

# THE STAR

REYNOLDSVILLE PENNA.

Fate, defines the Boston Post, is a fickle goddess who laughs at mortals for believing in her.

It seems quite natural that most of the pork should come from Chicago, puns the Philadelphia Record.

"Kiekin," said Uncle Eben, in the Washington Star, "is like pepper. It may help in de right place, but dar ain' no sense in spillin' it around."

"Imitation may be de sincerest flattery," said Uncle Eben, in the Washington Star, "but dat doesn' make counterfeit money any mo' acceptable."

War customs, states the Detroit Free Press, are not the only habits of mankind that are in danger of being revolutionized by this ambitious humanity. The difficulty of controlling amateur wireless telegraphers is becoming pointed, and many other acts of peace are in the way of a revisitor of their fundamental rules. Yet there are those who complain against the narrowing tendencies of the time, and lament that the door of opportunity is closed against the average man.

Says the Baltimore American: It is no longer in point to speak of an awakening Orient. The great yellow race is already alert to the trend of Western movements and is utilizing the machinery, the methods and the mastery that they have learned from the West. The progress of industrialism in the countries of the East and the ability being displayed to meet the needs of their own populations produce a feeling of solicitude for the scope of the Western industry in the Eastern market.

There were introductions all round. The big man stared in a puzzled way at the club guest. "You look like a man I've seen somewhere, Mr. Blinker," he said. "Your face seems familiar. I fancy you have a double. Had a funny thing about it is that I remember I formed a strong prejudice against the man who looks like you—although, I'm quite sure, we never met." The little guest softly laughed, relates the Argonaut. "I'm the man," he answered, "and I know why you formed the prejudice. I passed the contribution plate for two years in the church you attended."

On the banks of the river Ya, declares a writer in the Wide World Magazine, we saw many Chinese cormorant fishers with their birds, which are very tame and intelligent. When fishing a piece of grass is first tied around their throats, to prevent them from swallowing the fish, and they are afterward turned into the water. The small fish they can easily manage to bring back to the boat, but when they find a large specimen it sometimes needs the co-operation of two or three of the birds to land it safely on their master's boat. In this river the fishermen often catch the great salamander, a huge newt or water lizard, which sometimes reaches a length of ten to twelve feet, and whose flesh is much appreciated by the Chinese.

Blackstone in his famous "Commentaries" submits as a sound rule of action that the first duty of a legislative body is not to legislate, but seriously to consider whether any legislation is necessary. That principle, remarks the New York Mail, may have struck our English ancestors as wise and proper, but it is perfectly clear that the United States Congress takes no stock in it. Consider the record of the recent session. In the House nearly, if not quite, 28,000 bills were introduced, and more than 9000 were presented in the Senate, and these figures make no account of the large number of resolutions offered in both branches. Of course the great majority of that vast number of bills went into pigeon holes, where they are slumbering peacefully, but more than 10,000 were reported upon by the committees, most of them unfavorably. The bills adopted by the House, a large proportion of them private bills, number nearly 6000, perhaps 5000 of them relating to pensions. So far as the number of bills introduced is concerned the late session was a record-breaker. Our statesmen evidently felt obliged to do something to show that they were earning their salaries.

Records begin to show that people do get rid of disease by fasting, admits the Philadelphia Ledger, although death as a cure is too severe to be so popular.

## THE HILL O' DREAMS.

My grief for the days by an' done,  
When I was a young girl straight an' tall,  
Comin' alone at set o' sun  
Up the high hill-road from Cushmanhall.  
I thought the miles no hardship then,  
Nor the long road weary to my feet—  
For the thrushes sang in the cool dew  
An' the evenin' air was cool an' sweet.

My head with many a thought was thronged  
An' many a dream as I never told,  
My heart would lift at a wee bird's song,  
Or at seein' a whin-bush crowned with gold.

An' I always I'd look back at the way  
Or the turn o' the road shur out the sight  
Of the long waves curlin' into the bay,  
An' breakin' in foam where the sands is white.

I was married young on a decent man,  
As many would call a prudent choice,  
But he never could hear how the river ran  
Singin' a song in a changin' voice.  
Nor thought to see on the bay's blue water  
A ship with yellow sails unfurled,  
Bearin' away a king's young daughter  
Over the brim of the heavin' world.

The hills seem weary now to my feet,  
The miles be's many, an' dreams be's few,  
The birds don't sing as they used to do,  
An' I'm that tired at the top of the hill  
That I haven't the heart to turn at all,  
To watch the curlin' breakers fill  
The wee round bay at Cushmanhall.  
—Eileen Lanyon, in New Ireland Review.

## A HANDFUL OF VIOLETS.

By Annah N. True.

There was no system of weights or measures that could determine Worthing's contempt for David Ridley. David had worked for the Penniman company for fifteen years and had never risen beyond the task of emptying waste-baskets. To be sure, there was an art in the way David emptied them, but to Worthing, who possessed the ability to amass a fortune in a decade, nothing was apparent but the whole miserable failure.

Worthing had been in control of the company but a few weeks when every clerk in the office was of the opinion that he couldn't be suited, and had given up trying. That is, all but David. He worked harder than ever, looking wistfully forward to the time when he would get the coveted "raise" should the "boss" notice his faithfulness. Had he known that Worthing had already decided to put a boy in his place and was only waiting for a chance to present himself before he discharged him his heart would have been like lead.

Worthing had one strange hobby which caused considerable comment among the office force. They laughed about it more or less, but that was because they did not know that once, long ago, Worthing had loved a girl and meant to make her his wife, but before he could call her his own death intervened. It was because she loved everything that bloomed that Worthing had sent him every morning from the florist's the choicest of the season's blossoms, in memory of her.

One evening Worthing was late in leaving the office. David, whose duty it was to see that everything was secure for the night, came into the office for a final survey. He did not see his chief in the corner, but Worthing saw him and marked him well. He was about to speak and tell him that he need not come in the morning, but hesitated a moment. In that moment he saw David's hand go to the cut-glass vase on the desk and come away with a handful of violets.

Worthing said nothing after all. He let David look up and then followed him quietly down the street. He liked method in everything and reason, and he was glad of the fact that he had discovered his janitor in the act of taking the flowers. He would go to his house and dismiss him there. An employe of Penniman's must be above parloining even a pin.

David walked a long way across town to a section where the houses were small and shabby. Into the very shabbiest of them all he disappeared. Worthing stepped up to the window and looked in. He wanted to make his entrance when it would be most effective.

The room he saw was scantily furnished and unoccupied, he thought, until he heard a voice cry, "David!" A girl with a plain, white face started out of the shadow, but she did not advance to meet the man who held out his hands to her, and now Worthing saw why—she was blind.

The man who only knew enough to empty waste-baskets for Penniman company held her close in his arms for a minute, and then she spoke. "Has it been a hard day? You are very late. What kept you?"

"Mr. Worthing was late in leaving and I had to lock up. No, it hasn't been a hard day. Never had an easier."

Worthing felt a guilty feeling at his heart. He had annoyed David continually and purposely all day long. But before he could still the consciousness of his littleness, David went on:

"Guess what the boss has sent you to-night?"

"Has he sent me something again to-night?" cried the blind girl. "How lovely of him! With all his care to think of me! What is it—roses, or lilies, or—oh, David, I smell them. He has sent me violets."

Worthing saw the flowers transferred to the fragile hand held out for them, and a ray of light struck the girl's face as she held them to her lips. What was there in the look that reminded him of that dear, dead girl for whom the flowers were

bought? Surely the faces were far different and the blind girl's was not nearly so beautiful.

"I hope you never forget to thank him, David," went on the sweet voice. "I wish I might do it myself. Don't you think I might?"

"No." David's voice was harsh and stern; then he went on more quietly: "Men like him don't want to be thanked when they do little things like that. If you could see the way he helps them into my hand and mutters something about giving them to you, you would never dare to mention it again. You see, most of the fellows think he is cranky. But that's because they don't understand him. He's got lots on his mind—lots to make him cranky about. He means all right, I say. And, Beth, I think I'm going to get a raise at last. I must be, because he has hired on a boy and I am teaching him my work."

In the look on the two faces Worthing could see what a "raise" would mean to them. Long after the shabby figures had passed into the other room he stood staring into the darkness.

That night he dreamed of the girl in whose memory he had bought the flowers. The blind girl was with her and her hands were full of flowers. As they walked between the fragrant blossoms, the girl with the beautiful face, Worthing's dear, lost love, kept adding to the fragrant burden of the other. And Worthing could see that the faces, one beautiful and the other plain, were alight with the same joy in the delight over the blossoms.

When David came into Worthing's office the next morning he found his "boss" sterner and gruffer than ever. His voice had never been more harsh than when he told him he had decided to "move him up a notch" and when the janitor would have thanked him almost brokenly he thrust a bunch of roses into his hand and motioned him away. "Take these home to your wife and have a little holiday together," he said. "Go up into the country where there are flowers all in bloom. Women like holidays and flowers, and—I don't want you here to-day; I'm—I prefer to be alone."—Boston Post.

## THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

Unique Peace Monument Cast From the Cannon of Two Countries.

On the mountain frontier between the Argentine Republic and Chile, nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, at Cumbre Pass, is a piece of statuary absolutely unique in history, "The Christ of the Andes."

Cast in the bronze from the cannon of opposing Chileans and Argentines, it was placed on the boundary line of the two nations in March, 1904, says the Bulletin of the American Republics, as a symbol of the perpetual peace which should thenceforth obtain between them.

It stands a colossal figure, twenty-six feet in height, placed on a gigantic column surmounted by a globe on which the configuration of the earth is outlined. One hand holds a cross and the other is extended in blessing. At the base are two tablets, one inscribed with the history of the monument and the other bearing in Spanish the following legend:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

## The Infallible Lady.

John Corbin, author and playwright, said recently that he had resigned the post of literary director of the New Theatre because he disliked the superior air that such offices carry with them.

"You decline play after play," he said. "You make enemy after enemy. You proceed to be infallible, and the pose of infallibility is an ugly and unpopular one."

"Nobody, you know, wants to be like Blynn's wife."

"That wife of yours," said a friend of Blynn's sympathetically, "never admits making a mistake, does she?"

"Oh," said Blynn, with a bitter smile, "she occasionally allows that she made one mistake when she married me, but she won't admit even that outside the family circle."—Washington Star.

## Are Signals Observed?

Efficiency tests are conducted by officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who, at unusual times and places, set signals of caution or danger, display fuses, or place torpedoes on the track, with a view to keeping all employes constantly on the alert for signals. During the tests for 1909, the following records were made by the men: Block signal rules, 47,384, of which 99.6 per cent. showed perfect observance on the part of employes; 45,887 tests of rules governing flags, use of fuses, torpedoes and other signals, 99.6 per cent. perfect. Altogether, some 300,000 efficiency tests showed a practically perfect record for the employes.—Scientific American.

## Rosebush 1000 Years Old.

The recent rose show given in Paris by the French Horticultural Society recalled the fact that the oldest rose tree in the world is believed to be one which grows on a wall of the cathedral at Hildesheim, Germany. Eleventh century records make mention of expenses incurred by caretakers of the cathedral in maintaining this tree, which covers the wall to a height of twenty-five feet and is twenty inches thick at the root.



## BLACK HAWK.

"It is one of the most pathetic horse stories of the war," declared the colonel. Then, when the veterans of the blue pressed him, the old Confederate soldier closed his eyes and began to tell of the incident he referred to, which happened at the Battle of Shiloh. "General B. Bate, who died a United States Senator from Tennessee, was colonel of the Second Tennessee. He had two horses, one an ordinary horse which he used on the march and for other rough service, the other, Black Hawk, a thoroughbred, black as a crow and of great beauty and stamina.

"The night before the battle the commoner horse was stolen, and the next morning at daylight I well remember what a superb picture our colonel made on Black Hawk, who looked fit to race for a kingdom.

"The usual position of a colonel is thirty feet to the rear of his regiment, and it was in that position that Colonel Bate first went into the fight.

"At the second stand—and I want to see no stubborn fight than we had down there amid the woods, round that little church on the banks of the Tennessee—the Federals gave it to us hot, and it was here our lines were nearly broken; it was here also that Colonel Bate had to put himself in front of his regiment before they would charge with enough determination to drive the boys in blue again. All this time the battle was raging everywhere.

"Time and again Colonel Bate led us against Sherman's brave boys—that thoroughbred horse and rider always in front. Once he made us a short speech just before we had to charge again, having been repulsed at the first attempt. He said he wanted us only to follow him, that he would not take us where he would not go himself, and we believed him.

"This last fight was terrible. Before we struck the enemy Colonel Bate was struck out of the saddle, the men dropped round us right and left, but we charged on, leaving all as they fell.

"When Colonel Bate dropped, Black Hawk seemed to be at a loss what to do, but as the regiment went on he quickly fell into his place just in the rear of the regiment and followed us on into battle. We must have fought on for a half-mile after that, and it was a strange sight to see that horse following the regiment as stately as if on dress parade, and it touched every man to see him riderless.

"At the first opportunity an ambulance was sent back to find the colonel, and take him to the field hospital, some three miles in the rear. In the confusion no one thought of Black Hawk, but he had not forgotten his brave rider, for he actually followed the path of those who carried the colonel to the hospital straight up to the hospital tent. Then, to the surprise of Colonel Bate, who had been badly but not fatally wounded in two places, one ball passing through his shoulder, Black Hawk noked his head in at the tent door and affectionately whinnied to his master, who was then in the hands of the surgeon.

"The next instant he turned, walked a few paces in the woods, staggered and fell down dead.

"An examination showed what no one had noticed, that he had several bad wounds, one of which proved fatal.

"As long as General Bate lived," concluded the colonel, "he used to say that he could still see the almost human look Black Hawk gave him as he turned away, with that last gentle whinny, to die."

AMOK!

On every side of me the violent closing of doors and shutters resembled a rapid-fire volley from machine-guns. The Paraplang was deserted and not a thing stirred in any direction. Not a sound was heard except the repeated: "Rap—Rap—Rap—rap!"

It was the amok signal! It had started at some place in the city where an agent of police—or possibly a citizen—had first taken from its hook a stout, solid wooden club and had struck a long, also solid beam that hung suspended from an adjacent portico. It had been taken up instantly at many different points in Weitevreden by citizens and police agents, so that the amok signal was flashed all over Weitevreden as quickly as if a central telephone or telegraph operator had flashed it over European wires. The signal meant that some unfortunate little brown Javanese had gone suddenly mad—mad as only a Malay can become. The repeated signals warned all who valued their lives to escape the maniacal rush of the dreaded amok runner!

Around the corner I came upon a native, stretched out stark, and then upon a dog that was limping along with frightful cuts across its body. A hundred feet further I saw the first signs of life since the dreaded signal had first been sounded. Almost at the same moment that I saw a small group of police agents, natives, and a few Europeans gathered on a lawn down the street there came the "fish" signal of three short raps repeated in rapid succession. This signal, like the first which gave the alarm, concerned the amok runner, only the signal now meant that the madman had been caught or des-

patched. It was taken up in all directions. People emerged from their houses and soon the little group on the lawn had grown into a veritable surging mob.

When I came upon this scene I found a small, wiry Javanese stretched out on the lawn. He had evidently been stunned by a blow from a club in the hands of a police agent. Near him lay a knife, and the knife showed that it had been put to awful use very recently.

The warning amok signals had been altogether in vain in the case of one European, for near by, in the entrance to his house, lay a prominent planter, the victim of the mad Javanese. He had been stabbed to the heart. Before the dead planter reached the bed that was to be his last the little Javanese outside had recovered from the amok fever, was wondering what had happened to him, and still more so at what he had done and—was led away for his execution.—Emile W. Vouts, in Harper's Weekly.

## THE BRAVEST ACT.

Colonel William F. Cody declares that one of the bravest acts he has ever seen was at the battle of New Hope Church, Georgia, on May 27, 1864. Major John M. Farquhar was the man whose act Colonel Cody deems worthy to be set down beside any that history has ever recorded. The story of the brave deed is printed in the Washington Times.

At that time Major Farquhar was provost marshal of the third division of the Fourth Army Corps of the Army of the Cumberland. He was detailed by General Thomas J. Wood, commanding the third division, to carry an order to the colonel of the Thirty-second Indiana Volunteer Infantry.

He started to execute the order, but found the way so obstructed by Confederate forces that he could not get through except by making a wide detour. To do this meant defeating the plan of the commanding general.

There was little time for him to think. The despatch was in his hands; he was responsible for its safe delivery. Failure meant defeat. Major Farquhar realized these things as only a soldier can.

In front of him stretched the wall of the Confederate breastworks. Without an instant's hesitation he urged his horse up the side of the breastworks, and under the fire of ten thousand muskets used the top for a bridge-path for a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards, until he found a place where he could continue his journey without danger of being again halted or hindered.

Mental, moral and physical bravery were required to accomplish what Major Farquhar did. He never lost his mental balance, else he would not have been so quick to think of a way out of the difficulty. The knowledge of the responsibility placed on his shoulders made him morally brave. As for the physical danger, no man could dare more than riding a hundred yards under fire on the top of the enemy's breastworks.

## AN INDESTRUCTIBLE SNAKE.

Snakes on the pampas of South America have many enemies. Burrowing owls feed on them, and so do herons and storks, which kill them with a blow of their javelin beaks. The tyrant bird picks up the young snake by the tail, and flying to a branch or stone, uses the reptile as a flail until its life is battered out. The large lizard of the pampas, the iguana, is a famous snake-killer. It smites the snake to death with its powerful tail. Mr. Hudson, in his "Naturalist in La Plata," tells this story:

One day a friend of mine was riding out, looking after his cattle. One end of his lasso was attached to his saddle, and the remainder of the forty-foot line was allowed to trail on the ground.

The rider noticed a large iguana lying apparently asleep, and although he rode within a few inches it did not stir. But no sooner had the rider passed than the trailing lasso attracted the lizard's attention.

It dashed after the slowly moving rope and dealt it a succession of violent blows with its tail.

When the whole of the lasso, several yards of which had been pounded in vain, had passed by, the iguana, with uplifted head, gazed after it with astonishment. Never had such a wonderful snake crossed its path before.

## CHINESE BURGLAR WHO IS UP-TO-DATE.

The first Chinese aeronaut has made his appearance and probably it will not be long before others attempt to excel the feat of the pioneer. This man had not made the idea of t' e conquest of the air his hobby, but he had probably seen the descent of Ivy Baldwin's representative in a parachute, and had thus recognized another means of eluding the police. He gained entrance to the second floor of a house in Temple street, Yaumatt, and was engaged in gathering all the valuables he could lay hands on when a woman entered the room. She screamed for help, but the thief did not wait for her arrival. Opening a large Chinese umbrella he leaped over the veranda and, according to the woman, landed lightly on the ground, and jumped over the praya wall into the harbor. The police were early on the scene, but the thief was not caught.—Hongkong Correspondence Japan Advertiser.

Of the 1,000,000 horsepower which the rivers of Minnesota are estimated to be capable of producing, less than one-third has been made available.

## A POLICEMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Suffered for Years From Chronic Kidney Trouble.

Walter J. Stanton, 1139 Pear St., Camden, N. J., says: "Kidney trouble bothered me for fifteen years. If I stooped, sharp twinges shot through my back and it was hard for me to arise. I was treated by several doctors, one a specialist, but did not receive relief. Finally I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and soon noticed an improvement. I continued until the trouble disappeared."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box.

Poster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## WELL QUALIFIED.



Squillbob—That fellow over there would make a splendid magazine poet.

Squilligan—A genius, eh?

Squillbob—No, but he has dyspepsia so bad that he wouldn't get so hungry living.

## SCRATCHED SO SHE COULD NOT SLEEP.

"I write to tell you how thankful I am for the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. My little niece had eczema for five years and when her mother died I took care of the child. It was all over her face and body, also on her hand. She scratched so that she could not sleep nights. I used Cuticura Soap to wash her with and then applied Cuticura Ointment. I did not use quite half the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, together with Cuticura Resolvent, when you could see a change and they cured her nicely. Now she is eleven years old and has never been bothered with eczema since. My friends think it is just great the way the baby was cured by Cuticura. I send you a picture taken when she was about 18 months old.

"She was taken with the eczema when two years old. She was covered with big sores and her mother had all the best doctors and tried all kinds of salves and medicines without effect until we used Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. H. Kiernan, 663 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1909."

Yes, indeed.

Hostess (at party)—Why, so silent, Miss De Muir? You've scarcely said a word since you came.

Youthful guest—Really, Mrs. Leader, I am having a very enjoyable time, but my father has told me 100 times never to say anything unless I have something to say, and I suppose—

Hostess—But, my dear child, think what a stupid and tiresome thing society would be if everybody followed that advice!

A Simple Matter.

"Charley, dear," said Young Mrs. Torkins, "the paper says that the Prohibitionists have trouble with boot-leggers."

"I believe so."

"Men are so stupid! Why don't they put a stop to it by compelling everybody to wear low shoes?"

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Always use it to break in new shoes. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Undoubtedly Bad.

Mary Mild—Wouldn't you call her a—ah, doubtful character?

Carrie Cautique—Not unless you wanted to give her the benefit of the doubt.—Smart Set.

Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes.

Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. See at Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

If black could not be made to look like white, toasted cheese would not have so much drawing power toward the mouse trap.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe.

By a patient loving endurance of annoyance are we preparing ourselves gradually for the discipline of trials.—E. M. Goulburn.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Many a budding genius has been opened into a blooming idiot.