

The Star.

VOLUME 1.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 16, 1892.

NUMBER 28.

Miscellaneous.

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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 Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

7:15 A. M.—Mixed train for Piquette.

10:05 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

10:10 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

10:55 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

1:20 P. M.—Accommodation from Bradford.

4:50 P. M.—Mail—For DuBois, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

7:55 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

10:05 P. M.—Accommodation from Bradford.

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10:20 P. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

10:25 P. M.—Accommodation from Bradford.

10:30 P. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

10:35 P. M.—Accommodation from Bradford.

10:40 P. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

10:45 P. M.—Accommodation from Bradford.

10:50 P. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

10:55 P. M.—Accommodation from Bradford.

11:00 P. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

11:05 P. M.—Accommodation from Bradford.

11:10 P. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

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AN AUTUMN MELODY.

What notes of what ditty can sound from the city,
From out of the dust and the din,
Where the sun's pallid taper is dim through
The vapor
That shrouds all the sorrow and sin?
At evening I listen—the murky lamps glisten,
The stars peep by two and by three;
The harsh babel noises replace your sweet
Voices,
Dear sea!

Yet past the fog curtain, I know it for certain,
The barn roofs have caught the last ray:
The smoke of the threshing is softly emesh-
ing,
Brown gables with delicate gray;
The red leaves are falling, the plovers are
calling,
The sea wind is salt o'er the world:
The byones blacken, the tufts of green
bracken
Turn gold.

O scents that redouble where slow through the
stubbles
The plow cleaves a pathway of hope!
O woods fading yellow, and orchards grown
mellow,
And flocks on the faraway slope!
O sea songs that mingle on bowlder and
shingle,
O fields that of old time I knew!
My heart swells to bursting with infinite
thrilling

For you,
—M. C. Gillington in Chambers' Journal.

The Chimes in Old Trinity.

There is a delightful mystery about the Trinity chime. It is the oldest in this country, except the chime of Christ church in Philadelphia. But very little is known of the history of Trinity's older bells. From the inscriptions upon them it is supposed that the five bells that at first composed the chime were cast in London. One more, it is believed, came from England in 1788, when the second Trinity church was erected. When the present Trinity church was built in 1845 there were six old bells in the steeple. The largest one was cracked and was sent to Troy to be recast, and at the same time four more Troy bells were bought.

Consequently the Trinity chime now consists of ten bells, five cast in England and five cast in Troy. The largest weighs 3,805 pounds, the smallest 750, and the whole together about 15,000 pounds. They are hung in such a heavy wooden framework that the full volume of their sound is never heard in the street. Even before the improvements in Grace church, Trinity's method of ringing was considered primitive by comparison.—New York Sun.

\$125,000 for a Book.

The Vatican library at Rome, celebrated for its thousands of valuable books, contains a copy of that most valuable of all books, the Hebrew Bible. Years ago, in the time of Pope Julius, about 1512 or 1514, a most remarkable offer was made for this Biblical treasure. A syndicate (I suppose the company was hardly known as a "syndicate" at that time) of rich Jews was formed for the purpose of getting the Bible out of the hands of the Catholic hierarchy. They made many offers, all of which were refused, capping the climax by offering its weight in gold. As the weight of the book is exactly 325 pounds, that offer was considered as being equivalent to \$125,000 of United States currency.—Philadelphia News.

The Father of Pharaoh's Daughter.

Who was the father of pharaoh's daughter? What was his name? The word pharaoh was simply a title, and the phrase "pharaoh's daughter" gives no more information than "the king's daughter" or "the lord's daughter." Three pharaohs of the name of Thotmes, three of the name of Amenhotep and two of the name of Rameses have had their names advocated to be the father of the princess who rescued the infant Moses. There is a controversy going on about it—a controversy revived by the Rev. Professor Heckler at the congress of orientals in London.

Killed the Cat.

Several years ago a farmer and his wife were sitting opposite each other at a kitchen table in a storm. A cat was lying beside them on the floor near the stove. The lightning struck the chimney over the kitchen, came down, and whirled the table about without injuring either the man or his wife. It struck the stove, passing off by one of its legs, which was melted, killed the cat, and finally went into the well by way of a nail in the floor.—Exchange.

Some Dress Goods.

The dressmakers of the reign of Louis XV announced that, among other costly goods, they had for sale sad friend's color, doe's belly, scratched face, rat color, fading flower, dying monkey, gladsome widow, lost time, dead alive, sick Spaniard, mortal sin, common harm and chimney sweep.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Knew His Opportunity.

"I like you well enough, Mr. Sapling, but Ethel is too young to marry yet. I think it better that she should wait until she has arrived at years of discretion, so to speak."
"Yes, and then she will marry some one else."—Indianapolis Journal.

A gentleman who had gone to watch with a sick friend opened a door which led to the cellar, but from which the stairs had been removed. He fell and was killed. What a wicked neglect to have such a door unbarred in the front hall!

Antiochus Epiphanes died suddenly under circumstances which gave the Jews, whose temple he had profaned, occasion to regard his death as a judgment from heaven.

A Very Close Shave.

"I believe I got into the closest place during the civil war that a man ever got out of alive," said E. N. Harper, the Mulhatten of Michigan, now stopping at the LaCade. "I had been detailed to obtain information regarding the strength of a detachment of Confederate troops stationed on the Tennessee river, near Decatur, Ala. I got the information, and was working my way back to camp when I was discovered and pursued by a scouting party. I had concealed a skiff in the brush on the banks of the river, but a sudden rise had swept it away, and there was nothing to do but surrender or swim the swollen stream. I plunged in, but the current was stronger than I had anticipated, and by the time I reached midstream my strength was about exhausted. I managed to get hold of the end of a floating log and drifted down stream, while the Johnnies made the water around me boil with their bullets.

"I soon drifted out of range and crawled up on the log, only to discover that it was already occupied by a big water moccasin, who was inclined to dispute possession. I had no weapon but a water soaked pistol. If I staid on the log I would get bit; if I got off I would be drowned. While debating what I should do the log drifted within range of the Union pickets, and they appeared to think I had been raised up by a special providence as a practice target. The first volley killed the moccasin, and before they could reload I made them understand that I was not trying to pull any feathers out of the tail of the American eagle. Since my escape from that position of fourfold peril I have been something of a fatalist."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

English Politeemen.

The police regulations in England are very different from those common in this country. The policeman there is not nearly so autocratic as he is here and would never think of using a club or striking a man, except in self defense. J. Gilmer Speed gives this story of their mild sway:

Upon one occasion a man came into my office and created a disturbance. I ordered him out. He declined to go, so I sent for a policeman. A sergeant came. I said to him:

"This man does not belong here and refuses to leave my office. Will you please take him out?"

I expected the sergeant to tell the man he must go, and then if he did not move on I expected to see the officer remove him by force. Not at all. The sergeant said, "You had better leave here, sir," and his tone was as respectful and civil as though he was asking a favor.

The man manifested no intention of leaving, and the police officer began an inquiry as to his reasons for wanting to stay. This so exasperated me that I put the man out myself, greatly to the astonishment and apprehension of the officer.

He explained to me that I had no right to interfere in the matter I had brought to his attention, and that doubtless the intruder would get out a warrant against me and have me arrested for assault.

A Mexican Bat in a Birdcage.

In a little out of the way alley not far from Stuyvesant square there is a small, dingy barroom. It is the favorite drinking place of a dozen or more old men, who are cronies and have met and played chess there for many years. The aged proprietor of the place has filled the room with curiosities—strange stuffed birds, autographs of old New Yorkers, theater tickets of a quarter of a century ago, a few old fashioned collars, etc. The old gentleman is facetious occasionally. He has been chuckling over his latest joke for a week or two.

Hanging from the ceiling directly over the bar is a bamboo birdcage. The four sides of the cage are covered with cloth curtains. On one of these curtains is printed this inscription, "A Mexican Bat." Of course every customer wants to see the animal, but on lifting the curtain one sees nothing but a brick suspended from the top of the cage by a string. The experiment generally costs the curious person at least the price of five flagons of ale.—New York Tribune.

A Scheme That Works.

When you go into the Marble Collegiate church, at Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, you will find in the book rack of each pew a card of the size of a fashionable envelope. It is an "acquaintance card," bearing the pastor's name and church address on one side, with a nice little square in the upper right hand corner in which is printed, "If mailed, two cent stamp here." On the other side is printed: "In order that the pastors may have the opportunity of seeking personal acquaintance and extending to you the courtesies of the church, please write your name and address below, drop the card in the pastor's mail box, hand to an usher or return by mail. Signed, David James Burrell, D. D., pastor; Rev. Palmer S. Hulbert, Rev. Alfred E. Myers, assistant pastors." It is a sort of a drop-a-card-in-a-slot-and-receive-a-pastoral-call scheme, and they say it works well.—New York Times.

The Norman-English ladies dressed their hair in two long plaits, and when nature was not liberal lengthened the plaits with braids of wool, tow or horse-hair.

The glassmakers of Thebes forty centuries ago possessed the art of staining glass, and they produced the commodity in the utmost profusion.

THE DRYAD.

have seen her limpid eyes,
Large with gradual laughter, rise
Through wild roses' nettles,
Like twin blossoms grow and stare.
Then the hateful, envious air
Whisked them into petals.

I have seen her hardy cheek,
Like a molten coral, leak
Through the leafage shaded,
Of thick chickasaws, and then,
When I made more sure, again
To a red plum faded.

I have found her racy lips,
And her graceful finger tips,
But a haw or berry,
Glimmers of her there and here,
Just, forsooth, enough to cheer
And to make me merry.

Often on the ferry rocks
Dazzling dimples of loose locks
At me she bath shaken,
And I've followed—all in vain!
They had trickled into rain,
Sunlit, on the broken.

Once her full limbs flashed on me,
Naked, where some royal tree
Powdered all the spaces
With wan sunlight and quaint shade—
Such a haunt romance hath made
For haunched satyr races.

There, I know, hid amorous Pan:
For a sudden pleading ran
Through the maze of myrtle,
And a rapid violence tossed
All its fowerage—'twas the lost
Coinings of a turtle.

—Madison Cawein in St. Joseph's News.

What One Man Saw in One Day.

"I saw three very curious things yesterday; remarkable, they were. Coming in on a suburban train I sat down behind a woman as black as ink. She was a full blooded negro, and her hair was as straight as yours or mine and as soft as velvet. I don't think there is another such case in the world.

"Walking up Broadway later on I saw an electric wire catch fire and burn in twain, the pieces falling to the ground. There were no cross wires nor any wire nor anything within ten feet of it when it caught." He rested awhile.

"Say! Ahem! When I was eating supper last night I found a worm—a black, shaggy worm an inch long—in a fresh egg. You see I have my eggs served to me in the shell and eat them with a spoon from the shell. As I dug down into the yolk of one brought me at a fashionable restaurant I saw something black in the center, and pulling it out discovered what I have told you. The egg was sound as a dollar. The way I figure it out is that an old hen swallowed a worm just before the egg began to form and the worm got tangled up in the machinery and got stuck. Well, I must be going. Good day."—St. Louis Republic.

Fear Before the Fight.

Testimony differs as to the feeling of the soldier on going into a fight, and the many experiences related by Grand Army men to their always willing listeners show that in their war histories there was no uniformity of either fear or daring. The major of a New Hampshire regiment said: "I always felt timid when the shot began to reach us, but as soon as we got into action I was carried away by excitement. I am not usually a profane man, and I have no recollection of talking roughly to my troops, yet a good many of them have assured me that all through a fight I would swear like—well, like a trooper."

Another man, a colonel, said: "It's all nonsense to say that a man doesn't feel afraid in the beginning of a fight and all through it. Of course he does. He has reason. Sherman said of General Sumner that he was the only man who grew bolder as he grew older, but the only man I ever saw who really seemed to want to fight, and to enjoy it after he was in it, was Custer."—New York Sun.

A Lawn Game.

Tetherball is a new game of English origin which possesses the pronounced advantage of being played in a few feet of lawn or courtyard. A post eight feet high is set up, and to this is attached a cord having at its end a ball. The space of the grounds may influence somewhat the length of the string, which should be, however, not less than eight nor more than ten feet long. The ball is set in rotary motion, and with tennis racquets the two players endeavor in turn to hit it. The game is said to be exciting, and decidedly a warm contest, as the ball proves very elusive.—Exchange.

Libraries, Museums and Methods.

Modern museum methods applied to libraries will result in a vast extension of their general usefulness and availability for the purposes of instruction, and in the modern museums the exhibition of books has become almost as important as the display of the conventional museum specimens.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Truth About Girls.

A small boy in a Brooklyn grammar school has furnished the latest information about girls in a recent composition: "Girls is pretty and afraid of guns. They wear toe rubbers and look at the clouds and say, 'Oh, how perfectly lovely!'"—New York Times.

Of the 218 suicides reported in New York city in one year, shooting was most popular with 77 cases, to 48 by poison, 37 by hanging, 23 by gas, 16 by knife, 10 by drowning, 4 by jumping from a roof and 3 by jumping from a window.

A blind man with a hand organ has been parading the streets of Alexandria, Ind., with a placard on his breast which reads, "I am blind and the father of eight children by a horrible accident."

The Division of Time.

At the poles, where all meridians converge, there can be no natural standard time, for it is every hour of the day at once; but the regulation of time at these singular points has not yet become a burning question. Were the system of time reckoning recommended by the prime meridian conference carried out in its entirety, the minutes indicated on all well regulated clock dials throughout the world would be the same at a given instant, but the hours would differ at each 15 degs. of longitude by steps of one, twenty-four standards encircling the globe. Thus, for example, at twenty-five minutes past noon of the prime (or rather the zero) meridian, clocks 90 degs. E. would show twenty-five minutes past 6 p. m. (18h. 25m.); those 90 degs. W., twenty-five minutes past 6 a. m. (6h. 25m.), and those at 180 degs., twenty-five minutes past midnight.

The zero meridian adopted by the prime meridian conference is that of Greenwich, and definite time standards based on hourly intervals from this starting line have been used since 1883 on the railways of North America. The continent is divided into strips of 15 degs. in width, in each of which a separate time standard prevails from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson bay. Atlantic time in the eastern province of Canada and in Newfoundland shows 8 a. m. at Greenwich noon; eastern time in the Atlantic states of the Union marks 7 a. m. at the same moment, while central, mountain and Pacific time indicate respectively 6, 5 and 4 a. m. The meridians which set the clocks across America are those of 60, 75, 90, 105 and 120 degs. W.—London Nature.

Comotions Produced by Electricity.

Many effects have been attributed to electrical comotions, but for some of these it would be hazardous to vouch. There are wells and springs which are thrown into a state of apparent ebullition on the approach of a storm. Fountains are said to pour out copious streams, even in times of drought, when Jupiter "media nuborum in nocte, cunsa fulmina malit dextra." Subterranean thunders have occasionally been heard preparatory to an aerial eruption. The sea has cast up volumes of water, as if volcanoes were exploding below. The ground has burst open, and floods of water have gushed forth from the sides of hills or from fissures in the rocks.

Taking another class of effects, cures have been performed by lightning; goaty men have been enabled to walk freely; epileptic persons have been healed; anasarca has been removed and rheumatism dispelled by a flash. But one dare not look too closely into the subject of medical electricity, nor venture to recommend any one to tempt lightning in the hope of experiencing its curative powers, for its action is arbitrary and oftener than not hurtful. Three hundred persons were once struck in Charleston prison and clean robbed of their muscular strength.—Chambers' Journal.

Patti Sang for the Parrot.

In her castle at Craig-y-Nos Mme. Patti has a \$6,000 parrot, which she cherishes and pets as if it were a child. One day there went to interview Patti a young man who had traveled long and far to view the beautiful Craig-y-Nos palace. "Mme. Patti will be here in a moment," said the door attendant.

Just then there was a rustle of skirts and Mme. Patti swept into a room adjoining. In a minute the most beautiful, birdlike notes rose upon the air, unmistakably from Patti's throat.

"She is singing to me," said the delighted listener to himself, "and she is too modest to come in and sing directly before me. She wants me to hear her as she sings at home. Oh, what joy to have this privilege!"

At this moment the heavy draperies were pulled aside and the attendant said: "You may wait upon Mme. Patti now. She has been giving a short lesson to her parrot. She teaches him every day. This way, sir, if you please."—Chicago Post.

Won a Wife by His Skill.

Action was a Grecian painter of about the time of Alexander, and he won a wife by his great work. He painted a picture called "The Nuptials of Alexander and Roxane," which was exhibited at the Olympic games. It excited such a stir that one of the judges cried in admiration, "I reserve crowns for the victorious athletes, but I give my daughter in marriage to the painter Action as a recompense for his picture." Action was one of the artists who excelled in the art of mixing his colors; he could not go to the nearest store and purchase them as artists do today.—Harper's Young People.

The father of Zwingli, the great Swiss reformer, was a poor peasant, and the earliest occupation of the future theologian was the gathering of sticks in the forest for the family fuel.

The Laplander sleeps in a big reindeer skin to keep him warm. The East Indian also sleeps in a bag; but it is not airtight, and it is only intended to protect him from mosquitoes.

If a gentleman is in the company of a lady it is his place to pay car fares, admission to places of amusement and for any refreshments.

Ahab, king of Israel, was wounded by an arrow in a battle at Ramoth Gilead, and "about the time of the sun going down he died."

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(Successors to McKee & Warnick.)

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