Leisure is dead. Ah, dear old leisure!
Merciless hurry reigns in his place,
Striving for gain is our only pleasure,
Gold is the prize of our life's mad race.

and think—at your peril do it—
Scurry and bustle and hang and crash!
Wasting your time—that's the way they
view it.
Everything's folly but gathering cash.

An hour at your dinner! "Tis shameful, shameful!

Twenty minutes is ample time-Gobble it down, such dawdling is blameful.
You should be making an extra dime.

Oh, for the days of the sweet maid spin-

ning.

Kettle humming on open hearth.

Bre all this artifice knew beginning,
Dear old days of our nation's birth.

Days when the slow old conches, crawlling.

Gave us a chance to enjoy the scene.

(Now we fly with a speed appalling.

Nothing we see but a blur of green.)

Fine old inns by the road inviting, Smoked and soaked with honest cheer, None of your rooms all paint and whit-

Chill and cold with electric glare.

The Senior President.

A wood road, a golden and glorious Except for Millicent Anne Brower doesn't stand one chance against you, October sapphire sky above, a fairy haze along the hill line, the swish of drifted leaves underfoot, and two girls who walked unseeing, because of the things they were saying and thinking. Lily was willowy and slim in the long brown ulster swayed by the wind; her bare blond head was set light and straight as a flower's. But who could tell Lily's thoughts?

Beside her, stocky and thick-set, Theresa trudged, with heavily planted steps. Her shoulders showed square under the gray sweater. There was that about even the back of Theresa's black bullet head that suggested power, and Theresa had made up her mind to something that afternoon.

Now and then, as she spoke, she flung out an impulsive hand and clutched Lily's arm for emphasis; but Lily did not move or turn, walking with light, ahead at the wind shrdlao s etaoinn lithe grace, and looking straight scudded the blue above the hills. It needed no pounding of Theresa's emphatic little fist upon her arm to make her understand Theresa's meaning.

"You know all the girls think the same thing, and have talked and talked about it, but of course no one has ever talked to you. You're rather dignified and distant, you know, my dear.

"But when it came to a matter as big as this election for senior president. I felt as if some one must speak, It wasn't fair to you not to speak. So I undertook it, being a courageous soul. All the girls know that I'm telling you all about it today. I'm not exactly delegated, you understand; still, they all know that I'm telling you. They're waiting to know what you'll say before-before-before they vote tonight, I must say, its' a pretty delicate mater to speak to a girl about her best friend-but you don't mind my going

Lily turned her head with a little quick smile, non-committal, amused, Oh, no, you may go on," she said.

"Frankly," continued Theresa, bluntly, "you'd have been class president them, for all her intent eyes. Harlow.

the self-control of Lily's lips.

'She's stood in your way from first to last. At first, in freshman year, we thought you couldn't be a nice girl If you had a friend like that, however you were just as lovely as you looked, and we wanted to know you; but, my dear, how could we? How could we? We simply couldn't stand Millicent, and there was no getting hold of you withhadn't carried you off bodily. So we just haven't known you, gone with you, een friends, all on account of Milli-

"Perhaps you haven't noticed, or minded, but we've minded, my dear." -here Theresa's arm went about Lily's shoulders in a sudden compelling affection that caught at Lily's heart,-

"and we want you now. Will you?" Not noticed! Not minded! Did any of them guess how proud Lily was? in the world did it ever happen, any-And how friendly, and how exquisitely fastidious, too? Under her bright selfsufficiency no one guessed with what Intensity she had longed to know them all, these girls who were really ber kind, who elected her to many an important office, complimented her thus on her executive ability, looked at her, too, with frankly congenial eyes, but show never came any nearer, somehow elusively slipped away from any real acquaintance, any genuine friend-Was not Lily keen-witted enough to know that for three years he had missed the best thing in college, and keen enough also to guess the reason, without Theresa's telling?

And here at last, for her last, best brief year at college, the class was offering her its highest honor, and with that, she knew, its friendshipon only one condition

So far Lily had not turned upon her bercely, as Theresa had half-feared. Laly had let her go on, and Theresa felt her waver, so she thought, ever With her arm still about

Lily's neck, she went on:

Sweet old games in the candle's gilmmer, Corners dim where we loved to sit. Brighter our lights, but our joys are dimmer.

Ghost parn telling was grandpa's glory— Ugh: the ghost was there at your back! Fancy telling that sort of stery To the tune of the radiator's crack!

Home delights one could revel deep inone)
Not just a skimpy box to sleep in
After the daily task is done.

Good old parsons with good old sarmons, Slow, but sure in the narrow way. None of your theological Hermanns Juggling the Word for a banker's pay.

What though the mall came but fort-nightly? Letters were letters in days of old— Written lengthily, heartily, brightly, None of your hasty scrawls and cold.

iting. Rush and bustle and bang and clatter!
nest cheer. Scurry and hustle and clang and
crash!
Bow, ye slaves, to the god of matter,
dare. Everything's folly but gathering cash.
—G. Herbert Westley in New York Times.

By Winifred Kirkland. **X**

> for you are the finest girl in the class, The wistful paleness of Lily's lips reaxed into a sudden little laugh of pure incredulity and amusement. It was laughable, of course, but still it was sweet to hear Theresa say it. It was something for a lonely girl even to e walking with Theresa Jacobs, the

most influential girl in college. Theresa was growing quite bold now. She meant to say it all; she meant to have Lily Meyrick for senior president. But Lily was very still as she listened.

"You know, Lily, what a position the senior president has in the college, socially, as well as every other way. Why, she's a part of everything. You can see how"—here even Theresa, the bold, stopped for a breathing space -"how it would look if you were always with a girl like Millicent, a great uncouth, ill-bred thing like that."

The color surged to Lily's delicate face, but still she did not speak. "You understand, to be very clear," concluded Theresa, "we want you for senior president, Lily, to represent us on all occasions-but we do not want Millicent Harlow to be made prominent thereby." And here Theresa's voice sharpened. "We will not have her, either!" She finished more gently: But you do understand, don't you, Lily?

"Oh, yes," said Lily, "I understand." "It really is very easy to break off a friendship," Theresa continued in a brisk, matter-of-fact way. "It doesn't need a quarrel or anything horrid and disgusting like that. You just stop going to the girl's room, and always have an excuse for not going with her to things, and lots of times don't see her at all. You do it all gradually, and at last it dawns upon her that you've changed, and, after that the rest is

easy. I've done it several times." The clouds were never more white against the blue, but Lily did not see

"Of course." Theresa went not asking you to promise to give up A sharp little wince of pain touched Millicent Harlow-not exactly that. Only before the election tonight all the girls will be wanting to know how you've taken our-well, our suggestion. If before the class meeting at eight you could do some little thing to show fine you seemed. So we left you both that you see-say-the wisdom of bealone. Then afterward we saw that ing less intimate with Millicent-it would be a very good thing. If, for instance, after chapel, instead of putting your arm round Millicent and trotting off to the reading-room with her, as you always do, you put your out Millicent. Millicent is always with arm round some of the rest of us, and you. She'd be here this minute if I crotted off with us instead, it would seem to indicate your frame of mind. Please, silent lady, you need to make no promises, but am I forgiven for all I've said? There's one thing you might think of in this connection: In a choice between your friend and your class, isn't some of your duty due to

your class?" "I am thinking," answered Lily.
"Lily," Theresa brought her hand down sharply on Lily's shoulder, "how way? How in the world did a girl like you ever have anything to do with a girl like Millicent? You're so awest, so dainty-and she! It isn't only that she's so plain and so territly untidyhow do you stand that awful hairbut she's so ill-natured and rude. You might think, with all her physical disadvantages, she'd at least try to be polite and agreeable to people, but the outrageous things she says! Why, if she treated even you decently, it would be easier to see her absorbing all your time and preventing our ever getting at To think that you and she are friends! Lity, how did it ever hap-

pen?" "I guess it just happened," said Lily. "I've known her always, since we were very little girls."

With valiant resolution to keep itself calm during the half-hour before election, the class surged out of chapel, One thing it must know before eight o'clock, and so it crowded about the chapel door waiting her. A crowd of girls surged round her. It was so easy to encircle her and separate her from Millicent, pressing up all unwit-"You know we just must have the from Millicent, pressing up all unwit-snest girl in the class for president, ting for her usual place by Lily's side.

All about Lily were faces, before often cold, but now bright with friendship. Warm hands were pressing hers; eager voices were speaking their hopes of their candidate. Theresa had given the class to understand that she had won. Her words now were light

enough, but meant much. "Coming up to my room for a bit, Lily ?"

Resolution made Lily's face white for an instant, made tey cold the hands they were clasping, but her voice was even and sweet, eyes and lips were smiling as she said:

"No, I'm going down to the reading room with Millicent." Her eyes sought the unkempt head, the ungainly shoulders that she loved. "Where is she? I want her."

Instantly they had separated, so that Millicent stood by Lily's side. Lily put her arm about her, while her slim figure in the white muslin gown synved just a little as she stood there.

"I hope you'll excuse me," she said to Theresa. "Thank you for asking The words were addressed to Theresa, but they were meant for all. Meant for all. Meant for all, too, were the proud uptilt of her golden head, the shining sweet deflance of her gray eyes, the resolution of her wistful lips, the proud, protecting tenderness, as she stood by Millicent. The crowd melted away silently, each girl knowing the finest girl in the class had put aside their highest honor, and had chosen instead-Millicent Harlow!

It is etiquette that nominated candldates shall stay quietly in their rooms during an election. A little before eight Lily parted from Millicent at the reading room door.

"I don't honestly believe you'll get a dozen votes, Lil," said Millicent, with well-meant comfort.

"I know I shan't get one," said Lily, "Oh, yes, one!" cried Millicent,

"Yes, one," corrected Lily, her eyes tender as they watched Millicent's awkward stride up the corridor.

In her own room Lily did not turn up the gas. She was tired, and thought she would lie down a little while. To that end, she removed Millicent's coat that sprawled on her couch. Lily dearly loved order. Millicent used Lily's room as if it had been her own, also Lily's books and Lily's note-paper and Lily's manicure set. Lily sank down, pressing her hands to her tired

She smiled as she looked at Millicent's coat on a chair. It looked so big and ungainly, so like its owner. Poor ,dear, old Millicent! The other girls did not understand.

Lily knew that Millicent would go through fire for her; then a bit of a smile touched Lily's lips. It probably would never be necessary for Millicent to go through fire for her, whereas a little every day amiability, a little pleasantness on Millicent's part would be very grateful to Lily's patient

Steps came flying down the corridor, the door burst open, in the light of hall Millicent's face was radiant.

"Theresa wanted to come, but I wouldn't let her. I'd have killed any one who tried to tell you before I did -and I let them know it, too! Anne Brower got up and made such an edd speech-about loyalty and friendship and sacrifice, and a lot more. I did not understand what she meant at all. But the girls clapped. Oh, how they clapped! And then they took the vote. Lily, it's you! And unanimous! I never heard of such a thing in college before. Unanimous! I can't imagine

how it happened-can you?" "No," said Lily, humbly, "I can't."-The Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS

William Dudley Foulke, the civil service reformer, has the reputation of using more adjectives in his speeches than any other orator.

The wool crop of the United States for the year 1905 was worth \$80,415,514, while the cotton crop for the same year sold for over \$632,000,000.

There is a "Tinpot" alley on the lower end of Manhattan Island. The name is a corruntion of "Tuyn Past." meaning "Garden Lane" in Dutch,

The Supreme Court of Hawaii, which was formerly made up of two Yale men and one Harvard man, is now composed of two Harvard men and one

Recent excavations on the site of Jericho have laid bare the historic city wall of burned lime brick on a stone foundation, while whole rows of houses have been uncovered.

The people of Norway are the healthlest and the freest from immorality of any in the world. There are weakly Norwegians and bad Norwegians, but the claim is supported by facts.

Before the evacuation of Boston by the British the patriots who were shut up in that besieged city had hardly been able to obtain the necessaries of life. Provisions had risen to four times their usual value, and wood had become so scarce that the pews of the churches, and counters of stores and timber of unoccupied bulldings had been used for fuel.

There are twenty-seven cities and towns named Troy in the United States, nineteen named Athens, seventeen Uticas, sixteen Alexandrias, fifteen Romes and twelve Carthages, not to speak of seven Atticas, and seven Syrases. Only two states, Indiana and New York, contain towns bearing all eight of the names. Ohio and Missouri contain seven each.

COLONY FOR OUT. OF WORK.

A London Experiment in Helping

the City's Unemployed. The horticultural efforts of London's unemployed were subjected to a searching examination yesterday afternoon when members of the Central (Unemployed) Body for London and representatives of all shades of polltical opinion from boards of guardians and borough councils attended flower show at the Hollesley Bay farm colony, near Melton, in Suffolk The estate, comprising 1300 acres, which is now the municipal property of London ratepayers, has been reclaimed from the waste land surrounds it for many miles, and has been found admirably adapted for agricultural pursuits, says the Lon-don Morning Post. The first batch of men arrived in February, 1905, and from then up to June, 1907, 1711 men have entered the colony. The men were selected through the various distress committees; the qualifications were that they must be married, of good character and resident in London for at least six months, and preference was given to men likely to adapt themselves to country life. The average length of residence upon the colony has been ten weeks, and the average weekly payment to the famlly of each man has been 14 shillings 6 pence. Gardening is the staple industry, the gardens comprising about 103 acres, of which nearly seventy acres have been planted with fruit, there being 30,000 fruit trees on the estate. Then there is the farm, primarily a sheep farm, nearly 600 acres being arable. It is intended mainly for the emigration men, who are taught milking, butter making and the general management of stock. The works department includes a range of workshops, for farmers, blacksmiths, durpenters, joiners, painters and plumbers. Other subsidiary industries are bee keeping and house building.

At present the colony is in rather a critical condition. The object of the governing committee is to train men to be practical farmers, men who will remain permanently on the soil. Accordingly they wish to institute a system of small holdings to be worked on co-operative lines. Each man was to have a cottage and five acres, of which three acres were to be devoted to gardening. That would involve the erection of at least fifty cheap cottages, costing about £140 each, suitable for occupation by the men and their families when they were being trained to be farmers and then the erection of twenty-five cottages suitable for those who were ready to embark upon small holdings, but at present there are only twelve such cottages and the local government refuses to allow any additions to that number. Further, it prohibits any man from staying upon the colony longer than sixteen weeks, The result, according to Bolton Smart, the superintendent of the colony, is that his work to a great extent is handicapped.

The prizes were distributed in a marquee by Miss Baker, of the Cen-(Unemployed) Body. The exhibits were all of high quality. The vegetables were, perhaps, the finest feature of the show; there were some pretty specimens of pot plants, and, considering the fact that the fruits are now departing and the hard fruits have not yet appeared the fruit exhibition was very fair. The prizes were divided among the happy twelve who live with their families in cottages and till their own garden plots, In view of their tanned countenances. their healthy physique and their general air of stolidity, which the soil usually impresses on her sons, it was difficult to believe that a year ago these bucolic farmers were tramping the streets of London in sheer destitution. One prize winner in particular regarded his exhibits with the professional eye of an Andrew Fairservice. A year ago he was a disconsolate butcher in Stoke Newington. A St Pancras clerk was declared first in the growing of salads, and a baker's roundsman showed special skill in the matter of pot plants. Before these men came to the colony they knew absolutely nothing about horticulture. As for the other men, the impression one gathered was that they were perfectly willing to remain on the soil if they could only obtain a permanent footing. They seemed to like the colony but they missed their wives and children and they felt the lesecurity of their position.

Personal Peculiarities.

It is said that every man has some little trick or other which he performs unconsciously, especially when he is thinking. The sovereigns of Europe have all their own peculiar habits. Por example, King Edward has a way of passing his finger backward and forward under his chin; the German emperor twirls his mustache energy, while the king of Italy twirls his gently and affectionately; the emperor of Austria combs out his whiskers, and the Czar frequently passes his hand over his head. Lastly, ex-President Loubet has a trick of shrugging his right shoulder, and at the same time smoothing the front of his coat with his right hand.-Tit-Bits.

Wisdom from Babes.

In a recent examination in one of the schools of Baltimore a teacher asked this question: "Name three classes of people?" One of the answers was, "Men, women, and babies."

In answer to "Name one animal which provides you with both food and clothing?" one boy said, "My Mother."-Harper's Weekly.

CONCERNING FRIENDSHIP.

When hollow hearts are most unkind, When weeps the rain and sobs the wind, True as the polar star I find M'umbrella.

When lightnings flash and thunders roar, When tempests rage and torrents pour, Faithful and fearless at the door, Mumbrella.

A sentry straight from head to heel, All clad in silk and ribbed with steel, He keeps my gate with sleepless real, M'umbrella.

And in the field, a comrade hold, Above my head his shield doth hold, To guard me from my death of cold. M'umbrella.

There's many a face that's false and fair There's many a foeman unaware; But evermore my life shall share M'umbrella.

And, when his ribs are rudely hit,
And, when his silks are sorely split,
I'll get him a complete refit,
My tried,
My true,
(Euppressed emotion)
M'umbrella.



Uncle Eph-"Am dat young man 'Liza's goin' to marry a bread-winner?" Aunt Mandy-"Bettah dan dat; he's a champeen cake-walker."-Philadelphia Record

"I tell you, they are retrenching." "But they still have their auto." "Which they run well within the speed limit. Bah!"-Louisville Courier-Journal. "My lord, here come the villagers.

You know what a lord does in a play." "Yes, I know. Take out a quart of ale, and let them divide it among them."-Louisville Courier-Journal. "Of course," said the early, "every-

body will say that you married me for my title." "Well," replied the beauti ful heiress, "what do we care? I ge it, don't I?"—Chicago Record-Herald. Mrs. Gray-"What book has been the most helpful to you?" Mrs. Brow.

-"Webster's Dictionary. The baby sits on it at the table, and it save the price of a high-chair."-Clevelan Plain Dealer. "Your collection of water colors i very nice," said Mrs. Swellman, "bu have you no oil paintings?" "No, in-deed," replied Mrs. Nuritch, "I don't

consider them safe." "Not safe?" "No; in case of fire, you know."-Philadelphia Press. Irate Teacher-"You are the worst boy I ever saw. What would be your price to keep good just for a moment?" Tommy Tough-"Ow, I'd keep good all de time, teacher, if yer'd let me lick

de other kids when they are bad."-

Chicago Dally News. "It puzzles me, indeed," says our friend, the heavy thinker, mopping his beaded brow. "What puzzles you?" we ask, as is expected of us. "I was just wondering if an Eton jacket is in the same class as a dinner coat." -Chicago Evening Post.

"I reckon dat nigger's chances for life is mighty good," said Brother Dic-key. "How come?" "Well, de news is, dat de lawyers what wuz tryin' ter git de jury ter hang him, so confused an' mixed up matters dat de jury went in an' took an' hang itse'f!"-Atlanta Constitution.

"Huh!" pessimistically ejaculated the Hon. Thomas Rott. "I don't take good is a college education to a statesman, anyhow? Just so's a member of the Legislature knows enough Latin to translate the words, 'per dlem,' what more does he need or have any shadder of use for?"-Puck

"Great Scott!" said the doctor to his servant, Has nobody called during my two days' absence? I left this slate here for callers to write their names on, and it is perfectly clean." Oh, yes, sir," responded the servant cheerfully. "A lot of folks has came. An' the slate got so full o' names that only this mornin' I had to rub 'em all out to make room for more!"-Cleveland Leader.

The gorilla was looking at his reflection in the water. He noted the corded muscles of his enormous shoulders, his tremendous biceps, the phenomenal development of his forearm and the massive proportions of his hairy trunk. "And all this," he said, "on a diet of fruits and vegeta-bles!" Thumping his broad chest, he emitted a roar that resounded through the forest and carried terror to every carnivorous animal within the sound of his mighty voice.-Chicago Tribune.

What's the Use.

The adult masculine of the Dunkard religious sect is having a hard time fighting against neckties. The average Dunkard thinks the necktie, particularly if it is brightly colored, is the invention and most deadly weapon of the devil, who puts vanity into our hearts and thus leadeth us to de struction, but what we would like to know is why the Dunkard, who invariably wears whiskers to the waist or lower, cares about neckties? He can't wear 'em.-Grit,

From Candle Light to Lamp Light. The old parish church of Blandford,

St. Mary has this week, for the first time in its history, been illuminated with lamps.

During the last two or three cen turies it has been dimly illuminated with candle light, and consequently no evening services have been possible during the winter months.-

E. NEFF

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"Jack Tar" Newspapers

Several of the big ships in the United States Navy have their own newspapers. On board the Kentucky is printed The Kentucky Budget, a semi-monthly paper. The Louisiana is responsible for The Pelican, which is issued monthly. The battleship Ohio has The Buckeye, The West Virginia boasts of The Ditty Box. The Badger is printed monthly on the Wisconsin. All of the above papers are issued by the enlisted men of the ships. The aim of each is identical -to make life aboard the ship more agreeable, and to give the friends in civil life an outline of paval doings and of the brighter side of naval life. -Washington Post.

Peach Trifle-Cut stale spong cake into sitces and arrange alternate layers of aliced peaches, sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar and chopped almonds and the slices of cake in a deep glass dish; pour over this a custard made of the yolks of 3 eggs, 4 teaspoons of sugar and 2 coffee cups of sugar flavored with lemon; me a meringue of the whites of the esta and 6 tablespoons of powdered sugar; place over the custard and sprinkle chopped almonds over it.