- know that life is sweet From morn till night, Vith Love's unflagging feet To lead aright.
- I know that life is fair From dusk till dawn, With Love's protecting care To lean upon.
- I know that life is dear
  Beyond belief,
  With Love to share the tear
  Of joy or grief.
  Clinton Scollard, in the Metropolitan
  Magazine.

\*

## THE AWAKENING.

BY BARRY PRESTON.

\*

Just before the game began Dunmore rode over to the trap in which frs. Porter and Gertrude Remsen sat chatting with a group of young men. Mrs. Porter, that soul of discretion, scrambled from her seat and managed to lead the young men away. Dunmore removed his cap and looked smilingly at the girl, whose face displayed the faintest trace of annoyance.

"Forgive my intrusion," said Dunmore, in apology, "but I've heard you are leaving us to-morrow. I wanted just one last word. You'll grant me that, won't you?"

"I suppose I must," she said rather ungraciously.

Dunmore's bronzed face suddenly became grave. He leaned toward her, and something in his eye made her frown deepen. "I want to ask you once more to reconsider-" he

"It is quite impossible, Mr. Dunmore," she said, coldly. "Why?" he asked.

ribly ineligible?" "Your life at present is very full," she said. "There is no room in it for-for a wife." The color came

into her cheeks at the last word. "Do you think these things really count with me?" he asked quickly, "these horses and this polo and all the rest of it?"

"Perhaps for the moment you think they don't" she said. "But they do. They have a hold on you that no woman ever could hope to rival. She would be a side issue."

"You don't really mean that?" said he.

"I do," she averred.

The whistle sounded from the field. "The only thing that really counts in all the world is you," said Dun-

"I can't seem to make you believe it, but it's God's truth." He rode out into the field, leaving the girl strangely ill at ease. As the game began, Mrs. Porter returned and climbed into the trap. With her came the omnipresent group of satel-

"Gertrude, I do hope-" she began in a whispered aside to the girl, but Miss Remsen was talking to the young men with a vivacity that, to Mrs. Porter, seemed a trifle forced.

All during the game the girl's eyes were seldom on the field. Although the play was fast and furious and she was known to be a devotee of polo, she seemed to prefer the platitudes of the men grouped about the trap to the excitement of the play. Only once did she follow the game

and that was when a man beside them said excitedly, "Just look at old Tommy Dunmore! He's doing his best to break his precious neck!"

Mrs. Porter glanced at her nelce suspiciously. "My dear-" she began protesting-

ly, but with a shrug of her shoulders Miss Remsen resumed her gay chat-A moment later she heard a little

murmur of horror. Mrs. Porter half rose from her seat and caught her drawing it forth, exclaimed: breath sharply. The girl turned her eyes toward the field.

Near one goal a group of riders was drawing apart, and on the ground lay a man beneath his pony. Four men ran into the field, drew the fallen man from beneath the pony and bore him to the clubhouse. The ony scrambled to its feet and was led limping away. A substitute galloped onto the field, and the game went on.

When the momentary excitement had subsided Mrs. Porter turned to her neice. The girl's white face shooked her.

"Gertrude, dear, what is matter?" she asked.

"Please take me home," said Miss Remsen in an old, quavering voice. One of the young men took the cob by the head and guided them through the tangle of carriages. Then grounds to the road. Mrs. Porter, eing wise in her day and generation, said nothing.

When they were nearly home, the girl suddenly burst into a storm of cown."-Harper's Weekly.

"Oh, suntic," she said, "I didn't know until I saw him lying there all white and blondy! Please drive to the clubhouse."

the grounds. Ther, after he had Jackson himself. opened the door and bowed her in, he discreetly withdraw.

On a couch by the window lay Dunraised himself on his sound arm, and sell handed in his written excuse as beheld the girl standing there, like follows:

• frightened bird poized for flight.
"Why, hello," he called gally.
"This is good of you to come."

The girl's face flushed. She was groping darkly for words.
"I was afraid you were badly hurt,

she faltered. "No, indeed," said he. "The Dun-mores are a braw lot. They don't die easily. Just a few scratches, that's all."

She drew a few steps nearer, halted irresolutely, then went to his side. "Tom!" she said, gently. His eyes widened.

that he was trembling. "I-I didn't know until-until it happened," she said. "And then, O. it seemed as if the world had stopped as if the sun had been blotted out in darkness. It's dreadful to care so

much-and-and-to find it out!" She knelt beside him. Her cool hand was stroking his face.

"Perhaps I shall only be a side issue," she half sobbed. "But, O, Tom, dear, let me be that much, anyway." -American Cultivator.

MEXICAN CARRIES HIS MONEY.

He Dislikes Checks and Doesn't Understand Bank Books.

Almost any Mexican in professional or business life carries on his person anywhere between \$200 and \$800. Even the poor Indian in his blanket can more than likely produce more than many foreigners

The ordinary Mexican professional man will be found to carry on his person sums of money that would surprise the ordinary traveler and even cause him to worry were he forced to carry it with him, yet the Mexican never even thinks of it.

It was but a few days ago that an instance of this kind was brought to attention. One Mexican of the middle class asked another in a casual way if he could change a thousand dollar bill. The other pulled out a wallet from his inside pocket and counted out nearly \$2000. Time after time this has happened and it seems no uncommon thing for a Mexican of the middle class to carry 1000 and 2000 pesos on his person.

The check idea seems to have but taken small hold as yet upon the citizens of Mexico, especially when small amounts of less than \$1000 are concerned. They consider it much easier to pay spot cash than to give a check for amounts of \$50 and \$100 and they claim with some amount of reason that a business deal can be put through with better advantage when the cash is in sight.

Even the Indian in the street carries amounts of cash that would never be supposed to be in his possession. They carry their money in a leather belt, fastened around their bodies inside their trousers. These belts are hollow and are open at one Into the open end the Indian slips his pesos or bills until he has the whole full. The belt then is either taken off and hidden away or the bills are changed for larger demoninations and still carried around the body. But the Indian is a stickler for "pesos duros" and prefers them to any other class of money except

To the Indian money is money and a bank book stands for nothing in his way of thinking. A check he will not accept under any circumstances, because he does not understand it. A coin or paper currency is what he is after, and that is what he keeps his hands on when he gets it .- The Mexican Herald.

Gratitude.

Smith, the railroad agent at a sutrban station in a Western city saved the life of a dignified gentleman waiting for a train, by pulling him from in front of a through train on another track. The dignified gentleman lost all his dignity for the moment and was much confused, but not so much as to forget that something was due to the agent. Following a grateful impulse, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and,

"Man, you've saved my life; here's half a dollar."

"Oh. I never take payment for : thing like that," answered Smith, as he turned to attend to the duties of the moment.

"But, man, you must; you saved my life. Have a cigar, anyway."-Harper's Weekly.

How It Hannened.

A certain member of the fashionable Metropolitan and Chevy Chase clubs at the national capital has all his life borne many quips by reason of his exceedingly diminutive stature.

Last spring the diminutive clubman took unto himself a wife, the daughter of a well-known Federal official, who is said to be as witty as her father.

"Mrs. Blank," said a friend one through the tengle of carriages. Then day recently, "I have just seen your allently they drove across the club husband for the first time since his marriage. Do you know, he seems

shorter than ever."
"Why not?" asked the wife, with a smile; "he's married and sattled

His Natural Pace.

Hountzell, a Confederate soldler, was deemed by his comrades, says Mrs. Porter walted in the big hall Mr. Edward A. Moore, in "The Story while a physician led Gertrude up the of a Cannoneer under Stonewall stairs to a sunny room overlooking Jackson," as great an enigma as

In some of the various evolutions of the drill it was necessary for the cadets to trot. This gait Hountsell more, his head swathed bandages, failed to adopt, and was reported to and one arm rigid in unitally splints. the superintendent, with the speci-With the opening of the door he fication, "for failing to tret." Hount-

"I am reported by Major Jackson for failing, at artillery drill, to trot. My eccuse is, I am a natural pacer."

"IDiday Woman" Correct?

Ey Professor T. R. Lounsbury. .

UMEROUS indeed are the motives which have led and still lead men to resort to expletives. Certain of those now in use contain little more than a repetition of the same idea expressed by two different words. A part of the compound has become obsolete or archaic; hence it needs or needed to have its meaning strengthened. Luke, for instance, meant "tepid"; but as it came to be somewhat unfamiliar, the sense was brought out with precision by adding to it warm. Different from this, though possibly allied to it, may

be the attributive use of widow in the expression widow woman. The second word of the combination is clearly unnecessary; but it may not have been always so. The difference of the final vowel in the original Anglo-Saxon words constituted the sole distinction between widuwa a "widower" and widuwe a "widow." When the levelling processes that went on after the Conquest gave to both these words the same ending -e, a natural way to fix definitely the idea of femininity, before er was added to create the masculine form, would be to append "woman" to the common word. If this were so, it would be almost inevitable that the combination would survive long after the necessity for it had disappeared. However this may be, the expression has subsisted for centuries in our speech. When in our version of the Bible the woman of Tekoah tells King David, "I am indeed a widow woman, and mine husband is dead," we are supplied in the same short sentence with illustrations of two different sorts of expletives. For the one, the original Hebrew is necessarily responsible; for the other, the sixteenth-century translators. The Wycliffite version of the fourteenth century had "woman-widow." But whatever the origin, the expression has come down to the present time. Nor is it confined, as is often asserted, to colloquial speech. To cite one instance out of many, it is used in Barnaby Rudge by Dickens, when speaking in his own person. "To find this widow woman," he says, . . . "linked mysteriously with an ill-omened man . . . .was a discovery that palned as much as startled him."—Harper's Magazine.

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## Happy Farmers

They and Nature Smile While Wall Street Groans Under the Knife.

> Ey Cham Cristadoro, Tent Village, Point Loma, Cal. Mymm



IME was when if Wall Street sneezed it sent the farmers of the country to the banks to beg that their mortgages be not foreclosed. Now Wall Street sneezes and yells and shouts and kicks up a devil of a fuss-in Wall Street-and the farmer follows the plough, the wheat grows, the chickens lay abundantly, the stock increases, all nature smiles in peace and plenty, and the farmer buys autos and gives not a rap for Wall Street. The wires are broken. The farmer is not interested,

Wall Street has ceased to be the barometer of the nation's prosperity. The barometer has been moved elsewhere. Wall Street drops three billions in values and the farmer reads of such "terrible doings" with a chuckle and says: "Things are droppin' some in Wall Street and no mistake, b'gosh!"

No better time could have been selected to thrust the lance into the Wall Street ulcer; and no better period for the good of the public could have been chosen. It is, of course, hard upon the innocent investor, especially the "common investor," who bought wind and water and nothing else; but it was a case of caveat emptor. The man at the White House-well, has he not done the national body a good service, just as does the surgeon to the body when he cuts a boil that is ripe for lancing? It had to come.-From the New York Sun.

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Drown Playing

Ey Louise McGrady.



goodseese O most people who have had a real childhood, not cramped writer? Guyer-Yes, and some of ental, or starved by sordidness, their w or filled with an intellectuality beyond their years, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" are not far affeld, the childron of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's, "Gold Age" are real people; and "Peter Pan" is more than a delightful play. Lewis Carroll and Mr. Grahame and Mr. Barrie have all told the truth, because, with real children, things are always being "made believe" just a little different from what they

actually are. Playing house in a fig-tree where your roof is made by broad leaves, and where wide branches make your floor, your successive stories, your easy stairways; playing ship on a sofa or in an invalid's chair; playing street-cars with chairs for horses and quarrelling as to which child should be conductor and which driver,-that was before the days of electricity; playing that you are a horse eating hay in your stall, "a real horse, you know," as a child said to me last summer; playing wild animals in the most gruesome places until you are paralysized with terror and afraid of your self in the dark; "making believe" in every instance that you are grown up or different from what you really are,-That is a wonderfully rich life .-From the Atlantic.

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## Federal Control of Rail: roads Defended.

By United States District Judge Amidon, of North Dakota

\*\*\*\*\*\* T is impossible to maintain over carriers the manifold control of the different States and the Federal government, because it is impossible to separate local from through business and because whenever the State prescribes a schedule of rates for local business, it thereby directly and necessarily regulates interstate business as well. The necessary consequence is that either the nation must take control of commerce within the State, or States will take control of commerce between the States. State control of railroads will

re-establish State supremacy over Interstate commerce, to prevent which was the chief domestic cause for the adoption of the Constitution. Hitherto State regulation has been inefficient, and for that reason alone its localizing power has not become manifest. It is now becoming organized, energetic, and effective. If continued it will work its inevitable result. No rivalry can surpass that of our commercial centres, and State governments, let their authority be efficient, will represent their own commercial interests. The national government and the States cannot prescribe rules to the same instrumentality without being brought into constant conflict. This has already rought us to the verge of civil war in North Carolina and been the occasion of the sharpest acrimony in other States. Such a conflict must in the end result in the complete supremacy of one authority or the other.—From Les BYRONIC.

She looked at me coldly,
In silence at first;
A threatening silence
implying some vilence;
Not that which falls goldly,
But calm at its worst—
Was the way she looked coldly,
In silence at first,

She looked at me coldly,
And chill was her tone;
And though I sought gravely
To meet her gaze bravely,
To give it back boldly,
I couldn't, I own—
While she eyed me so coldly,
With ice in her tone.

She looked at me coldly.

As cold natures must:
Then nudden she muttered,
Next spluttered (then uttered
(As folk have of oldly):
"The steampipes has bust!"
And she looked at me coldly,
As cold helles must.

—Richmond Times-Despatch.

WIT HUMOR SARCASM

"Papa, what for it gets dark so on?" "Because, my boy, winter is comin', and it gets late early now."-

"There's something in that last poem from the new poet." "Indeed?" Yes-a whole year's subscription." Atlanta Constitution. "Tom, it's dreadful for you to lose so much money gambling." "Do you want

me to renounce the card table?" "No dear; I want you to play a better game."-Judge. On the Milky Speedawy .- Venus

Gracious! These comets are awfully reckless! The last one almost ran me down." Saturn-Dld you get his number?"-Puck. "Isn't he one of the most success-

ful financiers of the times?" " Ishould say so! Why, three grand juries have tried in vain to get him in jail." -Baltimore American. Singleton-Your wife seems to be

an up-to-date woman, Wedderly-Huh! She's away ahead of the date. Why, she has a lot of trouble borrowed for next year.-Chicago Daily News. "Mike," sald Plodding Pete, "what

would you say if some one was to offer you work?" "I wouldn't say anything. Such a bad judge of human nature wouldn't be worth talkin' to."-Washington Star. Deacon-You never told me, Maria,

that when you wuz in New York you went to a Sunday night concert. Maria-It was a sacred concert, Joshua. Deacon-Too sacred to mention I suppose,-Town and Country. Local magnate (about to try his hand with a pick on occasion of first

visit to coal mine)—I'm afraid I shan't make much of a job of it. Miner-But tha'll be able to say tha's tried to do an honest bit o' work for once in tha life!-Punch. "Josiah," asked Mrs. Chugwater, what do the papers mean when they

talk about 'tainted money'?" "Money that's been kept in an old yarn sock," answered Mr. Chugwater. "Can't you give your mind a chance to work once in a while?"-Chicago Tribune. Miss Yerner-But would you die for me? Jack Brightly-To tell you the truth, dear, I would not. Miss Yer-

ner-Ah! I just knew you wouldn't, and yet you talk to me of love-Jack Brightly-My dear, my love is of the undying sort.-Philadelphia Gunner-So the celebrated poet married Miss Penner, the short-story

ding presents were cruel insinuations. Gunner-What did they receive? Guyer-Sixteen waste baskets embellished with ribbons.-Chicago Daily News. Pa Twaddles-Tommy, I am not at

all pleased with the report your mother gives me of your conduct today. Tommy Twaddles-I knowed you wouldn't be, an' I told her so. But she went right ahead an' made th' report. Just like a woman, ain't it?-Cleveland Leader.

Chases Antelopes in a Motor. A new form of automobiling diver-

sion has been discovered by W. E. Halsell, who has a ranch in the Texas Panhandle and who tells the following tale of pleasure: "Our principal amusement at the

ranch was chasing antelopes in the motor car. When I first purchased the Panhandle ranch there were at least five hundred antelopes, but we used to chase them just the same for sport.

"Last week I went out with my two daughters in the motor car, and we sighted a drove of eighteen. In an auto we could get within fifty yards of the antelope easily.

"The ranch is covered with short grass, and we can run right across the prairie. It is dangerous, of course, for at any time we might have dropped into a shallow depression, deep enough, however, to wreck an automobile going fifty or sixty miles an hour. I killed several wolves on these antelope chases."-Springfield Union.

Japanese Harvard Men. Four prominent Japanese, who are graduates of Harvard and who filled important positions during the war between their country and Russia. have lately been honored by the Mikado. Baron Komura has been created a count, a promotion of two grades in the peerage; Baron Kaneko has been created viscount; and also made a member of the Privy Council; Shinichiro Kurino, formerly Minister to the United States, has been created baron, and Tanetaro Megata has also been created a baron, because of his services in reorganizing the finan-ces of Corea.—Leslie's Weekly.

E. NEFF JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Pension Attorney and Real; Estate Agent. RAYMOND E. BROWN,

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MASTER AND EXAMINER'S NOTICE.

The School District of Sykesville Bor-

of Winslow Township.

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 Sykesville 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 Beynoldsville Pa., on Monday, the 6th day of April A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock, a. m. All persons inaving 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. FLYNS, Master and Examiner.

MASTER AND EXAMINER'S NOTICE.

The Borough of Sykesville vs.
Winslow Township.

The Borough of Common Pleas of Jeffe 1800 County (Equity.)

Winslow Township.

Term, 1908.

maving been, on Nov. 29th, 1807, appointed Master and Examiner in the above entitled case, to equitably adjust and apportion the indebtedness between the borough of Sykosville 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 agalost the said township are here. 7 notified to present them on or before the date above mentioned, or they will be forever barred.

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

CLEMENT W. FLYNN, Muster and Examine

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Wheat-No. 2 red. 9;
Corn-Mixed. 71 71
Eggs. 3) #7
Butter-Ohio creamery. 3> 40

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