

## LEAKE BREAD DOLE.

A PRACTICAL CHARITY OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

A Bequest Made by a Long Forgotten Millionaire—Once a Week the Beneficiaries Are Given Loaves of Bread—Some of the Recipients Once Wealthy.

One of the most interesting charities in operation in this city, and one which is probably less known than any other, is that which is designated in the register of Trinity church as "the Leake dole of bread."

Since 1792 this practical benefaction has been in constant operation, and it would be exceedingly difficult to compute the great amount of good it has done and the number of hungry persons it has fed. The dole is a bequest by John Leake, a long forgotten millionaire and philanthropist, who, with John Watts, founded the well known Leake and Watts Orphan House, which is still in existence in this city. The portion of his will in which the bequest is made reads as follows:

"I hereby give and bequeath unto the rector and inhabitants of the Protestant Episcopal church of the state of New York £1,000, put out at interest, to be laid out in the annual income in sixpenny wheat loaves of bread and distributed on every Sabbath morning, after divine service, to such poor as shall appear most deserving."

This wish has been faithfully carried out with one exception. The regular communicants of the church will no doubt wonder, for not more perhaps than 100 of them have ever noticed the dispensation of "sixpenny wheat loaves of bread" after the morning service.

Nearly 40 years ago, when the distributing station was transferred from Trinity church to the shadow of old St. John's at 46 Varick street, it was deemed wise to change the weekly day of distribution from Sunday to Saturday and thus obviate the publicity and lessen the pain to the pride of the recipients, for some of them were, and even now are, not only communicants of the church, but people who at one time had been among the most wealthy of the congregation. Every Saturday morning between 7 and 8 o'clock there are delivered into a recess of the quaint ecclesiastical structure 67 loaves of wholesome fresh bread of the kind known as "home-made," each loaf being worth about 10 cents. While not exactly "sixpenny loaves," they are as near that price as is possible to obtain, and no one has yet ventured an attempt to break the will owing to this slight divergency or the fact of the change of date of distribution.

The loaves are piled upon a long settee in the vestibule, where those lucky enough to be considered as "appearing to be the most deserving" either call or send for them. There are at present just 18 of these pensioners, and others are constantly waiting to take the places of those whom death has claimed. The loaves are distributed in varying numbers, some persons being entitled to four, while others receive only two, this being regulated by the size of the family. The loaves are distributed without ostentation, and although one of the official representatives of the church is present he is lax in the amount of vigilance displayed, allowing the pensioners to enter the vestry and help themselves to their allotted share, and it is a matter of record that not once has any one made the mistake of taking an extra loaf.

Shortly before 8 o'clock every Saturday the 18 chosen as deserving beneficiaries or their messengers begin to appear. The first one to call yesterday morning was an impoverished looking woman bowed with age, who, the sexton said, has been making the same weekly trip for nearly 30 years. While thin and emaciated she still bore the impress of refinement, and her dress, although threadbare, was remarkably clean and neat.

With a slight inclination of the head she wished the sexton "Good morning," and quietly dropped two loaves of bread in the basket she carried, after first carefully wrapping them in a piece of newspaper. As she slowly walked down the stone paved yard toward the gate she staggered under her load, and her evident refinement led The Sun reporter to ask who she was.

"She is one of our oldest pensioners," replied the sexton, "and has for over 30 years never missed a Saturday, rain or shine. She was once one of the wealthiest of New York's women residents, but an ungrateful son, after gambling away her fortune, left her destitute, and has never been heard from since. It is one of the pathetic stories most of these people could tell."

In direct opposition to this case was that of a gray haired negress, who, although more than 80 years old, is still quite spry, and entered the vestibule with a "Mornin, massa," in a manner which indicated that she very probably is a manumitted slave. After a slight interchange of conversation she shuffled away, apparently happy.

One noticeable peculiarity was the fact that there were no men. The bread was claimed either by very old and decrepit women or by young children who invariably staggered under the load. Of the children who called, not one wore a hat, and when the sexton was asked for an explanation of this he replied that, although he had noticed it, he was unable to give any reason "unless," he added, "they haven't any."—New York Sun.

The Spiritualistic societies of this country number 334. They own 30 churches and in addition use 307 halls for their services. They claim a membership of 45,030.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it, but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—Mrs. de Stael.

## A GREAT FISHERMAN.

He Could Land His Prey From Waters Other Men Fished Blank.

Charles Grant had a great and well deserved reputation for finding a fish in water which other men had fished blank. This was partly because, from long familiarity with the river, he knew all the likeliest casts, partly because he was sure to have at the end of his casting line just the proper fly for the size of water and condition of weather, and partly because of his quiet, neat handed manner of dropping his line on the water. There is a story still current on Speyside illustrative of this gift of Charlie in finding a fish where people who rather fancied themselves had failed—a story which Jamie Shanks to this day does not care to hear. Mr. Russel of The Scotsman had done his very best from the quick run at the top of the pool of Dalbreck, down to the almost dead still water at the bottom of that fine stretch, and had found no luck.

Jamie Shanks, who was with Mr. Russel as his fisherman, had gone over it to no purpose with a fresh fly. They were grumpily discussing whether they should give Dalbreck another turn, or go on to Pool-o-Brook, the next pool down stream, when Charles Grant made his appearance and asked the waterside question, "What luck?" "No luck at all, Charlie!" was Russel's answer. "Deevil a rise!" was Shanks' sour reply. In his demure, purring way Charles Grant, who, in his manner, was a duplicate of the late Lord Granville, remarked, "There ought to be a fish come out of that pool." "Tak' him out, then!" exclaimed Shanks gruffly. "Well, I'll try," quoth the soft spoken Charlie, and just at that spot, about 40 yards from the head of the pool, where the current slackens and the fish lie awhile before breasting the upper rapid, he hooked a fish. Then it was that Russel, in the genial manner which made provosts swear, remarked, "Shanks, I advise you to take half a year at Mr. Grant's school." "Fat for?" inquired Shanks sullenly. "To learn to fish," replied the master of sarcasm of the delicate Scottish variety.—Nineteenth Century.

## THREE FOR A NICKEL.

A Shrewd Ohio Postmaster Causes a Rush For Postage Stamps.

The business world of the village of Johnstown, in Ohio, had succumbed to the heat and had lain down for the summer siesta. Plainly things needed a stirring up, and it was Postmaster and Editor W. A. Ashbrooke who did it. His humble instruments were merely a piece of white pasteboard and some black paint, the latter, however, mixed with a shrewd quality of brains.

When his preparation was finished, a large placard challenged the notice of all passersby with the startling legend, "Postage stamps, three for 5 cents." The first response to this alluring statement was from a drummer. He accosted the postmaster, "Do you mean to say that you actually sell three postage stamps for a nickel?" The postmaster replied that this was undoubtedly the case. "Well," said the drummer, "I never saw a reduction in stamps before. I'll take \$2 worth. I don't need 'em, but it's the best bargain in stamps I ever heard of."

He waited with a gratified smile while Mr. Ashbrooke put his \$2 bill in the drawer and counted out the stamps. By this time his expression of complacency had given place to one of chagrin, and as he pocketed the stamps he remarked, "Well, that's one on me."

Presently a winsome girl came tripping up with a letter to her sweetheart. When she read the placard, her eyes sparkled with pleasure to think that the stream of coin she was steadily pouring into Uncle Sam's coffers was to be even slightly diminished. She laid down a nickel with a confident air and said, "Give me three stamps."

The obliging collector of government revenues pushed her out two twos and a one. Then perhaps he didn't pay for his little joke. Feminine scorn held the floor in that office for the next five minutes. Then, with the somewhat feeble peroration, "Will Ashbrooke, you think you're smart, don't you?" the offended maiden flounced out of the office.—Pittsburg Paper.

## Rough on the Parson.

McBride told a party of his friend this story: "You know, boys, little people have sharp ears, and they are not at all backward about telling any little scraps of information they pick up. This peculiarity has led a good many parents to resort to spelling words when their young children are present. Of course that sort of thing is of no avail after the youngsters learn to spell. Well, Mrs. McBride and I are in the spelling stage now, and little Freddie is often very much mystified by our remarks to each other. Last night we had our new minister to dinner, and Freddy watched the good man helping himself very liberally to biscuits. He thought it a good opportunity to put into use the family verbal cipher, feeling perfectly certain that the minister would find it unintelligible, so he called out, 'Mamma!'"

"What is it, Freddy?"

"Mamma, isn't the m-i-n-i-s-t-e-r a p-i-g?" spelled out Freddy triumphantly.—New York Telegram.

## Shoplifting Extraordinary.

Judge—What's the charge against this man?

Green Policeman—Faith, Oi believe they calls it "shop liftin'," sor.

Judge—You believe? Don't you know? Explain what he did.

Policeman—Why, he troied t' blow up a dry goods store he wor discharged from.—Philadelphia Record.

## The Reason of It.

Paresis—I have just discovered why political aspirants always have their legs pulled.

Giglamp—Why?

Paresis—So that they can take longer strides when running for office.—New York Herald.

## Mrs. Kendal and Servants.

The popular English actress, Mrs. Kendal, is a stickler for outward badges of domestic service. She openly avows her opinion that American servants dress too well, and says: "No girl in my house can wear a fringe. I tell her plainly she must part her hair and comb it neatly back beneath a cap, and she must wear an apron and no jewelry, but a ribbon around her neck. Only a lady's maid may wear a brooch and go without the cap, but she must wear an apron. They must wear their caps at the theater too. Why, if they didn't I would wear one myself! There must be a distinction made somehow."

Mrs. Kendal probably does not remember that 100 or so years ago the social line of demarcation was drawn at actors and actresses, Dr. Johnson designating them as "amusing vagabonds." Nor does she evidently take into account that in this country those employed in domestic service are such an important and independent class that an employer has commonly too great fears of her cook being tempted away from her by a plain gold ring to stand at a brooch or a string of beads.—Exchange.

## Salé Made.

A lady who had recently moved to a new neighborhood was one morning called to the door by the violent ringing of the bell. On the piazza stood a dapper little man who immediately commenced talking at a mile a minute pace: "Mornin, ma'am. Dumno whether you know me or not. Most of the people round here do. I'm the man that has fits."

The astonished lady thought that some people claim distinction on very strange, not to say unfit, grounds. "Yes'm, have fits any time, any place," he went on. "Liable to drop right down in one anywhere. Spect to get a pension. Sellin these wire hooks for birdcages. Every one buys some. Give me anything they likes—5 cents or 25 cents. Everybody helps me, cos they know I have fits—liable to drop right down in one anywhere." The dazed listener hastily gave him what change she had and closed the door, thanking her lucky stars that he didn't feel called upon "to drop down in one" right there.—Boston Transcript.

## Curious, but True.

Although difficult to believe, it is nevertheless true that the death of two half sisters, the daughters of the same father, occurred 170 years apart. The grandfather of the British minister, Charles James Fox, Sir Stephen Fox, married in 1654, and had a daughter born to him in 1655, who died in the course of the same year. He had several other children, who grew up and married, but all of them died before the father, and without issue. Sir Stephen, not wishing his large fortune to fall into the hands of distant relatives, married again at a very advanced age, and his youngest daughter was born in 1727. She reached the age of 98 years, and died in 1825, that is 170 years after the death of her oldest sister. She saw Queen Victoria when the latter was a child, while her half sister was carried in the arms of Oliver Cromwell.

## What Did G. P. O. Mean?

"One of the most curious blunders of an author was that made by Thackeray, when collecting material for his 'Irish Sketch Book.' Driving along a road, he saw at due intervals posts set up with the letters 'G. P. O.' upon them. Over-taking a peasant, he inquired the meaning of these initials and was gravely informed that they stood for 'God Preserve O'Connell!' Out came the tourist's notebook, in which a memorandum was at once jotted down of the curious statement. In the first edition of the sketches the fact was duly mentioned, but it was suppressed in all the subsequent issues, owing to the tardy discovery that the initials stood for 'General Post Office,' indicating that the highway was a post road."

It is due to the memory of William Makepeace Thackeray to say that the above happened not to him, but to Lord Haddington when riding into Dublin from Kingstown in 1834. See "Private Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell," by W. J. Fitzpatrick (London, J. Murray), volume 1, page 504.—Notes and Queries.

## Special Notice.

No medicine was ever given such a severe test of its curative qualities as Otto's Cure. We are distributing sample bottles free of charge to those afflicted with consumption, asthma, coughs, colds, pneumonia, croup and all diseases of the throat and lungs, giving you the proof that Otto's Cure will cure you. Don't delay, but get a bottle of us to-day and commence the use of this great guaranteed remedy. Sold by W. B. Alexander, sole agent. Samples free. Large bottles 50c.

## She Paid on the Investment.

"Here," complained the aggrieved father, "I have spent nearly \$15,000 on that girl's education, and now she goes and marries a \$2,500 a year clerk."

"Well," said the friend of the family, "isn't that all of 15 per cent on your investment? What more do you want?"—New York Telegram.

There are certain manners which are learned in good society that force that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty or wealth or genius.—Emerson.

The Christian Scientists claim a membership of 8,734. They own seven churches and 218 halls and claim church property valued at \$40,666.

Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee! It cures incipient consumption. It is the best cough cure. Only one cent a dose, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Sold by J. C. King & Co.

## Compressed Air.

According to a statement made at the Montreal meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers by Superintendent Heggem of the engine works at Massillon, O., the advantages of compressed air have been very pronounced in the foundry operations of that establishment. The air is supplied by means of three compressors. A bell driven compressor, 13 by 10 inches in size, runs constantly and supplies most of the air that is used, and the working pressure is from 60 to 70 pounds; a 7½ inch by 7 inch steam driven duplex compressor is operated by a pressure valve, so that when the pressure of air falls below 60 pounds this compressor is put in motion to supply the deficiency—the air supply being thus maintained automatically. A smaller steam driven compressor is also kept as a reserve in case of accident to either of the other machines. The air is stored in three reservoirs of 250 cubic feet capacity each, and these reservoirs are placed in those parts of the works where the greatest volume of air is required, and, owing to the intermittent use of the air, the compressors are equal to furnishing a sufficient amount, and at a cost of something like \$3 per day of ten hours.

## Old English Coal Records.

There is a record, dated 852, of the receipt of 12 cartloads of fossil coal at the abbey of Peterborough, and this was assuredly not the first case of production and delivery.

The deeds of the bishopric of Durham contain records of grants of land to colliers as far back as 1180, in various parts of the county. In the year 1239 a charter was granted by Henry III to the freemen of Newcastle-on-Tyne to dig coal in the fields belonging to the castle, and it was in or about this year that coal was first sent to London. Very early in the fourteenth century evidence abounds of a large consumption of coal by smiths, brewers and others. Already the smoke nuisance appeared, and a commission of Edward I levied fines to prevent it.

Another charter, or license, was granted to the freemen of Newcastle in Edward III's time to work coal within the town walls, and in the year 1367 coal began to be worked at Winton, in the neighborhood where George Stephenson was to evolve the locomotive 400 years later, while himself a worker at the coal pits.—All the Year Round.

## Does Your Mother Know You're Out?

This cant question was current a good many years ago—I should think about 25 or 30. Perhaps it had its popularity from some music hall song of the time. It appears in almost identical words in a comic poem published in The Mirror of April 28, 1838 (volume 31, No. 890, page 282), which is said to be an extract from Bentley's Miscellany. It is entitled "The Meeting, After the Manner of Ludwig Uhland."

Five stanzas describe very sentimentally how the poet lay beside a fountain dreaming of Elysian plains, of old castles, gigantic forests, troops of nymphs, etc., and how a "lovely May" advances toward him from the forest shade:

Straight I rose and ran to meet her,  
Seized her hand; the heavenly blue  
Of her bright eyes smiled brighter, sweeter  
As she asked me, "Who are you?"

To this question came another—  
What is'it I still must doubt—  
And she asked me: "How's your mother?  
Does she know that you are out?"

"Not my mother does not know it,  
Beauteous, heaven descended Muse!"  
"Then off get you, my handsome poet,  
And say I sent you with the news."

—Notes and Queries.

## A Bright Light Ahead.

For all those who have been wearing out their lives from the effects of dyspepsia, liver complaint, indigestion, etc. We guarantee Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves to cure you, and if you will call at our store, we will gladly give you a package free of charge of this infallible herbal health restorer. Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves cures costiveness, nervousness, sleeplessness and all diseases arising from derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys. Samples free. Large size 50c. at W. B. Alexander, sole agent.

## Both Are Favorites.

"Your story is a little vague at one point," said the publisher, and the young woman naturally wanted to know the whereabouts of the alleged vagueness.

"Where you say," explained the publisher, "that 'she, defeated in argument, had no recourse but to woman's most effective weapons against the tyrant man.' Now, do you refer to tears or flatirons?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

All men's souls are immortal, but the souls of the righteous are both immortal and divine.—Socrates.

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