

WHEN THE EARTH DIES

And When Our Other Planets and Our Sun Are Also Dead.

STILL THE HEAVENS BLAZE.

The Infinite Space Shall Always Be Filled With Suns and Worlds and Souls, For in Eternity There Can Be Neither Beginning Nor End.

The earth was dead. The other planets had died, one after the other. The sun was extinct, but the stars were still twinkling. There shall always be stars and worlds.

In the unmeasurable eternity time, which is essentially relative, is determined by the movement of each of these worlds, and in each world it is felt according to the personal sensations of their inhabitants. Each globe measures its proper period of time. The years of the earth are not those of Neptune. Neptune's year equals 104 of ours and is no longer in the absolute. There exists no proper common measure of time and eternity.

In the empty space time does not exist. There are no years, no centuries, but there is a way of measuring time upon a revolving globe. Without periodical movements one can have no conception of time whatsoever.

The earth existed no longer; neither did its celestial neighbor, Mars, nor beautiful Venus, nor the gigantic Jupiter, nor the strange universe of Saturn, its rings gone, nor the slow planets Uranus and Neptune, nor even the sublime sun, whose rays had for centuries made fertile the celestial countries suspended in its light.

The sun was a black globe, the planets were other black globes, and this invisible system continued to course in the starry immensity at the bosom of the cold darkness of space.

From the viewpoint of life all these worlds were dead, existed no longer. They survived their antique history as do the ruins of the dead cities of Assyria, which the archaeologist discovers in the desert and revolved dark in the invisible and unknown. Everything was covered with ice, 273 degrees below zero.

No genius, so sage, could have brought back the days of old when earth sailed through space bathed in light. Its beautiful green meadows wakening with the rays of the morning sun, its rivers flowing like serpents through the green fields, its woods reverberating with the songs of the birds, its forests enveloped in majestic mystery.

Then all this happiness seemed eternal. What has become of the mornings and evenings, the flowers and the lovers, the harmonies and joys, the beauties and the dreams? All have disappeared.

The earth is dead, all the planets are dead, the sun is extinct. The solar system gone. Time itself even annihilated.

Time flows into eternity, but eternity is eternal, and time revives. Before the earth existed, during a whole eternity, there were suns and worlds, humanities filled with life and activity as we are today. For millions and millions of years our earth did not exist, but the universe was no less brilliant. After our time it will be as before. Our epoch is of no importance.

The dead and cold earth carried in itself, however, an energy not lost, its movement around the sun, which energy transformed into heat would suffice to melt the whole globe, to reduce it to vapor and to begin a new history for it, which, it is true, would not last long, for if this movement around the sun should suddenly cease the earth would fall into the sun and cease to exist. It would rush toward it with ever increasing speed and would reach it in sixty-five days.

When the earth is dead, other worlds come. There will be other humanities, other Babylonians, other Thebans, other Athenians, other Romans, other Greeks, other Persians, other temples, other glories, other loves, other wars.

These new universes will disappear, their turn, to be followed by others. At a certain time far in the future eternity all the stars of the Milky Way shall rush to the center of gravity and form one formidable sun, center of a new, whose enormous worlds will be populated by beings of a temperature which would seem impossible to us.

The infinite space shall always be filled with suns and worlds and souls, for in eternity there can be neither beginning nor end.

A Matter of Spelling. "It is the age of steel," said the speaker.

"I don't see how it can be," interrupted the man courteously, "that for the first time the republicans present you at last word."—Philadelphia.

Friends are worse than enemies.—French Press.

SEA AND LAND.

The Way They Meet and Clash and Finally Harmonize.

In "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof by Velma Swanston Howard, is the following pretty description of how sea and land meet:

You see that sea and land can meet in many different ways. In many places the land comes down toward the sea with flat, tufted meadows, and the sea meets the land with flying sand, which piles up in mounds and drifts. It appears as though they both disliked each other so much that they only wished to show the poorest they possessed. But it can also happen that when the land comes toward the sea it raises a wall of hills in front of it, as though the sea were something dangerous. When the land does this, the sea comes up to it with fiery wrath and beats and roars and lashes against the rocks and looks as if it would tear the land hill to pieces.

But in Blekinge it is altogether different when sea and land meet. There the land breaks itself up into points and islands and islets, and the sea divides itself into floods and bays and sounds, and it is perhaps this which makes it look as if they must meet in happiness and harmony.

Think now first and foremost of the sea! Far out it lies desolate and empty and big and has nothing else to do but to roll its gray billows. When it comes toward the land it happens across the first obstacle. This it immediately overpowers, tears away everything green and makes it as gray as itself. Then it meets still another obstacle. With this it does the same thing. And still another—yes, the same thing happens to this also. It is stripped and plundered as if it had fallen into robbers' hands. Then the obstacles come nearer and nearer together, and then the sea must understand that the land sends toward it her little children in order to move it to pity. It also becomes more friendly the farther in it comes, rolls its waves less high, moderates its storms, lets the green things stay in cracks and crevices, separates itself into small sounds and inlets and becomes at last so harmless in the land that little boats dare venture out upon it. It certainly cannot recognize itself, so mild and friendly has it grown.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A Display of Courtesy "In Memory of Old Virginia."

All the seats were taken in the car which I entered one morning in early April. An old colored man sat next the door. It is not often in these days that I see that type of black man. I used to see that kind on the old Virginia plantation, where he was "Ung Lige" or "Ung Sambo" to all the household.

His days were devoted to useful toil and his evenings to his banjo and the old plantation melodies that no one can ever sing again as musically as they were sung then.

"Take this seat, mistis," he said, rising promptly. "Mistis" sounded very "homey" and pleasant to me. It had been so long since I was "mistis" to anybody.

"Thank you, uncle," said I. "Keep your seat. I would just as lief stand." "Scuse me, please, mistis, but 'tain't fitten for yer stan'; you mus' set," he admonished respectfully.

I took the seat, thanking him for his courtesy. Soon a departing passenger left a vacancy.

"There is a seat for you," I said to the old man.

"Between the ladies, ma'am?" He hesitated.

"Yes," I said.

He bowed apologetically to right and left and took the vacant place. Just before leaving the car I slipped a silver piece into his hand, saying, "Uncle, get you a nice luncheon with this—in memory of old Virginia."

"Thank you, my mistis," he said, opening his hand to look at the little gift and then closing it. I left the car with a sunnier feeling in my heart because of the chance meeting, but with no thought that I should ever again hear of my old Virginia.

That afternoon I received a bunch of arbutus which had been left for me by an old colored man—"fer the tall lady with a long blue coat an' white hair"—in memory of ole Virginia an' dem old time days."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Distinction Without a Difference.

Five-year-old Deborah had been invited to take luncheon at a restaurant with Miss K.

"Do you like cocoa?" she was asked. When the answer was "Yes," the beverage was duly brought, but remained untasted.

At last Miss K. said, "Why don't you drink your cocoa, Deborah, when you said you wanted it?"

"I didn't say I wanted it," replied the child politely. "I only said that I liked it."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Wise Ones.

"Some people don't never seem to learn nuthin' as they grow older," remarked the Squawk sage.

COSTLY MATTRESSES.

The Kind That Are Used on the Big Plate Glass Wagons.

Probably about as costly a sort of mattress as any is one that is made not to sleep on at all, but to spread on the long, broad table or platform of the wagons built for carrying plate glass.

These mattresses, which are made of curled hair, are very thin, scarcely thicker than a comfortable, and must be made with the greatest care to insure perfect uniformity of thickness. A lump anywhere would be likely to break the plate of glass resting upon it, and there would be still greater danger if the weight of two plates of glass was rested on the lump at once.

A mattress for a plate glass wagon costs, according to size, from \$80 to \$75. In use the corners of smaller plates carried on it cut into the ticking covering, and sooner or later it has to be made over. Simply to make over such a mattress costs from \$20 to \$25.

On the table topped and mattress covered glass wagons the biggest plates are carried with confidence and safety! The table is built to remain absolutely rigid, and the thin but uniform mattress protects the plate from jar.

Before plate glass store fronts had come into common use, when the handling of a big plate was counted as a good deal more of a job than it is now, they used to carry a great pane of glass in a sort of frame, which was put on the wagon with the glass in it. At its destination this frame or support was worked carefully across the sidewalk to the store front, where the glass was dislodged from it to be set, and altogether the setting of a great plate of glass was then quite an undertaking.

Now, with the setting of such plates a common daily occurrence and with men skilled in the handling of them, they simply carry a big plate out and lay it on their mattress covered table topped wagon and carry it to where it is to go and there slide it off, to rest it for a moment on blocks on the sidewalk, and then they pick it up and carry it to the window front.

Then they run under the lower edge of the glass lifting straps, by which men standing inside the window as well as men standing outside can lift on it when the glass is put into place in the window frame. There again it is raised on blocks until the straps can be withdrawn, and then the blocks are taken out and the glass secured in place, all this being done with great care, but still with comparative ease and quickness and with certainty, and in these times great panes of glass are thus moved and set on all but the windiest days.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DOG INTELLIGENCE.

The Clever "Maimutes" That Carry the Mails in Alaska.

The Eskimo begins to train his dog for sledge work before it is a month old. One of the most interesting features of Eskimo villages are puppies tied to the pole of a tent. They pull on the rope with all their puppy strength in the effort to break away and join in the frolics of their elders.

Not until a dog bred for mail service is one year old is it put in training for the trail. It begins by running ten miles with the team; then it is dropped out. Next day it runs the same distance. Gradually the distance is increased until it reaches its fifteenth month of life, when it becomes part of the regular service. The life of a mail dog is from three to four years. No greater punishment can be inflicted than to lay a dog off from service. When unruly they are often threatened with a lay-off, and with almost human intelligence they seem to understand the disgrace it implies in the eyes of their fellow workers on the trail. All fight to be leaders. A constant spur to an unambitious dog is the "outsider," who will quickly take away the leadership not only in the mail service, but in teams maintained chiefly for the pleasure of the sport. The intelligence of the maimutes is remarkable, its scent wonderful, its instinct, as a rule, unerring.

Some dogs are better trail followers than others, as some are better leaders. In a blizzard the best of them lose the trail, but invariably find it. When on the trail they never eat but once a day, then at the end of a journey. After feeding, like weary children, they fall asleep and are never quarrelsome. It takes on an average twenty pounds of food a day for a team of eleven dogs on a hard route.—Lida Rose McCabe in St. Nicholas.

Naturally.

Towse—Sleep well?

Stubbs—Like a top—never lose a wink.

"Great Scott! What do you take?"

"An alarm clock to my room and then set the alarm for half an hour after I go to bed. As soon as it rings I naturally roll over and go to sleep!"—Pick-Me-Up.

A Good Talker.

"They say her conversational powers are immense."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir. They tell me that girl once talked clear through Paris!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HOLLAND MUSTARD.

Some of the Virtues Ascribed to It and One Way to Make It.

Hollanders use enormous quantities of mustard and thrive on the condiment. There is a small spot in Overijssel, I think it is near Goor, where the land slopes gently down to the river IJsel and is a brown gray clay. This is fashioned into the finest little Jugs you ever saw, holding about a pint each, and the genuine Dutch mustard, made only in that pocket borough, according to a secret process handed down for many generations, is hermetically sealed therein. It will keep for years and is as delicious as the finest confection. It is butter, cheese and condiment to the Hollanders who can afford it. And there is no other place on earth where that mustard can be bought.

You might ask, "Why do the Hollanders eat so much mustard?" The answer is: The Holland mustard is a most delightful stomach stimulant. "It makes the food slide down." It cures the worst cases of dyspepsia. It keeps the liver in fine shape. It is an antidote for the most deadly poison—corrosive sublimate. It is in large doses a non-nauseating emetic. It is the only counterirritant handed down to us by our grandmothers—the mustard plaster. The Dutch girls use it sparingly on their velvet cheeks to give a rosy complexion. When a person is down and nearly out a drink made of pure mustard and oil will fetch him around. A mustard "stoop" is a certain cure for catarrh in the nasal cavity.

Here is one Dutch method of preparing mustard for the table: Mix equal portions of black and white seeds and grind to a fine powder. Boll this in the best vinegar till thoroughly mixed. Grate some fresh horseradish, squeeze out the juice and add to the mustard. Then put in a little salt, a little sugar, a little turmeric, a little fenugreek and a little white honey. You will eat this on your bread, cake, pie, battercakes and waffles, your meats, fish, game and poultry.—New York Press.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A Madhouse Doctor's Experience With His Crazy Cooks.

A celebrated Scotch physician tells a story of a madhouse doctor whose presence of mind alone saved his life: "A great friend of mine was for a considerable time the medical superintendent of a lunatic asylum near Glasgow.

"One night in making his customary rounds he had occasion to visit the patients in the kitchen, who were preparing the dinner. There were seven of them, all big, sturdy fellows, who were believed to be harmless. The keeper only looked in upon them now and again, feeling that his constant presence was unnecessary.

"The doctor unlocked the iron barred door of the kitchen and went in among the lunatics.

"There were five large boilers containing scalding water ready for making the day's dinner for the patients.

"One of the lunatics pointed at the boilers full of hot water and, laying his hand upon the doctor's shoulder, said, 'Doctor, you'll make a fine pot of broth.' And the words had no sooner been uttered than the other six madmen shouted in a voice of delight. 'Just the thing,' and, seizing the doctor, were in the very act of putting him into one of the large boilers of scalding water when the doctor had the presence of mind to say, but not a second too soon:

"'Capital broth! But it would taste better if I took my clothes off.'

"The madmen, with a yell of delight, said 'Yes,' and the doctor asked them to wait a moment while he went and took his clothes off. But as soon as he got out of the kitchen he turned the key in the door and ordered the keeper to see to the lunatics being put under restraint.

"The doctor's presence of mind saved him, it is true, from a terrible death, but he died shortly after raving mad. The experience had destroyed his reason."

Origin of the Postal Card.

In 1869, while Professor Emanuel Herrmann of Vienna was seeking a vast amount of information by correspondence for his notable book, "The Guide to the Study of National Economy," the thought occurred to him that many advantages would result from the adoption of a means of correspondence cheaper than the sealed letter. On Jan. 26 he went before the Austrian post director with his idea, an open, stamped card, and his suggestion was almost immediately adopted. Within a month the Austrian postal authorities printed and sold 1,000,000 postal cards and thus established this indispensable means of communication.

Navy Is Never Done.

A navy, like a railroad, is never done. There never comes the grateful moment when the work can be said to be finished and the sole task left to be discharged is that of operation. As the roadbed, track, equipment of a railroad must be constantly maintained and improved, so if there is to be any navy at all equipment must be constantly improved and brought up to date, even under the policy of "replacement and repair."—New York Press.

A TRICK OF THE TRADE.

Bear This In Mind When You Purchase Art Treasures Abroad.

A warning to picture buyers that was published in Paris by the versatile and fiery Frenchman, M. Rochefort, may well be laid to heart by wealthy Americans and others who are disposed to purchase works of art on their face value and without challenging the credentials that are lavishly paraded. It is of course the picture dealers in Paris who need to be specially watched, and M. Rochefort tells a good story in illustration of the care that should be used. A customer had bought an authentic picture by an old master in an excellent state of preservation and expressed his intention of taking it with him. The dealer, on the other hand, insisted strongly on sending it home by one of his employees.

"If you are afraid that we will change the picture, you have only got to write your name on the back," said the shopman.

But the customer had his way. When he reached home, he undid his purchase and discovered that a copy of the original canvas had been nailed behind the genuine picture, so that if the customer had placed his signature on the back of the picture he would have written it on the copy. The dealer would have maintained that that was the picture he had bought, and the original would have remained in the possession of the dealer.—Argonaut.

TOO STRONG A BLUFF.

The Boy Meant Well, but Carried His Instructions Too Far.

The proprietor of one of New York's fashionable hotels was talking about the crush that restaurants experience on New Year's eve, Washington's birthday and other holidays. "But I must not boast," said he. "It is bad luck. A grocer in my boyhood told me that. The grocer said that he had once engaged a new boy and had exhorted this boy always to give customers the impression that they were very busy.

"Whether we are actually busy or not, say we are busy," the grocer said. "Tell people we are, for they like to deal with brisk, go ahead firms that do a large trade."

"Well, an hour or so later a brougham drove up, and the rich judge's wife entered. She did not stay long. The boy looked after her. And on her departure the grocer said to the boy:

"Did Mrs. Judge Brown leave a very large order, James?"

"She was going to," said the boy. "She had a list as long as yer arm. But I looked mad and told her we was so busy I hardly seed how I could stop to tend to her, so she said, 'believe as she was in a hurry, she'd just go next door.'"—Exchange.

The Art of Saint Gaudens.

His angels and caryatids are not classical goddesses, but modern women, lovely, but with a personal and particular loveliness, not insisted upon, but delicately suggested. And it is not the personality of the model who chanced to pose for them, but an invented personality, the expression of the nobility, the sweetness and the pure mindedness of their creator. And in such a figure as that of the Adams memorial in Rock Creek cemetery in Washington his imaginative power reaches to a degree of impressiveness almost unequalled in modern art. One knows of nothing since the tombs of the Medici that fills one with the same hushed awe as this shrouded, hooded, deeply brooding figure, rigid with contemplation, still with an eternal stillness, her soul rapt from her body on some distant quest. Is she Nirvana? Is she the peace of God? She has been given many names. Her maker would give her none. Her meaning is mystery. She is the everlasting enigma.—Kenyon Cox in Atlantic.

Fishing With Forty Foot Rods.

In sea fishing at Biarritz, France, some remarkably long and heavy rods are employed. We think a twenty foot salmon rod or roach pole is a pretty good length, but our friends at Biarritz use rods over forty feet in length. In fishing from the walk at the lighthouse the rods are balanced on the railing by means of a wood rest fitting the iron bars. A line about the length of the rod is used, three or four hooks and a light sinker. At La Pointe Fiste rods of lesser length and weight are used, but even these are not featherweights by any means. Reels, according to Vicome Henri de France, are known to these sea anglers, but are seldom used.—London Fishing Gazette.

Wrong Interpretation.

"I declare," remarked Rev. Mr. Goodley, "I never really knew what profanity was until I met Mr. Tuff."

"Yes," put in Dumley. "Ain't he aggravatin', though? I don't blame you a bit, for he'd make a saint swear."—Philadelphia Press.

Speaker of the House.

Binks—Very few women have any knowledge of parliamentary law. Jinks—You should hear my wife. She has been speaker of the house for the last twelve years.—New York Press.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Property Changes in Jefferson County Put Upon Record.

Frank E. Bussard to W. E. Stormer, for one half interest in 29 acres 9 perches in Winslow township, \$1,250. April 5, 1908.

Frank P. Sackett to Robert B. Horn, for 18 3/4 acres in Winslow township, \$1,900. April 15, 1908.

F. S. Douthit to S. K. Douthit, et al., for 100 acres in Winslow township, \$500. January 30, 1908.

Frank Straitwell to W. L. Lingren-felter, for 100 acres in McCalmont township, \$1,000. April 7, 1908.

J. L. Boardman to Joseph R. Laverlock, for 10 acres in Winslow township, \$400. April 22, 1908.

John Extrom to George K. Depp, for lot in Big Run. \$600. January 31, 1908.

Home Building & Loan Association to Leon H. Hoffman, for lot in McCalmont township, \$1,000. April 11, 1908.

Leon H. Huffman to H. R. Martin, for lot in McCalmont township, \$150. April 22, 1908.

Reynoldsville Building & Loan Association to Charles C. Herpel, for lot in West Reynoldsville, \$1,800. April 10, 1908.

William J. Morrison to Maurice M. Raybuck, for 92.4 acres in Washington township, \$2,000. April 11, 1908.

Graduated with Honor.

Albert J. Feicht, brother of C. M. Feicht, of this place, on Tuesday was graduated from the Pittsburg College of Pharmacy. Mr. Feicht took first honors in a class of about 150, and his closest rival was Mrs. Pearl J. Davis, of Pittsburg. Although a Reynoldsville boy, Mr. Feicht's honors will be good news to his many friends in Punxsutawney, where he has been associated with his brother. He will take the examinations before the state board May 24, and his high standing in the Pittsburg college leaves no doubt of his success.—Punxsutawney Spirit. Albert Feicht is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Feicht, of this place.

Lace Curtains.

With each pair of lace curtains costing one dollar or more we give white oak or mahogany poles free, Gillespies.

See if you can't get your piano tuned for nothing. Hustle down with your order as soon after twelve o'clock as you can Wednesday, as the first one will be tuned for nothing. John Strauss, Come to Adam's and have a fit.

Dry goods of all kinds at Horwitz' at low prices.

Come in Thursday evening and see the bargains we have to offer you in our After-Supper Sale. Bing-Stoke Co.

Tan and black oxfords for children will be cut 10 per cent Thursday, Friday and Saturday at Nolan's.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH POWDER
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. No harmful drugs. 25c. Blower free to all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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