

THE OWNERS OF THE DEEP.

One shall hang to the foaming helm
In the path of the blinding spray,
And he shall bark in the crashing dark
For the surf in the open bay;
And he shall hold through sleet and
wind—
Muscle and heart of steel—
And take his trick on the seething
deck,
The guardman at the wheel.

One shall ride in the racing ropes,
Chattering, thin and white,
And he shall cling to the reeling thing
That's drunk o' the cup of night;
And he shall perch on the topmost
spar
In the face of the tempest fangs—
Watching afar, like a watchful star,
Aloft the lookout hangs.

One shall walk the narrow bridge
To the song the breakers sing,
And he shall rule his kingdom stand
With the might of a sailor king;
He shall hold his hand to her throbbing
heart
Through the passionate hour of wreck,
And the toil and tears of the hurried
years,
The man o' the quarter-deck.

These are the emperors of the waves
That slide through the breathless night.
They rule their own from a reeling throne
O'er shimmering fields of white;
They dare the death of the under-world
Where the souls of the sailors sleep,
They walk as kings where the tempest
swings—
The owners of the deep,
—Alden Charles Noble, in Lippincott's.

Not A Disfigurement.

By Martha Morris.

"I'm quite too delighted to see you, dear," exclaimed Violet Grant as she clasped her cousin's hands in warm welcome, "and of course you know that it's to be quite the biggest ball of the year—and really, dear, balls are quite too delightfully new and fresh to me. They hold some wonderful fascination for me which it is impossible to explain."

"Yes, of course, I understand," returned Veronica, the blase city cousin, and she let her big, blue, handsome eyes travel leisurely over Violet, "you are young and everything is new to you—glitters, as it were, but really it seems scarcely credible that but a few months ago you were in the land of arithmetic and geography, and now you are 'out' and quite the rage, I hear."

Violet laughed lightly and her color came and went quickly. Great indeed were the changes that had taken place "just a few months ago," for during that time Violet had grown into an immensely pretty and graceful girl. There was a sweet, refreshing simplicity, a charming winsomeness of manner which the worldly-wise Veronica foresaw would inevitably prove fatal to mankind as a whole.

She frowned and instinctively felt that this innocent young cousin of hers might possibly prove to be a somewhat dangerous rival. Only a year and a half previously Veronica had scoffed at the proposal of a penniless, though exceedingly devoted, cavalier, and haughtily refused to even "hear him out," and had finally swept from his presence with the regal air of a queen, demanding that no further attempt should be made to address her on that subject.

But it is the unexpected that inevitably happens, and it certainly occurred in this case, for through the sudden death of a wealthy uncle, a "railway king," Dudley Maitland had succeeded to that personage's vast possessions, and Veronica, reading the turn events had taken, resolved if possible to recover, by strategy, if by no other means, the ground she had lost. Hence her visit to her aunt's country house.

"You won't mind sharing my room, will you, dear?" cried Violet, as the little circle sat and chatted over their afternoon cups of tea, "you see the house is literally packed, and—"

"Oh, I shan't mind anything," replied Veronica, deliberately, "that is, provided I have a good time."

"Her beauty," said Veronica to herself, "if I could only mar that, not permanently, but just temporarily, to prevent her from attending this ball. What can—what can I do?"

She walked over to the looking-glass. She surveyed the accessories on the dressing-table. A little accident happens so easily, she mentally concluded, and she lifted her head with an air of superiority and self-satisfaction characteristic of her nature. And later on, when Violet returned to her room she was delighted to find her cousin looking so fresh and radiant.

"What pretty hair you have, child," remarked Veronica later.

Violet only laughed.

"Do you really think so? Mr. Maitland often declares that it looks as if I have been playing among the currant bushes, but I think he likes it just the same," replied Violet, innocently.

"Now, mine absolutely will not wave," said Veronica, slowly still regarding her cousin—"of course, I mean not without recourse to pins and tongs, etc. Naturally curly hair is indeed something to be right down thankful for."

"Is it, really?" asked Violet, laughingly.

"It is." And then both cousins lapsed into silence.

Finally the time arrived for both girls to retire for the purpose of tinging long over their respective toils—a matter of utmost importance.

Suddenly there was a loud shriek of dismay and Violet's loveliness was marred.

She dashed into her mother's room with eyes blinded with scalding tears.

"Look! Oh, look!" she cried, scarcely knowing what she said. "I shan't be able to go to the ball! Oh, and I'm dying to go! Did you ever see such a fright before? Veronica did it, but it was quite an accident! Do not scold her for it," seeing the look of dismay on her mother's face, "she is as distressed as I am. Oh, but it does seem hard; I shall be marked for weeks!"

"But, however did it happen, dear?" asked Mrs. Grant, as soon as she was able to speak.

"The tongs, dear," replied Violet, still sobbing. "You see, she was doing her hair and the hot tongs sprang from her fingers and struck my face! It was purely an accident, but I am so sorry!"

"So am I, Vi," returned the elder woman, "so am I."

Apparently Veronica was terribly

this hour, when you ought to be doing duty to the people in general?"

"I wanted you," he replied tenderly, "and you are more to me than all the people in the world."

"But look at me," she said, shyly; "I do believe I am disfigured for life. Do you not think so?"

And for an answer she was clasped in a warm embrace and kisses were showered upon her. And later, when Maitland left her, there was a new and even softer expression in her eyes, a brighter and more winsome expression about her mouth. Her heart was happy, and she went up the old oak staircase humming the air of an old love song.

"Have you enjoyed yourself, Veronica, dear?" exclaimed a voice, and a curly head appeared above the bedclothes.

Veronica was silent for a time, her heart beat too fast.

"There was no one in particular that I wished to see," she replied, finally. "Dudley Maitland was there, but he was infinitely disagreeable, and eventually made himself conspicuous by his absence."

Violet's face became dyed with blushes.

"Veronica," she half whispered, "he came here. He asked me to marry him, and—"

"Asked you to marry him?" repeated her cousin, incredulously; "I suppose you said yes?"

"I did, dear. He saw this terrible scar but he does not mind it in the least, so he told me. So you see, dear, you were the means of bringing us together after all."—Chicago Tribune.

Ghosts With No Originality.

When you have read one of these stories you have read them all. Although the behavior of ghosts may appear eccentric when judged by the standard of conduct prevailing among the living, their habits are, in fact, most regular, they seem to possess the little character of originality, and probably their ideas are very limited. Some of them walk along the passage or up the stairs; others knock on the walls or furniture, ring bells, slam doors or break crockery; now and then you come across one who shrieks; and there seem to be a few specimens who appear (and disappear). But their faculties do not go beyond this. A very remarkable proof of their limitations or their slavish adherence to tradition, is that, though I have before me at the present moment a dozen authenticated ghosts who have been heard walking upstairs, there seems to be no case on record in which a ghost has been heard walking down. Why anybody should think it worth while to chronicle the movements of such uninteresting creatures, I cannot understand. An account of the day's doings of a flock of sheep would be very much more exciting.—London Truth.

Only a Dog.

In Kalama, Wash., there lives a large bird dog, who certainly follows out a line of reasoning, which in its policy and knowledge of human nature would reflect credit on any human philosopher.

Singling out the stranger in the town, he follows him, respectfully, but persistently, until the person followed stops to remonstrate with him on his attentions. He (the stranger) is confronted by an earnest dog face, with eager, brown eyes, which try hard to convey their owner's wishes, while a plummy tail wags most persuasively.

Some person who knows the dog and his "little game" is usually near to give an explanation, and the person so appealed to instantly "digs up" a nickel, which is most gratefully accepted, and he may follow the canine highwayman to the nearest meat shop, where, gravely depositing his nickel on the counter, he receives a five-cent soup bone, and trots out. The queer part is, he never asks a resident of Kalama, but singles out the stranger, invariably! And he never asks the same person twice. Talk about human and brute intelligence! Where is the dividing line?—The New Century.

The Inspection Elevator

"The way things are going now," said an architect who stood watching a gang of masons and miscellaneous workmen employed on a big building of his own design, "I shall not be at all surprised if the time comes when the elevators in skyscrapers will be set running up and down through the air by some ingenious device, and the buildings with dimly yawning doors elevators. No sooner is the skeleton of a new building in place nowadays than the elevator becomes an important part of the structure, and many buildings with dimly yawning doors and windows and apparently insecure walls, display prominently the sign, 'Elevator Now Running.' That does not mean a freight elevator, either, but a lift for the accommodation of passengers who have an eye on the building as a possible future location and wish to pick out desirable quarters in good time and have them partitioned off to order."—New York Times.

A Romantic Spot.

County Surveyor Ike Hendren spent several days of the past week surveying on Rocky Run. He tells us that one who lives in a busy mart like Harrodsburg would hardly believe that a spot so wild and romantic could be found within eight miles of the town. He informs us that near the centre of this territory is an imitation Niagara, a cataract with a waterfall of sixty-five feet, at the base of which is a pool of crystal water in which the minnows play all day long and from which the sparkling bubbles start singing and dancing along on their way down to the old Kentucky River, a mile away. He says that he does not believe that five people in Mercer County ever viewed this idyllic spot.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Herald.



OUR GIRLS AND BOYS

THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

The butterflies in cloth of gold arrayed
Were once as white as snow;
By magic was the transformation made
Long centuries ago.
The fairy queen, whose jeweled cloak and
crown
Were dim beside her eyes,
One summer's day her chariot car drove
down
Whose steeds were butterflies.

"Oh, blossoms pale," inquired the grateful queen,
"What can I do for you?
Would you be like the rose on yonder
green,
Or like the violet blue?"
"Oh, make us like your yellow locks," they
said,
And blushed at speech so bold.
The fairy stooped and kissed them where
they lay,
And lo! they all were gold!
—Detroit Free Press.

A TELEPHONE.

You will need two pieces of strong, thin paper (parchment is just the thing), enough cardboard to make two hollow cylinders about three by four inches in size, and some string. Now cut two pieces of cardboard ten by four inches, and roll them to make the cylinders. Wet the paper and stretch a

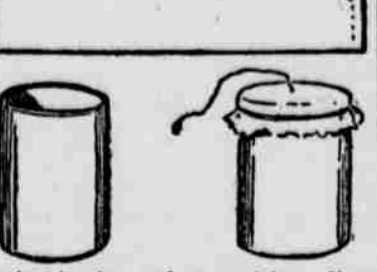
The oxen, with long horns, was resting with its head away from the body, the horns forming an arch over the shoulders. A alpaca simply looked like a large ball of black wool. The camels lay their stomachs, with their fore a hind legs bent under them, with their heads and necks were stretched straight out.

The monkeys were squatting about their cages, their legs bowed down over their chests, arms resting on the thighs of the hanes. A baby monkey was sleepily huddled up in the arms of its mother, little eyes peering out inquisitively the midnight visitors. In the sun animal house, given up almost entirely to civet cats, "possums and such" every animal had curled itself up on the smallest possible space, burying its nose under the stomach, with all paws drawn up close to the body, he bears were resting in various poses, some lying out at full length, or curled up. The two polar bears huddled up in a heap, with their heads buried deep in their white furled forepaws crossed over the eyes.

The llamas, zebus, American buffalo were resting as they rest, with their forelegs drawn far them and their hind ones drawn. The porcupine was lying on its back, its head bent to the left, with quills standing out in every direction. The emu was resting with the joints of its legs on the ground, though a short distance above, and head buried in the plumes.

Most of the birds were resting on their perches, their legs bent under them, and their heads tied under a wing—in every case the feet one. The parrots had only drawn their necks in, while the pelicans slept squatting on the ground, their heads drawn well back, and their ponderous bills resting on their breasts.—Forest & Stream.

CARD BOARD



fines in size, and some string. Now cut two pieces of cardboard ten by four inches, and roll them to make the cylinders. Wet the paper and stretch a

Alli Baba Puzzle



All Baba's wife is measuring the gold. Find Cassim and the captain of the thieves.

piece over one end of each cylinder and tie it. When the paper dries make a little hole in the centre and run a piece of heavy thread through. Tie a knot in the end of the thread that is inside the cylinder and pull the other end against the inside of paper. Now tie one end of the string to one thread and the other end to the other thread. If you will keep the string tight without letting it touch anything you should have no difficulty in speaking through the phone a distance of 150 feet.—Washington Star.

A HAIRPIN WATER MILL.

Fasten two hairpins together with a little wax or by tying at severals points with thread so that they look like one broad hairpin with a groove running along it. Bend the ends of the compound hairpin at right angles, and in opposite directions, so that as the pin lies on the table one end points up and the other down. Spread the legs of the pin and balance it on the point of a lead pencil stuck on a saucer with wax.



The groove between the individual pins makes it easy to balance the apparatus and also affords a channel for a few drops of water which you will pour gently on the top with a spoon. The water follows the bent end; and escapes as two horizontal jets in opposite directions, while the little mill turns swiftly on its pivot, the motion of each end being opposite to that of the jet on that side. The motion may be kept up indefinitely by adding a drop or two of water whenever the mill slows up.—New York World.

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Malta is the most thickly populated island in the world. It has 130,000 people to the square mile. Barbados has 105,400 people to the square mile.

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| 45c silks | 40c | 15c child's stockings | 10c |
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