

Selections

ICELAND AN OLD REPUBLIC.

Plucky Fight of a Wonderful People to Maintain Independence.

Iceland, which soon is to become an independent state in the united Danish empire, furnishes a remarkable example of the effect that climate and conditions have upon mankind. During a thousand years Iceland, a cold, uninviting and all but sterile island in the north Atlantic ocean, has been an outpost of civilization, and during much of that time its inhabitants have led the rest of mankind in the march of progress toward an ideal form of government. It was the haven to which the oppressed in Norway, fled ten centuries ago. Its barren shores offered a livelihood only to those with energy and thrift who could wrest it from the sea or the fringe of unproductive acres between the coast and the snow-capped mountains of the interior. The mere struggle for exist-

ence and the necessity for thrift developed in the people traits that made them models the rest of mankind would have done well to copy during the middle ages.

The people of Iceland organized a republic nearly 1,000 years ago. They adopted a constitution and were governed by chosen representatives when most of the world was being overrun by the armies of tyrants. They had trial by jury nearly 300 years before the Magna Charta was granted to the people of England. They embraced Christianity more than 900 years ago and long before the European forefathers of the most of us had ceased to pay homage to pagan gods. With the dawn of Christianity they took up the art of writing and developed a wonderfully rich literature of eddas and sagas, the undying glory of a remarkable people. They cherished personal liberty and their freedom as a people. Their laws relating to the duties and privileges of citizens, the care of the poor and other problems of self government were centuries in advance of the times, and some of them have not been improved upon since.

The little republic was engulfed in the wars that involved the Northmen and after 300 years of success became a dependency of Norway and later of Denmark. The people, however, never lost those sterling qualities that had prompted their ancestors to establish a republic on the desolate island. During all the succeeding centuries, when life was an unceasing struggle, the Icelanders never were quite subdued in spirit. Denmark granted to the people of the island home rule, and now it is practically agreed to have Iceland become an independent state of the kingdom of Denmark and Iceland, the two countries to have one king and one set of diplomatic representatives.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE SLEEPING SICKNESS WHICH MEANS DEATH

How many readers have heard of this terrible disease? It prevails in that far-away country—Africa—especially the Congo district. It is caused by the bite of the tsetse fly. When it bites a person, the sleeping symptoms begin and finally the sufferer sleeps until death occurs.

Contrast this with the peaceful, balmy sleep of health. Is there anything more wearing than to lie awake at night, tossing about, nervous, with cold feet, hot head and merey knows what else? Short of letting the tsetse fly bite us we would do almost anything for relief. How can we prevent it? Mr. George Hayes, of Union City, Pa., writes: "I had lost my appetite, I had run-down, could not sleep nights. I had tried everything without relief. Vinol was recommended, and to my surprise, it helped me at once; gave me a splendid appetite, and now I sleep soundly."

What Vinol did for Mr. Hayes, it will do for every run-down, nervous and overworked person who cannot sleep. Vinol is sold in Reynoldsville by the Stoke & Felcht Drug Co.

LIBEL IN DIVORCE

Eva Szynsky Balasy versus Stephen Halasy.
To the Honorable Court of Common Pleas in Divorce.
J. JEFFERSON COHEN, Esq.,
The Courtroom of Pennsylvania,
T. Stephen Halasy, Greeting:
We command you, as twice before you were called, that all matters of business and expense being said by you be not appear in your proper name as our Judge. It is the order of our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held in the record Monday of November next, to show cause, if any you have, why you should not be divorced from the hands of marriage which she hath contracted with you the said Stephen Halasy, agreeable to the petition and exhibit exhibited against you before our said Court and this you shall in no case omit at your peril.
In Witness Whereof, John W. Reed, President of our said Court of Brookville on the 19th day of August, A. D. 1908.
Allowed by the Court,
CRAIG H. BLOOD, Prothonotary.

To Stephen Halasy, Greeting:
You are hereby notified to appear before the Honorable Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Brookville, Pa., on the second Monday of November next, to answer as set forth in the above order.
W. A. S. SCHEFFNER, Sheriff.
October 7, 1908.

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New music hall—Perfect acoustics—Thousands spent in making it the largest in the state.

MODERN WARFARE
The Spanish-American War—The most realistic military spectacle ever presented to an American audience—all the horrors of every engagement.

A FEW SURPRISES
Model coal fleet of 40 barges—Pennsylvania R. R. display, showing evolution of transportation—Armor plate models of battle ships, including "FIGHTING BOB EVANS" Connecticut—Gallery of Notables—Electric scenic cyclorama, "A Day in Japan"—Moving pictures—Theatrical—Ferris wheel—Merry-go-round—Pony track—Toboggan slides.

THE BIG DAY—EXPOSITION DAY OF SESQUI-CENTENNIAL SEPT. 28
Be one of the 40,000—The greatest program ever planned in Pittsburg. Reservations—Get the ticket man in your town when the seal happens. All for a quarter.

DISCARDED.

From home I sent you just a week ago,
Not that my love for you was growing less,
But that it grieved and saddened me to know
How quickly time could mar your loveliness.
And, though to let you leave me I was loath,
A change, thought I, might benefit us both.
When first your dazzling beauty caught my eye
You were indifferent to the staring crowd
And quite unconscious of the fact that I
To make you mine impulsively had vowed.
For all things have their price and may be bought,
And you had yours, though somewhat high, methought.
And now, all torn and tattered, you've come back,
Your color faded, and your looks forlorn.
And all in one short week—alas, alack!
A costlier shirt than you I've never worn.
But what avails this fretting and this fuss?
The laundries always treat one's linen thus.
—Puck.

"A Leader of the Bar."



No Use.
"Geneva," pleaded the young man in deep, impassioned tones, "I must speak! The voice of my heart can be stifled no longer! Every impulse of my nature, every fiber of my being, every surging emotion of my soul clamors for utterance! Sensible as I am of my own unworthiness, realizing to the full the presumption of which I am guilty in daring to aspire to your hand, I have no excuse, no palliation, save that with the deathless, inextinguishable devotion of a heart never before touched by the sacred fire, I love."
"Oh, Arthur," yawned the beautiful maiden, "why will you persist in making those utterly useless noises!"—Chicago Tribune.

Plays and Players.

Florence Bindley is to star in "The Nick of Time."
George Broadhurst is writing a play for Grace George.
Desmond Kelly will be Marie Doro's leading lady in "The Richest Girl."
The Hengler sisters are to star in a musical comedy called "The Twin Detectives."
Hilda Spong is to have a play called "Kit." It is an elaboration of a sketch of the same name.
Mme. Cottrelly has been engaged with the company to support Louis Mann in "The New Generation."
J. M. Barrie's latest play is called "What Every Woman Knows." This title will keep the public guessing till the play gives the answer.

An Important Item.

Mr. Splurge—If it hadn't been for your extravagant vacation this summer we wouldn't be so deep in debt now.
Mrs. Splurge—Never mind, dear. I'll go to the mountains instead of the seashore next summer.
Mr. Splurge—Huh! You think that will be more economical?
Mrs. Splurge—Of course. I won't need a new bathing suit then.—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Inevitable Waste.

"I gave you twopenny, and you went immediately into a public house," remarked the benevolent old gentleman. "Don't you know it is very wasteful to spend your money on drink?"
"I've often thought of that, sir," replied the weary wayfarer, "but I've never yet found a place where I could get it for nothing."—Pearson's Weekly.

Rash Compliments.

"I'm in a difficulty over my girl."
"What's wrong?"
"I've been saying such nice things to her that she's getting conceited. If I quit she'll think I don't care for her any longer, and if I go on she'll think she's too good for me."—Puck.

The Ways of Girls.

Pearl—I shall never speak to him again.
Ruby—You mean it?
Pearl—I certainly do. Just wait until I see him, and I shall tell him so too.—Chicago News.

A Loud Food.

Mrs. Howard—The walls of your apartment are very thin, aren't they?
Mrs. Coward—Oh, very! We could actually hear our neighbors having celery for dinner last night.—Judge.

Casus Belli.

Bystander—I wonder what the jury found.
Native—Judging from the rumpus, I guess one of the jurymen found a nickel.—Puck.

His Horned Majesty.

Imp—What is the matter?
Saturn—That new arrival is trying to shoot me for a deer.—New York Sun.

OLD VILLAGE LOCKUP.

Quaint Structures For Confinement of Rogues and Vagabonds.
Several villages in the midlands possess in more or less ruined state their old parish lockups, commonly known as roundhouses.
Breedon, a Leicestershire village, close to the South Derbyshire border, possesses its "lockup," a quaint stone building eighteen feet high and eight feet six inches diameter inside. The walls are fifteen inches thick. The door is of stout oak, studded with many large iron nails.
The lock is very strong, and the keyhole is covered with an iron plate, which itself has to be unlocked by a spanner before the door key can be inserted. Ventilation is afforded by small holes punched in an iron plate, six inches by seven, fixed in the center of the door. There is no window.
At Worthington, the next village to Breedon, the old lockup is a seven sided brick building, badly in need of restoration, an opportunity for archaeologists which it is hoped will not be missed. Both at Breedon and Worthington these dilapidated disused prisons are on the roadside adjacent to the pound, or pinfold, so that the constable had conveniently side by side the strayed cattle and any human rogues or vagabonds he had charge of. There are similar old lockups at Smisby and Ticknall, two villages close to Leicestershire.—Sheffield (England) Telegraph.

BLUSH IF YOU CAN.

It is a Sign of an Active Brain, Declares a Scientist.
Sir Arthur Mitchell, K. C. B., of Edinburgh, who knows much that is strange about dreams, laughter and other commonplace human characteristics, has advanced the consoling theory that blushing is an achievement of which every one who can blush should be proud.
He says it requires brains to blush. Idiot cannot blush; neither can animals. Sir Arthur calls attention to the fact that tiny infants do not blush, although they learn to do so at an early age—just as soon, in fact, as the brain begins to exercise its functions. In blushing, he says, the mind always must be affected. It is always and only a bodily expression of a mental state.
It is a natural thing for a blusher to say that he had tried not to blush. No individual blushes of his own free will. The blush arises without call instantaneously and vanishes almost as quickly. Neither for its coming nor its going is there any exercise of volition. It is controlled, Sir Arthur says, solely by the brain and is a positive sign that there is an active brain there.—New York World.

Boissier's High Priced Autograph.

A good Boissier-Renan anecdote is told by a French paper. One day Boissier arrived at Renan's home with a beaming face, saying: "Now I'll tell you a piece of news that will humiliate you. My autograph has fetched a higher price than yours." "That does not surprise me," Renan said serenely. "And where did you hear this?" It then turned out that at an auction a day or two before a Renan autograph had been sold for 3 francs and a Boissier for 5. "Well," Renan went on, "now let me tell you the reason. There were three faults in the spelling of your letter, which is now lying here on my writing table. A friend of mine was at the auction and made a higher bid for the letter after noticing the artificial gems that adorned your prose. He brought it to me in order that I might return it to you instead of reaching the public, which might get a bad impression of the accomplishments of members of the French academy."

Got Near It.

A primary teacher was presenting to her class selections from the story of Hlawatha preparatory to taking up the "Hlawatha Primer." The story was prefaced by a few remarks in regard to the poet and his love for children. In reviewing the lesson she asked: "How many remember the name of the poet who wrote this story?"
Up went many hands.
"You may tell us, Sarah," added the teacher, noticing the little one wildly waving her hand in her intense eagerness to respond.
"Mr. Longlegs," said the child, with evident pride.—Lippincott's.

A Quaint Critic.

A noted woman teacher once spoke before a class of school children on literature. She had spent a week writing the speech. She read it to the little ones, as she hoped, with great success, but the next day she heard that a boy on being asked by his mother what had happened at the school replied carelessly:
"Oh, nothing much, except that a lady talked to herself on a piece of paper."

Just the Contrary.

Bessie was just finishing her breakfast as papa stooped to kiss her before going downtown. The little one gravely took up her napkin and wiped her cheek.
"What, Bessie," said her father, "wiping away papa's kiss?"
"Oh, no," said she, looking up, with a sweet smile; "I'm rubbing it in."

A Bad Spell.

"Poor Jack! He never could spell, and it ruined him."
"How?"
"He wrote a verse to an heiress he was in love with and he wrote boney for bonny."

A Wise Man should not refuse a kindness.—Harold.

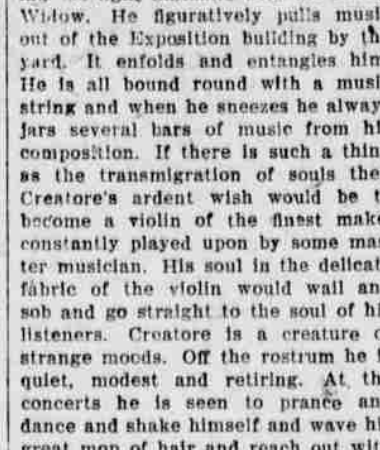
CREATORE REPEATS FORMER TRIUMPHS

Whirlwind Music Master at the Pittsburg Exposition

Pittsburg has again capitulated to the whirlwind music master, Creatore, and his inimitable Italian band at the Exposition, where this unique organization is giving afternoon and evening concerts in the presence of overflowing audiences. Encore after encore follows and the scenes are a series of enthusiastic demonstrations.
There has been some curiosity as to Creatore's nationality. When a Scotch night is given he is a typical Scotchman without the kilts. On Irish nights all he needs is a sprig of shamrock and on Hungarian nights a plate of goulash is the only thing lacking.
Creatore was born in Italy, but he has the universal soul for music. He drinks it in with great gulps, and it is said that when he sleeps at night he is dreaming of flights through the air with Wagner's Valkyries or else treading the light fantastic with the Merry Widow. He figuratively pulls music out of the Exposition building by the yard. It enfolds and entangles him. He is all bound round with a music string and when he sneezes he always jars several bars of music from his composition. If there is such a thing as the transmigration of souls then Creatore's ardent wish would be to become a violin of the finest make, constantly played upon by some master musician. His soul in the delicate fabric of the violin would wall and sob and go straight to the soul of his listeners. Creatore is a creature of strange moods. Off the rostrum he is quiet, modest and retiring. At the concerts he is seen to prance and dance and shake himself and wave his great mop of hair and reach out with that peculiar motion as if he were dragging the music out of his men. Creatore's hand is composed of skilled musicians and to the baton of their cyclonic leader they play the works of the greatest masters in a finished and artistic manner.
Next week will be the last of the Exposition season and Damrosch and his great New York Symphony Orchestra is to be the closing musical attraction. Damrosch is the first to reach the masses with classical music and he has an immense following throughout the country.
With the magnificent concerts of Damrosch, the great military spectacle of the Spanish-American war, "A Day in Japan," the armor plate display, the model coal fleet and the various exhibits of the Exposition will pass into history in a blaze of glory.

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