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The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, etc.

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**J. S. MORROW,**  
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**Dry Goods,  
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Boots, and  
Shoes,  
Fresh Groceries  
Flour and  
Feed.**  
GOODS DELIVERED FREE.  
OPERA-HOUSE-BLOCK  
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**A TUSCAN PICTURE.**

A cool, mysterious chamber, where the glow of wintry sunshine from the small barred square pierces white radiance through the dusty air, and in the midst, with pallid step and slow, The white ox treads his round, with head bent low.  
Beneath the yoke, taking his ample share of labor. The revolving wheel lags here. The trough wherein it turns and where they throw.  
Black olives to be crushed to this rich mass Which fills the homely baskets 'neath the press.  
Where, as the screw turns and the pile grows low,  
We see the cozy shining trickle pass.  
The rich reward of so much care and toil,  
Symbol of grace and goodness—precious oil.  
—E. C. Townsend in Temple Bar.

**THESE ARE LIVELY.**  
MESSENGERS WHO ARE NOT OF THE SLOW PERSUASION.

**They Wear Diamonds Because They Improve Their Opportunities—Many of the Wall Street Mercenaries Have Access to Valuable Information.**

"Of course you know those chaps do not live on their salaries," said a Wall Street broker a few days ago, pointing to one of those speedy messengers that are seen daily just before the close of the exchange flying frantically along the street.

"Just notice the next one that comes along," the broker continued. "It is 10 to 1 that he wears diamonds. If he does not, he is ignorant of the business."

At that moment one of the "messengers," having performed his speedy and mercenary duty, passed by on his way back to the office. Sure enough, on the hand with which he mopped his perspiring face there glistened a two carat diamond.

"It's easy enough," said the broker philosophically, "and it cannot be helped. Many of these messengers are 'confidential'—that is, in the hurry of the closing moments of the exchange they receive orders of the most important nature that are simply written on an open sheet of paper. Many of these messengers are frugal and quick witted fellows, who are ready to take advantage of opportunities as quick as a flash. So far as I know, they do nothing absolutely dishonest, although in many cases such a thing would be possible.

"Very often when they are given orders to convey to brokers they digest them thoroughly, debate the chances of success and act accordingly. If they think the order a good one they rush around to some bucket shop and buy or sell, according to the tenor of the order. That is why they wear diamonds. It is an easy thing for a messenger for a firm like that of Connor & Co. or Cammack to make money. All they have to do is to follow their opportunities. Go over to the Consolidated Exchange, and you will see them."

The broker was right. While the bulls were bellowing and the lambs were bleating around the big rattling two or three messengers who happened to have nothing particular to do were hanging around watching the market with feverish anxiety. Pretty soon they were re-enforced by a new arrival. He rushed up to the railing and shouted frantically to a young broker on the floor whom I happened to know. A whispered consultation took place, and then the broker dove into the melee and began to bid on a stock until he secured the proper amount, when he emerged fresh and perspiring.

"It's pretty hot work in there, isn't it?" I asked.

"I should say it was," he replied, "especially when nobody wants to sell."

"Who was the young man who gave you the order a few minutes ago?" I inquired.

"He's a chap that works for the firm of — & Co.," was the reply. "He's a shrewd boy, too, and it is seldom that he is wrong on the market."

"Perhaps he has exceptional opportunities," I suggested.

"I suppose that is it. It's no business of mine, though. He has an account with me, and it is never overdrawn. In fact, it is constantly increasing. I got my start in the same way, and, in fact, a great percentage of the brokers in the street were once messengers of one kind or another."

I asked an old broker who had grown gray in the street what he knew about speculation among messengers. He said: "It has increased wonderfully during the last ten years. In the old days, when speculation was heavier, it took far less to sway the market than now. Then the messengers speculated at their own peril. The turns and changes were far more quick and decided, and it was an almost sure thing that the small speculator would be wiped out in a day or so. Not half so many men are living by speculation in Wall street as formerly, and many of those who dabble in the street do so merely for the fun of it. Consequently they do not guard their tips as closely as in former years."

"Not long ago I went into Delmonico's for dinner, and sat down at a table opposite a young man whom I recognized as a messenger for a prominent Wall street speculator. I would be willing to take an oath that his salary is not over \$15 a week. Yet there he sat, with diamonds on his fingers and in his shirt front, eating pate de foie gras as though he had lived upon it all his life. I suppose he had made a lucky stroke on some tip which his employer had sent

to his broker, and which he had taken advantage of."

Most of the Wall street brokers seem to regard this sort of speculation among the messengers as "smart" and legitimate. There are several large bucket shops along Broad street which are resorted to by messengers of low degree who have "tips," but no money to plunge with. In some of these bucket shops you can make a deal with \$10. Most of them, however, will not touch anything below 100 shares.

"There is no messenger speculation in this place," said Mr. Henry Clews. "I have never yet seen a messenger who could afford it. Some of them have come in here with orders from reputable firms, which have been honored by me, but I would not allow any messenger employed on the street to open an account with this firm, you can depend upon it. In fact, I do not believe all these stories about messenger speculation."

Several of the messenger tribe deal with up town bucket shops in order to keep their situations in Wall street. Altogether the business is a very interesting one, and to many of those having inside information it is vastly profitable.—New York Herald.

**DR. HOLMES AND HIS PUBLISHER.**  
The Poet Was Very Careful and Exact as to His Copy.

When asked as to his business acquaintance with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry O. Broughton said that it began with the first publication of the first volume of *The Atlantic Monthly*, in the initial number of which the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was published in November, 1857.

"This copy was always written on common white letter paper in a clear hand and most carefully prepared, with very few interlineations, and these were only put in after the greatest deliberation. He used to bring his copy to the office himself and would afterward come and get the proofs, which he most carefully and painstakingly corrected, frequently making additional changes and correction therein when a line in cold type did not exactly suit him."

"Our firm did not print *The Atlantic* in those days. We only stereotyped the plates, but nevertheless we were brought in contact with the young poet frequently. In fact, he was in the office every few days."

"He was very particular about his copy, and so careful was he as to detail and the exactness of his facts before letting matter go to press that he caused us very little trouble, and when anything was to blame he was far readier to assume the responsibility than to censure others."

"He was in every way one of the most charming men I have ever known, of a very sanguine temperament, although occasionally sad and reminiscent."

"He said to me not long ago that he felt that he was living in another age and generation, and that all the people of his time, with whom he had lived, had gone and left him."—Boston Herald.

**"Man With the Branded Hand."**

The person who became famous in the annals of America as "The Man With the Branded Hand" was a Captain Jonathan Walker. He was born at Harwick, Mass., in 1799, and died at Lake Harbor, Mich., on April 20, 1878. On June 23, 1844, he attempted to steal seven slaves from the coast of Florida, the intention being to take them to Nassau, in the British island of New Providence. When only a short distance out, he was overtaken and captured by the ship Catherine and taken back to Key West. At that place he was kept in jail until he could be removed to Pensacola, where a new trial was given. He was sentenced to prison and chained by a chain and ring bolt. He was kept for some time imprisoned in that manner, or until the time arrived to carry out a further sentence, which read as follows: "One hour in the pillory, pelted with unmercantable eggs; one year in prison for each slave stolen; \$600 in money for each slave, and all costs, and to be branded upon the right hand with the letters 'S. S.' (slave stealer) by a red-hot branding iron."

That he lived through all this is attested by the fact that it has only been 16 years since his death.—St. Louis Republic.

**Japan Ahead of China.**

Japan, in spite of her mistakes, stands for light and civilization. Her institutions are enlightened. Her laws, drawn by European jurists, are equal to the best we know, and they are justly administered. Her punishments are humane. Her scientific and sociological ideas are our own. China stands for darkness and savagery. Her science is ludicrous superstition; her law is barbarous; her punishments are awful; her politics are corruption; her ideals are isolation and stagnation.

In thousands of Yamen throughout China men are tortured every day, hung up by the thumbs, forced to kneel upon chains, beaten with heavy bamboos, their ankles cracked, their limbs broken. Every week men are publicly crucified and hanged to death by the "thousand outs." How is anybody to desire the extension of the sway of the latter rather than that of the former without avowing himself a partisan of savagery?—Contemporary Review.

General Richard Montgomery, who was killed at Quebec in 1775, is remembered in the name of the Alabama city.

**NAPOLEON AT BRIENNE.**

He Had Great Difficulty in Learning to Speak French.

On New Year's day, 1779, the Bonapartes arrived at Autun. For three months the young Napoleon was trained in the use of French. Prodigy as he was, the difficulties of that elegant and polished tongue were scarcely reached. It was with a most imperfect knowledge of their language and a sadly defective pronunciation that he made his appearance among his future schoolmates at Brienne. There were 150 of them, although the arrangement and theory of the institution had contemplated only 120, of whom half were to be foundationers. The instructors were Minim priests, and the life was as severe as it could be made with such a clientele under half educated and inexperienced monks. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, however, the place had an air of elegance. There was a certain schoolboy display proportionate to the pocket money of the young nobles and a very keen discrimination among themselves as to rank, social quality and relative importance. Those familiar with the ruthlessness of boys in their treatment of one another can easily conceive what was the reception of the newcomer, whose nobility was unknown and unrecognized in France, and whose means were of the scantiest.

It appears that the journey from Corsica through Florence and Marsailles had already wrought a marvelous change in the boy. Napoleon's teacher at Autun described his pupil as having brought with him a sober, thoughtful character. He played with no one and took his walks alone. But he was apt and vain of his aptitude. In three months he learned the rudiments of French, to use common phrases with some fluency, and to write easy exercises.

The boys of Autun, says Abbe Chardon, on one occasion brought the sweeping charge of cowardice against all inhabitants of Corsica in order to exasperate him. "If they had been but four to one," was the calm, phlegmatic answer of the 10-year-old boy, "they would never have taken Corsica, but when they were 10 to 1"—"But you had a fine general—Paoli," interrupted the narrator. "Yes, sire," was the reply, uttered with an air of discontent and in the very embodiment of ambition. "I would much like to emulate him." The description of the untamed faun as he then appeared is not flattering—his complexion sallow, his hair stiff, his figure slight, his expression lusterless, his manner insignificant. Moreover, he spoke broken French with an Italian accent.

During his son's preparatory studies at Autun the father had been busy at Versailles with further "applications," among them one for a supplement from the royal purse to his scanty pay as delegate, the other for the speedy settlement of his now notorious claim. The former of the two was granted not merely to M. de Bonaparte, but to his two colleagues, in view of the "excellent behavior"—otherwise subservient—of the Corsican delegation at Versailles. When in addition the certificate of Napoleon's appointment finally arrived, and the father set out to place his son with a proper outfit in his new school, he had no difficulty in securing sufficient money to meet his immediate and pressing necessities, but more was not forthcoming.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

**The Tyrant Potato.**

Mrs. Rorer evidently indorses Marion Harland's view of the "tyrant potato." Says the former: "Life is too short to be spent in digesting potatoes. I never eat them in any form. You might as well put pieces of mica into your stomach as fill it with Saratoga chips." It is undoubtedly true that in many households nowadays the potato habit is much lessened. Time was when potatoes fried for breakfast, baked for luncheon and mashed or plain boiled for dinner was the logical course of table events in almost every well regulated family. The breakfast cereal has practically banished it from the first meal of the day, it is often absent from the luncheon board, and it is really only at dinner that it is apt to be in perennial evidence. A dish of boiled rice or samp or baked hominy will be found an excellent substitute for the berated Irish tuber, which, while not perhaps guilty of all the indictments against it, might well be relegated to an occasional rather than an everlasting appearance.—New York Times.

**Headaches From Eye Strain.**

Among the most exquisite of tortures are headaches that proceed from overtaxing the eyes. Much of this trouble is due to imperfect curvature of the cornea. However slight this imperfection may be, the pain from the strain is intense. The muscles become sore and irritable, and the constant tension is likely to create chronic ailments of the nervous system. Eye strain and extreme irritability of temper are frequently associated. It is often the case that the eyes are not suspected as a cause of headache, but the proper glasses give relief at once.—New York Ledger.

**A Kind Girl.**

"Have you got any waterproof powder?" she asked the druggist in a whisper.

"Any—what? Er—bog pardon."

"Waterproof powder. I'm sure he is going to propose this evening, and I've got to refuse him, and if I shed a few tears it will be easier for the poor boy."—Indianapolis Journal.

**LAST USE OF ARMOR.**

It Was In 1799 and Was a Picturesque and Diabolical Scene.

In January, 1799, at the town of Aquila, in the Abruzzo, then held by a garrison of 400 French troops, the peasants broke into the town, and, though they were driven out by the French, they continued to give serious trouble. They even drove the French into the fort and made ready to bombard them with heavy guns. The French were in an awkward position.

Bonbert, the officer of artillery, ransacking his brains for the means of sending out men to spike the guns on the glacis, under the fire of the insurgents from the neighboring houses, suddenly remembered that he had seen in his magazine some suits of plate armor, and he proposed to try whether, protected by them, men could not sally out and work in security under the musketry fire. He got together 12 complete suits and dressed out 12 gunners and grenadiers thus, selecting big men, he it remarked. At a certain hour the garrison lined the covered way, and from thence and from the fort opened a steady fire of musketry and of artillery on the lines of the insurgents.

Then out marched the 12 knights of the eighteenth century, much in David's state of mind when he complained he had not proved his armor. The men carried handspikes, hammers and spikes. Moving naturally slowly and awkwardly in their heavy steel mail, still they succeeded in completing their work under a hail of bullets from the insurgents. The scene is described, as we can well believe, to have been most remarkable and to have had something picturesque and also diabolical about it.

As the mailed figures moved in silence among the guns, their handspikes looking like maces, their silence and the slowness of their actions seemed unnatural under the steady hail of bullets. The insurgents were believed to have thought hell itself had sent forth these extraordinary antagonists, ghosts of a past age, while the French on the ramparts, true to their nature, the first moment of anxiety over, burst into roars of laughter.—Phipps' "Marshals of Napoleon."

**A STICK OF LICORICE.**

Where the Plant Grows and How It Is Prepared For Consumption.

Black licorice is made from the juice of the licorice plant, mixed with starch to prevent it from melting in hot weather. The licorice plant grows for the most part on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, which flow through immense treeless prairies of uncultivated land. The climate of these great plains is variable. Half the year it is mild and pleasant, but for three months it is very cold, and for three months in summer hot winds sweep across the country, raising the temperature to 104 degrees for weeks at a time.

The licorice plant is a shrub three feet high and grows without cultivation in situations where its roots can reach the water. The usual time of collecting is the winter, but roots are dug all the year round. At first the root is full of water and must be allowed to dry, a process which takes nearly a year. It is then cut into small pieces, from six inches to a foot long. The good and sound pieces are kept, and the rotten ones are used for firewood. The licorice is then taken in native river boats of Bassora, whence it is shipped in pressed bales to London.

As the valley of the Euphrates contained one of the earliest civilizations in the world, it is probable that licorice is about the oldest confection extant, and that the taste, which pleases nearly all children today, was familiar to the little brown boys and girls of Babylon and Nineveh 3,000 years ago.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**The Poverty of the Bonapartes.**

Some time before the death of his father General Marbeuf had married, and the pecuniary supplies to his boy friend seem after that event to have stopped. Mme. de Bonaparte was left with four infant children, the youngest, Jerome, but 3 months old. Their greatniece, Lucien, the archdeacon, was kind, and Joseph, abandoning all his ambitions, returned to be, if possible, the support of the family. Napoleon's poverty was therefore no longer relative or imaginary, but real and hard. Drawing more closely than ever within himself, he became a still more ardent reader and student, devoting himself with an industry akin to passion to the works of Rousseau, the poison of whose political doctrines instilled itself with fiery and grateful stings into the thin, cold blood of the unhappy cadet.—Professor Sloane in Century.

**Convinced.**

"You aver," said the black browed bandit, "that you are the celebrated cantatrice, Mme. Squallkina. Prove it, and you are free. Never shall it be said that a Cuttaweezanda would offer indignity to an opera soprano. It is against all the tenets of the profession."

"How shall I prove my identity?" asked the captive.

"By singing, of course."

"What? Sing in this cave? No bouquets? No steam heat? And not a cent in the box office? Never!"

"Gentlemen," said the bandit, "it is evident that the lady is what she claims to be. Escort her to the nearest village and set her free."—Indianapolis Journal.

**WHAT THE CHINESE EAT.**

Their Breadstuffs Seem Sad, Solemn, Sordid and Billions.

A member of the English parliament, Florence O'Driscoll, has a lively power in *The Century* describing life and street scenes in Canton. Mr. O'Driscoll says:

The food purveyors made a most striking display; the fruiterers exposed on flat trays bananas, pineapples, melons, figs, pears (the latter beautiful to the sight, but hard and tasteless), together with many Chinese fruits, whose shapes and tastes were familiar to me, but whose names I knew not. Some of these fruits were most artistically peeled, pineapple peeling being quite an art. A great variety of vegetables was offered for sale. Among them were the white shoots of the bamboo, which seemed to be a favorite article of diet. But to what use indeed may not this wonderful grass be put? From it Chinamen make almost everything conceivable—hats, cloaks, sheets, carpets, roofs, buildings, baskets, chairs, carrying poles, fishing tools; the list might be prolonged ad infinitum. And then they eat it as well.

Preserving ginger in many forms was a noticeable trade. The roots were washed and left in water, as an English cook treats potatoes before boiling them. A number of men and women holding a two pronged fork in each hand sat around a table with the tubs of peeled ginger beside them. They picked ginger roots out of the water, and laying them on the table pierced them all over very rapidly with both forks until quite soft. The pierced roots were then put into another tub, where they were boiled in sirup. The ginger went through various other minor processes until eventually it was packed in the earthenware jars in which it is sold in European shops. The whole process was certainly a clean one, and the smell of the aromatic root in preparation was both grateful and pleasant.

In the bakers' shops I saw nothing corresponding to our European loaf. Solid looking little yellow patties, slabs of flabby brown cakes, emblematic of concentrated dyspepsia; scones or an equivalent, apparently of fried batter, and great flakes of milk white, slippery looking paste not above an eighth of an inch thick—to be rolled up and deftly sliced with a cleaver shaped tool into long strings like macaroni. These foods were to be seen everywhere in the city, but nothing light and open. To my eyes the breadstuffs seemed sad, solemn, sordid and billions.

**THE WORK OF HER ENEMY.**

And It Was Such an Awfully Mean Thing to Do Too.

"It was Miss Miggs; I know it was!" she exclaimed angrily. "She is the only girl in the city who is mean enough to do such a thing."

"Such a thing as what?" asked her dearest friend.

"As that!" she cried, holding up a letter and glaring at it. "It is an insult—a disgraceful insult—but I know that he could not be intentionally guilty of such an affront. She must have put him up to it."

"Who is he?" asked the dearest friend, anxiously working to get at the story.

"Why, Roger McGurhan, of course," she returned in the same quick, excited manner. "Who else should it be. Hasn't he been calling here for the last three months? Hasn't he been almost on the point of proposing twice? Didn't I have everything arranged to catch him next time? And now comes this!"

"What is it, dear? What is it?"

"Read!" replied the haughty young beauty as she tossed the letter to her friend. It was as follows:

"Mr. Roger McGurhan presents his compliments to Miss Daisybelle and would consider it an honor to have her company at the polls on registration day. He will take pleasure in calling for her at such time as will suit her convenience."

"I'm sure that's very courteous of him," said the dearest friend. "Why should you?"

"Courteous! Courteous!" cried the beautiful girl. "And I only 18 years old, as I once told him! Oh, some enemy has done this!"—Chicago Post.

**Egyptian Geometry.**

The Ahmes papyrus doubtless represents the most advanced attainments of the Egyptians in arithmetic and geometry. It is remarkable that they should have reached so great proficiency in mathematics at so remote a period of antiquity. But strange indeed is the fact that during the next 2,000 years they should have made no progress whatsoever in it.

All the knowledge of geometry which they possessed when Greek scholars visited them, six centuries B. C., was doubtless known to them 2,000 years earlier, when they built those stupendous and gigantic structures, the pyramids. An explanation for this stagnation of learning has been sought in the fact that their early discoveries in mathematics and medicine had the misfortune of being entered upon their sacred books, and that in after ages it was considered heretical to augment or modify anything therein. Thus the books themselves closed the gates to progress.—"History of Mathematics," Cajori.

Louis Napoleon was taken prisoner by the Prussians Sept. 2, 1870, and imprisoned in a German castle until the close of the war. He was then allowed to depart, and, going to England, took up his residence in Chiselmhurst, where he lived quietly until his death, Jan. 9, 1873.