

### WHERE THE WAYS END.

What is the sorrow? A little space—  
The cry of the fallen in the race—  
The dying cry which the world needs not—  
Ill remembered, or soon forgot,  
Joy or sorrow will end in rest—  
Dust, and a rose on a dreamless breast.

What is the sighing? It is not long;  
One in the end and the sigh and song,  
One the faith, and one the doubt—  
The cry of the vanquished—the victor's shout.  
Victor and vanquished must creep for rest  
When the dust is blown o'er the dreamless breast.

And what in the transient gloom and glow  
Is the beautiful love that we cling to so.  
The rose red lip, and the sparkling eye?  
A gracious greeting—a sad good-by!  
With pallid faces and lips grief prest  
The lovers creep to the rose for rest.

So we smile at the dark—the pathway rough;  
There shall be sunshine and rest enough  
After the stormy ways are past,  
Rest shall be sweeter at last—at last!  
Joy and sorrow will end in rest—  
Dust, and a rose on a dreamless breast.

—Atlanta Constitution.

## The Kidnapping of George Selby

By W. R. ROSE

The room was plainly but neatly furnished. There was an air of comfort about it that the young man liked. Nevertheless his face was clouded by a shadow. And the face of the young woman whose clear gray eyes intently regarded him was clouded, too.

"No, Martin," she presently broke the silence, "I cannot be persuaded."

He looked at her tenderly.

"I am selfish enough to think you are wrong," he said, "but that's a lover's unfairness. Anyway, there is no question about the beauty of the sacrifice you are making."

"I am only doing what I believe to be my duty, Martin."

"And you would marry me if it were not for George?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I—I think I would, Martin."

He moistened his lips.

"George looms very large and very formidable," he said. "What can be done with him?"

The girl sighed.

"Nothing."

There was a little silence.

"It isn't right," murmured the man beneath his breath, and there was bitterness in his tone.

"It is the only thing I can do," said the girl.

"You know he isn't worth the sacrifice."

"He is my brother."

The man drew a long breath.

"Such a brother."

The girl's face flushed.

"I cannot discuss this even with you, Martin. I must do my duty as I see it. George needs my care. My mother with her last words asked me to watch over him, to be his helpful friend when all others deserted him. I will carry out my promise."

The young man looked up eagerly.

"Let me help you care for him, Margery."

"No, Martin. He shall be my disgrace alone."

Her head dropped, her gaze was turned from him.

"And can nothing be done?"

"Nothing. I have had the best medical advice. It was of no avail. He will do nothing to help himself. He is utterly indifferent to his condition. If he cannot get brandy, he resorts to morphine. He has been given the so-called 'cures.' The instant the next temptation assailed him he fell before it. There is but one thing that promises any relief. If he could be taken away from this perilous atmosphere, far away from these wicked friends who are sapping his life and his money, if he could be made to fight out the battle with himself alone and unaided—why, it would either cure or kill him. And that they tell me, is the only hope."

Martin stared hard at the floor.

"I would be glad to help George if I could," he said, "but he repels me. He appears to regard me as an enemy."

He paused and then looked up. "I have told you, Margery, that on your decision an important move in my career depends. If you will marry me I will remain here in Somerton. If not, I will accept an offer I have to go to Egypt where a contracting engineer is needed." He looked at her anxiously.

"Is there any hope?"

"No, Martin."

"I will be gone at least two years."

"Yes."

"Will you wait, Margery?"

"Do not ask me to make any promises, Martin. I cannot tell what may happen."

He hesitated an instant.

"You have sufficient income?"

"Yes." He arose.

"I must wire my acceptance of the offer tonight and start tomorrow."

Before she could answer this the outside door was noisily slammed and a heavy footfall was heard in the hall. The girl drew a little nearer to her guest. A young man staggered through the doorway. He was very slender and very pale—and very drunk.

"George!" said the girl in a pitiful cry.

"What's that?" he muttered thickly.

"S that you, Martin Henley? What you doing here? Makin' love to my sister? She don't want nothin' to do with you. She's got her dear brother to look after. Good night, Martin Henley, goo' night."

He lurched toward the sofa and fell upon it heavily.

Martin Henley, his eyes avoiding those of the girl, passed into the hall. The girl followed him. He turned quickly as they neared the outer door.

"You say the only hope for George is a new scene and new surroundings?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Come back here, sister," the profligate called. "I need you. Don't you hear me? I need you." And the maddled voice trailed off in a discordant song.

Martin Henley put out his hand.

"Goodby, Martin."

And he was gone.

If he could have looked back into the hallway he would have seen the girl leaning against the wall and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Quite unconscious of this, however, he strode along, a new and strange idea dulling the pain of the departure. The idea still held possession of his mind when he entered the telegraph office and penned his dispatch accepting the Egyptian offer.

When tea time came the next day and George did not return, Margery Selby felt little anxiety. He was an idler and came and went as he chose. When the small sums of money she allowed him were spent he usually wandered home. Ordinarily he had enough sense to seek his home before he was too stupefied to find it.

When he did not return at 11 o'clock the girl began to worry a little. Going to the front windows she peered out into the street. A boy was coming through the gateway. The lamplight shone on the brass badge on his cap. Margery hurried to the door and trembling read the telegram that was handed her.

This was the message it brought: "Have kidnapped George. Am trying the only hope. Don't worry. Martin Henley."

The telegraph fluttered from her hands. Then she stooped and picked it up. It came from New York.

At 4 o'clock the next day Margery received another message.

"Just boarding a Mediterranean steamer. Everything hopeful."

Margery drew a long breath of relief. Somehow these messages inspired her with a dawning belief that George's regeneration might be brought about. But was it possible? Could anything short of a miracle reclaim this human wreck? She shuddered as she recalled the awful struggle when they had tried to keep the liquor from him. And yet somehow she felt a thrill of confidence in the clear-headed splendid fellow who had taken this burden on his broad shoulders. He was doing it for her sake. And he had done it after she had virtually repudiated his love.

The days wore away and it was almost a month later before Margery received the first letter. It was dated at Gibraltar.

"We have been buffeted about by storms," Martin wrote, "and both of us have suffered somewhat in consequence. It is too early yet to talk about results, but I have not lost hope in the success of the experiment. No doubt you are wondering how I contrived to kidnap George, but it wasn't very difficult. I lured him away at a time when he scarcely realized where he was going. And when he awoke he was in New York. It was a harder matter to get him aboard the steamer, but I finally succeeded. I am sorry to say that he does not appreciate the efforts I have made in his behalf. In fact, he regards me as his bitterest enemy. Perhaps this feeling will wear away. You may rest assured that it will make no difference in my feeling toward him. And whether he likes my company or not he will have to endure it. I will write again when we reach Alexandria. Have courage and believe that I am doing all that can be done."

Margery cried over this letter. It seemed to her as if she detected an undertone of hopelessness running through it. She could only faintly imagine the events of that long voyage. But she knew that Martin would persevere to the very utmost.

The letter from Alexandria was a long time coming. She opened it with a feeling of dread.

"George has been ill," Martin wrote; "so ill that I did not have the heart to write you until he was better. But he is so much improved that in a few days I hope we can start up the Nile. There was one very gratifying feature of his illness—all his old animosities disappeared. He seemed to want me near him all the time, and when the horrors that beset him were at their worst he would cry out for me and beg me to protect him, and even the touch of my hand seemed to soothe

him. I trust that the old feeling will not return after he fully recovers. He has just called to me, 'Tell sister,' he says, 'that I am in good hands.' I will write to you again before we enter the desert."

Then Margery waited for the letter from the desert and the time seemed, oh, so long! At last it came.

"More delays," Martin wrote, "but now our equipment is ready and we enter the desert tomorrow. I do not know when you will hear from us again. We are going to be cut off from the usual means of communication. But I will do my best to relieve your anxiety. I am writing this in a troop shed, the only quarters we could get. George is lying on a blanket-covered board within reach of my hand. I do not dare let him leave my sight. He is very melancholy, and his antipathy to me has returned. I have cut down his allowance of brandy by one-half and I think he craves it less and less. I can only hope that his lack of appetite for stimulants does not mean a dangerous collapse. I am writing to you frankly, dear girl, just as I am sure you would have me write. We had a hard battle and the outcome is not at all certain. Good-by and heaven keep you."

That was the last that Margery heard from Martin many months.

A year wore away and still no message came. And then Margery almost ceased to hope. She knew there had been an uprising of the savage tribes of the Soudan. The fanatic followers of a leader long supposed to be dead had swept away the outposts of the British advance and destroyed much of the work upon the new railway. It had required months to assemble a sufficiently large force to push these wild invaders back, and then the advance, harassed by the foe and hampered by fever, was very slow.

And Margery shivered when she read all this. Where was that little railway post? Did it lie in the red pathway of the galloping hordes? Was there any hope that it could have escaped?

Later on came the tidings of a battle in which the British forces had routed the fanatics with great loss. But their own loss was heavy and the advance was slow. There were rumors of white prisoners somewhere in the interior, and as soon as re-enforcements arrived there would be a vigorous attempt to rescue the unfortunates. Later on the rescuing column was reported to its advance.

There were sharp skirmishes along the line of march and then another battle. And this time the fanatics were overwhelmed and their leader became a friendless fugitive.

Six weeks later Margery received a cablegram.

"We are coming home," it told her. And the name under it was "George."

Another long period of waiting followed, but now Margery's anxiety was tempered with hope.

Then came a clear and beautiful morning in June, and Margery was busy with her household duties when the bell rang, and two men, one strong, robust, clear of eye, and rosy of cheek, the one gaunt, pale, hollow eyed, confronted her.

Margery gave a little scream. This fine young fellow, whose hand firmly clasped hers, was Brother George, and the figure holding fast to his arm, a shadow of his former self, was Martin Henley.

The tears sprang to Margery's eyes at this pitiful sight, and she caught hold of Martin's wasted hand and drew him into the little sitting room and gave him the easiest chair.

"There he is," cried George. "He took me away from home, and I've brought him back. Sister, Margery, if I talked for a month of Sundays, I couldn't begin to tell you what that man has done for me."

"Don't, George," murmured Martin. "Look at me, Margery," cried George. "See what I have become! This is a man. Oh, you needn't be afraid. My craving for the stuff has gone. It was burned out of me and starved out of me and beaten out of me! A thousand temptations couldn't harm me now. And this man stood by me and nursed me back to life and saved me from the Arab swords, and dug me out of the Arab prison." He paused, his eyes were suddenly suffused. He caught up Martin's hand. "What horrors we have been through, brother!" he half sobbed.

"A fine fellow, Margery," murmured Martin with a smiling nod at George. "He brought me through the desert fever."

"That was the only chance he gave me," cried George. "He broke down at last and then it was my turn. I twice thought I'd lost him, but when I whispered 'Margery' in his ear he rallied and fought on. Oh, but he's going to be all right now, sister. The one tonic in all the world that will make a man of him again is here, and its name is Margery."

He turned abruptly and went out of the room.

Then Margery went to Martin and stooped over him and put her rounded arm about his neck and pressed her rosy cheek to his wasted one.

"Dear, dear Martin," she sobbed, "you will never leave me again!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Best Books Cheapest.

Seriously speaking books are so cheap nowadays that poverty is no excuse for ignorance. And what is excellent, the best books are cheapest. The new reprints of standard and classical authors in every department of literature put the world of knowledge within the reach of the working man, whereas formerly books were the luxury of wealth.

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### THE NATIONAL GAME.

So long as the Brooklyn haven't a percentage of .023 hope is not extinct.

Catcher Henry Peltz has come to terms with Louisville and has signed a contract.

The Holyoke Club, of the Connecticut League, has released outfielder Thomas Devins.

Orindorf, of Boston, is the only catcher in the National League who bats left handed.

Hugh Jennings says Amos Rusie and Al Maul pitched the widest curves of any barmen he ever faced.

Pitcher Ambrose Puttman, who has been holding out for salary increase, has signed a Louisville contract.

It is the opinion of a good many that the team that beats Jersey City out this year will win the pennant.

"I'm more afraid of the Detroit team from the seventh to the ninth innings than any team in the league," says Lajoie.

Jack Chesbro signed a contract to pitch for the New York Americans, and joined the team at Cleveland in condition for work.

"Nick Atrock is one of the hardest pitchers in the world to beat, because he doesn't give base runners a chance to steal on him," says Frank Selee.

Out in St. Louis they assert that Byrne, the third baseman of the Cardinals, is the best youngster developed in the National League this season.

Not satisfied with having a crack moist manipulator in Walsh, fielder Jones wants two. Frank Smith is now at work mastering the humid heave.

Rapid indeed has been the rise of Bob Unglaub. Two seasons ago he was a utility man with no regular place on the team, and now he is captain-manager of the Boston Americans.

### NEWSY GLEANINGS.

The English fear another Indian mutiny.

King Edward's return has made London society very gay.

Justice Davis ruled that intoxication was no ground for legal separation.

King Leopold's attempt to induce France to support him in the Congo failed.

Inquiry into the Fertilizer Trust was begun at Montgomery by an Alabama legislative committee.

Central America's coming revolution aims at a confederation of States under Zelaya, now President of Nicaragua.

The City of Cleveland, a steamboat nearly ready for delivery, was destroyed by a mysterious fire at Detroit, Mich.

The American Bison Society has asked the New York Legislature for \$20,000 to establish a herd of buffalo in the Adirondacks.

The 300th anniversary of the landing of the first English settlers at Jamestown was celebrated at the Jamestown Exposition.

Senator Foraker kicked the harmony fat into the fire by issuing a statement refusing to be bound by the action of the Ohio conference.

Charles S. Fairchild, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, was arraigned on the charge of forgery, pleaded "not guilty" and was released on \$10,000 bail.

The whole of Southern Morocco, according to news received at Tangier, is in revolt, and the brother of the Sultan has been proclaimed ruler.

George Quimby, of Belfast, Me., has promised, if legally subpoenaed, to testify in the Eddy equity suit and disclose the whole story of Mrs. Eddy's instruction in mental healing by his father, Dr. Phineas Quimby.

The government is said to be experimenting on the effects of certain foods in making men fat or lean. The agricultural experiment stations having done so much good, it is desirable that human experiment stations should be established. Then no man would need to deplore his excessive weight or the scant covering of his bones. He would read the latest bulletin of the experiment station and eat accordingly.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

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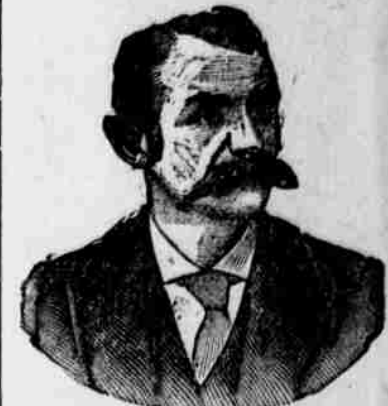
The total amount of capital invested in automobile factories and plants is \$52,000,000, while the aggregate output in value of factories and plants for 1906 was \$55,000,000. The total number of cars made aggregated 29,000, as against 1,422 that were imported. There are approximately 100,000 wage earners employed in the automobile industry, of which 18,000 employes comprise the selling staff of 1,600 dealers whose invested capital is \$25,000,000. The wage earners employed in the industry number 100,000, while their annual pay roll exceeds \$20,000,000. Of a total of 100,000 automobiles in use in the United States there are 35,000 used in the State of New York.

HAVE A PATTERN BAG.  
The woman who is furnishing a sewing-room will find the pattern bag a necessary article. A simple but commodious one is made of a square yard of green denim, on which are two rows of pockets of the same material and deep enough to conceal the patterns entirely. All edges and the tops of the pockets are bound with red tape and brass rings are attached on at the corners by which to hang it on the door or wall. Each pocket has the name of its contents worked on it in red embroidery cotton—aprons, underwear, coats or shirt-waists.—Indianapolis News.

One of the unexpected results of anti-railroad legislation, to the Philadelphia Record, is the promotion of honest politics.

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### Mahomet's Dove.

The prophet Mahomet was a great man, in his way, but, like nearly all the priests of ancient times, he was not above practicing tricks to gain and hold the confidence of his followers.

You have all heard of his dove, which would sit on his shoulder and seem to be talking in his ear.

homel claimed that the Holy G took the form of the bird to give inspiration, but the truth is that wily prophet had taught the dove to eat wheat out of his ear.—Chicago News.