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An independent local paper, published every Wednesday at Reynoldsville, Jefferson Co., Pa., devoted to the interests of Reynoldsville and Jefferson county. Non-political, will treat all with fairness, and will be especially friendly towards the laboring class.

Subscription price \$1.50 per year, in advance. Communications intended for publication must be accompanied by the writer's name, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Interesting news items solicited. Advertising rates made known on application at the office in Arnold's Block.

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C. A. STEPHENSON, Editor and Pub.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1892.

"Be not hasty to cast off every aspersion that is cast upon you. Let them alone for awhile, and then, like mud on your clothes, they will rub off of themselves."

Wm. C. Bond, Jefferson county's candidate for Congress, during the sessions of conference has acquitted himself like a gentleman, and carried out the wish of his constituents as well as the wish of the Republicans of the county.

The Philosopher of the Bradford Era says: "Lots of fellows think they are self made men, when they are only the victims of lucky strikes in oil, real estate booms, political accidents or something of a similar kind. A fool can be struck by lightning as easily as a sage."

The Falls Creek Herald is now a yearling and a sprightly one too. Bangor is a thoroughbred "hustler." He gives his readers the news regardless of the path he may thereby invite to be exploded for his especial benefit. The Herald of to-day is a vast improvement over the Herald of one year ago.

The effects of the switchmen's strike at Buffalo, N. Y., is not confined to that state alone, but is felt in other states. The miners here are making just about half time on account of the scarcity of cars. How long this will last is a question of some magnitude. It is to be hoped that the matter will soon be amicably settled.

March 7th, 1893, the original patent for the electrical telephone granted to Alexander Bell, of Salem, Mass., will expire and thereafter all persons will be at liberty to manufacture and use the telephones as they see fit, without paying an extortionate price for them. Telephones perhaps will not be such an expensive convenience after that date. THE STAR will be able to be attached onto the line then.

It is worth every man's while to study the important art of living happily. Even the poorest man by this means extract an increased amount of joy and blessing from life. The world need not be a "vale of tears," unless we ourselves will it to be so. We have the command, to a great extent, over our own lot. At all events our mind is our own possession; we can cherish happy thoughts there; we can regulate and control our tempers and dispositions to a considerable extent. We can educate ourselves and bring out the better part of our nature—which in most men is allowed to sleep a deep sleep—we can read good books, cherish pure thoughts, and lead lives of peace, temperance, and virtue, so as to secure the respect of good men, and transmit the blessing of a faithful example to our successors.

True courtesy strikes its roots far below the surface, deep in the heart, and blossoms out in all the little acts of life. He whose pulse beats in time with the great pulse of humanity, who feels that "every human heart is human," bears about within him the very elemental soil from which true courtesy spontaneously springs. Among the manifestations of its presence are perfectly simplicity of manner, entire absence of all acting for effect, and unconsciousness of self. We see these in persons who have traveled extensively in our own and other countries, and who have thus been thrown into sympathetic relations with people of various nationalities and civilizations that their citizenship is consciously cosmopolitan. We see it in philanthropists who may all their lives have lived in the narrow precincts of a single township, yet whose benevolent activities have brought them in direct personal contact with the poor, the ignorant, the unfortunate, the erring, no less than with the happy, the wealthy, the prosperous, the intelligent. There is no need of circumnavigating the earth to acquire the largeness of heart whence true courtesy springs, since nearly every neighborhood furnishes representatives of all conditions of the race. Those who breathe the high atmosphere of universal sympathy, untainted by the narrow prejudices that torment and gangrene and meager souls, can afford a kind word or glance to all they meet, giving the faithful laborer due recognition on account of the manhood that is in him and the good he renders society, lightening the heart of the humble servant-girl who honestly tries to do her duty, and who in her sphere is as indispensable as the sun in his, giving the meed of just appreciation and due respect to all, however high or low their station or calling.

Walking sticks have their eccentricities, as have their human companions. Sometimes, when the summer is but newly ended, and the garrison in vase and hat rack has been heavily reinforced, the entire colony will come crashing and rattling down in the night, and there follows a general eviction the next day. Weeks afterward I spent my days as a tale that is told a great many times, seeking to discover and collected the scattered remnant that is left. I once had an alder stick so crooked that every time any one walked across the floor, even in a distant room, this stick would rock and tremble and flidget uneasily in its place. This happening at all hours of the night and day drove the whole family into a nervous fever until at length I labeled the stick and presented it to a college museum. Some of the sticks come home all right, but in the process of domestication slowly shed their bark, so that the hall carpet is reduced to a state of chronic wood-yard chippiness. Others, as they dry out, develop a malodorous odor that leads to the unanimous diagnosis that they were picked before they were ripe, and are straightway ordered forth to cremation. Some wait until they have been carefully scraped, painted with three or four coats, and varnished with infinite pains-taking, and then calmly split from end to end, curling up at the edges of the split. Others take kindly to steaming, and straighten out until a straight-edge cannot find a fault in them, and as soon as staining and polishing is complete, and expensive head fitted on, suddenly develop inflammatory rheumatism and curvature of the spine, legacies of the marsh whence they were taken, doubtless, and hump themselves into more mishapen shapes than a wet clothes-line, hastily coiled in the dark by an inexperienced man can imitate.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, although not in favor of horse racing says: "There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles an hour is better than an express train going fifty. There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-haltered, blind, staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as there is in a Bucephalus. At the pace some people drive, Elijah, with his horses of fire, would have taken three weeks to get into heaven. We want swifter horses, and swifter men, and swifter enterprises and the church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempest, quick lightnings, quick streams, why not quick horses? In time of war the cavalry service does the most execution; and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals, and clumsier ships in our navy-yards, than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles, and before our artillery, slower horses."

**Unreasonable Critics.**  
(Punxsutawney Spirit.)  
People who are the principals in any act constituting a legitimate news item exhibit very narrow judgment in taking offense at it. The mission of a newspaper is to give the news. It must either do that or throw up the sponge and say it is afraid to, lest it offend somebody. Then it is worthy only of contempt. Legitimate news according to Henry Waterson, is, "anything that the good Lord permits to happen." News is meat and drink to a newspaper. It is as much its business to give the news as for a doctor to attend to his patients or a lawyer to look after the interests of his clients. It is sometimes a disagreeable task, and one that the editor would avoid if he could. And news items cannot be expected to be infallible in all their details. When there are conflicting reports, and both sides are given as nearly correct as possible, there is no room for reasonable complaint. City newspapers make the best of everything and nobody thinks of kicking. But a country newspaper man, even when he tackles a subject in a timid way, and deals gingerly with it, is sometimes found fault with. Truly this is a queer world in which to reside.

**Fatal Accident.**  
(Punxsutawney News.)  
Lawrence Collins, a miner at West Eureka Mines, No. 2, was run over by a trip of cars on Monday evening last and had his right leg crushed at the knee. Drs. Grover, Campbell and Beyer were called in and after consultation the leg was amputated above the knee. The shock to his system was very great and he did not fully rally from the effects but died at 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning. The deceased leaves a wife and six young children with no one to provide for them.

Malarial and other atmospheric influences are best counteracted by keeping the blood pure and vigorous with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A little caution in this respect may prevent serious illness at this season. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best all-the-year-round medicine in existence.

**Sandy Valley.**  
Dry, warm and plenty of dust. Our supervisor, A. T. McClure, is on the sick list. W. J. Boner is busy extracting stumps from off his farm.

Senecor & Arnold's mill is idle on account of the scarcity of water. Bert Cox, the junior postmaster at this place, is taking in the excursion to Niagara Falls.

H. J. Hutchinson has commenced to build the new school house. It is to be a large one and will have a belfry on it. Our future hopes are blighted as a mining town, as the Sherwood mine has been abandoned and everything moved away excepting a big hole in the hill.

A goodly number of people intend taking in the Presbyterian picnic at the DuBois Electric Park Tuesday, August 30th. Tickets will be on sale at the Valley. All the miners that worked in the mine here have moved away, but we think there are still enough people left here to keep our side of the earth from wabbling.

The young ladies of Pancoast and Sandy Valley picnicked in W. T. Cox's orchard last Saturday. There were visitors from Reynoldsville, DuBois and Philadelphia. Among other amusements was a game of base ball.

**Making a Big Hole.**  
(DuBois Courier.)  
Monday morning the first earth was thrown up in the beginning of the Berwind-White shaft. All the other work up to that time was work of preparation. Now the great hole that is to reach down 300 feet and form an opening for the output of millions of tons of coal has been commenced and will daily grow deeper until completed. It is the beginning of an enterprise that will give DuBois her second growth in population.

For a sluggish and torpid liver, nothing can surpass Ayer's Pills. They contain no calomel, nor any mineral drug, but are composed of the active principles of the best vegetable emollients, and their use always results in marked benefit to the patient. Don't miss the train by having your watch out of order. Take it to C. F. Hoffman and have it put in order and then you can rely on it for time.

**Strayed or Stolen.**  
About the 25th of July, a roan cow, with large horns, strayed or was stolen from our premises. A liberal reward will be paid for return.

**GREEN & CONSER.**  
FOR RENT—Two store rooms 20x80 feet opposite Hotel Belnap. Enquire of J. H. Corbett.

**For Sale.**  
Celebrated Caledonia sand. No sifting required. Tom McKernan, Drayman.

**For Sale, East, Etc.**  
FOR SALE—One car No. 1 18-inch Washington red cedar shingles.

**S. SHAFFER.**  
FOUND—A pocket book with small amount of money. Same can be had by proving property, and paying for this notice, at THE STAR office.

**LOST—A lady's gold bead necklace** was lost Monday evening in the opera house or between the opera house, Main or Grant street. A suitable reward will be paid if left at this office.

**LOST—A large red pocket-book** containing letters, receipts, prescriptions for horse medicine. The finder will be rewarded by leaving the book at my meat shop.

**ED. SCHULTZ.**  
**Drifting with the Tide.**  
LOADING—HUGHES—Thursday, Aug. 18, 1892, at 10:30 A. M., at the home of the bride's parents in Rathmel, Pa., by Rev. H. G. Furbay, Wm. A. Loading and Miss Annie Hughes.

**NOBLE—SCHRECKENGOST—**At the residence of Mrs. Repsher, Reynoldsville, Pa., August 22, 1892, by Rev. E. T. Derr, Rev. James G. Noble and Mrs. Lydia C. Schreckengost, both of Punxsutawney, Pa.

**DIED.**  
**NEWCOMB—**On Sunday, August 21st, 1892, of cramp, a six-year-old son of Elsworth Newcomb, of Horntown, Pa.

**CRAWFORD—**On August 22nd, of pneumonia, Laura, a three-year-old daughter of Thomas Crawford, of Big Soldier. The remains were buried in the Baptist cemetery yesterday afternoon.

**HARRIGER—**Thursday, August 18, 1882, of heart trouble, Mrs. Caroline E. Harriger, wife of Henry Harriger, of Emerickville. Funeral services were held in the M. E. church Friday, August 19, conducted by Rev. Jas. H. Jelbert. Remains were interred in Moore cemetery.

Try a pair of Robinson's seamless shoes only \$2.00.

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**KINDLY DONE.**  
**A Pretty Story of a Clever French Critic and His Two Friends.**  
Many odd and amusing stories are told of the clever French critic, Jules Janin, and his friends. None is more pleasing or more to their credit than one in which Janin, Theodore Burette, the historian, and Leon Satayes, the composer, author and critic, figured. One of Janin's best friends was an old aunt, who sent him to school when he was a boy, kept house for him and took good care of him when he, a young man, was making his reputation, but not much money, in literature.

It was perhaps in memory of her that he made a protegee of a poor old woman whom he noticed one day in the street. He placed her in a home for aged persons, and until her death years afterward was her thoughtful and generous friend. The good woman was very ill once, and when she was convalescing she said:

"I want to go and call on M. Janin. I must see him once more before I die." One of the women of the institution went with her. Janin was living then in the top of a house which commanded a beautiful view of the garden of the Luxembourg. His "garret" was filled with books and pictures, but like any other garret it was reached by climbing a great many stairs. Slowly and painfully the old woman toiled up the long flights. She had to sit down often to rest. It took her nearly two hours to reach the top. Janin was breakfasting with Theodore Burette.

He received her with great cordiality and affection, and the three had a happy breakfast. The two men devoted themselves to entertaining her. They inquired all about the home, the rules, the diversions, the food, her recent illness, and listened with genial interest to all she had to say. She said goodby, and they made ready to escort her down stairs.

"We will return your visit soon," they said, and placing themselves on either side of her they began to descend the stairs. But the effort and excitement had been too much for the feeble old lady. Her limbs failed her and she could not take a step.

Just then Satayes appeared on the scene. "We must carry her down," he said. So they placed her comfortably in an armchair. Janin and Burette, who were small men, took the back. Satayes took the front, and they went down flight after flight of the many storied house breathless but cheerful.

"Well, my good woman," gasped Satayes. "I don't know of any queen who has a carriage like yours." The three literary workers were hardly in training for their achievement, but they placed her safe and sound on the sidewalk, and saw her go away with her attendant, her old heart deeply touched and pleased with the attentions she had received.—Youth's Companion.

**Good Fellowship Among Ants and Bees.**  
Never among mankind can we find so absolute and complete an absorption of the individual by the social group as in the cities of ants and bees, where individual property has never, it seems, been imagined. In these republics what one citizeness has for herself belongs to the others. Does a hungry bee meet one laden with booty returning to a city, she lightly taps her on the head with her antennae and instantly the latter hastens in a sisterly way to disgorge part of the nutriment provisionally stored in her own stomach.

Ants proceed in the same way as bees, but in addition the ant thus sustained is very careful to show her gratitude. "The ant who feels the need of food," says Huber, "begins by tapping her two antennae, with a very rapid movement, upon the antennae of the ant from whom she expects succor. Immediately they may be seen approaching one another with open mouth and extended tongue for the communication of the liquid which one passes to the other. During this operation the ant who receives nourishment does not cease to caress the friend who is feeding her, continuing to move her antennae with singular activity."—Property: Its Origin and Development.

**Discovered Their Loss from a Friend.**  
A small boy recently brought a ladies' gold watch into a Lewiston jewelry store and desired to have a broken crystal replaced. The dealer had repaired the watch a few days before and he had its number and at once recognized it. The rightful owner of the watch, as it happens, lives neighbor to the jeweler, and when he went home to supper that night he called and asked them if they had sent the watch to the shop for repairs. They said they had not. He asked them if they had lent the watch to any one and the answer was in the negative.

They were quite sure the watch was in the case where they had left it. At the request of the jeweler they looked and to their great surprise the watch was not there. The jeweler then produced the property and told of the boy's coming to the store to have the crystal put in. That was the first intimation the family had of being robbed.—Lewiston Journal.

**The Birds and Their Men Est.**  
The swifts arrive in the Andaman islands toward the end of November, but they take their time in building the nests, which are formed from a gelatinous secretion from the salivary glands of those beautiful members of the swallow tribe.

If there has been a wet December the first crop of nests is generally a poor one, being soiled by the damp and drippings from the roofs of the caves. Collectors, however, begin in January to go around the island to the different caves in an open boat. The best quality resemble pure isinglass, and are worth their weight in silver. Afterward there are two other collections. The caves in which the nests are found are scattered about the islands; some are far inland, others in rocks concealed in mangrove swamps.—London News.

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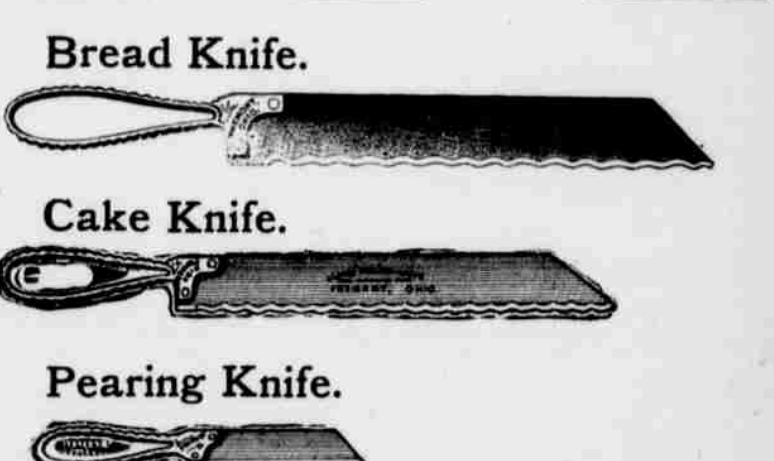
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