



## WHAT ABOUT THAT FURNITURE

You are wanting to get **UPHOLSTERED**

Why not have it done now while you have a chance? You are perhaps putting it off until you will not be able to get it done. I will not take in any work after April 1, 1907, so don't wait until the last moment as you may be disappointed. I am leaving town.

**E. A. Reitz,**  
THE UPHOLSTERER.

## Removal Sale

February 10th, I will move my jewelry store to the Fisher building on Main st., opposite McEntire's drug store, and until that time all goods will be sold at very low prices. Come in and be convinced.

**S. KATZEN**  
THE JEWELER  
Next Door to Postoffice.

## Fads and Philanthropy

By **INA WRIGHT HANSON**  
Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

Honor Wilding, looking steadily out a window of the city library, was seeing visions, all of which concerned a yellow haired young man. Each vision was rose color at the beginning and somber gray at the ending. That she herself was reasonable for the tinting did not alter the fact that Honor's eyes were wistful and her lips very near to trembling. She turned from the window to the readers, wondering aimlessly if any of them had had ideals and were sorry.

Finally her eyes traveled to the farther corner, where were the newspaper files. There stood a man, his back to her. He was very shabby, but he had yellow hair, and he was about the height. Just then he turned a little and began tightening his belt. Honor heard the noon bells ringing. She had heard that if one were very, very hungry it helped a little to gird one's waist very tightly. Poor fellow! Then he turned entirely around and took up his ragged hat. Honor dropped her magazine, her gloves, her purse, her handkerchief and her parasol and sprang toward him.

"Why, Mervin Fairbanks, how glad I am to see you!"

"Well, well, how my fame as a prophet soars! I said that you should not see me again till you would be glad of the sight. And how goes the gay world with you, Miss Honor Wilding?"

Honor expected him to shrink from her, ashamed of his apparent poverty, but she remembered he usually had done the unexpected. He picked up her belongings, and they went out. Standing in the shadow of the gray-stone building, she lifted hesitating eyes to his.

"Will you come home with me, Mervin? I want so much to know of your wanderings these past two years."

She was surprised again at his quick consent. She remembered Mervin Fair-



"Why, Mervin Fairbanks, how glad I am to see you!"

banks as furiously proud of his pedigree, his good name and his appearance. What could have happened to reduce him to poverty and to change his nature?

"You expect to hear of Paris and London and maybe Egypt and India?" he asked after luncheon was over. To Honor's third surprise he had eaten very little. "I haven't been outside San Francisco until yesterday."

Honor regarded him with reproach. "You never let me hear from you," she said.

"What was the use? You said it was all off between us. I couldn't be as philanthropic as you desired, and I didn't like to pretend that I might grow to it, because I knew I shouldn't. How are your proteges?"

Honor colored. "I don't know." Mervin smiled at her quizzically. "Did Bacagalupi rob your house, or Moriarity take to the black bottle again?"

"Not exactly, but what I did for them didn't seem to last. They were constantly expecting me. I simply got tired of it all and stopped. Then I realized that it was only a fad anyway, like my cat farm and other things. I woke up one day to the realization that Honor Wilding was deceiving herself; that she was only egotistical when she thought she was charitable. I haven't had any fads since. I have been humble and miserable," she added under her breath.

He smiled tenderly at her. "You were only trying your wings, little girl."

She looked at him gratefully. "But, Mervin, tell me of yourself, your—your

—the past two years." She wanted to ask him why he came to be reduced to so dismal an appearance, but she hesitated.

"Let me see," he mused. "I asked you to marry me when you were eighteen. That was five years ago, wasn't it?"

"Yes," acknowledged Honor, her heart beating furiously.

"And you refused because you were anticipating a career. It was to be woman's rights, I believe."

Honor, her eyes downcast, was twisting her bracelet nervously.

"Then when you forgot your speeches and had several unpleasant encounters with unpleasant people you decided that you were mistaken in your calling."

"Yes," said Honor again.

"When you were twenty-one I asked you to marry me. Then it was the cat farm. I think possibly you might have let me be a partner that time, only I objected to the cats. I didn't mind one feline pet, but I believe I used some emphatic language in regard to the farm."

"You certainly did," answered Honor, smiling faintly.

"The third and last time was two years ago, when the farm had lost its glory and its cats. You were Honor Wilding, philanthropist, then. You told me if I would join forces and fortunes with you in your life's work that you would be pleased to walk with me, as your friend, the scrubby, said, I couldn't see it that way, and you remarked that I loved myself better than you, and so we parted."

"I was unjust," murmured Honor. "I have been sorry many times."

"I resolved to go away and forget you. I did the one, but not the other. I want you this minute more than I ever desired you in my life, and my eyes tell me that you are not indifferent. Honor, my little girl, will you wait for me till I can come to you as a man ought?"

But she was leaning forward eagerly, her eyes suffused with tears, her sweet lips trembling.

"Why must you go away?" she pleaded. "Don't let a wretched matter of money part us now. We have lost five years, Mervin, and I have dollars aplenty for both. Don't let your pride stand between us now, Mervin."

For a moment he looked at her curiously; then he smiled, albeit his eyes were gravely tender, and he put his arms around her.

"Dear," he said fervently, "I'm richer than you are twice over. I've kept on making money these two years, just so I shouldn't think so hard. I was going to ask you to wait till I went to the hotel and arranged myself in decent clothes before we plighted our troth. I didn't want you to feel as if a beggar were making love to you. I spoke of waiting, for though the tailor said he would have them there by noon I knew by sad experience that there might be a delay."

"But, Mervin, your clothes—I don't understand," she gasped when she had recovered her breath.

"Well, you see," he began hesitatingly and shamefacedly. "Jack Bronson was on my train yesterday. He is really trying to reform, and he wanted a certain position, but thought he was too shabby to make any showing. The man he wanted to meet was to be at the station, so there wasn't anything to do but go to the dressing room and change clothes with him. Fortunately these, though ragged, are quite clean. I thought I would wear these a day or two, just to imagine what the fellows felt like when they wore down on their luck. When you came to me I was so hungry to see you that I simply had to come rags and all. May I go now, Honor?"

"You are Mervin Fairbanks, philanthropist, and didn't know it!" laughed Honor gleefully. "No, don't go just yet."

### Willing to Compromise

A young woman called at a house where a maid was wanted. She asked the mistress of the house if they had any children, to which she replied that they had five. "Then I can't work for you," said the girl. "Oh, do stay," said the woman. "We will kill the children!"

### A Wise Son

"A dislike," said the gentle philosopher, "should not lead us to any active demonstration. We should merely seek to avoid its object."

"Maybe my boy Josh has more sense than I gave him credit for," rejoined Farmer Corntassel. "That's exactly the way he feels about work of all kinds."—Washington Star.

### An Expert Statement

"Is there any sure way of knowing when a man is meaning to propose?" asked the bud.

"You needn't worry about that," said the belle. "The knowledge comes by nature. The most important thing is to know when he isn't going to."

### Polliteness of Childhood

"What kind of pie will you have, Willie—mince or apple?"

"I'll take two pieces of each, please."

"Two pieces?"

"Yes'm. Mamma told me not to ask twice."—Life.

To do a kindness to a bad man is like sowing seed in the sea.—Phocylides.

## The High School Bulletin

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, BERT A. HOFFMAN  
CURRENT EVENTS, LENA HERPEL.  
SOCIAL EVENTS, ALDIE MEANS.

R. H. S. defeated Bradford H. S. in a very interesting game of basket ball last Friday evening. The first ten minutes of play was well contested, the Bradford boy having a little the best of the argument, but the superior playing of the home team was soon felt and after that the game was not in doubt. The R. H. S. has not struck its gait yet, for the team work was very ragged in spots and the goal shooting execrable. The team is just getting started to practice rightly and in the next couple weeks we hope to show a wonderful improvement. Evan's skating rink is a dandy place for a game of ball and we would like to see better patronage. There was a very nice crowd at the Bradford game, but the team went in the hole about five dollars. As this has to come from each player's pocket, we ask you again to come and give us your support; for every loyal citizen should support the school. Line up.

R. H. S. 35	Bradford H. S. 11	
Sykes	Forward	Plague
Gillespie	Center	White-Fisher
Hoffman	Guard	Barret
Thornton	Guard	Wells
Murray		Cochran

Goals from field Sykes 3, Gillespie 2, Hoffman 8, Thornton 1, Murray 3, Plague 2, Fisher 1, Barret 1; Foul goals Sykes 1, Barret 3. Referee Leonard Harris, umpire Lindsey, time-keeper Harry Coppling, scorer Graydon Robinson. Time 20 minute halves.

Two of our school directors visited chapel exercises on Monday morning. Dr. Means and Dr. Murray. Dr. Murray favored us with an address on "The man without a Country," which was very interesting and delightful to the students.

Miss Ruth Ryans, of Brookville, visited Room 15 Monday.

The Juniors do not seem pleased that the Seniors are coming back in the afternoons for, of course, it is to be expected that they cannot act so childish in the presence of the dignified Seniors.

Examinations are over. Now don't you wish you had studied all the time you spent foolishly?

Mildred would like to reply to that poetry we had in last week. Maybe we will leave her in the next edition.

Next week we expect to have reports from each class. Be sure and see what the freshmen and sophomores have to say.

### Motto of Jr. class—

"All ye who enter here leave hope behind."

The Kane H. S. will play R. H. S. at this place on Friday, Jan. 25. Kane is one of the fastest H. S. teams around and a good hard game is expected. If you do not care to see the game, buy a ticket for we need your support.

According to the greatest scholars of the age, athletics are a benefit to any institution of learning for it develops the boy or girl physically, which is of as much importance as the mental development. A person with a weak body cannot do the work that a strong healthy boy or girl can who is brimming over with health and good nature. A person who is healthy cannot help but be good natured and every parent should support all kinds of sport in the school that does not detract from the studies. We would like to have this a record breaking crowd. There will be skating after the game. The game will start at 8 o'clock, and every one will have ample time to skate, as the rink will be kept open a little longer than usual.

### The Right Name.

Mr. August Sherpe, the popular over-ager of the poor, at Fort MacGison, Ia., says: "Dr. King's New Life Pills are rightly named; they act more agreeably, do more good and make one feel better than any other laxative. Guaranteed to cure biliousness and constipation. 25c at Stoke & Feicht Drug Co. store Reynoldsville and Sykesville."

### Stockholders Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Reynoldsville Land & Improvement Company will be held Monday, Feb. 18, at 8.00 p. m. in Centennial hall for the purpose of electing a board of directors and the transaction of such other business as may be presented. S. B. ELLIOTT, Pres.

H. ALEX. STOKES, Sec'y.

### Leggings.

Leggings 25 cents for children, 30 cents for misses and 35 cents for ladies. Bing-Stoke Co.



## The Jefferson Macaroni Factory

Now handles some of the finest grades of flour ever brought to Reynoldsville—and has the exclusive agency in this section for some lines never before sold here. Have a special brand—"Crown"—made expressly for us. Flour is sold at retail and a special invitation is extended the public to stop at the office in Evans building, Main street, near Frank's New Tavern, and see their line, whether you wish to buy or not. They also call attention to the fact that they are selling the finest

## Pure Olive Oil

to be had in Reynoldsville. It is an imported product—the best the old country can produce—guaranteed absolutely pure and bears the government stamp of excellence.

All goods sold by the macaroni factory are reasonably priced and of first quality. Send orders for family use by mail or 'phone. Both 'phones.

C. & J. Marinaro, Props.

## Anna Elizabeth Hughes

VOCAL TEACHER

Western Conservatory of Chicago

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## A NEW

# Meat Market

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Recently opened in Syndicate building with a new line of choice fresh and smoked meats, lard, butter and eggs. We promise you prompt attention to all orders and solicit your trade.

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