

THE NEW SONG.

Before my life had tasted path, I sang in pensive, minor key; How light soe'er my heart, my strain For others was a threnody.

PREACHING ...AND... PRACTICE.

By EREN E. REXFORD, in Home and Flowers.

Joslar is a man that b'lieves in what he calls system. Have a place for things, says he, an' keep things in their place. That's where they b'long.

Joslar's ideas are good—I ain't a goin' to deny that—but the fact is, he don't jest live up to 'em. He has places for his things, but the things ain't always there.

"Have you looked behind the cellar door?" I asked. That's where he made a place for it, an' ordered us to put it whenever we used it, the minute we'd got done with it.

"Looked behind the s'ller door?" says he, dretful savage. "Wall, I sh'd say I had! That's where I looked first. That's where I expected to find it—where I would ha' found it if you or the younguns had did as I told you 'bout puttin' it back where it b'longs, after you'd used it. I swan, it does make me awful mad to think none o' you'll take any pains to do 's I've told you."

"But I hain't had the hammer," says I. "I hain't had no use for it. An' I don't b'lieve the children had it. It's most likely where you left it."

"Hear the woman talk!" says Joslar, an' he jest glared at me. "I'd have you know, ma'am—an' you do know—that I don't go leaving things 'round as you an' the rest of 'em do. If you'd try—jest try—to have some kind o' system about you, I wouldn't mind it so much, but that's the meanness of it, you won't try. You jest set out to be contrary, an' you encourage the children in it. If I told you to leave the hammer a lyin' 'round, you'd put it up ev'ry time—I'd know right where to look for it. Hain't had it? How long'd you remember whether you'd had it or not? Say—what's the reason?"

And Joslar fairly shouted up the s'ller-way at me.

"You needn't holler so loud, I ain't deaf," says I. "I didn't tell you to be careful because I didn't happen to think of it. I had told you times enough afore, but you didn't pay any 'tention to what I said. It don't look very well for you to go to callin' me shifless, Joslar, s'long as you don't see to things when you're told about 'em. It looks to me as if it was a kind o' judgment on you for not practicin' what you preach, an' blamin' other folks for it. Do you want I should get the arnicky, Joslar, or had I better send for the doctor?"

"I ain't goin' to tell another word o' what Joslar said, 'tain't tellable. But he wa'n't half so much hurt as he thought he was, when he come to get limbered up. He fixed up the stairs, I notice, afore he took any more p'tatoes down 'em. But he hain't got very good natured yet."

"What is it you're huntin' for now, pa?" asked Jimmy, who'd be'n some'ers on an arrant, an' hadn't heard the rumpus.

"The hammer," says Joslar, like a snappin' turtle. "Your mother says she hain't had it, but that don't prove she hain't, by any means. Have you seen it?"

"It's up on the scaffold in the barn, where you nailed them boards yest'day," says Jimmy. "You didn't bring it down, when you got through."

When I heard that, I laughed. I couldn't help it, considerin' all Joslar'd said. He heard me, an' it made him mad.

"Oh, laugh, will ye?" says he in a low, awful tone. "You think it smart to make fun o' me, right afore the children, don't ye? Laugh! Laugh! Why don't ye? But don't carry your foolishness too far, for you're fatter'n any one o' your Polan' Chinsys, an' it might bring on apoplexy." Then he went out, an' slammed the kitchen door so it 'most jarred the clock off the shelf.

All summer the s'ller stairs has needed fixin'. There's a board loose an' sev'ril times I've come nigh takin' a fall. I've spoke to Joslar about it more'n a dozen times, but he never got 'round to fix it. We got into the habit o' sayin' ev'ry time any o' the family went down s'ller, "Look out fer that step!" More'n once I told Joslar about it, an' said 'tain't livin' up to his ideas o' doin' things when they needed doin' to let it go so, but he gets contrary if you keep a tellin' him, an' by'meby I see 'tain't no use o' wastin' breath on the matter, so I hain't said anything to him about it lately. Thinks I he'll be more likely to get 'round an' fix it sometime, if I let him be.

Wall, last week he began to dig the p'tatoes in the garden, an' when they'd got dried off, an' the children had picked 'em up, he went to carryin' 'em down s'ller in bags. He made three or four trips 'thout anything happenin', but the last time he went down he happened to step jest right on the stair board to give it a flip, an' it flipped, all right, an' down he went. Such a noise as there was! He hadn't tied the bag, but jest he'l his hand 'round the end he'd gathered up, to save a string an' tyin', an' of course when he went down, he had to let go an' the p'tatoes jest rolled all over the s'ller floor, an' I sh'd say he bumped hisself good'n hard on ev'ry step, judgin' by the sound. But the worst sounds of all came out o' his mouth. It was relly frightful to hear him. The way he frightened to hear him! He's a church member, in good an' regular standin', but I don't b'lieve he would be long,

If a minister's be'n there to hear what he said, as he sot there on the s'ller bottom an' said things. I went to the s'ller-way an' looked down. An' says I—

"What's the matter, Joslar? Has anything happened?"

"Happened?" says he in one o' them awful tones o' his. "Happened? Oh, no. Don't git that idee in yer head. I was jest slidin' down the s'ller stairs for fun, of course."

He said that sarcastic. "Be you hurt?" I asked. "No, of course not," says he. "T'wouldn't be likely to hurt a man o' my heft to fall the hull length o' them stairs, with a two bushel bagful o' p'tatoes a'la'm'in' on top of him. Oh, no, I ain't hurt any. Then he groaned jest dretful.

"You'd o't to a fixed it," said I. "I've told you about it, times enough. If you'd live up to your ideas—"

"There it goes!" says he. "I knew you'd come in with your everlastin' 'I told you so!' I never knew it to fall. Why in thunder didn't you put me in mind of it when I went to bringin' in them p'tatoes? You're al'ways a cautionn' the children to look out for the s'ller-stairs, but not a word—not one solitary word!—did you say to me this mornin' 'bout lookin' out. Wanted me to fall an' kill myself, an' cut a swell an' get married ag'in, like's not. Wall, I shouldn't wonder if things'd turn out as you'd like to have 'em. Nigh's I can make out three ribs is broke an' my stummock feels all soaped in from strikin' it ag'inst your old soap barrill. Confound it all, Sarah, why can't you put things where they b'long, an' not leave that old barrill right where anybody'd be sure to fall ag'inst it or into it, if they fell down stairs. I never see anybody quite so shifless as you be."

"If you'll take the trouble to think back, you'll remember that that's jest precisely where you put the barrill yourself," says I. "You knew I wanted it in the corner, but you said you wa'n't agoin' to bother to move it."

"Oh, that's right, twit an' fling!" groaned Joslar. "Couldn't you move it yourself, if you wanted it moved, I'd like to know? But tain't anyways likely I'll be here to be blamed for ev'rything, must longer." Then he groaned some more. "If I live through it, I wouldn't wonder a bit if I was laid up all the rest o' the fall. Right in the busy season, too. An' you can't get help for love or money. I swan, it makes me so mad to think of it! Why in—"

"Be careful what ye say," says I. "The children might hear you, an' it'd git out what language you'd be'n usin'."

Joslar jest snorted.

"Why'n thunder don't you make a bigger fool of yourself than natur' did," says he. "But you couldn't do it, if you tried," says he. "I forget that. But why didn't you tell me to look out for the stairs? Say—what's the reason?" and Joslar fairly shouted up the s'ller-way at me.

"You needn't holler so loud, I ain't deaf," says I. "I didn't tell you to be careful because I didn't happen to think of it. I had told you times enough afore, but you didn't pay any 'tention to what I said. It don't look very well for you to go to callin' me shifless, Joslar, s'long as you don't see to things when you're told about 'em. It looks to me as if it was a kind o' judgment on you for not practicin' what you preach, an' blamin' other folks for it. Do you want I should get the arnicky, Joslar, or had I better send for the doctor?"

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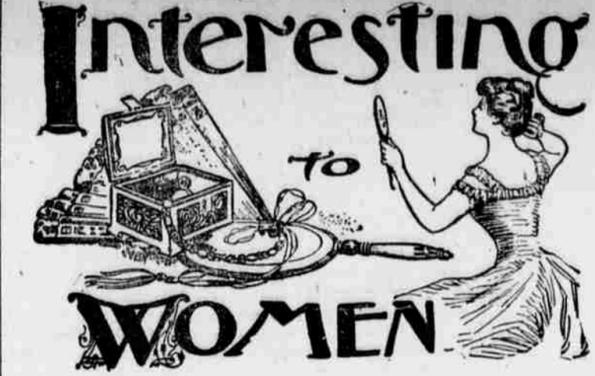
THE "CAMPBELL SYSTEM."

It Means Only Exercise of Intelligence, Care, Patience and Industry.

What Western people have become accustomed to calling the "Campbell system of dry farming" consists simply in the exercise of intelligence, care, patience and tireless industry. It differs in details from the "good farming" methods practiced and taught at the various agricultural experiment stations; but the underlying principles are the same.

These principles are two in number. First, to keep the surface of the land under cultivation loose and finely pulverized. This forms a soil mulch that permits the rains and melting snows to percolate readily through to the compact soil beneath; and that at the same time prevents the moisture stored in the ground from being brought to the surface by capillary attraction, to be absorbed and placed in the best possible physical condition for the germination of seed and the development of plant roots. The "dry farmer" thus stores water not in dams and artificial reservoirs, but right where it can be reached by the roots of growing crops.

Through these principles, a rainfall of 12 inches can be conserved so effectively that it will produce better results than are usually expected of an annual precipitation of 24 inches in humid America. The discoverer and demonstrator of these principles deserves to rank among the greatest of national benefactors. He has not merely made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but he has made it possible to cover with wheat and corn, alfalfa and other useful crops, tens of thousands of square miles of fertile land on which nothing but sage bush, cacti, Kansas sunflowers and bunch grass are now found.—From John L. Cowan's "Dry Farming—the Hope of the West," in the Century.



Interesting TO WOMEN

To Cure the Blues. The woman who eats fluffy *flummery should take a more nutritious diet.

The woman who stays home too much should make up her mind to get out every day for fifteen minutes, though the heavens fall.

The woman who is entirely disgusted with her round of daily triviality should break away once a week and have some fun, though she has to spend good money in the cause.

A Girl's Allowance. How much should a girl's allowance be? If yours is smaller than another girl's you feel just a wee bit abused, as though you were not treated well.

When engaging a servant be careful to explain her work to her. Also show her that the work must be done in your way and not hers, or the way her former mistress had it done.

Retain your temper at all times. Give your orders for each day as early as possible, and if it seems necessary write them down very distinctly and clearly on a piece of paper, and fasten it up in the pantry, kitchen or some other convenient place.

See that she is extremely neat in her dress. Hair neatly and simply arranged; no jewelry worn; a perfectly clean apron, collar, cuffs and cap and a spotless gown.

It is well to give strict orders in regard to the hours when the servants are allowed to have visitors.

Tell the maid who opens the door never to let the visitors stand in the hall, but to show them immediately into the drawing room.

Instruct her carefully what she must say in reply to messages left at the door, or when persons who call are not to be admitted.

Most persons prefer to have the maid say that "Mrs. Brown is not at home," meaning that she is not at home to callers. It is purely a matter of form, and is not considered an untruth. However, some persons are scrupulous in this matter, and prefer to have the maid say, "Mrs. Brown begs to be excused this afternoon."

Idea for the Hostess. Does it worry you to have you husband bring home some men to dinner? I mean, do you feel afraid that your guest will notice that you have a misfit set of tableware and that your maid is not well trained? Recall that if your guest notices these things to your detriment he is not worthy of you, says the Philadelphia Press.

You are just as good as the best person who could possibly visit you. If you're not, it's your own fault.

Do the best you can with your service, be sure to have your food well cooked and palatably seasoned, and then treat your guest as simply as you know how.

If he acts as if he were better than you, he surely is not as good as you. If he accepts your hospitality in the same spirit in which you offer it, he is all right and you'd better have him out again.

But it is not worth while for either you or your husband to bother with people who cannot accept your ways of living.

If the man who is coming out awes you because he is rich, try to remember some ancestor of yours who made the world better worth living in. If your guest awes because of his culture remember that you are trying to make life worth living to your husband and your children (perhaps you're out, but you really ought to).

But if the man who is coming awes you because of his blue blood, remember that "kind hearts are more than coronets," and tell him his grandmother was a monkey. It'll break the ice.

The Destiny of Women. The first requirement in the ideal of a woman is that she shall be a satisfied woman and that she does not at all wish to be anything but a woman.

The creed of pessimism and despair is, "It were better not to be!" yet I would give no more for, "I would greatly have preferred to be something else!"

Woman should not be satisfied to accept herself at this valuation, though

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Don't save your money and starve your mind. Vigorous thought must come from a fresh brain.

"Keeping alive that spirit of youth," Stevens used to say, was "the perennial spring of all the mental faculties."

A man may build a palace, but he can never make of it a home. The spirituality and love of a woman alone can accomplish this.

Tens of thousands of people fall because they love their ease too much. They are not willing to put themselves out, to sacrifice comfort.

If we are contented to unfold the life within, according to the pattern given us, we shall reach the highest end of which we are capable.

By proper training, the depressing emotions can be practically eliminated from life, and the good emotions rendered permanently dominant.

Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect it to retain, you weaken its powers, and you lose your authority to command its services.

No life amounts to much until it has a program—something definite, something particular. Nothing else can take the place of it. Education can not, talent can not, genius can not, hard work can not. Until there is a definite aim, the energies will run to waste, the ability be squandered. The faculties deteriorate when working without a definite aim.

Business is not only a great civilizer of nations and of peoples, but also the greatest educator and developer of character in the world, for it is a perpetual school, a great life university where we do not go to recite and hear lectures for three or four hours a day for a few years, but where we are constantly studying and practising, almost from the cradle to the grave.—Success Magazine.

What we wish to indicate and stigmatize here is silly scorn of that which we already possess; a refusal to put it into operation, to employ it and the dangerous illusion which lies in thinking that we should have done greater work in this world if God had wished to make us something other than that which he has desired.—Pastor Wagner.

Woman Guarded Treasury. When the followers of Salvador raided Malolos one night they avoided the treasury building, and well they might, for seven Americans well armed, stood guard and not the least among them was Mrs. Goodheart, a plucky American woman, who armed herself and stood prepared to join in the defence of the building should the outlaws covet the provincial funds.

The town of Malolos, Province of Bulacan, was taken by surprise by a band of ladrones. It was certainly a bold and daring deed to perform, especially in the capital of a province.

About 7 p. m. they entered the town from the western quarter, apparently unarmed, but it turned out that they were armed and ready for a good fight if necessary. The first thing that they did was to bolo the sentry and take his gun and ammunition from him. Then the gang of about twenty men rushed the cuartel and had a hand to hand fight with the few that were below.

It was an easy matter to overcome them. Then they rushed on up stairs and quickly captured the guns, which were about twenty-five in number, with about twenty belts of ammunition. Next a short fight took place, which lasted about twenty minutes. The killed and wounded are constabulary, two killed and two wounded seriously and some wounded slightly.

The treasury was quickly guarded by about six or seven Americans and Mrs. Goodheart, an American lady, who certainly deserves credit for her courage. She armed herself and was ready for anything that might happen.

Fashion Notes. An afternoon gown of gray taffeta is embroidered with gray silk that exactly matches.

A small amount of embroidery in Persian colorings is permissible on white serge costumes.

Square and diamond shaped crowns are occasionally seen on the lingerie hats, but are less favored by the 1906 summer girl than the full tam or gathered ruffle crown.

Lavender gloves for men's morning wear have come in again, says London Men's Wear. They come high and they don't last long—two distinct advantages from the glove's point of view.

Ribbon embroidery is fascinating work because such realistic and beautiful effects may be obtained with the materials used, and because the designs develop so rapidly under skilful fingers.

Black and white is very becoming to the black-haired girl, especially if she is blessed with a clear skin. Many young women of this type have discovered this and are not slow to take advantage of the vogue of the combination.

The best girdle for the stout figure is black, whenever that is permissible with the remainder of the toilette, with double points at back and front. Many stout people, however, will wear no other waist cincher than the plain, narrow, close-fitting belt.

Lace bows or butterflies wired so that they stand up crisply are growing in favor for hair ornaments. A bow of filmy val is charming for an elderly lady's evening hair ornament, the daintiness of the lace adding seemingly to the beauty of the soft white hair.

"Storm" coats of cream colored satin are so beautiful that the name seems almost absurd, but the material is shower proof and they are really very serviceable for evening wear and to slip on over handsome afternoon toilettes that require protection from the dust.

Romney's Many Pictures. George Romney is an artist whose popularity, although the man himself has long been dead, seems to increase every year. Eight of his canvases went for four figures during the season just closed, and one of these, which brought \$30,000, was quite accidentally discovered—rolled up, much creased and soiled with dirt—in a house in the north of England. Romney is believed to have painted nearly 1000 works, chiefly portraits, and several that have appeared in the sale room of recent years have been brought to light in the most improbable places.

Roman Altar Discovered. A perfectly preserved Roman altar, four feet in height and of square formation, has been discovered at the site of an ancient Roman camp at Newstead, near Melrose, England. An inscription upon it in accurately chiseled Roman letters, reads: "To the great and mighty Jupiter, Carolus, centurion of the Twentieth legion, the valiant and victorious, cheerfully, willingly and deservedly paid his vow."

Bid For Matrimony. An advertisement from the Yorkshire Post: "Would any lady of means care to marry a poor, crowded-out clerk, aged thirty-seven?"

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 27, 1906. TRAINS LEAVE REYNOLDSVILLE: For New Bethlehem, Red Bank, and principal intermediate stations, Oil City and Pitsburg, 6:30, 8:08 a. m., 1:25, 5:07, 7:58 (New Bethlehem only) p. m., week-days. Sundays 6:30 a. m., 4:20 p. m. For DuBois, Driftwood, and principal intermediate stations, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, 6:30 a. m., 12:03, 6:25 p. m., week-days. Sundays 12:50 p. m. For DuBois only 11:42 a. m., week-days, 9:5 p. m., daily. W. W. ATTERBERY, Gen. Manager. J. R. Wood, Passenger Traffic Mgr. GEO. W. HOYD, General Passenger Agent.

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