

The Star.

VOLUME 1.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1892.

NUMBER 8.

Miscellaneous.

C. MITCHELL.

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

On and after May 22d, 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. 7:15 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 for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

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

1:20 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Elmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

4:50 P. M.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walsaton.

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

Trains arrive—7:10 A. M. Accommodation Punxsutawney to Buffalo; 10:55 A. M. Accommodation from Bradford; 1:20 P. M. Accommodation from Punxsutawney; 4:50 P. M. Mail from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:55 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations.

J. H. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. Geo. W. HARTLETT, Gen. P. Agent, Bradford, Pa. J. P. THOMPSON, Gen. P. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday, June 28, 1891. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Red Bank	10:40	4:30										
Lawsonham	10:54	4:44										
New Bethlehem	11:28	5:18										
Oak Ridge	11:39	5:29										
Millville	11:39	5:29										
Mayesville	11:43	5:33										
Summersville	12:05	5:55										
Brookville	12:25	6:14	6:15									
Fuller	12:43	6:32	6:34									
Reynoldsville	1:00	6:50	6:52									
Pancoat	1:06	6:56	6:58									
Falls Creek	1:17	7:07	7:10	10:55	1:40							
DuBois	1:30	7:19	7:17	11:05	1:50							
Sabula	1:42	7:31	7:29									
Winterburn	1:52	7:40	7:40									
Penfield	1:57	7:45	7:45									
Tyler	2:06	7:53	7:53									
Glen Fisher	2:11	7:58	7:58									
Benezette	2:23	8:10	8:10									
Grant	2:44	8:31	8:31									
Driftwood	3:19	9:06	9:06									

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Driftwood	10:05	6:35									
Grant	10:22	6:52									
Benezette	10:43	7:08									
Glen Fisher	11:02	7:21									
Tyler	11:15	7:35									
Penfield	11:25	7:45									
Winterburn	11:31	7:51									
Sabula	11:43	8:07									
DuBois	12:00	8:24	11:30	4:00							
Falls Creek	1:17	7:10	8:51	11:45	4:10						
Pancoat	1:34	7:28	9:09								
Reynoldsville	1:42	7:36	9:08								
Fuller	1:50	7:46	9:25								
Brookville	2:21	8:09	9:45								
Summersville	2:30	8:28									
Mayesville	2:56	8:51									
Millville	3:02	8:58									
Oak Ridge	3:06	8:59									
New Bethlehem	3:15	9:10									
Lawsonham	3:47	9:45									
Red Bank	4:01	10:00									

Trains daily except Sunday.

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A KENTUCKY MULE.

A Gray Haired Old Fellow Tread a Bear and Finally Killed It.

Sam Parson's gray mule Zeke is old and gray, but he possesses great strength, both of understanding and of body.

Saturday old Sam concluded that he wouldn't work, and accordingly he shouldered his muzzle loading rifle and went hunting. But before departing he turned Zeke out to graze.

Finding the grass around the parson's cabin rather scanty, Zeke wandered down the edge of the creek next to the mountain side. There within the shadow of the woods he struck a nice, tender clump of grass and immediately began to eat it with great delight. While engaged in this congenial task a large black bear came down the mountain side and approached Zeke. Zeke had probably never seen a bear before, as the ursine tribe has long been scarce in these mountains. Nor is it likely that the bear had ever on any previous occasion looked upon a mule. But this bear was hungry and, while Zeke was bigger game than he had bargained for, he evidently thought it worth while to take a look at him, for he came a little nearer.

Zeke was not a bit afraid. He had never stood in awe of manhood, not even Old Sam, his master, and it was not likely that at this late period of his life he would be afraid of any four footed creature that walked the earth. Zeke calmly went on with his pleasant task of eating grass. The bear edged up another yard. Zeke switched his tail and cleverly knocked a fly off his back, and being relieved of the burden of the insect still munched the grass.

The bear began to grow inquisitive. He evidently did not understand what kind of an animal Zeke was, his studies in zoology being limited. He stood upon his haunches and growled, not as a threat, but as a kind of friendly salute. Zeke did not raise his head, and still munched the grass. The bear stopped growling and walked in a respectful circle around Zeke, studying him from every corner. He might have been a hundred miles away for all the notice Zeke took. The bear was puzzled and uttered another growl of interrogation. Again finding himself unnoticed he began to grow angry.

The bear went around behind Zeke and came very close, evidently determined to try by touch to arouse the strange animal. Suddenly Zeke doubled himself up in a knot and leaped high in the air. Two legs flew out of the bunch like piston rods and caught the bear in the side, whirling him over in a complete somersault. When he struck the ground he righted himself and rushed away with a growl of pain. But Zeke was hot after him, and the bear, seeing that he would be overtaken, scrambled up a hickory tree, barely missing a terrible drive of Zeke's hind heels.

Noon came and still Zeke was under the tree. The afternoon passed. It was almost sundown, but still Zeke was there. The bear could stand it no longer. Zeke was about twenty feet away from the tree, apparently taking no notice, and accordingly he crawled down the trunk as quietly as possible, intending to slip away in the forest. Barely had he touched the ground when Zeke turned with a snort and leaped upon him. So fast did his hind legs flash back and forth that they looked like the driving rods of an engine. In a minute the bear was dead, every bone in his body broken. Mrs. Parsons, who saw it all from the door of her cabin, says that the bear didn't even have time to growl. When asked why she hadn't taken a gun from the house and shoot the bear in the tree—for she is a girl woodsman and bold as a man—she replied:

"I knowed Zeke didn't need no help, and besides I didn't want to spile the fun."—Pond Creek (Ky.) Cor. New York Sun.

A Pitiful Sight.

"I was at Sioux City during the rise in the Big Muddy," said T. P. Sinclair, a prominent farmer and stock raiser of South Dakota, "and there witnessed a sight that haunts me. Pretty much everything that would float came swirling down the angry river—wrecks of buildings, household goods and gods—and among the drift was, what do you think? a cradle! One of the old fashioned, wooden sort, and in it sat a white headed little tot, apparently about a year old.

"There was not a boat within hailing distance, the cradle was fully 800 yards from shore and the river was running like a mill race. I started on a dead run down along the bank, hoping to find a boat of some kind, but before I had gone twenty-five yards the cradle tipped over, spilling its little occupant into the muddy waters. I am pretty well seasoned, let me tell you. I walked over rows of dead men at Donaldson and Shiloh, have shot Indians and helped hang cow thieves, but that sight at Sioux City broke me. I just sat down and cried like a woman."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The capital invested in California's vineyards is \$87,000,000. Two hundred thousand acres planted in young vines are producing 800,000 tons of grapes and 17,000,000 gallons of wine yearly.

One of the largest camellia trees in Europe is now in full bloom, near Dresden. It was taken from Japan 150 years ago, is fifty feet high and has an annual average of 40,000 blossoms.

Miniature boars' tusks and the shells so much affected by gypsies are both of very ancient origin. What they signify can be easily found out by any one who cares to inquire.

Idiosyncrasies Don't Count.

"Madam," said the street car conductor to a young lady in a blue calico frock, "you have a dog under your shawl, and you must leave the car."

"What! Leave the car!" vociferated the woman. "I have paid my fare and I'm going to stick right where I am."

"Then I shall put you off," replied the disciplinarian in blue.

All at once a law point came into the woman's head. "Give me back my fare," she said. "I got in here in good faith, and when I paid my five cents a contract was completed. You must either carry it out or return my cash. I'm not responsible because your cranky directors don't like dogs."

The street car official stopped the car and hailed a policeman. The point was stated, and the thief catcher, after pondering for a few moments, observed:

"I ain't no judge nor I ain't no jury, but I claim to have some sense."

"Under your system you might make rules that passengers mustn't wear red neckties or red noses or three dollar trousers, and after they had paid fares shew 'em the rules and put them off."

"There is no end to the rules you might make to bunko folks out of their ride, and every time a chap looked cross-eyed you could turn to rule No. 324, providing that he musn't look cross-eyed and then dump him in the gutter."

"The thing isn't fair. There ain't no law to it and it don't go."

Turning to the young woman he said: "You stay where you are, mum, and to the conductor, 'If you try to put her off without giving her back her fare I'll club your head off.'"

Ting went the bell and on went the car, dog, young woman and all.—New York Herald.

A Sight in a Graveyard.

Two visitors to Trinity churchyard, in lower Broadway, attracted a large share of public attention Wednesday afternoon. One was a well dressed blind man and the other was a boy of sixteen or eighteen years of age, probably a relative of the blind man. The boy led his sightless companion to the grass bordered slab that bears the name of Charlotte Temple. Dropping on his knees at the side of the grave the blind man passed his hands eagerly over the face of the stone and an expression of supreme gratification came into his countenance when his fingers touched the sunken letters of the name. The boy called his attention to that part of the slab from which all of the original inscription except the name is said to have been cut.

There is a hollow place there at least 1 1/2 inches deep. It forms a basin to catch water for the birds to drink and bathe in. It was nearly full of water on Wednesday afternoon, and the blind man dabbled in the little pool gently. He hovered over the grave for several minutes, and became an object of curious interest to at least a hundred persons who stood on the sidewalk and watched him through the fence.—New York Times.

"Old Ironsides."

If the portrait of some grandam who lived in the early days of the century could "materialize," and, stepping down, take her place beside the "tailor made girl" of today, the difference would be no more marked than that between the good ship Constitution and a modern "ocean greyhound." Nevertheless, in spite of the topheaviness of the old ship as compared with the new, if the two sailed down our harbor there would be no necessity for an order of "Hats off," and our heartbeats would tell us for which rang out the "three times three."

Well does this great foremother of ours command both love and reverence. Stanch was she with the strength of oak from the forest primeval; unwavering ever as the pole star in the path of duty, and like a true woman of the olden time, ere "rights" and "suffrage" had lifted their heads from the neither chaos, she obeyed her master, while he, true and brave man of the olden time that he was, loved and honored her.—Jane de Forest Shelton in Harper's.

The Inspection of Milk.

It has been proposed, and in some parts of the country the law already provides, that the entire milk supplying business shall be open at all times to inspection. Such inspection should include examination into the condition and situation of wells in relation to all surrounding buildings, their proximity to standing water or pools containing organic matter, the condition of barns as to warmth and cleanliness, the kind, condition and healthfulness of the cows from which milk is obtained and the nature of the food given to them.

Inspectors should be at liberty to condemn as unfit for milking any cows suffering from chronic diseases that might be conveyed to man by the use of their milk.—Youth's Companion.

She Appealed to His Patriotism.

A friend of mine has a "polly" that is very talkative. Sunday he put the bird on the parlor window sill. Polly pretty soon caught sight of a policeman who was just passing by, who was also a member of the A. O. H., and shouted at him, "What a hat!" The policeman turned around, and seeing no one near, turned to go away. No sooner had he turned his back than Polly again shouted at him. This time Polly was caught. The policeman drew his club, and shaking it at Polly, said: "It's you is it? It's a good thing you're a polly, for if it wasn't for your color I'd shoot ye."—New York Recorder.

COOPER AND WORDSWORTH.

An Interview with the Aged Poet a Few Years Before His Death.

Thomas Cooper, the veteran chartist, who has received a grant of £200 from the Civil List, had, on one occasion, a very interesting interview with Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. Cooper had been at Carlisle and started on a walk through the Lake country.

It was on the third day after leaving Carlisle that Cooper arrived at Rydal Lake. He was very anxious to see Wordsworth and have a talk with him, but, not knowing the poet and having no introduction, was rather doubtful as to what the nature of his reception might be. But, summoning all the courage at his command, he boldly strode up to the poet's door and knocked.

In reply to an inquiry he was told that Wordsworth was at home; so he wrote on a slip of paper, "Thomas Cooper, author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' desires to pay his devout regards to Wordsworth." In a very few minutes he was in the presence of the "majestic old man," and was bowing with deep and heartfelt homage when Wordsworth seized his hand and welcomed him with such a hearty "How do you do? I am very happy to see you," that Cooper says the tears stood in his eyes for joy.

Nothing struck Cooper so much in Wordsworth's conversation as his remark concerning chartism—after the subject of Cooper's imprisonment had been touched upon. "You were right," Wordsworth said; "I have always said the people were right in what they asked; but you went the wrong way to get it. There is nothing unreasonable in your charter. It is the foolish attempt at physical force for which many of you have been blamable." By and by the conversation drifted to other subjects.

There was but one occasion, says Cooper, on which I discerned the feeling of jealousy in him; it was when I mentioned Byron. "If there were time," he said, "I could show you how Lord Byron was not so great a poet as you think him to be—but never mind that now." I had just been classing his own sonnets and "Childe Harold" together as the noblest poetry since "Paradise Lost," but did not reassert what I said.

"I am pleased to find," he said, while talking about Byron, "that you preserve your muse chaste and free from rank and corrupt passion. Lord Byron degraded poetry in that respect. Men's hearts are bad enough. Poetry should refine and purify their natures, not make them worse."

Wordsworth's opinion on Tennyson is interesting. Cooper asked the poet what his opinion was of the poetry of the day: "There is little that can be called high poetry," Wordsworth said. "Mr. Tennyson affords the richest promise. He will do great things yet, and ought to have done great things by this time."

"His sense of music," I observed, "seems more perfect than that of any of the new race of poets."

"Yes," Wordsworth replied; "the perception of harmony lies in the very essence of the poet's nature, and Mr. Tennyson gives magnificent proofs that he is endowed with it."

Wordsworth spoke of Southey in the highest terms, and again reverted to politics. "There will be great changes on the Continent," he said, "when the present king of the French dies, but not while he lives. The different governments will have to give constitutions to their people, for knowledge is spreading, and constitutional liberty is sure to follow." Wordsworth also alluded to the spread of freedom in England, and descanted with animation on the growth of mechanics and similar institutions.

"The people are sure to have the franchise," he said with emphasis, "as knowledge increases; but you will not get all you seek at once, and you must never seek it again by physical force," he added, turning to me with a smile; "it will only make you longer about it."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Falling from a Great Height.

It will be remembered that Mr. Whymer, who had a severe succession of falls once in the Alps, without losing his consciousness, declares emphatically that as he bounded from one rock to another he felt absolutely no pain. The same thing happens on the battlefield; the entrance of the bullet into the body is not felt, and it is not till he feels the blood flowing or a limb paralyzed that the soldier knows he is wounded.

Persons who have had several limbs broken by a fall do not know which limb is broken till they try to rise. At the moment of a fall the whole intellectual activity is increased to an extraordinary degree. There is not a trace of anxiety. One considers quickly what will happen. This is by no means the consequence of "presence of mind," it is rather the product of absolute necessity. A solemn composure takes possession of the victim. Death by fall is a beautiful one. Great thoughts fill the victim's soul; they fall painlessly into a great blue sky.—Drake's Magazine.

Tea in Cashmere.

There are two ways of preparing tea in Cashmere. The first is to put the tea in a pot with cold water and boil it for half an hour, when more cold water is added, after which it is boiled for another half hour. Milk is then added and it is ready for drinking. The second is to place the tea in a pot with a little soda and water, and boil it for half an hour as before. Milk, salt and butter are then added, after which it is boiled for another half hour when it is ready.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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