

Sanitary Plumbing

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

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

Located in the Stoke 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 in 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.

LAUNDRY

Having accepted the agency for the Ridgway Steam Laundry, all work entrusted to me will receive prompt and careful attention. Packages called for and delivered.

August Walter
Agent, in Stoke Building, No. 50, Main street, near public drinking fountain.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

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

Notice is hereby given, that letters testamentary on the estate of Benjamin Kline, late of Winslow township, Jefferson county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, by the Register of Jefferson county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and to those having claims against the same to present them to the undersigned, duly authenticated for settlement.

Geo. W. Kline, Executors
L. C. Price, Executors
B. R. and W. G. Kline, Attorneys.

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**

OFFICERS

JOHN H. KAUCHER, Pres. J. C. KING, Vice-Pres. K. C. SCHUCKERS, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

John H. Kaucher Daniel Nolan John H. Corbett
Henry C. Deibel J. B. Hammond E. H. Wilson

SAFE AND CONSERVATIVE BANKING.

EVERY ACCOMMODATION CONSISTENT WITH CAREFUL BANKING.

Love Tokens.

The ancient English custom of giving love tokens on the 20th of August died out many years ago. The custom was for "enamoured maydes and gentlewomen" to give to their favorite swains as tokens of love little handkerchiefs three or four inches square, with a button or tassel at each corner and a small one in the center. The finest of these favors was edged with narrow gold lace or twist and then folded up in four cross folds so that the middle might be seen. They were worn by the fortunate swains in their hats or on the breast. The favors were generally the handwork of the "faire mayde" herself, and well she liked to work the most beautiful figures she could for her favorite suitor, but they became so much in vogue in Queen Elizabeth's time that they were sold ready made in the shops. This, of course, destroyed the romance of the custom, and hence its death.

Trapping the Parson.

As William Morris was an Englishman, it may not seem remarkable to Americans that he did not always get his jokes right and first. In a biography of her husband Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones tells of the case with which she reversed them.

They had all been asking conundrums.

"Who killed his brother Cain?" asked Burne-Jones.

Morris fell into the trap at once. "Abel!" he shouted.

Later in the day he came in laughing.

"I trapped the parson, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?'"

"Cain," he said at once.

"Ha!" I said. "I knew you'd say that. Every one does. I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the matter was."

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VOLCANIC ACTIVITY.

A Theory to Explain the Source and Cause of Eruptions.

In a volume on volcanoes Professor C. Doehler undertakes to tell why volcanoes have eruptions. Melted rock such as is flung from Vesuvius requires a temperature of 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, so that it becomes liquid only far down in the earth, perhaps sixty or a hundred miles. Below the outer crust of cooled and solidified rocks there must be a large zone of rock which still remains solid because its temperature is less than that of the melting point corresponding to the pressure under which it rests, and below that again there must be rock or magma in a state of fusion. It is to this magma that Professor Doehler looks for the primary source of all volcanic activity. At the same time the depth at which this primary reservoir of magma lies and the pressure under which it is confined are so great that a direct eruption from it is inconceivable, but when, by movements in the overlying crust or otherwise, a channel is opened the magma may rise to a depth where it is surrounded by rock at a lower temperature than the melting point. In these circumstances solidification begins.

From all volcanoes large quantities of steam, of carbonic acid and other gases are evolved, and the course of every lava stream is marked by clouds of steam evolved from the cooling lava. At one time—and the idea is still common—this steam was supposed to have been derived from sea water which had obtained access to the molten lava while still underground, but this explanation is now generally rejected, being impossible in some cases and inadequate in all, and the greater part of the steam and other emanations from a volcano are now regarded as directly derived from an original store in the interior of the earth. However this may be, it is certain that the magma from which volcanic lava is derived is not merely in a state of igneous fusion, but is combined with water and gases, which are given off as it solidifies and by their escape frequently form miniature volcanoes on the surface of lava streams.

If the solidification takes place underground the steam and gases are expelled, and, if there is no free escape, pressure may increase till it becomes great enough to overcome the resistance of the overlying rock and so lead to an eruption and the formation of a volcano, whose character will depend on the nature of the reservoir from which the eruption took place.

The French Student.

Some of the French students are miserably poor. No one knows how much poverty is hidden under those long curls and pale faces. Sometimes in the libraries in the evening one sees a student take a piece of dry bread out of his pocket and munch it while studying, that being his whole supper. There was one student who always walked with his coat collar turned up. He was found frozen dead one morning. He had hardly anything on underneath his coat. But while American students who find themselves hard up will do manual labor, if nothing better can be found, a French student would rather starve than do so, and as one of them expressed it, "Rather starve during nine years and not do manual labor than live fairly well and finish the same studies in three years and work for a living."—Paris Letter in New York Post.

Houses in Slam.

In Caspar Whitney's book "Jungle Trails and Jungle Peoples" he says: "The Siamese builds his house of one story and on stilts for several reasons. The first, no doubt, is to avoid the unpardonable sin of living in a lower story while an upper one is occupied by other human beings, especially women, who in Slam are not regarded as of much importance. The second, and I should say the most practical, is to have a waste gate easy of access for the continually flowing saliva from betel nut chewing and household refuse, which may thus be easily disposed of through the crevices of the openly constructed floor."

Napoleon's Mother.

Napoleon's mother was as much of a soldier as her great son. On one occasion, when he wanted his own way, she gave him to understand that the first duty of a soldier was obedience, and that if he wished to be a soldier he must, first of all things, learn to obey. He had, to the end of his life, the highest regard for his mother. At his court she was styled "Mme. Mere." Speaking of the influence of the mother on the character of the child, he said, "The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother."

Hard to Trace.

"Excuse me, sir, but you have taken my umbrella."
"But this umbrella has my initials on it."
"I can't help that, sir. You will have to see the man who gave it to me."
"Where did he get it?"
"He said it was loaned to him by a friend who has since moved away."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Painful Difference.

"You take your roast beef rare, do you not?" asked the host.
"Not rare," answered the man who is impoverished, but grammatical—"rarely."—Washington Star.

Lovemaking Hooks.

Mrs. Knicker—How can you give a ball without a ballroom? Mrs. Bocker—Haven't I got eight cozy corners and two staircases?—Harper's Bazar.

Policy consists in serving God in such a manner as not to offend the devil.—Fuller.

A MEMORABLE TRAGEDY.

It Grew Out of the Last Great Slave Auction in This Country.

The last great slave auction held in this country occurred just a year and a half before the war—in October, 1839—at the race track in Savannah. The slaves were the property of Pierce Butler, a picturesque and prominent figure at that day in Philadelphia society, who is today only remembered as having been the husband of Fanny Kemble, the actress, reader and author. His family name was Mense, but he inherited a fortune in lands and slaves from his grandfather, Major Pierce Butler of South Carolina, on condition that he should take the latter's name.

Butler's inveterate passion for gambling got him into financial difficulties. It is said that he lost \$26,000 on a single hand—four deuces against four kings held by his opponent.

Finally, to meet his losses, Butler was forced to sell his slaves. There were 988 of them in all. The sale took two days and netted \$363,850. Butler had chosen a good time to sell. A year later his negroes would not have been worth a dollar a head. But the sale would have been more profitable had it not been announced as one of the conditions that no division of families were to be permitted; hence in order to secure a good slave buyers often had to take with them infirm or aged relatives. Out of this limitation grew a memorable tragedy. Tom Pate, a well-known Vicksburg trader, bought at the sale a man, his two sisters and his wife, with the guarantee that they should not be separated. Disregarding this, Pate sold the sisters, one to Pat Somers, a brother trader, and the other to a resident of St. Louis. What legal rights a negro had in the south were well protected. Somers was told of the guarantee, and he sent the girl back to Pate and demanded his money. A quarrel was the result, and Somers was shot dead. Ten days later his nephew killed Pate and died from wounds received. The feud was kept up until every male bearing the name of Pate was wiped out, and then the war liberated the sisters.—New York Herald.

IF YOU—

Find fault with others, it will make them faultier.

Worry about your work, it will make you less capable.

Anticipate evils, you will be sure to bring them upon you.

Imagine you are disliked, it will make you less likable.

Talk about your ill health, it will make you less healthy.

Sit bemoaning the past, you will never get on in the future.

Talk much of what you are going to do, you will never do it.

Complain of lack of opportunities, you'll miss what you have.

Wall bitterly that it is an unjust world and life not worth living, you'll find it come true for sure, in your own case at least.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Got What He Asked For.

Among the best of the stories told by Russel, one of the Scotsman's former editors, was an instance of the innate cleverness of the newspaper boy. Russel had entered a train at Prince's street station, Edinburgh, one Friday, when a smart little newsboy immediately called out to him, "Scotsman, sir?" "How much?" said Russel jokingly. "A penny, sir," replied the boy. "Oh," said the editor, "I don't want today's Scotsman, but if you could give me tomorrow's I would give you a sovereign for it." "Here you are, sir," delightedly shouted the youngster and handed him the Weekly Scotsman, which bore the date of the following day. Russel paid the sovereign.—London Chronicle.

Little Red Riding-hood.

Little Red Riding-hood is the heroine of a well known nursery tale, which relates her encounter with a wolf in the forest, the arts by which he deceived her and her tragic end. Grimm derived the story from tradition current in the region bordering upon the river Main, in Germany. The legend is, however, widely disseminated. In the Swedish variation of the story Little Red Riding-hood takes refuge in a tree, the wolf meanwhile gnawing at the roof, when her lover, alarmed by her cries, comes up just in time to see the tree fall and his ladylove crushed beneath it.

The Old Time Almanac.

An old minister in a Massachusetts town tells how implicitly the people of a generation ago trusted the weather predictions of the "Farmer's Almanac." One of his flock had died, and the pastor was consoling his widow. The subject of the funeral came up, and he asked when it was to be. "Wait, doctor," said she; "we must have it on a pleasant day." She hurriedly searched the almanac, and the day was set.

He Obeyed the Law.

The professor swims from the sinking boat and climbs up on the bank. Then, dashing in again, he returns to the wreck and rescues his wife.
"But why didn't you save her before?" asks the captain in amazement.
"Ah, my dear sir," was the learned man's reply, "I was bound to save myself first. Self preservation is the highest law of nature."—Flegende Blatter.

No Quarrel.

Housewife—And you left your last piece because of a quarrel with your mistress? Applicant—Not a quarrel, mum. Housewife—How was it, then? Applicant—Well, mum, she was after interfering with me, an' I spoke to her as one lady to another.—Cleveland Leader.

ACTION OF THE RAIN.

The Wonderful Factor It Is In the Disintegration of Rocks.

The rain falling on the rocks sinks into every crack and crevice, carrying with it into these fissures surface material which has been degraded by the weather and thus affording a matrix sufficient to start the growth of vegetation and afterward to maintain the plants. The fibers and roots of these plants, bushes and trees thus brought into life, growing and expanding, act as wedges to split up the surface of the rock and to commence the process of wearing away. From this quality of disintegration a large class of plants derive the name of saxifages, or rock breakers, from their roots penetrating into the minute fissures in search of water and so assisting in the process of disintegration. In winter the water collected in the hollows and crevices becomes frozen and, expanding as it changes into ice, acts like a charge of blasting material in breaking up the rock. The pieces thus detached become further disintegrated by frost and weather and, being rolled over and over and rubbed against each other as they are carried away down the mountain torrents, are ground gradually smaller and smaller till from fragments of rock they become bowlders, then pebbles and finally sand. As the mountain stream merges into the river the pebbles and coarse sand continue to be rolled along the bottom of the channel, while the raglike particles and salts become mingled with the water and flow on with it either in suspension or solution.

While this disintegrating process is going on inland the rocks and cliffs on the coast exposed to the sea are suffering degradation by a similar process and are also being worn away by the incessant action of the waves of the ocean beating on them and attacking them not only with the impact of the water, but also with the fragments broken off, which dashed against the face from which they have eroded, are thus used as implements of destruction.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Its Location a Mystery That Will Probably Never Be Solved.

The location of the earthly paradise or garden of Eden is still a matter of dispute among orientalist and Scriptural scholars of highest reputation. Some have endeavored to locate it by the fruits and mineral productions named in the Biblical descriptions as they appear in the second chapter of Genesis; others by the rivers mentioned in verses 11 to 14 of the above mentioned chapter. The weight of investigation and tradition inclines to an agreement that the Tigris and the Euphrates of modern geography are the third and fourth rivers mentioned in the Biblical description of the garden. Those who agree so far differ widely as to what rivers should now be regarded as the ancient Pison and Gihon. The Buddhist scholars, although they reject the opinion that the Pison is the sacred Ganges, and that the Gihon is none other than the Nile. As to the last, it is altogether probable that they are correct; on that point, because the Biblical account plainly says that Gihon "compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia."

THE SCOTT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

John Florissant, born in 1337, is called the Walter Scott of the middle ages. He was a churchman and a scholar. Living as he did in unsettled times, before nationality had become well developed, he was destitute of patriotism and, therefore, more reliable as a cosmopolitan chronicler. He traveled in France, Scotland, Italy and other countries. His chronicles are the result of his own observations and are valued as a faithful portrayal of the places, customs and manners of the people during his time, although not so reliable as history.

The Word "Opera."

The word "opera" is a case of verbal specialization. Yet the Latin word meant originally nothing more definite than "work." The specialization, however, was thorough even in the time of Dryden, who defined an opera as "a poetical tale of fiction, represented by verbal and instrumental music, adorned with scenes, machines and dancing," but the specialization is scarcely more remarkable than that of "drama," which means just "deed," "action," or "poet," which is simply "maker."

A Pithy Sermon.

Here is the pithiest sermon ever preached: "Our ingress into life is naked and bare, our progress through life is trouble and care, our egress out of it we know not where; but, doing well here, we shall do well there. I could not tell more by preaching a year."

Paying a Debt of Gratitude.

Note what Mr. Mott Allen, of Union City, says: "Was badly afflicted with rheumatism for more than eight months and at times had to get up at 11 o'clock and stay up the balance of the night. Could not dress myself without aid from my wife. I am now entirely cured, and by the use of only one bottle of Crocker's Rheumatic Remedy. For sale by Stoke & Feicht Drug Co."

THE LIVER QUARANTINE.

Hurried eating has ruined many a man's stomach. The digestion-destroying process is gradual, often unnoticed at first. But it is only a short time until the liver balks, the digestive organs give way, and almost countless ills assail the man who endeavors to economize time at the expense of his health.
A torpid liver causes a quarantine of the entire system. It locks in the diseased germs and body poisons and affords them full play, inviting some serious illness.
In families where August Flower is used, a sluggish liver and constipation are unknown, so are all stomach ailments, as well as indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, headaches and kidney and bladder affections. No well-regulated family should be without this standard remedy.
Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.
For sale by Stoke & Feicht Drug Co.

GETTING OUT OF BED.

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts to pumping blood suddenly.
Take your time in getting up. Yawn and stretch; wake up slowly; give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually.
Notice how a baby wakes up. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes and yawns and wakes up slowly. Watch a kitten wake up. First it stretches out one leg, then another, rubs its face, rolls over and stretches the whole body. The blinds do not wake up and fly as soon as their eyes are open. They shake out their wings and stretch their legs, waking up slowly. This is the natural way to wake up. Don't jump up suddenly, don't be in such a hurry, but stretch and yawn and stretch the arms and legs; stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch is better even than a cold bath. It will get you thoroughly awake, and then you will enjoy the bath all the more.—Medical Talk.

THE MARVEL OF MARVELS IS MARVEL FLOUR.

—The bread maker. Made from best clean spring wheat in and absolutely clean mill by scrupulously clean workmen.
Try it.

THE LIVER QUARANTINE.

Take Your Time About It and Don't Shock Your System.

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