

FIGGER UP.

If the day seems to carry a burden of woe,
If its moments seem dragging and terribly slow,
For I guess you will find if you pause to reflect
That there's 'bout as much sun as you've right to expect;
If you've earned something good, you are bound to collect—
On the great slate of Time there are many accounts—
For various payments of divers amounts—
And we're apt to collect what is coming our way,
Though it's shine of the sun or gloom of the day;
If we dance, you have heard, we the fiddler must pay—
Figger up.

Look back on your life, though you'd much rather not—
And say, if you dare, that the treatment you got—
Is not pretty near to the treatment you earned.
Who was it the candle incessantly burned,
And burned at both ends, until wisdom he learned?
What's the use of a sigh, or the good of a whine—
Take your medicine now, as I must take mine.
And I guess we may find on the big final sheet
There was just as much shine as of gloom for our feet.
Or, if not, that the treatment we had was but meet.
Figger up.
—A. J. Waterhouse, in Sunset.

HER SECOND THOUGHTS.

The young vicar of Drelling came out of the vestry, and, very straight and very white—face and gown—knelt for a few moments, and then rose to begin the morning service.

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.

For the first time since the trouble he had not rung the bell. There was no one else to ring it, and he—had come to this—didn't think it worth while.

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. He had met no one except the lodgekeeper's children at a window of the lodge, and they had been pulled down by invisible hands as soon as he had noticed their staring eyes and parted lips.

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.

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 Pharaoh, on purpose to compel him to go.

A congregation of one!
He read for her and himself, with his head a little bowed, "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us—"
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. She was clothed in gray like a dove, with a touch of gold in her hair where the sun gleamed at her through the yellow mantle of a glass saint in the window. A marvel of a woman, considering that she was but three-and-twenty, and her father's daughter.

And then he closed the prayer book. "I am afraid," he said, "that I must ask you to forgive me, that is, excuse me. I cannot go on, Miss Hassell. I will leave Drelling, as your father desires."

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

But in the vestry, with its crying testimonies to his failure—the eight cassocks of his choir who were not, the written rules for their observance, and the notices about holy seasons—here he was suddenly seized by a throbbing despair.

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

Was he not wounded enough in the fact that a year ago—or was it an aeon?—Eve Hassell had told him that she did not love him. Where was his crime in loving her and telling her so?

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. He had written to the bishop about it, and the bishop had written to Philip, suggesting, in all Christian kindness, that if Philip could bring himself to surrender the poor fragment of his ancestral rights which remained to him with the advowson of that little church, it might, in the circumstances, be best for all concerned, including himself.

But he had stood firm against the bishop, even as against the mighty power of her father's purse and the hideous sapping of his influence in the little parish which proceeded from that power.

The bishop was grieved to the heart, yet duly consecrated that rival church. 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.

It was not as if he had revolted against Eve's inability to love him. He had spoken no word to her since. Not one word. Both she and her father had seen to that; and he had tried to

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.

He waited for her and smiled. Yes, he would give her the key, if she would take it.

But she spoke first, offering him her hand.

"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.

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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. Horses, as well as men, can be injured by overdoing.

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. It would seem unnecessary in this great country to call the attention of any farmer to the fact that he is not raising all the fruit he should, but we know that thousands of farmers do not raise enough fruit for home use. An abundant supply of fruit should be one of the things found always on every farm in a location where fruit will grow.

Hens on Small Farms.
The hen can be made a factor for profit on small farms, and indeed on the small farm the hen is likely to receive the attention she should. On the very large farm the poultry business is dwarfed in comparison to the larger scale of operations, and we have not learned yet to manage successfully fowls when kept by the thousands. The small farm, too, has advantages of market facilities that the large has not, on account of the little farm more often being found in the vicinity of cities or villages where the land is high in price.

Ventilation.
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. The rooms in the house devoted to the care of milk should be perfectly ventilated, and this should be true of every creamery in which milk or cream is handled. There is now a general complaint that the ventilation of creameries is so bad that are always damp. This is one of the inevitable results of bad ventilation.

Millet For Poultry Feed.
In my experience millet seed is one of the best things we can give our poultry for a grain feed. I think it is especially good to put finish on birds being fitted for show, as it contains a good deal of oil. It is also not so rich in starch as is corn and has in it more nitrogen. Young chicks find it more to their liking than corn, as the grains are smaller. The old hens cannot fill up on this grain as quickly as they can on corn, and then go and sit down in the shade and wait for another feed. If fed in chaff the fowls will have to exercise a great deal to get a square meal. A quart of millet seed to fifteen full grown fowls is enough for a day's feed.—Nellie Dawson, in Farmer's Review.

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. There is one appliance, however, which seems to work to perfection, and it is made and applied in the following manner. The usual halter is placed on the head of the cow and a ring is fastened in it



Just under her neck. Then a strap or a strong rope is placed about her body just behind her forelegs. From this strap or rope another strap is run, having at the end a crupper such as is used on horses. This is placed in the proper position under her tail. Then a pole is secured sufficiently long to reach nearly to the middle of her body to a joint just beneath the ring fastened in the halter. A hole is bored in either end of the pole and it is tied at one end to the ring in the halter and at the other end to the strap or rope about her body. The strap from the back to the tail prevents any slipping of the middle strap and the appliance is absolutely secure, making it impossible for the cow to reach her udder with her mouth. The illustration clearly shows the idea.—Indianapolis News.

Common Measles.
All the common measles (Phaeococcus vulgaris) that we have in our gardens are supposed to be natives of tropical America, and this will account for their great tenderness in the presence of frost. It has been only after many years of breeding up that we have va-

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. He says a Bangor, Me., dispatch to the New York World. Chief Newel enjoyed robust health until he reached the age of 95 when he began to lose flesh and strength. Thereupon he went into the woods and remained for some months subsisting entirely upon beaver meat with the result, as he claims, that his strength was fully restored. Beaver meat, he declares, will cure any of the ills that flesh is heir to, if taken in time and in sufficient quantity.

STOPS BELCHING BY ABSORPTION—NO DRUGS—A NEW METHOD.
A Box of Wafers Free—Have You Acute Indications of Stomach Trouble, Irregular Heart, Dizzy Spells, 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?
What causes it? Any one or all of these: Excessive eating and drinking—abuse of spirits—anxiety and depression—mental effort—mental worry and physical fatigue—hard air—insufficient food—sedentary habits—absence of rest—boiling of food.
If you suffer from this slow death and miserable existence, let us send you a sample box of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers absolutely free. No drugs. Dures injure the stomach.
It stops belching and cures a diseased stomach by absorbing the foul odors from undigested food and by imparting activity to the lining of the stomach, enabling it to thoroughly mix the food with the gastric juices, which promotes digestion and cures the disease.
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.
THIS OFFER MAY NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

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. The runners are formed by the fastening together of two heavy planks and the ends are trimmed so as to turn upward a trifle. Then a hole is bored through the end of each runner through which a chain may be slipped to be attached to a whiffletree so that when the house is attached the house may be drawn to any portion of



the range desired. The house may be made any dimensions desired, six by eight feet or eight by ten feet being the average size. When made for the use of turkeys, the sides are of solid lumber, the back and ends being covered with strong wire netting to permit free ventilation. The roosts are placed as high as is possible for turkeys, so that they will not strike against the roof and to protect them from rain and storm a hood comes down from the roof projecting over the front the entire length of the house. The entrance is made quite large and is in one end of the house. This is arranged so that a door may be let down at night, and, if desired, locked, being held in place during the day by a wire and two eye screws. If designed for fowls the roosts may be made lower and a portion of the back side of the house boarded up to cut off a portion of the ventilation. The illustration plainly shows the plan of this house, which is so desirable.—Indiana Farmer.

Cross Fertilize.
Whatever kind of fruit we grow it is best to plant it so that if possible it may get cross fertilization. We do not know how many different kinds of fruit need to be fertilized by the pollen from another species, but we have learned enough about it to know that as a general thing the fruit is surer if cross pollinated. I could tell of pear orchards that bore little or nothing for years till they were grafted with other varieties to give them the pollen. There is the Keiffer that has so often proved fruitless till it was grafted with Garber. The same is true to a considerable extent with apples, and it is notorious that plums will sometimes not bear at all unless cross fertilized.
Now when I plant a pear, apple or plum orchard I put more than one variety in the same neighborhood. The planting of many trees of one variety in a block operates against the pollinating of the blossoms, and this is shown by the blossoms falling without fruit setting, or, if the fruit sets it falls off before it is very old. This is one cause, I believe, of the great falling of apples we have every year. It simply means that some of the blossoms were not pollinated and would have no seeds in them if they grew. In most cases the seedless apple does not mature, though there may be a variety that will mature its fruit without seed.—Bradford Haight, Belmont County, Ohio.

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. I think that if we drain our land and let in the air in summer and the frost in winter the result will be the constant formation of new-plant food under the working of the forces of the air. Water is the universal solvent, and I believe that where it is allowed to stand in soil it dissolves much of our most valuable plant food. Where mineral plant food abounds we hear men say "the soil is strong" and naturally bears a big crop if cultural conditions are right. In our rocky hillsides there is an abundance of mineral plant food, and more food is being constantly made. Those that notice the grass on such hillsides know that it is of strong growth and that the sod is frequently deep and closely woven.

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. Such tactics naturally disgust the superior being.

THE SECRET OF YOUTH
Do you look for the secret of youth in a spring of gushing, life-giving waters, which he was sure he would find in the New World. Alchemists and sages (thousands of them), have spent their lives in quest for it, but it is only found by those happy people who can digest and assimilate the right food which keeps the physical body perfect that peace and comfort are the sure results.
A remarkable man of 94 says: "For many long years I suffered more or less with chronic constiveness and painful indigestion. This condition made life a great burden to me, as you may well imagine.
"Two years ago I began to use Grape-Nuts as food, and am thankful that I did. It has been a blessing to me in every way. I first noticed that it had restored my digestion. This was a great gain, but was nothing to compare in importance with the fact that in a short time my bowels were restored to free and normal action.
"The cure seemed to be complete; for two years I have had none of the old trouble. I use the Grape-Nuts food every morning for breakfast and frequently eat nothing else. The use has made me comfortable and happy, and although I will be 94 years old next fall, I have become strong and supple again, erect in figure and can walk with anybody and enjoy it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in every pkg.

Mourning for Enemies.
The expressions of sorrow shown by the Japanese for the death of the Russian Admiral Makaroff prove that the people of Japan are far in advance of the so-called Christian nations in magnanimity and human charity. Contrast a public procession in Nagoya bearing 1600 lanterns in token of mourning for the dead preceded by banners inscribed: "We sorrow for the brave Russian Makaroff" with the rejoicing of the Israelites over the death of Goliath of Gath, or imagine what the people of the northern states would have done if Jefferson Davis had been killed while riding over the battlefield at Bull Run.

The Tone of Machinery.
Engineers judge of the condition of their machinery by the tone it gives but while running. Every engine, whether stationary or locomotive, has a particular tone of its own. The engineer becomes accustomed to that, and any departure from it at once excites a suspicion that all is not right. The engineer may not know what is the matter. He may have no ear for music, but the change in the tone of the machine will be instantly recognized and will start him on an immediate investigation.

BUSINESS CARDS.
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DENTIST.
Office on second floor Reynoldsville Real Estate Building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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And Real Estate Agent.
Reynoldsville, Pa.

SMITH M. MCCREIGHT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Office in the Reynoldsville Hardware Co. Building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

MARKETS.
PITTSBURG.
Grain, Flour and Feed.
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 75 77
Eye—No. 2 red..... 72 73
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear..... 61 62
No. 2 yellow, shelled..... 63 64
Midds—per ton..... 23 24
Oats—No. 2 white..... 53 54
No. 3 white..... 52 53
Flour—Winter patent..... 4 25 4 26
Fancy straight white..... 4 09 4 10
Hay—No. 1 Timothy..... 13 06 13 50
Clover No. 1..... 16 06 16 50
Food—No. 1 winter mid..... 19 50 20 00
Brown middlings..... 16 50 17 00
Bran, hulls..... 7 03 7 50
Straw—No. 1..... 7 00 7 50
Oat..... 7 00 7 50

Dairy Products.
Butter—Elegit creamery..... 32 34
Ohio creamery..... 29 28
Fancy creamery..... 33 31
Cheese—Ohio, new..... 11 12
New York, new..... 11 12

Poultry, Etc.
Hens—per lb..... 14 15
Chickens—dressed..... 13 14
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh..... 24 25

Fruits and Vegetables.
Apples—per bushel..... 2 51 3 20
Pottsville—Fancy white per bu..... 65 70
Cabbages—per ton..... 13 00 15 00
Onions—per barrel..... 4 01 2 26

BALTIMORE.
Flour—Winter Patent..... 5 05 5 20
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 83 84
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear..... 51 52
Oats—No. 2 white..... 31 32
Butter—Creamery..... 34 36
Eggs—Pennsylvania State..... 24 26

PHILADELPHIA.
Flour—Winter Patent..... 5 05 5 20
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 84 85
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear..... 51 52
Oats—No. 2 white..... 31 32
Butter—Creamery..... 34 36
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania..... 24 26

NEW YORK.
Flour—Patents..... 5 00 5 15
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 85 86
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear..... 52 53
Oats—No. 2 white..... 31 32
Butter—Creamery..... 34 36
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania..... 24 26

LIVE STOCK.
Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.
Cattle.
Extra, 1,400 to 1,500 lbs..... 5 31 5 50
Prime, 1,300 to 1,400 lbs..... 5 00 5 20
Good, 1,200 to 1,300 lbs..... 4 50 4 75
Tidy, 1,000 to 1,150 lbs..... 4 25 4 40
Fair, 900 to 1,100 lbs..... 3 40 4 10
Common, 750 to 900 lbs..... 3 00 3 50
Common to good fat oxen..... 3 00 4 00
Common to good fat cows..... 2 50 3 25
Heifers, 750 to 1,100 lbs..... 2 75 4 00
Fresh cows and springers..... 16 00 20 00

Hogs.
Prime heavy hogs..... 5 35 5 40
Prime medium weights..... 5 35 5 40
Best heavy Yorkers..... 5 30 5 35
Good light Yorkers..... 4 50 5 00
Pigs, as to quality..... 5 10 5 25
Common to good roughs..... 4 25 4 70
Stags..... 5 25 5 75

Sheep.
Prime wethers..... 3 75 3 85
Good mixed..... 5 25 5 65
Fair mixed