AT THE "SOO" JUNCTION.

The Pathetle Lament of a Pather Where Son Ran Away From Home. The time was a cold October after-

noon The place was a lonely junction wait-

ing room in northern Michigan. The people of the denses we STR PROTE AT immberman In "store clothes" and a bound to a senter and a senter and senter the city.

about six feet long, on a truck outside. Perhaps that might have been called "the properties,"

is no more desolute place than the Sault Ste. Marie junction, and it was raining that afternoon. There is a dirty little station and the train dispatcher's house on one side of the main track. Opposite is a deserted log cabin. There is nothing clice to be seen. summer the commonest flowers shun the The old man with the crape on his hat sat looking out at the box on the truck. The young commercial traveler or advance agent, or whoever he was, stared vacantly at his companion. The time passed slowly and drearily. Once a freight train rattled by. The young man got all the enjoyment he could out of that and ruefully viewed the caboose fading away into the fog.

At length, as if compelled to speak, the old man said: "Say, I hate t see th' rain fall on that 'ere coffin so. They oughter made th' enveses t' this yere sta-tion bigger. I tried to bring him in, but that truck's too wide. Jim was a fine boy, he was, afore he went up t' Marquette. That's him out there. It warn't onnateral fer him t' want ter go. There hain't nothin to keep a bright boy t home in a town what's got nothin in it but my ole sawmill an th' store. But, O Lord, I wisht he'd a staid-I wisht he'd a staid! A country boy ain't got no show in one o' them tough iron towns. ain't a-blantin Jim fer leavin me. But he was all I had. He didn't know how much I wanted him t' stay or he'd 'n done it. He didn't have no sort o' raisin. other died when he was just a little feller.

"When he growed up, nothin 'nd do but he mus' go away. He goes upt' Marquette an gits him a good job on th' ore docks. bein strong an handy. He uster write me th' fines' letters you ever seen ev'ry Sunday reg'ar. He was up there jest four months when he ouit writin. I stood it a month, an then I went up. He was sick in a measly boardin house. was consider'ble sick, but we fetched him through, an I took him home. He got good an well again. He said he'd with me t'home. But he didn't. Ho runned off one night. I didn't care fer what he took, if he'd only a com' back. He kep' a-writin fer money t come home on, and I kep' a-sendin itbut I had ter go fer my boy. He was shot through the heart in a saloon at the That's him out there. I ain't a-blamin him. I didn't raise him as

Then a whistle was heard. It was the awaited train. With careful hands the father, the train dispatcher and the young man wheeled the coffin to the baggage car. Gently the burden was lifted within. The old man climbed in to be by his dead. The door was shut, and in a moment the train was lost in the burned pine barrens .- Harper's Weekly.

The Future of Greece.

It is impossible to have intercourse with modern Greeks without being touched with some degree of the enthusiasm which inspires them in discussing the future of their country, or without sharing the confidence with which they approach it. It may be true that the people are of hybrid race, that little of the old Hellenic blood flows in their veins, but few European nations of note, our own perhaps least of all, can boast unmixed descent. There is that in the air this people breathe, in the language

rning Words From a Wom

Mrs. Jane G. Austin, who has been decidedly opposed to the suffrage movement, writes to the Boston Transcript: I am really afraid that the inexorable logic of events is going to lay upon the already overburdened shoulders of wom-

en the added burden of suffrage. If public officials generally were women, would they play with the lives of toen and women as gamblers play with dice? Or if women were voters would they allow such officials to remain in power?

A few weeks ago scores of the wards a noighboring state were burned to death because the men in charge of them provided maniacs with matches and then locked them up without fire escapes. Would women have created such stupendous folly? Or when the crisis came would women have lost their heads and been unable to devise some means of extricating those wrotched victims? I guese

When political selfishness and greed become official inhumanity and brutality, it is time for the underlying forces of our community to rise up and come to the front. Nobedy, I imagine, doubts that women, if they choose to assert themselves, can do anything they see fit to do, from knitting off the heads of kings and queens to preventing cruelty to animals, children and poor old wom-en, but it would be so much better. Oye men, if you would behave yourselves decently in the position we have conceded to you and not put all the work of the common household upon our poor shoul-

The Bottle Flends In Time of Suspense

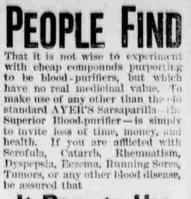
Within the memory of man there has not been a mysterious disappearance at sea without the subsequent finding of a corked bottle floating or thrown upon land, containing what has purported to be a message from the sinking ship. This happened as usual in the case of the lost White Star liner Naronic. On a beach near the month of Chesapeake bay a champagne bottle was found, inclosing a paper telling that the Naronic struck an iceberg early in the morning of Feb. 19 in a blinding snowstorm, and at that time was sinking. While it is not impossible that the Naronic may have met her fate at the time and in the way men-tioned, it is practically impossible that this bottle with its message could come from that vessel.

The ship on the 19th of February would have been in the neighborhood of the Grand Banks, from which point the ocean currents would have carried a floating object anywhere rather than to the coast of Virginia. Moreover, if the bottle were fairly launched on the Labrador current, a trip of 1,100 miles in 88 days would be next to incredible. The practical joker did not calculate with exactness in this instance,-Boston Commonwealth.

The Queen Doesn't Count In Politics.

We are a self governing country. The occupant of the throne reigns, but does not rule. The queen's political opinions are her own. They have no more to do with those of the electors than those of any other lady in the realm. Her majesty's subjects neither know nor, with all respect be it said, care what she thinks upon home rule or upon any other political issue. On such matters they take the liberty to act upon their own opinions, and no revolutionist can do a worse service to the crown than by attempting to make political party cap-

ital by asserting that she favors one party and disfavors another. In 1880 there were many reasons why the Tories were defeated. Not the least of them was that Lord Beaconsfield endeavored to convey an impression that the queen was strongly opposed to their defeat. Yet, unwarned by experience, it is obvious that it is intended to appeal to the country to put an end to Mr. Gladstone's government by asking it to regard this government as injurious to



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FOR THE

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OOK!

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Proprietor,

they speak, the land they live in, which is of the very spirit of liberty.

One meeting a countryman on the road accosts him as "patriote," a term of more significance, of larger meaning than "citizen." But they are a people deeply democratic and require gentle handling to steer liberty clear of the shoals of li-Murmurings against the growth cense. of taxation are already heard, and the extraordinary activity of the press in-sures the publicity of every unpopular act of the administration.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Astrology of the Day.

Astrology seems to be gaining in popularity, and many are turning to it for pointers concerning the fate that is in store for them. Meteorologists are consulting the planets in relation to changes in the weather, and scientists are seriously discussing the probability, or even possibility, of the larger planets exert-ing an influence on the earth sufficient to affect conditions of life or health.

Astronomers do not believe in astrology, but are willing to give the unique science credit for assisting to develop the science of astronomy. Long before there was an interest taken in astronomy there were many careful observers of the heavenly bodies. The names chosen by these men for stars and constellations remain unchanged .- Edgar Lee in Arena.

The Date For the Millennium

Charles T. Russell of Alleghany, Pa. announces that the millennium will mrely arrive in October of 1914. We are now in the "lapping time," between the any of the gospel and the grass of the lennium era. This "lapping time" an in October of 1874 and will last ears. During this period the king-of the world will be overthrown by archists, nihilists, socialists and lists. At the same time the Hemalists. ws will all be gathered in Palestine. ro Herald.

The Shamrock.

who believe that one of the 10 s of Israel settled in Ireland lay on the fact that "shamrakh" is the owned for trefoil, which, under me of shamrock, has been made frond bloom of Ireland.-Phile-

the queen's health because she is so fervent a Conservative and Unionist,-Lon-don Truth.

Because He Is a Jew.

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For sale at H. Alex Stoke's drug store

However viewed, the refusal of the Union League club to admit Theodore Seligman to membership is reprehensible. unmanly and un-American. How the well fed and well satisfied gentlemen who lounge in the stuffed chairs of the Fifth avenue palace expect the Republic-an party to become popular and keep in touch with the people when the Union League club, the representative organiza-tion of the country, deliberately and unitedly rejects as a member a well recommended young man of signal abili-ties, clean life, and the son of so eminent a philanthropist as Jesse Seligman, is beyond comprehension.

The only reason for the rejection, when facts are sifted, is because of his religion. It is an unfortunate occurrence. It was can nor Christian. The Union League club has made a mistake.—New York Commercial Advertiser (Rep.). N

A Legacy to Charleston.

The bequest of the late John Thomson to the city of Charleston of a residuary estate, which it is estimated will amount to a sum exceeding \$100,000 and possibly twice as much, has naturally caused a good deal of talk around town, and the talk in most instances resolves itself into the question, "What shall we do with It is no secret that Mr. Thomson at it? one time intended to leave a handsome legacy to the museum of the College of Charleston-in fact, a will was made to that effect-but it seems that the preent will was made subsequently to that The money is given to the city absolute-ly, which gives every cltizen and tazpayer a right at least to express an opi-ion as to what the city council should de with it.—Charleston News.

A Change In Men's Calling Cards.

A careful sister might whisper in her brother's car that calling cards for men-are appreciably larger this year than have been used for some time past. Men-are, most of them, careless in these little matters of change, but if they proten-to keep up with the altering styles at all they should be assisted once in awhile by their womankind.—New York Times. brother's car that calling cards for men

In fact anything you may desire in our line will be found in our mammoth store.

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COUNTY.