

# Charity's Reward.

By MURIEL HAYNES.

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"Dicky Ames, you're the most provoking!"

"But brother that ever lived," concluded Richard Ames. "Look here, Maude; I'll give up my intention of taking Miss Hempstead out driving and devote the time instead to the noble cause of rummage, but only with the understanding that if I give up the society of the beautiful Miss Hempstead for sweet charity I am to pick my own company."

"The way you fired me at Nella Brewster's head the night of the church soiree was nothing short of indecent. If she doesn't want to speak to me again, why should you deprive her of that satisfaction?"

"It's not a satisfaction," insisted Dick's sister. "Nella is as utterly miserable as you, and you know it."

"She didn't look that way this afternoon when I passed her skating with Ben Harkinson," commented Dick.

"She's game. She would smile if she had the toothache and happened to see you coming," persisted Maude.

"She wouldn't let you see that she was hurt by the way you have acted, but—well, any woman can see that she is dreadfully hurt."

"So much hurt that she could not answer a letter of abject apology I sent her," suggested Dick.

"Did you really send it?" demanded Maude curiously. "She says she never got it and that you didn't even answer hers."

"Because there was none to answer," retorted Dick. "Come on, now! Let us get down to the church and to that charity which is its own reward."

Maude paused uncertainly. It was the first time that Dick had spoken freely about his quarrel with Nella Brewster, and she wanted to sound the trouble to its greatest depths. But here was Dick drawing off just as she had seemed about to reach the bottom.

That the trouble had been trivial at the start she knew, and with two persons like her brother and Nella it was hard to tell where the trouble might end, but the chances were that they would drift farther and farther apart.

Meekly she slipped into her wraps and prepared for the walk to the church, where a rummage sale for the poor was being prepared.

Old clothes were pouring in to be sold to the needy for whatever their slender purses could afford. When Maude led Dick into the Sunday school room he whistled in surprise at the stacks of clothing.

"They are stopping all the time to talk about styles," explained Cheevers.

"The moment they get a dress that is out of the ordinary they all stop to see how it's made."

"I heard Grace Chester say that at last she could be certain that Mrs. Pomeroy's dress wasn't silk lined," answered Dick, with a chuckle.

"By the way," went on Cheevers, "here's something I found in the overcoat of that little ducky that the Brewsters brought up from the south with them last winter. Looks as though Alexander had been holding onto some letters on you."

He passed over a thin package of letters, and Dick gasped. The envelopes were grimy and worn, but he could see that they were some letters from himself that never had been delivered and others from Nella that had shared the same fate.

He recognized even the letter in which he had sought to win her forgiveness for all he had said during their last quarrel—a quarrel which had started over some of her letters which he now held in his hand for the first time.

There was a bulky one from Nella that he opened first, and his heart glowed as he realized that without waiting for him to speak Nella had written her own letter of forgiveness.

"I didn't know that there were so many old clothes in town," he declared wonderingly, and one of the workers directed him briskly toward one of the piles.

"This is only the first lot," she said. "These are the men's and boys' clothes. Will you help get those straightened out? We want them sorted roughly by sizes."

Dick followed the example of the other men in the room and slipped off his coat before he attacked the pile of garments.

Here were clothes of all sizes and weights, and as he picked up the first garment one of the men on the other side called to him:

"Better go through all the pockets first. I found a dollar bill in a vest awhile ago, and Cheevers did better than that. He found two."

"We should leave them in the clothing," suggested Dick. "Perhaps the donors put them there on purpose."

"They forgot them," declared the other man as he turned to lay a coat on its proper heap, and Dick again bent to his task.

The pile of clothing seemed formidable, but with half a dozen men working briskly they had disposed of the entire lot before the mounds of feminine wear were half sorted.

It was clear now. Alexander was worse than forgotten. He could not forget because he never seemed to know anything.

The letters that were handed him he failed to deliver and then lied out of it when he was taxed. Now Nella was angry because Dick had not answered her gracious little note, and he could not blame her when he knew that she

never had received any of his more recent letters.

He slipped the package into his pocket with a word of thanks to Cheevers, and then he left the turmoil of the rummage sale to look for Nella.

He met her just leaving her home, and as he came up the walk she regarded him curiously.

"I came to deliver my letters in person and to make certain of their delivery," announced Dick. "Can you give me a few minutes?"

Nella made no move to re-enter the house, and Dick was too wise to press the point.

"I was helping Maude at the rummage sale," he explained. "Cheevers found these letters in Alexander's old overcoat. I might explain that when I left my letter—this thick one—Alexander was just going out, and he had his overcoat on when he came to the door, but he promised to deliver it to you at once. His ideas of delivery seem to be to stuff things in his pocket and forget all about them."

Nella started as she recognized her own letters, and hastily she glanced over some of them. She saw in a moment what Dick had already realized, and her lips trembled as she recalled the misery she had suffered since the quarrel.

She loved Dick very dearly, even well enough to offer forgiveness when she had felt that he was in the wrong, and to have him make no reply to the kindly letter had hurt both heart and pride.

Now she could see that Dick had promptly concealed his error and that all the suffering had been caused by one small and very black youngster, who had been brought home from the south because he had seemed so "cute."

"I am afraid that Alexander will never make a messenger for cupid," said Nella softly. "I am so sorry, Dick, that we trusted too much to him, but I had no idea that he was so careless. Think of the trouble that he has caused us both. Will you come in and—"

"Make up?" asked Dick promptly.

"To be sure I will and only too glad to do it."

She led the way into the house, and as the great hall door swung shut behind them he caught her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. A low chuckle from the far end of the hall disturbed them, and without a word Dick darted down into the shadows.

There followed wild yells and the sound of strange epithets. Dick came back flushed, but smiling.

"I shook him some," he explained, "for both you and me. Wasn't it just like Alexander to be hanging around?"

"He will be sent home," declared Nella. "We cannot trust him again. You were a dear, Dick, that you didn't kill him."

"I wanted to," admitted Dick, "but, then, what's the use? I've got you again. And all because I helped Maude at the rummage sale. She said that charity, like virtue, was its own reward, but I didn't realize the high premium it paid."

The Strong, Silent Man. You know the chap—broad shouldered, square chin, a trifle gray about the temples, with not much to say for himself, but so strong? Every one admires him—not at first perhaps, but always before the end of the last act, for the strong, silent man's existence is confined exclusively to the stage.

In real life it is practically impossible to be a strong, silent man.

We know a man who when a mere boy thought that he would be an S. S. M. What happened? Did relatives flock round, murmuring, "How exceptionally strong and silent young Herbert is?" Not at all. When he smiled cynically instead of answering questions he was accused of sulkiness. When he laughed short, quiet laughs the charge was changed to one of rudeness. The thing is literally impossible off the stage. Women always love the quiet, determined man on the stage. Somehow their tastes don't seem to lie in the same direction "off."

"It is the silly ass with a smirk, who knows all about the forthcoming light opera, who seems to corral the sex," says a mere man. The strong, silent man may be found, as a rule, in a corner fiddling with a photograph album. In real life he never seems to get a chance, as he does on the stage. No great heroism or tremendous renunciation is required of him. He is practically one of the unemployed.—Philadelphia Record.

In an Alligator's Mouth. The alligator of South America, says a traveler in that region, is the reptile most disliked by the natives. That terrible creature feeds on fish, carrion and animals which it is successful enough to surprise as they come to drink at the water's edge. Man also frequently falls a victim, and for that reason the natives of places where the alligator is common have devised various methods for killing it. There was a pond near where I was once staying, where the wild cattle went in herds to drink, and there hunters used to lay in wait for them. One day one of the hunters, going into the water, came across an alligator, which seized him by the knee.

He began to call for help, but his comrades, instead of going to his rescue, ran away, thinking he had fallen into the hands of the hostile natives. The alligator had not a good hold of his knee, but would not let go while the man struggled. The hunter had presence of mind enough, however, to become still and pretend that he was dead, whereupon the alligator loosened his hold to take a new and surer one. When it did so the man pulled away his knee and interposed his gun, which the creature at once seized so savagely and firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hands.

# A GAS LEAK.

After Results That May Come From Hunting It With a Light.

The folly of hunting for a leak in a gas pipe with a lighted match is not so much because of the danger of an explosion as of other damage, as is shown by the experience of a householder not long ago.

One or two small leaks were detected by going over all the pipes and holding a lighted match to them. The smell of gas ceased, but was replaced a few hours later by the smell of burning wood.

Another visit to the cellar showed a charred floor just a little distance above a gas pipe. There was no apparent cause for this until a very close examination resulted in the finding of a tiny jet of gas which was issuing from the pipe beneath the beam.

It was lighted, but was so small as to be blue in color and nearly invisible. It had been lighted by the match used in the first investigation, but had not been noticed.

"If that leak had happened to be in a lead joint instead of an iron connection," said a gas man, "there would probably have been work for the fire brigade. The smallest possible jet of lighted gas issuing through lead will in time heat and melt the lead and make the leak larger until a big flame is issuing.

"This may make a fire hours later in the dead of night or at a time when no one is in the house. The only proper way to look for these very small leaks is to paint the suspected pipe with a smooth soap lather. Just as in the case of a bicycle tire, the tiniest leak will blow a bubble in the lather, and there you are."—London Telegraph.

# MEXICAN JACALS.

Primitive Huts in the Villages of the Native Indians.

The Mexican Indian huts in the villages and upon the ranches of the lower Rio Grande border region of Texas have a style of architecture and construction that is distinctly their own. This type of primitive building is rapidly passing out of existence. At many places on the border families of Mexicans have abandoned their jacals and moved into more pretentious homes.

No money outlay is necessary in erecting the old style picturesque structures; neither is a knowledge of carpentry needed. A double row of upright poles firmly set or driven into the ground forms the framework for the walls. Between these two rows of poles are placed other poles or sticks of shorter length, forming a thick and compact wall. At each of the four corners of the building posts are set, reaching to a height of about eight feet. Roughly hewn stringers are laid from one post to another, and to these stringers are tied other poles that form the framework of the walls. The strong fiber from the maguey plant or strips of buckskin are used to tie the poles into position. The rafters are tied to the ridgepole and the stringers in the same manner. At one end of the building is built the opening through which the smoke of the inside fire may ascend. Stoves are unknown among these Mexicans, and the cooking is all done upon the ground.—Kansas City Star.

She Was Slow.

The shop assistant had shown and reshown the toys to the undecided shopper.

Rabbits, monkeys, jacks-in-the-box, jumping jacks, trains, velocipedes—everything had been displayed, manipulated, operated and explained to the shopper, but still she could not make up her mind.

"I wanted to get something suitable for my little nephew," she reiterated for the thousandth time.

"Yes, madam," responded the weary assistant. "You told me that when you came in, but I think your nephew has outgrown all these toys while you have been at this counter."—London Opinion.

His Translation.

A dignified elder of an Australian church was presiding at a charitable concert. A Miss Brown was to sing "Ora Pro Nobis," but at the last moment she changed her mind, and a note was passed to the chairman intimating that she would give "The Song That Reached My Heart."

He therefore made the following announcement: "Miss Brown will now sing 'Ora Pro Nobis,' which, being translated, means 'The Song That Reached My Heart.'"—London Chronicle.

No Hurry.

He—Then you have decided to accept the proffer of my heart and hand? She—Yes, dear. He—Thanks! You have made me the happiest of men, but we must have some regard for the old maxim and not be married in haste. She—Don't worry about that. I am perfectly willing to wait till next week.—Los Angeles Times.

Maple Drop Cakes.

Two cups of maple sirup, one-half cup of cream or milk, two eggs, one-half cup of melted butter, three teaspoons of baking powder, flour enough to make a soft batter. Bake in gem pans.—Good Housekeeping.

The Announcement Followed.

She—They say there are germs in kisses. Now, what do you suppose a girl could catch that way? He—A husband.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.—Dutch Proverb.

Uncle Paid. Many years ago Shuter, a popular actor, was engaged for a few nights in a principal city in the north of England. It was in the coaching days, and it happened that the stage in which he traveled and in which there were only an old gentleman and himself was stopped by a single highwayman.

The old gentleman pretended to be asleep, but Shuter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol and commanded Shuter to deliver his money instantly or he was a dead man, "Money!" returned he, with an idiotic shrug and a countenance impressively vacant. "Oh, lor, sir! They never trust me with any, for uncle here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honor."

Upon which the highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket, while Shuter, who did not lose a single farthing, with great satisfaction and merriment pursued his journey, laughing heartily at his fellow traveler.

Cooking on the Trail.

Our guide allowed me to assist him in preparing the breakfast, though I fancy my assistance might have been easily dispensed with. He sagely remarked that if I was going to rough it I might as well begin learning now as any time. It was astonishing how appetizing a meal he prepared with the very fewst conveniences. For instance, he made bread in the sack of flour without using a bread pan. He hollowed out a cavity in the flour, poured in water, added salt and baking powder in proper quantities, then proceeded to mix the dough. He did another thing in his cooking that amused me very much. To prevent the coffee boiling over he placed a small willow stick across the open top of the pot. The lesson in physics soon followed. The coffee bubbled and then rushed up to the top of the pot as though it was going to boil over the sides and extinguish the fire, but as soon as it touched the willow it subsided like some sentient thing.—Forest and Stream.

Captain John Smith and Rats.

The intrepid navigator Captain John Smith in the course of his journeying in the Bermudas had some experience of the rat as a destructive force. "But the great God of heaven," he writes, "caused such an increase of silly rats in the space of two years so to abound before they regarded them that they filled not only those places where they were first landed, but swimming from place to place, spread themselves into all parts of the country, inasmuch that there was no land but it was pestered with them, and some fishes have been taken with rats in their bellies which they caught in swimming from lie to lie. Their nests they had in almost every tree and in most places their burrows in the ground like cones. They spared not the fruits of the plants or trees or the very plants themselves, but ate them up." All efforts to exterminate these vermin proved unsuccessful, and the unfortunate colonists "were destitute of bread for a year or two."

The Traveler's Joy.

The cream of tartar, which is also called the "sour gourd," grows in northern Australia and has a trunk which measures from seventy to eighty-five feet in circumference, but which is only twenty or thirty feet high. The wood is soft and juicy and when steeped in water provides the thirsty traveler with a refreshing and cooling drink. The fruit is about six inches long, shaped like a lemon and contains a gently acid pulp, which tastes like cream of tartar. Wherever it is to be found a small encampment of weary wayfarers unfurl their tents. When sighted in the bush the famous tree is always greeted with a song written by the early bushrangers called "Sing Hey For the Traveler's Joy."—New York Telegram.

All Unrecipited.

A titled Englishman was speaking of the impoverished nobility of the old world.

"What a German friend of mine said of his family is true of too many families. My friend was a graf. I was visiting his castle on the Rhine. He showed me there one day many proofs of his race's antiquity.

"Dear me," said I, stifling a yawn, 'I had no idea you went back so far!'

"He pointed proudly to an old steel bound chest of black oak.

"Why, my boy," said he, 'I've got bills in there dating back to the twelfth century.'

Salting a Diamond Mine.

A man in South Africa while walking one day over his property with a party of prospectors suggested that they assay some of the soil. In the search that ensued eight rough diamonds were found, and offers began to fly through the air at a rapid rate for the land, when the host's wife called out to her husband, "Why, John, where are the other two?" The sequel to the story is left to the imagination.—Boston Record.

Very Quiet.

Lady Visitor—That new girl of yours seems very nice and quiet. Mistress of the House—Yes; she's very quiet. She doesn't even disturb the dust when she's cleaning the room.

The Sufferer.

"Is your mother a suffragette, little boy?" "I should say not. Pa is the one that suffers in our house."—Detroit Free Press.

# Town Booming Helps

## III.—Make a Noise Like a Dollar

The man who gets ahead in the one who makes a noise, and it's the same with a town.

But it must be the RIGHT KIND OF NOISE.

There are millions of noises in the world and only one kind worth making. That's the kind a man learned about when he tried to interview a great financier.

He had spent several days trying to get into the private office of the old skinflint, but was always headed off.

At last he went to a friend for advice.

"I'll tell you what to do," said the friend. "You go down and stand in front of the old fellow's door and



**MAKE A NOISE LIKE A DOLLAR.** When he comes out to grab you, that will be your chance.

That's the kind of noise we should make in this town.

We should sound like ready money and look like it.

Nothing would bring new business and hustling citizens quicker than a NOISE LIKE A DOLLAR. Every letter that goes out should be an advertisement for our town.

If you don't know how to make a NOISE LIKE A DOLLAR, just call on us, and we'll try to help you.

One way is to advertise. When everybody gets to making the right kind of noise it will be worth while watching things boom.

The Rack, Pace and Amble.

The rack is a gait of the horse between a trot and a gallop or canter, in which the fore feet move as in a slow gallop, while the hind feet move as in a trot or pace. It is usually an artificial gait, but is sometimes hereditary or natural. There is much confusion of terms in respect to this gait, due to the fact that the gait itself is somewhat varied, according as the racker carries the one or the other fore foot foremost in the galloping motion of the fore feet; that many confound the rack with the pace, the words often being used synonymously, and that many have mistaken the use of the words "pace" and "amble." There is abundant evidence that the American pace of today is the amble of Europeans of the last century and earlier. The motion of the hind feet is the same in the trot, the pace and the rack. In the trot the diagonal hind and fore feet move nearly simultaneously. In the pace or amble the hind and fore feet of the same side move nearly simultaneously.—Boston Globe.

Exploding Ice Bubbles.

The intensely cold nights of Siberia, says a writer, produce a curious phenomenon. Occasionally the silence is broken by a loud report resembling the boom of a cannon. The noise is caused by the bursting of an ice bubble on a river. The streams coming from the hills are increased in ice six to nine inches thick, and as the water descends faster than it escapes through the river the result is a heavy hydrostatic pressure. This first causes the ice upon the river to rise in mounds often six to eight feet high. For a time they seem to yield elastically to the pressure, but finally can withstand no more and burst with an explosive report. The water rushes out, soon freezing, however, and causing further explosions. The writer asserts that he has seen scores of these ice hillocks within a few miles.

Muskat and Perfumery.

The question is asked us whether the musk of the common muskrat is not used to make cheap perfumery. We have never heard of such use of muskrat musk, nor can we find anything definite on the subject in the books. Application to a large manufacturer of perfumery, however, brings out the information that some years ago musk from the muskrat was tried out for perfumery purposes, but was not found available for this use. Not a single instance of its being used now is known. The musk of commerce comes chiefly from the musk deer.—Forest and Stream.

Not to His Taste.

Proud Mother (to admiring visitor)—Yes, we think that little Harry has prettier hair than any of the other children. Five-year-old Bobby (contemptuously)—Umph! They showed me that color, and I wouldn't take it.—Exchange.

# Financial Statement

West Reynoldsville School District for Year Ending June 7, 1909.

W. B. STAUFFER, Tax Collector, in account with West Reynoldsville School District for year ending June 7, 1909.

SCHOOL TAX

DR.

To am't duplicate ..... \$1,880 50  
To am't 55 added on 948 77 17 44 \$1,977 70  
CR.

By am't exonerations ..... 24 22  
5% rebate on 900 81 43 49  
25 Col. % on 800 81 43 49  
5% Col. % on 100 00 14 80  
Treas. receipts ..... 1,455 08  
To Balance due district ..... 29 73  
\$1,977 70

DR.

To balance due 1908 tax ..... 3 17 1 17  
CR.

By am't 55 on \$1 17 ..... 06  
Treasurer's receipts ..... 1 11 1 17  
DR.

To balance due 1907 tax ..... 91 65 91 65  
CR.

By am't 55 Col. % on 801 00 ..... 4 58  
Exonerations ..... 1 00  
Treasurer's receipts ..... 86 07  
\$1 65

ANNUAL DISTRICT REPORT  
School District of West Reynoldsville, Pa., for year ending June 7th, 1909.

Whole number of schools ..... 4  
Average number of months ..... 1  
Number of male teachers employed ..... 1  
Number of female teachers employed ..... 2  
Average salaries—male ..... \$ 65 00  
Average salaries—female ..... 50 00  
No. pupils levied for school purposes ..... 1,880 50  
Am't levied school purposes \$1,880 50

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT  
RECEIPTS.

State appropriation year ending June 7, 1909 ..... \$1,161 36  
Bal. on hand last year ..... 78 17  
From Col.—taxes of all kinds 1,542 31  
From County Treasurer ..... 8 52  
From all other sources, insurance, liquor fines, etc. 2,027 12  
\$4,777 78

EXPENDITURES

Error last settlement ..... 96  
Building & furnishing houses 607 08  
Renting, repairing, etc. .... 118 40  
Teacher's wages and travel 1,750 00  
Am't paid teachers attending institute ..... 40 00  
School text books ..... 209 25  
School supplies, including maps, globes, etc. .... 115 52  
Fuel and contingencies ..... 59 55  
Salary Secretary and Treasurer 50 00  
Salary janitor ..... 100 00  
Debt and interest ..... 220 55  
Other expenses ..... 325 88  
\$6,605 24

REASOURCES.

Due from collector ..... 29 73  
Cash on hand ..... \$1,172 54  
\$1,202 27

E. L. JOHNSON, Tax Collector, Auditor.  
S. W. STAUFFER, Treasurer.

# Financial Statement

Of Winslow Township School District for Year Ending June 7, 1909.

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT. MONEY RECEIVED.

Tax for school purposes ..... \$ 7,024 64  
Building ..... 1,310 30  
State appropriation ..... 4,382 17  
From collector ..... 5,325 54  
Loans ..... 3,190 00  
County treasurer ..... 292 24  
Dues tax ..... 203 08  
All other sources ..... 43 33  
\$19,114 99

PAID OUT.

Transportation ..... \$ 122 10  
Miscellaneous ..... 103 89  
Teachers' wages ..... 9,865 00  
Rent and repairs ..... 614 30  
Fuel and contingencies ..... 254 47  
Treasurer's percentage ..... 305 87  
Secretary's salary, postage and exp. 150 50  
Printing and auditors' fees ..... 40 24  
Debt and interest ..... 866 51  
Enforcing compulsory law ..... 88 00  
Text books ..... 297 88  
Supplies ..... 617 26  
Tuition ..... 107 44  
\$13,016 49

Amount uncollected ..... \$ 1,841 57  
Cash on hand ..... 806 40  
Debit of district ..... 2,001 51

JOHN SMITH, Auditor.  
D. J. THOMAS, Auditor.

Waverly 30 Years Experience in the manufacture of Gasoline means much to the motorist in the use of Waverly Brands 76-Motor-Stove—you are guaranteed the greatest possible efficiency—instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion—freedom from carbon deposits on spark plugs or in cylinders—ready ignition. Your dealer will supply you. Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Refiners Pittsburg, Pa.

GASOLINE

If you have anything to sell, try our Want Column.

HUGHES & FLEMING.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

Main Street. Reynoldsville, Pa.

Windsor Hotel  
W. T. Brubaker, Mgr.  
Midway between Broad St. Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert St.  
European \$1.00 per day and up.  
American \$2.50 per day and up.  
The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in PHILADELPHIA.