

A SIMPLE COUNTRY DINNER.

When we go to Aunt Carrie's, she
Sax she ain't had no time to fix
A dinner like it ought to be.
Cause she has been at work since six
O'clock, a-sweepin' out th' rooms
An' tidin' th' place a lot.
So, if we're hungry, she p'umes
We'll haf to take just what she's got.

An' nen she sez she ain't th' one
To try to put on city style—
She like relations just to run.
In for a meal onct in a awhile,
An' be content with what is cooked—
A simple country dinner—so
If anything is overlooked
"I'll haf to be excused, you know.

An' nen she goes an' shuts th' door
At leads out where th' table is,
An' pa, he sez he's glad he's wose
At country appunitive o' his!
Aunt Carrie tells us to come on
Although there's nothin' fit to touch,
But we can eat till it is gone,
But she knows that it isn't much!

An' there is chickens—young ones—fried;
An' there's a juicy, big boiled ham,
An' lots o' gravy on each side,
An' turnips an' blackberry jam;
An' soda biscuits—just as light!—
An' quince p'erves, an' peaches, too;
An' mash' potatoes, just as white!
An' dandy pickles, I tell you!

An' beans, an' peas, an' corn, an' rice,
An' cherries 'at is sweet an' red;
An' quince p'erves—I've told 'at twice!
An' soda biscuits—just as light!
An' pies—three kind o' pies—an' cake;
An' apple jelly—it's th' best;
You ought to see it shake an' shake!
An'—goodness! I forget th' rest!

An' we all eat till we can't hold
Another little bite, you bet;
An' nen Aunt Carrie, she will scold
An' say she knows we're hungry yet.
Nen pa, he sez 'at this here meal
Has surely been mos' glo-ri-ous,
An' sez he wonders how we'd feel
If she had been expectin' us!
—W. D. Nesbit, in Life.

FOR RICHER, FOR POORER

By LULU LINTON.

It was sweeping day, and Mrs. Barnard, warm, tired and discouraged, sank down on the top step of the stairway to rest a moment before attacking the upper rooms. The view of the lower rooms, even from this lofty point of view, was discouraging. With the rugs up and the pieces of furniture pulled away from their accustomed places, the pitiless sunshine showed clearly every break in the carpet and every soiled spot upon the wall-paper.

"What's the use of trying to clean up, cover up, and pretend any longer?" Mrs. Barnard said, bitterly. "I believe that good things, when they do begin to show the effects of long and rough usage, look worse than cheaper ones; but if they hadn't been good I don't know what we would have done, for we've never been able to replace anything," and she sighed as she looked at the expensive furniture, now marred and scratched, and at the carpets, still bravely holding to their rich coloring, although worn almost threadbare.

Her gaze could not reach the dining-room, but she knew that the beautiful but fragile glass and china with which she had so proudly started housekeeping had dwindled sadly, and the costly linen was patched and darned in many places. The bedrooms, still awaiting the attack of her broom, were all needing supplies.

"It's the old story of flying before we learned to walk. Here we are, care-worn and old before our time, and in such straits that we hardly know which way to turn, and think of the start we had! Our little fortune was a curse instead of a blessing, for it gave us a taste of a life of ease, then left us to be common drudges. If John had only known how to manage, or if he could only learn to manage now like other men, we might get even with the world once more, but I don't see much hope. If I had a daughter, I'd educate her so that she might be able to support herself, and teach her to let married life alone. What right has any man to persuade a happy, care-free girl into risking her happiness in his hands!"

The town clock struck 10, and Mrs. Barnard rose wearily, picked up her broom, and adjusted the towel that was wrapped about her head. The rooms must be put in order before the noonday meal, and many tasks were waiting yet in the lower part of the house.

The postman's whistle sounded at the front door, and she went down to receive from him two envelopes, each addressed in the same handwriting. One was a wedding invitation, and the other a letter.

"Why, it's from Una, my little Una!" exclaimed Mrs. Barnard, as she read:
"Dear Aunt Una—I am not writing letters to send with all my invitations, but I wanted to write to you, to tell you that you must come to my wedding. It would not be complete without you. You know my first experience in church weddings was when I was flower girl at your wedding, and I have never attended one since that was half so pretty, nor have I ever been so much impressed by any other ceremony as I was by that, young as I was. I want my wedding to be just as nearly like yours as it can be, and oh, Aunt Una, the strangest part of it is, I am to marry a John, too. You will remember John Nelson. He was such a great, gawky boy, and I never dreamed that I would ever marry any one I had always known, but when you see him you'll say he's a perfect dear. Of course you will not think him half as handsome as your John, and I know I shall not be half so lovely a bride as you were, but we're very much in love, and so happy! It will spoil all my pleasure, though, if you fail to come. I want you so much.

"Your Little Una."
"Why, she's only a child!" Mrs. Barnard said, as she folded the letter. Then she thought of the fifteen years that had flown since her little namesake had been flower-girl at her wedding, she realized that the second Una would be an older bride than she had been.

The letters had miscarried, and had been on the road for some days. The wedding was to take place on Wednesday evening of the next week, and this was Friday. How she would have to hurry to get ready

for it! She must begin hurrying right away, and she went tripping up the stairway like a girl. She saved the letter and invitation for a little surprise at the table, and was so eager to read them aloud to her husband that she did not wait to eat; but when she paused at the close of the reading, her husband only said, soberly:

"I don't see how we can send a present."
"Send it!" she echoed, blankly. "We can just take it as we go."
John Barnard looked up in surprise. "You know we can't go," he said.

"We must go! It's Una's wedding!" she gasped.
"I might say it is John's wedding, too, although that does not make any more difference than if his name was Jeremiah. We can't afford it."
"But being Una's wedding, it's different from all the other things we've given up on account of the expense. Why, John, she was named for me, and she has always called me aunt! I loved her and nursed her when she was a tiny thing, and she was our flower girl, and she wants me."

She was pleading with him in her eagerness, but he answered, a trifle impatiently, "I tell you we can't. We haven't the money for new clothes, and I can't spare the car fare just now."
He rose hurriedly and left the room, and his wife gazed after him like one dazed by sudden misfortune. Of course, woman-like, she had thought first of the clothes, and realized that the shortness of the time would make preparations harder; but she had thought that by beginning that afternoon she could make a pretty evening waist and could make her old skirt presentable by a little refurbishing up. As for John's suit, it could be brushed and pressed. No one ever noticed a man's clothes at a wedding, anyway.

But now, dropping her head on the table, she sobbed like a disappointed child. The children, not knowing just how to act in such an emergency, slipped out of their chairs and betook themselves to the back yard to talk it over.

"It isn't the same as if I were always asking for things!" she

STRENGTH FOR EVERY DAY.

And he who serves his brother best,
Gets nearer to God than all the rest.
—Ruskin.
Be not simply good—be good for something.
—Thoreau.
A man who lives right, and is right, has more power by his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally, resounds with sweet music.—Phillips Brooks.
Let us be content, in work, to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little.—E. B. Browning.
I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—A. B. Hegeman.
There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart: Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.—Henry Van Dyke.

sobbed. "I've learned long ago to do without and keep my longings to myself. He treated me as if I were a spoiled child." Then the sobs came so thick and fast that they choked out the words.

Presently something rattled in her lap, a hard little hand was awkwardly stroking her hair, and the oldest of her four little boys said, timidly:
"We put all our money in Wendell's bank, and we want you to have it to go to the wedding. We were saving it for Fourth of July, but we're too big to care much for that, and—O, mother, please don't cry!"

She looked up in astonishment, to find her four children regarding her with wide, sympathetic eyes. Drying her tears, she gathered them all in one great motherly embrace, kissing away all their worries, and giving back their money with as much tact as if it had been offered by older friends, assuring them that she could manage some other way to go to the wedding. And the children, used to mother's habit of managing, and her

ability to clear the path even when seemingly insurmountable obstacles loomed up, returned to their play.

In the first moment of bitter disappointment over her husband's refusal to attend the wedding, Una Barnard had given it all up, but the children, by bringing out their small hoard, had suggested a new plan.

Tucked away in her handkerchief-box upstairs was a precious bill that had been her birthday gift from her only brother. She had been saving it, not because there was no pressing need for it, but because there were so many needs that it was hard to decide where to use it to best advantage.

It was just enough to pay the fare to the home town to attend Una's wedding and to buy some pretty trifle for a wedding gift. This would give her more pleasure than anything else in the world. She would have to give up the new waist, but perhaps her old one would not be noticed much in a crowd.

Her spirits rose as she went about her work that afternoon, and when John Barnard came home at night, tired and discouraged, dreading to meet his wife's reproachful eyes, he was surprised to find her talking cheerfully to the children as she set the tea-table with more than usual care. Almost her first words to him were:

"We're going, after all. I've arranged for Auntie Slocum to keep the boys."

He opened his lips to protest, but she interrupted him quickly. "No, you need not lose any time. We can leave here after the factory closes, stay for the wedding and reception, take the last train back to the city, and come out home on the 'owl car.' As to the expense, I'm going to pay that with my birthday money."

John Barnard knew how many times this precious money had already been spent in imagination, and how badly his wife needed it to replenish her scanty wardrobe. His face clouded, as he answered:
"I can't let you take your money to pay my way. If you must go, take part of it to buy something new to wear and the rest for your car fare. I'll stay with the boys."

She answered, "I can't go back there alone! I must go, and you must go with me. I don't care much for the clothes, but, O, John, I do want to go to the wedding, and you must not spoil my pleasure!"
The excitement of preparation on the eventful evening brought a color to Mrs. Barnard's cheeks and a light to her eyes that made her look almost youthful; and as she kissed the boys good-by, little Wendell touched the soft waves of her hair, saying almost reverently, "Pretty mamma!" Catching her husband's quick glance, she blushed like a girl.

They arrived at the church, and saw many old friends ushered into the seats about them. Mrs. Barnard folded her hands with the best grace on top, and wondered if her waist did look very narrow between the shoulders.

But the soft, sweet music was soothing the ache about her heart, and when it pealed out triumphantly, announcing the arrival of the wedding party, she was absorbed in the excitement of the moment.
Then came the clear, slow, processional notes, and she caught her breath with deep feeling. It seemed that she was living over again her own wedding night.

The bridal party passed down the aisle. Mrs. Barnard clasped her hands tightly, but they shook with nervousness.

better, for worse; for richer, for poorer."

Ab, the sacred promises, and how poorly she had kept them! She had been a gay, bright companion in the time of abundance, but in the time of loss and unaccustomed toil she had been bitter and gloomy, silently pining for her care-free girlhood instead of trying to cheer the man who was struggling to make a home for her. He, too, had been accustomed to a life of ease. How hard the struggle for daily bread must have been for him! There were gray hairs about his temples and lines of discouragement about his mouth. She caught her breath with a sob and clung to his hand as if she would never let go.

The audience was intent on the ceremony, and no one saw or heard when John Barnard patted the hand he held, and stooped to whisper lovingly: "There, there, dear! It's all right. We'll try it all over again."
Then came the closing prayer, and the organ pealing out the recessionary. The bride looked trustfully up into the face of her husband as they passed down the aisle to the door, and the people in the audience sighed or smiled, according to the way the ceremony had affected them.

In the crush of the reception, Una and John Barnard were almost the last in the line to offer congratulations.

The groom asked, as he grasped John Barnard's hand, "Well, sir, did you feel as if you were being married over again?"

And John Barnard answered earnestly, "I decided to-night that it would be a good plan for every married couple to have the ceremony performed at least every fifteen years, if not oftener."

At the same moment Una Barnard was clinging to the bride, whispering brokenly between kisses, "Una, Una, darling, whatever happens, don't forget that you promised for richer, for poorer!"—From the Youth's Companion.

WHEN A PROMISSORY NOTE IS A FORGERY

In Bradstreet's it is reported that the Supreme Court of the State of Maine has held, in the case of the Bliddeford National Bank vs. Hill that where a person did not intend to sign a promissory note, but by fraud and deceit was tricked into signing an instrument which afterward proved to be a promissory note, such instrument was a forgery, although the signature affixed thereto was genuine.

This is a very important decision and we are glad that it has been made, and we would like to have the courts of other States pass upon this matter.
The case upon which the decision is given is one which has very materially affected the retail merchants of the country, and it is one which, in the years past, we have been called upon to deal with not infrequently. For example: Representatives of certain manufacturers call on a retail dealer and induce him, by roseate representations, to put in a stock of goods, making all kinds of tacit verbal agreements relative to the sale of the goods, paying for the same, and the return of unsold merchandise.

These gentlemen are usually good talkers and as they run on they deftly shove a printed agreement in front of the dealer, leading him to understand that it is an order for goods, or some such generally harmless agreement. Usually this is accompanied by deft manipulation of the agreement which is printed in blank and filled in with pen. Some time or other, it may be sooner or it may be later, the dealer finds that he has signed a promissory note, which he usually ascertains when payment is demanded, either by the parties to whom it was given or through a bank with which it has been placed for collection.

The retail merchants have been particularly marked for this sort of fraud by unscrupulous persons who have thus obtained their signature to promissory notes.

Of course, a promissory note is the strongest possible legal document, and when a person has been confronted by a note bearing his signature, the genuineness of which he could not dispute, he has known the futility of making any objection and has usually paid it and pocketed the loss. In the past it has been generally understood that there was no redress for a person whose genuine signature appeared upon a promissory note; how it got there mattered little; it was there and he put it there, and presumably he knew what he was doing, and rather than contest in the courts a promissory note most people would pay them.

This decision, if it stands and is held to be valid, will enable justice to be done to a good many people who, by various causes such as undue influence, oversight, misunderstanding, a lack of business sagacity, hurried manipulation, and so on, attach their names to promissory notes. When this is accomplished, even if it is their own free act and deed, it is fraudulent and was obtained fraudulently with fraudulent intentions. Such notes should not be held valid, and this decision of the Maine Supreme Court is very important and far reaching.

No Corner in Executions.
No, Mildred, the hanging gardens of Babylon were not the place where all the executions of murderers occurred.—Somerville Journal.



Lieutenant H. Ekelund, of Jonkoping, Sweden, claims to have made an important invention in fuel saving. According to his method patent is used in the shape of a powder and is said to give sufficient heat to use steel in a furnace without the use of coal.

A new death test which precludes the possibility of burial alive has been discovered at the Lariboisiere Hospital, in Paris, France. Experiments have shown that radiographs of bodies taken even a few minutes after death reveal clearly the outlines of all the organs, whereas if the radiographs are taken during life the organs are not revealed.

An investigation has recently been made to determine the absolute sensitiveness of the ear. By experiments with a telephone and alternating currents of frequencies 250 and 500 a second determinate pressure variations were produced at the ear. The experiments lead to the conclusion that the normal ear can respond to a pressure variation of about four-tenths of a millimeter of mercury.

A photographic study of the Carcel standard and the electric arc by means of a graduated series of exposures has been applied by Professor Cruick. A contrast between the various parts of the magnified photographic image of the Carcel flame does not appear until the exposure is reduced to the minimum necessary to secure an impression; and to bring out this contrast, the negative must be developed slowly and subsequently intensified.

A chemical weed killer has been developed or tested by the Wisconsin experiment station in an attempt to kill wild mustard, cocklebur, yellow dock, etc. The peculiar thing claimed for this poison is that when sprayed on a growing grain crop infested by weeds it kills the weeds without injury to the cultivated crop. The solution used consists of 100 pounds of iron sulphate dissolved in fifty-four gallons of water, which amount will spray an acre.

KETT COOL BY HOT AIR.

One Quart of Kerosene Oil Will Run a Fan For 24 Hours.

There is a great demand throughout India, as well as in all other tropical countries, for some sort of fan that will distribute a great deal of cool air at a low cost of production. A German firm has recently introduced in Bombay a portable fan which is operated at about one-fifth the cost of electric fans.

The fan is propelled by a hot air engine, says Town and Country, the heat being generated by a kerosene lamp which holds about one quart of oil, sufficient to keep it running for twenty-four hours. To the lamp is attached a small glass chimney which fits into a larger metal chimney connected with the engine.

Upon the top of the engine is hung the fan, similar in shape and size to the ordinary electric fan, whose speed is governed by the size of the flame. The whole outfit weighs about thirty pounds, and sits upon a small stand, raising the level of the fan proper to that of an ordinary desk. It is fitted with handles and can be easily moved to any portion of the room or house desired.

If American manufacturers can produce a similar article, with perhaps a few improvements and at a smaller cost, an immense field will be opened for its sale, for this is not necessarily limited to India, but would include every hot country in which white people are compelled to live.

The Chickens Paid For.

Mrs. E. M. Heistland, of Ottumwa, Iowa, had nine chickens stolen in three nights. The following morning she found a pocketbook containing a little over \$900 lying in the coop, evidently dropped by the thief who had made away with her last four hens. Considering \$100 each a fair price for her chickens, she hid the money and awaited developments. That afternoon a strange man came to her house and desired to buy some chickens. She told him she had sold all hers at a fair price. He then talked at some length about the care of chickens and expressed a desire to see her henhouse. She watched him go over every inch of the ground and go away much crestfallen. The thief dares not claim the money, and she will not surrender it in any event.—The Country Gentleman.

The Battle of Life.

Life as a warfare is no new figure. The slave philosopher, Epictetus, who is accorded by all men an honored place in the society of intellectual royalty, wrote, "Know you not that our business here is a warfare? And one must watch, and one go out as a spy, and one must fight. All cannot be the same thing, nor would it be better if they were. But you neglect to do the bidding of the commander, and complain when he hath laid somewhat rougher than common upon you, and you mark not what, so far as in you lies, you are making the army to become; so that, if all copy you, none will dig a trench, none will cast up a rampart, none will watch, none will run any risk, but each will appear worthless for warfare."—Detroit News-Tribune.

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NEWSY GLEANINGS.

Japanese immigration to the United States was doubled last year.
The Christmas trade in books was never so heavy as it is this year in London.
Philadelphia scientists declare consumption is prolific cause of crime and insanity.
Two more Missouri counties voted for local option, making more than half the State "dry."
The supply of toys for grown folk, as well as for children, in England was never so varied or so large.
Experiments conducted in Bavaria showed that in independent rifle shooting soldiers were better marksmen after drinking.
Mulai Hafig, the Moroccan Sultan of the South, was defeated in battle by the Sakhna tribe and forced to retreat to Morocco City.
Bulgaria increased the war budget and Russians intimated that she had not abandoned the idea of armed intervention in Macedonia.
The French press comments on the President's no-third-term declaration expressed the belief that "he will continue to exercise a decisive role."
James J. Hill, testifying before the Interstate Commerce Commission, said the railroads of the Northwest had been hauling lumber at a loss.
Every town in Portugal celebrated the anniversary declaration of Portuguese independence. Rockets in profusion were fired and bands played everywhere.
Comptroller Ridgely, in his annual report, made public at Washington, recommended the establishment by the Government of a central bank of issue and reserve.
In order to ascertain how to minimize the danger of mine horrors the technologic branch of the United States Geological Survey will conduct experiments in a miniature mine in Pittsburg.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

The Fizer stable continues to be the sensation of the racing season.
Yale's weakness in punting was apparent in the game with Holy Cross.
The Brooklyn Yacht Club has offered a trophy for an international race.
Herman Radtke, jockey, has accepted an engagement to ride in Russia.
Mr. Perry Belmont has entered six colts by Ethelbert in the Grand Prix de Paris of 1909.
There is still some undeveloped speed in the modern motor car, and the end is not yet.
As a sporting event a six-day bicycle race ranks with an endurance contest between gas engines.
A second stock car race in the spring is under consideration by the American Automobile Association.
The British press criticizes the Henley stewards for barring all foreign crews from the annual regatta.
Comiskey, owner of the White Sox, says that he fears Fielder Jones, his capable manager, has retired permanently from baseball.
The Coney Island and Brooklyn Jockey clubs have increased the value of the Suburban and Brooklyn Handicap to \$25,000 each.
Phil King, the Texas owner, who bought Ray Thompson for a song at the Lexington sales last fall, has refused an offer of \$8000 for the two-year-old.
The most valuable race of the entire world as planned in racing as present will be the classic French event, the Grand Prix de Jockey Club, of 1909, when the stakes will have a value of \$60,000.
It has been figured out that the racehorses owned by Harry Payne Whitney and trained by John W. Rogers won a total of \$135,038 in stakes and purses this year.
"There is plenty of money in the country; the trouble is the people will not let it circulate," says a high financier. They naturally fear some one else will grab it while it's circulating, comments the New York American.