

ALL ODD LOTS

Have been repriced, which makes it still more interesting to the buyers. It is a money saving event, but we must have room for our early spring deliveries, which we expect very shortly.

THE FORUM

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS

By Rev. V. L. Eggleston

If a lad or young man just leaving school and going to seek his fortune in some business or profession were to ask me for a maxim or saying that should serve him as a pointer towards success I think I would quote to him this familiar admonition: "Despise not the day of small things."

It is the initial point, this day of small things, and where one is going to end depends upon how it is regarded, whether it is honored or despised.

"I'll not go down there in the dark, said one little seed to another as they lay upon the garden soil. And so it remained upon the surface and rotted, but the other said, "It is not pleasant, but it is my appointed lot. I must fulfil my destiny." And down it went into the cold and into the darkness and there it lived its true life and made itself immortal in the plant and in the fruit, and in the multitude of prolific seeds that grew in the light above the place where it toiled and was forgotten. The good seed is the ideal worker. It asks not honor for itself, but only that it may bear fruit.

"I'll not take any such position as that," said young John Jones as he walked proudly out of a store where he had been offered a place as boy of all work, to sweep and run errands and be everybody's helper. Oh, no, he was too well dressed and too smart for that. He was poor, but he had a new suit of clothes in which to look for a place behind the counter and he would take nothing less. No menial place for him; oh, no, he was too much of a gentleman for that, and so he went on and looked and looked for the place he wanted, but the places he wanted did not want him, for he had not served an apprenticeship at anything and no one would let him commence at the top of the ladder. He did get started though, a few years later, in a business of his own on borrowed money and credit, but ended in bankruptcy on account of "bad luck" as he called it, but some said it was because he was too proud to commence business at the bottom and learn it all the way up.

The boy that took the place that he refused was a common looking fellow as you would see anywhere but the way he took it and the way he got down to his work at once attracted attention. "That boy means business," said one of his employers to the other. "Yes," was the reply, "he is a hustler. We must put him behind the counter," and they put him there and still higher. It would be a waste of words to tell what became of him in the end, whether he went up or down in life. He commenced his business career at the bottom but the direction was upward. He touched every round of the ladder and when he reached the top and had men of all grades to direct he knew just whom to employ at each point, for he had been there himself.

Something over a hundred years ago a well educated young man was sent as a protestant pastor to a very poor and sparsely settled region call the Steintal (stone valley) in Alsace, Germany. It was as barren and stony a place as its name indicates and although it contained three villages it had a total population of only five hundred. The inhabitants were ignorant peasants who had been overrun and plundered again and again by both parties during the terrible thirty years war that had just closed. It was a pretty hard spot for an ambitious young preacher, some would say. He could at best do a little good while studying and preparing for a higher position, for of course he would not consent to be buried alive for any length of time in any such desolate region. But that young man seems not to have taken the common view as to what constitutes a high position, or perhaps the current view of our day had not come into vogue at that time. At any rate he would not act as some in our day would act under like circumstances.

What he did do was this. He went to this, his first pastorate, at the age of twenty-six and made it his only pastorate. He died there at the age of eighty-six. Sixty years in the Steintal, for a man who proved himself to be gifted with eminent abilities as a speaker, writer, educator, and reformer, and whose name (Oberlin) has gone into history as that of one of this world's moral heroes. It had been his youthful ambition to pursue a military career and he displayed in his actual work, all the qualities of a great organizer and commander. But how could such a man find scope for his genius in that miserable valley, remote from every center of culture, and with no support from societies or governments? Well, I do not know exactly how. I wish I did, but all the world knows that it was done.

History records how he transformed the whole region, how he became alike the spiritual and temporal leader of his people, how stupid resistance to improvement yielded gradually under his hand which was both strong and gentle, how education flourished, how he was the originator of infant schools, how new arts and industries sprang up under his direction, how improved agriculture made the barren soil productive, and best of all how moral and religious improvement kept pace with general culture; though this was not accomplished with the small population with which it commenced. The five hundred grew to five thousand, for so famous became the work and the man that all through the great French revolution of the latter part of the century both parties abstained from molesting this valley where peace was gaining greater victories than war could boast. One can hardly believe that the leaders of that fiercest of all revolutions should issue orders to protect this humble pastor in his work though they had proclaimed against all religions. How wonderful must have been his influence.

A single example will reveal something of the manner in which he aroused his people to the improvement of their physical condition. They much needed a bridge over a certain stream but were too dull to see it and he knew they would not build it alone if he told them to. They would lack the skill as well as the disposition. So one Sunday, after the service, he told all the men to meet him the next morning on the bank of the stream. They came and then he told them he was going to build a bridge for them and if they wanted to help him they might go home and get their shovels and axes. With this he took his own shovel and commenced digging. They quickly came to his aid and the bridge was built. This was always his way when he wanted any great thing done. He said "come" and not "go." He led the work and preached with his hands.

I did not commence to say so much about Oberlin but only to name him as the best example of a man who did not seek a high position but took the humble one that offered and made it a high one. In that day of small things, when he commenced his wonderful work, he could not have thought of future fame. Sucklers do not work on that line. Gen. Sherman told the West Point Cadets, in an address, that when he was a Cadet he thought only of being the best lieutenant in the service. That for lieutenant in a company would ever he exchange the rank of lieutenant general and commander-in-chief of the army was a thing he never dreamed of in his day of small things. Had he despised that day he would never have been fit for the chief command. And when the missionary Jackson, on landing in Burma, sent back word home: "Tell my friends they may hear from me in twenty years," he was not dreaming of a name as the ideal missionary of his age. He thought only of his work and bowed patiently to all its privations and so toiled on in the dark as long as life lasted. The ocean which separated him from home, and which proved his burial place, is broad and deep, but not broader or more permanent than his fame, and that of the heroic women who added their lives and labors to his.

There is a good deal said about "the times that tried men's souls," those old revolutionary times, but the truest test of the stuff men and women are made of is found in each one's day of small things. In the school boy's day, the teacher's day, the mother's day, the business man's day, the day of planting and toiling and waiting at the slow and obscure beginning of things. Let each one answer to himself whether he honors or despises that day.

Rousing the God of Rain. A curious custom prevails among the lowest classes of southern India for obtaining rain in times of drought. A gigantic figure of a woman is stretched to its full length on its back on an open, very low four-wheeled carriage, and the carriage is dragged round the streets, the Indian peasantry accompanying it with the deafening noise of their tomtoms, drums and bugles. The custom is explained by the popular notion that the figure on the cart represents the wife of Varuna, the god of rain, and that when he sees his favorite wife dragged ruthlessly along the streets he sends down torrents of rain to wreak his vengeance.

Cynical Jowett. Professor Jowett's comments on the young men of Balliol often took the form of crushing sarcasms. "The college, Mr. X., thinks highly of you," he once said, "perhaps too highly, but not half so highly, I am sure, as you think of yourself." After a lengthy survey of one's person, as if one was some rare animal, he has been known to ask of the instructor, "Mr. A. is an intelligent young man, is he not, Mr. Y.?"



Protection for the Home

The strongest desire of husband and wife is the welfare of their children. The husband works hard to provide for them, and would be glad to know how best to safeguard them. The wife works hard, too—in the home—and is equally interested with her husband in sound insurance protection, such as that offered by the

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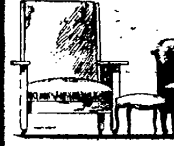
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SOUTH HILL

Lincoln's Birthday. Almost two months of is the record of this number of pre-lecture card parties have been held on the hill recently. Jean Horan of Wellsville Sunday guest of his party, Mr. Andrew and Miss were Wellsville visitors of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Forman returned from their home Sunday. Potatoes are not including high cost of living. Members are forced to disperse at twenty-five cents per bushel. Some tubers require one sack of flour to chase one sack of flour. Mrs. E. S. Horan spent Friday in Wellsville in a visit to friends in Wellsville on Saturday night.

Mrs. Patrick Douglas of Grex Hill, was a recent "Grandma" Doughter. A poor health this week Richard McAndrew in the week with his daughter James Boyle, of Belvoir substitute mail carrier of Independence, Pa. This week, Mr. Bailey is on vacation.

The Moran family attended Friday night, at the home of East Valley, Pa. and Mrs. John C. McGowan, who has been in business in Wellsville last week.

Arthur Mingo was in Wellsville on business Tuesday. Rose McMahon, of Grex Hill, Pa., returned to her home in Wellsville Friday.

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