the rebels themselves will be finally saved," was the reply.

"Is that so?" inquired the president. The members of the committee responded, "Yes, sir."

"Well, gentlemen, if that is so and there is any way under heaven whereby the rebels can be saved, then, for God's sake and their sakes, let the man be appointed."

Mr. Shrigley was appointed and served until the end of the war.—Boston Post.

THE GREAT BOMBARDMENT.

A Constant Rain of Missiles Upon the World's Atmosphere.

The regions of space beyond our planet are filled with flying fragments. Some meet the earth in its onward rush; others, having attained inconceivable velocity, overtake and crash into the whirling sphere with loud detonation and ominous glare, finding destruction in its molecular armor or perhaps ricocheting from it again into the unknown. Some come singly, va grant fragments from the indolence of space; others fall in showers, like golden rain, all constituting a bombardment appalling in its magnitude.

It has been estimated that every twenty-four hours the earth or its atmosphere is struck by 400,000,000 missiles of iron or stone, ranging from an ounce up to tons in weight. Every month there rush upon the flying globe at least 12,000,000,000 iron and stone fragments, which, with lurid accompaniment, crash into the circumambient atmosphere.

Owing to the resistance offered by the air few of these solid shots strike the earth. They move out of space with a possible velocity of thirty or forty miles per second and, like moths, plunge into the revolving globe, lured to their destruction by its fatal attraction. The moment they enter our atmosphere they ignite, and the air is piled up and compressed ahead of them with inconceivable force, the resultant friction producing an immediate rise in temperature, and the shooting star, the meteor of popular parlance, is the result.

A Subtle Hint.

A representative in congress, who is the father of several bright girls, tells a story whereof one daughter is the main figure.

"For a long time," says the representative, "I had the bad habit of hanging about the lower floor when the girls had men callers. One evening I had settled in an easy chair in the reception room just off the drawing room when one of my girls, who was talking to a bright chap from our own state, called out:

"Dad?"
"What is it, daughter?"
"It's 9 o'clock, the hour when Tom and I usually go into committee."—Harper's Weekly.

When an Ostrich Kicks.

"The only safe place in the neighborhood of a kicking ostrich is just behind it," said a zoo keeper. "An ostrich can kick a mule to death, but its kicks are delivered at an angle of 45 degrees. Within those 45 degrees, right about the 'pop's nose' of the bird, there is absolute safety. On the ostrich farms of California, when the herds are being driven, you will always see the ostrich boys holding on to the tails of bad kickers. The kickers tear along, and their scaly legs shoot out like piston rods, but the boys in the shelter of the pope's nose are safe."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Condemnation.

"What do you think of members of European aristocracy as sons-in-law?" asked the old time friend.

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "the way their relatives boss them around indicates that they ought to make easy husbands."—Washington Star.

The Idiotic Affair.

Irate Parent—Am I to understand there is some idiotic affair between you and that impetuous young ass, Lord Bilaris? Fair Daughter (very sweetly)—Only you, papa!—Illustrated Bits.

For Good.

It never seems to occur to persons who are getting married that they ought to take each other for good as well as for better or worse.—Philadelphia Record.

Every man who rises to any profession must tread a path more or less bedewed by the tears of those he passes on his way.—Bayne.

What's in a Label.

There is a good deal of art in advertising, and it has to be adapted to the public it seeks to meet. Edward Reeves in "Brown Men and Women" makes clear that what attracts the American market may not serve that purpose in the islands of the south seas. He tells an experience which a food firm had with one of those sea-girt communities. The natives get very tired of fish, but are fond of canned beef, which they buy whenever they have money. That they are nothing more than children in their ideas the traders find out to their cost if they are not careful. An exporter of canned meat was nearly ruined by clinging to the trademark of a dragon's head. Shipment after shipment was sent out from San Francisco, each can branded with the flaming dragon. The natives shuddered at the sight of the hideous thing. They were not going to eat the disgusting beast. In vain the agents tore off the labels; the natives were suspicious and would not buy. The whole shipment had to be returned and put in fresh cans with a fat ox or sheep on the label. All the natives fully believed that the figure on the label was a true picture of what was inside.

Persuasion.

Dr. A. is a specialist in nervous ailments. In his most successful cases "persuasion" has played an important role. Six-year-old Frank has evidently had opportunity to imbibe his father's views on the efficacy of persuasion, which, Dr. A. contends, appeals to the highest psychic functions.

It was only a few mornings ago that Mrs. A. overheard an altercation in the kitchen between Master Frank and the cook. Mary's voice rose in loud protestations. Mrs. A. hastened to the scene and arrived just in time to see her son seize a convenient broom and threaten Mary.

"Why, Frank," she exclaimed in horrified amazement, "what are you doing?"

But Frank was equal to the occasion. "I'm just trying to persuade Mary for some angel cake," he explained in a matter of fact way.

If this treatment may not have appeared to Mary's highest psychic functions it at any rate tickled her sense of humor. Frank gained his point.—New York Times.

A Woman Soldier.

Eleonore Prochaska, born March 11, 1785, at Potsdam, was the daughter of a sergeant. After being brought up in the military orphanage of that town she became a cook in some citizen's house. When the great war against Napoleon broke out in 1813 she was led away by enthusiasm to quit her town secretly. By selling her poor belongings she procured male attire and weapons and enlisted under the name of August Renz in the Lutzwg corps. On account of her tall, slender figure her sex was not discovered until she was mortally wounded. This happened in the encounter in the Gohrde forest, Regierungsbezirk, Luneburg, Kreis Dannenberg, Sept. 16, 1813. The Prussians were there attempting to storm a hill occupied by the French, she acting as a drummer. In 1863 a monument in memory of her was erected in the churchyard at Dannenberg and another in 1889 in the old churchyard of Potsdam.—London Sketch.

Stone Eaters.

Sir James Ross in the course of his travels noted a curious fact with regard to the penguin—namely, the habit of swallowing stones. In one specimen he found ten pounds weight of quartz, granite and trap. Other animals, reptiles, fishes and mammals exhibit the same strange fancy. In a paper contributed to the proceedings of the Bristol Naturalists' society W. H. Wicks has collected a number of facts connected with such stomach stones. The fact noted by Mr. Wicks that the pebbles are usually white quartz is interesting, but does not appear to throw any light on the strange habit.—London Globe.

A Rude Youth.

"How do you account for this, ma'am?" And he held aloft a lump of coal which he had just dug out from the striae tank.

The landlady slightly flushed. "I suppose the poor cows sometimes stray along the railroad track," she said. "But you must admit the steak is tender."

He thumped the coal with his knife. "Yes," he said harshly, "locomotive tender."

And the meal progressed in silence.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Concrete.

Concrete itself is, of course, very old. The concrete stairs of Colchester and Rochester castles still show the marks of the incising boards. The dome of Agrippa's pantheon, which is 142 feet in diameter, is of concrete, and fragments of concrete buildings are found in Mexico and Peru.—London Spectator.

Wealthy Poverty.

There are still many houses in the country in England where the owners are unconscious of the fact that, while they themselves are apparently poor, they possess fortunes in furniture and pictures.—Town and Country.

Too General.

Little Eph—Mamma, who was Venus? Mamma—Fo' de law's sake, I know so many Venuses—Venus Jonsing, Venus Smiff—an', look heah, chile, you mus' be mo' spiclit!—New York Journal.

Every man who rises to any profession must tread a path more or less bedewed by the tears of those he passes on his way.—Bayne.

GOT HIM CHEAP.

The Way a Famous Surgeon Was Once Cleverly Tricked.

Sir Morel MacKenzie once received a wire from Antwerp asking him his charges for a certain operation. He replied £500 and was told to come at once. When he stepped upon the dock he was met by three men in mourning, who informed him sadly that he had come too late, the patient had died.

"But," said the spokesman of the party, "we shall pay you your full fee." And they did. "And now," said the man, "since you are here, what do you say to visiting the city hospital and giving a clinic for the benefit of our local surgeons? It is not often they have an opportunity of benefiting by such science as yours."

Sir Morel said he would gladly comply. He went to the hospital and performed many operations, among which were two of a similar nature to that for which he had been called for. When he had finished all thanked him profusely. On the steamer going home he met a friend, who had a business house in Antwerp.

"Pretty scurvy trick they played on you, Sir Morel."

"What do you mean?" asked the surgeon.

"Told you the patient died before you arrived, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"Lies. You operated on him and a friend with the same trouble at the clinic. Got two operations for one price."

HE WAS EXCITED.

And Yet He Was Making Only a Very Reasonable Request.

It was a dramatic scene, pregnant with the most tragic possibilities. Thus thought a witness to the meeting of three Italians near the big express depot at Fifteenth and Market streets. A man and woman who were delivering a trunk into the hands of a clerk were suddenly confronted by another man, who was highly excited. He approached the woman. In voluble Italian he raved and swore and pleaded, while she shrilled equally excited answers. The other man stood back against the wall, his arms folded defiantly, his head sunk on his chest. It certainly looked as if daggers were to be drawn. The interested bystander asked of some listeners who understood the rapidly spluttered dialect what the trouble was all about.

"Why," was the volunteered translation, "this woman has run away from her husband with this man," pointing to the sulky individual.

"Oh, and he is begging her to return?" was the next query.

"Not on your life," was the expressive reply. "She has packed up all her husband's clothes in her trunk, as well as her own, and he is begging her to give back at least his Sunday suit."—Philadelphia Record.

Baked Men.

Workers in porcelain factories are literally baked, but by some miracle of use and wont they remain sufficiently uncooked to live. At least if they are not quite baked they endure a stronger heat than that which browns the Sunday sirlin. The furnaces wherein porcelain is finished are kept at the fiercest heat used in any industry. A chain of workmen, their heads and bodies swathed in fireproof garments, take the finished pieces from the fire one at a time and pass them to the cooling room. The man at the head of this chain—he who stands nearest the furnace—can work in only five minute shifts. In his intervals of rest he lies on a mattress drinking glass after glass of ice water from the hands of a small boy. At lunchtime all about the chain of men steaks grill.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Just Tolerable.

Concerning a certain time serving Washington clergyman of whom a visitor was one day expressing a harsh estimate President Lincoln said:

"I think you are rather hard on Mr. —. He reminds me of a man in Illinois who was arrested for passing a counterfeit bill. He admitted that he had taken it to a bank cashier to know if it was a good bill. 'Well, what was the reply of the cashier?' asked his lawyer. 'Why,' evasively answered the prisoner, 'he said it was a pretty tolerable, respectable sort of a bill.'"

Mr. Lincoln thought the clergyman "a pretty tolerable, respectable sort of a clergyman."

At Close Range.

"Who is that neglected looking little boy with dirt over his face?"

"He is the child of the noted astronomer who lives over the way."

"Oh, is he? Come here, sonny. Run home and tell your father he doesn't need his telescope if he wants to see spots on the sun."—Baltimore American.

His Trouble.

Friend—Don't worry because your sweetheart has turned you down since you lost your money. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Jilted One—Yes, but I've lost my bait.—Harper's Bazar.

Ripe Old Age.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a ripe old age? Pa—It's the age, my son, at which a man is willing to admit that he's not the only dried apple in the pantry.—Chicago News.

The Doctor's Orders.

Mrs. O'Harrigan—Phoy have ye stuck this empty flask under th' baby? Mrs. Carey—Th' doctor's orders. He told me Oid' have to keep th' baby on a bottle!—Judge.

Not to outshine, but to shine upon, his neighbors is the successful man's mission.—Town.

THE KETTLEDRUM.

It is an Instrument That Is Pretty Difficult to Handle.

The kettledrum has been so far improved that it has a pitch; in fact, it contains the large range of four notes. It is, as its name shows, a copper kettle, or basin, covered over with skin, which can be tightened or loosened by screws placed around the edge. Drums of this shape were used by the Romans, and even earlier by the Greeks and Etruscans. But they were not known in western Europe before the crusades.

Although it may appear so, the kettledrum is not at all an easy instrument to manage, for in order to get each of the four notes the player has to turn all the screws and adjust the parchment anew. For this reason kettledrums are often used in pairs, one tuned to the keynote, the other to the fourth below. In this way the drummer has always the two chief notes in the scale to work upon, and if the composer has not exacted much from him he will have quite an easy time. But when a change of key is approaching it is quite exciting to watch the drummer screwing and unscrewing the drum and lightly tapping to hear if the pitch is true, and if we recollect that he often has to tune his drum while the whole orchestra is lifting up its voice we realize that he must be no mean musician; that he must possess an exquisitely sensitive and well trained ear and a steady hand and nerve as well.—Jessie K. MacDonald in St. Nicholas.

MODERN ROYALTY.

Hopelessly Handicapped by the Progress of Mankind.

What is a modern king for if not to set a pattern of the brave, courteous, urbane gentleman and make a comely figurehead for state occasions? If he falls there of what earthly use is he? He cannot govern. He dare not attempt to rule. He is so outclassed in professional training by his own generals that he would never be tolerated as an active commander in chief in time of war. He is hopelessly below the requirements of the age if he dreams of leadership in art or learning, literature or science. If he cannot make a brave showing of the virtues and graces of more primitive times when he gets a chance he falls utterly.

The truth is that modern royalty is handicapped hopelessly by the progress of mankind. The age is far too complex to enable a king to play the part he is cast for in the great drama of the world's work and struggles. He would be more than human if he could live up to the demands of his birth and the traditions of his vocation. Kings were formerly tragedians when they were evil and great benefactors when they were both good and wise. Now they are perilously near the border line of comedy, which slides easily down into farce.—Cleveland Leader.

Sneezing.

Sneezing has an extensive folklore in many countries. Sometimes the act is considered ominous of good and sometimes of evil. Among the Jews it has always been regarded as an appropriate moment, such as the conclusion of a bargain as propitious, and a belief still lingers in many parts of the country that the regular habit of sneezing, particularly after meals, is conducive to longevity and a precaution against fevers. The old English custom of saying "God bless you" when a person sneezed, so as to avoid evil consequences, has its counterpart in many far distant parts of the globe. The early settlers in Brazil found the sneezer saluted with "God preserve you" while in Fiji it was customary to retort, "May you live!" In superstitious Suffolk there is a sneezing tariff—once a wish, twice a kiss, thrice a letter and four times a disappointment.—London Sphere.

The Water Clock.

The earliest application of the clepsydra principle to produce motion was by Tsang Hung, A. D. 126, who made an "orrey" representing the apparent motion of the heavenly bodies around the earth, which was kept going by dropping water. In the sixth century of the Christian era an instrument was in use in China which indicated the course of time by the weight of water as it gradually came from the beak of a bird and was received in a vessel on a balance, every pound representing a one-hundredth part of the day of twenty-four hours. About this time mercury began to be employed in clepsydras instead of water.

Victim of Circumstances.

"That Englishman is a funny chap," remarked the hat salesman in the big hotel; "he hasn't been out of his room today."
"No; he is a victim of circumstances," confided the coffee salesman.
"Victim of circumstances?"
"Yes; he put his shoes outside his door last night, according to the English custom, and somebody threw them at a cat down the areaway."—Chicago News.

Rebuke.

A chill, dark, autumnal morning. A breakfast table with an overcrowded tribe of clamorous children. A worried mother and an irritable father muttering something about "no decent elbow room." A small child uplifts solemn eyes from his plate and says, "Hadin' one of us better die!"—London Academy.

Knew His Dad.

Teacher—Several of your examples in arithmetic are wrong, Johnny. Why didn't you ask your father to help you? Johnny—Cause I wasn't looking for trouble, that's why.—Exchange.

What to Do in an Emergency.

Shipwrecked.—Go ashore as soon as possible; remove wet clothing and relate your experiences to nearest reporter. Add photograph if possible.

Baby, Cat, Asleep on Face Of.—Remove cat.

Train, Run Over By.—Remove train, using force if necessary. Upon release acquaint nearest station master with the facts and proceed as in case of shipwreck.

Pantry, Burglar In.—Procure a copy of the Tariff Reform league's latest publication on free food fallacies and read same to intruder, taking care to elucidate most telling arguments. The contrite crackman will at once turn over a new leaf and express his sorrow. Under the circumstances you will do well to accept his assurance of regret.

Crime, Having Committed or Being Suspected Of.—Apply to nearest music hall manager for an engagement. Insist on being put among the "star" turns and demand a salary proportionate to the gravity of the crime in question.—Punch.

Not Worth It.

A young man, after his banns had been twice announced, called upon the busy vicar early one morning. He wanted to have a private word with him about the banns.

"Well," said the vicar, "what is wrong?"

"Oh, it's the girl's name."

"Hasn't it been given correctly?"

"Oh, yes, it's correct enough, but I want you to put another girl's name for the third calling. I've changed my mind and would rather marry Mary 'Arris instead of Sarah Jenkins."

The vicar lectured the youth upon his fickleness and told him if he wanted any alteration it would be necessary to make a fresh start and have the banns published afresh.

"What, and pay another shilling?" gasped the lover.

"Certainly," replied the vicar.

"Well, in that case you had better let it be as it is, and I'll marry my first love."—Pearson's Weekly.

Enlivened His Sermon.

A minister of Cromwell, in 1516, frequently talked from the pulpit to his hearers with amusing and indeed irreverent familiarity. Expounding a passage from Exodus one day, he proceeded thus: "And the Lord said unto Moses—sneek that door! I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yerself ye wadna be sne ready leaving it open. It was just beside that door that Yedam Tamson, the bellman, got his death o' cauld, and I'm sure, honest man, he didna let it stay muckle open. 'And the Lord said unto Moses—I see a man aweath the left w' his hat on. I'm sure, man, ye're clear o' the soogh o' that door there. Keep aff your bannet, Thamas, and if your bare pow be cauld ye maun just get a gray worsted wig, like myself. They're no sae dear—plenty o' them at Bob Gillespie's for 10 pence apiece." The reverend gentleman then proceeded with his discourse.

A Sample of His Nerve.

Buck Taylor, the showman, was a great friend of Captain William O'Neill, the rough rider who was killed at Las Guasimas, Cuba, in the Spanish-American war. O'Neill was sheriff of Tucson, Ariz., when Taylor became acquainted with him, and on more than one occasion the cowboy rendered the easterner a service.

"Did O'Neill deserve the reputation he held for nerve?" Taylor was once asked.

"Well," he said and then hesitated, as if careful to choose the right words. "I don't think there was anything that Bucky O'Neill was afraid of. Once he went into a den where ten of the pals of a murderer and train robber he was after were gathered, laid his hand on the man's shoulder and walked him out. He had not a friend or ally within sight or hearing. Was that nerve?"

She Had Tested the Oyster.

Dora, the pet of the household, was very fond of oysters, and after eating her lunch of oysters and crackers she thought of her dear mother busy at her sewing machine. She selected a nice large oyster, put it in a plate and carried it to her mother, who, pleased with her little daughter's thoughtfulness, ate the oyster and said:

"It is most as good as my little girlie."

"Yes," answered Dora, "I know it is good 'cause I licked it all the way from the kitchen."—Delineator.

A Way to Wealth.

Upon one occasion the late Earl Poullet, who, by the way, was a great spendthrift, was paying his physician and on handing the medical gentleman 400 guineas in gold asked him if he knew how to grow rich. The doctor replied in the negative, and the earl advised him never to pay an account by check, but always in coin, "for," he added, "the more you look at your money the less inclined you will be to part with it."

His Mean Comment.

Wife (reading)—Here's the advertisement of a matrimonial agency offering to supply any man with a wife for a guinea.

Husband—Oh, of course; it costs less to get into trouble than it does to get out again.—London Scraps.

Cheered Him Up.

The prisoner was downcast. "Cheer up," said his lawyer. "I've got a jury of twelve men too stupid to find out that you're guilty."

Naturally the client took a more hopeful view.—Philadelphia Ledger.

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.—Goulburn.

A STARTLING STATEMENT

New York Medical Authorities Claim Dyspepsia Causes Consumption

The most recent statistics of the big New York hospitals show that some cases of consumption are due to unchecked dyspepsia, especially when the victim was predisposed to tuberculosis.

Dyspepsia wears out the body and brain, the weakened, irritable stomach is unable to digest food, the body does not receive the required nourishment, constipation ensues and the victim becomes thin, weak and haggard. As a result, the body becomes a fertile field for the germs of disease to lodge and flourish.

Therefore, the person who permits dyspepsia to progress unhindered is guilty of contributing toward the development of one of the most insidious and fatal diseases known to mankind.

Dyspepsia is curable if properly treated. We sell a remedy which we positively guarantee will cure indigestion or dyspepsia, or we will pay for all the medicine used during the trial. This remedy is an absolutely new medical discovery and has been named **REXALL DYSPEPSIA TABLETS**. Certainly no offer could be more fair, and it is proof positive that **REXALL DYSPEPSIA TABLETS** are a dependable and infallible remedy. Inasmuch as the medicine will cost you nothing if it does not benefit you we urge you who are suffering with indigestion or dyspepsia to try this remedy. A twenty-five cent box of **REXALL DYSPEPSIA TABLETS** contains enough medicine for fifteen days' treatment. Remember **REXALL DYSPEPSIA TABLETS** are only sold by us.

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EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

Estate of John Danore, late of Reynoldsville Borough, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of John Danore, late of Reynoldsville borough, Jefferson county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

ROSE DANORE, EXECUTRIX.
Reynoldsville, Pa.