

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, etc., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson county, the undersigned sheriff will expose to public sale or outcry at the court house in Brookville, Pa., on

Friday, February 25th, 1910,

At one o'clock p. m., all the following real estate to-wit:

All the defendant's right, title, interest and claim, in and to that certain parcel of land situated in the borough of West Reynolds, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, in Powers and Warren's plan of town lots, said borough of West Reynolds as mapped and platted by James Caldwell in April, 1872, recorded in the Recorder's office in said county, in deed book vol. 23, page 47, bounded and described as follows to-wit: On the south by Brown street 60 feet; on the west by lot number one hundred and forty-two (142) one hundred and fifty feet (150 feet); on the north by land of Math McConeil sixty (60) feet; on the east by lot No. 14 one hundred and fifty (150) feet containing nine thousand (9000) square feet being marked and numbered in said plan as lot No. 142. Being the same lot of ground, ceded by The Bell, Lewis and Bates Coal Mining Company to James B. Boyer, by deed dated April 24th, 1883, recorded in the Recorder's office in said county in deed book vol. 46, page 62. Having erected thereon a two-story frame dwelling house 23x28 feet, containing 10 rooms, front porch 6x20 feet, also back porch and entry attached. Situated and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. B. Boyer and Sarah Margaret Boyer at the suit of Reynoldsville Building and Loan Association.

Pl. No. 22. DAVIS.

Also—All the defendant's right, title, interest and claim, in and to all that certain lot or piece of ground, situated in the borough of Reynoldsville, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit: Situated in the northeast corner of a square bounded as mapped and platted by James Caldwell from the Jackson street sixty (60) feet, being north of said Jackson street on the east by lot number one hundred and fifty (150) feet on the north by Gordon Alley sixty feet on the west by lot number sixty-one (61) owned by M. G. Gell, one hundred and fifty (150) feet and known in said plan as lot number sixty (60) and containing nine thousand (9000) square feet. Being the same lot of ground, ceded by The Bell, Lewis and Bates Coal Mining Company to James B. Boyer, by deed dated April 24th, 1883, recorded in deed book vol. 46, page 62, said land having been taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. B. Boyer and Sarah Margaret Boyer at the suit of the Reynoldsville Building and Loan Association.

Pl. No. 22. DAVIS.

Also—All the defendant's right, title, interest and claim, in and to all the following described land situated in the borough of Reynoldsville, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit: On the south by Jackson street sixty-one feet; on the north by Gordon Alley thirty-nine feet; on the east by Main street and on the west by Main street and on the west by Owen Cain lot one hundred and fifty feet, containing seven thousand and five hundred (7500) square feet. Being the same land conveyed to Henry C. Feath by William M. Foster and wife by deed dated February 18th, 1899, recorded in deed book vol. 87, page 147, deed book at Brookville, Pa., and recorded by Henry C. Feath and wife to Anna M. Martin, which deed is recorded in the Recorder's office in Jefferson county, in deed book vol. 87, page 147, deed book at Brookville, Pa., and thereon a brick cased dwelling house 20x24 feet containing six rooms with kitchen attached 15x17 feet, and other necessary outbuildings. Also having erected thereon a barn 16x20 feet with shed 16x12 feet, and to be sold as the property of Anna M. Martin and Mike Martin at the suit of the Reynoldsville Building and Loan Association.

Pl. No. 23. DAVIS.

Also—All the defendant's right, title, interest and claim, in and to all those certain pieces of ground, or lots of land, situate in the village of Prescottville, township of Winslow, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit:

First. On the north by the Waterford and Susquehanna Turnpike; on the south by C. H. Prescott; on the east by a forty foot street and on the west by Mrs. Jerry Myers, containing ten thousand square feet, more or less, said piece of ground being one hundred feet front and one hundred feet deep, bounded by the same street as deeded to Agnes Handyside by Louise D. Reynolds, et al., by deed dated July 2, 1897, recorded in the Recorder's office in and for the county of Jefferson in deed book vol. 117, page 117. Having erected thereon a store house 38x41 feet with warehouse 16x20 feet and annex 18x41 feet, all dwelling, all necessary well, good cellar, weather boarded and painted, glass front in store room, shelves and counters. Also having erected thereon a barn 16x20 feet with shed 16x12 feet.

Second. Beginning at a post corner thirty feet west of the northeast corner of the cellar wall of the store house, once occupied by Gibson, now owned by Mrs. Jerry Myers; on the east corner of the lot sold to Mrs. Jerry Myers, one hundred feet to a post corner on line of land of C. H. Prescott; thence west along the line of said lot owned by Mrs. Jerry Myers, one hundred feet to a post corner on line of land of C. H. Prescott; thence north along line of said lot owned by Mrs. Jerry Myers, one hundred feet to a post corner at the turnpike; thence east along said turnpike sixty feet to a post corner; thence north along line of Mrs. Shannon's lot one hundred feet to a post; thence in a westerly course fifty feet to a post at corner of Mrs. Shannon's lot; thence in a northerly course along line of Mrs. Shannon's lot one hundred feet to the turnpike, the place of beginning, containing five thousand square feet, and being the same premises conveyed by Anna Founy to Agnes Handyside by deed dated December 30, 1899, recorded in the Recorder's office in and for the county of Jefferson in deed book vol. 85, page 32. Having erected thereon a house 16x28 feet with basement. Being weather boarded and painted.

Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Morton Anthony and A. Handyside at the suit of Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for use of Armstrong County.

Test. Pl. No. 23. J. C. COLBERTSON, Sheriff.

TERMS:

The following must be strictly complied with when property is stricken down: 1. When the plaintiff or other lien creditors become the purchaser, the cost on the writs must be paid, and a list of liens, including mortgage searches on the property sold, together with such other creditor's receipts as the amount of the proceeds of the sale or sale of portions thereof as he may claim must be furnished to the sheriff.

See Crawford's Digest, 3th. Ed., page 446. Sheriff's form, Page 284.

2. All bids must be paid in full.

All sales not settled immediately will be continued until two o'clock p. m. of day of sale at which time all property not settled for will again be put up and sold at the expense and risk of the person whom first sold. All writs staid after being advertised, the cost of advertising must be paid.

A. E. GALBRAITH, Sheriff.

February 2, 1910.

THE TOWN THAT PUSH BUILT

I.—The Wise Workman



HERE is a workman who is wise because each thing he needs he buys from local dealers who advertise. Whenever he gets his weekly pay he doesn't send the money away. But spends it here, where it will stay.

P. S.—The local dealer who's up to snuff will always advertise his stuff.

THE SKIPPER'S WHITE LIE.

What Happened at Night and What the Passenger Was Told.

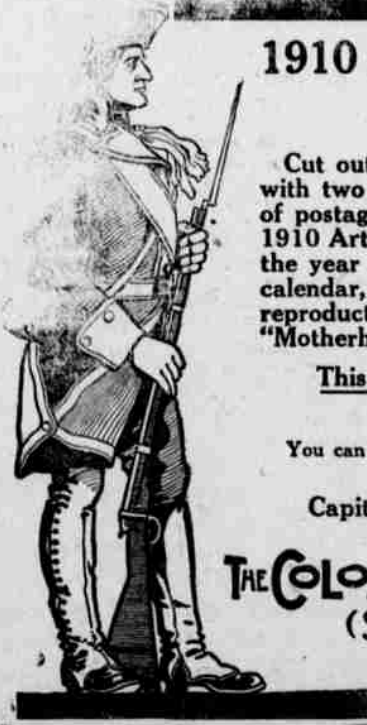
It was a dirty night, to use a sailor's phrase, and the talk in one corner of the smoking room drifted to events at sea and the childlike faith that passengers repose in navigators. Said the scientist who had been collecting specimens on a coral reef: "I've often heard men and women say they felt so safe with Captain So-and-so, and I've wondered, too, whether their sense of security would still be retained if these favored travelers knew exactly what happened on shipboard during a voyage. For my own part, I have more confidence than ever in a captain of my acquaintance since I learned that he could tell a white lie when it was necessary to calm the fears of a nervous traveler. It so happened that one foggy night I was awakened by the sudden stoppage and reversal of the engines. I jumped out of my bunk, went on deck and was told by the second officer that we had had a narrow squeeze. It appeared that we had nearly run down a schooner as she silently crossed our bows and disappeared into the haze.

"Next morning a woman passenger who sat at the captain's table asked him whether the engines had been stopped and reversed, and he replied: 'Yes; we sometimes do this to test the engineer's watch and see if our machinery is in proper order. We do it at night so as to create no excitement.' Then he got the woman to describe what she had heard and asked her: 'Did you find much time between the stopping and reversing?'

"'No,' she replied. "'Then,' said the skipper, 'that showed how well everything was working. did it not?'

"When I got the skipper's ear I told him confidentially that I didn't think the schooner's engines had worked as well as ours, and he remarked that it might have been worse. Whether he meant the lie or the incident I didn't inquire, but I suspect it wasn't the lie."—New York Post.

Flies and Bacteria. A fly bacteriologically examined has been found to carry something like 100,000 bacteria.



A Dismal World.

"Why are you sad, my dear? You ought to be supremely happy. Here, I've just inherited a fortune, and everything looks rosy. I can't understand why at such a time as this you should look so dismal. What is it? Have you heard bad news from home?"

"No, no! It isn't that. I'll try to throw it off. I suppose I'm foolish not to be thoroughly happy. Let us not mention the matter again."

"But I insist on knowing what it is that so depresses you. If it's anything that I can help I shall!"

"Well, if you must know, I've just heard that the Snobleighs next door are going to move away, so she'll not be here to feel jealous of me when we begin to put on style after you get your money."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Rent Flag.

On Jan. 18 every year, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington is bound to present to the sovereign a small flag, which is the annual rent in "petit sargent" by which the estate of Stratfieldsaye is held of the crown. The flag must be a miniature tricolor or eagle of the Napoleonic army, fringed with gold, with a gilded eagle on the head of the staff and the number of the year embrodered at the top corner of the flag near the eagle.

There's No Risk

If This Medicine Does Not Benefit You Pay Nothing

A physician who made a specialty of stomach troubles, particularly dyspepsia, after years of study perfected the formula from which Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are made.

Our experience with Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets leads us to believe them to be the greatest remedy known for the relief of acute indigestion and chronic dyspepsia. Their ingredients are soothing and healing to the inflamed membranes of the stomach. They are rich in pepsin, one of the greatest digestive aids known to medicine. The relief they afford is almost immediate. Their use with persistency and regularity for a short time brings about a cessation of the pains caused by stomach disorders.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets will insure healthy appetite, aid digestion and promote nutrition. As evidence of our sincere faith in Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, we ask you to try them at our risk. If they do not give you entire satisfaction, we will return you the money you paid us for them, without question or formality. They come in three sizes, prices 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain them only at—The Rexall Store.

Sole & Retail Drug Company.

HELMAN J. HOELSCHKE

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST. Glasses Scientifically Fitted. Difficult Cases Solicited. Office in Matson Block. Brookville, Pa.

HUGHES & FLEMING.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS. Main Street. Reynoldsville, Pa.

WINDSOR HOTEL

W. T. Brubaker, Mgr. Midway between Broad St. Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert st. European \$1.00 per day and up. American \$2.50 per day and up. The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in PHILADELPHIA.

A PADEREWSKI STORY.

The Great Musician's First Important Engagement in Paris.

Paderewski's first really important engagement as a pianist was in Paris. He was engaged to play in the drawing room of a lady famous for her musicals, and his fee, which seemed to him enormous, was \$20. He managed to persuade the humane agent to pay him in advance, and when Paderewski had redeemed his dress suit from pawn and paid for shoes, gloves, tie and other essentials he had no money left for cab hire, so he was forced to walk to the scene of his engagement.

The music loving audience inspired him. He played with feeling, passion and mastery of his instrument as never before. His success was instant and unmistakable. The poor player had suddenly become the lion of the hour, his dream had become a reality, and fame and fortune were assured him.

At last after disengaging himself from his admirers he turned to leave, when his hostess, remembering with regret the smallness of the fee for so marvelous a performance, offered him her carriage for his return home. But Paderewski's pride came to the rescue. In his courteous yet reserved way he made a formal bow, and, saying, "No, thank you, madame; my own is waiting," he stepped out for his long walk homeward.—Pearson's Weekly.

SCARED THE OLD SAVAGE.

Ruse That Saved Dr. Felkin From King Mtesa of Uganda.

When the well known African traveler Dr. Robert Felkin was staying with the bloodthirsty King Mtesa of Uganda many years ago the king, out of gratitude for his visitor's medical treatment, wished to cut off his head. On Dr. Felkin representing that the treatment was not finished and that if interrupted it would cause Mtesa's death the latter granted him a reprieve until he was quite recovered. Then, however, nothing availed, and the execution was determined upon.

Emu Pasha, who was a friend of Dr. Felkin, had instructed him most accurately about the state of affairs in Uganda and the court of King Mtesa and had revealed to him an important state secret—namely, where Mtesa's powder store was hidden. Dr. Felkin remembered this at the right moment and as a last resort threatened that if Mtesa killed him he would bring down a flash of lightning upon his powder store. Mtesa replied incredulously, "Tell me where it is," whereupon Dr. Felkin whispered in his ear, "It is concealed under your harem."

Mtesa turned pale and allowed Felkin and his companions to live. The "lightning maker's" authority increased when next day a flash of lightning happened to strike near the harem.

Fooled the Town.

University students have long enjoyed a reputation as practical jokers, but there has been nothing quite so successful as the famous sultan of Zanzibar hoax of some years ago at Cambridge. One day the mayor of the town received the following wire from one Henry Lucas, Hotel Cecil, London: "The sultan of Zanzibar will arrive at Cambridge at 4.27 for a short visit. Could you arrange to show him buildings of interest and send carriage?" The mayor rose to the occasion, and in due course four dark complexioned gentlemen with turbans and voluminous trousers arrived at Cambridge. The mayor and corporation entertained them right royally, but to their chagrin they discovered a few hours later that the interesting orientals were simply a quartet of undergraduates who had played an immense practical joke upon the town.—London Spectator.

The Seat of Punctuation.

At the time Colonel Roosevelt was carrying on his simplified spelling movement in Washington there was a meeting of educators at Battle Creek, Mich., and they visited the great sanitarians there. They were shown through, and particular stress was laid by the guide on the success that attended operations there on enlarged and diseased colons, it being claimed that here was the seat of most disease. There was a banquet that night, and one of the visitors opened his speech like this:

"Washington, as we all know, is the seat of spelling reform; but, I take it, Battle Creek is bound to be the seat of punctuation reform, for, as we were told today, you come here with a colon and you depart with a semicolon."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Duke at Church.

There was a certain old duke who used to sit up in the left hand gallery with his duchess, believing himself to be in ecog. One Sunday a too officious steward, on seeing the old nobleman take a back seat, hurried up to him and said, "Will not your grace have a better seat?"

"Come along, Maria!" said the old duke. "We're discovered!" And he immediately walked out with the duchess and never showed his face inside the church again.—London Tatler.

Gave It Back.

Mrs. A. (maliciously)—You were such a charming debutante, my dear, fifteen years ago. Mrs. B.—Was I? I only remember you made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out.—Boston Transcript.

He Wondered.

Indignant Customer—I want to return this jewel box. It's not ivory, as represented. Dealer (musingly)—Now, I wonder if it can be possible that elephant had false teeth.—Cleveland Leader.

Temples of Siam.

Once a year all the Buddhist temples in Siam are visited by the king or his deputies, bearing the phra kathin (yellow robes), in conformity with an ancient custom by which the priests were made to seek their apparel for the ensuing year. During the lifetime of Buddha monks and priests were sent out to beg for old castoff garments, which were afterward dyed yellow and patched together to form the required robes. This ancient mendicant custom gradually gave place to the present one of making the garments from a new cloth of a bright canary yellow, provided by joint contributions of king, princes, nobles and commoners. When the king goes in the royal throne barge to present the robes in person he does so with great pomp and ceremony. The priestly garments, folded in bundles, are carried to the door of the temple to await the appearance of his majesty and his suit. The king on arriving takes a priestly robe and places it on a decorated altar. The chief priest then lays his hands on the garment and chants an acknowledgment.—Wide World Magazine.

Won by His Wit.

A story is told of an English clergyman who owed his appointment to a rich living to a lucky pun. He was tutor to the son of a nobleman and had not long taken orders when he attended the funeral of the rector of the parish in which the nobleman's seat was situated. The father of his pupil was patron of the living and was also present at the funeral of the deceased rector. There was a young clergyman present also whose grief was so demonstrative that the noble patron was much affected by the sight and asked if the young man was a son of the deceased gentleman.

"Oh, dear, no, my lord—no relation at all," said the tutor.

"No relation?" exclaimed the nobleman in a surprised tone.

"None, my lord. He is the curate, and I think he is not weeping for the dead, but for the living."

His lordship, who was something of a wit and a cynic himself, was so delighted with the bonnet that he conferred the living upon the ready punster.

Through a Big Telescope.

The first look through a great telescope is disappointing, but the novice soon sees that the flat appearance which the heavens present to the naked eye is replaced by a curious concavity; the moon and stars seem to be hung in space rather than spread out on a flat surface. For a moment one feels at the telescope like a child watching the swift moving balls kept in the air by a juggler and expecting to see one of those great, bright bodies fall. Then comes the thought, "What keeps them there, apparently suspended in space with absolutely nothing to hold them firm?" The explanation of the learned astronomer causes the brain of the layman to whirl, and he sees himself, perhaps for the first time, as a child gathering pebbles on the great shores of the sea of knowledge or as "an infant in the night, an infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry."—National Magazine.

The New Hen.

Of the late Atherton Blight, one of the founders of fashionable Newport, a Philadelphian said:

"Mr. Blight was amused by the antics of the militant suffragettes. At a luncheon at the Bellevue he once sat next to a lady with suffragette notions. Plovers' eggs, hard boiled, formed one course, and the lady called Mr. Blight's attention to the high cost of plovers' eggs that year.

"'Even though,' she said, 'they have to be shipped from England, I don't see why their price should have nearly doubled, do you?'

"'Well—er—not exactly,' murmured Mr. Blight, 'though they do say the hen plovers have taken to acting very oddly of late—strutting around, and growing topknots and spurs, and even trying to learn to crow.'"—Exchange.

Court Dress of Laureates.

Tennyson's court dress when he received the laureateship did not cost him much, for it was the same court dress worn by Wordsworth, who in turn had it from the old poet Rogers, and it is still in the Wordsworth family. It is a wonder how Tennyson and Wordsworth got into it, for Rogers was a little fellow. Tennyson had no passion for courts, and so he went in second hand to save cost.—New York Press.

Hot Air Rates.

Benham—I wish you wouldn't use the telephone so much for out of town calls.

Mrs. Benham—I like to talk to mother.

Benham—That's what I object to; I'm tired of paying gas bills.—New York Press.

A Careless Man.

Father—Why have you quarreled with Harry? Daughter—Because he proposed to me last night. Father—Well, there was no harm in that, was there? Daughter—But I had accepted him the night before.—Illustrated Bits.

Perseverance.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.

Strict Obedience.

Salesman—Shirt, sir. Will you have a necktie or a stiff bosom? Customer—Necktie, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starched things.—Boston Transcript.

NOT A LAW CASE.

Just Wanted to Know Her Rights and How to Get Them.

In Washington some years ago there was a colored woman who demanded all that was due her. On one occasion, at a period when less care was given to the water supply than is now the case, the colored woman accosted a man who was just leaving the District government buildings. "Mistub," she said, "I wants ter state a case."

"I am not a lawyer, aunty."

"Tatn't no law case. I ain't gwine to sue nobody. I jes' wants to know what my rights is an' how to git 'em."

"You see any of the clerks here if it's government business."

"I ain't got no piece o' paper to shove in at de window so's to get noticed. But I's bein' scriminated against."

"What's the trouble?" was the kindly inquiry.

"I ain't gittin' proper 'tention. Ev'ry once in awhile I jes' lets it read out o' de paper dat somebody has got a eel out'n his hydrant."

"Well, an eel is a very cleanly sort of creature. It doesn't do any harm."

"You didn't flink I was askyabt of 'em, did you? De case I wants to lay befo' de government is dis: I pays extra tax to kiver de water tax. I's had a hydrant in my back yabd foh foh-teen years an' I ain't nebber got no eel yet."

"What I wants to know is how does dey 'tribute dem eels? Is dey prices or is dey favoritisms or what is dey? If dar's any eels comin' to me I's hyah wif my basket, ready to take dem home right now, 'cuse we ain't got no money to buy meat, an' we's kin' of honery foh feesh anyhow."—Youth's Companion.

ENTIRELY TOO CAREFUL.

Fate of the Flowers the Master Placed In Water.

A certain good natured doctor whose doorknob rang late one Saturday night, supposing that the summons was from some one who needed his services, rose from bed, put on his dressing gown and went to the door.

A workman stood there, holding a huge paper package, from which buds and leaves were protruding.

"Is Miss Caroline Ward in?" he asked.

"She has retired," returned the doctor. Miss Caroline Ward was his cook.

"I'm sorry, sir, to call so late. Something went wrong with the tramcar I was in. I'll leave this for her, sir, if you will kindly give it to her in the morning.

"Certainly," said the doctor. He took the flowers into the kitchen, placed a dishpan in the sink, drew a few inches of water in it, carefully pressed the base of the package into the water and went back to bed, thinking how pleased the cook would be.

The next morning he found the cook holding a dripping bundle. She was angry.

"If I 'ad the pussons 'ere wot did this," said she, "I'd empty the kettle on 'em! I'd let 'em see if they could put the 'at what my young man bought me in a dishpan, I would!"

The doctor left the kitchen somewhat hurriedly.—London Scraps.

Might Change His Mind.

Sir Frank Lockwood was defending a man accused of swindling and in an eloquent peroration talked of his much injured client as an angel of light. When Sir Frank had finished his speech his client whispered that he wanted to shake hands with him.

"When first my solicitor told me what he was paying you," said the client, "I grumbled, but since I have been listening to you I have come to the conviction that the money was well spent, and I apologize. That half hour talk of yours about me has done me good. It is many years since I have experienced the luxury of self respect, and it is worth the money."

"Oh, that's all right," said Sir Frank gently, "but you take my advice and get out of court. Sir Edward Clarke, the lawyer on the other side, is just going to speak."

Poorly Paid Toymakers.

The toymakers of Sonneberg are among the worst paid work people in Germany. It often happens that the earnings of a Sonneberg workman and his family, working sixteen hours a day, do not exceed \$2.40 a week. About three years ago there was an exhibition of home industries in Berlin where articles from Sonneberg were displayed, the making of which was paid for at the rate of 4 cents an hour. Numerous instances are on record of children after school hours working six hours at a stretch coloring and polishing the heads of dolls for a pittance of 1 1/2 cents an hour.—Chicago News.

The Kings of Denmark.

The dust of the Danish kings is kept in a great cathedral at Roskilde, an old town twenty miles from Copenhagen. Every year the entire royal family always pay a visit to Roskilde in obedience to an ancient custom. On one of the pillars are marks showing the height of Peter the Great, Nicholas the Iron Czar, Alexander III. of Russia, the king of England and many other kings. The cathedral was built in the eleventh century. It has two mighty towers, which can be seen at a long distance. The oldest grave is that of King Harold I., who died in 987.

His Mistake.

Irate Customer—See here! That student lamp you sold me a week ago is no good. It won't work.

Dealer—Beg pardon, sir. I ought to have told you it was a college student lamp.—Puck.

FREE FROM SMOKE AND ODOR. Burns clean and dry without charring wick or frosting chimney. "FAMILY FAVORITE" LAMP OIL. Refined three times. Every foreign particle and sediment removed. Clear, white and absolutely uniform. Gives the brightest white light—the most and best light. Finest in the world for reading and "night work." Not sold from tank wagons. Direct to you out of the original barrel from us. Costs no more and is ever so much better. Your dealer knows—ask him. Waverly Oil Works Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasoline.

If you have anything to sell, try our Want Column