

**A Dangerous Deadlock.**

That sometimes terminates fatally, is the stoppage of liver and bowel functions. To quickly end this condition without disagreeable sensations, Dr. King's New Life Pills should always be your remedy. Guaranteed absolutely satisfactory in every case or money back, at Stoke & Feicht Drug Co. store, 25c. Reynoldsville and Sykesville.

**THERE IS AS MUCH DIFFERENCE**



In the quality in glasses as in shoes or clothing, but after all the true value consists in having the lenses made to meet the needs of the eye, which only the skilled optician can successfully do. I will have all the appliances needed for good work and will meet all persons needing such at American Hotel, Brookville, December 18 and 19 and at Imperial Hotel, Reynoldsville, December 20th.

G. C. GIBSON,  
PRACTICAL OPTICIAN.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

**E. NEFF**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Fenton Attorney and Real Estate Agent.

**MINNIE N. KECK,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC, STENOGRAPHER  
AND TYPEWRITER.  
Reynoldsville, Pa.

**RAYMOND E. BROWN,**  
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BROOKVILLE, PA.

**G. M. McDONALD,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Real estate agent, patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Syndicate building, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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Notary public and real estate agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in the Reynoldsville Hardware Co. building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**DR. B. E. HOOVER,**  
DENTIST,  
Resident dentist. In the Hoover building, Main street. Gentleness in operating.

**DR. L. L. MEANS,**  
DENTIST,  
Office on second floor of the First National bank building, Main street.

**DR. R. DEVERE KING,**  
DENTIST,  
Office on second floor of the Syndicate building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**HENRY PRIESTER**  
UNDERTAKER.  
Black and white funeral cars. Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**HUGHES & FLEMING.**  
UNDERTAKING AND PICTURE FRAMING.  
The U. S. Burial League has been tested and found all right. Cheapest form of insurance. Secure a contract. Near Public Fountain, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**D. H. YOUNG.**  
ARCHITECT  
Corner Grant and Fifth sts., Reynoldsville, Pa.

**WINDSOR HOTEL,**  
1217-1229 Fifth street.  
"A SQUARE FROM EVERYWHERE"

Special automobile service for our guests. Sight-seeing and touring cars. Rooms \$1.00 per day and up. The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in PHILADELPHIA.

**LIBEL IN DIVORCE.**

Annie Long Lockard versus Delmont Jones Lockard. No. 190 August Term, 1907. Pluries Subena in Divorce.  
JEFFERSON COUNTY, SS:  
The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,  
To Delmont Jones Lockard, Greeting:  
We command you, as twice before you were commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Brookville, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the second Monday of January next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife, Annie Long Lockard, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you the said Delmont Jones Lockard, agreeable to the Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no case omit at your peril.  
Witness the Hon. John W. Reed, President of our said Court at Brookville, the 14th day of November, A. D. 1907.  
Allowed by the Court.  
Attest—CYRUS H. BLOOD, Prothonotary.

To Delmont Jones Lockard, Greeting:  
You are hereby notified to appear before the Honorable Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, at Brookville, Pa., on the second Monday of January next, to answer as set forth in the above subpoena.  
GRANT SCHEAFNOCKER, Sheriff.

**CLERK'S NOTICE IN BANKRUPTCY.**  
In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, Philip Shearer Hauck, of Reynoldsville, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 6th day of January 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.  
WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.

**FEATHERED ANGLERS.**

**How the Great Heron Stabs Fish With Its Lance-like Bill.**

While the kingfisher feeds by day, the great heron begins his fishing at dusk just as the stars peep forth. When I am about to make the last few casts and stop fishing in a trout pool I hear the loud whiz of his vast stretch of wings passing close by, flying low to a favorite shallow part of the river, and down drop his long legs, and he settles right down to business, motionless as a stone. Sometimes for half an hour not a feather moves.

He watches with unvaried patience. When he does strike it is as quick and as sure as fate, for the first luckless fish that approaches within his reach is seized with surprising dexterity. Like the kingfisher, the heron beats to death those fish of larger size, swallowing them whole, head foremost, such being their uniform positions when found in the stomach. He will then at once assume the same attitude of silent watchfulness, and the fishy tribe, though frightened at his first dash among them, return again in a short interval only to be transixed with his long lance-shaped bill.

Hornaday's "Natural History" says: "When a heron is fishing it stalks slowly and silently along the shore, preferably in water about six inches deep, its head carried well forward, but about on a level with its shoulders, while its big eyes keenly scrutinize every object in the water. It takes long steps and plants each foot softly in the true still hunter fashion to avoid alarming its game. When a fish is found within range the kinks of the neck fly straight and the fish is seized between the mandibles. The fish is not stabbed through and through."

This latter statement is only correct when small fish are taken. I have it on expert authority that herons repeatedly stab large trout up to two pounds in weight, making a hole in the back large enough to insert the thumb.—Louis Rhead in Recreation.

**The Venus de Milo.**

It is questionable whether the real Greek woman of that immortal epoch when sculpture meant something more than a decorative end to an architectural means possessed the chaste loveliness accredited to her in the chiseled remnants left to us. It has ever been the whim of artists to work away from the physical facts of their models toward the ideals of their fancy. The sculptor is usually a proudly careless historian and but a poor reporter. All Greek sculpture doubtless is a highly glorified record of true Greek ethnology; but, granting such a woman as, say, the Venus de Milo did exist in all her bodily and facial perfection, she would meet with but cold reception at the hands of our critics of femininity today. Her modern women associates would, I am certain, adjudge the classic lady a frump. Ideals change with the centuries if nature does not.—Perriton Maxwell in Bohemian.

**A Libel.**

"I see by the county paper," said the visitor, "that Jonas Jones, the prosperous druggist of your town, is sojourning."

"I saw that, too, and it's a libel," exclaimed the native, with some heat.

"Why, isn't he your druggist?"

"Yes, but this town's too healthy for him to be prosperous."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**A Sure Way.**

Country Doctor — That's the worst case of wryneck I ever see, Peleg. How'd you get it? Peleg—Drivin' that new mare o' mine an' everlastin' lookin' behind 'r see if an auto was comin'.—Puck.

**No Giving Up.**

"I am determined to collect this bill eventually," said the dun. "I assure you I'll never give up."

"Neither will I," replied the man who disputed the debt.—Exchange.

A girl generally plays with a man's heart just about as carefully as a baby toys with a watch.—Dallas News.

**Keep to the Right.**

Bishop Wilberforce was out driving one day when a man on horseback stopped him and, thinking to have a joke, asked:

"Excuse me, bishop, but could you sell me the road to heaven?"

"Certainly, sir," the bishop answered. "Turn to the right and keep straight on."

The flame from Family Favorite is steady, white and without soot. Does not char the wick and burns to the last drop without wick adjustment.

**Family Favorite Oil**

Made from genuine Pennsylvania Crude Oil by a triple refining process, carefully, absolutely uniform. Don't try to get better oil—it doesn't exist.

ASK YOUR DEALER.

**Lavender Oil Works**  
INDEPENDENT REFINERS  
Oil for All Purposes  
PITTSBURGH, PA.  
BOOKLET SENT FREE

**A BURMESE TIGER.**

**Bringing Down One of These Kings of the Jungle.**

It must be the king of the jungle. The anger of the monkey people said it, and the terror in the eyes of the bullock pictured it. He was straining back at the strong rope that held him, and from his frothed lips issued a low moaning bellow of fear. His fawn-colored skin, soft as silk, was as tremulous as shaken water.

The bullock was a watch that timed accurately each yard in the tiger's advance. His abject terror filled me with pity. It was a strange, inexplicable thing, this intuition of the animal world that taught them wherein lay great danger.

Now, I knew that stripes was close, for the monkey, running nimbly to the top of their tree, shot away with downward sweep to the branches of another, scolding and calling to each other as they fled.

The bullock had almost ceased to bellow and, fore legs apart and head lowered to the ground, transfixed in terror.

Suddenly through the bushes ten yards from our machan was thrust the sneering yellow muzzle of a tiger, and his red brown eyes glared with horrible cupidity at the animal that was now fascinated to silence. Atop this face of evil the rounded ears, black rosetted, were twitched back angrily.

Even in its dreadful menace, in its suggestion of brutal ferocity, the stealthy approach of the tigress was beautiful to see. A creep of a yard or two, then she crouched, head low to earth and tall lashing from side to side with vicious jerks.

The cub was evidently being schooled. Close behind his mother the youngster skulked, his young, foolish eyes shifting from point to point as though he did not quite know what it all meant.

As we lay side by side both our rifles were trained on the tigress.

She was head-on to us, and either the brain shot or the point of the shoulder or the vertebrae of the neck were there to choose from.

I knew that Dan would nudge me when we were to fire, and I waited, finger on trigger and my eye lying along the sights.

The tigress crouched and turned her face toward our machan, though her eyes still rested straight ahead.

I felt the soft push of Dan's knee on my leg and pressed my trembling finger to the lever.

There was a roar of both rifles, a little cloud of smoke, a sulphurous breath in our nostrils, and below in the barren paddy field many devils were tearing up the earth with great noise.

"Bagged her!" Dan ejaculated, for the great beast, tawny and black striped, was on her side, clawing viciously at the sod.

Again our rifles spoke.

Slowly the huge head fell flat to earth, the red eyes lost their ferocity—or was it only a glint of pity for the dying that fancied this—the breath sucked and spluttered through the blood that oozed from mouth and nostrils, and, waiting with impatience for a little in our machan, we saw death come and put the seal of silence on the battered form of beautiful strength. "Bearding the Burmese Tiger," by W. A. Fraser, in Outing Magazine.

**A Verdant Student.**

To add to the gaiety of nations a new Arkansas student from the rural districts was caught the moment he stepped off a train, and a few points were explained. He was told that if he hoped for peace during his college life he must promptly squelch a watchman who took a delight in bossing freshmen. They led him like a lamb to the room of the president and informed him the watchman was inside. The young man entered. Sure enough, there was a man sitting at the desk.

"I merely want to say," the student began, "that I don't like your face. I can't compel you to change it, but keep it away from me or I'll hurt it."

The supposed watchman grew apoplectic.

"You may be the policeman," went on the youth, "but you must keep on your own beat. Don't try to explain. I've heard of you before. All I want to say is, keep away from me."

Then he went out, and the next day, when he realized it all, he passed on to the football field and saw the spot where fools rush and angels fear to tread.—Fayetteville (Ark.) Dispatch to St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Genuineness Gives Power.**

There is nothing which will add so much to one's power as the consciousness of being absolutely sincere, genuine. If your life is a perpetual lie, if you are conscious that you are not what you pretend to be—that you are really a very different person from what the world regards you—you are not strong. There is a restraint, a perpetual fighting against the truth going on within you, a struggle which saps your energy and warps your conduct.

If there is a note at the bottom of your eye you cannot look the world squarely in the face. Your vision is not clear. Everybody sees that you are not transparent. There is a cloudiness, a haze about your character, which raises the interrogation point wherever you go.

Character alone is strength, deceit is weakness, sham and shoddy are powerless, and only the genuine and the true are worth while.—Success Magazine.

**One Thing She Knew.**

The teacher asked, "Elsie, when do you say 'Thank you?'" Elsie's face lighted up, for that was the one thing she knew, and she confidently answered, "When we have company."—Chicago Tribune.

**All That Was Left.**

A young married couple took a late train for Washington, intending to spend their honeymoon in rambling through the corridors of the capitol, Congressional library and other public buildings. The porter was awakening passengers at an unusually early hour that morning, and long before the train reached Baltimore he had them up. The groom told his bride that he would leave his coat and hat and retire to the smoking compartment of the train. He went out and met a friend, who asked him back into another car in order that he might meet a friend of his. Soon the conductor began making his rounds and taking up tickets. The young bride referred him to the smoking apartment, where, she said, her husband would be found. A moment later the conductor returned and informed her politely that the bridegroom was not to be found. The other passengers were startled by a loud shriek.

"My husband! Oh, my husband!" "Don't be alarmed, madam," said the conductor reassuringly. "Nothing has happened to your husband. He is probably in Baltimore. We dropped two sleepers at that point." And that was why friends of the young couple who went to the station in Washington to meet them saw only the bride clinging to an overcoat and a silk hat and wailing, "This is all there is left of him!"

**What the Lunatic Thought.**

A clergyman was suddenly called upon, away from home, to preach at a lunatic asylum, and he decided to make use of a favorite missionary sermon of his.

After the service, as the clergyman was leaving the chapel, one of the inmates stepped up to him and said:

"That was a good sermon you gave us, sir."

The clergyman was pleased and replied:

"I am glad you liked it. What part is it especially interested you?"

"Where you told about the mothers throwing their infants into the Ganges."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "that is very sad, but it is true, and we must do our utmost to enlighten those unhappy people, that they may turn from the error of their way."

"Yes, indeed," continued the lunatic. "We must. And all the time you were preaching I wondered why your mother hadn't thrown you into the river when you were small."—London Express.

**He Was Not Discharged.**

This incident happened several years ago: One of the big national banks in New York was clearing for a certain other bank that was in trouble, and every day the president of the clearing house bank would certify a couple of million dollars' worth of checks for the other. Finally the paying teller called his attention to the fact that he was taking a mighty long chance, but the president paid no attention to the hint. Then the teller informed the clearing house of the situation, and the president was called to book.

"Did my paying teller tell you that?" demanded the president.

"He did," replied the chairman of the clearing house committee.

"I shall discharge him at once," declared the president, bristling up with indignation.

"You do and we'll close your bank tomorrow," calmly replied the chairman.

Needless to say, the teller was not discharged.—New York Globe.

**A Stuttering Story.**

A noted humorist tells a stuttering story: "It is about two blacksmiths, both stutters. The first snatched a red-hot lump of iron from the forge, rushed with it to the anvil and then began this conversation: 'N-n-now, th-th-then, st-strike qu-quickly!' 'W-w-where shall I strike?' 'J-just at the end. H-h-hurry up!' 'T-t-th-this end?' 'Y-y-yes, of c-c-course. Mind you hit s-straight!' 'A-l-r-right. Shall I l-l-let her g-g-go?' 'N-n-no, you f-f-foot; the iron's c-c-cold!'"

**Loss Fully Covered.**

Adjuster—I've called to fix up that matter of your house burning down. Was the loss total? Heck Penn—Oh, th' house is plumb gone; but, young feller, ef I tuck a cent from yore company I'd feel like a thief. Mebbe you heven't heard that my wife tuck advantage o' th' excitement 't clope.—Puck.

Second thoughts are often best, even in a case of love at first sight.—Puck.

**Loss of Sleep**

**EXHAUSTED NERVES.**  
Nature always gives ample warning of the approach of nervous collapse, if you can but read the signs. Among the earliest indications of nervous exhaustion is inability to rest and sleep. You lie awake and think, think, think but cannot quiet your brain and nerves to sleep. Opium and narcotics cannot possibly afford more than temporary relief and leave you worse off than before. Cure can only be brought about by the restoration of the nervous system by the use of

**Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills**

You can be positively cured of sleeplessness, headaches, and nervous dyspepsia and stop the approach of nervous prostration, paralysis or loco-motor stasis by the use of this treatment. Be sure to see the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., on the box, 50 cents at all dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. C. G. Heckenlively, Angola, Ind., states:

"I have used Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills for sleeplessness and a run-down nervous system with excellent results. They give sleep in the right way, not by the opiate plan, but by their tonic and upbuilding effect on the nerves."

For sale by Stoke & Feicht Drug Co.

**HEADLEY'S**

He has a fine line of Christmas novelties

Just what you want for Xmas.

**CANDIES**

a specialty.

Your Order Solicited

**Get It At Moore's**

This week we have, while they last—

- 4 cans Pumpkin . . . 25c
- 2 lbs. Raisins for . . . 25c
- Fancy Potatoes, per Bu., 80c
- Fancy Green Grapes, per pound, 10c
- Fancy Cranberries, per quart, 10c and 15c

These are only a few. Come and see the rest.

**W. H. MOORE**

Leading Grocer.



**Overcoat Sale**

On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20th and 21st

I offer my entire stock of Men's and Boys' Overcoats at a reduction of from 20 to 25 per cent. If in need of an overcoat don't fail to inspect these coats and get prices.

All goods are marked in plain figures and all coats will be sold strictly as advertised at the following reduced prices:

\$20.00 Coat for \$16.00.	\$8.00 Coat for \$6.25.
\$18.00 Coat for \$14.50.	\$6.00 Coat for \$4.75.
\$16.50 Coat for \$13.00.	\$5.00 Coat for \$3.85.
\$12.50 Coat for \$ 9.75.	\$3.00 Coat for \$2.35.
\$10.00 Coat for \$7.75.	

All coats guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. We also invite you to inspect our Holiday line of UMBRELLAS, MUFFLERS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, HANKERCHIEFS AND NECKWEAR.

**Henry THE Clothier**

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

**Christmas is Getting Closer Every Day Now**

And its time you were selecting presents for your friends and relatives.

Many suggestions of a practical and useful kind along this line will be found at this store.

We have a large stock of watches, chains, charms, rings, neck chains and locketts, bracelets, umbrellas, hand-painted china, rich cut glass.

The Matchless White Sewing Machine.

Call and inspect our stock and get our prices.

Goods selected now will be laid away for you.

**HOFFMAN'S JEWELRY STORE,**

J. W. Cunningham, Prop. Reynoldsville, Pa.