

**The Masculine View**

"She's really a lovely girl," he said.  
 "A blonde and extremely fair,  
 With a gracefully small and classic  
 head."  
 "Indeed? And what did she wear?"  
 "Her eyes—you know those eyes like mist,  
 Just the color of skies at dawn,  
 With lashes the longest, silkiest—  
 "Yes—yes, but what had she on?"  
 "I liked her manner. Its gentle charm  
 Suggested a soul at rest—so sweet and  
 warm—"  
 "Good gracious! How was she dressed?"  
 "She must have worn some sort of a  
 gown."  
 "Why—yes—that is certainly clear;  
 But I did not see it. I frankly own—  
 I saw only her, my dear."  
 —Madeline Bridges, in Portland Oregonian.

**THE RE-AWAKENED SPARK**  
 BY PHIL CONANT

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Young and charming Mrs. Curtis sat in the extreme corner of the big double box which was slowly filling with Mrs. Potter's guests and looked over the great audience with languid interest. A great part of the audience returned the inspection with evident relish. It really was a very select box party and the people out in the body of the house found a delight even greater than watching the play in identifying the members of the exclusive set whose names so regularly adorned the society pages of the newspapers.

Among all the distinguished folk in the box none was so charming an object upon which to gaze as young Mrs. Curtis. The gods had endowed her with great beauty and that subtle charm which may be called personality or a half dozen other things. Her expression was bright as a May morning, albeit inscrutable.

"I wonder if she ever had a care beyond the selection of her gowns," whispered a wan little woman in the balcony to her husband.

"And I wonder how she would look if she had some downright trouble and worry," she added with a sigh at her own fading youth.

The box was now all but filled. One lone seat remained and it happened to be beside Mrs. Curtis.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Potter, a little impatiently. "How dreadful. Here is Mr. Curtis and the only seat left is beside Mrs. Curtis. I did not expect you, sir, and had arranged that seat for Baron Sternhold. Now you appear unexpectedly and I this moment receive a note from the Baron that he is unexpectedly detained. I was sure Mrs. Curtis said you would not be here. Well, of all things—that a man and his wife should be seated *vis-à-vis* at a box party."

And there was a ripple of laughter as Mr. Curtis gravely seated himself beside his wife. He was a handsome fellow with his finely poised head so at variance with the almost boyish effect his curly black hair gave. Unlike his wife, there were lines of care in his face and touches of gray about the temples.

"Ed, Curtis looks as though he had been up against some trouble," whispered a ruddy faced old beau back in the box.

"Or else he's been going the pace a little harder than usual," retorted the lady beside him carelessly. "Oh, you men cannot go scot free from your revels."

In the meantime as Curtis seated himself the color partly faded from his wife's face. Her fan trembled just perceptibly and the eyes still scanning the audience were unseeing eyes. Without looking at him she felt rather than saw that his hand resting so gracefully upon his knee was shaking.

"Inasmuch as we are on dress parade and in full public view," he said, leaning over and whispering in her ear, "it might be best to act it out and display enough decent interest in each other so as not to gratify the fierce longing for scandal which pervades the kind hearts about us."

"You are quite right," she replied coolly. "I did not expect you. I



Young Mrs. Curtis thought you started for Mexico to-day."  
 "I decided to defer it until to-morrow," he replied. "If it were possible for you to smile pleasantly—not at me, you know, but at somebody in the audience, it might serve to lessen the interest of the dear friends about us."  
 She flashed a dazzling smile at a golden figure of Cupid over the stage—a smile which drew an expression of agony to his face.  
 "If you could think of some subject



"And why did he not go?" asked the woman.

dropping her eyes from the glare of the great theater to the grateful darkness of the carpet.

"There always is a girl," he replied, quietly. "For goodness sake, Mabel, don't look solemn. Remember our kind friends all about."

She raised her head and swept the house with the regal manner so characteristic of her.

"Go on," she said.

"Well, this pathetically unquipped hero fell in love with the heroine of course. Yes, he truly fell in love. He hardly knew it at the time, for he was a selfish young animal and little understood what love really meant. Perhaps it was more desire than love. Anyway he pursued the heroine and won her for his very own."

"And then, you see, trouble began. He was a primitive sort of animal and his real civilization only began to be foreshadowed when he married the heroine. Up to that time the whole scheme of the universe rested on the cornerstone of what he wanted. After a bit it began to percolate his selfishness that there were desires and needs on her part."

"Couldn't you manage to laugh or look bored or something," she interrupted. "Our dear friends are becoming interested."

He did his best, but it was more a grimace than a smile. She flashed full upon him that marvelous smile of hers.

"Go on," she said, softly.  
 "Oh, well," he said, wearily. "It is a dreary story. He demanded everything gave little, and thought less. And all the time he knew that she loved him. And he loved her, too, more blindly and passionately every moment that he did the very things to kill her love."

"Of course the end was bound to come. There were bickerings and scenes and there was brutal indifference and exasperating slights—heavens, there were scenes between them, disgusting, inexcusable—and it was all his fault. He was forming his character at her expense, and he was killing her love, which all the time he was learning to value the more."

"And finally the crash came. The bitter things she said in answer to the bitter things he said rankled in his heart until he no longer could stand it, and he determined to go away and forget. So the hero and the heroine agreed to disagree and the hero was to have left for Mexico to-day—and never trouble the heroine more."

"And why did he not go?" asked the woman, flashing the ghost of her dazzling smile at the golden Cupid over the stage.

"He went to the train and boarded it," the man replied, regarding her steadily, "but the flood gates of his memory opened and the tide of his great love swept over him and the knowledge that there was to be this box party came to him, and he knew

she would be here—and the hunger of his heart drove him to leave the train to come here and see her once more, if only from a distance. And he is a boy no longer, but a man who has put away boyish things forever."  
 "The heroine," said the woman very softly, "was also very young and had never been taught many things she should have known. She never knew about tact and—and—that sort of thing. She also had a great love which grew with the years, but did not know how to express it."  
 A great light filled the eyes of the man.

"Don't you think the hero might have another chance—that they might start over again?" he said eagerly.

The smile she turned toward him was not the dazzling one sent to the golden Cupid, but so soft and womanly that the face of the woman was transformed.

"Look here, you two," cried Mrs. Patton, leaning over and tapping each with her fan. "Pay attention to the play. Positively, you haven't heard a word yet. Anybody would think you were lovers instead of a blase married couple of five years' experience."

**HAD SEVERAL GOOD EXCUSES.**

South Dakota Man Really Unable to Invite Traveler to Dinner.

Along about noon as I was riding horseback along a South Dakota highway, I came upon a settler at his gate, and, after he had brought my horse a pail of water, he asked:  
 "Stranger, did you meet a strapping young man with a set jaw between here and Ellendale?"  
 "Yes, I believe I did," I replied.  
 "Well, that was my son Jim, going to town to marry a wider woman 12 years older than he is. Durn his hide, but he wouldn't listen to me. Did you also meet a gal about twenty years old between here and town?"  
 "Cross-eyed and her nose turned up?"  
 "Yep. That's my gal, Sal, who's gone to town to see a feller for breach-of-promise. Dog her cats, but nobody ever asked her to marry him or ever will."  
 "I also met a woman about fifty years old," I said.  
 "Red hair and freckled face?"  
 "Yes."  
 "That's my old woman. I told her this morning that if she didn't like my ways she could take the outside of the house, and drat her antics, if she didn't walk off. I was going to ask her to stop to dinner, but as things are as they are—"

I assured him that I wasn't a bit hungry, and that his excuses were all right, and lent him a chew of tobacco and left him trying to whistle up his spirits.—Rocheater Democrat and Chronicle.

**Why He Had a Grievance.**

Half-time had been called, and, as usual, the sides were fraternizing. The goal keeper was talking earnestly to one of the backs.  
 "George," he said, "will you do me the favor of going into the goal, while I play out in the first ten minutes?"  
 "Whatever for?" asked the back.  
 "You're doing very well."  
 "Yes; that's all right. But I've been looking over the opposition lot, and—"

His voice broke for a moment; then he continued rapidly:  
 "Many years ago their center forward and I were rivals for the hand of a beautiful maiden, and for what I have suffered on his account—I should dearly love to come to an understanding with him."

"Poor old chap!" murmured the back. "You seem to feel it badly. I suppose he married her and left you out in the cold—eh?"  
 "No, he didn't!" snapped the goal-keeper. "He stood aside for me, and I married her!"—Answers.

**Chance for a Profit.**

The artistic temperament often leads toward poverty but it frequently compensates its victim with a saving grace of humor which makes even the poverty a source to fun.  
 A young woman who was possessed of the temperament and had given up everything else for it suddenly sold a picture for a considerable sum and made haste to apply the proceeds as a first payment on a small cottage she had long desired. The former owner attempted to advise her about the neighbors.  
 "Now that couple next door," he said, warningly, "they're all right—good neighbors, friendly, and all that. But keep your eyes open. If they see a chance to make a hundred dollars out of you they won't hesitate to do it."  
 "Fine! Fine!" cried the young woman. "I'm going over now and see if I can't get them to do it on shares."—Youth's Companion.

**A Limit.**

At the University Club banquet a night or two ago Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture told about the greatness of the American hen and eulogized the farmer as the producer of the nation's wealth, says the Washington correspondent of the New York World. He said he is looking for men to help him in the work of investigation.  
 "If I can find a man who will discover a plant that will bind desert sands together so the winds won't shift them, or who will tell me how to plant a hundred thousand acres of trees in a year," he said with fine enthusiasm, "I will pay him—I will pay him!"  
 "How much?" asked somebody.  
 "As much as the government will allow me to," he concluded rather lamely, and everybody roared.

**Indigestion**

There is no reason why a person should not eat anything he chooses—if he chews it carefully—the trouble is most people are afraid of every good-looking, good-smelling, good-tasting thing on the bill of fare because it "don't agree with them." They actually starve themselves into sickness. Dieting cannot cure dyspepsia—if we cut off every article of food that disagrees with us before long we have nothing left, and we find ourselves chronic dyspeptics. When you eat something that don't agree with you, it's time to get after your stomach and tone it up. From our own experience in selling dyspepsia cures, there is nothing that equals Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. From what our customers tell us of this Rexall Remedy we are convinced that consistent use of it will give any one the stomach of an ostrich and the appetite of a farm hand. We don't know of a stomach trouble Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets won't cure.

**A REASON**

Stop for a minute and think—we sell in our store 200 Rexall Remedies. If you were to buy Rexall Dyspepsia Cure and it didn't benefit you, could we expect you to buy Rexall Rheumatic Cure, or Rexall Cough Cure, or any other one of the Rexall Remedies—we believe not.

We do not say that each Rexall Remedy will always cure the disease for which it is named, but we do say that if it doesn't cure it won't cost you anything. We will refund you the price you pay for any Rexall Remedy you buy in our store if it doesn't benefit you.

We place the same guarantee on this remedy that we do on all Rexall Remedies, money back if dissatisfied. Fifteen days' treatment for twenty-five cents. Try it to-day.

**Stoke & Feicht Drug Co., Druggists**

THE **Rexall** STORE

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.  
 Capital \$75,000  
 Surplus \$75,000  
 Total \$150,000

OFFICERS  
 JOHN H. KATZNER, Pres. J. C. KING, Vice-Pres. K. C. SCHUCKERS, Cashier.  
 DIRECTORS  
 John H. Kaucher, Henry C. Deible, J. C. King, Daniel Nolan, J. S. Hammond, John H. Corbett, R. H. Wilson.

**SAFE AND CONSERVATIVE BANKING.**  
 EVERY ACCOMMODATION CONSISTENT WITH CAREFUL BANKING.

Is it better for a scholar to work fifteen hours a day as Dr. Harper did, and die at fifty, or work ten hours a day, and die at eighty or ninety?

Hope Mr. Carnegie will begin his spelling reform by reforming the spelling of his own name. How will he spell it—CARNIGGY, CARNAIGIE, or CARNEEGIE?

**Special 15 Days' Sale.**

ALL GOODS REDUCED from 15 to 35 per cent.  
 Special on WINTER OVERCOATS and Suits for Men and Boys.  
 DRESS GOODS which sold for \$1.00 now goes at 75c.  
 Dress Goods, was 75c, now 50c.  
 Meltons, were \$1.00, now 75c.  
 LADIES' COATS which were sold for \$10, \$12 and \$15, you get for \$5, \$6 and 7.00.  
 FURS—I have a few yet, not many. One-third and one-half off. \$4.50 Furs now \$2.50.  
 LEGGINS—50c kind now 39c.  
 FASCINATORS—In black and white, were 50c, will go at 39c.  
 10c Ladies' Hose for 9c or 3 for 25c. 25c Ladies' Hosiery 21c.  
 Boys' Fleece Undershirt and Drawers 25c, none better at 40c.  
 Fleisher Yarn 98c a pound.  
 'Come and see for yourself.

**N. HANAU**

**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.

\*\*\*\*\* S. J. \*\*\*\*\*

**BURGOON**  
 AND SON  
 Sanitary Plumbers  
 REYNOLDSVILLE PA.

**BUSINESS CARDS**  
**C. A. McDONALD**  
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
 Notary Public, real estate agent, Foreign and domestic consular agent, and a specialist in building. Reynoldsville, Pa.  
**DR. L. L. MEANS**  
 DENTIST.  
 Office on second floor of First National bank building, Main street.  
**DR. B. DEVERE KING**  
 DENTIST.  
 Office on second floor Reynoldsville Real Estate Building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.  
**E. NEFF**  
 JUSTICE OF THE PEACE  
 And Real Estate Agent  
 Reynoldsville, Pa.  
**SMITH M. MCCREIGHT**  
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
 Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Office in the Reynoldsville Hardware Co. Building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.



**Here's a Big Fat Package**

that gives you the biggest five cents' worth of chewing you ever got; and it's all *long* leaf, fresh from the tobacco plantations, pressed into a soft, moist, spongy package—a rare good chew for everyone.

**SCRAPNO**  
 The Clean Chewing Tobacco

made extra clean, extra big, extra good, and kept fresh with an extra wax wrapper inside a sealed bag that fits flat in your pocket. Three times as many chews as you usually get for a nickel.

**Big Package 5c.**  
 SOLD EVERYWHERE