

AN IRISH MELODY

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Nell rise up from your wheel—
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down; but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen—
Each gay-hearted lad, with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Nell—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads natter the ground—
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe—
Now coolly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as the Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate, who could view your eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humbly through their dark lashes so milky—
Your fair-turned arm, bearing brass, rounded form—
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses thrum wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eyes as he cries with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

—National Magazine.

A Trust Fulfilled.

By Roger Canning, D.

THE people of Melstone were not uncharitable, yet it would have been hard to find three persons who believed there was any good in Fred Wildburn. A rude, ungoverned child; a lawless, vicious youth; a reckless, dissipated man. In all his thirty years of life he had done no good thing that anyone ever remembered of him. The people of Melstone were a very moral sort of people, and did not hesitate to give this one Ishmaelite to understand the impassable gulf that lay between themselves and him, both in time and eternity. Perhaps it tended to improve his heart and temper; but I doubt it.

Among the inhabitants was a family of the name of Upton. From time immemorial there had been a feud between the Wildburns and Uptons, kept alive and aggravated by each successive generation. A great many years before a Wildburn and an Upton had married sisters, and through some nice bit of diplomacy on the part of Upton, his wife was made heiress to the paternal fortune, and the wife of Wildburn cut off with a paltry hundred dollars.

Later, Henry Upton had succeeded in getting the whole of a large legacy, left by some distant relative, which should have been equally divided between Fred Wildburn and himself. Naturally, this tended to widen the breach, and fearful and bitter were the vows of vengeance which Fred breathed against Upton.

Indeed, his ungovernable passion might have led him to some act of personal violence, but for one restraining influence.

Ten years before the commencement of our tale, when Fred Wildburn was about twenty years old, he had one of his wrists broken in a fight he had himself provoked. His mother was, and had been for years, a bedridden invalid, with an intellect weakened by long illness and abuse—for her husband drank heavily at times, and liquor made him wild and furious.

The broken limb was set by a surgeon in a neighboring town; but the prospect of payment being exceedingly small, he paid very little subsequent attention to his patient. It was warm weather, and the arm was badly torn and bruised besides, and needed daily attention. Good, charitable, pious people, who gave munificently for the amelioration of the heathen thousands of miles away, turned with disgust from this heathen at their own doors. Timid women shrank from entering the house, because, perchance, old Wildburn might be on one of his "carouses"; and so the bruises became inflamed, and the danger that the arm would have to come off grew imminent. Fred wasn't used to bearing pain, and raved fearfully, while the weak-minded invalid cried and fretted by turns, and Wildburn senior drank more perseveringly than ever.

Into this pandemonium there came one morning a slight, delicate girl, bearing a little roll of snowy linen in her hands.

"I have come to dress your arm, Fred," she said, quietly, laying aside her white sunbonnet, and revealing a thin, rather pale face, with steady, fearless brown eyes.

"Who sent you here, Bessie Brandon?" asked the elder Wildburn, in a blustering voice.

"No one, sir. I came because I thought it right for me to come. Frederick will lose his arm, unless it is cared for speedily."

"Let him lose it, then," was the gruff answer.

"Not if I can help it, sir!"

at the other hand, which he for the first time realized, with a faint emotion of shame, to be almost as sadly in need of washing as the other had been.

When Bessie came the next day, she noticed that it was almost as white as her own.

Every day for four weeks Bessie visited the Wildburns on her errand of mercy, undismayed by old Wildburn, or the ridicule of her friends.

"I should have lost it, I dare say, if it hadn't been for you, Miss Bessie," Fred said, the last day she came. "I'm a miserable wretch, Heaven knows; but I shan't ever forget this," touching his arm.

"I am so glad I could help you," she said, gently.

"Well, you're the first one," he said, a little bitterly.

As I said, this was ten years before, and, though the years had brought many changes, the ameliorating influence had been few in the life of Fred Wildburn. The drunken father and invalid mother had both died, leaving Fred quite alone in the miserable, shabby old house where he lived. He had not improved with the years; on the contrary, he had grown more reckless and disorderly, until people said he was utterly and totally depraved, without one good impulse in his heart.

One thing had happened during these ten years. Bessie Brandon had married Henry Upton; but no one ever knew of the terrible night which Fred Wildburn passed when he heard of it.

"Nobody ever should know what a miserable fool he had been," he said, fiercely.

He need not have feared—his secret was safe—for no one ever was wild enough to suspect him of feeling or sentiment, particularly where the petted daughter of Squire Brandon was concerned.

Henry Upton was an honored and highly respected citizen. He was intelligent, educated and wealthy, and if he looked down from his sublime height of virtue and attainment a little contemptuously upon poor, miserable Fred Wildburn, it was certainly no more than his neighbors did. And, if, by any possibility, there had been any little trickery or unfairness in the settlement of that legacy, he could easily excuse himself upon the plea that it would only be a curse to Wildburn if he had it, leading him into deeper debauchery, whereas he could use it wisely, and for the benefit of morality and religion. The fact that Wildburn did not see it in just that light was only another proof of his innate depravity, people said, piously.

Upton had a mill some four miles from Melstone, by the main road, but scarcely three by a cut across country. It was little more than a bridge path, though Upton sometimes drove through with his light drag. He started with one wild, chilly December morning, promising his wife to return early if it came on to snow, as it promised to. It was piercingly cold, and the wind blew in fierce, fitful gusts all the forenoon. Just after noon it began snowing—not as usual, in fine, light particles, but with a wild, tempestuous force that carried all before it. Long before night the streets were blocked, and the wind roared and shrieked up and down them like a madman.

Bessie Upton paced the floor of her pretty sitting room, more excited and nervous than she had ever been in her life before. She had, naturally, a cool, quiet temperament.

"If only he had not started," she said, anxiously; "if he saw the fierceness of the storm in season to stop at the mill, instead of attempting to brave it!"

The night came down early; but the mill owner came not, and his wife, though still anxious, had settled down to the belief that he would not come till morning.

Suddenly a loud neigh, falling between the pauses of the tempest, struck her ear.

"Henry has come now!" she exclaimed; and, catching up a lamp, she hurried to the side door.

Fred Wildburn was sitting over a smoldering fire, inwardly cursing the storm that kept him in. It was not a pleasant home—there was that excuse for him. The walls were dingy with smoke, the floor was bare and dirty, the chairs and tables were broken and dilapidated.

"How the wind blows! This is the third time!"

He paused suddenly, for, framed in the door, the wind and snow whirling madly about her slight figure, stood Bessie Upton.

"Great Heaven, Bessie!" he ejaculated, and then stood gazing at her in dumb amazement, while she closed the door, and came and stood before him.

"Frederick," she said, in her sweet, firm voice, "Henry is out somewhere in this storm. The horse has come home alone. If he came the forest road, he can never find his way home, and he could not live till morning in this storm. There is nobody I dare ask but you to go to him. It is a great deal to ask, I know; but I think I know your heart better than anyone else does, and I shall trust to your courage and bravery in this dreadful emergency."

A fierce spasm of pain crossed his face. Then he turned away without speaking, and took down his hat and coat, and they walked together to the door. He paused on the doorstep, looking wistfully down at her.

"How can you get home?" he said.

"It is dreadful, I know, Frederick," nobody but she ever called him anything but Fred—"but I think I can get along," the wind nearly taking her from her feet as she spoke.

"If I might accompany you," he said, hesitating, and adding, "if you are not afraid of being contaminated."

For answer, she put her hands in his, confidingly.

While she lived, Bessie Upton never forgot the close, nervous clasp with which he held her hands; but he took her carefully and tenderly to her door, and then turned away into the storm and darkness.

One, two, three hours—and, oh, such long, interminable ages as they seemed!

"Perhaps I have sent him to his death, too," she moaned, sadly. "Oh, if I could only know and see just where they are!"

If she could, she would have seen a slight, determined figure, battling with the strength of a giant against the winds that disputed his progress step by step. Falling sometimes over prostrate trees, anon borne down by sudden drifts of snow, yet struggling on with unabated zeal, till he comes at last to a still, white figure lying across the path, entangled and held down by the debris of broken wheels and tree limbs!

Two hours later, when poor Bessie had nearly given them both up for dead, Fred Wildburn slipped into the room, and laid her husband at her feet.

"I have fulfilled the trust," he said, faintly, and sank down beside Upton, who was slowly rousing from the terrible chill and torpor that had overpowered him.

"Oh, Henry! he has fainted! And see!"

She grew suddenly white as she pointed to a small stream of blood that stained his shirt bosom, caused by a sudden hemorrhage from the lungs.

It was morning before they could get a physician there. Wildburn had laid in an unconscious state all night; but the flow of blood had ceased, and they thought it only the torpor of exhaustion.

"Poor Fred!" Henry Upton said, "there was some good in him, after all. I owe my life to his bravery, and I shan't forget it in a hurry. I have been thinking, Bessie, that I will take him into the mill, and see if I can't make something of him yet. I intend to reward him handsomely for this."

The doctor came at last; but his grave face told the story before he opened his lips.

"There is no chance for him to recover," he said.

A little after noon the dying man opened his eyes, and looked about him.



OUR GIRLS AND BOYS

IN CANDY LAND.
And your friends will be surprised when you blow out the candle by tapping the muslin on the box, even after the box has been emptied of smoke. The tap on the muslin sends a current of air strong enough to extinguish the flame.

The accompanying illustration shows how the box should be arranged. Any boy can make it.—New York Evening Mail.

THE STRENGTH OF BIRDS.
Birds can eat and digest from ten to thirty times as much food in proportion to their size as men can. If a man could eat as much in proportion to his size as a sparrow is able to consume he would need a whole sheep for dinner, a couple of dozen chickens for breakfast and six turkeys for his evening meal.

A tree sparrow has been known to eat 700 grass seeds in a day. Relative to the bird's size, these seeds were as big as an ordinary lunch basket would be to a full grown man.

A bird's strength is equally amazing, says the Indianapolis News. A white-tailed eagle weighing twelve pounds, with a wing-spread of six feet, has been known to pounce on a pig weighing forty-two pounds, raise it to a height of 100 feet and fly off with it. The bird had covered a distance of half a mile before the pig's owner succeeded in shooting the thief.

Birds can do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house martins when nesting will feed their young ones in twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro in an hour, or about 1600 a day. It must be remembered that on each journey the bird has the added weight of catching the worm.

Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest within 450 minutes, and the prey it carried home consisted of larger, heavier and harder-to-find insects than were caught by the sparrows. Among them were twenty good-sized caterpillars, ten grasshoppers, seven spiders, eleven worms and more than one fat chrysalis.

ANTS' COWSHEDS.
One of the most interesting studies of insect life is the relationship between ants and plant-lice, or aphids. These plant-lice supply honeydew from the juices which they take as food from plants. The ants are very fond of this sweet substance, and care

for the aphids in a manner that seems to us surprisingly intelligent. They sometimes carry them bodily to a better feeding ground and drive away certain of their enemies. It is claimed that they even build sheds of mud in the crochets of shrubs and small trees. On account of this insect relationship, one may truthfully call the ants "farmers," the aphids "cows," and these protecting mud cases "cowsheds."—St. Nicholas.

MOTHER GOOSE GEOGRAPHY.
The old "Banbury Cross" familiar from the Mother Goose rhyme was a real cross in the English town of Banbury. For a long time it was in ruined condition, but was restored some twenty years ago, possibly because tourists would ask to see it. But the "Old Lady," upon the white horse, with all her bells and rings, is gone forever, music and all. "Primrose Hill" is another real locality, being in London near Regent's Park. "St. Ives" on the road from which "seven wives" were met, is the town where Oliver Cromwell passed five years in farming.—St. Nicholas.

PIGEON CARRIED THE NOTICE.
A carrier pigeon, writes the Redding (Cal.) correspondent of the Sacramento Bee, played a part the other afternoon in the filing of a mining location notice and several amended notices with the County Recorder by Clinton Johnson, manager of the Gold Kings Mining Company.

The pigeon was liberated at the mines, four miles west of this city, and reached Mr. Johnson just four minutes later, bringing to him the word that the notices had all been properly posted on the signs. Thereupon he filed duplicates with the County Recorder, and was just in time to do so before the office closed for the day.

THE SMOKE RINGS AND THE SMOKE BOX.

open top of the box and then burn toupaper in the hole until the box is full of smoke.

Now rest the box on its side, and when you lightly tap the handkerchief smoke rings will come out of the hole just like those from the smoker's mouth.

To make larger rings of smoke and to perform little feats with them, get a wooden box instead of the pasteboard one and let it be about two feet square at the bottom. Over the open top tack tightly a piece of heavy muslin and stand the box on its side, as before.

The hole in this box should be three or four inches in diameter. To keep the box full of smoke arrange two bottles, one filled with strong ammonia and the other with hydrochloric acid, and support them on asbestos so that they can be heated from below by an alcohol lamp. The corks of the bottles will have to have either rubber or bent glass tubes fitted in them, the other ends of the tubes entering the box by means of two small holes.

When you heat the bottles with the lamp the fumes will rise through the tubes and enter the box, where they will mix and form a dense white smoke. Having filled the box in this way the bottles need not be heated again until the smoke becomes thin.

When you tap on the muslin, large, beautiful rings of smoke will come out of the hole, and you can bring them out forcibly and fast if you tap the muslin hard, or gently and slowly if you tap it lightly.

You will perhaps be surprised to hear that you can make one of the smoke rings blow out a lighted candle that is placed across the room from the box. Of course the candle must be placed exactly opposite to the hole, when a quick, hard tap on the muslin will send a ring of smoke that will extinguish it.

INTEREST IN FAST ELECTRIC TRACTION WANES.

The Matter of Expense is What Prevents the Running of Trains at a Speed of 120 Miles an Hour.

At present the very high speed electric railway is little heard of in England, and even in Germany, where the Berlin-Zossen experiments showed that, given a straight, well-laid and well-balanced track, a speed of 120 miles an hour was possible and safe, it has rather dropped out of imminent probability. The question seems at present principally one of expense. Very heavy cars are required for any speed over eighty miles an hour; no curve can be taken without slackening of speed if it has a radius of less than a mile; and a car containing, say, sixty people, would with its necessary transformers and motors require 2000 horse-power to urge it at a rate of 120 miles an hour. The curves are the principal difficulty; so that in order to run trains at these speeds it will be necessary to construct new railway lines.

At present public interest in Germany is concentrated on the possibility of high-speed electric traction between Berlin and Hamburg, which, if a new straight line were built, would be 155 miles distant by rail. During the discussion of the high-speed experimental line Messrs. Siemens and Halske proposed a single-track electric line at a cost of \$17,500,000, on which trains would run the whole distance either way, with a stop half way. In five minutes under two hours. The General Electric Company propose a double line, on which trains would travel 100 miles an hour and do the journey in one hour and twenty-five minutes, for \$32,500,000. For \$37,500,000 they believe they could raise the speed to 125 miles an hour.—London Post.

WISE WORDS.

The pursuit of money is painful, but its possession is often more so.

There's no power in the piety that seems to give a man a perfect pain.

Better the hands that ache from toil than the heart that aches from trouble.

Temptations are sure to ring your doorbell, but it's your fault if you ask them to stay to dinner.

Perform a kind action, and you find a kind feeling growing in yourself, even if it was not there before.

Those who reason only by analogies rarely reason by logic, and are generally slaves to imagination.—C. Simmons.

How evenly things are balanced in this world! The foolish benefit from the wisdom of the wise, and, in return, the wise must suffer for the follies of the foolish.

Men born with silver spoons in their mouths are but poorly fitted to sit in judgment on those who labor. Nothing puts a man so wise to a thing as having "been there."

Happiness, content and right satisfaction, all doubts answered, all dark places lighted up, heaven begun here—this is the reward of loving God. In this world, tribulation; yes, but good cheer in spite of that.—George Hodges, D. D.

Slight Mistake.

There is an old story of an authority on Buddha whose next neighbors at dinner insisted on bringing the talk back to agricultural products, under the impression that "butter" was the magic word uttered in her ear by her hostess. This story has had many successors, one of which relates to Sir Henry Howarth and his book, "A History of the Mongols." He met at an afternoon reception a young woman who, after surveying him with interest, launched into a discourse on dogs, telling him she had three, and had always been pleased that each of them had such a good pedigree. "Though I don't know that it counts for much," she said at last. "Some of yours, no doubt, are cleverer than any of mine."

"But I have no dogs," said Sir Henry, bewildered. "Oh, well, I mean those you've written about," said the young woman, quickly. "But I've never written about any," said Sir Henry. "You haven't?" exclaimed the young woman. "Why, I'm sure somebody told me you had written a book on mongrels!"—Youth's Companion.

The Next Best Thing.

"I had almost forgotten what an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration was like," said a man who was born in the country, but was translated to New York many years ago, "when last Fourth of July I found myself visiting some relatives in a little country village in Iowa. They had a picnic in the woods, with speeches, music and dinner afterward.

"When the program was about to begin the chairman stepped forward and said that they had intended to open the exercises with prayer, but the minister had been unexpectedly called away. He asked if any one in the audience would come forward and offer prayer. No one responded. He waited a minute and then, 'Well,' said he, 'we'll have the next best thing. We'll have the Declaration of Independence read.'"—New York Press.

A "New-Born" Giant.

Appropos of a thirteen-pound baby which an English practitioner recently announced as a record breaker, a Johannesburg doctor sends the following letter to the Lancet:

"Sir—I beg to inform you that I delivered a Dutch lady of a son weighing fourteen and a quarter pounds. The child looked to me as if he would be more satisfied with a chop than a drink of milk. I may mention that both mother and father are large persons."

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MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.	
Grain, Flour and Feed.	
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	73 80
Wheat—No. 2 white.....	81 85
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear.....	61 62
Corn—No. 2 yellow, shelled.....	61 62
Mixed oats.....	41 42
Oats—No. 2 white.....	39 40
Oats—No. 2 white, new.....	39 40
Flour—Winter patent.....	5 09 5 10
Fancy straight winter.....	5 23 5 24
Hay—No. 1 Timothy.....	11 00 11 50
Hay—No. 2 white mid. ton.....	10 50 10 99
Brown middlings.....	16 50 17 00
Brass—Wheat.....	6 50 7 00
Oats.....	5 50 7 00
Dairy Products.	
Butter—Eggs country.....	32 24
Ohio creamery.....	29 22
Fancy country roll.....	15 14
Cheese—Ohio, new.....	11 12
New York.....	11 12
Poultry, Etc.	
Hens—per lb.....	14 15
Chickens—dressed.....	16 18
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh.....	19 21
Fruits and Vegetables.	
Apples bb.....	2 51 3 00
Potatoes—Fancy white per bu.....	14 00
Cabbages—per ton.....	18 00 21 00
Onions—per barrel.....	4 50 5 00

BALTIMORE.	
Flour—Winter Patent.....	5 09 5 25
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	81 84
Corn—Mixed.....	61 62
Oats—No. 2 white.....	39 40
Butter—Creamery.....	29 22
Eggs—Pennsylvania.....	16 17

PHILADELPHIA.	
Flour—Winter Patent.....	5 50 5 75
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	99 1 01
Corn—No. 2 mixed.....	59 51
Oats—No. 2 white.....	39 40
Butter—Creamery.....	29 22
Eggs—Pennsylvania.....	16 17

NEW YORK.	
Flour—Patents.....	5 00 5 50
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	1 02 1 04
Corn—No. 2 white.....	4 80 5 10
Oats—No. 2 white.....	37 38
Butter—Creamery.....	29 22
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania.....	17 18

LIVE STOCK.	
Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.	
Extra, 1450 to 1600 lbs.....	\$5 25 5 60
Prime, 1450 to 1600 lbs.....	5 25 5 25
Medium, 1350 to 1450 lbs.....	4 80 5 10
Tiny, 1050 to 1150.....	4 40 4 80
Butcher, 950 to 1100.....	4 00 4 70
Common to fair.....	3 50 4 25
Oxen, common to fat.....	2 75 4 00
Common top and fat.....	2 50 3 50
Michigan cows, each.....	16 00 45 00
Hogs.	
Prime heavy hogs.....	\$ 6 35 6 40
Prime medium weights.....	6 10 6 35
Best heavy Yorkers and medium.....	6 00 6 25
Good pigs and light Yorkers.....	5 75 6 00
Pigs, common to good.....	4 75 4 85
Roughs.....	3 75 4 15
Stags.....	3 25 3 50
Sheep.	
Extra.....	\$ 5 75 5 90
Good to choice.....	5 25 5 60
Medium.....	4 75 5 00
Common to fair.....	3 50 4 00
Lambs.....	5 25 5 90
Calves.	
Veal, extra.....	5 00 7 50
Veal, good to choice.....	4 00 4 75
Veal, common heavy.....	3 50 3 75

SPORTING BREVITIES.	
The New York Yacht Club made its annual cruise.	
Alfred G. Vanderbilt took the honors in a hunt at Newport.	
The Westchester C. C.'s polo team won the Point Judith Cup.	
Sadie Mac won the \$10,000 Empire State trotting stake at Buffalo.	
Menus Bedell easily defeated Louis Mettling in the ten-mile motor paced race.	
The Westchester C. C.'s second polo team defeated Squadron A by a score of 17 to 12.	
Kieran, the Australian, swam 500 meters in 7 minutes 18 2-3 seconds, near Stockholm, Sweden.	
The prize-winning French bulldog Felix was run over by an automobile and died almost instantly.	
Golfers representing the Western Pennsylvania Association won the Olympic Cup on Chicago golf.	
Colonel John Jacob Astor's yacht Nourmahal, in starting for the Astor Cups race at Newport, ran on the rocks.	
Delere, a green trotter driven by D. W. Maloney, of White Plains, won in 2:06 3/4 at the Poughkeepsie Grand Circuit meeting.	
Frank Kramer scored a victory over Iver Lawson in the two-mile championship at Madison Square Garden, New York City.	
W. A. Larned successfully defended the lawn tennis championship by defeating Clarence Hobart in straight sets for the Longwood Cup.	
The Vanderbilt Cup Commission decided to hold the automobile race for the Vanderbilt trophy over the twenty-nine mile course in Long Island.	
Tom Butler, who was killed looping the loop in the West the other day, is the lad who was at one time the short distance cycle champion of this country.	