

BUSINESS CARDS.

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FEMININE NEWS NOTES.

Women in Iceland already have the municipal vote. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt has become a member of the New York State Assembly of Mothers. Cosima, the widow of Richard Wagner, whose health has been poor for some time, is much improved. Vicomtesse Vigier, formerly Sophia Cravelli, the famous Italian prima donna, died at Nice, eighty-one years old. The women doing housework in New Zealand have struck for shorter hours and higher wages and won their case. Mrs. Emma Packard, wife of S. B. Packard, former Governor of Louisiana, died of apoplexy in Marshalltown, Iowa. Edith Van Buren obtained in Naples a divorce from a man who pretended to be a count but proved to be a convict. The Parliament of Iceland is now in session, and 12,000 women—a majority of the adult women of Iceland—have petitioned for full Parliamentary suffrage. Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, was a guest of honor at the annual convention of the State Federation in Stamford, Conn. A committee of women has been chosen to pass upon the propriety of all books circulating in the public library of El Paso, Texas. The character of some of the books has been attacked. Nora May French, poetess and author, ended her life with cyanide of potassium at the bungalow of the poet, George F. Sterling, at Carmel-by-the-Sea, a California colony of artists and writers. Mrs. Carrie Nation was made a life member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Tyrus Cobb, of Detroit, leads the American League batsmen in the official averages for 1907. Boston will not be represented by a team in the national roller polo league during the present season. Jimmy Casey, the Brooklyn Club's third baseman, is slated to succeed Joe Kelley as manager of the Toronto Club. Seven cars made perfect scores in the twenty-four-hour road endurance run of the New Jersey Automobile and Motor Club. The Waterland I, an automobile that is also a motor boat, was given a successful test on both land and water at New York. The Philadelphia Nationals have invaded the navy for talent, John Gibson, a marine, being the latest addition to the Quaker pitching staff. United States Senator James L. Bailey, of Texas, is the owner of the most successful trotting sire of the season of 1907. The horse's name is Prodigal. Dennis Costigan, well known as the trainer of Jack Dempsey, died in the Metropolitan Hospital, on Blackwell's Island, New York City. He was fifty-one years old. With the score 10 to 0 against them, the Yale football team rallied in the second half and won by a score of 12 to 10 in the greatest battle of recent years. Coy was the hero. Hughey Jennings does not believe in firing a player to correct his faults, and if the disgruntled athlete will not play his game after hearing what his manager thinks, is willing to let him go. Harvard was crushed by Dartmouth by 23 to 0 at football. Pennsylvania won from Michigan by 6 to 0. Cornell defeated Swarthmore by 18 to 0 and Carleton triumphed over Minneapolis. Bronze Door for the Capitol. The models of the large bronze doors which the Washington sculptor, Louis Amatics, was authorized to design for the main west entrance of the Capitol need only a few finishing touches before they will be ready to cast.

THE RETURN.

At least twenty times, like the veriest lass, I've blushing glanced in the old looking glass, To straighten a fold in my poplin gown, Or pat the lavender sprig in my hair. For I must be comely and smiling and fair. When tonight he comes home, When my lover comes home, When tonight he comes from the far-away town. His letter I've read till I know it by heart; See, here in my bosom I keep it apart! On his plea for pardon he begs me not from: My presence, he writes, is better than all the pleasures that turn to wormwood and gall. And so he comes home, My lover comes home, And so he comes home from the far-away town. He knew ere he wrote that I loved as of old, For love like my love can never grow cold; Grief will but strengthen it, years but crown it. Ah! soon he will know that a woman can love whiter than snow yet stronger than steel. When tonight he comes home, When my lover comes home, When tonight he comes home from the far-away town. The fire is blazing, the lamps are all lit, And here in his chair that awaits him I'll sit. Come, Lion, old dog, on the rug cuddle down, While Tabby beside you purrs bravely away.

And the kettle keeps singing as if it would say: 'Tonight he comes home, The master comes home, Tonight he comes home from the far-away town.' The table is decked in its napery white; Pitchers of asters, flaunting and bright, Their mirth in the sheen of the silver droop; And the food is his favorite, dainty and fine. For naught is too good for this lover of mine. When tonight he comes home, To nevermore roam; When tonight he comes home from the far-away town. My lips must smile so he'll never regret The false fascinations I'll help him forget. I'll hold him henceforward with charms of my own. I'll never allude to the past and its pain, But speak of the morrow and radiant gain. Oh, tonight he comes home, My lover comes home! Oh, tonight he comes home from the far-away town! Hark, 'tis his step—and the click of the gate! He's coming—he's here, my lover, my mate! And look! through the clouds the moon shines down— A sign that my waiting and longing are past. That my anchor in waters of quiet is cast. Welcome, oh, welcome, My Love, to your home! Welcome, my Love, from the far-away town! —From Woman's Home Companion.

ROMANCE. Wilful Pansy Gets a Proof of Its Unreality.

"I wonder," mused Wilful Pansy, the mill maiden, "if he will notice me?" And the most beautiful girl of all the thousands of female employees of the vast carpet works tossed her pretty head and felt of her immense vampire-shaped black hair ribbons in an arch sort of way as she bent over her looms. "They say," she went on musing, despite the fact that the bare armed and scar faced foreman was looking at her disapprovingly from the nearby doorway in which he stood framed in all his ugliness—"they say that he is very handsome—like a Greek god. Oh, isn't that lovely—like a Greek god? Now, isn't that original. I really wonder, though, if it is original or whether I made it up myself?" Pleased at her little fancy, the dainty Pansy—dainty despite the fact her shoes looked to be three sizes too large for her and flopped around and ran over the heels in a way that was exceedingly mortifying to the poor, sad-souled girl—the dainty Pansy, called "wilful" by all of her companions at the mill because of her pretty, poutish ways, smiled to herself. "Handsome," she continued musing, "and they say, too, that he has been hawily dissipated abroad. Oh, these say, care free, debonaire men—how little do they understand the souls of us women!" and she sighed a little sigh. "But he is so young—only 24—and they say that young men must sow their wild oats. And yet, if girls attempt to sow any wild oats—" And again the hapless mill girl, saddened and sobered before her time—she was only 18, but both her father and mother were village drunkards, and were doing 30 days bits in the workhouse most of the time—again she gave a little sigh. "Oh, it is foolish," she went on, reflecting, after that last sigh, "to suppose that he would deign to so much as cast his glance upon poor little Wilful Pansy, the loom girl. The lovely girls with the fine clothes and educated at Vassar and all like that, up at the old manor house where he will live with his people, they will attract all his attention, and he will never so much as see poor me." She dabbed at her eyes with her cheap little handkerchief as a realization of the heaviness of her life came sweeping over her. "He will be home tomorrow," she went on saying to herself, "and he will be feted for days, and all of the tenants of the old manor house will go up there to do him honor; and he will make his fine and pretty speeches to the girls visiting his sisters up yonder on the hill, and then—perhaps not until two or three days have passed—he will come down here to the mill to take charge—and here I am off in a corner, put here a-purpose by that mean old foreman, the hateful thing, so that none of the many visitors who come here can so much as see me at all! and the down-trodden mill girl, feeling the rebellion rising within her pretty bosom, took on an air of pouting that was exceedingly becoming to her. "And yet," she went on, after a little while, "if he could only see me—well, they do say that I have a pretty skin, and nice eyes, and that my finger is as good as anybody's—if not better—I wish I could wear my straight front corsets while working here at the mill, but, of course, I can't—and I guess my hair is nice to look at, even if it isn't marcel waved, and—but, how perfectly silly I am! There isn't a chance in the whole wide world, I suppose, that the dear, handsome, dissipated thing will so much as see me, and here I am building castles in Spain—but how beautiful them castles are—how bee-yu-ti-ful!" The reader will have apprehended long before this that our heroine, the pretty, pouting Wilful Pansy, was cogitating to herself over the expected arrival home that day from the University of Heidelberg, where he had

been studying—of course, where he had been studying—of young Ralph Ray Githale, the reckless spendthrift, yet handsome and lovable scion of the house of Githale, who, despite all of his youthful wildness at the various European universities to which he had been sent, was fairly idolized by his father, and who was still remembered by all of the older tenants on the manor estate as a handsome, rollicking, de'il-may-care lad whose antics in the village were never at an end. And now, today, that same gay Ralph Ray, now grown to manhood, and with the appealing record of having been chucked out of three European universities for his rollickingness, was returning to the old manor, there to be welcomed by his father and mother and sisters, and, in a day or so, to take complete charge of the immense carpet works, his old father having made that announcement to the heads of the departments only a short time before. On the following forenoon our beautiful young heroine, Wilful Pansy, her heart filled with inexplicable joy, was bending over her loom, when there strolled up to the railing behind which she worked a tall, broad-shouldered, rather good looking young chap, with the exception that his eyes were some bloodshot and that he had other indications about him of being a good deal of a rummy. Ah! Who shall say, dear reader, that, after all, Kismet and Nirvana and Karma haven't a great deal to do with our little affairs here on earth? With tremulous heart and trembling hands Wilful Pansy bent over her work at the loom. What had brought him there so soon? What wild, impossible whim of the god of good fortune had brought him, straight as if he were being guided there by some unseen hand, right up to her very loom, and at a moment, too, when she was conscious of looking her very tides, for hadn't she, that morning, spent a full hour, by the light of the little lamp in her room—for it was before daylight—fixing her hair and arranging the big black vampire-shaped black ribbons in her back hair so as to get the most winsome effect out of them? She sure had! And there he was, standing at the little rail, just gazing and gazing at her as she bent over the loom—and the whole world, decked in rose, swam before her! "I wonder what he is thinking," she said to herself as her heart went pit-a-pat. "I wonder if he is noticing that dimple on the right hand side of my face—I must smile, as it to myself, so that he will see that," and as if swept by some tender humorous thought the beautiful young mill girl smiled until she knew that the dimple ought to be showing up fine. "I mustn't let him see me looking at him," she said to herself, her heart beating faster and faster, "and yet, if I could only catch another glance at his face—" and stealthily she shot a quick glance at him out of the corner of her eye. And when she did that he caught her at it, and he actually smiled back at her! "My heaven! He is going to say something to me," she said to herself. "Oh, dear, if he should ask for the honor of seeing me home from the mill—I've read stories just like that—and then make me some compliment about my hair, I know I shall just perish from embarrassment; 'deed I shall," and for a moment she felt panic stricken. "But I must gain control of myself. Perhaps—who knows?—it will not be long before he will ask me up to the manor house to meet his mother and sisters, and how horribly jealous all the old things of girls will be if he does that, and then maybe he'll—" However, Wilful Pansy, the beautiful mill girl, was just a little bit ahead of the sprint on her dope. He did speak to her, it is true, but what he said, as he pointed the unsteady

LABOR WORLD.

The International Spinners' Union has decided on the establishment of a defense fund. The next international convention of Steamfitters and Helpers will be held in Detroit, Mich. Textile workers have issued over sixty charters since the last convention in October, 1906. If plans of union men in Milwaukee, Wis., are carried out a new labor organization will be formed. The Wisconsin State Federation of Labor has started a movement for the adoption of a universal union label. The International Glove Workers' Association has voted to increase its per capita tax twenty-five per cent. The Oklahoma State Federation of Labor at its recent meeting adopted a resolution in favor of woman suffrage. The International Marble Workers' Union, while a small one, represents an almost absolute organization of the craft. Over \$6,000,000 were paid out by organized labor in the United States last year for sick and death benefits, tool insurance, etc. In Canada the boot and shoe industry employs almost 13,000 wage earners. The annual wage list amounts to \$4,644,171. Los Angeles (Cal.) Central Labor Council has requested the American Federation of Labor to take steps to unionize trades in that city. The 12,000 coat tailors of Manhattan, who went out on strike last summer while members of the Brotherhood of Tailors, are to form a new national organization of tailors. A universal price list and the general eight-hour working day in every section of the United States and Canada is the plan proposed by Boston (Mass.) Steel and Copper Plate Printers' Union. CALLING. "Ruth," said the mother of a little miss who was entertaining a couple of small playmates, "why don't you play something instead of sitting still and looking miserable?" "Why, we are playing, mamma," replied Ruth. "We're playing we are grown-up women making a call."—Chicago Daily News. THE TRUTH COMES OUT. MEEKINS—The happiest hours of my life were when I was going to school. BIFFINS—I cannot tell a lie, old man. The happiest hours of my life were when I was playing hooky from school.—Chicago News. A LIGHT SENTENCE. De Auber—This is a portrait of Judge Blank. What do you think I ought to get for it? Criticus—Oh, about six months.—Chicago Daily News. QUAIN AND CURIOUS. In France the beet is the sole source of production of industrial alcohol. The loon in the New York aquarium cries "Who, who" at every stranger who approaches. The first settlement in the State of New Jersey was by the Dutch, at Bergen, in 1617. Newark received its first charter in 1713. In Georgia, the white people number 1,131,000 and the negroes, 1,035,000. There are more blacks in Georgia than in any other state in the Union. Mrs. I. N. Chase of Jericho, Vt., recently opened a can of blackberries which were canned thirty-three years ago. The fruit was found to have kept nicely and had a delicious flavor. Washington's monument is 555 feet high. The eggs shipped from fifty counties in Kansas leaving sixty-four yet to bear from, if placed end on end would build a monument 221,882 times higher than the Washington shaft. Tshang Ying Tang, the highest Chinese official in Tibet, has started a school for Chinese and Tibetan boys at Lhasa, where they are to be educated for official positions in Tibet. He has also started the first paper at Lhasa. In a recent single issue of the New York Herald, among the "personal" advertisements were seventy which asked information of the present whereabouts of certain persons, some of whom have been absentees for more than half a century. The chief of the Ghent police, who is organizing a brigade of police women proposes to take on none except women of from forty to fifty. At that age he thinks the sex has reached years of discretion and has sufficient experience of life and human nature. An electrical tramway service will probably be started in Shanghai. A native paper has been urging the Chinese guilds to organize a boycott of the trams, and it declares that the dangers from the speed of the trams and live wires must cause innumerable accidents. Prof. Louis C. Elson says: It should be emphasized that the Heasians did not bring "Yankee Doodle" to America in 1763. It was sung in the streets of Boston by the Brits under Braddock as far back as 1755 to deride the New England troops with the feathers in their caps. Where Logic Fails. "Where there's smoke there must be some fire." "Not always. You ought to see the range in our flat, for example."—Judge.

anger of a morning rummy at her back hair, was this: "Say, look a-here, sir, what's all o' that cashmere or alpaca swadding that you've got stickin' out o' your back hair, hey? Ribbons, you call it? Well, say, I never thought there was that much ribbon in the world. Anyhow, you've got to flag all o' that stuff, in your hair. Min, or Blanche, or whatever they call you, and I'll tell you why: First thing you know all o' that ribbon junk o' yours 'll get caught in the machinery, and you'll be dragged around on a belt or something three or four million times, and then you'll be holierin' around here for the gunner to pay you damages, and all like that, and that damage gag is goin' to be cut out, now that I'm running this dump. Understand? All right, sis. Just you strip your hemp of all o' that ribbon gear and you can go right on workin' here, but if you can't see it that way you can go and get your time right now, see?" Oh, the hapless maiden. Wilful Pansy, and belias, for her castles in Spain!—Washington Star. 240 MURDERS IN NEW YORK EVERY YEAR. Noted Criminologist States Some Remarkable Facts About the Metropolis. In a talk to the members of the Greeley council, National Union, William C. Clemens, the criminologist, presented these facts concerning murders in New York: On an average 240 murders are committed in New York every year. Sixty-five arrests are made for these murders. Thirty-three alleged murderers are brought to trial. Twenty convictions result. Two of the convicted men are sentenced to death. Three others receive life sentences. A murderer in New York City stands a chance of 1 to 100 of escaping the penalty of his crime. In the first 25 years of the 19th century there were only two unsolved murder cases in New York. From 1900 to the present day there have been over 300 unsolved murder cases in New York City. Besides the known murders in this city every year, he says there are at least 25 which are never heard of. These take place in every walk of life, and are usually accomplished by the use of poisons, although frequently a knife or a pistol inflicts a death wound, and members of the family conceal the facts. Appendicitis, heart failure or some similar cause is marked down as the medium of death.—New York Evening Journal.

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Plants That Man's Presence Affects. By Howard J. Shannon. HERE are two classes of plants which are incited by man's presence to describe certain definite movements. One class, the sensitive-plants, retract their leaflets as we approach them as if they resented any attempt at closer intimacy, while the other class, comprising all those vines which develop climbing organs called tendrils, will reach out toward us if we place our hands in contact with them, and will even use a finger as a support to climb upon. We know that these tendrils will wind just as readily about a twig or a grass stem, but as one feels these sensitive strands multiply their encircling coils about one's fingers, there almost seems to be established between us and the vegetable world a more intimate relationship than has ever existed before. Tendrils are indeed capable of exhibiting faculties and going through evolutions more wonderful perhaps than many of us realize. It is only after we have seen them at work, testing with their sensitive tips the objects they come in contact with, apparently considering their suitability as a support, and then accepting or rejecting them, as the case may be—it is only then that we realize how justly they have been called the "brains of plant life." The thoroughness with which these wandering tips explore their surroundings is illustrated by an instance I observed in a grapevine tendril. A cherry branch, whose leaves had been various punctured and scalloped by insects, hung near the tendril, and a particular leaf had just one small hole in its blade, not over three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. So careful had been the exploration of the leaf's surface that this one small hole had been discovered by the tendril, which had thrust itself nearly three inches through the opening.—Harper's Magazine.

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