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Restored to Health By Vinol
"I was sick, run-down and finally had to give up work. After trying a number of remedies and several physicians, I was just about ready to give up in despair. I saw Vinol advertised and decided to try it, and it has done more good for me than all other means combined. It has built me up and restored my strength until I now feel twenty years younger, and am able to attend to my work again as usual." Job Jeavons, 1036 Lind street, Wheeling, W. Va.

The reason Vinol is so successful in such cases is because it contains tonic iron and all of the strengthening blood-making and body-building elements of cod liver oil, but no oil. Vinol is unexcelled as a strength creator for old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, and after sickness—and is the best known remedy for coughs, colds and bronchitis.

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OLD WINTER IS COMING

Along as usual. He is liable to make his appearance any day now. Are you ready for him? Sure you will be able to keep the house warm when cold weather comes? If not better see us quick. Let us talk steam heat to you for a little while. When we prove how effective it is, how much cleaner and more economical it is, ask us for an estimate of how little it will cost to have us put steam heat in your place.

C. E. HUMPHREY
Plumber

LIBEL IN DIVORCE.

Eva Syrakay Halasy versus Stephen Halasy. No. 21, January Term, 1908. Pluries Subpoena in divorce.
JEFFERSON COUNTY, SS:
The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,
To Stephen Halasy, Greeting:
We command you, as twice before you were commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Brookville, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the second Monday of November next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife, Eva Syrakay Halasy, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you the said Stephen Halasy, agreeable to the Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.
Witness The Hon. John W. Reed, President of our said Court at Brookville the 13th day of August, A. D. 1908.
Allowed by the Court.
CYRUS 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 subpoena.
GIANT SCHEAFNOCKER, Sheriff.
October 7, 1908.

A TURBULENT GHOST.

Noisy Nocturnal Rounds of an Invisible Visitor.

QUEER DEATH OF OLD JABEZ.

The Uncanny Incident That Disturbed the Quiet of an Old Virginia Home. A Nightly Tramp That Never Ceased Until the House Was Demolished.

"I am not exactly prepared to say that I believe in ghosts," said the old gentleman from Virginia, "but at the same time, in view of certain things that have been told me by persons whose reputations for veracity do not admit of a doubt, I cannot allow myself to ridicule the ideas of others who do believe in an occasional return to earth of the dead.

"There is one case in particular that I know of personally and that can be vouched for by a number of citizens in the upper counties of my state, and that is the case of old Uncle Jabez Martin, who knew a number of well to do farmers in Fauquier as well as in Spottsylvania, Rappahannock and other counties in the northern part of the state. 'Uncle Jabe,' as most every one who knew the old fellow called him, had considerable of the nomad in his disposition and led a wandering, pastoral life. He was always willing to work when any one needed his services and did a good deal of rough carpentering in return for a 'meal o' wittles and a shakedown,' as he expressed it, and as he was pretty well known in the land of his pilgrimages it was a rare occurrence when he was not given a welcome.

"If old Uncle Jabe thought more of one family in the state than he did of another it was the Greens. Virginia, as all know, is full of Greens. An estimable crowd they are, and nearly all of them consider themselves as related in some degree of consanguinity to the others of that name. 'The Greens of Virginia is the finest tribe of that name in seven states,' was the constant boast of Uncle Jabe, and above and beyond any other Green anywhere he placed Marse Dickie Green of Fauquier, and that is where my ghost story, if you will please to consider it as such, begins.

"One wild night in the month of October not very long before the war the old wanderer made his appearance at Squire Green's. Mr. Green was called squire by virtue of being a justice of the peace. Jabe wanted his usual 'meal o' wittles and shakedown,' and after a good supper he sat on the back steps of the house, smoked his old pipe for awhile and then went to bed. "Squire Green was engaged in some work that kept him up until midnight, and as the clock struck 12 he heard a heavy sound on the stairway. It seemed as if some one was coming down the steps with heavy irons on the legs. The sound was carried to the door, which was opened noisily and then closed with a terrific crash.

"Thinking it strange that old Jabez Martin would be guilty of making such unnecessary noise, the squire rushed to the door and opened it. The moon was shining in all its beauty, and everything was perfectly calm and nobody in sight. Back again went the surprised squire and up into the attic chamber, where Martin always slept when he made his calls. He found

everything calm and quiet there. It was the quiet of death, for old Uncle Jabe was lying supine on his back, with his glassy eyes staring right up to the ceiling, where the squire left him until the morning.

"When he related the circumstances in the morning it seemed that every other one of the house had been disturbed by the uncanny noises. The strange part of it is that next night the same sounds were heard again, even to the slamming of the door, and an investigation proved that there was no person to make them. There were no cowards in Squire Green's family, but the noises disturbed them, and when they were heard, as they were, frequently at midnight they became so used to them they would simply remark that 'Uncle Jabe was tramping again' and go to sleep again.

"Friends and neighbors who knew of the ghostly exercises were averse to staying all night in the house, and the darkies couldn't be bribed to come near the place after nightfall. The sounds never ceased until after the house was torn down, and even its demolition, which it was hoped might reveal the source of its strange and grewsome sound, failed to present any explanation. There are folks living today in Fauquier county," said the relater of the ghost story, "who can, and I have no doubt readily will, testify to the truth of what I have made mention of."—Washington Post.

Easy Money.

Theodore Hook was one of the Garrick club's most famous members. He generally arrived at the club late in the afternoon and "never went home till morning." He had been told by the doctors, he said, to avoid the night air. A member of the club in Hook's time predicted the advent of the millennium at the end of three years. "All right," cried Hook, "Give me a five pound note now, and I will repay you £50 at the millennium."

Dangerous.

Giles—Dow's your son gettin' on up in Lunnon? Gargo—Very well. He tells me he's got a job partly behind the counter and partly out o' doors. Giles—And what 'appens when the door slams?—London Telegraph.

How Hammer of Death Struck James.

The old parish church of Plumstead is probably at least 1,000 years old. The picturesque churchyard, a cherished haunt of the poet Bloomfield during his visits to Shooters Hill, contains a delightfully choice "derangement of epitaphs." One of these on "Master James Darling, aged 10," teaches a lesson of moderation during the cherry season to the youth of other places besides Plumstead. Speaking from his tombstone, Master Darling exclaims:

The hammer of death was give to me
For eating the cherries of the tree.
—Westminster Gazette.

Had its Limitations.

A Scottish farmer was proudly showing a visitor an antique clock which had recently come into his possession. "Isn't that a gran' clock?" he said. "I bocht it at an auction sale in the town the ither day an' got a rale bargain." "Yes, but does it keep good time?" the visitor asked. "Ah, weel, it's no good enough to catch a train or that sort o' thing, but good enough to get up to yer breakfast wi'."

A Budding Philologist.

Bobbie, aged five, saw a cow grazing in his mother's flower garden and shouted: "Scat! Scat!" The cow didn't seem to be much intimidated and calmly ate on. Three-year-old Mary, dancing with excitement, exclaimed: "Tell him to 'scow, Wobble; tell him to 'scow!'"—Delineator.

He Understood.

Hewitt—Do you understand where that fellow stood—the one who was just talking to us? Jewett—Sure; he was standing on my feet most of the time.—New York Press.

We are natural believers. Truth, or the connection between cause and effect, alone interests us.—Emerson

No Discharge.
"Maggie," said the inexperienced young thing to the cook, "the biscuits were a sight. If you can't do better next time, I will have to discharge you."

"Ye will, will ye?" Maggie retorted. "I'll have ye know, mum, that I've bin workin' out two years, an' I've worked fer eighty-nine of the best families in town, an' I ain't never bin discharged yet. I'm leavin' this afternoon fer a better place."—Judge.

None For Her.
"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"When a person saws wood it means they say nothing, don't it?"
"Yes, my boy."
"And do women ever saw wood?"
"No; women believe that sawing wood is a man's work."—Yonkers Statesman.

To Make Them Smart.
"Mr. Pedagog is an oldtime teacher. He believes in the rod to brighten up dull boys."
"Well, isn't that the natural way to make them smart?"

The Burned Church.
Jim (regarding damage to church by fire)—Good job it wasn't a factory, Bill! Bill—You're right, mate. Only one man put out of work, and he draws his money.—Punch.

The Rule of Three.
Stella—What is the rule of three?
Bella—That one ought to go home.—

BENEFITS IN DISEASE.

Typhoid, if You Pull Through, Gives You a New Stomach.

GOOD EVEN IN RHEUMATISM.

That Painful Affliction Keeps Other Miseries Out of the System and is a Promoter of Long Life—Blessings of Colds and Smallpox.

To be struck down by disease seems a most undesirable thing, yet there are many living today in the fullest enjoyment of very excellent health who but for an attack of some disease would have lived a life of almost perpetual misery.

These people were, first of all, victims of indigestion in its worst form, and only those who have experienced it know what true indigestion is. Struck down by typhoid fever, they came through the trying ordeal cured of indigestion, for one outstanding eccentricity of typhoid is that if you pass through an attack safely it gives you a new stomach. In fact, after an attack of typhoid the victim is usually left with a stomach like an infant.

That is the grand chance offered to one who has suffered, it may be, for long years from acute indigestion. If only he takes care, after an attack of typhoid he need never know indigestion again.

Be it remembered that any one troubled with severe indigestion is not advised to go hunting around for typhoid fever. That might prove to be a disastrous course to follow.

A chronic cold is just one of those things which none of us want, yet even a chronic cold has its good points, more especially if you happen to be up in years a bit—not too old, of course. People who are up in years and who suffer from chronic bronchitis seem to get remarkably well. It keeps the blood in good circulation, for, of course, the victims have to cough, and that gives the heart a jerk and sends the blood coursing nicely through the veins and arteries.

If the cold be not too acute, old people derive considerable benefit. An acute attack, on the other hand, may cut off an old person in a day or two. It is the chronic type only which yields benefit.

Smallpox is a dreaded scourge, so much so that if it be reported that a case exists in a neighborhood a thrill passes through the whole community. Yet those who suffer from smallpox and recover usually live to a green old age. It seems to renew life in some mysterious way by thoroughly purifying the blood.

If, however, you desire to attain to a ripe old age, you cannot get on at all without rheumatism. Consider the hosts of old folks you encounter hobbling about, grumbling all the day about their bones and joints. In all probability these old people would have been in their graves years before but for this very rheumatism.

The reason is that if rheumatism is in the system it keeps other ills out. It makes a grand fighting force and keeps most other enemies of the human frame at bay, especially those of the germ type.

Very naturally if you have such a grand friend at hand you have to pay something for aid rendered, but the pain of rheumatism, if shockingly severe at times, is not deadly, and that is why one gets so little sympathy when suffering from rheumatism.

But the plain fact is that a slight malady always benefits you, even if indirectly. As an example of that, say a very bad spell of weather comes along, cold and wet, and you contract a slight chill.

What do you propose to do? Why, to take the greatest care of yourself and make as certain as possible that your cold gets no chance of developing into anything worse. Now, did that very slight cold not make its appearance and cause you to be extremely careful of what you did there is no saying what might happen to you any day during a spell of evil, cold weather. You might have exposed yourself so much that a severe chill would have seized you, followed by inflammation of the lungs.

Accordingly a slight cold may easily save you from many worse ills.

In this way minor afflictions act as warnings that worse things are coming along, but unfortunately many persons quite neglect these warnings. A man, for example, has indigestion more or less constantly, yet pays little heed, always expecting that it will disappear one day. Now, if he had just paid attention to the matter at the beginning—heeded the warning, in short—he might not have been let in for a severe liver attack later on.

Every pain, every ache, every headache—all these are warnings that something else is on the way and will be along shortly.—Pearson's Weekly.

An Idea of Business.
"Does your titled son-in-law know anything about business?"
"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox doubtfully, "he has had a lot of experience with promissory notes, and he knows how to get a check raised."—Washington Star.

The Lightweight Champion.
Simpkins—You say that little man was formerly the lightweight champion? Timkins—Yes. Simpkins—How did he lose the title? Timkins—Oh, he didn't lose it. He merely sold his grocery and retired.—Chicago News.

To feign a virtue is to have its opposite vice.—Hawthorne.

TURKISH ARMY OFFICERS.

They Are Neither Loved Nor Respected by Their Men.

Very seldom if he can help it does the Turkish army officer appear on horseback, and when not on duty he looks upon his horse merely as a method of locomotion. He has no affection or understanding for the horse. The superior officers have no horses of their own, and, being generally bad riders and without military qualities which would raise them in the estimation of their men, they are neither loved nor respected by them. Married officers keep entirely to themselves, such things as invitations to one another's houses being unknown, and the only occasions upon which officers meet together at all are on the days of assembly, when they are called together for the sultan's birthday or accession celebrations.

The pay of the lower ranks is as small as that of the superior officers is high. The young cavalry officer who makes a good impression on his entry into the service soon falls to pieces through want of occupation either of mind or body. The greater part of the morning and evening he sits over his coffee and cards or dominoes. There are but few newspapers, and those that do exist are so severely censored by the government that they contain little but weather statistics, gazettes and announcements of the bestowal of decorations.

What the Turkish officer really thoroughly enjoys is a gramophone. Instruments playing the waltzes and reproducing the music hall songs of all the cities of Europe are in the greatest possible request, chiefly because they make music without any personal trouble.—Chicago News.

Those Men!

"I went into the office looking like a fright," said the woman. "I didn't have a chance to straighten my hat or put my hair or anything. I had intended to primp going up in the elevator, but there was a man standing before each mirror twirling his mustache, and I couldn't even get a peep at myself."—New York Times.

A Sound Reason.

Robert, aged five, was irritated by the crying of Clara, aged two. "Sister," he said, with great seriousness, "why don't you stop crying? You must be sick. You don't look well, and you don't sound well."



No alcohol, no molasses, no dyes, no "artificial" coloring, no chemical preservatives. Burns on clean with a blue, round, steady, white flame to the last drop without re-igniting.

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CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the sixth day of November, 1908, by E. A. Hull, George H. Rea, George O. Lutz and A. J. Meek, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1871, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Rea and Honey Company, the character and object of which is for the raising, producing, buying and selling honey bees and their products and the manufacturing and selling of beekeepers' supplies and their equipments, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto. M. M. DAVIS, Solicitor.



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will not cure. It is the only absolute panacea for all blood diseases and skin eruptions. Thousands of testimonials to show you. Send for photos of recent cures. Sold under absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. Not a single instance of failure. If you would be cured get it today. Stoke & Felcht Drug Co., Reynoldsville, Pa. Send for free illustrated booklet.

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