

A SEA PICTURE CRITIC

He Knew All About Ships and the Wild Ocean.

ART COMMENTS OF A SAILOR

The "Death of Nelson" Reminded Him of How 'Arkness Come Off the Main Yard—The Blood Red Sky Without a Cloud That Foretells a Storm.

Crude perhaps and curious, the outcome of a life apart, sailors have yet an appreciation of the arts, writes David W. Bone in the Manchester Guardian.

Once in the Walter gallery I was looking at "The Death of Nelson." There was a man with the look of a seaman standing near. He had a slight smile of drink and was chewing tobacco. He, too, was interested in the picture, and, recognizing the seaman-like, he said something, and we got to talking about Nelson and his times, about ships and pictures. "B'god, mate, them fellers" (the painters he meant) "knewed what they was a-doin'. Look at that 'ere gillim' (jannet). 'Looks as if trimmuns' was forgot w'en they brought th' admirals down. * * * An' them eyes," pointing to a wounded seaman in the near foreground, "them's th' eyes o' poor 'Arkness wot come off th' main yard las' voyage an' struck th' life rail full on!"

He told me of the accident, how it happened, and by his eyes and rude, simple speech I saw it all. As plain before me as the figure of the stricken seaman I saw 'Arkness come off the main yard, clatching wildly at the sheets and lifts as he fell. I heard him strike the rail with a sickening thud and lie stretched. I saw the running figures on the deck, and—" 'e never larsted th' night. We buried 'im out there. 'Taint it was," said my speaker, involuntarily twisting a shoulder to an imaginary southwest.

There was a sea picture, a ship coming up to the Isle of Wight—clean curving sails, a good sense of movement and a fine, breezy atmosphere. "Jest wot it is," said my friend, "oneward-bound. Let 'er go, boys!" a burst of enthusiasm that made some visitor glance around, alarmed. "'Oneward bound it is!" There were other fine pictures, but we did not feel that we had a right to do more than look at them and admire. With sea pictures it was different. They were our world, and who had the right to criticize the way a sea was moving off the sky if we had not? Too often had we watched, anxious eyed, for a break in the clouds not to know the way of wind on the water, the send of a cloud breaking free in a welcome shift. Well we knew the curve of a standing sail and the relation it bore to the sense of movement.

For a city of the sea Liverpool has no great representation of her foremost industry on her chamber walls. Sea pictures have apparently no attraction for her chief citizens. There was little call for sea critics downstairs, so we went to an exhibition of modern art in the upper galleries. Here we found ourselves properly confronted. "Setting Sail After a Blow" it was, a large canvas, a ship pitching heavily in the swell of a recent gale and the crew putting the canvas on her. It held a great message for my mate (black smoke and an ever throbbing screw had not yet dulled his sea fancy). He was highly pleased. "Them seas wot ye gets off th' Plate!" He wanted to show some word of cheer, to swing his right hand to the left shoulder in seamanlike admiration, but the cold gray eye of a tall hatted official was upon us—"Huh, sailors!"—and there was a group of young ladies near by worshipping at the shrine of a corporation purchase, so he contented himself by nudging me furiously. "That's wot I calls a picture," he said.

A sunset over water claimed our attention. A blood red sky with no clouds, only a slight density near the horizon. I said it was remarkable, perhaps unreal. "That's where ye ain't in it, mister! Look at here! If ye wot 't take all th' colors in th' locker so's ye 'ad lots o' red an' yellor in, ye'd find a sky 't match it. Ain't ye never 'eard o' what them dagos calls blood o' Chris—them dagos wot loads ye buldest in th' Plate?" I had not heard. "Well, it's a sky like that, an' it comes afore one of them 'pamperos." "Min' I wos lyin' in Monte Video onet, an' we 'ad a sky all blood red an' never a cloud, an' th' fishin' boats wos all comin' in; not rowin' shipseape, same 's me an' you 'ud do; them shovin' th' ours 's if they wos pushin' a barrier." He spat into a dark corner and said something more about dagos, then continued: "Nex' day we 'ad a gale. 'Owlin', it was, an' 'er drivin' into it same 's we wos off th' Horn, an' a big German bark driv' down on us an' took th' fore to gal'mast out o' 'er an' th' boom an' started all th' 'eagars. Two ships wos driv' ashore, an' that's wot comes out o' them skies wot they calls th' blood o' Chris!"

It was an impressionist picture that annoyed my mate—an impression of a scene in dock, with masts and funnels and hulls all mixed up. The coloring was good, but the ships might have been tinpins or egg boxes or anything. At first he was perplexed, then amused, then indignant. "Oh, —!" he said. "What's this? Ships 'b'gad, or I'm a Dutchman!" He burst into a fit of rude laughter. "Ships it is, mister, an' look at them tawps' yards! Ships w' tawps' yards below the main, an' a hangman's gibbet fer th' mizen gaff. Them fellers 's got some cheek, mate. That's wot I calls it—cheek—'t be paintin' things like that. 'Oy sailor! Look at them!"

MASTODONS.

Why Their Bones Are Found Near Salt or Sulphur Springs.

"Wherever you find salt or sulphur springs," says a gentleman connected with the United States geological survey, "you may expect to find the bones of mastodons and other huge creatures that have now become extinct. Many persons suppose that the presence of these bones in great numbers indicates that the animals had a sort of common cemetery, like the llamas of Chile, which when they felt death coming on always made for the nearest stream or pond and, if they could get there, died in the water.

"That, however, is likely only a superstition. The mastodon bones in a salt or sulphur marsh indicates that the animals went there to drink the water and occasionally one got mired and was suffocated. The great numbers of the bones do not prove that a whole herd of mastodons was drowned at once, but that one being mired every year or so during several centuries would in time cause a great accumulation of bones. Missouri has a bone marsh at Sulphur Springs; there is a great mine of them at the Salt Springs in Kentucky and at several places in Ohio and Indiana where there are saline springs. A great spring in Florida, one of the four or five huge outlets which are grouped under the name of Silver Spring, is called "the bone yard" because the bottom and sides are masses of mastodon bones."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A WAR OF MAPS.

Bolivia Wiped Out England and the British Isles.

"Bolivia is the only country that ever wiped England off the map," said Frank Robertson. "It came about this way: The British ambassador several years ago gave a dinner for the official and social circle people of Bolivia.

"When they arrived at the embassy they found that he was not married to the woman seated at the head of the table, and they left. In the name of his government he demanded an apology, whereupon the government gave him twenty-four hours to get out of the country.

"Inasmuch as little Bolivia is way off the ocean and practically lost in the eternal mountains Great Britain could not by guns get the retraction that she wanted, but her mapmakers got revenge by issuing maps wholly eliminating Bolivia.

"Finally this information reached Bolivia, whereupon with a stroke of the pen new maps were ordered for the Bolivian government and the Bolivian schools. They showed more ocean than any other maps ever printed. The British Isles had been sunk into the sea. And so far as the people and school children of Bolivia are concerned there is no Great Britain."—Indianapolis News.

Towne—There's one thing about my wife—she makes up her mind if she can't afford a thing that she doesn't need it. Browne—Something like my wife, only she buys it first and makes up her mind afterward.—Philadelphia Press.

Possibly. Possibly the fact that the optimist sees the doughnut and the pessimist the hole is due to the further fact that the optimist has mostly doughnuts and the pessimist mostly holes.—Puck.

Ambition is like love—impatient both of delays and rivals.—Denham.

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., writes:

"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 rebuilding effect on the nerves."

For Sale by Stoke & Feicht Drug Co.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c. 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; all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by Stoke & Feicht Drug Co.

HUGHES & FLEMING.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

Main Street. Reynoldsville, Pa.

WINDSOR HOTEL

W. T. Brubaker, Mgr. Midway between Broad St. Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert st. Rooms \$1.00 per day and up. The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in PHILADELPHIA

A FRONTIER MARKSMAN.

Wild Bill Hickok's Skill in Use of the Six Shooter.

Wild Bill Hickok was the first frontiersman who recognized the importance of proficiency in the use of the six shooter. This was the real secret of his supremacy. He was an unerring marksman and shot as accurately under fire as when firing at a mark, apparently taking no aim.

Probably no man has ever equaled him in the lightning-like rapidity with which he could draw a weapon in time of emergency and in the thorough self possession that made it possible for him to take advantage of every opportunity in savage conflict. He had a standing order to his deputies that they should not rush in on him in any of his affairs and especially should not come quickly up in the rear.

By forgetting this a man named Williams met his death at Abilene, Hickok taking him for an enemy and firing so rapidly that it left no opportunity for recognition. He readily killed a wild goose across the Smoky Hill with his revolver. Riding at his horse's highest speed, he fired shot after shot into a tin can or a post a few rods distant.

Standing at one telegraph pole, he would swing rapidly on his heel and fire a pistol ball into the next telegraph pole. These were some of the simpler feats he performed day after day on the street to settle little wagers. He could shoot a hole through a silver dime at fifty paces and could drive the cork through the neck of a bottle at thirty paces and knock out the bottom without breaking the neck. He could do what the fancy shots of the present day do, and possibly some of them equal him as marksman with a revolver, but it must be remembered that he was the first to acquire the skill, and the so called crack shots of his day were poor imitations at best, although most of them boasted of their fame.

He shot just as well with others shooting at him and at a man as steadily as at any other target. There were certain traits of his character, however, that were almost womanly. He was fond of children, and they liked him. He declined to quarrel with the peaceful settlers of the community, the business men, on any provocation. There was no foolhardy bravado about him.—Denver Field and Farm.

CONJURED A TREATY.

How Houdin, the Magician, Awed the Arabs into Submission.

During the French conquest of Algeria (1830-3) negotiations for peace were entered upon with the sheiks of certain Arab tribes, and a meeting for the settlement of terms was arranged to take place at the French headquarters. The French officers received their guests with great hospitality, and after the banquet given in their honor at which the utmost splendor was employed in order to dazzle their eyes and captivate their simple minds, an adjournment was made to a large hall, where M. Houdin, the celebrated conjurer, who had accompanied the French forces, gave an exhibition of his skill.

They stared in open mouthed wonder at all the tricks that were performed, and a feeling of awe crept over them as they witnessed the mysterious appearance and disappearance of various objects. But what appeared to them most marvelous was the apparent manufacture of cannon balls. M. Houdin passed round among them a high hat, which they examined very carefully, but without suspecting anything unusual in either its make or its appearance. When the hat was returned to him the conjurer placed it on the floor in the middle of the stage in full view of his audience. He then proceeded to take from the hat cannon balls apparently without number and rolled them across the floor into the wings. The chiefs then consulted among themselves and came to the conclusion that it was useless to offer any opposition to an army that could turn out its ammunition in so easy a manner. They therefore signed the required treaty and departed to tell their friends in the desert of the wonderful power of the invaders.

Wanted to See Too.

Farmer Asced and his wife came up to London to go to one of the theaters. They saw a great many men go out after the first act, in which a man had been shot.

She—Henry, where are you going? He—Look here, Sairey. I've stood this as long as I can. I'm going out like the rest o' 'em to see how that fellow is getting on who was shot. The poor wretch may be dead by this time, and if he is this ain't no place for us.—London Mail.

From One Walk to Another.

"What would you do if you was one o' dese millionaires?" said Meandering Mike. "I s'pose," answered Plodding Pete, "dat I'd get meself a golf outfit an' walk fer pleasure insteard o' from necessity."—Washington Star.

She Might Not Like It.

"Old man Pilkinson candidly admits that his wife made him what he is." "Yes. But I have noticed that he is always careful to assure himself before admitting it that she isn't present to put in a denial."—Judge.

One Cure.

"I believe I'll rock the boat," declared the man in the stern. "Don't do it," advised his companion. "It might discharge this unloaded pistol I have in my jeans."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Happiness is in doing right from right motives.—Margaret of Navarre.

THE GENTLE ALLIGATOR.

Getting Him Out into the Open For the Camera Man.

I have seen a bare-foot boy when the alligator refused to respond to his call wade in the mud to his waist, explore with his toes till he felt the wiggle of the gator beneath them, then worry him to the surface, grab him by the nose before he could open his jaws and tow the creature ashore to be photographed. When an alligator that we were hunting crawled into his cave I held a noosed rope over his mouth while the boy poked a stick through the mud until it hit the creature in his hiding place, and soon I had him snared, ready to be dragged out on the prairie and tied, to be kept till the camera man was ready for him; then we turned the reptile loose on a bit of prairie, and the boy and I, armed with sticks, headed him off when he tried to escape, while the camera man, with his head in the hood of his instrument, followed the creature about, seeking for evidence in the case of reason versus instinct. When the camera man was through with him the alligator was set free, a final shot being taken at him as he walked off. Our hunter boys could never be made to comprehend our reasons for restoring to the creatures their freedom. They understood the photographing, but when this was done why not collect a dollar for the reptile's hide? Their manner implied that to this question no sane answer was possible.—A. W. Dimock in Harper's Magazine.

The Reason.

It was Washington's birthday, and the minister was making a patriotic speech to the children of the secondary grade.

"Now, children," he said, "when I arose this morning the flags were waving and the houses were draped with bunting. What was that done for?"

"Washington's birthday," answered a youngster.

"Yes," said the minister, "but last month I, too, had a birthday, but no flags were flying that day, and you did not even know I had a birthday. Why was that?"

"Because," said a urchin, "Washington never told a lie."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mussels of Philippine.

During August and September as many as 1,000 to 1,500 sacks, each containing nearly 200 pounds of mussels, are dispatched every Wednesday from Philippine alone. Holland, Belgium and France are the best customers of the Philippine mussel farmers, but quite a number of the cherished shellfish find their way across the channel from the Dutch beds to the Britishers' dinner table. In Philippine mussels form, one may say, the staple food of the population. They are consumed in every possible manner—stewed, fried, in soups, in gravies and with particular relish alive.—A. Pitcairn-Knowles in Wide World Magazine.

May Be Sign of Trouble.

"In a certain uptown barber shop," said the Bronxite, "there is a sign that says, 'If you are not pleased with the barber's work, tell the proprietor.' Now, I visit the place at least a couple of times a week and always get a good shave except when I get into the proprietor's chair. His razors are always rasping, his work careless and results bad. Now, should I tell the proprietor? Would he be insulted if I told him he ought to be fired and his chair given to a real barber? Of course the sign invites it, but I wonder what would happen if I told him just what I think? I'd try it were it not for the fact that he's huskier than I am."—New York Globe.

Why He "Let 'Em Grow." "Yes, I've given up shaving," he told his friends. "I never could shave myself, and the last time I was operated on I was in such a blue funk that I shudder to think of it. The barber had a musical ear, and he lathered me to the tune of 'The Blind Boy,' which was being ground out by a barrel organ close by. Slowly certainly, but nothing to complain about. By the time the scraping process had commenced the tune had changed to the liveliest of Jigs, and the musical shaver seemed to be enjoying himself hugely as he did his best to keep time. I was afraid to take a breath for fear it would be my last.

"Then the organ stopped, but only for a second, and when I heard the strains of 'Stop Your Tickling, Jock,' I vowed that rather than run the risk of being finished off in a barber's chair by a musical maniac I would let 'em grow for the future and chance the crop."—Modern Society.

Spare minutes are the gold dust of time, the portions of life most fruitful in good or evil, the gaps through which temptations enter.—Mrs. Thrall.

We are so certain that itching, bleeding and protruding Piles can always be relieved and absolutely cured by this ointment that we positively guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.

Piles

50 cents a box at all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by Stoke & Feicht Drug Co.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Thursday, the 11th day of June, A. D. 1906, by D. H. Young, C. H. Patterson and S. M. McCreight, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called The Woodwork Supply Company, the character and object of which is to manufacture, deal in and sell lumber and builders' supplies, mill work and such articles as are ordinarily made in a planing mill, and to contract for the building and erection of buildings of all kinds, of wood, stone, brick, iron and other materials, and for this purpose to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements. SMITH M. McCREIGHT, Solicitor.

Wedding Invitations and Visiting Cards neatly and promptly printed at The Star office.

JOB WORK

of all kinds promptly done at


THE STAR OFFICE.

You can make a water-tight box out of hardwood flooring, coat the inside with

KYANIZE FLOOR FINISH

Fill it with water and let it stand all day. Twenty-four hours of water soaking won't feaze the KYANIZE a bit. When it's dry in an hour or two it will be as bright as ever. KYANIZE is waterproof—it's made so on purpose.

Comes in Clear and Seven Beautiful Colors
Good for all Inside Work as well as Floors



W. A. LEECH



It Beats Them All—5c

Ask any old smoker what's the best pipe tobacco and he'll tell you Five Brothers. It's been the best for 25 years—and everyone knows it.

FIVE BROTHERS

Pipe Smoking Tobacco

(A Good Chew, Too)

Get the new, dust-proof, foil package, 5c, and smoke the cleanest and the best tobacco, with the finest flavor and fragrance.

You can't fool an old smoker—he knows that Five Brothers is the best, and he never smokes anything else. You can depend on his judgment—call for Five Brothers, and see that you get it. Sold everywhere.

NEW FOIL PACKAGE, 5c

