

The Star.

VOLUME I.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNA., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 2, 1892.

NUMBER 26.

Miscellaneous.
C. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

D. B. E. HOOVER,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
Resident dentist. In building near Methodist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentleness in operating.

Hotels.
HOTEL McCONNELL,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.

The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bath, rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, &c.

HOTEL BELNAP,
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GREEN & CONSER, Proprietors.

First class in every particular. Located in the very center of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
BROOKVILLE, PA.
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Omnibus to and from all trains. European restaurant. House heated and lighted by gas. Hot and cold water. Western Union Telegraph office in building. The hotel is fitted with all the modern conveniences.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
BROOKVILLE, PA.
JAS. H. CLOVER, Proprietor.

Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omnibus to and from all trains.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RAILWAY.
The short line between DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after May 23d, 1892, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:10 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For points North between Falls Creek and Bradford. 7:35 a. m. mixed train for Punxsutawney.

10:05 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

10:55 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

1:40 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Leetsdale, Brockwayville, Elizabethtown, Cannon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

4:45 P. M.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

7:55 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

10:05 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

10:55 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

11:45 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

12:35 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

1:25 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

2:15 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

3:05 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

3:55 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

4:45 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

5:35 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

6:25 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

7:15 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

8:05 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

8:55 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

9:45 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Bradford.

TO THE IONIC PRIESTESS.

Ah, priestess of an unknown shrine,
By what sad process
Hast thou in some long bygone time
Lost thy proboscis?

Was there beneath that grass, sweet brow
A month for kissing?
Alas! we cannot know, for now
Thy lips are missing.

And yet a subtle, nameless grace
Around thee lingers;
As there thou stand'st with tranquil face,
Sans nose, lips, fingers.

The outline of thy matchless form,
Thy grace revealing,
Thy flowing draperies adorn
Without concealing.

Ah, could he look upon thy fate
Whose hand once wrought thee?
And see to what a sad estate
The years have brought thee—

For him would live again that hour
Of inspiration,
When burned his soul with newborn
power
For thy creation;

And he would see thee now as then
In thy perfection;
Time's accident could not again
Mar recollection. —British Museum.

The Use of Cream.

Very few housekeepers can realize the nutritive value of cream, and understand its superiority to any other solid fats in permitting the gastric juice to mix with it in the most perfect manner, and in this way aiding and hastening digestion. It is invaluable in the case of invalids, for it serves as nutriment in a very available form. It is superior to butter because it contains more volatile oil than butter made from it. It is frequently ordered by physicians for persons consumptively inclined, for those with feeble digestions, for aged persons, and for those who suffer from impaired circulation, cold feet, and who feel chilly from want of nutriment.

No other article of food gives such satisfactory results. It is, however, expensive in large cities, and difficult to get fresh and sweet. On a farm, however, it can be had in its sweetness, and it can be freely used. Whipped, it can be served in dozens of ways, with fresh or stewed fruits, as an accompaniment to cake, puddings, and the like, while cream can be drunk nearly as freely as milk. For use in whipping it should be thick and sweet, while for drinking it can be used after the milk has stood, at the most, but a few hours over night.—*Jenness Miller's Magazine.*

An Unexpected "Water Scene."

The Installment Heights Amateur Dramatic society recently introduced a striking bit of realism into their skillful rendition of "Engaged and Jilted." It will be remembered that when the heroine faints and falls gracefully upon the stage the awkward comic servant is required to seize a large pitcher from a small table standing near R. 3 E. and boldly invert it over the prostrate lady, exclaiming as she does so: "Oh, heavens! There's not a drop of water in the place!"

This is a highly humorous effect in its way, but its side splitting features were greatly intensified the other evening when, through some oversight, the pitcher was half full of water when it was placed on the table.

The proper cue was given. The comic servant grabbed the pitcher and fairly deluged the unexpected heroine. She spluttered and gasped for breath, and waved her arms wildly in the air, and utterly forgot to wait for the hero's arrival before recovering from her "faint."

"Geewillik! Kin she swim?" called out a small boy in the gallery, and then the applause was simply deafening.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Great Britain's Slaves.

The English people have always had a great deal to say about their aversion to slavery, but no worse system ever existed in the world than that which prevails in some of the British colonies where cool labor is employed. The coolies are indentured in India or China—that is, they are practically sold to the agent, who sells them again to planters. For a term of years, usually ten, they become the slaves of the planters; for petty offenses they are fined until they become hopelessly indebted to their owners; they are not allowed to leave the plantation without a pass, or if they do they are liable to arrest as runaways. During the last few years parliamentary investigations have greatly reduced the hardships of the unfortunate Hindoos, most of whom were drawn away from their native land by misrepresentations, but much still remains to be done, especially in the mines of South Africa, before the stigma of slavery can be erased from the British empire.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Many Questions but for Mirrors.

It is doubtful whether men would gain as much time as women would by the loss of mirrors. Aside from the fact that they don't have the chance to spend so much time at their looking glasses as women do (if they did you may be sure they would), it is likely that a man would have to stand as a kind of substitute for the mirror in his wife's toilet. Most men, therefore, would be able to go down to the grave with the proud consciousness that they had answered the question, "Is my hat on straight?" 10,000,000 times in the course of a long and happy life instead of only 5,000,000 times, as they probably do now.—*New York World.*

Richard Baxter, the great Puritan preacher, was the son of a tenant farmer, and until nearly grown the future author did the work of a farm hand.

The Fatherless and the Widow.

The car stopped with the usual lurch, and the conductor assisted to the platform a tall lady, evidently young, but whose face was hidden by the heavy folds of a long crape veil. Her gown and gloves were of the same somber hue as the veil. She was followed by a little girl, also dressed in black. As the car started on its way down town the lady and the little girl took seats in the corner. Neither spoke for some time, and then the little girl looked up, and in a voice that was heard above the rattle of the car exclaimed:

"Mamma!"

"Yes, my dear."

"I want to see papa."

"Hush, dearest," and a black gloved hand reached over and took one of the tiny hands of the child. Then there was silence for a minute. Suddenly the childish voice was heard again:

"But I do want to see papa. Why won't you let me see him?"

"Don't, darling; please don't," came the answer, as the head of the little girl was tenderly drawn over until it rested against the folds of the crape veil.

"But why won't you let me see papa?" persisted the child.

There was no answer, but the shrouded head of the black figure in the corner was bent low and the black gloved hand was reaching for something evidently hidden in the folds of the black gown.

"Mamma!"

"Yes, dear," answered a tremulous voice.

"Can I see papa tonight?"

Almost fiercely the little figure was drawn to that of the larger one, and a whisper—more a sob—was heard to say:

"Oh, Elsie, dear, hush. Don't you know that papa lies way off there on the Litchfield hills! You can't see him tonight, darling, and may God help you and help me."

And the car rattled on; but the big, portly man in the opposite corner turned about in his seat and looked steadily out of the window for several minutes.—*New York Recorder.*

Doing One's Part.

A witty and miserly gentleman who accepted many invitations without returning them, but who contributed greatly to the general entertainment by his bright conversation, once defended himself by saying:

"My friends give the dinners, but I furnish the salt."

If he was parsimonious in the matter of dinners he was generous with his best thoughts, his most cheerful and entertaining stories, fulfilling one social duty although he neglected another.

This social duty of giving in conversation one's brightest and best, of making an effort to be interesting, and being cheerful when it is not possible to be brilliant, is often selfishly neglected.

Life is an affair of mutual obligations. We have to thank most of our friends for kindness and patience and encouragement, and we owe it to them to remember that often, unknown to us, they are in need of being made to forget some trouble or grief, or are in need of some fresh, cheering thought, and when we give them our conversational best we are doing what we can to supply that need.

Many persons who would not think of going anywhere with a bandaged head or a disagreeable cold or a disturbing cough, carry a gloomy face, a fit of the blues or an ill tempered mood on a visit or to a party, without thinking that there is no excuse at all for their being a skeleton at the feast. They disturb their hosts and hostesses by making it evident that they are not having a good time, and they have a depressing effect on every one else.—*Youth's Companion.*

Social Definitions.

Nationalism is but another name for socialism, with but a slight modification. What socialism desires to reach is a universal way for the whole world nationalism desires to obtain within the limits of the nation. Inasmuch as there is a tendency in the human race to crystallize around national centers nationalism thinks it best to respect these boundaries. Ultimately nationalism would have to reach out after the universal end.

Let it be understood, furthermore, that neither nationalism nor socialism is identical with anarchism or communism—that, quite to the contrary, they form the opposite pole to anarchism. While anarchism is a theory of government which will allow no power whatsoever to any governing body, socialism or nationalism will endow the government with greater powers yet than its own.

While the former believes that the individual shall take upon himself all the consequences which spring from competition, and that according to his opportunities a man shall either succumb in the struggle for existence or survive as the fittest, the latter holds society or the nation responsible for the well being of every one of its members as long as the member fulfills his obligation to society.—*Rabbi Solomon Schindler.*

"Doing" Europe.

"Tourists do say funny things yet," said a young woman just home from Europe, "though I feared I shouldn't hear any of them. Two women were standing before a tapestry in a church, and as I approached one of them said to the other: 'Got your notebook, Hannah? Put down (consulting her catalogue) 'tapestry of St. Agnes';" then, studying the picture before her, she summed it up: 'Girl on a bench, sheep in the foreground, and the two moved on without a second look.'—*New York Times.*

A SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

One friend have I—who love have none—one friend of loyal heart—
A girl whose faith compels my soul to act its noblest part,
Who lives unspooled by idle prate, unweaved by selfish care,
And who is sweet as she is true, and good as she is fair.

Oh, love's a dower that climbeth high and aims to reach a star,
But friendship's plant creeps close and clings with scent that's sweeter far!

She sings to me, and I grow glad; she talks, and I grow wise;
Her ways are frank and sisterly; there's sunshine in her eyes;

Her loving heart holds balm for ev'ry ill that fate can send;
And earth is fairer, heav'n more near, because she is my friend!

Oh, love's a song that rings and swells with passion's rapture strong,
But friendship is a lullaby that soothes a whole life long!

A Sad Memory.

They talked of home and family matters, baby's new clothes, papa's trip on the road and mamma's visit to her mother, while every one listened in a most interesting manner. The trend of the conversation showed that the wife and baby were not going to the depot with the happy father, as he declared it would be nonsense. But as the car neared Jefferson street, where he was to leave them, every one wondered all to himself how they would part and whether he would kiss her in front of the crowd. They were not long in doubt.

When Desplaines street was reached the drummer arose, caught up his baby and kissing it goodly placed it beside its mother. He stooped down to kiss his wife, and the loving woman placed an arm about his neck as she said, "Now you'll write often, won't you?"

Just then a morose individual on the opposite side of the car, who had evidently been absorbed in his paper, glanced over the top of it and remarked in the driest of tones, "I lost a watch don't that?"—*Chicago News.*

French and German Politeness.

In England, as the titles of nobility are limited and cannot be usurped by fictitious characters without detection, they confer a degree of consideration upon the possessor far superior to what is observed in foreign countries, where they are abundant to an extreme and where every needy adventurer can assume them. A German baron, in decision, on a race course a few days since observed to a French marquis that the title of marquis was very common in France, "I," added he, "have a marquis in my kitchen." "And I," retorted the Frenchman, who felt insulted, "have a German baron in my stable." This repartee was particularly happy, it being well known that German grooms are as common out of their country as are French cooks. It affords a just lesson, too, against the folly as well as rudeness of all national reflections.—*Magazine Journal.*

Spot for the Dog.

The most laughable thing I have seen lately was the discovery of a new kind of game by a lively young setter dog. It was in a large dry goods store where cash is sent to the desk in little boxes whirring along on slender rails. The dog was following his pretty mistress sedately enough, when he heard the sound and saw the swift flight of the of the cash box. He thought it was a bird, and tore up and down the aisles after it, scattering the crowd and amusing everybody in sight. As he would not be convinced of his illusion, he had to be removed forcibly from what he probably thought the best hunting ground he had ever struck.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

An Idea of Heaven.

On one occasion the leader of talk started the subject of the generally prevailing ideas about heaven. After the usual hit at the materialistic views of the Mohammedan, he turned to an American gentleman at the table and asked what were his notions on the subject? The Yankee, with his slow, nasal accent and cool manner commanding attention, replied, "Waal my notion of heaven is that of a quiet, green place, without money and without price."—*Mrs. Anthony Cross in Temple Bar.*

No Head for Business.

Mose Schaumburg, Jr.—Vader, a shentlemans wants to know if dot unshrinkable undershirt don't shrink a leedle anyway.

Mose Schaumburg, Sr.—Does dot shirt fit him?

"No; it was choost a little too pig."

"Of course it vill shrink. Vy don't you have some heads for pishness."—*Texas Sittings.*

Swordfishing.

The swordfish lives from five to ten hours after it is harpooned, and at any time in that period he is a dangerous customer for the fisherman. Indeed swordfishing is one of the most dangerous as well as most exciting of all the variety of enterprises pursued by our fishermen.—*Lewisohn Journal.*

A Youthful Sculptor.

Julia Bracken, who has received the commission to execute the figure representing "Illinois Welcoming the Nations," is considered the best of all Sculptor Taft's assistants. She is but little more than twenty years of age.

Potato rot is caused by a minute parasite, which is so small that a colony numbering 300 individuals can live in a space smaller than a pin's head.

Mirrors Many Years Ago.

A historian has it that as early as four centuries before Christ these metal mirrors were in such common use among the Romans that any maid servant could have as many as she could hang at her girdle, which probably accounts for the fact that they gradually fell into desuetude among ladies of the higher classes and led to the introduction of substitutes. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that it was this fact which induced some ingenious person so to cut and burnish the inside of drinking cups as to reflect the face of the drinker many times in a highly warning manner.

In addition to the small hand mirrors which it used to be the particular duty of some unfortunate young slave to hold before her mistress, there were panels of stone set in the walls and so highly polished as to serve as mirrors. It was this use of dark stone that first suggested the use of glass for reflecting purposes, which according to Pliny, was first manufactured at the glass works of a gentleman named Sidon. Black glass was first used; afterward clear glass with black foil on the back replaced it. Pliny tells us all about this, and from this time on no mention is made of glass mirrors until the Thirteenth century, when a Franciscan monk, Johannes Peckham, speaks of mirrors, not only of polished marble and steel, but also of glass covered with lead on the back.

By this time the amalgam used in making glass mirrors was much like that of today, the difference being in the method of its application. The process was to spread tinfoil on a plain surface, to pour mercury over that and rub the two together with the hand or with a hare's foot. The amalgam thus formed was then covered with paper, over which glass was laid. The paper was then withdrawn and weights pressed on the glass, pressing out the excess of mercury.—*New York World.*

Didn't Know Its Value.

A few days ago I met a man from Baltimore who tried to persuade me that some people down that way do not know as much about things pertaining to civilization as the average Indian does, and he told me the story to prove it. Said he: "I'm very fond of horseback riding, and I go off on trips for a week some times. On one of these journeys I stopped for a minute at a drug store in a Maryland village and flung the reins of my horse to a colored boy who was standing on the sidewalk. On returning I thanked the lad, handed him what I supposed to be cent and galloped away. Half an hour later I discovered that instead of a cent I had given him a five dollar gold piece. I had not taken much money for my trip, and was quite a way from home, and I couldn't spare my pocket piece just then; at least I didn't want to. I turned back over the road and re-entered the shop. Said I, 'Have you seen anything of the boy that held my horse here about an hour ago?'"

"The druggist laughed. 'I guess,' said he, 'I know what you have come for. It's a five dollar gold piece, isn't it?'"

"Yes," said I, a little surprised.

"Well, the boy came in here and showed it to me, and asked if I would give him a good cent for it, 'cause he didn't know nuffin 'bout dat kin' o' money.' I saw that there was a mistake and gave him a penny for it."

"You can guess I was pretty glad at the amount of ignorance there was in the world just then. I refunded the cent, pocketed my gold piece and rode off."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Chance in Religion.

Perhaps it may seem only by forced analogy that the gambler's infatuation can be compared to the superstitious awe of primitive religion, but one needs not to go back a long way in our own history to realize that they can be traced to a common source. In 1619 Thomas Gataker, a Puritan minister, published his essay on "The Nature and Use of Lots," in which, while arguing against it, he states the common belief to be as follows:

"Lots may not be used but with great reverence, because the disposition of them cometh immediately from God. The nature of a lot, which is affirmed to be a work of God's speciall and immediate providence, a sacred oracle, a divine judgment or sentence; the light use of it therefore to be an abuse of God's name, and so a sinne against the third commandment."

How deeply rooted in man's mind the belief in divine interposition in such matters has been from early times is shown by the recourse having been had to lots in the first momentous act performed by the primitive Christian church—namely, the election of an apostle. Human direction was relied on so far as to reduce the number of candidates to two, the qualifications of whom were so evenly balanced that the decision between them was left to pure chance, to control which, as was believed, supernatural interference might be looked for.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Rare Old Globe.

One of the most significant curios in New York is a copper globe in the Lenox library. It is only 4½ inches in diameter, but it is believed to be the earliest globe to lay down the new discoveries by Columbus. It dates back to the first decade of the Sixteenth century. The little it shows of this hemisphere is mostly wrong, and the few names would be recognized only by experts in matters geographical, but the globe is rightly esteemed one of the chief treasures of a rare collection.—*New York Sun.*

PILLSBURY & REYNOLDS

Brothers Shoes

To be sold for the next few weeks at from

33 to 50 per cent less than cost.

Ladies now is your chance as

this is the greatest slaughter ever made in Reynoldsville on Shoes.

J. B. ARNOLD.

New York

Branch

In Room lately occupied by BOLGER BROS.

Bargain Store,

Main St. Reynoldsville, Pa.

No old shelf-worn goods, but all new,

clean, salable stock and more of them for the same money than you can buy at any other store in the town. If you are looking for something you cannot find at any other store, come to

The Racket Store

and you will most likely get it, and you will be surprised how cheap. People wonder how I can pay rent and other expenses, sell so cheap and live. Easily explained, my friends, just like this: Buy for cash, sell for cash; I sell for net spot cash and I get bargains by paying net spot cash for what I buy, consequently I am enabled to give you bargains for your cash. Come in and look over my stock; no trouble to show goods whether you buy or not. Goods bought from me and not satisfactory, and returned in good order, and reasonable time, money will be cheerfully refunded if desired. Remember, I positively state that I have no old shelf-worn goods, no shoddy goods, but as clean cut a line of every day goods as you will find in any store in Jefferson county, and oh, how cheap. Come in Ladies and take a look at my line of beautiful Laees, Wrappers, Waists, Aprons, Gloves, Mitts, Night Robes, Stockings, Baby Carriage Robes, Calico, Robes, Shirting, bleached and unbleached Muslin. I might go on mentioning the lots of bargains but would take too long, step in and take a look for yourselves. Gentlemen, come in and buy one of our beautiful paintings, 30x36, gilt frame, only \$1.00, are going like hot cakes; if you want one come quick. I also have men's Hose, Shirts, Handkerchiefs, Drawers, Under Shirts, White Shirts, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Gloves and an endless number of other things for gentlemen. Come in and look for yourselves. I will only be to glad to show you my stock. I have in stock hundreds of articles for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, Boys, Girls and Baby's that would fill our town paper to mention them all. This advertisement is written in the plain American A.B.C. language so everybody that can read can understand every word of it.

M. J. COYLE,

The Racket Store,

CHANGEABLE WEATHER!

Nature has seen fit to have changeable weather and why not have your person garmented with a neat and noble suit made of heavy-weight material to suit the weather that is now creeping upon us. You need a new winter suit and as the cold waves are very uncertain you will be wise if you place your order now for winter wearing apparel, so as to have it to don when blustering weather is ushered in. Such an immense line of winter patterns was never displayed in town as can be seen at

J. G. FROELICH'S,

Next door to Hotel McConnell.