

STUDYING TYPES

By EDITH M. DOANE

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Everybody in Windsor Falls was "hayin' it."

And because the sun is a fickle mistress, first brooding over the hayfields in a glory of caressing splendor, then capriciously hiding herself behind the heavy clouds of a sudden shower, and also because it is well known that "hayin' weather" waits for no man, the farmers toiled in the hayfields early and late, pressing their families into service and laying eager hands on all the outside laborers they could find.

It was at this time that Jim Holden floated into town from no one knew where and hired out by the day. He was tall and lank and "the goldenst worker I ever see," drawled Hiram Sears admiringly as he stopped for a moment's rest in the shade of a spreading oak.

Miss Levering, "the Searses' summer boarder," slowly lifted her eyes from her book and glanced lazily over the hayfield to where a long, lean figure skillfully pitched masses of fragrant hay on to a waiting wagon. She nodded indifferently and went back to her reading. When she looked up again the wagon had disappeared in the direction of the big red barn, and the tall, tireless figure, oblivious of her presence, industriously tossed the remaining hay as he advanced steadily in her direction.

So far the summer had been a disappointment to Miss Levering. She had come to the little New England village fresh from college and with the most ardent intentions of studying nature and the natives—real human people, not mere society mannikins—at first hand. Incidentally she proposed to introduce hitherto unknown breadth and beauty into their starved lives. To a moneyed and spoiled young woman defeat comes hard, and Miss Levering did not yet admit that the "types" had proved flatly tiresome and seemed per-



"THANK YOU, MISS," HE SAID RESPECTFULLY.

fectly satisfied with their lives as they were.

"Ah!" she said softly as the tall figure loomed nearer. What possibilities might lurk under that wiry exterior! She leaned forward.

"I beg your pardon, my good man," she called in clear, penetrating tones, "but it must be very warm in the sun. Wouldn't you like to rest awhile in the shade?" Then, dismayed by her own hardness, Miss Levering blushed.

The man gasped and dropped his fork. For a second he stared blankly at the vision under the oak tree, a faint vision in cool muslin, all rose bloom on a creamy ground. Then he hastily pulled his hat from his head and approached her, eying her with an expression between admiration and apprehension as the meaning of her words filtered through his brain.

"Thank you, miss," he said respectfully, dropping in a warm, disjointed heap under the spreading branches. There was a twinkle in his eyes at variance with the gravity of his long, thin face. It was not customary for the young ladies of Windsor Falls to address the help as "my good man."

Miss Levering felt distinctly cheerful. "Hayin' is hard work," she began sympathetically.

"It is," he admitted. "Hard of itself and hard because it leads to nothing beyond itself," he added, with a gleam of inspiration.

Miss Levering's eyes rewarded him for his discrimination. She wondered vaguely if he were not rather above the average type; not that he was good looking—his face was too long and thin for that—but he seemed receptive, and he certainly wore his coarse clothes with an ease a city bred man might have envied. It was a pity that a man evidently fitted for better things should go to waste in this little village. He needed a wider horizon—a broader outlook. Well, she would see what she could do for him.

So the couple sat together under the oak tree very often or wandered through the shaded country lanes, and he listened, always intent and respectful, while she expounded her hopes and

aims for humanity in general and for him in particular.

"I know I've no right," she said earnestly, "but you will forgive me, won't you? Your life seems so petty, so narrow, I want you to feel the stress of life as men in the city feel it. The struggle, the endeavor, the thrill of accomplishment!"

And Holden agreed with her and smiled upon her with a look behind the twinkle in his eyes that made her come near to forgetting her station in life and her altruistic aims generally.

The sun was near the western hills one day before the stage came bearing its quota of daily mail. That she might not miss the glory of the sunset Miss Levering took her letters and magazines and turned up the road to where from her vantage seat on a rock she could see the splendor of the hills outlined against the flaming sky.

Her letters were soon disposed of, and she opened a magazine and idly turned the leaves, then suddenly sat rigid—spellbound—while the letters on the page before her burned themselves into her consciousness.

"The critics," so ran the magazine, "place J. Holden Morse's 'Under New England Skies' among the six greatest books of the year. It is in its fifth large edition. Mr. Morse is at present in New England, where he is said to be collecting material for another novel," etc., and underneath was the author's photograph—a long, lean face, with a humorous twinkle in the smiling eyes.

This, then, explained the vague resemblance she had always felt, but could never define. And she had tried to broaden his outlook—to teach him.

All oblivious to the yellow splendor of the glowing sunset, Miss Levering dropped her head upon her arms and cried.

She did not hear him till he dropped on the rock beside her and picked up the open book.

"Don't! Please don't!" he pleaded contritely. "Forgive me! I never dreamed you'd care—that way. I had to have types for a new work I'm doing. I could get what I wanted so much better this way. Surely you understand?"

"As for yourself," his voice grew tender, "when I found you had the slightest interest in me I dared do nothing to disturb it until it should take firmer root."

"But you let me try to help you—to teach you," she exclaimed, furious with herself and hating him till she looked up and met his eyes.

"And was I not an apt pupil?" he answered half seriously, half jestingly. Then as he bent and drew her closer:

"At all events I learned one lesson pretty thoroughly," he said.

Brahms Was Not Sociable.
Anecdotes about Brahms show the composer to have been a somewhat unamiable companion. His wit was brilliant, but cruel, and its direct object could rarely join in the amusement it created. One story begins with the statement that as a performer Brahms had an extremely hard touch. This once led a musician who was accompanying him on the cello to exclaim, "I don't hear myself." "Ah," replied Brahms, "you are a lucky fellow." When he left the room after a lively evening among friends he used to remark, "If there is any one present whose feelings I have not hurt, I trust he will receive my humble apology."

Brahms never could bring himself to produce an opera. "If I composed one which failed, I should certainly have a second try," he said to pressing friends, "but I cannot make up my mind to the first. To me the undertaking seems much the same as marriage." The latter institution found no favor in his eyes, and he lived an isolated existence, recognizing no kinsfolk.

Scott's Monument in Edinburgh.

The finest monument erected to a literary man in Great Britain is the Scott monument in Edinburgh. It is in the form of a graceful gothic spire, with pinnacles, resting on four pointed arches. In this canopy of open arches is a statue of the novelist and poet, accompanied by his dog. The designer was George Kemp, a youthful architect who died before the monument was completed. He is said to have been greatly influenced by the architectural beauties of Melrose abbey.

An interior staircase conducts to a top, which is 200 feet from the ground and terminates in a single pinnacle. Above the principal arches and in various parts of the structure are fifty-six niches destined to be filled with statues representing well known characters in the Waverley novels, several of which have been completed. The statue is by John Steel, R. S. A., and is a magnificent work of art. Lord Jeffrey supplied the inscription. The cost was £15,650, which was raised by public subscription.

Could Enjoy a Joke.

An engineer from Sunderland was spending a few days in London with a friend, and after a busy morning sightseeing the Londoner chose a large restaurant for luncheon, thinking it would be a novel experience for the man from the north. The visitor appeared to enjoy his luncheon, but kept looking in the direction of the door.

"What are you watching?" asked his friend, rather annoyed.

"Well," was the quiet reply, "Ah's keepin' an eye on ma topcoat."

"Oh, don't bother about that," said the other. "You don't see me watching mine."

"No," observed the guileless engineer, "there has no call to—it's ten minutes sin' this went."—Tit-Bits.

Baronets.

The order of baronets was established by James I. in 1611. The title is found in no country on the continent, existing only in the British dominions,

The Influence of the Farm.

The farm is the best security we have for our social well being, and whatever promotes interest there, whatever raises it in intelligence and scientific spirit, is one of the most comforting influences of our civilization. And so to have our young men imbued with the true agricultural spirit, to turn away from the adventures of the commercial life and the allurements of mere money making to the simple, productive, independent life on the farm, is one of the richest promises in our educational system. For there is where it belongs—to the expanding mind force of the nation. The finest triumphs of the next fifty years, results that will go further than all other enterprise in blessing men, will be won on the farm. There is a science of soil culture, and the art that is to be based upon it will open wide the door to men of thought and refinement.

The answer of the old artist that he mixed his paint with brains is akin to the experience in the farming of the future, which will mix brains with the soil.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

He Knew Them.

"What's up, Tommy?" said a good natured London coster, who was passing, to a small boy who was sobbing bitterly.

"Oh, me farden! He've lost me brite farden!" wailed the little lad, continuing his search.

"Ere, mates," said the man to some others standing near, "let's help the pore kid find 'is farden." And the company set to work.

In a few moments one of them picked up the missing coin.

"Ere y'are, Tommy," he said; "ere's yer farden."

Then, looking at it in the light of a street lamp, "W'y, it ain't a farden at all; it's a 'arf quid."

"Garu!" said the boy as he snatched away the coin. "D'ye think He was goin' to let yer blokes know hit was a 'arf thick 'm? W'y, wun of yer would 'a' 'ad 'is foot on it afore He'd 'ad time ter turn rahnd."

And he vanished round the corner like a streak of lightning.—London Answers.

Hunting the Bird of Paradise.

Inside a queer, bird-like wicker contrivance built high up in a tree the Aru Islander will watch patiently for days to get a shot at a bird of paradise, perhaps the loveliest of nature's creations. His food is supplied every morning by another native, who remains at the foot of the tree during the day to secure any bird which may fall, killed or stunned. Only the adult males, with long plumes, are sought after, for were not this the case this beautiful species would long ago have become extinct. To secure living specimens the natives employ an arrow having three prongs at the end. These prongs are barbed on the inside, and the object is to shoot at the legs of the bird, which, when hit, flutters helplessly to the ground.—A. E. Pratt in Wide World Magazine.

Matter of Fact Lovemaking.

For downright prose Dr. Johnson's offer of hand and heart to his second wife would be hard to beat. "My dear woman," said Johnson, "I am a hard-working man and withal something of a philosopher. I am, as you know, very poor. I have always been respectable myself, but I grieve to tell you that one of my uncles was hung." "I have less money than you, doctor," demurely answered the lady, "but I shall try to be philosophical too. None of my relatives have ever been hung, but I have several who ought to be." "Providence and philosophy have evidently mated us, my good woman," said the doctor as he pressed a chaste salute on the lady's brow.

Defrauding the Waiter.

In a Parisian cafe an American ordered a hors d'oeuvre, sole, agneau pre sale, artichoke salad, peche Melba, and so on, and when the waiter brought him a bill of 30 francs he paid it like a man. After his change was brought he counted it and pushed a franc toward the waiter for a tip. But the man, pushing back the franc, said in gentle reproach:

"Pardon, monsieur, but that is the counterfeit franc"—Argonaut.

His Income.

"They say you get 250 marks a month. I can't believe it. Tell me how."

"I get 110 marks salary; then I don't pay my rent, 40 marks; that's 150 marks; I owe the milkman 30 marks, that's 180 marks; my butcher 40 marks, 220 marks, and every month I raise 30 marks out of my friends, making an income of 250 marks a month!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Drawing a Tooth.

An elephant had a raging toothache, the agony of which caused her to nearly destroy her caravan. She was thrown on her side and roped to stakes. Two men held a pair of ice tongs fast round the aching tooth, and a couple of dray horses attached to the tongs by a rope did the rest. The tooth was six-and-a-half inches long by three inches across.

His Complaint.

Inkwirer—What became of that queer patient you were telling me about last spring? Dr. Price—Oh, he's got a complaint now that's giving me a great deal of trouble! Inkwirer—Indeed! What is it? Dr. Price—Why, a complaint about the amount of my bill.

Saving Time.

"You shouldn't treat your boy so harshly. You'll break his spirit."

"Well, he'll probably get married some time, and he might as well have it broken now!"

The more violent the storm the sooner it is over.—Seneca.

No. 4

Straight Talks on Patent Medicines

Some three years ago a number of prominent retail druggists—realizing that a big change was to be made in the proprietary medicine business, that the public demanded to know what the ingredients were of the preparations they were advertising, and that a general reform was about to take place in proprietary medicine manufacturing and advertising, formed a co-operative company to meet the public's demand. This company was called The United Drug Company, of which the undersigned is one of the thousand members.

Our object was, first, to manufacture a line of prescriptions such as we had tried out in our stores and found to give the very best of results, and second, by owning our own co-operative manufacturing company we would be able to know the exact formula of every preparation we were selling, thus enabling us to give to the public the very best remedies we could find at actual manufacturing cost, plus a single retail profit.

This enabled The United Drug Company to escape the heavy charges for advertising and other expenses such as have to be paid by proprietary remedies. What was most important, it insured safety and satisfaction to our customers, because we druggists know just what we are selling.

A committee of experts was appointed who spent a long time in testing the merits of more than two thousand formulas and prescriptions recommend-

ed by the various druggists constituting the company.

From these, about two hundred were selected as being the best remedies known to medical science for the cure, each of its particular ailment.

The exclusive rights to these remedies were then transferred to The United Drug Company, which has since manufactured them in its superbly equipped laboratories in Boston under the now famous name of "The Rexall Remedies." Note then, first of all, these facts:

1st. "Rexall" refers, not to one remedy but to about two hundred—each for some one particular purpose. Nobody knows better than The United Drug Company druggists the absurdity of the "cure-all."

2d. Each "Rexall" Remedy is a tested and proved success, selected for its conspicuous merit from many of its class. All had established reputations through their continued use by physicians before they became members of the "Rexall" family.

3rd. "Rexall" Remedies are sold at low prices because they are free from heavy manufacturing charges, jobbing profits, and the heavy expense of being advertised separately, as formerly.

The United Drug Company, which manufactures the Rexall Remedies, has already scored the greatest success ever known in the history of the drug business.

Three of the 200 "Rexall" Remedies, one for each human ill, are:

FOR CATARRH—MUCU-TONE

The chief ingredients of Mucu-Tone are Gentian, Cubebs, Cascara Sagrada, Glycerine, and Sarsaparilla.

Gentian is recognized in medicine as one of the greatest tonics ever discovered. It is the foundation on which Mucu-Tone is built. Gentian combines in high degree the tonic powers of all the known "biters," with none of the disadvantages applying to them.

Cubebs have long been recognized as a specific in the treatment of all catarrhal conditions. Its action is prompt and its benefit almost invariably. In whatever part of the body the inflamed or diseased condition of the mucous membrane exists, the use of Cubebs has been recommended by the best physicians for many generations.

Cascara Sagrada is especially introduced for its necessary laxative properties.

The combination of these with Glycerine and Sarsaparilla makes Mucu-Tone a remedy that attacks catarrh from every point, gradually restores and rebuilds the diseased tissues to their former health and strength, promotes digestion and creates a normal appetite. Bottle, 50c.

FOR NERVES—

AMERICANITIS ELIXIR

The Rexall Americanitis Elixir is a tonic nerve food composed chiefly of free Phosphorus, Glycophosphates, Iron Pyrophosphate and Calisaya.

The wonderful results of this remedy are due to the fact that it supplies Phosphorus to the nerve cells in a condition in which it can be immediately and easily taken up by them. It is the only known preparation in which free Phosphorus—that is Phosphorus which remains indefinitely unoxidized—is used.

The Glycophosphates, actual nerve-tissue builders, are one of the most recent and valuable additions to the field of this branch of medical science, unquestionably a more efficient remedy than the well-known Hypophosphites.

The Iron Pyrophosphates is the most easily assimilated form of iron which gives tone and color, and the combined alkalis of Calisaya Bark have a tonic effect on almost all the functions of the body.

In compounding these various elements, the very highest degree of pharmaceutical skill has been employed. 75c. and \$1.50 a bottle.

REXALL "99" HAIR TONIC

The famous Rexall "99" Hair Tonic is composed in chief of Resorcin, Beta Naphthol and Pilocarpin.

Resorcin is one of the latest and most effective germ-killers discovered by a science, and in connection with Beta Naphthol, which is both germicidal and antiseptic, a combination is formed which not only destroys the germs which rob the hair of its nutriment, but creates a clean and healthy condition of the scalp, which prevents the lodgment and development of new germs.

Pilocarpin is a well-known agent for restoring the hair to its natural color, where the loss of color has been due to a disease of the scalp. It is not a coloring matter or dye—it produces its effect by stimulating the scalp and hair follicles to health and active life.

This combination of curatives mixed with alcohol as a stimulant, perfects the most effective remedy for hair and scalp troubles known to-day. Bottle, 50c.

"Rexall" Remedies are found only in the stores of druggists affiliated with The United Drug Company—only one in each town and each backs up this "Rexall" guarantee printed on every package: "This preparation is guaranteed to give satisfaction. If it does not, come back and get your money. It belongs to you, and we want you to have it."

Stoke & Feicht Drug Co., Druggists
The Rexall Store

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 25, 1906.

TRAINS LEAVE REYNOLDSVILLE:

For New Bethlehem, Red Bank, and principal intermediate stations, Oil City and Pittsburg, 6:35, 8:08 a. m., 1:29, 4:25, 8:30 New Bethlehem only p. m. week-days. Sundays 6:25 a. m., 4:20 p. m.

For DuBois, Driftwood, and principal intermediate stations, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, 6:35 a. m., 12:52, 6:38 p. m. week-days. Sundays 12:59 p. m. For DuBois only 11:42 a. m. week-days, 9:40 p. m. daily.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen. Manager. J. E. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Mgr. Geo. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

Meeting of Stockholders.

You are hereby informed that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Summerville Telephone Company will be held at the office of the Company, on Main Street, in the Borough of Summerville, on Wednesday, the 9th day of January, A. D. 1907, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the Company for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting, and a meeting of the stockholders is hereby called to convene at the general office of the said company on the 9th day of January, 1907, to take action on approval or disapproval of the proposed increase of the capital stock of said company from \$20,000 to \$50,000. And further, that action will be taken to provide funds for increasing the capacity of the plant, improving its system and perfecting its service in such manner and form as may be approved by a majority vote of the stockholders present.

All stockholders are requested to be present and vote to approve or disapprove the above resolutions which have been offered before the Board of Directors, and to be finally passed upon at the stockholders' annual meeting on the date above mentioned.

Chas. E. K. BROWN, President. Jos. S. HAMMOND, Secretary.

Britain Remembers Hero.

A statue of Gen. Nicholson, the martyr hero, was recently unveiled at Delhi by Lord Minto, the viceroy of India.

N. HANAU

Fall and Winter Goods

Ladies' Coats, Misses' Coats, Children's Coats from 25 to 40 per cent cheaper than you can buy anywhere else.

Children's Coats 75c. \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Misses' Coats \$2.00 to \$7.50.

Ladies' Coats, \$3.00 to \$12.50.

Saxony Yarn 5 cents.

Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Men's Fleece-lined Underwear 39c. Other places charge you 50c. Come and see for yourself.

We sell McCall Patterns at 5 and 10c.

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