

The Star.

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Milliren's!



Absolutely "Perfect" Clothing, as sold by us, has won the Patronage of the many hundreds of stylish dressers of Reynoldsville and vicinity. But not only has the quality made us popular—the price has told and tells in our favor by a large majority. Our recent great purchase has again put us in the lead, leaving our followers far behind. This recent purchase has enabled us to quote prices now (right in the heart of the season) that others will name three months later. The prices below will tell their own story.

SUITS!

\$5.00 Will fit you out in a splendid \$10.00 Blue Mixed or Grey Mixed Sack Suit, and the fit will be perfect, too, at our store.

\$6.00 Selects a suit that our competitor has marked down to \$10.00, his former price \$12.00, in Steel, Grey or Brown; nicely made up and perfect fit guaranteed.

\$6.50 Is all we ask for a Single Breasted Sack Suit of Stylish Cut, Black Cheviots, all-wool. For the garments you'd have to pay \$10.00 elsewhere.

\$7.00.

\$8.00.

\$9.00.

\$10.00.

Fifteen Dollars would not tell the value and perfect fit of our Suits at \$7, \$8, \$9 and \$10. All the newest designs in Sacks, in Cutaway Sacks and in Full Dress Cutaways, made of Fancy Cheviots, Imported Clay Worsteds and Diagonals, and Unfinished Worsteds. Their Cut, Style and Finish Compare with any \$25.00 or \$30.00 Tailor-made Garments.

HATS!

Mention any shade and we have it. Ask for any new style and we will produce it. Our assortment this Spring is simply gigantic. The amount we sell proves that our prices are right. Call and see 'em.

The only way that we can convince you that we are the Lowest Price and Only Reliable Clothier, Hatter and Men's Furnisher in the County is for you to call, get prices and see the goods.

Reynolds Block.

Glenn A. Milliren.

Our Triumphant March!

Along the Avenue of Trade proceeds with exciting progress far in advance of rivalry! Meeting with Overtures at Every Turn!

WASH GOODS

That are Sure to Please All! Summer - Silks!

They are Beauties, and Going Fast!

Headquarters for Lace Curtains!

They will be needed now. See our line before buying any place else.

SPRING CAPES! This is the place to get them.

BING & CO.

Reynoldsville Hardware Co.,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, STOVES and RANGES,

TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER WARE,

AMMUNITION, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

WOOD AND IRON PUMPS.

And everything kept in a First-class Hardware Store.

Roofing and Spouting Done to Order.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

HIS LAST POEM.

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old, plain men have rosy faces
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes:
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And forever in the hill recesses
For more lovely music
Broods and dies.

Oh, to mount again where erst I haunted,
Where the old, red hills are bird enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with award;
And when evening dies, the million tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glistened,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp bestarred!

Oh, to dream, oh, to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render
Through the trances of silence
Quiet breath:
Lo, for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the nighter movement sounds and
passage,
Only wind and rivers,
Life and death.

—R. L. Stevenson.

SWEET MEMORIES.

THE MELODY GRANDMOTHER SANG
FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"As I Lay My Heart on Your Dead Heart,
Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True."
When Old Age Recalls the Dreams of the
Past as Visions, There Is Tragedy.

Three generations sat in the soft glow of the deep crimson lamp shade that mellowed everything in the little parlor. There was one daughter seated at the piano, singing sweet and low. She most of all was glorified by the rosy rays from the translucent paper that fell over her. There was the mother, and beside her sat the mother's mother, near the circumference of the halo, the one listening with a glow of pride, the other, to whom the girl's voice was new—the grandmother was a visitor at the house—listening as one who hears a voice calling in a lonesome place. She sat there thinking, thinking, thinking, did this dear old soul, of a day when she, too, had sat at the piano herself, so proudly, and had sung the tender ballad of that bygone day with a voice full of passion, a deep contralto voice, one that touched the heart in its most sacred depths, when the strong, clear notes were struck and then broke into a pleading tremolo in the upper register. Fifty years ago that grandam's voice had thrilled hearts now dust, or worse than dust—hearts that were numb to tender things—and there was borne in the burden of her songs one message, that of love—even before her heart had known its meaning her voice had spoken love. The voice of the girl sitting at the piano was like her grandmother's had been. It hunted chords in the hearts of those who heard her and set them pulsing in echo to her own sweet longing that could find no words. God only knows what long, silent, rusted chords she touched with her resonant voice, did this child, in her grandmother's soul.

She sang the simple ballads of the day—"Last Night," "The Clang of the Wooden Shoe," "Marguerite"—and as she sang her mother, to whom the singing was an old story, slipped out of the room—taking all her years with her perhaps—and left them together, together even in youth that sees visions. The young shall see visions, and the old shall dream dreams, saith the prophet. But when, by some magic of a voice or some alchemy of the soul, old age, which has dreamed dreams, sees in one vivid flash of light the dreams of the past as visions—there is tragedy. The girl under the crimson lamp shade turned idly from leaf to leaf in her portfolio and sang by piece-meal. The elder woman only asked that she keep on singing. She only asked to hear that voice, her own voice, to the very quaver on C. And her dreams were all but visions, and life was all but youth again. There had been a wild song, one that the hearer did not know, and the chorus sobbed out:

Oh, is it forever,
Love, that we must sever,
O love, will you never
Come back again?

And the story that the song told of was of two lovers who had met under the roses and had known "the love of a day, the love of a life." What a swirl of fancies the singing of the child sent eddying through the aged brain! The music did not cease. The girl recalled a sweet old song, a peaceful, sorrowful ditty our grandmothers sang:

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness I knew,
I'd be so faithful, so loving, Douglas, Douglas,
Douglas, tender and true.

The girl sang on until she thought she had tired her grandmother, and then whirling around on the stool she said saily:
"Well, grandma, how do you like it? Haven't I improved in ten years?"
She rose as she said this, and without even waiting for a reply, as is the way of careless, thoughtless youth, she left the room humming:

Now all men beside are to me like shadows,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

The girl went to her mother, who, she knew, was attending to some duties of the household. The words "all men like shadows" ran through the aged woman's head when the girl left the room, and she was thankful for the child's thoughtlessness which had left her alone for a moment. The spell of the pleading song was upon her. Her life was turned backward.

Young faces smiled at her. She seemed as bold as youth, this shy old woman, who two hours before had been afraid to protest against the overcharge of a cabman. She heard her daughter's

steps and the child's in the room above her, and, thrilled with the mesmeric enchantment of the song, she became wrapped in a consuming longing to try if she could not sing the old song again.

She tiptoed about the room, and closing the doors and looking over behind her, she circled to the piano.

She wished to sing out loud something that was in her heart, to put it into words and let it come from her lips. She believed that to say the aching words would ease a throbbing in her heart. She could not at first bring herself to begin the song, so she fumbled among the keys, pretending to hunt for the air, and said the words of the first stanza to herself in silence. She touched the pianissimo pedal of the instrument; then, as her hands upon the keys led her to the second bar, she moaned:
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

And when she heard the horrid creak of her own voice she remembered—crying. God pitied her and sent her two great tears, tears that were of youth that had been kept sacred through all the years.—Chicago Tribune.

TIN CANS AND OLD SHOES.

They Will Reward the Italians Who Bake Them Out of the Ash Heaps.

On every dumping ground where the city contractors of Brooklyn place their ashes one may see constantly Italians working hard leveling the heaps, as load after load is deposited, and carefully placing the tomato cans and other castoff pieces of tinware in piles by themselves. The contractors do not object if the householders put old cans among the ashes, for this insures a careful leveling by the Italians at the dumping grounds at no expense to the contractors. The revenue from these cans that are collected by the hundreds and thousands is a matter of surprise to most persons. A two horse load brings from \$6 to \$8. It takes several days of hard work to get a big wagon load, but the Italians don't seem to mind the labor of it, for there is money immediately in sight as the piles of tin cans grow. They watch jealously their picking grounds and sometimes make special arrangements with the contractors for the privilege of scraping and raking the ash heaps over.

The tin cans are sold to men with furnaces, who place them in a big caldron, and under a slow fire melt the tin and solder and run that part off for tin and use of sale. Almost all the tin and solder is saved by this process and is salable for use in making more cans for preserving vegetables. The heat is then made intense, and the iron that remains is melted and cast into sash weights. The demand for these old cans is said to be greater than the supply, and one of the most valuable of the scavenger privileges that the Italians in large cities assume is that of working over an ash dump.

The Italians also collect odd bits of leather in heaps. Old shoes of a large size are always a special delight to them. A wagon load of them is always salable for use in making lampblack. There are other sources of profit in ash heaps, but the chief sources of revenue to those who pull them to pieces are the cans and the shoes.—New York Sun.

Personal Expenses in Vienna.

A singular diarist recently died at Vienna. His diary is an account book of his personal expenses from the age of 17 to 70. During this period it appears he smoked 628,713 cigars. Of these 43,639 were gifts. The rest cost him \$2,500. He wore 85 pairs of trousers and 74 coats and waistcoats, and his total tailor's bill was close upon \$1,600. His heater's bill showed 63 pairs of very expensive socks, costing about 15 shillings per pair; 208 shirts and "fronts," and 306 collars, all of which must have been cheap at \$60. Locomotion in omnibuses and trams absorbed \$85 10s. The drink bill, which extends over 15 years only, comprises 28,786 bottles, of which 21,261 are differentiated as half bottles. He topped up with 36,081 cups of various sorts, and all this cost \$1,028, plus tips, \$260. The bars must have missed him anyhow when he left them at last, aged 75.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Japanese Test For the Aspiring Bride.

In Japan it appears that one factor entering into the choice of a daughter-in-law is her skill in raising silkworms. There is more to this than appears on the surface of the statement, for it seems that the thread spun by a silkworm is regular and even in proportion as the worm has been regularly and carefully fed. The prospective mother-in-law carefully and minutely examines the garments of the aspiring bride, judging of her qualifications by their condition. This seems even more absurd than the woman who said her son should never marry a woman who could not keep her top bureau drawer in order.—New York Times.

Chicago Wine Comes Cheap.

Customer—A table d'hote dinner, including a bottle of good wine, for 75 cents? Yes, that's cheap enough, but I don't care for any wine, and I can't afford it. How much will it be without the wine?
Waiter—I'll do what's right with you, boss. You can have the dinner without the wine for 70 cents, sah.—Chicago Tribune.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarth Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that will do me any good." Price 50c. Sold by J. C. King & Co.

AGGRESSIVE PROGRESSIVENESS

Is our Rule of Business. There is no such thing as standing still. You must go either Backward or Forward. This applies to everything—in Politics, in Religion and particularly in Business. Only the best business methods will win, and we have won them over all Competitors. If you did not know us in our dealings with you in the past 90 days of our existence in Reynoldsville you would probably doubt the assertion, but we feel free to make it from the fact that you have been a frequent customer.

Since coming to your town we have this to say regarding our success: Large Stock, Latest and Newest Things in the Market, Lowest Prices, Goods marked in Plain Figures; and we are the Emporium for Low Prices on Good Goods.

CLOTHING!

TO THE GENTLEMEN:—As to Clothing, we would like to have you give our stock a look. We have suits built and trimmed in the height of fashion, strictly all-wool and the prices so low on good goods that it would almost make one ashamed to look Mary's little lamb in the face.

S H O E S

Trilby and Electric, in Ladies' Misses' and Gents' wear. Nothing in the town to equal them.

Dry Goods, Notions, Hosiery,

Sun Umbrellas and Parasols,

White and Colored Kid Gloves,

Traveling Bags, &c., &c.

HATS!

See our line of Summer Hats in Straw and Braids. We can sell you cheaper than any of our would-be Competitors.

A. D. Deemer & Co.

WE wish to inform the public that we are

Selling - Out

—Our Entire Stock of—

Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods AT COST!

We most respectfully ask that you come in and see our prices and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Tailor-made Suits to Order from \$17.00 up.

BOLGER BROS.,

Merchant Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

Sporting Goods!

A Full and Complete Line of

Base Ball Goods, Fishing Tackles, &c.

Sporting Goods of All Kinds.

ALEX RISTON.