

**THE HAPPY DAYS.**

Singing of the happy days—that's the way to sing!  
When the desert feels the freshness and the fullness of the spring;  
When the hills stand clear to heaven, and the bells of hope shall ring—  
Singing of the happy days—Oh, that's the way to sing!

Singing of the happy days, when all the stars above,  
In azure fields of glory, are but sentinels of love!  
When the ripple of the rivers, and the melody of birds,  
Shall only match the meaning of the sweetest human words!

Singing of the happy days—and let us sing 'em true—  
Their symphonies of sunlight, their mysteries of dew!  
The spring is wrecked by winter—the withered blossoms fall;  
But Love makes bright the future, and God's above us all!

—Atlanta Constitution.

**MISS ABBIE'S LEGACY.**

Cy Hendry passed out the solid looking envelope with the imprint of a law firm in one corner.

"I guess you got a legacy, Miss Abbie," he said genially. "You ain't never had no letters from 'way out West before."

Some of the "cracker cabinet," sitting about the stove in the general store section of the postoffice guffawed at the suggestion, but they watched her respectfully as she hurried past them with the precious letter hugged to her breast. It was the first letter from a stranger Miss Abbie had ever received in her life, and she could scarcely wait until she reached home to open it.

By nightfall the news was all over the village, and the Clarion made allusion to a fortunate townsman who would presently become a Croesus and probably would present the town with the library Mr. Carnegie had neglected to give.

Miss Abbie disclaimed the fortune, explaining to Hendry that it was just something about the Rosedale family that the lawyer wished to know, but the letters grew more frequent. There were long blue envelopes of a color that prevented even speculation as to their contents, and the belief gained ground that Abbie Blair was a sharp one and that her disclaimers were merely for the purpose of throwing the tax collector off the scent.

And now a second wonder came into her hitherto uneventful life, for Dave Grayling stepped up to her after church on Sunday night and drew her arm through his.

"We're going the same way, Miss Abbie," he said awkwardly, "let's be going together."

Grayling's courtship was brief and masterful. He would listen to no denial and one afternoon Miss Abbie stood up before their few friends and the gray-haired minister spoke the few words that made her Mrs. Grayling. That night they left on the honeymoon trip to town, and a week later Grayling was back in his fields and Miss Abbie was moving about the Grayling home with a flushed and happy face, making it over from its bachelor disorder to the spick-spanness of her own ideals.

She went to the door as the wagon drove into the yard, and Dave climbed down from the seat and lumbered up to the porch to hand her a letter.

"From that lawyer friend o' yours," he explained with a kiss. "I s'pose I ought to be jealous; my wife gettin' letters from a strange man; but I ain't."

He followed the horses to the barn while Abbie went into the house to read her letter. It was the first time she and Dave had directly spoken of the lawyer correspondent, and more than once she had asked herself if it was not possible that his belief in the report might not have been responsible for his proposal.

When Dave came in presently he found his wife sitting in the rocking chair and clutching a slip of blue paper in her nervous hands.

"Got a check from your legacy?" he demanded with rough good humor. "I wish I had a legacy like yours."

"It's not a legacy, Dave," she said wistfully. "It's a wedding present. Did you really believe that I had come into some money? Was that why—why—?"

"I don't suppose that you want me to believe that you've been corresponding with a lawyer chap all those months about anything else," he asked, still in good humor. "Let's hear all about it, Abbie. I haven't bothered you before, but—well, I can get Cobb's twenty acres very cheap if I buy right away."

The tears sprang unbidden to Abbie's eyes, but they did not flow.

"I told everybody the truth," she said simply. "Mr. Benson is the historian of the Rosedale family. Somehow he found out that I had Grandmother Rosedale's family tree and wrote me about it. He used to send me reports of the other branches and I'd look them up for him. When I was married I wrote him, so he could get that down in the book, and he's sent me a check for \$25 for a wedding present. That's all."

"And those big bunches of papers were only about the dead Rosedales?" asked Dave, with an uneasy laugh. "I guess dead Rosedales won't buy no twenty-acre lots."

He rose and stumped heavily out of the room to hide his disappointment, leaving Abbie staring dry-eyed before her. The tragedy she had feared had come.

Abbie was oddly quiet at supper

time. She eyed him wistfully as she set out her best preserves and watched the plate of biscuit to see that there were always warm ones at hand. She flushed with pleasure as Dave pushed back his chair and declared the meal to have been a supper well worth the eating.

"Dave," Abbie's voice was low and pained and she fingered the tablecloth nervously. "I've been thinking about this afternoon."

"I've been trying to forget it," he said with a laugh that was not mirthful.

"Sometimes they put people in jail who get money, under false pretenses," she went on bravely. "I was thinking that if we were to see a lawyer perhaps we could get a divorce. It's worse getting a husband under false pretenses."

Her face flushed scarlet as she made the suggestion. She did not look up, but Dave knew that the kindly brown eyes must be moist and troubled. The hair was still softly brown and the thin cheeks were uncrinkled. Miss Abbie had been deemed an old maid at thirty-five.

His glance traveled from the bowed head to the well-set table and the tidy room, and then roughly he pushed back his chair and went around the table.

"Abbie," he said, as he knelt beside her and drew her within the circle of his strong arms, "I did marry you because I wanted that twenty-acre lot, and I thought I could get it with your legacy. But I don't care about the legacy now; I'm glad you didn't get one. I got more than I deserved. I was marrying a couple of thousand dollars and instead o' that I got the best little woman in the whole United States—and she's worth more to me than a whole Stateful of twenty-acre lots."—New Haven Register.

**CARSON CITY'S HIRED GIRL.**

She is Apt to Be a Squaw and at First to Startle the Eastern Woman.

Carson City, the capital of Nevada, is probably the only city in the country where the hired girl is a squaw. To the Carson City housewife every Indian man is Jim and every Indian woman is Sally. Neither Jim nor Sally can ever be depended on to work regularly, but as other help is scarce and high priced the occasional services which they deign to render are always welcome.

When Sally wants to work she always opens the kitchen door without the formality of a knock and says, "Mahayle (woman), you want work done?" Or simply, "Me heap hogadi," which means that she is hungry and wants to work for meal.

An Eastern woman is apt to be frightened the first time this happens or the first time she looks up and sees a buck's swarthy face pressed against the outside of the window, but she soon learns that Jim and Sally are quite tame.

Sometimes Sally comes shivering to the door in winter with a baby under her blanket. She is "heap cold" and wants to toast herself and the queer little morsel of humanity on her back at the kitchen fire. Sometimes Sally will bring an armful of baskets to sell at the door and then the Eastern woman rejoices exceedingly, for she knows that she can pick up for a few cents baskets that she would have to pay dollars for in the stores.

The housewife likes to get a Plute Sally to work for her if possible, for she is cleaner, more industrious and more adaptable than the Shoshone or Washoe Sallies. The remnants of these three tribes have their homes up in the high hills above Carson, where no one else wants the land. They come down to the city every day, but they never stay there over night.

The Eastern woman in Carson never fails to look from her window at the sunset and watch them making their way along the trail, Indian file. In and out winds the long line, across the face of the darkening mountain, always ascending, the last sunbeams flashing on their red blankets. Each Jim is invariably with his own Sally, the squaw always carrying the papoose, but the father sometimes shouldering a tired toddler. Up winds the long file to the brush tepees at timberline, where each tribe in its own place, separate from the other two, cooks its scanty food at its little camp fire and goes to sleep among the moaning pines.—New York Sun.

**Hard Roads and Horses.**

Tip has seen many a good horse go wrong, and no veterinarian was able to cure or help. Horse would seem all right as long as he was out in the pasture loafing, but once he was harnessed up or saddled and taken out on hard streets he was all "stove up."

Now, a horse stands on his toes like a ballet dancer, for horse's heels never touch the ground, so it is strange that, shod with iron shoes, they stand stony streets. Many horses cannot trot hard roads without rubber shoes, and many a "stove-up" horse is about as good as ever when so shod, for these shoes seem to make a hard street as pleasant to walk upon as a grass plot or a Turkey carpet.—New York Press.

**A Bookworm.**

"No one meets such various kinds of people as we do," said a librarian. "You see that little old man over there? He is going through the encyclopedias, one volume at a time. He comes in every day and begins where he left off the day before. He has read through an entire set and is beginning another. Pretty dry reading, some of it, one would say."—New York Sun.



**A Good Dairy Cow.**

When you see a calf that is everything that could be asked for in the way of gentleness, there is every prospect that she will make a good dairy cow. A wild calf can hardly ever be made fit for the dairy.—Farmers' Home Journal.

**Test the Cows.**

Keep a record and test your cows. In this manner you will find out the profitable cows in the herd. Since you cannot afford to keep an unprofitable cow the sooner you learn the unprofitable ones the better for you.—Farmers' Home Journal.

**Cider to Vinegar.**

A short time ago I announced that we were having trouble in getting our cider changed into vinegar. A subscriber writes that fifteen pounds of sugar should be added to every barrel of cider. He says that he has made twelve barrels and that he has had good results in following that plan.—Epitomist.

**Holds the Cow's Tail.**

A new and improved contrivance for holding the switch of a cow when the cow is being milked has been designed by a Massachusetts man. The holder is constructed from a flat circular strip of spring metal, which is clamped around the leg of the attendant. To prevent it moving a number



Protection For the Milker.

of projections are placed on the inner face, which engage the trousers of the wearer.

On the outer face of the strip is a spring clamp, one end of which is riveted to the strip, while the opposite end is free and curved slightly outward, so that the switch of the animal can be readily entered between the strip and the clamp. The animal is thus unable to swish her tail in the milker's face, protecting the latter from injury in this way.—Weekly Witness.

**The Value of a Farm.**

There are few farmers or gardeners who place a proper estimate upon the value of their farms; I do not refer to the salable value of the land alone. What does it matter to you or me what our farms will sell for if we do not care to sell them? The question for us to decide is what is our farm worth to us for the purpose of furnishing a home and a livelihood? Suppose you have a farm with comfortable buildings, which you can sell for \$5000, says Southern Fruit Grower. This farm furnishes a house in which you and your family abide, a garden, a playground about the house, barns for stabling your horses, cattle, food for these animals and almost all that you consume in the family. In other words, the farm very largely supplies the wants of your family and provides you with horses and carriages for traveling wherever you wish to go. Now suppose you sell this farm for \$5000 in cash and move to the city. You can scarcely buy a house and a small lot without barns that are as comfortable as your own for \$5000. In the city you are taxed for city taxes at least one hundred dollars. Your expenses are increased in the city for car fares, for cost of everything you have to do, since you find it necessary to wear better clothes which cost you more money; you also have your amusements and other expenses which are increased in the city life. In other words the \$5000 which in the country almost provides for your living, in the city simply provides a shelter from the storm. But there is another trouble in the city, and a most serious one. Your \$5000 is invested in your house and you have no business, where as the farm has not only furnished a home but a paying business also.

**Live Stock Manure Value.**

It is well known that such foods as clover, alfalfa, tankage, bran, middlings, etc., have a high per cent. of protein, and that the manure of live stock largely fed on these is much the most valuable for the soil. An agricultural writer touching this matter calls attention to the fact that "Chemistry of the Farm," by Warrington, says that when fed to oxen all except 3.9 per cent. of the nitrogen of life food is voided either as a solid or liquid excrement, that 73.5 per cent.

is voided as liquid excrement, hence the importance of keeping plenty of absorbent at hand.

We also find that 14.7 per cent. of the nitrogen is retained in the body when the food is given to pigs. Twenty-one per cent. is voided in the solid excrement and 64.3 per cent. voided as liquid excrement.

There is a marked difference between the ox and the pig in this respect, due to the rapid growth of the pig.

As to the ash constituent of food, the same author says that 2.3 per cent. of the ash of the food is stored up in the body and that 97.7 per cent. is voided in the excrement when the feed is given to an ox, while a pig will retain 4.5 per cent. of the ash of the food and void 95.5 in the excrement. The figures show that only a small per cent. of the plant food is sold off the farms when animals are fed the products, and that the rapid exhaustion of the soil's fertility is a result of carelessness and lack upon the part of the farmer of properly managing the various farm operations.

By a judicious management and the feeding of farm animals it has not only been possible but practicable to increase the production of the farm from year to year without spending large sums of money each year for commercial fertilizer.

**Succulence and Palatability.**

We have often called attention to the fact that silage had the important elements of succulence and palatability so essential in feeding dairy cows. Referring to this matter Valancey E. Fuller, the well known dairyman, in a contribution to the Practical Dairyman says:

The chemist cannot tell us why the water that is contained in all these succulent feeds play such an important part in the well doing of the cow. He will tell us that pasture grass is eighty per cent. water; that corn silage has 79.1 per cent.; sugar beets, 86.5 per cent.; mangold beets, 90.9 per cent.; carrots, 88.6 per cent.; cabbage and pumpkin over 90 per cent. each. Yet this very water, as we find it in the various succulents, plays a very important part in the digestion of other food taken in conjunction with the succulents. It seems to act directly on the bowels and kidneys of the cows and maintains the cattle in that healthy condition which is essential to the best production.

We know that apples contain 80.3 per cent. water, yet we know also how beneficial that "juice" as we call it, is to us as a regulator of the bowels, and how, if we eat an apple or two each day, it contributes to our good health.

Corn silage is the cheapest of all succulent, except pasture grass. Roots are expensive to grow. They cost more per pound of digestible dry matter, than corn silage. Although, I had all the silage that I required to feed my cows in winter and in the dry season of summer, I used to grow all the roots I possibly could on my own place and contracted for 12,000 bushels a year, to feed the cows. My experience showed me that cows would do better when they had corn silage if they were fed roots, especially mangolds and sugar beets, than they did without them, and what the beets cost me extra was more than saved in the lessened grain fed each day.

If every dairyman would put up enough corn silage in the fall to feed his cows in the winter and carry over enough to feed them in the dry spell that comes in the late summer, his bank account would be materially added to each year.—Farmer.

**Poultry Notes.**

This is a good time to plan the next season's business. Be regular in caring for and feeding the poultry; regularity counts for more than many things.

Don't allow a scrap to be wasted; fresh scraps of meat mean increased number of eggs; the cracklings, when well pressed, are good to feed hens, in limited quantity.

Many families will make no use of the livers at all; it would pay to secure these and save to feed hens. Much better give to the poultry than to leave for stray dogs and cats.

If there is a north or northwest window in the poultry house, close it up to-day as tight as possible. While at it close all the cracks; tar paper is good for this if nailed closely.

In order to secure the good green growth, it is much better to have two yards, or a partition fence through the yard, thus enabling the green growth, rye or oats, or whatever is grown for forage, to get a good start, while the poultry is confined to the other part.

The size of the yard will depend quite a good deal upon the care taken of it, and the way it is managed. If green growth is kept upon it most, or all through the growing season the yard need not be so large; if bare, it should be regularly and thoroughly cleaned of all refuse once each month.

**RELIC OF FRENCH REVOLUTION.**

**Knife of Guillotine Used in Execution of Marie Antoinette.**

The knife of the guillotine used at the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette has been discovered in the museum of a private collector in Brussels. This gruesome relic seems well authenticated.

From a note by M. Gustave Babin in the Illustration it seems that M. Dubois, director des Halles de Bruxelles, acquired it by purchase in 1843 from Mme. Roch, widow of the executeur des hautes oeuvres. Up to this time Mme. Roch declared that it had never passed out of her possession. The late M. Delbler claimed it, but as he would not pay the widow refused to accede to his request. He complained to the Minister of Justice, with the result that the widow was desired to take the blade to the Archives. But as the State seemed to emulate M. Delbler's parsimony the widow stuck to her grim souvenir and sold it to M. Dubois.

The humorous side of this relic follows, but we must first complete the title. M. Roch received the knife from his predecessor, M. Hemereich, who himself had obtained it from Henri Sanson, the last descendant of the dynasty of this name. Now, Henri Sanson was the grandson of the executioner of the hapless King and Queen.

He was dismissed from his high office on account of a scandal. The executioner, suffering from the "res augusta," had to raise a loan, and his fertility of idea succeeded where most men would have failed, and to tell the truth he pawned the guillotine. And, adds a Paris contemporary which relates the story: "La Veuve chez la Tante; cette rencontre parut intolérable." As an instance of morbid humor this is "facile princeps." The recent sale by auction of the guillotine can only be classed "proxime accessit."—London Globe.

**Culinary Fame.**

Mme. Lydia Lipkowska, the opera singer, has brought suit against a Boston hotel because an admiring chef added to the hotel bill of fare a mellifluous drink called the "Cup Lydia" and a delightful gastronomic aria denominated "Soffie aux fraises a la Lipkowska." Could anything be more ungrateful? Could anything show a more absolute disregard of the true foundations of posthumous fame? Where now would be the memory of Nesselrode, that great statesman who once dominated Europe, but for the delectable pudding by which an inspired cook perpetuated his fame? Where would linger any recollection of the Imperial Charlotte of Russia but for the wide-flung Charlotte Russe? There is also the Peach Melba, immortalizing the Australian diva. Surely the cantatrice cannot be ignorant of these and many more instances wherein the cook book has become the record of a fame otherwise lost in oblivion. The only explanation is that the singer tasted the "Cup Lydia" and the "Soffie Lipkowska" and found them wanting in the elements of greatness. A good cook, as has often been proved, can hand down a name to the admiration and gratitude of unborn generations; but a bad cook can only hold it up to the execration of a fleeting, dyspeptic moment. However, let the Boston chef be not chagrined at the lack of appreciation on the part of Mme. Lipkowska. If he has really achieved something great his work will live and the singer's name be perpetuated in spite of herself.—New York Press.

**Euthanasia Again.**

Another of those peculiar philanthropists who propose to benefit the world by summarily removing from it all who cumber the soil has appeared—this time in Missouri, where he holds, and has held, several public offices. These drastic reformers "arise to remark" every now and then that the way to make the world better and happier is by poisoning the derelicts. Some want to asphyxiate old people; some to knock the cripples on the head, and some to cause incurables to cease from troubling by an overdose of morphine. Dr. Hudson, the latest to demand attention for the euthanasia system of reform, proposes merely to administer large doses of prussic acid to the insane and idiots. He is a county physician, and has offered to put his theory in practice at the county farm. But evidently his proposed reform is not thorough enough, for greatly to his disgust permission has been refused him to administer his "mercy tablets." There is always just the ghost of a suspicion, in spite of the incontrovertible logic with which reformers like Dr. Hudson advocate their plans for the relief of mankind, that the people who go about clamoring for permission to kill their fellow men are in need of "mercy tablets" themselves.—New York Press.

**Discovers Them on the Sky.**

At a dinner recently Professor Percival Lowell told an amusing story of an old woman he once had as housekeeper, to whom he made a sporting offer.

"Janet," he said to her one day, "the very next planet I discover I will make you a present of \$5."

"You are very kind, sir," she replied, "and I am sure I hope you will soon discover one."

Several months went by and no planets were discovered.

"The fact of the matter is, ma'am," confided the old woman at last to Mrs. Lowell. "I do think the professor goes out at night and discovers planets on the sky."—Washington Star.

**FINANCE AND TRADE REPORTS.**

**BRADSTREET'S WEEKLY REPORTS.**

**Conservatism and Caution Feature Trade Movements Because of Prices.**

"Trade and crop prospects will betray irregularity. In the Northwest on the Pacific coast and in Texas where needed rains have fallen trade and crop reports are alike good. In the Southwest, the central West, parts of the South and on the upper Atlantic coast there is conservatism in buying verging upon caution, and there is more evidence of the repression exercised upon trade movements by crop uncertainty or because of the high level of prices discouraging buying except for absolute current needs. Where outdoor activities such as building or active preparations for the crops, favor, the movement of supplies for these branches of industry are active.

"Iron and steel, except structural material, are rather quiet; production is not so heavy and resales of earlier purchases cause some weakness in prices of cruder forms. In the textile trades conservatism in buying or inability to make high raw material costs and manufactured goods prices accord has made for a disappointing trade. Curtailment of cotton goods production is still in evidence, and lower trade in worsteds at Eastern markets.

"Reports as to collections show that payments are better than fair here and are slow at many centers. A really new feature is the evidence this week of a loss of strength in a great many lines of commodities, which may have important consequences upon both domestic and foreign trade if these tendencies continue.

"Business failures in the United States for the week ending with April 7 were 240, against 229 last week, 227 in the like week of 1909, 258 in 1908, 194 in 1907 and 161 in 1906."

**MARKETS.**

**PITTSBURGH.**

Wheat—No. 2 red.....	73	74
Do—No. 2 yellow, ear.....	72	73
Do—No. 2 yellow, shelled.....	72	73
Mixed, ear.....	67	68
Oats—No. 2 white.....	51	52
Do—No. 3 white.....	50	51
Flour—Winter patent.....	6.25	6.30
Do—Fancy straight winers.....	20.50	21.00
Hay—No. 1 Timothy.....	17.50	18.00
Clover No. 1.....	27.00	27.50
Feed—No. 2 white mid. ton.....	27.00	27.50
Brown middlings.....	24.00	24.50
Bran, bulk.....	24.00	24.50
Straw—Wheat.....	9.00	9.50
Oat.....	9.00	9.50

**Dairy Products.**

Butter—Elgin creamery.....	34	34
Ohio creamery.....	31	32
Fancy country roll.....	36	38
Cheese—Ohio, new.....	18	19
New York, new.....	15	16

**Poultry, Etc.**

Hens—per lb.....	17	19
Chickens—dressed.....	23	22
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh.....	34	35

**Fruits and Vegetables.**

Potatoes—Fancy white per bu.....	60	73
Cabbage—per ton.....	12 1/2	14 1/2
Onions—per barrel.....	1.85	4.25

**BALTIMORE.**

Flour—Winter Patent.....	5.60	5.70
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	73	74
Corn—Mixed.....	37	38
Eggs.....	27	28
Butter—Ohio creamery.....	30	32

**PHILADELPHIA.**

Flour—Winter Patent.....	5.35	5.75
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	65	66
Corn—No. 2 white.....	45	47
Butter—Creamery.....	26	27
Eggs—Pennsylvania firsts.....	27	28

**NEW YORK.**

Flour—Patents.....	5.70	5.80
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	73	74
Corn—No. 2.....	36	38
Oats—No. 2 white.....	45	46
Butter—Creamery.....	25	26
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania.....	25	26

**LIVE STOCK.**

<b>Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.</b>	
<b>CATTLE.</b>	
Extra, 1400 to 1600 pounds.....	8.25 & 8.41
Prime, 1300 to 1400 pounds.....	8.25 & 8.41
Good, 1200 to 1300 pounds.....	7.91 & 8.07
Fair, 1100 to 1200 pounds.....	7.57 & 7.70
Fair, 900 to 1100 pounds.....	6.51 & 6.25
Common, 700 to 900 pounds.....	5.71 & 6.21
Butts.....	4.00 & 6.11
Cows.....	20.00 & 6.01
<b>HOGS.</b>	
Prime, heavy.....	10.93
Prime, medium weight.....	10.93
Best heavy Yorkers.....	10.93 & 11.11
Light Yorkers.....	10.85 & 11.00
Pigs.....	6.07 & 1.71
Kaughas.....	5.50 & 11.25
Stags.....	8.00 & 2.93
<b>SHEEP.</b>	
Prime wethers.....	6.80 & 7.03
Good mixed.....	6.41 & 6.94
Fair mixed, ewes and wethers.....	5.00 & 5.21
Culls and common.....	2.50 & 4.50

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
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Notary public and real estate agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in Reynoldsville Hardware 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,**  
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- HENRY PRIESTER**  
UNDERTAKER.  
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