star?
In do you drift on hopelessly,
Content to bide with the Things thatare?

Are you a Drone or a Do-it-now?
A Hurry-up or a Wait-a-while?
Do-it-so or an Anyhow?
A Cheer-up-boys or a Never-smile?
It's none of my business, that I know,
For you are the captain and mate and Of that ship of yours, but the Where

you-go Depends on the What-and-how-you-do.

Are you a Yes or a Maybe-so?
Are you a Will or a Guess-you'll-be?
A Come-on-lads or a Let's-not-go?
A Yes-I-will or an Oh-i'll-sec?
It isn't the least concern of mine,
I know that well, but as time endures,
When they thresh the wheat and store the
wine.

You'll find it's a big concern of yours.

J. W. Foley, in Youth's Companion.

# 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. One glauce at his gentle frankness, his serene respectability must have convinced you of that fact beyond peradventure. Moreover, he was my daughter's fance, and no decent citizen, so far as I am aware, would suffer an avowed lawbreaker to remain in his household in that capacity.

Maria's burglarphobia exhibited its first symptoms the night we moved into our new home.

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: "Get up, John. There's some one on our roof." I raised my head and listened attentively. "There's no one there," I announced definitely. Maria insisted there was; adding that there were two of them, and that one wore hob-nailed shoes. My query as to the size of the shoes met with no response. At last, to satisfy her, I arose and went to the little closet on the top floor which marks the en-trance to our scuttle. In one hand I carried a lamp; in the other an unloaded revolver. Twice I called, "Who's there?" and twice was I answered only by the maning of the wind as it swept along the chimney tops. I did not raise the scuttle lid; Time for that in the morning. Though fully regaled with the details of my expedition Maria remained awake for at least four hours. She told me about it the next day.

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. That we arose the next morning to find ourselves alive, our silverware intact, and on doors securely boited, Maria was inclined to attribute to a renascence of the age of miracles. After that we were besieged no less than three times a week; sometimes oftener.

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 insurance people as well-if either of us is here to collect it." This in Maria's most sarcastic man-

"So it is bodily injury you fear? hy? Am I not here?" Our hero spoke these words with calm confidence and fine fearlessness. Under the circumstances Marie's responsive sniff was hardly complimentary. Bluntly she inquired—if a burglar saw fit to enter our room with a loaded pistol in his hand and a feroscowl upon his face-what clous would I do?

"I'd jump out of bed and grapple him where he stood. I'd put my knee on his neck and throttle him until he howled for mercy. I'd pummel him with all my might, and leave hm lying inert on the floor, while I went off to fetch an ambulance in which to remove his battered carcass -that is, of course, provided he was not inconsiderate enough to take to his heels before I had time to complete my vengeance." So that due odesty might attend my claim, I glars are cowards at heart.

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

My prospective son-in-law, Clarence Colburn, failed to evince instant enthusiasm over my plan, even hough I offered to purchase on his behalf the real thing in the shape of mobile togs when they go motoring, a mask, a jimmy and a lantern. Before he agreed to carry out the part have a good-sized cemetery, wrath of his prospective mother-in- New York World.

law must be appeased by me, in cast of the discovery of his identity at whatsoever expense. Secondly, my demonstrations of bravery must be strictly passive and largely oratorical. 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. Lastly, my pistol must remain unloaded-"in case we get too excited, you know." These details fixed, we set Thursday as the date, and prompt midnight as the hour of our adven-

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 earned of two other burglaries in our immediate vicinity. Eagerly Maria scanned the obituaries in the local ionrnal: I fancy she was disappointed at the lack of funeral announcements. Before we finally retired she saw fit to recount all three affairs mosaically, 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 cosily 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 unruffled; 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 You ought to be ashamed of vourself."

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

"Vamoose" 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 remonstration.

"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. 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 also be used with the hay. Do not and ran through the hallway. On the feed long bits of hay and do not fail porch I ran into a policeman. There was another man with him-held

"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.

We have tried to explain matters to Maria. Time and again we have assured her that it was all a joke perpetrated for her especial benefit. No use. Each time she rewards both of us with a cool stare and asks icily: "Where, then, are my coffee pot and my silver spoons and the soup ladle?" Besides, she invariably concludes, had wouchsafed the opinion that all bur- Clarence been the burgiar, she had small doubt that I would have granpled him, throttled him and pummeled him. Cold type does not reproduce the possibilities furking in her tone .- New York Tribune.

The Pet Dogs of Paris.

In Paris dogs are treated as well as human beings are. They wear autothey have a hospital, and they even



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

## 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 dle .- Indiana Farmer.

#### Comfort For Hens.

The hen that is kept under comfortable conditions will produce more eggs that if given no care in that respect. Cool quarters at night in summer correspond with warm quarters in winter; that is, it is comfort 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 dustriously .- Farmers' Home JourThe 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 admit the chicks. They are safe of this kind in nearly every communwhile in the garden, too.—Farmers' ity, model farmers, whom we would home Journal.

Or—
If to hoot and toot a Hottentot tot
Be taught by a Hottentot tooter,
Should the tooter get hot if the Hottentot
tgt
Heet and toot a Hottentot tot
Heet and toot and toot a Hottentot tot
tgt
Heet and toot and toot a Hottentot tot
Heet and toot and toot a Hottentot tot
Heet and toot and to 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 kent in fine fix and fattened on so much less feed than the nondescript that assists in securing desired re-type that was so common. No other sults. The material used on the floor 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 thrown in cut straw, as litter, the well spent, for he was a fine indi-hens will work and scratch in it in-vidual. His brood sows were selected mothers, gentle, large and long.

The other stock on the farm was 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 cut eams won't worry if you'll but Drag, brother, drag.

Twon't take long to fix your road,
Drag, brother, drag;
If you'd pull a bigger load,
Drag, brother, drag;
It means dollars in the end,
Saved on teams and wagons, friend,
So to this your best car lend—
Drag, brother, drag.
—Paw Paw (Mo.) Bazoo.

And "if at first you don't succeed,"
Drag, brother, drag;
And once or twice don't fill the need,
Drag, brother, drag;
When a shower of rain has passed,
And the sun shines out at last,
While the roads are drying fast,
Drag, brother, drag.

Every time you drag the road,
Drag, brother, drag;
The lighter to your team the load,
Drag, brother, drag;
It will pay you every time,
Just to see your horses smile,
As they quickly trot a mile,
Drag, brother, drag.

And "Gabe" will come along and see, Drag, brother, drag; Just how a good road ought to be, Drag, brother, drag; When he gets home he'll take his pen,

And write you up the best of men.
And you'll be mighty famous then (?),
Drag, brother, drag.
—Republican Press, Butler, Mo. UNL

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 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 to feed it in clean troughs. Have the mixture as cool as blood temperature before feeding it. - Progressive

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 milker 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 caus 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 ft will depend entirely upon how milk that is drawn from the cow.

of the same good quality. The horses and mules were of a type that attracted buyers and included a high priced harness mare and the toppy soaked up with hot water, they will mule colts of his own raising. His cattle showed good judgment in the selection, and the cows for home use numbered only two, but I have seen half a dozen that altogether could not make such a fine showing in milk and butter. Besides furnishing his table with such fine dairy products, enough was sold to meet most of his store bills. In the production of lambs and wool he ranked well up towards the front, for he had tried to make up for whatever was lacking in the quality of his ewes, in extra care and feeding. Most of the ewes in this section are from the mountain counties and with good care and feeding may be made to produce toppy lambs. Our model farmer uses good sires, feeds his ewes at lambing time, and together with blue grass, he is able to produce lambs that are toppy. So much for the stock. The farm is made to produce feeds nearly all together, but wheat must figure in the rotation and it is of good enough quality to sell for seed wheat at about wenty cents premium. The corn, though used for feeding only, is of the same good quality .- E. W. Jones, in Agricultural Epitomist.

Ambassador Tower's Popularity.

At the Philadelphia Club a Philadelphian adverted to Charlemagne Tower's great popularity with the Kaiser and the German court. "Mr. Tower has a pretty wit: My sister who lives in Berlin, tells me that the Kaiser, inviting Mr. Tower to dine with him informally, called him in the invitation 'the most engaged man in Berlin.' Mr. Tower in his reply I had assigned to him. I was obliged monuments and headstones and in-to promise several things. First, the scriptions and mortuary wreaths.— the germs, which must get into the Berlin will be but too happy to dine the germs, which must get into the Berlin will be but too happy to dine with the most engaging one."

the Funny Fellows The Hottentot Tot.

f a Hottentot tot taught a Hottentot tet to tot ere the tot could totter Ought the Hottentot tot To be taught to say "aught" or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?

Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

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 pint.
"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."

ly editor. "I'll cheerfully give it thirty days in the pigeon-hole of my desk."-Kansas City Journal.

Filling Her Place.

"Say no more," responded the kind-

Curate-"Good gracious, Giles! whatever makes you keep such a spiteful old cat as that?"

Glies-"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.

Towne-"Why do you call young Fetherbrane 'Cholly?' His first name is Noah." Browne-"Yes, but that's so in-

appropriate. 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 pretty bad boy," said one young-

"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. 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

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.

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| Mix                         | ed ear                     | 71             | 9 87 6 |
| No.                         | 3 white                    | 80             | 1 9    |
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| Feed-N<br>Brov              | vn middlings               | 5 0 1          | 18 5   |
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Railroads in the United States, by facilitating communication, spread a uniform language, the American language, over the entire country, leaving pleasant provincialisms of speech here and there where writers of dialect poetry may find them In England, says the Indianapolis News, the railway travel taking the place of the stage ceach, has done quite the different thing. It has destroyed the country dialects and sent in their stead not English undefiled but the jargon of the cockney, which has been spread everywhere by concert hall performers and made especially popular by Albert Chevaller, the singer of costermonger ditties. "Wot's th' biby's nime, lidy?" asks an Eng lish boy of a young mother. She

answers: "is nime is Jimes." Other countries may have greater standing armies and may force all their young men to undergo military service for a fixed term, but the Unitcd States, boasts the Pittsburg Dispatch, by the organization of the National Guard of the various States practically has a standing army able to cope with that of any other Government of the world, and that with out taking the young men from their occupations and their duties as citizens and burdening the national treas-

#### ury with their continual support. HOW TO PREPARE FAT FROM SUET, ETC.

Cut the fat in small pieces, cover with cold water and let stand over night; pour off this water, add frese 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 cocking). Strain through a cloth and press the fat from the pieces for a second quality of fat.