

TRUE RICHES.

A sky that bends above you
With bright stars shining true;
A tender heart to love you,
And who's as rich as you.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Frasquita's Lottery Ticket

Though It Was Never Bought,
It Served Its Purpose.

Caramba! Our good friend Jose Bomba was of sanguine temperament. Although he had never bought a lottery ticket in his life he was nevertheless firm in his belief that some day he would win the capital prize in the States Lottery. He had the faculty of always looking at the bright side of things, and his cheerfulness never left him. His vocation was that of barber in the employ of Don Simon Pesetero in the town of Talavera. When there was a lull between the arrival of customers he would sit in a corner and build castles in Spain, imagining himself the possessor of untold wealth. He made no effort to acquire these since he felt convinced that he and his beloved Frasquita would live to see his dreams realized.

So far neither he nor Frasquita looked as if they were on the high road to wealth; at least there seemed to be no sign of a foundation for such having been laid. Both worked for Don Simon, the greatest miser who ever walked this earth; and while Jose assisted in tooth pulling and accompanied his master when he went to cup his patients, Frasquita would lather chins and use curling irons on gay young swells. Each received a yearly wage of 300 francs, besides free board and lodging; "board" meaning a piece of bread, two sardines, and six tomatoes, and the privilege of drinking as much water as they had a mind to.

Jose did not even lose his good humor when he bade good-bye to Frasquita, knowing that his military service would last four years, and while her tears flowed copiously he tried to console her with maxims of his philosophy "Don't worry, darling. No matter what happens, I am convinced that some day you and I shall be happy and rich. To be sure, I don't know as yet how it is all to come about, but that's no matter. Don't fret, let fate take its course. Up there in heaven there surely sits one more powerful than we are. Why then make trouble and sorrow for ourselves? Should our efforts be in accord with His intentions, then our little help might hasten success; on the other hand, should they be in opposition to His plans you may be sure we gain nothing. Be brave; have confidence, and leave everything to Him above." Still smiling he pressed her closer to his heart, then with a short farewell he left her to join his regiment.

Jose's parting words left a deep impression on Frasquita's heart and mind; and surely she stood in need of support, for the old miser seemed to make it the great business of his life to render existence unbearable for her. He was too close to get a substitute for Jose, and insisted that Frasquita pull teeth and cup patients; but she proved such a failure at this that he was obliged to do the work himself lest he lose some of his customers. He revenged himself by abusing her, calling her vile names, and berating her incompetence. She listened patiently, but as soon as his back was turned she expressed her regard for what he had said by pulling the lobes of her little pink ears, which to a Spaniard means defiance.

As weeks and months passed in their deadly monotony Frasquita almost lost heart. Then one fine morning she came hurriedly into the shop and asked Don Simon to advance her twenty francs on her wages. "Twenty francs, Senor, if you please; I need them, indeed."

"Twenty francs, you trifling spendthrift! And for what object do you ask such a sum?"

"For—because I had a dream, Senor."

"A dream? What on earth has a dream to do with a twenty-franc gold piece?"

"I will tell you, Senor. I dreamt that at the next drawing, which comes off in Mardi Gras (or Carnival), No. 5555 will win the capital prize, and I want twenty francs to buy the ticket."

The old rascal shrugged his shoulders, but as he owed her half a year's wages, he handed her the money, growling and muttering the while. Overjoyed, as if she had the 200,000 francs already in her pocket, Frasquita ran out of the room.

Mardi Gras was a holiday. She was determined to enjoy it to its fullest extent; she whirled around while dancing the tarentella like a top, ate crullers and roasted chestnuts to her heart's content, and finally made a votive offering to St. Roch, the patron saint of the village, by burning three candles on his shrine; for was he not watching over her beloved Jose, in order to bring him safely home?

Three years had passed, and Jose was still serving his country at the northern frontier. At this time a rumor became current in Talavera that Don Simon had lost his mind—a rumor without foundation, as we shall presently see.

knowledge by subscribing to a Madrid paper, and by the light of a sputtering oil lamp and accompanied by the twang of the guitar, he would read the news of the day to his eager listeners. One evening, while thus engaged, leaning back in his oily armchair, he suddenly came to a halt and turned pale.

"He! What ails you, Simon? What has happened?" the men cried out simultaneously.

Simon recovered his self-possession in an instant. "Nothing, nothing at all," he answered. "I got a bit dizzy. At any rate I find nothing more of interest in the papers." He rose, stretched his arms and yawned. Frasquita was standing on the front stoop getting a breath of fresh air. Don Simon stepped up to her and in an almost affectionate tone said: "My dear child, you should go inside; it is too cool out here and you might catch cold."

The bystanders looked aghast; never before was Don Simon known to speak in such terms to an inferior. Frasquita was so frightened she thought she was having a fit of apoplexy. She hurried to her room, but ere she could open the door he had caught up with her. "I have also thought over the matter of your getting up so early in the morning; hereafter you need not be at the shop before 6; young people at your age need sleep." He re-entered the shop and began to fold the newspaper carefully. This was a sign that he now wished to be alone. As they went out they cast significant glances at each other, as if saying: "We are right; he is crazy." Had they seen him a few minutes later as he stepped under the light and unfolded the paper they would have been more than ever convinced that they were right in their suspicions.

"No," he muttered; "it is no error. No. 5555 has won, and Frasquita is now in possession of 200,000 francs. Who would have thought of such a thing?" He walked the room in great agitation, his mind busily at work hatching out a way by which he could get at that fortune.

On entering the shop the following morning he found Frasquita at work polishing the razors. His face was wreathed in smiles. "My dear child," he began, "sit down by me and let us have a chat. Six years have you worked for me faithfully. During that time I may, now and then, have seemed a bit strict and exacting, but this was done intentionally; I wished to put you on probation. But this is over now."

"It lasted a pretty long time," interrupted Frasquita. "That may be, but since it is past and gone we will no longer talk about it. You see, my dear, during these six years I have had ample opportunities to study your many good qualities. You are young while I count 65; but I am still hale, hearty, and am worth 80,000 francs, safely invested, besides a business which, as you know, is well patronized. In other words, I want to marry you."

Frasquita felt the earth give way under her at this unexpected proposal. To be sure, 80,000 francs seemed a fabulous sum; still there was Jose, who would soon come back. "Will you allow me one week to consider the matter?"

"A whole week? Very well, I consent, but only under one condition, and that is that you speak to no one during that time. I fear outside influence. I would have you consent of your own free will."

She kept her promise and spoke to no one, but since writing to any one was not included in the agreement, she forthwith dispatched a letter to Jose, which brought the characteristic response: "Leave everything to fate." This she did, and said "Yes," and the wedding followed in a few days. Don Simon insisted on a contract being drawn up by which each made the other sole heir of their respective fortunes. After this transaction Frasquita was fully convinced that she was marrying a lunatic. She smilingly signed the document, and Don Simon affixed his signature. That night, after the wedding guests had departed, Don Simon asked in a sort of careless way:

"Did you not buy a lottery ticket some time ago, a No. 5555? What did you do with it?"

"What did I do with it?" she repeated. "Why, I did nothing with it. I didn't buy it, and, what is more, I never had any intention of buying one. It was only a ruse to get the 20 francs out of you, so I could enjoy the Carnival."

"What! You mean to say you didn't buy the ticket? Thief! Swindler! Liar!"

Don Simon stormed and raged and cursed until he fell in a fit. Being the only barber in Talavera there was no one to come to his assistance with cupping glasses and he soon expired. Jose was duly informed of Don Simon's demise, and returned to Talavera after Frasquita had put aside her mourning. His abiding faith in Providence had been rewarded, and, with his customary calm and philosophy, he took possession of Don Simon's wife, business and fortune.—Translated from the German, in the New York Evening Post.

About Money.
"Dar ain't no use," said Brother Williams, "ter try ter git money w'en you ain't at de gittin' place; en de trouble is, de jingle of it is so confusin', it's lak' de rattle of a rattlesnake—you dunno whar, en what time, ter jump. It's trouble ter git money en trouble ter keep it; dey despise you if you ain't got it, en if you has, dey'll despise you if you don't give it away!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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NEWSY GLEANINGS.

Long Island is being disturbed by bandits in automobiles.

Ruin of the Cuban tobacco crops is predicted as a result of the insurance.

The immigration inquiry board decided to admit forty Russian Jew orphans.

At Sydney, New South Wales, the legislative assembly passed the free education bill.

It is reported that the Standard Oil Company has offered to buy the country's leading distilleries.

A girl dropped a bomb fifty yards from the palace of General Kaulbars, St. Petersburg. She lost a hand.

Marquis It said that he and the Japanese Emperor were in favor of granting independence to Korea.

The Russian Emperor has issued a ukase providing for the sale of Crown appanage lands to peasants.

A crematory for disposing of the bodies of the pauper dead in the District of Columbia is to be constructed in Washington.

President Roosevelt in a letter pleading for the election of a Republican House took a strong "Stand-pat" position on the tariff.

The Japanese Government advised the State Department at Washington that the port of Dalny (now called Tairen) would be opened, duty free.

The Chilean Government made out a project for the rebuilding of Valparaiso; scarcity of money prevented general opening of business.

Ten indictments were found against the Standard Oil Company by Federal Grand Jurors in Illinois, charging the acceptance of railroad rebates.

A committee has been appointed at Pekin to discuss the report of the commissioners who recently went abroad to study forms of constitutional government.

SECRET OF BOILING WATER.

To boil a thing well it is not necessary to boil it hard, says Farming. To average kitchen Mary thinks that the more commotion in the water the hotter it is, and in order to produce this she burns a great deal of fuel and ruins the stove by keeping it red hot. Water placed in a steppan directly over a red hot lid will, of course, boil more vehemently, yet it will not cook meat or potatoes any quicker, and not so well as water that just keeps at the boiling point and quietly simmers.

COUNTRY CONFIDENCES.

"Do you prefer city life?" asked the Dandelion, politely.
"Well, I am down on the farm," replied the Thistle.—Baltimore American.

The longest fence in the world, it is thought, is one of wire netting in Australia, 1,236 miles long. Its object is to keep rabbits from the cultivated fields.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Ray Ewry, of the New York A. C., made a new world's record at the standing broad jump.

Sweet Marie won the free-for-all race at Poughkeepsis, trotting in 2:04 1/2, the fastest time made this year.

Jimmy Britt has refused the offer of the Everett A. C. of Washington for \$3000 to meet Louie Long in a twenty-round bout.

Estatic, owned by F. T. Holder, of Yonkers, paced a mile in 2:04 1/2 in winning a race at the Buffalo Grand Circuit meeting.

The Elmira won the Astor prize for schooners and the Humma the Astor prize for sloops in the N. Y. Y. C.'s race of Newport.

Sir Thomas Lipton intimates that he would again challenge for the America's cup if he were sure his challenge would be accepted.

English railroads were almost overwhelmed by the rush of sportsmen to the north for the grouse shooting on English and Scottish moors.

C. M. Daniels won the quarter-mile Metropolitan A.A.U. swimming championship at Travers Island, and broke the American record across tidal salt water by seven seconds.

An English aeronaut, the Hon. Charles Rolles, interviewed in his balloon, 4000 feet in the air, by a reporter, declares the new sport will soon rival automobilism in popularity.

G. Clifford Howard, of Washington, D. C., a schoolboy in his sixteenth year, won the national championship at roque at Norwich, Conn., by defeating Harold Bosworth, of New London, in the game to break a tie.

John J. Flanagan and Martin Sheridan made new world's records for the fifty-six pound weight and discus throws at Celtic Park.

There could be no greater mistake than for Moslems to infer from Emperor William's refusal to be left out of the plan arranged by France and England for the disposal of Morocco that he would afford support, direct or indirect, to outbreaks against Christians in Algeria and Egypt. All that France and England would need to do to secure his zealous co-operation in resistance to a Jihad, assert Harper's Weekly, would be to concede to him ascendancy in the Euphrates Valley, the exploitation of which is already contemplated by a German railway company. A Moslem Holy War in the twentieth century would be a glaring anachronism, which might cause much bloodshed for a while, but which, in the end, would bring the authors and abettors of it to destruction.

Love may be blind, but the way in which the little god walks straight up to a big fortune, observe the New York Herald, indicates that he has the gift of second sight.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 27, 1906.
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., 4:30 p. m.
For Dulois, Driftwood, and principal intermediate stations, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, 6:35 a. m., 12:53 4:23 p. m. week-days. Sundays 12:50 p. m.
For Dulois only 11:42 a. m. week-days, 9:50 p. m. daily.
W. W. AYRENTZ, J. R. WOOD,
Gen. Manager. Passenger Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
General Passenger Agent.

CANNING WITHOUT COOKING.
It is claimed that rhubarb, gooseberries and several other kinds of tart fruits may be readily kept by canning them in cold water. Fill the sterilized jars with the fruit, pressing down in well, then set under a spout of running water, letting the water fill in until every air-bubble is expelled, then seal perfectly air-tight, as in other canning. Rhubarb may be put into a wooden or earthenware vessel and mashed with a pestle, and canned in its own juice, being sure to press the solid parts well about the liquid. Have the can absolutely full, so there will be no air-bubbles, and then can as you would in other methods. Sour fruits, such as gooseberries and rhubarb, keep better in glass, but they, as all other fruits, must have the light excluded by wrapping the jar, or setting in a very dark place. Many women work very hard to put up fruits and vegetables, and lose their work as well as their fruit by not giving strict attention to these details.—The Commoner.

HER WIDE EXPERIENCE.
Dottie—I wonder if a blonde is more attractive to men than a brunette?
Lottie—Ask Tottie; she's been both.—Cleveland Leader.

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