

Phebe Reynolds' Bravery.

In the graveyard at Neversink Flats, in New York, are two graves, one containing the remains of Henry Reynolds, who died in 1830, at the age of 90 years, and one in which are those of his daughter, Phebe Reynolds, who survived her father 23 years, dying Nov. 21st, 1853, age 83. It is a singular fact that the story of Henry Reynolds and his daughter—the most intensely thrilling and dramatic, as it is of all the recitals that have come down from the times made perilous by the scourge of the Highlands and his Tory marauders—finds no place of record in the annals of Orange county. This record is derived entirely from tradition, and is as follows: Benjamin Kelley, one of this gang, [Claudius Smith] was shot in the mountains by a man by the name of June. There were three or four of them secreted in the mountains, and the guards were watching for them. Some persons told June that they were at a certain spot playing cards. June started to find them, and when he came in sight they were lying down, but hearing his approach rose up, and as they did so June shot Kelley. They escaped, and Kelley wandered down near a certain large sulphur spring, where he was found dead by John Henry and his dog, partially covered up with brush and leaves. Near him, tied up in a bundle with bark strings, was the wedding coat of Mr. Runnels, which Kelley had stolen a long time before. When they went to Runnels' house the family was absent, and when they were inquired of who they were, they said 'Friends.' The door was opened by Runnels, and on entering they immediately attacked him. There were three to one, and in the fight Runnels received a cut in the arm which partially disabled him during life. When the neighbors came, the rascals had plundered the house and fled, and Runnels was found, as was supposed, in a dying condition. The 'Mr. Runnels' incidentally mentioned above was Henry Reynolds, and the true account of the visit of the Cow-boys to his house, as related by the old patriot and his daughter to many who are still living in the towns of Neversink and Fullburg, is as follows: Henry Reynolds was a Quaker, and was a native of Westchester county. In 1769 he married a descendant of Henry Fowler, an original owner of the township of East Chester. Reynolds was then in the mercantile business in Peekskill. In 1777 he was one of the sufferers by the burning of that place by the British, all his property being consumed. He escaped with his wife and five children, and settled in Smith's Cove, Orange county, not far from the present village of Monroe. Although a Quaker, he was an ardent defender of the cause of the colonies, and even so far transposed on the requirements of his religion as to join the 'Minute Men.' As one of these brave citizen soldiers, he participated in the storming of Stony Point, under Gen. Wayne, in 1779. His outspoken sentiments and active demonstrations in behalf of the American cause gained for him the bitterness of his Tory neighbors, and several attempts were made on his life during the war by Claudius Smith and his gang. On one occasion his house was surrounded in the middle of the night by a number of Tories. The doors and windows were always kept strongly barricaded, and the assailants attempted to gain entrance to the house by letting themselves down the chimney. The foremost of the gang were half way down the chimney when Reynolds emptied the contents of a feather bed in the fireplace, where a fire was burning. The dense smoke that rolled up the chimney forced the intruders to retreat to escape suffocation, and the attack on the family was abandoned. After the execution of Claudius Smith at Goshen in 1779, his followers swore to revenge his death by taking the lives of a large number of leading Whigs of whom was Henry Reynolds. It was not until 1782, however, that what was intended to be the decisive blow against him was struck. Late one night in July of that year Reynolds was awakened by a loud rapping at his door. He arose from bed and asked who was there. 'A detachment of American troops looking for deserters,' was the reply. Washington's army was encamped in the Highlands, a few miles from Reynolds' house, and it was well known that a number of deserters were concealed somewhere in the vicinity. Reynolds hastily dressed himself and opened the door to the supposed American soldiers. They entered, and while Reynolds was stooping down by the fire-place to light a candle, one of the Tories struck him with his sword and exclaimed: 'Hurry up, you—old rebel!' Reynolds knew at once he had been duped by the Tories. He turned quickly around with the light in his hand, and recognized Benjamin Kelley, who lived within half a mile of him, and Edward Robin, another neighbor, both members of the Claudius Smith gang. They were accompanied by several others. Reynolds dashed past them and got out of doors, but stumbled and fell. He was seized by the Tories and dragged back into the house. He called loudly for a bonny boy who lived in his family to run for assistance. As the boy was hurrying out of the house, Edward Robin seized him and stood him against the wall, and told him that if he turned his head one way or the other he would cut it from his body. By this time Mrs. Reynolds and the oldest child, Phebe, entered the room. Mrs. Reynolds was soon to become again a mother. Her husband was prostrate on the floor, bleeding from wounds inflicted by the knives and swords of the Tories. The wife fell in convulsions to the floor. One of the young children, named Caleb, had followed her into the room, and a Tory kicked him until he was unconscious, and threw him on his mother's insensible body. The Tories then tied a rope around Reynolds' neck and hanged him up to a beam. Phebe Reynolds was less than 12 years old, but she fought this attempt of the gang

to murder her father with such fury that it was necessary for two of the men to hold her before it could be executed. Supposing that they had accomplished the death of Reynolds, the Tories proceeded to plunder the house. They had no sooner left the room than Phebe cut the rope by which her father was suspended, removing the noose from his neck, and carried him to a bed. She had succeeded in restoring him to consciousness when one of the gang re-entered the apartment and discovered what she had done. He summoned the others. Phebe took her position in front of the bed, brandished her knife, and declared she would kill the first one who attempted to touch her father. Benjamin Kelley, who was the leader of the gang, shouted: 'Get away, you little rebel—or I'll run my sword through you!' The undaunted girl refused to move. 'You may kill me,' she replied, 'for if you kill my father I do not want to live!' Kelley made a lunge at her with his sword. She knocked it out of his hand, and in trying to catch it before it fell to the ground he received a wound from it on the under part of the wrist, from which the blood flowed freely. One of the others stabbed her with his sword in the breast, and seeing that she would be overpowered by the Tories, she threw herself on her father's body on the bed, and clasped her arms about him, in order to shield him from the weapons of his assailants. While one of them prodded the girl's arm with his sword, the fiend Kelley tore her clothing from her and lashed her bare body with a rope, with which they had hanged her father. In relating the brutal details of this assault, even 70 years afterward, Phebe never attempted to repress her anger and indignation at the memory of it. During all the severe punishment she received at the hands of the Tories she never uttered a moan or gave any sign of the pain they inflicted. The blood ran down her arms from the wounds made by the sword, and the rope cut great gashes in her flesh, the scars from which she carried to her grave. Being unable to force the brave girl from the protection of her helpless father by this means, the Tories removed her by main force, and hurled her, weak from her superhuman efforts, into a far corner of the room. Her mother had regained consciousness by this time and was crouching in a corner, holding little Caleb, who had also revived, in her arms. The assassins again hanged Reynolds from the beam, in sight of the mourning woman and her two children, and believing that Phebe was past rendering any further aid to him, proceeded to complete their scheme of plundering. They had miscalculated the courage and vitality of the girl, however, and the last Tory was hardly out of the room before Phebe had once more cut her father down. She was attempting to remove him in another room when he fell heavily to the floor. Phebe at once threw herself on his body and the Tories found them mingling their blood together, the father apparently dead and the girl shielding his body with hers. The murderers thrust their knives and swords several times into the body of their prostrate victim, and twice Phebe was stabbed in her efforts to protect her father. The Tories finally dragged her from her father and threw him into a chest, shutting the lid down upon him. They then departed with what booty they had obtained, first rolling a large stone against the door, which opened outward, to prevent it being opened. As soon as the murderous gang had left the house, Phebe herself covered with blood from her wounds, hastened to remove her father's body from the chest, hopeful that he was still alive. Her mother was wandering from room to room, moaning and weeping. The bonny boy stood as immovable as stone against the wall, where Edward Robin had placed him with the terrible threat an hour before. He was still afraid to move. Phebe's mother rendered a little aid in removing her father from the trunk. He was stiff and pallid, and apparently dead. Phebe got him upon the bed, and was overjoyed to hear him groan. She pried his jaws open with a power spoon—a rude table-spoon, still in the family, with the teeth marks of Henry Reynolds upon the handle—and poured a few drops of water in his mouth. He began to revive, and while Phebe was putting forth every effort to stanch his wounds and to aid his restoration, her mother, who had been aimlessly wandering about the house, tottered into the room, and dropping to the floor, covered her eyes with her hands, and hysterically exclaimed: 'Oh, Phebe! Phebe! The house is on fire! The house is on fire! It is on fire in three places! And I can't put it out, if it burns down over our heads!' The bonny boy stood motionless by the wall, as if he were nailed to the spot and could not be induced to move. Phebe was compelled to leave her father as the volumes of smoke that began to come from an adjoining room warned her of another impending danger. The Tories had set fire to some flax and to two straw beds. Phebe extinguished the fire and tried to make the bonny boy run and alarm the neighbors, but he would not stir. By persistent effort the brave girl, herself covered with wounds, and her clothing saturated with blood, brought her father back to consciousness, and then, consigning him to the care of her mother, who had grown more composed, she started out to give the alarm. In her relation of the terrible experiences of that night to her children and grand-children more than half a century afterward, she dwelt with particular pride on the fact that she noted the crowing of the cocks as she started out to help, and said to herself, 'It must be nearly morning.' This she thought, indicated how cool and collected she was after the frightful scene she had just witnessed. She alarmed the neighbors, and a doctor was summoned from Goshen. A party started in pursuit of the Tories. It was found that Reynolds had thirty serious wounds, inflicted by swords and knives, but not one of them had reached a vital spot. One of his

ears was nearly severed from his head, and it was bound back as nearly as possible to its place, but the manner in which it healed disfigured him for life. One of his arms was so badly cut that he never recovered its use. Phebe had two serious wounds, one in the breast and one in the head. The others were painful, but not dangerous, lacerations. It was several weeks before Reynolds and his daughter were again able to get about, and their escape from the death that was intended for them was so wonderful that the people for miles around flocked to see them. The bonny boy never recovered from the fright he experienced that night. Brain fever followed, and he died begging that his head should not be cut off. Mrs. Reynolds gave birth to her child the day after the assault of the Tories. It lived, grew to womanhood, and is well remembered in Sullivan county as the wife of Dr. Blake Wales, one of the pioneer physicians of this part of the State, and the progenitor of a large and prominent family. Caleb Reynolds, the child who was kicked so brutally by one of the Tories, grew up, and was a soldier under Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and was killed in that engagement. The Whigs who set out in pursuit of the Tories overtook them in the mountains, and only two of them escaped alive. Kelley, the leader, was killed, as above stated, by a young man named June. The property that was found by his side was the coat in which Henry Reynolds had been married 13 years before. The coat was returned to Reynolds, but he refused to touch it after it had been in possession of a Tory, and ordered it to be burned. Edward Robin escaped to Canada, and years afterward sons of his returned to Orange county to search for booty that their father and others of the Smith gang had hidden in the mountains. In 1788, Henry Reynolds removed to Sullivan county and settled in what was known as the Mutton Hill neighborhood, being one of the pioneers of the town of Neversink. He was the first Supervisor of the town, in 1798. In 1805 he was elected to the Assembly, and was, until the day of his death, one of the leading men in Sullivan county. His wife presented him with six children after leaving Orange county. Phebe Reynolds married Jeremiah Drake soon after the family came to Sullivan county. Her descendants are among the most numerous and respected in this part of the State. The known descendants of Henry Reynolds, according to one of the family, to-day number nearly 1,500, as 10 of his children reached maturity, married, and reared large families.—N. Y. Times.

**A New Endless Railroad Plan.**  
Jesse Frye, a mechanical engineer, has on exhibition at his residence, No. 793, Sixth avenue, the working model of a novel railroad. The most important part of the plan is the production of a very high rate of speed by means of peculiarly arranged wheels. Each wheel consists of a lesser and larger wheel, the smaller one resembling the hub of an ordinary wheel. The two are cast in one piece, the hub projecting inwards and being one-fourth of the entire diameter of the wheel. The hub, so to call it, moves along the track by means of any power, and the large wheel of course, moves with it, but entirely free from the track. A block of wood representing a car and having grooves on the under surface is fitted on the larger circumference of two pairs of wheels, the track being double like an ordinary railroad track, and power being applied to pins in the axle, the car moves along at a rate of speed four times greater than the speed of the hub and passes rapidly from one set of wheels to another. In other words, while all the wheels, which are in the form of an endless chain, move one foot the car moves four feet, the motion originating in the hub and being transmitted to the car through the larger wheel. It is designed to operate this system in an iron tunnel elaborately constructed in small sections and fitted together so closely as to be impervious to water and gases, the tunnel to be placed underground or under water-ways at any required depth. Within the tunnel are to be two compartments or avenues for the two trains moving in opposite directions. The compartments are just large enough to allow the trains to move easily and the road or tunnel is to be somewhat in the form of a flattened ellipse forming a circuit, the train being continuous and having neither beginning nor end. Thus a person going in one direction and remaining in a car would after a time find himself at the place from which he started. Mr. Frye claims that the close fitting of the trains in the compartments will overcome very greatly the resistance of the air, and so enable a high rate of speed to be maintained without loss of power. He also claims that axle friction is entirely done away with by his plan, and thus so much additional power gained. The compartments will be ventilated by stacks running up through the tunnel to the outer air. The steam engines are to be placed beneath the tunnel, one engine to operate a circuit. It is proposed to build the tunnel not by excavation, but by burrowing, or boring, thus obviating all damage to property on the surface. Ingress and egress will be made to the trains by means of elevators, and each car will be twelve feet long and divided into two compartments. The trains will not be stopped at any point, but at regular intervals, such as every quarter of a mile. The cars will be coupled by means of a universal joint and the road will be so even that there will be no jarring. Each circuit will be in charge of one signal-master, who will be communicated with almost instantaneously by electricity, and he will start and stop the train. Mr. Frye claims that by his system a speed of 150 miles an hour can be attained. He says the strong points of his invention are a high rate of speed, absolute safety to life, the absence of inconveniences inseparable from the present system of railroads and the use of compartment cars, which will prevent passengers from being annoyed by other persons, as they are often annoyed in horse and steam cars.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
TRADE MARK  
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY  
As a prompt relief and cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, and as a general pain relieving and healing liniment, St. Jacobs Oil, its remarkable action has mystified medical men, delighted sufferers, who after years of torturing pain and unavailing doctoring, found it their only hope and cure; and it has dispelled the doubts and prejudices of the most incredulous. Many persons, coming from distant stations in life, and who are well and favorably known throughout the world from their own experience and observation, accorded the most enthusiastic encomiums to St. Jacobs Oil.  
Rev. Bishop Gilman (Cleveland, Ohio)—The St. Jacobs Oil has benefited me greatly. I consider it excellent for Rheumatism, and kindred diseases.  
Rev. F. W. Encholz, Wascos, Minn.—Used the St. Jacobs Oil in the case of a lady of his congregation who had been bed ridden with Rheumatism for 17 years. She used the St. Jacobs Oil for three days, and was able to leave her bed.  
Rev. Dr. B. Pich, Rochester, N. Y.—Suffered so intensely from Rheumatic pains that he was unable to preach. Several applications of the St. Jacobs Oil relieved him wonderfully.  
Hon. Preyer, Ex-Gov. National Candidate for Lieut. Governor of Ohio 1874.—I consider St. Jacobs Oil a valuable recommendation.  
Hon. Thomas B. Price, U. S. Treasurer, Wash. D. C.—I recommend St. Jacobs Oil as the most wonderful pain-relieving and healing remedy in the world. My testimonial is endorsed by some of the head officials of the Treasury Department who have been cured of Rheumatism and other painful complaints.  
Mr. R. Schaefer, No. 31 Brown St., Allegheny City, Pa.—I had the Rheumatism for eight years, and had tried every known medicine without relief. A single bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured him.  
Gustav A. Hellmann, Editor of the "Hamburg Daily Republic"—I received a case where a man suffered so badly with Rheumatism that he could not move. His legs were swollen and he had the most terrible pains. Twelve hours after the first application of the St. Jacobs Oil the pains were gone and the swelling had disappeared.  
Mr. Henry Lear, Patriot, Ohio, had such a pain in the left shoulder that he could not move. St. Jacobs Oil cured him after a few applications.  
The St. Jacobs Oil is for sale by all Druggists, Dealers in Medicines, and General Storekeepers at Fifty Cents per bottle.  
Where parties are unable to obtain the article through the usual sources and cannot induce their druggists to promptly order for them, they will, by remitting Five Dollars in four money order or registered letter, receive Ten Bottles by Express, expenses prepaid.  
Address: A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md.  
The trade supply 4 by MESSRS. HODGE, DAVIS & CO., Portland, Ore., Sept. 23-04  
**USE ONLY**  
**MOLSON & SONS'**  
CELEBRATED  
**Beer, Ale and Porter**  
Which is superior to all others  
See it in your cellar.  
MOLSON & SONS,  
23 St. Nicholas Street,  
Portland, Oregon.  
**ASTHMA**  
Instantly relieved and Positively Cured by Pfunder's Oregon Mountain Asthma Cure. Price, One Dollar. For Sale by all Druggists.  
**DUBOIS & KING,**  
GENERAL AGENTS,  
Commission and Forwarding Merchants,  
108 Front Street, 411 Washington Street,  
Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Cal.  
Special attention given to the sale of Wool, Flour, Grain and Produce in Portland and San Francisco.  
**TRENNMANN & WOLFF,**  
**MACHINISTS.**  
And Manufacturers  
Tools for Planing, Molding and Turning,  
Cattle Brands, Iron House Work, and all kinds of Brewery Work done to order.  
Also Farm Machinery, repaired on short notice. Particular attention paid to Boiler Work. Mill work made and repaired.  
Iron Fencing a specialty.  
No. 40 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.  
**Benson's Capcine**  
**Porous Plaster**  
A Wonderful Remedy.  
There is no comparison between it and the common plaster of Paris. It is in every way superior to all other external remedies, including liniments and the so-called electrical appliances. It contains new medicinal elements which in combination with rubber, possesses the most extraordinary pain-relieving, strengthening and curative properties. Any physician in your own locality will confirm the above statement. For Lane Park, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatic Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Pains, Weakness, Stomach and Nephritic Colic, and Congestive Disorders, Whooping Cough, Inflammation of the Heart, and all the ailments for which porous plasters are used, it is simply the best remedy known. Ask for Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster and take up other. Sold at all druggists. Price 25 cents. Sent on receipt of price, by Seabury & Johnson, 21 East Street, New York. Each 25-Cts.  
**THIS NEW CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUSS**  
is the best and best. With light pressure the hernia is retained day and night with ease. It is comfortable, durable and cheap. Circulars free.  
California Elastic Truss Co., P. O. Box 1847, 720 Market Street, S. F.  
**Oregon Kidney Tea!**  
No More BACKACHE. No More KIDNEY COMPLAINT.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS!  
Hodge, Davis & Co., Proprietors.  
**Cosmopolitan Hotel,**  
THE DALES, OREGON.  
Is open for the reception of guests, with everything new and elegantly furnished. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. The house will be kept open all night, and a free coach to and from the train.  
THOMAS SMITH,  
Formerly of the Emery Hotel.  
**GUNS!**  
Remington's, Sharps' and Winchester's Rifles.  
And Cartridges of all kinds at reduced prices.  
By WM. BECK, 215-217 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

**THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN OREGON**  
TO BUY.  
**Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries**  
P. SELLING,  
Corner First and Yamhill Streets, PORTLAND.  
**HAWLEY, DODD & CO.**  
PORTLAND, OREGON.  
Offer for Sale at the Lowest Prices Possible,  
**HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL**  
AND  
**Agricultural Implements,**  
SOLE AGENT FOR JOHN DEERE'S CELEBRATED  
**SULKY PLOWS**  
Over 7,000 Sold in Oregon and W. T. in the last 3 years.  
The peculiar arrangement of this arrangement needs only to be seen to be appreciated. Ask your neighbor what he thinks about it. No complication of levers. A simple management, and do better work than any other plow, and cross the field in less time.  
Deere's 40, 60 and 72 Tooth Harrows. Farm, Food and Grist Mills,  
**RANDALL'S PULVERIZING HARROWS,**  
Buckeye Broadcast Seeders & Grain Drills,  
**Schuttler, Farm, Freight and Spring Wagons**  
STUDEBAKER WAGONS, with Patent Roller Brake.  
Too well known to need comment. Send for Circulars and Price Lists.  
**HAWLEY, DODD & CO.**

**THE TIDE IS SETTING IN!!**  
—OF—  
**POPULATION**  
—AND—  
**PROSPERITY**  
TO THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.  
Now Out and for Sale at the Book Stores.  
**The Pacific Monthly**  
AND  
**OFFICIAL GAZETTE!**  
The edition of the OFFICIAL GAZETTE published by me two years ago has been entirely exhausted, and has added its proportion to the influences which are attracting the thousands of immigrants to our  
**RICH AND PRODUCTIVE LANDS**  
And accelerating the development of our natural resources. The demand for such a work is constantly increasing, and to meet that demand I shall widen the scope of the GAZETTE, change its form and issue it hereafter in regular monthly parts under the above title. It will be  
**(Devoted to Statistical Information)**  
Concerning the material resources of Oregon and Washington Territory, including a full description of the Cities, Towns, and Counties, Topographical Appearance, Population, Growth, Business Enterprises, Lists of Officers, and a complete  
**Business and Official Directory!**  
Of the State and Territory. Our agricultural advantages, as well as the mining, manufacturing and all other material interests of the entire State and Territory will be fully represented.  
**TOURISTS**  
Who have a special love for the grand and beautiful in nature, are just beginning to turn their attention to Oregon's unsurpassed scenery. Realizing that the "half has never been told" of the  
**Wonders and Beauties of Mountains!**  
Valleys and rivers; all parts of the State will be visited, and faithful pen-pictures given, omitting nothing that will render this work invaluable as a  
**TOURISTS' AND TRAVELLERS' GUIDE**  
And just the book for the crowds of immigrants now coming, and proposing to come to our State. To make its pages even more acceptable as a Traveller's Hand-Book, as well as  
**A Welcome Visitor to the Family and Fireside,**  
We shall add to each monthly part interesting tales, sketches, poetry, scraps of local history, news, wit, etc., etc.  
Mr. H. M. Clinton will have immediate supervision of the details of bringing out the work, and will visit all parts of the State and Territory personally to insure its accurate completeness.  
Sold complete only by subscription, at \$3 00 per annum. Single parts 50 cents each.  
**D. H. STEARNS, Publisher,**  
PORTLAND, OREGON

**A Horrible Story.**

A dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer from Hagerstown, Ind., Dec. 24, states that a murder, which occurred near a country school-house between Centreville and Williamsburg two weeks since, has just come to light. Two school girls, about fifteen years old daughters of wealthy parents, were expelled from the school for bad treatment of a schoolmate of the same age, named Miss Kates. While the latter was on her way home after school they assaulted her, one knocking her down with a base-ball bat, and the other jumping on her and breaking three of her ribs. Miss Kates managed to crawl a short distance to her home, and died soon after communicating the facts to her mother. According to report the parents of the assailants went to the murdered girl's mother and persuaded her by a bribe of \$3,000 to keep the affair secret. The facts, however, leaked out through school children who witnessed the assault, and have created much excitement.

**Assorted Canned Table Fruits**

Consisting of selected Peaches, Prunes, Plums, and Grapes of the three choice, Rubin Varieties. The Tables of the O. S. N. Co.'s boats are supplied by this establishment.  
**J. M. CASHING,**  
Proprietor of Vineyard and Orchard  
No. 414 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.