

## A RECIPE FOR SANITY.

Are you worried in a fight? Laugh it off.  
Are you cheated of your right? Laugh it off.  
Don't make tragedies of trifles. Don't shoot butterflies with rifles— Laugh it off.  
Does your work get into kinks? Laugh it off.  
Are you near all sorts of brinks? Laugh it off.  
If it's sanity your after, There's no recipe like laughter— Laugh it off.

—The late Henry Rutherford Eliot, in The Century.

## AN UNHAPPY MISTAKE.

By E. M. SWENY.

It was a lovely day, the sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing, and everything seemed gay. In a pretty little bedroom, surrounded by every comfort, sat a girl, pale and trembling, with a tear-stained letter lying before her, which she presently stooped and picked up to read for the third time. The letter ran as follows:

"My Dear Miss Jones: After due consideration, I have come to the conclusion that it will be wiser for us both to say nothing more about the matter we were discussing this evening, but to let the affair quietly drop, more especially as I am leaving so soon. With my true regards, I remain,

Yours sincerely,  
"EDWARD P. HALL."

The Rev. Edward Hall was assistant to the pastor of the village church, which for the past three months he had sole charge of, owing to the ill-health of the latter. Many people much preferred Mr. Hall's sermons to those of the pastor, and there was consternation when it was made known that Mr. Hall had had an offer of a pastorate elsewhere, and had accepted it.

For a long time the gossips in the village had noticed that Mr. Hall paid an unusual amount of attention to pretty little Ida Jones, the doctor's daughter, and, strange to say, very few people made spiteful remarks, for, if Mr. Hall was popular for his gentle, courtly manner to old and young, rich and poor, Ida was just as much loved by the villagers, and many an aged person could testify to her skill in nursing.

Although Mr. Hall had shown a marked preference for Ida's society to that of any other girl, he had certainly never made the slightest declaration of love, and the poor girl's heart sank as each day brought the parting nearer, but she bore up bravely, and only her mother's quick eye noticed the sad look so often to be seen on her face now; but Mrs. Jones was a wise woman, and did not try to force her daughter's confidence, knowing that Ida never kept anything from her long.

The evening before the arrival of the letter Ida had been returning from the choir practice by herself, when her quick ear caught the sound of many footsteps, and her heart beat quickly.

"Good-evening, Miss Jones!" cried a cheery voice. "I'm going your way, so hurried after you, but never thought I should overtake you so soon. How slow you must have walked!"

Ida blushed, but said nothing. "I have only one more week in this dear old place," Mr. Hall resumed presently, "and then I shall have to take up my new duties. In new surroundings and among new faces, it will be so lonely, and sometimes I almost regret that I ever accepted."

He stopped, as if expecting his companion to say something, but Ida did not reply, and they walked a little way in silence. Suddenly Mr. Hall noticed a tear drop from the girl's eye upon the book she was carrying.

"Ida, can it be possible that you care whether I go or stay?" he asked. "Does it really make any difference?" He had never previously called her by her Christian name. For a moment the words almost startled her, and before she could recover she had burst into tears.

"At this very inopportune moment wheels were heard coming along at a good pace behind them, and what the young clergyman might have been going to say died away on his lips as he recognized the doctor's smart little trap, which shortly drew up beside them.

"Well, Mr. Hall, I'm glad to see you, old fellow!" said the doctor, in his genial tones. "I'm just returning home, so both of you get in and some with me."

Mr. Hall declined, pleading rare calls which had to be made before he left, but as he helped Ida in he pressed the little hand so tremblingly laid in his and whispered: "I shall write to you to-night."

All that evening Ida seemed to be treading on air, and, needless to say, when she at last retired to rest, sleep was a long time in coming. The next morning she was up early, and every ring at the bell brought such a start and shy little blush that Dr. Jones asked her if she was not well.

When the long-looked-for letter did come and Ida's trembling fingers at last managed to open it, she first seemed petrified and then burst into a storm of tears.

"Oh, why did I show him I cared?" she moaned. "Of course he despises me, but it was cruel to write that letter! And now how shall I ever face him again?"

Ida was not the only person who had received a letter that morning, and, if her letter caused astonishment to her, the one received by another

member of Mr. Hall's congregation created a thousand times more, for it ran:

"My Darling: You have no idea how supremely happy you made me to-night. I thought you surely must have guessed how I have loved you for a long time, but, as you never gave me any encouragement, I had almost made up my mind to leave without speaking, but to-night decided me. I shall have much to do to-morrow, but shall be returning home about seven o'clock by the meadow path. Meet me there, if possible. Yours ever,  
"EDWARD HALL."

Miss Mary Jones, the recipient of the second letter, sat silent for a long time. She was the last person, some people would have said, to get a love letter. She was not beautiful, for one side of her face had been scarred by a burn which she had received many years ago while extinguishing a fire and saving a little child's life. In the opinion of some, she might have been deemed ugly, but for the beautiful expression of her countenance, which was that of one who had suffered and overcome. All who looked at her knew that she was one to confide in and receive sympathy from, and many of those in trouble did come to her accordingly.

After Mr. Hall had left Ida and her father, his first visit was to Miss Jones, for they had always been great friends, and he had got quite accustomed to running in and telling her his little troubles. To-night, however, he had tried several times to reveal his secret about Ida, and then, being overcome by shyness, had refrained.

Miss Jones was an active worker in church affairs, and had been very full of fear on account of a little gossip she had heard at several of the houses she had been visiting at.

A short time before, a bell ringer of the church had been arrested for a trivial offense. Mr. Hall, much against his wish, had been obliged to give evidence, and in consequence had been the very innocent cause of getting the man a month's imprisonment. Since he had been out of prison he had been heard to threaten that he would take terrible vengeance on Mr. Hall, and this piece of news had so frightened Miss Jones that she had begged the young clergyman to speak to the police about the matter, which, after a great deal of persuasion, he had half promised to do.

As soon as the first surprise at her strange letter was over, Miss Jones took it up again and reread it very slowly. Then she glanced at the envelope. Yes—there could be no mistake; it must be for her, and yet why should he write to her in such a style? Could he have guessed? But no—that was impossible!

"What does he mean by giving him encouragement?" thought the puzzled lady. "It all seems so strange that I hardly know what to do. Can it really be true that he loves me? After all, I am only five years his senior, but could a handsome man like that possibly care for a poor, plain, unattractive woman like me?" It was not long before Miss Jones had made up her mind what to do. She would be in the meadow at the appointed time, and, if the letter was a mistake, she would soon find out by the look on his face when she met the man she had secretly loved ever since she had known him.

The day was beautifully fine, and two persons at least found the morning and afternoon very long in passing; however, time slowly dragged on, and at last Miss Jones set forth from her pretty little cottage with eager yet reluctant steps, but with a happy smile upon her face, for she had read the letter again before starting.

Strange though it all was, it surely could not be a mistake! She arrived at the trysting place early and sat down to rest, for she was not robust, and the anxiety caused by the letter had told upon her.

Presently, as Ida had done the day before, she heard footsteps behind her, and turned, full of expectancy, to meet the man she loved; but, when she saw the astonished, not to say disappointed, look on Edward Hall's face, she knew that, after all, it had been a mistake.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Hall!" she said, with outward calmness. "I know that I should see you here, and want to give you back this letter, which you must have addressed to me without knowing it."

The poor man first of all became deathly white, then blushed to the roots of his hair, and finally burst out laughing. It seemed such a ludicrous thing to write a love letter to Miss Jones—at least, Miss Mary Jones—and he fully expected that she would share the joke. But she did not, and, seeing that she looked more serious than amused, he apologized for laughing, and added: "I would sooner you knew my secret than anybody. I did try to tell you last night, but could not screw up my courage."

Then all was explained. Mr. Hall had written two letters—one to Miss Jones, referring to the bell ringer, whose threats he had decided to pay no attention to, fearing to get the man into fresh trouble; the other letter intended for Ida. As luck would have it, however, the letters had been put into the wrong envelopes.

Before an hour had passed everything had been explained to Ida in person, and as she was parting from her lover that night he laughingly said:

"Well, Ida, darling, it might have been a very unhappy mistake." Certainly to one person it was!—  
New York Weekly.

# NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Every variation of the yoke blouse is in demand this season and very lovely many of them are. Here is one that is eminently simple yet effective in the extreme and which can be utilized both for



The separate waist and for the gown. In the illustration it is made of banana yellow crepe de Chine with yoke and sleeve trimming of cream colored lace over chiffon and velvet banding of a slightly darker shade than the crepe. But it would be charming developed in any of the ma-

## Fancy Jumper Waist.

Every variation of the gullepe waist is greatly worn, and this one, known as the jumper, is a favorite. It is eminently simple at the same time that it is eminently charming and possesses the very great practical advantage of requiring very little material, so that it is exceedingly useful for remodeling as well as for the new gown. In the illustration the waist is made of chiffon taffeta trimmed with velvet, while the gullepe is of all-over lace over thin India silk, the combination being both effective and practical. The foundation of the very thin silk for the gullepe means that it is just thick enough not to be transparent while the lace retains all its lightness of effect, and the taffeta is an exceedingly desirable as well as exceedingly fashionable material for both waists and gowns. There are, however, a number of variations that might be suggested. The waist itself suits any fashionable material adapted to indoor costumes, while the gullepe can be made of lingerie material and unlined, or it can be made of lace and the sleeves unlined and the silk cut away at the V shaped portions if a transparent effect is desired; or, again, it can be made of some pretty thin silk while the waist is of wool, and in this case can either be lined or unlined as individual preference may determine.

The gullepe is a simple plain one, closed at the back and the fullness drawn down in gathers at the waist



terials that are of sufficient light weight to be tucked with success and that means almost everything fashionable. The very light weight chiffon broadcloths can be so used and chiffon itself makes very lovely waists, while between the two are almost innumerable silk and woolen materials that are suitable.

The waist is made with a fitted lining, the front, the backs and the yoke. Both the front and backs are tucked for a short distance from their upper edge, forming soft fullness below and joined to the yoke, the seam being concealed by the trimming. The sleeves are of moderate fulness and when desired full length the linings are faced to form the deep cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-half yards twenty-one, three yards twenty-seven, or one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with five-eighth yard of all-over lace for the yoke, seven yards of velvet ribbon and three-quarter yard of lace for the sleeves, with one yard of all-over lace if long sleeves are desired.

## How the Colors Were Worn.

There were red and blue striped rags.

The girl in blue very likely wore red postles.

Corsage bouquets of violets and red roses were plentiful.

Fair Cornellettes were noted with red and white carnations.

The arm band made its appearance in red and blue with the initials U. of P.

## Plain Plaids Varied.

A variation of the plain plaid skirt is one which has narrow panels of plain material on either side of the plaid front that reach to the bottom and extend quite around to the back where they meet. The skirt is close about the hips and very full at the bottom. Its effect of a plain hem is excellent, but adapted especially for girls who wear short skirts and tall women who cannot stand the shortening effect of straight-around lines.

## Decorations For Gowns.

The clever-fingered girl may evolve some distinctive decoration for her gown by the use of spider-webs and silk-covered cords applied as braid would be, in open design. These cord designs with webs are very effective over silk of a lighter shade.

## Silk Crochet Buttons Revived.

Silk crochet buttons are revived and are to be had in all the fashionable colors.

## Farm Topics

### POOR MAN'S CUTTING BOX.

Save feed and money by making "a poor man's cutting box" in every feed trough by cutting a stove length block of wood and placing lengthwise in trough and with a common shingling hatchet cut your sheaf oats and hay in four lengths so your stock can take it up in their mouths and chew. Dampen with salt and they will eat feed all up.—J. T. Curry, Grand Saline, Texas.

### WINTER CARE OF POULTRY.

In the morning feed boiled potatoes mixed with cornmeal, buckwheat bran and a small portion of wheat bran. Then at noon give all the table scraps, screenings, which consist largely of oats and buckwheat. At night all the corn they will eat up clean. Water and coal from sifted wood ashes and plenty of sunflower and sorghum seed, raw potatoes and onions chopped fine are good for them. The roosting room should have one thickness of boards, battened and banked on the sides, and the feeding room should be large enough so the greedy ones will not crowd out the others and get all the feed. In this way the poultry may be kept healthy and produce eggs all winter.

### DOCTORING HORSES.

The horse is an animal which in usefulness and close companionship is our best friend, and should be doctoring very much like a human. If your horse has colic make a good whisky toddy, not too strong, and with a long neck bottle, holding his head moderately high, drench him with two ounces of whisky, the same amount of water and as much sugar as will all dissolve in the liquid. Rub some turpentine and oil under the girth field and he will soon be well. However, if this does not cure, the next conclusion must be that the bot is disturbed from too much acid in the stomach, caused by overwork after a hearty meal. Drench the horse with pulverized soda, half teaspoonful to a pint of warm water, which will sweeten the stomach, or neutralize the acid, and if troubled after this drench with sugar and water.

### FOREST LEAVES.

The dead leaves, which at this season of the year are lying in heaps on every hand, where trees abound and which have heretofore been considered of no value, may be used in various ways, a few of which I will name.

If stored in a dry place they make excellent scratching material for the hens in winter. When burying vegetables or apples select a well drained spot of ground and cover with dry leaves several inches deep; over the leaves spread some hay or fine grass; on this place the apples (or whatever is to be buried) in an even heap and then cover with leaves, having them at least four inches deep, when press down and hold in place by boards set on end and resting on the heap. Cover with earth in the usual manner.

Instead of spring celery in boxes of sand in the cellar, where it soon loses its natural flavor, it can be protected where it grows without disturbing the roots, if enough leaves are packed over and around it and then covered all over with boards or old carpet to keep the leaves from blowing off.

As a covering for rhubarb or other plants which need protection in winter forest leaves cannot be surpassed.—Anna Gallier, Norwich, Ohio.

### IMPORTANCE OF COOLING MILK.

Probably the most important precaution that can be taken with milk is to cool it as quickly as possible after it is drawn, says Farming. At a temperature of sixty degrees F. and lower the germs grow but slowly. Ordinary well or spring water has a temperature of between fifty and sixty degrees F. If the farmer has an open water supply he also has a refrigerator that is cooler than the ordinary lee box. If the cans are lowered into the spring or well as soon as possible after milking, the milk will be cooled before the germs can have time to begin their growth. The proof of the effectiveness of the plan is seen on country milk routes where on the morning rounds, evening's milk that has been cooled in this manner and warm morning's milk are carried in separate cans. Customers demand the warm morning's milk as a guarantee of purity, and yet the cold evening's milk invariably keeps the better.

If the germs in milk that is produced under the ordinary conditions are killed within two or three hours after milking, the milk will keep well and may be used for nearly all purposes. In order to kill the microbes it is not necessary to boil the milk. A temperature of 180 degrees F. sterilizes it from all but a few rare germs, and at the same time leaves it as palatable as fresh milk. In some creameries ordinary farmer's milk is run through a thin pipe, one end of which is hot and the other end cold. Within half a minute the milk is heated and then cooled. Such milk is safe and wholesome. Doubtless this method of treatment will be increasingly used. The principle is the same that is applied in canning fruit. If the milk were sealed against new germs it would keep as well as condensed milk.

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It must be admitted that the French Courts have acted handsomely. They have been accused of leaning very strongly toward the native when a foreigner was a party to the litigation, and the Gould millions must have given a great impetus to the traffic in "articles de Paris." A man who could get eight million American dollars and spend them in Paris in six or seven years must be an object of considerable interest to the French tradersmen. But the Court very handsomely gave the former Countess her liberty and her money, recognizing no claim of Bond to alimony. The American woman did not suffer any at the hands of the French Judge.