

DAVID WHEELER, Pres.
JOHN S. HOWARD, Sec'y and Treas.

GR. W. SYKES, V. Pres.
ROBERT PARISH, Ass't Sec.

Paid-Up Capital \$125,000.00.



Open for business Saturday nights for one hour, from 7 to 8.

THE SUCCESS of any financial institution may be accurately gauged by the measure of liberality with which its patrons are treated. We are young, but watch us grow. Come, be our friend—there are many reasons why you should be our friend. Come in and let us explain them. Here are a few of the many things we can do, and will do. Receive deposits subject to check. Cash your check on other banks. Will pay 3 PER CENT INTEREST on time deposits. Make farm loans, Etc. Tell us what you want and we can accommodate you. We respectfully solicit your business and guarantee you, in advance a uniformly courteous treatment, whether your account be large or small. Nobody can please everybody—but we will try.

Reynoldsville Trust Co.

Next door to postoffice.

DOCTORS IN ENGLAND

THE SCHEMES THEY USE TO GET IN THE EYE OF THE PUBLIC.

Shrewd Expedients by Which Lucrative Practices Are Acquired and by Which They Dodge the Rule of the Profession Against Advertising.

A young doctor beginning to practice is terribly handicapped by the rule under which any medical man who advertises is expelled from the profession, says the Leeds Mercury. He may be an extremely gifted physician or surgeon, and yet if he has not capital to buy a practice or interest with the governors of some hospitals he does not succeed in earning enough during the first few years to keep body and soul together.

Of course the result is that all sorts of dodges are adopted to evade and defeat the rule against advertising. It is well known in the profession that reputation and a large clientele depend more on the success with which this is accomplished than on real scientific ability. A celebrated London surgeon once admitted to the writer that he rose to the top of the tree by getting into his carriage several times a month and driving at a terrific pace through a half dozen streets. Sometimes he varied this by forgetting to take a necessary instrument when visiting a patient and then sending his driver back for it hot haste. Naturally people were much impressed by the procedure, believing that Surgeon D. must be an excellent surgeon since he was so often called to desperate cases.

Another London Esculapian owes an income of £10,000 a year to his ingenious stratagem, on which he risked the last couple of hundred pounds he had in the world. Having a very intelligent sister who was desirous of helping him, he explained to her the difficulty of making a practice by simply putting a brass plate on the door and banging out a red lamp and induced her to be his accomplice in what was not far removed from a fraud on the public. Her part in the plot was to take a drug which paralyzed her limbs and gave her the appearance of being in the last stages of fatal illness. Then she was taken in an ambulance to apartments in a fashionable west end street, in order, so to speak, as a forlorn hope, to place herself under the care of Dr. X.

Dr. X., her brother, had meanwhile taken rooms in a neighboring street, put up his brass plate and hired a carriage with a spanking pair of horses. Three times every day he spent an hour with the invalid, while the carriage drove up and down the street. He cleverly managed to have it reported that his patient had been given up as a hopeless case by all the big medical men of London. At the end of two months he had cured her, and patients began to pour into his waiting room.

But the most successful method of all is to write a popular medical book or a semi-medical magazine article or even a letter to the daily press. One medical man found that a religious poem which he sent without any ulterior motives to a widely circulated church magazine proved better than a Klondike gold mine. It is also known that the best paying patients are not the really sick, but those who imagine they are.

These foolish people devour dictionaries of medicine and medical journals, and no one knows this better than the pushing doctor. In fact, the medical journals are more extensively read by the laity than by the medical fraternity, and the doctor who can get a clever article published in one of them is sure to draw patients. Letters to the newspapers on occasions such as an epidemic, the vivisection agitation and the like are equally effective. And no doubt they would be more numerous but for the curious fact that the study of medicine seems to destroy the power of writing well.

But probably the best advertisement a doctor can have is to be employed in some cause celebre. This is partly the explanation of the extraordinary spectacle now and then witnessed in the courts of three or four medical men swearing that a certain wound could easily be self inflicted, or that death was undoubtedly due to arsenic, while three or four more pledge themselves that the wound could not by any possibility be self inflicted and that arsenic had nothing whatever to do with the death. Great is the scheming to get engaged in one of those trials, for the publicity is worth a diamond mine.

Still another plan is to get up a hospital for the cure of some special disease. For this purpose several doctors often club together and with funds of their own, plus what they can get from the charitable public, open a hospital for skin diseases or deformities or ailments of any and every organ. Their names are not only advertised in the press, by circulars and at all kinds of dinners and annual meetings, but often they are put up on a large board outside the hospital, and they who would otherwise remain obscure become famous and get patients from the four corners of the kingdom.

One of the most famous ways of advertising is the issuing of bulletins about the health of some man of note. Even if he have only a sty in his eye the public is kept acquainted with its progress. In that case the doctor already has nearly all the reputation and

patients he cares for, but lesser lights often have their names associated with the crack physician, and every bulletin is worth a hundred guineas to them.

A doctor would give a deal to have it announced in the papers that he has returned from a well earned holiday in Norway or the Mediterranean, and many a medical man owes his comfortable income to the friendly editor who says something about him in the column of personal news.

Most of these methods are open only to the city practitioner. The men who settle in small towns have to adopt different means. Generally they make use of all their arts to make friends with the ladies. They try to be very charming at garden parties and bazaars, attend church regularly and sometimes have a note brought to them in the middle of service and hurry away. They endeavor to make themselves popular in the local clubs, or get remarkable by the possession of a spirited horse, or blench their hair to look wise, or give a public lecture. Sometimes they win attention through the efforts of a tactful wife.

Another very good plan, open to the provincial as well as the city doctor, is to send testimonials to some wine or mineral water importer or to a manufacturer of sanitary clothing and occasionally to a quack medicine vendor. In this way they get their names constantly in the local papers without infringing the rule against advertising. The worst of it all, from the public point of view, is that it is not the best physician or surgeon who gets the greatest reputation, but the best man of business. And while patients crowd to the fashionable houses of mediocre doctors who have cleverly advertised themselves the most skillful physicians and surgeons of all grow rusty and all but starve in back streets.

MIDDLE AGED FOLKS.

The Change Which Has Come Over the Spirit of the Times.

In the middle of the nineteenth century a man of forty-five was regarded almost elderly, and a woman of the same age was expected to have long since cut herself adrift from all ties binding her to her youth and to assume the appearance and deportment of a staid, exemplary matron. All this has changed in a particularly interesting way, of which the prominent feature is a seeming contradiction. If the three-year-old child of today is as knowing as was the six-year-old of half a century ago, and the ten-year-old boy of today is in many respects quite as much a man as was his grandfather at eighteen, one might naturally expect that in due gradation the modern middle-aged man should be old beyond his years. But such is not the case.

Middle age, so far from hurrying on into senility, so far even from standing still, would seem actually to have stepped backward and marched alongside of youth. There is a jaunty, a buoyancy, an elasticity, about the middle age of today at which our fathers would have shaken their heads as unseemly. The gulf which once separated the middle aged parent from his children has been filled up. The curtain which shrouded the middle aged man generally from the eyes of youth and which caused him to be regarded with respect if not with awe has been lifted, and in obedience to the same influences which have made the schoolmaster the friend of the schoolboy and the regimental officer almost the comrade of his men the middle aged man of today is never so happy as when working or playing upon an equality and actually in competition with youth.

As with men, so it is with women. Social statisticians tell us that the age at which women are considered most eligible for marriage has been very notably advanced of late years, and we know that the lament of many a match-making mamma is that the most dreaded rivals of her darling are not to be found so much among the girls of her own age as among women who not many years ago would have been relegated to the ranks of hopeless old maidhood. The fact that the middle aged woman of today is much younger in manner and tastes is, of course, not the only reason for this, but it is among the most potent.—London Spectator.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis writes of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Physically he was a very small man, holding himself stiffly erect—his face insignificant as his figure, except for a long obstinate upper lip 'clef to me,' he said one day, 'by some ill conditioned great-grandmother,' and eyes full of a wonderful fire and sympathy. No one on whom Dr. Holmes had once looked with interest ever forgot the look—or him. He attracted all kinds of people as a brilliant excitable child would attract them. But nobody, I suspect, ever succeeded in being familiar with him. I remember one evening that he quoted one of his poems, and I was forced stupidly to acknowledge that I did not know it. He fairly jumped to the bookcase, took out the volume and read the verses, standing in the middle of the room, his voice trembling, his whole body thrilling with their meaning. 'There,' he cried at the end, his eyes flashing, 'could anybody have said that better? Ah-B!' with a long drawn breath of delight as he put the book back."

MAN'S INVENTIONS.

Many of the Ideas Used Were Stolen Directly From Nature.

Houses are not the invention of man. The idea was borrowed from the swallow.

When the world was young its inhabitants were frogglators. They dwelt in holes in cliffs. One savage, more enterprising than his fellows, puzzled his brains to find out a way to construct a cozy dwelling. On one occasion he caught sight of a bird gathering bits of clay with its beak. It was a swallow, and he watched it build a nest on a ledge of rock.

"Wonderful," said he. "I'll do likewise."

He set to work at once and built a clay hut. His neighbors called him the "mudhole dweller" and laughed at his house. But, when they discovered that he was more snug than they, up went other huts.

The savages lived in mud huts until the beaver came to visit them. In building a house for himself he gave early man a lesson in architecture.

The beaver not only showed him how to build houses that would stand all kinds of weather, but instructed him in the art of dam and bridge building.

The gentlemen of the stone age had boats. This has been proved by the things left behind them. It is doubtful, however, whether they invented vessels themselves.

A well known antiquarian declares that the savage stole the idea for the sailing boat from a small shellfish having a kind of fin attached to its back. By resting on a wave and erecting the fin it can skim over the waters at great speed when the wind is behind it.

It is generally believed that man invented the thatch to keep barns and ricks dry. As a matter of fact, it was the weaver bird that gave the idea to him. With its beak it constructs a perfectly made, large, rainproof shelter, or thatch, over its nest.

The Zulu huts in the Transvaal are roofed in almost the same way today.

Dame Nature was a glassmaker long before man was created. Natural glass resembled the glass of which beer bottles are made, and it is to be found in Iceland, Spain, Italy, Sardinia and almost every locality in which volcanoes have been at work. Its proper name is obsidian, and there are enough cliffs of glass to fill all the window frames in Great Britain.

Men in another form of natural glass and is largely used in the making of chimneys for incandescent gaslights. It is dug out of the ground, will stand great heat and needs nothing but splitting to be made use of at once.

Old brown Windsor soap, so commonly used for the toilet, is not the real thing at all, but merely an imitation. The only soap of that name is not made, but comes from the bulbs of the Porto Rico soap plant, and it was used for washing purposes long before man thought of manufacturing soap from fat and other substances. Its smell is exactly the same as London made old brown Windsor, and there is no doubt whatever that the latter is an exact imitation of the natural soap.

At one time the world was lighted at night with "farthing dips," long sticks of compressed fat with a thin string through the center. Before this the seeds of the tallow tree, which grows in Algeria, Sumatra and China, were used for lighting purposes. The seeds, which are of a good size, need but a wick to burn with a clear, white flame. It will therefore be seen that the idea for both ancient and modern candles was stolen directly from nature.—Pearson's Weekly.

Kind Neighbors.

When Miss Jenkins, after spending fifty-six years in the city of her birth, decided to buy a small farm in the country she determined to miss none of the delights of farming life.

"I'm going to have a steady horse and two cows, and some hens," she announced to her brother, to whom she proudly displayed her new property. "The Adams boy from the next house will help me about everything. He'll drive the cows and milk and teach me how to harness, and of course I shall feed the hens and the little pig."

"The little pig?" echoed her brother. "Do you propose to keep a pig? And where, I should like to know?"

The People's Bargain Store

—A. KATZEN, Prop.—

SPRING OPENING

Spring is here and our store is fully prepared for it with a large line of spring and summer merchandise fresh from the city. Remember every article mentioned here we carry in stock and guarantee the price and quality to be the lowest and best that you can find anywhere. Don't forget to ask for one of our new Bank and Merchandise Trading Stamp Books.

Dry Goods

Lancaster gingham, formerly 6 and 7 cents, now 5c.
Best 36 inch unbleached muslin, worth from 6 to 7c, now 5c.
Fast color prints 5c.
40c white table cloth, a bargain at 25c a yard.
25c linen window shades, now 19c.
First-class oil cloth, 12 yards in a roll—fancy patterns—good for anything for which oil cloth can be used, worth \$1.80, now \$1.55.
Large line of lace curtains from 45c up to \$2.25.
We carry the largest line of lace and embroidery at prices from 2c up to 35c a yd.

Hats, Caps, Shirts, Etc.

The best assortment of men's and boys' caps—new styles—prices were 35 and 40c, now 25c.
Men's stiff and soft hats, up-to-date styles, 50c, 75c, \$1.25, \$1.65 and \$2.25.
The biggest assortment we have ever carried in men's and boys' negligee shirts—fancy patterns, for spring and summer in a price ranging from 25c up to \$1.25.
Ladies' summer gauze shirts from 5c to 25c.
Children's summer gauze shirts from 5c up to 15c.
Ladies' 90c wrappers at 65c.

Shoes.

We also have a large line of men's, boys' and children's shoes—all made from good leather—at prices which we can guarantee. Every pair of shoes purchased at our store will give satisfactory wear. We do not handle paper soled shoes. Only honest goods sold at this store.

Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing.

Boys' knee pants from 19c to 50c.
Large assortment of men's pants from 75c to \$4.25.
If you need a new spring suit come in and see our line. Prices range from \$3.75 to \$13.50.

Remember our store is filled with good goods at honest prices and our motto is 'Quick sales and small profits.' Don't miss this opportunity. We do not charge anything for examining our stock and will be pleased to show you anything in

THE PEOPLE'S BARGAIN STORE,

A. KATZEN, Prop.
REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

N. HANAU

COME to the cheapest store in Reynoldsville. You can buy the same goods for less money, you can save from 15 to 30 per cent. I am getting new goods every day.

MOHAIR—In black, brown, grey, blue, red. Prices from 48c to \$1.35
WASH GOODS—Butterfly Batiste, in blue, brown, tan, linen color in dots and figures. Prices 10 and 12c
JACKETS—Ladies' spring jackets; tan and blacks, cover; cloth from \$4.75 to \$8.50
SKIRTS—Ladies' pleated skirts, tan black, blue and brown.
COLLARS—Ladies' turnover collars at 5 cents
PERSIAN LAWN—
LACE CURTAINS—Lace Curtains from 40c to \$5.00
CLOTHING CLOTHING CLOTHING
SUITS—Men's fine suit \$5.00, former price \$7.00
Fine suit for \$6.00, former price \$9.00
Suit for \$7.50, former price \$10.00
BOY'S SUITS—Same reduction.
KNEE PANTS for 19 cents.

We give Trading Stamps with every 10 cent purchase.

N. HANAU.

Single Copies of The Star

May be Secured at THE STAR Office at any time and in any quantity. Price per copy, THREE CENTS.

JOHN C. HIRST,
CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER,
Surveyor and Draughtsman. Office in Sol Shaffer building, Main street.

PRIESTER BROS.,
UNDERTAKERS.
Black and white funeral cars. Main street. Reynoldsville, Pa.

W. L. JOHNSTON,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office four doors from Ross House, West 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.

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, B. 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.
Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.
First National Bank building, Nolan block.

Fire Proof Vault.

