

PEGGING AWAY.

Men seldom mount at a single bound
To the ladder's very top;
They must slowly climb it, round by round,



The Abbot of San Pietro

By JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

The chief cause of estrangement between old Dr. Herman Shumate and his son, Maurice, was the old man's old-country idea about money.

These were harsh requirements for a young man of Maurice Shumate's temperament, for he was born in New York, reared among well-to-do young Americans, and utterly devoid of those cautious, economical, old-fashioned qualities which made his father a harsh master in spite of his natural amiability.

Having degrees from half a dozen European universities, Herman Shumate was entitled to the "doctor" epithet, though he had never practiced medicine. An expert chemist and poison specialist, master of the materia medica and inventor of two successful processes of embalming, he had achieved his greatest success and most of his millions as manager and stockholder of a rich chemical manufactory.

"You'll get well if you go to a good climate and sleep nine hours a day. You can come back or not as you choose. But I will pay no more of your bills. I will feed and house you no longer. If you get married and make your first thousand dollars, all right. I will see."

It was a harsh sentence, and it hurt Maurice, but he was very weak, and only smiled wanly as he said: "I don't blame you, dad. But where would you go?"

"Go to the devil, if you like!" growled the doctor, who had seen that that smile before. "Here's your hundred dollars."

When Maurice was gone, old Dr. Shumate began to fret. He became more active than ever, more interested in scientific research, more penurious, and more solitary in his habits than before.

"But there is another ruin," whispered Knauss. "I think it is an old burial vault, in an adjoining farm. If you will risk a few hundred dollars perhaps—"

"Try it, try it, my friend!" exclaimed the enthusiast. "When can you begin?"

The old German insisted that the matter must be kept secret, but he would let his patron know the result of the excavation. It was a very much dilapidated structure, mostly underground, filled with earth, stones and the debris of more than two centuries. It would take time.

The 500th anniversary of Leipzig University will be celebrated in 1909.

Post haste back hurried Dr. Shumate to San Pietro, full of his secret and eager to investigate, hoping against hope that he might become the possessor of the mummy. It was a seven-mile drive to the mission home of Knauss, but the doctor was there before 9 o'clock in the morning after his arrival at the railroad station.

"It is a secret, Dr. Shumate. Mamma does not know. Papa said I should bring you to it."

He made room for her beside him and she directed him into an old trail beyond the chaparral for a mile in the quivering heat of the sun, and in the blazing dust of the parched fields before she showed him the ruins of the old tomb with the fresh earth of recent excavations piled about the sunken entrance.

"You must only look, doctor," explained Matilda when they had tied the horse and alighted. "Papa says you may not touch the—he calls it 'The Abbot,' because there is a gold ring on the finger—that you may only look at it."

He followed her down into the dark hole, stepping among clay-stained bones and noticing three skulls ranged in a row within. She lighted a candle and motioned him to remain by the dim opening. Then he put on his double-lens glasses and saw the mummy. It was the body of a young or middle-aged Franciscan almost perfectly preserved. Dust, as of lime and sand, was sprinkled thinly upon the scant hair and thin face. The crown of the head was shaven, the thick woolen cowl was back, disclosing the ascetic but life-like face of the Abbot. The bony hands, clasped across the breast, held a rosary and a cross. Only the cord, peculiar to the Franciscan order, showed signs that the remains had been prepared for burial.

It was wrapped about the arms and lower extremities of the body, tightly incasing it within the brown gown of the monastic habit. "Papa will show it to you again," said Matilda, blowing out the light, before the excited scientist had satisfied a whit of his curiosity, "he may be home now."

They drove back to the mission and Knauss was there. The doctor stayed for dinner, and at supper time he was still in earnest, eager and whispering consultation with the old custodian. At last he seemed satisfied to go. He drove back to town in a hurry, and at midnight returned alone in a wagon.

"There's your money, Knauss," he said to the farmer who came out to meet him—"in one hundred dollar bills. All you have to do now is help me load him into the wagon."

Before dawn Dr. Shumate had his mummy safe on the floor of his room in San Jose. He put newspapers over the uncurtained window and locked his door. Then he removed the old blankets with which he had covered the mummy, brought the coal-oil lamp nearer, pulled out another pair of spectacles and chuckled: "It's a treasure! A wonderful example of—"

"For God's sake cut the rope!" said the corpse, "I fell like a mummy for sure!"

The doctor's glasses fell to the floor as he jumped up, but the Abbot quite calmly, as becomes a deceased clergyman, continued:

"Don't get excited, daddy. I'm Maurice, all right, your son, Maurice. I fixed it up with Matilda. She's my wife, daddy. When you came round here looking for mummies I heard about you, and—well, I had the wife then, and I thought if I only had the thousand dollars—that first thousand, you know, daddy, why may be you'd take me, that is, us, home with you. Tilly is outside there now daddy, with the—the thousand you paid for the mummy! Come, dad, cut the rope, please do!"

And daddy cut the rope.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Effect of Steady Work. Dr. John S. Buist, the famous Southern surgeon, said in one of his surgical lectures at the State college:

"It is always in rather bad taste for a physician to boast of being busy. Physicians, undertakers and gravediggers only cause discomfort when they allude to good times and prosperity.

"There was an old man who applied to the minister of the little village of Point Rock for the post of gravedigger. His references were good and the minister agreed to assign him to the churchyard. He was to be paid so much a grace."

"The gravedigger gaggled over the price, finally accepting it."

"Will I get steady work?" he asked.

"Steady work?" said the minister.

"Lands saks, man, with steady work you'd bury all Point Rock in a week."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Whitewash That Will Not Rub Off.

Slake one bushel of fresh lime with hot water. While slaking add one pound of glue previously dissolved in warm water, and stir thoroughly. Before applying, add sufficient bluing to give the tint desired. This whitewash is good for both inside and outside work.—Green's Fruit Grower.

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A Toast. Here's to the stork, A most valuable bird, That inhabits the residence districts. He doesn't sing tunes, Nor yield any plumes, But he helps out the vital statistics.—Portland Oregonian.

Very Practical. "What is a practical joke?" "One that you can sell for a dollar and buy bread with."—Leslie's Weekly.

Nothing Mean There. "I say, Uncle Jack, I dreamed you gave me half a crown last night." "Did you, me boy? Well, you can keep it."—Tattler.

A Give Away. "Mr. Taffeigh is a smooth-faced young man, isn't he, Matilda?" "Why, I thought it felt—I mean—" "Matilda!"—Judge.

That New York Literature. "Horrible stuff to print in the newspapers, isn't it?" "I presume it is. What are you reading it for?"—Chicago Tribune.

Hard Indeed. Bing—"Is he a hard man to work under?" Sting—"I thought so when he fell off a ladder onto my head."—Judge.

Light, All Right. Yeast—"Are all the rooms in your flat light?" Crimsonbeak—"Oh, yes; we have gas in 'em all."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Expert. "Is Speedman a good chauffeur?" "Good? Say! he caught a man yesterday that every motorist in the city has had a try at and missed."—Leslie's Weekly.

Deeper Yet. Tom—"I suppose Yerner is deep in love's young dream—" Dick—"Oh, he's past that stage. He's troubled with insomnia now."—Catholic Standard.

One Better. First Child—"Our baby can say 'papa.'" Second Child (with lofty superiority)—"Our parrot can say 'papa' and papa's swear words, too."—Los Angeles Herald.

Her Husband's Luck. "Was your husband lucky during the race meeting last year?" "Yes," answered young Mrs. Tokins. "He had tonsillitis most of the time and couldn't attend."—Washington Star.

Sleeping in Church. Rector (showing a stranger the church monuments)—"My grandfather has slept in this church for eighty years." Stranger—"Is he living?"—Yonkers Statesman.

No Attention to Her Now. "You know Smith used to pay marked attention to Miss Jones. Well he has ceased paying attention to her."

"How is that?" "They're married."—Judge.

The True Fisherman. Fishermen have a more philosophical view of chance and fate than any other brotherhood.

"You'll find there are no fish in that pond."

"What did you tell me for? Now you've spoiled my whole day's fishing."—Flegende Blaetter.

Deadly. Policeman (holding down a tramp on the sidewalk)—"No damage, ma'am: he's merely having a fit."

Kind Lady—"Gracious! Shall I get some water and throw it in his face?" Policeman—"Do you want to kill him?"—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Partners. "Your two sons studied law, did they not?" asks the old friend. "How are they getting along?" "Remarkably well. One of them makes a specialty of prosecuting trusts and the other is an expert at defending them."—Chicago Evening Post.

A Sad Jolt. "How it does jar you when you have quite decided that a bank is safe!" "Yes?" "Safe enough to entrust with your \$200."

"Yes?" "To learn that they won't start an account on less than \$500."—Courier-Journal.

Couldn't Supply It. "I see you advertise everything for the baby?" said the man entering the child's bazaar.

"Yes, this is the place," said the floor-walker. "What do you want to get?"

"Well, what I want to get is some thing that'll get up out of a warm bed on a cold night and walk the floor."—Yonkers Statesman.

Do You Always Know what You Are Getting When You Buy Cigars?

When you get acquainted with a good cigar by smoking it, are likely to remember the brand name. But when you get a poor cigar how do you know whom you hold responsible for it? Do you know that hundreds of thousands of smokers are every day paying twice as much as they ought to for the cigars they smoke—only "held up" by manufacturers unknown to them? You have a right to know who makes the cigars you smoke—one must be held responsible for the value. And on the same basis an honest manufacturer deserves due credit for the good cigars you get.

KNOW what you're getting before you give up your money

No need to guess quality—no need to run chances—no need to depend on anyone's recommendations. This "Triangle A" mark identifies the product of the American Cigar Company's modern, scientific methods systematically applied to cigar manufacture. The "Triangle A" is the surest, plainest kind of a guarantee. It's easy to order by the brand name if you know the brand is a good one—and the sure way to distinguish good brands is to look for the "Triangle A" stamped on the box.

For convincing proof of the better quality for which the "Triangle A" stands try

The New CREMO 5 cents

Every box is now extra-wrapped in glassine paper, sealed at each end with the "Triangle A" in red, keeping the contents in clean, fresh and perfect smoking condition until the box is opened.

AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY, Manufacturer

THE NATIONAL GAME.

The Macon club has released Shortstop John Bammert. Dave Fultz is this spring coaching the Naval Academy baseball team.

Mathewson, of the New York Nationals, seems to have come back. Outfielder Denny Sullivan, of the Minneapolis recruit, has signed a Boston contract.

Washington tried to get catcher McFarland from the Chicago White Sox, but failed.

The Boston American Club has released pitcher Jack Killian to the Providence Club.

To date the outlaw Atlantic League has secured not one reserved player of any prominence.

"Take my word for it," says Manager Cantillon, "Washington has a first division team."

It has been figured out that the yearly cost of conducting professional baseball is \$5,364,000.

Weldon Henley, the recalcitrant Brooklyn twirler, has at last signed a contract with Brooklyn.

The Boston National Club has formally released pitcher Witherup and outfielder Strobel to Trenton.

Al Shaw, the catcher now with the Boston Americans, is the player who was with the Detroit in 1906-07.

Mertes has finally found a sanctuary in Minneapolis. He will play left field for the team of the Flour City.

George A. Huff, athletic director of the University of Illinois, has been secured to manage the Boston Americans.

With so many baseball leagues and so many balls to be thrown out at openings spring has come to be a busy season for Mayors.

The first triple play of the season came to light in the Virginia League. It was made by Martin, Butman and Burns, of the Richmond team.

The ends of justice, and public policy as well, will be best served if the prohibition upon divorce for one year is made applicable to both parties, notes the Denver Republican.

Strictly enforced it would prevent a large percentage of those divorces which are never sought until a new husband or a new wife has already come within the range of vision.

NOT A PRINCE OF FINANCE. "That man is positively dishonest!" said the protesting citizen.

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "He isn't as culpable as you think. He lacks the high intelligence which enables a man to exercise fine ethical discrimination."—Washington Star.

DANGEROUS FRUIT. "Some scientists say men have been driven crazy by strawberries."

"That may be true. Many a man's gone crazy over a peach."—Chicago Journal.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Silkolne makes splendid dust cloths. A large piece of chamolis skin should be kept in every house to give the final polish to the mirrors and window panes.

Chiffon can be washed in soap and water and ironed, but it must not be rubbed in the process.

To prevent salt from lumping mix cornstarch, allowing one teaspoon cornstarch to six of salt.

After broiling or frying, wipe off all the fat that splattered on the range with old newspapers.

After scrubbing floor, take old newspapers and lay in front of the doors and wherever the most walking is done. It keeps the floor clean much longer.

To clean granite ware where mixtures have burned on: Half fill the dish with cold water, add generous pinch of washing soda, heat slowly to boiling point, then empty, when dish may be easily cleaned.

To keep sinks free from grease, pour down once a week a potash solution made from one-half can of potash dissolved in one quart of hot water.

You can make a faded dress perfectly white by washing it in boiling water.

Salt dissolved in alcohol will often remove grease spots from clothing.

Two potatoes grated in a basin of water will give better results than soap in washing delicate flannel and woolled goods, ribbons, etc.

Linon blinds can be cleaned by being laid flat and rubbed with powdered bath brick.

Piano keys can be cleaned, as can any old ivory, by being rubbed with muslin, dipped in alcohol.

The taste of men is less morbid in the matter of fiction than that of women, according to the London Graphic, especially of modern women, to whom the plain, direct telling of a story does not appeal, but who prefer the psychology of the soul and the infinite dissection of recondite motives and feelings to dramatic movement.

CORN FRITTERS.

To one cupful corn allow a half cup cracker crumbs mixed with a half cup milk. Add two beaten eggs, without separating and salt and pepper to season. If necessary add a scant spoonful of flour to make a thick batter. Have ready a hot pancake griddle or spider well greased with butter or olive oil, and drop in the batter a spoonful at a time. When brown on one side turn over to color the other. Four minutes will make them a golden brown. These are a fine accompaniment to roast or fried chicken.—Washington Star.

BUSINESS CARDS.

E. NEFF JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Pension Attorney and Real Estate Agent RAYMOND E. BROWN ATTORNEY AT LAW, BROOKVILLE, Pa.

G. M. McDONALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Real estate agent, patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Syndicate building, Reynoldsville, Pa.

SMITH M. McCREIGHT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary public and real estate agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in the Reynoldsville Hardware Co. building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOPER, DENTIST, Resident dentist, in the Hoover building, Main street. Gentleness in operating.

DR. L. L. MEANS, DENTIST, Office on second floor of the First bank building, Main street.

DR. R. DEVERE KING, DENTIST, Office on second floor of the Syndicate building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

HENRY PRIESTER UNDERTAKER, Black and white funeral care. Main street Reynoldsville, Pa.

HUGHES & FLEMING, UNDERTAKING AND PICTURE FRAMING, The U. S. Burial League has been tested and found all right. Cheapest form of insurance. Secure a contract. Near P. O. Fountain, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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WINDSOR HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA, Pa. Between 13th and 13th Sts., on Filbert. Three minutes walk from the Reading terminal. Five minutes walk from the U. S. R. Depot. European plan \$1.00 per day upward. American plan \$1.00 per day.

We can never have safety railroad transportation until we cure recklessness permeating alike the public and the management of railroads, laments the Boston Herald. And to effect such a cure the remedy should be applied first to the parcel of boards of directors.

Two men got five days in jail sleeping on the steps of the treasury department in Washington. They slept inside, suggests the New Herald. They would get from \$10,000 a year.