

**THE FARMER.**

Between the rising and the setting sun he stands,  
A silhouette against a background sky.  
He holds the pulse of ages in his hands,  
He times the heart-beats of eternity.  
He cradles with his grain the lives of men;  
The sinews and the muscles and the thought  
Which guide the court, the camp, the mart, the pen,  
By him are wrought.  
Upon his plow he leans to turn the sod;  
He feels the rushing seasons by him pass.  
He rears a nation with that earthy clod,  
Upholds a cycle with that spear of grass.  
The morning stars sing out to him alone,  
The gold of noonday aureoles his head,  
Beneath his touch the barrenness of stone  
Becometh bread.  
Thus, veatured by the twilight and the dawn,  
The heart of nature opens to his eyes,  
The winds of heaven in his path have  
strawed.  
The hidden seeds of holy mysteries,  
The spade his scepter and his throne the plow,  
He standeth there, too free for posturing,  
The royal drops of sweat upon his brow,  
Proclaim him king.  
—Harriet Fairchild Blodgett, in Youth's Companion.

**Madge's Visit.**

By Frances Harmer.

The Hamilton's veranda was a favorite place of resort for their young friends. It was large and cool and shady. Therefore all such little bits of their various duties as could be performed in that spot were carried to the shade of its overhanging vines.  
On this May morning Millie and Katie had taken the peas to be shelled for dinner, Sophie was stoning cherries near them, and poor Madge, to whom inevitably fell all the more distasteful tasks, had just arrived with the potatoes to peel.  
"Why is Madge doing the potatoes again?" her mother had said.  
"I must keep my hands nice for my embroidery," was Kate's answer, though she had had the grace to blush. "Oh, look! There come Allie and Flossie Richards. How excited they look!"  
As the mail man arrived at the same moment with one letter for Mrs. Hamilton, she took it and re-entered the house, while the four girls turned eagerly to their young friends.  
"Oh, such news," cried Floss, the elder, running up the steps. "Cousin Lawrence has asked us to go with his two girls and Mrs. March she keeps house for them, you know—to Nantucket for six weeks!"  
"How delightful!" chorused the Hamiltons. "Sit down."  
"Any of your plans set?" inquired Allie, beginning to help with the peas.  
"Milly and Sophie are all right," said Kate, her brow slightly clouding. "They are going away with daddy and mother. But either Madge or I have to go to Uncle Jim's."  
"Oh, to that dull little old farmhouse, with no one there but your great uncle and aunt? That will be poky."  
"And Aunt Emma wants one of us to go to the White Mountains with her and little Gladys," went on Kate. "I long to see the mountains so."  
"So do I," put in Madge, quietly.  
"I don't mean it will be unmitigated fun," Katie took no notice of the interruption, "for Gladys is a very spoiled little thing. Still, the White Mountains are—"  
"The White Mountains," concluded Allie. "So they are."  
"But we must go on and tell the rest of the girls," cried Floss. "We'll see you at recess. Good-bye."  
"Oh, I do wish that things could be settled," cried Kate. "I want to begin packing. No need to finish that eyelet embroidered waist if I'm to go to that poky—"  
At that moment both father and mother came on the veranda. Mrs. Hamilton carried an open letter.  
"This is from your Aunt Emma," announced Mrs. Hamilton. "She wishes whoever is to go with her to meet her in Albany next week."  
"Oh," gasped Madge and Kate, in one breath. Then they looked at each other, and everybody else looked at them.  
"It's a pity it's no one's fair turn," remarked Mrs. Hamilton. "Each of you has been twice, I know. But, owing to last year's measles, the turns were mixed. Madge went two years running."  
"I am sorry," said Mr. Hamilton, in a grave tone of voice, "that it should seem so great a tax. I know that there are no young people with your uncle. But he and Aunt Martha are worthy, cultivated people. And, when I was an orphan boy, Uncle Jim took my father's place."  
Madge had a sweet, thoughtful face. She lifted it, with a sudden interest.  
"Not only that," pursued her father, "he lives a very sad and lonely life. Is it much that a girl, who has almost everything a reasonable girl can want, should grudge one summer in every four to cheer two lonely old people?"  
"Why can they not come and live with us—or near us?" asked Sophie.  
"Then they wouldn't be so lonely."  
"And we could cheer them up without—"  
"Without quite so great a sacrifice," Mr. Hamilton smiled slightly as he finished Millie's sentence for her. "Let me tell my children why I do not like to hear one of them talk grudgingly of giving Aunt Martha and Uncle Jim a two or three months each year."  
He sat down among them, and Madge drew a little closer.  
"Twenty-five years ago their youngest and only surviving child—a hot-headed boy of twenty—ran away in a fit of youthful folly and petulance. They have never heard of him since!

But they will not leave that old farm, lest he might return. And, as you know, Aunt Martha puts a lighted lamp in the front parlor winnowy every evening to guide his steps, should he be wandering home in the dark hours of the night. They are very sad, very lonely. I am not able often to leave my business to go. I do when I can. I cannot take you away from your school, but your holidays are not all due to self-indulgent pleasure."  
"Father," cried Madge, eagerly. "I'll go this year. Send Katie with Aunt Emma."  
She met her father's approving smile. She felt the touch of her mother's hands upon her hair. She heard the murmurs—approving murmurs—of her sisters, and saw Katie's joyful face. But in her mind's eye, looking far away among the green hills of Vermont, was the vision of Uncle Jim's old and sorrowful face, his gray hair and bent form. And she could see, too, Aunt Martha's trembling hands, as they lighted the lamp to guide the wandering steps of the long-lost son to the home he had left so desolate.  
A week later the six girls sat again on the veranda. It was evening now, and a young moon was visible over the tossing tops of the elms along the street. On the morrow they were all to start on their several ways. They were now watching the express wagon as it carried away all their trunks.  
"Only I do feel sorry for Madge," whispered Allie Richards to Floss and Katie. "It will be dull, you know!"  
But Madge had heard her.  
"Don't say that, don't think it," she said. "I—I—do want to go. I do really."  
Yes, it had come to that! She had been so filled with pity and love that what had been a sacrifice was now a pleasure. She had put self aside, and self was reaping the benefit.  
"I am so glad of that," said her father's voice behind her, "so glad that you do not go grudgingly."  
"No more grudgingly than he helped you, father," she answered softly.  
It was pleasant to feel the touch of her father's hand on hers.  
"There comes a messenger boy," cried Allie. "Oh, and he's coming here!"  
"Oh, suppose Aunt Emma isn't going, suppose that wretched little Gladys should be ill," wailed Katie, who had not forgotten self. "I'm so afraid."  
Mr. Hamilton opened the yellow envelope, and whistled like a boy. His wife came out at the sound.  
"Good news?" she said eagerly.  
"Good news!" laughed Mr. Hamilton, holding up two sheets of paper. "Look! Uncle Jim has flung economy to the winds! Listen!"  
And he read aloud:—  
Our boy back last night. Heard report of our death sixteen years ago. Has been in Australia. Come home to stay. Wife, twin girls, fifteen. Send Madge next train. Plans all changed, may go Europe. Writing to-day.  
UNCLE JIM.  
"Oh, I am so glad, so glad, so glad!" exclaimed Madge, tears in her eyes. "So glad for Uncle Jim, for Aunt Martha!"  
"You may be glad for yourself," said Kate, an acid note in her voice. "You're going to have the loveliest trip of all of us."  
"And I think she deserves it," put in her father. "She has been thinking of other things than her own pleasure, my daughter."—Christian Reporter.

**A DUCK POND'S MARVELS.**

**Stolen Metal Was Hidden Under Its False Bottom.**  
Dominic Sarulo, a junk dealer at Morris Park Avenue and Cruger Avenue, was arrested today by Detective Lieuts. Curley and O'Neil on a charge of receiving stolen goods. A wagon load of metals of various kinds was seized, which the police said were found under the false bottom of a duck pond in Sarulo's back yard.  
The complainants against Sarulo are: W. C. Green, special agent of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad; Henry Sommerfeld, a manufacturer of imitation antiques in metals, who says he has lost much of his stock, and James Barry, who is erecting a building at Tinton avenue and 166th street, and who has missed lead pipe and brass fittings.  
When two detectives went to Sarulo's place and looked over the back fence they saw Sarulo feeding a number of ducks which were swimming upon the placid surface of a pond about ten feet in diameter.  
"How long have you had a duck pond, Sarulo," one of the detectives asked.  
Sarulo replied that it had been there quite a while.  
"What makes it oily on top of the water," the officer persisted.  
The Italian said this might be due to the oily ground, but the detectives were suspicious, and ordered Sarulo to get a shovel and drain off the pond. As the water receded a bottom became visible, made of boards, cement, and tar paper, the edges of which were held down by a circle of brass bearings from car and engine journals.  
Then the junkman dug under this false bottom, while the detectives looked on. The result was that several hundreds dollars' worth of metal was found, besides two large dies worth \$450 each, according to Mr. Sommerfeld.—New York Evening Post.

A North Carolina grower of ginseng root has harvested from a plot sixty-seven by fifty feet, 980 worth of the root, nearly all of which was sent to China.

**OF INTEREST TO WOMEN**

New York City.—Over waists are so pretty and so attractive and so youthful withal that it is no wonder their popularity seems ever to be increasing. This one is designed for young girls and is eminently graceful in its lines, while it is simple in the extreme. In the illustration it is

**Finish of Lace.**  
The edge of even the bottom flounce on the lingerie frock of my lady is finished with lace.

**Fancy Waist With Deep Girdle.**  
Everything that gives the short waist line and the consequent Empire suggestion is greatly in vogue just now, and this blouse is one of the prettiest yet to have appeared. It includes a garniture which can be made from the fllet or from all-over lace, as in this instance, or from silk or from contrasting material embroidered or braided with soutache, or, indeed, from almost anything that fancy may dictate. The little trimming of balls is an effective one and greatly in vogue, but that finish also is optional, for the blouse itself is adapted to all the thinner, fashionable fabrics which can be tucked and pleated so successfully. The sleeves are novel and distinctive and the blouse is altogether one of exceptional charm. It is made with a lining and the girdle is attached to it so that the entire garment is closed invisibly at the back.  
The waist consists of the foundation lining, the blouse and sleeve portions, cut in one, and the garniture. The chemisette is faced onto the lining, and when a transparent effect is desired this last is cut away





**Parasol Newness.**  
The coverings of the new parasols remain about the same, linen, lace, silk and net all being in evidence, but the handles have undergone a change. The newest closely resembles a perfectly plain, highly polished walking stick, with a cap of gold, silver or ivory, on which the monogram may be engraved.

**Boned Collars.**  
The blouses of this season all have the collars of about four years ago, which fit tightly and are high under the ears and around the back. These must be accurately and stiffly boned or they will lose their smartness, but when perfectly made and properly worn they are attractive.

**Large Sailor Hats.**  
Sailor hats are to be very, very large.

**New Small Hat.**  
The "postillon" is one of the best shapes among the new small hats.

**CLOSING OUT SALE**

I am closing out my entire stock of Dry Goods and Clothing, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods. If you are looking for rare bargains, come to my store.

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**KEEP IRONING BOARDS CLEAN.**  
Keep an ironing board clean and out of the way, hang it up by putting a screw-eye in the back about 8 inches from one end, through which put a double loop of picture wire. It can be hung on any door or in any convenient place. It will keep much cleaner than if left standing up anywhere. Washboards, bread boards, chopping trays, in fact, most all wood-ware can be more conveniently placed if hung up. This is done by taking a red-hot iron rod and burning a hole through the article 1 inch from the edge.—Boston Post.

According to statistics gathered by the Methodists of England, the membership of the various sections of the church throughout the world totals \$,448,964, this number including probationers, as against 7,959,549 two years ago.

**THE NATIONAL GAME.**

What a hustling battery Upp and Dooin would make!

President Navin contemplates putting up a batting cage at Cleveland.

In the Cleveland team Jess, Turner and Birmingham are pool cracks.

The St. Louis National Club has signed catcher William Hurley, of Seattle.

It is stated that first baseman Bob Unglaub will again be Boston's team captain.

The recalcitrant Tommy Leach has opened a pool and billiard parlor in Cleveland.

In Manager Griffith's opinion he has in Atlanta the best training spot in the South.

Bill Hinchman is being tried at first base by Manager Lajoie in practice at Macon.

St. Louis critics liken Bert Blue, secured from Columbus, to the famous Lew Friger.

The Chicago American Club has returned catcher Alvah Williams to the Terre Haute Club.

It is said that Umpire Johnston has signed a four-year contract with President Pulliam.

Outfielder Dennis Sullivan, who in the winter studies medicine, is also an expert violinist.

Williamsport friends have sent Bob Unglaub, of the Boston Americans, a fine Masonic charm.

Second baseman Frank Laporte signed a Boston contract after he reached Little Rock.

No pitcher in the big leagues studies opposing batters more closely than Christy Mathewson.

Mike Donlin's batting eye is as sharp as ever, judging from Mike's hitting in the Texas games.

**ABOUT SERVANTS.**

If you would keep servants, says a recent writer, pay good wages and always be punctual in paying.

Be liberal in the matter of food, remembering that good work cannot be done on an empty stomach.

Never nag. When reproof is needed give it with firmness and without fear, but kindly.

Give praise whenever it is due. It is well to acknowledge good work and thus encourage good service.

Never allow yourself to get familiar nor in any way become involved in the family affairs of the servants.

When things go wrong take time to investigate before reproof, and never scold or rebuke when angry.—New Haven Register.

The physician who says it is not proper to call a gripe anything but influenza may call it what he likes, but, speaking for the disaffected, contends the Louisville Courier-Journal anyone who has it is entitled to reasonable latitude in nouns and adjectives.