By HENRY GARDNER HUNTING.

IE first time Dan Coryell | from the valves brazen throat, a pro ried his hand on the throt- test against the continued halt. tle of No. 32 he got into trouble. He backed the big passenger engine on ever known.

the end of Track 12 at the coal docks, from its ear-splitting hiss to a lower note, dwindled, and dropped again. and it took an hour and a half to get ber on the rails : gain.

Dan was a new fireman and should not have touched the throttle, but he did it to save Ben Baich, engineer, from a reprimand and demerits for being late at his engine. Ben had a sick wife at home, and Dan knew an occasional shout and the hollow that was the reason for his tardi-

The yardmaster was angry at th awkward result of Dan's venture, and said some savage things. But because Ben was respected by him and because Ben understood Dan's motive Instead of Dan's had been on the throttle-Dan kept his new job and "his chance." "My fault, anyway," said his revolver, the engineer, when Dan protested. "Ought to have been here."

Dan Coryell could not forget it, and wore allegiance to Ben. He did not know how he could ever pay the debt, A savage impulse was rising in him but it seemed to him a lifelong obliga- an inspiration to desperate daring tion, and he kept on the alert for his opportunity.

This story tells how his opportunity came and how he used it.

If coming events really do cast their shadows before, no one had eyes to see the forewarning of the occurrences of that bleak November night. Dan had He grew cooler. The hubbub at the dimself over to his high seat as No. 32, pulling the evening express, left the long bridge above Nettleton and pounded out on the embankment once more, on her way to the city. The hollow roar of the train on the high trestle gave place to a solid hum over stoneballasted sleepers, and Ben cut down the stroke as No. 32 settled into her Dan had leaned forward for a look at the track ahead when the thunderbolt came.

"Throw up yer hands!"

The words were shouted almost in Dan's ear, and he turned uncomprehendingly. He had read enough newspaper stories of train robberies to unferstand the phrase, and he had heard the command perfectly. Only the dif-Sculty of understanding quickly that be, Dan Coryell, was actually a victim of a real hold-up made this comprebension slow.

His understanding was helped might fly, however, by a steel ring some eighteen inches from his nose-the muzzle of a forty-four-calibre revolver.

The fireman's hands went up. He had thought-when he read the stories -what he would do under such circumstances. But something in the pair of ugly eyes he now saw back of the revolver put ideas of resistance out of his head.

Then he looked at Ben. The engineer had turned and was staring over his shoulder, open-mouthed, at a man standing on the steel apron between the cab and the tank, and covering him with a pistol as the other man covered There was no fear in Ben's face -even Dan recognized that on the instant-but there was plenty of amazement.

"Stop her!" commanded the man who faced Ben.

The engineer's big-left hand mechan ically tightened on the throttle, but be made on other move.

"Get busy!" dictated the bandit, moving forward.

Ben turned and pushed the throttle home, while his right hand sharply applied the air. No. 82 slowed with a jerk, then slowed again and stopped. Ben was not lacking in courage, but his valor contained the element of dis-

"Now look out for 'em!"

The man who had given the commands turned quickly, dropped from the engine, and disappeared in the darkness toward the rear of the train. His fellow stepped back to a place midway between his two charges and eyed them alternately, holding his pistol ready to meet a hostile or insubordin-

"Now," he said, "if you two are good you won't get hurt, and you can put your hands down."

He settled back against the edge of somewhat about him, for the wind was cold.

He were no mask, contrary to all and rather thin, the features, especially the nose, being well-cut.

The eyes were dark and carried in them the light of reckless readiness to fight.

Dan looked him over from head to foot in silent astonishment. It was at mean-I-if you'll just stand there on most past belief, this sudden break in the apron, near the side, I wou't bungle the routine of his life. He was wildly again. I-I--" excited, and his muscles were instinctively tense for the action which he dared not initiate.

He looked again at Ben, and something in the engineer's attitude instantly alarmed him. It meaut fight, and Dan was sure that his friend, burt if he made a stir toward resistance. The terror of the thought stopped his breath for an instant, and wild determination to shield him came uppermost in his mind.

No. 32 pulsated with the exhaust of her air-pumps. The steam pressure was rising rapidly, as a result of Dan's addenly she put up a deafening roar

Minutes passed. They seemed long to Dan, the longest minutes he had ever known. The rush of steam fell slightly, and then stopped with a suddenness that made the succeeding un accustomed quiet for the instant almost painful.

Dan's body stiffened with a startled jerk. A growl of rough voices, with noise of blows on a car door, sounded not a dozen varits away, breaking in with all their grim portent upon ble startled understanding

Then suddenly a shot rang out above the din, and an Instantaneously suc ceeding yell told that it had been fired and because Ben would have it so the in earnest. The sound of heavy blows report went in to the superintendent's stopped short. Dan's heart contracted office rending as if the engineer's band with a quick quiver of horror, and an involuntary exclamation escaped him. The man in the corner instantly raised

> "Don't you move, young duck!" he said, hoursely.

Dan held himself motionless, but h turned blazing eyes upon his enemy which he had never felt before was growing, and with it a strange cunning, danger-born in his hitherto untried spirit, grew also. He looked at his muscular captor with a new question in his eyes, and measured him by a new standard, the standard of craft. just finished coaling up and swung express car was growing again. Words and sentences reached the engine, threats shouted to the occupant of a barricaded car which told of efforts to enter which were, so far, futile, Time was passing, time that was precious to these robbers, and their cause was not prospering. The man in the express car was not to be frightened and brought to terms by barking. Dan heard the command from some recognized leader:

"Break the express car off and run her down the road. We'll blow the whole outfit into kingdom come if that idiot don't give in!"

The big engineer sat up with a quick indrawing of his breath. Dan was wild in an instant to prevent his making a move which he feared could only bring disaster. It was the last straw for the boy. His wits were at their keenest stretch. He must find a stratagem, or he must act in sheer desper-He controlled himself by an effort of will, and his eyes became catlike in their watching of the guard for the slightest opening.

Then all at once his plan formed. He turned slightly and glanced up at the steam guage.

"She's losing steam," he said aloud, looking at the robber.

The other scowled at the address; then his eyes glanced at the gauge with quick intelligence. Steam was needed. Dan had counted on his knowing enough about an engine to fall into his trap.

"She ought to be coaled," said Dan, and be wondered if his voice trembled. The guard looked at him a moment suspiciously, and then said:

"All right! Coal up, then." Dan slipped from his seat. He dared not look at Ben, but silently prayed that the big engineer would be on the alert to help if his plan succeeded. He must act quickly, for only so could he hope for success. His heart pounded painfully and his knees trembled, but the guick thought of that brave young fellow in the express car and of Ben, his friend, braced him with a flerce resolve to stand by.

He picked up the coal scoop and swung it recklessly near the legs of appeared that the bandits on the robber. Even at that trying mo-ment the half-humorous idea of digging its sharp edge into the fellow's shins stirred in him a faint inclination to smile. But his plan was better than that, and he knew that on his nerve, his steadiness and his eleverness in strategy hung the fate of the money in the express company's safe, perhaps the life of the man in the express car-and his chance to help Ben in this "tight pinch," to prevent his doing anything rash and thereby re-

ceiving hurt. He swung open the furnace door and threw in a scoopful of coal. The fire the cab door and pulled the curtain flared up and Dan looked quickly at the face of his guard and saw that the light dazzled him. He closed the door and swung his scoop again. This Dan's ideas of an up-to-date train rob- time he hit the bandit's legs a sharp ber. His face was dark, clean shaven rap. The man jumped aside with a snarl.

"I'll break yer block if you do that

again!" he cried. Dan stood up with anxlous, humble apology in every line of his face and figure. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean-I-if you'll just stand there on

The robber moved to the place designated. He could see his prisoners quite as well from the new position, and he did not relish the possibility of another dig from the scoop. Dan dumped a second shovel load on the fire. Then, holding his breath, he prepared for his here, boy," he cried, his big, gruff voice m he had reason to love, would be final play. He left the furnace door deep with emotion, "I've thought you a open that its stream of light might shield the engineer by blinding the rob- you backed 32 off the rails on the coal ber. A third shovel of coal, and then Dan paused in his stooped position that I'd sure have got shot last night

"How's the steam, Ben?" he asked the engineer over his shoulder, trying messenger's." of fire and her sudden stop. Her to speak coolly. He noted with satis-faction that he could hardly see the his confusion. "You saved my living and my chance for me once," he said, briefly.—The Youth's Companion. from the firebox, and he knew the bricay .- The Youth's Companion.

andit was equally at a disadrantage Then, without waiting for a reply, he looked up at the robber. Instinctively the latter had turned to the engineer, and was straining his eyes to look at the big gauge. Dan's m had come.

With all the force of his powerful young shoulders, backed by his wild determination, he swung the scoop, edge foremost, a fearful weapon, straight at the robber's body. Fairly over the stomach he hit the man, and the body of the bandit doubled up like a jackknife and went out of the cab into the blackness of the night, with only the dull sound of the fearful, crushing blow and the thud as he struck the ground.

"Pull her open, Ben! Let her go! gasped Dan, dropping the scoop and staggering into the cab.

Instantly the big engineer pulled his throttle as he had never pulled a valve before. No. 32 Jumped as if stung, and took up the slack of her train with a crazy crash and jar. slowed, then jumped again, and the heavy train started.

Ben jerked open the sand box. She should not slip now. Sparks flew from the track, and the big machine grouned almost humanly at the strain. It seemed enough to break connecting rods or to blow out a cylinder head, but everything held, and no express train on the B. and R. O. ever started with less loss of time.

For a moment, as the train moved, the robbers were at a loss, so sudden and complete was the surprise. Then shouts and howls arose, cries to the guard in the engine to stop the train, and then, after a delay Dan had scarcely boned for, a sudden bush, as realization came to them that they had lost control of the train.

"Duck, kid, duck!" roared Ben, from his lofty perch; but he himself stuck to his post, despite the expected danger of flying bullets.

Dan slipped back to the tank again, but it was not from fear of bullets nor from thought of them. He feared more that, with all her quick start, No. 32 might not get sufficient headway on her train to prevent the robbers from again mounting the engine. From the heavy pull at the start he knew that they had not yet broken the train in two, and the heavy coaches dragged with a fearful weight. But the locome tive gained at every turn of a wheel, at every crashing exhaust.

Dan peered cautiously round the corner of the tank. A man, running with all his might, was almost abreast of the cab, overhauling the still comparatively slow moving engine. Dan stooped and caught up a piece of coal the size of a cobblestone, braced him self and waited.

A moment later the striving runner reached to catch the handgrip of the cab. Dan saw his face, white, set, cruel, in the light of the still open firebox door. Then with every ounce of his power he flung his missile straight at the fierce visage.

The runner's face disappeared. No. 32 gasped and roared. The train gained speed until the engineer could pull his throttle wide.

Dan fed his fire and slammed the furnace door shut. Then he sank down upon the steel floor, cold, trembling, with a sudden feeling of faintness and nausea. The train flew on through the night, and only when the lights showed in the city station, twelve miles from the scene of the hold-up, did Ben curb her speed.

Dan had no notion of any great merit in what he had done. He was only giad. Indeed, his anxiety over the ferocity of the blow he had struck the bandit occupied his mind rather than any idea that he had performed a remarkable deed. He hoped with all his soul that he had not killed the

But when No. 32 stopped in the great train shed and the story was told, he suddenly found himself a hero. coaches, warned by the cries of their companions, quickly dropped from the train when the engine started, and that Dan's action alone had thus turned the tide against them.

A posse of officers pursued the robbers, and in the course of thirty-six hours four of them were caught. Among them was a man with three broken ribs and a cracked collar-bone. who, the doctors said, would recover, So Dan's anxiety was relieved.

It was not till the day following the affair that the engineer and Dan talked it over privately. They met on the engine as usual the next morning for their outgoing trip. To Dan it was somewhat embarrassing, for he feared some word from Ben in personal praise of his exploit. The boy was modest enough to dread most the praise which

he would most value. "How in the world did you think it out, Dan?" asked Ben, looking at the boy with mingled pride and affection. He was a man little given to any demonstration of feeling, but Dan's devotion to him had been too marked to pass unnoticed, and the engineer was

deeply affected. "I was the only one who could get an excuse to move," answered Dan, modestly, blushing to the roots of his Somebody had to do some-

"But you knew you might get a bullet in you. Besides, I- Look good one from the first-even when dock! You're a brick! Now I know with the heavy scoop poised in his if it hadn't been for you. I'd have been just fool enough. I believe you saved my skin as well as the express

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



SOLDIER REETLES.

There are beetles in England (of the family known to scientists as Telediers and sailors, the red species being called by the former name and the blue species by the latter. These beetles are among the most quarrelsome of insects and fight to the death on the least provocation. It has long been the custom among English boys to eatch and set them fighting with each other They are as ready for battle as game cocks, and the victor will both kill and eat his antagonist.-From "Nature and Science," in St. Nicholas,

THE VIRGINIA REEL.

Have you ever danced a Virginia reel? If you haven't, you surely will some day. It is interesting to know what the dance symbolizes, or stands

It is an imitation of weaving. The first movement represents the shooting of the shuttle from side to side, and the passage of the whoof (crosswise threads). The last movements indieate the tightening of the thrends, and the bringing together of the cloth. In some places the boys and girls stand in the row by sevens to imitate the different colors of the strands.-Indianap olls News.

A PARTRIDGE NEST.

As I was going through the woods I heard a partridge drumming and so I went up that way. I was with a few of the farm boys. We were picking some flowers called fox gloves; all of a sudden I beard a fierce flutter of wings; looking around I saw a partridge flying away. We all ran to where the nest was. Such a sight as I saw The feathers lined the bottom of the leafy nest, and fourteen eggs were counted. They were brown and about the size of a bantam's egg. The outside of the nest was lined with maple leaves, which were pasted together with mud and a few little twigs.

The nest was against a rotten stump and pear a great maple tree, which gave me some very nice syrup this spring. I have kept watch of the nest since I found it. A little while ago I found . Can you guess what? Well, I'll tell you-a fine brood of young partridges, with the mother in the middle of the brood; she made a queer noise, and away those little chicks did go for the leaves and brush faster than I could see where

they hid. One little fellow was left, I picked him up; the mother came and tried to fool me by jumping around and mak ing believe she was hurt. You see she tried to make me catch her, so that she could save the young one, or tell it to run away when I ran after her. I knew her tricks, and so I kept my chick.-Melers M. G ---, In the Berkshire Industrial Farm Record.

A HOME MADE BALL.

There are many kinds of balls for sale in the shops, but most of them are too hard for ordinary hand playing. The writer of this has never seen anything to equal the balls he used to make for himself when he was a boy,

Get a perfectly round orange and cut the peel into even quarters, numbering them at one end so as to be able to put them together again in their proper order.

Ask your mother or your sister for a pair of discarded kid gloves with long wrists, and out of these wrists cut four pieces exactly like the four pieces of orange peel. Number them as you did the pieces of peel, and with linen thread sew over and over three seams, thus putting the four pieces together, but leaving one seam open.

This is the cover for your ball. Get a solid rubber ball about threequarters of an inch in diameter, and on it wind the common woolen yarn of which stockings are made. You can buy the yarn at a shop, or, if you can get an old stocking, ravel it out. Do the winding evenly, so as to keep the ball perfectly round, and try it now and then to see whether it is large enough for your cover. You must make it so that it will fit in the cover exactly, and then you draw the remaining edges together and sew them over and over, as you did the other

The boy who uses a ball of this kind will never willingly use any other. It is plenty hard enough, and yet it is soft to the touch, and the rubber centre gives it all the needed bounce.

GUEST ATE THE ALMANAC.

The boundary riders of the great Australian sheep ranches have each a district to look after, in which one must keep the wire fences in repair. and see that the sheep come to no harm. It is a hard and lonely life, living, as each boundary rider does, quite alone in the wilderness.

A writer in the Young People's Paper tells of some of the curious ways in which these solitary men keep count of the days. We are indebted for the account to Miss Lena Gould, Beaverton, Mich.

An old man, who had lived in the back country for thirty years, used two jam tins and seven pebbles. One tin was marked "This week," and the oth-



"Last week." On Monday morning he would take a pebble from "Last week" and drop it into "This week," phoridae) that are popularly called sol- and one every subsequent morning until "This week" had swallowed the seven. They were return to "Last week," and the old fellow know that

another Sunday had passed. Another man had tried and failed with several plans. At last he hit on a new idea. He made a big damper (cake of flour and water) on Sunday night, and marked it into seven sec tions, each section being a day's allow once, so that every time he picked the damper up the grooves would remind

Unfortunately, one Tuesday there ome a visitor with a ravenous appe tite. The host stinted himself that the hungry one might be satisfied with the day's section. But he wasn't. With anxious eyes the host saw the knife clearing the boundary line, and the bungry man ruthlessly carved into his almanac. At last he could stand it no

"Stop! stop!" he eried, as he grabbed the damper and glared at it.

he sald, "you've enter loosday and We'n'sday, and now yer wanter slice the best o' the morning off o' Thursday, an' I won't know the day o' the week."

A CLEVER BULLFINCH.

Don was very unhappy when I was first in a glass conservatory, where he had sunshine, flowers and two canary birds for company. But he did not care for them. He wanted something else, He was silent and moping. So the loving little bird was made happy by seing placed in my room upstairs. It was wonderful how soon he

learned to distinguish my step. Often his clear, sweet tone could be heard pouring from his dainty threat. Or erhaps he was silent. It was all the SECTION. in the hall below or on the stairs, the whistle ceased, or the silence was brokhe'ere!" was the eager cry. Of course, I always did "come he'ere." And then the delight of the dear little fellow was touching. Down he jumped to the door of his cage post haste. Then, puffed up like a bail, he bowed right and left, dancing to and fro as if of the vehicle, with his brown feet wound up to run for hours. And such | hanging out over the dusty road. By sweet piping as there was, too!

But he never played about the room then I was away. He was too sorrowful for that. His favorite haunt, next bill, the apple orchard all in bloom to my head or shoulders, was my bu-He loved to hop all over it; but he loved best of all to mount the big, fat pineushion. It was such fine fun fill we've gone past 'em." he comto pull out all the pins and drop them | plained. on the bureau scarf. Sometimes be carried them to the edge of the bureau

and dropped them on the floor. One day I bent the point of a large pin and twisted it well into the cushon. It was rather naughty, to be sure, but I wished to see what Don would do about it. The other pins came out are no days like the old days, no bless and were dropped as usual. Then came the tug of war. The poor little bird pulled and pulled and tugged and road is lost until it is receding in the tugged. The big pin moved, but did distance. Facing backward may not and he wants to tell the other boys not come out. He put his head on one he a matter of deliberate choice, but side and eyed it severely. He was not it certainly is a matter of habit. Since one of the "giveup" sort. He had made up his mind to conquer that pin. He only wise and comfortable method is worked very hard for at least ten to face the way we are going, and enminutes. Then the plaintive "Come he'ere, come he-ere, come he-ere!" rang

I waited to see what he would do next. And what do you think? He thought a little, then mounted the cushion again, and whistled and danced to that obstinate pin. But it stayed right where it was. Then he seized it once more, and tugged so hard that his tiny feet slipped and he sat right down. Next he got up and stared at it, then hopped to the edge of the bureau and called again, "Come he'ere, come

he'ere.' I could not tense him any longer and went to the rescue. The moment that pin was loose, Don selzed it with a imppy chuckle. Hopping to the back part of the bureau, he dropped the pin down between it and the wall. It was in disgrace, you know.

One day the dear little fellow had

been very busy indeed. The cushion had been freshly filled with pins. That gave him a great deal of work to do, of course. The pins had all to be carried to the edge of the bureau and dropped overboard. That task finished, he went into his house to get his dinner.

I went to work to pick up the pins telling Don that he was a naughty bird to make me so much trouble. It seemed as if he understood every word. At once he stopped eating his seeds, came out and peeped at me over the edge of the bureau. Then down he came, making steps on my head, shoulder and arm until he reached the floor. And there the dear little bird hurried around with all his might, picking up the pins. He flew up to the cushion, laid them down and came back for more, until they were all gathered up. Then he sat on my chair, whistled his tune and finally went to sleep.-Helen Harcourt's "Stories of My Pets," in St.

There are more than 4,000,000 steel pens used up every day in England

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

What he calls "emanium" is sur posed by Gisel to be a new element existing in a strongly radio-active earth consisting chiefly of lanthanum. On a zine blende screen this earth gives finshes brighter than radium.

Large chimneys are usually felled by cutting away the base and setting fire to the temporary wood props placed in the cavity. A new method has been successfully tried at Openshaw, England, three large chimneys thrown down by dynamite cartridges exploded simultaneously in holes drilled in the brickwork.

It is astonishing the minute detail of search and investigation often underaken by the specialist in the pursuit of his profession or hobby. As an instance it may be mentioned that the Avientural Society of Great Britain has been preparing tabulated data or the death rate among birds, and how influenced by diet.

Recent layestigation would seem to Indicate that the bouse tree has its uses as a lightning protector. According to an analysis made of the lightning losses in the Province of Ontario, Canada. covering a period of several years past, "such trees as spruce, clm or maple, planted near the farmstead, are a permanent and an increasing means of protection from lightning."

A strange medicine of the East is: "silulit." long reputed to cure most disenses. Mr. David Hooper finds that the name is given to an aluminium sulphate exuding from the rocks in certain parts of the Himalayas; to a black substance-probably true similt - said to form an exudation on tocks in Neout of sight. His cage was hung at pal, and consisting mainly of alkalies combined with an organic acid, and to a third, or white silajit, that seems to

Westrumite, a mixture of the heavy oils of tar emulsified by ammonia, is added to ten or twenty times its volume of water, and applied to roads by an ordinary watering eart, three or four consecutive applications giving a permanent laying of the dust. It seems to be less slippery than far or far-oil, The instant my step sounded and may be applied without waiting for the road to become perfectly dry It is gaining favor in France, and, to en. "Come be'ere, come be'ere, come test it thoroughly, half of one Paris avenue is treated with it and the other half with tar.

> Facing Backward. The country wagon was filled, and the small boy of the party had ensconced himself contentedly in the back and by the others began to comment of various objects of interest as they came into view-the new house on the and a tiny lake in a meadow.

small boy grew disconte .ted. "I don't see any of the nice things

Yet many persons travel through life in that way, always facing backward. For things that are coming they have neither faith nor ambition; for things that are present, they have little in terest and scant praise; some past joy, grief, or regret holds them fast. There ings like those that have been left be hind, and all the pleasantness of the we needs must journey forward, the joy as we may what pleasantness it brings.-Epworth Herald.

Pity 'Tis, 'Tis True. First Giggling Girl-"Te-he! The Russians were defeated yesterday." Second Giggling Girl-"Well, for pity's sake!

F. G. G .- "Papa says that the integrity of China is in grave and imminent danger." S. G. G .- "Well, for pity's sake!

F. G. G .- "I'm going to have my new waist made of malze peau de cynge, with a bertha of cream venetian over white mousseline. S. G. G .- "Well, for pity's sain

This scene got, as the saying is, on Mr. Blankington's nerves.

"Mary," he shouted, as soon as h opened the front door of his home, "I heard a young female on the car this afternoon use the expression 'for pliy's sake' just 13,864 times by actual count. This is no exaggeration, and if you doubt the accuracy of my figures, I'll go before a notary and make affidavit. Just 13.864 times by actua painstaking count!"

Mrs. Blankington carefully set down the lamp she had been carrying. "Well," she ejaculated, "for pily" sake!"-Houston Chronicle.

Barrett's Joke in Death's Face.

Wilson Barrett, the English actor who died recently as the result of a surgical operation for intestinal trou ble, was quite a joker. Just before he was about to be chloroformed he said to the doctors: Here's a fine state of things. I was to open my season in a few weeks, and here you fellows are about to open me." Thirty-six hours later he was a dead man, heart failure through fatty degeneration having carried him off,

Japanese in America.

There are 24,300 Japanese in the United States, and they are here to educate themselves in Western ways, and to return to the Far East to teach their own people advanced ideas.

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No. 3 white.

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Hown middings.

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Out.

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Hogs. Prime heavy hogs. Prime medium weights

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The Rev. R. B. Miller, pastor of he First United Presbyterian church of Beaver, announced his de-cision to reject a call from Charlotte, . C. The Beaver congregation building a \$25,000 church, and it is to stay and see this completed that caused Mr. Miller to refuse the call.

Jan Povystek, 37 years old, was killed by a Panhandle train at Mc-Donald. He was crossing the tracks and did not notice the train approach-

The coroner's jury investigating the dynamite explosion at North Branch, which cost two lives, returned a verdict that the accident was unavoidable

Schoolboys with chestnut hair, 12 is said, are likely to be more clever than any others and will generally be found at the head of the class, and in like manner girls with fair hair are likely to be far more studious and bright than girls with dark bair.

ATTORNEY AT-LAW. DR R R HOUVER, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.