

The Star.

VOLUME 1.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1892.

NUMBER 9.

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

D. 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 bath, 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 center of the business part of town. Free beds 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 & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.
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 points North between Falls Creek and Bradford. 7:15 a. m. mixed train for Punxsutawney.
10:35 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brookwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.
10:45 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.
1:40 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brookwayville, Edinboro, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.
4:40 P. M.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Wadsworth.
7:55 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Punxsutawney.
Trains Arrive—7:10 A. M. Accommodation from Punxsutawney; 10:05 A. M. Mail from Wadsworth and Punxsutawney; 10:35 A. M. Accommodation from Bradford; 1:30 P. M. Accommodation from Punxsutawney; 4:50 P. M. Mail from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:55 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford. Through tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. MCINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. G. W. HARTLETT, Jos. P. THOMPSON, General Supt., Rochester, N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday, June 28, 1892. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Red Bank	10:40	4:30										
Lawnston	10:54	4:44										
New Bethlehem	11:08	4:58										
Oak Ridge	11:22	5:12										
Millville	11:36	5:26										
Mayville	11:50	5:40										
Summersville	12:04	5:54										
Brookville	12:18	6:08	6:15									
Falls Creek	12:32	6:22	6:34									
Reynoldsville	12:46	6:36	6:54									
Panost	1:00	6:50	7:12									
Falls Creek	1:14	7:04	7:30	10:35	1:35							
DuBois	1:28	7:18	7:48	11:05	1:45							
Sabula	1:42	7:32	7:58									
Winterburn	1:56	7:46	8:08									
Fenfield	2:10	7:58	8:24									
Tyler	2:24	8:12	8:38									
Glen Fisher	2:38	8:26	8:52									
Benezette	2:52	8:40	9:06									
Driftwood	3:06	8:54	9:20									
	P. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.											

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Driftwood	10:10											
Grant	10:24											
Benezette	10:38											
Glen Fisher	10:52											
Tyler	11:06											
Fenfield	11:20											
Winterburn	11:34											
Sabula	11:48											
DuBois	12:02	7:00	8:42	11:05	5:30							
Falls Creek	12:16	7:14	8:56	11:19	5:40							
Panost	12:30	7:28	9:10									
Reynoldsville	12:44	7:42	9:24									
Falls Creek	12:58	7:56	9:38									
Brookville	1:12	8:10	9:52									
Summersville	1:26	8:24										
Mayville	1:40	8:38										
Millville	1:54	8:52										
Oak Ridge	2:08	9:06										
New Bethlehem	2:22	9:20										
Lawnston	2:36	9:34										
Red Bank	2:50	9:48										
	A. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.											

Trains daily except Sunday.
DANIEL MCCARGO, GEN'L. SUPT., Pittsburgh, Pa.
JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS. AGT., Pittsburgh, Pa.

DO YOU NEED A NEW ATTIRE?

If so, and you want a good fitting and well made suit at a reasonable figure you will receive same by placing your order with

J. C. F. roehlich,
THE ARTISTIC TAILOR,
Next door to Hotel McConnell, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

AN ESOTERIC CLIMAX.

WHILE SPIKETOWN COUNTED SIXTY HOKO PREPARED IT.

A Professor of the Art of Legerdemain Enlightens a Whole Town, at Fifty Cents a Head, on the Difficult and Exasperating Subject of Cooking.

Somebody had ever heard of the celebrated Hoko Effendi, but the public curiosity to see him was no less keen on that account. In the little western Illinois town on which he had alighted like a flaming meteor the visit of a professor of magic was an event. All that was known of him was that he had made his appearance about the time the stagecoach from Shacksville came in, and was supposed to have traveled in that conveyance; that he had procured the printing of several hundred small bills at the office of The Blizzard, promising to pay for them the next day.

The evening came. The price of admission to the entertainment was fifty cents for adults, children half price. The celebrated Hoko Effendi was his own doorkeeper, and the people of Spiketown turned out in large numbers. There were no deadheads except the editor of The Blizzard and the dignified citizen who wore dyed whiskers and a plug hat and announced himself at the door as the mayor.

When the audience began to show impatience by the customary stamping and whistling the world renowned master of Egyptian magic accepted the proffered services of a leading citizen as doorkeeper, and went back to the other end of the hall, disappearing behind the curtain that hid the stage from view.

In a few moments he reappeared in front of it and made a pleasing little speech, requesting close attention to the performances, as many of them were of a nature bordering on the supernatural, and promising an entertainment such as had never been seen in Spiketown before and never would again.

After performing some curious tricks with playing cards he announced that the first really difficult feat of the evening would now be shown—that of baking a cake without a pan of any kind.

"The ladies in the audience," he said, "when they bake cakes are compelled to use butter, eggs, flour, sugar, flavoring extract, icing, etc., and put the dough in a hot oven. I do nothing of the kind. By the simple manipulation of flour, sirup and a hat I can produce a cake in five minutes that no lady in this house can equal. I will make a cake that a committee, to be selected from the ladies present, will pronounce the best they ever tasted. I will do this or forfeit \$100. Will some kind gentleman present oblige me with the loan of a high silk hat? Will you kindly lend it to me? I will take excellent care of it and return it in a few minutes."

The mayor demurred.
"Your hat will not be injured in the least," the magician assured him. "I will return it to you without spot, blemish or stain. I have performed this feat thousands of times without the slightest injury to the hat."

The mayor of Spiketown, thus appealed to, related and handed over his cherished tie.

Then the magician produced a pan of flour, which was passed through the audience and unanimsously declared to be genuine. He poured it into the hat. Then a quart measure half filled with New Orleans molasses was produced and handed around in like manner, pronounced the pure, unadulterated stuff, and returned to him. He poured this into the hat likewise and stirred the mixture with a long lead pencil. The mayor involuntarily gasped and half rose in his seat, but the wizard again assured him, with a wave of the hand, "Your hat will not be injured in the least, my dear sir," and he proceeded with the performance.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we will witness the finale, the denouement, as it were, of this unparalleled feat of illusion. I can bake the cake just as well on a piece of ice as on a stove; but as there happens to be a good fire in this stove near the stage I will bake it on top of that. Again, I assure you, Mr. Mayor, that your hat will not suffer the slightest injury."

Stepping briskly down, he placed the hat on the stove.

"Now, good people," he said, "keep your eyes on that hat till you can count sixty. I will retire and prepare the esoteric climax."

He mounted the stage and stepped behind the curtain.

In a moment a smoke went up from the hat on the stove, and the odor of something scorching filled the air.

The mayor of Spiketown jumped from his seat, and with one bound cleared the distance that lay between him and the stove.

He lifted his precious hat.

The bottom, or rather the top, fell out. The sizzling batter spread out over the stove. It hissed and sputtered and flew. And even as the mayor held up the hideous ruin of his once glorious hat and looked through it some of the yellowish mixture trickled on his vest and ran in sad, discouraged, bilious looking streams down his trousers.

His honor spoke a few words briefly, but emphatically—through his hat—and broke for the stage, followed by several of the leading citizens of Spiketown.

Somewhere in this wide, wide world the wizard of the Orient is still wandering about, happily unaware doubtless that a standing reward of fifty dollars and no questions asked is offered by the mayor of Spiketown, Ill., for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction for the crimes of grand larceny, malicious injury and obtaining money under false pretenses, of one Hoko Effendi, master of Egyptian magic and so called eighth wonder of the world.—Chicago Tribune.

A Red Headed Girl Talks.

Many people in Chicago are familiar with the sight of a red headed girl who sometimes rides a spirited white horse through the principal streets of the city, and sometimes drives a team of whites attached to a chariot. The writer hailed her and brought her to and asked her of her mission. She asked if public opinion was to the effect that she was making a fool of herself. The answer to her query has no connection with the story:

"I am making an honest living," she said. "I am not more conspicuous in my manner of doing that than are some others of my own sex in what they do. I know, and so do you, that if I put on a subdued garb and went from house to house with the articles I have to sell I would not make enough to earn a cracker. I must do something that has in it an attempt at originality in order to make people talk. When one succeeds in doing that an entering wedge has been found. It is a hard world to please. If I pursued some beaten path and failed the world would turn me away when I became an object of charity. I would be a burden to society. As it is I make my own living. I suppose I am severely criticised for the show I make of myself. In addition to the conspicuous part I play, that which I have to offer is meritorious and contributes to health. Am I as big a fool as some think me?"

And with that she clucked to her gray steed, which cantered away, carrying on its back philosophy as well as red hair.—Chicago Tribune.

Genuine Bay Rum.

Genuine bay rum is always imported. There are few barber shops where the genuine article is used. Genuine bay rum is manufactured only in the West Indies. It is the distillation of the green leaves and berries of the bayberry tree, mixed with absolutely pure rum. St. Croix being used in the very best quality of the preparation.

There is but one true bayberry, but there are many varieties of it in the West Indies, and so closely do they resemble the *Prunella* oris, or true bay, that great care is necessary in gathering the leaves, for the presence of a small quantity of the leaves of any other variety is sufficient to destroy the entire product of a still. Ripe berries are mixed in the still with the leaves. The best bay is distilled by steam in copper pipes, but the ordinary commercial spirit, such as bay rum is made from here, is distilled over an open fire.

The genuine steam distilled bay spirit is not only many times stronger than the other, but the refreshing odor that characterizes it is ten times as lasting. The West Indians find the true bay rum so necessary to their comfort among the numerous discomforts attending a life in the climate of their country that they use about all that is made, and hence its scarcity in this and other countries.—Interview in New York Evening Sun.

Twenty-five Hundred People at Dinner.

Some time ago the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was entertained at a big banquet in the Waverley market, Edinburgh. Two thousand five hundred guests sat down at table. There were 360 waiters, sixty wine butlers and fifty-four superintendents engaged to wait upon them.

Two kitchens were specially erected in the market in which to prepare the banquet. One kitchen had fifty-four Bunsen burners, representing one for each table. There were four large steam boilers for heating puddings, seven stoves for the boiling of sauces and for frying purposes, and three boilers of large size, each with a capacity of about seventy gallons, for dealing with the plum puddings which formed part of the dessert.

The quantities of viands were 150 turkeys, 200 fowls, 400 game pies, 2,500 oyster patties, 200 gallons of turtle soup, about half a ton of sirloin of beef, and jelly and cream shapes to the number of 600. There were 20,000 plates required and 80,000 pieces of silver, including spoons, knives and forks; 10,000 wine glasses and about a thousand pieces of decorative ware for the tables.—London Tit-Bits.

The Indigestible Banana.

"Next to pork," says a physician, "the banana is the most indigestible thing a person can eat, and if you will notice you will see them touched very sparingly by people with weak stomachs. If you can digest them, however, and don't mind the offensive odor, they are very nourishing and one can make a meal on them that is in every way equal to a substantial lunch of bread and meat."—New York Tribune.

The Art of Conversation.

"Conversation," says a brilliant American humorist, "is, in this generation, a lost art."

It was an art which our grandfathers studied perhaps more than any other. A gentleman, in the beginning of this century, was usually more ambitious to tell a story well or to state his argument clearly than to understand science or statecraft.—Youth's Companion.

CHINESE SWORDS.

SOME VERY REMARKABLE PRODUCTS OF WONDERFUL SKILL.

Two Bladed Swords That Are Valuable Curiosities—Weapons That Display a High Degree of Workmanship—Terrible Looking Daggers.

Though Dr. Bedloe, the United States consul to Amoy, China, has started back to his post after his leave of absence, yet through the delays incident to the shipping of goods from such far off lands and in getting them through the custom house, some of his most interesting and valuable relics arrived only a few days ago.

In his room at the Bellevue a reporter found the genial consul resting contentedly after his breakfast, as his eyes roved contemplatively over a number of the most deadly and awful weapons ever conceived or executed by man. When asked about these curiously ugly swords the doctor said:

"I was asked to execute a commission for the Rev. Dr. C. M. Shepard, the distinguished Nebraska divine, a gentleman, who though a man of peace, has one of the finest, if not the very best, collections of swords and other weapons in the world. This led to my examining several hundred rare and curious weapons sent me for inspection and approval, and these are a few of those I selected. No two are alike, and not one but what displays rare skill and inventive power on the part of the Chinese swordsmith."

"The handsomest of all is a general's saber, about 4½ feet long, slightly Japanese in style, with an edge like a razor and a point that would extort admiration from Colonel Jack Chin, of Louisville. Unlike our own, the thickest part of the blade is the center. This gives great weight to the weapon, joined to the appearance of extreme lightness. The scabbard is made of hard, tough wood, lacquered to represent black iron incrustured with mother-of-pearl. The hilt is of black iron, molded in the form of a full blown rose, the petals of which have been drilled with small holes and these filled with bright brass bars."

"The most curious of the lot to my eye is the so called warrior's two bladed sword from Ho-nan. It is only about two feet long and in the scabbard looks very like the sword bayonet of our own army. The scabbard is plain but very neat and covered with white shagreen or sharkskin and trimmed with brass mountings. When you draw it the blade divides into two, each a facsimile of the other, double edged and spear pointed. The twin blades have a remarkable decoration made by drilling seven holes about an inch and a half and put in a zigzag line from hilt to point. These are filled with pure copper, which is ground down to form a smooth surface flush with the steel and polished to brightness."

"These seven stars, as they are called, are found in nearly all the martial weapons of Ho-nan and are relics of the old astrologic faith that still prevails in many parts of China. Its hold is so strong that if the copper falls out of one of the sword holes it is accepted as a sure precursor of death, and the luckless wielder of the blade usually commits suicide to escape further trouble."

"The short stabbing daggers which find favor chiefly with pirates and revolutionists, form a strong contrast with the weapons described. They are generally so ugly that they would be ludicrous were it not for the purposes to which they are applied. I have one which looks like a queerly made ace of spades fastened into a wire bound handle. To increase the artistic effect of the weapon, the armorer has hollowed out a shallow, spoon shaped concavity on either side of the blade and filled it in with blood red lacquer, the effect of which when suddenly drawn from a black sheath is very startling. Spades are not the only suit in the pack that is popular in the Mongolian mind. I have another weapon whose blade is a perfect ace of diamonds."

"Still another dagger is about the clumsiest affair of the kind I ever handled. The blade is a foot long, almost three inches wide and half an inch thick. With its heavy brass hilt and gigantic guard it weighs over three pounds. If set with a long handle it could be used as an ax. It is used chiefly by the Black Flags and other Celestial outlaws, who, in addition to using it in the ordinary manner, throw it with fatal precision."

"The ex-resident of Tonquin told me that during the late war he had known instances in which the knives were thrown with such force that they would go through a man's body and show two inches of bloody steel beyond his back. The handles of many of these instruments of death are finished with what we call pistol grips."

"The most dreadful looking weapon of all was the executioner's sword used by the late headman of Amoy. It is of Manchurian type, being long, almost straight, very heavy and keenly edged. It is used with one hand and is shaped and wound so as to give the executioner a powerful hold upon his weapon. Upon the blade near the hilt are Chinese characters recording the tragic events in which it has taken active part. My interpreter told me that they record no less than 193 human lives which it has taken out of this world. This record enhances its value. A new sword of the same kind could be bought for ten or twelve dollars, but for this sword with its ghastly history the thrifty broker wanted \$200 cash."

"He evidently thought, although it came high, I must have it, and accordingly raised the ante. He was a very heartbroken creature when I returned it with the editorial line so familiar to the spring poet, 'Declined with thanks.' A word of caution as to these oriental swords and daggers. Very many of them are poisoned, so that a mere scratch will cause death. The venom is produced by steeping the blade in decayed human blood, and is one of the deadliest known to physiological science."—Philadelphia Times.

Her One Wish.

Most people who go to Europe have their minds set upon at least one place or thing which they are particularly anxious to see. This was the case with a philanthropic spinster who had lived in Boston for nearly sixty years. She was to make her first trip abroad with her brother's family.

Her sister-in-law and her nieces were mapping out the route for the six months' travel and presently one of them said to her:

"Now you must tell where you want to go, Aunt Martha; we're all choosing our favorite place, you see."

"I've heard you all agree on Italy," replied Aunt Martha, "and that's the only country I have any special desire to visit."

"Why, how nice!" said the niece, in a tone of pleased surprise. "We were talking it over the other day, and mamma said she was afraid you wouldn't care to go to Italy. You're so fastidious; and though Italy is lovely of course there are drawbacks, you know."

"I presume there are drawbacks," said Miss Martha, shivering a little. "I've heard of them. But you mustn't think I want to be sitting about on cathedral steps or damp walls, my dear. All I wish is to see some organ grinders in their native land. That has been my desire for a good many years. The men we see here look so poor and ill fed!"

"I thought perhaps," added Miss Martha, "if I could learn enough Italian to make myself understood by those men it would be a good thing for me to advise them not to come to America."

"I think it would!" said her listeners in chorus, but Miss Martha never understood why they laughed.—Youth's Companion.

His Famous Cook.

Last week two men each looking for a cook met on Woodward avenue and had a talk on hired help. This week they met again.

"Did you find a cook?" asked the first.

"No. Did you?"

"Yes. I've got one."

"Any good?"

"Best I ever had in the house."

"Not where did you find her?"

"Down in Ohio."

"Have to go after her yourself?"

"Yes."

"How did you happen to hear of her?"

"A friend of mine told me about her first, and I wrote to her on a venture."

"How did you ever persuade her to come so far from home?"

"Blessed if I know, but she seems perfectly well satisfied now."

"Do you think I could get a mate to her at the same place?"

HOW SHE EARNED HER CAR FARE.

A Woman's Ingenious Device for Making Money When She Was Hard Up.

A woman who is now one of the most promising artists in this city, and was lucky enough to get two of her pictures accepted by the Academy, told this story of how she earned her first few pennies in this big town:

"When I came here five years ago I had just twenty-five dollars in my pocket. I got a room—or rather a cubby hole next to the roof—in a boarding house on Fourth avenue. It was three weeks before I got anything to do. Then a place was offered to me as a primary teacher in a private school. The salary when you got it was fair enough in amount. But unfortunately you didn't get it until the end of the month."

"By this time there was such a tremendous hole in my twenty-five dollars that I couldn't afford to move up town. The expressage alone would have made a bankrupt of me, for I had absolutely come to such a pass that I hadn't enough money to pay my car fare to the school and back. I explained the situation to the landlady. She really was a dear old thing. She told me I wasn't to worry about my board bill. She was perfectly willing to wait for her money until the end of the month."

"That was one weight off my mind of course, but I had still to grapple with the car fare problem. I was in a dreadful pickle really. For four days I walked every inch of the way—4½ miles each journey. I used to leave the house at 7 in the morning so as to reach the school promptly at 9."