

SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Do you come nearer day by day To the port where your dreams all anchored lie?

Maria's Burglar.

He is called Maria's burglar because I hired him on her account. As the children would say, he was not a "really" burglar.

We were sleeping for the first time under its roof. Hardly had I dozed off when I felt the gentle impact of Maria's fist in my ribs and the soft sibilance of her whisper in my ear.

In the morning we found an old felt hat on our roof. Maria gloated. Our neighbor's son claimed it later in the day, saying he had dropped it on our roof while playing on his own some weeks previously.

Our burglars next appeared on the front steps about 4 o'clock of a frosty winter's morning. From her trembling place under the blanket Maria could almost distinguish the words of their conversation; something I failed to accomplish, even though I stood for three whole minutes in the chilled vestibule with my ear at the front door keyhole.

"Maria," said I, at last, "what is it about a burglar that you fear so abjectly? If one wants to get into our place he'll get there, never fear. Whatever he takes will be replaced by the insurance people, anyway."

"And if he kills us where we lie I presume that will be liquidated by the insurance people as well—if either of us is here to collect it." This in Maria's most sarcastic manner.

"So it is bodily injury you fear? Why? Am I not here?" Our hero spoke these words with calm confidence and fine fearlessness. Under the circumstances Maria's responsive snif was hardly complimentary.

"Indeed!" said Maria. The sublimated sarcasm and skepticism contained in that brief word determined me.

My prospective son-in-law, Clarence Colburn, failed to evince instant enthusiasm over my plan, even though I offered to purchase on his behalf the real thing in the shape of a mask, a jimmy and a lantern.

law must be appeased by me, in case of the discovery of his identity at whatsoever expense. Secondly, my demonstrations of bravery must be strictly passive and largely oratorical. I might command him to desist; to leave the house under threat of speedy apprehension; to abandon his plunder where he found it—but I must not leave my place. I was not to touch the floor until he had full opportunity to clear the room.

Maria was very nervous that night. Three evenings before the Sanborn house in our street had been entered and its contents removed to parts unknown. That very morning we had learned of two other burglaries in our immediate vicinity. Eagerly Maria scanned the obituaries in the local journal; I fancy she was disappointed at the lack of funeral announcements.

Before we finally retired she saw fit to recount all three affairs mosaicly, and to remark dolefully that she was sure our turn was coming soon. "Nonsense," said I, having left the door unlatched.

The town clock bell had completed its dozen peals, and we were lying cozily in our places when there came a soft creaking on the hallway stairs, followed by the muffled tread of footsteps outside of our door.

"John," Maria whispered, "did you hear that?" "What?" I asked, fearlessly. "Some one is at our door. Go out and shoot him. Oh-h-h!" The door opened softly and a circle of light was planted on the opposite wall.

Our visitor made straight for the bureau and started to fill his pockets. I rose in my place. Impressively I demanded, "What are you doing there, r-r-rascal?"

For answer he flashed the light into our faces. My own was unruined; smiling even. On Maria's I saw such a look of frozen terror that I was sore tempted to abandon our experiment then and there. It was only my promise to Clarence that impelled me to see it through.

"See here, sonny," said he, as he took my watch. "Get your thinking apparatus busy locating where you keep the decent things. This is junk. The stuff I got down in your dining room is enough to make anybody mad. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Out of my house this instant, or, by Heaven, you perish where you stand! Begone, villain! Vanish! Vamoos!"

"Vamoos" was Clarence's cue to depart. Instead of that he strode over to our bedside and dealt me a smart cuff on the ear. This was no part of the agreement, and I hastened to voice my remonstrance.

"Not do what?" was the answer, gruffly given. "That is funny. Ha, ha! Keep quiet, you fossil, or I'll run a rapid transit tunnel right through you." A ball of fire flashed into my eyes and I felt the impact of cold steel on my forehead.

"Spare us! Spare us!" came in muffled tremolo from under the blanket. "Give him that \$100 you have under your pillow, John."

He did not wait for me to give it. He pushed my head aside and thrust his hand under the pillow. As the gleam of the lantern was turned aside for an instant I caught a glimpse of the pistol as it went by me. It was a tiny automatic revolver. And I had bought Clarence a horse pistol!

"Give me your diamonds," growled the intruder, "Quick, or I shoot." My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth and my teeth rattled. As speedily as I could I withdrew my head under the coverlet and kept it there until the sound of retreating footsteps made known that the burglar had gone.

It was Maria's voice that I heard as I emerged. Her tones, I confess, were slightly hysterical. "Grapple him, throttle him, pummel him; pummel him, throttle him, grapple him." She said this over and over again.

I did not stop long to listen. I jumped out of bed and made for the window. I called for help, and an answering whistle told me that my call had been heard. As I left the window I spied some one coming up on the run. I rushed down the stairs and ran through the hallway. On the porch I ran into a policeman. There was another man with him—held tightly.

"Here's your burglar," said the officer. "I got him as he was coming back. Said he came up to help you; good nerve, eh? His partner wasn't quite so cool about it; I saw him running away with a bag. He was too quick for me, so I nabbed this one." The captive removed his mask and showed us his startled, white countenance. Yes, it was Clarence.



Chicks in the Garden. The small chicks can run in the garden just as well as not. They will do no damage and the vermin they will pick up will help the garden. Place the coops or brooders alongside the garden fence and make a few openings through the fence to admit the chicks. They are safe while in the garden, too.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Remedy For the Worms. A small striped worm has been cutting the young corn off, after it is a few inches high. I would like to know what it is.—A. J. It is one of the climbing cut worms. It is too late to treat him, he has disappeared; but another season you can kill him by soaking some clover leaves in water saturated with Paris green, and scattering them around in the part of the field where the worms are at work. They will eat the clover leaves and die.—Indiana Farmer.

Comfort For Hens. The hen that is kept under comfortable conditions will produce more eggs than if given no care in that respect. Cool quarters at night in summer correspond with warm quarters in winter; that is, it is comfort that assists in securing desired results. The material used on the floor and in the nests should not be bulky. Cut straw makes not only excellent nests, but provides litter for the floor of the poultry house, and assists in keeping it clean. When grain is thrown in cut straw, as litter, the hens will work and scratch in it industriously.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Drag, Brother, Drag. If your road is soft or rough, Drag, brother, drag; Once or twice will be enough Drag, brother, drag; Wheels won't sink into a rut, Every time you strike a rut Teams won't worry if you'll but Drag, brother, drag.

Hay For Hens. Possibly there are fine bits of pea hay, or hay from alfalfa, or clover, lying about in the barn. If these are soaked up with hot water, they will make happy hens and aid the egg business. Do not feed the hay wet. Use just enough water to moisten the leaves and see what a nice color they become. If desired, bran can be added to the hay to dry it and to supply more egg feed. Cornmeal may also be used with the hay. Do not feed long bits of hay and do not fail to feed it in clean troughs. Have the mixture as cool as blood temperature before feeding it.—Progressive Farmer.

Ropy Milk. Concerning this trouble, which is caused by an outside germ which gets into the milk after it is drawn, Professor Farrington recommends the following: The best way to overcome this trouble is to carefully wash the cow's udder and brush her legs, afterwards drying both with a clean towel; then the milk should wash his hands, thoroughly steam the pail into which he milks, and after throwing away the first streams of milk drawn, milk the cow with dry hands into this clean pail. The milk should be protected as carefully as possible from dust, and then strained into cans, in which it is to be transported, or in which it is set for cream rising. The strainer cloth, carrying cans and separator, if one is used, should be given an extra washing and scalding in order to destroy any of these germs which have been the cause of the ropy milk. There is no doubt that this trouble may be overcome in this way, and the success one has in doing it will depend entirely upon how carefully he protects the milk from the germs, which must get into the milk that is drawn from the cow.

The Top Notch Farmer. That farmer or stockman who handles the best stock and feeds the best is the top notch farmer, the one that gets the most out of the business, and you never hear him growling around and saying that there is nothing to be made in farming. There are a few of this kind in nearly every community, model farmers, whom we would all do well to follow. Right here let me state that most of us would be greatly benefited for our business if we would spend more of our time with our neighbors and these model farmers. Probably the workings of one of these farmers, with whom the writer has had considerable dealing in the capacity of a live stock trader, would be of interest to the readers.

My first deal with him was for his spring fed hogs and they were so good that I reached higher than usual for them. These hogs were fine blooded Polands and they all looked the same age and as if they were all out of the same mold. They were real fat and toppy, the kind that any man ought to be proud of. And he was proud because he produced the best in the neighborhood and received the top price. He says that when he began with them he was surprised that they kept in fine fix and fattened on so much less feed than the nondescript type that was so common. No other kind for him now. I happened around again in time to buy the next litter and they were fine. He had another litter, just come, of the same type and all about the same age. The sire cost a lot of money, but it was well spent, for he was a fine individual. His brood sows were selected mothers, gentle, large and long. The other stock on the farm was



The Hottentot Tot. If a Hottentot tot taught a Hottentot tot To tot ere the tot could totter Ought the Hottentot tot To be taught to say "taught" Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?

In the Right Spirit. Miss Passy—"Oh, it's very good of you, captain, to invite me for the first waltz." The Captain—"Don't mention it, ma'am. This is a charity ball."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Wise Salesman. "I—er—wish to look at some—er—false hair," said the embarrassed young lady. "Very well, miss," rejoined the diplomatic salesman. "What shade does your friend wish?"

Rain-Water. "Looks a bit like rain, ma'am," observed the friendly milkman as he handed in his morning pail. "It does, indeed," replied the ready-witted housekeeper with her gaze on the bottle.—Boston Transcript.

The Proper Punishment? "I have here," began the poet, "a bit of vagrant verse." "Say no more," responded the kindly editor. "I'll cheerfully give it thirty days in the pigeon-hole of my desk."—Kansas City Journal.

Filling Her Place. The Curate—"Good gracious, Giles! whatever makes you keep such a spiteful old cat as that?" Giles—"Well, sir, you see, it's like this—I've felt a bit lonely since my old woman died!"—London Opinion.

Understood at Last. Lawyer—"How is it that you have waited three years before suing Muller for calling you a rhinoceros?" Countryman—"Because I never saw one of the beasts till yesterday at the zoo."—Fliegende Blaetter.

How Smithers Got Rabies. "And so Smithers died of hydrophobia?" "Yes, poor chap." "How did it happen?" "He put too much horseradish on his bologna and it bit his tongue."—Chicago News.

Cholly Built No Ark. Towns—"Why do you call young Fetherbrane 'Cholly'?" His first name is Noah." Browne—"Yes, but that's so inappropriate. Noah had sense enough to get in out of the rain."—Philadelphia Press.

Present Was Absent. Mamma—"Well, Edith, how did you like the kindergarten?" Edith—"I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and sat and she never gave me the present."—Chicago News.

Quite So. "Every woman has thirteen personalities." "What of it?" "Women should be so informed." "Aw, what's the use? Most of 'em only have hats for eight or nine of those personalities."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

On to the Ropes. "I guess my father must have been a pretty bad boy," said one youngster. "Why?" inquired the other. "Because he knows exactly what questions to ask when he wants to know what I've been doing."—Washington Star.

Poor Old Hubby. "John, dear, I wish you would taste this milk and see if it's perfectly sweet." "What for?" "Because if it's the least bit sour I don't want to give any to Fido. It isn't good for him."—Chicago Tribune.

An Extensive Wardrobe. The Tragedian—"I'm indeed sorry to leave you like this, Mrs. Buskins; but I presume you have no objection to me taking my belongings away with me?" Landlady—"You needn't worry. My husband has already hung your other collar on the hatrack."

Sparing the Horse. Cabman (with exaggerated politeness)—"Would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse?" Stout Lady (who has just paid the minimum fare)—"Why?" "Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit."—Pick-Me-Up.

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.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Wheat, Corn, Oats, Flour, and Dairy Products.

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Cut the fat in small pieces, cover with cold water and let stand over night; pour off this water, add fresh water or milk—a cup to each two pounds of fat—and let cook very slowly until the pieces are light brown in color, and the fat is clear and still (no sound of bubbling or cooking). Strain through a cloth and press the fat from the pieces for a second quality of fat.