

SINNING BY SYNDICATE.

Plentycah is an excellent churchman
And he never is missed from his pew.
He talks and he prays, and he willingly
pays.
And he works in the Sunday-school, too;
Yes, he's one of the men in the Good
Trust.
Which is outlawed in every State—
It lies and it robs, and does villainous jobs,
But, you see, it's a syndicate!

Plentycah wouldn't do a mean action,
Or a deed that would harm any man;
He lives day by day in a sanctified way,
As uprightly as any one can;
His concern is a vile corporation,
A thing all good citizens hate,
But he hasn't a quail of his conscience to
calm.
For his sins are a syndicate!
—W., in Puck.

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. The lofty and rugged Sierras form a horseshoe, studded with three peaks, each more than two miles high—San Bernardino, San Geronimo (Grayback) and San Antonio (old Baldy). A fourth peak that tops the two-mile line is San Jacinto, a score of miles southward. One afternoon I was strolling lazily in the foothills at the base of San Bernardino peak. It was near the mouth of Santa Ana Canyon, whence flows the river whose water irrigates the larger part of the great orange belt. The foothills thereabout are uncultivated, mainly because of irrigation difficulties. A few energetic ranchers surmount the obstacle, however, by developing water in gulches in higher levels and leading it by ditches to their land.

A small hillside ranch attracted my attention. Somewhat weary and quite thirsty by reason of long traveling, with gun on shoulder, I approached the ranch house. It was a cosy little cottage, embowered in vines and flowers, with a large adjoining garden showing a profusion of fruit trees and vegetables.

As I reached the cottage my attention was attracted by a queer little stone enclosure, perhaps six or eight feet square and about five feet high. In the middle of the square was a very large boulder. Part of the face of the boulder had been rudely dressed and thereon was a fairly well cut inscription, thus:

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 and curiosity the secondary cause, alluding to the memorial. Responding to his invitation to be seated, I caught a glimpse through the doorway of a tidy woman within and also a pretty girl of perhaps sixteen or seventeen years.

After a little verbal skirmishing I drew from the rancher the story of which the memorial was the visible reminder. Here it is:

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 and was advised by physicians to lose no time in getting to Southern California and adopting the "close to nature" life in the dry atmosphere near the mountains. He homesteaded a quarter section of seemingly worthless hillside land and built a shack on the site of his present cottage.

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, to whom he was engaged when in his senior year at Yale. Back to his mountain-edge home he came with his bride, a sensible Yankee lass who shared his love for the "close-to-nature" idea. In due season the present cottage displaced the shack, just in time to accommodate the arrival of the stork with a bouncing girl baby.

"Neighbors were few and far between in those days," said the rancher. "I mean the bipedal, not the quadruped kind. There were entirely too many of the latter, and some of them were unpleasantly sociable. Coyotes developed an inordinate love for our poultry, jack rabbits and cottontails had a weakness for our vegetables, and occasionally a mountain lion would meander down from the mountains in quest of fresh veal or pork."

"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. Many an evening I sat on this porch with Winchester or double-barreled shotgun in hand loaded with buckshot in wait for the wily rascals.

"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, followed by the dismal and weird long-drawn howl peculiar to the species. The yelps and howls would gradually draw nearer until I was led to peer into the gathering darkness and sizer the gun trigger in expectation of getting a shot, and then I would be startled suddenly by the squawk of chickens in the corral, having been a victim of a coyote decoy trick.

"Well, to get to the gist of the story, one evening I caught a faint glimpse of a coyote in the underbrush as it was working the decoy racket. It was a long range shot, but I deter-

mined to take the chance with my Winchester. I blazed away and was rewarded by a yelp quite different from the decoy kind, indicating that I had hit the mark.

"As I hurried out to see what execution had been done the nearly full moon was just peeping above the horizon, down the valley, partly lighting up my surroundings. From a short distance in the opposite direction to the one I was going came a mournful wail, evidently the voice of a mate or companion of the one my bullet had struck—a pathetic response to the cry of the victim.

"In a thicket of sagebrush I suddenly came upon a sight that I never can forget. It was a dying female coyote and two puppies. The young ones, apparently near weaning age, and hence able to take early lessons in the acquisition of poultry, were nestling close to the mother's head. Four little paws were about the old one's neck, two little tongues lapped her face, and the saddest and most pitiful low wail came from two little throats.

"The youngsters were so absorbed with their grief that they failed to notice my approach. When the eyes of the mother turned upon me, however, there was an instant expression of fright and an effort to rise. But the effort was hopeless. The shot was fatal and she was dying.

"How I wished at that moment that my aim had missed! Evidently realizing that she was dying, the look of fright suddenly disappeared and her big brown eyes assumed an expression that I have vainly tried to blot from memory in the seventeen years that since have passed. I never have witnessed so pitiful a sight. The poor creature, as she looked from me to her puppies, seemed to be making a mute appeal to me to spare her little ones.

"Of course," continued the rancher, after a minute's pause, "all that will strike you as being sentimental gush wasted on a prowling coyote that had got its deserts. But you will remember that the coyote is simply a cousin of man's best friend, as indicated by its technical name, 'canas latrans.'

"The end soon came. The big brown eyes, with their memory-haunting expression of appeal, drooped and lost their lustre. A spasmodic movement of the chest, a straightening of the limbs and the coyote puppies were motherless.

"At that moment, foolish as it may seem to you, I determined to comply with what I interpreted as the mute appeal of the dying mother. The puppies were so intent in manifesting their grief that I had no difficulty in capturing both and returning with them to the house.

"Well, to shorten the story, the

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. As the grove is toward the rear side of the house I could not see the cause of the commotion, but I hurried up the hill as fast as my legs could carry me.

"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. With the other hand and arm she was holding the baby. Her face was a picture of terror and she was screaming at the highest pitch of her voice.

"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. It had just dropped the limp form of poor Yote. At sight of me it began to crouch, its ears went back and its great teeth appeared just as you may have seen angered tigers in captivity.

"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. Presently he raised his body slowly, changed his gaze from myself to my wife and baby, looked down at the form of his victim, cast another glance at me, then turned quickly and bounded away toward the canyon.

"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. As well as her terrorized condition would admit she told me the story of the tragedy.

"She had been preparing the evening meal, leaving the baby on the porch with the faithful Yote. The door was open. Suddenly she was startled by the piercing yelps that I had heard down in the grove. She rushed to the door and was horror-stricken at the sight. The lion had its great paws on the board at the porch entrance that safeguarded the baby from going overboard. The animal was in the very act of springing upon the baby. At the same instant Yote was jumping at the terrible brute, unmindful of the sacrifice he was surely making for his little charge.

"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. Yote recognized us. The suffering he must have endured he seemed to feel in the safety of the baby, though at the cost of his own life.

"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-

SOME GOOD SUGGESTIONS TO PONDER.

(FROM THE BEE HIVE SUPPLEMENT.)

The man who makes the best use of his time generally has a good time.

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

A pawn shop where we could hock our troubles would fill a long-felt want.

There are men who prefer their own blunders to other people's good advice.

Trust not to appearances; the drum which makes the most noise is filled with wind.

The best swimmers are often drowned, and the best riders have the hardest falls.

Don't forget that other people feel about as little interest in your troubles as you do in theirs.

It is the hardest thing in the world to convince a hungry man that the rich have trouble.

A course of sin cannot last; it comes to an end some time, and a man reaps what he has sown.

smaller of the puppies, a female, lived only a few days, seemingly dying of grief. Doleful wails were wafted in from the sagebrush every night for a while, evidently coming from the mate of the dead coyote, and readily recognized by the puppies, as shown by their excitement. We named the remaining one, a handsome male, "Yote"—two-thirds of the word co-yote, as the syllables are properly divided.

"Yote was a family favorite from the moment of his appearance in the house. The fear he showed at first subsided quickly and he became as playful and affectionate as any domestic puppy. Mutual affection between him and the baby developed at once and strengthened with the growth and strength of both.

"It was a year almost to a day from the time of his capture that the episode occurred which now is marked by the memorial that excited your curiosity. Yote had attained his full growth. I think he was the handsomest dog, in physical proportions, that I ever saw. The average coyote would readily be mistaken for a domestic dog of the pointer class, being similar in size and build, though differing in color. Yote was larger and stronger than most of his kind,

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.

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. These fortunes are no longer distributed among a man's heirs, but are kept intact and placed in the hands of trust companies for administration. The beneficiaries face no responsibility of wealth, but simply receive the whole or a portion of the fund's income. In one case three young children have approximately the same endowment as that of Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Chicago Universities combined.

The next step in our financial evolution is the concentration of wealth in trust companies. An enormous percentage of the productive wealth of the United States is now held by a small proportion of our citizens. Should each one of these citizens at death—and this is to-day's drift—provide that for the next thirty or forty years his wealth should be handled by trust companies for the benefit of his descendants, it would follow inevitably that a large proportion of our national capital would be concentrated under the control of a half dozen financial institutions. There may be benefits attending such a concentration, but the most conservative of us can see that its dangers are inevitable and tremendous. With all respect for the ability and honesty of these companies, no single group of men is capable of administering such power. No group of men ought to have such power to administer.

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; but the establishment of an endowed class of idlers is contrary to the American spirit and dangerous to American institutions.

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.

Slaughterhouse Rewards.
There was married in Seville the other day one Machaquito, the champion bull fighter of Spain, a man who has been making \$100,000 a year at the gentle pastime of killing bulls. He comes of a noble family in Spain, and took up his profession of slaughterer on account of poverty. To signalize his wedding he gave \$10,000 to the poor of Carthagena, and founded two asylums for the aged poor. It is said that his wedding was an elaborate festival, and that the wedding presents, many of which bore caris from the predest names in Spain, filled three rooms. The prime minister of Spain, who is very much less popular than a bull fighter, receives \$4,000 a year.—Washington Herald.

THE TORN LACE WAIST.
Frequently the pretty lace waists of various kinds begin to break around the neckband and over the shoulders when otherwise in good condition. Use a cream or white "blonde" net underneath the worn parts, darning lightly the lace down to this. It is practically invisible and will strengthen the garments for many wearings.—New York World.

MASTER AND EXAMINER'S NOTICE.

The School District of Skyesville Borough vs. The School District of Winslow Township. In the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson County, Pa. (Equity.) No. 2, January Term, 1908.

Having been, on Nov. 29, 1907, appointed Master and Examiner in the above entitled case, to equitably adjust and apportion the indebtedness between the School District of Skyesville Borough and the School District of Winslow Township, all persons interested are hereby notified that I will sit for the performance of my duties at my office in the borough of Reynoldsville, Pa., on Monday, the 6th day of April, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock, a. m. All persons having claims against the said School District of Winslow Township are hereby notified to present them on or before the date above mentioned, or they will be forever barred.

Dec. 31st, 1907. CLEMENT W. FLYNN, Master and Examiner.

MASTER AND EXAMINER'S NOTICE.

The Borough of Skyesville vs. Winslow Township. In the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson County, Pa. (Equity.) No. 3, January Term, 1908.

Having been, on Nov. 29th, 1907, appointed Master and Examiner in the above entitled case, to equitably adjust and apportion the indebtedness between the borough of Skyesville and the township of Winslow, all persons interested are hereby notified that I will perform the duties of my appointment at my office in the borough of Reynoldsville, Pa., on Monday, the 6th day of April, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock, a. m. All persons having claims against the said township are hereby notified to present them on or before the date above mentioned, or they will be forever barred.

Dec. 31st, 1907. CLEMENT W. FLYNN, Master and Examiner.

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

G. M. McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real estate agent, patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Syndicate building, Reynoldsville, Pa.

SMITH M. McCREIGHT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary public and real estate agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in the Reynoldsville Hardware Co. building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER,
DENTIST,
Resident dentist. In the Hoover building Main street. Gentleness in operating.

DR. L. L. MEANS,
DENTIST,
Office on second floor of the First National bank building, Main street.

DR. R. DEVERE KING,
DENTIST,
Office on second floor of the Syndicate building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

HENRY PRIESTER
UNDERTAKER,
Black and white funeral cars. Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

HUGHES & FLEMING,
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The U. S. Burial League has been tested and found all right. Cheapest form of insurance. Secure a contract. Near Public Fountain, Reynoldsville, Pa.

D. H. YOUNG,
ARCHITECT
Corner Grant and Fifth sts., Reynoldsville, Pa.

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, for a number of well-posted apple men have estimated his crop at not less than 4,000 barrels, which would mean \$10,000. Mr. Cady has already sold \$1,000 worth of summer apples from the farm, which contains eighty acres and which he says he would not sell for \$16,000. He has fifty acres of bearing apple trees.—Kansas City Journal.

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 sealship 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.

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