

ACHIEVEMENT.

I dunno—I may be foolish, but it all seems to me that our dreams are just like children, such as you might have or me; We kin look back there an' see 'em ez they used t' be in youth. When we thought life was all pleasure an' th' speech of men all truth; We kin look back an' remember how they made us glad all day. When they jest walked hand in hand with us, afore they went away; They was allus bright ez sunshine an' ez light an' fine ez foam. An' then they grew up an' left us—jest like children leavin' home.

Once th' house was peopled with 'em, an' they played like children play, Inter every nook an' cranny, never restin' in all th' day. Once we heard 'em all laughin' jest like children laugh fer you. An' a-talkin' of remembrance, jest th' same as children do. Once no day was bright without 'em, an' they gathered in th' light Or th' grate an' smiled about us jest like children do at night; An' then they went back to Dreamland, an' they left us in th' gloom Or our life alone, an' lonesome—jest like children leavin' home.

Why, it ain't so long, I reckon, leas'twise the'th' way it seems, Since I was th' happy daddy of a family o' dreams; When they clustered all about me an' they climbed up in my chair, An' they smiled at me an' greeted me from almost everywhere; Every night I heard 'em singin'—I could hear 'em jest ez plain; An' they used t' dance before me all th' way along th' lane, How they kep' me sweet an' hopeful on what rough road I might roam, But they've all grown up an' left me, jest like children leavin' home.

An' sometimes I set at evenin' where I used t' see 'em play, Sort o' solemn like an' lonesome, sence they're grown an' gone away; Sort o' glad I used t' have 'em, when I git t' dreamin' on, Bout ez glad I used t' have 'em ez I'm sorry that they're gone. How I used t' set a-dreamin' in this big, old-fashioned chair, With th' dreams like children playin' in my castles in th' air. They was colored jest like rainbows an' ez light an' fine ez foam, But they've all grown up an' left me—jest like children leavin' home.

—J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.

IN THE VAULT.

By Albert W. Tolman.

The night clerk at the Hotel Imperial, Jasper Fortescue, was chatting over the counter with Ben Grahame, the clock expert.

Grahame "made" the city about every four months. A week ago a telegram had summoned him three hundred miles west to force the time vault of the Second National Bank. After a hard job he had got the big steel room open. Now he was going twice as far south in answer to another message.

Cary, the Imperial telegrapher, had gone home sick.

"Could handle the key myself at a pinch, eh, Ben?" remarked Fortescue. "I guess I've not quite forgotten my Morse."

The expert nodded. They had been railroad operators together fifteen years back, and had always kept up their friendship.

The office clock chimed eleven-thirty. Grahame's train pulled out in fifteen minutes.

"Well, good-by, Jamp! I'll see you in October, if everything goes well. Look out for your safe."

"We keep good watch of that," replied the clerk. Leaning forward he dropped his voice to a whisper: "Fifty thousand in money and jewelry in there tonight. A diamond drummer's just put in twenty thousand. We close it at midnight. Till then—"

Dropping his hand behind the counter, he raised a revolver butt. Grahame smiled.

"Yes, I see. Good-by!"

With a final handshake he hurried out to the carriage. Fortescue spoke to Hayden, the colored watchman, twenty years an Imperial employe, trusty as a steel trap.

"The safe's chock-full of money and valuables, Billy. Be sure the door's shut at twelve, if I'm not here. I may have to see a party in 47. There were a lot of suspicious-looking characters on the street this afternoon. The town's full of crooks, baited here by this convention. Here comes the band now with a crowd of delegates from the train. Be careful, won't you?"

"All right, sir," replied Billy, and hurried away on his rounds.

Fortescue's glance fell on Maurice Stone, the new bell-boy, a slim, quiet lad of eighteen, pouring over a book. The clerk was something of a martinet. He had not taken to Stone; not that he, actually distrusted him, but few men must be tried before being trusted too far. Fortescue spoke sharply:

"Put that book up, Stone. I don't want you reading while on duty. Go up to 47, and ask if Mr. Folger wants to see me."

It now lacked but little of twelve, and the procession was just in front of the hotel. Roman candles and red light illumined the street. The thunder of the band, pealing through the doors, filled the office. Everybody was at the windows looking out.

The clerk stepped into the vault to put away the ledger. On turning to go out, he noticed in one corner a piece of paper shaped like a check; he stooped to pick it up. He was standing with his back to the door, and at one side of it, concealed from those without.

Suddenly kling-g! the music was cut off, and thick, dead stillness succeeded. A second later, before he could realize his peril and cry out, the bolts clanged home.

The door had been closed and locked and the combination disarranged. So noiselessly had the well-oiled hinges turned and so brightly was the electric light inside that he had received no warning.

In a flash Fortescue woke to his position. The combination of the vault had been changed that day, and he was the only man who knew the new combination.

Almost unbalanced by his danger, he uttered cry after cry, as he pounded his fists on the rock-like door. Then a calmer period came, and he applied himself with determination to the problem so suddenly forced upon him. It was easy to understand how the thing had happened. Everybody in the office had been watching the procession, so no one had seen him enter the safe. Hayden, the watchman, coming along a minute or so after twelve, his steps drowned by the music, had found the door open. Strictly obedient to orders, he had swung it to, turned the T-handle, and

whirled the knob to scatter the combination.

Fortescue looked eagerly round, seeking some chance for escape, but nothing offered. The electric bulb illumined every corner. From floor to ceiling the walls were lined with locked money drawers and the backs of ledgers and files. On these the clerk bestowed merely a casual glance, for behind them lay two inches of solid steel, backed by a foot of cement. No, positively his only chance was by the door; and that must be opened from the outside.

His cell was about six feet square and seven feet high. To support life comfortably a man needs at least a thousand cubic feet of air an hour. A little calculation told Fortescue he had enough for fifteen minutes. After that the deadly carbonic acid gas would gradually overpower him.

He looked at his watch. Every minute was priceless. How fast they were ticking away! What was going on in the office only a few feet off! Could he not attract some one's attention? Not if that bass drum were still thundering through the room. But it must soon pass by.

If he only had something to hammer against the door! He remembered his knife. Clenching it in his right fist, so that only its end projected, he began pounding against the steel.

Fortescue would have felt better had he known that Grahame was outside. Somehow or other he knew Ben would have got that door open. He stopped hammering for a moment.

Bang! bang! bang! Somebody was pounding against the door. The clerk's heart leaped. He had been heard, and that was the first step toward his release.

Again he glanced at his watch. Ten of the precious fifteen minutes had

recognized the sounds as the old familiar dots and dashes of the Morse telegraph code. Word after word spelled out, until at last a sentence stood before him:

"Can you hear me?"

The clerk pulled himself together. Ben Grahame, of course! Somehow he had been summoned back. Perhaps his train had not started. It was often late at that season. Remembering telegraph days together, he was tapping a message through the door. Fortescue felt a great relief.

Yes! he must reply quickly. The air was so thick he could barely keep his eyes open. His head was splitting. It was years since he had used the code; but the old operator never forgets his Morse. Leaning against the door, he dropped back with the butt of his knife:

"Yes"—tap-tap, tap-tap; tap; tap-tap-tap.

Again a message clinked through the resounding steel:

"What is the combination?"

Staggering, fighting off insensibility, the imprisoned clerk began to reply. So dulled was his brain that he almost feared he might forget the numbers before he could finish. He was careful to make each blow loud and clear, for he knew he was spelling out either his reprieve or his death warrant. A single mistake, and all was lost; he could not keep conscious long enough to tap the message through more than once.

Dot by dot, dash after dash, he ticked off the words:

"Left to twenty-five; right three times to seventy-five; left twice to fifty; right slowly, till dial stops."

At the last stroke Fortescue's will gave way. His knife dropped to the cement, his muscles relaxed, and he collapsed utterly. Yet through the black mist which seemed to close round him he could hear the clicking of the tumblers. Fingers a few inches outside were turning the T-handle. Would they get the combination right?

Just as his senses were forsaking him, with a tremendous clang the bolts shot back, and the door sprang open.

Somebody was sponging Fortescue's temples with cold water when he came to himself on his own counter. After a moment of bewilderment he remembered and raised himself painfully to thank the friend who had saved him. But he saw only a few belated guests and the regular hotel employe, Billy Hayden among them, his dark face almost ashen with relieved horror. In the background, quiet and sober, stood Maurice Stone.

"Where's Grahame?" asked the clerk, weakly.

"Couldn't reach him," was the reply. "We telephoned the telegraph office to catch his train, but it was too far out. He couldn't have got back in time."

"Then who knew the code?"

They nodded toward the new bell-boy.

"You, Stone?" exclaimed Fortescue, incredulously, staring at the lad he had distrusted.

"Yes, sir. I overheard you and Mr. Grahame speak of having been telegraphers together. I couldn't help be-

ing interested, for I'm studying Morse myself in my spare time." He touched the book projecting from his pocket. "I was pretty nervous and went slow, so as not to make any mistakes. Sorry I didn't know the code better, or I'd got you out before."

"You knew it well enough to save my life," answered Fortescue, gratefully. "I should never have thought of it myself."—Youth's Companion.

Nuts to Crack.

A lame excuse is merely one that doesn't go.

If a woman wants to catch a man she should never pursue him.

In an argument it's wonderful how obstinate the other fellow is.

It takes longer to age whiskey than it does the man who drinks it.

Eliminate politics and religion and conversation is pretty one-sided.

Girl friends can't be so very thick when they can see through each other.

The trouble with a ready talker is that he is so often such a poor quitter.—New York Times.

In some of the public schools of Connecticut a course of agriculture has been introduced in some of the higher grades.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

By Homer Croy.

It was the morning of that fearsome, uncertain day when the bonds were to be made fast, where a tiny path yet leads back, when each tries to peer into the future and wonders, and doubts, and hesitates.

They were alone, and she drew near him, aware, and watchful.

"Harold, dearest, in a few hours it will all be over. Can you grasp it all? But did you dream of me last night?"

"Yes, ownest. I saw you as a black marvelous swan, drifting placidly all alone on a mirrored lake, with here and there a flat floating leaf. And then I, an humble, joyous swan, too, began to float out to you. And my soul took fire, dearest, and I thrilled all over as you swung superbly around, and I wished to be a poet with a living, passionate pen, and I wished myself an earth-god, and that a raging wind and destruction would come, would swoop down upon you that I might seize you in my arms and defy the storm-god. And I could smell sweet incense and hear the tinkling of innumerable bells, and could feel the delirium of a burning heart when you swayed your head, and again I wished to be a poet that I might sing—"

"But, Harold, do you really love me?"

He paused, breathed deep, and poured out his soul: "Yes, dearest, I think you are it."

And then she held up her vibrant lips, confident, satisfied.—From Puck.

passed. They must be quick. The air inside would not last forever.

Confusedly he began to speculate as to how they would try to reach him. They might drill a hole to give him air; but before they could penetrate that thick, tough steel plate he would be dead. They might blow the door with nitroglycerin, but that would assuredly kill him. No, he could not get out alive unless the vault were opened in the usual way; and how could that be done when he was the only brain that knew the combination?

Tick, tick, tick! Second by second the minutes were fleeting—fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. He was on borrowed time now.

Already the veins on his face were swelling. His head ached fit to burst. There was a clanging in his ears. If he could only live without breathing!

Why did not those people outside do something? Were they going to let him die without an effort?

All at once from the door, even now wavering before his eyes, a succession of quick, sharp blows echoed through the vault—tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap!

Over and over again they came, until at last Fortescue's benumbed brain

THE SEASON'S NEW DESIGNS



New York City.—The dress that is made in cuirass, or jersey, style is such a pretty and becoming one that its favor is constantly increasing. This model can be made simple or dressy as it is treated in one way or

consists of fronts, side-fronts, backs and side-backs. The skirt is straight and laid in backward-turning pleats and the trimming portions, when used, are arranged on indicated lines. The chemisette is faced onto the dress itself, which can be cut away beneath if a transparent effect is desired.

Lustrous Weave.

Some designers expect that a new and lustrous weave of cashmere will be a leader in the styles. It closely resembles crepe de chine.

Seven Gored Skirt.

The plain seven gored skirt is always a satisfactory one. It never goes out of style, it is very generally becoming and in every way satisfactory. This one is adapted to every material that is used for women's skirts, for it can be made plain or trimmed or can be treated in any way that may be liked. In the illustration, however, one of the new diagonal serges is finished with a stitched hem. The skirt can be made in the length illustrated, shorter or in the pretty round length that is so graceful for indoor wear.

The skirt is made in seven gores. It is fitted with perfect smoothness



another. In this case a pretty checked wool material is trimmed with heavy lace and silk banding and worn with chemisette of dotted net, but with the trimming portions omitted the dress becomes the simple plain one shown in the small view. Cashmere and Henrietta, chiffon, broadcloth and materials of the sort are much liked for immediate wear, and mothers who are beginning to think ahead for the future will be glad to know that the same model promises to be a great favorite made from linen and materials of the sort.

The dress is made with the jersey portion and skirt. The jersey portion



over the hips and can be laid in inverted pleats at the back or cut off and finished in habit style as liked.



Large Designs.

Loose braidings of satin are used as trimming on some gowns. This is decidedly effective, whether put on in bands or used in outlining some large design.

Attractive Scallops.

Unusually attractive scallops are seen as a finish to some of the linen turn-over collars. The more elaborate ones have the front points of Irish creoset lace.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is ten yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, six and an eighth yards forty-four or four and three-quarter yards fifty-two inches wide if there is figure or nap; seven yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, three and a half yards forty-four or three and a quarter yards fifty-two inches wide if there is neither figure nor nap.

Golden brown and brick are the favorite colors in gloves.

BUSINESS CARDS.

- E. NEFF**
Justice of the Peace,
Pencilton Attorney and Real Estate Agent.
- RAYMOND E. BROWN,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BROOKVILLE, PA.
- C. M. McDONALD,**
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real estate agent, patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Reynolds building, Reynoldsville, Pa.
- SMITH M. MCGRIGHT,**
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary public and real estate agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in the Reynoldsville Board of Trade Co. building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.
- DR. B. E. HOOVER,**
DENTIST,
Resident dentist, in the Hoover building, Main street. Gentleness in operating.
- DR. L. L. MEANS,**
DENTIST,
Office on second floor of the First National bank building, Main street.
- DR. R. DEVERE KING,**
DENTIST,
Office on second floor of the syndicate building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.
- HENRY PAESTER**
UNDERTAKER,
Black and white funeral care, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW

YEAR OPENS BRIGHT
High-Price Question Acute, but Doesn't Stand in the Way of Optimism.

New York.—R. G. Dan & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: Not in a half decade has a year opened with the business outlook so generally auspicious as the year 1910. Some of the perplexing issues which contributed to the crisis of 1907 still remain unsolved, while the question of high prices has become more acute; but it would seem as if business confidence were not going to permit these things to interfere with the further progress of industry and commerce.

The optimism which usually prevails at this season is this time apparently well supported by the facts of the economic situation. In the great iron and steel trade, which is so basic, this spirit of optimism is particularly conspicuous. Conditions are not so pronouncedly strong in some other departments, but with favorable agricultural conditions and with no event—political or otherwise—to impair the confidence of business men in the credit structure there seems to be no reason to doubt a good year.

Bradstreet's will say: Business failures in the United for the week ending with January 6 were 271, against 257 last week, 329 in the like week of 1909, 435 in 1908, 283 in 1907 and 286 in 1906.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURGH.

Wheat—No. 2 red.....	\$	77	78
Rye—No. 2.....		68	69
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear.....		44	45
No. 2 yellow, shelled.....		43	44
Mixed ear.....		50	51
Oats—No. 2 white.....		44	45
No. 3 white.....		43	44
Flour—Winter patent.....		500	500
Fancy straight winters.....		16 00	17 00
May—No. 1 Timothy.....		16 00	15 50
Clover No. 1.....		30 00	30 00
Feed—No. 1 white mid. for.....		25 00	26 00
Brown middlings.....		24 00	25 00
Brass—Wheat.....		5 50	5 50
Oat.....		5 50	5 50

Dairy Products.

Butter—Eggs creamery.....	\$	31	34
Ohio creamery.....		25	28
Fancy country roll.....		19	15
Cheese—Ohio, new.....		14	15
New York, new.....		11	12

Poultry, Etc.

Hens—per lb.....	\$	17	19
Chickens—dressed.....		43	22
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh.....		28	27

Fruits and Vegetables.

Potatoes—Fancy white per bu.....		60	75
Cabbage—per ton.....		12 00	14 00
Onions—per barrel.....		1 85	2 25

BALTIMORE.

Flour—Winter Patent.....	\$	5 60	5 70
Wheat—No. 2 red.....		1 08	1 10
Corn—Mixed.....		70	71
Eggs.....		47	48
Butter—Ohio creamery.....		25	26

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Winter Patent.....	\$	5 60	5 70
Wheat—No. 2 red.....		63	69
Corn—No. 2 yellow.....		46	47
Oats—No. 2 white.....		26	27
Butter—Creamery.....		27	28
Eggs—Pennsylvania first.....		27	28

NEW YORK.

Flour—Patents.....	\$	1 70	5 80
Wheat—No. 2 red.....		1 25	1 25
Corn—No. 2.....		46	46
Oats—No. 2 white.....		25	25
Butter—Creamery.....		25	25
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania.....		25	25

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

CATTLE

Extra, 1400 to 1600 pounds.....	\$	6 50	6 50
Prime, 1200 to 1400 pounds.....		5 25	5 50
Good, 1000 to 1200 pounds.....		5 00	5 25
Tidy, 1000 to 1100 pounds.....		5 00	5 25
Fair, 800 to 1000 pounds.....		4 50	5 25
Common, 700 to 800 pounds.....		3 10	4 25
Bulls.....		3 00	5 00
Cows.....		2 00	5 00

HOGS

Prime, heavy.....	\$	9 50	9 75
Prime, medium weight.....		9 10	9 10
Best heavy Yorkers.....		9 10	9 10
Light Yorkers.....		8 75	9 00
Pigs.....		8 90	9 00
Houghs.....		7 50	8 50
Stags.....		6 50	7 25

SHEEP

Prime wethers.....	\$	5 75	6 00
Good mixed.....		5 25	5 50
Fair mixed ewes and wethers.....		4 50	5 10
Culls and common.....		2 80	3 50
Spring lambs.....		6 00	6 50
Yearlings.....		6 00	6 50
Heavy to thin calves.....		5 00	5 75

FOOTREST FOR INVALID.

In making a gift for an elderly person or invalid the comfort of a footstool or footrest should not be overlooked. A carpet remnant is excellent for this purpose, or the sound parts of a wornout rug or carpet may be utilized.—Public Ledger.