A Successful Rival

[Original.] It is not unusual for either a man or woman to come between an engaged souple, but it is unusual for the course of true love to be turned awry by a rse. The story begins back in the days when the Indians in the west vere constantly breaking away from elr reservations and slaughtering all palefaces who came in their way. It as then that Florence Brooks WHR visiting an older sister at Fort R. the wife of an officer in the United States army. And then it was that, the garon having marched away, leaving the women and children to the protec tion of half a company under the command of a lieutenant, another tribe consisting of several hundred warriors

came down to take possession of the

When a friendly redskin rode into the inclosure and announced the com ing of his fellows, every man being needed for defense, Florence Brooks volunteered to ride to the nearest post fifty miles distant, for succor. Lieu tenant Howard Whiting, in command placed her on his own Kentucky bred horse, Comanche, and sent her flying out of the fort, shouting after her "Their lives depend upon you!" How the horse enabled her to cross the path of the coming Indians an hour fore they reached the point of intersection, how ten miles farther on she met a squadron of cavalry, how when the Indians reached the fort they found a force ample to protect it, need only be referred to here. From that Comanche was beloved by whole garrison, and especially by Miss Brooks. As for Miss Brooks, she was loved by the whole garrison, especially Lieutenant Whiting.

And now the view of alkali plains surrounding Fort R. has changed to vacant lots on the outskirts of a city Miss Brooks rides in a trolley car instead of on horseback, and Lieutenant Whiting spends the greater part of the in a recruiting office in one of the dinglest streets of the city. But early in the afternoon he leaves his sergeant in charge and, mounted on Comanche. rides past Miss Brooks' abode. She is watching for him from an upper winw. He raises his hat, and from behind the curtain she throws him a kiss But for one thing the lover would be supremely happy. He is jealous of

"Why," he asked on joining his fiancee after one of his rides, "do you always feast your eyes on my horse and pay no attention to me? This aft on when I rode by you didn't even see when I raised my hat. You waved your hand long after I had done so." "I love Comanche," she replied.

Miss Brooks left the city for a month ad when she returned her lover in formed her that he had sold Comanche The reason he gave for doing so was that he had been ordered to rejoin his regiment in the west, and, Comanche having become old, besides gone lame, the lieutenant would not feel warranted in transporting him so far, especial ly as he would need a serviceable and mal. Miss Brooks looked astonished when the news was imparted to her and argued long and well against the necessity for the sale. But Whiting had nothing but his pay, which was not sufficient to keep so expensive a pet, and she was obliged to admit, which she did reluctantly, that he could hardly have done otherwise They parted with an embrace, warm enough on the part of the man, but not

However, it gradually came over Miss Brooks-planning as she was for the coming wedding-that Comanche could not have been included in the calculations. Indeed, it was very difficult for her to figure out the problem of living on Whiting's pay, even with-out what Comanche would have cost. She had an income of \$800, which she must relinquish upon her marriage. This left only a second lleutenant's pay, with commutation for fuel and quarters, on which the couple must live. After all, Whiting was right.

There is no doubt that all would have gone well had it not been for a certain Inopportune meeting. One morning while Miss Brooks was out buying her eau she saw a man driving a cart with an enormous load on it. The horse was unable to get it up an incline, and the driver was belaboring him unmercifully. Miss Brooks, naturally fond of horses, approached to pro-The horse turned his head, looked at her out of a pair of melancholy eyes and whinnied. He was Comanche.

Miss Brooks embraced him and wept, The next mail carried to Lieutenant Whiting a breaking of the engagement from Miss Brooks. No satisfactory son was given. The real reason was that she loved Comanche better than Whiting. On her income, which, if not married, she would retain till death she could live and take care of Co-manche. She bought hfm for \$50 and kept him in royal equine style.

manche lived five years after berescued from the melancholy position into which his master had sold him. Then Miss Brooks, after a deperiod of widowhood, began to think of her lover of other days. He, hearing that his rival was dead, sought her. They were married and went to live at the post where he was stationed. Whiting," said his colonel banteringly one day, "I hear your wife kept on waiting five years while she lavished her affections on a horse. I didn't know I had an officer under my command with so little capacity for pleasing the fair sex."

"Colonel," replied Whiting, "I would much rather have been kept waiting for the woman I love by a borse than

ELLSWORTH EMERSON.

Without stopping for statistics, which

Lawyers and Our Public Life.

have been so often collated, it is

enough to say that in the public life of

this country the lawyer has been the

consplcuous factor. The judiciary, of

course, is altogether composed of mem-

bers of the profession. In executive

offices and legislative balls the law has

predominated and still predominates

over every business and all other pro-

fessions. Yet the public life of this

country has been of the highest char-

acter. Acting for the public as the

lawyers have done in these various

fields of official labor, they have

proved true to their employment, and

It may safely be said that the sean-

dals which have sometimes been found

in official life have seldom attached to

them. How can this be accounted for

except upon the theory of a general

personal integrity? It is no sufficient

explanation to say that, although the

great mass of the profession is cor-

rupt, there are a few who are reliable,

and they are the ones whom the public

select for official life. The truth is

their very prominence in public life,

their fidelity to the trusts therein im-

posed, is evidence which cannot be ig-

nored that the profession has and

maintains a character for honesty and

oprightness which attracts general

onfidence.-D. J. Brewer in Atlantic.

The "Danger" of Home.

"Home is the most daugerous place

ever go to," remarked John Muir, the

famous geologist and naturalist. He

was on the train returning from Ari-

zona to his home in Martinez. Cal.,

after the earthquake. "As long as I

camp out in the mountains, without

tent or blankets, I get along very well,

but the minute I get into a house and

have a warm bed and begin to live on

fine food I get into a draft, and the

first thing I know I am coughing and

sneezing and threatened with pneu-

monia and altogether miserable. Out-

doors is the natural place for a man.

Walk where you please, when you like,

and take your time. The mountains

won't hurt you, nor the exposure. Why,

I can live out for \$50 a year for bread and ten and occasionally a little tobac-

co. All I need is a sack for the bread

and a pot to boil water in and an ax.

Expert Whip Crackers,

"The French," said the sailor, "have

whip cracker competitions. A French

cabby or trucker is as proud of his

whip crackin' ability as a young man is

of his drinkin' powers. There ain't

no driver livin' what can crack a whip

like a Frenchman. Walkin' along the

streets of Paris is like walkin' through

a battle—on every side, bang, crack-biff, go the whips. The thing makes

you mad. It scares you. It's as if a

gun was continually bein' shot off

alongside of your ear. But at the com-

petitions it ain't only the loud cracks

that count. They have artists there-

men what can play a toon on a whip.

Yes, sir, a toon. I've heard 'em. I've

heard the 'Mar-slays' and 'Hiawatha'

and 'Foller On' played with whip

cracks, and played as delicate and

sweet and lovely as the ear could wish

Meaning In Oriental Rugs.

Not only the design but the colors of

the rugs woven in the orient are full

of significance. They represent nation-

al or individual traditions and stand

for virtue, vices and social importance.

Red was regarded by the Egyptians as

symbolic of fidelity. Rose tints signify

digo sorrow with the Persians. Pref-

erences for duller tones of color among

the Persians give to all their embroid-

eries and other products of the loom a

certain richness and dignity. Tyrian

purple is almost universally regarded

as royal. Green has been chosen by

the Turk as his gala color, but he

would not approve of its use in rugs,

where it would be trodden by the feet.

The "Rote of the Waves."

ing and seafaring people on the north-

east of Scotland that in a storm three

waves are strong and violent, while

the fourth is comparatively weak and

less dangerous. This succession they

call a "rote of waves." Fishermen re-

turning from their fishing ground often

prove by experience the truth of their

theory and hang back as they come

near the shore to take advantage of

the lull that follows, say, pretty reg-

Happiness In Marriage.

It all comes around to one of two

differ in habit, in taste, in opinion, in

mode of life, if there is to be any hap-

piness somebody has to learn to give

up or give up minding that there is a

difference. Either way is as good as

the other. It is surprising how many

things are not of any importance if

one can only think they are not.-Har-

Hopeless.

"Do you expect to make a business

man out of your son?" asked an old

"No. he's hopeless!" exclaimed the

other day, and the first thing he did

was to put it under a microscope to see what kind of germs it had on it."

"Bells of Shandon."

In one of the dormitories of the

Irish college at Rome there is a space

on the wall left unpapered and un-

painted, whatever repairs the rest of

the room may undergo, for there, care-

lessly scrawled, is the first rough draft

Studies teach not their own use-

that is, a wisdom without them and

above them won by observation.-Ba-

of Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon."

"I gave him a \$1,000 bill the

per's Bazar.

friend.

father.

ularly after three big breakers.

It is a favorite theory with the fish-

to hear."-Los Angeles Times

highest wisdom

The rest is easy."-World's Work.

A Marine Wandering Jew

(Original.) Since steam has largely taken the place of sail on the ocean I doubt if the sailor's yarn is what it was fifty years ago, when the Black Ball line of clipper ships sped between the occident and the orient. In my younger days-I was but a lad-I sailed before the mast in the Dreadnaught. Among our crew was Seth Hawkins, an old salt of forty. We considered him a Methuselah, a tall, thin man with a profusion of little red curls. He was very religlous, observing all the commandments scrupulously except the ninth, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," and in this he sinned only in spinning yarns, which he always vowed were real happenings. One starlight night on the forecastle while we were lounging about the capstan he gave us the following:

"You've all heard a lot about Judas Iscarlot, who was cursed with havin' to live forever and wanderin' all over the world, at one time bein' seen in Egypt, another in France, and so on, always leavin' a trail of misfortune in his wake. But I don't believe any of you has ever hearn about his sailin' the sens. There's no sense in this, for how could be have got to America, where he's turned up often, unless he crossed an ocean? Leastaways I've seen him myself, and on the water too.

"I first shipped on the Mark Matthews on a voyage around the Horn to take in hides on the west coast of South America. We was layin' in the doldrums one evenin' just before four bells. A thick fog was all about us, and we couldn't see a cable's length. All of a suddent I heered a bell. It struck four times. As soon as it stopped our bell struck too. Then the fog thinned a little, and just about half the ship's length from us was the oddest lookin' craft I ever clapped eyes on. She was awful high in the poop, low in the waist and had a head on her bow like that of a sea sarpent. She had two masts like a schooner, and the salls was hung on 'em like they put 'em on Chinese junks. Of course they hung limp like ourn.

"She was head-on, and the fog didn't let us see abaft the fo'mast. On the forecastle stood the figur' of an old man. I couldn't tell you how old he looked, but there was semethin' about him that reminded me of a people long passed away. He was a Jew and the Jewiest lookin' Jew I ever see. He was wrapped in a cloak that looked like a monk's frock. The melancholy way he stared out o' them blinkers o' bis'n was enough to send a cur yelpin' to his kennel. They was like the eyes of a sick man as hadn't slept durin' a thousand year voyage. There wasn't a bit o' color in his cheeks unless you call the leathery look o' the hides we've got below color, and it seemed as if I could see right through his ghastly lips to the few teeth that was left in his jaws. He hadn't any hat on, and I wasn't near enough to see just what his hair was like, except that he had mighty little. But somethin' was a-movin' on his skull that looked like worms. Whether it was worms or worms, for there wasn't the ghost of a breeze to move even the finest hairs. He stood there lookin' at us without ny interest in them melancholy eyes ' his'n, and the only motion he made as with his skinny hands, pourin' ome silver coins from one hand to 'other. Every oncet in awhile he'd make as if to throw the silver away, int he couldn't, and every time he tried and failed his face would take on an

upression of awful remorse, While I was lookin' at him the two bips was so slowly driftin' apart that sobody could see 'em move. The other raft was gettin' in our stern. The lew's blinkers was movin' about, never estin' on anything for more'n half a econd till suddenly they struck our tern. Then there was the worst fright ome into 'em I ever see on any man's face, not even a mutineer I once saw ung when he caught sight o' the noose langlin' from the yardarm.

"What did he see? Didn't I tell you our ship was the Mark Matthews? The tine, o' course, was on the stern. me o' the letters was faded, and the i' in Matthews was pretty nigh gone. What the Jew saw was the names o' two o' the apostles, Mark and Mat-

"Then for the first time it struck me "ho he was. He was the wanderin' Jew. As soon as he saw the names o' them two old friends o' his'n he was throwed on his beam ends. You see he was one o' the twelve in good and regular standin' till he betrayed his master for them thirty pieces o' silver. To be brought face to face with two of the disciples after a couple o' thouand years' wanderin' must 'a' brought

back onpleasant remembrances. "By this time I felt so bad for the poor old sinner that I wanted to give him somethin' to warm him up. I ran below, got some grog in a can and ran back, expectin' to swing it over to the Jew at the end of a rope. But when I got on deck the strange lookin' craft had disappeared in the fog.

"But where she'd drifted to was a ouzzier, for within ten minutes the fog lifted, we could sweep the horizon,

and there wasn't a sail to be seen, "Within an hour it come on to blow at o' the sow'west. That was the gale when I was wrecked, the Mark Matthews goin' to the bottom and the crew bein' picked up half dead by a whaler." F. A. MITCHEL

Animals That Weep.

Travelers through the Syrian desert have seen horses weep from thirst, a mule has been seen to cry from the pains of an injured foot, and camels, it is said, shed tears in streams. A cow sold by its mistress who had tended it from calfhood wept pitifully, A young soko ape used to ery from vexation if Livingstone didn't nurse it in his arms when it asked him to. Wounded apes have died crying, and apes have wept over their young ones slain by hunters. A chimpanzee trained to carry water jugs broke one and fell a-crying, which proved sorrow, though it wouldn't mend the jug. Rats, discovering their young drowned, have been moved to tears of grief. A giraffe which a huntsman's rifle had injured began to cry when approached. llons often weep over the loss of their young. Gordon Cumming observed tears trickling down the face of a dving elephant. And even an orang outang when deprived of its mango was so vexed that it took to weeping. There is little doubt, therefore, that animals do ery from grief or weep from pain or annoyance. - Harper's Weekly.

Went Uncalled For.

Dencon Eklen Libby of Bridgton, Me., was a man of rugged virtues and indomitable will. Some winters ago while working in his wood lot he cut his foot badly, but, bandaging the wound roughly and putting snow into his boot to stop the bleeding, continned at his work until nightfall. Sad to relate, he took cold, and death resulted a few days later. A local character named Farrar was clerk and general utility man at the Cumberland House in Bridgion village at that time and was accustomed to make note on the hotel register from day to day of local events-the weather, etc. In his chronicle of this sad event he wished to indicate that Deacon Libby's death was unnecessary. The following may be seen today on one of the old registers at the Cumberland House:

"Descon Elden Libby died today. He cut his foot badly, did not have the wound attended to and went to meet his God uncalled for."

He Paid the Charges.

A guest who had just registered at a hotel was approached by a boy with telegram. It had \$1 charges on it. "What!" said the guest before opening it. "A dollar charges! I won't pay it. Anybody who cannot pay for his message when wiring me is certainly a cheap one. Wait a minute. I'll just let you report this uncollected, and the sender may pay the charges."

At that he tore the envelope open. As he read a smile settled on his face. and, pulling a dollar from his pocket, he handed it to the boy.

"It's all right," he said. Then he threw the message on the counter. "Read it!" he said to the

clerk. The message rend: Papa's little girl sends him fifty bushels of love and wishes he was home to kiss her good night. NELLIE,

-Denver Post.

Help In Colonial Days.

For help the colonial woman had to choose between an Indian who might scaln her if the mood or fancy so diefitted, "blackamoors" not yet outgrown African savagery, the town poor sold to the highest bidder, bound convicts transported for crime or ignorant creatures who had been beguiled to board ships that carried them off to virtual slavery and "free willers" discontented under and impatient for the end of the compacts which bound them. Occasionally she had a chance to engage a respectable young woman who had come from England or Holland to find service, but she never failed to lose ber through speedy marriage. - Good Housekeeping.

The Father of All Novels.

A great branch of literature, undoubtedly the most widely popular and one in which England showed the way to the world, is the novel. In the year 1740 readers were delighted with a new kind of book, a prose romance not of legend, but of their own day and manners. It was the pioneer novel was called "Pamela," the work of Samuel Richardson, a London printer, and the great success it met with soon brought forth a host of others.

"Let us have some dinner on the verands," said a nervous young gentleman during the first stage of his lioneymoon.

"Certainly, sir," said the waiter po-"Table d'hote or a la carte.

"Er-well," said the young Benedict, who was anxious to impress his wife with his lavish expenditure, "bring uome of both, please!"

Metallic Sympathy. On the death of the Duke of Wellington the bells of Trim, near Dangan castle, his father's seat in Ireland, for which when a young man Wellington had sat in the Irish parliament, rang a muffled peal, when the tenor, a beautifully toned bell, suddenly broke. It was found by a curious coincidence to have been cast in 1769, the year of the duke's birth.

Inconsistent. "These church people are so incon sistent."

"Say on, Macduff." "They believe that cleanliness should be next to godliness, yet here they are kicking because I want to build a soap factory next door."-Louisville Courier-

You can't feel blue if you walk with your hend up. This mode of car-ringe impresses the world that you are on good terms with yourself.

The Irascible Blamareks.

Herbert Bismarck had none of his father's bright wit in conversation, but had his overbearing temper and his mother's violent trascibility. She had the disposition of the Frankish woman as exemplified in Fredegonan, but held in check by modern conditions. Bismarck in anger was as terrible as a ferocious mastiff. She, far from restraining him, kept on saying: "Good flog; tss-s-ss. Go at him (or at her): good dog, tas-s-ss," or tantamount words. The mastiff that lay below the surface in Bismarck grew more and more infuriated, especially if the evening before he had eaten and drunk coplously. With these parents, Herbert, Jane and Bill Bismarck could not be expected to have courteous manners Herbert, who was no stranger in Paris and whom the fond father hoped one day to send there as ambassador, was bulky, sullen and of a complexion that revealed an angry state of the blood. Gambetta said of him, "He reminds me of a limb of the law hardened to the work of laying on executions-in short, of a low class balliff (recors)."-London Truth.

The Machine Worker.

The American boy is thoroughly imbued with the get-rich-quick spirit, whether in a greater or lesser degree The learning of a trade is too slow too tedious and offers too little immedi ate inducement. Why should be work as an apprentice at 4 to 8 cents an hour after reaching the age of seventeen or eighteen when he can earn 10 to 15 cents at piecework running a machine? Once he has entered the door of the piecework shop the boy is doomed to the pleceworker's life. Once the machine gets its grip upon him he never escapes. The rare exception only proves the rule. Not only does the monotony of the reduplicative work upon which he enters choke his ambi tion and devitalize his life, but usually he enters upon this narrow life work with very little equipment and a view bounded by a horizon equally narrow There is little to develop, even when there is some ambition to begin with. O. M. Becker in Engineering Magazine

Seven In the Bible.

The number seven plays a prominent part in events in the Bible. The crea tion took six days, and on the seventl there was rest. On the seventh day of the seventh month a holy observance was ordained, and the Israelites feast ed seven days and rested seven days. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood, and the seven years of plenty were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat beasts, as were the seven years by seven lean beasts. We speak of the seven heavens, and the seventh son was supposed to be endowed with pre-eminent wisdom. In short, there is no other number which enters into the Bible so often as seven. No doubt the wide popularity of the number and the superstitions which are connected with It came from its wide use in the Bible.

Woman's Opportunity.

Meeting a negro, a certain southern gentleman asked him how he was getting on. The negro assumed a troubled look and replied: "Oh, so far's physicality goes I'm all

right, but I sure do have ma troubles wif ma wife." "Well, Sam, I'm sorry to hear that.

What seems to be the matter?" She thinks money grows on trees, I reckon. All de time she keeps pesterin' me for pinch o' change. If it ain't a dollah it's half or a quarter she wants.

"What on earth does she do with the

"I dunno. Ain't nevah give her none vet."-Philadelphia Ledger,

RHEUMATISM IS CURABLE IF URIC-O IS USED

ALL OTHER TREATMENTS FAIL

Is it the unhealthy foods we eat or the rapid pace in which we live that cause such an endless amount of Rheumatism nowadays? The discuse has cer tainly reached an alarming point, a nine-tenths of the adult population in this country are more or less afflicted with some form of this maddening dis-ease. Recent investigation has proven the fact that Rheumatism is a blood disease, therefore, many bright chemists and physicians have had good ground to work upon, and they have succeeded in compounding a remedy which, if used as advised, cannot fail to drive and eliminate from the blood and muscles all traces of man's greatest evil. Poison Rheumatic Acid. URIC-O is the name of this remedy. It is a liquid treatment, made and designed to cure all forms of Rheumatism and good for no other disease. There is no poison, no alcohol or whiskey entered into the composition of URIC-O. It is simply a powerful dissolvent of Uric Acid and other deposits which seriously

ply a powerful dissolvent of Uric Acid and other deposits which seriously affect the kidneys.

URIC-O is sold at \$1.00 per bottle by druggists generally, or can be obtained by addressing the SMITH DRUG COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y. Samples and literature will be forwarded to all who apply for same. Our advice is use URIC-O. It may be the means of saving your life or may prevent you from ing your life or may prevent you from being crippled for life.

Urleo is sold in Reynoldsville by the Stoke & Feight Drug Co.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

To the Stockholders of the Pittsburg Industrial Iron Works;

You are hereby notified that a meeting of the stockholders of the Pittsburg Industrial Iron Works will be held at the office of the company in Reynoldsville, Penna, on Thursday, January 24, 1907, at 2 o'clock p. m. to take action upon the approval of disapproval of a proposed increase of the indebtedness of the company from \$30.0 to \$16.00, for the murpose of purchasing the property of the Ketstone Boller and Radistor Co. at Huntington, Ph., and providing a working capital for same.

L. & BROKWITH.

J. S. BECKWITH,



The Doctor Talks

Now, Mrs. Brown, I want to impress on you the necessity of giving your children nothing but food which you know to be pure.

What do you care most about in the way of meats? Oysters? Well, that's all right, provided they are Sealshipt, but I should not advise you to risk any other kind. But the Sealshipt oysters are protected from contamination. They are packed at the beds in a sealed enamel case, with the ice outside. That keeps them free from dirt and germs. The ice we use is not always above suspicion, and I should not risk letting it touch any food.

"It's better to be sure than sorry," and with Sealshipt oysters you may be sure that you are getting absolutely pure food. They are easily digested, so let the children have them as they like.

But, remember, nothing but Sealshipt-you mustn't take chances with children's stomachs.

Frank's Restaurant

DR. GREWER

Medical and Surgical Institute, Hooms

7 and 8, Postoffice Building, DUBOIS, PA.



A. J. LOWE, Physician in Charge of the Institute. DR. E. GREWER, Consulting Physician and Surgeon.

Dr. E. Grawer, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and one of the leading specialists of this State, is now permanently lo-cated at the above address, where he treats all chronic diseases of Men, Women and Children.

He makes a specialty of all forms of Nerrous diseases, Blood Polson, Secret Diseases, Epileptic Fits. Convulsions, Hysteria, St. Vitus Dance. Wakefulness cured under

Lost Manhood Restored. Weaknesses of Young Men Cured and All Private Diseases.

Varicoceie, Hydrocele and Rupture promptly cured without pain and no detention fro

He cures the worst cases of Nervous Prostration, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores, Blood Poison and all diseases of the Skin, Ear, Nose, Throat, Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder.

Itching Piles, Fistula, Stricture, Tumors, Caneers and Goiters cured without cutting. Special attention paid to the treatment of Nasal Catarrh

He will forfeit the sum of \$5,-000 for any case of Fits or **Epileptic Convulsions** that he cannot cure.

Consultation free in English and German and strictly confidential. Write if you

Office hours: From #a. m. to 8.10 p. m. On Sundays # to 12 a. m. only.

If you have anything to sell, try our Want Column.