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Girls to learn Weaving and Winding.

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Directors:
Scott McClelland, J. C. King, Daniel Nolan
John H. Corbett, J. H. Kauchert
G. W. Fuller, R. H. Wilson

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons.

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JENNIE B. PINNEY

Solicits the patronage so generously tendered to her husband, the late N. G. Pinney, of Brookville. All of the

11 Insurance Companies

represented by him have appointed her as his successor.

JOHN TRUDGEN,
Solicitor for Mrs. Pinney in Reynoldsville.

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Coughs, Colds, Grippe,

Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption is

OTTO'S CURE

Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25¢ 50¢

Sold by H. Alex. Stoke.

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The Star

If you want the News

NOISE OF BIG GUNS.

FEARFUL EFFECTS OF THE TITANIC UPON THE NERVES.

Even Old and Hardened Naval Men Dread the Concussion and the Physical Misery It Involves, While Animals Barely Survive Its Deadly Force.

"Men-of-war's men in action are more concerned over the noise of the ship's guns than over the danger of being hit by missiles from the guns of the enemy," remarked an officer of the navy who has smelt his share of powder in actual naval warfare. "They can in a measure get away from the thought of being hit, because they are too busy at their stations to consider that chance. But there is no getting away from the noise of your own guns. That can't be forgotten or warded off. The men are, in fact, so absorbed in waiting for the barbarous detonations from their own huge harkers and in trying to neutralize the effect of the concussion that they hardly think of the projectiles from the guns of the enemy."

"That it is the noise of their own guns that they abhor, and that only, is shown by the fact that men-of-war's men do not dread a battle more than they dread target practice with the big guns. They are proud of their proficiency with the gigantic shooting irons, and keen in the ship and fleet competition at the business of shooting at the anchored mark."

"But the keenest among them hates and abominates the noise. The men simply can't help making very faces over the announcement of ship or fleet target practice with the main batteries. This dread of the roaring of the great guns is no indication of timidity on the part of the men who feel it the strongest. It is purely a physical dread, a shrinking of the body and not of the mind."

"Few men in the service ever become really used to the roar of the great guns. There are officers and men in the American navy who have been up and down the world on men-of-war for a generation and who abhor the yawp of the big guns as much today as they hated it on the first day they had to stand for it."

"Bronzed old sailor men of the navy, who know Tangier and Tahiti as well as they know New York and who are as easy in their minds when combing shellie alcohol out of their mustaches with marlin spikes as when quaffing ale at half a yen a bottle in Nagasaki, grow groggy and fine ladyish under the strain of great gun practice and incontinently curse the big harkers from 'all hands' to 'pipe down' of a target day. Many blood-lets, in fact, purposely break their liberty when they get the chance in order to avoid being on board of their ships during great gun practice."

"Half civilized men, fellows not highly organized, endure the noise of the enormous guns much less gamely than men of a superior order. The Chinamen, for example, go all to pieces under the continuous uproar. Americans who helped to fight the Chinamen's naval battle of the Yalu said the detonations of their own guns drove alevs of the Chinese sailors stark mad and made most of them, officers as well as men, hysterical and of no account for fighting purposes. They simply couldn't stand the sound and the concussion. The sailors groveled at the feet of the white gunners and begged them to cease firing. Some of them jumped overboard and perished by drowning to get away from the uproar. Yet a Chinaman hasn't half as much fear of death as the normal white man."

"White men, enduring the thing for the first time, have to keep a mighty strong clutch upon themselves to avoid doing something foolish. Men new to the titanic uproar have a peculiar and almost unrestrainable desire to scream with all their might while the big guns are a-going."

"The old timers who have conquered this impulse look dumbly and helplessly at one another during great gun practice and say little or nothing. But they shake their heads in a queer sort of deprecating way after each stupendous report. These head shakings express a good many things, but nothing more strongly than that the head shakers wish to gee-whiz that they were somewhere else."

"There is simply no way of explaining just how it feels to be within close earshot of the barking of the big guns. To know the singular misery of it each man must experience it for himself."

"The mere concussion, let alone the strain of waiting for each report, tells severely upon many of the strongest men. It catches most fellows about the spine and jars them all over and causes them to stay jarred for days afterward. Such attacks sometimes pass away with a series of atrocious headaches."

"It is the nervous system that is attacked, and the hardest and most rugged sailor men cave in under these attacks of concussion. It is to be remembered, too, that the human being is about the only animal capable of surviving the concussion following the firing of big guns. Inferior animals nearly always die from the effects of the concussion."

"The concussion following the firing

THE RAILROAD FIREMAN.

Building a Fire in a Locomotive is Not an Easy Job.

The average citizen manages to set the house in an uproar every time he has to make a fire in the heater, but his job is a trifle in comparison with what a railroad fireman faces when a new fire has to be built in a locomotive. As a starter about 200 pounds of wood are necessary to fire up the ordinary engine. The wood used is old railroad ties cut into convenient blocks. When the fire box has been lined with wood it is drenched with oil, and the match is applied."

As soon as the fire gains headway forced draft is applied, the operation necessary being performed in the roundhouse, where all apparatus for quickly producing high temperature is at hand. When a good bed of blazing wood has been produced the fireman gets busy with his shovel, placing coal in even layers over the flames. This part of the work is hard on the back, and the aggravated individual whose woe is evident to the whole block when he labors with the heater goes down and out in the first minute at it. Under the forced draft it is only a few minutes before the coal has been reduced to a sheet of embers at white heat, and by this time there is enough steam pressure generated to permit of the locomotive being moved under its own power."

Continuons resort to the shovel on the part of the fireman does the rest. It is only about once a month that a new fire is built in a locomotive while in service. The balance of the time the fire is kept alight by being banked when the iron horse is not on the road. —Philadelphia Record.

THE HAIR COMB.

It Was in Remote Times Used in Religious Ceremonies.

It would be curious to know what mystic meaning our forefathers attached to the simple act of combing the hair. We learn from old church records that the hair of the priest or bishop was combed several times during services by one of the inferior clergy, but what such a queer proceeding signified no one knows. The comb is also mentioned as one of the implements used during high mass, but only when sung by a bishop. Mass combs of the precious metals are still reckoned as the most valuable possessions of some European churches, though they are of no use in modern ceremonies. Besides the gold and silver combs, the poorer churches had them of ivory, horn, brass and even wood. Combs especially known to antiquarians are those of St. Neot, St. Dunstan and St. Malachias. That formerly belonging to St. Thomas, the martyr of Canterbury, is still kept in the church at Thetford; that of St. Cuthbert, 'the woman hater,' at Durham cathedral."

From sundry references in old legends to the use of the comb in divinatory and from its appearance in combinations with pagan emblems on rudely sculptured stones in many of the old countries, it seems probable that it was a widely known pagan device and one that was highly venerated. —London Standard.

EAGLES OF SCOTLAND.

Where They Build Their Nests and How They Feed Their Young.

A writer who has studied the habits of eagles among the Scottish hills says that the birds construct their eyries toward the end of March and the eggs, which number two or three, are laid in April. Eagles seem to prefer for a nesting site some ancient pine with a southern position and wide outlook or a ledge on a cliff, but this writer noticed that they sometimes build their eyries on quite small rocks, where they can be got at without much difficulty, while all around are immense precipices where man's foot has never trod. It has been said that the eagle will fearlessly attack any one attempting to rob its eggs and young, but this is probably much less often the case than is generally supposed. When one of a pair of eagles is trapped or shot the remaining bird has often great difficulty in finding a mate and may haunt its nesting site for several years by itself. While soaring round and round their eyrie the eagles utter a musical note somewhat similar to the cry of the wild goose."

Young eagles when first hatched are white balls of down, and many weeks elapse before they are able to leave the eyrie. Their parents supply them with a very liberal larder, consisting principally of ptarmigan, grouse and blue hares. —The rust of their wings as they swoop down on their luckless prey may on a still day be heard at a great distance. Eagles at times will carry off lambs and young deer and have been known to drive deer over a precipice and to tear them to bits while lying lifeless at the foot. Sometimes they will even condescend to bear off moles and mice to their eyrie. Although the eagle, as a rule, prefers to capture his prey himself, yet at times he is not above feeding on the dead carcass of a deer or sheep and often gorges himself to such an extent that he is unable to rise after his too hearty meal."

In most localities of Scotland where the eagle has its home there will also be found the hoodie crow. The eagle will seldom if ever attack the hoodie, but whenever the king of birds ventures too near the former's nesting tree the angry hoodies will immediately drive off the intruder. It is laughable to see the eagle flying for dear life before the fierce onslaughts of the enraged crows, which swoop and dash after him with shrill "ernas" until he is far from their nesting site."

Perfectly Congenial.
Naggy-baby—When a man and his wife think the same thoughts simultaneously it is a sign that they are exceedingly congenial. Waggy-baby—So? Well, then, my wife and I are congenial all right, for the other night when she said that she wondered why I'd ever been such a fool as to marry her I had been sitting there in silence for half an hour wondering over the same identical thing. —Baltimore American.

Saved the Trouble.
She—They say that the best husbands are always thoughtful in little things. Are you that way, Mr. Smith? Smith—No, I don't have to be. My wife always calls my attention to them before I have a chance to think. —Detroit Free Press.

By Constant Use.
"Yes, she's a woman of few words." "And, mercy, how frayed she keeps them looking!"

"THE BLOTTED PAGE."

A Defense in a London Paper of American Spelling.

A United States citizen of considerable scientific attainments was good enough to give to a representative of the Daily Graphic what may be called the American view of British spelling. "I see," he remarked, "that some of the correspondents of the Daily Graphic have been complaining of the disfigurement of English books by American spelling. I should like to tell you that we think our way is right and that your way is wrong, and perhaps your editor will not mind if I venture on a few remarks in defense of our corrections. For example, we write 'favor' and 'honour.' Well, 'favor' and 'honour' are nearer the Latin original than 'favour' and 'honour,' which have acquired their unnecessary 'u' by coming through the French."

"But if they have been spelled 'honour' and 'favour' for centuries, why change them now?" "Why not? They were as often spelled 'favor' and 'honour' in Shakespeare's day as 'favour' and 'honour.' You must remember that spelling was extremely uncertain in those Elizabethan days, whence we are believed to have drawn the well of English undefiled. Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, for example, spell 'recede' in four other ways—'reced,' 'recede,' 'receed,' 'recede.'" "Let us leave 'honour.' How do you defend 'center'?"

"Why should you spell it 'center' when you write 'perimeter' and 'diameter' and when Shakespeare wrote 'center'? By history and analogy 'center' is more easily to be justified than 'centre.' Then again," continued the United States citizen, warming up to his subject, "you write 'criticize,' and we write 'criticise,' but our version harks back to the Greek original; you write 'aimance,' but why don't you write 'aimanek,' which is more archaic? You blame us for 'program,' but you put down 'dram' without a scruple. Many English people write 'tyre' for 'tire,' which any philologist knows to be a gross error, and almost every Englishman, for no reason whatever, writes 'waggon' instead of 'wagon.' You know what Horace Greeley said when he was reproached for making that mistake. He said he had been taught spelling in the good old times, when people built 'waggons' heavier." —London Graphic.

BITS FROM THE WRITERS.

A brave man doesn't think; he acts.—H. Rider Haggard.

Hurry, excitement, bustle—these are not good for people. Let us go slow and live long.—Frank T. Bullen.

There is only one way in which a man or woman can develop real strength, and that is to fight unceasingly and to stand absolutely alone.—Gertrude Atherton.

To borrow one's mental fare from free libraries is like picking up eatables dropped by some one else on the road and making one's dinner off another's leavings.—Marie Corelli.

To go a-fishing in the pond of the past is a pastime not devoid of charm. What old, forgotten, faroff things can be dragged up by the assiduous angler!—Ella Hepworth Dixon.

By leading people to suppose that you are as wise as themselves you lose opportunities of obtaining useful information. They won't tell you things they think you know already.—Sarah Grand.

Trace Your Family Tree.
A pleasant pastime—literally—for those who have no more pressing duties and wish to get outside their environment at least in thought will open up before her who begins to mount a family tree. Tracing one's genealogy may become—probably will become—a matter of absorbing amusement and attention, for it entails a thread gathered up here, dropped there, a letter to write, a book to read, a register to consult. To the self absorbed, the dependent, the listless, one may recommend this diversion as certain to suit even rather morbid conditions of temperament and yet as certain to gently force the mind away from itself to other persons and things in opening up a wider and wider field of reflection.

Kimberley Siege Babies.
During Lord Roberts' tour in South Africa he chanced to be in Kimberley on his seventy-second birthday, and the people of that city presented him with a pair of diamonds. One of the "siege babies," a boy of four years, made the presentation speech. During the siege of Kimberley by the Boers about fifty babies were born. Lord Roberts had his photograph taken in the midst of the "siege babies" on the steps of the town hall. Most of the "siege babies" bear names recalling the war. Thus, while "French," "Buller," "Methuen," "Rhodes" and "Kekewich" were used, "Rhodes" was even more frequently used, and "Siege" seems to have been most popular of all.

Painful Points Too.
"You're a queer looking thing to want to fight with me," said the young bulldog contemptuously. "You're not in my class." "Perhaps not," replied the porcupine quietly, "but I think I can give you a few points." —Philadelphia Press.

The Exact Amount.
"Yes," said the man who had been generous with his friends, "I've lost faith in humankind to some extent." "To what extent?" "Well, to the extent of about \$1,000 in blocks of \$5 and \$10 at a time." —Philadelphia Ledger.

The Wife—A Robber.
In the little town of Forlimpopoli, near Bologna, there is a memorial tablet in the Municipal theater to the memory of a famous robber chieftain named Passatore. The reason why the theater is the home of his memorial is that in it was performed his most famous exploit. In September, 1854, while one of Rossini's operas was being performed in the presence of all the local beauty and fashion, Passatore and his band "held up" the audience and robbed them of all their valuables to the last penny.

Alexander's Palace.
The palace of Alexander the Great was an imposing structure in its time, and the wonder is that any vestige of it stands today. It was built in a manner much more substantial than that of today, though advocates of steel construction claim that the modern structure will defy time as long as any of those built by the ancients. Time alone will determine how much truth there is in this contention. On the Asiatic plain are the massive remains of an ancient gateway fringed with weeds, and, vaguely knowing who he was, the natives tell that this is all that is left of the palace of Alexander.

The Patient's Idea.
Dr. Price-Price (diplomatically)—I don't know whether I sent you a statement of what—or—you owe me. Mr. Knox—Neither do I. Dr. Price-Price—Ah, you didn't get it then? I guess I didn't send you a statement. Mr. Knox—Oh, yes, but it looked more like a statement of what you think I possess.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Burning Mistake.
Bilkins—I never knew Cockshure to acknowledge that he had made a mistake. Plikins—I did once. Bilkins—How did it happen? Plikins—He put the lighted end of his cigar in his

A SEASON'S PLEASURE.

What it Cost One Woman in Peace of Mind and Comfort.

Mary Makepeace sat down in her favorite chair in her own room and threw her head back, with a long sigh. "No words can tell how glad I am that I've made my last visit for the summer," she said. "Now I shall have some peace, not to mention pleasure." "My dear!" said her mother reproachfully.

"I mean it," returned Mary. "Of course I like change of scene, but I am tired of adapting my whole life to others, as I am expected to do as a welcome guest."

"My dear!" said her mother again. "Think how kind everybody has been to you."

"They meant to be—they were kind," Mary said wearily, "yet I feel as if I had barely escaped with my life, and you will admit that is not just the right kind of after feeling."

"Let me tell you, mother," Mary continued, "at the Fosters' I changed my hours for rising, for retiring and for eating my meals. At the Lanes' I changed father's politics—for of course I haven't any of my own—to please Mr. Lane, and I had all I could do to keep from changing my religion to please Mrs. Lane."

"At the Jenkins' I changed all my views about what constitutes diversion to suit the family in general. At the Pages' I entirely changed my point of view concerning music and books. And at the Nevins', where I was ill, I changed my doctor and took stuff which I felt sure would poison me just to please them."

"I ate cheese, which I abhor, and gave up fruit, which I like, at the Fisks'. I slept with closed windows at Great-aunt Maria's because she is afraid of a breath of air, and I drank twenty-one pints of hot water the four days I was at Cousin Thomas' to 'flush my system.'"

"No," said Mary in a firm voice. "I pay no more visits for months to come. Home keeping youth may have homely wits, but if I go about much more I shall not have any wits at all." —Youth's Companion.

TRUSTING TO FATE.

An Incident That Gives an Insight Into Russian Character.

A few years ago I was taking a country walk in Kovno. The road lay through a dense forest, and the day was oppressively hot. I arrived at last at a crossroad and sat down under the shade of the trees to rest. A signpost pointed its two arms down the converging roads. On one of them was inscribed "14 versts to Janova," on the other "17 versts to Shadowa." Presently the creaking of wheels and the slow "clop, clop" of a horse's hoofs on the road behind roused me. A cart piled high with tinware was coming down the road, with the driver perched on the top of the load.

"Good day, brother," I called out as the cart, with its sorry horse, came abreast of me. The man returned my salute, and the horse, glad of any excuse to rest his weary legs, came to a standstill in the middle of the road.

"Which way are you going?" I asked. "To Janova. There is a market there tomorrow."

"But there is also a market in Shadowa," I answered, "and it is a more important place than Janova."

A GOOD WIDE YAWN.

It is a Splendid Reviver For the Whole Body.

A good, wide, open mouthed yawn is a splendid thing for the whole body. A yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy, but this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired.

Whenever you feel like yawning just yawn. Don't try to suppress it because you think it is impolite to yawn. Put your hand over your mouth if you want to, but let the yawn come. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles.

Don't be afraid to open your mouth wide and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight back chair, and, lifting your feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide and make yourself yawn.

Those tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired and see what it will do for you.

DURER AND LEONARDO.

Explanation of the Differences Between Their Work as Painters.

Durer was born a German, Leonardo an Italian. This sums up much of the difference between their work as painters. The Italian race, under its sunny skies, has an inborn love of beauty. The German, in a sterner climate—"How I shall freeze under this sun!" wrote Durer, during his stay in Italy, to a friend in Nuremberg—retains to this day the energy that carved its way through the vast forests of his country and some of the gloomy romance that haunted their dark shadows. The German spirit is characterized by a "combination of the wild and rugged with the homely and tender, by meditative depth, enigmatic gloom, sincerity and energy, by iron diligence and discipline." Very remarkable qualities these, and to be found in Durer's work, which is the reason that we describe him as being so representative of the Teutonic race.

But it was not only the difference of race that helped to mold the genius of these two men differently. Each was a manifestation of the "new birth" of art and learning that was spreading over Europe—Leonardo of the form of it which appeared in Italy and Durer of that which prevailed in Germany.—St. Nicholas.

SHAVING IS ANCIENT.

The Custom Was Probably Followed in Prehistoric Times.

It is not improbable that prehistoric man shaved, for curiously shaped shells and flint flakes have been discovered which have been supposed to be very ancient razors. In remote parts of China men have their chins scraped, without water or soap, by instruments very similar to these, and the men of the stone age would most likely find out at a very early stage that to leave hair upon their face was to give a useful handle to their enemies.

That, indeed, was the reason why Alexander the Great compelled his soldiers to shave, and his order is among the earliest definite instances of shaving upon record, although there can be no question that the practice existed long before his day.

The oldest Egyptian scriptures show some men clean shaven, and others partially so, with curled beards. It is recorded in Genesis that Joseph, when he went from prison to the presence of Pharaoh, about 1500 B. C., "shaved himself and changed his raiment."

Memorial to a Robber.

In the little town of Forlimpopoli, near Bologna, there is a memorial tablet in the Municipal theater to the memory of a famous robber chieftain named Passatore. The reason why the theater is the home of his memorial is that in it was performed his most famous exploit. In September, 1854, while one of Rossini's operas was being performed in the presence of all the local beauty and fashion, Passatore and his band "held up" the audience and robbed them of all their valuables to the last penny.

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