WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY.

When, in the dusk of evening, I come to where I see Three little faces at the window looking

down at me, And hear the shout of "Papa," and the

sound of scampering feet. And find myself a prisoner ere 1 can beat

retreat. robbers seize my parcels and search my pockets through

And bear me to their eastle spite of all that I can do.

There the queen of these banditti gently chides their bolst'rous give, And asks how many kisses it will take to

ansom me Oh, is there any pleasure in all the busy day That's quite as sweet as listening then to

what the children say? Helen thinks a hundred kisses are enough

to ransom me, If Fil change them all for pennies bright as soon as I am free: While Henry claims that "Papa is more valuable than giat." And so the rascal confiscates my overcoat and bat

and hat.

But tender-hearted Josephine makes terms for my release:

"We'll let you go, dear papa, for just one ides apiece."

When I've paid my ransom duly, this val-lant robber band Escoris me to the table, with a guard on

either hand,

away And grow younger as I listen to what the

hildren say.

From my prison in the study I detect them

w overhead. Little chance I'll have for study 'till they're inly tucked in hed.

But at last there comes a silence, and I tip- the lower half. too out to see Three little solier faces clustered at their

Their prayer, "Please bless dear papa," never fails to put to rout Every sheptical opinion or philosophical

When the world looks cold and cheerless,

and heaven seems far away. Just stop, my friend, and listen to what the

-Thomas C. Roney, in Chicago Standard.

MARTHA B. BANKS.

the garden.

the village.

you stop at John's house tell his wife that I should be pleased to have the pattern of the pelisse that Sarah Blake

lent her. And, oh, grandfather, your next trip will be to Philadelphia, and you are to take me with you, are you quavering tone not? And then I shall see something of the world of which I have heard so a much and know so little. And the money to convey me on my journey is even now in the house with the rest that you brought home lately, is it not.

sure to bring me a bonny bunch of erab-

apple blossoms, as well as the hank of

yarn of which I spoke to you, and if

dear grandfather?" "Yes, chatterbox," returned the gran other, jocosely, pinching the you hear him?" dimpled chip so near at hand; "but see to it that your brains go not wool-gathering, and let it slip through your fingers ere you can put it to use."

With a little laugh, as Elizabeth drew herself up in dignified protest against his insinuation, the grandfather waved farewell to his wife in the doorway, and jumping upon his saddle the active old man rode away, muttering to himself: "A hank of blossoms, a yarn pelisse and There for a blessed hour I fling my cares a pattern of crab-apples." Perhaps the good grandfather was slightly absentminded himself on some occasions.

Elizabeth stood gazing after the horse and its rider until they vanished From F y free stream toward the mill. The across the stream toward the mill. The
All about the house they frole—now below. miller was leaning out of the upper half of the mill door, his arms resting on

> "The top of the morning to you, Miss Elizabeth," he called out. "Do you know I've found the nest of the old goose I've been hunting so long? It was in the crotch of a willow at the lower end of the dam. Step over and take a look at it."

> Elizabeth was about to trip lightly across the bridge that led to the mill. when she was hailed by a voice from the kitchen, reminding her that life is not all play, even on a merry May morn-

> "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" cried the grandmother, "there is a large ironing to do, and we are late at setting about it. Come, little idler, to your task."

> "But it's such a lovely day!" sighed the girl, slowly entering the room, and easting many a longing glance backward, silently wishing that she were a bird or a leaf that could let the rain do its washing and leave the smoothing process to the wind and the sunshine. "But if I am diligent this morning. grandmother, I suppose that I may go into town this afternoon to see Mary

> "Yes, yes, child; but now we must make haste, or else noon will be here before we have finished all that we have on hand," responded the grandmother. laying generous batches of dough into the bread baskets to rise and make ready for baking.

When the clock struck 12 the last of a brawling creek, not far from the piece of snowy linen was hung up to air village of Bellefonte, lying under the on the line stretched across the kitchen. and when the traces of the midday meal were cleared away Elizabeth tied name of Bellefonte had been given to the town by Elizabeth's grandmother, on her sunonnet and started for the village. Of course she had to pause for a moment at the spring, for she could never pass it by unheeded; but a little failing-that bubbled up on the edge of later she was with her cousins in an old On the opposite shore of the creek garden, sleepy with sunshine and ood the old mill, with its whizzing. | fragrant with blossoms. What with gossiping over Elizabeth's coming flight from the home nest and the relating of stories by Mary Anne from a delightfully fascinating book that she had come across-but which his wife lived by themselves, with only her mother had withdrawn from her ere she had fathomed half of its fasciwild, loncly spot, but Elizabeth's nations-the afternoon skipped by all Elizabeth suddenly realized the lateness of the hour, and hastened away. but it was growing dark as she pressed into the shade of the pine woods beyond the spring, and she was considerably feelings and fancies, and that of the startled when she observed in the path dumb creatures about her, for a young ahead of her the figure of an unknown man, who, when he heard the approaching footsteps, dodged behind the trunk best to lure the girl's thoughts and foot- of a tree, as though fearful of discov-"Dear me," thought Elizabeth, "who lint, in spite of her love of out of door is that? It must be a beggar or a ife and her affection for nearly all tramp, unless it is a king or a lord in living things, Elizabeth felt no great disguise. Anyway, it's best to avoid respect for the lively geese of the miller. him. There, he has turned off to the "They are but noisy birds," she would right, so I'll hurry along as fast as I an fuss about nothing. There is old In another moment she saw her Tappy now, trying to look as wise as an grandmother coming to meet her. Elizabeth threw her arms round the old lady's neck in an eestasy of joy and relief, and confided the story of her vision and her fright. Grandmother looked a little worried. "I almost wish that you had brought numre where they are or what they are William home with you to spend the night," she said, as she latched the gar-They would Elizabeth Much and hang den gate behind herself and Elizabeth. hor gliddy little head, for well the knew "Woolly says that there is a fox prowlthat she was sometimes more given to hig round, also. You must shut up the treaming than to dulage but her grand- | chickens with more than usual caution. In they would then hugh within him- David went away for the afternoon, too. off, and releatingly put the glowing and will not be back until late this evencheck of his granddaughter, for it must ling. Do you run over, Elizabeth, and he neknowledged that he was of private see that the geese are in the pen near opicilian that she uses the eleverest girl, the house, lest they be in peril, and in the county, even through he did liken drop a word to his wife, poor lame Suher to the generated twit her with being san, to charge David to keep his cars n and points, whose elliris grow a deal open for anyone who may be abroad tonight. However, I think that we have On this special morning grandfather really little to fear. The stranger was thought," she said, "and I will never dethe number gurden gate, proparing to probably a traveler, going through the country on foot.' Elizabeth flew away to her grandcountry. Grandfather and Een were mother's bidding; but, while securing now bound on an expedition to look the fowls from surprise, she fell to after the men who were at work on the wondering about the man that she had new canal, of which grandfather was encountered, and to weaving romances the surveyor. It was a two days' jour- in her customary fashion, and not once acy to this point of observation and did she recall to memory the orders inck again, so grandmother and Eliza- shout the miller's gense. The moon was both, and Wooldy, the small black maid. climbing the skies when she went upwould be left to themselves for the stairs to go to bed, and when she walked right. But they had no thought of to the window for a parting glimpse of langer. They had never been molested the world without she fancied that she in their nook in the shelter of the for- beheld a man slink across the road and hide himself in the woods beyond.

Insuiting.

till Collector-I have presented this bill to your husband time and again at his office, and he is always too busy to attend to it. I have also called here with it 15 times, but you have always put me off

Mrs. De Rich - What? You have called at this house with that petty bill 15 times? Such frequent calling with one bill is an insult, sir. Begone!-N. Y Weekly.

Got the Wrong Leg.

A Georgia drummer had a customer whose mme was Legg. The latter failed in business, and the drummer, who happened to be on hand at the time, telegraphed his firm: "Legg has broke."

The firm placed the wrong construction on the telegram and replied: "Sorry See a physician, and keep sober."-Atlanta Constitution.

Their Mutual Affection, He had a castle grand, ancestral-Her acres are both broad and trim; He loves the very ground she walks on. And she adores the site of him. -Pick-Me-Up.

THE LADY AND THE TIGER.



Bishop Gullem-Yes, it is a good work, and I trust you believe in maintaining foreign missions.

"Indeed, I do. Why, papa sees Mr. Mc-Kinley every day about one."-Harlem

A Revision.

"To err is human, to forgive divine," That may be nice enough to say: But to err and then blame it on Somebody else is the common way. -Chicago News

In the Cold Fact Class. Professor-In the sentence: "A poet was mistaken for another man and shot," what is the subject?

"Poet." "How would you make the sentence paradoxical?"

"Served him right." "But that is not a paradox." "Well, it's dead right."-N. Y. Truth.

Proof. The Senior Member-By George! Clarkson, you seem to think you're the boss here! Clarkson-Not at all, sir.

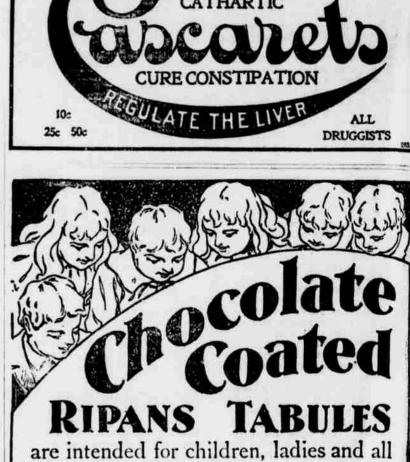
The Senior Member-Well, why do you talk so blamed stupid, then ?- N. Y. Truth.

No Possible Danger.

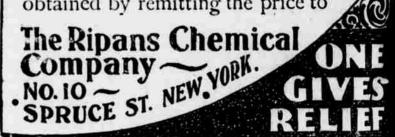
"What do you consider the most ab-

"Cook them, get some other man to





who prefer a medicine disguised as confectionery. They may now be had (put up in Tin Boxes, seventy-two in a box), price, twenty-five cents or five boxes for one dollar. Any druggist will get them if you insist, and they may always be obtained by remitting the price to



South and an and a state and a state and a state of the s ing THE MILLER'S GEESE. BY MARY SOMMERVILLE and

TAIR and sweet were the flowers in the morning sunshine, but no fairer nor sweeter than was Elizabeth herself. as she came down the walk in front of her grandfather's cottage, in her pretty print frock and with the roses in her cheeks, which in some sly manner had Anne."

sprung up there long before any of their rivals had thought of blooming in Down in the heart of Pennsylvania, in the first quarter of the present century lived Elizabeth with her grandfather and her grandmother, in the small house near the woods on the bank

suggenty to used by her window.

"Who's there?" -m attred.

a mill al

our chieft has

"it is 1." replies my an ther, at wheeper, "I hearn the sound of whistling, and 1 stole is more to peeout on this side of the house and here is a man walking up and down the road He is trying, perhaps, to fire out if there is a man about, or else wishes fo signal to some accomplice. There, do

Elizabeth was at the window in a trice, and she could plainly discern a tall figure creeping stealthily in through the gate.

"Oh, why was I so foolish as to stay here without a man!" said grand mother, catching her breath. "We can not protect ourselves, and there is one shutter in the parlor that is not closed. because the white rose bush has grown in so far that it holds it open. There. he is at the other window now, and will soon make an attempt at the one behind the rose bush."

Grandmother had in her hand a small ralico bag, which she tucked beneath the mattress of the bed, and then she began to push some of the heavy, oldfashioned mahogany furniture against the door of the room.

"Woolly is safe enough in her corner in the attic," said grandmother, "but we must have something that the raseal is after. I will fling up the window. and we must scream for help. David must have returned by this time, and mayhap he will hear us and come to our rescue. You spoke to Susan of this matter, did vou not, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth flushed searlet, and let her head fall upon her breast, like a rose bending on its stalk.

mother," she faltered.

"Then your heedlessness may have cost you your trip." replied the grandmother, more severely than was her wont, "and it may be we shall lose our lives. The villain may intend to murder us, for all that we can tell." finished the poor lady, in desperation. "But now for as loud a shout as we can raise."

upon the night air, but the creek went babbling on its noisy course, with no consideration for the frightened, defenseless beings who were endeavoring to drown its clatter with their own. The robber shrank back from the house at sound of the outery, but as no response came to the appeal he returned the more boldly to the attack. Again arose the cries, louder and more beseeching than before. The intruder had found the unfastened shutter, and had made his way through the window into the parlor. Oh. would no aid come!

All at once, from across the water, came an answer. It was the shrill scream of the miller's geese. Elizabeth thought that she could recognize Tappy's peculiar note above the other shricks. Something was awake. Something had heard the supplications of the besieged, even were it only a flock solute certain way to distinguish toadof stupid geese. Again grandmother stools from mushrooms?" and Elizabeth shouted, and again came

falls could no longer be heard on the

floor below. Ob, would David be

posite shore, and once more the voices

at the window pleaded for succor. Then

there was the report of a shot. The

man in the parlor of the disturbed

the open window, and tore off for the

woods. An instant later David came

flying up to the house, with his gun

over his shoulder, and there were ex-

planations, thanks and congratulations

then. David had found Tappy alone by

his doorstep when he reached home

that night, and he had hunted up the

other geese and locked them into the

pen under his bedroom window. Soon

afterward he had fallen into a heavy

slumber, from which he had been awak-

ened by the cackling of his geese.

Thinking that a fox was among them,

he had gone out to attend to him with a

little powder and shot; and then, catch-

ing the sounds of distress from the

other sides of the creek, he had the sat-

isfaction of chasing away a more wily

and more wieked old fox from more val-

The miller stayed on guard between

the two houses for the remainder of the

light, but there was no further annoy-

ance, and the following evening grand-

father was again with his family, lis-

tening to a thrilling account of the mid-

picion of the extra money in the house,"

said grandfather, shrewdly shaking his

head. "But, heydey, lass, so the gense

Elizabeth gave her grandfather a shy.

"The geese had more wit than I

arch little glance from under her eye-

spise them again."-Leslie's Monthly.

Gave Himself Away.

"But instead of committing suicide

"Dat's so, boxs, but I had ter sell do

gun ter buy entridges wid de money. Can't shoot myse'f widout entridges "

Those Passing Storms. Friend-Is your honeymoon over?

Nuwed-Oh, yes. We're along in the

you went and sold the gun for two dol-

were ahead of you for once!"

gun from the colonel here.

to shoot myse'f.

-N. Y. World.

"The scamp must have had sume sus-

uable prey.

night adventure.

lashes.

Yes, there was a halloo from the op-

aroused?

"I did truly forget to do so, grand-Life.

"Help! help!" The words rang out

hurrying wheels, grinding away day by day in order to supply the good people of the town with their daily bread. and hard by was the humble home of the miller, David Crew, where he and a flock of geese for company. It was a Quaker cousins were over in the lown. too quickly. within walking distance, and Elizabeth seldom sighed for other companions. Indeed, her grandmother thought that she was almost too foud of wandering round in the sole society of her own maid who was of a mind to become a thrifty, able housewife, and she did her steps into more practical, domestic ery puths.

shadow of Bald Eagle mountain." The

in honor of the magnificent spring-

bright, cool, fresh, sparkling and never-

eny; "always stalking round and mak- ran." and yet I venture to believe that she has not a single idea in her head."

"Like some sinly insert that I have seen." the grandfurber would teasingly reply, "with their empty little pates in the elands, and they thennelves hardly

faster than her digulty.

mount old New, the fulricial horse that carried him on many a joust round the est, and women and young folk were brave and during in those ploneer times.

kissing her grandfather good by, "be

"It's just nervousness that makes me Imagine that I find strange things "Now, grandfather," said Elizabeth, everywhere now," she assured herself, to stiffe a little spasm of alarm, and, " timoon now .- N. Y. Journal.

the squawk, squawk, in reply. The in- ent them, and then watch the symp vader had evidently not failed to note | toms."-Chicago Tribune. the clamor in the distance, for his foot-

An Aid to Quietude.

Mr. O'Hara-Maggie, pfwhat do yez wear yer gloves for pfwhin yez are playing the planner? Mrs. O'Hara-'Sh! the baby's shlap ing, an' Oi don't want to make so much noise .- Judge.

The Digger Half.

"I cannot understand," said the bachhousehold had his ears on the alert. He waited for no parley or plunder. He elor clerk, "why a man's wife is called scuttled across the room, jumped from the 'better half.'

"You would," said the married clerk, "if you had to divide your salary with one."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

He flad Nine.

"A child in the house," said the Thoughtful Chap, "is a joy forever." "Yes," remarked the Nonsensical Guy, somewhat sadly, "and I know people who are overjoyed."-Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

First Principles.

Zerega-Do you know, I once saw a colored ghost?

Plaza-Nonsense! How could you tell it was a colored ghost? Zerega-It was chasing after a chicken .- Brooklyn Eagle.

Progression.

Father-When I was a boy, children had some respect for the advice of their parents.

Son-Yes; but in those days the children didn't know any more than their parents did,-N. Y. Truth.

A Callmary Hint.

Crimsonbeak-Do dogs ever get worried, do you suppose? Yeast-Why, certainly! I saw one yesterday in a stew. "What was it, a rabbit stew?"-Yon-

kers Statesman.

Really Clever. Eaggs-It is said that Dame Fortune SNYDER'S OLD, AND RELIABLE Get knocks once at every man's door.

Jaggs-Guess it was her daughter, Mis-Fortune, who called on me .- Chicaro News.

Knew It Was a Woman.

Raggs-Who was it said that every time they needed a new angel in Heaven. Jaggs-I don't know the lady's name.

In the Police Court.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak-No; but I believe my husband is there a good deal .-

No Music.

Diner-Is the landlady's daughter studying music? Boarder-She's only learning to play the piano,-Up-to-Date.

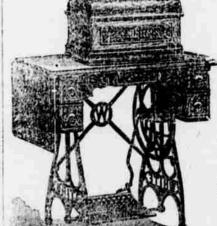
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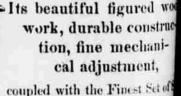
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Judge-You might as well own up that you stole that double-barreled shotsome woman died? Sam Johnsing-1 was jess so desperit. boss, dat I tuck de gun bekase I wanted

-Chicago Journal.

Mrs. Yeast-Have you a friend at court!

Yonkers Statesman.

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