THE WORST TEACHER.

That teacher was the worst we ever tackfed; He warn't so very tall, and he was light.

—It is best to lay your eggs before you've

cackled. Though we never had a notion he could

fight. For he acted sort o' meechin' when he opened up the school,
-We sort of got the notion he was It-and

we tagged gool. We gave him lots of jolly in a free and easy way.

And showed him how we handled guys as got to actin' gay.

tern away the door
When we lugged him out and dumped him in the snow the year before.

And soon's we thought we had him scart

we sat and chawed and spit, And kind o' thought we'd run the school-concludin' he was it.

It worked along in that way, sir, till Fri day afternoon.

We hadn't lugged him out that week, bu lowed to do it soon.

That Friday, 'long about three o'clock, he said there'd be recess.

And said: "The smaller kids and girls car

go for good, I guess."
And he mentioned smooth and smily, but with kind o' greenish eyes, That the big boys were requested to re

main for exercise. And when he called us in again he up and looked the door, Shucked off his co't and weskit, took the And talked about gymnastys in a quiet lit

tle speech,

Then he made a pass at Haskell, who wa nearest one in reach.

Twas hot and swift and sudden, and it took him on the jaw.

And that was all the exercise the Haske! feller saw.

Then jumpin' over Haskell's seat, he saun tered up the aisie.

A-bittin' right and hittin' left and wearin' that same smile.

And when a feller started up and tried is hit him back Twas slipper-slapper, whacko-cracker,

whango-bango-crack!!

And never, sir, in all your life, did you see flippers whis In such a blame chain-lightnin style a

them 'ere hands of his. And though we hit and though we dodged or rushed by twos and threesiHe simply strolled around that room and
licked us all with ease.

and when the thing was nicely done, he dumped us in the yard.

He clicked the padlock on the door and passed us all a card:

this was what was printed there "Prof. Joseph Tate. Athletics made a specialty and champton middle weight."

That teacher was the worst we ever tack He warn't so very tall and he was light.

-at is best to lay your egg before you've Though we never had a notion he could

Holman F. Day in Lewiston Evening

Jenny's Strange Guest By MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

U bu'RE sure you won't be lonesome, Jenny?" Farmer John Harmon stood in the glow of the broad fireplace, wrapped in a great coat and muffler, his fur cap pulled down about his ears, and his whip in his hand, while the pawing hoofs of his impatient horses crunched the snow outside. He stooped as he spoke, lifting his little frank smile which always warmed his heart.

"No, indeed, father! How could I be lonesome, with such a little chatterbox as Tony? Hark! I do believe he is waking now-the darling!"

"I'm very sorry that Manda Lawson couldn't have come to stay with you. but, of course, if Dave's sick, it stands to reason that she can't leave him. But Steve and I'll be back before dark, never fear. Hello! you were right, Jenny. Here comes the little general!

A chubby boy of three years old appeared in his night gown from the adjoining room, his cheeks rosy and his yellow curls tangled from his morning

The father caught him in his strong arms, and held him, shricking with laughter, far above his head.

Father's little man! Waked up to say good-by! And he'll take good care of sister, won't he?"

The young girl held out her arms, and the child leaped into them, hiding his

face upon her shoulder.
"Well, good-by, Jennie!" He paused a

moment, a wistful look creeping over his strong, sun-browned face. "You're more like your mother every day, my daughter.

"Father, father!" called a cheery voice outside.

"Coming, Steve!"

The door opened, letting in a great wave of frosty air, and as it closed behind him the sturdy farmer clambered to a seat beside his son, and with a crack of whip and jingle of bells the loaded sleigh slipped cheerily away.

Jenny stood at the window, still holding the child. She was just 14, although her slight, childish figure made her seem younger by two or three years. The death of her mother, when Tony was but a helpless baby, had thrown premature burdens upon her slender shoulders-burdens which she had borne with a patient, unselfish courage far beyond her years.

She was quite used to being left alone in the frontier cabin with her little charge, while her father and brother were at their work, and it was with no especial sense of loneliness that she watched the moving sleigh until it was lost from sight at a sharp turn of the forest-bordered roadway. The nearest neighbor lived a mile away, so she would scarcely expect visitors on that frosty winter's day.

She turned from the window at last, and seating herself before the cheerful hearth, proceeded to dress the child, making merry game of the task, as she told over and over on his pink toes the story of "the five little pigs." Then, giring him his breakfast of bread and

milk, and placing on the floor for his amusement a box of well-worn playthings, she went briskly about her household tasks.

The market town to which her father and brother had gone was a good 15 miles away, and once there they must wait for the grinding of their load of

grain. "We shall have a long day by ourselves, Tony, dear," said Jenny, more to herself than the child; "but there'll be plenty of work to do, for sister must bake the bread and cakes for Sunday, and father and Steve will be wanting a good hot supper to-night."

"Tony help sister?" lisped the boy. "Yes, Tony shall help sister, and siser will fry him a doughnut man."

Clapping his chubby hands, the child drew his little cricket to the table. where, by climbing upon it, he could overlook his sister's operations at her molding board, and so, with frolic and cheer, the short winter's day wore on.

Gradually the sky, which had been clear in the early morning, grew overeast with clouds, and Jenny saw from the window the air filled with gray

"it's surely going to snow," she said to herself, a little anxiously. "But father promised to be home early, and, anyhow. Meg and Dobbin are strong enough to pull them together."

A few feathery flakes came floating down as she spoke, which proved but the forerunner of a mighty host, as the storm slowly settled over the landscape.

Hour after hour passed. There were no longer any tracks to be discerned along the narrow roadway, which was the only avenue of approach through the dense forest.

Inside the cabin it grew so dark that Jenny placed a lighted lamp upon the table, and, having finished her work, sat down to listen for the first distant sound of sleigh bells, while Tony curled himself up sleeping upon her lap.

Suddenly she heard the muffled beat of horses' hoofs upon the snow, a shadow darkened the window, and a moment later a heavy knock resounded upon the door. Jenny opened it, holding Tony in her arms.

The visitor, who had dismounted and stood holding his horse by the bridle rein, was a large, powerful man, in hunter's dress, carrying a brace of pistols, and a long, sheathed knife sticking in his leathern belt.

A little city-bred maiden might have fainted with fright at sight of so formidable an apparition, but Jenny was too well accustomed to the rough exterior of the backwoodsman to be easily startled.

The stranger looked at her keenly as the glow of the open fire lit up her little figure, with Tony's golden head upon her shoulder.

Then he said:

*Can I stay all night? I've been caught in the storm." The young girl healtated, but only for a moment

"We're all alone, sir-I and the baby. My father and brother went to town this morning, but I expect them home every minute, and I'm sure they wouldn't like me to let anyone go on in the storm. So you're welcome, sir; and you can put your horse in one of

the empty stalls in the stable vonder.' The man made no reply, but having daughter's chin till the clear, brown led his horse away in the direction ineyes looked full into his own, with the cated soon returned, and, taking his place in front of the fire, began to dry his wet garments.

His face, which might once have shown fine lines, wore a hard and bister expression, as the flickering shadows played over his bent head and averted

A vague sense of discomfort crept over the spirits of his little hostess.

"I wonder if he is in trouble, poor man?" she thought. "He looks so miserable!

Then she said aloud:

"If you haven't had any supper, sir, can give you some of the pork and beans I'm keeping hot for father and

"I don't want any," he answered, still without looking up.

Little Tony, who by this time was broad awake, had slipped from his sister's arms, and stood with great, blue, father!" wondering eyes fixed upon the

stranger. It was something wholly new to Tony's short experience to find himself quite unnoticed by a visitor, and he was evidently pondering deeply the

problem of this unsolved personality. He walked slowly up and down the room, at each turn approaching a little nearer the grim, silent figure before the hearth.

At last he paused, and laid a little, rosy hand on the man's knee. Still there was no response.

The child's breast heaved, his breath came quickly, and a grieved expression

curled his pretty lips. "Man," he said, with tremulous baby

accent, half breaking into a sob, "why don't 'oo love little boys?" The man started, and a spasm of un-

controllable feeling passed his bearded face. He turned upon the child, whose golden hair shone in the firelight like a halo, and with a swift, irresistible motion, swept him into his arms.

Some marvelous change seemed to have transfigured his face, and the hard lines softened like ice before the sun. He held the child close, murmuring in his ear inarticulate expressions of endearment.

Tony, on his part, accepted most graclously this tardy homage to his charms. He tugged at the stranger's watch chain, laughing so merrily that Jenny could not repress a soft echo from her own corner.

The man looked up, transfixed her with the same keen gaze as at his entrance, only that now some new element was added—a questioning almost painful in its intensity. One would have said the man felt his fate hanging upon the answer which the

young girl should give to his question: "Are you afraid of me?"
"Afraid?" repeated Jenny, with gen-

Tony or more wouldn't do any harm to Tony or more would I, so help me

Heaves!"

The man room, exceeding himself to his full height, Miss one re some crushing weight.

"And now, my girl, if you will, you may give me some of the pork and been per some of the pork and mighty warming on a night like this."

Jenny sprang to do his hidding with pleased alacrity, setting a bountiful portion upon the table, and drawing a chair beside it. "I can't see why father don't come,"

A curious expression flitted across

the man's face. "Don't you fret, child." he answered. The snow's drifted badly, and it would be nothing strange if they had to stop somewhere on the road and wait till morning. But you never mind; I'll attend to everything. You've got cattle and things to look after, I suppose. I'll feed 'em for you, and then I'll bring

she said, anxiously.

in another log or two for the fire." father will thank you a mousend

times." "Thank me yourself, child! I'm not doing it for your father. It's long since I've had occasion to be thanked, and the words have a sweet sound."

He opened the door and went out through the blinding snow. Returning a half hour later, he carefully replenished the fire, raking the

mounted high in the great chimney. Then he caught Tony in his arms once more, making him laugh with a merry story, before Jenny carried him off to bed.

"There's no use expecting your folks to-night," said the stranger, when Jenny reappeared, having left her little charge quietly sleeping. "The storm grows harder every minute. But they'll be here bright and early in the morning, never fear. You go and He down with the boy, and I'll just comp here in front of the fire."

"But you won't be comfortable, sir." "Comfortable! I'll get the sweetest rest I've had for many a long night."

Jenny did as she was bidden. Still dressed, she threw herself upon the bed beside her little brother. It was long before she slept, for as

the snow beat against the window panes she could not repress a sharp anxiety for the safety of those she What should I have done if this man

had not come?" she asked herself again and again. "He seems so strange; but he is very, very kind." She lost consciousness at last, and

when she awoke, the sun was already shining in at the eastern window. She sprang up hastily, scarcely able to collect her scattered memories of

the night of storm. Hark! Could it be? It was!-the sound of alowly tinkling bells approaching through the still air.

"They are coming!" she oried, joy-fully, and ran into the adjoining room. It was empty, and the fire smoldered low upon the hearth. Her visitor had gone, unannounced and sudden as he had come.

"And he had no breakfast," mourned poor Jenny. "How shameful of me to sleep like this!"

She flung open the door just as her father's sleigh appeared in sight, the stout horses struggling bravely through the unbroken drifts.

A cheerful halloo rang out, answered by her own joyful voice. The sleigh reached the door, and in a

moment Jenny was in her father's "My poor little girl! Thank God. you are safe! I was wild with fear for

you-all alone in the stormy night." "But I wasn't alone, father. A man came here, and he was so kind! He fed the cattle, and made my fire; but-only think!-I slept so late that he went

away without any breakfast." The father and son looked at each

"What is that?" cried Jenny, glancing at the table. "I do believe he left a letter! Yes-and directed to you,

Mechanically the father unfolded the

bit of paper, and this is what he read: "I knew of the money you took from the express office last week at Miliville. I have been watching my opportunity, and when you rode a way to-day I followed you.

and cut down the big trees which you found across your road as you came back. "I did this to gain time, for I knew you could never cut your way around before

morning.
"I came here to rob you. Your children trusted me. The boy is like one hat I re-member. If they had been afraid of me. I should have found your money and gone away. You will think it foolish, but it came to me that if there was something left in me that an innocent child could trust, perhaps it was enough for the beginning-just the beginning-of a better

"JACK CARNIGAN."

The father's face grew ashy pale, and the paper fell from his hand. Stephen picked it up, glancing hurriedly over its contents, and the two gazed at each other without power to speak.

The signature was that of a desperado long the despair of the officers of justice, whose name had been for years a terror among the homes of solitary settlers all the country round .-Golden Days.

Industry in Ireland.

There is an industrial awakening observable at present in Ireland. The passing of the local government act has pefited then in many ways, and as a result of its operation a syndicate is now in the course of formation for the opening up and working of granite and slate quarries in certain districts throughout the country .- N. Y. Sun.

Poetle Justice.

A Chicago man has killed a hold-up artist with the latter's own gun. It will be seen, therefore, says the Chieago Times-Herald, that poetic juscoals together till the red blaze tice continues occasionally to find terminal facilities.

WOMANLY BEAUTY ?

WOMANLY REACTY f

The well known writer, Evelya Hunt in her book entitled "Womanly Beauty" says: "It is my contention that every woman not only may but should possess a charming personality of face, figure and manner. To attain and preserve beauty is the proper study of womankind. A meagro figure may be developed; harsh, uneven features may be softened, refined and rendered harmonious, a sallow or muddy complexion may be freshened, brightened and made clear, dull eyes without expression, may glisten and sparkle and unsightly blemishes of every kind may be regressed, Facial defects and shrunken, impoverished, undeveloped figures may be permanently remedied and womanly beauty acquired and retained. It is every woman soluty to accomplish these results." The Marilla Company, 108 Fulton Street, New York, offers to send a copy of Evilyn Hunt's book free, with a small size box of "Cassandra Cream" and a free cake of Cassandra skin soap, to any lady who sends five two-cent stainus to cover expense of mailing. The regular price of this book is 50 cents and it contains valuable interesting information and is full of good advice for ladies who desire to acquire and retain loyeliness of face and form. "Cassandra Cream" is a wonderful beautifier of the complexion and makes the skin soft, fresh and white by removing all impurities and discolorations. It is a perfectly pure preparation and will not injure the most sensible skin.

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