

# The Star.

VOLUME 1. REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1892. NUMBER 17.

## 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.

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**HOTEL MCCONNELL,**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.  
FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.

The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, etc.

**HOTEL BELNAP,**  
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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.

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Omni-bus 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.

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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 23d, 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 Punnatsawney.

**10:05 A. M.**—Bradford Accommodation—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls, etc. 10:35 A. M. Accommodation from Bradford.

**1:20 P. M.**—Bradford Accommodation—For Rochester, Brockwayville, Elmout, Carleton, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

**4:50 P. M.**—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punnatsawney and Walston.

**7:15 P. M.**—Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Punnatsawney.

**Trains Arrive**—7:10 A. M. Accommodation Punnatsawney; 10:05 A. M. Mail from Walston and Punnatsawney; 10:35 A. M. Accommodation from Bradford; 1:20 P. M. Accommodation from Punnatsawney; 4:50 P. M. Mail from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:15 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. McLEWIS, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. Geo. W. BARTLEY, E. C. LAPP, General Supt., Gen. Pass. Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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

**EASTWARD.**

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 9.	100	109
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 54		
Pancoat	1 00	6 50	7 02		
Falls Creek	1 14	7 04	7 10	10 55	1 35
DuBois	1 28	7 18	7 24	11 05	1 45
Salisbury	1 42	7 32	7 38		
Winterburn	1 56	7 46			
Pennfield	2 10	8 00			
Tyler	2 24	8 14			
Glen Fisher	2 38	8 28			
Benezette	2 52	8 42			
Grant	3 06	8 56			
Driftwood	3 20	9 10			
	P. M. P. M. A. M. M. P. M. M. P. M.				

**WESTWARD.**

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 10.	100	110
Driftwood	10 10				
Grant	10 24				
Benezette	10 38				
Glen Fisher	10 52				
Tyler	11 06				
Pennfield	11 20				
Winterburn	11 34				
Sabula	11 48				
DuBois	12 02	7 00	8 42	12 05	5 30
Falls Creek	12 16	7 14	8 51	12 15	5 40
Pancoat	12 30	7 28	9 00		
Reynoldsville	12 44	7 42	9 08		
Fuller	1 29	7 49	9 25		
Brookville	2 21	8 11			
Summersville	3 13	8 45			
Mayville	3 58	8 51			
Millville	4 43	8 55			
Oak Ridge	5 28	9 05			
New Bethlehem	6 13	9 10			
Lawsonham	6 47	9 45			
Red Bank	7 40	10 00			
	A. M. M. P. M. A. M. M. P. M.				

Trains daily except Sunday.  
DANIEL MCCARGO, GEN'L SUFF.  
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.

## COME!

My sweetheart! my loving! you darkened all the day.  
When from my silent dwelling your footsteps turned away;  
The moon was dark as midnight, the noonday sad as dawn;

The milk white daisies drooped their heads along the dewy lawn.  
My darling! my dearest! I sought the garden round;

But never in a blossom your precious face I found;  
No rose was red beside your lips, no lily like your throat;

No sound or thrilling of your voice in any thrush's note.  
Ah! What is like your eyes, dear? gray sparkles of the sea;

So clear and crystal shining their beryl glances here;  
And where is any flower of all that may compare

With the softly dancing glitter of the sunshine in your hair.  
Alone through lingering daytime I listen for your feet;

Those springing steps no longer along the path-way beat;  
I hear the dewdrops rustle in the branches overhead;

But home and you together for many a day have fled.  
My life is sad and weary, too dark with want and pain;

But your dear eyes would bring its light and gladness back again;  
My soul is tired of desert sands, bereft of cheer and balm;

For you were like the diamond spring beneath its lonely palm.  
Come back, come back, my darling! Across the spaces here!

Come light this night of grief and gloom, my dearest; shine clear;  
Not long have I to linger, not long to call or cry;

Come back my treasure come, my heart, and bless me ever I die!  
—Rose Terry Cooke in New York Independent.

## Proposing Under Difficulties.

An English writer tells an amusing story of a country house where a routine daily routine is observed, and where no chance is given one of breaking the monotony.

It is of a man who wanted to stay in a country house, thinking it would give him the opportunity of proposing to a girl with whom he had been in love for a long time.

His visit was to last a fortnight, but the last evening came without his having the one chance of being alone with her during the whole time.

As he sat at dinner of course he was at the opposite end of the table where she was; he felt the time was fast passing away, and in a few hours he would no longer be in the same house with her.

When the ladies went to the drawing room he would have to sit on in the dining room. His host might allow him to look in at the drawing room for a few minutes that evening, but after that his presence would be required in the billiard room.

In utter desperation he took up the menu card and on it wrote, "Will you marry me?" He doubted it up, telling the butler to give it to the lady in question. He did so. She read it and with the perfect sang froid born only of the Nineteenth century said, "Tell the gentleman 'Yes.'"

## Scarfs That Demand a Pin.

The scarfpin should always be worn with the flat, madeup scarf. There is a place for its insertion, and by seeming to hold it together it attains a utilitarian phase, in that it is an aid in glossing over the percentage of madeup suggestiveness that is always more or less associated with the imitative article.

The madeup flat or puff scarf, if worn without a scarfpin, discloses its artificiality in all the baldness of its mechanical inferiority. It is a curious paradox in the fashions, therefore, that the scarfing that does not actually need the scarfpin in reality requires it most of all.

In the self tied De Joinville, or its madeup reproduction, the scarfpin must pierce the cross folds at the intersection.—Clothier and Furnisher.

## Signs of Grief in Madras.

In Madras, after the death of a father, the sons of the deceased must be shaved from head to foot as a sign of their grief, no part of their body escaping the cleansing blade.

I have been somewhat amused to see a sorrow stricken son followed patiently about by the barber till he has been sufficiently calmed to submit to the operation. No sooner is the pyre fired and the body hidden from sight by a liberal plastering of mud, in which it buries, than the bereaved seeks out a pleasant, shady spot, and the tedious shaving commences.

First, the head is cleaned, then the face, nor is the task over till the last hair is gone.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Better Than Writing.

The other day a young lady visiting friends in Sewickley decided to prolong her stay—a usual decision with those visiting Sewickley. She wished to notify her father of her plans. She neither wrote nor telegraphed, but simply went to the Sewickley telephone station and talked to her father, who was at his office in a town in the eastern end of the state, over 200 miles away.

The miracle of the talking wire is one which seems more miraculous as the long distance telephone reaches points hitherto attained only by the telegraph or the slower process of the mails.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

## Bacteria in Croton Water.

The examinations of artificial ice made from the distilled Croton water have shown that when it does contain a few bacteria these are not of many different species, as is the case with the undistilled Croton, but they are almost all of one single species, and this a hardy, harmless form which multiplies readily and rapidly in pure water.—T. Mitchell Prudden in Harper's.

## They Cured Him.

Mail carriers are sometimes prone to make mistakes, just as other people are. Not only in their business, for that occurs often with the most careful, but sometimes socially.

It was only a few evenings ago that one of the East End mail boys made such a mistake socially as to place him in a ridiculous manner before the few friends who have learned of this mistake.

For some time past Uncle Sam's agent has been paying noticeable attention to one of East End's fair belles, that is, in an indirect and seemingly unconcerned manner. In fact, the young lady did not know of the intended attention until he asked permission one day to call upon her that evening.

When he would go to the house to deliver any letters to the young lady he would always ask if Miss — was in, always using her Christian name, and in this way he became, as he thought, pretty well acquainted with the object of his affections.

The young lady was not reciprocal in her feelings, and when she was asked to allow him to call she hesitated somewhat, but finally said yes.

The young man was not acquainted with the fact that this certain young lady had a sister almost the exact image of herself, but she knew it and was determined that the sister should help her in her cleverly laid scheme—the sister should entertain the "letter carrier."

All arrangements were made for the evening, and when the doorbell sounded the sister answered and the young man was ushered into the room. He did not detect any difference in the sister and was not aware that he was talking with any other girl than the one he had asked to call upon.

The evening hours flew quickly and he was about to depart, when he began pouring forth some endearing terms to the young lady, who listened attentively until he had finished, when, with a smothered laugh on her face, she asked, "It's my sister you wish to see, is it not?"

The letter carrier was dumfounded. He had committed himself, and to one wholly uninterested in the affair. He reached for his hat and with one bound reached the door and was soon wandering down the avenue beneath the electric light.

He was surely a wiser if not a happier man. The letters are still delivered to the house, but the letter man is scarcely ever seen, and he never asks for Miss —.—Pittsburg Press.

## The Currant Before It Is Dried.

I must confess that I have always blindly supposed (when I thought of it at all) that the currant of the plum pudding was the same fruit as the currant of our gardens—that slightly acid red berry which grows on bushes that follow the lines of back fences—bushes that have patches of weedy ground under them where hens congregate. I fancied that by some process unknown to me, at the hands of persons equally unknown (perhaps those who bring flattened raisins from grapes), these berries were dried, and that they then became the well known ornament of the Christmas cake.

It was at Zante that my shameful ignorance was made clear to me. Here I learned that the dried fruit of commerce is a dwarf grape, which has nothing in common with currant jelly. Its English name, currant, is taken from the French "raisin de Corinthe," or Corinth grape, a title bestowed because the fruit was first brought into notice at Corinth. We have stolen this name in the most unreasonable way for our red berry. Then, to make the confusion worse, as soon as we have put the genuine currants into our puddings and cakes we turn around and call them "plums!"

The real currant, the dwarf grape of Corinth, is about as large as a gooseberry when ripe, and its color is a deep violet black; the vintage takes place in August. It is not a hardy vine. It attains luxuriance, I was told, only in Greece; and even there it is restricted to the northern Peloponnesus, the shores of the Gulf of Corinth, and the Ionian islands.—Constance Fenimore Woolson in Harper's.

## Strange Applications.

The Salvation Army has in London a bureau of information, where ladies may obtain servants and those in need of employment find work. It has been extraordinarily successful. During the first year 1,300 employers found servants, and a thousand girls applied for work.

Strange applications come to the office. One lady recommended her departing servant as "clean, tidy, honest, sober, truthful and a good worker." Wondering why maid and mistress should part under these conditions, the bureau found that a terribly bad temper was the cause of separation.

"But, strangely enough," said the chief, "it happened that a lady had just applied to us for a servant with a bad temper, believing that such girls make the cleanest handmaids. So that we are able to meet every requirement."—Youth's Companion.

## To Preserve Milk.

There are many ways of preserving milk so as to keep it sweet, but one of the most satisfactory is that which is at present practiced at an establishment in Texas. The milk, fresh from the cow, is subjected to a boiling heat, and after the air has been expelled from it the cans are hermetically sealed. When the process was first invented, about fifteen years ago, several dozen bottles were sealed up. Every year some of these are opened, and after fifteen years' keeping the milk has in every case been found perfectly fresh.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

## THE SONG OF THE TEXAS CORN.

I was dry and dusty;  
I was weak and weary;  
Now I'm glad and lusty,  
And the earth looks cheery.

Oh, the soaking,  
Mirth provoking,  
Laughter making rain;  
Soft and silky,  
Mild and milky,  
Grows my golden grain.

Listen to the laughter  
That my leaves are making,  
When the wind comes after  
Kisses, softly shaking.

Oh, heaving, heaving,  
Breathing, living,  
Heaven pouring rain!  
Come, caress me,  
Kiss me, bless me,  
Once and once again!

Let your hearts be singing!  
Peal your praises, peoples;  
Set the joy bells ringing  
In the lofty steeples.

Praises render  
To the sower,  
Of the joyous rain;  
Of the living,  
The life-giving,  
Of the precious rain.

—John P. Sjolander in Galveston News.

## How Greeley Helped Lincoln.

"In McClure's 'Lincoln and Men of War Times,' Isaac," said aged Charles Wister, of Germantown, yesterday, "that the colonel gives Andrew Curtin a great deal of credit for Lincoln's nomination at Chicago in 1860. I sat in a chair beside Colonel McClure in that convention, and I think Curtin and all others were totally overshadowed by Horace Greeley. Greeley bore Seward a bitter grudge. He said he had made Seward governor, and he thought him ungrateful. On Seward's refusal to act as he wished, Greeley declared, 'My time will come at last.' When the convention time arrived we all saw what seemed to be a band of soldiers marching up the street. What was it but old Horace Greeley in his famous plug hat and white coat stalking along after a brass band at the head of the New York delegation. They were the pick and flower of the state too. They were given a rousing reception in the convention hall."

"Greeley had corresponded with the ablest Republicans throughout the Union, and for two years had been planning against Seward's ambition. When the battle was fought and Lincoln was nominated Greeley came down stairs from his room in the hotel with his carpetbag in his hand. As he bade goodby his words were, 'My mission is accomplished.'"—Philadelphia Record.

## Change for the Wedding Fee.

A clergyman in Cumberland county had married a couple, and was surprised by the groom's asking him the amount of the bill. He had not been accustomed to receive anything of much value, and said that the matter was left to the groom to decide. "But I'd rather you'd state the figures," was the reply, and finally the minister said, "Well, anywhere between one and ten dollars." The groom handed him a five dollar bill and departed.

In about a fortnight he returned to the minister's house and said, "Look here, when I gave you that five dollar bill I expected some change back." The astonished minister happened only to have two dollars about him. He took that from his pocket and gave it to the man, and there the transaction ended.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

## Three Remarks About Marriage.

James Lane Allen has a story entitled "John Gray," in which he has three remarks to make apropos to the subject of marriage: "Some women in marrying demand all and give all; with good men they are happy; with base men they are broken hearted. Some demand everything and give little; with weak men they are tyrants; with strong men they are divorced. Every bachelor is really the husband of an old maid. For every single man carries around with him the spirit of a woman to whom he is more or less happily wedded. When a man actually marries, this inner helpmate wisely disappears in the presence of her external contemporary."

## Why Meerschaum "Colors."

Meerschaum would not color at all but for the fact that it is boiled in wax. If used in its natural state it would quickly become soiled, the material being so porous that it absorbs the slightest moisture from the hand or anything it comes in contact with. But the wax fills up the pores and gives the meerschaum a sort of enamel. A pipe that has been spoiled by overheating, so that it will not color, can be reboiled in wax and restore to some extent. This kind of work is done in the trade by experts, for it requires great skill.—Interview in Washington Star.

## One Day's Experience.

One instance in which a lady has changed her name three times in one day is on record. Mr. Croft, son of Sir A. D. Croft, was married at Weigh Hill, Hants, to the eldest daughter of Mr. Marsh, at one time M. P. for Salisbury. The same day the old baronet died suddenly and his son succeeded him. Thus the lady was in the morning Miss Marsh, in the afternoon Mrs. Croft and at night Lady Croft.—London Tit-Bits.

## Never Poultice the Eye.

It is the prevailing custom among ignorant people to put a poultice on an inflamed eye, a thing which should never under any circumstances be done. It is said to see the vast number of men, women and children made blind for life by this one thing.—Jenness Miller Illustrated.

## A Clever Defense.

Sea captains have many adventures, and the stories of their wonderful escapes seldom lose by repetition. Many years ago pirates cruised up and down the English channel to the great peril of the merchantmen. The story is told of a Captain Davis, who was noted for his quick wit as well as for his skill in navigation, that he was returning from Ireland with a cargo consisting mainly of butter.

He had not been out very long when a pirate was seen coming down upon him. In vain all sails were spread; every moment brought the pirate nearer.

The men were at their wit's end, but the captain knew a trick or two. He ordered his men to take off their boots and stockings, and directed that a score of butter barrels be brought on deck.

In a few minutes the barrels had been knocked to pieces, and the butter was thickly spread all over the deck and outside the ship. Not a rope nor a spar that was not slippery. Even without their boots and stockings the sailors could scarcely keep on their legs.

On came the pirate, not dreaming how smoothly he was to be received. Captain Davis assumed an air of submission and allowed the enemy to come alongside quietly.

But lo! when they jumped over, fully armed, with pistol in one hand and sword in the other, they slipped about and tumbled over each other on the buttered deck like so many rats.

One fellow shot head foremost down into the cabin, where he was immediately set upon by the boys; another slid across the deck and shot out into the sea by an opposite porthole.

Not one of them could stand on his feet, and as pirates are generally superstitious, an idea seized them that the ship was possessed of the devil. They hurried back into their own vessel, cast loose, and Captain Davis got safely into port at the expense of a few pounds of butter.—Youth's Companion.

## The Bared Head at Funerals.

The bared head at funerals is, for hygienic reasons, becoming a custom of the past in some localities. An agitation against it was started by Captain George A. Raabe, a member of many benevolent societies in San Francisco, and as a result of his labors nearly every society of the kind on the Pacific coast has adopted resolutions to the effect that the members shall keep their hats on at the graves of their departed comrades. Grand Army posts in California have followed suit. Societies in Milwaukee are discussing the same question. Health Commissioner Wingate, of that city, recently made these sensible remarks on the subject of the exactness of the modern funeral:

Death comes at a time very often in a family when an overworked and nearly broken down mother or sister or wife, or perhaps a husband, is nearly if not completely prostrated, and whose health is in a most precarious condition. Physicians can testify, as no other class in the community can, to the often serious results of a funeral as it is conducted nowadays. A delicate member of the family, who perhaps has not been out of the house for weeks, worn down and prostrated by the care and grief incident to the loss of a dear relative, is subjected to a long, slow ride in a carriage on a cold, inclement day. Custom has had its way; the victim, following the custom, thinking it a duty, returns to her home, not to go out again till she is followed over the same road to the last resting place by perhaps others who fall victims after her.

I am comparatively a young man, and yet I have not fingers enough on which to count cases of this kind that have come under my own observation and in my own experience as a physician, and I have resolved to raise my voice against this custom whenever and wherever I may have the opportunity.—Chicago Times.

## A Chinese City of Today.

Amoy proper and its suburbs have a living population of about 1,000,000 and a dead one of four and a half times as many. The wells are shallow and are sunk on the edges of the graveyards, and even among the tombs themselves. I have not seen one whose water is not muddy and discolored by the perpetual turning up of the soil.

The city is a relic of the past. It is walled the same as it was in the time of Confucius. It has no sewers whatever. The streets vary from two to six feet in width; no wheeled vehicle can use them. An equestrian would experience great difficulty in turning a corner. Here and there is an open space or plaza, dug out so as to be a huge open cesspool; into it the streets discharge their filth.—Cor. Practitioner.

## An Unlucky Number.

"I should think Pope Leo XIII would be a very unhappy man," said Judge Pennybunker. "I should think he would be troubled with dreadful forebodings?"

"Why so?" asked Colonel Yergler.

"Because he can never sit down to the table without being the thirteenth—Leo XIII," replied Judge Pennybunker.—Texas Siftings.

## Where the Proof Was.

Lawyer—Of course I don't know what his defense is, madam, but we can sue him for breach of promise and see how we come out. The proof of the pudding is the eating, as they say.

Aggrieved Fair One (pensive, but businesslike)—The proof of the pudding, sir, is these here love letters.—London Tit-Bits.

## PILLSBURY AND REYNOLDS

Brothers Shoes

To be sold for the next few weeks at from

33 to 50 per cent less than cost.

Ladies now is your chance as this is the greatest slaughter ever made in Reynoldsville on Shoes.

J. B. ARNOLD.

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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