

THE first day of Timothy Farnham at the Los Angeles high school was distinctly uncomfortable, and the other days of the week were no less unpleasant to the boy. Timothy's father and his family had recently arrived "from the east," which in southern California means from some portion of the United States east of Denver; in Timothy's case it referred to southern Kansas, where the waters of the shallow streams grow warm early in the summer and stay warm till late in the fall.

Timothy found the western boys I his own age no more than his equals in school work, and hoped to gain standing and to make friends among them as he had done among schoolmates in the "east."

In the middle of the morning session of the first day Timothy saw on his desk an envelope addressed to him. He opened it and drew forth the enclosure. Something flew out as the folded cardboard unclosed, and Timothy struck at it, uttering a shrick worthy of the most nervous girl in the room.

Then he discovered it was a "kiss ing-bug;" that is to say, a hairpin and a piece of rubber so twisted together as to unwind with a buzz when taken from the envelope. Timothy had been startled even more than the maker of the kissing-bug had hoped, and there was smothered faughter among the boys and giggling among the girls.

As the teacher in charge turned toward Timothy, William Peters

"I put a kissing-bug on Mr. Farnham's seat." he said. "I thought he would open the envelope before the class was called to order, and really, I didn't know that Timothy was so timid." And the force of the teacher's reproof was lessened by the smile he could not hide.

If the matter had ended there it would have been forgotten very soon. But at noon Will, who was a leader of the boys inclined to athletic sports, declined to allow Timothy a place in the line-up for a practice football game, and Timothy made such remarks as wit and illnature suggested, the result being that two boys who might have been good friends were in a fair way to become bitter enemies. To Timothy even this seemed less to be regretted than the fact that the other boys of the class were inclined to follow Will's lead Three of his friends, Alf Joanson

and Joe and George Brown, were especially ingenious and persistent in inventing alliterative variations of "Timothy, the Timid" and "Time orous Timmy," which the other bays took up and repeated till it seemed that Timothy's name was never mentioned without an adjective implying cowardice. As the days passed, even the little fellows in the classes below joined in the sport, greatly to

again, he fibed her over. As before, the sheet was held fast; bui this time a puff of wind caught the sail and the boat turned over. The four persons who had been aboard made a good deal of splashing as they found places by which to hold on to the overturned craft.

A ripple of laughter ran along the shore. At Santa Monica a tip-over is not considered serious, for everybody who goes out in a small boat rather expects a wetting. Even the fishermen change their ordinary clothes for behing-suits before going through the surf. At high tide the surf is so high that no small boat can live in it.

So when this boat turned over the crowd looking on laughed, and exchanged good-naturedly contemptuous remarks concerning the skill of the boatmen as they waited for the crew to right the craft and take to the oars to work her out to sea, for the wind was driving her toward the breakers.

But the men made no attempt to right the boat. Clinging to the almost submerged sides, they seemed to be waiting to drift ashore.

"If they let her get into that surf," said the man sitting near Timothy, "that boat'll go to pieces like an egg shell in an ore-crusher."

One of the men clinging to the boat waved his hand to the people on the

shore, and Timothy stood up. "That's a pretty stiff surf," he said. 'but I guess I'd better go out and tell them to keep off till the tide turns and the surf goes down."

Timothy was a swimmer, and inured to surf work by his month at the shore. Although he had never battled with waves so heavy as those before him, he felt little doubt of his ability to make his way through them.

He walked slowly seaward, following a receding wave and meeting another coming, and dived into greenish-brown water seeming as steep and as high as the wall of a house. He had taken a good breath and needed it all before he bad another opportunity to breathe; but he caught the undertow and felt himself scraped against the sandy bottom as he was swept seaward. He came to the surface a few seconds later 30 yards from shore, and in the middle of the trough between two waves; thus he had time to empty his lungs and to fill them again before the next roller was upon him.

He dived again, and again the undertow swept him from the shore, and again he rose in the trough of the sea, well in advance of the oncoming wave. He shook the water from his eyes, and then straightened out to talk as deep a breath as he could fore into his lungs. The wave before him was a "double-header." and even a stronger swimmer than t admit that he was Timothy ... and exposing his courage afraid w to suspi-

A double heaver is only hall as high the wave series of which it is an gular member, but its menace to e swimmer is much more. Between two ordinary waves is a trough of flat water, allowing the swimmer a chance to breathe; between the halves of a double-header there is also a trough, but it is filled with latker and foam much too thick for

broath as a mountain of solid grees water advanced toward him from the ocean

But the sometimes relentless sea is sometimes strangely merciful. The big green wave lifted the exhausted boy tenderly, passed under him, breaking just beyond, and swept roaring to the shore.

Three good breaths restored Timothy's senses and revived his courage; he had not been near enough to drowning to lose his strength. There were still more waves to be passed before the boy was beyond the surf. But there were no more double-headers, and some of the waves did not break till they neared the shore. Timothy swam on, soon finding himself beyond the rollers and among vast waves that rose and fell, but did not break.

Then he heard a cry: "Help! Help!" It was a strident voice, but weak, as of one too frightened to till his lungs for a good, honest shout.

As Timothy raised himself in the water and turned his eyes in the direction whence the sound seemed to come, he saw the boat he had watched from the shore, and recognized in the persons clinging to her sides Will Peters and the three boys who had so persistently nicknamed him Timorous Timmy.

The boat was right side up, but full of water; the mast, stepped through the bow thwart and without stays, had been unshipped, and with the sail was dragging astern. The wind was light, but the boat was driving slowly shoreward, and the boys clinging to her were not making the slightest effort to keep her off, although they could not but fruit is borne should govern the manknow that if they attempted to reach shore through the heavy surf the destruction of the boat was certain and their death by drowning branches should be removed and the inevitable.

"Hallo!" shouted Timothy. "Keep her off! Keep her off till the surf goes down!"

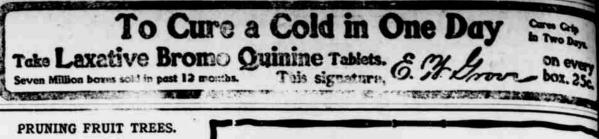
As he called, a vagrant wave broke to seaward of the prevailing surf line. Timothy dived, rising close to The natural habit of the tree should the overturned boat and seeing three boys wildly clutching for more secure hold on the wreckage.

Within arm's length of the boat, but having altogether lost his hold, Will Peters was thrashing about, arms and legs out of the water half the time and head under all the time. He was not a swimmer

Timothy with his left hand reached for the gunwale of the boat, and with his right seized Will, who put both arms around Timothy's neck, almost instantly to release his hold and attempt to climb into the boat, which promptly turned bottom upward.

"Hold on!" shouted Timothy. 'You can't keep your feet dry here. Hang on to the side and help tow her out!"

Under Timothy's direction the boat was righted and her bow turned away from the shore. Two boys could not swim, and they simply hung on; two could swim a little, and they gave Timothy such aid as they could in working the boat farther from the surf line. Then they bailed her out with a tin pan tied to a thwart to guard against loss under just such circumstances, climbed over the side, pulled the mast and sail aboard and got out the oars for a pull to Long breathing, yet too thin to support wharf, where the boat had been hired the swimmer. He must either take and where the boys had left their a deep breath and hold it-if he can clothes. Nobody suggested an attempt to raise the sail.



Every Varlety Presents Its Peculiar Problems Which Must Be Studled by the Grower.

Every kind of tree or plant, in fact, every individual, presents its own peculiar problems to the pruner. Hence no arbitrary rules can be given. To do the work most judiciously the operator must understand the principles involved, then apply them to each case. Skill in pruning can come only with experience and practice.

Perhaps the most important thing is to observe the manner in which the fruit is borne. For instance, an apple or pear tree bears its fruit mostly on "fruit spurs," and so would not be pruned in the same way as a peach tree, which bears its fruit only on last season's growth. A quince tree, which produces its fruit on the tips of the growth made the present season, would naturally be pruned differently from either an apple or peach tree. Likewise, the correct pruning of grapes is based on the fact that the shoots of the present season produce this year's crop. The same principle in pruning holds true throughout the whole list of fruits-that is, the manner in which the ner of pruning.

In a general way, it may be said in regard to tree fruits that all dead tops of the trees be kept sufficiently open to admit an abundance of sunlight for the coloring of the fruit. Reasonably open tops are also of great advantage in spraying the trees and in harvesting the fruit. grumbler. suggest the form to be adopted by the pruner. In other words, a tree the branches of which naturally droop cannot well be pruned to an upright form, and a tree with a strong tendency toward forming an upright head cannot readily be made to assume a decidedly spreading there, form. Of course these natural tendencies can be influenced in a measure by the manner of pruning, but they cannot be entirely overcome. The tops should be kept symmetrical and as well balanced as possible.

The pruning of the various kinds of small fruits is based on the same general principles as the pruning of monds. fruit trees-that is, the manner in which the fruit is borne and the character of the growth should govern the method of pruning .- Farm cago Daily News. ers' Bulletin, No. 161.

BRACING CORNER POSTS.

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vices for bracing the corner post and have found all a failure to a certain extent until I commenced to use the expansion spring, which takes all the strain from the post in winter and might swallow it."

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Entirely Too Formal.

Maria-So you've left your place, have you? Nora-Oh, yes; I could never stay

the telephone."-Jouisville Post.

"What's the matter?

"Oh, they are such awfully hard people to get acquainted with!"-Yonkers Statesman.

Behind the Scenes.

customers when they learn "No matter what comes," said the leading lady, "I'll stick to my diaprices.

"And they will probably stick to you," snapped the envious soubrette, "seeing that they are paste."-Chi-

Caught a Prise. Father-I've just found out that the strange young man who comes to see you has been borrowing money right and left. Daughter-Isn't that lovely. He

must be a nobleman in disguise .-N. Y. Weekly.

A Bachelor's Idea of It. "I wish you wouldn't let the baby play with that gold toothpick," remarked the anxious mother. "He

+*+

Timothy's discomfort. Thinking over the matter, he sensibly coneluded to do nothing until something seemed certainly the right thing to do; and he made no answer to galling remarks.

Schoolboys as a rule soon tire of any game steadily pursued, and Timothy's plan of non-resistance would in time have secured immunity from persecution at worst only half illnatured. But his patience was not put to test.

On Saturday Will and his three friends rode down to the beach on their bicycles, reaching the seashore at eight o'clock in the morning. Timothy also decided to go swimming. So, taking the electric car for Santa Monica, he entered the bath house from the shore side as the clock struck ten. He undressed, donned a bathing suit and went out on the beach.

Many people set on the benches, and more on the sand, but there were no bathers in the water. The sea was like a vast mirror. Five or six hundred feet from the land the shining water rose slowly, green and graceful, as a heavy ground swell swept shoreward. Half way in fleeks of white foam appeared on the crest ; of the little mountain of water; all the top grew white as the wave became perpendicular; then the mass toppled upon the sand with a tremendous slap that woke the echoes in the bluffs till all other sound was drowned in the roar of surf as the wave broke on the beach.

With both the sights and the sounds Timothy was familiar, having spent a month along the sea hefore school began. Tumbling walls of water six feet high more than mpt the bather to stay ashore. A quarter of a mile from the beach, well outside the breakers and little effected by the swell, was a small Soat with a big sail, carrying four weople in bathing dress, evidently men, as they were bareheaded. Timothy watched them, wondering stly why they had hauled the sheet aboard while sailing dead before the wind. As he looked, the helmsman put the tiller down and the little waft rounded up to port and heeled ever as the breeze caught the sail, still hauled close.

"What do you suppose he thinks he's trying to do?" laughed a man, sitting near Timothy.

Slowly the boat straightened up as the man at the helm again put her before the wind. Still he kept her preschauled, and shifting his helm he rolled over on his back to draw

lying still till the wave passes over him, or he must take a breath equally deep, dive and swim-if he canunder water till the increasing light tells him he has passed under the stretch of sea which is boiling and frothing like a horrible great caldron. Timothy preferred to dive.

As he went down he had some fear that he might never come up again, together with a feeling of thankfulness for the two seconds of grace that had allowed him to go down with his lungs well-filled with air.

The distance under a double-header is four times that under other waves running at the same time, and the undertow offers no aid to the swimmer, for instead of a current running strongly seaward, it is a mere tangle of swirling water running nowhere. Timothy dived deep, striking out strongly but earefully, and opening his eyes.

Under an ordinary wave the light is blue-green; under a double-header there is no light, for water lashed into foam is opaque as a plank ceiling. Salt water hurt Timothy's eyes, and he kept them open only long enough to make sure that he was in the dark.

The pressure on his lungs became intolerable, and he let out some of the air in them, immediately wishing he had tried to save it a few seconds longer. He opened his yes, saw no sign of light in the black mass above him, and struck out again, fear clutching at his heart as he felt how ineffective had been his stroke, and realized that repetition of even such weak effort was beyond his power until he might breathe again. Then he felt himself trying to laugh at the remarks those fellows in the boat would make about him when they got ashore, and he wondered half-stupidly if this was the beginning of the delirium that comes to the swimmer who has made his fight and lost.

A sort of frenzy seized him, and he struggled wildly to reach the surface. Only for a second. "You haven't got me yet!" Savagely defiant the words seemed to form themselves and to find some strange method of utterance. He lay without movement, strange lights flashing before his eyes.

He floated slowly to the surface, so nearly unconscious that he hardly knew enough to be glad when he felt the sunshine on his face. His lungs had emptied themselves, and

As they dipped the oars for the first stroke another boat drew alongside, manned by four fishermen. "Don't you fellows know enough

to keep your boat out of the surf? Want any help?" asked one of the fishermen.

"We do," said Timothy, taking it upon himself to answer both questions; "but we didn't at ten o'clock this morning. We've been in the water long enough to get pretty cold. One of you get in here and give a hand down to Long wharf; let me get into your boat and put me ashore at the Arcadia wharf."

"I'll pay you for your trouble," said Will, speaking for the first time since he had called for help.

The suggested changes were soon made, and in due time the sailing party reached Long wharf.

The boys went ashore, dressed, settled with the fisherman and the boat owner, and rode their bicycles to the bath house, where they expected to see Timothy, but did not. They spent some time looking for him and then regretfully took the bicycle path for home.

Timothy had left the fisherman's boat at the Arcadia wharf, gone to the bath house and dressed. Lacking the 35 cents necessary to pay car fare, he then took the bicycle path for a 16-mile walk to his home. Four or five miles out a wheelman passed him with a rush, but stopped a few yards beyond. It was Joe Brown, and behind him came the others of the boating party.

"Who's afraid of wet feet?" shouted Joe, as he came running back. "Timothy Farnham's four friends!"

bawled the others in chorus, as if practicing a new class yell.

"Into whose heads has some sense soaked?" sang out one of the others. "Heads of Tim Farnham's four friends!" shricked the chorus,

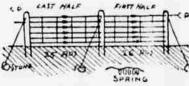
"Say, Tim," said Will, "when you've risked your life to save one you needn't -News.

"Oh, cut it short! It's all right," said Timothy.

"Yes, it's all right," answered Will. "But if you'll ride my wheel home, or ride by turns, I'll take it as an honor; if you'll teach me to swim I'll be a burro long enough to carry you home on my back. And," rather sheepishly, we won't talk any more about Timothy's timidity."

And the promise was faithfully kept.-Youth's Companion.

keeps your fence tight in summer. the corner post good and solid; anchor with stone three or four feet under ground, which is far better than the brace, using the expansion spring in connection with each wire,



COILED SPRING IN WIRE FENCE.

every 25 rods. At the end of 50 rods set another post and anchor one way to draw the first 50 rods, as that is as much as can be drawn at once. one wire at a time. When each wire is drawn tight enough to cause the springs to expand one-half inch between each coil, it is tight enough Fasten wire, remove ratchet, and the same with each wire. When you have finished the first half fasten the wires to middle post, and go ahead with the last the same as the first, placing the springs 25 rods apart, using the ratchet for tightening the wires; fasten the wires to your posts, then place stays of some kind to keep hogs from spreading them apart. This is one of the best methods for using straight wire that any farmer can use. The cut shows mode of building and anchoring; C. P., corner posts. The illustration shows first and last half of fence, with springs in the middle .-- P. V. Savage, in Ohio Farmer.

No Occasion for Alarm.

"I have sent for you," said the man of the house, "because these pipes need looking after. There's a leak somewhere, and a lot of gas is going to waste."

"M-no," replied the gas company's employe, meditatively. "Mebby there's a leak, but there ain't any gas goin' to waste. You'll find it all down on the next account."-N. Y.

Not He.

"You wouldn't shoot at any creature out of mere wantonness, would you, Tommy?" said his teacher. "You bet I wouldn't!" replied the noble boy. "That's why I went to raisin' chickens when I got my new gun, so I could have a good reason for shootin' the cats when they come into our back yard."-Chicago Trib-4144.1

"Oh, that's all right," replied the In building 100 rods of fence, first set bachelor uncle carelessly, "I have a string tied to it."-Chicago Post.

HER CHOICE.

"If youse married a title, Clorinda,

would youse radder be a dukess or a

The Idlot Again.

enough," remarked the new boarder.

lump it," retorted the cheerful idiot,

pushing the loaf sugar his way .- N.

A Worthy Object.

money to establish a much needed

"A dormitory for policemen on night duty."-Puck.

On the Home Track.

"Indeed. How long has he been

"Lemme see. I believe the twins

Fully Equipped.

have. There is a Bible in each room.

"Joe is a great walker."

"If I should die rich I'd leave my

"Well, if you don't like it you can

ness."-Detroit Free Press.

earless?

Y. Times.

institution."

walking?

Dealer.

"What is that?"

about this hotel?

-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Or will she call me down!

-Washington Star.

FURNITURE The Telephone Girl. She sometimes seems a trifle cross, The tyrant of the town: I wonder will she call me up

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Mifflinburg, Ps.

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