

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of James McGhee, late of Winslow Township, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the estate of the above named decedent have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payments, and those having claims or demands against the same will make them known without delay, to

ANNIE McGHEE,
Administratrix,
Sandy Valley, Pa.

In the Matter of the Estate of Elizabeth Dickey, late of Winslow Township, Deceased, for Discharge of J. M. Norris, Adminter.

In the Orphan's Court of Jefferson County, April Term, 1905, No. 37.

And now, to-wit: April 19, 1905, at the instance of M. J. Davis, Esq., Attorney for the petitioner, sole on the heirs and legal representatives of Elizabeth Dickey, late of Winslow township, deceased, to be and appear in the aforesaid Court on Monday, May 15, 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m. and show cause why J. M. Norris, administrator of said estate, should not be discharged. Notice to be given by publication in Reynoldsville STAR. Certified from the Record.

GIL C. REITZ, Clerk.
Brookville, Pa., April 19, 1905.

Notice for Convention of School Directors to Elect County Superintendent.

To the School Directors of Jefferson Co.:
Gentlemen:—In pursuance of the forty-third section of the act of May 8, 1854, you are hereby notified to meet in convention, at the court house, in Brookville, on the first Tuesday in May, A. D. 1905, at 2:30 p. m. being the second day of the month, and select, viva voce, by a majority of the whole number of directors present, one person of literary and scientific acquirements, and of skill and experience in the art of teaching, as county superintendent, for the three succeeding years; and certify the result to the State Superintendent at Harrisburg, as required by the thirty-ninth and fortieth sections of said act.

R. B. FETTERICK,
County Supt. of Jefferson County,
April 10, 1905.

THE OTHER MAN'S PLACE.

A Little Lesson on the Policy of Charity For All.

One rainy day I boarded a street car for which I had waited in the inclement weather long enough to ruffle my temper. The conductor stood on the rear platform, and I paid my fare to him there. He then went into the car and to the forward end of it, ringing up my fare as he went.

At the next corner another man came aboard and took my place on the platform, while I went inside the car. The conductor, well forward in the car, saw me come in and supposed I was the man who had just boarded the car. Presently he came back to me and requested my fare.

"I paid my fare," said I.

He looked doubtfully at me a moment. I didn't like it a bit. I thought I had suffered enough through being compelled to wait so long for the car; it seemed like rubbing it in to have the conductor now stand there and by his manner plainly tell my fellow passengers that I was a five-cent thief.

"I paid my fare to you on the platform when I came aboard," I said.

Then he thought he had me.

"I ain't aboard on the platform since you came aboard," he answered confidently.

Now, right here is where Lincoln came in and kept me from making a fool of myself.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all," said the great, good man, at a time, too, when he himself was the target for more shafts of malice than have ever been hurled by Americans at any other American. And the echo of the words turned my anger into charity.

I had only to put myself in the conductor's place (and that of itself is charity) to see that he had some reason for doubting me. I had only to recall to mind that inspectors and spotters are watching him and that if he misses a fare he may be thought to have stolen it.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, I smiled and took him in a friendly way by the arm. Leading him to the door, I said:

"If that man in the brown derby doesn't pay the missing fare I will."

The conductor opened the door, and the man in the brown derby hat passed up his nickel.

Then the conductor came back to me and made a manful apology, and with a touch of that greatness which I had borrowed from Lincoln for the moment I eased the poor conductor's manifest embarrassment by telling him in all sincerity that his mistake was a perfectly natural one; that had I been in his place I should probably have made it just as he did and finally that nobody but a very foolish man would take offense at it.

Yet, dear reader, I don't mind confiding to you that I came all fired near to being that very foolish man.

So by the aid of that momentarily borrowed greatness I made a friend instead of an enemy—two friends, I may almost say, for I was on much more friendly terms with myself than I should have been if I had let my uncharitable passions rise.

Little matter, wasn't it? Well, how many little matters make a big matter?
—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Sea Lion.

Very little of the sea lion is wasted by the natives of the icy north. After being cleaned the intestines are distended with air and allowed to dry in that shape. Then they are cut into ribbons and sewed strongly with sinews taken from the back of the animal into that most characteristic garment of Alaska, the "kamlayka," which, while being fully as waterproof as India rubber, has far greater strength and is never affected by grease and oil. It is also transparent in its fitting over dark clothes. The throats are served in a similar manner and when cured are made into boot tops, which are in turn sued with the tough skin that composes the palms of this animal's fore flippers. The stomach walls, which look like overgrown gourds or enormous calabashes, with attenuated necks, are used as oil pouches, while the tough, elastic mustache bristles are objects of great commercial activity by the Chinese, who prize them highly as pickers for their opium pipes and several ceremonies peculiar to their joss houses.

A Bride's Misapprehension.

It was the first Sunday in their pretty new flat, and Mrs. G. determined to celebrate the joyous day with a dinner which would make her young husband think he had married not only "the sweetest girl in the world," but "the best cook." It was perfectly lovely to see the little round dining room table with the nicest presents, and the preparation of a tempting salad and dessert was not exactly a trying ordeal, but the roasting of the chicken made her a little nervous. After succeeding, with the assistance of a large oilcloth book, in getting the fowl into the oven she sang from sheer relief. A little later, when the music had ceased and the silence in the kitchen became suspicious, Mr. G. opened the door. Kneeling down before the oven, with flushed face and tearful eyes, was Mrs. G. On the floor beside her was the cookbook, and in one hand was a long needle with white thread. "Oh, dearie," she cried, "it is going to burn my hands just dreadfully to baste this chicken every fifteen minutes!"—What to Eat.

BOER TOBACCO.

Fattives Use It, but it is Too Much For White Men.

After Transvaal tobacco, but a long way after, comes Boer. The name is in reality nowadays a misnomer, for this tobacco is grown largely in Natal and Cape Colony. It is also cultivated in the Orange River Colony, is sold by the roll and can be obtained for about \$8 a pound if a whole roll is purchased. It is also sold by the sack.

White men buy these sacks, but they do not smoke the contents themselves; they use it to reward the Kaffir servants for working overtime or doing any other meritorious action. The taste for Transvaal tobacco is an acquired one. It also takes a certain time before a man gets used to the scent. No white man who has come from a distance has so far lived long enough to acquire a liking for either the taste or the smell, but it has its uses in the case of the natives, and it is also useful if you have an undesirable visitor whom you are anxious to get rid of. Offer him a pipe of Boer tobacco, and he will never enter your house again.

The traders purchase this weed largely. They also use it upon the natives in the shape of presents, as every Kaffir who makes a purchase in a country store always asks for a free gift, and the competition to secure the native trade is so acute that the request cannot be refused.—South Africa.

The Cure that Cures

Coughs, Colds, Grippe,

Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incontinent Consumption is

OTTOS CURE

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

Sold by H. Alex. Stoke.

DAVID WHEELER, Pres. GEO. W. SYKES, V. Pres.
JOHN S. HOWARD, Sec'y and Treas. ROBERT FAIRBANK, Ass't Sec.

Paid-Up Capital \$125,000.00.



Reynoldsville Trust Company

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

We offer our service to act as agent for guardian, trustee or administrator. Trust business is best entrusted to responsible trust companies.

We solicit the accounts of treasurers of societies, organizations and all others. Treasurers who are required to give bond should see us. We will go on your bond at a minimum cost.

We will look up the title to your property and insure same against defect.

Interest paid on time deposits and saving accounts. Call and get a little savings bank.

Reynoldsville Trust Co.

Next door to postoffice.

The Crafty Jack Rabbit.

When the settler on the western prairie sees a jack rabbit for the first time he has an idea that he can just skip out and lay hands on the creature without any trouble, but that is where the man gets fooled. The rabbit is awkward, appears to be lame in every joint, holds up one foot as though it pained him and altogether creates the belief that he is a dilapidated wreck of an ungainly, animate thing. The settler is surprised that he cannot "grab" him. The settler's dog also is confident that he can quickly make an end of the rabbit. He bristles, runs leisurely toward the rabbit, doubles his speed, doubles it again, trips that, quadruples the whole, when, lo! the rabbit disappears. There is some flying grass, a vanishing streak of light, a twinkling of two prodded feet extended rearward, and he is gone. The dog sits on his haunches and concludes that he did not see a rabbit at all.

Great Men of Lowly Birth.

Most of the great men of history were of lowly birth. Lord Wolsey was the son of a butcher, Columbus the son of a weaver, Horace the son of a manufacturer, Sir Richard Arkwright the son of a barber, Shakespeare the son of a wool stapler, Watt the son of a blockmaker, Virgil the son of a porter, Stephenson the son of a fireman at a colliery, Burns the son of a plowman, Franklin the son of a tallow chandler, Oliver Cromwell the son of a brewer; Aesop was a slave; Beaconsfield was a lawyer's clerk, Thomas Paine a stay-maker, De Foe a hosier, son of a butcher; Demosthenes was the son of a cutler, Ben Jonson a bricklayer, Bunyan a traveling tinker, Dickens a reporter; Edmund Kean was the son of a stage carpenter; Cervantes was a common soldier; Homer was a farmer's son and is said to have begged his bread. The list might be extended through columns.

The Weight of Hats.

"What do you suppose this hat weighs?" said the hatter, taking up a fine eight dollar top hat of silk.

"About a pound," the patron hazarded.

"Only a little over a quarter of a pound—five ounces, to be precise. No good hat," said the hatter, "runs over four or five ounces nowadays."

"This white felt hat—it is worth \$25—weighs less than an ounce. This new five-dollar derby hat weighs four ounces. Straw hats run from two to four ounces in weight."

"It pays a man to make the weight an important consideration in the choosing of a hat, for a light hat is a prevention of headache, and its injurious effect on the hair is reduced to a minimum."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sporting Reporter.

It is doubtful, said a biographer, if any reporter ever surpassed in delicacy the reply made by an East Indian servant of the late Lord Dufferin when he was viceroy of India.

"Well, what sort of sport has Lord — had?" said the viceroy one day to his shikaree, or sporting servant, who had attended a young English lord on a shooting excursion.

"Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Hindoo, "the young sahib shot divinely, but Providence was very merciful to the birds!"

This story calls to mind one told by the writer of some reminiscences of Sydney Smith. On one occasion the celebrated physician, Sir Henry Holland, told the witty divine that he had failed to kill either one of a brace of pheasants that had risen within easy range near Smith's house.

"Why did you not prescribe for them?" came the quick reply.

BANK BY MAIL

This 20th Century banking method brings the strong, old bank to every post-office in the world. Write for Free Booklet by Mail Booklet.

Founded, 1882
Assets, \$14,000,000.00
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PITTSBURGH
BANK FOR SAVINGS
of Pittsburgh, Pa.



The cloth is pure wool. Not a fibre of anything else in it. What a simple thing that is to say—and how difficult to do!

Every piece of cloth is subject to chemical test and the presence of anything but wool excludes it from the Clothier's family.

Some of the cloth men think the Clothier's are foolishly particular and particularly foolish. Also they offer many "just-as-good" arguments.

But the Clothier's know of only one way to make all-wool clothing and that is to use all-wool cloth made of all-wool yarn containing nothing but pure wool fibres.

"Near-wool" looks pretty good in the piece but the truth will come out in the wear.

Wool holds its color and its firmness. There is no successful substitute for it—and yet Clothier's Clothes are the only ready-to-wear brand that are always and absolutely all-wool and nothing but wool.

And they cost less than any others of like value.

Bing-Stoke Co.

Reynoldsville, Pa.

BANNER BAKING POWDER

THE OLDEST, PUREST AND MOST RELIABLE BAKING POWDER MANUFACTURED. NO OTHER EQUAL TO IT.

Bear in mind name and place—H. Miller, Foster Bldg.

It Knocks Them All!!

PRICES CUT AWAY BELOW.

Rain or shine, don't lose time. Come one, come all. This small adv. brings the news to save you money. Read a few of our prices:

- Wrappers just received, full cut and fast colors, 47c to 98c.
- Shirt Waists, pretty colors, latest makes, 47c to 98c.
- Underskirts, black, near silk, high price 79c to 98c.
- Dress Skirts away below the regular price, all high quality, \$1.49 to \$6.50.
- Men's and boys' hats, just received, all shapes and styles—49c to \$3.00.
- Our line of Trousers can't be beat—69c to \$5.50.
- Buy your curtains and table cloths from us and save money.
- Shoes of all kinds away below regular price. All other goods accordingly.
- New spring styles of men's and boys' suits just arrived.

Bear in mind name and place—H. Miller, Foster Bldg., Main St.

Hair Growth.

It is a curious fact that a boy's hair grows one-half slower than a girl's. In boys the average rate of growth is three feet three inches in six years, being an average of .018 inch a day. During the twenty-first and twenty-fourth years a man's hair grows quicker than at any other period. It takes an eyelash twenty weeks to reach a length of .429 inch, and then its life is from 100 to 150 days. By means of a camera the wink of an eyelid has been measured, and it was found that twenty winks can be made in four seconds.

The Top of the Ladder.

There is plenty of opportunity for superior talents. The top of the ladder of success offers plenty of standing room and invites guests. The lower part only is fearfully crowded. There is no excuse for the universal wall of lack of opportunity, for there is no lack. The trouble lies with the demands laid upon those who aspire to first place. One thing is certain, there is no quarter for the winner and precious little encouragement for those who do not care to work with might and main.—Chicago Journal.

An Oversight of Nature.

It is desirable to exclude light and sound, but while we have eyeglasses, no apparatus for closing the ears is known, save, I believe, in certain animals which inhabit the sea and whose ears are of small auditory importance. In these days, when noises of all kinds, more or less nerve wrecking, assail the ears by night as well as by day, one may be pardoned if he sighs wearily for ear lids.—London Academy.

A Willing Worker.

"Ma, what are the folks in our church getting up a subscription for?"

"To send our minister on a vacation to Europe."

"An' won't there be no church while he's gone?"

"No preachin' services, I guess."

"Ma, I got \$1.23 saved up in my bank. Can I give that?"—Cleveland Leader.

Crushed.

"I think I never saw Rymer so utterly crushed as he was when his first poem appeared in print."

"What was the matter? Some typographical error in the poem?"

"No, that wasn't it. What crushed him was that the paper was sold for a penny a copy, just as usual."

Other People's Business.

Jenny—Their engagement has been broken by mutual consent. Kate—Isn't that tantalizing! I'll never be satisfied until I find out which one broke it.—Smart Set.

Experience is the extract of suffering.—Howe.

Fish Out of Water.

Many people think that fish when taken out of water die because air has a fatal effect on them. The real reason, however, is that their delicate gill filaments or membranes become dry and stick together, so that no air can pass between them. Thus they lose the power to imbibe necessary oxygen, and the circulation of their blood stops. The painful gasping of a fish out of water is nature's effort to free the passage through the filaments.

Couldn't Spend It.

"Say, Bill, once I had more money than I knew what to do with."

"You don't mean it?"

"Sure, I found a quarter in a temple town."

Kept Awake.

"How are you getting on with your music, my dear?" Inquired a lady of her niece.

"Well, of course," replied the niece diffidently, "it wouldn't be proper for me to compliment myself, but some of the neighbors have told me they have stayed awake at night for hours listening to my playing."

Saves Him Money.

"Why do you always agree with your wife in everything?" she said.

"I find it cheaper to do that than to quarrel with her and then buy diamonds to square myself."

Kept Awake.

"You will have to accompany me," said the new and zealous officer of the law, laying a firm hand on the arm of the seedy young man who was making night hideous with a cornet.

"Certainly," said the musician, affectionately linking his arm in the policeman's. "What do you wish to sing and in what key?"