

WAS IT YOU?

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody thought, "His sweet to love";
Somebody thought, "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?

THE DEPOSIT.

Translated From the French of
Maurice Level.

By LOUISE WARING.

Ravenot held the position of cashier in the same bank for ten consecutive years.

During all this period there was no ground for criticism of his work. His books were well kept and no errors were found in his accounts.

He lived by himself, shunned all new connections, visited no public resorts, had no desire for female attachments; in short, he seemed to lead a peaceful and contented existence.

When any one remarked in his presence: "It must be a great temptation, this handling of such great sums," he quietly answered: "Why? Money which doesn't belong to one is simply no money."

He was the embodiment of rectitude and all delicate questions on finance were left for him to decide.

One evening he failed to return to his lodgings. The thought of anything fraudulent never entered the mind of those who knew him; all they feared was that he had met with some accident.

The officials examined his last day's work. All his checks had been promptly presented; the last one had been cashed at Porte Montreux about seven o'clock. What he had taken in up to that time amounted to 200,000 francs. No trace of him was to be found. Searchers were sent in all directions and telegrams to all frontier stations. All in vain! Finally the directors of the bank as well as the police came to the conclusion that he had been foully dealt with. They even went so far as to say they had found evidences which led them to believe that this plot had been prearranged by crooks long before it was carried out.

One man in the whole of Paris shrugged his shoulder on reading these notices in the daily papers, and that man was Ravenot.

While the most experienced detectives were getting off his track, he was skirting the outlying boulevards leading to the river. Under the arches of one of the bridges the night before, he had hidden a civilian's suit. After putting this on, and safely stowing away the 200,000 francs in his pockets, he made a bundle of his discarded uniform, tied a stone in it, and threw it in the river, then quietly returning to the city. He had ample time to take a train and get beyond the frontier but he was clever enough to know that a few hundred kilometers would not keep him out of the clutches of the gendarmes. He clearly knew what awaited him if caught. Accordingly, he reasoned along entirely different lines.

The following morning he put the 200,000 francs in an envelope which he sealed five times and went to a notary. "Sir," he said, "I ask your service. This envelope contains papers of great value, which I wish to place securely before starting on a long journey from which I know not when I may return. Will you take charge of this? I hope you do not object?"

"Not in the least. I simply give you a receipt."

Ravenot acquiesced. Suddenly he thought him what he should do with this receipt—where to hide it—to whom to entrust it. He realized these complications which he had not taken into account, and said in a natural voice: "Mon Dieu! I am alone in the world, without relatives or friends. The voyage I am about to undertake is long and dangerous; I might lose the receipt or it might be stolen from me and destroyed. Could you not keep it in your archives? On my return all that will be necessary will be to mention my name to you or to your possible successor."

"Yes, but—"

"You will make a note on the receipt that it can only be claimed in that way."

"Very well. Will you be good enough to give me your name?"

Without hesitation, Ravenot answered: "Duverger, Henri Duverger."

On regaining the street he gave a sigh of relief. The first part of his program was ended. They might arrest him now; he knew his booty was safe.

He had coolly reasoned in the following way: "When I shall have served my sentence, I shall draw out my deposit. No one will be in a position to dispute it. Five or six years in prison will soon be over, and then I shall be rich. This is less stupid than to grind out one's days to the end. I shall live in the country and be known to everybody as Monsieur Duverger. I shall reach a peaceful old age, and do good without any remorse."

He waited another twenty-four hours in order to be sure that the numbers of the banknotes were not known; then he gave himself up.

Many a man in his position would have invented some kind of a tale—he preferred to tell the truth and confess to the theft. Why lose time?

During his preliminary examination, even before the jury, he would not say what he had done with the money. All he would answer was: "I do not know. I went to sleep on a bench and was robbed."

Owing to his hitherto exemplary character, his sentence was minimized to five years' imprisonment. Without the quiver of a muscle he took it. He was but thirty-five—at forty he would be free and rich, so he looked upon the punishment as a small, necessary sacrifice.

While serving his term he was considered an exemplary convict as he had been an official. He patiently watched the days go by and had no concern except as to his health. At last the day of his liberation dawned. His little savings of about ten francs were paid out to him, and his first thoughts were the notary and the deposit. How he had longed for this hour. He drew a mental picture of the scene as it would be enacted.

He arrived at the well-remembered office. Would the notary recognize him? He looked at himself in a mirror. In truth he had aged considerably, his features were drawn. No, the notary would surely not recognize him. Ha! ha! that would make the matter more interesting and comical still.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"I am here about a deposit which was left with you five years ago."

"Which deposit? Under whose name?"

"Under the name of Monsieur—"

Suddenly he stopped. "This is strange, indeed. I cannot for the life of me think of the name I gave."

He thought and thought, but the name would not come to him. Feeling himself getting nervous, he sat down, and muttered to himself: "Keep cool—patience. If I could only find the first letter. Monsieur—? Monsieur—?"

"The name would not be conjured up."

For an hour he searched his memory; searched for a hold, a sign. The name seemed to stand before his eyes, turned about him, he saw the letters scatter and the syllables take flight. Every moment he had a sensation as if he could grasp it—it was on the tip of his tongue—still it would not materialize. From being simply vexed he now became excited and suffered actual physical pain. Hot and cold waves ran up and down his spine, his muscles contracted, he could not remain quietly in the same place; his hands twitched and he bit his parched lips until they bled. He wanted to weep and fight at the same time. Yet the more he tried to concentrate his thoughts, the more the name eluded him.

He rose and stamping his foot, he remarked: "Why try any longer? It will come to me when I shall cease looking for it."

But this was easier said than done. Do what he might, the same question was ever uppermost in his mind—"Monsieur—? Monsieur—?"

Night came on. The streets began to be deserted. He went to a lodging house, asking for a room, and threw himself on the bed—worn out by the strain. He slept until daybreak and felt much refreshed, and for a moment forgot his dilemma. Suddenly it all came back with redoubled fury.

The sensation of fear now came over him, fear of never finding the name again. Like one possessed, he walked about the notary's house by the hour. For the second time it grew dark. He buried his nails in his scalp and groaned "I shall go mad."

Here was his terrible position. He possessed 200,000 francs in bank-notes—to be sure they were stolen property, still he would take possession. To have them he had served five years in a prison, and now he could not get them. They were within his reach, but a name, a simple name, which could not come, cheated him out of it all. He beat his head, for it seemed as if his reason were leaving him; he ran against the lamp-post reeling like a drunken man. He had no more fixed ideas—madness possessed his whole being. He seemed now convinced that he should never find the name. Strange voices seemed to mock him and passers-by point their fingers in derision. Heading he rushed through the streets, regardless of anything in the way, in a mad desire that something might crush out his brain. "Monsieur—? Monsieur—?" Oh that name!

He came to the river. In the green, foaming waters of the Seine the stars were reflected. He wept aloud—"Monsieur—? Oh what is the name?"

He descended the steps leading to the lower bank, and lay down near the water's edge so that he might cool his face and hands. He breathed heavily. Gradually the water drew him nearer and nearer until it held his eyes—his ears—his whole body. He felt himself drawn into it without making the slightest attempt to hold on to something. Then he fell, the icy cold stung him. Involuntarily he struggled, his arms rose, he raised his head—then he sank. He rose again to the surface, then suddenly, during a last desperate effort, his eyes bulging out of their sockets and his mouth contorted, he shrieked "I have it. Help! Duverger—Thou—!"

The banks of the river were deserted. The waters splashed against the bridge, and its dark arch echoed the name Duverger! Lazily the Seine glided on; red and green lights danced on its mirror. A deadly calm pervaded the scene.—New York Post.

Some Men Are Simply Fiendish.

Mr. Snagsby (trummaging in a closet)—"Maria, this is a new hat, isn't it? Why don't you wear it? It looks better than anything you have worn this season."

Mrs. Snagsby—"That's my old hat. It blew off my head the other day and was run over by a street car, and I think you are just as mean as you can be."—Chicago Tribune.

Esperanto is to be taught to the cadets at the French military college of St. Cyr.



Girls Should Avoid Men

- Who lie.
- Who brag.
- Who bluster.
- Who are mean.
- Who are selfish.
- Who lack courtesy.
- Who have bad habits.
- Who are easily driven to drink.
- Who make capital by slandering others.

—These hints are gleaned from the advice of an evidently experienced fair one, who, unfortunately, does not offer debentures a list of eligibles that come up to her requirements.—Philadelphia Record.

Unbecoming Feathers.

Although there doesn't seem to be any style of face which becomes an uncurled oetrich feather, and beauty dares to go about with her plumage suggestive of weeping skies sans umbrellas. The uncurled oetrich feather and the Second Empire parasol are the latest Parisian fads, and it is reported the latter eccentricity is getting beyond all bounds. Four or five uncurled plumes are placed across the crown of a straw hat and permitted to fall whither they will. The effect is decidedly untidy to say the least, but for some inexplicable reason the more bedraggled they are the better pleased are fashion's devotees.

The Girl With Thin Arms.

A private pointer for the long slender girl:

Don't fall into the snare of dressing your bony elbows with what the fashion books call "softening frills of lace."

Don't you believe it.

That frill will fall over the very curve you wish to display and fall away from the hollow you wish to hide.

Fix the bottom of your elbow sleeves with a close band of black or dark colored ribbon, let it be quite snug so that what little flesh there is there, will swell out impressively.

The plain turn back elbow cuff gives the same effect and there is bound to be some taper to your arm if the outlines are clearly defined.

Try it and see, advises the Providence Tribune.

Pekaboo Piquancies.

Mankind is surely mixing himself up with feminine raiment in surprising fashion. A Chicago merchant has forbidden his saleswomen to display their more or less sharpened elbows to his cold and critical patrons. Whether to save the nerves of the patrons or the vanity of his employees is not stated. As for the pekaboo blouse, there has ever been talk of referring the matter to congress. One George Schoerner, a reverend father of Rochester, Pa., distrusting the lawmakers, has taken the bull by the horns. He has set a precedent by ordering two women from the building because he did not fancy they received sufficient protection from their upper rigging, despite the fact that their waists were made of "fall-over," a most deceptive term, since all-overs reveal a good bit of that which is under.

Thunder and Lightning.

A delightful thunder and lightning fouldar has some pretty Old World killed trimming round the hem of an otherwise very plain skirt. The bodice is cut up a little in pinafore fashion, with a deep pointed belt of black panne to give a length; some coarse cream Irish crochet is introduced over chiffon, both at the back and in front, softened with a little bit of black panne and a touch of gold trimming. The sleeves, reaching just below the elbow, are broken up to show an insertion of the lace. This is an ideal frock and a useful one, and is smart enough for any occasion, and yet does not give the appearance of being overdressed. The same model would be charming in colored tussore or taffetas-mousseline. Eolienne, too, is useful for an afternoon frock, and can be had in various practical colors. Popinette and all soft clinging materials are graceful.

Thoughts for Girls.

Your mother is your best friend. Have nothing to do with girls who snub their parents.

Tell the pleasantest things you know when at meals.

Do not expect your brother to be as dainty as a girl.

Exercise and never try to look as if you were in delicate health.

Introduce every new acquaintance to your mother as soon as possible.

Enjoy the pleasures provided for you by your parents to the fullest extent.

Most fathers are inclined to over-indulge their daughters. Make it impossible for your father to spoil you by fairly returning his affection and devotion.

Do not quarrel with your brother; do not preach at him and do not coddle him. Make him your friend, and do not expect him to be your servant, nor let him expect you to be his, admonishes the New York Press.

Just Five Noses.

Says a noseologist: "If more women knew how to read character by noses they would have less difficulty with

their servants, fewer marital disappointments, and less losses in financial operations." This expert says there are just five noses. The thousands of seemingly different noses are but variations upon the five following typical sorts:

1. The Roman nose. It is the executive nose and has a ridge an inch from the root. It stands for determination, and is the nose of the warrior. This hooked feature on femininity means pioneering and other strenuous endeavor.

2. The Grecian nose. This is the nose of beauty. It denotes refinement, and may stand for literary or other artistic ability. It frequently shows a splendid balance of mind.

3. The commercial nose. It is large, like the executive.

4. The baby nose. Or do you call it the snub? It is the undeveloped type, and is often found on a pretty face. There is little character (or shall one say mental strength?) behind it. Otherwise it wouldn't be of the baby type. An irregular nose denotes a nasty temper.

5. The celestial nose. It is straight and pointed, and it is called sweet; it denotes gentleness and truthfulness. It is the dependent nose, the ideal feminine type, when the head of the house is fitted with an executive nose.

Book on Happy Women.

Some day, when I have time, I am going to write a book about Happy Women. It will not be a large book, the material is too scarce. But it will be very interesting. So much has been written, you know, about Great, Famous, Talented and Good Women; but no one has ever thought it worth while to chronicle the story of the Happy Woman. And yet now that I come to think of it, I only know two such women at this time. One is feeble-minded—the gentlest, most placid and most buoyant creature you can imagine; for whom life has no sorrows; the other is living the selfless life of the true and consecrated mother. I used to know one other happy woman some years ago; but she is dead. She loved a certain kind of work—it was of a very high order. And the sternest unloveliest duty held her back from it 25 years. Then one day the barriers were rolled aside. Happiness came into her life like a flood; and she died. Perhaps, after all, it was not happiness she knew, but rapture. But I am sure there are more happy women in the world than it wots of; and when I write my book I shall seek them out. I have an idea that people will be surprised to know them. They will not want to talk of themselves, but what strange things have the matter to narrate.

And now tell me, if you were going to make this search, where would you make it?

Among the season's debutantes, those fair young creatures in whose pathway there is not a thorn?

Among the famous, whose value to the world is recognized, whose daily need is homage?

Among those who have never known the smallest physical want?

Among those who flatter themselves that they have a "mission"?

Among the very rich?

Among the very poor?

Well, you may be right. But I think that the happy woman of whom I am to write will be found among workers who love their work and do it for its own sake.

One may be found at the loom, another, perhaps, with the pen in her hand, and both consecrated to their tasks as much as though the sacred oil had touched their foreheads.

Fashion Notes.

Ribbons flutter seductively. Sandals stand for pedal comfort. There's a variety in the new veils. There are shoes to match everything.

Shaded peonies are the latest fad at the milliners'.

Gray is the most popular color for the going away gown of the bride.

Gowns of silk gauze striped with satin are often accompanied by little embroidered boleros of taffeta the color of the satin stripe.

A new plaid tie worn with a white stock has two bows, one at the neck and the second several inches below, the tie ends nearly to the waist line.

The shaped yokes and deep sleeve cuffs of the lace bodices are often made of alternating bands of valencienne lace and fine hamburg embroidery.

It is predicted that stiff turnover linen collars with wide slits, through which soft silk ties are passed will be very popular again in the fall accompanying tailored waists.

Bright colored silk jackets are a strong fancy of the season, with white cotton or linen gowns. They are accompanied by hats, parasols, girdles or sashes, and often shoes and stockings of the same color.

One of the pointed girdles is cut with a point each side of the middle front above and below the waist line, the upper two deeper than the lower two. The shape is sometimes accentuated by band trimming which edges the girle.



Stair Carpet.

If when buying a stair carpet one will remember to get half a yard more than is required to cover the stairs and fold it back at top and bottom, underneath, then when the carpet is taken up to clean just move it an inch or two either up or down, making a new place to come over the edge of the stair, they will find that the carpet will last two or three years longer.

Heating Clothes in Sickness.

A double boiler, a spirit lamp or any simple heater makes the problem an easy one without danger of scalding the hands. With hot water in the outer part of the kettle place the boiler over a low flame, wring out the cloths and place in the dry inner kettle, keeping the cover on. When the cloths are hot enough to use take one out and apply to patient, leaving the others to keep hot. In this way a constant supply can be kept without scalding the hands. If the cloths become too dry a little water can be sprinkled over them before returning them to the kettle.

Laundering Lace Handkerchiefs.

A fine lace handkerchief may be entirely ruined by being laundered in the wrong way. It requires more delicate handling and manipulation than almost any other fabric and cannot be cleaned by rubbing without utterly destroying it. Wet the handkerchief thoroughly with warm water and rub it well over with fine clean soap. Roll it up in a little ball and lay it away in an earthenware bowl part full of water to soak for a short time, say ten to twenty minutes. It is not necessary to allow them to soak for a longer time, as such articles are seldom much soiled. When this is done squeeze the suds out, rub a little more soap over them and squeeze again, but leave the clean suds in and spread the articles smoothly against a clean mirror or a window pane and they will dry adhering to the glass and when dry will be equal to new. This mode of cleansing will not injure them in the least and the most delicate laces may be treated in this way with no fear of their being a particle worn or torn in the operation.—The Epitomist.

Recipes.

Delicious Potatoes—To roast potatoes deliciously, wash and wipe them dry, wrap each separately in tissue paper and bury them in ashes that are not hot enough to burn up the paper. Cover the ashes with hot coals and cook upon they are done. Renew the coals from time to time.

Canned Pineapple—For six pounds of fruit when cut and ready to can make syrup with two and a half pounds of sugar and nearly three pints of water; boil syrup five minutes and skim or strain if necessary; then add the fruit and let it boil up; have cans hot, fill and shut up as soon as possible. Use the best white sugar. As the cans cool keep tightening them up.

Bolled Breast of Mutton—Breasts of mutton are economical if cooked in this way. Boil until the bones will slip out easily. When these are removed lay the meat flat on a board and sprinkle with chopped sage and onion mixed with a few breadcrumbs and pepper and salt. Roll it up, tie with string to keep in the stuffing, then brown in the oven, basting with drippings.

Chicken Cream Soup—An old chicken for soup is much the best. Cut it up into quarters, put it into a soup kettle with half a pound of corned ham and an onion; add four quarts of cold water. Bring slowly to a gentle boil, and keep this up till the liquid has diminished one third and the meat drops from the bones, then add half a cupful of rice. Season with salt, pepper and a bunch of chopped parsley.

Apple Custard Pie—Peel, core and stew sour apples; mash them fine and for each pie allow one pint of apple sauce, the yolk of one egg, one cup sugar, half a cup of butter and one-fourth of a nutmeg grated. Bake with only one crust, the same as pumpkin pie, and use the white of the egg as frosting to be spread on after the pie is done. Whip the white of egg to a stiff froth and beat in half a cup of sugar. After spreading on pie return to a slow oven and brown slightly.

Brussels Sprouts a Gratin—Boil until tender in salted water, drain and cut each sprout in four pieces. Cook together a tablespoon each of butter and flour and when they are smoothly blended pour upon them a scant pint of milk. After this has been stirred into a smooth sauce add the quartered sprouts, season to taste, turn all into a greased pudding dish, strew thickly with crumbs and bits of butter and bake until a light brown. Serve in the dish in which they are baked. This is especially nice for luncheon with a cold vegetable and a light meat.

Denmark holds the record among nations for thriftiness. Her inhabitants have, on an average, £10 9s apiece in the savings banks; English people have only £3 2s a head.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 27, 1906.

TRAINS LEAVE REYNOLDSVILLE:
For New Bethlehem, Red Bank, and principal intermediate stations, Oil City and Pittsburgh, 6:30 a. m., 1:20, 5:07, 7:56 (New Bethlehem only) p. m. week-days. Sundays 6:30 a. m., 4:20 p. m.
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THE LABOR WORLD.
The average pay of the 71,445 operatives in Japan's cotton mills is fourteen cents a day.
It is estimated that Chinese laborers at work in other countries send home \$50,000,000 a year.
President Gompers wants \$1 a head from the 2,000,000 members of labor organizations for a war fund.
Health Commissioner Darlington ordered a sweeping investigation of the four bakeries in New York City.
The Southern Pacific conductors and brakemen are to ask at once a wage increase and an eight-hour day.
Journemen plumbers of San Francisco recently won a strike for an increase of wages from \$5 to \$6 per day of eight hours.
Conductors and railway trainmen in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company on lines east of Fort William (Ont.) have received an increase in wages.
The President, at the instance of Secretary Taft, gave directions that officials in charge of public works are to detect and punish violations of the eight-hour labor law.
The plan for the amalgamation of the Journeymen Tailors of North America and the United Garment Workers failed of adoption on the referendum vote just taken.
A joint appeal to Russians to take part in a national strike was issued by certain Duma members, committees of Poles and Jews and sundry regularly organized revolutionary bodies.