

LOVE'S LITTLE DAY.

Alas, for Time a-lying!
Love is a little day;
Here, on my bosom lying,

The SOUL OF A USURER.

The Spanish have a proverb, "Any soul may be saved but the usurer's."
George Desmond sat at his desk long after office hours.

John Harding had a wife and a child, Dorothy was a little one of 10.

Dorothy loved her father, though she didn't understand him.

John Harding started home. When within three blocks of his residence he left the electric car and started down the tree shaded street.

Then it came. Harding hardly knew at the time just what happened. A pair of horses, frightened by the Salvationists' music, had dashed round the street corner.

Dorothy Harding was taken home. A Salvation army sister followed. With her went the father in a daze.

into the eyes of the Salvation lassie and smiled. Then she sank back unconscious.

John Harding's home was full of religion. The nurse was praying and softly singing songs that sounded like the tunes that the street boys whistle.

The Salvation lassie nurse would smile a little sadly and then would sink on her knees at the bedside of the child.

The father knew of these repeated petitions. He never was out of sound and sight of Dorothy's room.

George Desmond sat at his desk. "Harding hasn't bothered me for six weeks," he said to himself.

It was late in the evening and Desmond still had no thought of going home.

The stranger said not a word, but turned and left the office, and as he passed by the light which came from the lamp without the window George Desmond saw that his visitor wore the uniform of the Salvation army.

ZOO LIONS EAT HORSES.

Juicy Steaks Greedily Devoured Are of Worn-Out Equines.

A crowd of interested spectators stood before the lion cages in the Zoological gardens as the keepers went from cage to cage tossing in huge chunks of raw meat.

"I tell you there is nothing mean about the feed you give the brutes," remarked a man to the keeper.

"It costs us mighty little," was the answer, promptly given. "That steak ain't bad to look at, but it's horse flesh, and we never give them any other kind."

"It often happens that wealthy people will have a horse that has served them faithfully for years, which they send to us rather than sell to some one who may possibly abuse the animal."

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PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Every duty omitted obscures some truth we should know.—Ruskin.

Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time.—Johnson.

There can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity.—Rambler.

Of all virtues magnanimity is the rarest; there are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.—Hazlitt.

Human help in our need, human forgiveness of our wrong doing, human love in our loneliness, these are the sacraments through which, at their sweetest and purest, we feel a divine help and forgiveness and love flowing into our souls.—G. S. Merriam.

Unrealized ideals, deliberately or carelessly unrealized, work corruption of the blood, work spiritual degeneration and decay.

Flora—Jack proposed to me at the pop concert the other evening. Clara—It's strange how music will inspire men to do desperate things.

WOMEN WEAVE BEAD CHAINS.

Have Small Looms in Their Homes With Which to Do the Work.

An entirely new amusement for women, and one which promises to have a great run, is the weaving of bead chains.

Wiggins—Is that young doctor so successful? Jaggins—Well, I should say he was; when he took charge of the hospital 50 of the 60 beds were filled, and now they are all empty.

"Everything has its place," said Mrs. Bordenhaus to the boarder whose room was always untidy.

"Is there any real advantage in being a millionaire?" asked the philosopher.

Anxious Wife—Oh, doctor, I am so glad you came. My husband is worse—he seems to be wandering in his mind.

Mamma, returning from a shopping expedition downtown—What on earth has happened, Willie? Has the horse been on fire? Willie—None. Them Bunker boys dared me to ride the goat around the parlor and up and down the stairs, and I won't take a dare from nobody.

Peculiar Occupations.

There are many peculiar occupations followed by those engaged in gaining a livelihood in and around New York.

In getting extra supplies a regular bunch of beads will cost 25 cents, and there are enough beads in it to make a chain or a belt.

Shooting Over Dogs.

If, as we are so often told, it were true that shooting over dogs is dying out, it would be strange that the institutions for the trial of pointers and setters upon game not only grow in number, but are patronized by more people, who enter more dogs than formerly.

HIS LIGHTNING SONG.

Mister Zig-Zag Lightning!
Lookin' whar ter light;
He wobble lak a fisherman
A-wise home at night.

Oh, my chillun,
Better watch en pray,
Kape w'en you dodge de lightning!
He wobble in yo' way!

HUMOROUS.

Lady to Blind Man—My poor man, what made you blind? Tramp—Looking for work, ma'am.

He—I'm going to ask you a catch question, Miss Withers. Miss Withers—Oh, this is so sudden, Mr. Goodman.

Nell—It was a case of love at first sight. Belle—And did they get married? Nell—Oh, no, they took another look.

"Is she fond of the military?" I should say she was. Why, she has all her books bound in one color, so they will be uniform.

"What does your wife say when you come home late?" "Say, do you expect me to reel off a three volume serial at a moment's notice?"

Flora—Jack proposed to me at the pop concert the other evening. Clara—It's strange how music will inspire men to do desperate things.

Anxious Mother—That young man who calls on you twice a week stays too late. You will have to sit down on him. Pretty Daughter—Why, I do, mamma.

Wigg—I wonder how it is that Talk-alot has never succeeded in anything.

Wagg—I suppose it's because he has spent too much time telling other people how to get along.

Wigg—Something ought to be done to cure Saphedde of the wonderful opinion he has of himself.

Waggins—Is that young doctor so successful? Jaggins—Well, I should say he was; when he took charge of the hospital 50 of the 60 beds were filled, and now they are all empty.

Jones—I invested in a cornet the other day. Brown—So? I thought you disliked to hear any one play that instrument. Jones—So I do. I bought mine of the man who lives next door to me.

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"Mister," said the boy in the museum, "do yer ever shed yer skin?"

Tommy—Tomorrow's your birthday, ain't it, ma? I wish I had a dollar; I'd buy you a present. Ma—That's thoughtful of you, my dear. But why do you need a dollar? Tommy—'Cause that's the price of it. It's the dandiest catcher's mask you ever saw.

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Polo is probably the oldest of athletic sports. It has been traced to 600 B. C.



FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Clinkum Clinkum.
Clinkum Clinkum lives in a tower,
Lives in a telfy stry and cool,

Clinkum Clinkum lives in a tower,
Greenly clad with a waiping vine,

Clinkum Clinkum lives in a tower,
And the stars are beautiful over his head,

Origin of the Name "Puss."
A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who had many idols,

The word has been changed to "Pus" and has come at last to be "Puss," the name most of us give to the cat.

The Cricket and the Lion.
One day the lion was out walking in the wood.

"Don't you know, you weakling, that I could smash you and your house and all your relatives with one blow of my paw?"

"I may be weak, but I have a cousin no bigger than I who can master you in a fight."

"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!" laughed the lion. "Well, little boaster, you have that cousin here tomorrow, and if he goes too master me I'll crush you and your house and your cousin altogether."

The next day the lion came back to the same spot and roared, "Now, boaster, bring on your valiant cousin!"

Pretty soon he heard a buzzing near his ear. Then he felt a stinging. "Oh, oh!" he cried. "Get out of my ear!"

But the cricket's cousin, the mosquito, kept on stinging and stinging. With every sting the lion roared louder and scratched his ear and jumped around.

The best stilt is made to fasten to the legs, so that the hands and arms are left free.

Any boy with a few tools can make a good pair of stilts in half an hour.

For a beginner the footpiece should not be more than 14 inches from the ground—a small boy might do well to put them lower still, for one finds it necessary to step off and on a good many times in learning to stilt.

The footpiece is nailed or screwed to the standard, from which it projects at right angles on the inner side, just far enough to give a comfortable rest to the foot.

In mounting stilts of this kind, rest the ends on the ground, grasp the handles so as to bring them behind the shoulders, set the left foot in place and spring up, bringing the right foot into its rest while in the air.

It is necessary to move forward at once after mounting, because it is easier to walk than to stand still.

Smooth, hard ground is the thing for these early exercises.

After a boy can go freely and far and fast with these stilts he may be graduated into the use of stilts that are strapped firmly to the legs, leaving hands and arms free.

With these the footpiece can be put three and four feet from the ground.

To carry a long light pole will be a great convenience; it is a help in folding streams and on rough ground and for resting.

Plain Talk.
"Shave," said the crusty patron, ironically.

"Close?" inquired the barber.

"No, I'm not close, but I'm not in the habit of giving tips, if that's what you are driving at."—Philadelphia Press.

The French peasants in Germany are the most celebrated stilt walkers in the world.

Miss Hartley sat by her sunny window, her lap full of pretty girlish notes.

She was quite alone in the world, without kith or kin; but the dear, quaint old lady was beloved by generations of pupils, whom she had taught in the little town.

The piles of notes in her lap were birthday greetings, a day ahead of time, to be sure.

She could not longer afford "spreads," but she would do the best she could, trusting to the girls' offerings to eke out her scanty supply.

By half-past twelve on Miss Hartley's birthday, a flock of bright-faced sweetly dressed little maidens presented themselves at the well known front door.

Orders have been given by the French Government for the construction of a turbine torpedo boat at Havre.

The Berlin (Germany) Daily Zeitung announces that the automobile fire engines introduced in that city are a complete success.

A thorough investigation of affairs on the Kiowa and Comanche reservations in Oklahoma, has been ordered by the President.

The Italian Parliament is considering a proposal to grant a pension of \$500 a year to the four granddaughters of General Garibaldi.

Arbitrators have been appointed to decide the question pending between the steamship companies and the Cook laborers at Valparaiso, Chile.

Because smallpox appeared on board the United States Fish Commission steamer Albatross has returned to Seattle, Wash., from its project trip north with a party of scientists.

There were 39 glassmaking plants in operation in Ohio last year, employing 7,049 hands and paying \$3,163,904 in wages, exclusive of salaries paid office help.

BUSINESS CARDS.
G. M. McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

SMITH M. MCCREIGHT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

D. R. E. HOOPER,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

D. R. DEVERE KING,
DENTIST.

E. NEFF,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.
There are 148 libraries in Mexico.

The Episcopal Diocese of Oregon favors the incorporation of the name "Catholic" in the church title.

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BON TON BAKERY
JOHN H. BAUM, Prop.,
For good first-class baked goods such as fine Marble Cake, English Wine Fruit Cake, French Fruit Deviled Cake, Angel Cake, Lady Fingers, Jelly Drops, Kisses, Maroons and lots of other good cakes.

AT YOUNG'S PLANING MILL
You will find Sash, Doors, Frames and Finish of all kinds, Rough and Dressed Lumber, High Grade Varnishes, Lead and Oil Colors in all shades. And also an overstock of Nails which I will sell cheap.
J. V. YOUNG, Prop.