

A REAL MISER.

With Him the Ruling Passion Was Indeed Strong in Mischance.

The talk turned on misers, and a titled Italian in the party said: "Let me tell you about Arpagno, the famous Roman miser, and you will know what a real miser is."

"As Arpagno lay dying in his cold, dark, bare palace of stone on the Corso his one thought was that, since he was too ill to eat, a full lira a day was being saved on the food bill."

"The doctor was announced. The doctor, after feeling Arpagno's pulse, looked grave."

"Well," said the miser, "how much longer have I to live?"

"Only half an hour," was the reply.

"Arpagno's eyes flashed fire."

"You scoundrel!" he cried. "Why do you let things run on to the last minute like this? Do you want to ruin me? Send for the barber at once!"

"The barber arrived posthaste."

"You charge," said Arpagno, "20 centesimi for shaving?"

"Yes, signor."

"And for shaving a corpse 5 lire?"

"Yes."

"Arpagno glanced at the clock. Seven of the thirty minutes left him still remained."

"Then shave me quickly," he gasped.

"As the operation finished Arpagno died. But with his last breath, smiling happily, he murmured while the barber dried his cold, pale cheeks:

"How splendid—4 lire and 80 centesimi saved!"

PASSED THE VENISON.

One Member of the Council Had a Tender Conscience.

This quaint account of an old time Thanksgiving celebration in New England was found in the diary of a Connecticut minister, dated in the year 1711:

"When ye services at ye meeting house were ended, ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at the house of Mr. Epes on ye hill near by, where we had a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner, with beef's meat and venison, the last of which was a fine buck, shot in the woods near by."

"After ye blessing was craved word came that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lie in his mouth, like Ananias of old. Ye council therefore refused to eat ye venison, but it was afterward decided that Pequot should receive forty stripes save one for lying and profaning on ye Lord's day and restore Mr. Epes ye price of ye deer, and, considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful heathen and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye point of ye venison."

Butterfly Fakes.

The butterfly was a beautiful deep blue, as lustrous as satin; but, looking at it closely, the collector shook his head.

"Another fake," he said. "See here." And with his finger he brushed off the glistening blue dust from the insect's wings, and, lo, it was but a common brown field butterfly, after all.

"As the collecting of butterflies grows more popular," he explained, "more and more butterfly fakes turn up. These men, with various nulline dye powders, color up a ten cent insect into a good resemblance to a ten dollar one. Their work is hard to detect for the reason that when the dye rubs off and discolors your fingers you suspect nothing, since the genuine dust belonging to every butterfly's wings would do the same thing."—New York Press.

The Aurora Borealis.

The aurora borealis, or northern dawn, is an electrical phenomenon which in high northern latitudes, especially in winter, illuminates the skies with streamers of light. As the streams of light have a tremendous motion, they are called in many places the "merry dances." They assume many shapes and a variety of colors, from a pale red or yellow to a deep red or blood color, and in the northern latitudes they serve to illuminate the earth and cheer the gloom of the long winter nights. The connection of the aurora displays with the disturbance of the magnetic needle is now regarded as an ascertained fact.

Clear, but Confusing.

She—Oh, don't go there on Saturday. It's so frightfully crowded. Nobody goes there then.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Are You Bankrupt IN NERVE FORCE?

If you spend three dollars a day and earn two you are sure to come to bankruptcy and yet this is just what thousands of us are doing in regard to health. By overwork, worry and anxiety the energy and vigor of the body is wasted more rapidly than its supply and the result is bankruptcy of health. Headaches, nervousness, irritability, indigestion, weakness, feelings, spells of sickness and depression are some of the symptoms which tell of the approach of nervous prostration or paralysis.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills

Supply in condensed and easily assimilated form the very ingredients from which Nature constructs nervous energy and builds up the human system. They positively overcome the symptoms referred to above and prevent and cure the most serious forms of nervous diseases. 50 cents a box, at all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N.Y. Miss T. Martin, 524 Sherman Avenue, Troy, Ohio, says: "By overwork I was compelled to give up in such a weakened condition that it resulted in nervous prostration. I secured Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills, and continued the treatment until it completely restored me to my usual strength and good health."

For Sale by Stoke & Felcht Drug Co.

EARLY NEW YORK.

Its Name in the Year 1664 Was the "Towne of Mannados."

While many persons are aware of the fact that New York has not always been so called, having for a time at least been known as New Amsterdam, probably not one in 10,000 is aware of the fact that in early days it possessed still another and now forgotten name—the Towne of Mannados. That this was the case, however, is shown beyond the shadow of a doubt by a map which hangs in the armory of the Old Guard of the city of New York among its collection of early Americana, the authenticity of which is certified to by the manuscript department of the British museum, in whose possession is the original from which the copy in the possession of the Old Guard was made.

As a quaint representation of early geographical ideas of what is now Greater New York the map in question is interesting. It is one of the very few on which the name of Towne of Mannados is given priority over that of New Amsterdam.

The facsimile which hangs in the Old Guard armory, certified as being a correct copy in every particular, is entitled "A Description of the Towne of Mannados, or New Amsterdam, as It Was in September, 1664." If, however, the "towne" at that time existed in the shape indicated by the plan, extremely violent earthquakes must have occurred since. The map, a curious illustration of early ideas of geography, shows New York, or, rather, the Towne of Mannados, as a peninsula, jutting into an Inghos bay formed by "Hudson river" on one side and an unnamed stream on the other, probably regarded as its continuation. To the west lies an unexplored territory designated as the "maine land" and to the east "Longe Island."

What is probably Staten Island is depicted as lying due west of what is today Wall street, and the only outlet from the inclosed bay into which the Towne of Mannados juts is a single extremely narrow pass between the "maine land" and "Longe Island," which almost meet at a point in the vicinity of what is now Sandy Hook. On either side of this passage is the descriptive title "Heads."

That, in brief, was the idea of the Towne of Mannados in 1664. The plan also shows a spot marked "Water Mill" at the mouth of a stream which is probably the Harlem river, while "Ye Governour's House" is located at the extreme southeastern part of the island. The territory, which was even vaguely mapped, hardly extends above what is now Twenty-third street. Beyond that on the "plaine" there lies a vague territory much used by early geographers.—New York Times.

Sticking on and Sticking In.

His mother was proud of him, and with reason. He had just won a prize in Sunday school, and his teacher in the public school had reported him the best boy in her class. Consequently Mrs. Bugbins felt a moral joy in discussing with him that evening at supper the evil character of the other boys of the neighborhood.

"And I wouldn't go about any more with Charlie Blinks if I were you, Tommy," she concluded. "I was told this morning that he was seen sticking pins into his little sister's pug dog. But, of course, I know you wouldn't do such a thing."

"Tommy's virtuous eyes shone with the calm realization of his ethical superiority to the Blinks boy."

"No, mother," he answered, "of course I wouldn't."

"But," broke in his father, "I heard that you were there at the time Charlie was sticking in the pins. You should have struck him, my lad."

For a moment Tommy's face fell, but he soon justified himself.

"I couldn't stop him, father," he explained. "You see, I was holding the dog."—London Scraps.

Cruikshank at Eighty.

"Among the many people whose acquaintance I made in Richardson's rooms was old George Cruikshank. I happened incidentally to remark that I wasn't very well, when Cruikshank in his genial manner exclaimed: 'What? Not well? A powerful young fellow like you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk of being unwell! Here, let me see you do this.'"

"He sprang up, took the tongs and poker from the fireplace, crossed them on the floor like swords and then, whistling his own air, danced a highland sword dance with great agility and accuracy, keeping it up for at least a quarter of an hour. As he threw himself into a chair, somewhat exhausted by his efforts, he said: 'Now, then, when I'm dead you can say you saw old Cruikshank when he was over eighty years of age dance the sword dance in Dr. Richardson's room.'"

"From 'Pages From an Adventurous Life.'"

A Deadly Pun.

"What is that?" asked the condemned murderer, pointing to the death warrant in the warden's hand.

"That's a newspaper."—Pittsburgh Courier.

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have been permanently cured with PISO'S CURE. It is composed of the most effective remedies known in medicine for the treatment of coughs, colds, bronchitis and all chest affections, and has become world famous through nearly half a century of marvelous success.
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THE INDUCED TRANCE.

Franz Anton Mesmer and His Weird Hypnotic Methods.

Charlatan though he was, mankind owes a greater debt to Franz Anton Mesmer than has generally been acknowledged. As the present writer has elsewhere said, "When Mesmer published in 1773 his account of the marvelous cures effected by what he was pleased to term animal magnetism, he sowed seed which was to render inevitable the diligent husbandry of today." Grant that hypnotism had still to be clarified by the researches of an Esdaile, an Elliotson, a Braid, a Charcot, a Liebeault, a Gurney, before it became what it is today—a wonderful curative instrument and aid to psychological experimentation—grant all this, and Mesmer remains the first of a line of psychotherapists and psychopathologists whose fame, if belated, is steadily growing. That he should have been rebuffed by the orthodox practitioners of his day is not surprising. When in 1778 he went to Paris he went with a well developed sense of the value of advertising. The campaign he inaugurated was of a character to disgust the conservative and thoughtful, but to take a sensation loving populace by storm. Most extravagant tales of cures he had accomplished in Berlin, Vienna and elsewhere were noised abroad. Through a convert he challenged the physicians of Paris to enter into a contest with him, they to treat twelve patients by the orthodox methods, he to treat twelve by his. Of course this challenge was rejected, and equally, of course, its rejection was interpreted by the thoughtless as an acknowledgment of the superiority of Mesmer's treatment. His rooms were thronged; his purse waxed constantly heavier.

The treatment he gave was such as to appeal vividly to the imagination of the patient—in a word, to increase his suggestibility. Suggestion, indeed, was its root element, although Mesmer failed or pretended to fail to recognize this and taught that its efficacy depended upon the effluence of a mysterious fluid. In a room dimly lighted and hung with mirrors the patients were seated about a circular vat of considerable size covered with a lid and containing various chemicals. A long cord connected the patients with one another, while in the lid of the tub were several holes, through each of which passed an iron rod bent in such a way that its point could be applied to any part of a patient's body. The patients were requested not to speak, the only sound in the room being strains of soft music. When expectancy was at its flood Mesmer would enter clad in the robe of a magician and carrying an iron wand. At one patient he would gaze intently; another he would stroke gently with his wand. Soon some would burst into laughter, others into tears, while still others would fall into convulsions, finally passing into a lethargic state, out of which, it is claimed, they emerged cured or on the highroad to a cure. Occasionally the treatment was given outdoors, a tree being "magnetized" and the patient collapsing in a swoon so soon as he approached it.

In such wise were Europeans first made acquainted with the phenomenon of the "induced trance."—From "The Riddle of Personality," by H. Addington Bruce.

The Magazine West.

Once there was a newspaper man who came up into my country to write up the way his syndicate thought it ought to be. His sombrero was very wide and rakishly tilted—away from the sun. His shirt was open at the throat and decorated with a handkerchief, but because he did not know why cowboys wear handkerchiefs around their necks he wore it like a girl at a picnic. It was white silk and became him very well. There had not been an arrest made in Maverick for nearly three years, but the syndicate man had so much gun metal on him that he fairly clanked. When he first struck our town he saw an Indian, in shirt sleeves and overalls, leaning against the door of a general store. He was Johnny Denn, a graduate of the Carson school, who played the cornet and afterward organized a labor strike among the Indians at the salt works. The syndicate man clapped him on the back and said: "Heap big Indian, come drink fire water."

Denn looked him all over, with the gentle flicker of a smile. "Thank you," he said. "I never use alcoholic stimulants." The interesting part of this story is that it is a two years' penitentiary offense to furnish liquor to Indians.—Atlantic.

He Was Right.

"Johnny," said the big brother of an uptown small boy, "go to the shoemaker's and see if my shoes are mended, will you?"

"Naw," said the urchin.

"Why not?"

"Cause they ain't done yet."

"How do you know?"

"Cause I ain't taken 'em yet, that's how."

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A ROTHSCHILD STORY.

The Reward That Came to a Student With a Heart.

Old Rothschild stories are popular now in Europe. "Some are true," says an English writer, "some are only clever, and many are simply inventions. But all are read with interest."

Here is one from the Bystander, London:

"At a luncheon given by Empress Eugenie at the Tuilleries the head of the Paris house of Rothschild was seated opposite a great painter. Rothschild was not blessed with good looks and had, moreover, an expression of distress and resignation combined. The painter could not take his eyes off him, and this worried Rothschild not a little. After the meal he asked the painter why he had taken so great an interest in him, and to his great amazement the painter informed him that he had studied him as a model for a beggar in a picture he was then evolving. Rothschild's face brightened, and he said, 'I will sit for you.' And he did. One day when he was posing a pupil of the painter's was so touched by the expression of woe on the face of the model that he slipped a five franc piece into the 'poor man's' hand and vanished before an explanation was possible. The next day the young man received 4000 as interest on his well invested 5 francs."

SHOOTING WITH MORTARS.

Hitting the Target Is Simply a Matter of Mathematics.

How do we hit with the mortars? An observer near the shore who sees the target communicates the horizontal and vertical angle at which to lay the mortar and the instant of time at which to fire, and the gun does the rest. If you were standing at the center of a large clock dial laid flat on the ground and wanted to hit with a baseball a man walking around on the outside, you would notice how long it took the man to get from I to II and again from II to III. Then you would decide whether if the ball were thrown over a point halfway between III and V just as he arrived opposite III the man and the ball would reach the same spot at the same time, it being understood, of course, that he maintained uniform speed and direction and that the ball was thrown with proper force. Instruments give us the range and observations, and mechanical devices give us the range differences, increasing or decreasing by certain short intervals of time, too short for a ship of any size to escape by attempting to change direction or speed. Our observer's circle has 36,000 divisions.—Captain Howell in Scientific American.

Not For Fishes.

"What are you children talking about?" demanded the old catfish.

"Nothing much, ma," replied the little kitten fish. "We heard somebody say that iron was good for the blood, and we were wondering if it really was."

"Not if it comes to you in the shape of a hook, my child."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Daughter.

Oh, the blessings that a daughter can bring into a household if she only wishes to! The communion of her mother, the comfort of her father, the pride of her brothers and sisters, the joy of the whole household!—Martin Washington.

Plenty of light and no eye strain. Steadier than gas or incandescent. Not so sharp as the arc light. Just a big, round, smooth, bright flame.
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Gives the cheapest and best-for-the-eyes light known. Removes all lamp troubles—no smoke, no soot, no dirt, no charred wicks. Burns up full and bright to the last drop. Your dealer will supply you right from the original barrel—direct from our refineries.
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If rheumatism continues to spread as it has in the past few years, it would soon as though we would before long become a nation of cripples. The terrible destructiveness of this disease is apparent on every side of us. Almost nine out of ten of the cripples now meet that affliction brought on by Rheumatism. How many thousands more there are that are hopelessly bed-ridden and whom we never see, the situation, from the very nature of the disease, can never cure itself and if neglected is bound to grow worse rather than better. If you have any twinges of Rheumatism go to druggist and get a bottle of Uric-O, the wonderful new Rheumatic Specific. It will cure you and it is the only treatment in the world that will cure you permanently and thoroughly. Uric-O cures by its direct action on the muscles, blood and kidneys. It seeks out the poisonous Uric and Rheumatic Acid and drives it from the system and it is only a treatment of such a nature that will ever cure Rheumatism. Laxatives and purgatives only serve to drive it from one spot to another. They never cure Rheumatism, because it is primarily a blood disease, and until the blood is cleared from the poisons, a cure cannot be given.

There never was a case of Rheumatism that Uric-O could not cure and you should not get off talking. You can get Uric-O free of charge if you wish. Just cut out this advertisement and send it to the Smith Drug Co., Syracuse, N. Y. In answer with your name and the name of your druggist, and state that you have never used Uric-O and would like to try it. They will give you free, through your druggist, a 25 cent bottle, which you can test and try to your own satisfaction.

Uric-O is sold and personally recommended in Reynoldsville by Stoke & Felcht.

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