

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The dead trees stood like pickets
Guarding the long white road,
And o'er the terrace faces
Their sinister shadows strode;

Brave Maggie.

By HELENA DAVIS.

Maggie's mother looked from the window at the snowstorm, and, turning to her little daughter, said: "My child, I fear you will not be able to go to school to-day. The snow is falling very fast and it will be so deep on the ground before evening that walking will be very difficult."

"Oh, mamma, do not say that," begged Maggie. "I haven't missed a single day of school this term, and I am so anxious to continue in the same good way. My attendance must—simply must—be marked ten. So do not say I cannot go to school to-day. And I don't mind the snow. I like it when it's up to my shoetops. I'll wear my leggins and overboots, so what does a little snow matter, mamma?"

"You are a dear, studious little girl," smiled Maggie's mother, kissing her only daughter on her rosy cheek. "And I cannot find the heart to have you break your fine record at school. So run and get your wraps and be off. It's almost half-past eight, and you have a mile to walk."

"Oh, but I'll get over that mile in fifteen minutes," cried Maggie. "I am a true country girl, you know, mamma, and can do things a town girl couldn't do."

Then Maggie got her books and wraps and was off towards the little frame schoolhouse that lay over a hill a mile distant from her home. Although the road was a lonely one, Maggie never felt afraid. Nowhere was there a house visible save her own, a big, red-roofed farmhouse home. Even the schoolhouse could not be seen from the highroad and was reached by turning the brow of a hill that screened it from the high-way and sheltered it from the north winds of winter.

On one side of the road stretched a deep pasture, in which grazed the sheep belonging to a distant farmer. And as Maggie passed the pasture she noticed several sheep and a few lambs trying to find some dry grass that the snow was fast covering.

"I don't know what Mr. Jackson means by leaving his sheep out in this pasture when it is snowing," mused Maggie. Then she went on her way, for she knew that she had but a few minutes in which to reach the school before the 9 o'clock bell should ring.

When the clock struck four and the little country school was dismissed, Maggie, with glowing cheeks, turned round the brow of the hill towards her home. "Oh, what a lovely snow!" she exclaimed, plunging into it. "Wish some of my schoolmates lived near to my home, so that we could go and come together. What fun we'd have playing snowball. But all the other pupils live in opposite directions from me, and I must content myself by going home alone. Well, I never get lonely. There's so much to be seen. Little rabbits jumping here and there to look at me. And up on the hill the prairie-dog town is so interesting, with the little citizens coming up to bark at me as I go by. And the queer, wise-looking owls that live in such close companionship with the prairie dog are a study in themselves as they perch on the mounds of dirt at the cavehouses' entrances. But how deep the snow is! Mercy, I can hardly walk through it in some places! I would love to have a sleigh ride over such a fine snow as this!"

Thus, communing with herself, Maggie hurried along towards her home which was just coming into sight around the brow of the hill. She could see the smoke curling from the chimneys and knew that comfort and good cheer would greet her there. When she got along beside the sheep pasture she stopped to look about, hoping that the animals had gone to warmer and safer quarters, for a big open pasture in midwinter was not a comfortable place for them to spend a night.

"Ah, every sheep has gone—or been driven by the herders—to their sheds," said Maggie, feeling happy in the knowledge, for she had a kind and sympathetic heart, and it caused her much sorrow to see animals suffer through neglect.

Then, humming a tune, Maggie braced herself against the wind and snow and trudged on. The evening was deepening and she could see a light gleaming from the window of her own home. "I am so glad I went to school to-day," she thought. "It has not been at all bad in the snow. And I have kept my record for attendance unbroken by an absence mark. But—what was that sound? I surely heard something that was not the wind sighing through the tall dead weeds and grass that are still holding themselves above the deep snow." And Maggie paused to listen. Yes, there came the sound, faintly, but sure. And it was so plaintive that Maggie's heart was

touched. "A lamb, a little lamb, left out in the pasture," she said. "I must find it. And I must find it soon, for it is getting dark very rapidly." Thereupon, Maggie lifted the lower barbed-wires of the fence which surrounded the sheep pasture and crept under them, entering the pasture. Then she stood still and listened. Again came the low pleading call of the little lamb in distress. The sound led Maggie to the pretty little animal that was standing alone in the snow which nearly covered it. On the uplands the snow had not lain, the winds having swept it to the lower land; but evidently the lamb's instinct had led it to a hollow place in the pasture where it was sheltered from the wind. But here it had gotten into the snow that was too deep to allow of its walking about, and doubtless, when the herd boys came to drive the sheep to shelter, had been misad.

"You dear little cold thing," said Maggie, putting her arms about the pretty lamb. "I cannot leave you here to perish. I simply must carry you home with me." Then, lifting with all her strength, Maggie got the lamb in her arms and went to the fence with it. Here she met the greatest obstacle in the form of the barbed wire. But Maggie was determined, and after much effort got the lower wires sufficiently apart to admit of the lamb's body, which she thrust through to the opposite side. Then Maggie crawled through the fence and again took the lamb in her arms; but she found her burden a heavy one, and as she went stumbling along through the snow often wondered if her strength would hold out till she reached her home.

But there are times in our lives when superhuman strength seems to be given us in our hour of need, and so it was with Maggie in this emergency. Just when it seemed that her arms must of sheer exhaustion let the benumbed little lamb drop to the ground she felt a sudden strength and walked on bravely and surely to her home. On reaching the door she called out to her mother to open it for her. You can well imagine the mother's surprise when she beheld Maggie carrying a dear little half-frozen lamb. After Maggie had explained the situation the good mother put her arms about her saying: "One dear little lamb gave succor to another dear little lamb in distress. And I have comfort and happiness for both. Papa will take the dear little rescued one to a warm place in the barn and see that it gets a good supper, and to-morrow will notify its owner of its whereabouts and also of the manner in which it was saved. And now I must look after my own little lamb, whom I was on the point of going to meet, for the night was deepening and I was afraid she might have strayed from safety."

And Maggie, very happy in having saved the life of a poor forgotten, freezing little lamb, said: "I'm doubly glad, mamma, that I did not miss school to-day. Had I not gone that poor animal would have frozen to death in the pasture. So I shall always go to school on bad days, not only to learn and to keep up my attendance record, but to look in that pasture for lambs that might be forgotten and left there to perish."—Hartford Post.

The Best Jail.

Thomas Nelson Page was talking in the smoking room of the America about the old-fashioned bad men of the West.

"They are extinct now," said Mr. Page, "and I am sorry. They were, you know, so picturesque. I remember a Western trip—"

He laughed heartily. "We were all seated in the bar-room of Tin Can or Dead Cur—some such town. I was the only tenderfoot present. Every man about me bristled with guns and knives like an enraged porcupine. If I refused to drink, I was given to understand I would be turned into a human pin cushion or worse."

"Well, as I sipped a friendly glass of something resembling wood alcohol, a very bad man, indeed, rode on a prancing mustang right into the barroom. He drew up and had a drink. Then, spying me, he said: " 'What ye from, stranger?'"

" 'Richmond,' said I. " 'Not good old Richmond, Va.?' he exclaimed. " 'Yes,' said I; 'do you know it?'" " 'Know it?' he shouted. 'Know it? Best jail I ever was in.'"—Washington Star.

Furred and Feathered Folk.

It is asserted that some gazelles never drink water and that the llamas of Patagonia live for years without taking water.

There is a particular class of cattle near Loere in France that rarely touches water, but in spite of this fact these cattle give milk of a rich quality from which excellent cheese is made.

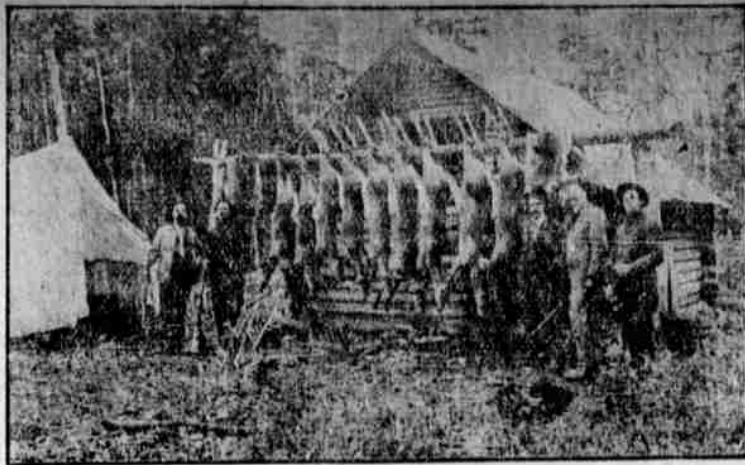
Many naturalists have the theory that hares do not drink or that water is not a necessity for them and that the dew on the grass is sufficient for their needs.—Fur News.

Occasionally.

End-seat hogs, like other animals, vary in size and huskiness; hence it happens that a smaller one will occasionally move over.—Indianapolis News.

Quite So.

"How can I show my love?" "What do you mean?" "Words are inadequate." "I see. And kisses are unsanitary. It's a tough world."



"GOOD HUNTING" IN THE MAINE WOODS.

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC IS EVERY YEAR MANIFESTING A KEENER INTEREST IN THE QUEST OF BIG GAME

To Gratify This Longing Railroads Are Now Run Through the Very Heart of the Moose and Deer Country, Dropping the City Sportsman at Stations That Are But Vestibules to the Happy Hunting Grounds

CAMPS SO COMFORTABLE THAT WOMEN MAY HUNT BIG GAME IN MAINE WOODS

The number of Americans who are fired with the ambition to kill something big that moves around on four legs is phenomenal. The hunting instinct, brought down the long centuries from primal man, survives throughout all the advancements of civilization. It crops out in bankers, merchants, journalists, capitalists, bookkeepers and even Presidents.

Indeed, it is not too much to assume that the present hunting trip of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt in Africa has had the direct result of inducing many of his contemporaries here who would not otherwise have thought of it, to plan for an outing in that great preserve of American "big game," the Maine woods, this fall.

Great is the force of example, especially when it is set by some national figure; and there is no question whatever that Mr. Roosevelt's expedi-

One would realize this latter fact very forcibly could he go behind the scenes in the advertising department of one of the great American railroads serving the Maine and Canadian hunting region and see the vast quantities of booklets and other printed matter pertaining to this noble branch of sport that are sent to every quarter of the Republic, at the request of interested parties.

Perhaps it is the feeling that some day in the not far distant future, there will be no more moose and deer to be hunted in Maine or elsewhere on this continent; but certain it is that the American public is every year manifesting a keener interest in the quest of big game, and is willing to invest generously of its time and money in order to gratify its desire for a set of antlers, or even a set of "snap shots" of antlered game.

Even a peaceful expedition like that of Dr. Cook to the North Pole has an unconscious effect upon the mind of the born hunter. He yearns to emulate the intrepid discoverer in bagging musk-oxen and polar bears, but realizing that these are as far beyond his reach as the Pole itself, he does the next best thing and goes after moose and black bears in Maine or New Brunswick. And in his way, he has just as much fun as Dr. Cook or Commander Peary—and far more comfort.

With the multiplicity of the camps has come a marked increase in the number of professional guides, all of them duly registered, according to law; and in no hunting region in the world can there be found a finer or more reliable set of woodsmen than these.

With these intelligent guides to smooth away the rough places, per-



BACK IN COMFORTABLE CAMP AFTER DAY'S SPORT.

tion into the wilds of the Dark Continent will have a far-reaching effect upon the pastime of hunting in all civilized countries.

Those who live in large cities—the last place on earth that one would naturally associate with anything pertaining to the wilderness—are nowadays among the very first to be reminded of the approach of the hunting season, for about this time of year the sporting goods establishments, so numerous in all large centres, begin to make their attractive window displays of firearms, camping outfits and hunting and tramping paraphernalia, not forgetting the guide books and outdoor works of fiction; for there is a literature of hunting to-day, as of all things else.

In fact, the comforts of life in the woods in these days form one of the chief reasons for the wonderful popularity of those exciting and healthful hunting trips that we soon will be reading about in every metropolitan and local paper. There are a few of us who really take delight in "roughing it," but for every one of these modern Davy Crocketts, there are a thousand who prefer the downy couch in the snug camp after the hard day's quest of moose or deer.



A HUNTER'S LODGE IN THE SNOWY WILDERNESS.

form most of the necessary manual labor, pilot the hunter to the most promising places for a telling shot, and, in short, to take upon their shoulders the bulk of the work and responsibility, hunting "down East" is a good deal of a "clinch" in these days.



A CITY SPORTSMAN'S FIRST MOOSE.

It is so easy, indeed, and yet so "real," that it has become the accepted custom for the sportsman to take along the feminine members of his family, after the unselfish fashion of the true American. Hundreds of women go into the Maine woods nowadays, for big game hunting as well as for fishing, and some of the finest prizes fall to their lot. Nothing will so quickly and effectually eliminate a bad case of "nerves," in man or woman, as a few weeks in the woods, especially under the bracing climate.

Even the children can be taken along, if they are not of too tender an age, and the experience is one that will be of inestimable value.

In the matter of selecting a likely place for good moose or deer hunting, there is almost as wide a range as if one wanted to go in quest of elephants or lions in Africa. A very large part of the State of Maine, with its 9,000,000 acres of forest land and its 2,500 lakes and streams afford "good hunting" of every kind to be found in this corner of America.

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Franklin—Model G runabout. Thoroughly overhauled and repaired. Price, \$700.
Buick—Model 8, 1908, 4-cylinder, 25 H. P., Roadster or Surrey Body, capable of carrying either 2 or 4 persons. Fine top, Jones Speedometer, gas tank, lamps, etc. Thoroughly overhauled and repaired, like new. Cost, without extras, \$2,000. Price, \$900.
Packard—4-cylinder, 30 H. P., touring car. Banker wind shield, top, lamps, etc. Thoroughly overhauled and repaired. A rare bargain. Cost \$3,750 new. Price, \$1,000.
Winton Sixteen Six—1908 model, 6-cylinder, 48 H. P., 7-passenger; equipped with 7000 lbs. top, wind shield, gas tank, full lamp equipment, etc. Tires and general condition very fine; thoroughly overhauled and repaired. Cost \$4,500 car price, \$1,800.
Rambler—2-cylinder, 18 H. P., 5-passenger car, lamps, generators and horn. Tires and general equipment good. Thoroughly overhauled and repaired. Price, \$450.
Columbia Electric Victoria—40-cell battery, full Victoria leather top, lamps, etc. Upholstering like new. Cost \$1,750. Price, \$450.

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FEMINE NEWS NOTES.

Grace Van Studdiford, an actress, sued her husband for divorce. Six towns and cities of Colorado have elected women as treasurers.

Mary Elizabeth Crocheron was found dead in her Staten Island home. Miss Kate Cary's coaching parade at Lenox, Mass., was declared a success.

Bessie I. Starr was non-suited in an action against W. L. Albee, a wealthy Buffalo man. Miss Meredith, daughter of George Meredith, has demonstrated in England her ability to lead a municipal orchestra.

Dr. Mary Wolfe, superintendent of the State Hospital at Norristown, Pa., has under her supervision more than 300 patients.

Mrs. Nelson Morris, widow of the wealthy banker, of Chicago, died at Fontainebleau, France, from an automobile accident.

Miss Gertrude L. Sawyer has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Free Baptist church at New Portland and East New Portland, Me.

The National Association of Retail Milliners, meeting in Chicago, said women ought to throw away the peach basket and other freak hats.

Mrs. Florence Forbes, of New Decatur, Ala., one of the foremost poultry breeders of the South, was elected vice-president of the Tri-State Fair Association.

Professor Frances Spire Potter, whose paper read before the Buffalo convention for equal suffrage attracted much attention, is the mother of four children.

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Equal Franchise League, called on Mrs. Belmont at the new suffrage headquarters, in New York City, and the union between the former rival factions was formally ratified.

It is remarked by an Eastern paper that capital is not afraid of proper regulation. Nevertheless, retorts the Louisville Courier Journal, it would like to see a bill of particulars before any regulating is done.

The first submarine boat was tried in Plymouth Harbor, England, in 1774.