

# GOODER, The JEWELER

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A

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## GOODER, THE JEWELER

# Reynoldsville .. Penn'a

### TIRING OUT THE STAG

A "Deer Take" in England's Oldest Deer Park.

HOUSED UNTIL HE GASPS.

The Game Animal is Mercilessly Driven Hither and Yon, Through Lake and Wood, Until He Falls Exhausted, Though Undaunted.

Parts of certain great parks in England, such as Eridge park, the oldest deer park in the kingdom, are kept practically wild in their original forest state, while near to the castle is the cultivated home park. Eridge park contains 3,000 acres and is the only estate in England, with one exception, where deer taking with hounds is still carried on. Eridge park once formed part of the royal chase. It still retains the wild beauty it then had, although there are more than seventy miles of lovely drives in it, not counting those of the home park.

Deer taking is entirely different from deer hunting. The object is to take the animals alive so that they may be transferred to the home park to be fattened and eventually turned into venison.

The sport is by no means as tame as it sounds. A seven to nine year old red deer is an awkward customer to tackle. He is powerful, agile and well armed with antlers and hoofs.

When there is to be a deer taking at Eridge park the meet is planned for 11 o'clock at the park keeper's house. The underkeepers, with fresh hounds, are scattered through the park to head off the stag should he come their way.

The underkeepers having spread themselves over the park, the park keeper, with the "field" (those following mounted and on foot) set off to find a deer which looks ready for fattening purposes. Having selected one, it is the work of the keeper to get him separated from the rest and then to slip his hound and set after him as hard as we can gallop. The pace, of course, is tremendous, and as rabbit holes abound the risk of a fall is even better, or, rather, a trifle of odds on the certainty of our "taking a toss." As our deer bounds away with his wonderfully easy, elastic movements he makes for the widest part of the park, expecting to escape his pursuers.

In one place after another he is met with hidden keepers and fresh hounds, till with the instinct of his species he turns to what he thinks is his sanctuary—the lakes. With open mouth and tongue outstretched he plunges a good fifteen feet into the water and swims for the opposite bank. Gasping and tiring, he lands on what he

hopes is freedom from his pursuers. But, alas, no! Yet another fresh hound is after him. What can he do? He is too pumped with his already hard burst to face the bill before him.

He turns around and tears down through the bracken with a hound on each side of him, ready to pull him down if they get but half a chance. It is a dingdong race, under trees, through bogs and bracken, up and down dells and breaks, smashing headlong through everything, anything, to reach the shelter of the friendly water once again. With a mighty spring he is in again. For a moment there is breathing space, for now the keepers and hounds, yet some way off, are making for the poor beast, which is in the middle of the lake. Away he swims with graceful movement of his noble head, glancing all around at his pursuers, but with his mind fixed on his line of retreat. He reaches the shore, and, with dripping sides, he is out upon the bank.

Again he makes an effort to baffle and leave behind those clinging hounds that would bear him down. And now two great hounds are stretching themselves out to their utmost pace. Side by side they race after their tiring quarry; in another minute they will have him. The stag, however, manages to make a spurt, though he is now stiffening rapidly, and just reaches some park palings surrounding the big lake.

In an instant he has turned on his pursuers, and with head down and up-raised fore leg he is prepared to fight to the death. A hound rushes in, but in a twinkling he is on his back, hurled away like a piece of wood. This checks the other hound, which dodges and bays around the stag. Seeing that things are now getting a bit too warm for him, the stag suddenly turns round and, smashing the palings like match wood, finds himself again in the icy water of the big lake. Away and away he swims, up this long stretch, the water seeming to revive him, for he swims the eastern length, three-quarters of a mile, and then lands at the far end while we follow on the shore. He swims till his feet touch the ground and stands facing us.

All we can do now is to end the situation as speedily as possible. A keeper deftly throws a rope with a loose knot over the stag's antlers. In a moment four burly keepers are hauling him out by the ropes. It is now a slow march to his feeding ground in the home park. Slowly the procession moves, never a slackening of the rope or the hold on the antlers. Through the gate dividing the parks he is brought, an unwilling prisoner, though undaunted. This ends the deer taking. —Town and Country.

Never think that intellect is nobler than the heart, that knowledge is greater than love. Not so! A thousand times no.—Frances Power Cobbe.

### A CROSS ON HIS BACK.

It Was Made With Chalk, but Was Too Heavy to Carry.

There is a story of an envious tailor current with the French peasantry. He fancied that his neighbor, who received a pension for the loss of an arm incurred while fighting for his country, was better off than himself. Both men went to pay their rent on the same day.

"That's a lucky man," said the tailor to the landlord. "He gets well paid for his arm."

"But who would be willing to part with an arm, even if he were paid for it?" said the landlord.

"I would," declared the tailor.

"You?" cried the landlord. "Why, man, you wouldn't be willing to bear anything of the sort, no matter how much you were paid for it."

"I wish some one would try me."

"Now, see here," said the landlord, who had studied human nature, "I'll tell you what—if you'll wear even so much as a chalk mark on your back I'll remit your rent as long as you wear it on your coat so it can be seen, the condition being that you tell no one why it is there."

"Agreed," said the tailor eagerly. "That's an easy way to pay rent."

So the chalk mark in the form of a cross was made on the back of his coat, and the delighted landlord sallied forth upon the street.

Strangers and acquaintances halted him to tell him of the mark on his back. Jokes were made at his expense, children poked and pointed at him, and his wife annoyed him with questions and with conjugal familiarity told him he was a fool. The usually amiable man grew surly and morose; he slung men, women and children and frequented back streets. Before the week was up the tailor found himself embroiled in a quarrel with his best friend, his wife had threatened to leave his house, and he considered himself miserable and ill used.

Finally one night he took off his coat and rubbed out the chalk mark and said: "There! I would not wear that cross on my back another week, no, not if I could have all the money there is in Paris!"

### ROBIN HOOD NOT A MYTH.

Hero of Sherwood Forest Had a Court Place Under King Edward II.

Many famous men have their names linked with Sherwood—King John, the three Edwards, Richard III., Cardinal Wolsey and Charles I.—but the hero of the place, the "genius loci," is Robin Hood.

Some think that the famous outlaw of the ballads was a myth, a mere poetic conception and a creature of the popular mind, but Mr. Hunter in his research into the person and period of Robin Hood holds that he was born

between 1285 and 1295, living through the reign of the second Edward and into the early years of the third. He was of a family of some station seated near Wakefield and supported the Earl of Lancaster in his rebellion against the government. When the earl fell and his followers were proscribed Robin Hood took to the woods and supported himself by slaying the wild animals found in the forest and by levying a species of blackmail on passengers along the great road which united London and Berwick. This continued for about twenty months, from April, 1322, to December, 1323, when he fell into the king's power, who for some unknown reason not only pardoned him, but gave him a place at court. Anyhow, a man of the name of Robyn Hode was a "varlet" of the king in 1324.

Dr. Spencer T. Hall says that Robyn was created Earl of Huntington by a London ballad writer hard up for a word to rhyme to Little John. Be this as it may, Robin Hood will always be the hero of romance, and those who love romance will refuse to believe that he never existed.—London Globe.

**Mansfield's Lonely Meals.**  
There were two meals which Mansfield always ate alone—breakfast and the light repast of broth and oysters late in the afternoon. An empty stomach attacked his nerves and set his temper on edge. In the morning he was in no convenient mood until he had the invariable coffee and bacon. After a somewhat rigid abstinence during the balance of the day and evening the fallowness of a performance edged his nerves till his midnight supper, which, with a troop of friends about him, warmed him into the sunniest humor of the day. A book or play was the companion of his solitary meals.—Paul Wiltach in Scribner's.

**The Very First One.**  
The visitors in the historical museum gazed curiously at a small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case. "I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked one of the visitors, turning to the guide. "It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."—Lippincott's.

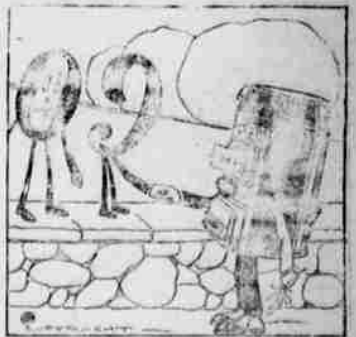
**A Zoological Question.**  
The director of the zoological gardens was on his vacation. He received a note from his chief assistant, which closed thusly: "The chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"—St. Louis Republic.

**Two Words.**  
"There are two words that I feel sorry for."  
"And they are?"  
"Blithering and egregious. Nobody ever uses 'em except to call some one an idiot or an ass."—Louisville Courier.

**Bismarck and Music.**  
Bismarck's utterances regarding music are compiled in a book by Keudell, "Furst und Furstin Bismarck, Erinnerungen aus den Jahren, 1846-1872." Keudell once saw the man of blood and iron shed tears during a performance of Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata. His favorite composers were Beethoven and Schubert. The only thing he did not like in their works was the variations. These, he said, "do not speak to the heart." Concerning the sonata just referred to he remarked: "This is like the singing and sobbing of a whole human life. If I heard this music often I should always be brave."

**Ma Meant Well Anyway.**  
A young woman overheard an old negress call to a plectaniny, "Come back, Exy, Exy!"  
"Excuse me," said the young woman, "but isn't that a queer name for a baby, aunty?"  
"Dat ain't her full name," explained the old woman, with pride; "dat's jes' de pet name I call fer short. Dat chile got a mighty grand name. Her ma picked it out in a medicine book. Yessum, de chile's full name is Ecze-ma."—Ladies Home Journal.

"The worse of Spongely is he never pays anything," said Grabbles.  
"Oh, doesn't he, though? Ask him to pay you a visit and see," retorted Hicks.



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