

Has modern schools and churches, paved streets, water, gas and electric accommodations, convenient trolley service, high and healthful location, varied employment for labor and many other residential advantages.

Offers exceptional advantages for the location of new industries: Free factory sites, cheap and abundant fuel, direct shipping facilities and low freight rates and plentiful supply of laborers.

When Will The Silk Mill Start? Answered by President Collins

Dependent Entirely on Return of Normal Business Conditions in the Country.

NO MORE DEFINITE DATE SET

Trade Bulletins Show a Very Gradual Improvement, and No Immediate Resumption Would be Advisable.

Since the announcement a few weeks ago that the Reynoldsville silk mill would resume operations in a short time, local stockholders and others interested have watched with eager expectancy for indications of actual resumption, and seeing none, were growing slightly pessimistic. To secure authoritative information THE STAR addressed, in substance, to the president of the company the query so common on the streets of Reynoldsville: "When will the silk mill start?"

The reply is published in full below: New York, Sept. 4, 1908. THE STAR, Reynoldsville, Pa. Gentlemen: Replying to your valued favor of the 3rd inst., would say that we have plans prepared for the operation of the mill at Reynoldsville just as soon as the silk business returns to its normal condition.

This may be a question of a few weeks or a question of a little longer, but we can assure you that at the earliest opportunity the mill will be placed in operation.

We do not feel that it is wise to start up the mill for a few weeks and then have to close it down again for the lack of orders. Yours very truly, M. G. COLLINS.

The above letter speaks for itself and its candid sincerity is distinctly encouraging. The American Silk Company, like many other large corporations the country over, was forced to the wall in the money stringency last fall and it is regaining its normal business just in proportion to the improvement over the land. Trade reports show clearly that the latter is in progress, and will be all the more permanent for its slowness; but local people need look no farther than their own business ventures to discover that never before have merchants been so cautious in buying stocks or in attempting to carry on their business on a narrower margin of invested risk. This is the condition all over the east, despite the somewhat flamboyant newspaper reports of restored prosperity; articles intended to restore public confidence rather than portray actual conditions. The various idle mills and factories might be started now, but present trade orders would not consume their output and it would be only a matter of a few months until suspension would follow. Under these conditions there is nothing to do but wait, and while "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," it is the consensus of opinion of those who have visited other cities recently that Reynoldsville, on the whole, has stood the strain as well, or better than most other points similarly crippled.

Paradise.

There will be several holes sunk for gas and oil in our town in the near future.

John Lott finished hauling bark to Big Run Friday.

Charles Keller is getting along nicely with his new brick house.

Luther Pifer fell off a bridge near Soldier one day last week but was not badly hurt.

Miss Eida Barnett is in our town again.

Fred Sheesley hauled twenty-five hundred feet of lumber from J. H. Lott's saw mill to Eleanor Saturday on one load. And they do not have paved and graded roads over stretch, neither.

Misses Margaret Cathers and Belle Syphrit had business in Wishaw Saturday.

John Perry, one of our hustling farmers, has his wheat and rye sowed.

Grover Sprague, of Pine street, has two hundred shocks of corn cut.

There is not water enough in the Paradise dam to cover the backs of the poor little fish. We need rain.

Richard Yohs, of Wall street, is on the sick list at this writing.

Brown, tan and ox blood polish 10c at Adam's.

THEY WENT TO CHURCH.

A Bit of Strategy That Won For the Minister. "When Bishop Wilmer was rector of the little Protestant Episcopal church at Upperville, Va.," said a Virginia minister, "he was much worried by the nonattendance at service on Sundays of the majority of the young men of the community. On inquiry he found that instead of going to church they were in the habit of playing marbles for stakes. Marbles in those days, it must be remembered, was a much more serious game than it is now, occupying much the same position in the realm of sports as do billiards and pool in these days.

"Bishop Wilmer, then a 'parson' not well known, determined to break up this practice. He himself had been an expert marble player in his boyhood. Accordingly one Saturday he came across a number of the young men engaged in a game. The good bishop asked several questions and finally challenged the lot to play him for 'keeps.' They readily consented.

"Much to their astonishment, the young minister won steadily, and soon they had to go to the stores to replenish their stock. Toward the close of the afternoon Mr. Wilmer had won every marble in the town of Upperville. Putting his winnings in a bag, he remarked as he walked away, 'Now, gentlemen, since you can't play marbles tomorrow I hope to see you all at church.' And he did."—New York Tribune.

THE IVORY HUNTER.

Troubles Begin When He Has to Get Ivory Out of the Jungle.

First catch your ivory, then get it home—if you can. A man's troubles have barely begun when the tusks of the fallen monsters are chopped out, wrapped in sacking and taken back to camp. Each weighs 50 or even 100 pounds. I have seen specimens that are on record as tipping the scales at 250 pounds. Suppose I have got together \$100,000 worth of fine ivory. I am perhaps a thousand miles from anywhere with this load of 50,000 or 60,000 pounds. There are no railroads, no wheeled vehicles, even no draft animals. The stuff must be carried across the wilds of Africa on the backs of native porters, who think nothing of dropping their loads and deserting if the fancy happens to seize them. The worst of the hunting is nothing to what such a homeward march may mean. I have had my men shot down by hostile tribes from ambush with poisoned arrows. I have seen them die in agony from the bites of noxious insects. I have been attacked by bands of Dinkas, who knew the value of ivory as well as I did and who tried to help themselves to mine.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Too Fat.

Fat hens, being wretched layers, are always sold off by farmers. The early Romans banished all useless persons, including the fat in this category.

Ovid, in his "Art of Love," says, "Keep ever slender and supple, for the fat has no success with women."

The Goutie tribe enter their houses by a hole in the roof of a certain prescribed size, and they grow too bulky to enter by this hole are slain as useless and lazy.

In England it was once the law to put the fat to death—"All dronkitts, fatt gluttons and consumers of vittalls more nor was necessary to the sustentation of men, were tane, and first commadit to swelly their fouth of guhat drink they pleatit, and incontinent trafter was drounit in one fresche rever."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Spinach Omelet.

Make a puree of spinach in the usual way—that is to say, after having boiled it till tender chop it very fine and rub it through a coarse wire sieve, season with salt and pepper, stir over the fire and add two ounces of butter and a little cream. Take two tablespoonfuls of the spinach and stir it into four eggs which have been previously beaten, yokes and whites separately. Add a little piece of shallot which has been rubbed through the sieve, and salt and pepper to taste. When thoroughly mixed put the whole into an omelet pan with two ounces of butter and fry a pale brown. Serve very hot.—By-stander.

History of Smallpox.

Smallpox appears to have been first described by Rhazes, an Arabian physician living about 900 A. D. It was introduced into southern Europe in the time of the crusades and slowly spread into the more northern regions. In 1517 it was carried from Spain to Santo Domingo and thence to Mexico, where it is said to have swept off 3,500,000 of the natives. It spread rapidly all over the new world, and whole villages and even tribes of Indians were carried off by it.

Battled For Fourteen Innings Labor Day

Reynoldsville and Tyler Ball Teams Have Two Rattling Good Contests.

The two ball games between Reynoldsville and Tyler teams on the diamond at this place Monday—Labor Day—were fast and intensely interesting games. Reynoldsville won the morning game, score 5 to 6, but after playing fourteen innings in the afternoon the game had to be stopped to allow the Tyler boys to catch the 6:08 train for home. The score was 7 to 7. A large crowd witnessed the second game, which was an exhibition of baseball skill on the part of both teams.

The battery for morning game was Brooks and Gibson for Reynoldsville and Small, Laverick and Maholtz for Tyler. In the afternoon game Carney, Gibson and Null for Reynoldsville and Williamson and Maholtz for Tyler.

Reynoldsville has the best team this season the town has had for years and they are playing first-class ball. The town has reason to be proud of our ball team and the boys are certainly deserving of liberal support.

BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION

Will Resume Regular Meetings Next Tuesday Evening.

The regular sessions of the Business Men's Association will be resumed Tuesday evening, September 15, at 8:15 in the room in I. O. O. F. building. All members are urged to be present and a special invitation is extended to all interested in the future welfare of Reynoldsville, who have not yet joined, to be present and unite with the Association in working for better industrial conditions.

A WALPOLE ANECDOTE.

To Save the Woman's Life She Couldn't Recall Who Told It.

"I heard a very funny story the other night about Horace Walpole," said Mrs. Blake. "I wish I could remember who told it. Henry, can you remember? Was it Mr. Sellers?"

"No," said Blake stiffly; "it wasn't Sellers."

"I wonder if it could have been Mr. Windsor?"

"No," repeated Blake; "it wasn't Windsor."

Before Mr. Blake had a chance to express an affirmative or negative opinion of that hazard as to the source of the Walpole anecdote Mr. Barton came in. Mrs. Blake, being by that time sure of herself, tried on him her recipe for winning universal affection.

"Oh, Mr. Barton," she said, "I am very glad to see you. I have hardly stopped laughing since I saw you the last time."

Mr. Barton, a cadaverous man with solemn eyes, looked rather foolish.

"Indeed?" he said. "May I ask what about?"

"Over that funny story you told about Horace Walpole," said Mrs. Blake.

"M-m-m—Horace Walpole?" stammered Mr. Barton. "I am afraid you must have got me mixed up with somebody else. I don't know the first thing about Horace Walpole, and if I did know anything funny about him I couldn't tell it. To tell a funny story is beyond my powers. Even if it was funny to start with it wouldn't be by the time I got through with it."

Mrs. Blake's spirits were somewhat dashed by her fiasco in finding an owner for the Walpole story, but she bore up courageously, and later when Mr. Markham came in she drew him out of earshot of Mr. Barton and dilated on the pleasure his story of Horace Walpole had given her. Mr. Markham was not cast in the funeral mold that gave to Mr. Barton his grave aspect, but he protested himself totally incapable of telling a funny story about Horace Walpole or anything else.

Presently Mrs. Blake left the room to prepare the sandwiches. Mr. Blake followed her.

"For the love of the Lord," he said, "don't make a fool of yourself again by trying to get some other idiot in there to father that Walpole story. I told you that yam myself."

Mrs. Blake stood still, with carving knife poised in air.

"You?" she said incredulously. "And it was so clever too."—New York Times.

No betting on the races in Washington, no poker games, no playing of bridge. Next session congress will have to get down to hard work.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WILLIAM M. BURGE



PIONEER MERCHANT DEMISED

William M. Burge Conducted Mercantile Business Here Twenty-Five Years.

BURIED SUNDAY AFTERNOON

William Montgomery Burge, one of the best known of the earlier business men of Reynoldsville, died at his home on Brown street, West Reynoldsville, at 11:45 o'clock Thursday morning, September 3, 1908, after a prolonged illness from cirrhosis of the liver. For eight months before his demise he had been confined to his home and gradually grew weaker under the burden of sickness and age until death came.

Funeral services were held at his late residence in West Reynoldsville at 2:30 p. m. Sunday, conducted by Rev. J. C. McEntire and Dr. A. J. Meek, and the high esteem in which the deceased was held by his townsmen was attested by the beautiful tribute of flowers and the large concourse present at the final tribute to his memory. The burial was made in the Reynoldsville cemetery beside the body of the deceased's wife, who died but little over a year ago.

Mr. Burge was born in Keating, Center county, Pa., July 19, 1832, and was 76 years, 1 month and 14 days old at time of death. His early youth and manhood was spent in Keating and he was first married there to Miss Anna Small. In 1872, when Reynoldsville was beginning to boom after the development of the great coal beds and building of the Allegheny Valley railroad, he embarked in the mercantile business in what is now West Reynoldsville. For twenty-five years he continued his business and became one of the best known merchants in the county. Fair and square in his business dealings and generous almost to a fault, he made many friends who retained to the end their respect for his integrity. His first wife had died and on May 2, 1878, at Lawsonham, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Matilda Kanash, with whom he lived until Sept. 1, 1907, when her death dissolved the union. After a quarter of a century of business life, Mr. Burge retired and spent the last years of his long life in a well earned rest. In 1901 he was appointed chief Burgess of West Reynoldsville and served well in that capacity five years.

To the first union of Mr. Burge the following children were born: Mrs. James Budge, Amos Budge, Frank Budge, all of Michigan, Mrs. William Craft, of Belfast, N. Y., John Budge, of Grampan, Pa., Mrs. W. S. Carlton, of Big Run. To the second union were born: William M. Burge, Jr., Charles W. Burge, and Leona M. Burge, all at home. There are also the following foster children: Mrs. Mary M. Shafer, John H. Kanash, and Mrs. John T. Barclay, all of Reynoldsville.

The following relatives or friends from out of town attended the funeral: S. I. and Jacob Burge, of Clearfield, Pa., and Winfield Burge, of Cripple Creek, Col., brothers; Mrs. Sabina Schoonover, of Tioga county, a sister; Mr. and Mrs. William Craft, of Belfast, N. Y., Wayne and Grace Burge, of Clearfield, Mrs. Emma Hoyt, of Sabula, W. V. Cole, of Sabula, John Budge, of Grampan, Mrs. W. S. Carlton and children, Lon and Louise, of Big Run, and Miss Kathleen Gleason, of DuBois.

If you are looking for bargains, come in Thursday evening from 6 to 8 o'clock, Bing-Stoke Co.

State Roads Scathingly Criticised by Grangers

BUYING A RING.

A Story They Tell in Japan to Illustrate Occidental Love.

"The Japanese marry out of esteem and trust to the coming of love afterward," said a Japanese lady. "With us when love comes it lasts. We have a song that we like to sing—I want to live to ninety-nine years, and you must live to be a hundred, so that we may be happy while our hair grows gray."

"That is better," she continued, "than the love that comes swiftly and as swiftly flies away again. They tell in Japan a story illustrative of this transitory love—the love of four west."

"A tourist, they say, was touring Brittany. He came to Quimper, and he found in the Place Publique beside the river an old woman selling trinkets.

"What is the price of this?" he asked, taking up an antique ring of silver and sapphires.

"Is it for your wife or for your sweetheart?" said the old woman.

"For my sweetheart."

"Fifty francs!"

"Fifty francs! Nonsense! And the tourist turned angrily away.

"Come back," said the old woman. "Take it for ten. You've been lying to me, though. You have no sweetheart. Had the ring been for her you'd have bought it at once without regard to its price."

"I will take it," said the tourist, smiling. "Here are the 10 francs."

"So the old woman wrapped the ring up."

"But you haven't a wife either," she grumbled. "If it had been for her you'd have beaten me down to 5 francs. Oh, you men!"

NATURE'S LITTLE SHIP.

A Curious Jellyfish Endowed With a Movable Sail.

While man makes the largest ocean vessels, nature makes the smallest. This is a species of jellyfish, found only in tropical seas, which has a sail.

The part of the fish under the water looks like a mass of tangled threads, while the sail is a tough membrane, shaped like a shell and measuring quite five inches and sometimes more across. The fish can raise or lower this sail at will.

Wise sailors let this curiosity of nature alone, for each of the threads composing its body has the power of stinging, the results of which are very painful and often dangerous. This power defends it from porpoises, albatrosses and other natural enemies.

It has no other means of locomotion than its sail, and when seen skimming bravely along the surface of the water it looks more like a child's toy boat than a living creature out in search of food.—London Saturday Review.

Treating Them All Alike.

There was only one thing in the world of which Eben Ransom thoroughly approved; that was hard, steady work. "I hope," said the philanthropic spinster who was spending a fortnight at the Ransom farm, "I do hope, Mr. Ransom, that you treat all your men alike; give them all equal advantages and wages. I find a varying standard, if I may use the expression, makes so much trouble and discontent among laborers in any field of work."

Mr. Ransom surveyed her gravely and nodded assent.

"You're right there, ma'am," he said dryly after a moment. "There is just one rule for the folks that work for me. Begin as early and keep it up as late as there's light to go by, and you'll get your one-fifty a day, unless the times are unusual hard, when I make it one-twenty-five."

"But I tell you, ma'am, you can't get as many fellers to work on an equal basis nowadays as you might think."

Her Modest Request.

When Andrew D. White was minister to Germany he received some queer letters from Americans. Perhaps the funniest of all was a mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the west, who inclosed in her letter four pieces of white linen, each some six inches square. "We are going to have a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the emperor, the empress and the crown prince and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."

Faking Butterflies.

As the collecting of butterflies grows more popular, says an expert, more and more butterfly fakers turn up. These men, with various aniline dye powders, color up an insect valued at 10 cents into a good resemblance worth nearly \$10. Their work is hard to detect for the reason that when the dye rubs off an insect's wings one's fingers suspect nothing, since the genuine dust belonging to every butterfly's wings would do the same thing.—New York Times.

Master of State Grange Says Department Methods Injure Good Roads Movement.

VENEERED ROADS SOON BAD

Complains that Methods are Secretive and Dictatorial Instead of Being Educational to Farmers and Supervisors.

The following criticism of the State Highway Department, delivered by W. F. Hill, master of the Pennsylvania State Grange, at the recent Williams Grove picnic, is of peculiar interest locally:

"As the leading organization among farmers, the grange stands immovably for good roads. We commend the enterprise of the state in this direction, but I fear that the results being achieved by the present administration in this respect will prove to be disappointing. The roads built under the supervision of the State Highway Department have cost an average of between \$8,000 and \$9,000 per mile, and almost everywhere I find they soon become unsatisfactory and in two or three years get to be a serious menace to the very movement they are intended to encourage."

"The smoothly rolled, fine oval surface looks very pretty for the first few months, but veneer work in road construction will not last. The thin bottom layer of comparatively small stones, often laid on soft dirt recently graded, will not support an average sized load in the spring of the year, and ruts and depressions result."

"The functions of the Highway Department were designed to be educational and helpful, not secretive or dictatorial. It was the intent of this law that the department should issue frequent bulletins to the township supervisors, giving expert information upon the value of different materials for road purposes, for sewers, bridges, etc. Let the commonwealth instruct and entice farmers everywhere in these lines and then pay 50 per cent of the expense on the township road and we will have a big army working for general road betterment."

"The State Highway Department takes the whole matter away from any control by the people locally, and with its almost universal practice of permitting the running up a large bill for 'extras' above the contract price, the taxpayers find themselves obligated in a much larger sum than was expected."

"ALASKA WHEAT" A BUBBLE.

Yields But 25 Bushels an Acre, and of Poor Quality.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 6.—An agent sent by the Department of Agriculture to Juniata, Idaho, to investigate the present status of the so-called Alaska wheat, said to yield over 200 bushels per acre, to-day made the following statement by wire: "Alaska yielding 25 bushels per acre. Badly mixed. Grain inferior. Quality soft and white. Ordinary wheat yielding fully as much. Best varieties more."

An analysis recently made by the Department of Agriculture shows that Alaska wheat contains only a little more than 9 per cent of protein, while soft winter wheats average 10 per cent, hard winter wheat 12 per cent, and hard spring wheat 12½ per cent.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Property Changes in Jefferson County Put Upon Record.

Levi Schuckers to Charles P. Snyder, agreement for 90 acres in Pinecreek township, \$1,600. August 10, 1908. Elizabeth Peterman, et al., to Julia Ford, for 4 acres in Winslow township, \$1.00. August 10, 1908.

O. F. Smith, by administrator, et al., to Frank S. Smith, for lot in Reynoldsville, \$2,000. August 22, 1908.

Frank S. Smith to Esther C. Smith, for lot in Reynoldsville, \$1.00. August 22, 1908. John Lord to J. R. Stigers, for lot in McCalmont township, \$1.50. June 22, 1908.

50c Ties for 25c.

Gents, Thursday evening from 6 to 8 o'clock you can buy any 50c tie in the store for 25c. Bing-Stoke Co.