

The Star.

VOLUME 1.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 19, 1892.

NUMBER 24.

Miscellaneous.

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

DR. 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 bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, etc.

HOTEL BELNAP,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
GREEN & CONSER, Proprietors.

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

AMERICAN HOTEL,
BROOKVILLE, PA.
BUFFINGTON & LONG, Prop's.

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. 7:15 A. M. mixed train for Punxsutawney.

10:45 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, Eldont, Carnon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

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

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

Trains Arrive: 7:10 A. M. Accommodation Punxsutawney; 10:45 A. M. Mail from Walton 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. McISRYE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. J. H. BARRETT, Gen. Pass. Agent, Bradford, Pa. Gen. Pass. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

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

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Red Bank	10:40	4:30						
Lawsonham	10:54	4:44						
New Bethlehem	11:08	4:58						
Oak Ridge	11:22	5:12						
Milville	11:36	5:26						
Mayaville	11:50	5:40						
Summersville	12:04	5:54						
Brookville	12:18	6:08	6:15					
Falls Creek	12:32	6:22	6:34					
DuBois	12:46	6:36	6:52					
Falls Creek	1:00	6:50	7:02					
Sabula	1:14	7:04	7:16	11:05	1:45			
Wintersburn	1:28	7:18	7:27					
Penfield	1:42	7:32	7:45					
Tyler	1:56	7:46	7:55					
Glen Fisher	2:10	8:00	8:07					
Benezette	2:24	8:14	8:23					
Grant	2:38	8:28	8:35					
Driftwood	2:52	8:42	8:50					

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 10.	No. 100.	No. 110.
Driftwood	10:10	4:35			
Grant	10:24	4:49			
Benezette	10:38	5:03			
Glen Fisher	10:52	5:17			
Tyler	11:06	5:31			
Penfield	11:20	5:45			
Wintersburn	11:34	5:59			
Sabula	11:48	6:13			
DuBois	12:02	6:27	12:05	5:30	
Falls Creek	12:16	6:41	12:15	5:40	
Panconet	12:30	6:55			
Reynoldsville	12:44	7:09			
Fuller	12:58	7:23			
Brookville	1:12	7:37			
Summersville	1:26	7:51			
Mayaville	1:40	8:05			
Milville	1:54	8:19			
Oak Ridge	2:08	8:33			
New Bethlehem	2:22	8:47			
Lawsonham	2:36	9:01			
Red Bank	2:50	9:15			

Trains daily except Sunday.

DANIEL MCCARGO, Gen'l. Supt., Pittsburg, Pa.
JAS. P. ANDERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Agt., Pittsburg, Pa.

CHANGEABLE WEATHER!

Nature has seen fit to have changeable weather and why not have your person garmented with a neat and nobby 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. FROENLICH'S,
Next door to Hotel McConnell.

WHEN WE GO OFF AND DIE.

The road is rough and rocky,
The road that leads to fame,
And the way is strewn with skeletons
Of those who have grown lame,
And have fallen by the wayside:
The world will pass you by,
Nor pause to read your manuscript
Till you go off and die.

Your friends of course will print your
stuff,
And tell you it is good,
And when you sign it, More Anon.
They'll say, I wish you would.
They just about appreciate:
And yet I know not why
They all forget you want to eat
Till you go off and die.

You'll find no shoulders here below
To help you bear your cross,
You'll have to eat your mutton plain,
Without your caper sauce,
And when you read down to dessert
You'll find a death of pie;
And you'll never know what pudding is
Till you go off and die.

But there's a consolation
In the thought that when we're dead
If we have written something good
Our efforts will be read;
And friends will plant forget-me-nots,
And come and sit and sigh,
And irrigate our graves with tears
When we go off and die.

—Cy Warman in Creede Chronicle.

An Important Discovery.

German investigation proves that acid solutions will convert common sawdust into a material firm in texture and so extremely hard as to be impenetrable by either a nail or a gimlet. It is also more impervious to the action of the elements than any other known material used for building purposes, concrete natural stone and ordinary building metals not excepted. Besides the above excellent qualities, which of course will make it rank high in the estimation of contractors and builders, it has another point that will make it worthy of praise when finally adopted—that of being practically fireproof, specimens of boards made from it having been subjected to an extraordinary degree of heat for upward of an hour without warping or changing its texture in the least.

It is claimed for it that it will be stronger than wood for joists and girders, and, above all, that it can be manufactured at such a slight cost as to bring it into competition with the more common building stuffs.—St. Louis Republic.

The Offertory.

The offertory occasionally yields its humors. I can see no fun myself in dropping into the plate buttons or peppermint drops or gilded farthings. But these and other such like votive offerings occasionally come our way. On one occasion a mild hint was given to a dirty looking verger when a small coin was carefully wrapped up in a bit of paper inscribed, "For a bath for a prominent church official." On another occasion, when the officiating clergyman had been somewhat bungling through a difficult litany, a similar piece of paper was marked, "For a singing lesson for the curate."

After a somewhat rambling discourse from one of my colleagues, who shall of course be nameless, the church warden told me that a man at the bottom of the church, when he offered him the plate, took out a sixpence and looked at it ruefully, and then cast it in with the remark, "Well, you shall have it, old fellow, but it's a deal more than that sermon was worth."—Cornhill Magazine.

Brilliantly Colored Fish.

The bottom of the ocean is magnificent with its starfish and sea pad; some in rich purple and shedding a soft golden green light, while others send out silver flashes, and the lamp fish carries on its head at night a golden light. Another fish seems to be decorated with pearls, and it is evidently the fashion there to be brilliant in some way. Even crabs in hot climates seem to set themselves on fire, and when captured and tumbled they blaze all over with indignation.

A species of the shark, too, is intensely brilliant at night, and one that was drawn up shone like a splendid lamp for some hours after it was dead. Naturalists have long been at work on this curious subject, and the source of the illuminating power is supposed to be contained in little sacks or cells in the body of the animal.—Harper's Young People.

The Use of Toothpicks.

"Do toothpicks do harm or good?" is a question often asked. They may do harm if abused, undoubtedly, by causing irritation of the gum between two teeth and its subsequent absorption, and if made of wood splinters are liable to be left behind, which have in many recorded instances caused even the loss of a tooth; but used judiciously they are of great value in routing the attacking forces in caries—namely, accumulations of food and mucus secretions. It has been urged against them that they might dislodge a stopping. But if a stopping is so insecure it must be faulty, and the sooner it is replaced the better, for decay, due to the impossibility of keeping the surface clean, must be going on underneath it.—London Lancet.

Shakes a Mooted Point.

Shakespeare once used the phrase, "the scameles of the rock." Tomes of teeming thought have been devoted to the elucidation of this meaning. It now appears that "the young of the bartailed godwit," which we are informed is a bird, is called a "scamel" by the gunners of Norfolk. This may do for the controversy what the eggshell does for the coffee.—New York World.

Handshaking Was a Trial.

George Meikle Kemp, the architect of the Scott monument at Edinburgh, was a man who raised himself from obscurity by the sheer force of talent and determination. He had a retiring nature, and a shy and shrinking manner toward strangers. The habit of handshaking created in him an embarrassment and aversion which he could scarcely control, and one of his friends gives an amusing description of the manner in which he accomplished the deed when it became inevitable. The two were walking along one of the streets in Edinburgh in the full flow of an animated conversation, when Kemp suddenly became aware of a friend approaching them from the opposite direction.

Instantly the current of his thought was arrested, he lost the thread of conversation, and then became silent altogether. A whimsically troubled expression crept over his face, and a nervous commotion developed itself in his manner.

Extraordinary movements began in his right hand and arm, which he kept dangling and jerking backward and forward in a helpless way, as if he had entirely lost control of them. Gradually the hand appeared to stiffen, and rose, with the arm, until they were at right angles with the body.

With a powerful effort he shot out his hand and grasped that of the friend who had approached, and then, the ordeal passed, with a sigh of relief, he briskly resumed his part of the conversation with the air of a man who has performed an unpleasant but meritorious action.—Youth's Companion.

The Irrigation of Orchards.

It has been demonstrated in California that surface irrigation is not the best method for orchards. The system is untidy, wasteful and causes an unnecessary growth of noxious weeds. It also stultifies the tree growth, causing the roots to form in a ball near the surface. An orchard designed for market fruits should be irrigated by means of underground conduits or cement pipes.

These are laid below the freezing point and made of sufficient dimensions to carry the requisite quantity of water within three or four feet of the tree. Small holes cut in the top of the pipes and covered by boxes to prevent the holes filling with earth allow the water to percolate slowly out from the pipe and moisten the soil at the roots of the tree.

By this method the roots go downward, giving the tree a firmness to resist rainstorms and withstand the effects of continued dry weather in case the water supply is temporarily exhausted. This system may be considered expensive, but the additional yield of fruit will justify such expenditure. The field of the future irrigated fruit market will be large enough to justify systematic underground tiling as well as piping. Drainages will be more extensively practised as the market orchards increase, and although expensive as it may seem, these orchards will be valuable dividend paying properties.—Irrigation Age.

An Accommodating Barber.

Some of the rural towns in New England do not support a barber, and hair cutting is usually done by an accommodating neighbor. A writer recently fell in with one of these amateur barbers, and humorously describes his accommodating ways:

Soon I was perched astride of a molasses hogshead, with a meal bag about my neck to protect it from the fall of hair. I might say the possibilities of a fall from the hogshead were great, as I squirmed about it to have the light strike my head right, so the gores would be even. He was no mean barber, for he scorned to receive any recompense. I wish all barbers were as charitable.

After our cutting acquaintance I saw much of the barber. One time he was on the school house steps cutting a man's hair. Again I saw him hard at work on a man's head in the middle of his vegetable patch. The farmer was leaning against a bean pole with his hoe in his hand, evidently making the most of his luxurious ease. Anywhere and everywhere he happened to catch his man the enterprising barber would work. I was on the shore one day watching a fisherman at his salmon nets. Shortly a small skiff went out from a neighboring cove. It was the barber, who rowed out to where the fisherman was and was soon cutting his hair.—Belfast Age.

An Indian Amulet.

In India a variety of gems and stones are used as amulets. The most common is the salagrama, a stone about as large as a billiard ball, and which is perforated with black. This is supposed to be found only in Gandaki, a river in Nepal. The person who possesses one of these stones is esteemed highly fortunate; he preserves it in a clean cloth, from whence it is sometimes taken to be bathed and perfumed. He believes that the water in which it is washed, if drunk, has the power to preserve from sin. Holding it in his hand, the dying Hindoo expires in peace, trusting in a stone rather than in the living God.—Detroit Free Press.

How to Oil a Belt.

Take the belt from its pulleys and put it in a warm solution of oil and tallow for a few minutes. Then plunge it into water heated to 100 degs. Fahrenheit and remove at once. The water will temper the leather at the same time that it drives the oil and tallow in.—New York Telegram.

BESIDE THE STREAM.

Long I watched her, beside the river,
Breathing the springtime air;
Smiling up to the Holy Giver
Of a world so bright and fair.
There she stood, where the swirling waters
Kissed her feet with their hoarse spray,
She, the darling of nature's daughters
And the peer of the fairest fay.

There she wandered, from dewy morning—
With the thoughts that love lustille—
Till the sun, with wreaths her brow adorning,
Sank behind the western hills.
There she loitered in dreamful rapture,
Alone on the sandy shore;
Oh, poet-artist, here might ye capture
A picture of lost Lenore!

Now the maiden is lying lowly
In a mound beside the stream,
While angels visit that spot so holy
When on it the moon doth beam;
Now her spirit has flown forever,
But her soul I deem is blest
By the dreams she dreamt by the gleaming
River.

When she wandered an earthly guest,
—R. H. Kennington in Good Housekeeping.

The "King of Switzerland."

A gentleman stylishly dressed called the other day at 10 o'clock in the morning at the office of M. Duranton, the police magistrate, and on being shown in said to that official:

"I am the king of Switzerland in person. Come, now, prostrate yourself before Paul I, the king of all the Helvetias."

Finding that his interviewer was wrong in his head, the commissaire made a bow, saying:

"I will see that your majesty is conducted to his palace. Your suite will be here shortly to accompany you."

Taking from his pocket an old shoe lace, to which was suspended the lid of a sardine box, the lunatic proceeded to affix it to the neck of the magistrate.

"I hereby appoint you," he said, "commander of the National Order of the Star of Lucerne."

The magistrate patiently submitted to the operation, and afterward had the poor man conveyed to the infirmary of the quarter.—Temps.

"Say Your Nasty Little Prayers!"

Mr. Sala in his journal relates the following experience of Mr. William Black, the novelist: "When at work Mr. Black loves intense quiet, and cannot bear the slightest noise. For this reason he always selects a room at the top of the house as his study. At one time it was his misfortune to live in what he describes as a jerry built house, and while endeavoring to work in the early hours of the morning, as is his custom, he tells of one amusing inconvenience that he was called upon daily to put up with.

"The nursery of his next door neighbor was in a line with his study, and in this a somewhat numerous family was located. Every morning as regular as clockwork Mr. Black could hear the elder sister call out, 'Now then, you horrid little things, kneel down and say your nasty little prayers!' A profound silence would follow, but the interval was a brief one. Then came a rush and clatter, and the shrill voices of the children were heard exclaiming, 'We have said our prayers; we have said our prayers!'"

Mother at Prayer.

Once, says a writer, I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room and saw her on her knees beside her chair and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger and in struggle. When death came at last and sealed those lips the sorest sense of loss I felt was the knowledge that no more would my mother be praying for me.

Burning Glasses in Store Windows.

A chemical journal warns pharmacists and all others who have occasion to display anything in the nature of a lens in their windows that, as the season changes, the sun's rays may fall directly into windows which they did not reach during the preceding season, and therefore it would be well to bear in mind the possibility of fire being kindled through this agency and take precautions accordingly. That the show globes in a druggist's window are capable of acting as "burning glasses" is proved by one case in which the woodwork of a window was effectually charred by the sunlight concentrated on it through a globular show bottle.

A Cheap Soup.

A brilliant Belgian, "realizing the growing popularity of vegetarian diet and the desire to avoid meats as a food," patented the idea of making a soup from water, into which should be put a teaspoonful of Peruvian guano. This decoction, he said, would give strength and possessed remarkable nourishing qualities. He failed to say, however, whether or not he was a vegetarian.—New York News.

Hospitals in London.

There are nineteen general hospitals in London, eleven of which have medical schools attached, and three are endowed. St. Bartholomew's is the wealthiest and oldest, having been founded in 1123. It has a revenue of about \$340,000. The London hospital in Whitechapel road is the largest. The total number of beds in the London hospitals is 8,500.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Great Big Bluff.

"A few years ago a bully known as 'Big Mike' was the terror of southern Wisconsin," said Patrick O'Farrell. "Big Mike was monarch of all he surveyed, and his rights there was none to dispute. Janesville, Beloit and Waukesha were his favorite haunts. He was always spooling for a fight, and as he stood 6 feet 6 inches and was put up like a Hercules nobody cared to accommodate him, and like Arkansas in Mark Twain's o'ertrue tale, he traveled chiefly on his bluff and bad looks.

"One night Mike was in a Waukesha saloon kept by a German with the patriotic name of Yankee. Mike was hungry for trouble. He insulted everybody present, imposed on the bartender and made himself a disagreeable nuisance generally. Presently a tall, gaunt, consumptive looking chap drifted in. He looked as though a good stiff breeze would blow him away. He lounged up to the bar, and in a voice sweet and deferential as that of a bashful school-girl called for soda. Mike swaggered up to him and announced his intention to drink at the stranger's expense. The latter paid no attention to him. Mike became abusive. He followed him about the room cursing him and making pugilistic demonstrations.

"Finally the consumptive looking stranger turned and sweetly said: 'My Christian friend, you appear to be yearning for a thrashing. Be kind enough to give me your address and I will send you home to your family when I get through with you.' He handed Mike a notebook and pencil and carefully removed his coat. The cool audacity of the stranger paralyzed Mike. He tried to crawl fish, but the stranger wouldn't have it.

"I've heard of you for two years past, and I came to Waukesha especially to whip the insolence out of you," he said, 'and right here we mix.'

"But they didn't. Mike made a break for the door and has not been in Waukesha since. It was a beautiful bluff. The thin stranger could not have hurt him with a hammer. He died two weeks later of consumption."—Chicago Tribune.

Two Foolish Men.

Among the most interesting visitors at the outlying summer resorts are the rural business men who run down from town to see the sights. They have money and are persons of consequence at home. One of their most important duties is to go through the dinner. They have expected to find a waiter behind every chair, and fancy they are neglected if their orders are not attended to immediately. Two of them, already annoyed at the delay, had everything the bill of fare could offer but the black pepper. That was at the other end of the table, and the waiter was gone.

Neither would take up knife or fork without the pepper. They fumed and fretted. They vowed they would never come to that hotel again. They wouldn't spend a summer at any fashionable watering place for money. They made themselves so unhappy that a neighbor made an effort and got them the pepper. But it was too late to restore their spirits. When the waiter endeavored to serve them again eagerly, and with circumstance, one exclaimed:

"Oh, yes; you're in a great hurry now. Don't jump around so; you make me nervous."

Finally the other laid down his knife and fork and said solemnly: "I feel like I'm robbing my wife and children eating such an expensive dinner. It's the way men ruin themselves when they ought to be laying up money in the bank."

Thus these two poor men struggled through the meal, torturing themselves with every mouthful, and simply because their little bundles of self love were hurt at not getting the black pepper the moment they wanted it.—New York Evening Sun.

Fickle Fortune.

The stage offers many instances of a mocking fortune. Mr. Braton Robins, an old actor, whose recollections of half a century on the stage were published in part some time ago, had the one great chance of his life when he was in the very direst straits. He had been a super, and had advanced into the more dignified rank of the recognized actor. For some days he had been living on bread and water, and he was weak and ill.

Then news came to him that Mr. Betty had declined his part at Mary Lane. Mr. Robins was sent for. The play was "Richelieu," and he had never appeared in it. Shylock was his favorite character, and he begged that the play might be changed. But this could not be done, and in twenty-four hours the unknown actor had to learn the enormous part. He sat up all night, and next morning he was letter perfect, but he had eaten nothing, and his excitement would not allow him to sleep.

When the curtain went up for the opportunity which gave him chance for renown, his privations told their tale. His voice deserted him, the performance was a failure, and at the close he was taken away to bed and a long period of sickness. Thus in the very moment of his success Dame Fortune showed how fickle she could be.—Dramatic Letter.

Timely Warning.

Bob Stayer—Well, I believe I must be going.
Miss Weary—Perhaps you had better. The signal service predicts rain for tomorrow.—Kate Field's Washington.

PILLSBURY AND 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

Bargain Store,
In Room Lately Occupied by BOLGER BROS.

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 Laces, 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