DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL',

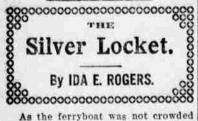
De Massa ob de sheepfol Dat guard the sheepfol' bin Looked out in de gloomerin' meadows Whar de long night rain begin-60 he called to de hirelin' shephe'd: "Is my sheep-is dey all come in?"

"Oh den," says de hirelin' shephe'd, "Dey's some-dey's black and thin-And some dey's po' of wedders-But de res' dey's all trung in."

Den de Massa ob de sheepfol' Dat guard de sheepfol' bin Goes down in the gloomern' meadowa Whar de long night rain begin-So he let down de ba's ob de sheepfol', Callin' sof: "Come in! Come in!" Callin' sof: "Come in! Come in!"

Den up through the gloomerin' meadows Through de col' night rain an' win'. 'An' up through de gloomerin' rain pat'-Whar de sleet fa' pieren' thin-De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'. Dey all come gadderin' in! -Sallie Pratt McLean, in the New York Sum

Sun.



Knowlton very easily found a seat. He took the evening paper from his pocket and was just preparing to read it when his foot struck against comething on the floor. Picking up the object he gazed at it incredulously. It was a heavy silver locket of a quaint design. One side was smooth, but turning it over in his hand he saw the inscription R. K. to D. F. Yes, those initials were his and Dolores', and it was without the shadow of a doubt the locket he had given to her three years ago, at Christmas. How well he remembered that happy evening. He had only found the opportunity to whisper that another gift would follow very soon if she were willing. The significant way he had looked at one of the small hands had brought the rich color to her check; and her blue eves had dropped under his gaze. He had gone home very happy, telling himcelf that her confusion could only mean one thing, that she cared for him. But how mistaken he had been.

Two days afterward he had selected a beautiful ring that he was sure would delight Dolores and was planning to take it to her that evening; but during the day he had received a business letter which made it imperative that he should leave town at once for a month or more. He had no time to go to her, so there was nothing left for him to do but to write. He explained how he was obliged to go away and before he had finished he told her of his love and that upon his return he was coming with the gift that he had promised her, if he found awaiting him a letter from her, telling him to come. He had just finished addressing the envelope when Oscar Kent, one of his most intimate friends, dropped in for a few moments. He was on his way to call on the Fletchers, he said. Dolores lived with an uncle. When he had left, Knowlton asked him if he would take the note he had written to her. He had sent it by Kent for the reason that he wanted her to know as soon as possible that he had been called away.

An hour later Knowlton left town, very much disappointed that he could not see Dolores and give her the ring, but wholly confident that she for himself. cared for him and that all the happi-

"And you cared enough to wear it," he said. For the moment he had forgotten about the other man, of whom Kent had told him.

At his words the gladness vanished from Dolores' face and hard lines settled about her mouth.

"Why should you ask me such a question?" she demanded.

"Because I love you, dear," he answered. "Even more than three years ago, but I know I have no right to speak to you of love-I forgot you had someone else and"-"I-don't understand," she fal-

tered. "I thought it was you-who had-cared for someone else."

"Didn't you get my note?" he asked excitedly. "Didn't Kent give it to you that last night he called?" "Why, no, he only said that you -were-engaged, and had gone

-away. I thought it was to seeher".

"And he told me that you were interested in someone else," cut in Knowlton. "I see it all now. He must have-cared, himself."

"But I didn't care for him-I told him so that night," said Dolores, blushing. "I thought what he told me was true, because you didn't call or write. And when uncle decided to move away, I wouldn't let him tell anyone where we were going because".

"You thought I cared for someone else." finished Knowlton, softly, "But there's never been anyone but you, Dolores, and if you'll only say you love me, why I'll be the happiest man in the world. Will you, dear?" Knowlton had to bend over to catch Dolores' answer, but when it came it made him very happy. "Bless the silver locket for helping

me find Dolores," he murmured, ecstatically .- Boston Post,

WISE WORDS.

Even when a man has his price a woman can generally make him feel pretty cheap.

In divorcing a fool and his money most of us are willing to be named as corespondents.

You will discover that most men are all right if you will only trouble yourself to ask them.

It's no wonder it takes three generations to make a gentleman if it takes nine tailors to make a man.

The man who tries to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl may discover that it only makes his head swim.

Many a fellow who thinks he is the light of a girl's life is quite put out about it when she turns him down.

It's a treat to listen to a man who asks you what you'll have.

Don't exaggerate your own faults. Leave that to your friends. A fellow has no business to be

headstrong with a weak intellect. It's all well enough to take the

bull by the horns, if the bull will stand for it. Heaven would be overcrowded if

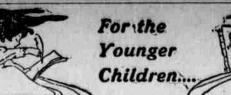
we could all be taken at our own valuation.

The right will triumph. At least a man always feels that way when he wins.

It is human nature to imagine we would be satisfied with the things we know we can't get.

It isn't a physical impossibility for a man to lie while he is standing up

The man wh mits his pleasure to interfere with his business may reach the point where he won't have any of either.



eye.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL. Down the road is Wilmer's Woods. In the early days of spring There the loveliest wild flowers grow; There, through last year's withered leave Peeps the bloodroot, gold and white; And Quaker Ladies on the slope Spread a carpet of delight.

▲ green valley's just beyond With a mill poud, deep and still, And a mill, and from its door A long road climbs up the hill. Half way up the winding road, Shaded by a flowering vine, Little, low, and painted brown, Stands the house that I call mine.

In the town across the bridge There are houses grand and tall. Carven stone and ruddy briek Trim the roof and make the wall. They have porches all around, Towers and gables very fine, But I'm sure I'd rather live In the house that I call mine.

In its little garden plot Long before our orchard's gay, A small peach tree blossoms out Like a rosy pink bouquet. Likes grow beside the door; There's an arch above the gate; And I see gay beds of phlox Hooming still, when summer's late.

When I am a woman grown (May that time soon come to me!) I shall travel round the world, All its wonders I shall see; And then I'll come back, to live In my dear house on the hill, With the valley just beyond And the mill pond and the mill. —Cecil Cavendish, in St. Nicholas.

ROBERT'S BOG.

"Father, may I have five cents for a lead pencil?" asked Robert, as he threw his can back on his head and gathered up his school books.

"Again?" asked his father, in some surprise. "I think this is the fourth time this week."

"Yes, but I lose them. I don't know where they go," declared Robert, warming to his subject. "I can't keep a ball, either."

His father reached slowly down into his pocket and drew out his hand empty. "I find that is so with my money," he said, quietly. "I have very hard work to keep my small change. I haven't a nickel this morning

Robert was silent with surprise. No money! "But, father-" he began. is reached.

"You will have to learn to keep track of your belongings. I have de cided to keep track of my pennies, and I can't throw them away."

Robert knew it was useless to argue, and he turned and ran back to his room. They heard him turning over things and hurriedly search-He was not a boy to whine. ing.

That evening the subject of the pencils was not resumed, but as Robert sat by the fire, he broke out suddenly, "Father, I wish that marshy land down there by the tennis court could be filled in. Sometimes we lose our balls over the net, and it's too wet to get them. Couldn't you have the men fill in the place with gravel

or something and sod it over?" His father laid down his paper and

drew near Robert's side of the fire. "Gravel or something," he said, "costs money, and the land would not vield anything but grass after that. Do you think it is right to throw away anything so valuable :-

"Throw away?" asked Robert.

"Yes, throw away property just as



Make the garden rows long and straight, so as to use the horse-cultinext year in keeping the little bog vator or the wheelhoe to the best adin order, but as he was a whole year vantage. Stir the ground after planting, often-after each rain, or On the third year the crop in the about once in ten days anyhow .-bogs was better than for all previous years, and Robert watched every Farmers' Home Journal.

6

older, he did not mind the work.

cranberry, as it were, with jealous

was time to gather them, the little

bog yielded three barrels of ripe red

berries! Robert sold these with his

father's crop at twelve dollars a bar-

rel, and from the money thus earned

he had to subtract but seventy-five

cents for lead pencils. He had learned

three things-to be careful of his be-

longings, to work for an object pa-

tiently, and to consider his father in

the spending of money .- S. H., in

THE AERIAL SLIDE.

The people of India have curious

customs in the way of religion, and

the strangest of them all is the aerial

slide, which is performed annually at

Kulu, in the Himalayas. At a point where there is a cliff overhanging a

dangerous gorge several hundred feet

in width and a hundred feet in depth

a rope is made fast to the rock. The

other end of this is carried across the

gorge and there secured to a stake,

the friction. The performer sits aside

this seat, and to his legs are fastened

bags of sand, which serve two purposes

-they enable him to maintain an up-

right position during his lightning-

Youth's Companion.

to all appearances

When September came and it

THIN THE PLANTS.

Plants should be thinned to a uniform distance apart when yet quite small. Only in this way can the gardener secure uniformity in size and time of maturity of his vegetables. Plants not needed are not any better than weeds .- Farmers' Home Journal.

CULTIVATING POTATOES.

My potato ground I harrow until it is fine. Four days after planting I go over with the weeder, in a few more days with the cultivator, then with the horse hoe, then the weeder. I go over the piece with these tools from twelve to fourteen times, until the plants are too large. With this cultivation I can get a larger crop with five hundred pounds of fertilizer than I can with one thousand pounds with ordinary cultivation. This is the way I handle all my hoed crops. -S. W. Taber, Aroostook County, Me.

The total length of the rope between THE WEEPING MULBERRY. the two points is when drawn taut The weeping mulberry is fairly 2500 feet, and the end attached to popular and frequently seen on the cliff is several hundred feet higher lawns and in parks. It is one of the than that fastened on the opposite hardlest and one of the best of weenside of the ravine. Thus a slide is ing trees and may be recommended contrived, and it is a dangerous one with confidence for either sheltered or exposed positions. Even in win-It is down this incline that the perter, when the foliage has fallen, its former has his path. For the lofty distinct habit and the cheerful light journey a sort of saddle is provided brown tint of the bark make it welmade of wood, with holes in it, come in the landscape especially near through which the rope passes. But buildings or water. It thrives on any before a start is made the whole kind of soil and makes a very fine length of the rope is wet to prevent growth in alluvial or sandy bottoms. the saddle from catching fire from

HELENIUMS.

-Indianapolis News.

Heleniums, autumn blooming plants, will flower in almost any garlike descent, and they increase the den where the sun can reach them speed. The lower end of the rope is and will thrive in soil in which other carefully wound with bits of carpet plants would scarcely exist, supplyto check the speed before the stake ing the lover of cut flowers with much useful material for vases. The terrific velocity of the descent There are several sorts, some, like for the first few hundred yards is autumnale, growing five to six feet high, but perhaps none is of more service to the owner of a moderate despite the fact that the rope has sized garden than pumilum. They will survive the hardest winter with little or no protection and where golden yellow blooms in quantity are wanted should be given a place. Easily propagated by root division .- Indianapolis News.

> ROSES FOR LOW WALLS. Fronting many residences are low walls, which can and are often made attractive by being covered with vines or plants. Roses are especially well adapted for the purpose where the wall supports a bank of earth, as it so often does. The plants should be set in the soil, and their growth permitted to run along the top of the

wall and droop over its face. The Wichuraiana hybrids are particularly well adapted for this purpose, as the many examples of them met with so used fully testify. They are all close trailing kinds to a great extent, and because of this often hang so close to a wall as to appear almost like a running vine. Of the older known sorts Pink Roamer, Gardenia, Jersey Beauty, Evergreen Gem and South Orange Perfection are often mot with; and now Dorothy Perkins is finding its place in the same way. When planted, unless from pots, roses of all sorts should be given a pull. If this is properly done, it will close pruning. All may not require leave the penny standing unmoved in it to make them live, but it ends in its place .- Philadelphia Record. bringing about better plants of those that grow; and even those from pots, UNITED STATES PUZZLE. if in a dormant state, may be well In the names of the States and Terpruned to their advantage. When in leaf such hard pruning would be a serious check to the plants .- Indianapolis News.

FINANCE AND TRADE

WEEKLY TRADE SUMMARY

Keener Interest Manifested In Iron and Steel With Each Pass ing Week.

New York .--- R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Every important development of the week confirms the revival of trad which set in even with the tariff un der discussion, and which has no vita obstacle to oppose it now that the tariff has passed both houses of con-gress and has become a law. A keener interest is manifested in

the iron and steel market with greater freedom and producing interest display more independence in making commitments. Higher totals of piction production and other evidences of rapid expansion appear. Numerous inquiries have been received for orders running into 1910, but fittle actual business has been done, as selfers in many instances name figures above the views consumsers. The expected advance on plates and shapes was announced, the ruling prices now being \$1.40, Pittsburg. This reflects the broadned demands for cars and other equipment, one prominent rail-road cotracting for 3,000 cars, while many other order are pending.

Dry goods jobbing trade is exapading and among large western distributors collections are excellent and cedit conditions sound. The retail trade is beginning to come to the markets at the central distributing points, but operations thus far have been conservative.

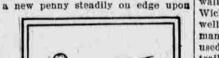
The leather market continues very ul. Trade in shoes continues modduM. erate and most of the buyers who were in Boston have bought fewer shoes than they intended, and have delayed the placing of orders for later delivery until it is more certain what effect the changed duties on hides. what leather and shoes will have on the market.

MARKETS. PITTSBURG. 6 80 6 75 15 50 19 00 Straw-Wheat.... Oat..... 8 00 8 00 Dairy Products. Butter-Eigin creamory...... 29 25 19 14 16151 Poultry, Etc. 17 志然 1923 Fruits and Vegetables. Potatoes-Fancy white per bu.... Cabbage-per ton 100 55 01 1 5) - 62 BALTIMORE. 1 90 の町湯 Eggs. Butter—Ohio creamery..... 2 PHILADELPHIA. Wheat—No. 2 red Jorn—No. 2 mixed Jata—No. 2 white Jata—Creamery 70 61 28 44 50 A B Butter-Creamery. Eggs-Pennsylvania firsts......

NEW YCRK.

1 00

-Home Herald. A LITTLE COIN TRICK. Place a strip of smooth paper on a



shown by the stream of smoke that trails from the wake of the saddle, been wet. Afterward the decline becomes less steep, and the pace, therefore, becomes slower. By the time the goal is reached the jheri, as the performer is called, is able to come to

a standstill without disaster. This slide in the air is supposed to reveal the will of the gods as to the crops of the approaching season. If the perilous trip is accomplished in safety a plentiful harvest is assured.

table so that it overhangs the side,

as is shown in the diagram. Stand

ness he longed for would be his upon his return. But when he had come home he had found no letter from Dolores awaiting him. Surprised and pained he had gone to her home, but only to find no one there. The family had moved in his absence and no one could give him any information as to their probable whereabouts He had then gone to Oscar Kent, but he could not tell him where they were. Kent had then said that, as a friend, he felt that he should tell him that he did not believe Dolores cared for him. Her uncle bad hinted that last evening he had called upon them. that she was interested in someone else. And so Knowlton had at last decided that she had, indeed, not cared, and that she had probably gone away to marry the other man.

But how could the locket have come here, he wondered. It seemed very likely that she was now living, or stopping somewhere not far away. Perhaps she was not married, and may be she had cared a little after all. If she had not, why had she been wearing the locket? Unlesshope died suddenly-she had given it to some one else and that person had lost it. Well, he would find out very soon, anyway, he reflected. He would advertise.

When he left the boat at Hartville he was so absorbed in his thoughts that he did not notice the slender figure coming down to the dock, until a startled exclamation reached his ears. Looking up quickly, he saw Dolores.

He had never been so glad to see anyone in his whole life. He went swiftly toward her, with both hands outstretched.

Dolores was somewhat confused over this sudden meeting and there was a little constraint in her manner, but it disappeared quickly and she became her own charming self. But after a few moments she asked him if he would excuse her.

'I lost-something coming down on the boat this afternoon." she said and I want to inquire if it has been found'

"It has been found," broke in Knowiton, eagerly, fumbling in his

pocket, "and I found it." "Oh, I'm so glad," she exclaimed, when she saw the locket.

In spite of the fact that love is popularly supposed to be blind, many a fellow has fallen in love with a girl who is a sight .-- From "The Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

An Ancient Mine.

At Falun, Sweden, are the headquarters of a mining company with a history so remote that the date of its origin cannot be definitely fixed. An original purchase deed dated in the year 1288 has to do with a sale of stock of the present company, and a charter given by King Magnus of Sweden and Norway is dated February 24, 1347. At that time the rights granted by King Magnus' predecessors were referred to as very old. The original business was the manufacture of copper and the mine at Falun, "Stora Kopparberget" (the great copper mountain), has been continuously worked for nearly 700 years. In this time it has yielded about 500,000 tons of copper, 15.5 tons of silver and 1.2 tons of gold, the whole representing a value of 1,000,000,000 kroner, or about £55.-400,000 .- London Globe.

When the Poet Was Happy.

Bjornsen, the poet, who is now lying seriously ill at Christiania, was once asked on what occasion he got the greatest pleasure from his fame as a poet.

His answer was: "It was when a delegation from the Right came to my house in Christiania and smashed all the windows, because when they had thus attacked me and were starting for home again they felt that they ought to sing something and so they began to sing 'Yes, we love this land of ours.' They could do nothing else! They had to sing the song of the man whom they had attacked."-London Chronicle.

Biscuits in Big Cities.

The larger the city the smaller biscuits. In the country biscuits are frequently met that are as big as feather beds, but in a large city they are too small to chew and are swal-lowed like pills.—Atchison Globa.

you throw away your pencils and your balls. How would you like to have me show you the fun there is in saving something?"

"I'd like it-if it is fun," laughed Robert.

"I think it would be. Now I will give you all that low marshy place to use as you like. You can plant it with cranberry vines-just as the firmly, and give it a smart, steady men are doing down on the big bog. You can do the work yourself, except for a little preparing of the land, All will charge you for that labor is the lead pencils you use between now and the time your money comes in from your crop. Every time I give you money for a pencil we will set it down, and at the time you sell your cranberries we will subtract the amount."

Robert thought a moment. "When will the crop be ready?"

"Three years from now - the full crop." "Whew!" Robert shook his head

"That means work," he said, doubtfully.

"Yes, but it means a lot of fun in learning how to value the results of labor. Try it."

Robert decided to take his father's offer, and as the next day was Satur- ing to woods or forests.

day, he worked with the men who prepared the strip of land ready for the vines. It was the fall of the year, just the time to begin. He was eager

for the next Saturday to come, when was to begin to set out his vines. These he obtained from his father's land. The vines were set out one foot apart and in squares of one foot.

It was hard work, but Robert was not a boy to turn back from a task, and when it was done and the even rows laid out before him, he was proud of his work. It was strange how pleasant it was to think about and fish. We sailed over to where the crop that would come to him, and the water is very deep and anchored. how easy it was to keep track of his We were so interested in our crabbing pencils, and how easy it was to go without the taffy or the whistle, and growing very dark. We started back to buy his own pencils when he had whittled them down to the smallest

point. put down the sail. I was very excited The next year there were a few and wet. In about ten minutes some cranberries-just a few quarts that he sold to his mother, but which more men from the house came out in a launch and took us in. We had a than paid for any pencils furnished his father. He spent some time during the Turnbull, in the New York Tribune. by his father.

4. The name of the princess in Tennyson's poem, "The Princess."

resented as a huntress armed with bow and quiver.

7. An adjective meaning pertain-8. A song of joy most often thought of as being connected with

Christmas.

10. A number. - The New York

A SQUALL.

I spent last summer down at Westhampton Beach, Long Island. One bright afternoon when the sun was shining I went with a party of six in my brother's small sailboat to crab we did not notice the clouds were after catching only two crabs, and when we were almost home a terrible squall came up. We anchored and

POTATO SPRAYING.

Spraying potatoes exerts an influence over the tubers in such a way as to greatly increase their keeping qualities. Spraying may not absolutely prevent rotting in the bin in winter time, but'it will prove a great help.

I have sprayed only for the early blight. The remedy for the late blight is the same. The early blight produces a germ that multiplies when the temperature gets up into the nineties. The late blight multiplies when we have a temperature along in the seventies with a low moisture. In my locality we don't have late

blight only about one year out of eight, so we do not pretend to protect ourselves from it as we do in the early blight. In the eastern part of Pennsylvania you have both the early and the late blight. In growing an early crop for early market I do not think I could recommend to you that you spray to prevent early blight. You will prevent it somewhat. It might pay you and it might not.

For late blight I simply use Bor deaux mixture composed of four parts of copper sulphate and four pints of lime in fifty gallons of water. In storing our potatoes we simply bulk them. I find that I can save potatoes for the spring market after they get fully ripe by putting them into cellars, thousands of bushels in bulk and they will do very little sprouting until after the first of March .- Alve Agee, in the Epitomist.

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

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Take hold of the paper the paper.

ritories of our country find: 1. An exclamation expressing sorrow. The large floating vessel built 2.

by Noah. 3. One of the sons of Noah.

5. A goddess who is usually rep-

6. The name of the jolly friar who was the chaplain of Robin Hood and his men.

9. A religious service.

Tribune.