

## HINDOO ACROBATS.

**They Perform Wonderful Feats of Balancing and Juggling.**

There is always an abundant supply of stories of the expertness of Hindoo jugglers and acrobats. One who moves about perched upon a single long stick is remarkably clever. This performer is mounted on a bamboo pole about fifteen feet high, the top of which is tied to a giraffe around his waist. A small cushion is fastened a few feet down the pole, which acts as a leg rest. The acrobat hops around a large space in the liveliest way, uttering cheerful shouts and accompanied by the tapping of a curious drum. He also executes a sort of dance and goes through a little pantomime. It is a marvelous feat of equilibrium. To walk on a pair of stilts as high as this would be a performance worthy of comment, but to hop around on one is quite another thing.

The same man can do many other wonderful things. He appears absolutely perfect in the art of balancing. He can balance a very light stick on his nose and a heavy one on his chin and then throw the heavy one into the air and catch it on the end of the light one. When balancing these two sticks, end on end, he will make one revolve in one direction and the other the reverse. He puts one hand on a flat, circular stone, throws his feet up into the air and balances a stick on each of them. At the same time he revolves rapidly on the pivot formed by his arm and the stone.

## THE MAHOGANY TREE.

**It Frequently Springs From the Crevices of Great Rocks.**

The tree which produces that beautiful and well known wood, mahogany, is one of the most elegant, if not the largest, of the country in which it is found and frequently grows in the crevices of rocks. The appearance of so large a vegetable production in such a situation is extremely curious and picturesque and is to be accounted for from the construction of the seed, which is like that of the thistle, winged, or capable of being borne along by the action of the air and in that manner deposited in holes and fissures in the rocks, where it speedily vegetates and springs up. As long as the plant remains young the place in which it is found is sufficiently large for its growth, but as it increases in size the roots gradually but irresistibly force asunder the walls of their rocky prisons and throw off large portions of stone.

It is not always, however, found in these situations, the largest timber being produced in some of the flat and marshy spots on the coast of America. Such is the Honduras mahogany, which is much looser in texture and of less value than that from the mountainous districts of Cuba and Haiti. This last kind is known in commerce as Spanish mahogany and is chiefly purchased for the purpose of being cut into veneers. —New York Herald.

## A WONDERFUL ANIMAL.

**Ability, Resources and Drawbacks of the Arkansas Razorback.**

A man who had watched the affair and claimed to know about hogs, razorbacks in particular, gave the following dissertation: "Arkansas has a greater variety of hogs and less pork and lard than any state in the Union. An average hog in Arkansas weighs about fourteen pounds when dressed with its head on and about six pounds and a half with its head off. It can outrun a greyhound, jump a rail fence, climb like a parrot and live on grass, roots and rabbit tracks. It hasn't much tail or bristle, but plenty of gall. It will lick a wolf or a bear in a fair fight. It is so called razorback because it is shaped like a sunfish. In hunting razorbacks they are always shot at sideways, for there is not a ghost of a show to hit them otherwise any more than to shoot at a split shingle. It can drink milk out of a quart jar on account of its long, thin head. This type of razorback is known as the stone hog because its head is so heavy and its nose so long that it balances up behind. The owner of this type of hogs usually ties a stone to its tail to keep it from overbalancing and breaking its neck while running. If the stone is too heavy it will pull the skin over its eyes, and it will go blind." —Mineral Wells Index.

## Morton's Memory.

An Englishman named Morton could repeat from memory any discourse he had once listened to, while Schenkel, the inventor of one of the "Arts of Memory," could repeat 300 arbitrarily connected words and over 200 sentences, all in the exact order in which he had heard them. A Sussex man named William Wolton had a marvelous memory. When a child he could remember almost any sermon he heard and once repeated to the bishop his sermon word for word. He took his B. A. at Cambridge when only twelve years and five months old. —London Graphic.

## His Long Penalty.

Jack—I knew a man who stole a kiss from a pretty girl. He paid the penalty for larceny. Katharine—Ah, indeed! And what was the penalty? —Jack—Hard labor for life. He married the girl. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

## The Workers.

"There's a colored man and his wife at the door looking for work."  
"But I only advertised for a laundress."  
"Yes, they are her." —Philadelphia Press.

Imagination is not thought, neither is fancy reflection. Thought paces like a hoary sage, but imagination bath wings as an eagle. —Tupper.

## EQUIVOCATION.

**The Amentities of Life and the Gentle Art of Lying.**

Very few of us, indeed, are exempt from the charge of direct lying. Not to mention the strategic lies told to enemies in time of war, to criminals, to sick persons and lunatics, as to which pages upon pages of casuistry appear in the older works on moral science, there are what may be termed the lies lubricant, wrung from us by etiquette and good breeding. If the amenities of life were not preserved through the gentle art of lying society could scarcely continue as a happy family; we should all have to live in separate cages. The best of us will tell direct lies on trivialities where politeness is imperative. Wherever practicable, however, the spirit of advocacy prevails. We say whatever we can truthfully, and tactfully pause while the hearer's self love and imagination fill out a generally agreeable impression. Family relationships, even more markedly than business or social relations, exemplify the universal attitude of advocacy. Mr. Roundabout says: "Go to Brown's house and tell Mrs. Brown and the young ladies what you think of him and see what a welcome you will get. In like manner, let him come to your house and tell your good lady his candid opinion of you and see how she will receive him." No one save an unspeakable cad would speak slightly of a husband to his wife; no one save an unspeakable cad would tolerate slighting language in his presence concerning his wife. Such is the conventional law as to spouses, parents, children, blood relations in general, even intimate friends. —Wilbur Larremore in Atlantic.

## JACKSON NOT POOR.

**The Great Statesman Had Very Many Early Advantages.**

Verily we must abandon the belief that Andrew Jackson belonged to the class of American youths who rode to fame and fortune by their own efforts, unaided by the help of family and friends. Never did he taste the bitter cup of physical want, of hunger and cold, of helpless, spirit-breaking poverty. Never was he without home and loyal friends and a sufficiency of the comforts of life. Never was it his lot to suffer that humiliation, that mortification, that inward bleeding wound which the proud nature writhes under when there is no money in the pocket, no change of clothing for the body, no welcome light in any window in all the world as the harassed day draws to its end and the wretched night comes on.

Poverty! Why, Andrew Jackson never in his whole life had a genuine taste of what the cruel word really means.

Few men have been more greatly indebted to the intelligent affection of a self-sacrificing mother. Few sons of poor parents have had such advantages as were his lot, and few lads of poor parents did such a scanty amount of manual labor. Compared to the rugged, self-taught youth of Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Sam Houston, Francis Marion and Nathaniel Greene, the boyhood of Andrew Jackson almost assumes the appearance of having been cast upon "flowery beds of ease." —Watson's Magazine.

## Rapid Growing Fungus.

In "Recollections of a Happy Life" Miss North describes many of her young enthusiasms and among others that of collecting and painting English fungi. On one outing, she says, I came upon a fungus about the size of a large turkey's egg. Eager to see it develop, I took it up carefully and carried it home. I put it under a tumbler on the window sill of my bedroom at night. At daylight I was awakened by a horrible crash of splintering glass. Behold the tumbler had fallen to the floor and broken to bits. The fungus was standing five inches tall, having hatched itself free from its restraining egg-like shell and in growing had raised the tumbler and tilted it sideways until it fell over and to the floor. The fungus had a horrible smell, and soon a swarm of flies were hovering over it.

## Not a Final Settlement.

The person who settles a matter and settles it wrong is in the position of a man who has got rid of the skunk under his porch by driving the innocent little animal under the barn. Then every wandering boy who knows the facts comes along and works for hours with a pole trying to goad the animal. Whether he succeeds or not, the attempt is ruinous to the brand of atmosphere used in the neighborhood. —Minneapolis Journal.

## Striking.

"Auntie," said Polly, ruefully rubbing her forehead, "that big photograph of you is a striking likeness, isn't it?"

"Do you think so, dearie?"

"Yes," said Polly. "It just fell off the mantelpiece and hit me on the forehead."

## Good Substitute.

"George," she said, after she had accepted him, "tell me, am I your first and only love?"

"Why—er—no, dear," replied the drug clerk dreamily, "but you are something just as good." —Exchange.

## Pessimistic.

"I never knew such a pessimist as that fellow Jenkins."  
"Yes, I actually believe his idea of heaven is a place that is paved with gold bricks." —Puck.

Beauty is a short lived tyranny. —Soerates.

## LABRADOR.

**Its Fascinating Procession of Colossal, Fantastic Icebergs.**

It is the icebergs that make Labrador fascinating. They greet you when you steam out of the strait of Belle Isle, the northern gateway of the gulf of St. Lawrence, and head northward up the coast of Labrador. They come floating from the north, an endless procession, all shapes, fantastic, colossal, statuesque, even grotesque—a magnificent assemblage of crystal domes and turrets and marble fortresses. Your steamer picks its way carefully among them lest they be jealous of her intrusion and fall over upon her. And in the midst of this glorious company you come to Battle Harbor.

The settlement is on an island perhaps 200 yards in diameter, which is the outpost of a larger island, and plows the waves of the ocean like the prow of some gigantic ocean liner. In storms the spray leaps almost across its jelly surface. A cove hides behind the bluff sea wall, and on its rim nestles a tiny village of whitewashed cottages. You climb the hill to the look-out. Away to the north and south spreads out the vast procession of the icebergs. They come out of the north, the fog surrounding their tops and streaming like smoke from their pinnacles. They move slowly southward, perhaps three or four miles a day. Some go directly south down the Newfoundland coast, some turn west as they approach the strait and are swept by the tide into the gulf of St. Lawrence.

Day by day from the hilltop you note their slow progress. Each day sees new forms emerging on the northern horizon, while old, familiar bulks are lost to view in the south. Each month's icebergs are natives of a more northern region. Hence the bergs of the late summer, though fewer in number, are individually larger than those of the earlier part of the season, because they have been longer in the making, coming from farther north.

June's icebergs are Labrador's own product and have broken off from the ice field that has filled the bays and extended far into the ocean in the previous winter. July's bergs come from Baffin Land, while the huge bulks of August are natives of Kane bay and the far northern rim of Greenland, where man has never been. —W. B. Conant in Boston Transcript.

## DOG DON'TS.

Don't take the dog calling on a friend who owns a cat.

Don't make his life a miserable burden by taking him shopping.

Don't permit him to jump on a caller, wiping his dirty paws over her best gown.

Don't take him calling at all, to have him run around a friend's house chewing up rubbers, etc.

Don't permit him to salute you with his tongue and then say rapturously, "See how he k. sees me."

Don't let him hop up on the chairs, so that the next person who sits there will acquire a coat of dog hairs.

Don't tie him up and go off for the day in order that he may make the neighbors miserable with his howling.

Don't expect outsiders to have the same admiration for him and accord him the same indulgent treatment you do. —Exchange.

## Beyond.

In the staging of one of his earlier plays Joseph Jefferson, accompanied by a friend, attended a rehearsal, at which a lively disagreement arose between two of the actresses as to the possession of the center of the stage during a certain scene. While the manager poured oil upon the troubled waters Jefferson sat carelessly swinging his feet from the rail of an adjoining box. The friend could stand it no longer.

"Good gracious, Jefferson," he exclaimed, "this will ruin your play. Why don't you settle matters? You could if you only would!"

Jefferson shook his head gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye. "No, George," he replied, "the Lord only made one man who could ever manage the sun and moon, and you remember even he let the stars alone." —Harper's Weekly.

## One Cause of Eye Disease.

A Scotch surgeon recently called attention to the connection between an uncared for mouth with carious teeth and a form of eye disease. He described three cases, in each of which the teeth were in very bad condition. The gums were soft and spongy, bleeding easily, while tiny drops of pus could be pressed out from their margins. The breath had a sour smell, and the complexion was of a muddy, sallow tint. In caring for these cases the first step was to purify the mouth and put the teeth into good condition. Such procedure, together with suitable tonics and local eye treatment, brought about a perfect recovery. This is only one example of the serious nature of dental diseases.

## Iron.

In an article on prehistoric iron the Industrial World states that during Roman occupation, from the middle of the first century to 411, England had a commercial iron industry, which has been continuous to the present time. The Swedish industry has been continuous from the thirteenth century or earlier. In the American colonies the first successful attempt at iron making was at Lynn, Mass., in 1645.

## A Hard Slap.

"Very well, sir," cried Dr. Kwack after his quarrel with the undertaker, "I'll make you sorry for this."  
"What are you going to do?" sneered the undertaker. "Retire from practice?" —Philadelphia Press.

## EXPOSITION CLOSES OCT. 20

**DAMROSCH AND HIS PEERLESS ORCHESTRA NOW AT PITTSBURG'S BIG SHOW.**

With the approach of the cool weather comes the close of the Exposition, but two weeks more after this remaining of the most glorious of all seasons at the Point show. Ellery and his famous band from the West are attracting thousands of music lovers to music hall this week, while Walter Damrosch and the famous New York Symphony orchestra will have the honor of bringing the 1906 season to an end on Saturday night, October 20. Damrosch opened the season last year and the most auspicious of circumstances, and to him is accorded the honor of bringing the successful season to an end this year. The mention of the name Walter Damrosch is to immediately revert to all that is good to hear from a musical standpoint. It is almost a waste of space to try to tell the superiority of the New York Symphony orchestra; nor would a season be complete at the Exposition without the appearance of the famed conductor. Damrosch comes to the Exposition next Monday afternoon and will remain there for two weeks, giving concerts afternoons and evenings.

Concert-givers and visitors to the Exposition this year are a unit in their appreciation of its many and beautiful attractions, and it is not denied that the show is far better this year than ever before. It has cost thousands and thousands of dollars to secure this moment, but the management, as the season wanes, feels well repaid for the vast expenditure. The music for the season will have cost over \$35,000, while the other attractions figure away up into the hundred thousands. One of the biggest of these, both in point of size and expense, is the famous wild animal show, a stupendous collection of animals brought to America from the Eastern jungles for exhibition purposes. The British animals, as every one knows, are the best trained, yet the most ferocious in the world. And the animals which he has sent to the Exposition are no exception. An immense steel cage, covering the entire stage of the Hippodrome, is the show place for the animals. During the afternoon and evening continuous performances are given in this arena by a dozen of the bravest and most daring of men and woman trainers, who have subjugated ponderous elephants, ferocious lions, savage leopards, wild horses and in fact all manner of animals from the African wilds. These trainers enter the cages of these huge beasts with but a whip for their protection. Instantly the beasts start for them. Quick as a flash, with the crack of a whip, the animals are cowed into submission by the magnetic and powerful gaze or by the lash of the whip. Yet should one of the trainers dare to turn his back for an instant, the savage beasts would be upon him and death would be his. Pittsburgh has marveled at the daring of these trainers and the ferociousness of the animals. Imagine huge elephants playing a game of ten-pin or conducting a well-trained orchestra. These are but a few of the amazing stunts the animals go through.

During the entire season the management has but one purpose to make. It was announced several weeks ago that Roy Knabenshue and his airship would be at the Exposition for one week and make daily ascensions. Mr. Knabenshue appeared at the Exposition, but the day before he was scheduled to make his ascension he found that the space from whence the flights were to be made was entirely too small, and the much-talked-of ascension had to be called off. The Pittsburgh Exposition never advertises anything but what it intends to do and feels called upon to make an explanation of the failure of Knabenshue to rub his flat.

The Destruction of San Francisco, a replica of the awful disaster on the Pacific coast in April, will be seen but two weeks more in Pittsburgh, and to those who have not seen the reproduction a trip will suffice. The reproduction is one of the most marvelous exhibitions ever given at the Exposition. To while away a day or an evening there are also the ponies, merry-go-round, the Tilt-A-Whirl, New York, the Southern Railway Exhibit, the United States Weather Bureau Exhibit and innumerable other attractions.

The big excursion days at the Exposition are Thursdays and Saturdays. The railroads entering Pittsburgh grant half fares those days.

## Chile and Andes.

Two ways, Chile and Andes, is the name of our South American neighbor written. Chile is the Spanish and Chilian form. The name is commonly explained as an old Peruvian word for snow, the allusion being to the Andes. But "Chill" has also been identified as a native South American word, "chill," meaning cold, which would make it really the "chilly" country. As to the meaning of "Andes," there is plenty of choice. The word has been variously interpreted as signifying the haunt of the tapir, the region of copper, the home of the Anti tribe and the site of the "Andenes," Spanish gardens on the mountain terraces.

## Necessarily.

Dinglebats—The oculist charged you \$5 for taking a grain of sand out of your eye? That's pretty steep, isn't it? Hingsley—I thought so till I looked over his bill. It was for "removing foreign substances from the gornica," and, of course, that costs more. —Chicago Tribune.

## Would Please Dick.

Mrs. Henpeck—If you marry Dick, you need never expect me to come to see you. Daughter—Just say that into the gramophone, won't you, please? Mrs. Henpeck—What for? Daughter—I want to give it to Dick as a wedding present.

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