Back in the happy, happy days When people were so blest, When life was worth the living, and The world was at its best Men didn't turn the faucets on When they went home at night And plunge as we plunge into tubs All smooth and clean and white.

The good old days, the fair old days, Ere awnings had been made, How sweet it must have been, when it Was ninety in the shade, To sit beside a window where The sun was shining through While from unsprinkled streets the dust In choking volumes blew!

How glad they must have been who lived How glad they must have been who lived
In those old, happy days.

Where everything was done by hand
In good old-fashioned ways.

When smoky candles pierced the gloom
And babies yelled at night
Because there were no safety pins
To give their souls delight.

Ah! happy, happy days long past, When all the world was gay. Ere window screens had been devised To keep the files away,
When people slept on corded beds
And had their visions rare
While glad mosquitos took their fill— What happiness was there! E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## 

IT WAS drowsily warm that day, and though a murder case was in course of trial at the county seat, it had aroused no particular excitement in the minds of the inhabitants of Willsborough. The courtroom had hardly more than its usual contingent of idlers and loungers.

For one thing the case had no complications or sensational features, and there was nothing sentimentally interesting in the character of the parties concerned. It was just a country fellow, a piny-woodsman, who had killed his step-brother, and then seemed able to give no explanation for his deed but, "He deviled me till I done it." The two, it appeared, had had "words," and suddenly Alpheus White picked up an adz and struck Jim Jordan a terrible blow on the head that killed him instantly. The step-mother and step-sisters of the accused and several of their "kin," witnessed against Alpheus, and bore voluble testimony to the fact that he had always been "full of pyore meanness;" whereas, "Jim had been beliked by all that knowed him." According to them Alpheus had "a gredge" against Jim for years, had always been jealous of him, and "spited" him whenever he sense of the appropriate was tickled could.

reputation of a harmless, peaceable Abram Beechby. "Jim shore is the man, not "overly bright," but steady fellow to give names that sticks." and sober; yet the fact remained that | Yet Alpheus was a good, harmless he had killed a man, seemingly upon slight provocation. He did not ing better than to live on kindly attempt to deny his crime, or even terms with his step-relations. As he submission to his fate. There was nothing in his appearance to excite the sympathy of those sentimental souls who fill the cells of murderers with bouquets. He was just a tall, thin countryman, awkwardly put together, with a freckled face, hair almost colorless, and a long, sunburnt neck amply displayed by the turndown collar of his checked cotton shirt. Only in his pale, blue eyes there was a sad, puzzled, rebuffed look one sees in the eyes of some poor homeless dog that everybody kicks and abuses and drives away.

The case had been one easily disposed of. The lawyer appointed by the court had pleaded somewhat lukewarmly, the cause of murder. Then followed the district attorney, who referred to the prisoner as a fratricide, likened him to Cain, and became eloquently impassioned upon the duty of conviction. The jury retired to deliberate.

Alpheus sat with his chin sunken upon his breast, in a sort of mental and physical torpor. The wind brought warm puffs of perfume through the windows from the blooming China trees in the courtyard; a slow oxwagon crawled creakily along Main street, and some pigs grunted and scuffled in the dust.

"It's astonishing how near being animals those piny-woods people are,' whispered the district attorney to another lawyer. "That fellow is actually too dull and dense even when his life hangs in the balance."

But Alpheus was not quite so dull and dense. He did not know what fratricide meant, however, he understood dimly that the district attorney had been "talkin' agin him." A vague thought came to his mind that if he had money or influence, things might go easier with him.

The deliberation of the jury did not

last long.

At the verdict, "Guilty," a sort of murmur ran around the room; for there must always be a moment of emotion in hearing sentence of death pronounced even upon the most insignificant of human beings.

The prisoner still remained seated. Some one took him by the arm and helped him up, and as he stumbled to his feet he spoke for the first time that day.

"I-nuver-hed - a-fair-chanst," he said aloud in the queer, jerky drawl of the piny-woods.

It had a comical sound and some one tittered in spite of the solemnity he "mos 'split his sides a-laughin'" of the occasion.

"Did you ever see a convicted man who thought he had had a fair trial?" one lawyer asked another.

the days of his childhood, to the little mud-chinked log cabin in the clearing where he had lived with his father and mother. He remembered his thin, sickly mother, who worked so hard and had so many aches and pains, yet was nevertheless always "kind-spoken." There were many little mounds in a rude inclosure which, in a more civilized region would have been considered none too good to serve as a pig pen, for of all the children she had borne, Alpheus alone survived. His father, too, was kind to him, and when he took his cotton into town, in the autumn, would bring Alpheus a stick of "striped candy."

But the mother died, and after trying to "do for himself," Alpheus' father brought home the widow Jordan with her noisy, quarrelsome brood of children. She took a dislike to Alpheus at first sight. It was not Alpheus at first sight. It was not jealousy-with her coarse, buxom she had no occasion to be jealous to tell it. of her sickly, faded predecessor, or any of her belongings-but she declared that the "young 'en was jes' too pizen ugly to live; as ugly as a yaller nigger dog." As she and all her progeny were black-baired and black-eyed, Alpheus' tow head was naturally not admired by her. He slunk out of her sight as much as

A Fair Chance. possible, but sne quickly apply him the drudge of the family.

"Mary Belle," she would say, "don't you spile your skin over that fire. Alpheus has got to stir that pot." Or, "Here, you Alpheus, do you think I'm goin' to let my Jim break his back totin' them buckets o' water from the springs?"

Alpheus' father had at first tried feebly to protect him; but he was a and though he might pity his son in secret, he dared not raise his voice to defend him.

The Jordans were all better looking and quickerwitted than Alpheus, and they were not slow to make him feel this; tormenting him in various

"He ain't none o' our kin," they

would explain to visitors. Jim, who was the nearest his age, missin' it here." was especially malevolent in his devices for the discomfiting of Alpheus. The only time Alpheus had ventured to resent Jim's aggressions, his stepmother's heavy fist had hammered imagine another."-New Orleans into him the wisdom of suffering in Times-Democrat. silence. As their mother made drudge of him, so the young Jordans made him the butt of their clumsy ridicule. It was Jim who gave him the name of "Fiddleneck" by which by the title. "Don't it jes' hit off that Alpheus had previously borne the long, red neck o' his'n!" exclaimed

creature, who would have asked nothto excuse it; appearing dazed into grew older the settlement had no definite grievance against him; but easy to get the reputation of being "sullen-like"-and the second Mrs. to get along with."

11. Shortly after Alpheus reached manhood his father died, and the larger part of the little farm fell to his share.Mrs. White was indignant that the law gave her only a third, and, in fact, went into hysteries when she learned that the whole farm was not to be hers.

"Oh, my po' paltry thirds!"she ejaculated, with tears of wrath. "If this ain't onjest, there never was onjestice in the world. Here's me that's good woman. worked like a nigger on this place, an' done for that man year in an' year out, an' wore myself out tryin' to raise his brat fittin'-an' here I'm put off with thirds!"

But the law is law. Alpheus gladly gave up the cabin to his stepmother, and built himself another as far removed as possible from the old one. He began to plant on his own account, and became modestly successful, owing to his industry. All of which did not endear him to the Jordans.

Jim had also reached man's estate, and in gala attire, profusely scented with "cinnamon draps," with his black, curly hair well oiled, he was a typical piny-woods lady-killer. In addition, he was a hard drinker, a poker player, and an idler-in short, thoroughly worthless; but his mother and sisters admired him greatly as a dashing blade.

Alpheus' nearest neighbors were the Millers-new people who had lately moved in from an adjoining county. Moses Miller, who was as quiet and hard-working as Alpheus, had made the young man's acquaintance in the course of their plowing and planting, and they soon became friends. Moses had an only daughter, Linda, not pretty, but with a pleasant comeliness, and gentle, kindly ways that suggested goodness of heart. The probable thing happened: Alpheus fell in love with Linda, and began to court her in a bashful way. Linda, who had no "high company for the killing of a cow. notions," looked favorably upon him, During the course of his argument and all seemed to point towards an everyday ending to this humble love-

When Jim Jordan heard the news, as he expressed it.

"The idee o' that old sneak, Fiddleneck, co'tin' a gal!" he cried, slapping his leg. "Darned if I don't sail in an' But Alpheus had had no thought cut him out."

of a fair trial when he spoke; he would not have known a fair trial to lay siege to simple Linda, and from an unfair one. ways. He ridiculed Alpheus inces santly, never speaking of him to Linda except as Fiddleneck, and making her ashamed, finally, of having received Alpheus' attentions. Help less as ever under Jim's persecutions, Alpheus could only worry and puzzle over the situation.

But the climax came when Alpheus was passing one day in front of the old cabin, and Jim, hailing him, bones called the marrow and coarsely taunted him with having got "his gal" away from him.

"Not that I vally her this much," and he snapped his fingers, "but jes" to learn you a lesson."

Suddenly the world swam red before Alpheus' eyes. It seemed to him that this crowned all the unkindness, insults and indignities that had been heaped upon him in his childhood and boyhood. He struck at his stepbrother as an animal attacked by another would strike, inspired by the instinct of retaliation, and without thought of consequences.

Yet who knew all this but himgood looks, she would have thought | self? and he had not words in which

> The Methodist minister visited Alpheus in his cell. He was a good, earnest soul, and was touched even to tears by the thought of this poor, ignorant creature standing unfriended on the brink of death.

In response to his pious words, Alpheus still mumbled his one plaint, I nuver hed a fair chanst."

"But put all that behind you, poor sinner!" cried the minister, "put it and court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of behind you like the rest of life. Repeat of the life word and court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Snyder county held at Oct. Term. commencing pent, and look forward to the life Monday, Oct. 6, 1902. pent, and look forward to the life eternal."

"Yes, I'm sorry I killed Jim, but somehow-I dunno"-Alpheus thought and words trailed off confusedly into silence.

The minister was with Alpheus to weak-minded man, easily reduced to the last, exhorting, consoling and ensubmission by his loud-tongued wife, couraging; and Alpheus learned to cling to him as a child in passing through a dark place would cling to a friendly hand. Something of the consolation the minister tried to bring home to him penetrated his dull mind, and his formless ideas slowly shaped themselves into the words: "Reckon if I'd always knowed 'bout gittin' a fair chanst Over Yander, I wouldn't 'a minded so much

> In which, without knowing it, Alpheus acquiesced in the words of the philosopher-that "in order to endure this life it is necessary to

## DUG AS WEATHER MESSENGER

The Ingenious Suggestion of a Man Who Was Not Over Fond of Physical Exertion.

Down in Georgia, according to my friend, Capt. Lyerly, who ought to know, lives a man who is noted for his love of ease, but whose wife is sufficiently a hustler to almost make up for his chronic disinclination to letter W m Sr farmer activity, writes Henry M. Wiltse, in Jarret Wm Sr Lippincott's.

One cold night he went to bed, when one is shy and awkward it is leaving some bags of grain out of doors which should have been placed in the barn for protection against "sullen-like"—and the second Mrs. The weather, to say nothing of Reichenbach June Slaborer White spared no words to make it the weather, to say nothing of Reichenbach June Slaborer Smith Danl sawyer believed that her stepson was "hard thieves. But then, they don't have many thieves in Georgia.

During the night the hero of this story awoke and thought that he heard something which sounded like rain. He was anxious to know whether it was raining or not, for if it were he wanted an opportunity to worry about that grain, or perhaps hint to his wife and then go to sleep while she slipped out and attended to it.

He thought the matter over for some time and then hunched the

'Nancy!" "What is it, John?"

"Is it rainin'?"

"I don't know, John." "I wish I knew."

"Why don't you get up and see,

then? "I hate to; I'm awfully sleepy." "Well, then, go to sleep and never mind."

"W-all, I'd like to know. Hit's right important." "Then go and see."

"You go, won't you, Nancy?"

"No, I won't-so now, you lazy thing, you!"

John lay and reflected for some minutes, then awoke his wife again and said: "I'll tell you what ye might do, Nancy. Ye might git up an' let the dog out. He'll bark fer a minit er two an' then whine ter git back in. Ye e'n let 'im in an' then feel o' him, an' if hit's a-rainin' he'll be wet, an' if hit ain't he won't be, an' then hit'll be all right."

An Expressive Sentence.

When Representative Tompkins, of Ohio, was a young lawyer and was winning his spurs, he occasionally found it profitable to accept a case in a justice's court in the country. He tells the following story of the argument made by a rural barrister before such a magistrate. The case was one in which the plaintiff sought to recover damages from a railroad During the course of his argument the country lawyer used this expressive sentence: "If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."-Cleveland Leader.

Like the running brook, the op. red blood that flows through the veins has to come from somewhere.

The springs of red blood are found in the soft core of the some say red blood also comes are full of fat.

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For pale school girls and invalids and for all whose blood is thin and pale, Scott's Emulsion is a pleasant and rich | youd the suburbs. blood food. It not only feeds whom the operatic style of church the blood-making organs but music was something new, "you gives them strength to do seemed to be trying to shake it while their proper work.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Jury List.

Middlecreek Beaver Washington

Beaver Wes

Washington Middleburg

Monro

Name Occupation.
Albogast, C. M., laborer,
Bingaman, Daniel, laborer,
Benfer, Jacob, laborer,
Biogaman, Wm H., carpenter,
Dreese, John, farmer,
Fry, Charles, farmer, ry, Charles, farmer, Fry. Charles, farmer.
Fisher, Harry, farmer.
Gill, A. W., teacher.
Gills, A. W., teacher.
Gilbert, Jas. H., bricklayer
Gerhart Joseph farmer
Howell Adam laborer
Hendricks Chas G merchant
Hendricks Henry farmer
Herrold S Slaborer
Kline John farmer
Moyer Michael laborer
Moyer Philip T iaborer
Stahl Jacob G far ner
Schoch John dentist
Stover J Wilson farmer
Stahl John laborer
Wise Gabriel farmer
Wagner Wm A farmer
Young A Riley farmer

Beaver West Monroe to a three-dollar concert.-Puck.

Wagner Wm A farmer
Young A Riley farmer
Part Jurors drawn for the
Common Pleas, Court of Quarter Sesst
Peace, Court of Over and Terminer an
Jail Delivery of Soyder County, Pa.,
Oct, Term, commending Oct, 6, 1962.
Name. Occupation. R
Amig Philip farmer
Arbogast W A merchant Sc
Bowersox Curtin farmer M
Bowersox Curtin farmer M
Bowersox Curtin farmer Sc
Brubaker John S farmer
Diehler Fanklin laborer W
Dreese Isaac farmer
Diehler John S laborer W
Custer Henry D farmer
Fisher Henry R farmer
Forty Wm G laborer Forty Wm G laborer
Garman D G farmer
Garman D G farmer
Garman D G farmer
Garman W Irvin shoedealer
Herman Jacob B farmer
Hetrick Wallace W farmer
Hetrick Wallace W farmer
Hetrick Wallace W farmer Franklin Middlecre Washington Beaver Washington Penn Perry Union Perry West Monroe Monro Spring Franklin Herman Jacob B farmer Hetrick Wallace W farmer Franklin Washington Perry Union Spring Monroe Specht Frank farmer wartzlander Henry farmer Schaffer Jacob carpenter Smith Robt 8 carpenter Slear T D farme Stear T D farmer
Thompson John gent
Wentzei Geo N farmer
Winter Isaac elerk
Wise John H farmer
Wagner Lawrence A farmer
Young Peter farmer Selinsgrove

WIDOWS APPRAISEMENTS. - Notice is here by given that the following Widows' Appraisements under the \$300 law, have been filed with the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Snyder county for confirmation Oct. 6th. 1902. Appraisement of Mary C Showers, widow of Adam Showers, late of Middleburg, deceas

Union Beaver

Beaver

of Adam Showers, late of Middleburg, deceased, elected to be taken under the \$300 exemp

Appraisement of Matilda Treaster, willow of Levi K. Treaster, late of West Beaver Twp., deceased, elected to be taken under the \$366 exemption law.

3. Appraisement of Jennie M. Moyer, widow of William C. Moyer, late of Franklin Twp., deceased, elected to be taken under the \$300

Appraisement of Sarah M. Snoke, widow of John W. Snoke late of Union Twp., deceased, elected to be taken under the \$.00 exemption law.

5. Appraisement of Caroline Herrold, widow of David Herrold, late of Chapman Twp., de-seased, elected to be taken under the \$300 ex-emption law.

PROTHONOTARY'S ACCOUNTS: The following accounts will be presented for conformation Monday, October 6, 1902. Account of J. G. Hornberger. Committee in Lunacy of the person and estate of Eliza Alice Sheaffer, of Perry Twp., Snyder county, Pa.

First and final account of Ira C. Schoch. Trus tee. & of the person and estate of Jane Rush now deceased. G. M. SHINDEL, Middleburg, Pa., Sept. 6, 1902. Clerk.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.—Nouce is hereby given that the following named persons have nied their Administrators', Guradian, and Esecutors' accounts in the Register's Office of Sayder County, and the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at the Court House in Middleburgh, Monday, Oct. 6th, 1902.

 First and final account of Luther Minium, executor of the estate of Catharine Minium, late of Perry Twp., deceased. First and final account of Mary M. Haupt administratrix in the estate of Sarah Haupt late of Selinsgrove, deceased.

 First and final account of George Miller and Charles Miller, executors of the estate of James Miller, late of Penn Twp., deceased. 4. First and final account of John K. Hughes executor of the estate of Margaret Dock, late of Washington Twp., deceased.

5. First and final account of R. M. Coleman and J. F. Krouse, administrators of the estate of Lewis Krouse, late of Middlecreek Twp., deceased.

of Lewis arouse, and ceased.

6. First and final account of W. I. Garman and Elizabeth Garman, executors of the estate Henry Garman, late of Perry Twp., deceased.

7. First and final account of Samuel Shirey, executor of the estate of Eliza Snook, late of Beaver Twp., deceased.

First and final account of Simon H. Oldt, administrator of the estate of Isaac Haker, late of West Beaver Twp., deceased.

9. Pirst and final account of I. Norman Pish er, administrator D. B. N. C. T. A. of the estate of Samuel Fisher, late of Penn Twp., deceased Pirst and final account of Thomas Paige and Frederick Leach, executors of the estate of Catharine Bohner, late of Chapman Twp., de

censed.

11. Pirst and final account of John G. Stauffer, executor of the estate of Daniel Stauffer, late of Selinagrove, deceased.

Mr. Ferguson was standing on the upper deck of the lake steamer, holding to a rope and watching the waves, when Mrs. Ferguson came hurrying

"George," she hurriedly exclaimed. "Johnny is dreadfully sick?"

"Where?" asked the busband and father, preparing to go below. "Where do you suppose he would be sick?" she asked, shrilly, "in a storm

like this?"-Chicago Tribune.

Needed Her Dad's Help. Summer Girl-Papa, I wish you'd marrow and healthy spleen fail, there's a good old dear. It needn't last more than a week or two, and there are so many failures now no one will find fault.

Father-Of all things! Wha-Summer Girl-Oh, it's all right. You see, I'm engaged to nine young men, of them, somehow .- N. Y. Weekly.

Her Vocal Attaluments. "I am not at all satisfied with my toice," the church choir soprano remarked to her visiting uncle from be-

you were singing that solo."--Chipago Tribune.

Chance for a Divorce. He-I understand young Simpkins and his wife are not living happily to-

gether. She-What seems to be the trouble? He-Incompatibility of temper.

She-Which is at fault? He-Both. He furnishes the incompatibility and she supplies the temper. -Chicago Daily News.

A Discouraging Position. "Do you think a literary woman ought to marry?

"Not if she is a novelist. Her ideas of manly perfection as depicted in her books would be enough to make any conscientious husband give up in despair and leave home to look for work as a truck driver."-Washington Star.

Inferred Appreciation. Dolly-Edgar Tiffington is so com-

plimentary.

Polly-What does he say? Dolly-Oh! He doesn't say anything; but when I am talking to him he cocks his head on one side and shuts his eyes, as if he were listening

It All Depends, "Two heads are better than one, you know," remarked the individual

with the quotation habit. "Well, I don't know anything of the kind," rejoined the glum man, who happened to be the father of twins. -Chicago Daily News.

Avoiding Risks, "Mr. Binks is an entertaining talk-

er." said Miss Cavenne. "But he is not at all original," answered the envious person. "No; some people show their clev-

erness by not trying to be original." -Washington Star. Putting Him to the Test,

Selinsgrove He (angriny) - 1 account of that asked would marry the first fool that asked He (angrily)-I actually believe you

She (calmly)-Just ask me to marry you and prove the fallacy of your belief .- Chicago Daily News. By the Way,

In youth we hear the dinner horn And answer with a scurry; Matured, the horn of plenty keeps A fellow in a Cirry, And Gabriel's is the only one For which we never hurry -N. Y. Times.

WILLING TO HELP.



"Sister." suggested the brother, "let us take a whole bucketful of this sand to Mr. Slowleigh."

"Mercy, child," said the big sister. Why should we do that?"

"Well, papa says that the young man needs to show a little sand if he expects to marry you before he dies of old age."-Louisville Courier-Jour-

The New Way.

Now Cupid no longer makes use of a bow His heartrending missiles to deal; The gay little god has a weapon far wors He rides in an automobile. —Puck.

A Good Resolution. The Parson-I trust that you see the

error of your ways. The Convict-Betcherlife I do. Next time I'll have better sense dan ter hire a cheap lawyer .- N. Y. Journal.

Worldly Wisdom. Father-In choosing a wife, one should never judge by appearances. Son-That's right. Often the prettiest girls have the least money!-

His Comment. "She has such a sympathetic voice." "Possibly, possibly; but if she were a sympathetic girl she wouldn't use it so much."—Chicago Post.



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The POST

A Valld Excuse. "She has just refused a man well a million.

"Is it possible? Any rational exp nation of her act?" "Oh, yes. She had just accepted other man worth a million."-Bro

Anything for Relief. "What a rank smell!" exclaimed elderly relative, who had dropped for an evening call.

"It's worse than rank, auntie," s the little Englewood girl who was! ing to fight the mosquitoes with 'It's punk."-Chicago Tribune.

Times Have Changed. The Prodigal-The father in Bible story, dad, killed the fat

calf for his son.

The Old Man-Yep; but he was up against no beef trust, I recks

-Judge. No Advantage.

Scribbler-I wonder if I'd have ter success with the magazines should have my articles typewring Frank Friend-Mercy, no! I the editors could read them.-X Weekly.

Deliver Us from Our Friends.
"I didn't know they were enging."
They weren't, but their friends. cided it would be a splendid maid there was nothing else for thes do."-Detroit Free Press.

