

ON WILLIE'S ACCOUNT

By BEATRICE STURGES

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Willie sat on the steps in a distinctly unhappy mood. It was the first of July, bright and beautiful. The garden was ablaze with flowers and he could pick as many as he wanted. His ball and books and little fire engine lay on the porch beside him, and his collie pup was begging him to come and play, but Willie had no heart for any of these attractions.

He was grieved. What was the use, he reflected, of being the only child if your father and mother go away for two weeks and leave you at home? What was the use of having a young aunt stay at your house if she shut herself up in her room and wouldn't come



downstairs? And what was the use of being alive at all when the circus was coming to town in three days and nobody had invited you to go? Life was full of terrible problems. He was just wondering if he hadn't better cry about it when he saw a friend coming down the street and hastily changed his mind.

This friend was no less a person than Max Harwood, chief of the volunteer fire department of Norwood, commodore of the local yachting club and a

bee in Willie's eyes. By some mysterious coincidence Commodore Max appeared on the scene with great promptness and frequency whenever Willie's aunt, Miss Marjorie Dean, came for a visit, and as these visits had been rather numerous during the year just passed Willie knew him well enough to examine through his pockets and to hunt about their intimacy whenever any of the other boys needed a little wing taken out of their sails.

To Willie's surprise Max was passing with merely a wave of the hand, so the little boy jumped up and ran after him.

"Hello, Napoleon!" cheerily called his aunt. It was his fancy to call Willie by the names of the world's great generals, one after another.

"Good morning, commodore; aren't you coming in to see us?"

"Yes, not, thank you! It's pretty early for company."

"You have been better than this," said the child reproachfully.

"Well, er—I'm kind of busy this morning."

Willie was turning away to hide the hurt look in his eyes. Nobody wanted to bother him. Max saw this and hastily added:

"But get your cap and come along. I'm going down to fix up the boat. You can help me."

The delighted child raced back to the house for his cap and then was off hand in hand with the commodore, happy as a lark.

They worked all the morning on the boat and then the commodore took Willie up the river for a sail.

"Are you going to the circus, Agnes?" inquired Max, by way of conversation.

With a recurrent touch of gloom Willie was forced to admit that he didn't think he was.

"Well, I'd like to take somebody of just about your size," went on his host, "and I think that somebody is you. What do you say, my hearty?"

"Fine! Fine!" shouted Willie.

"Well, heave ho, there, and we'll splice the main brace. Keep out of the lee scuppers while I hoist the mainsail. Ha! Ulysses, what do you think of that?" And Max, who loved to mix up nautical terms for Willie's entertainment, made the clearest kind of a landing at his own pier.

"Did you ever shiver your timbers, commodore?" asked Willie.

"Lots of times, Wellington, and still live to tell the tale. Don't forget about the Fourth—side shows, fat lady, peanuts, elephants, pink lemonade—we'll see it all."

"Indeed I won't!" cried the child, wild with delight as he raced into the house to tell his aunt.

She was watching for him anxiously.

"Oh, Willie boy, where have you been all the morning?" she exclaimed, kissing him.

He told her breathlessly, and she listened to his admiration of the commodore with rising color.

"Isn't he perfectly splendid, Aunt Marjorie? They say there are ten elephants and the lions growling something awful! But I won't be afraid with the commodore. Only I wish you were

coming too. Wouldn't you like it? I'm sure he'd take you, too, if you asked him."

"No, honey, I—I don't think so. I don't expect to see the commodore again; we—we aren't friends any more."

"Oh, auntie!" exclaimed Willie, in genuine dismay. "And he's so good too."

Willie thought for a minute that his Aunt Marjorie was going to cry, and then he was surprised to hear her say in a manner singularly unlike her usual gentleness. "Maybe some people think he is good, but I know his true character, and I do not think you ought to go around, alone with him."

This speech was rendered with all the dignity that a woman of the world, aged nineteen, could muster.

"You went with him alone to lots of places," complained Willie. "You went last night."

"Yes, and that's just the reason I'm not going again. If a man takes a girl to a dance and forgets her he will certainly forget a little boy when he takes him to the circus, and then what would happen to you?"

Really this was awful. Willie had never seen his dear little aunt in such a state, but she was very sweet to him and took him out driving that afternoon, stopping in the village to buy him candy and lots of fireworks for the Fourth. He didn't know what to think about his beloved commodore, but saw him the next day and promptly repeated the whole conversation. It seemed to him the simplest way out of the difficulty.

"Did you forget, commodore?" he insisted.

"Great Scott, Willie, maybe I did; she says so; but she wasn't lonesome," he said finally. "Girls are queer creatures, Wellington; you'll find that out some day. But don't say another word about the circus. I'll fix it some way. You're going to see it as sure as your name is Vincenzo!"

So Willie kept his counsel and was pestered much by his aunt for the next two days. On the morning of the Fourth he was firing off his crackers from the open window in his little nightclothes at 4 o'clock, and Marjorie said never a word of complaint. She had made up her mind to take him to the circus herself and to get away early to avoid any possible conflict with her former great friend, the commodore—now a stranger forever.

Before lunch was over, however, the commodore's touring car stopped at the door and the commodore was standing on the porch, cap in hand, announcing that he had come.

"Yes, I see," returned Marjorie coolly, but deliberately avoiding his gaze. Max had such a way of looking at one.

"But what for?"

"Why, to take my friend Julius Caesar to the circus."

Willie looked anxiously from one to the other in an ecstasy of hope and suspense.

"I told Willie!"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted, "but if you come, too, it will be all right."

"Oh, yes, auntie!" cried Willie, jumping with joyful anticipation.

Marjorie tried hard to look cold and dignified.

"Would you spoil that child's day?" asked the commodore, coming closer. "Marjorie, please!" His eyes urged her as well as his voice.

She looked at him. "All right, I'll go. But it's just on Willie's account."

"Any reason will do," responded Max as he helped her into the car. "But maybe you can find a better one before we get home. I'm going to ride back here with you and William." He lifted the delighted child, gave him a hug, and put him in the front seat with the chauffeur. "William the Conqueror is going to have the time of his life."

The Turquoise Land.

Sinal was known as the "turquoise land" in very ancient times, and Dr. Flinders Petrie believes that it was the first mining center in the world. In his book on the subject Dr. Petrie tells of the various expeditions sent to Sinal by the Egyptian government. At the head of the party was the "commander," or "bearer of the seal of the god," the pharaoh. The official staff consisted of "masters of the house of metals," or assayers, scribes and secretaries, to make inventories of the output of the mines. Even more modern were the "dividers of metals," or prospectors. The working staff consisted of miners and their assistants. The commissariat had cooks, bread bakers, water carriers and even a doctor attached. The mines could only be worked for a certain period, from January to May, which is exactly the best period for archaeological work in Sinal today. The miners lived in camps, and the so-called forts and camps were really miners' villages.

England and the Sea.

Yorkshire alone has a record of no fewer than twelve drowned towns and villages. There was Ravenspur, for instance, which was constituted a free borough by Edward I. at a cost of £100 and became a seaport of almost national importance. There it was that Edward Balliol embarked with a force of 2,500 strong in order to win the crown of Scotland. The town, bigger and more important than Hull, had five churches, a capacious harbor and a number of buildings befitting its rank and importance. Where are they now?—London D.D. and G. G. G. G.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Try Now the Ways of Yore and See How You Like Them.

Good old times, says the San Antonio Light, are a delusion and a snare, and the man who sighs for them has little conception of what they were. Return to them, would you? Then rise on a cold morning and wash at the pump, pull on a pair of rawhide boots that rival a tin can in stiffness, pull on a woolen shirt over your back and sit down to a bare meal with your three-legged stool dancing around on a split slab floor, eat corn pone and bacon for a steady diet and labor fourteen hours out of twenty-four. Go without a daily paper, a fly screen, a mosquito bar, a spring mattress, a kerosene lamp, geowax your oxen to market and sit on the floor of an ox cart as you wend your way to church or a frolic. Parch corn and peas for coffee and sassafras for tea and see how you like it.

The old days are looked backward to affectionately, says the Galveston News, because they were the days of our youth, of bounding blood and supple joints, the days of hope and the days of love and laughter and song. The days of the present will be the good old days of the coming generation and will be regarded by our successors as rather crude in customs and harsh in many ways, yet without not to be despised. The progressives of our age are the mossbacks of later eras. Fifty years hence we will be accounted as slow and immature as we now regard those of half a century ago.

Fish Swallow Sand.

Captains of fishing smacks in the North sea have found that codfish at certain times of the year take sand in to their stomachs as "ballast." This, it would appear, is done when the fish are about to migrate from the shallow water covering the southern banks of the North sea to the deeper water farther north. It has been observed that fish caught on the southern banks just before the migration begins and those caught in the northern waters after it is completed have sand in their stomachs and that the sand is discharged after the arrival of the fish at the southern banks on the return migration. In proof of this it is stated that the sand found in the fish often differs in color and quality from that of the bottom where they are caught.—Washington Post.

Great Men's Childhood.

"Many great men," said a psychologist, "gave signs of greatness even in their childhood. Mozart at the age of five composed a piece of music so difficult that his father, a professional musician, had some trouble in playing it. "Macaulay before he was eight wrote the 'Compendium of Universal History, Being an Account of the Leading Events From the Creation Down to the Present Century.'"

"Hartley at seven wrote a long and abstruse essay on the 'Nature of Man.' Bacon at nine finished a work on philosophy. Milton at twelve wrote two epics.

"On the other hand, Goethe, Steele, Dr. Johnson, Wagner, Voltaire, Tennyson, Poe and Fenimore Cooper were deemed stupid in their childhood."

To take for granted as truth all that is alleged against the fame of others is a species of credulity that men would blush at on any other subject.—Jane Porter.

POWER OF CHEERFULNESS.

The Way One Druggist Lightens the Ills of His Customers.

A pale, weak girl entered a downtown drug store the other day. She seemed about to collapse. The proprietor assisted her into a chair and prepared a mild stimulant for her. The druggist's manner was so sympathetic that a little later she confided to him that she suffered with her heart and feared she had not much longer to live.

"Heart disease?" inquired the druggist genially. "Why, I have heart disease myself; have had it for years. That's nothing. I don't worry myself about it. I don't look like a man with a load on his mind, do I? You probably think that you are liable to drop off any time. On the contrary, any doctor will tell you that the average person with heart disease generally lives to a good old age. The very care that a sufferer from heart disease takes of himself or herself is calculated to lengthen the years indefinitely. You see, a man with a weak heart naturally is careful of himself a bit. He doesn't commit any excesses, never overdoes anything, lives in moderation and thus keeps his vitality unimpaired. That's all you have to do—just take care of yourself. What's the use of worrying?"

The druggist's cheerfulness was infectious, the genial interest of his talk made depression appear foolish, and the girl soon began to look more hopeful and even smiled. After the druggist had gaily chatted with her awhile she rose and walked out of the store with a firm step.

This druggist, though he would scorn the idea if suggested to him, is a benefactor to humanity. He is a believer in the power of cheerfulness, and the good that he does in his peculiar way is not easy to estimate.

Not a day passes that he does not impart his message of the cheerful life to some despairing individual. He makes all others' ailments his own and points out the uselessness of worry. A man will come in bent and suffering. Perhaps he confides to the druggist that he has kidney disease and fears his days are numbered. The druggist immediately informs him that there is no cause for alarm; he has had kidney trouble himself for, oh, so many years, and has no intention of dropping off. That druggist, in the course of a week, probably will acknowledge that he is afflicted with every ailment except housemaid's knee. He makes every complainer feel better. He fairly radiates good cheer and optimism. It is his belief that half the sufferers in the world have complaints that bright spirits will overcome. But even when they have a real disease it is his theory that a little cheerfulness doesn't hurt and that the malady is only aggravated by constant depression. He makes it his mission in life to drive away depression and turn the thoughts of people toward brighter things. His cheerfulness is a tonic that never fails to act.—New York Press.

Test For Ready Billed Lobsters.

Should ready billed lobsters be purchased, test them by gently drawing back the tail, which should rebound with a spring. If the tail is not curled up and will not spring back when straightened the lobster was dead when boiled and should not be eaten. Choose the smaller lobsters that are heavy for their size, as the larger ones are apt to be coarse and tough. Lobsters weighing from one and a half to three pounds are the best in size. All parts of the lobster are wholesome and may be used, except the stomach, which is a small hard sack and contains poisonous matter and lies directly under the head, and a little vein which runs the entire length of the tail.

A Queer Wager.

There are men whose pride is in the stoic endurance of acute discomfort. They insist upon doing unpleasant things in order to convince themselves that they can do them. At Oxford some years ago there was an eminent Rugby football player whose passion was to discover the most uncomfortable things and then to do them. One evening a humorist suggested that—as it was January—it would be rather beastly to sit in a cold tub all night long. The footballer at once offered to wager that he could sit till morning chapel time in his cold tub. And he did it.—London Chronicle.

Ease and Fluency.

When Thiers was president of the French republic, he was about to issue some important manifesto and submitted the draft to a critical friend.

"Yes," said the critic, "the matter is clearly expressed, but I miss the ease and fluency of your usual style."

"Ah," replied Thiers, "I have not worked those in yet! The ease will cost me much labor, and the fluency I shall have to drag in by the hair of its head."

Never Recovered.

"You say you are a woman hater, Mr. De Smith?"

"Decidedly so," he replied. "In my youthful days a woman made a confounded fool of me, and"—

"You never got over it. I understand, Mr. De Smith."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The New Suburb.

Mrs. Suburbs (with paper)—I see that the site of the garden of Eden has at last been located. Mr. Suburbs—Yes? When will the sale of lots take place, and what's the fare from the city hall?—Puck.

Grant me, O Father, enough of wisdom to live well. Prosperity to live easily grant me not, as thou seest best.—Carlyle.

Every saint in the calendar is said to be provided with a floral emblem.

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CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the governor of Pennsylvania on Friday November 8th, 1906, by John W. Dawson, H. Alex Stokes and W. H. Moore, under the act of Assembly, entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th 1904, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intruded corporation to be called the Reynoldsville Amusement Company the character and object of which is exciting and maintaining an O. P. House and a place of entertainment and amusement, and for these purposes to buy, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said act of assembly and supplements thereto.

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