

Aunt Lucy's Legacy.

By JANE LEE.

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People could talk all they liked about poverty bringing happiness, but Bayard Leighton kicked—literally—at the suggestion. He had just finished reading a letter from his maiden aunt, in which she had declared: "Money has not brought me happiness. I have lived alone all my life, and I sometimes envy you in your poverty, loved and adored by so sweet a girl as Virginia."

"Well, what do you know about that?" demanded Bayard of his pal, Jimmy Bookwalter.

"I know exactly what I think of her, old man," drawled Jimmy, "but a lady's a lady—even if she is your aunt—and I'd rather not put my opinion into parliamentary English."

"You're a moral coward, that's what



"SHE WILLS AND BEQUESTS TO YOU THIS PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF."

you are, Jimmy Bookwalter," declared Bayard as he flung the letter across the tiny hall room. "You've got a rich father who gives you more spending money in a month than you could earn in a year, besides which you're too lazy to fall in love. I hope you won't misunderstand me, Jimmy, when I tell you that the space you occupy in my luxurious apartment is much more valuable than your august presence at the present moment."

Jimmy rose from the uncomfortable straight backed chair, which was the only one in the room. Bayard had given it to him when he entered and had taken a corner of the bed for himself.

"Oh, I see," mused Jimmy. "Want to get dressed, eh? Well, so long till tomorrow night. Be sure you show up at the club and dine with me at 7 sharp."

When he was gone Bayard put the inhospitable chair up on the bed to make more room and took a suit of clothes from under the cretonne curtain which covered his meager wardrobe.

It did not take long to select a tie, because he only had six or seven. Bayard seemed to be going through a mental re-arrangement during this process of dressing. First he said disagreeable things—not whole sentences, but just pertinent ejaculations, such as "old fossil," "ought not to be out without a keeper," "envy me, indeed."

A little later he began to whistle snatches of popular songs, nervous little thrills. And finally, with stick in hand, he opened the door of his room, humming in a most contented manner, "Love Me Little, Love Me Long." After all, life was worth while!

Virginia Tracey and Bayard Leighton had been engaged some months. Bayard's father had lived like a rich man, and when he died suddenly the son found himself penniless. Brought up to lead an idle life, untrained for practical work, he took the first position offered to him in a broker's office at \$15 a week.

That seemed all right until he suddenly realized that without Virginia nothing was right. Recklessly he asked her to marry him, and with all the impulsiveness of her love she gave herself to him. They were young, and they could wait. Aunt Lucy, Bayard's maiden aunt, had promised to make him her heir, and decidedly Aunt Lucy was no longer young.

When Bayard was blue, Virginia seemed to be doubly radiant, and to-night she was at her best as she entered her drawing room to greet him.

"Had a letter from Aunt Lucy, dear," Bayard announced as an important piece of news.

"Goody," cried Virginia, "and what did the dear old lady have to say for herself?"

"She told me how fortunate I was to have you care for me, for one thing," began Bayard as he watched the color mount to Virginia's cheeks at the compliment. "Then she said a lot of rot about— But let's talk about the pleasant things. You do care for me, don't you?" he added.

"Silly! Silly! Of course I do!" she cried. "You're silly for a whole lot of reasons—silly to make me wait to be really yours until you can take me to a fine home, but if you are satisfied to

take a toothless old woman for a wife—well—"

And when Bayard went home that night he was still humming a happy air.

He took the chair off the bed, tucked it in one corner of the room and stretched himself out for the night.

In after years he talked much about that room. He always declared that he could open the door with his hand and the window with his foot at the same time; that if he bent over to lace up his boots he butted his head against the side wall, and when he thrust his arm through the sleeve of his shirt he invariably bruised the back of his hand on the ceiling.

The next night while dining with Jimmy a telegram was handed to Bayard.

"Your aunt died this morning—funeral Thursday," it read.

"Well, I hope the dear old lady will be happy in heaven," Bayard said, not without some feeling. "She had persuaded herself that she wasn't here."

"That telegram means a lot to you, doesn't it?" inquired Jimmy, with an air of finality.

"Yes, it does. It means that I'll have a goodly bit of the necessary long green and that Virginia and I can be married."

Some two weeks later Bayard was notified by the express company that there was a package there for him with \$40 due on it, shipped from Chicago. Bayard knew at once that it was some of Aunt Lucy's valuable silver sent on to him. Jimmy would lend him the money to pay for it.

The bill was paid, and the big packing case was ordered sent to Virginia's house and Jimmy duly invited around to participate in the unpacking. Hammer and chisels were put to use, and all three of them entered into the gay spirit of the party. Piles of packing were pulled from the box, and finally a heavy gilt frame came to view. Coats were taken off, and the combined strength of Jimmy and Bayard was put to the test. Finally the picture was taken out. It proved to be a life sized portrait of Bayard as a child.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" declared Bayard as he mopped his brow.

"Here's a letter," announced Jimmy as he pulled a long white envelope from the corner of the frame. Virginia opened it and read aloud:

"Your aunt, Miss Leighton, left her entire estate to charities. She wills and bequeaths to you this portrait of yourself. The portion of the will relating to you reads as follows: 'I leave no money to my dear nephew, Bayard Leighton, because I do not wish to shatter his ideal method of life. He is earning a good salary and has good health. As a slight token of my affection and as a remembrance I leave him the Gilbert portrait of himself which now hangs in my library.'

"Isn't it a darling!" cried Virginia as she danced about the huge portrait.

"But you can't go to housekeeping with nothing but an old oil painting," demurred Bayard.

"Seems to me," broke in Jimmy, "that there's plenty of wood right here to build the house, and it won't take long to cover the walls. There's the oil painting to begin with. Then we can have that letter framed. I'm sure Bayard never wants to part with that. Then I'll give you a large photograph of myself, and—"

"What's all this nonsense about going to housekeeping?" interrupted Mr. Tracey, Virginia's father, as he came into the room. "When these young people get married—and I wish they'd hurry up about it—they must come and live with me. Virginia can change her name whenever she wants to, but not her residence. And as for this legacy business, I'd rather have a man for my son-in-law who can fight his own way than one who was made by an inheritance."

Mr. Tracey picked his way across the room over the pine boards, chisels and excelsior packing. He took his daughter in one arm as he extended his free hand to Bayard.

"Do you mean it?" sang out Bayard gleefully.

"Mean it?" echoed Mr. Tracey. "Well, I bet I do, and to prove it I'll take Jimmy Bookwalter into the dining room and keep him there until you two settle on a date for the wedding."

The words "dining room" seemed to awaken Jimmy from his stupor. He had a mental picture of a sideboard plentifully stocked with reviving liquors. He announced that he was ready for the proof of Mr. Tracey's assertion, and together they went out of the room, leaving the lovers alone.

A Hypochondriac.

"Pa, what is a hypochondriac?"

"A hypochondriac, Wilfred?"

But just a moment. "Pa" in this anecdote is not a good and kind father, yearning to impart useful information to his son, but one of those smart answer givers whose main object in life is to get into the back pages of the magazines. Such fathers look upon their little sons groping for knowledge as providers of openings for senseless domestic epigrams; hence—

"But we'll go back."

"Pa" takes off his glasses and looks benignly at his son.

"What did you say, my boy?"

"Pa, what is a hypochondriac?"

That gives "pa" his chance.

"A hypochondriac, Wilfred"—names like Wilfred add humor to this sort of thing; John, for instance, would fall flat, and James would be indefinitely worse; but to resume—"a hypochondriac, Wilfred, is a man who has such a dread of catching cold that whenever he takes a bath he stops up all the holes in the sponge for fear of drafts."

And Wilfred not quite seven years old! Isn't it a shame?—New York Times.

Drank and Remembered.

A porter in a big New York warehouse in Greenwich street was recently discharged for getting drunk and losing a valuable parcel. The discharge sobered him instantly, coming as a sudden hard shock. He said he would take the oath never to touch liquor again, but his pleadings for reinstatement were unheeded. He searched everywhere for the parcel, but could not recollect what disposition he had made of it. Of his honesty there had never been a question in twenty years. Overcome by the loss of his place, he got violently drunk and while in this condition recollected where he had left the parcel and went and recovered it.—New York Times.

Where Willie Was.

The professor (at the dinner table)—Oh, by the way, Mrs. Chopsticks, have you seen your little boy Willie lately? Mrs. Chopsticks—No, professor, I have not seen him since 10 o'clock, and I can't imagine what has become of him. In fact, I am very much worried about him. Professor—Well, seeing Martha pour me out that glass of water just now reminded me of something that I had on my mind to tell you some time ago, but which unfortunately escaped my memory. It was just about 10 o'clock, I think, that I saw little Willie fall down the well.—Atlanta Constitution.

Sympathy For the Orphans.

An elephant while stamping through the jungle one day quite unintentionally stepped upon a mother bird, crushing it to death. Hearing the cries of the little brood in the bushes near by, she sought out the nest and with a sympathetic sigh said: "Poor little things! I've been a mother myself. I'll keep you warm." And she then proceeded to sit upon the nest.—From George T. Langan's Fable, "The Kind Hearted She Elephant."

Modern Version.

"Then you will be ever at my beck and call?" inquired Aladdin.

"With the exception of Tuesday and Friday afternoons, Monday and Saturday evenings and every other Sunday," firmly replied the genie.—Washington Herald.

The Knocking.

"De successful man," said Uncle Eben, "keeps quiet so's he kin hear opportunity knockin' at de do'. De fallure tries to do all de knockin' hissef."—Washington Star.

LAND OF THE CROSSBOW.

The Deadly Poisoned Arrows of the Lissoo Sharpshooters.

On the wild frontier between China and British Burma is a barbarous tribe which has no civilized supervision. George Forrest, an English traveler, thus describes the chief weapon of these people: "If I had to suggest a title for a book on the upper Salwin I should call it 'The Land of the Crossbow,' which is the characteristic weapon of the country and the Lissoo tribe. Every Lissoo with any pretensions to chic possesses at least two of these weapons—one for everyday use in hunting, the other for war. The little children play with miniature crossbows. The men never leave their huts for any purpose whatever without their crossbows. When they go to sleep the 'nukung' is hung over their heads, and when they die it is hung over their graves. The largest crossbows have a span of fully five feet and require a pull of fully thirty-five pounds to string them. The bow is made of a species of wild mulberry of great toughness and flexibility. The stock, some four feet long in the war bows, is usually of wild plum wood. The string is of plaited hemp and the trigger of bone. The arrow, of sixteen to eighteen inches, is of split bamboo about four times the thickness of an ordinary knitting needle, hardened and pointed. The actual point is bare for a quarter to one-third of an inch, then for fully an inch the arrow is stripped to half its thickness, and on this portion poison is placed.

"The poison is invariably a decoction expressed from the tubers of a species of aconitum which grows on those ranges at an altitude of 8,000 to 10,000 feet. The poison is mixed with resin or some vegetable gum to the consistency of putty and is then smeared on the notched point. The 'feather' is supplied by a strip of bamboo leaf folded into a triangular form and tied in a notch at the end of the arrow, with the point of the angle outward. The reduction in thickness of the arrow where the poison is placed causes the point to break off in the body of any one whom it strikes, and, as each carries enough poison to kill a cart horse, a wound is invariably fatal. Free and immediate incision is the usual remedy when wounded on a limb or fleshy part of the body, but at Chengka the uncle of the Laowo chief showed us a preparation which resembled opium dross and which he said was an effective antidote.

"With few exceptions the Lissoo seemed to us to be arrant cowards, but the crossbow and poisoned arrow are certainly most diabolical weapons. An arrow from a war bow will pierce a deal board an inch thick at seventy or eighty yards. Some of the Teskoo natives were so expert that they could hit a mark four inches in diameter repeatedly at sixty to eighty yards. As no one goes anywhere without his crossbow and his bearskin quiver full of poisoned arrows and as every village is at feud with every other village mutual suspicion is inevitable. In open fight the Lissoo are usually careful to keep at a respectful distance from each other and behind oxhide shields which protect the whole of the body. But if battle is rare, murder and sudden death by ambush in the jungle are common."

Casualties Expected.

During one of Speaker Cannon's bitter political fights in his district in Illinois the opposition resorted to desperate tactics. Among other things friends of Uncle Joe were summarily dismissed from positions they held in the public service. Some of his friends became alarmed at this, and one of them called on the speaker at his residence and said, somewhat excitedly:

"Joe, Smith and Jones have just lost their positions in the postoffice. What are we going to do about it?"

Uncle Joe took another puff at his cigar and then answered, with a benevolent smile: "Nothing. If you go into battle, you have got to expect to have some dead and wounded."

A Precaution.

"Young man," said her father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter."

"Why—er—really," stammered the timid young man, "I had hoped to marry her some—"

"Exactly, and I'd like to have you marry her, but if you're too attentive to her you won't have money enough to do it."—Liverpool Mercury.

Almost Qualified.

"Help you?" scoffed the irate housewife. "Well, I guess not. I only assist invalids."

"Well, mum," responded Beefsteak Ben as he tried to remove the bulldog from his shins, "I'll be an invalid if I stay here much longer."

The Poor Milkman Again.

The milkman was boiling over with indignation.

"And you mean to say my milk don't look right?" he snapped. "Why, lady, this can of milk is a picture!"

"Ah, yes," laughed the keen housewife; "a fine water color."—Exchange.

Restless.

Caller—So your cook has passed away to a better place? Hostess—Yes, but I don't know if she'll stay. Poor Bridget was very hard to suit.—Boston Traveler.

"The poet is born, not made," sayeth his own fault.

Von Bulow and Sarasate.

In one of his letters Von Bulow refers to Sarasate as follows: "He has enchanted me beyond measure, particularly in his concert of yesterday, when he played a splendid work, 'Symphonie Espagnole,' by Lalo—played in so genuinely artistic a manner that today I am still intoxicated with it. His playing also of the Saint-Saens concert piece for violin is as entrancing as interesting. It is a shame that he cannot come to see me. N. B.—I have purposely avoided his personal acquaintance. Perhaps he has tried to see me, for over my door stands the notice:

"Mornings—not to be seen. Afternoons—not at home."

"But perhaps he did not ring the bell. (He never plays under 1,000 francs—he received this sum here at a private musicale.) For secretary he has Otto Goldschmidt, who sent me a pass, which I returned with the remark that for such an important concert I could certainly afford to buy my ticket. Six marks was in no way too much to pay."

Bulow did make his acquaintance, however, as he refers in a later letter to Sarasate coming, quite unexpectedly, to a "conference with Johannes" (Strauss), at which he himself was present.

He Preferred Mules.

One of the pet hobbies of Senator Christopher Magee was his newspaper, the Pittsburg Times. He kept the paper well to the front, and it was a credit to modern journalism. One morning the Times had been scooped on a railway wreck.

"Senator," asked an intimate acquaintance, "how do you console yourself on the loss of that wreck story this morning?"

"By congratulating ourselves," he answered quickly, "that we are among the number who missed that ill fated train."

On another occasion as the senator was approaching the Times building on Fourth avenue he noticed a crowd gathered about a wagon which was filled with huge rolls of newspaper. A wheel was caught in a deep rut in the pavement and could not be budged.

"Senator," laughed a friend, "they managed at last to get your paper into a rut."

"Yes," answered Mr. Magee, his eyes twinkling with good humor, "and I'm not trusting to men to get it out again, but to mules."—Philadelphia Press.

Vanity of Men.

In a woman's club, over tea and cigarettes, a group of ladies cited many, many instances of the foolish vanity of males.

"Take the case of bees," one said. "Because the queen bee rules the hive, because she is the absolute mistress of millions of subjects, man up to a few hundred years ago denied her sex. He called her the king bee."

"Pity wrote somewhere, 'The king bee is the only male, all the rest being females.' And Moses Rusden, beekeeper to Charles II., stoutly denied, in order to please his royal master, that the large bee, the ruler of the hives, belonged to the gentler sex."

"Even Shakespeare couldn't bear to think that the bee of bees, the largest and wisest and fairest, the hive's absolute lord, was a female. No, all the proofs notwithstanding, Shakespeare called her a male. Don't you remember the lines—

"Creatures that by a rule in nature teach The act of order to a peopled kingdom, They have a king and officers of sorts."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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Farm and Garden

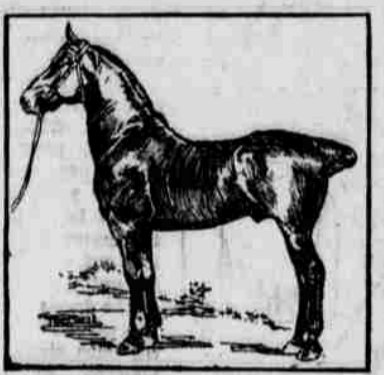
GOOD HORSES.

The Preservation of Our Best Native American Types.

By GEORGE M. ROMMEL.

Pedantic persons may express some astonishment at the idea of looking to a breed of saddle horses for carriage horses, but the records of horses with pedigrees are sufficient proof of the claim that the American saddle horse register contains some of our best carriage blood and that breeders who are using that blood judiciously are acting wisely.

There are certain lines of breeding found in the saddle horse register which can be relied upon to produce carriage horses. In Kentucky the



CARMON, CARRIAGE STALLION AT HEAD OF GOVERNMENT STUD AT COLORADO EXPERIMENT STATION.

breeding of horses for individual excellence of conformation, quality and action is carried to a greater degree than in any other state, and, contrary to popular opinion, the most of the men outside of the thoroughbred establishments who make their living from horse breeding in Kentucky—in the blue grass counties at least—are breeding not for speed, but for type. This has been going on for years, and for this reason the good, handsome horses of Kentucky have usually been appreciated, their history traced and their descendants accounted for. If the same careful attention to points of conformation and action had been shown fifty years ago by Morgan breeders in New England and had there been displayed the same enthusiasm for and loyalty to a valuable local type of horses there would now be no necessity for government aid to save the Morgan from destruction. If horsemen in the limestone sections of the corn belt had paid less attention to the speed records of the stallions in their localities and more to their individuality the carriage horse work of the department of agriculture would be out of place.

Specific work in horse breeding by the United States government was first made possible by the inclusion in the appropriation act for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1905, of an item of \$25,000 for experiments in animal breeding and feeding in co-operation with state agricultural experiment stations.

The reasons for taking up the breeding of carriage horses have been fully set forth in various publications, in articles for the press and in public addresses, but a recapitulation here may not be out of order. Briefly stated, they were: That carriage horses are, as a rule, the most valuable class on the market, that as a result of the strong demand the supply was gradually diminishing and that, notwithstanding all the importations of the carriage type from abroad, the preferred horse was the American horse. Most important of all, however, was the feeling that steps should be taken to correct the practice of castrating valuable stallions and selling valuable mares for other than



BELMONT, OFTEN FOUND IN FRIGID ZONES OF AMERICAN CARRIAGE HORSES.

breeding purposes. The department also felt that, although probably nothing could be done about the American horseman from his attachment to the standard bred horse, the most useful characteristics of this horse should be preserved if it would continue to be of high value to the farmers of the country.

The Farmer of the Future.

The future farmer will subirrigate his land and defy drought as well as floods. He will become a scientific forester, and every farm will produce wood and lumber as well as wheat and apples. Women will work outdoors as heartily as men—in fact, they will be the horticulturists and the truck gardeners. There will be closer relation between the producer and the consumer, ignoring a horde of middlemen who frequently waste more than is destroyed by ignorant help and insect foes combined. Under the alliance with the school the farm will be valued not only for its gross weight of products, but for its pooms and its education.

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