#### REMARKS FROM THE PUP.

She's taught me that I mustn't barl At little noises after dark. But just refrain from any fuss Until I'm sure they're dangerous. This would be easier, I've felt, If noises could be seen or smelt.

She's very wise, I have no doubt, And plans ahead what she's about, Yet after eating, every day She throws her nicest bones away. If she were really less obtuse She'd bury them for future use.

But that which makes me doubt the most Those higher powers that humans

boast, Is not so much a fault like that, Nor yet her fondess for the cat, But on our pleasant country strolls Her dull indifference to holes!

O if I once had time to spend To reach a hole's extremest end, I'd grab it fast, without a doubt, And promptly pull it inside out; Then drag it home with all my

To chew on it in a leisure hour,

Of all the mistresses there are, Mine is the lovliest by far,— Fain would I wag myself apart If I could thus reveal my heart. Dut on some things, I must con-

Mine is the saner attitude. Burges Johnson, in Harper's Magazine.

## THE DEMON OF : THE BED HORROR

Adapted From the Portuguese.

By WILLIAM S. BIRGE.

I sat down in the desert with Abderah, the Arab, and the Arab told his tale. An illusive mirage had lured the twain, Abderah and myself, into the very Valley of the Dry Bones, an arid and sandy gorge south of Arabia Deserta. Our throats were dry as vellum with thirst, and Abderah's voice had a husky rattle

"It is exactly a year to-day," began 'Adberah, the prince of his clan, "since Zara, the Beautiful, gave up the ghost, and at every anniversary thereof, I must tell my story or die. I could give no reason," he went on huskily, "no reason, on the oath of a Saracen, why I married the lowborn Zara of the desert, of whose parentage I knew nothing, except that she was called Zara, the Beautiful-no reason in the world why I, the prince Abderah, only son of the king, and heir to the kingly domain, should have married the low-born Zara, of whom and whose antecedents nobody knew anything whatsoever, except that she was gifted with strange gifts and had dropped in upon the domain suddenly, as if from another world.

"I did not love her; of that fact I am certain. I did not even respect her; of that fact I am equally certain. I hated her with an unaccountable perversity of hatred; of this third fact I am just as certain as of the two preceding. Three very good reasons why I should not have done what I did. Nevertheless, I did itdid indeed wed her after the manner of my fathers, installing her, devil as she was, in the ancestral palace of an ancient and honorable race of

Saracenic kings. "True she was beautiful-strange-beautiful, in her way; but that was no reason why I should have married an adventuress. It was exactly because she was beautiful in her way that I hated her. There is a beauty of heaven: it pursues, haunts, breaks like a weird music in all prescient dreams. I have conjured up its phantoms with hashheesh, in opium drowse, through slumbrous nights of calm, opening my eyes again upon earth with a wild wish to die. There is a beauty of earth it is like unto fagots under the caldron of passion, like red wine in the cup, like fitful fever in the blood. It is a glittering and sudden tiger, that fever, that springs upon its prey vehemently, feeding thereupon in the jungle of home. There is a beauty of hell, and it stings while it fascinates-stings scorpion like, fascinating, serpent like, with sinuous, loathsome, devilish fascination. This last was the beauty of Zara, the Beautiful; and it stung me, fascinated me-fascinated me though I hated, stung me though I loathed.

"Now I think of it, I fancy the creature's fascination was in that devilish eye of hers. It was-I recollect it distinctly-it was small, scintillant, and shot sudden, furtive rays at its victim; lurid, without white, and all a single round, devilish pupil; bulbously prominent with livid lids, and almost lashless edges; oddly beautiful, strangely fascinating, intoxicating as the eye of an

"This was Zara's eye, and it fassinated me with an unnatural fascination. I saw it day and night; and the fever of its sting I mistook for passion, though pasison it was not. It was the ain rab that I pursued to an evil destiny.

There is an imp of the perverse," Abderah went on, his words rattling like dry leaves in his parched throat, "an imp of the perverse, which has more hand in human affairs than humanity in general would be willing

to acknowledge. 'It is the logical basis of all tragedy, the prompter of all suicide, the demon of all that is terribly inexplicable, as well as of all that is absurdly comical in human action. In its play it is comedy, and you laugh; its serious moods it is tragedy. often so original, so motiveless, so with the closing of her apparently put of mere whim, that — Waverley Magazine

you stare haggard with horror, yet fascinated as you stare. It is either a Puck or a Mephistopheles latent in in every human heart-either dancing baboon or omnivorous hyena, as may suit the whim of the hour.

Have you ever been tempted to swallow poison simply because you knew it would kill you, and for no other reason? Have you never been taken with an almost uncontrollable impulse to hurl yourself from a precipice simply because you must not, and because you must not, therefore, you would? Have you never done this or that, done it suddenly, motivelessly, involuntarialy, simply because you did not wish and would not have done it for all the world? Have you never pursued a pet project, toiled ceaselessly day and night unto an end, only to spurn it with your foot at the instant of realizatoin, simply because so to spurn it was to spite yourself utterly? Have you never ascended to dizzy heights and kicked away the ladder at the last moment just because it might prevent all human succor, because, in a word, for that very reason you did it? If you have not you are more or less than human. And this imp of the perverse the presence of Life. some people seems to enrage even to demoniac desperation, while, in the presence of others, it slumbers, at least comparatively.

'In this lies the secret of my es pousal of Zara of the desert. I did not love her; did not even respect her: wedded her, nevertheless, not because I willed to wed her involuntarily, but because, with an uncontrollable perversity, I was impelled to wed her against my will. A paradox, to be sure-but then man is a paradox, the one wing of which is human, and the other devil. So paradox let it be. She stung the imp of the perverse, the latent devil in me, into horrible activity; and, for the time, quite against my will, I did, seeming deliberation, exactly what I would not have done for my

soul. "There was one other peculiarity about Zara, the Beautiful, which has had some hand in convincing me of a certain non-humanity on her part. There is about every person, humanly considered, a certain atmospheric something, a personal aroma, so to speak, which is inseparable from the notion of presence; and if your sense of odor is acute, you will be able to detect a certain individuality of something akin to perfume, a sort of odorless perfume of violets to the oppressive, oozy atmosphere of the upas, are just as indicative of personal idiosyncrasies as appearance and manner may be supposed to be,

About the creature that I wedded there was nothing of this kind. Cool, aromaless, bloodlessly cadaverous, the secret of her fascination was located in something akin to metallic glitter of presence-akin to the writhing, glittering crawl of the adder, akin to the backing inhumanity of the laughter of a parrot. "A mask of a woman, merely,"

Abderah continued, the words rattling from his throat with accuratelypointed and terrible vehemence; "a mask of a woman, merely a devilish domino. I wedded the low-born Zara of the desert, who came and went at whim, as one having no home upon the earth; and for a brief year only she queened it, the gayest of the gay, the merriest of the merry, the profanest of the profane. was a ghastly day, the day that I led her to the palace of my race, a day ominous of pestilence and of en and epidemic death. Lurid and terrible wonders were in the heavens, like those which have lured our feet into the Valley of the Dry Bones; and stiffing and hyena-like siroccos pursued the travellers of the desert with devilish instinct, throttling them while caravans together. Even from the day thereof died my people in ghastly scores, and on the forehead of every one that died was branded a livid blot in the exact shape of a human heart. My father died suddenly, and first of all, the red borror of the brand from temple temple to temple. Zara had no grief at the old man's death. The epidemic, swift-footed and terrible, went abroad among my people. Zara was oppressively merry; and still as faster they died, merrier and merrier vet became the laughter of the queen, until I was likely at last to reign over a vast necropolis. She absented herself for days from the palace, and night unto night I was startled from horrible dreams of the red brand, to find her absent from the camera diletto. And still the epidemic death baffled all skill, and the red brand crawled suddenly upon all foreheads, and was the horror of all hearts.

"I too, became weak, but Zara only laughed mockingly, and absented herself the more from the palace, waxing the more horribly merry the ghastlier I became.

"I dreamed fitfully, and in the horror of my dream the loathsome brand of the red heart, the hideous seal of the epidemic death, was upon my forehead. I awoke, and the queen was not at my side. I heard a gnashing of horrible teeth. I sprang up. I struck a light. I was too quick for her. Great God. She was

feeding upon a human heart. "It has been a year to a day, and still the same lurid and ghastly wonders were in the heavens.

Thou has outwitted me, for I would have queened over it a metropolis of the dead. Thou hast, indeed, triumphed in life,' said Zara, dynig, 'but in death would I have gnawed thy heart.'

"So, she died, and the demon of the red horror and the imp of the epidemic death slumbered, and the livid blot in the heavens went out with the closing of her devilish eye."

# erry Side of loife.

RING OFF. The pretty little maid he loved

Worked at a telephone, And often in her cozy home

The pair would sit alone. Her lips he said were "Cupid lines (With love this youth was dizzy;) They kissed and kissed-but neither growled

Because the lines were busy -New York Press.

#### AN EVE-OPENER

The Engaged Girl-I've always heard that love is blind,"

The Matron-Yes; but marriage is a great oculist .- Les Annales.

#### WONDERFUL!

Dashaway-Do you love that girl as much as you think you do? Cleverton-Why, old man, I love her almost as much as she thinks I do .-

#### DID THEIR BEST.

Brush-Do you know why they hung D'Auber's landscape so high? Palette-Yes, because they couldn't catch D'Auber.-Familie Journal.

## DISCOVERED.

"Why is this cheese so full of holes?"

"That's all right. It needs all the fresh air it can get."-Cleveland

#### THE WHY.

"I am always suspicious of a man who shaves himself." " Why?"

"Oh, he's liable to cut his best friend."

#### DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY.

"Women don't have logical minds!" said Shrewd, bluntly,

They don't need them if they are as lucky as I am," said his wife, sweetly. "You see, I have you to think for me!"

#### MODERNIZED HISTORY. Atlas was holding up the world.

"There never was a highwayman

like me," he boasted. Buying a newspaper he read of the McCurdy operations and felt like a four-flusher.-Portland Telegram.

KNEW WHAT HE WANTED. Customer-I want a nine shot re-

volver. Gunsmith-We have nothing but

five and six shooters, sir. Customer-Won't do! I want to kill a cat.-Chicago News.

## A NEWPORT ESTRANGEMENT.

"Who was that well dressed man

to whom you just bowed?" "That's my husband?"

"Your husband?" "Yes. We are in different sets, you know."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## WASTED.

"I'm so thirsty," said the old lady. 'Can you direct me to a soda water fountain in this neighborhood, sir?"
"Soda water?" exclaimed Weary Willie in disgust. "Say, lady, you don't deserve ter have a thirst!"-Philadelphia Press.

## IN CHICAGO.

Highwayman-" Your money or your life, Mister." Native-" But you are not the fellow who usually robs me at this cor-

Highwayman-"No, but it's all right; I've bought his route."-Puck.

THE ONE THING TO DO. McFibb-That fellow Huskie called

me a liar! Newitt-Yes?

McFibb-Yes. What would you do

Newitt-Well, if I were you I'd make it a point always to tell the truth when he's around.-The Catho-

## TWO KNDS OF BOYS.

lic Standard and Times.

"My son got brain fever from studying too hard," said one mother to another, trying to regress a thrill

of intellectual pride. "That's bad, but my boy broke his leg and two ribs in his first game of football," replied the other, with gathered into bands. motherly gratification. - Baltimore American.

## KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

Traveler (at country hotel-How much is my bill? Landlord-Three dollars for a room for one night.

But I didn't have a room. I had to sleep on the billiard table. Oh! Are you the man? Then your bill is \$3.20 for eight hours' use of

#### the billiard table.-Familie Journal. NOT A BARGAIN.

"You remember old Ducket's daughter who married a foreigner with a title?"

"Yes. "Well, she has got a divorce from him.

"On what grounds?" "Fraudulent representations. reaching Europe she found that titles were selling for less than one-fourth front. They may be in two shades of what she paid."—San Francisco



New York City.-The sailor blouse makes one of the most thoroughly satisfactory garments that a woman can possess, is loose, comfortable, allows of free movement, yet is always becoming and smart in effect.

> ing a recent and well liked novelty. The quantity of material required

This one shows several of the novelties of the season without losing any



Every variation of the princesse gown is greatly in vogue this season and here is one that suits all the soft, fashionable, crushable materials admirably well. As illustrated it is made of white chiffon and is trimmed with bands of taffeta edged with double frills of the material. The design, however, will be found charming for the silk voile that is so fashionable, for crepe de Chine crepe messaline, for many of the silks and cotton mixtures, and, indeed, for everything that is soft enough to shirr with success. When a simpler gown is desired yoke and cuffs of lace or other contrasting material can be added. The dress is made with a fitted lin-

ing which extends to the waist line and itself consists of front, side fronts, backs and side backs, all of which are joined and shirred on indicated lines, the closing being made invisibly at the back. The sleeves are the favorite ones of the season that are moderately full puffs and are shirred at their lower edges. Trimming of any sort that may be liked can be used on the skirt, little frills, bandings of lace or of ribbon or of some contrasting fabric, this last be-



of the essential qualities that belong to the style. In the illustration it is made of white linen and is banded with blue and worn with a blue silk tie, but it is appropriate for all the simpler washable fabrics and also for the flannel and the serge that are so desirable even during midsummer when the outing is to be taken by the seashore or in the mountains. The sailor collar is always becoming but is not obligatory as the model can be made plain, finished with a yoke only, while again the shield can be omitted if a cooler plouse is desired, and there is a choice allowed of elbow or full length sleeves.

The blouse is made with a plain back and full fronts, that are gathered and joined to a smoothly fitted voke, and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. When used the collar is joined to the neck and front edges. The shield is entirely separate and closed at the back while the blouse closes at the front. The sleeves are simply full and can be finished with the deep cuffs or cut off below the elbows and

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a half yards twenty-one, four and a quarter yards twenty-seven or two and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide with one-half yard of silk

## WHITE RAJAH SUIT.

A bathing suit of white rajah trimmed sith bands of white sllk with large polka dots in red is not too striking to be attractive. The band is applied near the hem and around the sailor collar, and there are belt. cuffs, and flowing tie of the same.

## SILK CAPE WRAPS.

A touch of originality is given the little silk cape wraps by adding large cocardes of silk centered by handsome buttons at the meeting point in of the coler of the wrap or in two contrasting shades.

for the medium size, without trimming, is fifteen yards twenty-one fourteen yards twenty-seven or eight and a quarter yards forty-four inches



EMBROIDERED YOKE FOR CHILD'S FROCK.

A yoke of embroidery or hand work upon a small child's freck has two long tabs continuing from shoulders to the bottom of the skirt. If done by hand little forget-me-not sprays combined with dots and buttonholed scallops are very dainty and babyish, but allover Hamburg embroidery gives a very good effect.

WHITE AND BLACK EFFECTS. Red pipings on a black and white checked linen sult are most effective when a brilliant shade of red is chosen. A tilted black hat with a red quill and masses of black maline is the natty head gear that accompanies such a costume.

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