

THE TEST.

When a man wants a position,
Two questions do they ask
Of whom he seeks employment,
Of his fitness for the task,
As to theory or promise
Or talk of high-blown hue
They have no care, but ask him,
"What is it you can do?"

If he knows his worth and tells them,
Still one more demand is theirs,
Before they will intrust him
With important business cares,
And of all his sterling merits
Is this important one,
If he tells of facts accomplished:
When asked, "What have you done?"
—Baltimore American.

A NOVEL ENGAGEMENT.

Tolling of a Girl, Two Men and Two Pictures.

By ARTHUR HALES.

"Which do you think she will choose, Jack?"
Dick Halston turned from the two oil paintings as he spoke and looked inquiringly at his friend.
The latter raised his eyebrows and slightly shrugged his shoulders.
"Honestly, I never thought she would agree to our proposal," went on the first speaker, nervously.
Jack Steadman laughed.
"A woman's love of novelty, Dick."

"A few moments passed in unbroken silence, then Halston spoke again.
"Hang it all!" he burst out, "I can't stand this suspense! It is only half-past two, and she won't be here until after four. I'll tell you what, Jack, I am going to run down to Manhattan. This waiting is making me as nervous as a woman. I shall be a fool of myself if she chooses not to paint. You don't mind?"
"No."

But the word was reluctantly spoken. However, Halston did not notice it. He caught up his hat.
"Good-bye, old chap. And you will let me know as soon as possible? If she chooses your painting, just wire me one word, 'mine,' and if Jack is the one, 'yours,' I shall understand."

He wrung his friend's hand.
"Good luck to you, Jack—although it means the reverse to me, doesn't it?"
The door slammed behind him, and Steadman heard him bound down the steep stairs two steps at a time. He gave a low whistle, heaved a sigh, and then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he fell into profound thought.

Two artists had long loved the girl and she could not choose between them. The state of affairs in the studio grew from bad to bad until there came a day when two friends said that it was undesirable, that she was ruining their lives, and they implored her to consent to a plan which they proposed. Their proposal was that they would each paint her portrait from memory. No names were to be attached to the pictures, and when they were finished she was to choose between them. The artist whose painting she chose was to be her husband.

She demurred for a while, but in the end she gave her consent.
"He had not gone," muttered Steadman. "It's awfully hard to be alone."

He paced the length of the studio several times, coming at last to stand still before the two canvases a girl's lovely face looked out. In the actual painting was little, if anything, to distinguish them; yet, in looking at the one, you involuntarily waited for the girl to speak; in the other, you expected no such thing.

"How on earth did Dick get the soul into his?" exclaimed Steadman savagely. "It is splendid," he muttered, "splendid!"
He turned abruptly and fell to pacing the studio again. The girl's eyes seemed to follow him with a half-mischiefous smile at his discomfiture. He threw himself into a chair with his back to the pictures. But soon, as if against his will, he had moved the chair so as to face them again.

"Why doesn't she come?" he cried, staring at his feet.
Then a demon rose up within him and whispered:
"What if she chooses his? You know it is the better. Look at that nose she holds so carelessly in her fingers; can you not fancy that you smell its fragrance? Don't you expect her to step out of the canvas and speak to you?"

Steadman drew his hand across his brow.
"No one would be the wiser," the voice went on. "Dick would go abroad at once. You know he swore he would. Then something could happen to the paintings—a fire—they would be destroyed. Better pluck the flower that he has run away from! He was not man enough to see the game out. Treachery? Nonsense! They would never suit each other, but you—you could, you would make a happy. You feel that, don't you, on your side you could..."

He stepped to the studio by side. "He cried, 'My lovely eyes are so mischievously...'"

From below, followed by dainty feet, he descended. He looked at the two pictures and then he looked at the girl who stood by his side.

He looked at the girl who stood by his side. He looked at the girl who stood by his side. He looked at the girl who stood by his side.

gether with a guilty start, and hurriedly drew a curtain before the two pictures. Then he went to welcome the anxiously awaited visitors.
"Oh, Dick has bolted," he said, with a somewhat forced laugh, in answer to Ethel's glance of inquiry round the studio.
"Bolted?"
There was surprise, anger and consternation in the girl's voice.
"There was no necessity for that," she remarked coldly.
"You misunderstand me," interrupted Steadman. "Dick has only run down to Manhattan until after your decision."
"Poor Dick," murmured Ethel to herself.
"Indeed," she said aloud, with a contemptuous little pout.
Her good nature returned and she chatted gayly.
"Now," said Jack Steadman, going over to the easels and laying his hand on the curtain, "will you choose between these two pictures? Ethel," he said, turning to her aunt, but looking at the girl, "has promised to marry the man whose portrait of herself she chooses."

The old lady bowed, and Ethel murmured an inaudible assent.
Steadman drew aside the curtain with a hand that shook, despite his utmost endeavors.
A simultaneous burst of admiration broke from both ladies.
"They are beautiful!" cried the elder lady. "Look at that one, Ethel! My dear child, it is a living likeness of your own sweet self."

And Steadman's face grew gray, for she pointed to Halston's picture.
"Far too beautiful for me, auntie," whispered the girl, for once abashed.
But Steadman, looking at her, thought bitterly that it was not lovely enough, and his breath came short as the shadowy thoughts of a few moments since took shape.

"Which do you choose?" he asked her in a curious, hard voice.
There was a moment of awful suspense, then Ethel answered low and hesitatingly:
"I ought to choose that one," pointing to the unhappy artist's own painting, "for it is less beautiful, and, therefore, must be more like me. But oh!" with sudden rapture, "I cannot help but choose this! It is lovely!"
"Lovely!" chimed in her aunt.
"And look at that nose, dear! Have you ever seen anything so exquisitely painted?"

"It is like the one I gave Dick the other night," faltered the girl.
There was a flush on her cheeks and a light in her eyes.
"Yes, it is the same," said Steadman quietly. "I begged it of Dick to put in my picture. Its color was so perfect."
"Your picture?"
There was a note of despair in the girl's voice.
"Yes; mine."

Had either lady looked they would have observed the ghastly pallor of Steadman's face and the tense set of his mouth.
But the old lady was still lost in admiration of the painting, and Ethel had turned aside to hide the sudden clouding of her eyes.
"Come, Ethel, we must be going," said her aunt, and she shook hands warmly with Steadman, saying: "I congratulate you heartily on your great success and also on winning so sweet a wife. And you, Ethel, are a fortunate girl to have won so gifted a husband!"

Age had dulled her eyes. She did not notice that anything was amiss with the girl, and neither of them noticed the man.
"Good-bye, Ethel!"
There was an exultant gleam in his eye. Mechanically the girl held out her hand to her future husband. Her lips moved, but no sound escaped them, and with a slight inclination of her head she followed her aunt.

"A telegram, sir."
"Thanks."
For a moment Dick Halston held the flimsy envelope in his fingers, turning it this way and that, dreading to open it.
"What a coward I am!" he muttered, and with a sudden resolution he tore it open.
At first he was only able to grasp the one word: "Yours." Then he read further:
"Come to the studio at once. Important."
"Jack, old man! Jack, where are you? Where are you?"
It was Halston's voice calling, as he looked round the empty studio. But he received no answer. Then his eyes fell upon a letter addressed to himself in Steadman's handwriting. He opened it, wondering what it meant.
"Dick," he read, "forgive me! The temptation was too great and I fell. I claimed your picture as mine. Your love for her will make you understand. But, thank heaven! I repented before it was too late. Good-bye, and forgive me if you can. I'm off for Europe. Show her this letter."
"JACK STEADMAN."
And Dick Halston understood and forgave.—New York News.

America's 19,000,000 Newspapers.
A bulletin recently made public at the Census Bureau, in Washington, shows 19,024,757 copies of daily newspapers, or one for every four persons, are turned out each week day in the United States. On Sundays the number printed is 11,529,521. The total amount charged for advertising in 1905 was \$145,531,811. The capital invested in printing and publishing is \$284,021,859.—Harper's Weekly.

SMART STYLES FOR SPRING.

New York City. — The over blouse has unquestionably taken a firm hold upon feminine fancy and is to be noted in almost innumerable variations. This one is absolutely simple yet chic in the extreme and can be utilized both for the gown and for the odd waist. Worn with a skirt to match, it will be a favorite

A Cuff Variation.
A straight band mitted on the outside of the arm to form an upward-turning point makes a pleasing variation of the straight cuff on the short sleeve.

Gulmpe Blouse.
In this day of over waists and jumpers the gulmpe fills an important place in the wardrobe. Here is one that can be made either entirely of lace or some pretty lingerie material or of muslin with facings and sleeves of lace as liked. The latter method is, as a matter of course, a bit more economical and when costly material is used in every way desirable, although the entire garment always possesses certain inherent advantages. In this instance imitation Irish crochet is the lace chosen and the sleeves are cut off at the elbow and shirred to form puffs with frills of thinner lace making the finish. But deep cuffs can be added, making the sleeves full length and every material that is used for gulmpe is appropriate for this one, the pretty all-overs and inserted tuckings quite as well as lace.



for street wear during the summer, while either so treated or made of contrasting material, it makes a really charming indoor waist for immediate wear. In this instance the material is pongee trimmed with banding and with soutache braid, while the gulmpe beneath is of all-over

The gulmpe is made with front and back and is drawn up at the waist line by means of tape inserted in a casing or can be gathered and stayed with a band. The neck is finished with a standing collar and the sleeves are made with full upper portions that can be either treated as illustrated or joined to the deep cuffs. When the facings are utilized the gulmpe is cut from thin material which is cut away beneath the lace. The quantity of material required



lace, but these over waists, or jumpers, are especially to be commended for the reason that they can be worn over any lingerie or lace blouse and also because the gulmpe can be varied as occasion may demand.

The waist is made in one piece. It can be cut on either V-shaped or round outline at the neck and the sleeves can be slashed at their upper portions as illustrated or left plain as liked. There are under-arm seams and the sleeves are held together at their under-arm edges by means of short straps.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and a quarter yards twenty-one, one and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven or one and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide with five yards of banding and ten yards of soutache braid.

Filet Lace the Thing.
Filet lace rules this season as Irish lace did two seasons ago. The square mesh is the thing and comes in many forms, from heavy coarse bands that suggest curtain laces, to the finest creations of the cushion and bobbin.

Velvet in Vertical Lines.
Four straps of dark velvet extending from shoulders to waist in vertical lines back and front, and joined at yoke depth by other shorter ones for the suspender effect to be worn with an afternoon gown.

Yokes of Lace.
Yoke and neck garnishments of all evening dresses are of white or cream lace, except in the case of an all-black gown. Even the dyed laces, so profusely used as decorations in other ways, either give way to the yoke of white or are lined with white chiffon or net.

Silk and Leather.
Pekin silk and white leather finish a smart black cloth jacket.

for the medium size is three and seven-eighths yards eighteen, two and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven or two yards forty-four inches wide if one material is used, or one and a quarter yards of foundation material



thirty-six inches wide with two and three-quarter yards all-over lace for facing between vertical lines, two and three-eighth yards for facings above cross line of perforations.

Enticing Hand Embroidery.
There is many a girl who looks longingly on the exquisite hand-embroidery tiny little jabots and lace-edged knots and feels that their price is prohibitive, who could sit down a little while each day and make two or three of them for herself.

Embroidery For Natural Linen.
The Japanese and Bulgarian embroideries are especially pretty on the natural linen fabrics.

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WITH THE SEWING MACHINE.
Dollies and platter mats may be made on the sewing machine, and this is a good way to utilize the good parts of partly worn tablecloths. A dinner plate provides a pattern for a round dolly. Hold the plate firmly on the cloth with the left hand and with the right draw a pencil around close to the edge of the plate. When this is cut out, again lay a smaller plate on the dolly and draw a parallel line with the edge, but as far from the edge as you desire a depth of fringe.
Now thread upon your sewing machine with a fine linen thread, taking care to loosen the tension, else the work may pucker, and stitch carefully around the circle made by the smaller plate, holding the goods smoothly so that it will neither draw nor stretch. The stitching will fasten the threads more firmly than could be done by any hand work and will allow of the outer threads being pulled away directly up to the line of stitching.
Square dollies may be fringed and stitched in the same way.—Boston Post.

DR. GREWER
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Dr. E. Grewer, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and one of the leading specialists of this State, is now permanently located at the above address, where he treats all chronic diseases of Men, Women and Children.
He makes a specialty of all forms of Nervous diseases, Blood Poison, Secret Diseases, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, Hysteria, St. Vitus Dance, Wakefulness cured under guarantee.

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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 cannot call.
Office hours: From 9 a. m. to 5.30 p. m. On Sundays 9 to 12 a. m. only.

There is talk in England of celebrating the bicentenary of the birth of Charles Wesley, which occurred December 19, 1707.

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 eighteenth day of March, 1907:
Resolved, That the capital stock of this company be increased from \$20,000 to \$75,000, to accomplish and carry on 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, Secretary.

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