

Sanitary Plumbing

Steam and Gas Fitting and all kinds of work in that line.

We handle Mantles, Globes, Burners, Chandeliers, Etc.

Located in the State building on Fifth street.

BURGOON
AND SON
Sanitary Plumbers
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.



People are rapidly learning that water chilled by contact with ice is much more wholesome than water into which ice is put directly.

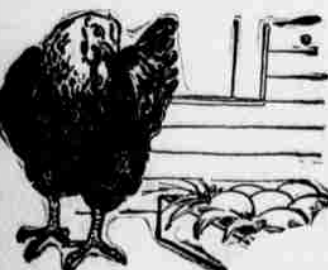
SEALSHIPT OYSTERS

are the only oysters shipped without ice or preservatives put directly into the receptacle with them. This is possible only through the use of the

Sealshipt Oyster Carrier

"Once a Sealshipt customer always a Sealshipt customer." Try Sealshipt oysters once and you will never accept any other kind. Sealshipt oysters fresh every morning at

FRANK'S RESTAURANT.



Hens are Cackling

I receive fresh eggs daily.

I also handle a choice line of Fruits, Vegetables, Groceries, Etc.

When you want anything fresh in above line, you are sure to get it at my store.

G. P. Koerner.

Near Postoffice.

JOB WORK

of all kinds promptly done at

THE STAR OFFICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

Capital \$75,000
Surplus \$75,000
Total \$150,000

JOHN H. KAUCHER, Pres.

J. C. KING, Vice-Pres.

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SAFE AND CONSERVATIVE BANKING.

EVERY ACCOMMODATION CONSISTENT WITH CAREFUL BANKING.

Burma's Natural Magnet.

There is a huge natural magnet in upper Burma, India, covered with great blocks of iron ore, which travelers notice has a tremendous attraction which renders compasses and watches useless. In Spain there is a spring of water said to cure lovesick people. Another queer spring is situated in Mexico the waters of which cure alcoholic cravings, so the legend runs. Hinter mountain, near Fort Davis, Tex., produces an effect which would counteract the good work done by the Mexican spring, with none of the evil effects. People go up this mountain, and they suddenly become conscious of a sort of anaesthetic which takes possession of them and makes them act as if intoxicated. If a traveler reaches the top, he staggers like an old toper, and many have been known to fall in a stupor on the rocks. This mountain has a following which returns season after season to enjoy this harmless dissipation.

What Not to Lend.

Douglas Jerrold, the celebrated wit, said: "There are three things that no man but a fool lends, or, having lent, is not in the most helpless state of mental crassitude if he ever hopes to get back again. These three things are books, money and umbrellas. I believe a certain fiction of the law assumes a remedy against the borrower, but I know of no case in which any man, being sufficiently dastard to gibbet his reputation as plaintiff in such a suit, ever fairly succeeded against the whole-some prejudices of society. Umbrellas may be 'hedged about' by coloweb statutes. I will not swear that it is not so. There may be laws that make such things property, but I am sure that the hissing contentment, the loud mouthed indignation, of all civilized society would sibilate and roar at the bloodless politician who should engage law on his side to obtain for him the restitution of a lent umbrella."

The Painter Won.

Often have painters and sculptors discussed the relative merits of painting and sculpture. A story is told of an artist who resented the disparaging comparisons made by a sculptor and laid a wager that he could within a given time paint a picture which should display the human figure as completely as any sculptor could.

The wager was accepted, and upon the appointed day a painting was produced which fulfilled all the conditions. It represented a warrior, his back to the spectator, bending over a sheet of water, in the limpid surface of which were reflected his entire face and form. To the right a suit of polished armor hung and threw back a full length profile image, while a mirror performed a like office for the left side. The sculptor, of course, handed over the money staked.—Paris Journal.

Species of Book Collectors.

In this age of specialization even so simple a subject as book collecting is subdivided in a complex, scientific way.

Book collectors of the twentieth century fall naturally into these classes:

Bibliomane—An indiscriminate, emotional collector.

Bibliogaste—A learned collector, very expert in imprints, first editions and the technicalities.

Bibliograph—A collector who writes about his collections.

Bibliophile—A cautious collector who keeps his books always under lock and key in glass cases.

Bibliophile—A real lover of books, one who buys books only for the pleasure of reading them.—Minneapolis Journal.



Will make you feel Good.

Celery King is composed of nature's tonic, laxative of the roots, herbs and seeds which, skillfully blended, make the gentlest and at the same time the most potent of laxatives and the greatest cure for constipation and the like it causes.

Celery King is not a cathartic. It is a tonic-laxative. It will make your blood pure. It will make you feel good.

Two kinds, one herbs, the other tablets. For sale by Stoke & Felcht Drug Co.

MEXICO'S LOST MINES

ANCIENT BEDS OF TREASURE THAT CANNOT NOW BE LOCATED.

The Romance Which Hovers Around the Famous Hidden Mine of Talopa. Superstition and Cunning of the Native Indians.

Of the many mines which were worked by the Spaniards and which gave them such fabulous returns for their labor scarcely one can be located to-day. Many romantic stories as to their whereabouts have been followed up, only to be met with defeat.

One of the richest of these mines was probably Talopa, about which Humboldt has written. It was worked long before the Spaniards arrived in Mexico, and the gold and silver were made into ornaments by the aborigines. A family in Guaymas has a necklace of flying fish purchased from a Pima chief, who said that the metal was dug from Talopa. Later the mine was acquired by the crown of Spain and was worked, with the exception of a period during the Apache war, till the French intervention, when the shafts were said to have been concealed by the administrator, Don Juan Moreno, who was forced to seek safety in flight. After the restoration of peace the location of Talopa was looked for in vain, though the mine now known as Ubarbo was supposed to be the same. When rediscovered years ago Ubarbo was found to have been extensively worked and the shafts concealed under earth and brush. Rich pillars of ore were found in the drifts, and the mine corresponds in many respects with the descriptions of Talopa found in the archives of the American consulate at Guaymas.

The fame of Talopa is eclipsed by the romance which hovers around the lost mine of Talopa. A Mexican of great wealth who was much interested in the subject made a trip to Madrid to search for data on the subject. He found absolutely nothing to prove that such a mine had ever been worked by the crown of Spain, and there is nothing in Mexican archives to establish the facts. Quite as trustworthy as the written documents are the traditions among the Pima Indians. They maintain that Talopa exists and a few claim to know its whereabouts. Small quantities of very rich ore are occasionally sold at the mountain mining camps, but all attempts to follow the Indians to the spot where it is found or to bribe them to reveal it have been unavailing. Their wants are few, and they believe that should they reveal the secret they would drop dead. About six years ago an old Pima chief fell ill in one of the valley pueblos and was cured by a Mexican lady so well known and universally respected that her statement is taken without question. The old Indian returned to his tribe and from time to time sent his benefactress rich bits of ore which assayed thousands of dollars to the ton.

All her efforts to get him to lead her to the mine were fruitless, for the great spirit would strike him dead for the offense. The following summer the señora went to the mountains and lived among the Indians for three months, doctoring the sick and giving presents of ribbons and gay calico to the women. She became convinced that the spot whence the rich ore came was Talopa. Finally the old chief admitted that the mine was worked when he was a boy and gave permission to two women of the tribe to lead the señora within a few yards of the mine so that she might discover it for herself and save him from the penalty of sudden death for revealing it. The three women traveled mostly at night, passing through deep canyons and over lofty mountains.

The fourth night some hours after dark the Indian women led her into a deep canyon and paused before a large rock. In the dim moonlight an old arastra was seen and across the canyon a large ore dump. The woman gathered bits of ore from the dump, but was hurried away by the squaws, who said they would be killed if they delayed beyond the time mentioned by their chief. They traveled till the moon went down, rested a few hours and went on before daylight, completely baffling the Mexican woman as to the route they had taken. They arrived at the pueblo at nightfall, having taken four days to reach the mine and but one to return, the obvious conclusion being that she had been led in a circle. Despairing of gaining more, the woman returned to her home, but she hopes at some future time to continue the search.

Two other mines which are supposed to have been the property of the crown during the Spanish occupation and of which there are many romantic tales are the Reina Mercedes and the Casa Blanca. Both have been probably rediscovered and worked under other names. The Reina Mercedes is supposed to be one of the rich Conchena group and the Casa Blanca the Casitas mine. Near the latter is an ancient mine, now worked by a Mexican company, which has open cuts on the surface for more than a mile and several miles of underground workings. Near this mine, where once a large church stood, which has long since fallen into ruins, two copper bells have been found. They bear the name of Guadalupe de Talopa, thus leading many to the belief that the Tajos mine is the long lost Talopa.—New York Herald.

Never Original.

"Blank is a bright talker, but he shines by reflected light."

"How's that?"

"He never tells any but other men's stories."—Detroit Free Press.

To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability.—Goethe.

WONDERS OF SLEEP.

The Effects of Slumber Upon the Brain and the Heart.

"Shak-spare," said a scientist, "called sleep the ape of death. That is a striking name for a striking thing. Sleep is a wonderland. Let us explore it."

"Self hypnotism is a mysterious force that we can exercise on ourselves in sleep alone. We are all self hypnotists. We all, on certain nights, tell ourselves firmly that we must not oversleep, that the next morning—at 4, at 5 or 6 precisely—we must wake up. And we do wake up. Our sleeping selves respond to the hypnotic suggestion made the night before by our waking selves. That is mysterious and striking, isn't it? Still more mysterious and striking, though, is the fact of our keeping track of the time somehow in our slumber. How on earth do we do this?"

"It is impossible to do without sleep. Men have slept standing, walking, even running. They have slept in battle, under fire, with guns-roaring on all sides. They have slept in unendurable and deadly pain."

"There is no torture equal to that which the deprivation of sleep entails. The Chinese are the cruellest folk on earth and the most ingenious of torturers. Well, the Chinese place the deprivation of sleep at the head of their torture list."

"Sleep is a state of rest. The heart rests in sleep. The heart is a rhythmic muscle, not one that never ceases, but one that works at short shifts, like a puddler, a moment on, a moment off. Well, when we sleep the heart's shifts of rest are redoubled. It works, then, one on, two off, getting, indeed, pretty nearly as much repose as we do."

"The brain in sleep becomes pale and sinks below the level of the skull. When we are awake the brain is high and full and ruddy."

"Not only the brain and heart, but even the tear glands, rest in sleep. That is why when we awake we always rub our eyes. The rubbing is an instinctive action that stimulates the stagnant tear glands and causes them to moisten properly our eyes, all dried from their inaction."—Buffalo News.

THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

Why Its Houses Were Built Upon the River Bank.

Wellington once declared that the most exciting moment of his life was not in any of his great battles, but that in which he had to forbid William IV. to attend a public banquet in the city during a time of great national excitement. Of the millions of people who every year see the English houses of parliament, how many imagine that their position was determined by strategic considerations? No one nowadays can think of the palace of Westminster in any other position than that which it occupies. But when the old houses were burned down and the task of rebuilding faced there was a proposition to establish them on or near the site of St. James' palace. Wellington resolutely put down his foot on the proposal.

The site suggested, its advocates pointed out, would be better as regards centrality and convenience than any other. But to the argument of the duke there could be no answer. "With a vast and growing population, such as yours in London," he said, "you must never make it possible that you can be surrounded. You must build your houses of parliament upon the river, so that the means of ingress and egress are safe and that the populace cannot exact their demands by sitting down around you." Sir William Fraser, in whose memoirs the story is recalled, mentioned it to Napoleon III. just before the death of the latter. "What wisdom!" he said. "What wisdom!" And it set him musing upon the different turn which the history of France might have taken if in other ways as great precautions had been observed in his own case.—St. James' Gazette.

Hard Luck.

"Las' night I dreamed I died an' went ter heaben," said Toot. "St. Peter met me at de gate, an' I ax him of I could come in. He sez he hatter weigh me 'ginst mah sins fuz, an' wid dat he git out a big pair ob balances an' put me in one pan an' a great big bag in de udder. De bag outweigh me way yondah, so he sez I can't come in. I ax him foh ter tell me what's in dat bag, an' he bus' it open fo' me. Well, sub, it wuz plumb full ob watabillions an' chickens! An' I sez, sez I, 'Ef yo'll leabe mah sins out yere wid me,' sez I, 'I won't ax ter come in.' Sez he, 'All right.' But, doggone mah skin, I wake up fo' I could git ter dem t'ings!"—Judge.

Tough.

"You should have heard Bangs roasting Goodley last night. He used some pretty hard words."

"Yes, but they didn't seem so hard to Bangs last night as they did this morning."

"How do you mean?"

"He had to eat them this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

Discouraging.

Gaston—I tell you, old man, Miss Watkyns is a mighty sensible girl—the most sensible girl, I think, I ever knew. Alphonse—I think you're right, my boy. I wouldn't advise you to propose to her.—Somerville Journal.

Useful in One Way.

"Did Scribbler ever make anything out of that book he wrote?"

"Nothing except freps in the grate."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Hard are life's early steps. And but that youth is buoyant, confident and strong in hope men would behold its threshold and despair.

LIFE IN PENANG.

The Misery and the Discomforts of the Rainy Season.

A resident of Penang thus describes the rainy season there: "Our rains have set in with all their attendant comforts and discomforts, and they make one feel something like Robinson Crusoe when he made up the list of his blessings and evils. The planters are all rejoicing and are putting out their seedlings and cuttings and generally doing all they should do. The bullocks are beginning to fill out those ugly hiltows between their ribs and about their flanks, for the grass on their limited pastures is growing rich and rank, and these patient, half starved beasts profit by it. Our trees have all put on new coats of brilliant green, and the whole place wears a newly washed appearance, very comforting after the dusty, dry season in which our soup tastes gritty and a piece of bread and butter seems to have had a bit of sandpaper glued on the butter side. But even our rains have their disadvantages."

"When I come home, thoroughly wet and disgusted with everything, and go to bed immediately after dinner, the roof commences to leak, and I have to get out and shift the bed. I interview the landlord in the morning, and he tells me roofs can't be repaired in the rain and that in all probability as soon as the tiles swell the roof will become water tight of its own accord. That doesn't cure either my lumbago or rheumatism, and when I take my bath I discover we are on the Ader Itam water service and have to bathe in pea soup."

"I mention the fact to the municipal president over a stengah at the club, and he says, 'My dear boy, I'm on the same service and have been combing mud out of my hair for a week.' This doesn't make me feel any cleaner. The lizards on the ceiling are waxing fat from the insects which are driven into the house by the rain, and I notice that the soup at dinner seems to have more body in it from the same cause. This does not improve my temper."—Chicago News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Almost every one has need of more sense than he has.

Ever notice that when your judgment gets in its work it is too late?

A great many men imagine they would be governor if the office really sought the man.

It is awfully hard to believe that the man who catches you stealing jam found you at it accidentally.

When a widower is having a love affair, he must wonder what idiot wrote, "The whole world loves a lover."

When people are too easy with you, be careful. They may be letting out enough rope for you to hang yourself with.

Occasionally a man marries to prove that he can do as he pleases and finds when that is done that he no longer can.—Athenian Globe.

Black Hair Strongest.

Black hair is stronger than golden tresses and will sustain almost double the weight. Recently a German scientist has been experimenting and has found that it is possible to suspend a weight of four ounces by a single hair, provided the hair be black. Blond hair will give way at varying weights, dependent upon the exact tint. A yellow hair will scarce support two ounces, a brown will hold up three without breaking, while a very dark brown will sustain an additional half ounce.

The greater vitality of the black hair is declared to be the reason for the preponderance of blond bald heads, and, according to this experimenter, a person with jet black hair will still enjoy a full growth while the blond will have been bald for seven and a half years.

The Paddy Bird.

One of the best known of feathered creatures in India is the paddy bird. A traveler says of him: "The paddy bird is not afflicted with shyness. He is far too lazy to be disturbed by the approach of human beings. So confiding is he that the natives of India call him the blind heron. I once saw one of these birds standing motionless at the water's edge within ten feet of a grunting, perspiring washerman, who was dashing some clothes to pieces against a stone in a dirty duck pond. That is the way washing is done in India. Neither individual took the least notice of the other."

Trusts Versus Rings.

"What?" queried the fair maid, "is the difference between a trust and a ring?"

"I'm afraid I cannot explain the difference in so many words," replied the young man in the case, "but if you'll put your trust in me I'll blow myself for the ring tomorrow."

And she put her trust in him.—Chicago News.

Prayerful Revenge.

A Puritan preacher named Boyd was in the habit of inveighing against Cromwell. Secretary Thurlow informed the latter, advising him to have the man shot. "He's a fool, and you're another," said the protector. "I'll pay him out in his own coin." He asked Boyd to dinner and before giving him any prayed for three hours.

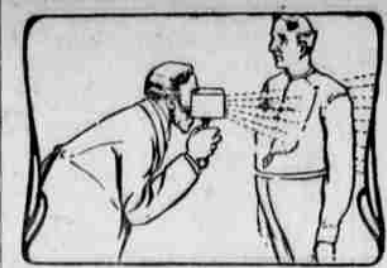
Success, Not Failure.

May Gabbie—She's evidently willing to be friendly with you, anyway. She told me she invited you to her party, but you failed to get there. Bella Kose—That isn't exactly correct. I succeeded in not getting there.—Exchange.

Not Surprising.

Mamma—I'm surprised at you, Johnny. Johnny (thoughtfully)—I wonder if you'll ever get used to me, mamma. You're always surprised at me.

CONSUMPTION'S WARNING



Inside facts soon become evident in outside symptoms.—Dr. G. G. GREEN.

The aid of scientific inventions is not needed to determine whether your lungs are affected. The first symptoms can be readily noted by anyone of average intelligence.

There is no disease known that gives so many plain warnings of its approach as consumption, and no serious disease that can be so quickly reached and checked, if the medicine used is Dr. Boesche's German Syrup, which is made to cure consumption.

It is in the early stages that German Syrup should be taken, when warnings are given in the cough that won't quit, the congestion of the bronchial tubes and the gradual weakening of the lungs, accompanied by frequent expectoration.

But no matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has already attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble.

New trial bottles, 25c. Regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by Boyle-Woodward Drug Co.

JOHN C. HIRST,

CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER,
Surveyor and Draughtsman. Office in Syn-
dicate 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 in-
surance. Secure a contract. Near Public
Fountain, Reynoldsville Pa.

D. H. YOUNG,

ARCHITECT
Corner Grant and Fifth sts., Reynolds-
ville, Pa.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Between 12th and 13th Sts., on Filbert St.
Three minutes walk from the Reading Ter-
minal. Five minutes walk from the Penn's
R. R. Depot. European plan \$1.00 per day and
upward. American plan \$2.00 per day.
Frank M. Schoelkopf, Manager.

WANTED

GOOD WEAVERS. AL-
SO GIRLS TO LEARN
THE ENTERPRISE
SILK COMPANY.

Why Suffer?

HAINES CITY, FLA.
Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa.
Dear Sirs:—December 21, 1901, was taken
with what physicians pronounced

MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.

I had it bad. I took, as I thought, every
known remedy; but not enough money,
anyhow, I was entirely helpless for nearly
18 months; about that time saw your ad in
The National Tribune, sent for a bottle, then
sent for another; then another, and now I
am out of the medicine business entirely. I
give Crocker's Rheumatic Remedy the credit
of curing me. I can heartily recommend it
to every sufferer.

Very truly,
L. E. TOWER.

For Sale by Stoke & Felcht Drug Co.

Cheap Eggs

Make Winter Layers
of Your Hens!

HOW??

Feed

Green Bone

RESULTS:

It saves grain.

It produces results where grain
fails.

It cures the evil habit of feather
pulling.

It helps the hens to molt and
makes them winter layers.

It grows young chicks to ma-
turity and productiveness
rapidly.

GIVE GREEN BONE A TRIAL.

A postal card to

The Poultry Food Co.,

Box 37,
Reynoldsville, Pa.

The Marvel of Marvels is Marvel Flour.

—The bread maker. Made from
best clean spring wheat in and
absolutely clean mill by scrupu-
lously clean workmen.

Try it.

Robinson & Mundorff Sell It.



Leech Bros.'

PLANING MILL, WEST REYN-
OLDSVILLE, YOU WILL FIND
WINDOW SASH, DOORS,
FRAMES, FLOORING,

STAIR WORK

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,
ETC., ETC.

Give us your order. Our prices
are reasonable.

LEECH BROS., PROPRIETORS.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of Benjamin Kline, Deceased, late of
Winslow Township, Pa.

Notice is hereby given that letters testa-
mentary on the estate of Benjamin Kline,
late of Winslow township, Jefferson county,
Pa., deceased, having been granted to the un-
derdesigned, by the Register of Jefferson county,
notice is hereby given to all persons in-
debted to said estate to make immediate pay-
ment, and to those having claims against the
same to present them to the undersigned,
duly authenticated for settlement.

Geo. W. Kline, Executor.
L. C. Finck, Attorney.

B. R. and W. G. Kline, Attorneys.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JAN. 1, 1906.

TRAINS LEAVE REYNOLDSVILLE:

For New Bethlehem, Red Bank, and prin-
cipal intermediate stations, City and
Pittsburg, 6:30 a. m., 1:29, 5:07, 7:56 (New
Bethlehem only) p. m. week-days. Sundays
6:30 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

For DuBois, Harrisburg, and principal in-
termediate stations, Harrisburg, Philadelphia,
Baltimore and Washington, 6:30 a. m., 12:30,
6:25 p. m. week-days. Sundays 12:30 p. m.,
6:25 p. m. For DuBois only 11:32 a. m. week-days, 9:50
p. m. daily.

W. W. ATZBACH, J. R. Wood,
Gen. Manager. Passenger Traffic Mgr.
Geo. W. Boyd,
General Passenger Agent.

PITTSBURG, CLARION & SUM- MERSVILLE RAILROAD.

Passenger Train Schedule. First Class Trains.
Daily except Sunday, connecting with P. R.
R. Trains at Summerville.

GOING EAST.

No.
