

Marked for Death.

"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave-yard cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed to help me and hope had fled, when my husband got Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. A. C. Williams, of Bac, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 58 pounds in weight and my health was fully restored." This medicine holds the world's healing record for coughs and colds and lung and throat diseases. It prevents pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at Stoke & Feicht Drug Co. drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Notice to Delinquents.

Some people who are in arrears on the subscription to THE STAR made promises several months ago that have not been fulfilled yet. We must ask all subscribers over one year in arrears to make prompt payment.

Durno makes the impossible seem possible, the unnatural natural. He causes you to see what you do not see and not to see what you think you see. At Assembly Hall Dec. 22.

AFTER THE GRIPPE

Vinol Restored This Man's Strength

"Several years ago I was attacked by a severe case of grippe, which left me with a hacking cough, soreness in my chest, and bronchitis. I took nearly every kind of cough syrup sold on the market, besides medicine given me by physicians.

I received no permanent relief until my druggist asked me to try Vinol, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured.

I believe Vinol to be the greatest blessing ever offered to the public, as it does what is claimed for it." R. E. R. Hicks, Maplesville, Ala.

The reason Vinol cures chronic coughs, colds and pulmonary troubles is because it contains tonic iron and all the healing and body building elements of cod liver oil but no oil.

Vinol is also unexcelled as a strength builder for old people, delicate children, weak and run-down persons, and after sickness.

Stoke & Feicht Drug Company Reynoldsville, Pa.

LABEL IN DIVORCE.

Josephine Balsarate vs. Joe Balsarate. No. 14, April Term, 1908. Pluries Subpoena in Divorce. JEFFERSON COUNTY, SS: The Commonwealt of Pennsylvania.

To Joe Balsarate, 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 January next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife, Josephine Balsarate, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you, the said Joe Balsarate, agreeable to the Petition and Label exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no case omit at your peril.

Witness The Hon. John W. Reed, President of our said Court at Brookville the 9th day of November, A. D., 1908. Allowed by the Court. CYRUS H. BLOOM, Prothonotary.

You are hereby notified to appear before the Honorable Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Brookville, Pa., on the second Monday of January next, to answer as set forth in the above subpoena. GRANT SCHEAFNOCKER, Sheriff. Dec. 7, 1908.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

You are hereby informed that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Summer Telephone Company will be held at the general office of the Company in Brookville, Pa., on Wednesday, the 14th day of January, A. D., 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the Company for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting. J. K. BROWN, Secretary. J. S. HAMBOND, President.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE

Estate of William Shoemaker, Deceased. Letters of administration on the above estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the deceased are requested to make payment, and those having claims present the same without delay to M. M. DAVIS, Attorney. M. M. DAVIS, Administratrix, Reynoldsville, Pa.

A Girl and A Garden.

By Frank H. Williams. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I could love you," said the pretty neighbor, and then as the man impudently reached for her she added quickly, "for your garden!"

The man's face fell. "Now, I call that downright mean," declared the man vigorously. "You're a nice, pretty neighbor. Here I've been courting you and making love to you for months, and now I find that it's not me, but my garden, that's made an impression. I'll sell the garden," he added roughly.

The pretty neighbor clasped her hands in real distress. "Oh, don't!" she cried. "You don't really mean that! Think how long it's been in your family! Think how much care your mother and your grandmother and your great-grandmother spent on all these dear flowers!"

"Time I was selling it!" growled the man. "I'll get an old factory, a bakery or something of that sort here!" "Oh, oh!" cried the pretty neighbor. "I mean it!" cried the man. "I'll start right away."

Wholly distressed, the pretty neighbor, her hands tightly clenched, watched the man as he went down one of the paths toward a gay little summer house.

She was standing near a wall, beside a little fountain, and all about her the garden was a bower of beauty. Vistas between the trees radiated from the spot where she stood. Birds sang in the trees. She could hardly realize that



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?" THE GIRL ASKED.

the big, hurrying city was just on the other side of the wall.

From the summer house she saw the man come out. In one hand he carried a big white board. In the other a

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of William Britton, Deceased, of Washington Township. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of William Britton, late of Washington township, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to the executors, and those having claims against the estate will present them to the executors, properly authenticated, for payment. W. V. BRITTON, W. S. STEARNEY, Executors. Reynoldsville, Pa., Nov. 30, 1908.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of W. J. Hillis, late of Winslow Township, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of W. J. Hillis, 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. J. R. HILLIS, Executor. Reynoldsville, Pa., Nov. 30, 1908.

bucket of paint and a brush. When he reached the pretty neighbor he placed the board against the wall and without a word took up the brush.

"What are you going to do?" the girl asked somewhat tremulously.

"Paint," answered the man laconically.

With fascinated eyes the girl watched him as the letters grew under his brush. Across the top of the board he painted in big brutal letters the words, "For Sale."

The pretty neighbor caught her breath as the cruel sentence, flaring red, stared at her from the board. Underneath these words the man worked industriously for a little time.

While he worked the girl gazed back at the garden with tear dimmed eyes. When he had finished the man gave a little sigh of satisfaction. The girl looked at the sign again and gasped.

"For Sale," it read. "This Garden, Suitable For a Factory. Apply Within to Martin Connor."

"You—you aren't going to nail that sign up, are you?" questioned the girl, perilously close to tears.

"Sure!" ejaculated the man. The man picked up the sign, holding it awkwardly to save his clothes from paint, and, with the bucket and brush in the other hand, again went toward the gay little summer house. He whistled as he went, but the girl, who followed, with difficulty stifled her sobs.

At the summer house the man deposited his painting utensils and secured hammer and nails. Still whistling, he led the way through a secluded little iron gate to the street.

Once outside, the man carefully nailed the sign to the wall. When the work was finished he stepped back a bit to admire it. The girl, who had watched the proceedings, cried out at this.

"You're perfectly horrid!" she cried. "I hate you!"

Then the pretty neighbor, frantically dabbing at her eyes with an absurd little handkerchief, ran across the street to her own home.

When the pretty neighbor awoke the next morning she could not think at first what sorrow was near her. Then it came to her in a jump. The garden was to be sold! She shuddered as she thought of the heartless sign and decided that she would never, never look at it again.

A moment later she was at the window, peering out at the garden wall opposite. Her heart gave a little bound as the blank face of the wall met her gaze. The sign was gone.

It was a very merry pretty neighbor that halted Martin shortly after.

"Ho," cried the pretty neighbor, boldly walking through the little iron gate into the garden—"ho, I knew you didn't mean to sell your garden! You thought you'd scare me into loving you!"

The man, who had been weeding, looked up at her. He wore an old broad brimmed straw hat that in some undefinable way made him seem even more strikingly handsome than ever.

"You're wrong," he declared slowly. "It's sold!"

"What!" cried the pretty neighbor in consternation.

"Yes," replied the man. "And some one's going to put up a horrid, grimy factory here?" wailed the pretty neighbor.

"Perhaps," said the man listlessly. "I'm glad you came over," he went on. "I was afraid I'd have to go without saying goodbye to you."

"Goodbye?" asked the girl, her face a picture of surprise and dismay. "Yes," the man went on, "I'm going away. My train leaves at noon. You may never see me again."

"Why—why are you going?" stammered the pretty neighbor very woefully.

The man looked up at her quickly. "There's nothing for me to stay here for," he replied without animation, evidently not finding what he hoped in the girl's face.

"I'm sorry," said the girl finally. She extended her hand. In silence he shook it. Slowly she went toward the gate. When she was almost there the man called to her.

"I'm a brute," he declared contritely, "for letting you think for a minute that I'd ever really let a factory be erected here. Since you love the garden so you've a right to know that the man who has bought it is your father. He will not disturb it for some time—nor for the present at least."

"Oh!" cried the girl. For a moment her face was radiant, then suddenly it went sad again.

"Wouldn't you—won't you come back some time and visit my father's garden?" she asked.

"No, I'll not come back," the man replied. "It—it would hurt too much. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," repeated the girl and slowly went through the little iron gate, across the street to her home.

Several times during the next hour she looked at the clock and involuntarily sighed. The morning was going very fast, it seemed. Faster and faster the time flew on toward noon. Presently it was 10:30, then 10:45 and then 11 o'clock.

When the morning reached this point the pretty neighbor was suddenly galvanized into action.

"Good gracious!" she cried, jumping from the chair where she had been endeavoring to read a book. "Good gracious, he may be gone, and I haven't found out where he is going!"

Without more ado the pretty neighbor raced out of the house and across the street to the little iron gate. The gate was locked! Wildly she tore around the wall to the great front porch. Through this she ran up the shady, curving path to the big house.

Suddenly, as at high speed she bore around a particularly sharp curve, she plunged right into the arms of the

man. The latter, when he saw that it was the pretty neighbor, dropped the suit case he had been carrying and drew her closely to him.

"Dear, dear sweetheart," he cried. "I simply can't leave you! I can't do it!" He hugged her so tightly that she fairly gasped for breath. However, the pretty neighbor had enough breath left to gasp a reply—a very faint reply.

"Don't go," she said, burrowing her head into his coat. "Don't go. It's not your garden I want. It's not your garden I'm in love with. It's you!"

Misplaced Sympathy.

A sympathetic Frenchman unthinkingly bought an almanac that gave the dates of the world's chief events. From that day on he lived a life of mourning. Thus on April 30 he had craped on his hat.

"Have you lost a relative?" a friend asked. "Not exactly," said he. "But today is a sad anniversary for the French people. On April 30, 1524, the Chevalier Bayard died."

"On May 2 he had craped on again," said the mourning Bayard? said the friend. "No," said he, "but don't you remember that on May 2 a great and charming poet, Alfred de Musset, breathed his last?"

On the 6th of the same month, "Whom are you mourning for now?" "For an honest man, General Caviagnac." On the 30th, crying terribly, he said: "Ah, Joan of Arc! On this date, in 1431, a handful of Englishmen and a miserable bishop put the gallant maid to death."

On July 13 he took a bath in memory of the assassination of Marat. On the 16th Beranger's death gave him a fatal shock. On the 18th, having read of Napoleon's departure to St. Helena, he felt better, but on the 23d the bombardment of Dleppe by the English, in 1694, confined him again to his bed. He was taken with a fever and died on the 23d, muttering, "In a month the massacre of St. Bartholomew!"—New York Sun.

Eloquence of the Welsh.

Here is a little story of an Englishman in Wales: "On the comparative qualities of the English and Welsh tongues let me tell of the Welshman who saluted me in the Welsh. I was compelled to confess ignorance. 'Ah,' he said, turning fluently enough to English, 'you should learn the Welsh! My wife was English, and she can speak conversations now quite well.'"

"I acknowledged my shortcomings and admitted that I had always understood the Welsh to be a remarkably eloquent tongue. 'Yes, yes, it is so,' said the native. 'In Welsh a man can express exactly what he means. As for the English, I call it not a language at all—only a dialect.'"

"You had noted that an Englishman or a foreigner in speaking his language waves his hands and arms about to help out the meaning of the words, but a Welshman who can speak Welsh well he has no need to move his hands. In the Welsh he can say all that he means."—Chicago News.

Fife Wheat.

Years ago, about a century, David Fife, a Scotchman of Otomabee, Ont., sent to a friend in Glasgow for a small bag of seed wheat to try in a cleared patch of the backwoods. The friend obtained some seed from a vessel just in from Danzig. Unfortunately it was a fall wheat and reached David Fife in the spring. Nevertheless David Fife sowed it in spring.

One can guess how feverishly the backwoods farmer watched for the growth of his experiment. Only three wheat heads survived till the fall, but those three wheat heads were entirely free of the rust that had ruined his neighbor's crops, and those three heads really represented a new variety of wheat, a fall wheat turned into a spring wheat. David Fife treasured the three heads and planted them in spring. Such was the beginning of Fife wheat in America.—Agnes C. Laut in Outing Magazine.

Vanity of the Peacock.

Our favorite and much petted peacock, says a correspondent of the London Spectator, can be kept happy any length of time looking at his reflection in the window pane or in a looking glass. He comes in daily to tea, making no mistake about the hour, and spends much time en route in gazing at himself as he appears in the glass of the French windows by which he enters the room. If I am sewing and do not speak to him when he comes into the room, he will gently put his head quite close, almost touching my ring or needle, for he likes bright things. till I have to give up working and talk to him as with a small child whom one is afraid of pricking.

Lost Charm of the Wayside Inn.

The Inns of England, celebrated by Harrison and famous far and wide at the beginning of the last century, have degenerated into sad places which we visit only of necessity. Little did Stephenson think when he proposed the line from Manchester to Liverpool that he would ruin the wayside inns of England and kill the art of cookery.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Parents' Hairs and Heirs.

It is possible to predict from the hair of parents the form of their children's hair. Two blue eyed, straight haired parents will have only blue eyed, straight haired children. Two wavy haired parents may have straight, wavy or curly haired children, but the chances of curly hair are slight. Two curly haired parents may have children with either straight, wavy or curly hair, but the proportion of curly haired offspring will probably be large.—American Naturalist.

Easy.

Higgs—I never want to see him again. Diggs—That's easily done. Lead him a five.—Illustrated Bits.

DESOLATION ISLAND.

Kerguelen Land is a Region of Perpetual Storms.

Of all places on earth outside the arctic and antarctic regions Kerguelen Land, in the Indian ocean, is the most isolated and inhospitable. Indeed, it is generally known to mariners not by its official title, but as Desolation Island.

Most nations have owned it by turns, but it has been sooner or later abandoned by them all as worthless, and this although it covers an area variously estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000 square miles. At present France is in nominal possession of it, she having annexed it in 1803.

The soil is utterly barren. Practically the whole of the interior is covered with snow fields of unknown depth, whence glaciers flow down to the sea. Where there are no morasses and hidden, treacherous mudholes.

The climate is probably the worst in the world. Terrible tempests follow one another practically without ceasing and are accompanied by torrents of ice cold rain, hail, sleet and snow. The Challenger expedition spent a month there, during which time there were only three fine days. And this was in December-January, when it is midsummer in those latitudes.

Its discoverer, M. Kerguelen Tremarec, although at first he professed to be enraptured with it, lived to confess that it was unfit for human habitation. "Not even Eskimos," he exclaimed, "could exist there."—Pearson's.

Too Cheap.

The class at Kirk had been reading the story of Joseph and his brethren, and it came to the turn of the visiting minister to examine the boys.

The replies to all of his questions had been quick, intelligent and correct such as:

"What great crime did these sons of Jacob commit?" "They sold their brother Joseph."

"Quite correct. And for how much?" "Twenty pieces of silver."

"And what added to the cruelty and wickedness of these bad brothers?" "A pause."

"What made their treachery even more detestable and heinous?" "Then a bright little fellow stretched out an eager hand."

"Well, my man?" "Please, sir, they sold him over cheap."

Very Nearly Trouble.

"Horace, you don't love me as you used to."

"Not altogether, my dear. When we were first married I loved you for your beauty. Now I love you for your real worth, your many excellencies of mind and heart and for your—"

"So, Horace Higsworthy! You think I've got entirely over my good looks, do you? Let me tell you, sir—"

"And for your unflinching sweetness of disposition, my dear."

"Uncertain whether to go ahead and scold him just the same or to indulge in a good cry, she compromised by doing neither and fell to darning his socks with renewed energy.

Steam.

"Can you tell me what steam is?" asked the examiner.

"Why, sure, sir," replied Patrick confidently. "Steam is—why—it's wather thot's gone crazy wid the heat."—Everybody's.

One may dominate moral sufferings only by labor. Study saves from discouragement.—D'Abrantes.



BRILLIANT SPARKLING CLEAR

"Family Favorite" LAMP OIL

Best light for the eyes. Does away with every lamp trouble. Costs no more than inferior tank wagon oil. Almost every dealer has it. Inquire.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., Independent Refiners PITTSBURG, - - PA. Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasoline.



WINTER TERM STATE NORMAL

OPENS DEC. 29 CATALOGUE FREE

J. A. AMENT, LL. D. INDIANA, PA.

BUSINESS CARDS.

E. NEFF JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Pension Attorney and Real Estate Agent.

RAYMOND E. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BROOKVILLE, PA.

G. M. McDONALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Real estate agent, patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Syndicate building, Reynoldsville, Pa.

SMITH M. McCREIGHT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary public and real estate agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in the Reynoldsville Hardware Co. building Main street Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER, DENTIST, Resident dentist. In the Hoover building Main street. Gentleness in operating.

DR. L. L. MEANS, DENTIST, Office on second floor of the First National bank building, Main street.

DR. R. DEVERE KING, DENTIST, office on second floor of the Syndicate building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

HENRY PRIESTER, UNDERTAKER, Black and white funeral cars. Main street Reynoldsville, Pa.

D. H. YOUNG, ARCHITECT, Corner Grant and Fifth sts., Reynoldsville, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BULLETIN

THE STEEL COACH—A TRAVEL SAFEGUARD.

The Pennsylvania Railroad now has in operation on its lines east of Pittsburgh over two hundred steel passenger coaches, dining cars, baggage cars, and mail cars of the new all-steel type.

The solid steel framework of these cars, designed to resist shock and minimize the dangers of collisions, is further strengthened by the steel sheathing enclosing the body of the car. In fact, everything about the coach is steel, save the window frames, the cushions of the seats and the flooring. Such little woodwork as enters into the make-up of the coach, the plush with which the car seats are covered and the hair with which they are stuffed is treated to a fire-proofing process, whilst the floors are cement, thus rendering the coach at once practically indestructible and thoroughly fireproof. It is built like a battleship.

The new coach is longer than the standard car generally in use on the railroads in this country, and has a comfortable seating capacity of sixty to ninety people according to the style of the coach.

The unusual weight of the coaches give to them a solidity that greatly increases the comfort of the passenger.

The seats are adjusted to a more convenient space and angle, the coaches are all lighted with electricity and amply ventilated in winter as well as summer by new and thoroughly tested methods.

The interior finish of the coach is plain though pleasing to the eye. The absence of ornamentation enhances the idea of strength and at the same time assures absolute cleanliness and thorough sanitation.

Steel cars are now in use on the principal trains between New York, Philadelphia, Washington and on the Main Line between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. The number of cars is being constantly increased as the finished product comes from the shops.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's equipment is recognized as the Standard of America.



FOR THE HOLIDAYS

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Call in and See Our Stock. C. R. HALL.