His are no proud aerial flights Enskied 'mid glowing splendors; In namcless nocks, 'mid lowly lights-There he his song surrenders,
A humble minstrel, quaint and coy, A humble manner's joy. Mingling his note in Summer's joy.

When Morning dawneth glorified, This laureste of the meadow re yet the lark bath far-espled The glowing of the shadow-Hath voiced a paean in her praise And gone upon his happy ways.

And when at eve-tide from his glade The linnet flutes a measure, Stilly, he lists the serenade And folds his wings in pleasure For his own Elf-haunted dell The Grasshopper is Philomel!

But when the mid-noon's drowsing bear Makes every songster weary And silent in a golden dream-

A tireless voice and cheery Is heard within a swarded bower, Soft-tinkling through the rapturous

'Tis his! the humble grasshopper's, Beloved of many a lover, The voice that, gently shrilling, stirs To ecstacy the clover, And makes the daisy-starred mead

A gladsome, blessed place indeed!

-Alexander Cargill, in Pall Mall Maga

THE LOVE OF A GEISHA GIRL.

BY ONOTO WATANNA. 0000000000

ATSU'S father had been an American, her mother was a Japanese woman. She had never seen her father and her mother had died when she was a little bit of a girl, so that she had been brought up by her he took her hand in his. Japanese relatives, who secretly despised and disliked her on her father's account. He was said to have deserted her mother.

Natsu was very beautiful. She earned her living as a geisha girl in one of the prominent tea houses of Nagasaki, and although her life was essentially a gay one, in view of her profession, she had lived a strangely lonely and isolated life.

Frank Canfield was the first friend she had ever had, and he was only sojourning in the country for a short season. From the first day he had visited the tea-house with a party of tourists Natsu had attached herself to him, and had thereafter sought him out and followed him around like a pathetic and faithful little dog. to the amusement of his friends and stealthy delight of the young man himself, who was keenly susceptible to the girl's extraordinary beauty. across the room. For a moment he In a few weeks' time he had lost his heart, to the little her sweet, dreamy face. She had head, if not his heart, to the little her sweet, dreamy face. She had

ever seen." he told her one day. "

cazan ladies?" "Ever so smuch," he told her, extravagantly.

"So? Then perhaps you tekin' me with you nex' time you goin' hag cross the west waters!"

and moved restlessly at his feet.

quickly, taking her two little hands in his, and smoothing them lovingly. "But-er-you know-that wouldn't do at all, Natsu. You wouldn't understand the people in the slightest, and you might be very unhappy."

Natsu did not answer him but the dissatisfied look on her face deepened. The dreamy, sleepy, happy days of a Japanese summer passed in the company of her lover banished the shadow, however, and lit up the wistful, questioning eyes to a joyous contentment with her lot.

Then there came a day when Frank climbed the hill with lagging steps. "I am going home," he told her, with brief cruelty. The girl's face blanched a pitiful white, and she began to shiver.

'An' me?"

His courage broke down in the face of her grief.

"I am coming back to you. I am coming back, sure, sure!" he lied to her. He knew, even as he spoke, that it was his intention never to see her again, but he could not summon the courage to tell her so, and drive away from the girl's beseeching face all its trembling, questioning, hopeful light.

Before Frank Canfield had sailed for Japan he had asked Grace Evans to be his wife. She had told him very gently that she was not prepared to answer him then. Frank had started out on a voyage round the world. They had corresponded constantly during the period of his travels, and now her answer had come to him, year, and now has returned with a It was such as would have thrilled him with gladness in the old days, for she had bade him come to her! Yet when he read the letter slowly he was conscious only of a pain that | ried to a Japanese woman. He didn't stupified him. It is true he had tell us why they separated, but they looked forward to, and waited for, did anyhow. She died-the wifethis answer; yet now that it had come and now he has the child. He is just he felt no delight. With hands thrust as proud of her as he can be. He deep into his pockets, the young man said he would bring her to see us

Evans-thinking of Natsu! was mistaken in his feeling for Natsu, "romantie? Just to think of that She had merely helped him bear the poor man living all these years alone pain of the separation from the when he had a little daughter." other. She was a dear little thing,

impossible for him—a Japanese girl! reason—and the children grow up What would his friends, his parents, anyhow." his society sisters say were he to re-turn with a Japanese bride? The idea was preposterous. And so for the present he let the memory of his old love absorb his beart, and push slowly from it the dear delight of

his present love. When he had told her the parting would not be forever she had been so sweet and acquiescent and trusting that for a moment Frank forgot everything but the girl herself, and felt like throwing up all his plans, staying in Japan, and—yes, even marrying Natsu. But these wild ideas only remained with him while he was in her presence, and once alone he returned to all his firm reso lutions of duty to Grace Evans.

But as the boat moved away, and he saw the dim outline of the receding shore, he wondered if after all he could forget Natsu so easily.

As for Natsu-San? She found her way back to the tea-garden, her face happy in spite of the tear traces on it. As she passed in at the gate three hair-eyes. I lig' golden hair lig' geisha girls were playing on harps and samisens. Natsu caught up a small drumstick, and beat four tremenduous blows on the drum. This relieved her.

It was two years later. Grace Evans was very happy. She was waiting for Frank Canfield. When he had returned to America the girl had again put off their marriage, pleading that she was not yet prepared to renounce her girlhood. Now she was ready. It would be only one month before the wedding. The girl's fair, beautiful face was flushed and happy. She had just returned from a trip to Europe.

dow. Frank had come in very softly vaery much. Bud thad's nod him." upon her, she raised her calm eves with the little dream still in them as

"Oh, it is you!" she said, emphasizing tenderly the last word. They sat down together side by side, their hands still clasped, the girl's face she had never seen there before, shining with its quiet pleasure, which man's. He was nervous and constrained.

"It is quite near the time now, little girl," he said tenderly.

"Yes, dear." "You have made me wait a long

time." "Yes, I have," she was smiling at him in her slow, calm way, "but it is

all over now." "Yes, all over," he breathed between his set 4eeth. His words

"Why," she pouted, "you look quite gloomy."

sounded like a sigh.

His face turned from hers now. He got up restlessly and walked me?" forgotten already what she had said, "You are the prettiest thing I have and scarcely noticed his nervousness, for she was so assured and happy. "More beauteefool than-the Ameri- Canfield simost groaned aloud as he looked at her. He knew the bitter, agonizing truth, even though he had hidden it from her. He did not love her after all. He had not yet for-

"Me my nown self don' know. Cep' thad also I blongin' ad your red-head country. Pray tek' me with you. Whad you say?"

As he did not answer her, she continued, reproachfully, "Mebbe you 'shamed tek' me there?"

"I'm not—not a bit," he answered quickly, taking her two little hands grown, not diminished. Sometimes

tering to his wants; she was smoothing away all the lines of care from believe that she was not actually suffering, and they remembered how she had put the marriage off from time to time.

Swattsander lleavy farmer Smith banks away for the had put the marriage off from the time to time.

But later in the evening Frank Canfield sought her in the now cold and cheerless library. She was sitting by the empty grate, and there Wagner than to believe that she was not actually suffering, and they remembered how she had put the marriage off from time to time.

But later in the evening Frank Canfield sought her in the now cold and cheerless library. She was sitting by the empty grate, and there was not actually suffering, and they remembered how she had put the marriage off from time to time.

Canfield sought her in the evening Frank Canfield sought her in the now cold and cheerless library. She was sitting by the empty grate, and there was not actually suffering, and they remembered how she had put the marriage off from the had left ber, and he, Canfield, the stoic, as they called him, was laughing aloud in boyish delight. All the mext day he thought of her, and each day feel winder large and frimless deviced her parents, and left them to time believe that she was not actually suffering, and they remembered how she had put the marriage off from the had put the marriage off from tering to his wants; she was smoothgrown, not diminished. Sometimes he was filled with a wild, almost insane, longing to go to her, to see her once more, if only for a moment, to whisper sweet words of love with all the abandon she had loved to hear in the old days. But in the midst of his longing Grace returned, and for the time being his delirious mind came back to the ever-present duty -a stern duty that he felt he owed

Now that his mind was consumed with memories of Natsu-San he was horrified to find that what he had bitherto reverenced in Grace, that strange atmosphere about her that even held him at a distance, was slowly being replaced by a feeling of repugnance, almost dislike. When the girl's long, cold, white hands rested in his he felt strangely repelled, and longed with a longing that was almost insanity for the clasp of warm little fervid fingers that would cling to his with a passion that would thrill him.

Now a silence had been between them for some time. The girl broke it to say, in her slow, gentle way, "I forgot to tell you, dear, but we had a little surprise yesterday."

"Yes," he said, trying to appear

interested. "Yes, I thought it would interest you, after your having been in Japan. Papa brought a friend home to dinner last night-a Mr. Pierce, We knew him in Philadelphia. He is very interesting, and used to live in Japan some years ago. He went back last dear little Japanese girl-and-she is-his-own-daughter, he says. Was born on his first visit to Japan. No one knew of it, but he was marpaced the floor, thinking of Grace to-night. He told us all about how glad she was to see him, and how He tried to assure himself that he fond he has grown of her. Isn't it

"Such cases are common in Japan," but-Frank Canfield thrust her from Frank said, quietly. "The father better.

his memory, for after all she was generally deserts the wife-for no

That night Mr. Pierce brought his little Japanese daughter to visit Grace Evans.

She was small, with a little oval face, round which her shining black been hard to determine her nation-

Grace went forward to meet her with both hands outstretched. "I am so glad to know you," she murmured.

The girl looked at her bright shinsmiled a trifle.

"You are beauteefool, lig' our sungoddess," said the girl softly. The other girl smiled, too, but she "And is the sun-goddess very beauti-

ful?" "Yaes-lig' unto you-those eyes and hair," the girl continued, absorbed in studying her. "I thing stuff. thad's nize, be vaery beauteefool. I not beauteefool - blag' Me? thad-always I lig' vaery fair peebles,

account he fair lig' thad-I thing he-Her father interrupted her, with some embarrassment. "Natsu was at one time-hem-she imagined herself tution. in love with some American who visited Nagasaki. She talks of him constantly."

"How ees thad?" the girl asked. "You say I 'in luf.' My! how fonny thad is-how nize! Yaes, I thing I luf all with my heart. Thad heart's breakin' now foraever, account he go away naever cum' bag to poor liddle me. Now whad you thing he say? Thad some day wen I cummin' to America I goin' to fin' him," her voice She stood with her hands clasped fell with its depression. "I nod fin' before her, looking out of the win- him. Fin' lods of peebles look li' him

> The American girl's face had grown a trifle flushed. She did not answer the Japanese girl. She glanced with some concern at Canfield. He was standing in the doorway, his eyes fastened on Natsu's face with a look

Grace went up to him and put her however was not reflected in the hand on his arm. He shook it off almost roughly, and his eyes followed Natsu as she disappeared with her father into the next room. She had not seen him.

The American girl had grown very white, but her voice did not tremble in the slightest. She held her little head erect and proudly.

"I understand," she breathed.

But he had forgotten her altogether. The old fever of Japan was coursing through his blood madly now. With a few quick strides he crossed the room, drew aside the heavy curtains and called to her. "Natsu! Natsu! Don't you know me?"

The Japanese girl stood still in the

moment overpowered her, but as his Glass Francis gent arms closed about her, and he began Gross Geo M merchant whispering to her that he loved her—Hummel Ben F farmer had loved her always—she murmured Haines L E saddler Herman Jacob M farmer had loved her always—she murmured back between her happy sobs: "Oh, merciful Kwannon, how good thou art!"

They left them alone together, for Grace had come into the room like Kaafman II E farmer Kaafman II E farmer Kaafman II E farmer

Grace had come into the room like Kauffman II E farmer he west waters!"

"What do you want to go for?"

She shrugged her little shoulders, and moved restlessly at his feet.

"Gotten Natsu-San.

Che night he had dreamt of Natsu-San.

Che night he had dreamt of Natsu-San.

San—creamt she was standing by his side; once more she was ministed wonderful courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed wonderful courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the courage and firmness described by his side; once more she was ministed to the course of the courage and firmness described by the course of the co

ting by the empty grate, and there Wagner Lawrence A farmer was not a trace of light or hope in her eyes. He was too happy to see WIDOWS APPRAISEMENTS, - Notice is here or understand the mute suffering, and only a trace of embarrassment and remorse lingered in his voice.

"I could not help myself, Grace. Remember, you sent me from you." "Yes, I remember," she said, wear-

fly. "And I-I am glad!" He repeated the words after her,

'You-are-glad!" "Yes," her voice was very quiet

now, and the darkness of the room mercifully hid her pale face. "I was mistaken. I did not love

you," she added after a moment. passed out of the room. At the door he paused, for he fancied he heard a woman weeping but it was a second for the fancied he heard a woman weeping but it was a second for the fancied he heard a second for the second woman weeping, but it was doubtless only the wind .-- Woman's Home Companion.

The Incredulous Policeman.

His majesty the king had an amusing experience while driving in his motor car in Norfolk not long Middleburg Pa., Sept. 6, 1902. Clerk. ago. He was stopped by a very young policeman, who informed the driver that he was going too fast. The latter was rather indignant. "Don't you know who I'm driving?"

"Don't you know who I'm driving?"

"Cot along." he said. "It's the king." "Get along with your nonsense?" replied the policeman. "That's the fourth king who's passed me this morning." The incredulous guardian of the peace thereupon insisted on riding a short distance on the box to see that his family for the country of the estate of the estate of the estate of the said insistratrix in the estate of Sarah Haupt, incredulous guardian of the peace thereupon insisted on riding a short distance on the box to see that his family for the said that of Penn Twp., deceased. injunctions were obeyed. His face the short washington Twp., deceased.

4. First and final account of John K. Hughes executor of the estate of Margaret Dock, late of Washington Twp., deceased. distance was protracted into a long 5. First and final account of R. M. Coleman distance, and that into a longer one still, till at last he found himself landed at Sandringham. — London Globe.

Washington P.W., 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.

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

Is a True Sportsman.

It does not make a particle of difference whether Sir Thomas Lipton went into yachting as an advertise of West Beaver Twp., deceased. ment or through pure love of the sport. He has shown himself a thor-of Samuel Fisher, late of Penn Twp., deceased. oughgoing sportsman, a good fellow and a man who can take a beating and Frederick Leach, executors of the estate of gracefully. If his yachting experi oughgoing sportsman, a good fellow gracefully. If his yachting experiences, says the Chicago Chronicle, has it. First and final account of John G. Stauffelbed him to sell tea, so much the cr. executor of the estate of Daniel Stauffer, late of Selinsgrove, deceased. gracefully. If his yachting experi-

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List of Grand Jurors drawn for the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail delivery and Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Snyder county held at Oct. Term, commencing Monday, Oct. 6, 1902. GRAND JURORS. Perry West Centre Middleereck

Name Occupation.
Albogast, C. M., laborer,
Bingaman, Daniel, laborer,
Benfer, Jacob, laborer,
Bingaman Wm H., carpenter,
Dreese, John, farmer,
Fry, Charles, James. Washington Bitgaman wm m., carper Dresse, John, farmer. Pry. Charles, farmer. Gill, A. W., teacher, Gillert, Jas. II., bricklayer Gerhart Joseph farmer Howell Adam laborer Hendricks Chas G merchan Hendricks Henry farmer Herrold S S laborer Kline John farmer Moyer Michael laborer Moyer Michael laborer Moyer Philip T laborer Stahl Jacob G far ser School John dentist Stover J Wilson farmer Stahl John laborer Wise Gabriel farmer Beaver West Monroe Washington Middlebury Wise Gabriel farmer Wagner Wm A farmer Young A Riley farmer Union Beaver West

sgrov

PETIT JURORS
List of Petit Jurors drawn for the Court of Common Pleas, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Pence, Court of over and Terminer and General Jail Delivery of Soyder County, Pa., held as

Residence Franklin Selinsgrove Middleburg Middlecreek Washington Washington Penn Perry Union Perry West Monroe Chapman Washington Monroe Middleburg Monroe Frankli Monro Beaver Wes Spring Beaver West Franklin Selinsgrove Beaver Union

by given that the following Wisc praisements under the \$500 law, have be-with the Clerk of the Orp and Court county for confirmation Oct. 6th, 1902.

Appraisement of Mary C Showers, widow of Adam Showers, late of Middleburg, deceas ed, elected to be taken under the \$500 exemp-tion law.

2. Appraisement of Matilda Treaster, widow of Levi K. Treaster, late of West Beaver Twp. deceased, elected to be taken under the \$300 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 exemption law.

Appraisement of Sarah M. Snoke, widow of John W. Snoke late of Union Twp., deceas-ed, elected to be taken under the \$ 00 exemp-tion 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 Samuel Shirey, executor of the estate of Eliza Snook, late of Beaver Twp., deceased.

9. First and final account of L. Norman Fish.

J. H. WILLIS, Register.

O'REILLY IS CHOSEN.

Will Succeed Gen. Forwood as Surgeon General.

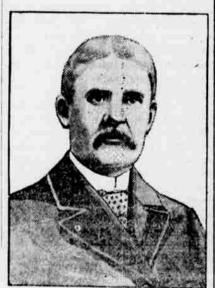
Served Through the Civil War and in Several Indian Campaigns-Was Physician to President Cleveland.

The president has designated Col. Robert Maitland O'Reilly, of the medical department of the army to be surgeon general to succeed Gen. William H. Forwood, the incumbent, who will retire on account of age September 7 next. Col. O'Reilly is now in charge of the medical department of the department of California at San Francisco.

Col. O'Rellly is a native of Pennsylvania, and a graduate of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. He entered the regular army in August, 1862, as an acting medical cadet, and served at the Cuyler General hospital, Germantown, Pa., until March 3, 1864. Soon after he was appointed a medical cadet, and was successively on duty at the general field hospital, Chattanooga, and at the McClellan General hospital, Nicetown, Pa., until January 8, 1865, when he was discharged by expiration of service, but was shortly after reappointed medical cadet, and again assigned successively to the Germantown hospital and the McClellan hospital, and next to the Mower General hospital, Philadelphia.

In April, 1867, he was appointed an assistant surgeon, with the rank of first lieutenant, and after a short service at Fort Trumbull, Conn., he accompanied recruits to California and Arizôna. While at Mud Springs, Cal., October 5, 1867, he was wounded by the accidental discharge of a revolver and was sent to Drum barracks for treatment and remained until February, 1868, when he was made post surgeon at Camp McPherson, Ariz.

He was in the field on scout duty in fall of 1868, and the summer of 1869, and was afterward post surgeon at Fort Whipple, Ariz., chief medical officer for the district of upper Arizona, and then post surgeon at Fort Hal-



GEN. ROBERT O'REILLY. (New Surgeon General of the United States Army.)

leck. In July, 1870, he accompanied Perry troop H of the Eighth cavalry, on the Washington march to Fort Union, N. M., and was with the troops in the field in that state and Colorado until October, 1870. After service in Nebraska and Wyoming he was chief surgeon of the Sioux expedition in March, 1874.

In June, 1875, he returned east and served successively at Fort McHenry, Md.: Fort Hamilton, N. Y.: Fort Ontario, N. Y.; Charleston, S. C., and At-Innta Ga.

In June, 1882, Col. O'Reilly began his service in Washington in the office of the attending surgeon, and in October, 1884, was made attending surgeon. While in that office be was assigned to duty at the white house and was the physician to President and Mrs. Cleveland. In November, 1890, he was given leave of absence. In May, 1890, he was assigned to duty at Fort Logan, Cal. and was with the troops in the field in South Dakota against the hostile Sioux Indians in the winter of 1890. Three years later-February, 1893-he again returned to Washington for duty as attending surgeon and again served as President Cleveland's family physician throughout Mr. Cleveland's second administration.

In April, 1897, he was sent to Fort Wayne, Mich., and remained there one year, when he was transferred to Mobile. Ala., where he served with the Nineteenth infantry.

Col. O'Reilly was at that station at step. Hunting with the camera really the outbreak of the Spanish war, and requires more skill and alertness than was appointed a lieutenant colonel and chief surgeon of volunteers. He was successively chief surgeon of the First Independent division and then chief surgeon of the Fourth army corps at Tampa, Fla., with Gen. Schwan, He was a member of the commission appointed to select winter camps for the troops mobilized for the war. At the close of the war he was granted sick leave of absence and assigned to special duty in Washington, remaining until October 7, 1898, when he proceeded to Havana, Cuba, as a member of a special board of officers. From October 20 to December 28, 1898, he was chief surgeon on the staff of Gen. Wade, president of the commission on the Spanish evacuation of Cuba. Later | belt for the tripod and the extension he served there as chief surgeon of lenses. the division of Cuba until November 11. 1899, when he was transferred to Fort Monroe and placed in command of the Josiah Simpson General hospital. In December, 1901, he was assigned to duty at San Francisco as chief surgeon of the department of California and has remained there up to the tlate of

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The POST.

A gentle soul, who shrinks from the thought of killing things, writes that Hunting with the ever-increasing use of the camera the Kodak. is likely to lessen man's destructiveness. His argument

is that the hunter kills his prey because he wants to take it home and show it to his friences, so that he may brag about it. The hunter understands that if he does not produce the visible evidences of his prowess, his friends will simply receive his tale with indulgent smiles. From this, the writer cheerfully advances another hunting with the rifle, for the camera's carrying distance is not so great, and greater precision is necessary. Therefore, he who returns with a photograph of a moose or a bear (or why not even a mountain lion?) may well applaud himself. If his friends are incredulous, there is the photograph! The New York Post thinks it would be pleasant to believe all this, but there is the old danger of permitting the wish to play the part of parent to the thought. It is difficult to fancy some of our mighty Nimrods, who set the fashion for our present-day barbarities, easting aside the rifle and pistol-

his present assignment.