

# A COWARD'S EPITAPH.

The ship struck the rocks at two bells in the middle watch. Half an hour later she went down. Into that half-hour were compressed a few deeds of heroism, many of rank cowardice. Some lives were saved, more were lost. Over the liner and the great majority of her passengers the sea closed in, hiding heroes and cowards alike.

The wreck of the Casparia did not make pleasant reading in the newspapers. Men read the tale of that disgraceful panic with loathing the deeper because they looked within their own souls and shuddered to think that in similar circumstances they might have shared it.

A few of the officers had done their best, but the passengers had stampeded like frightened sheep, huddling about the boats; and the crew, a scrapping of the scum of all the ports of Europe, had got among them, knife in hand, and had fought for their own safety, regardless of the women and children.

Mr. Granville, the first officer, had managed to keep some order around his boat. Grim and resolute, he swept the muzzle of his revolver around a circle of angry faces, and kept back the men while he assisted the half-clad women to enter. Arthur Rallsford, who had been aroused in his berth by the long grinding crash of the vessel's side against the rocks, had hurried from his cabin, sick with fear, not on his own account, but for the sake of Lillian Waters, the girl he loved best in the world.

He met her at the foot of the cabin companion, and without a word of explanation, put his arm about her, and carried her up the stairs on to the deck. He saw the crowd about Granville's boat, and pushing his way violently through it, came out in the open space within, to find himself face to face within the muzzle of the mate's pistol.

"Stand back!" said Granville, sharply. "One, two—"

"Not for myself," he gasped, "for her—for this lady."

"Pass her in," answered the mate, "and stand back. No men go in this boat except those who have to man her."

The ship gave a heavy list to port, and the crowd, who had been kept in check by the mate's pistol, were flung violently forward in the seething mass against the boat's side. The mate's pistol rang out sharply, once, twice, but without effect. Fear and the chance of safety had converted sane men into lunatics.

Desperately Arthur strove to lift the girl into the boat. He had almost succeeded when a young man leaped up on the gunwale, pushing her aside in his frenzy, and clambering in himself. The girl gave a cry, and stretched out her hands for help, clutching the edge.

The young man turned, and Arthur could see his face, livid with fear, great beads of sweat moistening the long lock of dark hair that hung above his forehead. With an oath the creature turned upon the girl, beating her hands down; and as she still struggled he snatched up an oar and struck her across the face.

Rallsford uttered a curse, but, hampered as he was, he could do no more. He turned his attention to Lillian. But the mate had marked the action and had swung his weapon round savagely. There was a flash, a choking cry, and the lad who had fought so desperately to save himself flung up his arms, spun round and fell, a stream of blood pouring from his throat.

The end came with terrible swiftness. The ship heeled over and plunged. Rallsford gripped the girl and took a long breath. He was a strong swimmer; but the frightful action of the sea tore her from his grasp as if he had been a child.

He was dragged under and lost consciousness. When he awoke he found himself in a boat among friends. He looked about him for the girl. She was not there. He faltered a question. They only shook their heads.

The boat with its few survivors was picked up by a cargo steamer bound for Liverpool; and in due course Arthur found himself once more on land. He cared little. He was a changed man, moody and silent.

There was before him a definite purpose which seized upon him with the strength of an obsession. He had seen no more after the blow which the lad had struck at Lillian's face. Even his anger had given way before the necessity of comforting the girl, and he had devoted the whole of his attention to her.

He had not seen the mate's shot, he had forgotten, if he had seen, the youth, spinning round with the blood pouring from his throat, he did not know that he was dead.

As the days passed the thought that that boy must be alive grew into the wish. Surely he must be alive; and, if so, he, Arthur Rallsford, must find him—find him and deal out the death which he deserved with every circumstance of cruelty his mind could invent.

For weeks he sought industriously the survivors of the disaster and questioned them. Those he saw could afford him no information, and he

turned from them in bitter disappointment.

At last he got wind of a sailor who had been on a boat of which he had previously heard nothing. He traveled to Hull to see him, learned there that he had started to tramp to Newcastle, where he had relatives, and set out on foot in search of him.

He walked doggedly, inquiring of such folk as he met whether the man had passed that way. Evening fell apace, and found him on a long stretch of lonely road, conscious for the first time in all that day of the distance he had traveled, and the weariness which was weighing him down.

He was footsore, and he limped a good deal, aware of a blister on his left heel. To go on for any distance was impossible. He must find shelter—an inn, if possible; if not, the first dwelling place he could find.

Half a mile further along the road the lights of a small cottage shone out from a plantation. They glowed cheerfully, inviting him to rest. He paused irresolutely at the gate, then threw it open, and went up the path. Raising the knocker of the door he rapped slowly three times, and awaited an answer from the inmates.

There was an appreciable pause, and then steps became audible in the passage. The door opened, and an elderly man appeared, holding a lamp high above his head, and looking out curiously.

Rallsford noticed that the somewhat severe cast of his host's countenance was deeply graven with lines of suffering, and that his hair and pointed beard were grey. He noticed something further also; for a second man had looked out with a strange air of eagerness, which had in it something of fear. The expression lasted but a moment, and then vanished, giving place to one of courteous interrogation.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Rallsford, "but I have walked far and am lame, and I can see no sign of an inn. I saw your lights and wondered whether you would give me shelter."

The man looked at him gravely. "God forbid that we should turn any one from our doors," he said, "but I fear we shall be a somewhat cheerless company for you. You come to a house of mourning."

"The better—if I do not intrude upon you," replied Rallsford, grimly. "I, too, have cause for grief."

"Come in, sir, come in," said the man. He stood aside to permit his visitor to enter, and ushered him into a room which opened from the right of the passage.

Rallsford looked about him. The place was simply but comfortably furnished. The large table in the centre was covered with crimson cloth, and a lamp standing upon it shed its soft radiance about the walls. Two large horsehair chairs flanked the fire. One of them had been pushed back, as though his host had risen from it.

Close beside the lamp sat a gentle, refined looking woman with scanty silver hair. She was knitting industriously, and the ceaseless clicking of her needles paused but for a moment at his entrance, and then went on again. In that moment she had glanced at him with the same air of half fearful expectancy which he had observed in her husband. Then she glanced at an open Bible which lay before her on the table, sighed, and continued her work.

"My dear," said her husband, "here is a stranger who has walked far and who asks our hospitality." He turned to Rallsford. "Let me introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Foster. I am Captain Foster, at your service."

"My name is Rallsford," replied Arthur; "I must apologize for my intrusion; but I really cannot go further to-night."

The woman put down her work and rose.

"We are glad to be of service to you," she said gently. "If you will excuse me, I will see that you have some food."

His host indicated a chair; the woman left the room, and returned in a few moments with cold meat, bread, and a jug of beer. She set these before him on the table. Rallsford was too hungry to make further apologies. He set to work upon the victuals, and soon began to feel more satisfied. All the time he was busy with the meal the elderly couple watched him in silence, the woman knitting nervously, the man, leaning back in his armchair apparently lost in thought. The silence began to oppress Rallsford, and he spoke.

"I do not wish to be intrusive," he said, "but I imagined as I came in that you had been expecting some one."

Husband and wife exchanged a quick glance. Then the man averted his eyes and the woman dropped hers to her knitting.

"I am sorry if I have said anything calculated to hurt you," said Rallsford, puzzled. "The fact is," he continued apologetically, "I fear I am not so tactful as I used to be. I have recently passed through a great danger and a great sorrow and it has rendered me careless."

"A great danger and a great sorrow!" said the man, looking up slowly.

"Yes," replied Rallsford. "I was shipwrecked. I was on the Casparia. No doubt you have seen an account of the disaster in the papers."

His remark was received in dead silence. Looking up, he found that the couple were staring at him. Their faces, in the lamplight, were grey and pallid. Something in their expression knocked at his heart, and in the stillness he could hear the ticking of the clock.

"My son was on that boat," said the man after a pause.

Rallsford could make no answer; he was looking at the woman. Tears had gathered in her eyes, and one trickled down her left cheek.

"He is dead," the man continued in the same level tone. "We have read the lists of the survivors, but his name was not among them. And yet, we hope; we know that he is dead, yet we cannot help hoping. When your knock came—but no matter. You could not know it, but you gave that he used to do."

The poor woman broke out into lamentations and buried her face in her hands.

"My boy!" she sobbed. "My beautiful brave boy! He is dead. He is lying out in the cold sea to-night, and I shall never see him any more—never any more!"

The man stood up fiercely. "And to think," he cried, "that so many lives were lost that could have been saved. I read the accounts in the papers, and it made my blood boil. To think that I should have lived to be ashamed of my profession. Yes, sir, I have followed the sea, but never have I known such a thing. Cowards! Cowards! The brave are dead!" He turned upon Rallsford with quick suspicion. "You have eaten my bread," he cried. "Swear that you did what lay in your power. This house is a seaman's house, and that food was earned upon the sea. If you have played the coward I think it would have choked you."

Rallsford stood up and looked his host in the eyes.

"I was picked out of the sea," he said, simply. "I did what I could. Would to God that others had done the same."

His host returned his gaze, and read truth in it. He held out his hand. "I knew it," he said. "I could not think that I was harboring one of those cowards. God would not have permitted it. You are welcome."

"Yes, you are welcome," cried the woman, "for the sake of my brave boy who is dead. He, too, did his duty. He has come to me since in dreams, and he has told me so. I have seen him—almost every night and always the same. There was a boat near him and he would not enter it. He would not enter it because of the women and children. My boy! My brave boy! He thought always of others. Oh, why did he not think of me? Why did he not save himself—if only for my sake?"

"Hush!" said the man sternly, "if he had done as you have said, and have come here starving I would have spat upon him and turned him from the door."

"What matter?" retorted the mother with a fierceness strangely at variance with her usual gentleness. "What matter—when I could have gone with him?"

Her husband went over to her and patted her hand with a little movement of affection that was very touching.

"The boy has died as he should have done," he said. "Let us take our comfort in that."

"He was such a handsome lad," she said, sobbing. "Did you know him, sir? His name was Foster—Cyril Foster. Perhaps you met him on the ship?"

"No," said Rallsford slowly. "I do not know the name."

"Perhaps you knew him by sight?" she persisted. "There is a photograph there on the mantelpiece. Will you look at it?"

Rallsford turned in the direction indicated and took the photograph in his hands. He bent over it in order to permit the lamplight to illuminate its surface.

For a moment his heart stood still. He knew the face. He recognized the sharp features and the long dark hair that hung across the forehead.

His fingers tightened on the frame and he kept his face obstinately lowered, lest the black hatred which boiled within his heart should show itself on his face.

It was all coming back to him; the scene around the boat, the agonized girl, the cruel blow which had deprived her of her chance of life—and yes, the sound of the pistol shot and the thought, nay the certainty that the scoundrel was dead.

With that conviction a part of his life seemed torn away. Vengeance was gone from him, and existence seemed utterly empty.

After all, what did it matter? Lillian was dead, and the lad who had struck her was dead also.

Let the dead bury their dead. His business was with the living, whose salt he had eaten, who were clinging to such shreds of comfort as they could find.

Could he take it from them? He looked up with a set face to find their eyes upon him. Then he lied.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I knew him. I saw him at the last. He died as a brave man should."—Manchester Chronicle.

**A Class Too Numerous.**  
There are too many men who expect an editor to slave in defense of their pet notions and hobbies, advocate their views against the strongest opposition and then coolly withhold the business support by which alone a small newspaper can live.—East Hartford Gazette.

## HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

**Sewing on a Button.**  
In sewing on a button put a pin across the top and allow the thread to pass over it each time, after which remove the pin, pull the button toward you and wind thread under it a few times, then end the thread.

**To Remove Tea Stain.**  
When there is a bad tea stain on the tablecloth, wet the place thoroughly with glycerin, let it soak for a few minutes, then wash out with warm water. Be sure to wash it out thoroughly. Apply boiling water afterward; when the cloth is washed there will be no sign of the stain.

**Kitchen Screens Attractive.**  
The kitchen may be made into an attractive room for the maid to spend her evenings in, by the use of screens. These are put in front of the range and the sink, shutting them off from view most completely. When the sink is in a small alcove a simple and pretty way of disguising it lies in putting a curtain rod across from wall to wall of the alcove, hanging from this rod, which is quite high, a dainty white curtain, with heavier side curtains of a pretty, dark color. This is a better way to shut it off than any other, as it gives the effect of a window and alters the whole look of the room.

**Use of Coarse Serim.**  
Coarse serim may be used in many ways, its possibilities being practically without limit. This serim takes dye beautifully and curtains made of it and embroidered in old-fashioned cross stitch leave little to be desired in the way of beauty. The work is done right on the material, as the weave is like canvas, the threads are easily counted and there is no tax on the eyes. There is no end to the designs suited to cross stitch embroidery, and almost any flower, slightly conventionalized, may be used. A beautiful set of curtains seen recently were of serim dyed a deep coffee color, with dragons worked in dull blue scattered about here and there.

**Perfumed Pillows.**  
Since those extra little pillows have become so frequently met with as a part of bed furnishings, pine and lavender pillows have both become more popular. Both of them, when made for a bed, are incased in strong muslin covers, over which the pretty little white slip is drawn. For couches, of course, darker and more serviceable materials are used, often for pine pillows a deep yellow, embroidered, in a simple outline stitch, in brown or deep bronze greens. For lavender a light lavender, embroidered in a darker shade, or one of the pretty white cretonnes, covered with blossoms and stripes of lavender, makes an attractive covering, says Woman's Life.

If you are going away and can squeeze just one more thing into your trunk, tuck one of the regular baby pillows in. The pillows where you are staying may be stuffy and hard, and that little pillow is just the thing for a hammock or for the nap that you take in the old orchard, stretched out upon rug or steamer blanket, or it may add much to the peace of your nightly slumbers.

**HOUSEHOLD RECIPES**

**Ginger Snaps**—One-half cup butter, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup molasses, one dessertspoon ginger. Boil all together ten minutes. One teaspoon soda in three dessertspoons hot water and quickly stir in as much flour as possible. Roll very thin.

**Mock Mince Pie**—One egg, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup sour milk, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half cup chopped raisins, one-half cup currants, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon each cloves and cinnamon; bake with two crusts. This tastes almost exactly like real mince.

**Steamed Golden Pudding**—Required: Four ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, four ounces of finely shredded suet, two eggs, half a lemon, two ounces of breadcrumbs, two tablespoonfuls of golden syrup. Mix the dry ingredients together, then beat up the eggs and stir in the syrup, also the grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Pour into a buttered mold, tie down with paper, and steam one hour and a half. Serve with a little hot golden syrup poured round.

**East Indian Soup**—Put into a kettle a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onions, two tablespoonfuls of grated carrots, the same of grated turnips; stir carefully for about two minutes, add a quart of water or stock, a dash of red pepper, a little black pepper, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a sliced apple and simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Add a teaspoonful of curry and four or five tablespoonfuls of boiled rice, which should be boiled while you are making the soup.

## WEST REYNOLDSVILLE

**AUDITORS' REPORT 1907.**  
WM. BURGE, Ex-Burgess, in account with the Borough of West Reynoldsville, Pa., for the year ending March 31, 1907.  
DR.  
To amt' due last settlement \$ 2 28

J. D. WOODRING, Burgess, in account with the Borough of West Reynoldsville for the year ending March 31, 1907.  
DR.  
To amt' rec'd for hall rent. 10 00  
CR.  
By amt' treasurer's receipts \$ 10 00

W. B. STAUFFER, Tax Collector, in account with the Borough of West Reynoldsville, Pa., for the year ending March 31, 1907.  
LIGHT TAX.  
DR.  
To amt' of duplicate. 500 50  
" 5% added on 50 70 2 96  
906 56  
CR.  
By amt' exonerations. 13 80  
By amt' 5% rebate on \$13 80 16 65  
" 3% col. % on \$13 80 3 42  
" 5% " 87 52 4 88  
" 5% " 81 29 4 06  
" balance due boro. 411 09 61 50  
906 56

**WATER TAX.**  
DR.  
To amt' of duplicate. 168 34  
To amt' of 5% added on 17 09 85  
185 19  
CR.  
By amt' exonerations. 4 62  
" 5% rebate on \$13 85 5 09  
" 3% col. % on \$13 85 3 42  
" 5% " 87 78 4 88  
" 5% " 84 12 4 21  
" Treasurer's receipts. 137 03  
" due boro. 16 58  
185 19

**BORO TAX.**  
DR.  
To amt' duplicate. 585 33  
" 5% added on 59 51 28  
644 84  
CR.  
By amt' exonerations. 16 11  
" 5% rebate on \$10 91 19 55  
" 3% col. % on \$10 91 3 27  
" 5% " 311 40 5 61  
" 5% " 81 32 4 27  
" Treasurer's receipts. 479 99  
" due boro. 53 20  
644 81

P. J. WARD, Ex-Tax Collector, in account with the Borough of West Reynoldsville for the year ending March 31, 1907.  
1903  
DR.  
To bal. due last settlement. 1 81  
CR.  
By amt' exonerations. 1 81  
1904  
DR.  
To amt' due last settlement. 1 50  
CR.  
By amt' exonerations. 1 30  
" Treasurer's receipts. 69  
1 99

**1905**  
WATER TAX.  
DR.  
To amt' due last settlement. 20 23  
CR.  
By amt' exonerations. 2 16  
" 5% col. % on \$18 55 5 63  
" Treasurer's receipts. 17 14  
20 23

**LIGHT TAX.**  
DR.  
To amt' due last settlement. 36 37  
CR.  
By amt' exonerations. 3 58  
" 5% col. % on \$9 87 1 54  
" Treasurer's receipts. 31 25  
36 37

**BORO TAX.**  
DR.  
To amt' due last settlement. 36 27  
CR.  
By amt' exonerations. 3 58  
" 5% col. % on \$9 87 1 54  
" Treasurer's receipts. 31 15  
36 27

W. L. JOHNSTON, Treasurer, in account with the Borough of West Reynoldsville, Pa., for the year ending March 31, 1907.  
DR.  
To amt' in hands last sett. 375 30  
" from P. J. Ward, Ex-Col. 80 41  
" from W. B. Stauffer, Col. 1,627 72  
" from O. D. A. F. Co. 27 50  
" from Summery, Tel. Co. 24 09  
" from A. O'Donnell, tile. 13 35  
" Pm Co. Trans. licenses 240 09  
" from Board of Health. 4 90  
" from Auditor General. 2 68  
" from Burgess. 10 00  
1,804 08  
CR.  
By amt' orders redeemed. 1,194 64  
" Treasurer's 25 com. 23 88  
" due boro. 586 19  
1,804 08

**RESOURCES.**  
Amt' in treasurers hands. 586 16  
Amt' due from W. B. Stauffer, Collector. 121 43  
Amt' due from Wm. Burge, Ex-Burgess. 2 28  
709 87  
**LIABILITIES.**  
Outstanding Order No. 613. 16 50 16 50  
Resources in excess of liabilities. 693 37

These accounts audited this 11th day of March, 1907, and found to be correct.  
A. J. WELLS, Auditor.  
E. L. JOHNSTON, Auditor.

**INCREASE OF CAPITAL STOCK.**  
Reynoldsville, Pa., March 11, 1907.  
I hereby certify that the following resolutions were adopted by a majority of the entire board of directors of the Reynoldsville Brick and Tile Company at a special meeting held at the principal office of the company on the eleventh day of March, 1907:  
Resolved, That the capital stock of this company be increased from \$25,000 to \$75,000, and that the company do and enlarge the business purposes of the Reynoldsville Brick and Tile Company; and it was further resolved, That a special meeting of the stockholders be called to convene at the general office of the Reynoldsville Brick and Tile Company, at its works in Winslow township, Jefferson county, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, May 15, 1907, at 2:00 p. m. of said day to take action on the approval or disapproval of the proposed increase of the capital of this company, and it was further resolved that the secretary be and is hereby directed to give notice of the same as required by law.  
Attest:  
CHARLES S. LORD, CLYDE C. MURRAY, Secretary.

**The Tie Crop of the Future.**  
The Pennsylvania Railroad proposes to plant trees systematically to furnish a cross-tie supply in future years. This follows five years' experimentation along this line. In this time 1,500,000 trees have been planted on land owned by the company. An area of 681 acres near Altoona, Pa., will in the springs of 1907, and 1908 be planted with chestnut and red oak seedlings. The railroads of the country are using about 110,000,000 cross-ties each year, of which the Pennsylvania uses about 5,500,000. This great demand had denuded the forests so rapidly that ties are now selling at seventy cents each.

The Louisville Courier-Journal thinks a green telegraph operator makes a fat graveyard.

## WINSLOW TOWNSHIP

**AUDITORS' REPORT 1907.**  
K. B. DEEMER, J. M. NORRIS and WM. REBER, Supervisors, in account with Winslow township for the year ending March 31, 1907.  
DR.  
To amt' of 1906 duplicate seated. \$11,048 58  
To amt' of 1906 duplicate unseated. 290 74  
CR.

By amt. worked out by citizens seated. 3,344 41  
By amt. orders from A. J. H. London, not on duplicate. 80 54  
By amt. orders yet to be accounted for. 3 44  
By amt. due from Col. A. Strouse. 1,705 73  
11,399 30 11,399 30

The supervisors are hereby charged for orders illegally paid over. 169 43  
Together with cost on same. 23 19  
Amounting in all to. 192 69

**TREASURER'S ACCOUNT.**  
J. W. SYPHRIT, TREAS.  
DR.  
To amt. cash received. 1,418 02  
" work road tax collected. 1,077 89  
" cash road tax dup. 2,348 37  
" cash rec'd f'm A. Strouse. 2,090 47  
" bal. due J. W. Syphrit. 7 29  
CR.  
By amt. orders, notes, etc., listed. 4,713 28  
By amt. orders from A. Strouse listed. 2,080 47  
By amt. treas. % for collect. 138 08  
6,931 83 6,931 83

**COLLECTOR'S ACCOUNT.**  
AMOS STROUSE, COLLECTOR.  
DR.  
To amt. due last settlement. 600 50  
To amt. 1906 work road tax duplicate. 6,221 64  
To amt. cash road tax dup. unseated tax duplicate. 4,827 62  
290 74  
CR.  
By amt. paid to J. W. Syphrit, treas. 3,822 13  
By amt. returned. 77 40  
" exonerations and double assessment. 273 14  
" 5% for col. on 1903 dup. 40 12  
By amt. % on amt. col. by treasurer. 165 12  
By amt. cash and work road tax col. by treasurer. 3,424 05  
To balance due from Col. Strouse. 1,705 73  
12,141 90 12,141 90

J. M. HUTCHINSON, Auditors.  
R. E. MURRAY, Township Clerk.

## Washington Township

**AUDITORS' STATEMENT OF ROAD ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDING MARCH 4, 1907.**  
Account of WM. McDONALD, W. H. COOPER and T. H. STEVENSON, Supervisors.  
DR.  
To amount work duplicate, seated. 3,310 81  
To amount work duplicate, unseated. 144 42  
To amount cash duplicate, unseated. 37 09  
CR.  
By amt' paid in work. 2,785 37  
county. 122 39  
By amt' placed in hands of collector. 474 66  
\$3,383 32 \$3,383 32

Account of J. J. STERRETT, Collector and Treasurer.  
DR.  
To amount cash duplicate seated. 1,399 40  
To amount work duplicate unpaid Nov. 1. 56  
To amount from former collector. 11 60  
To amt' from Co. Treasurer. 17 68  
CR.  
By exonerations, cash tax. 213 19  
By 5% rebate on \$157 17 22 86  
By amt' held for tax lien. 22 37  
By supervisors' orders. 508 50  
" For road tax. 373 72  
" For orders redeemed. 283 74  
" For work on roads. 140 50  
" For expense super. 7 60  
" For secretary's salary. 25 00  
" For making duplicates. 14 50  
" For printing and post. 21 51  
" For miscellaneous exp. 9 02  
" For watering troughs. 12 00  
" For 2 1/2 treasurer's com. 28 48  
By cash on hand. 540 45  
2,382 73 2,382 73

**GENERAL STATEMENT.**  
**Assets.**  
Cash on hand. 540 45  
Due from Co. Treasurer. 31 37  
**Liabilities.**  
Orders outstanding. 163 62  
Note for new road machine. 235 09  
Assets over liabilities. 173 20  
\$ 971 82 \$ 971 82

We, the undersigned auditors of Washington township, Jefferson county, Pa., do certify that the above account is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.  
FRANCIS R. MORRISON, Auditors.  
W. J. STEVENSON,  
J. C. SMITH,  
March 13, 1907.

The roundest and rosiest of Ohio mayors has a warm admirer in Congressman Champ Clark, of Missouri. "If Tom Johnson never does anything else," said Champ Clark in the House of Representatives, "he deserves a monument as high as the Washington monument for what he has done toward establishing three-cent street car fares in Cleveland."

Theodore P. Shonts, late chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, would have the legislatures let the railroads alone.

## Leech's Planing Mill

West Reynoldsville  
WINDOW SASH, DOORS,  
FRAMES, FLOORING,  
STAIR WORK  
ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,  
ETC., ETC.  
Contract and repair work given prompt attention.  
Give us your order. My prices are reasonable.  
W. A. LEECH, PROPRIETOR.