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GRAY SQUIRRELS.
They Will Eat Meat and Have Been Known to Rob Birds' Nests.

It has been well said that the gray squirrels one sees everywhere in some of our New England towns are an indication of a higher civilization. It is certainly a pleasure to see these graceful creatures running across trolley tracks or over lawns unmolested. A stranger would have a very high estimate of the people of a city that could draw to it these shy animals. Like many rodents, however, gray squirrels will eat meat on occasions. They will even rob birds' nests. A friend on whom I can rely told me of two or three instances in Arlington, Mass., where gray squirrels had robbed robins' nests, having been caught in the very act.

One winter day, in going along a wild mountain stream, I was attracted by a fresh gray squirrel track, and on following it found where the squirrel had killed and eaten a mouse. He had evidently dug out the mouse, for I saw where he had dug snow and leaves away from the roots of some black alders to some depth. Then, taking the mouse in his teeth, he had run a few feet to a knoll, the mouse's tail having left its print in the snow between the tracks of the squirrel, and eaten it, leaving blood, hair and pieces of bone to tell of the feast.

One time I gave a young woodchuck to an old Irishwoman, who fed the chuk on ham. Now, if a woodchuck would eat ham, why not a gray squirrel eat mice or young birds? We have abundant proof that many flesh eaters will, on occasions, eat vegetable food as well as rodents eating flesh. Lovers of both squirrels and birds may find it possible to protect in some way the nests of thrushes, warblers, etc.—John Burroughs in *Outing*.

MODEL LODGINGS.
What the Rowton House Scheme in London Gives Its Patrons.

Every man who comes to a Rowton house is impressed with the fact that he can there obtain better value and more comfort than he can get anywhere else. He finds that the conditions under which he lives are improved and that he has congenial surroundings and associates. All the resources of civilization he can have—bright, warm, comfortable rooms, lavatories with basins supplied with hot and cold water, footbaths without extra payment and a full length bath with soap and towels for the nominal charge of one penny. A man can do his own laundry work if he so wishes. He can use any of the reading, smoking or writing rooms, and, above all, he has absolute freedom as regards his mode of living.

Although the Rowton House scheme provides a complete restaurant where food of all kinds can be procured at exceptionally low prices, probably cheaper than at any other place in London, at the same time no resident is obliged to purchase any of the commodities supplied by the company. Residents can, if they choose, buy everything they want outside the building, while inside the Rowton houses they will find provided for them, without charge, every cooking utensil necessary, with cutlery, crockery, etc., without limit. A constant supply of boiling water is at hand, and good fires and cooking ranges are kept going at all times. A specially arranged scullery, fitted with white glazed sinks, with supplies of hot and cold water, is provided, so that any man desirous of preparing his own food can do so without any supervision or any interference from his fellows.—Sir Richard Farrant in *Cornhill Magazine*.

Clean Hands.
On the subject of unclean hands a physician says that cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially paper, door knobs, banisters, car straps and a hundred things that every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Wherefore to avoid any dangerous results the preventive is simply to wash the hands immediately and scrupulously before eating or touching that which is to be eaten.

Turned the Tables.
Mr. Sharpe (old lawyer)—Beatrice, is it possible that, in spite of my positive orders to the contrary, you have been allowing that young Snoodle to persist in his attentions to you? Miss Beatrice—Father, I decline to answer that question! Mr. Sharpe—You do, hey? I'd like to know why. Miss Beatrice—On the ground that the answer might incriminate me, and I'd like to see you get around that!—Chicago Tribune.

A Sensitive Conscience.
Carrie—Goodness, it's that horrid old bore, Wilkins. Tell him I have gone out. Belle—No, I won't tell a story, but I will say that you have not come back yet.

Her Secrets.
"Never tell a secret, dear. It would be a great breach of confidence."
"What must I do with it, mamma?"
"Well—bring it to me!"

THE SNIPE'S DRUMMING.
A Naturalist's Theory as to How the Sound is Produced.

It is disputed whether the snipe's drumming—a curious noise, suggestive of a miniature thrashing machine—is made by the bird with its wings or by its tail or by both wings and tail. Some recent observations incline me strongly to believe that the tail plays, at any rate, the more important part. During the performance the bird flies at a great height round and round in a wide, sweeping circle. At intervals he makes a sudden and rapid descent, holding his wings partly flexed and his tail spread to its full extent. The outermost tail feather on either side points outward at a greater angle than those adjoining it, so that when the bird is watched through a good field glass daylight shows between it and the next, and, if I am right in my view, the drumming sound is due to the rush of air against this isolated feather. The snipe's tail feathers seem so puny that it is at first difficult to believe that they can produce so great a result. But if an outer one be taken—it is slightly scimitar shaped, with the outer web much reduced—and swung rapidly through the air the drumming noise may be distinctly heard, though it seems but a very faint echo of the loud, throbbing hum that startles one when it suddenly descends from an ethereal height, and the small bird is described, hardly more than a speck to the naked eye, circling round in wild career and now and then swooping headlong downward and thrilling the air with his weird music.—London Nature.

THE LITERARY DETECTIVE.
His Hunt is One That Adds Spice to His Reading.

There is a certain type of literary man who seems content to take little part in the struggle of letters beyond keeping an eye on his contemporaries and pouncing down on them every now and then to accuse them of having given a meaning to such and such a word which that word should not possess. It is strange that the number of these literary detectives is not larger, for there are few more fascinating occupations than this. It lends a spice to one's reading. The dullest book becomes as readable as the most deftly written novel. Certain words have taken to themselves meanings in the course of time which they have no right to possess. "Phenomenon" is a very hardened offender. To use this word as meaning something "strange" instead of something "that appears and is visible" is to insure arrest at the hands of the detective. Lately the word "temper" has been exposed. Through long impunity it has come to imply bad temper, whereas, if it had its rights, it should mean just the reverse. We strongly advise every one who desires a never failing source of amusement to read the next novel he takes up with the eye of the detective. Starting with the easier words, like "phenomenon," the novice may go on from strength to strength until before long nothing can escape him. The exercise, moreover, is not only a pleasure, but a duty.—London Globe.

Why Windmills Burned Down.
Of the production of fire by the friction of wood against wood windmills of the old construction gave on a large scale some disastrous examples. When the force of the wind increased the miller was obliged to bring each of the sails in succession to the ground in order to unclot it, but when sudden squalls came on this was impracticable, and the mill in extreme cases ran away—that is, could not be stopped.

Everything was now done to increase the grip of the wooden brake round the great wheel on the driving shaft, and water was poured copiously over them, but in spite of all this flames would sometimes burst out from the intense friction and the mill be probably burned down as the result. The beautiful machinery of the modern windmill, by which the miller controls the action of the sails from the interior of the building, has reduced this danger to a minimum.—Notes and Queries.

Memory.
There are 100 different varieties of memory, and perhaps we cannot altogether choose which we will possess, though every sort, when we have the germs of it, may be cultivated. To learn anything by heart the best plan is to read a sentence and repeat it without a book, then read the next sentence and repeat the two, and so on. Repetition is of great importance, "line upon line." More is learned and remembered by reading through one book twice than by reading two books once. After a thing has been learned it must be recalled and gone over at intervals, or the impression will fade away.

Those Sweet Girls.
Drusilla—I did not see you at the Vambunt reception last night, dear. Dorothy—No, I hoped to be able to go up to the last moment, but was prevented. Drusilla (sweetly)—Yes; I know the invitations were limited.—St. Louis Republic.

We all spend too much time in complaining that we lack time to do things.—Acheson Globe.

KING OF BEASTS.
The Way an Old African Hunter Points Out the Monarch.

In discussing the question, "Which is the king of beasts?" an old African hunter says:
"Come with me to a desert pool some clear, moonlight night when the shadows are deep and sharply cut and the moon herself in the dry, cloudless air looks like a ball. All is nearly as bright as day, only the light is silver, not gold. Sit down on that rock and watch the thirsty animals as they drink—buffalo, rhinoceros, antelope, quagga; occasionally, if the water is large, lions too. But what has frightened the antelope and quagga that they throw their heads up for a second and fade away into the shadows? The other beasts, too, are listening and now leave the sides of the pond. Nothing but the inevitable, irrefragable jackal, that gamin among wild things, remains in view."
"As yet your dull human ears have caught no sound, but very soon the heavy tread and low, rumbling note of an oncoming herd of elephants reach you. They are at the water. The jackals have sat down with their tails straight out behind them, but not another creature is to be seen. The king drinks. Not a sound is heard. He squirts the water over his back, makes the whole pool muddy and retires solemnly, leaving his subjects, who now gather round, to make the best of what he has fouled."
"This is the king in the opinion of beasts."

THE DINNER TABLE.
Some Hints on How to Behave When Accidents Happen.

Accidents will happen. If one happens to spill something he is unfortunate, but a ready, earnest apology to the hostess is all that he can do to remedy the difficulty. A careful hostess will acknowledge the apology and immediately change the subject.

This story is told of a hostess at whose table a beautiful china cup was broken. "Never mind," she said pleasantly. "They break so easily. See!" And she crushed one in her hand.

Her method was rather too elaborate. It would have been quite as satisfactory to the offender and far more genteel had she said: "I hope you have received no injury. The cup doesn't matter in the least."

If a morsel of food drops from the fork to the tablecloth do not attempt to remove it. If a guest drops a fork or a spoon he should let it lie. The hostess will provide another.

If anything distasteful be taken into the mouth it may be removed on the corner of the napkin, when it can be folded away or placed quietly on the plate.

If a bit of food falls on the waistcoat of a guest he should remove as much of it as he can quietly with the corner of his napkin.

Damascus Swords.
To the lovers of strange goods the bazaars of Damascus are far more alluring than those of Cairo or of Constantinople. The capacious chests of the merchants contain much that we would buy were our purses longer. Old embroideries of wonderful colors, delicate china, silks of many hues, swords of cunning workmanship, all these lie piled beside us on the floor. It is but seldom that a really good specimen of the Damascus sword can be obtained, for the art of working and engraving steel is dead.

These swords were made of alternate layers of iron and steel, so finely tempered that the blade would bend to the hilt without breaking, with an edge so keen that no coat of mail could resist it, and a surface so highly polished that when a Moslem wished to rearrange his turban he used his sword for a looking glass.

In the Great Western Wheat Belt.
One square mile of wheat. Ever see it? Transcontinental trains used to stop in the Smoky Hill valley of Kansas to allow passengers a view of such a wonder. It realized all the travelers' dreams of agricultural splendor. Hundreds such visions now mark the great grain area of the plains, but their beauty is none the less. Six hundred and forty acres of wealth! It shimmered beneath the perfect opalescent blue of the sky, the tall straws bending with their weight of grain. Standing on the seat of the reaper one might see in the distance a glimmer of green pastures and catch glimpses of rustling fields of corn, but here was the heart of summer.—C. M. Harger in *Scribner's*.

Justifying His Lecture.
A lecturer who had a very fine lecture on "The Decadence of Pure English" gave his address before a woman's club. At the close of the talk a very much overdressed woman of the "fuss and feathers" type came up to him and said: "I did enjoy your talk ever and ever so much, and I agree with you that the English language is decaying awfully. Hardly no one talks proper nowadays, and the land only knows what the next generation will talk like if nothing ain't done about it."

There would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.—Hall.

THE WATWA OF AFRICA.
A Curious Tribe, Low Down in the Scale of Humanity.

A hunter of big game in Africa gives a description of a tribe of natives whom he found there, the Watwa. "These natives," he says, "live in the swamps, their staple article of diet being fish and flour made from the seed of the water lily, although during the rains they grow patches of cassava root and sweet potatoes at the edge of the swamp. They smear their bodies with mud to protect them from mosquitoes and are extremely dirty and evil smelling in consequence. They are very low down in the scale of humanity and have a bad reputation among tribes living on the high ground, which reputation they upheld during our visit. We engaged several Watwa natives as carriers, but they only came to see what they could steal. One day I shot a reed buck in sight of the camp and left two Watwa to carry it in while I went after a hartbeest, but I never saw either man or buck again. It was no use following them into the swamps, as they knew every inch of the ground and water. They had small canoes hidden everywhere, and immediately they crossed a stream they sunk the canoe again where they alone knew where to find it. Our boys were afraid to follow them, as they used poisoned arrows and sometimes set poisoned stakes in the tracks leading to their haunts."

DAME JULIANA BERNER.
She Was a Fifteenth Century Author on Fly Fishing.

The first printed English book on angling was Dame Juliana Berner's "Book of St. Albans," which appeared about 1486, and contained a chapter entitled "A Treatise on Fysshynge With an Angle."

Fly fishing must have been practiced much earlier than this, as nothing but a gradual evolution could account for the complete list of flies for the fishing months of the year which it gives.

To Dame Berner belongs the honor of first telling that the salmon could be caught with the fly. She says: "Also ye may take hym, but it is seldom seen with a dubbe at such times as when he lepth in lyke fourme and manere as ye do a trout or a grayling." Her knowledge seems more complete than could have been that of the original inventor, so that the time when fly fishing originated in British waters must remain uncertain.

Dame Berner's flies will kill trout today, and her twelve were the foundation of those of which Isaak Walton said quaintly in 1653: "Thus have you a jury of flies, likely to betray and condemn all the trouts in the river."

LOGGERHEADS.
This Name is Given to Some Turtles and Other Animals.

The giant turtles which are found along the Atlantic coast and frequently in southern waters in great numbers are known as loggerheads. They commonly attain a weight of 1,600 pounds, are rapid swimmers and are often seen far from land, floating asleep upon the waves.

Carnivorous by nature these huge tortoises feed on crabs and fish, especially on a large species of conch, which they break open with their massive jaws. The flesh of this terrapin is leathery and oily, with a strong smell of musk. Young specimens are more palatable and are often on sale in the markets.

A duck, as large as our goose, which is native of the shores of Tierra del Fuego and the Falkland Isles is also called loggerhead, from its seeming stupidity and helplessness.

In the West Indies this name is also given to two or three sorts of fly catchers.

Protected the Judge.
After the jury in a Texas case had listened to the charge of the court and had gone to their room to deliberate upon the verdict, one of the twelve went right to the point by saying: "That that Pike Milderow order be convicted a gen'ral principles. He's bad as they make 'em."
As the hum of approval went around a weakened little juror said, "I heard that Pike guy it out that he'd go gunnin' fur us, if we sent him up, Jes' soon's he got out, an' fur the judge too."
"We must protect the judge," they agreed, and the verdict was "Not guilty."—Detroit Free Press.

A Peculiar Ornament.
Berlin has probably one of the most peculiar ornaments for a reading room that has ever been seen in a similar position in a civilized country. This is a gravestone which stands, large and massive, in one corner of a small room. It is not only a gravestone, but is in its legitimate position at the head of a grave. The history of its location in the house is interesting. It was not put up in the house, but the house was built around the stone. Its original position was in the burial grounds in the churchyard at St. Hedwig's.

He—I dreamed of you last night. Do you ever dream of me? She (suppressing a yawn)—No, but I'd like to very much.—Detroit Free Press.

A THEATRICAL MUSEUM.
Treasures of the Property Room of the Theatre Francaise.

Great passions will ever carry it over great upholstery if you give them their chance. To this day the only setting of the chief scene of "La Malade Imaginaire" at the Francaise is an armchair. It is carried on by a couple of lackeys, as though it had just been removed from a furniture van, and is planted right in the middle of the stage. That chair is the very one in which Moliere, playing the part of Argan in his own piece, suffered the first shock of the illness that carried him off. It is but one of the treasures of a house that is a perfect museum not only of historic properties, but of the whole art of the stage.

In the greenroom, as M. Deforme, its historian, has told us, in the committee room, in the office of the administrator, in the archives, in every part of the theater to which the public has no access, there is a prodigious mass of full length portraits, of medallions, of genre pictures, of engravings, drawings, marbles, bronzes, of statuettes. These, with the works exhibited in the public rooms, form a unique collection whereof every piece belongs in some sort to the history of the house of Moliere.

The museum of accessories is as rich in its way as the museum of painting and statuary. Here we may find the mandolin used in "The Barber of Seville," an instrument of rare beauty of form, purity of tone and antiquity of make. Here, too, is the original guitar of "The Marriage of Figaro." When the piece came out in 1784 the management thought it was so sure to fail that it was not worth while to buy a guitar for the hero. An instrument was accordingly hired at 30 francs a night. The piece ran for fifty nights—a "tremendous success" for that period—and in the excitement of this surprise the conditions on which the guitar had been obtained were totally forgotten until the owner presented his bill for 500 francs.—Richard Whiting in *Nineteenth Century*.

A PAPER OF TACKS.
You can't civilize the fellow who doesn't care.

The best advice some of us can give is, "Do as I don't."

The goodness of the untempted is as flat as eggs without salt.

The more brains under the hat the less jewels hanging to the clothes.

Some folks ought to take their consciences out once in awhile for exercise.

Being ahead of time may spoil a minute; being behind time may waste a day.

Silence isn't always golden. The talker with something to say is worth a dozen keep stills.

The school is the present's birthplace of futures, and when we shorten its usefulness we rob ourselves and we steal from the future.—Hayfield Mower.

Had Eaten the Details.
The editor of a country newspaper is often his own reporter's staff as well, and some of his experiences when out after news would make interesting reading. The editor of a flourishing journal in a northern California town recently called at the "home of the bride's parents" the day after the wedding. He was desirous of telling his readers all about the event and wished to give the young couple a good send-off as well. The bride's mother met him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones," said the editor. "I've called to get some of the details of the wedding."
"Goodness," replied Mrs. Jones in dismay, "they're all gone. You ought to have come last night. They ate every scrap."—San Francisco Bulletin.

Bishop Brooks' Answer.
Bishop Phillips Brooks never married, but at one time was very much admired, courted and annoyed by a wealthy maiden lady of New York. To her numerous communications, full of admiration and modest suggestions, she received no encouragement from Dr. Brooks. Recalling her advanced age, she grew desperate and offered, in addition to her heart and hand, all her wealth. In reply she received the following:

Madam—Your wealth give to the needy, your heart to the Lord and your hand to the man that asks for it.

Reasons Obvious.
"We will sing 'Awake, Ye Saints,' immediately before the sermon tomorrow," announced the minister at choir practice on Saturday afternoon.

"Don't you think," inquired the observant tenor, "that it would be more appropriate to sing it immediately after the sermon?"—New Orleans Picayune.

Cool.
Colonel Gruff—I understand my daughter is determined to marry you. Well, I want to say to you that she's crazy. Mr. Nerry—Ah, hereditary, I suppose!—Exchange.

Then He Went Home.
He—I dreamed of you last night. Do you ever dream of me? She (suppressing a yawn)—No, but I'd like to very much.—Detroit Free Press.