

FIGGER UP.

If the day seems to carry a burden of woe, Figger up...

Look back on your life, though you'd much rather not...

HER SECOND THOUGHTS.

The young vicar of Drelling came out of the vestry, and, very straight and very white...

put her out of his life, as wise men do thrust away distracting visions of the unattainable.

It was a tiny, unobtrusive old church; a mere dot on the territory of the great house whose pinnacles and windows and turrets and fretted battlements—the work of many generations of architects—commanded it at a distance of about three furlongs like a tiered battery of money bags.

Eve's father had offered him £10,000 for the advowson of that tiny church. "It's a fancy price."

He was no coward, but he was tired of it. Life seemed too complete a mockery this morning, this fair July morning, as he walked up the avenue toward the great house from the lodge which still had his family's escutcheon in stone over the door.

It should as soon think of selling my coat of arms, Mr. Hassell."

The stone label to that escutcheon bore the words "Stand firm." There were five broken-nosed Delmain monuments in the church, and to each of them was that same escutcheon, with that same motto.

"Well, I'll make you sorry before I've done," he said.

But he wasn't sure that he could do it. Even while he faced his congregation he heard the sweet chimes of the new church which the new owner had had built with the forceful haste of a Pharos, on purpose to compel him to go.

And now he had done about all he could do, and it was enough.

A congregation of one!

The Rev. Philip Delmain, last of the Delmains of Drelling, thus sitting in his disestablished vestry among the cassocks of the choir who would never again praise the Lord with him, was beaten.

And then he looked up from his book. It was as if his eyes were determined to act in defiance of his will. She was, as ever, beautiful and calm. She did not look up. She was half the length of the little church away from him, and that was merciful of her.

It was chivalrously noble of her. He read her high motives as he read her serene and beautiful face. But, of course, it could not go on. She must recognize that as well as he. If she were not Eve, Philip might have seen in her coming thus to his despised little church the master stroke of her father's schemes to drive him out of the parish. But she was the Eve he knew and loved, and—

He read for her and himself, with his head a little bowed, "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us—"

But it was not his pale face flushed as he remembered what he had just done, or rather not done.

He didn't speak bitterly. He didn't even feel bitter about things at the moment.

Statistics show that more people live to be one hundred years old in warm climates than in northern countries. In Mexico there are many centenarians, for in towns not forty miles from the capital are not a few men and women beyond the one-hundred-year line.

He removed his robes and sat down. He believed that it was the unfairness, the astounding unfairness which hurt him most.

He had allowed his own petty personal cares and humiliations—the agitations of a mere ephemera—to tempt him to insult the Omnipotent and Immortal. He, a servant of the Most High, had refused to pay the service that was due from him to the Almighty. Expressly due from him!

It was afterward that Eve's father had begun his campaign of ostracism, and there was little that money could do to force him from Drelling that Mr. Melton Hassell, of the great house, had not done.

Just himself, and the altar, which was to him the throne of mercy and all good gifts.

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So to the very end.

It was a gorgeous little church, with much gold and expensive marble to it, and its incumbent was an able man; a good man also in his way, though without private means, and with a family which constrained him to see eye to eye with his patron.

Macbooth—in his new play, Fanshew's carries re-claim a little beyond the limit.

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less; not quite so erect now, but whiter than before. Only for a moment. And then he moved slowly to his vestry and shut the door.

Not now a recreant servant of his Master, he returned to the church, and went down its narrow nave. Why should he not pause and even stand where she had stood? She had left her prayer book, and that also was noble of her. All the other books had been taken away to that garish little gem of a new church. Only hers remained.

He kissed the book and replaced it reverently. In a week it would no doubt be with her in that other church. So much the better for that other church, and none the worse for him or for her. And here he locked the door sadly, yet with a firm hand, and removed the key. Tomorrow Mr. Melton Hassell might triumph over the key if he pleased; it should be his to do with as he pleased.

But on the west side of the church, whither he turned to reach the parsonage in which a Delmain had lived for more than two centuries, he saw her.

She was standing by the large, white marble cross which marked where her mother lay. Mr. Melton Hassell had lost his wife in the first year of his greatness as master of Drelling. It was before the discord between him and the vicar of Drelling, and, well, of course, she lay in the old churchyard.

She looked up, and at once moved toward him, and there was that in her face which constrained him to wait for her. The impulse to steal away in the other direction was instantaneous on seeing her; but so, also, was her movement toward him.

Yes, he would give her the key, if she would take it.

"I want to say something," she said rapidly; "and I want you to believe every word of it. I—you may think what you will of me, but it has got to be said. Once you asked me if I could love you, and I—I was hasty, and said I could not, I meant would not. But I love you now, and—you read the words just now—if you still love me, I am willing and anxious to say, like Ruth, Whither thou goest I will go, and—you know the rest, Philip. Ah!"—she sighed her contentment—"you do love me. I am—glad!"—London Answer.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In Michigan three sisters are living whose combined ages are 275 years. All have been married.

In New England the fringed gentian is a shy, rare plant. In the fields around Chicago it grows like clover.

At Strohbeck, Prussian Saxony, chess is a part of the regular school curriculum, and every boy and girl carries a board and men.

The celebrated emerald mines of Muco, Colombia, are owned by the government, and are among its most valuable assets. Colombia is seeking a loan in foreign markets with which to carry on operations in the mines.

It is reported that the director of the French school at Athens has just discovered at Delos three large lead vessels full of old coins. The largest contained more than 300 4-drachma pieces, minted in Athens under the Archons. They are said to be in such perfect state that they appear never to have been put in circulation.

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He had cried like a child or a poltroon, and ran away. It mattered nothing that he had shamed himself before her. She was a fleeing mortal, even as he was. In a little while she, like him, would pass away, and ere then she would, God willing, forget his weakness. But he had banned himself before the Most High, and before the dust of his own ancestors, who had been honorable and brave men—their many misfortunes in these latter days the result of their sense of honor.

The pine needles of South Oregon are being utilized, says the New York Evening Post. The needles are first boiled and then run between horizontal wooden rollers, which extract the juice. This is called pine needle oil, which is supposed to possess medical properties. The pulp is used as a medicated material for upholstering, and is also said to be a good substitute for horsehair. It is said that insect pests will not live in furniture that has been upholstered with pine needles.

The monks at the Hospital of St. Jean de Dieu, at Ghent, have in their leisure moments decorated the walls with gorgeous landscapes, glowing with color and full of life, formed entirely by means of the postage stamps of all the nations of the world. Palaces, forests, streams and mountains are represented, butterflies flit about in the air; birds, of beautiful plumage perch on branches, snakes and lizards glide about, and innumerable animals find places here and there. The pictures are most artistic, in the style of Chinese landscape gardening, and already between nine and ten million stamps have been used.

Imposition.

Macbooth—in his new play, Fanshew's carries re-claim a little beyond the limit.

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The Farm

The Over-Burdened Horse. Who has not seen a horse staggering with too great a load, whipped by a merciless driver? Very often this is the result of the owner of the horse placing upon the horse (and the hired man as well) more than he can do.

It is often the hired man that is the driver of the overburdened horse, and the owner is the one that is primarily responsible for the cruelty to the animal. The man that sends his hired man to town over muddy roads with a load big enough for a horse drawing it over a dry road takes great chances with his horse, not only of rendering him uncomfortable, but also of injuring him permanently.

FRUIT FOR THE FAMILY. The farmer that considers first the fruit for his family is wise. There are multitudes of farmers that cannot afford to raise fruit to sell in the general market that can yet afford to raise all the fruit they and their families can use.

Movable House For Turkeys. Following along the line of argument advanced in these columns many times in favor of keeping the poultry on the range as late in the fall as possible, the reader will be interested in the movable poultry house here described.

EAT BEAVER MEAT.

That's the Advice of Chief Bear, of the Tobique Tribe. Newel Bear, who was chief of the old Tobique Indian tribe 65 years ago, has reached the great age of 108 years, and is probably the oldest Indian of full-blood in America, today.

STOPS BELCHING BY ABSORPTION—NO DRUGS—A NEW METHOD. A Box of Wafers Free—Have You Acute Indication, Stomach Trouble, Irregular Heart, Dizziness, Short Breath, Gas on the Stomach?

BITTER TASTE—BAD BREATH—IMPAIRED APPETITE—A feeling of fullness, weight and pain over the stomach and heart, sometimes nausea and vomiting, also fever and sick headaches?

Special Offer.—The regular price of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers is 25c. 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.

10285 FREE COUPON 128 Send this coupon with your name and address and name of a druggist who will mail you a free sample box of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers to the range desired.

Every building that is used in connection with milk production should be well ventilated. The stable in which the cows are kept and are milked should be well ventilated to keep the cows healthy and should be well ventilated to keep bad smells from getting into the milk.

Curing Sucking Cows. There are many plans for breaking self-sucking cows of the habit, but some of them are complex, while with others the animal soon learns how to get the better of any device which is attached to her.

The Tone of Machinery. Engineers judge of the condition of their machinery by the tone it gives but while running.

Mineral Plant Food. I am convinced, writes J. T. Hudson, that mineral plant food is present in considerable quantities in most of our soils, and that it is used up but slowly by the plants.

Lion Afraid of Ostrich. There is only one thing of which the lion is afraid, and that is the ostrich. The bird is more fleet than the quadruped, and it can deliver its terrible kick with the impact of a pugilist's blow and spring away till it gets another opening.

BUSINESS CARDS.

G. M. MADONALD. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Notary Public, real estate agent, Patent secured, collections made promptly.

DR. E. HOOPER. REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. Resident Dentist. In the Hooper building, Main street. Gentleness in operating.

DR. L. L. MEANS. DENTIST. Office on second floor of First National bank building, Main street.

DR. E. DEVERE KING. DENTIST. Office on second floor Reynoldsville Real Estate Building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

E. NEFF. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE and Real Estate Agent. Reynoldsville, Pa.

SMITH M. MCCREIGHT. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Offices in Reynoldsville and Harrisburg, Pa.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG. Grain, Flour and Feed.

Table listing market prices for various grains, flours, feeds, and dairy products in Pittsburgh.

BALTIMORE. Live Stock.

Table listing market prices for live stock in Baltimore, including various breeds of hogs and sheep.

PHILADELPHIA. Live Stock.

Table listing market prices for live stock in Philadelphia, including various breeds of hogs and sheep.

NEW YORK. Live Stock.

Table listing market prices for live stock in New York, including various breeds of hogs and sheep.

FEMINE FANCIES.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale is a good locomotive engineer.

Miss Pauline Chrisman, of Pueblo, Col., has been sworn in as a policeman.

Princess Louise, of Coburg, has sold the MS. of her "Memoirs" to a Brussels editor for \$200,000.

The Duchess of Sutherland, like her sister, the Countess of Warwick, has the pen of a ready writer.

The wife of Pedro Alvarado, the Mexican multi-millionaire, is to rest under a monument of silver.

Mrs. Ellis Rowan, the well-known flower painter, has a collection of 500 pictures of Australian flowers.

Miss Grata Greig, the first woman to be admitted to the bar at Melbourne, recently made her first appearance in court.