

### THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY.

I.  
Have you ever heard, my laddie, of that  
wondrous mountain-peak  
On which we all would like to live,  
Which even children seek?  
It has roared its lofty summit ever since  
The world began.  
You will know it when I name it—'tis the  
Mountain of the Can't.  
It lies beyond the valley where so many  
people dwell  
(The Valley of the Can't, it's called. We  
all know that place well.)  
And the pathway is so rugged leading up  
The mountain side  
That few there are who reach the top to  
dwell there satisfied.

II.  
One may start out some fine morning when  
The sun is shining bright,  
Saying, "Pooh! That path is easy. I will  
reach the top by night."  
But by noon the storm-clouds gather, and  
A mist obscures the way.  
And he stumbles over boulders and falls  
In dismay.  
So he turns his footsteps backward to  
ward the Valley of the Can't.  
Here he meets again the neighbors whom  
He thought to leave behind;  
And henceforth dwells among them, with  
the lame and halt and blind.

Now, my laddie, where will you dwell  
When you grow to be a man—  
In the Valley of the Can't or on the  
Mountain of the Can't?  
—Gertrude Morton, in St. Nicholas.

III.  
But sometimes a man more venturesome  
and plucky than the rest  
Will climb through rocks and bramble till  
he stands upon the crest.  
Here he pauses, filled with wonder as he  
gazes far and wide  
At the beauty of the buildings, at the  
wealth on every side.  
For behold! the grandest castles raise their  
turrets to the sky;  
Noblest bridges span the waters that go  
swiftly tumbling by.  
Sweetest flowers fill the gardens of each  
stately palace home;  
And Happiness and Honor dwell beneath  
each gilded dome.

IV.  
Here dwell artists, poets, statesmen—men  
of letters and renown,  
Who by honest toil and patience have  
achieved a victor's crown.  
Here they live and learn and study, and in  
daily knowledge grow.  
While their brethren in the valley pay  
them homage from below;  
Pay them homage—yet forgetting that  
should they, too, persevere,  
They might some day reach the summit  
with them men whom they revere.  
Forgetting that each lesson learned, each  
slight accomplishment,  
Brings them on just one step farther up  
the mountain's steep ascent.

## BILLY'S SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION.

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

"It strikes me," began Billy  
Houck, judicially squinting  
his left eye, "that it is  
about time that herd of  
shinin' lights from Sarvis  
Point was learnin' how to  
behave in public."

This sentiment was received with  
emphatic approval. Several even vol-  
unteered to shed their blood if neces-  
sary, to help teach that much needed  
lesson.

"Don't get too violent, now, boys;  
they may come out wonderful when  
they learn some. If about twenty of  
you will jine in and follow directions,  
we'll help make men of 'em."

When Billy proposed a plan there  
were always plenty of volunteers to  
carry it out.

The "shinin' lights" referred to were  
six young men from Sarvis Point who  
had been making life burdensome for  
Buckeye Ridge for three months. It  
had begun when these young men cre-  
ated a disturbance at a school exhibi-  
tion and were arrested and fined \$20  
apiece and costs. After that they or-  
ganized a more lawful plan for creating  
disturbance.

It had worked very satisfactorily.  
When there was a public meeting they  
simply waited until it was well started  
and then one, with his spurs dang-  
ling, would slowly walk in and take a seat.  
In a few minutes another would come  
in and then another and another until  
all six were seated. When the meeting  
was half over, one went out. A few  
minutes would elapse and then another  
and another, until the six were out  
and the meeting spoiled.

Their special delight was to disturb  
the Methodist preacher, for the Justice  
of the Peace belonged to that church.  
The minister was a meek, sweet-spir-  
ited little man who suffered long and  
never upbraided; but it always spoiled  
his sermon when they came, and they  
did not often miss.

When Billy explained his plan for a  
school of instruction on public be-  
havior, some of the timid ones advised  
against it.

"Let's have them arrested for dis-  
turbin' the peace," suggested one.

"Ain't any law agin' a man comin'  
in and goin' out when he pleases,"  
snapped a friend of the Billy idea.

"Maybe," suggested a weak-eyed  
class leader, "they will get some good  
out of the meeting. We should not  
keep the vilest sinner from the house  
of the Lord."

"Well, now, I ain't overly strong on  
religion," said Billy, "but it strikes me  
the circuit rider at Buckeye Bridge has  
a right to be talkin' without any  
interference from Sarvis Point. I ain't  
objectin' to these sinners goin' to the  
house of the Lord. It's on them leav-  
in' it too soon. Educate 'em. A little  
information on manners won't keep out  
the grace, and maybe it will act  
quicker."

Billy prevailed, as he always did, and  
the school of instruction was set for  
the following Sunday evening.

It was a beautiful night and the little  
church was crowded. Buckeye Ridge  
thought a great deal of its church, and  
when "preachin' day" was fine, saint  
and sinner flocked together in crowds.

The songs and prayers were over,  
the preacher read his text and began  
to outline his sermon. The audience  
was strictly attentive. A heavy step  
sounded in the vestibule, the familiar  
clink, clink of a loose spur, and a tall  
young man stalked down the aisle and  
took a seat near the front.

The minister was slightly annoyed,  
for, of course, no one could listen while  
his attention was being spurred away  
from the subject. There was the sound  
of heavy feet, stamp, stamp, stamp,  
and the clink, clink, clink of a spur.  
Another robust citizen of Sarvis Point  
came down the aisle and took a seat  
near the front.

Once more the preacher rallied. With  
a supreme effort he got the attention  
of the congregation. The sound of feet  
again, again the clink, clink of clink  
of spurs. By the time the third was  
finally seated the minister was so dis-  
tracted he gave out a hymn and sat  
down to try to collect his thoughts.

No one came in during the singing,  
but as soon as the minister renewed his  
attack on the text, another Pointer  
came dancin' his spurred feet down  
the aisle; a little later another, and  
so on to the sixth.

Fifteen minutes of the time had been  
wasted. The minister hurried himself  
nervously at the subject and began to  
grow eloquent with earnestness. Just  
as he reached the height of his theme,  
the tall young man near the front  
shuffled his feet, rose slowly, picked up  
his hat and coat, crowded by those in  
the end of the seat and started leisurely  
down the aisle, his spurs clinkin' clink.  
As he neared the door two men rose  
and quietly stepped in front of him.  
One of them—it was Billy—said in an  
under-tone:

"Supposin' we go back to our seats  
and hear the rest of the sermon."  
There was a craning of necks, the  
preacher paused, and a tingle of excite-  
ment touched the crowd. The other  
five Pointers sprang up and hurried  
down the aisle menacingly. Their  
faces indicated a determination to de-  
molish the obstruction at the door on  
quick time.

Four men on each side rose up quietly  
and closed in, a solid line across the  
door. Four rose up on each side of the  
aisle, and four came down the aisle  
after the Pointers.

The audience, after it caught its  
breath, was ready to break into a  
panic.

"Parson," said Billy in a reassuring  
tone, "you'll excuse me for sayin' a  
word. All you people just keep your  
seats, perfectly quiet, there ain't gon'  
to be a bit of trouble. Now, parson,  
give out a hymn, and all of you sing  
good and loud."

"I'll be hanged if there won't be  
trouble mighty quick if you don't clear  
that door," said the leader of the Point-  
ers, starting forward.

Billy stepped squarely in front of  
him.

"Don't get excited now, boys," he  
said, mildly. "You ain't gon' out that  
door and it'll be better not to make a  
fuss, and I wouldn't use any cuss  
words—there's women and children  
here."

The audience had caught its cue and  
was singing with nervous loudness.  
The Pointers drew close together. They  
looked ugly. Their hands were at their  
hip pockets; several revolvers were  
half drawn. At a nod from Billy the  
twelve men drew around in a close  
circle. They were picked men, cool-  
headed, but obstinate enough to fight  
to the death to enforce their order.

"Boys," said Billy, still speaking in  
an even tone, "go back and sit down  
in the front seat and stay till you are  
told to leave. It'll be better to listen  
to the preacher now than to have him  
preachin' over you to-morrow when  
you can't hear."

The rowdies glanced around the circle  
and knew these men were not  
bluffing, nor were they to be buffed.  
They parleyed a minute among them-  
selves.

"We don't have to go back," said the  
leader.

"Maybe not," said Billy; "then I'm  
afraid we'll have to carry you."  
The circle drew a little closer, alert,  
ready.

The rowdies turned about sullenly  
and walked back to the front seat.  
Four citizens sat down in the ends of  
the seat beside them, eight in the seat  
behind.

The services proceeded with the best  
of order.

slowly and it was 11.10 when he  
finished. The whisky was dying out in  
the Pointers and they began to feel  
sleepy and mean.

"Say," said the leader, in an at-  
tempt to be friendly, "ain't that about  
enough?"

"Dick," said Billy, "I see he ain't  
caught the points in the last chapter.  
Read it again."

There was no further interruption.

"Tom," said Billy, "these fellers  
missed the lesson to-night. They need  
a little Scripture, seein' it is Sunday.  
Supposin' you read us a Chronicle or  
two." It was quarter past midnight  
when he finished.

The Pointers were weary, fearfully  
weary. They were sleepy, too, and  
fifteen miles from their beds. They  
looked around appealingly, but there  
was no encouragement.

"Now," said Billy, "these young men  
need a little history knowledge. Alf,  
you may read the Declaration of Inde-  
pendence." It was finished at 1.30.

The bench was very hard. One of  
the weary Pointers twisted in his seat.  
Another dozed, but a terrific jab in  
the ribs from the elbow of one of the  
guards brought him back with a grunt.

"Give us the Constitution," called  
Billy.

It was half-past 2 when the last  
section was read.

"That'll do, Alf," said Billy. "We'll  
save Washington's Farewell speech till  
the boys come agin. Guess we might  
adjourn."

To date, the Sarvis Point "shinin'  
lights" are in the dark as to the con-  
tents of Washington's Farewell Ad-  
dress.—The Criterion.

**His Little Dose of Spice.**

No one noticed how it began, but  
the elderly little man was disputing with  
the six-footer for a position at the "L"  
car door.

"There's plenty of room over there,"  
said the giant. "You needn't be crowd-  
in' me."

"I won't budge an inch," came the  
retort.

"I'll show you if you won't," said the  
other angrily. "I'll teach you a thing  
or two."

And at every word he elbowed him  
violently away. The little man was  
like a feather before him and he real-  
ized it. He allowed himself to be hur-  
led along without offering the slight-  
est resistance. Only a crimson glow  
flooded his gray-bearded cheeks.

A third man sprang angrily in front  
of the enraged bully and growled into  
his face:

"You ought to be ashamed of your-  
self, sir; see, he's ashamed of you-  
self, a big, heavy man like you!"

The man addressed looked sheepishly  
down and said nothing. But the little  
elderly man calmly remarked to his  
ally:

"Don't pay any attention to it, sir;  
we need a little variety in life."—New  
York Press.

**Scrambled.**

A salesman in a department store  
who possesses considerable wit entered  
a restaurant in the central section of  
the city the other day, and, finding the  
waiter to have been a recent arrival at  
the place, told him he wanted two  
fried eggs.

"I want one egg fried on one side,  
and the other egg fried on the other  
side, and I want them quick," the  
salesman added.

"Would you kindly write that on a  
piece of paper?" said the waiter.

## JAPAN'S FUTURE.

Not Yet a World Power, But Will Be, Says  
Count Okuma.

LET me think a minute—wait  
a minute. You think that  
Japan has become a world  
power? Count Okuma  
leaned forward. "A world  
power? Oh, no—not yet!  
Supposin' you read us a Chronicle or  
two." It was quarter past midnight  
when he finished.

The Powers used missionaries  
and scholars in China as the first step  
toward the Chinese invasion. And  
they failed. And China will naturally  
hesitate now to accept any good medi-  
cine of civilization from the Powers'  
hands. But Japan has used no such  
method. We must meet China kindly  
and sympathetically. We must prove  
to her that she can trust in us. If  
there is anything that must be an ob-  
stacle to our treatment, we must root  
it out. It is Japan's duty—nay, we  
must regard it as our right. There is  
an obstacle, and that obstacle to-day  
is Russia, and we are destroying that  
obstacle.

"But we must be most careful in  
speech and action. People who have  
but little knowledge and no clear un-  
derstanding are always suspicious,  
China and Korea, for whom we have  
spent a tremendous amount of money  
and have spilled our blood, could easily  
be stirred up by the other Powers to  
oppose us.

"We Japanese must strike anybody  
who shall menace the peace of Eastern  
Asia. But we must not invade any  
country. That is our nation's thought  
and wish. Will you speak it publicly  
in America?"

Count Okuma's earnestness was from  
the heart.—Tokio Correspondence in  
Boston Transcript.

**His Authority**

A bank President called one day on  
Governor John G. McCullough of Ver-  
mont.

"Governor," he said, "I want to re-  
commend to your notice Sebastian Eco-  
nomy. This young man would fill a place of  
trust with discretion and integrity."

"He is a good man, eh?" the Gov-  
ernor asked.

"He is one of the best of men," said  
the bank President, solemnly. "Moral,  
high minded, generous to a fault—"

With a laugh the Governor inter-  
rupted the bank President.

"This fervid praise," he said, "re-  
minds me of a case wherein I appeared  
in San Francisco."

He laughed again. Then he went on:  
"It was a will case. We were trying  
to break the will of an elderly gentle-  
man, who, ignoring his relations, had  
left the bulk of his property to a total  
stranger. It was part of our case to  
prove that the dead man had been eccen-  
tric, irregular, cruel, dissipated, and,  
after we had proved this point, the  
defense summoned a witness in rebut-  
tal.

"The first question put to the de-  
fense's witness was: 'What do you  
know about the character of the de-  
ceased?' And the man answered, sir,  
in words like these:

"He was a man without blame, be-  
loved and respected of men, pure in  
all his thoughts, and—"

"But I interrupted the witness."

"Where," I said, 'did you learn all  
that?'"

"I got it," the man answered, "from  
the tombstone."—Salt Lake Tribune.

**She Made Her Meaning Clear.**

Mrs. Witherspoon had been six weeks  
in Paris without seeing a familiar face,  
so when one day she caught sight of  
Moses Runlett, whom she had known in  
the little country village where both  
of them were born, she greeted him  
with a beaming smile.

"Glad to see you, ma'am," said Mr.  
Runlett, who had made his money rap-  
idly and recently, and had experienced  
some difficulty in securing social recog-  
nition. "Last time I met you it  
seemed as if you'd most forgotten who  
I was."

"Oh, no, I'm sure not," said Mrs.  
Witherspoon, vaguely. "At any rate,  
you and your wife must come to see  
me here. You know how it is. People  
whom we never think of at home seem  
like dear friends when we meet them  
in a strange—at least, what I mean is,  
we seem to want to see them, whereas  
at home—what I'm trying to say is—  
please do come, both of you," and  
thrusting a card in Mr. Runlett's hand,  
she hurried away, feeling unpleasantly  
warm.—Youth's Companion.

**Good Health and Fresh Air.**

Good health and fresh air are the  
only perfumes permissible to-day. The  
time has gone by when it was consid-  
ered elegant to breathe an overpowering  
fragrance of musk or patchouli.  
The woman who does it must lay her-  
self open to the charge of unrefined  
taste. One instinctively draws back  
from her. When a great swish of  
skirts and a wave of heavy perfume  
passes one you may be sure to find  
combined with them a loud, untrained  
voice. And as for perfumed letter  
paper,ugh! All this, however, applies  
only to young women. There is a cer-  
tain type of clean white haired ladies  
who would not be themselves did not  
their garments give forth an elusive  
faint scent of orris or of lavender—a  
perfume so delicate that one wonders  
if it is a real perfume or imaginary.

**Benzine Fires.**

Benzine is apt to ignite spontaneously  
in chemical cleaning works at the mo-  
ment when woollen materials are pulled  
out of the benzine wash. The ignition  
is caused by electric sparks. The fires  
are more frequent in the coldest  
weather and more frequent in dry, pure  
air than in damp, dusty air. Richter  
has shown that electric sparks cause  
the trouble, and he found that with  
dry air and a temperature of minus  
fifteen degrees Centigrade the danger  
was greatest. He discovered also that  
when 0.62 per cent. of magnesium  
oleate was added to the benzine no dis-  
charges took place and no explosion  
occurred.

## FARM TOPICS.

GOOD GENERAL FERTILIZER.

One of the best general fertilizers  
the world has ever used on a soil  
rather sandy and loamy is composed of  
100 pounds of acid phosphate, 600  
pounds of fish scrap, 100 pounds of  
nitrate of soda and 400 pounds of mu-  
riate of potash to the acre. For use  
on vegetables, where the crop is the  
top, such as cabbage, the potash is re-  
duced one-half and the nitrate of soda  
doubled, while 1000 pounds of acid  
phosphate is used. This plan of fer-  
tilizing is followed after the plot has  
received a fair amount of stable man-  
ure the season before. It is as good  
as any complete fertilizer on the mar-  
ket and costs much less by buying the  
ingredients and mixing them on the  
farm floor. Try the formula on a lim-  
ited area the coming season and see  
how it works.—Indianapolis News.

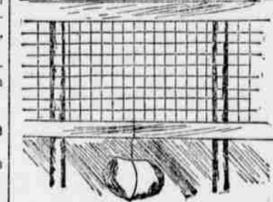
**PLANT FOOD.**

As long as farmyard manures were  
the chief fertilizers used upon crops  
farmers gave little attention to the  
plant food ingredients contained in  
the home made product. In fact, the  
humus in the manure had such a  
wholesome effect upon the soil that  
the plant food contained therein had  
little to do with increasing yields. As  
soils became depleted of their fertility  
they needed plant food as well as hu-  
mus, and then the chemist and the  
farmer found that some manures were  
much richer in plant food than others.  
They found that feeding grains and  
concentrated rations gave more plant  
food to the manure.

It is a well-known fact that plants  
require many mineral and vegetable  
elements in a soil if they grow well  
upon it; but many of all soils and so  
abundant that they need not be con-  
sidered in estimating the value of a  
fertilizer. In commercial fertilizers  
they are entirely ignored. The chief  
elements that are not found in all  
soils in sufficient quantities for the  
production of maximum crops are nitro-  
gen, phosphoric acid and potash.

**HOG PROOF FENCE.**

After some years of experience with  
woven wire fences we have found best  
results from those woven in squares  
rather than in the diamond mesh. The  
square mesh is much easier to stretch,  
and does not sag in the middle in the  
exasperating way the diamond mesh  
wire does. We have also found that  
the hogs get the better of a wire fence



by getting their heads under it, and  
by main strength pushing the wire up  
ward. We overcome this trick by wir-  
ing a heavy stone to the bottom strand  
of the fence, between each two posts,  
and burying this stone under the  
ground. It holds the fence taut, and  
is a good thing to use in any place  
where the fence is likely to be roughly  
treated. The illustration clearly shows  
the idea.—Indianapolis News.

**FEEDING SLOWLY.**

I covered the ensilage with chaff and  
tanned paper and put on the weight.  
The ensilage kept well until opened,  
when it troubled about heating and  
moulding, and nearly one-half was  
spoiled. In the first silo each pig had  
144 square feet, and I could feed fast  
enough from the top to prevent mould-  
ing; now I had 256 square feet, and I  
was in trouble again. I read every  
thing published about ensilage, yet no-  
body told me what I wanted to know.

The sixth winter I covered with  
chaff, then a layer of boards, then  
tanned paper, followed by a second  
layer of boards, and then a foot of  
straw to keep the boards from warp-  
ing. During the winter I bunched  
along, trying several ways to keep the  
ensilage. As a last resort, I began on  
one side and took out ensilage one foot  
in depth and then covered with boards  
behind me as I proceeded across to the  
other side. After I had gone across  
and dug down another foot and began  
to go back, I found the ensilage very  
hot and mouldy under the boards. As  
I proceeded along backward, I thought  
of something new, which has proved  
to be the right thing in just the right  
place. I put poor ensilage on top of  
the good and then two layers of boards,  
breaking joints, and the good ensilage  
remained good. The poor ensilage and  
the boards excluded the air, and that  
ended the trouble. For five winters  
the same plan has been followed with  
good results.

It makes no difference how warm or  
how cold the winter, the ensilage al-  
ways comes out warm, fully up to  
blood heat, and there is no chance for  
any to mould, for very little is exposed  
at one time. On no other farm do  
they handle ensilage in this way. 'Tis  
often in other silos I have seen mouldy  
and frozen ensilage, both unfit for feed.  
In a round silo boards could not be  
handled very well for covering, and  
that is why I prefer the square one.—  
N. B. White, in the Massachusetts  
Ploverman.

The new docks in Gibraltar are large  
enough to hold the biggest vessel in  
the British navy.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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**SPORTING BRIEVITIES.**

Walter Christie won the fifty mile  
automobile race in Florida in 1b. 11m.  
20 1/2 s.

Morris Wood, champion skater, won  
the half-mile race on Verona Lake in  
1m. 31 2/5 s.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., was elected  
commander of the Scowanna-Corinthian  
Yacht Club.

The Van Cortlandts and the Thistles  
won in the semi-final round for the  
Dewar Curling Cup.

Guy Lyman, of the New York A. C.,  
won the two handicap skating races at  
West New York Field.

Charles S. Ross carried off the honors  
in the automobile race on the Cran-  
daytona Beach, Florida.

Columbia defeated Company K, of  
the Seventh Regiment, in a hockey  
game by a score of 8 to 1, in New York  
City.

Irving School defeated Columbia in  
the opening game for the interscholastic  
hockey championships by a score of  
3 to 1.

F. S. Howell, of Albany, N. Y., won  
the final round in the handicap golf  
tournament at Pinehurst for the Berk-  
shire Cups.

The Crescent A. C.'s hockey team de-  
feated the Wanderers by 2 goals to 1  
at the Clermont Avenue Rink, in  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lucien Merigane, the world's cham-  
pion fencer, gave an exhibition with  
the foils in the Grand Central Palace,  
New York City.

The Drub and the George, of the  
North Shrewsbury, won the first ice  
yacht race for the championship pen-  
nant of the North and South Shrews-  
bury Rivers.

Mike Bowserman, the Kentucky  
horseman, is credited with saying that  
really good brood mares in all sorts are  
scarce just now in the United States  
than he has ever known them to be.

## MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.	
Grain, Flour and Feed.	
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	\$1 09
Do—No. 2 white.....	88
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear.....	52 3/4
Do—No. 2 white, shelled.....	50 1/2
Mixed ear.....	48 49
Oats—No. 2 white.....	35 36
Do—No. 2 white, shelled.....	32 33
Flour—Winter patent.....	5 80
Straight winter.....	5 50
Hay—No. 1 timothy.....	12 50
Do—No. 2.....	12 00
Feed—No. 1 white mix. 100.....	22 30
Brown middlings.....	18 00
Brass, bulk.....	80 20
Straw—Wheat.....	8 00
Oat.....	5 00