

OLD TIME FAVORITES

GOING HOME.

We said that the days were evil,
We felt that they might be few,
For low was our fortune's level,
And heavy the winters grew;
But one who had no possession
Lekked up to the azure dome,
And said, in his simple fashion,
Dear friends, we are going home!

This world is the same dull market
That wearied its best sage;
The times to the wise are dark yet,
But so hath been many an age.
And rich grow the tolling nations,
And red grow the battle spears,
And dreary with desolations,
Roll onward the laden years.

What need of the changeless story
Which time hath so often told,
The spectre that follows glory,
The ranker that comes with gold—
That wisdom and strength, and honor
Must fade like the far sea foam,
And death is the only winner?
But, friends, we are going home!

The homes we had hoped to rest in
Were open to sin and strife,
The dreams that our youth was blest in
Were not for the wear of life;
For care can darken the cottage,
As well as the palace hearth,
And birthrights are sold for pottage,
But never redeemed on earth.

The springs have gone by in sorrow,
The summers were grieved away,
And ever we blamed to-day,
In depths which the searcher sounded,
On hills which the eagle heart clomb,
Have troubles and toil abounded—
But, friends, we are going home!

Our faith was the heaviest burden,
But found not a stone of trust;
Our love was the fairest gilder,
But lavished its wealth on dust,
And up—hath the fabric shaken,
And found the day hath shown,
For much they have changed and taken,
But nothing that was our own.

The light that to us made haec,
The path which so many choose,
The gifts there was found no place for,
The riches we could not use;
The last that when life was wintry,
Found summer in our hearts and home,
With those to our lot and count?
Dear friends, we are going home!
—Frances Brown.

LEGEND OF THE RED ROSE.

One day within a garden fair
Love found a maiden sleeping;
June sunbeams tangled in her hair;
The sentry lies keeping
With rentry purity and grace
Their loving watch above her;
While o'er the happy dreamer's face
The whispering zephyr hover.

Love tipped an arrow with a kiss
And sent it fastioner's eye;
With cunning hands that could not miss,
To wake the sleeping maiden.
It pierced her heart, she woke and smiled,
With glances sweet and tender;
It made a woman of a child:
Love's morning dawned in splendor.

She felt the arrow in her breast,
She saw love's empty quiver;
The slender shaft she deeper pressed
And smiled upon the giver.
Love beckoned her, she rose with pride,
To fly with her bold wooer;
He pledged her she should be his bride,
No lover would be truer.

A voice rose the dreamy air,
A feeble father sought her;
She turned from love in deep despair,
To prove a faithful daughter.
"O come," cried love, "thy life shall be
Encircled with joy and beauty."
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
Commanded stern-eyed duty.

She wrenched the arrow from her breast,
Her heart clung to it broken;
She laid it at his feet and blessed
Her first and last love token.
A glory shone within her eyes,
Encircled with joy and beauty;
Heaven saw the noble sacrifice,
And filled her soul with beauty.

Love took his silver bow and made
A track, then, softly weeping,
In it he heart and arrow laid
And left them in time's keeping.
The arrow, bending o'er the mound,
Mourning for the heart of duty;
And when the bow's leaves strewn the
ground,
Upon its love they perished.

The wind grew hoarse and ceased to shriek
Among the barren bowers;
The sunbeams kissed dame nature's cheek,
Her blossoms bloomed in flowers.
O'er the mound the moss grew round,
The garden air perfuming,
With tiny arrowheads set round,
They sound love's red rose blooming.



PRINCESS DARELLA.

By Myra Hamilton.

HERE was intense excitement within the palace when the young Princess Darella defied her parents and flatly refused to wed the husband who had been provided for her. They persuaded and scolded her in turn; they talked of his wealth, his position and his blue blood, but they dared not mention his face, for in their hearts they knew he was hideous to look upon—he was old and wrinkled, with hardly a tooth left in his head.

The Princess was quite determined, however, so she merely shook her head in reply to their appeals. At last the King completely lost his temper.

"In sooth," he cried, "you are no daughter of mine. Never has such wilfulness been known in my family before. I chose a worthy, kind hearted man who is fit for you to marry, and you scorn him. For shame!"

"He shall never be my husband," declared the obstinate Princess. "I shall know the man I am going to marry directly I meet him," she added.

"What do you mean?" demanded the King indignantly.

"Last night when I was asleep," said the Princess, "a handsome young Prince came to me in my dreams, and he was, oh, so fair to look upon! He was tall and straight and young, albeit that his hair was tinged with gray. And if I wait fifty, sixty or seventy years, I shall be content if he claims me at the end of that time. But methinks an evil spell lies heavily upon him, otherwise he would come forward now."

Then the King grew simply infuriated with his daughter. He stormed and raved at her, and at last, as a punishment for her disobedience, he condemned her to live all alone on a little island that could just be discerned from the roof of the palace.

But the Princess Darella made no objections. When the time came for her to leave her home she stepped into the boat quite willingly. She chatted gaily to the crew as they bore her out to sea, and she gazed undauntedly at the little island on which she would probably be starved to death. When they left her on the beach, with her bundle of things lying at her feet, she still seemed quite content with her fate, and she waved her handkerchief to the boat as long as she could see it.

The first thing Darella did was to wander round the island in search of a nice dry cave to live in; and when she had found it she spread her few belongings about, and tried to make it look as comfortable and homelike as possible, and then, of course, she felt hungry. When she set out to gather herself some fruit and some berries to eat she was surprised to find that somebody had already placed a pile of delicious fruit in readiness for her.

"This is very nice," said the Princess, as she dug her little white teeth into a juicy pear. "I wonder who has been good enough to do this for me. I think I shall be very happy here."

And so she was. Although she never met any human being upon the island, all her wants were attended to in a most marvelous manner. A little heap of fruit was always placed outside the door of her cave every morning before she awoke, and when she went out for her daily walk round the island the

sea, but the Princess had no idea what they were being used for. In the distance she could hear the men shouting loudly, and though she grew very nervous, she never ceased her combing; the more anxious she became, the more vigorously she went on with her task.

In the meantime the hat that had talked so long to Darella was flying round the island arousing hundreds of other bats. At the sound of his voice they all gathered around him in a dense gray cloud, and hastened down to the water's edge just as the occupants of the boats were prepared to land. But the moment the men placed their feet upon the beach the bats hurried themselves in their faces and beat them back. Again and again the men struggled forward, but they could not advance at all. For not only had they to fight against these vicious little creatures, but they could feel at the same time something twining round their legs and holding them back. They did not know that it was the golden locks of the Princess Darella that impeded their progress so much, for when the wind rushed away with her silken tresses it had orders to twist this about the enemy and hinder them as much as possible. One by one the men were beaten back to their boats until, worn out by struggling and completely defeated by the bats, they decided to return to the palace and leave the Princess to her fate.

When the bats saw they were victorious, they fell into line behind their leader, and in this order they suddenly appeared before the maiden. She jumped to her feet with fear as she saw that hundreds of these little creatures surrounded her, but in a minute the voice she knew spoke to her telling her not to be afraid.

The Princess advanced a few steps and held out her hands gratefully.

"Dear little bats, I thank you," she said kindly. "It is very good of you to have fought so bravely for me, and I wish that I could show you some return."

"You can! You can!" they cried, becoming almost mad with excitement.

"Tell me how," cried Darella eagerly. "I will do anything for you."

"Let us each kiss your hand," they entreated. "Then we shall be able to resume our natural forms."

So, although the Princess did not like it at all, she held out her hands and allowed each bat to caress them. The bats that kissed her right hand instantly became men, while her left hand was the means of restoring the women to their original shapes. The Princess was overjoyed at the changes that she saw around her, but after looking about her eagerly her face suddenly grew very sad.

"Are there no more of you?" she asked. "Where is the bat that helped me to-day?"

Immediately she felt a soft touch upon her hair, but before she had time to object, a handsome figure, with gray hair, stood before her. With a little cry of joy the Princess Darella threw herself into his arms.

"My Dream Prince!" she said delightedly. "I always said we should meet some day. How glad I am that I remained true to you, although I saw you only in my dreams!"

So the Princess married the Dream Prince, who proved to be the King of the island, and a very wealthy one, too. He and his companions had been turned into bats as a punishment for teasing some fairies, and the spell could only be removed in the way I have just described.—Cassell's Little Folks.

RECIPES.

Mutton With Rice.—Line a buttered baking dish with a wafer of cooked rice about an inch thick. Fill the center with cold roast or boiled mutton, chopped rather fine and freed from bone and gristle. Season with salt, pepper, a little juice and gravy to make slightly moist. Cover with a layer of rice and bake half an hour in a moderate oven. Remove the cover, spread lightly with melted butter and allow the top to become a delicate brown. Serve very hot with tomato sauce.

Beef Faggots.—Pass some roast beef and a small quantity of cooked ham through a mincer. Season with salt, pepper and nutmeg and mix together with a large teaspoonful of chopped parsley and the same amount of chopped celery. Moisten the ingredients with some thick brown sauce and roll into small croquettes. Wrap the croquettes in a layer of puff paste of medium thickness, roll in fine dry breadcrumbs and stand aside for a quarter of an hour. Now brush the rolls over with beaten egg and fry in boiling fat until a golden brown.

Chicken Rolls With Peas.—Cut a pound of cooked chicken into small pieces and pass through a mincer. Season with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Add a small quantity of finely minced onion and a dessert spoonful of parsley, also finely chopped. Mix the ingredients together with two tablespoonfuls of cream sauce and one egg, and spread out on a flat dish for two hours. Inside boats made from this minced meat peas are laid, and each boat is wrapped in puff paste. Brush with beaten egg and fry in boiling fat.

Chick's Liver and Celery.—Cook a cupful and a half of chopped celery in water until tender. Drain thoroughly and add to half a cup of cooked chick's liver mixed together with three-quarters of a cup of cream sauce. Season to taste, stir over the fire until it boils, and serve on slices of buttered toast.—Washington Star.

We talk about the return to the simple life, extol it, advocate it, and adopt it in so far as it does not affect our social existence; but restaurants will go on flourishing, supper parties will continue and women will eat all she can get; and if her complexion goes she will more and more resort to artificiality's artificial aid, concludes the London World.

In Cook County exactly fifty murderers have been hanged in seventy years. Sixteen murders have been committed since New Year's Day states the Chicago Tribune.

President Roosevelt's favorite breakfast is corn pone, with New Orleans molasses.

BUSINESS MARKS

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Temperance Notes.
The Masonic Fraternity of Philadelphia have cut wine out of all their banquets and social functions, beginning with January, 1906.

It is announced by the Presbyterians that the third Sabbath in October, October 15, will be observed as Temperance Day throughout the churches of that denomination.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, of the Bureau of Chemistry, declines to retract his assertion that eighty-five per cent. of all whiskey sold over the bars of the United States is adulterated.

"Will alcohol dissolve sugar?" "It will," replied the old cook; "it will dissolve gold brick houses and horses and happiness and love and every thing else worth having."—Boston Champion.

In a Swedish army order soldiers are instructed not to drink spirits on the march. Chocolate cakes are said to produce thirst, while oranges and tea are considered most refreshing.

The Chicago liquor license is \$500 per annum—the death-rate 16.2-10. The Fall River (Mass.) liquor license is \$1500—\$2000—the death-rate, 22.4-10. An argument for low license. Quite as logical as that made by the Liquor Protective Association!

If the Stars and Stripes are planted on the North Pole, the United States are likely to get into trouble with Canada and Russia, both of which claim that singular piece of property. Our pole-finders should be allowed to do nothing rash, concludes the Atlantic Constitution.

Dyspepsia

Post-mortem statistics of the big New York hospitals show that many cases of consumption are due to the uninterrupted progress of dyspepsia.

Especially is this true in cases where the victim was predisposed to tuberculosis.

Therefore the person who allows dyspeptic conditions to progress unchecked is contributing toward the development of the most fatal disease known to mankind.

Dyspepsia wears out the body and the brain—makes the victim thin, haggard and sallow. The stomach, unable to digest food, cannot supply nourishment. When other diseases come they enter unresisted.

L. P. Turner, 269 Howard Street, Detroit, Mich., says: "I have suffered from dyspepsia and indigestion for several years and it reached such a stage that I could hold nothing on my stomach, and immediately after eating the lightest foods, would be taken with a violent fit of vomiting. I tried a great many remedies, but nothing helped me until I procured a box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, when I obtained instant relief. I am now able to eat heavy foods and I gladly recommend the Rexall Tablets to anyone suffering as I did."

Don't take any chances. Cure your dyspepsia at once. Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets will do it. We know what they are and guarantee them to restore health, strength and a good digestion. Twenty-five cents will buy a box big enough for a fifteen days' trial. Money back if you are anyway dissatisfied.

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SCRAPNO

A Big, Soft Limber Package

Always moist, sweet and juicy. Best of all, it's *clean*—exactly what you want your chewing to be. Not a scrap of scrap in

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Choice, *long* leaf, pressed in big packages—bites like sponge cake—goes three times as far as the average five cents' worth.

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Sold Everywhere

There is one lunatic in the asylums now to every 299 people, as compared with one to every 377 ten years ago. The comic Sunday supplements are getting in their work, remarks the New York Mail.

A young man who is in love with a pretty girl thinks that he is fated to marry an angel. When it is all over, though, he sometimes regrets that an wasn't shunted by fate into marrying a cook instead.