

## A GIRL'S WAKING.

What marvel have her still eyes looked upon?  
In what new wonder hath she grown adept?  
Hath some bright miracle but lately swept  
Across the common sky? From what dim lawn  
Of fairy woodland hath she just withdrawn?  
What secret tenderness that long hath slept,  
What love unrealized, what pain unwept,  
Now stirs and dreams and trembles for the dawn?

Yea, marvel, wonder, miracle are hers,  
And hers all treasure of wild fairyland,  
And hers a new god's intimate command;  
For see! she holds, still tranced and listening,  
As listens one to unseen messengers,  
A gray old volume where dead poets sing.  
—M. Lennah, in *The Atlantic*.

## THE TALE OF THE TALE

It started on the small sofa in the alcove beside the reading lamp, and there were only two people in the room. One of them stood on the hearth rug, with his back to the fire, looking down on the other as she sat, fingering the MS. on her lap.

"Why do you want to read it?" she asked.

"Because you wrote it," he answered, with great simplicity.

She frowned. "You ought to say, it's because my other stories have been so successful, and I get such nice puffs in the papers!"

"Those reasons may suffice for the rest of the world, but they don't for me!"

"Perhaps you expect too much!" she said, and studied her MS. deeply.

"Do I?" he asked, and studied her profoundly. The clock ticked loudly and the fire crackled.

"By the way!" she remarked. "You will be the first person to read this story of mine, so that I shall be impatient for your verdict!"

"I'll read it to-night and report to-morrow," he assured her promptly.

"Does the first necessitate the second?" she asked, raising her eyebrows.

"As far as I'm concerned," he answered, lowering his, whereupon she held out her story with a heavenly smile; but he being of a grasping disposition, took first the MS. and then the hand that held it, and—oh!—well!

The clock ticked loudly and the fire crackled.

Two hours later he stood in his front hall, turning his pockets inside out by the light of the midnight oil, then he searched the front steps and examined the pavements outside, and finally patrolled a certain street to a certain house till a certain small hour of the morning, when he returned to his abode uttering unholy words.

"What are you looking for?" she demanded on entering the drawing room the next morning.

"Nothing," he answered, rising hastily from an evident inspection of the carpet. His face was pale, and his searching eye roamed uneasily over the furniture.

"I thought you might have dropped something!" she suggested casually.

"Oh, no!" he responded defiantly.

So she sat down on the sofa, her face very grave, but the corner of her mouth slightly twitching.

"Well, what do you think of it?" she inquired.

"Oh!" he said with a start. "That story of yours? It was great, really absorbing! I assure you it kept me awake until four o'clock this morning."

"And yet it is comparatively short. You must read very slowly! Do tell me what you like best about it!"

"Oh, well," he floundered; "I liked it all immensely, but what appealed to me especially was that—er—scene where the heroine—er—gets the best of it."

And paying no heed to her blank looks, he hastened on into the safe waters of abstract literary criticism, saying: "In those few passages you show a breath of view, a right appreciation of value, a sense of the tonal significance, which, if I may be permitted to say so, is quite above the average."

He felt that he was doing well, but at this point she brought him back to earth.

"Do you think," she asked him, earnest and wide eyed, "that Gregory ought to have done it?"

"Who?" he asked, staggered for a moment. "What?" And then recollecting himself—"Yes." This stoutly.

"I think Gregory was perfectly justified; I don't see how, under the circumstances, he could have done otherwise. I am quite certain that in his place I should have done just the same thing."

"What thing?" she asked, as she poked the fire with her back turned. Then, as he did not answer immediately, she said gently: "I don't think you quite understand what scene I referred to, but I'll show you in a moment, if you'll just hand me the MS."

"N—no," she admitted; "not today, but I must really dispatch it to the publishers to-morrow."

"All right," he said; "I'll call in the morning!"

"With the MS.?" she asked him smilingly.

"With the MS.!" he echoed, despairingly.

And as he went out of the house he held a brief ineffectual conversation with the butler, punctuated with a five-dollar bill, and then paced the street for many hours—a prey to thoughts of forgery and flight.

It was the next morning and he had been talking volubly and long on different subjects when she at length managed to get in a word.

"Well," she asked; "have you got it?"

"What?" he answered quickly. "The measles? No! Although you seemed to think so judging from the way in which you avoided me at the reception last night, and again at the opera afterward. You wouldn't give me so much as a bow!"

"I didn't see you," she told him.

"Where—where was I?" he interrupted to explain. "In the dress circle, on the opposite side, with my glasses leveled on your box."

"That was a waste of time," she said impatiently, "and so is this. What is the use hiding the truth any longer? Why will you not acknowledge that you've lost my MS.?"

"Because I haven't!" he answered doggedly. "No!" (As she stared at him in amazement.) "If that MS. has disappeared, vanished irreparably, you are responsible, and you alone!"

He strode to the door, then wheeling round, faced her.

"If I forgot your story," he said harshly, "it was because I was thinking of you. If I was absent minded, it was because you were present. If I—er—lost that MS., it was because, well! I suppose I know it—I had already lost my heart. That's all. Good-bye!"

And he turned to go. But she was already at his elbow, and there was something in her hand—a typewritten parcel—a MS.

"It has been a pretty bad quarter of an hour, hasn't it?" she asked him, and her eyes were twinkling—"thanks to your stories and mine. But you're not going yet?" (For he was turning the door knob.) "It isn't late, and besides—"

Here she looked at him, and—ah, well!—The clock ticked loudly and the fire crackled!—Valley Weekly.

## Odd Facts About New York.

That New York City is the metropolis of the United States and is the second largest city in the world is known to every one. But New York really is much more than that. A writer in the *Search Light* says:

Greater New York, the second city of the globe, might be called "the island city of the world," for it contains forty-five islands, as many islands as there are States in the Union.

The city pays each year to run its government about one-third as much as Uncle Sam spends to govern the nation.

New York's annual budget is greater than that of any other five American cities combined.

New York is over twice the size of the Danish West Indies and is larger than Chicago and Philadelphia combined.

The most crowded block in the city is on the west side, where over 4000 people live in less than four acres of ground.

Its population is 4,014,304, its increase in five years being a larger population than that of the city of Boston.

The Germans in New York, by birth and parentage, would make a city equal to Leipzig and Frankfurt-on-Main combined; the Austrians and Hungarians, Trieste and Fiume; the Irish, Belfast, Dublin and Cork; the Italians, Florence; the English and Scotch, Aberdeen and Oxford; the Poles, Pultava in Russia. One-seventh of the population are Jews, and they equal the population of Maine.

There are more people living in New York City than in fourteen of our States and Territories: Arizona, Delaware, Montana, Nevada, Indian Territory, Idaho, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Wyoming and Vermont.

One out of every twenty-one persons in the United States, or one member of every four families, live in New York City—the others live out of town.—Scrap Book.

## Smoke Nuisance in New York.

Electric light is a great convenience, and even a necessity, but we need not barter our glorious sunlight to obtain it. There are some nuisances entailed by modern progress which must be endured, but for the smoke nuisance there is no excuse.

Bituminous coal can be burned without this willful waste of carbon, and it is strange that those in charge of power houses and other large consumers of soft coal should not see that the prevention of smoke by suitable devices, or even by more careful stoking, would effect a very appreciable economy in fuel. They should be made to see it. One by one the great cities of the East are being devoured by the black smoke beast—even tidy Philadelphia is becoming grimy and soot-soiled—and if New York is to be saved speedily and energetically action must be taken by the health commissioner. We have gone back to dirty streets, but let us at least keep the air clean.—From the *Medical Record*.

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## THE NATIONAL GAME.

Milwaukee, Toledo, Minneapolis and Louisville are making a hard fight.

Fred. Abbott, the Toledo backstop, will be back in one of the big leagues in 1907.

The percentages indicate the American League to be much more evenly balanced than the National.

Young Barbeau is playing a fine third base for Cleveland, but he isn't a Bradley—yet.

The attendance at the Chicago National grounds has beaten by far all records for that city.

"Doc" Casey is not hitting in his old-time form. The little third baseman is also throwing poorly.

There hasn't been anything the matter with Cy Seymour's batting since he joined the New Yorks.

The Cincinnati Club has purchased for September delivery the young star St. Paul pitcher, Charles Pruit.

Sparks and Eason are both pitching good ball this season. Both are discards, one from each Boston club.

Pitcher Beebe, of the Cardinals, has equalled the strike-out record—thirteen—set by Rube Waddell this year.

An expert dopster has figured that \$4,000,000 is spent every season by professional clubs playing the National game.

In Billy Hamilton and Jesse Burkett the New England League has two former champion batters of the National League.

Wrigley's daily work around Columbus' second base is so corking good that all other A. second basemen are forced to suffer by comparison.

The substitution of Strang for Gilbert at second base on the New York Nationals was no surprise, although just before the shift Gilbert's fielding showed marked improvement.

From the blue grass of Kentucky to the Canada line there is not a man with a spark of liking for horses in his soul who will not sympathize with Mr. Keene over Sysonby's death. He was an alien, to be sure, but what boots it where a good man or a good horse was bred? While the line from which he sprang was English, he was suckled by his English dam in Kentucky, says the *New York Sun*. If Mr. Keene so decides, hippophyllists will applaud the feeling that may lead him to give Sysonby a final resting place in the Blue Grass country, where he was born.

An inspector of London police, who had had an opportunity to note the behavior of the 600 Japanese sailors during the time they were being entertained in the metropolis recently on their way to take over two new Japanese cruisers, was asked his opinion of them. "Little gentlemen, every one," he replied.

## THE LABOR WORLD.

The elevator men in New York are forming a union.

The strike in the Russian naphtha industry is spreading.

San Francisco, Cal., is to have a building trades temple.

The cutlery forces of Southbridge, Mass., formed a union recently.

Garment workers, the majority Italians, are on strike at Utica, N. Y.

The Quarry Workers' Journal reports trade as good with a scarcity of help.

The matter with Kansas this year is scarcity of labor in the harvest fields.

It is said that Manitoba will require 50,000 men to harvest its crop this season.

Employment in the British engineering trades generally continues to improve, and is much better than a year ago.

No less than 8246 artisans and laborers were employed on New Zealand co-operative works—railway and road making.

Alien tailors in thousands have gone on strike against the sweating they are being subjected to in London, England.

Twenty-six thousand miners at Abertillery, Wales, struck, owing to the employment of non-unionist workmen in the mines.

Announcements of wage increases ranging from two to seven per cent. to cotton mill operatives were made in nearly every New England State.

Keir Hardie, the English labor leader, is organizing an Agricultural Labor League on the lines of the National Agricultural Union founded by Joseph Arch in 1872.

The Boston Newsboys, a protective union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, has voted to send one of its members to Harvard University in the fall.

REQUISITES FOR CLEANING. When the inevitable washing day comes round see that the necessary materials and utensils are at hand. If the soap, soda, blue or washing powders are out of reach much valuable time will be lost. Arrange the clothes for soaking the day before, says the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

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TRAINS LEAVE REYNOLDSVILLE: For New Bethlehem, Red Bank, and principal intermediate stations, Oil City and Pittsburg, 6:30, 8:08 a. m., 1:29, 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., 12:53, 6:35 p. m. week-days. Sundays 12:53 p. m. For DuBois only 11:52 a. m. week-days, 9:15 p. m. daily.

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## HOW TO MAKE TEA.

The correct way of making tea, according to a tea taster, is to extract as much of the theine from the leaf as possible and as little of the astringent matter. This presents a difficult problem, for when boiling water is poured on tea leaves it becomes tinged with astringent matter long before the whole of the theine is extracted.

By powdering the leaves the theine is made more accessible. The traveler who discovered this invented a special teapot which allowed the water, after infusing the powdered leaves, to pass into the well of the pot, leaving the leaves high and dry.

He found, to his satisfaction, that three-quarters of a pound of tea as treated would go as far as a pound infused in the ordinary way.

Representative J. Adam Bede's suggestion that Texas should be divided into five States is described as "novel." In fact, says the *New York Tribune*, it is as old as the State of Texas itself, and older.

The original design of the Texas annexationists, in the days of "Old Hickory," was to make five States of it, so as to balance the five free States at the North, which they then saw impending.

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