

POPULAR TRADITION.

INSTANCES WHERE IT WAS FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACT.

The Missionary and the Old Stone Bench.
The Tradition of the Samothracians About the Black Sea—Key to the Wicked Earl's Treasure.

There was once an energetic and strong minded missionary in the south seas, who took a great deal of interest in the folklore of the island where he dwelt. After years of study he made up his mind for good and all that there was not a particle of fact in the legends professing to be historic which he had laboriously gathered. In distrust at his own credulity, unwilling to let people know what a fool he had been, he tossed his whole collection into the fire. Some days afterward there was a terrific hurricane. The islanders had told him that once upon a time long ago a certain famous chieftain used to sit on a stone bench beneath a tree which grew close to the mission house. That bench had disappeared, no one knew when or how, but in the days of head-thumping they used to place offerings to the spirit of the old chief near the spot where it had stood. When the missionary awoke on the morning after the storm, the first object he noticed was this tree overthrown—and in the midst of its upturned roots hung a stone bench.

The reverend gentleman—Whiting was his name, if we remember right—stood in a maze. The legend was true, then. Examination proved beyond a doubt that the bench had rested against the bole of the tree in some distant age, for there was no trace of an incision. The wood had grown smoothly round and over it. So far as he could roughly compute, four centuries must have passed since it stood outside the trunk. For that time the islanders had preserved the memory of a circumstance so trifling, for to question that this was the bench they assigned to their mythic hero would have been silly. And then the good man mourned his haste. He had destroyed the patient labor of years because he would not credit the accounts of grave events given in all seriousness by members of his flock, and it proved that they were trustworthy even on such a detail as the personal habits of a man who died 400 years ago.

The story is one to be borne in mind by all students of folklore and of that early stage in human annals which is based upon tradition. But it does not follow that Mr. Whiting had good cause to lament his burned manuscripts if he valued them only for the records of events they might contain. That there are particles of fact in the most grotesque of these legends, which profess to be historic, we find more and more reason to believe as our knowledge widens, but it is rarely possible to sift them from the mass of poetic nonsense. Savages everywhere keep the memory of startling incidents which occurred, as we learn by internal evidence, an indefinite number of ages ago.

Geologists recognize that the Black sea was once a lake, with no outlet toward the Mediterranean. They incline to think or believe that it escaped through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles shortly after the glacial period. But Diodorus Siculus mentions a tradition of the Samothracians exactly agreeing with this account, which learned men of the day have framed upon the teaching of science. Did the Samothracians exist in the glacial period? They say that when the Black sea broke its barriers at last all their country was drowned—that was the Samothracian flood. And it is evident enough that such must have been the result of the cataclysm. There is a passage in Pindar also which some commentators interpret as an allusion to the same prodigious event.

Traditions of the mammoth are so general and so vigorous in the extreme north of America that savants of reputation are not unwilling to admit the possibility that it survived 200 years ago, and others who have no scientific reputation to hazard go very much further. Very small details are preserved by the popular memory sometimes. When the wizard Earl of Foulis was carried off to be boiled alive as the only means of killing him, tradition reported that he threw away the key of his treasure chamber. It could never be found. But less than 60 years ago schoolboys playing in the haunted ruins unearthed a great key which might very well have been tossed through the airhole of a dungeon opening—the point is significant—beside the road along which the wicked earl was hurried. Many cases might be cited where even antique stories of buried treasure have been proved true. A notable one is told by the worthy Dr. Plot in his history of Herefordshire. Bransel castle had a specially fine tale of this sort, alleging that a king's crown was sunk in the moat. In 1650 a cottager named Tailer, planting a hedge along the moat to protect his children, found a crown set with diamonds. He sold it to a jeweler at Gloucester for £37. The jeweler transferred it to a Lombard street goldsmith at a great profit, and he sold the diamonds alone for £1,500.—London Standard.

What Else Could She Do?
"I was surprised to hear that Penelope had broken her engagement. It thought she was determined to stick to him in spite of the opposition of her father."

"She was, but the idiot wrote her some poetry, as he called it. And he rhymed her name with 'let us then elope.' That settled him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The loneliest house in the British Isles is said to be the gamekeeper's cottage in Skiddaw forest, approached from Kesswick by a path along Whit Beck, which offers 5½ miles of as rough walking as can be well compressed into that distance.

A Western Banker's Bluff.

"Did you ever realize that there is skill to be exercised in the making of an effective bluff? Nearly every man in a pinch is anxious to frighten the opposition, but everything depends upon the way in which it is done." This was the philosophy of the retired banker, and a story went with it:

"In one of the Colorado towns that have since become cities I was running a private bank, and there was another institution of the same kind in the place. We leaned heavily on real estate in those days, and a sudden collapse of the boom left our securities greatly depreciated. Under such circumstances rumors that we could not pay soon gained circulation, and we had to make the best preparation we could for a run.

"It came in true western fashion, with a rush, with threats and a flourish of guns among the more excited. My rival took the old plan of paying at but one window, making each transaction as long as possible and thus staying off the inevitable while hoping against hope. He announced to the crowd every few minutes that he could pay dollar for dollar, but his anxiety was so apparent that it made the depositors more insistent.

"I took the other tack in making my bluff. I had raked together enough to stand a good stiff pull, so I told all hands to stop everything else and ordered each one to become a paying teller. I also posted notices that the doors of the bank would remain open till every one was paid, even if it took all night. This set the crowd to guessing, and they ceased up a good deal. My next move was to place money in the hands of friends, have them mingle with the mob besieging the other bank and then rush over and deposit with me. This ruse turned the tide, and by 6 o'clock I had more on deposit than when the run began."—Detroit Free Press.

The Star Customer's Joke.

One of the attractions of a certain Chestnut street cafe is a beautiful Angora cat, which is generally very mild mannered and ladylike. The cat passes most of her time sitting upon the cashier's desk. She was posing there one day when the star customer went up to the desk to pay for his noonday meal.

"Did you ever tickle a cat's nose with a toothpick?" the patron asked of the cashier. "It has an awfully funny effect on the animal—makes it sleepy." He had a toothpick in his hand, and, offering it to the cashier, said, "Take this and tickle the cat there with it."

The cashier took the little splinter of wood and passed the end of it over the nose of the drowsy Angora. The next instant puss emitted a scream of anguish and leaped many feet into the air. With tail erect, she clambered up the wall, jumped over the bar, overturned a number of glasses and bottles and finally disappeared through an open trap into the cellar, where for five minutes she seemed to be having a fit. The cashier was pallid with fear. He could not imagine what had happened, and the star customer had suddenly disappeared. After awhile the cashier examined the toothpick and found that the end which had tickled the cat's nose had been generously daubed with tabasco sauce.—Philadelphia Record.

His Editorial.

It was the practice of a certain London editor some years ago to write his leading article or articles at home the night before publication. The rest of the week he did nothing. One night his articles had not come to hand at the office. Ten o'clock came—11, 12, and still no sign of an article. There was commotion in the office, and at last a messenger was sent to the editor's house. He found him with a glass of brandy and water before him and newspapers scattered about. There was no article written. "What do you want?" asked the editor. "The article for tomorrow." "Didn't I send it?" "No; at least it has not come to the office." "Give me The Times." The Times was found and handed to him, and with unsteady fingers he cut out one of its leading articles. This he stuck upon a sheet of paper, and then, taking his pen, wrote at the top, "What does The Times mean by this?" In that form and with that introduction it appeared next morning as the editor's leading article.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Vote Was Secured.

An ex-M. P. who contested a highland constituency in the sixties tells the following anecdote:

Once, after a long and fatiguing day's canvass, I tackled a dissenting minister, who was very keen upon the subject of getting the bishops out of the house of lords, and in pursuance of his favorite hobby he asked me:

"Well, sir, what are you prepared to do about the bishops?"

I was irritated and fatigued by my day's work, and I testily muttered, "Oh, hang the bishops!"

The minister bowed and replied: "Well, sir, you go rather beyond me there. I cannot undertake to go altogether that length with you, but you shall have my vote."—Pearson's Weekly.

Willing to Consider.

She—If you were worth the million and I was poor, would you marry me?
He—If you feel like transferring the fortune to me and taking chances, I will give the matter my serious consideration.—Detroit Free Press.

Another Accident.

Railway Clerk—Another accident on the road today, sir.
Manager—That so? What now?
Clerk—Man dislocated his neck trying to read our new timetable.—New York Journal.

How He Guessed It.

She—If you don't see anything so terrifying in death.
He—Why didn't you tell me you were from Philadelphia? I have friends here myself.—Twinkles.

London and Its Lions.

London does its lionizing in such a very original fashion that there is no telling in advance whether a visitor will be ignored or "taken up." We make a tremendous fuss over some second rate celebrity who excels only in blowing his own trumpet, while the real empire makers are sometimes allowed to come and go unnoticed. For solid and well planned progress achieved with the most limited resources there has been nothing since the days of Clive to beat that of the Niger company. The last little campaign against the Foulahs virtually decided the question of supremacy over a population estimated at 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 of the most warlike of African natives, and a country of immense potentialities. The victory was achieved by a few hundreds of black troops led by a handful of English officers. It was as significant in its way as Plassey, but when the organizer of victory, Sir George Goldie, reached London a few lines in small type on an inside page of The Times were all that he got. We do not regret this. Neither, we are sure, does Sir George Goldie. It is better to let things develop quietly in that part of the world. But when one recollects the gazettes and medals and distinctions devoted to comparatively unimportant skirmishes in India and elsewhere it raises queer ideas as to our national discrimination.—London Saturday Review.

Old Sumptuary Laws.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M. P., in an address delivered before the English Universal Cookery and Food association, called attention to the sumptuary laws of the fifteenth century. Then it was enacted that, food being necessary to the sustenance of man, the seller had no right to ask his own price, but it was the duty of the state to fix it. In the same century equal supervision was exercised over cooks. They were ordered to make their meat "well seasoned and wholesome and sell it for a reasonable winning, and that they rebolt or rebake no meat in hurt of the king's people." The mayor of a town in those days, upon entering office, was obliged to swear that he would exercise vigilant supervision over bakers, brewers, tavern keepers, cooks and such people. This was no perfunctory oversight, but the official exercised his authority with great severity in cases where cooks and dealers in food and drink failed of their duty.

Does It Pay to be Sick?

Besides the discomfort and suffering, illness of any sort is expensive. Hundreds of people consult the doctors every day about coughs and colds. This is better than to suffer the disease to run along, but those who use Otto's Cure for the throat and lungs do better still. It costs less and the cure is certain. You can get a trial bottle free of our agent, H. Alex. Stoke. Large size 25c. and 50c.

Executor's Notice.

Estate Peter Cox, late of Washington Township, deceased.

I will expose to public sale on Monday, June 28th, 1897, the following property of Peter Cox, deceased: Two farms in Washington township, one containing 300 acres, the other 8 acres; four houses and lots situated in the east end of the borough of Reynoldsville. The property in Reynoldsville will be sold at 10 A. M. and the farms in Washington township at 3 P. M.

A. G. MILLIGAN, Executor.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR WOMEN to travel for responsible established house in Pennsylvania. Salary \$750 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.



L. M. SNYDER,
Practical Horse-shoer
and General Blacksmith.

Horse-shoeing done in the neatest manner and by the latest improved methods. Over 100 different kinds of shoes made for correction of faulty action and diseased feet. Only the best make of shoes and nails used. Repairing of all kinds carefully and promptly done. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Lumbermen's supplies on hand.

Jackson St. near Fifth, Reynoldsville, Pa.



And at Moderate Prices

form a pleasing feature of our furniture displays. These superb invitation to ease speak for themselves with irresistible persuasiveness. They demonstrate their own claims to a place in every home. What a couch is, nothing else can be. What a couch can be, you must see ours to understand. The new ideas shown by us in this line are models of artistic beauty and easy comfort, and are calculated to lend an added charm to any room in which they are placed.

Reynoldsville Hardware Co.

A Poet Physician.

Hearing of Dr. Goldsmith's great humanity, a poor woman, who believed him to be a physician, once wrote to him begging him to prescribe for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was altogether in a very sad state. The kind hearted poet immediately went to see her, and after some talk with the man found him almost overwhelmed with sickness and poverty.

"You shall hear from me in an hour," said the doctor on leaving, "and I shall send you some pills which I am sure will do you good."

Before the time was up Goldsmith's servant brought the poor woman a small box, which, on being opened, was found to contain 10 guineas, with the following directions:

"To be used as necessities require. Be patient and of good heart."—Ran's Horn.

A Characteristic Reply.

The incorruptibility of General Walker, late president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was above all suspicion. A characteristic anecdote is told of him by J. J. Spencer in The Review of Reviews:

At one time, when General Walker held a government position, a place shared in a measure by another, he was approached with the suggestion that, since the whole department was under their control, by working in harmony they could have whatever they desired.

"I have no desires," said General Walker.

"But, general," said his condjutor, "do you not see that we can push forward our friends and relatives into good places?"

"I have no friends," was the reply.

A Note From the Editor.

The editor of a leading state paper writes: "If you had seen my wife last June and were to see her to-day you would not believe she was the same woman. Then she was broken down by nervous debility and suffered terribly from constipation and sick headache. Bacon's Colery King for the nerves made her a well woman in one month." H. Alex. Stoke will give you a free sample package of this great herbal remedy. Large size 25c. and 50c.

CANCER AND TUMOR INSTITUTE.

Cancers can be cured without the knife. Dr. C. Stenort of 92 Seventh Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., has discovered a new remedy that cures the cancer and tumor. He has cured 900 people without pain, and has treated patients when Dr. Burgown's hospital at Sewickley and hospital at Home, N. Y., have not cured, but Dr. Stenort has successfully treated several of them. It makes no difference where the cancer is located—he has cured more than all the cancer quack doctors, and anybody stopping at his office can see the wonderful cures of cancer which he has for safe keeping. Remember that Dr. C. Stenort is the only cancer doctor in Western Pennsylvania and has removed a cancer in 5 to 8 days. Patients can be treated in their own homes. Also piles, liver, kidney, eczema, tape worm and other ailments of the human family cured. Send 2c. stamp for information.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR WOMEN to travel for responsible established house in Pennsylvania. Salary \$750 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

JOB WORK!

Neat Work Done on Short Notice!

Job Work Department

—THE—

The Star Office

is replete with the Latest Styles of Types.

We

are always receiving new goods and can always give you good values in

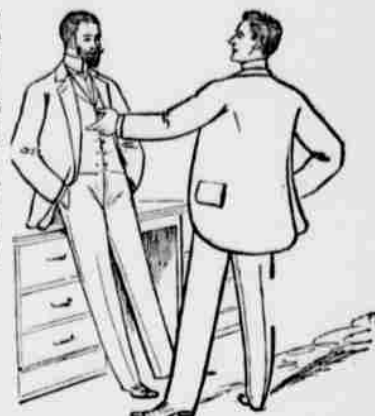
Dry Goods,
Notions, Clothing,
Hats and Caps,
Shoes, Etc.

We carry a complete stock of everything and you will find our GROCERIES and PROVISIONS always up to standard in quality, and the very lowest price. We invite a share of your trade.

JEFFERSON SUPPLY CO.

We Can Demonstrate

the superiority of our CLOTHING over that of others. It is not merely a good material that makes a suit worthy to be called fine. The cut of the cloth, the sewing and the fit of the lining have much to do with making it perfect clothing. Men's



Summer Suits

from \$4.98 to \$12.00.

We also have a large line in Boys' and Youths' Clothing at prices lower than ever.

Also a nice line in Neckly shirts; unlaundried from 25c. to \$1.25, laundried from 45c. to \$1.15.

N. HANAU.

Shirt Waists!

Wash Goods!

For Warm Weather.

0000000000000

OXFORD AND

SOUTHERN TIES!

Ladies,' Misses'

and

Children's.

A. D. Deemer & Co.