

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

Only a little while we travel life's weary way,
Only a little while we look on the light of day,
Only a little while we want and wish and wait,

THE GIANT RAY.

By Fisher Ames, Jr.

In marching order the professor presented a complex appearance. A greenish veil hung from the rim of his swollen and spotted helmet to his shoulders, which were clad in a coat pitted with an extraordinary number of pockets.

The professor had come to study marine animals, and when he met Bolling on the beach and talked with him, he beamed upon the tall, lithe boy whose eye was as keen as a heron's, and offered him three dollars a day for his services.

Those were pleasant days. They explored reef and shore and pot-hole, and gave each other of their own knowledge and learned new lessons together. One day they dropped anchor on a shoal between two mangrove points, where the yellow glint of sand quivered up through the water.

Perhaps the light disturbance of its passage was the attraction. At any rate, he had made but two or three attempts when a broad under-water shadow drew down upon the launch and paused below the next, which the professor in his curiosity held motionless.

"What is that?" he asked, and pointed. Bolling looked over the gunwale with no more than idle interest. "What did you see? Where?" he said.

"Man's birostris!" he breathed. He caught Bolling by the sleeve. "What are those big spots? What—they're eyes! Look at them!"

The professor drew a long and satisfied breath, and looked up at the sun, then across the topaz-hued water.

"Nature is wonderful!" he said, gently. "We must get that fellow." "Get the devil-fish!" cried Bolling. "Certainly," said the professor.

"I've seen pictures and read descriptions, but—" He waved the memory of them aside contemptuously. "Jim, I never imagined anything like that since I was a small boy afraid of the dark. Look here."

He held out his hand, and his fingers danced like the prongs of a tuning-fork. "Um! You-all are scared," said Bolling, appreciatively.

"Interested, Jim! Excited!" cried the professor. "I don't know whether I'm afraid or not. It's immaterial. A ray twenty feet across! I must get that fish, dissect him, know every inch of his monstrous body before I do anything else. Will you help me?"

their mullet and glistening squares of pork but an occasional dull sand-sparrow. Somewhere, basking placidly upon the bottom, lay the devil-fish, and doubtless, with more or less regularity, it moved about in the search for food, but the occupants of the launch failed to detect its presence.

Day after day went by. The professor's face grew longer behind the green veil. His time was limited, and in this paradise for collectors there was much that he was neglecting.

Every slow crane croaking overhead, every necklace of drops hung up by a leaping fish, every prolific patch of sea vegetation roused impulses that he had to quell. The devotees of science must be dogged.

"There is so much, so much!" sighed the professor. "Jim, boy, I envy you all this. What a field to work in!"

Bolling yawned. He was loling in the stern, his fingers clutching a cord, on the farther end of which a mullet was fastened. It seemed such fruitless business.

"We ain't doing much now, sir," he said, lazily. "I reckon that old devil's gone up North; just keeping his left fin close to shore, so's he can kind of feel where he is. No trunk to carry and no ticket to—get!"

He broke off, every facial line suddenly stiffening, and eyed he water close ahead, which had grown

opaque, as if struck by a slant of wind. But there was no wind and the surface was glassy. Very quietly Bolling leaned forward and stopped the engine. The dusky patch darkened, grew sharp in outline, and then the devil lay awash upon the surface, staring at the launch. Its huge, wing-like appendages stretched beyond both bow and stern.

"Give it to him!" said Bolling, in a shrill whisper, and rose, harpoon in hand. It was impossible to miss so big a mark. The lance struck the fleshy back, and sank as if into blue mud. The professor, with his feet wide apart, rattled out a couple of shots from the magazine rifle.

The ray struck out with one great wing and then with the other, lashing the water white and throwing spray clear over the launch. Before the eddies had smoothed it was gone. The next moment it shot up ahead, broad as a sail, the harpoon-line streaming behind it. As it hung for a second, flapping, the professor fired again.

"Look out for a rush!" cried Bolling, and reversed the engine. The ray fell back with a resounding slap, and instantly the line leaped over the bow. The professor hardly had time to brace himself before the shock came. The line snapped taut, and the launch, in spite of her reversed engine, sprang forward, two sheets of water flaring from her depressed nose.

fish boomed solemnly; but the giant ray gave no sign.

The professor moved uneasily. "There's plenty of horse-power left in that brute yet. This waiting's unpleasant."

"Look at the line," said Bolling, softly. It was moving, almost as if caught by some quiet current. It ran out very slowly from the bow, then swung to starboard and passed astern, lengthening foot by foot. It was so gentle, so unlike the former evidences of the huge fish's power, that it chilled the nerves of the watchers. It seemed as if the creature were meditating some crafty plan and working it out with human cunning.

The professor followed the moving line with the muzzle of his rifle. "I think I hit him that last time," he said. "Big as he is, I don't see how he can digest three of those long bullets. They'll rip their way through a foot of solid oak."

"Here he comes! Look!" Bolling pointed with a shaking finger. The line had swung back ahead and slackened. Bloody bubbles were rising and cracking on the surface, and the water itself seemed arching upward with the quick rise of the huge bulb.

But when the ray appeared, it backed off and began to circle the launch, rasping the tightened line along the gunwale. "Cut away, Jim," said the professor. "If that line catches on anything, he'll upset us in a minute."

Bolling severed the line with his clasp-knife, but the ray continued to circle. Round and round the launch it swam, like a tiger creeping upon its prey. Four times the professor fired at it, and the vicious spat of the bullets told that he had not missed.

"Toss me that box," he said. "I think that beast means to rush us." He tore open the fresh box of cartridges, and hastily filled the magazine. "I reckon we'd better run for it," said Bolling, with a white face, and opened the engine to her highest speed.

The launch surged forward, heading for the near line of sedge. At the moment the ray was astern, moving very quietly; but as it heard the swash of the propeller, and caught its

meaning, its tactics changed. It shot forward with tremendous rapidity, passing the boat as if it were anchored. Then it wheeled with an up-toss of water, and seemed to gather itself for a rush.

Bolling threw over the tiller, but before the sluggish launch could turn, the ray was upon them. Charging furiously, it sprang clear of the water, outspread like a gigantic bat, its enormous mouth distended and its two great fleshy fins flapping. As Bolling and the professor sprang overboard, the ray fell upon the launch, smothering it and beating its broken timbers under water.

Bolling had taken a long dive over the side. When he came to the surface there was no trace of launch or devil-fish, except the violent agitation of the water. But the professor's head was visible, minus hat and glasses, and it nodded at him. Without a word the two turned and swam in toward the sedge close by, and crawled, dripping, among its crackling stems.

The professor wrung himself out sadly. "What a pity he got away from us!" he said. "Why, I reckon we got away from him!" Bolling's tone was rueful as he stared at the spot where the launch had been.

"Perhaps you're right, Jim," said the professor. "I suppose we ought to be thankful. You'll get another boat, and I've got material for a paper that will make the Ichthyological Society sit up." "Youth's Companion."

Parents and Delinquent Children. The story of delinquent children is, as often as told, practically the same. Judge Frazer, whose experience in the Juvenile Court covering a period of a few months has brought him in contact with 706 children who, in a greater or less degree, fall under this head, sounds the old warning, saying: "The dangers that surround a growing child are not fully appreciated by many parents. They allow boys and girls to go out alone to theatres and other amusement resorts, and then wonder why they go to the bad."



The New Marching Through Georgia. Your tongues will feel like blotters, boys, and closed saloons you'll spy. Unless at druggists and at grocers you can wink your eye.

Accurate Figure. "I tell you, he's a smart feller. He knows a thing or two."

Enough Said. "Are you a member of the Sunshine Club?" "No, sir. I sell umbrellas."

Correct. Redd—"What is the first step in automobilizing?" Greene—"Getting used to the smell."

Placed. Knicker—"Was he among those who also spoke?" Boeker—"No, he was among those who said in part."

Something Like That. Stella—"Who is the temporary chairman of a convention?" Bella—"He is the man who makes the keyhole speech."

Spilled It. "The latest London play is called 'The Thunderbolt.'" "By Jove!" "No, by Pinerio."

Knew Right Away. Charlie Loveday—"Um—ah—er—er—er! He! he!"

They Fell Out in It. "Judith and I were swinging in the hammock last night, when we fell out."

Innuendo. "His contour," began one of the politicians adherents.

The Connoisseur. Little Willie—"Say, pa, what is a connoisseur?"

Belongs to the Largest. She—"Are you sure we didn't run over somebody just then?"

"Just As Good." "Does this car go to Twenty-fourth street?" inquired the elderly lady.

Men Only. Lady Applicant—"I see, sir, that you advertise for a partner, and as sex wasn't mentioned, I called to."

Making a Show. "A man has to draw it fine these days."

His Finest Act. "How was your speech received at the club?" asked one of Chumley's friends.

On the Contrary. The Sociological Investigator—"I suppose the prevalence of the divorce evil has a strong tendency to decrease the number of marriages?"

The Probate Clerk—"No, ma'am. Quite the contrary. All the divorced people promptly marry again—and that gives us twice as many marriages, don't you see?"

A Concise Tale. In a Tennessee court an old colored woman was put on the witness stand to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a hog by a railway locomotive.

Red Eyed Kentucky Chicken. George Laderburger has a sure enough curiosity in the possession of a red eyed chicken. It is not the eyelids that are red, as might be inferred, but the eyes themselves.

Prudence. A tall man, impatiently pacing the platform of a wayside station, accosted a boy of about twelve.

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England's Domestic Upheaval

By SYDNEY BROOKS.

Half of the householders in Great Britain are in a panic, and all of them are frantically insuring themselves against liabilities of which they know nothing except that they are bound to be bothersome and may be overwhelming.

Every one who employs a servant is now doomed to study the beauty of employers' liability in his own household, and will count himself lucky if his experience of how it works does not make vast inroads on his balance at the bank.

Naturally for months past every householder in Great Britain has been making a wild rush for cover. The insurance companies have never done such business.

They Didn't Have To. Mrs. Goldvein, of Cripple Creek, having unexpectedly come into a fortune through a lucky strike, set up a country home near Denver, where she lived in style.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

E. NEFF JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Pension 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.

MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods in Pittsburg, including wheat, corn, oats, flour, and dairy products.

Table with market prices for various goods in Baltimore, including flour, wheat, and eggs.

Table with market prices for various goods in Philadelphia, including flour, wheat, and eggs.

Table with market prices for various goods in New York, including flour, wheat, and eggs.

Table with market prices for various goods in Live Stock, including Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

Table with market prices for various goods in Hogs, including Prime heavy, Prime medium weight, and Best heavy Yorkers.

Table with market prices for various goods in Sheep, including Prime wethers, clipped, and Good mixed.

Table with market prices for various goods in Calves, including Veal calves and Heavy and thin calves.

The annual report of the bureau of navigation shows that all records for ship-building in the United States were broken last year.

ICE CREAM CONES. One-fourth of a cupful of butter, one-half of a cupful of powdered sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of milk, seven-eighths of a cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

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