And at her side with back a-crook, To drink song sentiments that carry, With eyes that have a rapturous look, Leana Harry.

So thus we see, without a doubt, The game goes on, for there's no reason Why Cupid should care aught about

-Indianapolis News.

A GLORIFIED AUNT JULIA.

By Carroll Watson Rankin.

The two Biddle girls opened the big express package eagerly. they expected, it contained two ready made suits, one blue and one gray, Eighteen-year-old Claudia seized the gray jacket and slipped it on. Louise, two years younger, wriggled into the blue bolero.

Both garments fitted beautifully. Aunt Julia Biddle, a tall, large boned. badly dressed woman, with a mild Hstless countenance, and Mrs. Biddle, a small, alert, trimly clad little person, with clear-cut features and sharp black eyes, looked admiringly at the two pretty, graceful girls.

'Why couldn't I---" began Aunt Julia, with sudden eagerness, but she got no further.

"Imagine Aunt Julia in an Alice-blue suit!" interrupted Claudia, in her shrill, thoughtless way,

"Mercy!" cried Louise. your figure, Aunt Julia, you couldn't wear ready made clothes. They don't make your kind."

"Dear me, Julia," said Mrs. Biddle, "you've just had a new dress that is entirely suited to your age. I hope you're not thinking about another."

Aunt Julia, who had been thinking about just that, gazed longingly at the fashionable flare of the long blue skirt and sighed. Her own skirts did not flare. But she said nothing; she never said a great deal.

All her life she had been dependent on other people. Not for money, because she had a small but certain income of her own, but for advice. She had, seemingly, no conceit and no self-confidence, and it had not oc-curred to the Biddles to help her gain The prevalent opinion was that Aunt Julia alone would be a ship without a rudder.

Yet now that she was approaching forty she sometimes rebelled inwardly against her sister-in-law's vigorous

She was realizing more and more that she had never dressed according to her own taste, but according to Charlotte's, and never were tastes more widely different. Yet Charlotte was absolutely right in other matters that it seemed impossible that she could be wrong about clothes. For twenty years she had resolutely warned Julia away from the cheerful stripes and gay plaids that attracted that lady's admiring eye, and had Imposed upon her more sober fabrics. Charlotte meant well. She did not dream that she had not done well.

Even in her cradle Aunt Julia had been a contradiction. All her life afterward she had been a curious combination of youth and old age. Her body seemed old for her years, her mind seemed young. The bashfulness that should have vanished with Aunt Julia's girlhood lingered to middle age, and sat unbecomingly on her large, stout frame. Late in age seamstress, had drafted a pattern to fit Miss Biddle, and the frugal, unprogressive seamstress was still her as a delegate to the next auxilusing modifications of the same pat-

"There are four new pieces of silk on Fuller's bargain counter," announced Aunt Julia one forenoon on her return from market. "I'd like a waist from one of them - they're good quality for the money-but I don't know which would-

"If you like," offered Mrs. Biddle, who was pinning on her hat, "the girls and I will go right down with you now, while the silk's still there, to help you pick it out."

"I like this lavender," said Aunt Julia, when the quartet had reached Fuller's. "I've always liked that brightest shade."

"Mercy!" cried Claudia, "You'd look like a bride in it! Why, Aunt Julia, the only piece that isn't too young for you is that queer, dull brown one.

Yes, Julia," said Mrs. Biddle. armly, "that is certainly the most suitable one. Brown is your color."

"I suppose it is," admitted Aunt Julia, gazing with meek eyes, from which the hopeful, lavender loving lustre had faded, "but it does seem as if I had worn browns forever."

"But at your age and with your Agure," said Mrs. Biddle, "there isn't much else.

A boy with a telegram was ringing needs it most. I'm certainly enjoy-the Biddle doorbell when Aunt Julia, ing mine now."—Youth's Companion. A boy with a telegram was ringing with the brown silk in a parcel under her arm, returned home. The message was addressed to Miss Julia Bid-

"It's from Cousin Harriet," explained Aunt Julia, who had torn it her children while she goes East to her father-in-law's funeral."

"It's fortunate that the telegram came during banking hours," said Mrs. Biddle. "You'd better go after what money you need while I pack your trunk. If we all hurry we can get you off on that I o'clock train. goes straight through."

"Do you suppose it's safe," asked Claudia, as the 1 o'clock train pulled out of sight, "to trust Aunt Julia clone in a city of shops? I noticed tie explorer."—Harper's Weekly.

that she pinned some bank bills in-With no one to head her in the right direction she'll probably buy herself some outrageous clothes. I've notice lately that she leans toward gorgeousness.

"Large persons," said Louise, with the wisdom of sixteen, "have to dress quietly or they look like frights. She'll probably come home with green parasols and purple gloves."

"Still," returned Mrs. Biddle, hopefully, "she never buys anything without asking my advice. She'll write for it; you wait and see."

Aunt Julia did write, but she asked for no advice. Her letters stated that she was having a good time, that Cousin Harriet had returned and had persuaded her to spend a month with her, and that the shops of Timminsville were much better than those of Bancroft. This last statement filled the Biddles with vague alarms. Aunt Julia had evidently been shopping; no doubt her longer stay would make some shopping necessary.

Mrs. Biddle wrote what she coneration, and gently reminding Miss Biddle of her advancing age and the size of her bones.

Aunt Julia's next letter filled the Biddles with a lively concern. It mentioned in a modest postscript the

buying of a new gown. "But," added Aunt Julia, with an unusual touch of galety, "it looks so much better than it sounds that I sha'n't attempt to describe it."

"Horrors!" gasped Claudia. hope she hasn't disgraced this quiet family by coming out in plaids.

"I see yards upon yards of bright purple;" said Louise, "with stockings and shoes to match!" "If Cousin Harriet had anything to do with the choosing,"remarked Mrs.

Biddle, "you can be certain that it's altogether too gay for a person of Aunt Julia's age and size. She probably looks as if she'd just escaped from bedlam by this time, but I can't help it."

"After all," said Louise, "it's her

money. Perhaps she realizes it.' The Biddles turned out in full force to meet Aunt Julia. They were glad she was coming home, for Miss Biddle, in her quiet way, was a decidedly useful member of the family.

Aunt Julia appeared in a handsome light gray skirt and jacket. She wore also a pale lavender silk waist and a gray hat trimmed with violets. Her youth had come to the surface. Her young soul had at last mastered her prematurely old body.

"My soul!" gasped Claudia. "Isn't she stunning? And isn't it becom-Why, she's really pretty!" ing?

"It's partly her hair," said Louise. "It's done differently-so much fluffier. But see how she holds her head She's proud of herself."

"Why, Julia." cried Mrs. Biddle, 'how fine you look! I couldn't have believed that you could wear light colors.

"This is a ready made suit, altered to fit," said Aunt Julia. "I've always thought that if I could get the right colors and have things properly and becomingly made I'd be just about as good looking as anybody.'

"And you are," declared Louise, We're proud of you."

"Cousin Harriet helped me," confessed Aunt Julia. "There are more clothes in my trunk."

Judged by the standards of Bancroft, Aunt Julia's clothes were perhaps a trifle gorgeous, yet they were surprisingly becoming. Seemingly she was built for gorgeousness.

Hitherto all public honors had passed her by, but now the Howells neglected member and elected her treasurer; the Woman's Guild sent iary meeting, and the local chapter of the D. A. R., not to be outdone, nominated her for vice-regent.

"It's her clothes," said Claudia. "It's the consciousness of being well dressed," returned Mrs. Biddle. "It gives her a feeling of independence that she's never had before, I'm afraid it's been largely my fault, for I've made her take bad advice for years. I don't see how she can for-

"What's that about forgiving?" demanded Aunt Julia, from the door-

"Julia," said Mrs. Biddle, earnestly. "I feel as if I'd murdered the best part of your youth-as if I'd smothered it with sensible clothes. Every woman should be allowed to express her own individuality through the medium of her clothes. I brushed aside all your preferences and tried to substitute mine. I believe I'd feel better if you'd say what you think about it.

"Well," returned Aunt Julia, simply, "if I had any resentful feelings and I guess I did have just a few-I stuffed them into Cousin Harriet's furnace with those awful waists of Hannah Dyson's. And perhaps it's a good thing to have one's youth bottled up against the time when one

The Cold Shoulder.

At a reception in Washington some time ago one of the guests, a man with a poor memory for faces and, in addition, a little near-sighted, took "She wants me to stay with the host aside and spoke to him in a

confidential whisper.
"You see that tall man standing by the door?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I was talking to him awhile ago about the terribly cold weather in Nebraska last year, and he yawned in my face."

The host smiled. "Don't you know who he is?" asked he.

"That's Lieutenant Peary, the Aro-

The skeleton of a megatherium has been dug up by excavators in the Avenue Bosquet, Paris.

It is reported that a scheme is on foot to construct a dam across the Rhone at Seyssel in order that electrical energy may be generated there and transmitted to Paris by an over-

Farmers living near Wabash are back of a scheme to dam Mississinewa River for the purpose of generating electricity to be used as motive power and for lighting purposes in that neighborhood.

In his address to the Chemical Section of the British Association Prof. Wyndham Dunstan remarked that the production of rubber by chemical means had been virtually accomsidered a tactful letter, advising mod- plished by its formation from iso-

> The cost of car repairs on the lines of the Harriman System has averaged \$2.42 per car per month for 11,704 steel freight cars, and \$3.74 per car per month for 10,641 wooden freight cars. These figures are the averages of records covering a period of seventeen months.

Beans are at present cleaned by hand work, which is not only slow, but unsatisfactory. The beans are scattered on a belt which passes before a row of girls, and stones, dirt and other objectionable particles are picked out. In this way the cleaning capacity of each girl is between three and five bushels per hour.

The city of Vienna has undertaken the installation of what is perhaps the most remarkable electric, or electrically lighted, fountain in existence. It is situated in the Schwartzenbergplatz. Underneath the fountain, in a huge cemented chamber, are

placed twenty-seven reflecting lamps, capable of producing seventy different luminous and colored effects. The light is transmitted through the waters of the fountain. The light power of the plant is estimated as equal to 900,000,000 candles.

Sir Patrick Manson, in his recent lectures on tropical diseases, although accepting the theory that the only mode of transmission of marsh, or malarial, fever is through the bite of the Anopheles mosquito, adds the statement, which will probably be new to most readers, that the mosquitoes are capable of becoming infected by absorbing the blood not merely of human patients, but also of anthropoid apes, and perhaps even of various other mammals, which, in an evolutionary sense, are related to

Flying Fish Caught With Rod.

Flying fishes may be caught in this manner if one happens to find himself surrounded by a school of them. A variety of baits are employed in their capture-bits of red bunting, small spoon baits and artificial minnows and flies—the most taking being a large red fly and a small gilt minnow, but all the baits mentioned are effective. In following the minnow through the water the fish will open both pectoral fins and poise itself for a rush at it. Spreading the wings also has the effect of checking progress if its suspicions are aroused eighties Hannah Dyson, the vil- Club awoke to the merits of this by a near inspection of the bait. When hooked it proves very game, taking out several yards of line in its first rush and often making a flight in the air with line and all .-Paradise of the Pacific.

A Tip to Careless Women.

"Sometimes I wonder," said the particular man, "if half the women take the trouble before they start out to see how they look in the back, I don't believe they do. I have seen women as neat as new pins as far as their necks and waists and shoes were concerned, when they faced you, but the moment you go: a look at their back! Wow! Shoes down at the heel, a hole in the stocking, safety pins at the waist line, buttons unbuttoned on the waist, the neck halffastened and the back hair looking as if it had hardly been combed. If they haven't any eyes for the back of them, we have."-Philadelphia Rec-

The Mean Thing!

Praise from a husband's lips is always pleasant to the wife; but the praise may be too discriminating to suit her.

'I thought it was nice of you to tell that carpenter, who seemed to think women know nothing, that I could 'hammer nails like lightning,' " said Mrs. Morse to her husband. "But I'm afraid, dear, you are not an unprejudiced judge, I really don't think I'm such a very good hammerer."

"Oh, he knew what I meant," said Mr. Morse, cheerfully. "You know lightning never strikes twice in the same place, they say."

Capital Punishment in Russia.

While the Douma has voted the abolition of capital punishment, the revolutionists continue to kill police officials at Warsaw. We have progressed since the days of Alphonse "Let messieurs the assassins Karr. begin," was his reply when the suppression of capital punishment was mentioned to him. To-day they demand a monopoly.—L'Eclair. NEW DEVICE FOR SEANCES.

Black Silk Bag Which Swells Out With Spirit Hands.

A German spiritualist, writing in Psychic Studies, describes a new apparatus for obtaining what is known as direct writing. It consists of a cubical box about a foot each way, the front being formed of a conical bag of soft but closely woven black silk. Through a hole in the tip of the bag a pencil is placed, so that the longer part is inside the bag and the point outside.

'The notion is that a spirit hand can materialize inside the conical bag or sleeve," says the account, "and can direct the movement of the pencil over the paper. A medium, a country girl of fourteen, who can only read, write and work the simplest arithmetic, placed her hands on the top of the box, in full sight, and soon the conical bag swelled out as though a hand were inside, and the pencil began to write. The box and bag being entirely closed and dark inside, there is no obstacle to the materialization of a hand within; thus direct writing can be obtained in a lighted room."

WISE WORDS.

When you remember about avoiding temptation it's too late.

It's awful unlucky to kiss a girl on the sly when her father is looking.

The easier it is to preach a thing the harder it seems to practice it. It gives a man standing to have a pocketbook, even if there is noth-

You can never convince a girl that a man loves her unless she can make him jealous.

Men are so naturally conceited that even one with whiskers thinks people admire them.

When a man's daughter is engaged he can't go into the parlor even to hunt for an old pipe.

When a woman keeps the baby

carriage in a closet she speaks of it at recentions as the nursery. Modern women buy their husbands' cigars for them, but they don't

knit socks for them to wear. Hardly any rich man could make a living following the advice he gives to young men on how to do it.

It's mighty inconsistent for men to blame women for not understanding politics when nobody does.

Even the man who denounces millionaires brags about having ridden in the same street car with one.

Anyway, when you send a boy to college you can feel sure that he is not going to be trained to be a miser. Hardly anybody is so sure of heav-

en that he starts for there with the same enthusiasm he has for going The men who brag in the summer

what good furnaces they have in their houses don't think it necessary to mention it in winter.-From "Reflections of a Bachelor," in the New York Press.

Toast to Laughter.

Here's to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the leaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the bead of the cup of pleasure; it dispels dejection. banishes blues and mangles melancholy; for it's the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief; it is what kings envy peasguilty envy the innocent; it's the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple on the waters' delight, the glint of the gold of gladness; without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel, for it's a glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan-song of sadness. Laughter!-

Making a Million Dots.

The English noblemen of a century ago used to spend a great part of their time in making wagers of the most ccentric character.

For instance, in 1770, before the days of rapid transit, an earl wagered that he could find a man to travel from London to Edinburgh and back in less time than it took another peer to make a million dots.

Sir George Liddel laid a wager, and won it, that he could make a journey to Lapland and return, bringing back with him two native women and two reindeer, within a specified time .- Sunday Magazine.

Grounded.

Telegraphing across the Persian desert is subject to many interrup-

tions. One day in Yezd, says the author of "Five Years in a Persian Village," one of the European residents wanted to dispatch a telegram, and sent to the office to learn when the line would be up.

"The trouble is not that the line is down," came back the polite reply. "It is always down. Unfortunately, a camel has stepped on it."

Did You Ever?

"Excuse me just a minute!" said the Old Codger, in his rasping way, interrupting the discussion which was occupying that particular session of the Sit and Argue Club. "I don't know anything of consequence about the subject, but I'd like to ask, before I forget it, a question that I laid awake quite a spell last night thinking about: Did any of you ever see a shin, reformer who was real fat?"—Puck, Puck,

SEA GULLS OF SHETLAND.

How People Look After the Big Birds -Only Tree on the Island.

Up a little lane of Lerwick's one street there is a garden. At least it is an enclosed space. In the middle of this space is a tree. It is not a very tall tree; you could, in fact, toss a biscult over its branches, but still it is a tree—the only tree in Shetland. And Shetland is proud of it. Children who are brought for the first time to see the wonders of onestreeted Lerwick are shown this tree. This is not fiction. It is the only

tree in Shetland. As there are no trees in Shetland there are no birds, except, of course, the sea gulls, which you can number by the thousand. The sea gulls are the sparrows of Lerwick, and as such they have a greater share in the town's life than have the sparrows of London. In the morning time you will note that a sea gull sits on every chimney pot. Sea gulls hover over every roof in the town.

The air is full of their strange high, plaintive, haunting cries. Their sad, shrill, long drawn cries are to Lerwick as the chattering of sparrows or the cawing of rooks are to us in England. Every house has its own familiar sea gulls, and every street its own band of sea gulls. They never mix. The children in each house have pet names for their own particular sea gulls, and, having called them by those names, they feed them every day. And each sea gull knows what is meant for him.

No sea gull attached to one house ever seeks to eat the food scattered from the house next door. He does not dare; the other sea gulls would kill him. So all day long the sea gulls hover and call over the roofs of Lerwick. The people of the town, If they come across a little pile of rice laid upon the roadway, step over it with care. They know that it is placed there for some sea gull. And at night the sea gulls leave their own appointed chimney pots and fly gracefully away to their resting places on the rocks of the Isle of Noss-London Express.

A Good Critic.

Sir Henry Irving, the English actor, once wanted a white horse to use in one of his scenes, but no white horse that was suitable could be get. At last, the London Globe tells the story, a stage-hand advised him to apply to a certain distinguished actor-manager, who, he said, had such a horse,

Sir Henry visited the owner, in spected the horse, and the bargain was concluded, but as an afterthought, Sir Henry said he trusted the animal was not fractious.

"Not at all, Sir Henry, I assure you; an excellent horse in every way. Why, I rode him night after night and all I had to complain of was that he would occasionally yawn when I was on the stage."

"Indeed," said Sir Henry. "A bit of a critic, then, evidently."

Bachelors.

"Bachelors can be found roaming at large in all parts of the world. They inhabit apartments, clubs, open fields, bodies of water and music halls. They hover at times near front gates, and have been found in back parlors with the aid of a search

"Bachelors are nomadic by nature and variable in their tastes, never going with one girl long enough to oe dangerous.

"Bachelors make love easily, but rarely keep it. Rich bachelors are hunted openly and shamelessly, and are always in great danger. Those who finally escape are, as a rule, useless ever afterwards."-Tom Masson, in the Delineator.

Redskin Philosophy.

I would know a great deal more if I could forget a lot I should never have learned. The Frog is a great Warrior to

the Fly. A jug of Firewater will hold a bar-

rel of Tomahawks Paleface chooses his Chiefs from those with the dirtiest hands. Angry-Man stampedes his own

Heap of wisdom in knowing even a little well.

One arrow is worth a thousand words. Even the Eagle's eye has never

seen to-morrow's sun.—Life.

Deepest Gold Mine.

Australia now possesses the deepest gold mine in the world. Within the last few weeks the shafts at the new Chum Railway at Bendigo, Victoria, have been sunk to a depth of over 4300 feet, and the quartz there tapped has been sampled and crushed, with the result that a yield of gold equal to an ounce per ton has been obtained. The operations in the mine have been tested by Government officials in view of the fact that never before in the world's history has gold been obtained from so low a depth as three-quarters of a mile.

Paradise.

"Whah not only de wicked ceases from troublin', an' de weary am at rest, but whah," here Parson Crinkletop lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper, while he leaned far over the pulpit to look his awestruck flock the fuller in the face, "dey has ter stop in de middle ob de colleckshin, ter go an' empty de box!"-

BUSINESS CARDS.

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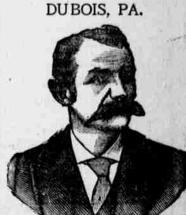
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Sundays 9 to 12 a. m. only.

HIS ROYAL TITLE. "Who is that silent man sitting next to Elsa?"

"That! Oh, that's Louis XIV." "Louis the Fourteenth?" "Yes; his name is Louis, and we call him 'The Fourteenth' because we only invite him when we find we are going to be thirteen at table."-Modern Society

She always addressed him as Mr. Until he took courage and Kr. But now that they're wed

Like a brute, he has said That he wishes to goodness he'd Mr. Pearson's Weekly.