

A Startling Statement

New York Medical Authorities Claim Dyspepsia to be a Pre-Disposing Cause of Consumption

The post mortem statistics of the big New York hospitals show that some cases of consumption are due, at least indirectly, to unchecked dyspepsia, especially when the victim was predisposed to tuberculosis. Dyspepsia wears out the body and brain. The weakened, irritable stomach being unable to digest food, the body does not receive the required nourishment, and the victim becomes thin, weak and haggard. As a result, the body becomes a fertile field in which the germs of disease may lodge and flourish.

Therefore, the person who permits dyspepsia to progress unhindered is guilty of contributing toward the development of one of the most insidious and fatal diseases known to mankind.

Dyspepsia may be completely eradicated if properly treated. We sell a remedy that we positively guarantee will completely relieve indigestion or dyspepsia, or the medicine used during the trial will cost the user nothing.

This remedy has been named Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. Certainly no offer could be more fair, and our offer should be proof positive that Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are a dependable remedy.

Inasmuch as the medicine will cost you nothing if it does not benefit you, we urge you who are suffering with indigestion or dyspepsia to try Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. A 25-cent box contains enough medicine for fifteen days' treatment. For chronic cases we have two larger sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain Rexall Remedies only at—The Home Store.

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The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in PHILADELPHIA.

Deceiving the Widow.

A healthy looking woman dressed in deep mourning stepped on to the platform scales and requested the grocer's clerk to ascertain her weight. He looked and said, "One hundred and forty pounds."

"You made a mistake of twelve pounds in that woman's weight," said another man who had also watched the scales. "She weighed 152 pounds instead of 140."

"I know that," said the clerk, "but she never would have forgiven me if I had told her so. That woman's husband died about six weeks ago. She has gained seven pounds in that time, but to keep her in good humor with herself I had to make her think she had lost five. I don't know why it is, but anybody who has suffered bereavement seems to consider it a disgrace to take on flesh. That woman has been weighed three times since her husband died. She would be shocked if she knew she had gained right along. Fortunately she is too nearsighted to read the scales herself, so it is easy to make her think she is wasting away."

—New York Press.

Law and the Queen.

The quaintness of many provisions of British law is curiously illustrated in the status of the queen of England. So far as her majesty's private business is concerned, she is not regarded by the laws and customs of England as a married woman at all. She is the only woman in Great Britain who does not come within the scope of the married woman's property act. The idea in all this is that affairs of state consume all the time of the king, and therefore no responsibility for the queen's private business rests upon him. If the queen contracted debts in her husband's name he would not be responsible for them, as any other husband in the United Kingdom would. The king cannot be sued for debt, but the queen can be. Should the king die, some authorities hold that the queen could not marry again. In case she wished to, without the license of the king's successor.—New York Tribune.

Dog Law in Constantinople.

"When one of the street dogs of Constantinople gets too old to be of use to the band the captain dog decides that he is to die," says Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's Weekly. "A day comes when the captain issues an edict that he is no longer to have food. From that day until his death not a morsel passes his lips. With longing eyes he looks at the others eating, but he makes no attempt to join them. Now and again a bit of something falls his way. The temptation is too strong—he reaches toward the morsel. The captain, who overlooks nothing, gives a low growl. The dying creature shrinks back without a murmur. He knows the law. Perhaps he, too, was once a captain. The minister's wife told me that she had tried to feed one of those dying dogs, but that even when food was placed in front of him he would only look pleadingly at the captain and refuse to touch it."

How They Get 'Em.

The sad looking man climbed into the bootblack's chair to have his shoes shined.

"And is your father a bootblack, too?" he asked, by way of making conversation.

"No, sir," replied the lad. "My father is a farmer."

"Ah, a farmer!" cried the sad looking man as a spasm almost akin to joy spread over his features. As he reached into his pocket for a notebook and pencil he began to mumble a sort of gibberish. It sounded like this:

"Farmer, hey? Farmer—hay, Son, bootblack. Son shines. Ah! I have it. Your father evidently believes in making hay while the sun shines."

Perhaps it is needless to explain that instead of being a mild lunatic the sad looking man was one of those professional humorists who write funny pieces for the papers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Laughter Saved the Ship.

Humor has been credited with the saving of many things, but perhaps never before has a ship been saved by its judicious application. In a great storm many years ago a ship's crew were all at prayers when a boy burst into a fit of violent laughter. Being reproved for his ill timed mirth and asked the reason for it, he said, "Why, I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safely into port.—Liverpool Post.

Two Narrow Escapes.

An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my soul, if the river was but a little higher the ship would go to the bottom!"

"See there!" exclaimed the returned Irish soldier to the gaping crowd as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will ye! Ye see, if it had been a low crowned hat I should have been killed outright."

His Temper.

"My dear," said a lady to her husband, "there must be a lot of iron in your system."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot!"

Discoveries.

So many famous discoveries have turned out to be re-discoveries that we became cautious about asserting that any event or achievement was the first of its kind.—John Diske.

THE STUPENDOUS COLLAPSE

Of Prices at W. H. Bell's will Continue Ten Days More.

The Sale was a Grand Success for the first Ten Days and owing to having some broken sizes left, have decided to continue the sale 10 Days Longer.

We have some Boys' Suits and Overcoats left, one of a size, that will be sold at your own price, as we must have room for spring goods.

We have one of a size in Men's Overcoats that you can buy at your own price. We need the room. If you do not need the coat, it will pay you to buy one and lay it away until next winter.

Remember, everything in this first-class stock of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothing is marked away down, less than we can buy the same goods from the manufacturers, and by taking advantage of the next ten days you will be the gainer and we the loser. Remember, the Place with the Big White and Black Sign.

During the rush of the past 10 days sale we heard most everyone make remarks that "They have everything as advertised" and nothing shown by us to be old stock, but nice new clean fall and winter goods.

Mothers, we have some Boys' Overcoats that sold for \$4.00, now 99 cents and \$1.48. \$6.50 Overcoats for \$2.49 that are worth looking at.

Remember, the whole stock still remains in the sale and all goods will be sold as advertised. Remember the place.

W. H. BELL

The Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes and Stetson Hats.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

A RUSSIAN PRISONER.

Experience of a Man Who Was Chained to a Wheelbarrow.

In writing of the Schluesselburg prison in McClure's Magazine David Soskice tells of a prisoner who was chained to a wheelbarrow:

"Schedrin had been condemned to hard labor in the convict mines of Siberia and for an attempt to escape from there had been sentenced to be chained to a heavy wheelbarrow. When the order came for his transfer from Siberia to St. Petersburg no conveyance could be found large enough to contain him, the wheelbarrow and the convoy of gendarmes. Yet, as the wheelbarrow had become a part of the prisoner, the gendarmes were afraid to leave it behind. It was therefore decided to place Schedrin with his convoy in one cart and the wheelbarrow behind in another. For several months, day and night, Schedrin and the gendarmes galloped through Siberia upon a troika (a three hosed cart or sledge), while another sped behind them upon which the wheelbarrow reposed, causing the deepest amazement among the peasants in the villages through which they passed. Upon the arrival of the prisoner in St. Peter and Paul he was once again chained to the barrow, and only after he had been six weeks in the Schluesselburg was he finally detached from it and given freedom of movement within the narrow confines of his cell.

"When they unchained me," said Schedrin subsequently, "I could not get enough movement. I wanted to run and run, and it seemed to me that I could never stop. How strange it is that men who can enjoy perfect freedom of movement never realize the wonderful happiness that is theirs."

HENRY CAVENDISH.

A Recluse, He Lived Far From the Madding Crowd.

Henry Cavendish, the famous natural philosopher and chemist, was a recluse who astonished England.

A son of Lord Charles Cavendish and a nephew of the third Duke of Devonshire, possessed of enormous wealth, the subject of universal admiration because of his scientific attainments, he preferred the solitude of his study and the company of his books to the pleasures society could offer him.

For many years he lived at Hamstead in a large, roomy house, attended by a number of female servants, who, however, were strictly enjoined to keep out of his sight. If a domestic by the merest chance came into the presence of Cavendish she was instantly dismissed.

Every morning the philosopher would leave a note on the hall table naming what he wanted for dinner. No one saw him place the note there; but, accustomed to the strange customs of the establishment, the meal would be

prepared, and only the remains of the repast signified the presence of the master of the house.

When Cavendish died in 1810 he left behind him nearly a million pounds sterling, besides a lasting reputation as a scientist and writer on natural philosophy.—London Telegraph.

Chrysanthemums.

Chrysanthemums stand fourth in commercial importance among flowers. Only the rose, the violet and the carnation surpass them, and that chiefly because the chrysanthemum season is so short, while the others can be had from the florist nearly the whole year round. Greece gave us the name. Chrysanthemum means "golden flower." But the name was invented long before the big butter yellow globes were known in the occident. It referred to the prevailing gold in the small varieties that were known. Strangely enough, the first chrysanthemum brought into Europe was not gold, but purple. It was a small flower about two inches across, shaped like an aster. Somebody took it to Europe from China in 1700—and, presto, the modern history of chrysanthemums was begun.—Argonaut.

Why He Could Beat McGregor.

Alexander Ure, the lord advocate of Scotland, is a keen golfer, and he has a good store of golfing tales. These he is always ready to relate, even if they tell against himself.

Playing on a certain course in Scot-

land, he remarked incidentally to his caddie: "By the way, I played a round with Todd McGregor the last time I was here. Grand player, McGregor!"

"Aye," said the caddie, "but ye could bate McGregor the noo."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed the gratified lord advocate, being well aware of McGregor's prowess.

"Aye," drawled/the caddie. "McGregor's deld."—Golfing.

How Customs Vary.

She—in some parts of Australia when a man marries each of the bride's relatives strikes him with a stick by way of welcome into the family. He—Yes, and in many parts of America when a man marries each of the bride's relatives strikes him with a loan by way of welcoming him into the family.—New York Times.

The Glad Hand.

"What do you mean by the glad hand?"

"Anything," answered Mr. Bloochips, "that will beat three of a kind."—Washington Star.

A Dull Point.

Blobbs—Saphedle is always talking about his point of view. Slobbs—Yes, but unfortunately it isn't sharp enough to penetrate anything.—Philadelphia Record.

Let us wait till our beginnings, and results will manage themselves.—Clark.

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