

MYSTERY OF DREAMS

Whence Come the Warning Visitors We See in Sleep?

TWO VERY PUZZLING CASES.

One Where Mother and Son Both Got Tidings of Disaster at the Same Time and One Where a Child Saw Her Father Saved in a Shipwreck.

Out of 149 dreams of a very striking kind investigated by one of the leading psychic research societies no fewer than seventy-nine related to a death and perhaps the rarest of all these dreams is the case where two persons dreamed the same thing on the same night, and the episode came true. This striking instance is reported by the Rev. R. B. Elington:

"A woman parishioner of mine," he says, "whose husband was a fisherman, at that time on the sea, dreamed one night in terribly vivid fashion that his little craft had been cut in two by the towering steel bows of a great liner. Her eldest son was with the husband, and as she woke she screamed out, 'Oh, save my boy, my boy!' This was remarkable enough, considering the sequel, but almost at the very moment the poor woman was in her distress, yet still asleep, another son was pounding at her door, half asleep and half awake, and crying, 'Oh, mother, where is father?' The terrified woman now rose and let the boy in. He was crying. He told her he had distinctly heard his father's heavy tread coming up the stairs and his ponderous kick with sea boots against the door, as had been his manner when returning abruptly from a long cruise. Next morning the alarmed mother and wife told all the neighbors, and before the day was out the dreadful news came that every detail of her dream was true. The little trawling lugger had been run into by a coasting liner, nearly cut in two and sunk with all hands, including her husband and son."

Premonitory dreams occupy a large part of the psychological records, and the following case is a very puzzling one: A Mrs. Spruit lived at Balmain, one of the suburbs of Sydney, Australia. Her husband was a sea captain in command of the Atacama, a wooden ship of 1,300 tons, which had arrived in Sydney in a leaking state and was picked up cheap by a firm known as Cowlishaw Bros. for \$3,500. Twice as much was spent in repairs, and then the Atacama was sent up the coast with a cargo of coal. She delivered this and next set out for San Diego. But when 500 miles out from Syd-

ney she sprang a leak, and Captain Spruit decided to put back. In spite of the pumps the water gained, and soon there was a depth of eleven feet in the hold. Spruit now resolved to abandon the ship and launch the three boats. The captain himself, with one seaman, the steward, boatswain and an apprentice, was in the twenty-four foot lifeboat, while the rest of the crew, twelve in all, were in the other two boats. Heavy seas were running, and the boats were nearly swamped. As Spruit could not swim, he was nearly drowned. Some of his men were lost. Their situation was indeed fearful in boats half filled with water and exposed to a fierce gale 400 miles from land. Again and again was Spruit washed out, but at last his boat was picked up when its occupants were in the last stages of exhaustion from fatigue, exposure and lack of food. A reporter of the Sydney Morning Herald called to interview the captain and found him barefooted, with terribly swollen legs, covered with severe cuts and bruises.

Now consider Mrs. Spruit's report to the Psychological Research society, which is most remarkable.

"Last Thursday week," she writes, "at 3 o'clock in the morning my thirteen-year-old daughter Lily came into my bedroom and woke me by a tap on my forehead. 'Oh, mamma,' she cried in a breathless whisper, 'I'm so frightened!' I tried to soothe her, but she only covered her face with her hands and whispered tremblingly: 'Oh, look! My papa's ship is all wrecked! Papa's come home all in rags, with his feet and legs cut, and I see two or three of his men drowned out of the boat.'"

"I told Lily sternly it was all nonsense. 'It isn't!' she said passionately. 'I've seen it in my dream, and I know it's all true!' 'But I coaxed her off to bed. The girl kept worrying about it until the next Sunday. A week after her dream my husband returned, and Lily found me crying when she came in from school. 'Oh, mamma,' she cried sharply, 'is the Atacama wrecked?' 'I told her evasively her papa had come home. 'She was not to be denied, however, and asked, with strange persistence, 'Are papa's legs cut?' 'I said they were. 'And the very first thing she said to her father was: 'Why, you didn't have those clothes on when I saw you! The ones you had on were all torn in the shipwreck.'"

Lily Spruit herself furnished a report to the Psychological Research society. She said she woke in terrible fright, having seen every microscopic detail of the shipwreck and its sequel. She saw her father get into the big boat and keep close to his ship for some time. She watched his boat capsize and the boy Allen drown. What woke her, she said, was the howling of the wind about the wreck, and the last she saw was the other men pulling her father back into the waterlogged boat.—William T. Fitz-Gerald in New York Tribune.

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THE INNOCENT FOX.

Blamed For Offenses Committed by His Wicked Cousins.

We are often told of the fox as a destroyer of crops, but I should like to hear the story of some eyewitnesses as to his work in this direction. It is very easy to find fox tracks about the remains of a bird and then say a fox did it. I believe that many of the offenses laid at his door are committed by weasels, mink and wildcats, or lynx.

During a part of the year I have known foxes to spend a part of each day digging among potato hills in a retired hollow for white grubs or mice in the adjoining fields and to return to the mountain at nightfall, passing a farm which was almost covered with young poultry out for grasshoppers. From an experience of about ten years in a locality where foxes abound I am convinced that this animal destroys but few, if any, chickens. Our trouble there was, first of all, hawks, then skunks, owls and raccoons. The fox never invaded the chicken coops or broke up the sitting turkeys out at the base of the mountain. Of course in winter a fox may sometimes trap a grouse in the snow at night, but who has ever seen a fox actually catch a grouse? Come, now, brothers of the forest, be honest and own up. I would be glad to learn how the fox does the trick, if any one has seen it done.—Forest and Stream.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

It Plays a Very Large Part in Success in Business.

If you stop for a moment to analyze success in business you will see it comes through contact with people. It is all hinged upon the manner of your contact. On every side you are surrounded by a multitude of persons, in every one of whom there exists a potential force that may be exerted, at one time or another, to add to your success. The officer you cause that force to be exerted the faster your business will grow. You can attract these individual forces—if you choose and get the most from them, or you can repel them and suffer actual damage from having come in contact with them, or you may take a middle course, as many business men do, and drift along in a purely negative manner.

Looking at business in this light, it is apparent that the underlying element which contributes most to the success of any undertaking and to business in the aggregate is the art of finding the vital points of human contact that will set in motion these forces. The personal element must be stamped upon your business.—Edward Payson Hatch in System.

Panama Mosquitoes.

A visitor to the canal zone of Panama can have the privilege of an introduction to not less than eighty-three species of mosquitoes, thirty of them found nowhere else. Fortunately they do not all bite, and the contagion of yellow fever is carried by only one of them. Certain genera, technically called megarrhinus, psorophora and lutzla, are found, which instead of spreading any disease hostile to men wage war on their weaker cousins and at times even on their brothers and sisters. The yellow fever mosquito, the only kind in America spreading this infection, scientifically called stegomyia, is very scarce. It is possible to live for weeks on the line of the canal without seeing a single specimen. This mosquito is a strictly domestic insect, never found away from man. It breeds only in artificial receptacles, such as barrels, water coolers, bottles and tin cans in and around human habitations.—Chicago News.

An Author's Trick.

One of the abler modern writers made this confession the other day: "I am so devoted to my wife that I allow her to break in upon me whenever she pleases. Naturally she cuts into my line of thought and often destroys the continuity of genius. The only way for me to do a good day's work is to quarrel with her, to make her so angry that she will cry, fuss, break a few dishes, smash a kitten, scald a puppy or two, then go to her room and stay there. By the time I have done a day's work she is in excellent humor and tired of being alone. Then we make up."—New York Press.

Great City For Prayer.

A visitor to Moscow soon discovers why it is called the Holy City. Every 200 or 300 feet there is a cathedral, church, chapel or shrine, and whichever way you look you see people crossing themselves. Until one has seen Moscow the piety of the place is not easily understood. The outsider cannot imagine church bells ringing all the time and people praying in the public streets at all hours of day and night.

Cause of the Row.

Mrs. Popley—For goodness' sake! What's the matter with Tommy?
Mr. Popley (from the bathroom)—Oh, he wants the earth!
Mrs. Popley—Wants the earth?
Mr. Popley—Yes. At least that portion of it that I'm trying to wash off his hands and face.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Luck.

"Look as if you were feelin' pretty good today, James," said the first waiter.
"Yes, Uptop," replied the other.
"Some streak o' luck maybe?"
"Yes, Uptop tip."—Philadelphia Press.
Anger resteth in the bosom of fools.—Bible.

A TALE OF PORTO RICO

Curious Story of the Haunted Sentry Box.

LIGHT ON THE OLD LEGEND.

One of the Many Mysterious Disappearances From Fort San Cristobal Accounted For by the Revelation of the Lost One Himself.

Writing in the Journal of the Military Service Institution, Captain Arthur P. S. Hyde of the coast artillery tells this curious story of "the haunted sentry box" of Fort San Cristobal, the ancient Spanish built fortress which guards the entrance to San Juan, Porto Rico:

"A number of picturesque sentry boxes built of masonry and appearing like minarets are placed at points of vantage in and around the fort. One of these on the southeast and reached only through a long and dark tunnel from the interior of the fort, is popularly known as La Garita del Diablo, or the devil's sentry box, usually, although incorrectly, translated the haunted sentry box. This name was given to it by the Spanish soldiers for the reason that a number of sentries stationed there disappeared in a most mysterious manner and were never again heard from.

"An American officer was once on duty that took him into the remote interior of the island, and while spending one night in a small settlement he engaged in conversation with a number of the inhabitants of the place. One old man, on learning that the officer was stationed at Fort San Cristobal, became especially interested and in the course of the conversation told the following story:

"I used to be a soldier in the Spanish army and was stationed at Fort San Cristobal. A number of soldiers while on sentry duty had mysteriously disappeared from the sentry box down by the sea, and we had all become convinced that it was haunted by the devil, who, we thought, used to come and steal the soldiers away.

"One stormy night it fell to my lot to go on duty in the devil's sentry box, as we called it, at midnight, and it was with some doubts and misgivings that I went with the corporal of the guard and relieved the former sentry. When they left me I listened to the sound of their footfalls reverberating from the walls and ceiling of the dark and narrow passage, ever growing fainter and fainter as they receded, until finally the noise of the storm and the sea completely drowned it, and I was left alone with the mad elements.

"It was a mad night and one well calculated to add to the feeling of awe that the devil's sentry box always instilled into the man on duty there at night.

"Presently my attention was attracted by some lights in a small tavern on the shore below the fort, where many of us were wont to go when off duty for a glass of rum. Then I began to think that I might be able to climb down over the rocks to the shore, get a glass of rum at the tavern and return to my post.

"The more I thought of it the more determined I was to go, so finally, leaving my rifle and belt in the sentry box, I climbed over the wall and down on to the rocks and so made my way with great labor and difficulty and no little danger to the little house, where the occupants were making merry with dancing and drinking. I soon fell to and enjoyed myself with them.

"When one is dancing with a fair senorita he sometimes forgets the passage of time, as I did on that fatal night, and not until long after 1 o'clock did I begin to think of returning to my post. Then, realizing that the corporal had made his inspection and had found me gone from my post and with my rifle and belt left behind, I saw only a court martial and the garrote staring me in the face, for in those days for a sentinel in the Spanish army to quit his post meant sure death, even in peace.

"To go back was out of the question. There was only one thing left for me to do, and that was to desert. My heart sank within me. If I should be captured, the same fate would be meted out to me; but, I reasoned, if I were to go back the fate would be a certainty, whereas if I deserted at least I had a chance of keeping out of sight of the authorities. I deserted and before morning was out of the city and on the way to the mountains.

"I have lived in this little hamlet for years and have never been back to the capital since that day, nor have I ever told my story to a single soul until tonight, but now that the Spaniards are gone I no longer fear for my life." "Thus we have the story of the devil's sentry box from one of the very men who so mysteriously disappeared from it, and it would seem to be probable that the other disappearances would be accounted for in a similar manner were the truth known. Quien sabe?"

Captain Hyde mentions an interesting fact that, although for centuries Porto Rico was considered the legitimate prey of freebooters and was attacked at various times by regularly organized expeditions of the English and the Dutch during times of war, with more or less success, Fort El Morro has never been captured by an enemy, and its only surrender was to the Americans, together with the surrender of the whole island.

Gravity is only the bark of wisdom, but it preserves it.—Confucius.

AN EASTERN MAGICIAN.

The Feat a Ceylon Fakir is Said to Have Performed.

This curious picture of an eastern magician is from Caroline Corner's "Ceylon, the Paradise of Adam." "The fakir forthwith commenced to unpack the burden on his back, the principal item being a bamboo framework or scaffolding. This he held with his right hand, while he mounted step by step of bamboos. At the summit, a height perhaps of eleven feet, he paused, with arms extended, to effect a balance. For some reason or other the framework remained perfectly steady and perpendicular, while the fakir stretched himself out like a spider on its web. At intervals on the bamboos were heavy nails, rusty, but sharp at the point. These nails distinctly penetrated the man's mahogany colored flesh when he stretched himself out on the framework.

"Thus he remained, a hideous wound made by each nail, from which the purple blood flowed, lying there for the space of ten minutes or so, except for the blood a lifeless figure of clay. Then, muttering some strange gibberish, animation returned, and, making movements so that the nails were extricated from the wounds, the fakir with his toes kicked away the scaffolding and remained himself alone unsupported in midair.

"Yes, there this weird creature remained, his lean, chocolate colored limbs apparently stiff and cataleptic, his eyes fixed upward and glazed. 'It's a fact,' said Cynthia in low tones of wonder. 'At home they would say we were hypnotized.'"

KOREAN ETIQUETTE.

A Native's New Year's Call Upon an American Lady.

The native Koreans, who have become familiar with foreigners and their ways, take very readily to the custom of calling—and eating—on New Year's day, and one American lady had a very peculiar experience with a native official in Seoul on New Year's day. She was keeping open house and had made preparations for receiving her guests in the proper manner.

Among other things she had made a very excellent and rather large cake, which she expected to distribute in small slices to her callers. A party of native gentlemen arrived, and, having given one of them a cup of tea, she placed this fine cake before him, with an invitation to help himself.

She then went with the others to another room and was gone some time. When she returned she saw, to her horror, that her cake had all but disappeared. The native, according to his ideas of etiquette, had done his best not to leave any of the entables set before him.

The lady's vexation was banished by a feeling of pity for the poor fellow, who was quite sick from overfeeding. It is said that this call was his first and last that day. He declared to his friends that foreigners must be "all stomach" if they could go from house to house and "eat that much every time."—London Mail.

Getting Back at England.

"The English will ridicule us for saying 'vury' and 'turrible' and 'mamma' when we go abroad," said a school-marm, "but we will have our answer ready."

"We'll ask them why, when they want to know if we desire a cab, they say:

"'Fo wella, sa?'"
"We'll ask them why they say 'paw-tah' and 'waitah' and 'indlar' and 'ident.'"
"And, not forgetting the 'h,' we'll quote at them the dialogue between the mistress and the new maid:
"Is your name Anna or Hannah?"
"Hannah, mum."
"Oh, Hannah?"
"No, mum; Hannah."
"Hannah, you said."
"No, Hannah."
"Spell it."
"Hay, hen, hen, hay!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Safe Course.

"That was a great speech Mundy made," said the associate editor of the old line partisan paper. "I suppose we ought to have an editorial showing that he was mistaken throughout, but really I can't see how we shall be able to do it. His logic is unassailable. He has simply knocked the platform from under our candidate."

"I know it," replied the editor, "but we can't let it go. Let's see—oh, just refer to it as flapdoodle. That always satisfies the man who votes the straight ticket and gives our opponents no chance to come back at us."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Kaffir Greeting.

"Saku bona" are the first words a stranger learns of the Kaffir vocabulary. The expression is the common form of salutation used by the natives, and its literal translation is, "I see you." It is considered a mark of respect not to give the greeting immediately, the delay showing the reverence in which the native holds his visitor.

Experience Contribution.

Poetic Friend—Some one says a baby in the house is a wellspring of joy. Exasperated Young Parent—Well, don't you believe it. As an element of enjoyment a baby in the house is a screaming farce.—Baltimore American.

Dear, Innocent Thing!

Hubby (while dressing)—That confounded trial balance was running in my head all night. Wifey—John, you must tell the manager, and maybe he will give you extra pay for working overtime.—Boston Transcript.

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to whomsoever it may concern, that the Board of Directors of the School District of the Borough of Sikesville, County of Jefferson and State of Pennsylvania, will present their petition to the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson county, on Monday, August 19th, 1906, praying for a decree authorizing them to borrow \$14,000, and increase the indebtedness of said School District by such an amount, for the purpose of erecting and equipping a new school house adequate to accommodate the schools to be held and maintained in, and for the use of the School District of the Borough of Sikesville, by issuing coupon bonds of the denomination of One Hundred Dollars each, said bonds to bear interest at the rate of 5 1/2 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and said bonds to be redeemed within thirty years from the date thereof, with the option and right reserved to said School District to redeem any number or amount of said bonds, on any interest date after the expiration of five years, and also for leave to file their statement as required by the Act of Assembly approved April 30, 1871, and its supplements.

By order of the Board of School Directors of the School District of Sikesville Borough, Jefferson county, Pennsylvania.
F. L. FAIDLER, President.
I. G. MANSFIELD, Secretary.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Steve Jovay, late of Winslow Township, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Steve Jovay, late of Winslow township, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JAMES W. GILLERIE, Executor.
Reynoldsville, Pa., July 26, 1906.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

Estate of George Strouse, Deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Jefferson county, there will be exposed to public sale, at Brookville, Pennsylvania, at the Court House, on the 17th day of August, A. D. 1906, at 1:30 o'clock p. m., the following described tract of land, situated in the Township of Winslow, County of Jefferson and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post corner Jonathan Strouse's land; thence west eighty-four and eight-tenths perches to a small beech; thence by land of the Widow Gathers north one hundred perches to a beech; thence east eighty-four and eight-tenths perches to a post corner of Jonathan Strouse's land; thence by said land south one hundred perches to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres and allowance of six per cent for roads, etc., being part of a larger tract of land surveyed by Dr. Wm. Cathcart on Warrant No. 284, as aforesaid. Having thereon erected a good dwelling house and a good frame barn and other necessary outbuildings.

This farm is in a good state of cultivation and has a young orchard, consisting of bearing apple, peach and cherry trees. A part of said farm is underlaid with a six foot vein of coal and a country coal bank is opened on the premises.

Terms of sale: One third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale by the Court, and the remainder upon delivery of the deed to the purchaser.

JOSEPH M. CATERS,
Guardian of Mabel Strouse.
JOHN MCMURRAY,
Guardian of Beniah Strouse.
Reynoldsville, Pa., July 31, 1906.

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