HORRORS OF THE ARCTIC.

Terrible Experience of the Crew of the III Fated Jeannette.

When Ross in 1818 touched at Etah the Esks thought they were being visited by ghosts. With her white sails appearing on the horizon, where the sky melts into an abyss of ocean. what else could the ship be but some great white winged ghost, and what those strange creatures on her decks but lost souls? They thought she, a great bird, had hown from the moon, where wood was abundant, and when they saw her close, her wooden belly and her masts, they whispered, "How much wood there is in the moon-how very much!" Wood is like gold to the Esks.

One of the unhappy crew of the Jeannette writes: "I put some mercury to freeze and beat it out on the anvil. Our frozen brandy looked like black topaz. We divided meat, oil and bread with a hatchet. Joshua forgot to put on his right glove; in a moment his hand was frozen. The poor devil wished to thaw his lifeless hand in warm water. It was immediately covered with pieces of ice. The doctor was forced to cut the unlucky mate's hand off, and he died next day. Toward the middle of January a caravan of Esks came to ask us for some dried fish and brandy. We added a little tobacco to these presents, which they received with tears of joy. The chief, a feeble old man, told us that the week before he had eaten his wife and two sons."

Cold more terrible than the white wolf and bear seizes its victims unawares, instantaneously, fatally. The cold purifies the blood, sharpens appetite, favors digestion and stomach. It soothes to sleep by bringing death in the midst of beautiful dreams. This intense cold, so dry, so pure, stops putrefaction, sweetens the air by greatly increasing its density and purifies water. Cold takes the place of cooking, for it makes raw meat, raw fish and tallow eatable.

A Roman nosed people could not hold their own in the arctic. A Roman nose would be too often frozen off. The Esk flat nose is less exposed. The name Eskimo, or raw food eaters, is a nickname given by the Labrador Indians. Their true name in their own tongue is Inoit and means "man." If patriotism be a virtue the Esks have it surpassingly. Never was a land of verdant groves, golden harvests and willows mirrored in the streamlets and silvery waves better beloved than their snow fields and ice hills and gloomy. stinking tents and igloos .- New York Press.

THE CENTURY PLANT.

It Blooms, Says a Florist, Every Twenty-five to Forty Years.

"The regular century plant," said an expert in floriculture, "is noten cactus. It belongs to a family by itself. It has a large, broad leaf, sometimes two or three feet long and several inches thick where they branch from the center. There are two varieties, one the varlegated and the other green. The only difference is that the variegated has a white stripe along the outer edge of the leaf. Both bloom every twentyfive to forty years. A stock perhaps eight or ten inches in diameter shoots up from the center to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and around this stock cluster small blossoms. They are neither pretty nor fragrant. They were

DIPLOMACY.

A Vague Threat That Meant Nothing, but Brought Quick Results.

The late Lord Salisbury some years ago sent a foreign office emissary to make some demands of a South American republic. Before setting out on his mission the emissary, to whom his lordship had explained the exact nature of the demands, desired to be in formed as to the course to take if. after he had said everything, there was a refusal.

"Oh." answered Lord Salisbury, "this is not a matter in which we have the least thought of fighting! If the president refuses, why, you will simply have to come home again."

The emissary went and had his say to the president of the republic, who blankly refused to give in, and the diplomat retired to think things over. A few hours later he wrote to the president:

"I regret that your excellency does not see your way to recognize the justness of the claims which I have had the honor to present. I have now to say, on behalf of her Britannic majesty's government, that unless your excellency yields on all points which I have named it will be my painful duty to act on the second half of my instructions."

Under this vague and significant threat the president yielded at once.-London Telegraph.

HAUNTED ALASKAN ISLAND.

Ghosts of Russian Exiles Who Died of Starvation or Torture.

To the south and west of Kodiak. distant about 100 miles and forming one of the Semidi group, is the island of Chirikof, the haunted island of Alaska.

Enshrouded for a great portion of the time with almost impenetrable fog. this lonely isle is an object of terror to the natives, who claim it is haunted by the ghosts of Russian exiles.

The natives will not go near the is land, saying it means certain death to invade the canny confines, and there are few men in the far north who have the temerity to test the truth of the many and weird tales told of this forbidding and barren island.

Shipmasters and sailors passing the place assert that the agonizing cries of Russian exiles sent there to starve or die by torture are sometimes heard on quiet nights, while the clink of chains and the sound of blows are testified to in an affidavit by a white man who once attempted to remain there for a week and who nearly lost his reason.-Tanana Tribune.

The Noise Habit.

A personal experience first showed the writer the possibility of a state of affairs where the habit of noise could become as fixed as the habit of a drug. Waking one night in the quiet of a country house far from other habitations, I suddenly heard the starting of the hot air engine which pumped the water-chug, chug, chug, chug, I lay listening to its monotonous vibrations and wondering at the unusual hour for pumping until I fell asleep. The next night the sound was repeated. On mentioning the matter to my host he confessed that he could not sleep in the quiet of the country; that the sud den change from the roar of a great city to the silence of the woods was so great as to cause him real suffering. As his only way to rest he would leave the house in the middle of the night. start up the pump and, lying down in a nearby hammock, find sleep brought him by the lullaby of the hot air engine. That man recognized that he had the noise habit and finally conquered it.-Hollis Godfrey in Atlantic.

PLAYED WITH A LION.

A South African Child Who Ran to Meet the Big "Doggie."

The infant son of one of the Dutch settlers in South Africa had strayed away. After some time a search party discovered little footprints leading in the direction of the bush. Following up these, the search party came upon a large open space, at the farther side of which they discovered the object of their search sitting hugging a little wooden doll and munching a piece of bread and butter. Before they could make their way through the thick, tangled undergrowth a large lion sprang into the clearing. The littie boy, far from being frightened, ran to meet the llon, holding up his bread and butter and said, "Take a bite, doggie,"

The father stood powerless to move or speak through fear, expecting each Instant to see the child crushed under the lion's paw, but instead of doing as he dreaded the llon turned himself over and lay on his back at the child's feet, looking up in his face as a cat would do at play. Watching his opportunity, the father raised his gun and fired, hitting the lion in the leg. The animal sprang up and, leaving the child, rushed on the party, injuring two of the number before it was finally killed. From this circumstance the child was immediately christened by the settlers "Daniel."-London Family Herald.

WAITED FOR HEALY.

An Incident of the Land League Agitation In Ireland.

One morning during the Land league agitation Mr. Parnell left Dublin by the early mail train for Roscommon to address a meeting. On arriving in the town he received a telegram from Dublin which ran:

Missed mail train. Will get down at 3 o'clock. Postpone meeting till 1 arrive. HEALY.

Mr. Parnell was pleased to learn that T. M. Healy, M. P., was coming down. Delighted, too, were the local promoters of the demonstration, and the meeting was gladly postponed for a few hours.

At 3 o'clock the railway station and its approaches were thronged with people with bands and banners, and the train from Dublin steamed in amid terrific cheering for Tim Healy.

The train pulled up, a carriage door opened, and the local reception committee rushed to it, when out stepped "Healy," but it was not T. M. Healy. M. P. It was W. Wallace Healy, a well known reporter on the staff of the Irish Times.

He had been assigned to the Roscom mon meeting, had missed the mail train, and it was most important that his paper should have a report of Mr. Parnell's speech; hence the telegram. -Pearson's Weekly.

What Yeomen Were.

Yeomen were formerly considered to be by their title on a level with esquires, and they were called yeomen because, in addition to the weapons proper for close engagements, they fought in the wars with arrows and a bow which was made of yew; hence the word. After the conquest the name of yeoman, in reference to the original office in war, was changed to that of archer. The term, however, was continued with additions-the yeoof the chan nan of the crown. yeoman usher, etc.-and we find that considerable grants were bestowed on some of them. In the legal view a reoman is defined to be one that has fee land of the value of 40 shillings a year and is thereby qualified to serve on juries, to vote for knights of the shire and to do any other act which the law may require. The yeomen always took a leading part in whatever concerned the regulations or interests of the kingdom, and their renown as warriors is fully established by their numerous heroic achievements.-London Globe.

PLENTY OF ROOM.

No Trouble to Find a Place For Him to Rest In Sleep.

His blanket the soldier takes along on the march, but usually not his tent Usage soon makes the ground as soft a bed as he wants. The case is pretty nearly the same with the prospector and the frontlersman. In writing of the "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Const" Mr. Clifton Johnson tells of the practice on the ranches of the west. He was the guest of an early settler

While we were chatting a laborer passed, shouldering a roll of blankets The butcher had come to the door, and be pointed to the passer and said: "You see that fellow, don't you? Well, when I first reached here from the east I thought a man with a bed on his back was the funniest thing I'd ever come across,

"A rancher in this country won't take his hired man into his house They've got to furnish their own blankets and usually sleep on the hay in the barn.

"I know a fellow who, when he'd just arrived and didn't understand the way they manage, got a job harvesting on a big wheat ranch. The help usually sleep in the straw stacks then. and it's precious little time they get to sleep anywhere. But he didn't know anything about that, and he was sitting around in the evening and finally said to the rancher. 'Where am 1 to sleep tonight?'

"'Why, I don't care where you sleep,' said the rancher. 'I've got 960 acres of land around here, and if you can't find a place to sleep on that I'll get my next neighbor to lend me a plece of his.""

TOWER OF BABEL.

Traditions as to the Height of the Famous Structure. The actual height at which the last stone of that famous structure, the tower of Babel, rested cannot, on account of the remoteness of the times at which it is said to have existed. ever become more than a matter of merest conjecture. Herodotus, who lived about 1,700 years after that "great spiral way to heaven" is said to have been attempted, says that he saw at Babylon a structure consisting of eight towers raised one above another, each seventy-five feet in height. but whether this ruin was the remains of the tower of Babel it was even then impossible to ascertain. Herodotus, usually minutely exact in his writing, leaves us in ignorance as to how the upper level of each of these seventy-five foot towers was reached from the level below.

As might be expected, even in tradition, a wide difference of opinion exists as to the height of the tower. Most orientalists maintain that God did not put a stop to the work until the tower had reached a height of 10,000 fathoms, or about twelve miles. In Ceylonese tradition it is said to have been as high as 20,000 elephants, each standing one above the other. St. Jerome asserts on the authority of persons who had examined the ruins that it did not reach a height exceeding four miles. Other statements are still more extravagant.-London Saturday Review.

Happy Events.

THE KING'S ORDER.

It Was Obeyed, and Yet the Monarch Was Not Happy.

When King Gustavus 111, of Sweden was in Paris he was yisited by a deputation of the Sorbonne. That learned body congratulated the king on the happy fortune which had given him so great a man as Scheele, the discoverer of magnesium, as his subject and fel low countryman.

The king, who took small interest in the progress of science. felt somewhat ashamed that he should be so ignorant as never even to have heard of the renowned chemist. He dispatched a courier at once to Sweden with the laconic order, "Scheele is to be immediately raised to the dignity and title of count.

"His majesty must be obeyed," said the prime minister as he read the order, "but who in the world is Scheele?" A secretary was told to make inquiries. He came back to the premier with very full information. "Scheele is a good sort of fellow," said he, "a lieutenant in the artillery, a capital shot and a first rate hand at billiards." The next day the lieutenant became a count, and the illustrious scholar and scientist remained a simple burgher.

The error was not discovered until the king returned home. His majesty was indignant. "You must all be fools," he exclaimed, "not to know who Scheele is!"-Argonaut.

THE CRISIS.

A Loving Mother Guides Her Girl at the Fateful Moment.

"Your whole future life depends upon it."

The mother, her face tinged with sympathy which we must ever feel in the presence of an immaturity that is hesitating between right and wrong laid her band over that of her beauti ful daughter.

"Yes, dear," she continued, "into every life there comes at one time or another a supreme temptation. If the crisis is passed all is safe, but if you yield at the fatal moment you cannot retrace your steps. You are then com mitted to a fatal policy." "But, mother, father says he cannot

afford it."

"Exactly, Fathers from time im memorial have always said that. It is their way of imposing on youth and innocence. Go forth at once and buy the gown. Do not forget that I am with you, that 1 will stand back of you with all the feeble strength I can command."

So saying, the proud woman folded into her arms the weak creature, who even then, if it had not been for her timely rescue, would have been betrayed into a humiliating and shameful surrender.-Success Magazine.

A Stage Manager's Ruse.

The house bill of the Imperial the-ater of La Roche-sur-Yon announced for the evening performance "La Tour de Nesle." a five act melodrama, and "La Soeur de Jocrisse," a one act farce. The drama had been disposed of, but the low comedian was missing and could not be found. What was to be done? A luminous idea finally entered the manager's mind. The orchestra played an overture, then another. then a third, then a polka and finally a quadrille. At last, when the audience had grown quite obstreperous, the stage manager appeared. He ad-

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EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

Estate of Nathan A. Headley, late of Reyn-olasville Borough, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testa-mentary on the estate of Nathan A. Headley, late of Reynoldsville borough, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, de-ccased, have been granted to the under-signed, 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 denzy. Mas. BLANCHR HEADLARY, Dec. 21, 1966. Executry.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

L You are hereby informed that the annual meeting of the suckholders of the Summer-ville Telephone Company will be held at the general (fice of the Company in Brook ville, Pa., on Wednesday, the 12th cay of January, A. D., 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing a board of direc-tors for the Company for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other bushess as may properly come before said meeting. J. K. BROWS, J. S. HAMMOND, Secretary.

formerly suppos ed to bloom once in a hundred years.

"The nearest thing to a century plant is a night blooming cereus. It is a cactus and blooms once in about every twenty-five years or so. The flower is large, very beautiful and has a delightful odor. One plant may have several blossoms, but each flower lasts only one night.

There is no such plant as a 'century cactus.' The cactuses that many have mistaken for 'century cactuses' will bloom in four or five years if kept un der glass or about seven years if not in a hothouse. Because they are so long in blooming, I suppose, they have been called 'century cactuses,' and the name has been handed down until it is considered the proper term for them. They bloom yearly after the first blossoms appear. They are just an ordi nary cactus, but they have a pretty. fragrant flower."-Seattle Times.

The Canny Scot.

In the differences that would some times arise between members of his tenantry the Duke of Argyll was often invited to arbitrate upon the matter in dispute, and he used to tell a characteristically Scottish story of one of the occasions. Two tenants having waited upon him and asked him to decide the question at issue, the duke put what he always regarded as a very necessary preliminary question, "Will you abide by my award?"

"Well, your grace," was the reply of one of the hard headed old disputants. "I'd like to ken first what it is."-London Chronicle.

The Other Way With Him. ember, sir, that you owe some thing to your constituents," said one mber of a town council to another.

"Humph!" said the other. "If you ewe anything to your constituents all I've got to say is that you're lucky. Why, there are not balf a dozen voters in my ward that have not borrowed money from me."-Stray Stories.

Pitfalls of Slang.

Host (in India)-Do you see that fa natic over there? He has sat on that corner and in that posture withou noving for six months. Traveler from America) – Gee, that's going smel-Chicago Tribune.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by minfortune, but great minds rise above it-Irving.

Oddly Named.

A Mr. Hudson, who had made a large fortune as a dentist, had built a very expensive country house near Dublin, but of such an extraordinary construction as to bid defiance to the criticism of the architect.

One day after dinner at Curran's this singular mansion became a subject of merriment for his guests. The question for their satirical inquiry was, "What was its order of architecture?" One said it certainly was Grecian, another contended it was Saxon and a third that it was oriental, when their host thus interposed:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, you are all wrong. It is Tusk-un. From the irregularities of the mansion and from its proprietor being a dentist the Irish call it Snaggletooth Hall."-London Answers.

Not Worth a Rush.

"Not worth a rush" is, as a popular saying, the predecessor of the now more common simile "not worth a In precarpet days it was the straw." custom to strew the floors of dwelling When guests of rank were entertained fresh rushes were spread for them, but folk of lower degree had to be content with rushes that had already been used, while still humbler persons had none, as not even being "worth a rush."-London Standard.

The Benefit of the Doubt.

Horrified Citizen-Hey, there! What are you pounding that man for? Man -He says he can't remember whether he ever called me a liar or not. I'm (biff) giving him (biff) the benefit of the doubt.-Chicago Tribune.

The Producer. "Does your husband play cards for

money?" "Judging from practical results," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "I should say not. But all the other men in the game do."-Washington Star.

The man who loves home best and loves it, most unselfishly loves his country Best.-J. G. Holland.

Insects and Flowers.

Experiments on showy flowers like the poppy tend to show that insects are not always attracted to flowers by the brightly colored petals, but rather by the perception-doubtless by means of smell-that there is honey or pollen. In these experiments the unopened flower bud is inclosed in a gauze net so as to protect it from insects, and when it expands the petals are care fully removed without touching the remaining parts with the fingers (for bees avoid a flower if the smell of human fingers is left on it), and the petalless flowers receive practically as many insect visits as untouched flowers do.

Her Complexion.

We once knew a woman who quarreled with her complexion. At one time she touched it up so much that it became touchy. At another time it was beyond the pale. Occasionally it broke out and became very flery. But. however much she quarreled with it. she was always ready to make it up.

Regular Customer-There used to be two or three little bald spots on the crown of my head, away back. Are they there yet?

Barber-No, sir; it ain't so bad as all that. Where those spots used to be, sir, there's only one now .- Chicago Tribune.

A Hard Ons. "When," he demanded, "will you pay this bill?" Smilling, we waved bim toward our

confrere.

"You must ask," we said, "the puz-zie editor."-Exchange.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.-Emerson.

teacher in one of the public of Vienna in order to test the ability of her junior class-girls eight to nine years old-in composition writing gave each little miss a subject to be discussed "at once without consultation and without belp of any kind." The articles were found to be so interesting and amusing that they have been collected for publication. One article on "My Three Happiest Days" is notable in the unique collection. In well chosen words and clearly rounded sentences the little girl says that, being lost in the woods, having to run away from a fire which broke out in their house and watching a little boat as the wind tossed it on the waves and finally smashed it, were the most "hap py events" that she could think of. Another in describing "fairyland" said that it must be a place where "everything is as it is here except that the lakes should be frozen half across at all times of the year so that we could

James I. and Billiards.

take a swim and jump out and skate."

James I. appears to have inherited his mother's love of billiards. Among the payments from his privy purse not ed in the exchequer records is one to "Henry Waller, our joyner, for a blillards boarde. Twelve foote long and fower foote broade, the frame being wallouttree, well wrought and carved, with eight great skrewes and eighteen small skrewes." A salutary billiard rule in force in the days of the Stuarts was one to the effect that no bystander, even though he was betting on the game, should be allowed to offer advice unless asked. If he did so it was provided that "be shall for every fault instantly forfeit twopence for the good of the company or not be suffered to stay in the room."-London Chronicle.

His Early Home Coming. "Does your busband carry a latch-key, Mrs. Homebody?" "No, I never knew him to." "Oh, then he comes in early! That must be due to your training?" "Not in the least. There is always some one up when he gets home in the morning."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Answering Little Eddie. Little Eddie-Say, pa. do political enemies belong to different parties? Pa-No, my sou; they belong to differ-ent factions in the same party.-Exchange.

dressed the three conventional bows to the spectators and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are anxious, I know, to listen to 'La Soeur de Jocrisse.' The piece has just been acted, but through an unaccountable oversight on the part of the stage hands they forgot to raise the curtain."

don't fail to get prices from Robinson & Mundorff before buying.

Saw It In a Dream.

For many years ivory manufacturers were trying to devise a machine for turning out a billiard ball as nearly perfect as possible and at the same time avoiding waste. Among those who strove to perfect such a machine was Mr. John Carter of the firm of John Carter & Son. well known ivory manufacturers. One night, after Mr. Carter had been striving to solve the problem for some time, he suddenly awoke his wife by shouting out. "I have got it." and rushed downstairs into his study, where he matte a drawing of the last knife for the want of which he had been so long waiting in order to complete his machine. It appears that he had fallen asleep and dreamed about the machine, and in the dream the solution of the difficulty was revealed to him.- London in-

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