

# The Star.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1892.

NUMBER 16.

VOLUME 1.

**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 rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, &c.

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

First class in every particular. Located in the very center 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.**

Omniales 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 Duluth, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after May 24, 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. 7:35 P. M. —Mailed train for Punnatsawney.  
**10:55 A. M.**—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Cory and Erie.  
**10:55 A. M.**—Accommodation—For Duluth, Sykes, Big Run and Punnatsawney.  
**1:40 P. M.**—Headford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Edmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.  
**4:50 P. M.**—Mail—For Duluth, Sykes, Big Run, Punnatsawney and Waiston.  
**7:55 P. M.**—Accommodation—For Duluth, Big Run and Punnatsawney.

**Trains Arrive**—7:10 A. M. Accommodation Punnatsawney; 10:55 A. M. Mail from Waiston and Punnatsawney; 10:55 A. M. Accommodation from Bradford; 1:20 P. M. Accommodation from Punnatsawney; 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. McNEVRE, Agent,** Falls Creek, Pa.  
**Geo. W. HARTLEY, E. C. LEBY,** General Super. Gen. Pass. Agent  
Bradford, Pa. Rochester, N. Y.

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

**EASTWARD.**

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						
Millville	11:36	5:26						
Mayville	11:50	5:40						
Summersville	12:04	5:54						
Brookville	12:18	6:08	6:15					
Fuller	12:32	6:22	6:34					
Reynoldsville	12:46	6:36	6:52					
Pancoat	1:00	6:50	7:07	10:55	1:35			
Falls Creek	1:14	7:04	7:17	11:05	1:45			
Sabula	1:28	7:18	7:35					
Winterburn	1:42	7:32	7:45					
Penfield	1:56	7:46	7:55					
Tyler	2:10	8:00	8:07					
Glen Fisher	2:24	8:14	8:22					
Benazette	2:38	8:28	8:33					
Grant	2:52	8:42	8:45					
Driftwood	3:06	8:56	8:58					

**WESTWARD.**

STATIONS	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8
Driftwood	10:10							
Grant	10:24							
Benazette	10:38							
Glen Fisher	10:52							
Tyler	11:06							
Penfield	11:20							
Winterburn	11:34							
Sabula	11:48							
Duluth	12:02	7:00	8:43	12:05	5:30			
Falls Creek	12:16	7:14	8:51	12:15	5:40			
Pancoat	12:30	7:28	9:01					
Reynoldsville	12:44	7:42	9:08					
Fuller	12:58	7:56	9:25					
Brookville	1:12	8:10	9:45					
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						
Lawsonham	2:36	9:34						
Red Bank	2:50	9:48						

Trains daily except Sunday.  
**DANIEL McCARGO, GEN'L. SUPT.,** PITTSBURG, PA.  
**JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS. AGT.,** PITTSBURG, 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. Froehlich,**  
**THE ARTISTIC TAILOR,**  
Next door to Hotel McConnell, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

## HARDLY A ROMANCE.

A STORY WHICH WOULD BE IMPROVED BY A LITTLE FICTION.

The Judge on Board an Ocean Steamer, When Near Home, Tells About an Interesting War Experience Which Was, After All, Disappointing.

Fire island would be sighted the next day if all went well, and the great steamer rushed through the water as if she were as anxious to reach her pier as those whom she bore were to be at home again. A little party of men sat by a smokestack telling stories. The play of the moonlight on the waves had turned the narratives into rather sentimental channels, and the judge, giving way to the influence of the "lovers' lamp," told the following story:

"You know I was a colonel in the Union army in the war. Well, early in the struggle I was ordered to Louisville, where I reported to General Don Carlos Buell. Instructions were given me to go into camp with my regiment about six miles south of the city. The place was for the encampment was the son of a fine country place, the home of one of Kentucky's blue-blooded old families. The owners were known to be in strong sympathy with the south, so we had no compunctions about disfiguring the grounds by making our temporary home on them.

"On arriving at the farm I and some of my officers rode up to the house to arrange for such food as we could get. We found two young women, pretty as pictures, awaiting us on the broad veranda. They had seen the preparations for pitching the tents, and were evidently not pleased. I dismounted, made my best bow and explained that the exigencies of war compelled us to camp on their lawn. I assured them that the soldiers would inconvenience them as little as possible.

"The two listened to my little speech with looks of anger, and the taller one snapped out: 'You shall not camp on our place. The last time Union soldiers were here we didn't have cream for our coffee for two weeks and we don't propose to stand it again.'

"We soldiers, accustomed to pretty rough fare, could not help laughing at this, and the flush on the faces of the women grew hotter. I hastened to apologize and to say again that we would be as considerate as the necessities of war permitted. Then we rode to our tents.

"The next morning I visited the house again to see about getting some provisions. The young women were still haughty, but I did my best to soften their antipathy. I did save them much annoyance and they could not help being grateful. Somehow I found occasion to visit the house daily, and sometimes I managed to conjure up a second pretext before bedtime. At the end of a week the sisters regarded me more as an individual and less as a Union officer, for I studiously avoided referring to the war. Once or twice the elder one told me with flashing eyes what would happen to our men when they met a Confederate force on the battlefield. Her brother was a captain in General Humphrey Marshall's army, and she warned me against getting within rifle shot of his regiment.

"We got on swimmingly on the whole, however, and I confess I grew more than a little fond of the spirited girl. In a little while the order came to move on to eastern Kentucky, and I felt uncommonly sad when I rode up to the house to tell the young ladies goodbye. I imagined there was a slight sign of emotion in the elder's pretty face when I told the news, but it disappeared almost instantly. Holding out her hand to me she said frankly: 'Goodby, colonel. I am really sorry to see you go. You are not so bad—for a Yankee. Please avoid my brother. You might get into trouble.'

"I laughed. 'Would you like to see your brother?' I asked.  
"Oh, yes. Why do you ask? she said, puzzled.  
"Well, I'll send him to see you then. It was her turn to laugh, and she said mockingly, 'You'd better look out when he's in the same county with you.' I rode away, the tones, but not the words, ringing in my ears.

"Not long afterward my regiment was in eastern Kentucky. One night two of our men brought in a prisoner. He had carelessly wandered outside his lines and been captured. A handsome young fellow he certainly was, with the bearing of a cavalier. 'What is your name?' I asked him.

"Captain —, of the — Kentucky," he replied.  
"I was all excitement, but I tried to speak in calm tones. 'Do you live about six miles south of Louisville?' I asked, to make assurance doubly sure. He said with some surprise that he did. The next day I arranged that the prisoner should be paroled. I said that I knew his family and would vouch for his honor. He was allowed to go home after giving the usual pledge. I merely explained to him that I had met his sisters, and asked him to tell them that Colonel —, of the — Minnesota, had sent him. He said he would, and started for Louisville."  
There was silence for a time. Finally some one said, "Well?"  
The judge had been looking out over the ocean. He turned toward the speaker.

## WHY HE LIKES DUDES

HOW A PUNY TENDERFOOT ASTONISHED A ROUGH WESTERNER.

Because He Had White Hands and Wore Clean Collars He Was Dubbed "Mush and Molasses"—He Showed What He Was Made of by Saving a Ranger's Life.

We had stopped at a railroad station on the Pecos river, and many of the passengers were walking up and down the long platform. Among them was a dusky young man who excited considerable ridicule from the dozen rough fellows hanging about. One of them finally said something about "chawing Am up," when an old man in the gang raised his hand and said:  
"That's 'nough, boys; don't go any further."  
"What's it to you?" demanded the other.

"A heap, I reckon! It's so much to me that I'll do a leetle shootin' on that fellow's account if needs be."  
The two men looked menacingly at each other, and for twenty seconds I expected to see them draw and fire. Then the younger one walked away, growling as he went, leaving the field to the old man.

"Would you have fought for the dude?" I asked when the strain had been relieved.  
"Sartin!" he grimly answered.  
"But you don't know him."  
"No, and probably never shall, but he sort o' reminds me of a leetle circumstance that happened seven or eight years ago. I had a ranch up on the Pecos plains, and a dude came out from New York city to visit a nuybur o' mine. He was just such a beanstalk as this chap. He had soft hands, a woman's way of talkin', and I looked him over and made up my mind that a Texas baby three years old could give him pointers. Why, dern it, if he didn't wear white shirts and collars and play the planner! I tried to be civil to him, 'cause he was a stranger, but it 'bout made me sick. I never looked at him without thinkin' o' mush and lasses."

"Well?"  
"Waal, arter he'd bin out thar 'bout three months, Jim and me went out one day to look up some stray mustangs. The first thing we knew we got a volley from a lot of Injuns who had broke loose from the reservation. Jim was hit in the shoulder, but fortunately carried off by his boss, who was a fier. I headed for a sink I knowed of and reached it without a scratch. Then, you see, my caper was to stand 'em off till Jim could send help. I had a Winchester and plenty of cartridges, and durin the first hour I wounded one cuss and killed another. Then I got a chunk o' lead through this right arm and begun to feel a bit nervous as to how it would turn out. I swiped a bullet into another, and in return I got this rake along the skull. It wasn't ten minutes arter that befo' I begun to feel powerful sick and weak, and I jest reckoned that my scalp was goin to make an ornament on some red critter's belt."

"But you still stood them off?"  
"As well as able, but the end would hev come in about fifteen minutes more. The last three or four shots I fired I was so blind I couldn't see a rod. The reds was shootin to each other and makin ready to close in when I heard a white man yellin. I couldn't see what took place, but I know how it was jest the same. That mush and lasses dude was out on a hoss huntin jackass rabbit, and Jim ran across him and told him how I was fixed and axed him to ride for help. What do ye think the derned cuss did?"  
"Rode for home?"  
"Not much! He rode fur me! He'd never seen a war Injun in his life, and Jim told him thar was a full dozen arter me, but it made no difference. He comes up on a dead ran, yellin and shootin, and I'll chaw my hat if he didn't lay out two of the critters and kill a pony arter they could git away. He sailed right in so mighty hard that they thought he had a big crowd behind him. That thar leetle dude with soft hands and puny arms lifted me onto his hoss and rode to my ranch and then heads a crowd back and runs them reds 'leven miles and kills another."  
"Why, dern me! He got two ponies out of that scrap, and he gathered up more wampum, bows, arrers, tomahawks, knives and sich than any six of us had collected in five years. When I got about I helped him to box and ship 'em to some club in New York. 'Pears to me it was sumthin like the Manhattan club. Leastwise, it had a 'tarnal longish name, and the feller was a member."  
"And you came to like him?"  
"Say! He kin hev all I've got in this world any time he axes for it. I made a big mistake sizin him up. He could beat any of us with the pistol, and the feller who took hold of him for a rassel was throwed sky high before he could bite his terbacker. He could run like a deer, outjump a kangaroo and we couldn't find a broncho who could buck him off."  
"And that's why you interfered, is it?"  
"Exactly. Show me a dude and I'll back him. These boys hain't learned the difference between a dude and a fule yit, but I hev and I don't want no better chaps behind me in a pinch than dudes, 'specially New York dudes."—New York Herald.

**Bright Old Men in Essex County.**  
Essex county, Mass., has been noted not only for its legal lights like Rufus Choate, Caleb Cushing, Judge Story and others, but also for its deputy sheriffs, some of whom have served many years.

Of one of these men, Daniel Potter, many amusing stories have been told. At one time he entered a newspaper office in Salem, and addressing the only scribe who was in sight said:  
"I thought I would tell yob that tomorrow I shall go where I never went before and can never go again."  
The scribe, knowing his caller, promptly "gave it up," and then Mr. Potter said:  
"It is into my eightieth year!"

Some years ago these old deputies had a gathering at the home of a certain one of their number in Gloucester. While they were roaming about the house the host called the attention of his guests to an old clock, a great favorite of his.  
He told his friends of his great attachment to this ancient timepiece and grew quite pathetic at certain points in his remarks, which he brought to a close by saying in a voice full of emotion:  
"Gentlemen, I have wound up that clock every night for more than forty years."

He had evidently made an impression on his visitors, when one old deputy, who had been carefully examining the clock, turned the tide of feeling evoked by the story by saying dryly:  
"Well, I always did think you were something of an idiot! That's an eight day clock!"—Youth's Companion.

## Religious Differences.

In the greater concerns of life there are wonderful illustrations of the conflicts of opinions. There are something over 1,200,000,000 of human beings in the world. Among these are six varieties of religious belief; three of these are said by one class to be false, and by others three are said to be the true religion. And yet every religionist, every sectarian claims that he and she alone are right. What our Chinese neighbors say is "true" we say is "false." We call them "heathens"—they class us as "outside barbarians."  
What we English speaking people think is the right and the true religion is in a startling minority in human belief or religious creed—for there are only some 350,000,000 Christians in all the world. There are some 6,000,000 Jews, and they have clung with singular persistency in all ages to their religious belief; it is seldom a Jew renounces his faith; it is more seldom that a Christian embraces Judaism. There are more than 100,000,000 people who are pagans and Mohammedans.—Detroit Free Press.

## IN OUR

### Shoe Department

We carry only reliable makes, and we could fill the one side of this issue with testimonials in regard to the wearing qualities of our shoes. What is termed among shoe dealers as cheap shoes, "for instance," shoes that sell for one dollar a pair, we do not handle, for the simple reason that goods of that kind will not build up our shoe department. We buy no shoes from what is called "Jobbers," but place our orders three and four months in advance, with the best shoe manufacturers in the country.

Our dry goods department is full of spring fabrics, at prices lower than the lowest, and all we ask is that you give us a call and Compare Prices and Quality, don't forget the quality, as that goes a long ways as regards price. Quality first, price second.

**J. B. ARNOLD.**

### New York Branch

**Bargain Store,**  
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, White Shirts, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Gloves and an endless number of other things for gentlemen. Come in and look for yourselves. I will only be glad to show you my stock. I have in stock hundreds of articles for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. Boys, Girls and Baby's that would fill our town paper to mention them all. This advertisement is written in the plain American A.B.C. language so everybody that can read can understand every word of it.

**M. J. COYLE,**  
**The Racket Store.**

## Shoes for the Dead.

Among Chicago's industries is a factory where the manufacture of shoes for corpses is carried on exclusively.

Out of five neat black boxes a representative of the firm yesterday took as many different sizes. These were adults' and children's shoes. The material corresponds with the purpose of their use. The shoes are certainly nice to look at. The soles are cut out of pasteboard and are covered with grained paper. The uppers are a combination of quilted satin and crochet work. A ribbon, inserted at the top and tied in a neat bow-knot, holds the shoe to the foot.

"Men's shoes are always black," it was said. "Occasionally we turn out a lot of brown ones. We have had special orders for men's white shoes, but only in a few instances. Shoes for women and children are always white. They are not expensive; five to fifteen dollars will purchase a dozen pairs."

The burial shoe is a patented article. It was designed by a Joliet (Ills.) woman milliner, who now enjoys the profits of her idea. The Chicago company has been in existence for nearly a decade, and is catering to an ever increasing demand. The firm employs a traveling man, who covers all the territory between Maine and California. It takes ten girls and several machines to keep up with his orders. The average monthly output is 15,000 pairs during the dull season. It is increased to 25,000 during a busy period.—Chicago Tribune.

## The Gold Cure Is Very Old.

The precious metal has been employed both externally and internally, in the metallic state, in solution and by sympathy, for a great variety of the ills that flesh is heir to, for over 2,000 years. The train of thought which led the ancients to employ this highly prized material can be well told in the quaint language of the distinguished Dutch physician and chemist, Hermann Boerhaave; writing about 1735, he says: "The alchemists will have this metal contain I know not what radical balm of life capable of restoring health and continuing it to the longest period."

"What led the early physicians to imagine such wonderful virtue in gold was that they perceived certain qualities therein which they fancied must be conveyed thereby into the body; gold, for instance, is not capable of being destroyed; hence they concluded it must be very proper to preserve animal substances and save them from putrefaction, which is a method of reasoning very much like that of some fanciful physicians who sought for an assuaging remedy in the blood of an ass' ear by reason the ass is a very calm beast!"—Professor H. Carrington Bolton in Popular Science Monthly.

## To Take Off Old Paint.

It is very seldom now that you see a