By Howard P. Garis.

HREE weeks before Thanksgiving there was a 'em?" consultation among the inmates of the Morrisville the common sitting-room, where the men and women were allowed to gather when they were not eating or sleeping. About all the unfortunates in the almshouse had to do was to eat and and a half I could have had just as sleep; a few worked about the institution or in the garden. The convention opened rather unexpectedly, when Sarah Tooker remarked:

"What d'ye s'pose we'll have for Thanksgivin'?"

All the others turned and looked at her, for Sarah was the latest arrival, and consequently new to the regulations governing the Morrisville poorhouse

"Do they feed us on turkey or chicken?" she continued, "I'm a little mite | Tod after the retreating marshal. fonder of turkey myself, but I s'pose I can eat chicken on a pinch."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Rodney Eckert. "Ho! ho!" and his two remaining teeth rattled together like corn in a parch-"Turkey! Chicken! Land ing-pan. love ye, Sarah Tooker! If it ain't roast beef it'll be lamb stew, and if it ain't halting pace. lamb stew it'll be roast beef, an' ye can take your choice. I know. I've been here nigh onto fourteen year now. to mind how we had roast beef last year."

Eight other old men and ten other old women nodded their heads in grave or less long experience, what the Thanksgiving dinner would be. It was only slightly different from the usual meals of soup, bread and tea, served regularly at the poorhouse. Only Sarah hoped for a change. The others thought little about it.

"Lamb stew," said Sarah, plaintively. "Why, the idea! Thanksgiving, too! Well, all I've got to say is, that it ain't what I'm used to, not by a good deal. I don't see why we can't have a chicken potple," she finished, with a little

"Don't let Zeke Jedeil hear ye," cautioned Bud Tunkert. "As long as he's been superintendent of this poorhouse, he can't abide to have any one find fault with the eatin'. Not that we need to, most times; but since ye brought up the Thanksgivin' subject, It kinder runs in my head. Turkey! Ah! Um!"

"My, oh, my! Thanksgivin', an' lamb stew!" repeated Sarah. "It doesn't seem reasonable. Before I had to come here I was used to a big turkey

for dinner-a big, fat, brown turkey." "If ye'd just leave off mentioning such things I'd be obliged to ye," said Tod Elkum, with a little quaver in his voice. He awoke from the doze he had been in. "It makes a body feel hungry," he went on. "'Specially when the feastin' time's so near. If it's all the same, ye might mention somethin' about bein' shipwrecked on a desert island, with nothin' to eat but boot-legs an' seaweed. That'll give us appetites for lamb stew," he concluded.

llence concluded, while each one of the twenty inmates of the poorbouse was busy with his or her own sad thoughts.

Sarah Tooker wagged her head dejectedly. It was a new experience for her, for she had been in good circumstances until failing fortunes and the death of all her relatives had obliged her to seek refuge in that place dreaded by all the aged.

"It does seem a pity we can't celebrate for once," mused Tod Elkum, as he walked out into the yard. "I would relish a nice, brown slice of turkey. with plenty of gravy an' lots of dressin'. And I wouldn't mind some cran berry sauce, too. But I s'pose th' selectmen alu't got money to waste on such frills."

Out on the pleasant country road a great red automobile rushed by, raising a cloud of dust. The State turnpike passed through Morrisville.

"I'll bet those folks ain't worrvin' about where their turkey is comin' from," went on Tod. "Well, we can't all be rich, and maybe it's a good thing."

He strolled toward the road, walking slowly, for his limbs were feeble from age. He enjoyed the crisp air of November and the genial sun, which tempered the rather cool afternoon. There was the delightful smell of auttumn, coming from the brown .earth. and the dried leaves rattled as he trod

He reached the road and turned toward the village. The dust from the automobile was still flying lazily in the sunlight. A little way ahead Tod saw a figure. It was that of a man, and he was shaking his staff at something in the distance. When Tod came nearer he recognized Hank

Wright, the town marshal. 'What's the trouble?' asked Tod. *Somebody tryin' to run over ye?" "It's them pesky automobiles!" said

Hank. "What did it do? Most nip ye?" in

nuired Tod.

"No. But it was goin' twice as fast as the law allows," replied Hank, "and I was hollerin' to stop it. The selectmen have passed a law, limitin' the rate to ten mile an hour, and this one was goin' twenty if it was going one."

"And ye were countin' on arrestin'

"I was, and finin' 'em, too," said Hank, firmly. "There's a penalty of poorhouse. It was held in ten dollars for exceedin' the speed limit. Half of it goes to the town and the other half is divided between the marshal making the arrest and Squire Bascomb. There's a good two dollars well as not."

"It's somethin' like fishin'," consoled Tod. "Better luck next time."

"I'll warrant the next one don't get away from me!" threatened Hank. He walked on, while Tod strolled slowly after him. But the sturdy legs of the marshal

soon proved too fast for the older man, and Tod dropped behind. "If I see any of them autobilers goin"

too fast, shall I notify ye?" called out "Yes, or ve can arrest 'em vourself.

if ye want to," answered Hank. "No law again' it. But ye'd better be careful. It takes some one with a show of authority to bring 'em to a halt."

"Well, I'll let ye know if I see any of 'em," said Tod, as he kept on with

The days came and went. Life con tinued the same in the Morrisville poorhouse. There was the same soup Most likely it'll be lamb stew. I call and tea and bread. The little excitement caused by the mention of a Thanksgiving feast had died out. A week before the holiday Zeke Jedell, the superintendent, called on Thomas They also knew, from more Jenkins, the chairman of the board of town selectmen.

"What'll I give the inmates for Thanksgiving?" asked Zeke. "What did they have last year?"

asked Mr. Jenkins. "Roast beef and potatoes," answered Zeke.

"Beef's high and funds are low," said Mr. Jenkins, "Lamb's cheaper. Give 'em lamb stew."

"They had that year before last," ventured Zeke.

"Well, they'll forget it by this time," rejoined Mr. Jenkins. "Humph! You don't know 'em as

well as I do," said Zeke. But there was no appealing from the decision of the chairman, and the superintendent prepared to give a big dinner of lamb stew to his charges.

Thanksgiving was three days off Even Sarah Tooker, most hopeful of all, had given up, and resigned herself to lamb stew. The others, after the brief delights of an almost wild anticipation, had fallen back into their usual

But some new spirit seemed awak ened in Tod Elkum. He slept less than usual, and when True Kimball wanted him to engage in the usual game of checkers one afternoon Tod declined. "What ye goin' to do?" asked True

"I got a little matter o' business to tend to down the road," answered Tod, and he hurried away as fast as his that. legs would carry him.

He was muttering to himself. "If it works, there ain't any reason gumption enough to do it. And I will have! I will! Just to think-a lamb stew for Thanksgivin'! I never realized before what it meant. It's all along o' Sarah Tooker's suggestin' it."

Tod walked along the State road. scanning the fence closely. The weather, although crisp, was clear, and there was no sign of snow yet. The autumn was late that year, and coaching and automobile parties from the cities near Morrisville were frequent.

"I guess that'll do," said Tod, as he took hold of a long, heavy rail. From his pocket he pulled some rope, and then he fastened one end of the rail to a tence-post, loosely, so that it seemed to have suddenly taken cold. worked as if on a huge hinge. Then he hoisted the rail high in the air, upright, fastening it there by a light pole, used as a brace.

To this brace he tied another piece of rope, and then, holding the end of the cord in his hand, he took his position on the other side of the road, near the fence.

"My spring trap's all complete now," he said, with a chuckle, "I'm ready for the game when it comes along." Any one who watched him might nave wondered what sort of game the old man hoped to catch. He sat for nearly an hour, resting his weary back against the lowest fence-rail. The dried leaves on the forest trees in the woods to his left rustled in the cool fall wind.

In his rather thin garments the old man shivered. Suddenly from down the road sound

Honk! Honk! Honk! "There she blows!" cried the old

If it only works!" Around a bend in the road came a big red automobile. It was speeding along, the gay party in it laughing and talking.

"Fifteen mile an hour if it's a foot," muttered Tod. He drew in his breath sharply. His hands trembled, but he steadied them, and then he gave the cord a sudden "yank." The long rail fell with a clatter and bang right rest a little by the brook beneath the across the road. The path was ef-

fectually blocked. The man at the steering-wheel gave

suddenness that brought the big machine up with a quiver of brakes.

"What do you mean?" asked the man at the wheel, angrily. "We might have smashed that rail if I hadn't stopped."

"I calculated ye'd stop," said the old man, coolly. "That's what I put the rail there for."

"Well, you must be crazy," said the My mother tucks me up in bed And kisses me good night, And then I feel as safe and snug As if 'twas broad daylight.

in the world did you want us to stop for?" "Exceedin' the speed limit," replied Tod, sententiously. "Goin' faster'n ten mile an hour. I'm delegated by th' town marshal to 'rest ye," he went on, simply. "Hank Wright; mebbe ye know him."

"No. I don't." rejoined the chauffeur.

crossly. "I'm s'prised," rejoined Tod. "Well, t don't matter. He's delegated me to look after such people's you, ridin' faster'n the law allows."

"Have you a badge?" asked the chauffeur, suddenly. Tod hesitated for an instant. He

thought of Hank Wright's big shining nickel star, the emblem of his authority as town marshal, and his face fell. "I ain't got any badge," he said at last. "There nin't but one badge in town, and Hank Wright wears that, He's the town marshal. But he's give me the authority to arrest ye, and so I'd advise ye to submit peaceably.

"Ye see," he continued, feeling that some explanation was necessary, "I ain't been long at this business. I live over at the poorhouse, an' this is my own idea for raisin' funds for gettin' a Thanksgivin' dinner."

"What in the world has stopping our automobile got to do with a Thanksgiving dinner?" asked the man with the goggles.

"Why, there's ten dollars' fine for goin' faster'n the law allows," explained Tod. "Half goes to the town, an' the other half is divided 'tween me an' Squire Bascomb. So ye'd better come 'long peaceable and 'pear in court, for I represent the law, that's what I do," and his wrinkled and seamed old face, kindly as it always was, took on a queer, stern look.

There was a brief whispering among

the occupants of the automobile. "I might add that all we was goin' to have for Thanksgivin' dinner," said Tod, "was lamb stew. I've as good as earned two dollars and a half now, and I'm goin' to stay here till I get enough for a good turkey dinner. Be ye ready to go to the justice's office?"

"Yes, we'll go along peaceably," said the man with the goggles. "Won't you get in and ride with us?"

"If ye'll promise not to go faster'n the law allows," agreed the old man. "We'll go slowly," said the chauffeur.

Thereupon Tod removed the fence rail, and gingerly climbed into the automobile. There was a little flurry of excitement when the big, puffing machine drew up in the vilinge before the office of Squire Bascomb, although the fining of drivers of the machines was not infrequent in the town.

"I 'rested 'em," said Tod, proudly, to the gaping crowd of villagers. "I 'rested 'em, squire, with my patent automobile-stopper," and he chuckled at the remembrance.

Squire Bascomb opened court grave-

"Are you sure they were exceedin' the speed limit? he asked Tod.

"Well-" began the old man, slowly, for he had not counted on having to give evidence, technical evidence at

"Oh, yes, we were going rather fast," admitted the driver of the machine, in why we sha'n't all have turkey," he women. "I think we will plead guilty."

laid ten dollars on the squire's desk. "Don't do it again," cautioned the magistrate, severely, as he took the money and handed Tod his share. The old man's fingers trembled so that he

almost dropped the money. "Where are you going now?" asked one of the ladies in the automobile

party. "I'm goin' back for more game." plied Tod. "I've got to have bout five dollars more before I'll have

enough to buy turkey for all of us up to the poorhouse." "Get in and we'll take you back," said the chauffeur, softly, and he

Once more Tod rode in the big red machine. This time it went straight up to the door of the almshouse, and when the man at the steering-wheel helped the old man down he pressed something that was crisp and crinkly into Tod's hand.

"It's for Thangsgiving," he said, as Tod gazed at the generous bill; and the man in goggles wrapped his coat about

him, for it was quite chilly. Such a dinner as they had at the Morrisville poorhouse three days later! Never such plump, brown turkeys, never such rich gravy and dressing, such delicious cranberry sauce, such crisp white celery! Never such mince pies! Mrs. Zeke Jedell fairly outdid herself on the meal. And such appe-

tites as everybody had! "It's almost as good as havin' a big red automobile," said Tod. "I was St. Bernard who had saved thirty-four ed a cry, like a dock of wild geese in afraid I wouldn't hev the spunk to lives. Men, women and children whom stop 'em, but I did."

"My, but that's certainly a fine turkey!" spoke Sarah Tooker, with a sigh man, jumping up. "Now for my trap! that expressed the deepest content- Our Dumb Animals. ment. And all the others agreed with her .- Youth's Companion.

Poetical Place Name.

The voortrekkers had a fine sense of the poetry of things. Up in the Transvaal there is a little place which rejoices in the name of Wanchteenbeitjebeideboschfontein. It is a name which speaks of leisure; whose gentle invitation to the thirsty traveler to cool shade of the tree calls up at once the thought of a green oasis in a dry and barren land .- Capetown Times.



BEDTIME. The Child.

man, lifting up his big goggles. "What But sometimes when the night wind blows And I hear the thunder peal,
I think of all the flowers outdoors,
And wonder how they feel.

> How glad I am that I'm a child, Safe in my little bed, With mother near if I should call, And father's roof o'erhead.

The Flower
The cool, dark night has come again,
The time for sweet repose;
I gently rock on my long green stem;
My weary petals close.

And when the night is very warm,
And all the earth is dry,
How I rejoice to see the clouds
Come creeping o'er the sky!

I lift my drooping head to catch The first drops of the shower;
And when I feel them pelting down,
I'm glad to be a flower!

-Anne Murray Larned.

THE RACE OF THE MONITORS. The accompanying picture explains itself. It is a novel water sport for boys and just the thing for freshwater bathers. It should not be tried in surf.

Each boy makes a monitor, as elaborate or as simple as he likes. The very easiest way to construct one is to get a light box and nail a piece of board on each lid. One end of each down into Rover's solemn eves. The pointed or rounded, to represent the bow and stern of the little ironclads or monitors of our navy. Cut holes in the sides, front and back of the box, so that you can easily see out on all sides when you are "in the turret."

Now for the monitor race. Each boy puts his head in the opening of box, wearing the box like a huge hat, until the course is reached.

The course for the race should lie over all depths of water, although in caught by the tide; send a lost to the deep water for only a very little distance. At some places in the course collar by a bit of her sash ribbon, and

Now and then he lifted up his head and watched the sea gulls as they flew over head. The tide was coming in, but so slowly that they did not notice it, and it had crept round the edge of g large boulder and was fast covering the rocks that had served as stepping stones and connected them with the mainland. The spot where they sat was never wholly covered by water. but the tide surrounded it, and there were always about four hours when it

was impossible to reach the shore. Still Aunt Jennie sketched and Robert carried on a tremulous commerce. Rover felt more uncomfortable, and coming over to Robert, rubbed his nose against his shoulder.

"Go away!" said Robert, a trifle imnationally, for he was sure at that moment that the coast cities were without grain and the people were stary

Rover tipped up his head and gave a long howl, and began to jump about nervously. Aunt Jennie looked up from her work, "Why, Robert," she cried, "the tide has come in and left us on the island!"

They threw down their things and ran to the other side. Here they found that the stepping-stones that ran over to the land were already far under water. Robert looked dismayed. "Do you think we will starve?" he

asked, fearfully. "Not in four hours," laughed Aunt Jennie: "and besides, perhaps some one will come after us."

"Can't we telephone?" he asked. "I am afraid we should have to build station and connect the wires first," laughed his aunt. "I do wish we had some one to send." Then she looked dog wagged his tail and gave a short "Would you go?" she asked. bark. He began to dance round her and give short "whoofs," to show how willing he was. Rover had been taught to find his moster under all circumstances. Robert often tied a letter to his collar

and sent him to father's office. As they decided to try the experiment, Aunt Jennie tore a leaf from her note-book, and wrote, "We are island." This she tied to the dog's



IN DEEP WATER-THE EASIEST PART OF A MONITOR RACE.

the water should not be more than two feet deep, in others about six feet for a very little way and in others about waist high. This is the key-

note of the race. Each racer has to propel his monitor by pushing it with his head, which must remain inside the turret. In water just up to the neck this is not easy, and not at all difficult when he enters deeper water and has to swim for a little way, but when he reaches be found, so they began to pack up very shallow water his trouble be- their things to return. It was not gins. The monitor must rest on the long before a boat came round the schools so many new-fangled subjects water throughout the race, the racer point, making toward the island. Papa are taught that the children have no must keep his head inside the entire was rowing, and Rover sat in the distance and must not touch the craft with hands. So when the water is only waist high he has to crouch very Robert, and papa waved his cap .response to a nudge from one of the low and keep his head in the turret, H. C. Hill, in Youth's Companion. and when he strikes a few yards of was saying, softly. "If I've only got and he pulled out his pocketbook and the course where the water is hardly NEW GAME FOR OUT OF DOORS. knee deep he must crawl, and the sight furnished by a lot of racers at ence.-New York Evening Mail.

A DOG'S FUNERAL

He was only a dog, but he had saved many lives, and when he gave his own life trying to save others, the good him with honor.

Geneva, May 24.-To-day the monks of St. Bernard Hospice sang a special Te Deum for a dog, the finest and bravest St. Bernard of all the lifesaving forces that do battle with the eternal snows and deathlike cold of the Alpine peaks. They sang a Te Deum for a hero. And when the last sonorous note of the chant had droned and echoed and lost itself in the slience. every priest among them shed tears upon the body of Barry II., the martyr

of the Alps. Outside on the church steps, supported by a rough bier of fir branches, covered by a soft black pall and guarded by two cowled monks, lay the dog that had died while doing his duty None of his human brothers ever died more nobly, for Barry II. died that three travelers might live. The travelers for whom he died attended the special service at the little chapel, and when it was done they helped with their own hands to bury the animal

that had died to save them. It was a fitting service for the dead he rescued from the menace of the snows and the perils of crevasses biess the memory of this wordless friend .--

A SAFE MESSENGER.

Robert was playing on the beach He had found a little stream that folway between two rocks, and there formed a small waterfall; this stream he called the Mississippi, and he was busy sailing great barges of grain down to the Gulf of Mexico. That is, he said so to his aunt, who was busy sketching near by.

Rover was stretched out in the shade of a rock and panting with the heat. the winning pegs.

then Robert said, "Go find papa!" Hardly were the words given than Rover was away with a bound. He paused but a moment at the edge of the water, and then, giving a parting bark, he plunged in and made straight for the other side. When he reached

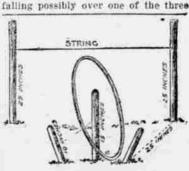
off up the hill. They knew now that they would be safe if the dog's master were only to grossly deficient in ability to spell orbow, acting as pilot.

"Hurrah for the messenger!" cried

This game is a test of skill in hoop rolling. As a rule, says the Home this stage usually convulses the audi- Journal, the players soon grow to be quite expert in guiding their hoops, and can perform such feats as "re-

turn rolls" and "bouncing hoop" with a great deal of cleverness. Five pegs or sticks are required in this game, per dimensions shown in monks of St. Bernard Hospice buried diagram, and placed according to measurements shown. Standing at a distance of fifteen feet from the pegs each player must endeavor to roll his hoop through either of the two openings, to left or right of the tall peg.

If they pass through safely, they will strike the string or rope and rebound.



THE GAME OF HOOP BOUNCE.

pegs. The middle peg, more difficult than the rest, counts twenty points, while the two smaller ones score ten noints each.

It will be found possible to exercise eleverness in manipulating the hoops, as a jerk or twist or firm roll will tend to give the rebound its necessary

First of all, the hoop must be rolled skillfully enough to make it pass through the two openings. If a hoop falls upon a peg before it rebounds from the string the player loses his lowed across the sand and made its chances of count for that time, and other players follow in quick succes-

The string used in this game, on

the two back pegs, should be of sufficient strength to give firm resistance to the hoops when they are rolled, and the more strength put in the roll the more apt the hoops are to circle

Olive Oil for Nerve Disorders. Sufferers from nerve disorders should certainly try the olive oil cure. The best and purest olive oil must be obtained, and one teaspoonful three times a day is the dose if the victim of neuralgia, anaemia or disordered nerves is in a hurry to be cured. Otherwise it is recommended that the oil taste should be cultivated by the addition of a very little to the salad taken once or twice a day, with a dash of vinegar added, says the Searchlight

The patient should gradually lessen the vinegar and increase the oil, until it is so well liked that it can be taken raw. It is claimed for olive oil, just as it is for apples, that it keeps the liver in good working order, thus preventing rheumatism, rendering the complexion healthy and clear and the hair glossy and abundant, The value of this treatment is most highly commended.

BOX OF WAFERS FREE-NO DRUGS -CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Cures Belching of Gas-Bad Breath and Bad Stomach - Short Breath-Bloating-Sour Erectations Irregular Heart, Etc.

Take a Mull's Waier any time of the day or night, and note the immediate good effect on your stomach. It absorbs the gas, disinfects the stomach, kills the poison germs and cures the disease. Catarh of the head and throst, unwholesome food and overeating make bad stomachs. Scarcely any stomach is entirely free from taint of some kind. Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers will make your stomach healthy by absorbing foul gases which arise from the undigested food and by re-enforcing the lining of the stomach, enabling it to the lining of the stomach, enabling it to thoroughly mix the food with the gastric juices. This cures stomach trouble, promotes digestion, sweetens the breath, stops belching and fermentation. Heart action becomes strong and regular through this process.

Discard drugs, as you know from experience they do not cure stomach trouble. Try a common-sense (Nature's) method that does cure. A soothing, healing sensation results instantly.

We know Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers will do this, and we want you to know it.

Special Offer — The regular price of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers is 50c. a box, but to introduce it to thousands of sufferers we will send two (2) boxes upon receipt of 75c. and this advertisement, or we will send you a sample free for this coupon. send you a sample free for this coupon.

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Send this coupon with your name and address and name of a druggist who does not sell it for a free sample box of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers to MULL'S GRAPE TONIC Co., 228 Third Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

Gine Full Address and Write Plainly. Sold by all druggists, 50c. per box, er sent by mail.

LUST ANT OF SPELLING. Little Time Left For Teaching It In

the Maze of Fada. In this commercial age, when the ancient classic languages are being climinated from the courses of study in colleges and universities, and poetry s being banished from a place among the fine arts of which it was once the head and soul, and every energy and faculty of the human being are being devoted to the acquisition of material wealth, it is not strange that the art of spelling correctly is being shame-fully neglected in the schools.

It is a fact that great numbers, if the shore he shook himself and tore not the greatest numbers, of graduates that are sent out of the highest educational institutions in the country are dinary words in the every day use of our language.

To-day in the primary and grammar

time for spelling, and that is one reason why there is so little good reading except by professionals. Persons who pell poorly skim over what they read without giving to each letter in each word its proper value, and they do not understand what is so read with sufto recite it intelligibly aloud. To be able to read well is a fine accomplishment, and is absolutely necessary if one would be an orator or an effective

public speaker.
It is greatly to be regretted that so few university graduates are able to spell correctly, or to read properly, but unless they are proposing to become actors or orators, probably they will not feel the need of such accomplishments. What is wanted in education is knowledge that can be sold for cash. Every other sort is of comparatively little use in the estimation of the official educators.-New Orleans

Pleayune. COFFEE NEURALCIA Leaves When You Quit and Use Postum.

A lady who unconsciously drifted into nervous prostration brought on by coffee, says:

"I have been a coffee drinker all my

life, and used it regularly, three times

a day. "A year or two ago I became subject to nervous neuralgia, attacks of nervous headache and general nervous prostration which not only incapacitated me for doing my housework, but frequently made it necessary for me to

remain in a dark room for two or three

days at a time. "I employed several good doctors, one after the other, but none of them was able to give me permanent relief.

"Eight months ago a friend suggest ed that perhaps coffee was the cause of my troubles and that I try Postum Food Coffee and give up the old kind. I am glad I took her advice, for my health has been entirely restored. have no more neuralgia, nor have I had one solltary headache in all these eight mouths. No more of my days are wasted in solitary confinement in a dark room. I do all my own work with ease. The flesh that I lost during the years of my nervous prostration has come back to me during these months, and I am once more a happy, healthy woman. I enclose a list of names of friends who can vouch for the truth of the statement." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Ten days' trial leaving off coffee and using Postum is sufficient. All grocers. SUSINESS CARDS

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ecse-Ohio, new New York, new, Poultry. Etc.

Figur-Winter Patent. \$ 5.05 5 25 Wheat-No. 2 red 83 84 Corn-Mixed, 51 52 Eggs. 16 18 Butter-Ohio creamery 20 22

NEW YORK. Flour-Patents \$ 500 Wheat-No. 2 red \$7 Corn-No. 2 white \$1 Oats-No. 2 white \$31

ium, 1200 to 1800 lbs. Tidy, 1930 to 1150
Butcher, 950 to 1160
Common to fair
Oxen, common to fat
Common to good fat bulls and cows
Milch cows, each Hogs, Sheep.

CATS CONSULT THE CALENDAR.

the Days of the Week. Down along the wharves in New some of these animals are, there is one man whom they regard with ap-

"I don't know all of them," he says. "No man could; and besides there are changes all the time. But if I don't know them, they all know me, every cat of them. And they're wise; cats are as wise as any beast that lives. every cat on the block runs to meet me, but they are always on their good behavior. Now, here's a place where I leave meat for six cats. They follow me when I give it to the porter. They are the cats that belong here, and all the rest of the cats are waiting peaceably for me to come out. Now, see those four cats run ahead and into the next place; they're the cats that belong there, and they

"But that is a small part of the wisdom of these cats. Five mornings in the week I get around my beat between 7 and 8 o'clock, but on Saturdays I am always late, and never reach the block before 9. Well, on Saturday morning the cats know that I'm late and they don't put their heads outside the doors until it lacks only a little of 9. You see there are calendars hanging up in every office to tell the day of the week, and clocks, too, and there's nothing to hinder the cats from consulting them. If they don't find out that way, how do they know when it's 9 o'clock Saturday morning?"-Golden Days.

DENTIST

DENTIST.

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line up to meet me.

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