and Charley are ready—there's nothing to do but go; wide blue sky and the brown fields call, and the pines are singing low. The conflict of the twenty-acre field—it's a good hig piece to plow, the rain's been keeping us back a spell, so we're good and ready now!

Up to the edge of the wide blue sky the twenty-acre climbs.

A mocking-bird in the hilltop pine is stringing his rippling rimes.

You hear him laugh as he swings and sways on the topmost twig of the tree

At us three fellows nere working hard—old Star and Charley and me!

Laugh, little brother! We're glad to hear a laugh as nappy as that! He's making like he's a brown thrush now; and now he calls like a cc And a cathird answers innocent-like, and he throws back a silver trill, And laughs again as Star and Charley and me go round the hill.

Skip a space of the tough, thick grass, or the earth'll wash away;
The rellow jasmine has crept in here—I'm glad we can let it stay.
Now, deep in the rich, red earth again—how fresh and good it smells,
All blended so in the clear, sweet air with the scent of the jasmine bellst

Terrace by terrace, up we go, old Star and Charley and me;
The furrows lying in long, smooth curves round the hill are good to see!
Maybe it's true that plowing the side of a hill like here's no fun,
But I tell you it does feel mighty good when a fellow's got it done!

—Youth's Companion.

I stopped a day in New York, but

days later, was not at the office. He

had "gone up the country," the head

"Gone to see Eve," I said, savagely,

That evening I took passage on the

in early June, and the boat was crowd-

ed. Among the passengers I noticed

two very pretty girls whom I knew

by sight as residents of our place, but

whose personal acquaintance I had not

I secured a seat in the upper cabin-

the decks were jammed-and soon be-

came aware that these two girls were

seated on deck just outside of the win-

dow behind me. Now and then various

familiar names saluted me as they

chatted together. At last Eve Mallory

"Her devotion to that Tom of hers

"Well! that's more than I could

It was more than I could stand, too.

I will not repeat here, I rushed from

remaining three hours till our arrival

Mallory, my affianced wife, spoken of

publicly in connection with "that Tom

of hers!" So she was "devoted to him."

was she? Was known-O horrors!-to

when my utmost coaxing and blandish.

ments could never win the faintest

O fickle, treacherous, perfidious Eve!

foreswore all faith in women forever-

The house was closed for the night

"How pale you are, my dear boy,"

she said, looking at me sharply after

the first rapture of maternal welcome

you go back to that horrid business

I would not let her wake Nell, and

came upon the dear girl in the hall she

any rate, I was sure of their love. Her

"And now," said she, as she finished

"No," I said, briefly; "I shall not go."

Nell looked surprised, but she swung

Have you seen Tom Burroughs

on her garden hat, and ran up the vil-

"Not for over a week," she replied.

been in the place yesterday, do you

"Oh, yes," she answered, quietly.

into the country, and where else do

"But the clerk told me he had gone

"Oh," said mother, smiling, "he fre-

quently goes up to Kingston; maybe he

Is there now. I am sure he is not in

our village, for he always comes here

"Ah!" thought I, "I fancy Eve Mal-

impudence!" Then my thoughts turned

to business. Of course I could not re-

On my way to the postoffice, w'r

should I see coming toward me but

"Not for over a week! If he had

lately?" I asked mother,

lage street.

her brenkfast, "I must run right over

wish to go?" and she turned to me.

was over. "You look quite worn out

caress from those false lips.

the pleasure of possessing.

pricked up my ears.

gust.

stand."

more.

have a little more delicacy."

clerk informed me.

to myself.

By PRESTON HALL.

DOS. OOD-BY, old fellow," I said, | turn my face homeward with a heart wringing Tom's hand, as that fluctuated wildly between hope we stood together on the and despair. wharf. "Don't neglicet to I had received no letters from home keep me advised on all the for five weeks, and the last was a hasty news, and- I rely on you little scrawl from Nell, hoping I would to take care of Eve. Drop in to see

her as often as you can, and don't let of Eve. A man of more sanguine na-the poor girl fret for me." ture would have said that "No news ture would have said that "No news "All right. You may depend on me, is good news," but my dark tempera-Carl. Good-by!" ment foreboded the worst.

I hastily crossed the deck of the steamer, and Tom's broad shoulders Tom, who did not expect me till three disappeared among the noisy crowd on the wharf.

Tom and I were natives of the same village, had been playmates in infancy, schoolmates in boyhood, college chums In more mature years, and for the last year partners in a flourishing business In New York. What is of still more importance-in my story-we had both In the aforementioned school and college periods, been in love with the same girl, rosy, round-limbed, laughing Mere Mallory. Why Eve should have preferred me, plain, blunt-spoken, jenious as a fiend, to handsome, debonair Tom Burroughs, is, of course, a myskery. But so she did, and Tom, like the honorable fellow he was, retired From the field and after the usual, or rather an unusual amount of courtingfor Eve was something of a coquette-

Eve and I became formally engaged.

I thought it rather hard lines that after a brief two months of lover's parudist, I should be compelled to make a voyage of very uncertain length to South America. But business was imperative, so I bade my mother an af fectionate good-by and kissed away the tears from sister Nell's cheeks, and took an agonized farewell of Eve. The agony was apparently all on my side, however. For though I could see that Eve trembled, there were no signs of tears in her bright eyes. She blushed Turiously when I kissed her, and struggled free from my farewell embrace. But it was like her to fight shy of all demonstrations of affection. I had never yet succeeded in obtaining a willing kiss from her, and I suppose that was one reason why I set so high a value on them.

"Good-by, Eve, darling," I said, as we stood together at the gate. I know my face looked white and woeful enough "Be true to me."

"Good-by, Carl," she said, smoothing back her curly, golden locks. "Just see how you've rumpled my hair. Of course I'll be true to you, unless some Tellow I like better comes along," and turned hastily and ran up the narrow path and disappeared within the wine-covered porch.

Her parting words rang in my ears. when I reached home, but mother came Oh, what would I not have given to know that our separation grieved her down at my well-known knock. one-half as sorely as it did me.

Of course I wrote soon to Eve; and, temembering her fancy for feathered pets, I bought-though I had always detested that species of bird, myself- I declare. I never saw you with such a gorgeous and highly accomplished a haggard face. Now I shall make you native parrot, and sent it on as an ad- take a good, long rest before I'll let dition to her collection.

In a few weeks letters reached me from home. One from Eve, quiet, friendly; but I knew her too well to the next morning, when I unexpectedly look for any demonstrative endearments, or lover-like rhapsodies. She almost fainted with delight. Well at acknowledged the arrival of the "rare bird," and was full of thanks for what first remarks were like mother'sshe was pleased to call my "unselfish "How pale! How worn!" consideration of her taste." There was also a letter from Nell. to Eve's with the news-or do you

"Eve is quiet and sad-for her. But the bears the parting bravely. Tom called here last night, and we went

over there together. "At first I could see that it cost her an effort to be cheerful, but before we left she was quite her old self. She was dressed very simply in a fine white suslin dress, and you can imagine how

wely she looked. "What would I not give for that ers, and that slim, soft, round shape.

Tom was provokingly silent when I

think you would have known it?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, quiet

"But the clerk told me he had went into raptures over her, on our way home, but I noticed that his eyes you think he'd be?" never left her for a moment all the

evening." All of which ought to have been very gratifying to a fond lover, but somehow it left a sting behind. If it had for his first call." been anyone but Tom-good, honest Com, whom I trusted as I did my own lory could tell a different story. So he oul. I should have been madly jealous comes here, does he! I marvel at his -but, of course, it was all right. Had I not asked him to look after her? Still, there was that little sting.

main in partnership with a man who As for Tom, he was strangely silent had become my deadly enemy, as I out home affairs. All matters of now regarded Tom. I concluded to iness were regularly transmitted, write him a letter explaining my views out I do not think that Eve's name, in very plain language. or that of sister Nell, was ever once

It was fully six months before I could Tom, himself. A pleased smHe lit up wind up my business satisfactorily, and his face as he recognized me,

cried, between my teeth

"Why, what's the matter, Carl?" be exclaimed, as he came near enough to read the expression of my face. "Are you ill? Has anything happened?" "How dare you speak to me?" I cried,

furiously raising my cane, as though to strike him. "Villain! Traitor! Liar!" Tom started. "Bless my soul, the fellow has lost his wits! he's stark, staring mad!" he exclaimed. With a parting scowl I passed on, not deigning further words. As I emerged from the office, I glanced up the street, and saw Tom enter Eye's gate. I could have killed him on the spot! My blood bolled, my brain whirled. I resolved to cool the fever that raged within me by a long walk, and struck off into a lonely lane. How many miles I kept up that steady tramp, tramp, I know not, but I came to one resolution-to go and see Eve, and denounce her to her face; then-well, Heaven alone could tell the sequel!

It was twilight when I walked up the little familiar path, and entered the vine-covered porch, where I had had the last glimpse of Eve. The front door stood open, no lamps were yet lit, all was still. I walked boldly into the little parlor. The room was shadowy and dim, but over in the bay window, the big bay window among whose rines, and flowers, and gilded bird cages 1 had proposed and been accepted, a white-robed figure stool leanng against the window frame. She was sobbing-I could not be mistakensoon return, but making no mention

sobbing softly to herself. "Oh, Tom," I heard her murmur at

ast, "you love me, do you not?" I clinched my fist. Where was Tom? In the darkness I could see no figure but her own. Before I could move, however, a harsh voice vociferated; "Tom loves you, Tom loves you!"

The next moment it added: "Carl loves Eve," and followed up the announcement with a discordant eackle that set my teeth on edge.

"No, no," she cried, mournfully. "Carl does not love me. Carl has forlittle steamer that ran up to our village. It was a lovely moonlight night gotten me!" I could keep silent no longer.

"In Heaven's name," I cried, "what

s the meaning of this?" Eve turned, stared wildly, and, with a shrill scream, fell fainting at my foot.

In an instant the room was filled with crowd of children and servants. Eve's father and mother appeared on the scene, and a general hubbub ensued, in the midst of which an immense green and gray parrot coolly issued from its cage and, perching on the centre table, hoarsely announced:

was mentioned, and you may be sure I "Tom loves Eve. Carl loves Eve. Carl and Eve are going to be married!" "Here, Nancy, put that noisy Tom in is just perfectly ridiculous," exclaimed his cage, and run for smelling salts," upon the fringes of higher tribes. one sweet voice. "He goes everywhere with her, and I've heard that she accommanded Mrs. Mallory.

So that was Tom! That croaking, tually kisses him-before folks, too. Considering that everybody knows how green and gray abomination my deadly she got him, I should think that she'd rival!

The rest of my story is soon told. "Kisses him!" repeated the other in Explanations, apologies, forgiveness, reconciliation all round. tone of mingled amazement and dis-

But after Eve and I were married, I had that odious parrot transported, for, though I am not nearly so jealous as I With a muttered exclamation, which used to be, I do not want to see my wife lavishing devotion and kisses on my seat, fearful of hearing still more an unappreciative feathered biped, dreadful developments, and spent the when there is a human being at hand who could enjoy a good deal more of in a state bordering on frenzy. Eve that sort of thing than he is ever likely

to get. Tom's frequent visits to Kingston are accounted for by the presence of a saucy, little brunette, whose "blg have "kissed" him! To think of that, brother" wants to marry sister Nell .-New York Weekly.

* Incomes of Grand Dukes,

The Russian imperial family num-Because of you, in that mad hour, I bers at the present time something like sixty Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses. It is a fact they would one and all be wholly dependent upon the reigning Emperor, whose wealth is practically boundless, were it not that a former Czar, Paul I., set aside a certain number of estates to which he gave the curious name of "the imperial appanages." The income of these vast stretches of fertile land is devoted to the maintenance of all those members of the imperial family who are not in the direct line of succession. At the present time this source of income produces \$10,000,000 a year, and the imperial appanages stand in the proud er, the most important and prosperous farmer in the Russian Empire. is the reason why Russian Grand Dukes are so amazingly wealthy .-Chlenge Journal.

> Caught in a Fence. A large rattlesnake was found imprisoned between two rails of a fence

near Ellensville and was killed. The snake had come upon a flock of young quali, caught one of the birds and swallowed it. The survivors ran to the other side of the fence, whereupon the snake crawled between the rails until it caught another luckless bird, which it also swallowed.

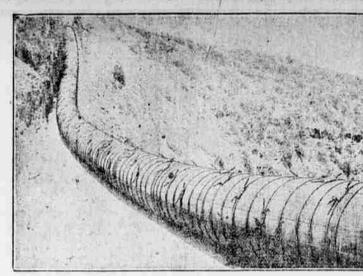
The result was that the snake, owing to the bulge made by the first morsel, was unable to move forward, and because of the second protuberance, was unable to go back. Thus its greediness led to its death.-New York World.

A Moulting Lobster.

Recently a lobster in one of the aquarium tanks cast his skin. The process lasted about half an hour. A split appeared in the thin skin just in front of the first joint of the tail (abdomen), and though this opening the lobster slowly withdrew the forepart of his body, legs and feelers. Then with a jerk the tail was withdrawn. The old skin was left intact and absolutely perfect.-Letter in London Mail.

Italy patrols its beaches to prevent poor people from evaporating sea water for low-grade salt.

"The hypocrite! the scoundrel!" I MAKING WESTERN DESERTS FERTILE I



IRRIGATION FLUME CARRYING WATER OVER A HILL.

THE PYGMIES OF THE CONGO.

For years we have been aware of the actual existence of a race of pgymles in the interior of Africa. And now, authorities on the subject have expressed the belief that in this little known race of black dwarfs, hidden to-day in the fastnesses of the tropical forests of the Congo, but in past centuries probably far more common and widespread, we may have the origin of the dwarfs of tradition. Sir Harry Johnston, the well-known English explorer, made famous by his classic discovery of the okapi and by his researches among the ane-like little black people, is of this opinion.

The human type, in all probability, first emerged from the ape in Southeastern Asia, possibly in India. The higher types forced the negro from the continent in an eastward direction. across the intervening islands, as far as Australia, and westward into Africa. Even to-day ape-like negroes are found in the gloomy forests, who are, doubtless direct descendants of these early types of man, who probably closely resembled their simian ancestors. They are found on the eastern border of the Congo woodland and in A HOME-MADE TALKING MACHINE other portions of the Congo basin, and the attention of scientists was first called to them by Johnston, Grogan and Sharpe. They are often dirty yellowish brown in color and covered with a fine down. Their faces are fairly hairy, with great prognathism, and retreating chins, while in general they are unintelligent and timid, having little tribal cohesion and usually living

establish their little colonies, though they are as unstable as water, and range far and wide through the forests. They have seemingly become acquainted with metal only through contact with superior beings, and their weapons were formerly of wood or stone only. They live in little conical huts about four feet high and four feet in diameter, constructed by thrusting withes in the ground, tying them together at the top and thatching them with leaves. Each man usually has but one wife, the couples housing together in a single but, but as soon as a child leaves the mother's breast a separate but is constructed for it, and as we can imagine, some of these are ab surdly tiny. The women are said to be affectionate and make dutiful wives. sometimes marrying into the tribes of the larger negroes.

The dwarfs have no separate langunge of their own, but speak, roughly, the dialects of the neighboring tribes of large blacks. While in the forests they are usually absolutely unclothed. but they adopt sufficient covering for decency when they come into contact with others.-Scientific American.

Would you like to make a talking machine? If you have a toy trumpet put the small end in your mouth and your two hands over the large, or funnel end. Now blow through the trum pet, and open and thut your hands once quickly. The syllable "ma" will be sounded, and if you repeat this in a quick succession the word "mamma" will be spoken by the trumpet. It

may have a strident sound, but it will,

Another good imitation of the human

olce, says the New York Evening

Mail, may be made by taking a large

empty spool and stretching across the

hole at one end two rubber bands. The

bands must be close together at their

edges, but must hot overlay. You can

HOME-MADE TALKING MACHINE.

tack or tie the ends over the side of the

When you blow through the other

the human vocal chords and make a

sound something like the human voice.

force with which you blow.

nevertheless, be a spoken word.



CONGO PYGMIES TRAVELING FROM AFRICA TO EUROPE.

Among the latter individual types of the lower order crop out now and then, Indicating that the two were, to a certain extent, merged in past ages.

Whence the pygmies came or where they originated is unknown to us. In the hieroglyphic records of the Egyptlans and other ancient people are ac counts that prove conclusively that the dwarfs existed in Africa at that time. However, from native traditions gathered by Schweinfurth, Junger and other travelers, it appears that the little people occupied land as far north position of being the largest land own- as the western Nile water shed, and were driven thence by invasions of larger blacks. To-day they are confined to the Congo forests and to such portions of these as extend toward the Nile water shed and into Cameroon and French Gaboon. There seems to be some connection between the pygmies and the bushmen of South Africa. and if this is true it gives color to the theory of the former wider occupancy of the continent by the dwarfs. Traces of pygmies have been found in Europe, and while there is no absolute proof of a prehistoric, universal, dwarf eople, there is some ground for belief in the truth of this, and the acceptance of this theory furnishes us with an explanation for the general occurrence of the mythological dwarfs in human folklore.

The existence of the pygmies is of the rudest; they do not practice agriculture and keep no domestic animals. They live by means of hunting and enaring, eking this out by means of thieving from the big negroes, on the with a total mileage of 2285, or about outskirts of whose tribes they usually one-tenth that of Great Britain

High Tide of Prosperity. been as strong since the early '80's; The year 1905 stands out as a recordshipments of footwear from Boston breaker-"a year of superlatives in the are close to the maximum, and, includbusiness world," as Dun puts it. ing all shoe centres, the movement Prices of the sixty most active rail- this year is beyond precedent. For way securities have reached the high- eign commerce in July surpassed the est point on record; the output of pig corresponding month in any previous iron in the first half of 1905 not only year .- St. Louis Post-Dispatch. far surpassed any preceding six months' production, but exceeded every

At Strobbeck, Prussian Saxony, chese full year prior to 1898; prices of hides is a part of the regular school curriare at the highest position since the culum and every boy and girl carries Civil War: wool quotations have not a board and men.

No. | No. | No. | No. | No. | No. FARM TOPICS.

THE BEST FOR CHICKS.

The incubator has come to stay, and the enterprising poultry man who cares to keep up with the procession has one, It's those young brollers that bring in the large returns,

BREAKING A COLT TO HALTER.

There is a little item in the Horse Breeder that contains a great deal of nformation in a nutshell for those who breed and break colts. It says that the best time to halter-break a feal is before the youngster is six hours old, the comer after the foal is on its feet the better. This is very easily done when the mare drops her foal in a box stall. In catching the foal pass the left arm under the neck in front of the cliest and press the hand, with no more force than is absolutely necessary against the opposite fore shoulder. At the same time pass the right arm over the youngster's back and pass the hand back to his quarter. Talk to him in gentle, soothing tones and he will soon ease struggling. After repeating the lesson a few times put a soft, easy fitting head halter on him, and by the time he is three days old he will be balter broken.

BEES AS BAROMETERS.

Whoever observes bees carefully finds it easy enough to foretell exactly the kind of weather to be expected. At least that is the colpion of many raisers of bees. Generally the bee stays at home when rain is in the air. When the sky is simply dark and cloudy these busy workers do not leave their dwelling all at once. A few go out at first, as though the queen had sent out messengers to study the state of the atmosphere. The greater num ber remain on observation until the clouds begin to break up and disappear, and then all the bees rush out in search of nector. A bee never goes out in a fog, because it is well aware that dampness and cold are two of their natural enemies. The bees' eleverness consists in never being taken unawares, for it is possessed of untiring vigilance. Often one may observe the sudden entrance of bees into the hive when a dense cloud hides the sun, and even though rain is not in evidence.-Editor, in The Epitomist.

THE MILK CANS.

All milk cans and palls should be of linned steel, and, in order that they may be properly cleaned, they should se so made that every part can be seen and reached, and all cracks or crevices should be filled up with solder. All seams should be well made and filled up with the same material. The best ans are now made of one piece of steel without seams. Milk cans and pails should first be scrubbed and washed out with cold or tepid water, hen swilled with cold water, and finally, scalded out with bolling water or steam. Then they should be set out to drip and dry in such a position that no dust can enter. If the cans have bad seams these must be cleaned out with great care. They should be picked out with a splinter of white wood or one before begining to clean the can. The cleaning of milk cans should never be delayed a moment after they are empty. It would be a very great adcance, indeed, if one daily elegated of milk cans could be undertaken by the creameries, where power and steam are both at command, not only the caus going back to the farms empty, but Pige. those going back with skim milk or buttermilk as well. - Massachusetts Ploughman.

WHY HENS DO NOT PAY.

Hens do not pay when their owner loses sight of the fact that they need food and a certain amount of care, just as do any other living things. The man who keeps hens too often thinks that they absolutely need no care what ever, and that they should gather everything they eat from the scrap piles around the house and barn; that they should roost in the tree tops and drink from the filthy pools where the hogs are allowed to wallow. If by chance they have a house to roost in it is never cleaned during the entire year, and lies are allowed to have fulpossession. The old hens are kept until they die of old age, and no effort is ever made to improve the vigor of the flock.

Is it surprising that hens treated this way do not lay and that they are not profitable? Try a different way this year and see if things do not change for you.

*DRINKING TROUGH,

In raising poultry it is very neces sary to have plenty of good, clean water convenient for them to drink end of the spool the bands vibrate like This makes one of the best poultry troughs I have ever seen: Take a piece of timber three or four inches thick which will change according to the and as wide and as long as your flock demands. With a one and a half or two inch auger fill the surface full of China has ten railways in operation, holes about two inches deep, in which

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the water is to be placed. The holes can be arranged in many neat designs. This trough has many advantages over many that are being used, such as its cheapness, cleanliness and safety. The little chicks cannot get into the water or get drowned .- R. E. Hough, in The Epitomist.

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SPORTING EREVITIES.

Harvard's football squad will be conched by the nid of the camera. Cornell's football line will be the

The All Chleago Association football team defeated the Pilgrims, the Brit-

ish eleven, by the score of 2 to 1. The yachting season was practically

The Automobile Club of America has appointed a special committee to open a campaign for improved city streets.

The automobile boat Simplex won the race from New York City to Poughkeepsle and back, 145 knots, in 7h.

first prize in the lawn tennis doubles of the tournament given by the Staten Island Cricket and Tennis Club.

were the brutal elements of the play eliminated and a more open game substituted for that now in vogue here.

Graft among the rowing clubs is the latest reflection on American amateursm. The charge is that certain infividuals when ordering shells for their organizations demand a rebate from the builder.

It is the intention of the Amateur Athletic Union and those who are inerested in other athletic organizations to send to Athens in 1906 the strongest athletic team that has ever left this country for an international compe-

The filly Miss Winifred, by Direct Hall, 2.04%, that is in Ben White's Ideal Stock Farm string at Syracuse, suddenly changed recently from a trotter to a pacer without having previous-ly shown even a sign of being double galted.

NEW YORK.

heaviest and strongest in its history. Larner walked seven miles at Stam-

ford Bridge in 50 minutes and 4-5 of a second.

concluded, and the boats will now go out of commission until next year.

Karl H. Behr and R. D. Little won

The popularity of football in this country would be increased five times