

The Star.

VOLUME 1.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 21, 1892.

NUMBER 20.

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 22, 1892, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

Time	From	To
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 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.
10:45 A. M.	Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.	
1:20 P. M.	Bradford	Accommodation—For Rochester, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.
4:50 P. M.	Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Waterloo.	
7:55 P. M.	Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Punxsutawney.	
Trains arrive—7:10 A. M.	Accommodation—Punxsutawney; 10:05 A. M. Mail from Waterloo and Punxsutawney; 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. HARTLEY, E. L. LAPEY, General Supt.,	Geo. F. AGENT, Bradford, Pa. E. L. LAPEY, Rochester, N. Y.	

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday July 10, 1892. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4 No. 5 No. 6
Red Bank	10 40 4 30
Lawsburg	10 34 4 44
New Bethlehem	10 25 5 18
Oak Ridge	11 35 5 25
Millville	11 30 5 20
Maysville	11 40 5 30
Summersville	11 45 5 35
Brookville	12 25 6 14 6 15
Falls Creek	12 40 6 32 6 34
Reynoldsville	12 45 6 37 6 39
Panocoast	1 00 6 56 6 52
Falls Creek	1 17 7 07 7 10 7 05 1 35
DuBois	1 30 7 19 7 17 11 05 1 43
Salamanca	1 43 7 31 7 29
Waterbury	1 53 7 40
Wintertown	2 01 7 48
Penfield	2 11 7 57
Tyler	2 21 8 06
Glen Fisher	2 30 8 15
Benezette	2 39 8 24
Grant	2 50 8 33
Driftwood	3 00 8 42
P. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. P. M.	

WESTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 2 No. 6 No. 10 105 110
Driftwood	10 10 6 33
Grant	10 40 7 08
Benezette	10 50 7 18
Glen Fisher	11 08 7 41
Tyler	11 19 7 55
Penfield	11 29 8 07
Waterbury	11 39 8 19
Salamanca	11 47 8 27
DuBois	12 00 7 00 8 40 12 05 8 50
Falls Creek	1 17 7 20 8 50 12 15 9 40
Panocoast	1 30 7 33 9 03
Reynoldsville	1 42 7 50 9 08
Falls Creek	1 59 7 49 9 25
Brookville	2 10 8 11 9 45
Summersville	2 20 8 20
Maysville	2 28 8 31
Millville	2 37 8 35
Oak Ridge	2 46 8 46
New Bethlehem	2 55 8 59
Lawsburg	3 04 9 10
Red Bank	3 13 9 23
A. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.	

Trains daily except Sunday.
DANIEL McCAIG, GEN'L. Supt.,
Pittsburg, Pa.
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THE EARTH MUST DIE.

An Illustration Showing That the Solar System Will Inevitably Expire.

Consider a flywheel or clockwork as driven by a weight and the heat generated by friction against the motion of wheels and pendulum and by impacts of teeth against the pallets of an escapement. Our knowledge of properties of matter and of modes of propagation of heat by radiation or conduction, and of the efficiency of heat as a motor, discovered by several thousand years of observation and several hundred years of experiment and dynamical theory, suffices to show that when the weight is run down and the potential energy (or capacity to do work) which it had in the beginning has been all spent in the heat, this heat is not available for raising the weight and giving the clockwork a renewed lease of motivity.

The solar system, according to the best modern scientific belief, is dynamically analogous to the clockwork in all the essentials of our consideration. Not going back in thought to a beginning of which science knows nothing, let us compare the solar system as it was 3,000 years ago with the solar system as it is now. Let our analogue be a clockwork which three hours ago was known to be going with its weight partially run down, and which is still going with its weight not yet wholly run down.

During these 3,000 years the sun has been giving out radiant heat (light being included in the designation "radiant heat") in all directions, propagated at the rate of about nine and a half million kilometers per year, and therefore twenty-eight and a half thousand million kilometers in 3,000 years. We do not know whether the light which left the sun 3,000 years ago is still traveling outward with almost undiminished energy or whether nearly all is already dissipated in heat, warming the luminiferous ether or ponderable bodies which have obstructed its course. We may, I think, feel sure that it is partly still traveling outward as radiant heat, and partly spent (or dissipated) in warming ponderable matter (or ponderable matter and the luminiferous ether).

The running down of the weight in the clockwork has its perfect analogue, as Helmholtz was, I believe, in reality the very first to point out in the shrinkage of the sun from century to century under the influence of the mutual gravitational attractions between its parts. The heat producing efficiency of the fire which there would be if the sun were a globe of gunpowder or gun cotton burning from its outward surface inward—that is to say, the work done by the potential energy of the chemical affinity between uncombined oxygen and carbon and hydrocarbons, attractive forces as truly forces and subject to dynamic law as is the force of gravity itself, is absolutely infinitesimal in comparison with the work done by the gravitational attraction on the shrinking mass added by Helmholtz as the real source of the sun's heat.

The whole story of energy now in the sun, whether of actual heat corresponding to the sun's high temperature or of potential energy (as of the not run down weight of the clockwork)—potential energy of gravitation depending on the extent of future shrinkage which the sun is destined to experience—is essentially finite, and there is much less of it now than there was 300,000 years ago. Similar considerations of action on a vastly smaller scale are of course applicable to terrestrial plutonic energy, and thoroughly dispose of the terrestrial "perpetual motion" by which Lyell and other followers of Hutton, on as sound principles as those of the humblest mechanical perpetual motionist, tried to find that the earth can go on forever as it is, illuminated by the sun from infinity of time past to infinity of time future, always a habitation for race after race of plants and animals, built on the ruins of the habitations of preceding races of plants and animals.

The doctrine of the "dissipation energy" forces upon us the conclusion that within a finite period of time past the earth must have been, and within a finite period of time to come must again be, unfit for the habitation of man as at present constituted unless operations have been and are to be performed which are impossible under the laws governing the known operations going on at present in the material world.—Fortnightly Review.

Dogs That Bathe Regularly.
It is only the petted and pampered canines who have such a dread of the surf. The democratic curs of the town and the sensible old house dogs who have lived here long enough to feel thoroughly at home and who feel equal to the task of looking out for themselves under any and all circumstances are of an entirely different frame of mind, so far as that is concerned. Plenty of them go in for their daily swims regularly and as unconcernedly as the most enthusiastic and inveterate bathers the town contains, and plenty more wait only for the barest invitation to go plunging in after a stick or ball, to bring it out on the strand, triumphant at the victory over the watery element.—Philadelphia Times.

An anticancer league has been organized in Paris, its purpose being to seek means of relieving humanity of its most dreadful scourges.
It is stated that in the last six months 150 people have been killed by cars in Chicago, and 450 persons were permanently disabled from the same cause.

Killed by a Wringer Machine.

Martha Davenport, colored, twenty-three years old, was killed, and Daisy May Brown, also colored, aged eighteen years, was injured, by the bursting of a wringer in the basement of the Empire Laundry company's building. The wringer had been in use about three years, but was overhauled and a new copper "basket" put in about ten days ago. This is said to be the first occasion when any accident has happened to a wringer since the laundry was started, twenty years ago, and there are several wringers in the place which have been in constant use for over ten years.

The construction of a wringer is not intricate, and as no steam can enter it there seems to be considerable mystery as to how it was possible for it to explode. It consists of a jacket made of cast iron, about 1 1/2 inch thick, 4 feet high and 20 inches in diameter. The copper basket is about 18 inches in diameter and nearly the same height as the jacket, and so placed as to revolve inside the latter. Small holes in the basket permit the water from the clothes to pass out into the jacket and thence by a spigot to a pipe, through which it flows off. The basket and jacket were burst into a thousand pieces, but the post which was meant to hold them in place was left standing, and although the pieces flew all over the room and into the yard none of the other machinery was struck.

Martha Davenport, the woman who was killed, was about fifteen feet from the machine when it burst.—Baltimore American.

A Pioneer on Sea Bathing.

As an old bathman—my father and brothers having kept the "New York Salt Water Floating Baths" at the Battery and at the foot of Desbrosses street for half a century, and being myself one of the first superintendents of the public baths of New York city—I cannot refrain from adding a few words of advice not only to surf bathers, but to all who bathe, either at the seashore, in the pond or even the bathtub, as there is danger in all to an inexperienced person.

In the first place, never bathe after a hearty meal; always before, and early in the morning or late in the evening if possible. Never go in the water while perspiring freely; cool off a little and be sure to wet the head first. Dive in head first if you know how and the place is suitable for so doing. If not, wet a towel and use that on the head, as it drives the blood down and not to the brain, and above all do not stay in the water over twenty minutes, and your bath will do you good and not weaken you, as it will if you stay in too long. As you truly say, the good swimmer is apt to be reckless and careless, forgetting the treacherous "undertows," "sea passes" and the fatal currents, but no man should go in bathing while in liquor. Every one ought to learn how to swim, for it is an accomplishment and very handy to have with you as you journey through life either by wind or by wave.—Cor. New York Herald.

Advantage of Living in a Desert.

A blessed country is the arid region. From nearly every portion of it where the land is irrigated come reports of fine crops of fruit and grain. In a few cases only are there reports of less than an average crop, and these tales are few and far between. In one portion of eastern Washington fears were felt for the wheat crop, but it was soon discovered that although the straw showed the effects of warm, dry weather, the heads were filled with plump berries and the crop was safe. Clearing reports come from Arizona and New Mexico. The former territory comes to the front in great form as a fruit producer, and promises to rival California hereafter both as the earliest producer and in the quality of its products. Colorado grown berries of all kinds would seem to be without a peer in the world, yet eastern Washington, Idaho and Montana, have produced similar fruit gigantic in size and luscious in flavor.—Arid Region.

Sisters Die on the Same Day.

Mrs. Ann Scott Mansby, of Washington, widow of George Mansby, medical director United States navy, died at Elberon, N. J., where she had gone for the summer, Saturday. On the same day occurred the death at her home, at Mount Airy, near Philadelphia, of her sister, Mrs. Emma Lovett Brees, widow of Commodore Brees, United States navy. Mrs. Mansby and Mrs. Brees were the daughters of the late Colonel Lovett, the purchaser of what is now the Kolorama Heights property from the Bowford estate. He lived there with his family before the war and until the time his property was confiscated by the government for hospital purposes. He then removed to Philadelphia, where the family, except Mrs. Mansby, has since resided.—Washington Post.

Old Stamps with High Values.

Many stamps attain a fictitious value on account of some accident in their printing or publication. The story is told that on one occasion a number of stamps were sent into Wales without the customary perforation. They were of the penny brick variety, common enough in all conscience, but it is said because the 240 of them which composed the prized pound's worth were the only specimens ever sent out in such a manner they are now worth two pounds each, and the same queer enthusiasm exists in France, where the stamps used in connection with the balloon post of the great war of 1870 are considered worth their weight in gold.—Million.

MARE SERENITATIS.

There all is waste and wild and dark and drear,
The deepest silence—still in death
No flying wing, no winding call—the ear
Hears not the slightest breath.

All, all is wild; no sunshine falls. Alone,
The very mountains seem to sleep,
No pine trees rock in wavy breeze. No moon
Comes from that silence of the deep.

From Tycho's broad chaotic waste to where
Gassendi's crater spreads,
There lurid, darksome mountains catch the glare
Eternal o'er their heads.

Where are the souls that once those vales did fill—
That poured their hearts above
Once gushing stream, now dried up, wasted
rill.

Once music soft as love?
Oh, that deserted world above who knows
What hand hath made it so?

What epic strain could sweep in song its woes,
Divine what cause hath laid it low?

Oh, say, 'tis not for human art to soar
That vast chaotic deep!
When time and place and art shall be no more,
Twill rouse from mystic sleep.

—E. T. O'Loughlin in Godey's Lady's Book.

An Old Time Railway Ticket.

Among the various exhibits secured by Chief Smith, of the transportation department of the World's fair, during his recent visit to Europe, is a small brass pocket piece, resembling an ordinary baggage check, which is worth a great deal more than its weight in gold. It is of octagon shape, and on one side is stamped the inscription, "L. & S. Railway, Bagworth, No. 29." On the opposite side the number is repeated. The relic represents the kind and form of tickets in use in 1832 for "open carriage passengers" on the Leicester and Swanton railway. The distance covered by the main line was a trifle over six miles, and the passenger fares charged were 1/4 pence a mile. There was one class only, and the passengers stood up in an open carriage, generally known as a tub, which was nothing better than a high sided goods wagon, having no top, no seats, no spring buffer.

These brass tickets were used to the various stations, the guard of the train carrying a letter bag something in the style of a collection box, having eight separate divisions, one for each station. At the end of each passenger's journey his ticket was taken up, and placed in the bag by the guard, to be returned, recorded on the books and again used.—New York Recorder.

Underground Wires Made Useless.

The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone company is meeting with considerable trouble with its underground system in various parts of the city, and have lost a great many wires. The principal trouble lies in the grounding of the wires, that is, the wires become bared, the insulation being penetrated in some way or other, and the dampness causes the current to leak into the earth, causing what is known in electric parlance as a "ground." This prevents the use of the wires beyond the point where the ground occurs. Six or seven cables, containing from 120 to 150 wires, have been affected within the past few weeks. All of the cables affected have been replaced with new ones without the subscribers discovering that there was anything wrong.—Baltimore American.

The Prevention of Smoke.

The latest system of smoke prevention involves the use of the combined apparatus of two inventors. One invention consists of fire clay arches through which the combined air and gases are passed, and which, becoming incandescent, cause the smoke to be consumed. The other principle is the induction of a low pressure current of air by means of steam jets, and the two devices combined give a very good result, more especially when applied to steam boilers.—New York Telegram.

Cottages at Bar Harbor.

Bar Harbor is rapidly becoming a colony of cottagers. Three of the largest hotels and several of the smaller public houses are closed this season, while cottages are springing up on every hand and there are none to spare. Two weeks ago one large hotel had forty-two guests and ninety-six employees; another twenty-two guests and ninety-two employees. Life in private houses is enjoyable for some people at Mount Desert, but the hotels as a rule are wretched places in which to pass the summer.—Bar Harbor Letter.

May Fever from the Goldenrod.

You who are lovers of flowers possibly do not know that you can be poisoned by goldenrod, but it is so despite the fact that it came near being the state flower. Any one afflicted with hay fever (that is, a species of catarrh) should be very careful how they handle this flower when covered with pollen dust.—Albany Journal.

An Interrupted Fight.

Burt Revier and Charles Lemont, of Dundee, Minn., were both in love with the same girl, and they agreed to settle the matter of rivalry by a fight in the presence of the young woman. She was watching the battle from a buggy, when the horse took fright and ran, throwing her out and causing fatal injuries.

Prodigious Fall of Rain.

In the twenty-four hours from 5 a. m., July 26, to 5 a. m., July 27, the rainfall at Minneapolis was 7.80 inches—the greatest fall of water ever recorded by the weather bureau, and probably the heaviest ever known here.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Washington Bear Hunt.

Early one morning not long ago a black boy going to his work was passing along the Pierce's Mill road, near Washington. Paying little attention to what was before him he suddenly found himself confronted by a large grizzly bear. The boy did what almost any one would have done under the same circumstances—he turned and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Luckily the bear did not follow, and he reached a house and gave an alarm.

The news soon spread that a grizzly bear had escaped from the zoological garden. It would be hard to tell how the news got abroad, because every one was afraid to go out of doors. People barricaded their doors and windows and kept their children in the house. The schools in the neighborhood were without pupils.

The superintendent of the zoological garden heard, at any rate, that his lost bear had been seen on the Pierce's Mill road, and accompanied by several well armed volunteers he started in pursuit of the animal.

They came upon him not far from the place where the boy had seen him. The bear regarded his pursuers indifferently. The superintendent was led to hope that he might be captured alive. "Let's surround him," said the chief of the hunters.

They proceeded to form a ring about the grizzly. This proceeding infuriated him at once, and he made a ferocious attack upon one of the hunters.

But before he could reach the man all the other hunters rushed bravely to the assistance of their threatened comrade, whereupon the grizzly, seeing himself outnumbered, turned tail with a growl and ran to a tree near by.

Once more the crowd crept upon the bear, and then the animal rushed valiantly at them all. This time several men fired at once, and the young bear's brief period of liberty was brought to an end.—Washington Letter.

"Old Sport" Campans in Tears.

There were traces of sorrow mingling with those of hardship and age on the face of "Old Sport" Campans as he made his customary rounds of the Clark street resorts yesterday. He did not push the sale of his stock of chewing gum with his wonted activity and persistency. Occasionally he brushed away a tear from his eyes with his rough and wrinkled hands. Tears are not rare with "Old Sport," but it was evident that those he was brushing back yesterday were sincere.

"What's the matter, 'Old Sport'?" more than one of his customers asked.

"Old Sport" placed his stock of gum on the sidewalk. He drew a little bundle of paper from one of his pockets, and carefully unrolling it drew from its folds a bit of yellow paper—a clipping from an eastern police journal. It told of the sudden death in Bridgeport, Conn., of Alexander Campans, sixty-five years old. He was "Old Sport's" brother. Of his death the veteran pedestrian knew nothing until he was handed the clipping yesterday.

No grave was ever dampened by warmer or more loving tears than those shed over the bit of yellow paper that conveyed the message of sorrow to poor "Old Sport."—Chicago Tribune.

Disease Germs in Paper Money.

The possibility of infection being conveyed to a large number of persons by means of paper money has often been suggested, and an examination of the notes of the Bank of Spain current in Cuba shows that this form of currency is indeed liable to contain septic germs. The notes chosen for their experiments were some that had been in use for a good while, and were such as represented values of a few pence only. It was estimated that two notes, weighing altogether about fifteen grains, contained more than 19,000 germs of various kinds. Cultures were made in broth, gelatine and agar, and these were injected into the peritoneal cavity of rats and guinea pigs, most of which died within twenty-four hours, the post mortem examination showing signs of peritonitis and congestion of the liver and kidneys. The blood of the heart and peritoneum was made use of to inoculate solid media, in which colonies developed so rapidly that it was impossible to determine their precise nature, many different forms being intermingled.—London Lancet.

The Hop Crop in Washington.

Washington hops are of a high grade, and the yield, averaging 1,600 pounds to the acre, is almost threefold that of the fields of England, Germany and New York state. The hop louse has now made its devastating presence felt in western Washington, and must be fought there as it has long been fought elsewhere. On account of this pest the Puyallup yield was reduced to 50 per cent. of what had been expected last year, and since the price was low, it was thought that the revenue from hops would not be above \$1,000,000. Hops have fetched more than a dollar a pound in the past; of late the prices have run from twenty cents to thirty cents. To produce them costs less than ten cents a pound in Washington.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Mistakes Occur.

George—Suppose a fellow's best girl gets mad when you ask for a kiss?
Henry—Take it without asking.
George—Suppose she gets mad then?
Henry—Then you've got some other fellow's girl.—New York Weekly.

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.

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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 out 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 Laces, Wrappers, Waists, Aprons, Gloves, Mitts, Night Robes, Stockings, Baby Carriage Robes, Calicoes, 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, 30x30, gilt frame, only \$1.00, are going like hot cakes; if you want one come quick. I also have men's Hoses, 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 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.