

WOULD YOU LIKE . . .

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The Star.

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VOLUME 10.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1901.

NUMBER 10.

July Clearance Sale.

An early clearance and a quick clearance, if low prices will influence in the lines listed. But we always name the low prices just when the goods are needed—just when the season is on. You'll find these unusually good values and they'll give you faith in the sincerity of this clearance.

Ladies' Oxford Ties and Slippers.

Shapely styles that sold for \$1.35, \$1.50 and \$1.65, July clearance price, \$1.19. Men's Patent Leather shoes, best grade, former price \$4.50, July clearance, \$3.90. English enamel shoes, were \$3.50, July clearance price, \$2.90. All odd lots, prices cut for July clearance sale. \$1.19 for Men's Canvas Rubber Sole Shoes.

July Clearance Prices in Dry Goods Dept.

Cohasset Gingham, July clearance, 49c. 25 yards Toweling, only 73c. One-half off on all Ladies' Walking Hats. 25 per cent discount on Ladies' Tailor Made Suits, Skirts and Jackets. Summer Corsets, July clearance 19c. Ladies' Belts, newest styles, 50c grade, now 39c. July clearance price on Lace Curtains. F. & C. Corsets, were \$1.00, now 75c. All-wool Challies, were 35c, now 27c. Percales, July clearance, 8 to 10c. Clearance price on Parasols, Sunshades, Umbrellas and Fans. Dressing Sacks, 49c to \$2.49. Shirt Waists, \$2.49 down to 35c.

Summer Suits at July Clearance Prices.

Men's light colored suits, were \$10, 10.50, 11, 11.50 and \$12, July Clearance, \$8.98. Men's and Youths' Suits, sold at \$8.00, 8.50 and 9.00, July clearance \$6.98. Men's and Youths' Suits, former price \$6.50, 7.00, 7.50, reduced for this July Clearance sale to \$5.98. Straw Hats, one-third off marked price. 50c unlaundried White Shirts, now 39c. One-third off on all Men's and Boys' Sweaters. Men's and Boys' Belts, 23 and 45c. Arlington Brand Rubber Collars, 19c. July Clearance prices on Boys' 2-piece and Vestee Suits.

Come To-day, Come To-morrow, Come Anytime, but in your own interests, be sure to come to

Bing-Stoke Co. Department Stores.

WHERE THERE'S EVERYTHING THAT PEOPLE WEAR, AND MOST THINGS THAT PEOPLE BUY.

Brick and Stone Block.

Main and Fifth Streets.

N. HANAU, Summer Bargain Sale.

I WANT TO CLEAR OUT ALL SUMMER GOODS.

Dimities, 8 and 10 cents,	5 cents.
Dimities, 12 cents,	8 cents.
Dimities, 15 cents,	10 cents.
Challies,	4 cents.
Organdies, 25 cents,	15 cents.
Indigo Blue Prints,	4 cents.
50 cent Ladies' Shirt Waist,	25 cents.
75 cent Ladies' Shirt Waist,	50 cents.
\$1.00 Ladies' Shirt Waist,	50 cents.
\$1.25 Ladies' Shirt Waist,	75 cents.
\$1.50 Ladies' Shirt Waist,	95 cents.
\$1.75 Ladies' Shirt Waist,	\$1.00.
50 cent Ladies' Corsets,	40 cents.
\$1.00 Ladies' Corset,	79 cents.
\$1.50 Ladies' Corset,	\$1.00.
10 cent Ladies' Hose—the best you ever bought for that price,	8 cents.

MEN'S SUMMER UNDERWEAR. . . . 25 cent goods for 19 cents. 50c Mens, Balbriggan Shirts, 42c. 50c Mens Balbriggan Drawers, 42c.

CLOTHING. . . . THE GREATEST BARGAINS YOU EVER BOUGHT. Fine Clay Worsteds, \$8 to \$10, for \$5 and \$6.25. Fine Clay Worsteds, \$10 and \$12, for \$8.25. Best Clay Worsteds, \$12 to \$15, for \$9.50. Child's Suit, 75 cents. Other houses would ask you \$1.50 for same goods.

NOT WHAT YOU PAY, BUT WHAT YOU GET.

No economy in buying poor goods. Lots of people forget this fact and are guided entirely by the price. Look to the quality, then consider the price and you will find our values ahead of any in the city.

Percales 36-inch Percale, formerly 12c, at only 9c per yard. All good patterns, fast colors. **Shirt Waist Suits** Shirt Waist suits, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Latest patterns and any color you desire. **Ginghams and Dimities** Second shipment of ginghams and dimities. Something entirely new. 10, 12 and 15c per yard. New Mercerized Ginghams, plain and fancy, at only 20c per yard. **Carpet samples** All carpet samples sold as rugs. First here, best value. **Parasols** Parasols and Colored Umbrellas, all colors, from \$1.49 to \$5.00. Call and examine them. Compare our prices with any of our competitors; be convinced you are in the right place. **Portrait Free** With every \$25.00 worth of merchandise we give you a life-size portrait of yourself or friend absolutely free. **Your own time to make your purchases.** Give us a call. No trouble to show goods.

J. J. SUTTER.

TIMING YOUR TRAIN.

Ways in Which to Learn How Fast You Are Travelling.

"There has been some picturesque fiction written about the ease with which railroad men and drummers are supposed to tick off the miles as the train speeds along from things they can see from the car windows," said a railroad conductor to a reporter.

"There is only one strictly accurate way, and that is to seat yourself on the side of the train from which may be observed the white mile posts that line the road and hold your watch on them. If you have a split second watch, it will prove interesting to note that while you made one mile in 60 seconds the next was covered in 53 and the third in 70 seconds, and so on, as the speed of the train increases or slackens. You may also follow around the little second hand on an ordinary watch. It kills time.

"Some pretend to say that they can tell the speed of the train by counting the telegraph poles. If there were an exact number of telegraph poles to every mile, this might be done by a little figuring, but there is a difference. The number of telegraph poles to a mile vary from 33 to 40, depending upon the straight stretches and the curves in the track, the latter having more poles than the former. So, you see, it is not as easy as the drummer would have the other passengers believe.

"If the poles are planted 33 to the mile, they are 100 feet apart, and every 11 passed represents a third of a mile. If placed 40 to a mile, they are 132 feet apart, and every 20 represents half a mile.

"These are easy figures to remember, and by applying them on a journey a passenger may obtain an idea more or less accurate of the speed of the train.

"Another way is to attempt to count the clicks of the wheels of the truck of your car as they pass over the rails where joined. The rails of the roads as placed today are too evenly joined to arrive at an exact determination by this method, because if you miss two or three joints your calculations are thrown out as to accuracy.

"However, there are railroad men who cannot tell you the number of rails to the mile of their own roads, and rails vary in length, the average being 30 feet, some 33 feet and some 60 feet. At 30 feet there are 176 rails to the mile, and if you can count 173 consecutive clicks as your train flies along you may determine its speed and not otherwise."—Washington Star.

THREE SIMPLE QUESTIONS.

And the Librarian Could Not Answer One of Them.

One day two well dressed young women approached the desk of the reading room of a big library. One of them took a memorandum from her pocket-book.

"Can you tell me how many yards—oh, that's the wrong list," she said, hastily bringing forth another slip of paper. "Here it is. Will you please tell me who is Rudyard Kipling's favorite author?"

"I am unable to tell you, never having heard that he had one," admitted one of the librarians.

"Dear me!" said the young woman irritably. "It is one of the questions for our next club meeting. Well, which one of Thackeray's books brought him the most income?"

"That you can probably find out by consulting a book, the number of which I will give you," said the official.

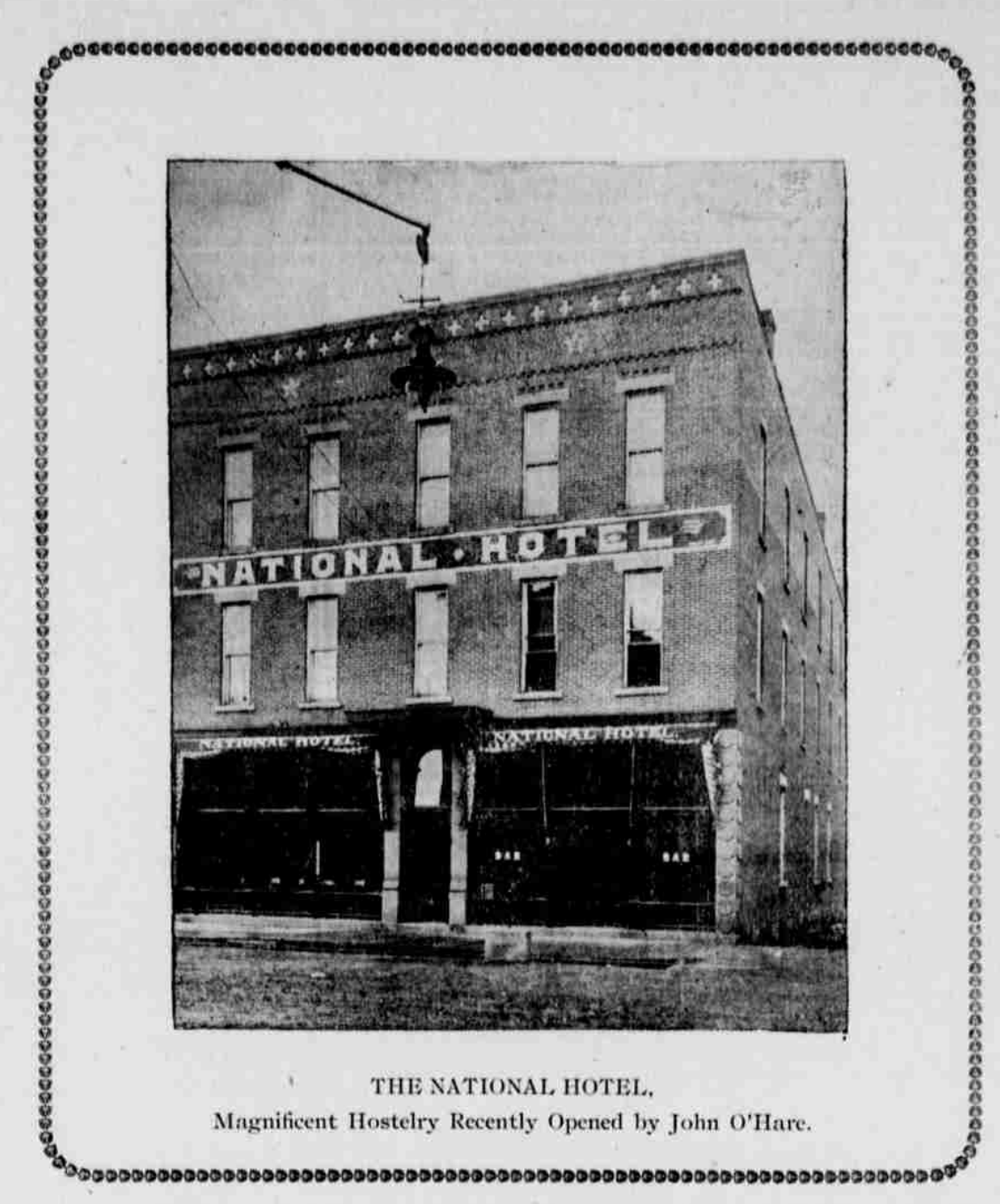
"Oh, I can't stop to look it up!" she said hurriedly. "I thought you could tell me at once. Well, there's one more thing. Bessie Cummock, my cousin in Manchester, had a splendid book when I was there last year for anecdotes of famous people. I can't remember the name of it or who wrote it, but it was about so big"—illustrating with one finger on the desk—"and it has a dark green cover. Now, can you tell me what it is? Some day when I have time I would like to get it out. Of course you must have it in the library?"

For the third time the official was obliged to confess his inability to give her direct information. She looked at him with a piercing gaze and turned away, saying audibly to her companion:

"There, that just shows what all this talk about their being examined for positions in libraries amounts to: Three perfectly simple questions, all on literary subjects, and he couldn't answer one of them!"—Savings Journal.

The Toothpick Habit.

"I'd like to know what my customers do with all the toothpicks they carry away," remarked a restaurant proprietor the other day. "Few men take a single toothpick. Most of them take half a dozen and many a whole handful, and when they come in here again for the next meal they take as many over again. They don't need them. It's not anything particularly pleasant about chewing a wooden toothpick, and it may be injurious if a piece of the wood lodges in the throat or gets down into the stomach, as it is very apt to. But the toothpick chewing habit is becoming a rival to the gum and tobacco habits. The only reason I can give for it is that the toothpicks are free and gum and tobacco are not."—New York Sun.



THE NATIONAL HOTEL. Magnificent Hostelry Recently Opened by John O'Hare.

Quick Eaters.

"Have you any idea," remarked the cashier of one of the largest lunch restaurants in New York, "how many minutes the average down town business man devotes to his midday meal?"

"At a venture," answered the reporter, watching the hurried play of knives and forks about him. "I should say 15 minutes."

"You set about the time usually estimated," returned the cashier, "but in reality half that time would be nearer right. The average time consumed for lunch by the patrons of this establishment is just eight minutes. The fact is," continued the cashier after the reporter had ventured a foreboding for New York digestion, "people find it such a trifling and unobtrusive matter just to get a bite of lunch that few realize what a gigantic business it is merely to supply hungry people down town at noon, because few bring their lunches with them, and from the formation of the city none can go home.

"This establishment feeds 3,000 people a day, and the amount of food required to care for that patronage is enormous. For example, when we put hash on the 'specials' enough is made up actually to fill a wagon. We are not the largest luncheon, however."

Mutual Exposure.

They had protested they were each other's first and only love. "And his engagement ring"—he was beginning.

"I do not care for it. It's a style I'm not used to."

"Then, let me tell you, you are the only girl who ever declined it on that account!"—Philadelphia Times.

The Necessary Advances.

She—You should speak to papa first. You don't expect him to make the advances, do you?

He—Well, if he doesn't, how can we get married?—Exchange.

Good Advice.

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from dyspepsia and liver complaints. More than seventy per cent of the people in the United States are affected with these two diseases and their effects: such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the heart, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Gnawing and Burning Pains at the Pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue and Disagreeable Taste in the mouth, Coming up of Food after Eating, Low Spirits, etc. Go to Druggist and get a bottle of August Flower for 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you. Try it. For sale by H. Alex. Stoke. Get Green's Almanac.

If your druggist does not want to sell you Clydesdale Ointment, it is because he wants you to take some cheap substitute. Don't do it—demand Clydesdale.

George Washington's Lottery.

It is not generally known that the great Father of His Country was on at least one occasion the originator of a lottery, the like of which at the present day would be forbidden to send its tickets through the mails. That George Washington was interested in such a scheme is proved by a number of tickets still in existence which bear his august name. It was the Mountain Road lottery of which George was the promoter, and it is, of course, unnecessary to state that Washington himself did not financially profit from it. All the funds raised by the lottery were spent in building the road through Cumberland gap, near Fredericksburg, Va. Originally the lottery tickets which Washington signed were worth \$1 each. Now, because they bear his signature, they are easily sold for \$50 apiece, though it is certain that not one of them will ever draw a prize.

What They Made.

A certain father is possessed of a pair of exceedingly bright girl children. The other day his eldest daughter, Alice, was putting her younger sister, surname Gretchen, through some arithmetical paces, and the father was an amused listener. "Gretchen, how much do 12 and 10 make?" was the form of one query, and, being correctly answered, other and similar questions followed each other in quick succession.

The father believing the younger daughter was doing too much of the work thought he would put his first-born up a tree, and so he broke in with a problem of his own invention. "Alice," he queried solemnly, "how much do you and Gretchen make?" Without an instant's hesitation came the reply:

"Gretchen and I, pop, make you a proud and happy father."—Exchange.

The Man and the Rope.

A Chinaman who had been condemned to wear the cangue, or wooden collar, was seen by some of his friends.

"What have you been doing," they asked, "to deserve this?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied. "I only picked up an old piece of rope."

"And are you to be punished thus severely," they asked, "for merely picking up an end of rope?"

"Well," answered the man, "the fact is there was a bullock tied to the other end."—H. A. Giles' "History of Chinese Literature."

Professional Courtesy.

First M. D.—I see you occasionally take a patient out for a drive.

Second M. D.—Yes, I think it does them a great deal of good.

First M. D.—But it isn't professional. I never do it.

Second M. D.—I know you don't. When any of your patients go for a ride, the undertaker accompanies them. Chicago News.

When you can get a horse at a bargain, drive the bargain.—Chicago News.

A Colored Philosopher.

"Ain't no use a-worryin' about nuthin'," said the colored philosopher, dangling his feet over the edge of the barrel on which he sat. "Ain't no use 't get blue ner 't feel down in the mout', 'cause it ain't goin' t' do any good 'tall. I says t' myself, says I: 'Mose, what's the use of you scratchin'? Wife's been dead 'bout four years. Las' of ma children shuffled off las' week. I don't care if I eats cawn pones er lasses bread. Live just as long nobow. Ain' goin' t' trouble ma min' 'bout nothin. White man, he have wife an' children an' a good coat an' a 'ouse. Bar! good nuff fur me. Ain' got nothin' t' work fur an' ain't goin' t' work.'" He shuffled off the barrel and moseyed easily down Hickory alley.—Columbus Dispatch.

His Uncertainty.

Farmer Honk—Say, Lem! Farmer Stackrider—Har? Farmer Honk—Is that 'ere solemn, spectacled young nephew of yours that's been called "doctor" and goes around lookin' as wise as a treeful of owls a dentist, a boss physician, a corn curer, a layer on of hands, a presidin' elder or just a common doctor that saws bones and kills folks?—Puck.

Until She Spoke.

She was such a stylish, aristocratic looking girl that she won admiring glances from the whole car. "We Americans," I mused, "do not need empty titles to make our folk of gentle blood."

Her friend handed her some photographs. She examined them critically. "Them's bully!" she exclaimed.—Boston Record.

"So Long."

I first became familiar with this valediction at Malta in the seventies. It was then in common use among the Maltese of Valetta, but was by them pronounced "sah-lahng." I at that time took it to be a local form of the Arabic "salaam," and my surprise was great when on returning to England in the eighties I found the phrase prevalent in London.—Notes and Queries.

A Lending Question.

Hobb—I put \$100 in the bank for my baby the other day for his majority. Nobb—That's good. How long are you going to keep it there?—Harper's Bazar.

The modest man has everything to gain and the arrogant man everything to lose, for modesty has always to deal with generosity and arrogance with envy.—Rivarolo.

Snuffed Out.

Friend—What became of your poem called "Light, Beautiful Light?" Poet (sadly)—The editor turned it down.—Philadelphia Record.

Don't wait until your friends are dead to give them flowers.—Atchison Globe.

An Impartial Woman.

"This is the grave of the most impartial woman on record," said the guide in Cave Hill cemetery to a party who visited the beautiful cemetery the other day. "Away over that second knoll there is a lot containing only two graves, and the headstone of each is marked 'Father.'"

"The woman who is buried here was married twice, and the two graves in that lot are the graves of her two husbands. She tried her best to treat her second husband as she did the first, and even when he died she had no idea of showing any preference. But she was sick when the funeral service of her second husband was held. She directed that the partner of her second matrimonial venture be laid by the side of the first, but that enough space be left to bury her between the two.

"By some hook or crook a mistake was made, and when she visited the cemetery she found that they were buried side by side, with no space between.

"Well, sir, she didn't know what to do. She argued that if she should be buried by the side of her first husband it would not be fair to the memory of her last spouse, and vice versa. What did she do? Why, when she died she left a request that she be buried in another lot, away from both of them, and it was heeded."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Translators' Stumbling Blocks.

Some amusing instances of translators' misunderstandings are mentioned by the London Daily News. An Italian paper not long ago turned Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Absentminded Beggar" into a "Distracted Mendicant." A footnote to the same version explained "son of a Lambeth publican" as a reference to Mr. Kruger! The translator who explains is often lost.

Another Italian editor who translated a passage from an English paper about a man who had killed his wife with a poker added an ingenious footnote to say, "We do not know with certainty whether this thing 'poker' be a domestic or surgical instrument."

In the French version of one of Scott's novels a Welsh rabbit has to be dealt with. The translator, never having met with that article of food, naturally turned it into "un lapin de Galles." Unfortunately he had some doubt whether his countrymen would understand this and added a lengthy footnote describing how the peculiarly delicious flavor of the rabbits of Wales created a large demand for them in Scotland, whither they were exported in bulk that would compare with the trade of Ostend.

Japan's Impregnability.

The coast of Japan, notwithstanding its long shore line and numerous harbors, offers scant allurement to an invading army. There is very little beach. The bold crags and bluffs overlooking every spot where a modern war vessel can ride at anchor are protected by strong fortifications defended by the most modern guns.

Yeddo bay, the most feasible bight for invading purposes, needs careful navigation even by steamers of moderate draft. When torpedoes are planted, it is simply impregnable, says a writer in Collier's Weekly. When the war with China broke out, a small steamer was selected to pilot merchant steamers up and down the bay. I remember perfectly the unexpected curves made by this steamer, showing plainly the countless dangers besetting a hostile fleet regardless of the care that may be used in feeling its way. No invading army could possibly land, and even if it succeeded in doing so the rice-fields, readily submerged as they are, would aid materially in thwarting the advance and in isolating the enemy. A successful invasion of Japan is simply impossible.

An Irish Retort.

Pat, the driver of the coal wagon, seemed puzzled when he got up on High street the other day. He looked at the numbers of several houses and scratched his head in a perplexed way. Finally Mrs. Eaton, for whom the coal was intended, appeared and inquired: "Beg pardon, but is that coal for Eaton?"

"No, mom," responded Pat promptly; "it's not for 'attn; it's fur burnin'!"—London Telegraph.

Fit For Tat.

The correspondence was brief, but to the point. The letter she received was as follows:

Dear Madam—I take pleasure in shipping to your address a rug valued at \$50, for which I shall be glad to receive your check. If you do not desire the rug, please return it.

"The idea!" she exclaimed. "I never knew such impertinence."

Then she sat down and wrote the following:

Dear Sir—I have ordered no rug from your establishment, and I see no reason why I should go to the expense of returning that which I do not want and which was sent to me unolicited.

To this she received the following answer in due time:

Dear Madam—I will send for the uncollected rug, and I trust you will do me the favor to send for the uncollected charity entertainment tickets which now lie, with about 25 others, on my desk.

"The discourteous boor!" she exclaimed. "Evidently," he hollolozqued, "there are methods of procedure that cannot be successfully applied to business."—St. Paul Trade Journal.