

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY MAN OR woman to manage business in this county and adjoining territory for well established house of solid financial standing. \$300 straight cash salary with all necessary expenses paid weekly by check from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Position permanent, previous experience not essential. No investment required. We furnish everything. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Address, Manager, 510 Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership lately subsisting between J. A. Henry and S. C. Henry, doing a general grocery business in the borough of Reynoldsville under the firm name of J. A. & S. C. Henry, was dissolved on the 24th day of January 1905, by mutual consent.

If you have anything to sell, try our Want Column.

First National Bank

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

Capital \$50,000
Surplus \$50,000

Scott McClelland, President;
J. C. King, Vice President;
John H. Kaucher, Cashier.
Directors:
Scott McClelland, J. C. King, Daniel Nolan,
John H. Corbett, J. H. Kaucher,
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, rendering the most careful attention to the business of all persons.

Fire Proof Vault.

Southern Cheer

Fried Chicken and Biscuit Comes First, Last and All the Time in the South and it is Good, Too, when the Traveler Becomes Accustomed to It.
WRITTEN FOR THE STAR, BY BION H. BUTLER.

WITH some men the table cuts a big figure. The last time I come down the road from Washington the train had hardly reached the broad water of the Potomac until a sprightly negro announced dinner in the dining car. The dining car does the thing right, and how vastly different from the old method. Twenty-five years ago, when I traveled the South for the first time, I bumped against the Southern bill of fare. It started with fried chicken and biscuits. I am honest enough to say the fried chicken was prime and the biscuits all right. The thing that I objected to was that we had them for the next meal in the next hotel. At the next town we had them again. We found them at the railroad eating station. In the next town we had fried chicken and biscuits. I am not surprised now when I strike a Southern town and have fried chicken and biscuits offered me. I have acquired the habit and would probably propose to lynch the waiter if he failed to bring either of them.

Along in 1881, I had made a voyage of the South. Starting at St. Louis, I commenced to eat fried chicken and biscuits down through Missouri and into Texas, where pork and dumpling was thrown in with it, and I finally ended the journey around through the gulf states and up the Atlantic coast and struck the old Girard House in Philadelphia.

When we reached the dining room I felt like Moses, who from the top of Mount Pisgah looked down upon the promised land. When the waiter asked me what I would have I told him in a superior way of the man who has traveled, "Anything but fried chicken and hot biscuits." And when a fellow who was sitting down at the same table said, "Same here waiter," I thought I had made a brilliant play. He was just up from his first long trip South and he wanted corned beef and apple butter and doughnuts and pie, and such plunder as we looked upon as victuals then. I hope he has been South often enough since then to know the real virtues of fried chicken. For it might have been among the things spoken of in the opening chapters of Genesis, of which it is said the Lord saw that it was good.

No two sections have the same food. For instance, in Altoona, when the train stops they bring you a weiner sandwich. In the French Market at New Orleans if you buy a cup of coffee they throw in a baked thing that looks like an old Dutch pillow; but if you have the courage to eat it you'll find it is worth the effort. I stopped one day at Fredericksburg, Va., at a restaurant where some oyster scows were unloading oysters, and told the restaurant man to give me a quarter's worth. When he brought them in, some raw, some stewed and some fried—I knew why he smiled when I gave him the order. That was before I had learned that a man may, in some places on tidewater eat all the oysters he cares to tuck for a nickel.

The cooking of each section is peculiar. When I lived in a lumber camp in Elk county, Pennsylvania, years ago, the superintendent told me one day I could have some tomatoes if I would carry them from the farm down at the creek up to the camp on the mountain. Now a change from fat pork and beans to green stuff was a cheering prospect, so I toted the basket the three miles and had happy visions. The tomatoes came on the table cooked in onions and not a man of the thirty would let them come near his plate. We had a cook from over in York State who had that kind of ideas.

We have grown used to the Dixie bill of fare: Pork jowl and greens, corn bread and sweet potatoes, fried chicken and hot biscuits, until, when we drop into a house where they profess to do good home cooking—"like you had in the North"—it is a tiresome experience. When you are in Rome it is wise to eat what the Romans eat. That rule struck me all right last summer when watermelons were right for taking, for the theory here in North Carolina is that no watermelon ever grew big enough to cut into two shares. We have a kind and thoughtful government. In the batch of seeds I sent me last winter were several that were strangers. So in my garden in the summer were collards, okra, mustard, cymplings and a lot of other things. The cymplings are saucy little squashes and we took them into fellowship. Collards are a variety of cabbage and they are green in the garden right now. We stood for all of them but the okra. The gardener insisted that okra was good and we should plant considerable, so he was given all the right of way. We had okra to give to him and to send to all our neighbors. We tried it on the table one day, and that afternoon gave the gardener an order to plant no more, unless possibly enough for seed. We may learn to like it some day. Okra has a beautiful flower, as big as a hollyhock and it grows in the same illustrious shape. It bears an edible pod almost as large as an ear of corn, which is used for soups. A good crop of okra is almost as generous as a mow of hay. I think as between the two I would rather eat a big, juicy slippery elm poutice next time. But aside from okra there is little down this way that I have not learned to eat without bleaching.

The Equimaux thrive on their seal blubber and would starve to death on the rice of the East Indian. The woodsman of Jefferson county, Pennsylvania, eat red ants as eagerly as the squaws of Nevada eat grasshoppers, or as the French eat snails. Once I was dining with an acquaintance in Southern Hungary. He said he had a dish that was of uncommon excellence. I tasted it and have never liked the man since, for it was the tail of the broad-tailed sheep of that section, and while he liked it I could see nothing to it but strong and half-rancid mutton tallow with a lot of other things to help make the combination more outrageous. It had the Scotch haggis beat to a stand-still. They make a cheese of sheep's milk over in that country that ought to entitle the inventor to a long drawn out torture and death, but the people eat it. It suits the climate, so the diet of the South suits the South, and gradually the stranger gets to like hoe cake and buttermilk and cow peas cooked with pork, and all the peculiar things, and to think nothing else so good.

Even the Yankees catch on to the

spring chicken idea, for in Southern Pines they have been eating fried chicken so enthusiastically that the price of frying chickens has gone up in the past ten years from 15 cents a chicken to 20 cents a pound. The "country price" for grown chickens some distance from the town is still 25 cents a chicken, no matter if it is as big as a cow, although, to tell the truth in confidence, not many of them get that big. But in town to sell a chicken for anything like that would be evidence of an unbalanced mind. The cultivated taste of the Yankee visitor has bullied the chicken market. No man who has lived here long growls at fried chicken.

REDUCED RATE TO WASHINGTON

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Inauguration of President Roosevelt.

On account of the inauguration of President Roosevelt on March 4, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Washington March 2, 3, and 4, good for return passage until March 8, inclusive, from Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Oil City, Erie, Buffalo, Canandaigua, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Mt. Carmel, and intermediate stations, at rate of single fare, plus 25 cents for the round trip. Deposit of ticket with Joint Agent at Washington on or before March 8 and payment of fee of \$1.00 will secure extension of return limit to leave Washington on or before March 18. For specific rates and full information apply to ticket agents.

Grave Trouble Foreseen.

It needs but little foresight, to tell, that when your stomach and liver are badly affected, grave trouble is ahead, unless you take the proper medicine for your disease, as Mrs. John A. Young, of Clay, N. Y., did. She says: "I had neuralgia of the liver and stomach, my heart was weakened, and I could not eat. I was very bad for a long time, but in Electric Bitters, I found just what I needed, for they quickly relieved and cured me." Best medicine for weak women. Sold under guarantee by H. Alex. Stoke, druggist, at 50c a bottle.

PROSPECTUS.

In addition to home contributions, articles may be expected in the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* during the present year from the following noted writers:

Helps and Hints in Bible Study.—Prof. G. Frederick Wright, of Oberlin College. A. F. Shaufler, D. D., of the International Lesson Committee. Bishop J. H. Vincent, D. D., Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D., Denver, Colo. J. R. Miller, D. D., editor "The Westminster Teacher."

Questions in Church History.—James M. Taylor, D. D., President Vassar College. Mr. Robert E. Speer, Secretary Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Wm. Elliott Griffis, D. D., of Ithaca, N. Y. David J. Burrell, D. D., Marble Collegiate Church, New York. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Spiritual Life.—A series of articles on devotional topics. F. B. Meyer, M. A., of Christ Church, London. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., of Philadelphia, Pa. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., of Cambridge, Mass.

Problems of the Hour.—Relating to church life and religious progress. Chas. F. Thwing, LL. D., President Western Reserve University. Bishop E. R. Hendrix, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. A. C. Dixon, D. D., Ruggles Street Church, Boston, Mass. Francis E. Clark, D. D., President United Societies of Christian Endeavor. Gen. O. O. Howard, D. D., of the United States Army. Washington Gladden, D. D., Moderator Congregational National Council.

In the Mission Field.—Articles dealing with various phases of mission life and work in foreign lands. Charles L. Thompson, D. D., Secretary Presbyterian Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Henry C. Mable, D. D., Home Secretary American Baptist Alliance. Henry C. Carroll, LL. D., Secretary Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Cut it Out.

WRITTEN FOR THE STAR BY "UNCLE WILLIAM."

Have you aught against your neighbor? Cut it out.
Don't disparage and belabor. Cut it out.
Those who live in crystal palace. Day not erstwhile harbor malice. No throw stones while clothed in chalice. Cut it out.
Do not desecrate the Sunday: Cut it out.
Worldliness can wait for Monday. Cut it out.
Spend the day in calm serenity. Lay aside all thoughts of meanness. Heart devoid of all uncleaness. Cut it out.
Do not slight the poor and needy: Cut it out.
Don't perurious be nor greedy. Cut it out.
For ye are your brother's keeper. Bear in mind lethargic creeper. Then be active, not a sleeper. Cut it out.
Do you play progressive euchre? Cut it out.
Be the winnings prize or lure. Cut it out.
The result is just as damning. As the gambler's deftly palming. Pharisaical and shamming. Cut it out.
Or perhaps you favor "poker." Cut it out.
With a full deck—minus "joker." Cut it out.
Bear in mind there's trouble brewing. And perplexities a-lurking. Which will end in your undoing: Cut it out.
Are you prone to gossip giving? Cut it out.
Do you grudge your neighbor's living? Cut it out.
For this world is filled with troubles. Hoarded riches are but bubbles. Harvest past leaves naught but stubbles. Cut it out.
Naught is ever made by grieving: Cut it out.
Be not faithless, but believing. Cut it out.
Don't imagine that you're slighted. Time will see that all is righted. With all grievances requited. Cut it out.

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Friday, February 17, 1905, by David Wheeler, George W. Sykes, Robert Parrish, J. S. Howard, Andrew Wheeler, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Reynoldsville Banking & Trust Co., the character and object of which is insuring owners of real estate, mortgages, and others interested in real estate from loss by reason of defective titles, liens, and incumbrances, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits, and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto. J. S. HOWARD, Solicitor.

JOHN C. HIRST,
CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER,
Surveyor and Draughtsman. Office in Sol Shaffer building, Main street.
W. L. JOHNSTON,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office four doors from Ross House, West Reynoldsville, Pa.
PRIESTER BROS.,
UNDERTAKERS.
Black and white funeral cars. Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.
J. H. HUGHES,
UNDERTAKING AND PICTURE FRAMING.
The U. S. Burial League has been tested and found all right. Cheapest form of insurance. Secure a contract. Near Public Fountain, Reynoldsville Pa.

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of the People's Bargain Store is now giving Bank and Merchandise

TRADING STAMPS

with every ten cent purchase. When books are filled with \$50.00 worth of stamps Mr. Katzen will give

\$3 in Merchandise
OR
\$2.50 in Cash.

Don't forget to ask for a book and trading stamp when you make your purchase.

WANTED!

Girls to learn Cloth Picking and Winding.

Enterprise Silk Co.

CELERY KING

NATURE'S CURE

Constipation.

I believe nine out of every ten women suffer from constipation, and that not two of the nine know it. They know they have headache and backache, that they are nervous and irritable, and that their complexions are turning sallow—but they do not guess the cause. I always recommend Celery King to such women, for I have found it to be the most reliable medicine.—Nurse Eliza S. Bennett Rochester, N. Y.

Sold by H. Alex. Stoke.

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FOR BISCUITS MUFFINS PASTRY FANCY CAKES

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Shoes for Misses and Children.

This week we give you an opportunity to buy Good Shoes cheap. These shoes are not old and shopworn but nice new up-to-date styles. Some lace, some button, with heavy or light sole. Good for school or dress wear. The sizes are 12½ to 1½ and 8½ to 11.

\$1.75 Shoes for \$1.25. \$1.50 Shoes for 98c.
\$1.25 Shoes for 89 cts. \$1.00 Shoes for 69c.

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This special price is for this week only.

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LEAVES US WITH SOME ODDS AND ENDS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. WE HAVE PUT ON A PRICE TO CLOSE THEM OUT. YOU WILL SEE THEM MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES IN EACH DEPARTMENT AND SAVE YOU 15 TO 35 PER CENT.

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Practical Carpet Weaving

GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

With the spring time most people have a carpet to be woven. Now I have been here for the last six years and still ready to weave your carpets inside of a week's notice. The prices are lower than ever before. These prices are for both weaving and chain:

1-2 pound of chain to the square yd. or 12 threads to the inch, 21 cents.
9 oz. of chain to the square yard or 13-1-3 threads to the inch, 22½ cents.
10 oz. of chain to the square yard or 15 threads to the inch, 23½ cents.
3-4 pound of chain to the square yard or 18 threads to the inch, 26 cents.
1 pound of chain to the square yard, or 24 threads to the inch, 31 cents.
When you furnish the chain I charge ten cents a yard for weaving.

The chain I keep on hand is of the best kind—all of the five ply. If I should have to buy my chain retail I would not be able to give you these low prices, but I buy it in five hundred pound lots or more, and if the price of cotton should go down I will give you the benefit of it. And if the piece is 20 yards or more will make it to order and to fit your room at the above prices per square yard, and for out of town people will pay freight one way.

Please call and see my work, or send for samples of chain.

I have a few hundred yards of good Carpet for sale very cheap.

TEOFEEL DEMAY

One door east of Borough Hall. Box 358. West Reynoldsville, Pa.

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