

SINNING BY SYNDICATE.

Plentycaah is an excellent churchman... And he never is missed from his pew...

Plentycaah wouldn't do a mean action, Or a deed that would harm any man...

A COYOTE HERO

A STORY OF THE SIERRAS. By J. W. HAYS.

The theatre of my last summer's outing was the eastern boundary of San Bernardino Valley. It is the most picturesque section of Southern California...

mined to take the chance with my Winchester. I blazed away and was rewarded by a yelp quite different from the decoy kind...

In Memoriam CANAS LATRANS 1890

The oddity of the memorial, and particularly its sudden reminder of college days and classic wrestle, gave added interest to my call at the cottage.

A stalwart rancher, apparently a little on the sunny side of forty, was sitting on the cosy porch. He arose and met me cordially as I introduced myself and intimated that thirst was the primary cause of my call...

The rancher was a "Yale man," as he expressed it. As a prominent figure in university athletics he had injured his health. After graduation he developed incipient tuberculosis...

The change of environment soon restored his health, and he was so greatly pleased with the new life that he returned to his Eastern home for a life partner...

"I don't know whether you are familiar with coyote cunning, but for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain they beat the 'heavenly Chinese' out of sight...

"Just after sunset, in the early twilight, they would begin to skirmish toward the enclosure that contained the chicken coops. First would come from the distance two or three of the familiar dog-like yelps...

and good treatment was evidenced in his glossy coat.

"Late one afternoon, when I was just finishing a day's work at irrigating down there in the orange grove, I was startled suddenly by an extraordinary series of yelps from Yote, followed by piercing screams from my wife...

"It was a frightful scene, indeed, that I beheld as I came within view of the front yard, as you see it now. In the doorway leading into the house from the porch stood my wife, with one hand upon the latch and with the door just far enough ajar for her to look out...

"At the same instant the cause of it all was revealed. An enormous mountain lion, close by the porch, was raising its head, with blood dripping from its mouth, eyes flashing and tail swishing in anger...

"I thought my time had come as I stared in horror at the terrible brute, in the very act of preparing for a spring. But the mountain lion is normally a coward, as I knew. I bulged my eyes to the limit in staring at him, but standing still as a statue...

"With the assured disappearance of the lion in the distance my wife quickly joined me over the form of our pet, whose life was ebbing fast from his torn throat and other frightful wounds...

"The noble but hopeless fight put up by poor Yote was short, ending, as I have said, just as I reached the scene. Tears coursed down my wife's cheeks as we bent over our dying pet, and I confess that my own eyes were moist...

"The baby was about a year old and she had learned to lip the name of her companion. 'Ote, 'Ote!' she called, as she reached her chubby hands toward him. The fast dim-

Endowing a Family.

An editorial in The World To-Day, speaking of large fortunes and the manner of their bequest by men of wealth, says:

We have had our discussion concerning tainted money. It is time we considered the endowment of families. Recent events exhibit the new tendency in American life to establish a parasitic class composed of descendants of men who have accumulated fortunes...

The American people have no desire to destroy incentives to the creation of wealth, or to deprive the family of a rich man of a generous share of his fortune...

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Even conscience may be close-mouthed.

Many a woman marries for love—of luxury.

Failure is always eager for a return match.

The devotion of a chronic borrower is really touching.

Nine-tenths of what a man knows about his neighbors his wife tells him.

Man is made of clay, but that doesn't prove that every man is a brick.

It's the man whose methods won't bear looking into that we should look out for.

A fellow seldom has to tell his love. Most girls are pretty good guessers.

There are more ways than one to kill a cat. In fact, there must be nine ways.

The fellow who is willing to bet his bottom dollar doesn't have to dig down very far.

This world is a fleeting show, and the best some of us can do is get standing room.

The politician doesn't forget his promises. He brushes them up and uses them over again.

There are lots of things besides happiness that money won't buy; manners, for instance.

A Tarry Carrying.

"Did you hear about Maurice Benn's capture?" inquired a policeman on the Powell street beat.

"It was getting dark when the patrol wagon drove up in the alley by the City Prison down here back of where the old Tivoli used to be. One of the bums makes a quick sneak and goes up a fire escape to the top of a new building. He lays low soon's as he gets on the flat roof.

"'Bout 10 o'clock that night Maurice hears sneezin'. He goes up the fire escape. There's a bum lying low on the roof.

"'Get up,' says Maurice.

"'No,' says the bum; 'I'm stuck on this place.' And then Maurice sees what's the matter. After the bum lays low up there a while—the new tar they'd been putting on the roof that warm day gets cold and holds the bum tight.

"Maurice goes down to the jail-keeper and tells him, and they sends a trusty up on the roof to watch the bum all night. 'Bout 10 o'clock next morning the tar warms up and they gets the bum loose. It's a kind of bum story, but it's true."—San Francisco Call.

Forestry in New Jersey.

New Jersey is making splendid progress in its forest park reservation policy under the able and energetic administration of Alfred Gaskill, the State Forester.

On the Bass River reservation the forester planted 500 Michigan jack pines this year. He has 50,000 seedlings of various kinds in the Bass River nurseries, and has started seed that will produce half a million young trees. He has planted 50,000 young trees in the Newark watershed and 23,000 on the State Experimental Farm at New Brunswick.—Bulletin of the American Forestry Association.

Ambition.

Uncle Horace (who is something of a sage and philosopher)—"My boy, it is time for you to think seriously of the kind of future you intend to map out for yourself. To sum it up in a word, what epitaph are you anxious to have engraved upon your tombstone?"

Nephew (just beginning his career)—"He got his share."—Pick Me Up.

In some Italian vegetarian restaurants, for some mysterious reasons, salt and wines are tabooed.

BUSINESS CARDS. E. NEFF JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Fenson Attorney and Real Estate Agent. RAYMOND E. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BROOKVILLE, PA.

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Money in Apples, W. R. Cady sold his apple crop to W. C. Chynoweth for \$2.50 a barrel, orchard run, delivered at the packing shed in Rogers, says the Rogers Democrat. This is probably the largest apple deal yet made in this vicinity...

At a sale of rare coins in Philadelphia a \$50 United States gold piece of 1850 brought only \$195, which was considered very cheap.

The Shopkeeper Talks. You see, Mrs. Brown, we can't afford to take any chances on oysters. They are either very good or else they are not fit to eat. If they are scallhyt they are fresh and clean, and the most wholesome food you can buy. No ice or water has touched them, and no preservative is ever used for them—that we guarantee. We refuse to handle any but Sealship oysters because they are the only ones that we know to be beyond question. They come to us in a white-enameled case, that is SEALED at the oyster beds. The ice is packed around it ON THE OUTSIDE. We will not offer to our customers anything but the best, and that means Sealship every time. FRANK'S RESTAURANT

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