ANOTHER HERO.

Let me tell you of a hero who has never marched away. With gay flags above him flying, to be fearless in the fray: He has never heard the rattle of the

rifles or the roar.
Of the havoc-dealing cannon as the shells

po screaming o'erHe is not a gallant soldier, and the world
knows not his name, unlaureled, unapplauded, he's a here, just the same.

Ah, the turkey was delicious that they piled upon his plate.

And his sisters and his brothers chattered maybe as they are.

With a thoughtrul face he gently pushed

his white meat all aside

And he nibbled at the gizzard and a wing unsattened:

Then he slipped his bunch of raisins in his pecket on the sly And was serry that he couldn't hide away his piece of pic.

Sat a pale box at a window while his mother sewed away.

And he held a bunch of raisins and a wishbone that was bare.

Tasting still the tender white meat that had clong so lately there.

I have told you of my here; men may never give him fame.

But I think he has a tablet up in heaven,

just the same -S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

ON THE ISLAND. 00000000000**0** By S. Rhett Roman.

THE water rippled in small waves, broke into a narrow line of foam, ran up a short way on the wide grey beach, then slid back into the ocean, to begin again its monotonous back-and-forth movement until the tide turning, the wavelets would swell into breakers and thunder and roll on the hard sand.

A young woman, who seemed more suited to Trouville or Bar Harbor Than to this wild, solitary spot, sat on the upturned keel of a boat, shipwrecked and buried in the shingle, just beyond the reach of the tides, half a century ago, and whose dimensions could not be guessed at, by the small portion still visible above the shifting, heavy white sand, and looked seaward musingly.

Marjorie Stanford pushed back the straw nat which had been shading her face, and let the setting sun shine full upon her, and the sea breeze blow at will among the light strands of curling bronze-brown hair escaped from the comb which held their rich masses in place on the shapely head, held as as a deer does when startled. Marjorie hy all the rights of laws divine and indestructible, should have had some one by her side. Som

line attire, having a sufficient amount of good looks, youth and brains, to correspond with those which a bountful Providence had so liberally vouchsafed her. But she was alone. There was not a sign of life anywhere near The long beach ran out on on si

bare and solitary, curving off and dim line and melting into the tinte of sky and water. On the other, it ended in share, on which cottage shore like baric way. Nor does William want make hers a busy life indeed. Her

merous friends eisesthere would say out you, I feel convinced. sould they but see her sitting on the rotten hull of an old wreck in this and shutting up yourself on that disdescribe prace, with only the sea and mal island just to see that William's a few sea gulls for company

bright and particular star in the Quixotic nonsense! You will grow firmament of fashion, under her thin and pale and old, and William nunt's Mrs. Will Stanford's, guidance for various seasons, and had tasted the sweets of a carried and brilliant life in hig cities and capitals, both at home and nicross.

Hera had been a great social guecess, and she had reigned royally refuse to consent to your leaving over that small circle which rules the world and its rulers.

By reason of her very remarkable beauty, and that charm which Ameriean women possess par excellence, Marjorie had grown accustomed to the farcinations of life led by the women of farmion of our day, and the remeless addiation which surrounded her The contrast was sharp with her present enlatence

a winnelmanted sea gulli curious to according what this motivates figuse an out of keeping with the seren-By of the handscape, the sea beating in everinating fatton on the lonely more rough he estited nown and general on the neither of the billiows, while puzhin art Marjorie in Assettive

Homest as to some off when the whimwith gooden ours pean not any softer ally sentiment, totals.

The scalard as if its convey your my with a sweep of the persons, and and a sigh and dook up another. giving a christ rey, called its thate. From a far distunce the nich winged its wa, anoreward, and meeting, they read note settled down on the gently hearing waters of the cummuel, as it swept how much you are missed. If you curl seaward

Mariorie laughed noftly, but there was imagical regret and lenging in her short yourself up on that horrible is

hampered by the and shackles? You main there, I will run down to see must needs fasten your own exist I propose doing. Faithfully; ence to that of another, and forever "ANDREW PERRINGTON." ence to that of another, and forever forswear the right to order your own destiny, live your life on your own

lines, and for your own gratification?

The sun slanting from the west must have sent a message to the sea gulls, for rising suddenly, and shaking the salt brine from their long pinions, they went swiftly seaward antil they were swallowed up in the

dues and greys of sky and water. "Not being human, they may be good companions," Marjorie mused. He may be so absorbed in the pleasing occupation of catching fish, that she may be relieved of his company most of the time, and she may find much pleasure in looking after the children. Perhaps they are a newlymarried couple, they seem so fond of each other. He evidently can't do without her-for the time being. Very shortly, en changera, unless they are quite different from us. At the corner by the alley, where the wind howled all the day, where the see if we can be good company for see if we can be good company for each other.

A big Newfoundland, who had been lying on the sand, got up and majestically paced by her side, while they strolled down the beach, and the evening light faded.

When it was quite dark they turned nto a road, built high and firm with beaten shells, which ran towards a dump of wind-swept trees quite a listance back from the coast line f the island.

They sheltered or rather surroundhouse, evidently inhabited, for lights streamed out from the open doors and windows, into the mild spring air. On its deep veranda sat an elderly gentleman in an armchair. clearly a confirmed invalid, whose thin, clear-cut features bore just enough resemblance to the contour ken. of Marjorie's face, to proclaim him her father.

But it was a querulous and an evil face, one from which all kindlinessif there had ever been any-and intellectuality, were gone, extinguished and worn out by constant suffering and years of ill-health, which peered out at Marjorie.

"Late, as usual. Your society manners. I presume. You forgot I was waiting and it is past tea time," he said, with snarling emphasis, as she came up the steps.

"Late! Oh, no. There's quite balf an hour yet before tea. I was walking on the beach with Turk," she answered, pleasantly,

Throwing her hat on the hall table. Mariorie went indoors to see about those ever-recurring, small duties, the prelude of the last dull meal of each day, cheerless occupations which brought neither pleasure nor a restful peace to those on the

What had brought Marjorie there? A curious, persistent thought, that whether ha hed it or not, she, his quernlous recluse, . . . ing more morose yearly, who d sent her off, first to school, then to her aunt, seeming to be rid of a responsibility ich was solely his, after the death of her mother, long years ago.

There were letters on the table.

"Bear Marje-When am I to expect abruptly where an arm of the sea you back? It is simply absurd, your days of her social triumphs, Marjoburying yourself alive in this bar- rie's many cares and occupations walls of the old fort were barely vial- ways selfish and self-centered. of the ocean, and the compacte lonels. Dawson's care of him, and she knows ness of the scene. Margorie laughed his whims and crochets, and they the water or dip in the waves. ruefully, and thought what her no both would be better pleased with-

"As for your sacrificing yourself, milk gruel is all right, and to let him For Marioric Stanford had been a speer and growl at you, it is sheer will not even be grateful. I tell you I know him, child. We were brought up together, and a leopard does not change his spots, remember.

"The danger is, he may get used to seeing you around the house and later on. He is as capricious as he is despotic. As it is, he doesn't care just now whether you leave him or not, and I know Ann Dawson would like you out of her way. So for heaven's sake pack your trunks and join me at once. Before going abroad we can spend a week or two in Caraca. I know some one who is inconsolable at your sudden flight just at present. But you are well acquainted with notre monde, and you know how many consolers crop up when the sufferer owns a few millions. Already Jeannie Carston thinks she is in your shoes. This century is too unity and overerowded with play and pieusitte as well as work to let people think much and long over any one tions or person. Write or wire me when to expect you. Now, for the heaven's sage. Marlorle, he sensible and come at once. Loringly,

"VARRIE STANFORD" "We will do nor shopping in Paris " Missionie put it down with a smile whose strong, from handwriting dis closed its masculine authorsrip. It

"You can have no conception of had you would care at least a trifle for those you left so abruptly to Your aunt has described it to "You silly thinge" so you are me. If you are determined to rewere not satisfied with the giorious you. Unless you positively object right to live, each your own lives as you may see me at any time should you pleased, giving account to none, I learn that you have made up your and responsible only to yourselves | mind to remain there. I am not writfor what you pleased to do? You ing what I think or feel, only what

A sharp voice calling, broke in on

folded the letter and slipped it in its envelope

And while sitting at table with her father, and listening to his querulous comp'wints, and usual abuse of his manager, who was "a d-m fool and knew nothing about Sea Island," so he declared, although the continuous successful results obtained from the fields stretching far back inland seemed to prove the contrary, Marforie's thoughts were occupied with several queer conundrums. Why was she so averse to seeing Andrew Per rington? Of course he was a charming fellow. But Fannie Carston was welcome to the succession if she desired it-and the owner of those several millions.

Then again, being of better service and quite undesired, why did she permit in cutting herself off from the enjoyable life she was accustomed to. and lead that of an anchorite, on this solitary sea girt island? Looking critically at her father, he seemed to be pathetically worn, and even in his grim snarling humor there was a suffering which appealed to her powerfully.

Marjorie was discovering strange and unsuspected depths to her nature, one she had hitherto thought quite absorbed in her idle, pleasurable life, in cotillons and chiffons.

Marjorie stopped to caress Turk, and glancing up found William Staned a large, rambling, weather-beaten ford's eyes fixed on her with a look she had not seen there before.

Marjorie's smile back had in it the charm so few could resist, and although her father rose and went speaking, she felt as if the horrible solitude surrounding her was bro-

"My poor darling, you must go without me this year," she wrote her aunt. "It may be that I am not wanted here, but I can make his life more tolerable, even against his will, and I will try the venture. The sea view is gorgeous. Turk and I luxuriate in the surf, and I am making quite a number of friends among the sea gulls. Remember me when you are in the Paris shops. Elise has my measurements, you remember. The day may come when I will emerge from these folitudes and fy back to the dearcet aunt in the world. Fondly.

"MARJORIE." And Marjorie also answered the

"No, I cannot possibly go back to my dear, joyous life of pleasure and freedom, nor must you come here. Later you will be glad I am unkind and unappreciative to-day. It is quite solitary, but the sea and the winds are my friends, and the waves sing grand anthems, and I am always busy. Don't try to remember and you will soon forget. Yours, with mria pleasant recollections, "MARJORIE STANFORD."

The days and the weeks passed. Then months and years.

Marjorie's father, old and decrepit demands her presence day and night. Beautiful, but graver, with a spir-

itualized expression not here in the

The post brought announcement cards on Tiffany paper. The marringe of Miss Punnie Carston to Mr. Andrew Bryon Perrington.

Couldn't Be Bought.

they lived in the same old way, relates the Brooklyn Bagle. The enterprising yankee thought

he saw some "opportunities."

"This looks like good land," commented.

"But the people here don't make

the most of it."

"They don't," admitted the native. "I could make three times as much

out of it as they do." "You could if you could get it."

"Can't I get it?"

"Well, hardly." "Not if I pay twice what it's worth to the present owners?"

"You couldn't buy it for ten times what it's worth to them."

"Why not?" ly, "you don't seem to quite get the It is good manners in this country, hang of things here. If they sold they'd have to move away, wouldn't

"Of course," "Well, they're too lazy to move."

How's This

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To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. 6. 7. Low on every box. 25.

Some showmen of Brooklyn lately found it necessary to kill an elephant Refinement of which, by her viciousness, had be-Feeling. come a menace to

the lives of her keepers and the publie. With the true showman's instinct, they planned to make the execution a spectacle. Death was to be attempted simultaneously by poison, by shooting, and if these methods were not effective, by drowning and strangulation. The affair, duly advertised, was to take place on an island in an artificial lake the shores of which would make an amphitheater for the crowd who were willing to pay the price of admission. The spectacle had already been advertised when the "society with the long name" stepped in. There the matter ended. "Topsy" was killed, but not in the presence of any crowd who paid to see the sight. More recently still an association in Connecticut announced a public mouse-killing contest as one of the attractions of an approaching cat show. A thousand live mice were to be released in a ring about which slowly out of the room without the patrons of the show would gather, and prizes were to be awarded to the cats which made the quickest and most numerous "kills." Here again the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interfered. Its action was vigorously opposed, but public opinion sustained it and it won. Without that intervention there would have been no added cruelty. It was necessary that "Topsy" die, and in the economy of domestic life it is often necessary that mice shall die; but it is not necessary, as the Youth's Companion points out, that the death of either be made a public entertainment. Death, even that of an animal, is at best a pathetic mystery. The finer feelings revolt against making an exhibition of it, and in these two instances, as in countless others, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals performed a service for decency and civ-

Into what confusion people are sometimes thrown by feigning wis-There Are Things dom; presuming to know things when You Don't Know other to not know them. The good old professor stood before the young man who had asked such a question, and said, frankly, "I but not feeble, clings to her with a on the face of the young man, he said: tenacious, exacting affection which "Look here, you are surprised at my saying, 'I don't know.' The truth is, I do not know-but I might have attempted an answer, and so given you the impression that I did know." Then, looking into the young man's face, he white specks in the said, and the you. I know him of old. He was all moments of recreation are those said, earnestly: "William, never be when, slipping away, she goes slowly afraid to say you don't know-if you Never gave a thought to anybody but along the beach with Turk for a don't. It will save you much trouble. Looking around at the immensity himself. He is accustomed to Ann companion, when the tide is low, and You think I know a lot; but there are her friends, the sea gulls, drele over a great many things of which I am ignorant, and I am not ashamed to say it." 'Long years have gone since the old professor talked with his young friend, says the Baptist Union, but A slow flush spread over Marjories, the meaning of the old man grows face as she read.-N. O. Times-Dem. clearer as the years grow shorter. Only the foolish and ignorant pretend to "know it all." "Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools," It happened in the south-not the said Paul, speaking of the Romans; new south, but the old south, where but that tribe has not passed from the earth. It is only the humble heart that is the teachable heart; be who thinks he knows everything is in a doubly sad way; he is ignorant and does not know it, and his heart is closed to further light. "It is." replied the native, careless-Count de Montesquiou was invit-

ed to a fashionable dance in New half the length of the box. On the York. When he arrived, says the frame a square tin tank about five Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune, the inches high and about as long and hostess sent word she was dressing, wide as the frame should rest. A After waiting an hour, he said to rimmed hole should be made in the the hostess, who came down at that minute: "My eards said ten o'clock." used to fit the hole. A cloth cur-"But," said the lady, "that means 12 in New York." With an icy manner, the count said: "In Paris it is tion. good manners to accept invitations. Then, when the early sitter hatches practually at the hour one is in-"Stranger," said the native, weari- vited." And he was exactly right. too, among those who have good manners. The count went home without further ado.

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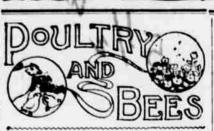
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THE EARLY SITTER.

Little Home-Made Device by Which Her Unefulness Can Be Materially Increased.

Setting aside the question of expensive incubators and brooders, while at the same time admitting their desirability, if our purse would admit of their possession, we should try to utilize the early sitter. The latter is either an early molted hen or an early hatched pullet, and if well fed and warmly housed since the beginning of cold weather, she is broody about midwinter and ready for a clutch works. Bring one of the very first to take to the nest, she is valuable, and her value may be greatly increased by the aid of a don't know." Seeing a quizzical look little homemade device or two which will enable us to utilize her incubat-

BROODER FOR A FEW CHICKS.

ing qualities to their fullest extent.

cheap brooder, just large enough for

one brood of chicks. For this pur-

pose a cracker box may be used.

Make a door of the front end and

nail some strips crosswise inside, and

about four inches up from the bot-

tom. On these a slatted frame

should be placed extending about

top of the tank and a large cork

tain should hang from the front

edge of the cross strips to the floor

of the box, as shown in the illustra-

her first lot of chicks, they should

be taken from her and placed in a

home-made brooder back under the

tank, which should be filled with hot

water. Morning and night the tank

should be refilled, which will supply

sufficient warmth for the chicks hud-

dled beneath it. They can be fed

in the front part of the box while

small, and later be placed where they

may enjoy a little open run-way, and

With the chicks thus cared for, the

hen may be reset without any in

jury to her, and her utility thur

doubled. If she be a mature hen

of two years, she may be reset a

second time, making three broods

from her in nine weeks. This is a

good plan to pursue, either with the

ordinary flock or with thorough-

bred stock. The chicks thrive in

close quarters in cold weather, and

with us the per cent. of loss among

chicks managed as suggested in the

single brooders is very small in-

deed.—Orange Judd Farmer. The first American newspaper was

fed outside the brooder box.

This can be done by making a

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Publick Occurrences. It appeared in Boston in 1690, and was promptly suppressed by the government of the

Marjorie's musing, as she slowly

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