

THE "HOME, SWEET HOME" HOUSE.

Still stand the maples at the gate, The dark fir-trees beside the door; The bob-white calls his pensive mate As sweetly as he did before.

I still behold my mother's face, Her singing voice drifts down to me; But vacant now her waiting place, Where she had always loved to be.

AN EXPERIMENT .. :. IN REALISM

How the Jimmy .. :. Supplemented the Pen.

BY JULIEN JOSEPHSON.



If you have ever tried to write a story in which a burglary forms a vital part of the plot, you will agree that for this sort of work—

ing rather queerly at the closet, as if he thought it might be profitably investigated. I had a rather bad minute just about this time, and felt greatly relieved when he went silently from the room, leaving the door open behind him.

At first the unexpectedness of his singular actions dazed me; then the boldness of them fairly took me off my feet. I watched my felonious friend narrowly, noting with pardonable pride that he seemed interested in my story.

Those were unfortunate words for him. For no sooner had he delivered himself of this caustic and unmerited aspersion on my powers of characterization than I sallied forth with blood in my usually tranquil eye.

The burglar regarded me for a moment with puzzled face. "I'm not a burglar any more than you are," he then said, with a short, snappy laugh.

Off came the black cloth. One look at that thin, scarred face, with its crooked mouth and restless, shifty blue eyes, convinced me that if ever a burglar lived, here was a choice specimen.

But the farce had proceeded far enough. "Will you kindly explain to me in what way you expect your literary experience to be enriched by purloining my watch?" I asked, politely, wishing to bring matters to a head.

But I had seen his sharp eyes measuring the distance between himself and my pistol-hand, and I was prepared. Springing back quickly, I avoided his grasp, and dealt him a chopping blow on the head with my heavy pistol. He went down like a log.

I was sincerely sorry that the necessity for violence should have arisen—and up to a certain point in our interview I had even hoped that I was about to secure some bits of realism that would be real contributions to the common literary fund.

And now for the sequel—which concerns itself with the fate of the manuscript and of the burglar. The fate of the manuscript, like that of the burglar, was cruel.

All of which, I humbly submit, merely goes to show that the pen is mightier than the Jimmy.—The Argonaut.

Brave Man Papa. Evelyn is the little daughter of a Marshall County family, relates the Chicago Chronicle. She is very timid. Her father, finding that sympathy only increased this unfortunate tendency, decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter on the subject of her foolish fears.

An Irving Story. Sir Henry Irving tells that at one time visiting Shakespeare's birthplace he had a slight experience with a rattle of the vicinity. Being in a quizical frame of mind, Sir Henry addressed a few questions to the fellow, and in reply obtained some illuminating information, according to the Buffalo Commercial.

Meaning of Storching. The storching, which has deposed King Oscar from the Norwegian throne, is, being interpreted, the Great Court, and should be pronounced to rhyme with "courting."

How Does a Fly Light? "It's odd," said the casual diner in the quick lunch restaurant, to his neighbor, a stranger, "and it's an old query, but did you ever stop to think how it is that a fly lights on the ceiling?"

Pluck and Adventure.

A STRANGE POCKETBOOK.

SARAH CALDWELL was a little girl thirteen years old, when, toward the close of the Civil War, she had a perilous drive, and yet one which I am sure any of you boys and girls would envy her.

Now, Louisville was thirty miles from the little Kentucky town in which they lived, and there was at that time no railroad between the two places. The drive was one full of danger.

So, unquestionably, Sarah prepared that night to start early the next morning. She noticed her mother was unusually busy sewing on the dress she was to wear, although she knew of no stitches necessary to be made on it.

Watching eagerly all this, and unheeding any danger that might be in their way, our travelers reached Boston Tavern, midway between their town and Louisville. It still stands at the foot of Boston Hill, and is a long, low, rambling structure, closely resembling the inns of old England.

They reached Louisville in safety. In spite of the fact that they were to be there but for the day, Sarah's father took her to a hotel. On reaching their room, he gravely told her to take off her dress; and not being accustomed to questioning him, she wonderingly obeyed.

This was the end of an adventure, but the very beginning of a romance; for that day Sarah met the young man whom in after years she married; and the long drive, which might very easily have proved so disastrous to her, was in the end worth a good husband and many years of happiness.—From Mary Caldwell Laurans' "A Strange Pocketbook," in St. Nicholas.

KILL WHALES WITH LANCES. The tug Wyadla has arrived at Neah Bay with a whale captured yesterday ten miles off Flattery by six canoeists of Neah Bay Indians. When the Wyadla reached the Indians they were killing the monster with lances.

LIONS AT THE DOOR.

News is at hand from two independent sources, says South Africa, of an extraordinary adventure that recently befell Mr. Dickert, a farmer living about fifteen miles from Malindi Siding.

He got up and stepped outside to call his dogs, when he was seized by a lion. He shouted, and Mrs. Dickert ran out with a rifle, with which she hit the animal on the head and caused it to lose its hold.

The people at Malindi Siding have been annoyed by a lion that developed the habit of coming close to the station, and was heard in the neighborhood of the railway men's house.

MAN-EATING PIKE. Dr. G. V. A. Robertson, of Pickering, reports: "On Saturday I received a call to visit the son of a farmer. The message was: 'The lad has been bitten by a fish.'"

THE TALE OF A DOG. (To be continued.) —Philadelphia Record.

PREFERS A HEAVY TOMBSTONE. Mrs. Hanks—"What sort of tombstone shall we get for dear mother—something elaborate or a plain one?"

HE WAS SATISFIED. Sister—"What! You engaged to Miss Prettyman? Why, she has no family tree."

SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL. She—"Do you go to the opera much?" He—"Never."

THE INEVITABLE FRONT. "I wonder why it is that we are always short of money?" "That's easy, my dear. Because, whenever we get prosperous in one home, you always insist on our moving to a more expensive one and living beyond our means."



EFFECT OF WEALTH ON LEARNING. A brilliant and learned prof. Became of great wealth the poss. Said the voters in town, "Give a job to Prof. Brown; So now he's become an ass."

AN IMPORTANT STEP. Ella—"I suppose May is busy preparing for her wedding."

IMPUDENT. Ethel—"Is she very extravagant?" Helen—"Yes, indeed. She spends so much money that she sometimes has little or nothing left for her complexion."

YES, THEY KNOW! Bertha—"He had the insolence to imprint a kiss upon my lips."

ONE THING LACKING. "There goes a man who says he has the key to the situation."

A GOOD THING. Mrs. Hicks—"John, I'm sure there's a burglar down in the dining room."

A MEAN ADVANTAGE. Mrs. Jones (reading)—"A man in Ohio tells his wife to a blind peddler for ten cents. Isn't that awful?"

NO REASON FOR PRIDE. Fuddy—"Don't you think Frost rather opinionated?"

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THE KINDEST THING. Raster—"I thought this paper was friendly to me?"

An ingenious Greene County (Mo.) farmer has rigged his farm wagon up with a gasoline motor, and runs into Springfield several times a week auto style.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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MARKETS. PITTSBURGH. Grain, Flour and Feed. Wheat—No. 2 red, 75 80; No. 2 white, 78 83; No. 2 yellow, 81 86; No. 2 yellow, shelled, 85 90; Mixed ear, 44 49; Oats—No. 2 white, 30 31; No. 2 yellow, 29 30; Flour—Winter patent, 5 63 5 70; Fancy straight winter, 5 81 5 90; Hay—No. 1 Timothy, 18 14 14 00; Clover No. 1, 11 00 11 50; Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton, 10 50 10 80; Brown middling, 8 50 8 75; Bran, bulk, 16 10 17 00; Straw—Wheat, 6 50 7 00; Oats, 5 00 5 25.

BALTIMORE. Flour—Winter Patent, 5 60 5 75; Wheat—No. 2 red, 98 94; Corn—Mixed, 51 52; Eggs—Pa., 18 18; Butter—Ohio creamery, 30 42.

PHILADELPHIA. Flour—Winter Patent, 5 50 5 75; Wheat—No. 2 red, 98 94; Corn—Mixed, 51 52; Eggs—Pa., 18 18; Butter—Creamery, 30 42; Eggs—Pennsylvania State, 16 17.

NEW YORK. Flour—Patent, 6 00 6 50; Wheat—No. 2 red, 1 02 1 04; Corn—No. 2, 55 56; Oats—No. 2 white, 37 38; Butter—Creamery, 30 42; Eggs—State and Pennsylvania, 17 18.

LIVE STOCK. Union Stock Yards, Pittsburgh. Cattle. Extra, 1650 to 1600 lbs., 5 85 5 90; Prime, 1500 to 1400 lbs., 5 25 5 30; Medium, 1200 to 1300 lbs., 4 80 5 10; Top, 1000 to 1100, 4 40 4 80; Butcher, 800 to 1100, 4 60 4 70; Common to fair, 3 50 3 75; Oxen, common to fat, 2 75 4 00; Common to good fat bullocks, 2 50 3 25; Milk cows, each, 15 00 15 00.

Hogs. Prime heavy hogs, 6 85 6 90; Prime medium weights, 6 50 6 55; Best heavy Yorkers and medium, 5 75 5 75; Good pigs and light Yorkers, 5 75 5 75; Pigs, common to good, 4 70 4 80; Roughs, 4 00 4 25; Stags, 3 25 3 50.

Sheep. Extra, 5 25 5 40; Good to choice, 5 00 5 15; Medium, 4 75 4 90; Common to fair, 2 50 4 00; Lambs, 5 50 6 00.

Calves. Veal, extra, 5 00 5 70; Veal, good to medium, 4 75 5 00; Veal, common heavy, 3 25 3 50.

PROMINENT PEOPLE. King Leopold will leave a fortune of \$10,000,000.

Admiral Togo draws a salary of \$3000 a year. Chanmye Dey is said to be a successful horticulturist.

The Kaiser owns eight automobiles, all big touring cars. Baron Hayashi is understood to be a good horse trader.

King Alphonso of Spain draws a salary of \$1,400,000 a year. William Jennings Bryan is to make a two-years' trip around the globe.