

We Don't Propose Asking You

To take up your time reading long lists of articles on sale at my store. All I ask of you is to come and see my goods and compare prices. Space will not permit giving you full list of prices but I will offer all

Ladies' Jackets, Capes and Collarettes
At 10 per cent Reduction

Now is time to get bargains. For

Tailor-Made Suits and Jackets

this is the place to get them. I will guarantee good fits and perfect satisfaction. Remember the place on corner of Main and 4th streets, in Centennial Hall

THE NEW STORE.

J. J. Sutter, Proprietor, Reynoldsville, Pa.

The Cheapest Place to Buy Clothing is at

N. HANAU'S.

Call and be convinced how cheap you can buy

Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats.

Men's Suits, worsted, \$4.75 to \$10.00; Men's Cheviot Suits, \$4.50 to \$10.00; Men's Kersey Overcoats for \$5.00; everybody else will ask you \$9.00 for same; Men's Overcoats \$6.00, worth \$10.00; Youths' Storm Overcoats \$3.50 to \$5.00, worth 6.00 to 9.00.

Men's and Boys' Underwear.

Men's fleece-lined 25 cts. apiece; the very best of Men's fleece-lined at 45 cts. apiece. Boys' fleece-lined 25 cts., worth 40 cts.

Ladies' Department.

Ladies' Tailor-made Suits, Skirts, Plush Capes, Collarettes, Fur Capes, &c., cheaper than they are now selling at the factories.

I bought my goods before the advance in prices and you will get the benefit of cheap buying.

N. HANAU.



NOTHING

But the best materials and workmanship enter into the construction of the

CINDERELLA STOVES & RANGES.

Made with a view of suiting the exact wants of the house-keepers at a moderate cost.

GOOD BAKERS—PERFECT ROASTERS. SOLD WITH THAT UNDERSTANDING.

Reynoldsville Hardware Co.

THE Jefferson Supply Co.

3 BIG STORES—Reynoldsville, Rathmel and Big Soldier.

Can fit you out in any line you may need, and at right prices, too. We have bargains to offer you this week in

SHOES, RUBBERS, UNDERWEAR, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

that we are closing out at right prices.

Our new goods are coming in rapidly now and our stores were never so full of good things and genuine bargains. We are pleased to give you our prices and show you goods at any time.

If there is anything you want you can hardly miss it by coming to us.

The Jefferson Supply Co.

Ingersoll's Eulogy of Whisky.

"I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from the feast, or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chased each other over billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dew of the night, the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the starved dawn, the dreamy, tawny dusks of perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

DR. J. M. BUCKLEY'S REPLY.

"I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever brought a skeleton into the closet, or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transient sunshine, chased by a shadow cold as Arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy, and the carol of the lark gives place to the forbidding cry of the raven. Drink it, and you shall have 'woe,' 'sorrow,' 'babbling,' and 'wounds without cause,' 'your eyes shall behold strange women' and your heart shall utter perverse things.' Drink it deep and you shall hear the voice of demons shrieking, women wailing and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who got lives. Drink it deep and long, and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck and seize you with their fangs; for at last it biteth like a serpent and stings like an adder.' For forty years this liquid death has been within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains.' And yet I call myself your friend."—Exchange.

Low-Rate Excursion to Washington.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that on December 23, February 21, March 15 and April 7, it will run special excursions from points on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad, Erie to Lock Haven, inclusive, to Washington, for the benefit of all who may want to visit the National Capitol. Round-trip tickets, good going on all regular trains on day of issue, and good returning on any regular train within ten days, exclusive of going date, will be sold at rate of \$10.00 from Erie, St. Marys, and intermediate points; \$8.95 from Driftwood; \$8.15 from Renovo; \$7.30 from Lock Haven; and proportionate rates from other points.

Holders of special excursion tickets to Washington can purchase, at the Pennsylvania Railroad ticket offices at Washington, excursion tickets to Richmond at rate of \$4.00 and to Old Point Comfort (all rail) at \$6.00; from the piers of the Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Company excursion tickets (not including meals and staterooms on steamers) to Old Point Comfort or Norfolk, Va., at \$3.50, and to Virginia Beach, Princess Anne Hotel, at \$4.50; and at the offices of the Washington, Alexandria and Mt. Vernon Electric Railway Company, excursion tickets to Mt. Vernon and return at rate of 50 cents.

For full information consult small handbills, apply to ticket agents, or E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

His Wife Saved Him.

"My wife's good advice saved my life, writes F. M. Ross, of Winfield, Tenn., 'for I had such a bad cough I could hardly breathe, I steadily grew worse under doctor's treatment, but my wife urged me to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which completely cured me.' Coughs, colds, bronchitis, la grippe, pneumonia, asthma, hay fever and all maladies of throat, chest and lungs are positively cured by this marvelous medicine. 50c. and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed. Trial bottles free at H. Alex. Stokes's drug store.

A Great Prize Offer.

We have a great prize offer to make the farmers of Jefferson county! By a special arrangement with the publishers of the *Farm Journal*, a most excellent farm paper that costs 50 cents a year, we are able to offer one year's subscription to THE STAR and FIVE years' subscription to THE FARM JOURNAL—the two worth \$3.50—all for the small sum of \$1.25. Of course this only applies to advance paying subscribers. We can furnish a few papers at this rate, and if you want them on these terms, you must act QUICKLY! Sample copies of the *Farm Journal* will be sent free on application. Address, C. A. STEPHENSON, Reynoldsville, Pa.

New Kinzua Bridge.

The steel work for the new Kinzua bridge to replace the present structure is about finished, and in April or May at the latest, the old bridge will be torn down and the new bridge substituted. The present structure, which has become famous, and which has been visited by many thousands of people, is too light to accommodate the heavy rolling stock that modern railroads use at present and which they will use in the future, and it has been found necessary to substitute for it a heavier structure.

The new bridge will be exactly the same in construction and appearance but the steel work will be much heavier and the bridge accordingly will be much stronger and able to handle the heaviest trains that may be drawn over it. While the work is being carried on the Erie railroad will use the tracks of the R. R. & P. railroad from Howard Junction to Mt. Jewett. It is expected that it will take three or four months to complete the work. The old stone work will be used as it is said to be sufficient for the needs of the heaviest bridge.—Bradford Post.

Florida.

The first Pennsylvania Railroad tour of the season to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia February 6th.

Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, \$55.00; Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington, \$48.00; Pittsburg, \$53.00, and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries and other information apply to ticket agents: Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa., or to Geo. W. Boyd, Ass't General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Old People Made Young.

J. C. Sherman, the veteran editor of the Vermontville (Mich.) *Echo*, has discovered the remarkable secret of keeping old people young. For years he has avoided nervousness, sleeplessness, indigestion, heart trouble, constipation and rheumatism, by using Electric Bitters, and he writes: "It cannot be praised too highly. It gently stimulates the kidneys, tones the stomach, aids digestion, and gives a splendid appetite. It has worked wonders for my wife and me. It's a marvelous remedy for old people's complaints." Only 50c. at H. Alex. Stokes's drug store.

Africans and the Locomotive.

The children of the desert were filled with awe when first the silence of the primeval solitude was broken by the puffing of the steam engine. Down at the other end of the Cape to Cairo line the simple Matabele, when first confronted by a locomotive, were certain that the strange machine was worked by the labor of an indefinite number of oxen, which they assumed were shut up inside; hence, when the engine stopped, they gathered in curious crowds, waiting to see the door open and the oxen come out, nor could they for many days be persuaded that the power of the locomotive could come from other than the strength of the ox.

The Arabs of the Sudan, more imaginative than the Matabele, saw in the fire horses of the railway one of the Djinn of the "Arabian Nights," harnessed by the magic of the infidel to the long train of cars. The steam engine was to them a living, sentient being. Of which belief there is curious evidence in the fact that on one occasion a sheik made an impassioned remonstrance against the cruelty of making so small an engine draw so huge a train.—Windsor Magazine.

Time to Give Up.

An Iowa judge recently related an amusing incident that had occurred in his court when a colored man was brought up for some petty offense. The charge was read, and as the statement "The state of Iowa against John Jones" was read in a loud voice the colored man's eyes bulged nearly out of their sockets and he seemed overcome with terror and astonishment. When he was asked if he had anything to say or pleaded guilty or not guilty, he gasped out:

"Well, yo' honah, ef de whole state of Iowa is ag'in dis one pore niggah I ze gwine to give up right now!"

Showing Him How.

"You young scoundrel!" said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair. "I'll show you how to treat your mother."

And he at once proceeded to show young hopeful the way by banging him across the ears two or three times and then shaking him until his hair began to fall out.

Dew.

Teacher—How do you account for the phenomenon of dew?
Boy—Well, you see, the earth revolves on its axis every 24 hours, and in consequence of this tremendous pace it perspires freely.—London Tit-Bits.

THE ARCTIC MOSQUITO.

It Is About the Most Terrible Insect Pest in the World.

"Nothing that has ever been written about the arctic mosquito begins to come up to the real thing," said a guest in the St. Charles corridor the other evening. "I went up the Yukon river in the summer of 1899, representing the Alaska and Dominion Trading company, and we struck mosquitoes as soon as we got into the hills. They are twice as large as our familiar bayou species, and their sting is like the prod of a hot needle. They sweep along the valleys in dense clouds, and if they catch a man unprepared they are liable to blind him before he can escape. I heard stories of children being stung to death and can readily believe them."

"Whenever we went ashore we wore heavy hat nets and took the utmost precaution, but were certain to suffer more or less. One of our party cut the tongues out of his shoes, and a narrow line of sock was exposed under the lacing. Next day he was bitten there at least a hundred times, and his feet were so terribly inflamed that the shoes had to be cut off."

"Another man, a fireman in the boat crew, got drunk on Alaska whiskey one afternoon and lay down to take a nap in a corner of the engine room. I noticed him a little later and was horrified at the solid brown mass of mosquitoes that had settled on a small exposed section of his cheek and throat. In an hour his face was swollen out of all resemblance to anything human, he was unable to swallow and was burning with fever. It was a week before he was able to be about. I saw a number of cattle near Fort Hamilton that had been made stone blind by stings near the eye."

"The arctic foothill mosquito is without doubt the most terrible insect pest in the world."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HUMBLED THE SENATOR.

He Tried to Assert His Independence, but Failed Miserably.

The writer remembers a good many years ago when the late Ezekiel Clarke was a member of the state senate from Johnson county. It is well known that the senator or member from Johnson county is always expected to get a large appropriation for the state university. To fail would be political death. Senator Clarke was anxious to succeed and during the early part of the session voted for everything. If another senator had a bill, all he had to do was to go and whisper in Ezekiel's ear, and he would vote "aye."

One day, however, Ezekiel came into the senate with hair cut and a clean shave. He sat upright in his seat and began to slaughter right and left. State Senator George F. Wright looked across to where the senator from Johnson was sitting and inquired what change had come over the senator from Johnson county. The other senator replied that the appropriation bill for the state university had now passed both houses, and the senator from Johnson was going to make up for lost time.

Clarke kept on punching heads until the senator from Jefferson, Moses A. McCold, rose and solemnly introduced a bill for an act entitled "An act repealing the appropriation for the state university." A broad smile passed around the room, and everybody except the senator from Johnson saw the joke. But the spirit of levity passed away from Senator Clarke. He at once assumed his humble attitude, and the other boys voted him as usual during the remainder of the session.—Des Moines Capital.

The Architect.

One must wonder why it really is that so little is said or thought about architecture, the grandest, the mother, of all arts, a great, a most useful, science, one in which a greater revolution has lately taken place and in which more progress has been made, with more stupendous results, than in any other, remarks a writer in *The International Magazine*.

Was it not Richelieu who, paraphrasing an ancient writer, said: "If it is versatility you seek, go find an architect. He must be an artist, or his buildings will offend the eye; an engineer, or they will crumble into trouble; a lawyer, or he will get his patrons into trouble; a doctor, or his buildings will be hygienically unfit to live in, and, last, but not least, he must be a gentleman, or we will have nothing to do with him."

Art and Nature.

The milkmaid with the picture hat and the brocaded silk skirt tossed her head.

"In society, I suppose, I should be an impossible person," she exclaimed, "but it's different in art."

And after all, to be perfectly candid, there is nothing essentially degrading about milking an art cow.—Detroit Journal.

Just the Thing.

"In every city of reasonable size," said Brown, "they ought to have a Mothers' Exchange."

"What for?" queried Jones.
"Why, every woman knows exactly just how every other woman's child ought to be raised, and by trading mothers every child could get a proper training."—Kansas City Star.

LOVE ON THE FARM.

A potato went on a mash
And sought an onion bed,
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Go away," the onion, weeping, cried;
"Your love I cannot be."
The pumpkin he your lawful bride,
You cantaloupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came
And laid down at her feet;
"You cauliflower by any name,
And it will smell as what;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you've come to see,
So don't turn up your lovely nose,
But spinach with me!"

"I do not carrot all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please."
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have peace!
Go think that you have never seen
Myself or smelled my sigh,
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your eye!"

"Ah, spare a carrot!" the tuber prayed,
"My cherry-bred bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
That's current now with me!"
And as the wily tuber spoke,
He caught her by surprise
And, giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.
—St. Louis Republic.

HE WASHED DISHES.

The Hard Job One Boy Had All the Way to Europe.

The girls who have complained in various keys because they had dishes to wash may be glad to hear of a young man who can look at the matter through their eyes, perhaps more so. He had shipped as "boy" on a cattle steamer for Europe because he wanted to save as much as possible on his transportation, and—but the rest of the story sounds better in his own words:

"About 4:30 in the morning I was awakened and told to go to work. I hastily dressed, for the first and last time on board, for during the rest of the voyage I took care not to undress. It seemed scarcely worth while. I arrived on deck and found the steward waiting for me. He showed me to the pantry, introduced me to 'Pants,' as the pantryman was called, and told me that my chief duty during the voyage would be to wash dishes."

"There was already a large pile of dirty dishes waiting to be washed, and I rolled up my sleeves, fixed the hot water and began to work. I had these almost done when another and larger lot was brought in from the dining room. This proved to be the daily programme. I no sooner had one pile washed than others were brought in, and I was never done. I don't think I ever saw so many dishes before in my life, and I hope I never shall again. There were 60 passengers aboard besides the gentlemen, and six meals were served each day. From the dishes that came out to be washed, I think that each passenger must have used at least six plates at a meal."—Detroit Free Press.

Destroying the Point.

Every one knows the man who is notorious for so telling a story as to destroy its point. An English nobleman, Lord P., was noted for his success in thus ruining the prosperity of a story. The author of "Collections and Recollections" exhibits a specimen of his lordship's peculiar art.

Thirty years ago two large houses were built at Albert Gate, London, the size and cost of which seemed likely to prohibit tenants from hiring them. A wag christened them "Malta and Gibraltar" because they can never be taken."

Lord P. thought this an excellent joke and ran round the town, saying to every friend he met:

"I say, do you know what they call those houses at Albert Gate? They call them Malta and Gibraltar because they can never let them. Isn't it awfully good?"

Some one told Lord P. the old riddle, "Why was the elephant the last animal to get into the ark?" to which the answer is, "Because he had to pack his trunk."

Lord P. asked the riddle of the next friend he met and gave as the answer, "Because he had to pack his portmanteau."

The Center of Population.

"Census experts estimate," says the Chicago Post, "that the center of population will be found next year to be in Indiana, close to the Illinois line, at a point not far removed from the town of Vincennes. The last census showed the population center to be between Columbus, Ind., and Cincinnati. The increase in the population of Georgia, Texas, the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona during the last ten years has been sufficient, it is thought, to offset any increase in the northwest and to possibly pull the center somewhat to the south of the 1890 parallel. The wealth center is thought to be in the neighborhood of Sandusky, O."

Two Points of View.

"My children," said the poor man sadly, "are crying for bread."

"Which shows," replied the rich man coldly, "how much you have to be thankful for. Now, mine are crying for bonbons."—Brooklyn Life.

Sharks were almost unknown in the Adriatic until the Suez canal was opened. Now the harbors of France and Pola are so infested with them that residents dare no longer bathe in the open sea.