Down over the door of the bluebird's box A curtain of lace is drawn; No need of bolts or of iron locks Though the little blue tenants are gone. For the curtain swings out in the au-

And a thoughtful old spider has fas-

They came with the robin to herald the spring.

And a right royal welcome they had;

Their gay little chirrup would bubble

and ring

Though the weather-vane's temper were

And often they'd sit for a minute or more Up where the spider has curtained the

And then they were carrying timbers of

straw From the stack that was out in the Both busily working with hammer and

And feathers for filling their bed. And now through the branches I see

them no more,

And the thoughtful old spider has curtained the door.

I saw a red squirrel out calling to-day, Run up on the branches to peek. But the shades were all drawn, and he hurried away

With a nut hidden back in his cheek; And I hope that the tenants, when win-

Will thank the old spider who curtained the door.
-Florence Josephine Bayce, in Youth's

### **传传传传音中的事情传音自然的自然的形式的外部体的表现** THE CORAL FISH'S WINDOW CHARM. TOTALDO

By Marie St. Felix.

Santante and and a constitution of the first

UST when I fell in love with Bobby, or Bobby fell in Jove with me, we were never able to

Bobby held that it was in those seeds for my enjoyment and as it took four pennies to buy an owner, he was sure it proved his devotion? But if this was true, argued it have much more must be have indored time. little freekle-moved thing, Fluif Fairfax, whom he provided with eream cakes, at five pennies apiece, the folwasn't then be truly fell in love with I won! me, and as for my own heart it was set on the enraway seed !

I think it was when Hob won the chain. him almona for two years, that I first awoke to his wonderful value. Two your toe, I meeked, years without Bob boked very bleak. I remember distinctly the dumb trivial this misery I felt when he came to tell me good-laye. I felt the earth slipping from under my feet and the chill of the nowhere, beneath, enveloping me. Certainly I cared for him then. though I did not realize how dearly. for Bob had been like a brother in me all my life;—but I regliac, no. 2 no brother could be built so dear! And, of course, it was been see really writed that I begged hard for

the fish that morning. Now the fish was a seemingly inanimate object of carved coral that Bobby were at one end of his watch chain; but it was a fair of amazing qualities, and Bobby " often heard its hear; was, and was convinced that it was alive! It had been presented to him at his christening by an eccentric old Englishwoman who had lived most of her life in Bombay, where Bob happened to I think it was Rob's Rom bay boyhood that was responsible for his belief in many things the New England mind cannot enter into; but no amount of New England education seemed to knock the eastern element out of Bob, and this bit of blood-red coral carved into a wee fish, with a tiny gold ring in its mouth, was more than a mere charm to him.

"Guard it well," the old lady had said as she strung it on a ribbon and tied it around his little neck; "don't let it swim away; if it swims from thee, be sure harm is near."

Buby Bob loved and cherised it; eried if it was taken off his neck, and cut two rows of pearly teeth upon it. When he grew into knickers, and becan the proud possessor of a silver satch, the fish was added to the cha and when the watch of silver placed by one of gold, the coral found place; but while attached end of the new chain, it was tocked away in his waistcoat instead of dangling on view. t shall I bring you?" he the day before sailing.

loves, and a tortoise shell nd fine handkerchiefs." "that's the usual thing. He-just no I won't forget "could leave me the fish!" "at!" gasped Bob. "Oh. Doll!

of all. I never had a coral I think I'd like one." at I couldn't give that up,

Thy, I've had it ever since aby, you know."

being a man, now, you should childish things."

at's all very well, but I should do a chap at sea without a com-Just so long as that little fish stave by me I know there's nothing to dread. It always warns me, you know, if anything horrible is to hap-

tip curled derisively. "What rotti I ejaculated, politely. "You don't really believe it, Bob!"

"But it's true, Doll," said Bob, earnestly. "'Pon my honor, it's true! night before father died it fell off first "

"Tell where?"

"Tell, not very far. It was in my pockettall right, but it had fallen off the link."

"The link was worn out, of course."

"Not a bit of it! Perfectly good. It came off again when the baby

"In your pocket?" I jeered. "No, it skipped on to the floor that into partnership!" time. The baby was very low, but the doctor hadn't given up hope. I speaking of partnerships, Doll, why hand in my pocket to make sure it was there. I tell you I felt comforted when I found it, for sure, and bit!" pulled it out, just to be surer-pulled the chain, you know, and off went the fish, flying over the floor. I knew there wasn't any hope then."

"You jerked it off, somehow, in

and the baby died." "Hus it ever fallen since?"

"No-those were the only two in the world?" deaths in our family, and, so far, it has only warned me of death."

"Everything goes in threes. It must fall again. "It will," said Bob, gravely,

"Now look here," I said, seriously; 'you simply mustn't believe in it eidence, you know."

"Call it what you like," said Bob. "it doesn't alter the facts. When-"But I can't see that it does you

any good to know something hideous is about to happen. Isn't it bad enough to meet disaster when you must? Think what a fret you'd be in if it came off while you are away you'd be worried sick. You can just leave it with me, Bob. I won't let it swim away-and I'll give it back when you come home."

But Bob wouldn't give in, yet. What possible use could it be to me I didn't believe in it, and didn't care for it, while he cared for it days when he valiantly saved all his more than anything he had-then it penules to buy segared caraway might be unlucky to lead it- and what the dence did I want it for, unvhow!

Well, of course, I wasn't going to a that I wanted it just because he exced more for it than anything else-because it seemed a part of himself-because I wanted something the had kept always near him; but lowing winter. No, certainly, it I waxed very cloquent, and, at last,

he stipped the little coral on my "you'll be the first to know Potch reliciarship, which won renery lit, Doll. The fish will leave its link." "Or if you tall upstairs, or stub-

> " into it bothers about to said, admintlyoff you it I may dying,

meet have an end, e me, to be sure, but could hardly be ealled mor did they appear autovicelming frequency; in I was lucky to get a line a ontal But Bobby had a lot to do I sh included and the live for him every minute of every day. self. There were the sketches he must send to the Potch Scholarship committee; and the traveling about to see what the great architects of

the world had done; models to make and carios to gather; oh, I was sure Bob was busy enough! He wrote from Pompeii, where he spent a fortbeautiful bronzes, paintings and architectural fragments dug up from Pompeii. Next he was in Rome, where he passed his days in the Forum measuring and drawing some of the existing remains, or else at the Capitoline or Tabularium, where fragments are stored before being sent to the museums. After the museums came his study of the Pantheon, and then I got a thick letter, which I welcomed with glee; but it was all about palaces of the 16th century; the Farnese by Michel Angelo Buonarrotti, and the Farnesina, and palazzo Massini by Baldassare Peruz-

Florence, Venice, Pisa, Milan, he honeysuckles grew. seemed to skim through speedily. "The modern renaissance work in stood still. What was it! What had these cities is of little value," he happened! Why this undefinable wrote, loftily; and next wrote from horror! I looked around, wondering-Athens, where he was absorbed in ly-and then I knew! Genevieve by La Brouste, the Libraire bad sat staring into the night. of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and Stob's letters were dull to distraction!

But there came a day when a letter arrived with the postmark Lon- brazen. Why should skies be blue, don; he would be home in a fort- and the sun be bright, when the night; and the letter never men- world is full of woe? The roses? tioned a building, or a tapestry, or a Bah! They suffocate me!-Ledger model, or a drawing; plainly, Bob Monthly. had seen nothing in London but tweeds! He should sail that very morning, he told me, but that it seemed foolish to neglect getting a few more pairs of trousers from a ripping good tailor off Piccadilly, who made them for a song.

"And my coral?" he asked, the

moment he had greeted me. "Safe and sound," said I-"but a most uninteresting beast-never came off the link once."

"But I didn't die;" laughed Bob. "Of course, if I'd known you were so anxious to witness its prize

stunt-" "You would have committed sulcide for my benefit? How gallant of you!"

"But not knowing."

you did a few prize stunts, yourself. I understand. They tell me Ackerman & Ross are going to take you "Bully, isn't it?" gloated Bob-"and

thought of the coral and put my don't we go into partnership on the coral? As Mrs. Robert Tarbell, 1 shouldn't mind your wearing it a

The hot red blood rushed maddeningly into mychecks. My heart was throbbing furiously. "Is this-is this a proposat?" I gasped.

Bob leaned over and took my hands pulling it out of your pocket," said I, in his. "Oh, my dear little sweet-"Perhaps. Anyway, it came off, heart," he said, eagerly-"don't you kaow how I love you! Don't you knew I love you better than anything

"Better than the coral?" I asked doubtingly.

"A thousand times better than any coral ever built," be declared. "To prove it, you shall keep the fish, forever-only please take me, too!"

They were very beautiful days that like that. It's awfully odd, of course, followed. Days as exquisite as parato have a snip of coral cutting up dise; as short as delight. Days that such capers, but it's a mere coin-fairly toppled over each other in their cruel flight. And I never knew that they were numbered. I let them go without a good-by glance. ever I'm on the threshhold of a sor- Not that I did not value every beaurow, my little coral is sure to give liful hour that had passed, but what me warning; so I can't part with it, was yesterday-what were a week of yesterdays, when a new day had come-a glorious new day made for Bob and me, and a world of new days coming after.

I was happy-happy like the little lark that flies in the sky, knowing

We were to be married in June. A good month is June; the days are the longest; the sun shines the brightest; the skies are the bluest. Then, isn't June full of song-birds What could be gayer and roses? than June? It was two weeks before my wed-

ding day that mamma and I ran over to New York for a few last odds and ends I needed for my trousseau. We went for a day, and the day lengthened into a week, with one delay and another; but at last all our errands were done, and we were ready to return home the day following.

I had heard from Bob that day, He had a beastly cold, and was barking like a dog, he wrote me, but felt sure these good June days would put a more eilvery voice in his throat by the time of my return.

Somehow, I could not sleep that night. That is, I fell asleep when I first retired, but woke at two o'clock, and could not sleep any more. My eyes seemed proposed open with sriels I couldn't close them to save me. got up and sat by the window, of the city; the silvery Dinns, alone on her tower; a policeman strolling leisurely along his beat,

And I thought of Bob; and of all the dear future when we should belong wholly to each other, and how And I took the little coral fish that

hung about my neck and kissed itbecause Bob loved it, and what Bob loved was dear. And then a very strange thing happened. The little fish trembled in my hand. I cannot expect you to

night, then nothing more was heard self, though quite distinctly I felt from him for a month; he had been buried at the National museum at Naples, he explained, reveling in the quite distinctly I felt its tiny body shiver in my hand. Yet, when I looked at it closely, it lay quite still. But if the fish had not shivered, I

was shivering now, and hurried back "All nerves!" I told myself. "Gone

to pieces, got paresis," I quoted savagely. "The next thing I'll fancy I see the chairs walking around." And then the clock struck four. By and by I slept, and woke in the bright daylight, but somehow I felt

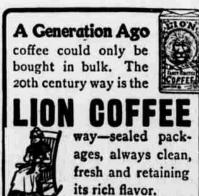
only half awake. When mamma came to ask me into her room for breakfast, it was an exertion to answer, and after she had gone I still lay staring at a gold humming bird on the wall paper, balancing itself on a golden trellis, over which gold

And then, all at once, my heart

ruins, and wrote me learnedly on Just by the window it lay. A bloodthe beauties he discovered on the red blot upon the dark green car-Aeropolis—the Erectheum, the Parpet. A bit of blood red coral, carved thenon and the Propylacum! Then like fish—but no little gold link in a year had gone by, and he was in its mouth. I put my hand up to my Paris, and wrote that his heart was throat. The chain was there. A set on getting permission to make gold link hung from it. But the fish measurements of the Bibliothec, Ste. lay alone by the window, where I

The telegram came soon after. He the Ecole de Medecin. Certainly had died at four that morning. Pneumonia, coupled with some difficulty of the heart, it said.

June is good, did I say? June is

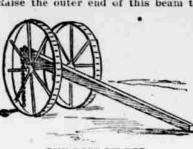




#### STRONG POST LIFTER.

Arrangement That Does Away with the Hard Work Incidental to Removing Posts.

The difficulty in removing fence posts from old position is largely overcome by using the arrangement shown in the accompanying illustration. It consists simply of two mower wheels, an iron axle, a long beam of almost any size and a chain. Raise the outer end of this beam to



#### THE POST LIFTER.

a perpendicular position, pushing the apparatus up against a post. Place the chain about the post and fasten it. By depressing the upright beam, the post is lifted out of the ground. This device is especially advantageous when the posts are large at the lower nothing of the arrow speeding toward | end. Two persons can remove posts very rapidly. One should manipulate the apparatus, pushing it up against the post, the other placing the chain about and removing the post when it is out of the ground.-American Agriculturist.

#### THE IDEAL FARM HOUSE.

It Is Surrounded by Trees on the Outside and Love of the Beautiful Dwells Within.

The most successful farmers pay some attention to the beautifying of the farm home. The man that takes no interest in the surroundings of his habitation will usually be found to be the man who has not enterpris enough to succeed in his general farming operations. Trees well placed are an immense addition to the home and not only increase its desirableness to the occupants, but make it more valuable in the market. What is more dreary than a farm house in a bare spot with no touches of nature near it? The children in that house will get out into the great world as soon as possible after geting hig enough to do so. Beauty is a power everywhere, and no less in the farm surroundings than elsewhere. Let it have sway on the farm Plant trees, perennial shrubs and flowers, and make permanent places for annual flowers. Above all and in addition to all have a nice lawn. It will cost money and labor, out it will be worth all that it costs in both These things will make the boys and girls love the farm and keep them from leaving it. If forced out into the world they will often come back to the old home beloved because of the beautiful things that exist there. -Farmers' Review.

#### The Treatment of Rosp.

Prevention is better than cure. Dampness, bad air, filth and drafts are the common causes. The disease will spread through the drinking water, hence sick fowls should be shut away from the healthy ones. The symptoms of roup are bad breath. swollen head, mucous discharges and canker in the throat. Put a little bromide of potassium in the drinking water and gargle the throats of the sick fowls with kerosene; hold the fowl by the lower part of the neck so it cannot swallow, fill the throat with kerosene, let it run out of the mouth after a moment, then wash the nostrils and inject into them a few drops of the kerosene .-Farm and Home.

#### An Instructive Comparison.

It is sometimes asserted that cattle and sheep require the same amount of feed per thousand pounds of live weight. This statement seems not to be well founded. In some experiments at the Iowa station the cattle consumed 19.6 pounds of dry matter per thousand pounds of live weight, against an average of 29.07 by the sheep. Both sheep and cattle were on full feed. The sheep made a daily gain of 3.73 pounds per thousand pounds of live weight, and the cattle 2.14. In summing up this comparison we find that while the sheep ate 48 per cent, more than the cattle they also gained nearly 75 per cent more .- Prof. C. F. Curtiss, in Rural World.

#### Locate the Manufacturers.

Forty-five grocers, charged with selling impure vinegar, spices and sirups, in violation of the Illinois pure food law, are being prosecuted by the state pure food commission at Rockford. The prosecutions should not end with the dealers who sell the goods alone. Few grocers mix or manufacture the goods they sell to the public. The investigations should proceed far enough to locate the criminal manufacturers of the adulterated or impure foods, and such should be driven out of business and kept out of business by increased vigilance on the part of inspectors.—Chicago Daily Sun.

Do not neglect getting the poultry house in order any longer. A warm house is better than extra feed to bring winter eggs.

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make selections from.

new and the styles are beautigi

How He Felt About It. "I wish I could give up work and take

a long rest." "You'd do it if you could, would

"Well, I'm not sure I'd doit if I could, but it's one of those things you'd like to do when you can't."-Brooklyn

In the Air. "Is she married?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"She got a divorce and her husband took an appeal. One court says she's married and one says she isn't."-N A Strange Resemblance.

George (reading)-"The women

work hard, but the men are usually dle. When a man no longer pleases a woman she turns him out and gets another husband. The women show no ove for the men; if they should be demonstrative the whole tribe would despise them." Jack-What under the sun are you

reading? George - A book about Abyssinia. Jack-Good Lord! I thought it was

an essay on society!—Town Topies. By a Boarding House Omar. And when the mistress cometh for my cash. Pray that in wrath I may not be too rash; And, since the turkey long the board has graced.

TURNING LOSS INTO GAIN.

Urge her, for heaven's sake, to stop the hash!



Customer-I, think you should begin to charge me half price, Shears; there's so little to cut now.

Shears-Other way on, sir, I fancy. We ought to charge double. Look at the trouble I have to find it .- Punch.

One Delinquency.

The wind will sweep with bitter chill; The snew will sweep across the hill; The clouds will sweep across the sky; But pavements still unswep; will lie. A Grateful Wife.

Husband-You and the girls pass your summers in Europe and your winters in Florida, and all this comes of my making so much money.

Wife-You're a dear boy! Why, if we were poor, think of it, we would have to stay at home with you!-N. Y. Herald

Questions of Conscience. A .- Why didn't you congratulate Lorimer on his marriage? B .- I couldn't conscientiously do

that; I don't know his wife. A .- Well, then, you might have wished her joy. B .- I couldn't reasonably do that;

I do know. Lorimer.-Tit-Bits.

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Most Can dernte.

She was not one of these trouble making women. It tact, she had the greatest contempt for people of that kind. She said so i.erself. "And she spoke of you, too," she

said, in telling a friend of a call she had made. "What did she say?" "Oh, I'd rather not tell you, dest

There's no use making trouble, yet know."-Chicago Post. Small Beginnings.

He-Everything has a small begin

ning, you know. She-Yes, I suppose so.

"A woman begins by asking her steady company for a small lock of his hair."

"What has that to do with it?" "And after marriage she gets hand fuls of it without even asking."-

Yonkers Statesman. Can Th. Be Truc! Son-What is ine meaning of a

"single" woman, dad? I've never heard of a "double" one. Father-A single woman, my boy," one that has only a single idea in life. a single ambition, a single desire.

Son-And that is?

Father-To get married.-All