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The Blue Vetch. A particularly beautiful wild flower from the Old World, now getting common in New England and giving pleasure to the lover of wild flower scenery, is the blue vetch, Viola cracca. I was particularly glad to see it come off a coniferous tree in a field with the well known touch grass, which usually acts the foliage among other vegetation. It usually crowds out everything, and our Pennsylvania farmer regards it as one of his worst enemies.

On the seacoasts of New England, however, the yield of this grass is simply enormous, and the agriculturist employs it largely for hay. Its roots are annoying to the more southern farmer, as every little piece grows. It can never be got rid of. But here, where the same field is mowed for an indefinite number of years, it is of no consequence how the roots hold on. The more tenacious the better. But it is such a bold warrior among vegetation that nothing can grow where it grows, and a field of couch grass looks more like a field of some light kind of wheat under a careful farmer's hands.

Timothy grass here will not stand the attacks. Battalions of weeds contend the field with it. Couch grass alone sends forth defiance. But the blue vetch is a masterpiece. It grows up with the grass and at length overtops it, and forms beautiful blue patches over the whole field, looking like bright cerulean lakes over a gray arid plain. Fortunately the farmer does not mind, as it is as agreeable to the cattle as the grass. It is one of those rare instances where great beauty and utility go hand in hand together, and strike up a truly happy marriage.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

The Chinese Cuisine. "In passing through Chinese towns," said the Rev. A. T. Wright, of Milwaukee, to the writer, "the astonishingly large number of cookshops interests and attracts the foreign passer by. One's curiosity is often aroused to know the ingredients of the messes he sees being concocted. These places are unpleasantly pressed upon the pedestrian, for the front is invariably open to the street, and in order to tempt customers by the sight and smell of viands the cook prepares his dishes over a charcoal fire in full view, and sets samples of his materials and his bill of fare out on a show-board before him. Tables and stools are placed in the rear, and here the hungry may banquet.

The Frenchman is not the only one who has his frogs' legs and snail soup, for the Celestial, too, revels in these dainties and many more stranger than these. Snakes and eels alike know the fryingpan, and when skinned and dressed appear very much alike. Many varieties of nonpoisonous snakes are used for food. Silkworm grubs are regarded as a choice morsel and are stewed in lard and eaten as a relish, and a multitude of other insects are deemed edible."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

She Purchased Them. She wasn't exactly old, but the discriminating observer could see that she hadn't seen the inside of a schoolroom for at least ten years. The shopman threw down piece after piece of fleecy white material before her critical eyes, but none of them seemed to claim her unreserved admiration. She was taking a great deal of his time and the silk counter was crowded, so he decided to play his trump card.

Holding up a length of crepe de chine so that it fell in a perfect cataract of shimmering folds, he remarked, reflectively, as if to himself alone, "The best thing for graduating purposes we have had in the store this year." The effect was instantaneous, and in another minute the tactful salesman was measuring off a full pattern for his well pleased patron.—Kate Field's Washington.

Old English Meadow. Probably there are no meadows in the world so good as those in England or so old. Yet from the early Anglo-Saxon times old meadow has been distinguished from "pastures" and has always been scarce. Two-thirds of what is now established meadow land still shows the marks of ridge and furrow, and from the great time required to make a meadow—ten years at least on the best land, a hundred on the worst—men have always been reluctant to break up old pasture.

The ancient meadows, with their great trees and close, rich turf, are the sole portents of the earth's surface which modern agriculture respects and leaves in peace. Hence the excellence of the meadows of England and the envy of the American.—London Spectator.

The Cat in Art. Until the present century the peculiar difficulties offered by the structure and texture of cats had hardly been surmounted. When the old masters drew a cat they made it solid and hard—it is probable that the varieties they knew were less beautiful than those which we now delight in—but also there was a conventional neglect of the furry character of the surface. In painting a cat now the danger is in avoiding a false solidity, to lose all sense of the osseous forms in securing softness and lightness.—London Saturday Review.

Cruciating the Parson. A minister of the Gospel must be prepared to submit to all kinds of criticisms. One "leading" member criticised the minister for saying, "When Adam was born," and remarked to a friend: "Any man who will say, 'When Adam was born,' instead of 'When Adam was created,' is unfit for his position. I call such a remark an egregiously blunder."—Christian Advocate.

Better Than Trees. Mr. De Avnoo—"I don't see why Mrs. Forand should put on such airs over you. Our family trees are as good as hers.

Mrs. De Avnoo—"Yes, but her husband has the gout and you haven't."—New York Weekly.

STAR TIME AND SUN TIME.

The Way Astronomers Find Out from the Stars When It is Noon.

The time for sending out the noon signal from Washington is the instant the sun crosses the seventy-fifth meridian. This, however, is not the sun which gives us light and heat, but an invisible, imaginary one; because, for certain reasons, the true sun does not cross the meridian at the same moment every day, but during one part of the year he gets over it a little more ahead of time each day, and during the other part he is correspondingly behind time; and so this fictitious sun is used, because its apparent path around the earth brings it exactly over the same line at the same moment every day. Now at just what instant this sun crosses the meridian is determined by means of the stars, for time at the observatory is not reckoned by the sun but by the stars.

Every clear night an astronomer at the observatory looks through a large telescope for certain stars which he knows must cross a certain line at certain times, and by the use of an electrical machine he makes a record of the time each star passes, as shown by a clock which keeps sidereal or star time. He then consults a printed table, which shows him at just what time each star must have passed, and by as much as this time differs from that recorded by the clock the latter is wrong, and in that way the sidereal clock is regulated. This star time is then reduced to sun time, which requires some calculation, as there is a difference between the two of about four minutes each day.

These two clocks—the one keeping star time and the other sun time—are of very fine quality, and are as near perfection as possible. Although they cannot help being affected by changes of temperature and different conditions of the atmosphere, they very rarely are more than a fractional part of a second out of the way. No attempt is ever made to correct such errors, but they are carefully noted and allowed for in making calculations. For the purpose of distributing time a third clock, known as a transmitter, is used. This is set to keep time by the seventy-fifth meridian and is regulated by the standard clock before mentioned. It is in all respects similar to the other clocks, except that it has attached to it an ingenious device by which an electric circuit may be alternately opened and closed with each beat of the pendulum.—Clifford Howard in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Curious Cave.

The cave temple of Karli, India, is rightly considered one of the greatest wonders of the world. This gigantic recess in the mountain ledge has been chiseled by human hands from porphyry as hard as the hardest flint. The nave is 124 feet long, 45 feet broad and 41 feet from floor to ceiling. Before the entrance to the temple stands a monster stone elephant, upon whose back is seated a colossal goddess, all hewed from one solid block of stone. Like the temple walls and the outside ornaments, every article of adorning sculpture on the inside is hewed from the native rock.

There are aisles on each side separated from the nave by octagonal pillars of stone. The capital of each pillar is crowned with two kneeling elephants, on whose backs are seated two figures representing the divinities to whom the temple is dedicated. These figures are perfect and of beautiful features, as indeed are all the representations of deities and divinities in this peculiar temple.

The repulsiveness so characteristic of modern Hindoo and Chinese pagodas is here wholly wanting. Each figure is true to life, or rather to art, there being no mythical half horse, half man or beast birds depicted in this underground wonder of Karli. This wondrous underground pagoda or cave temple has been a standing puzzle for the learned archeologists of both Europe and Asia for the last 2,500 years, and is as much of an enigma today as it was in the time of Confucius.—Philadelphia Press.

A Bibliophile Indeed.

A lady left some very precious first editions of a book in three volumes in a hansom while she went into a shop—risky thing in itself to do. When she came out of the shop she couldn't find the hansom, which had been made to move on by a policeman, and in despair took another, and just saved the train which she had to catch at Charing Cross. After waiting for an hour and a half the cabman thought there was something queer going on and endeavored to find his fare, without success of course. Then he looked inside the cab, saw the books and some parcels, and conveyed them all to Scotland Yard. And here comes the pith of the story. The lady applied the following day for her precious books and got them. It was suggested that she should pay a certain quite adequate sum as recompense to the cabman. But the lady was indignant. That sum, she averred, did not in any degree represent the percentage due on the enormous value of the tomes. They were worth something stupendous. She mentioned what Quaritch valued them at. And quite cheerfully she paid a sum that made a comfortable nest egg for the cabman. She also made the Scotland Yard official understand something about books that he hadn't a notion of before.—London Vanity Fair.

Why He Was Reticent.

A.—Sir, when we were introduced to each other just now, why did you so persistently deny that we were acquainted? We have often met before, only I cannot just remember where. I suppose you are in business? B.—Yes—as a pawnbroker. Tableau!—Exchange.

Grandpa's Big Effort.

"I suppose you're going to Dr. Mason's funeral, grandpa?" "Oh," snarled the infirm old man, "don't talk to me about other people's funerals. It's as much as I shall be able to do to get to my own."—Exchange.

Adding Insult to Injury.

"Talk about adding insult to injury," said Luvrum, as with the aid of a heavy cane he hobbled to his favorite seat in the Rounders' club; the other afternoon, "something happened to me last night that capped the climax in that direction so far as my experience goes. I dined some friends of mine from out of town last evening. They were old college chums, you know, and as we had not met for years we lingered long over the table, and the loving cup was passed steadily around until my friends had to leave for a midnight train. It was a very hot night. I was very much refreshed, and, as is my custom on such rare occasions, I turned my feet Turkish bathward. I went down into the hot room. A strong desire came upon me to jump into the big cold plunge there without waiting for the usual scrubbing by the attendant.

"It has been my habit to forego the use of the stairs leading down into the plunge, and to simply get up on the marble railing and fall off backward into the cooling waters. So up on the marble railing I stepped and threw myself off. There was not a solitary drop of water in that plunge. The attendants had emptied it for the purpose of cleaning it. Down I went full six feet, and landed squarely on my back on the marble bottom. No, I did not break my back and fracture my skull, though it is a wonder that I did not.

"So much for the injury. Now let me tell you about the insult. As I lay there on my back partially stunned an attendant came, and shaking me roughly by the shoulder said, 'Say, if you do that again you will be put out!' If I did it again I would be put out! Wonder if he thought I did it for fun?"—New York Times.

White Paper Not Wanted.

"There is no such thing as waste paper," said the junk dealer to a reporter. "Hardly a scrap of white paper is wasted. Every bit of it that is thrown away is carefully gathered up and finds its way eventually to the mill again to be made over. The notebook in your hand may furnish material for the pages on which you will write a letter six months hence, and perhaps a year later you will unknowingly find it incorporated in a summer novel with yellow covers. Thus the stock of paper that supplies the world is used over and over again indefinitely through the medium of the scavengers, the dealers in junk and the factories, which are continually engaged in transforming the discarded material into fresh and clean sheets.

"Brown paper, however, is different. Because it is composed of nothing more valuable than straw it is mostly thrown away and never used again. I would not pay you twenty-five cents for a ton of it. A few years ago old newspapers were worth four cents a pound, being made of rags. Now they are manufactured out of wood pulp and straw, and their market value is only a quarter of a cent a pound. Office paper, such as old bills and such scraps, are worth the same price as newspapers, while what we call 'office sweepings,' composed largely of envelopes, are quoted at fifteen cents a hundredweight."—Washington Star.

Eccentric Will.

Eccentricity, and nothing else, distinguishes the will proved in 1734 of Henry Trigg, of Stoneage, of the county of Hertford, grocer, who directed that his body should be committed to the west end of his hovel, to be decently laid there upon a floor erected by his executors; and only sixty years ago, it is said, the bones of Mr. Trigg still remained unburied in the rafters at the west end of his hovel aforesaid. A provision, quite as bizarre, was made in the will of the philologist Jeremy Bentham, who enjoined his executors to embalm his corpse and dress it in the clothes which he was accustomed to wear in his lifetime, in order that he might form the text of a lecture to be delivered annually at a literary institute held at a school of anatomy in Windmill street, Haymarket.

On the occasion of one of the lectures in Jeremy Bentham's mummy the venerable philosopher's head fell off and came to irremediable grief, whereupon an artificial head was modeled in wax by Miss Margaret Gillies, the distinguished miniature painter, but the mummy with the waxen head has long since faded out of the public ken.—London Telegraph.

Saving His Father's Hair.

Lord Charles was often troubled by impertunate acquaintances, who begged for some of his father's (the Duke of Wellington) hair. On such occasions he said to an old servant, whose hair was like the duke's, "Sit down, John; I must cut off another lock!"—Fortnightly Review.

She Got Even.

A certain broker had been teasing his wife about some of her housekeeping arithmetical, and yesterday she got her revenge. "What time is it?" he asked her after lunch. She took out her purse and held up a half crown without a word. He stared, scratched his head and finally gave it up.

"Anybody who is up in figures," she remarked sweetly, "would at once have understood that I meant half past 2."—London Tit-Bits.

The Passion Flower.

The passion flower derives its name from an idea that all the instruments of Christ's passion are represented—viz., the five wounds, the column or pillar of scourging, besides the three nails, the crown of thorns, etc. Most of the passion flowers are natives of the hottest parts of America.—London Tit-Bits.

When it was proposed to build the Central Pacific railroad, a civil engineer of twenty-five years' experience reported that the five could not be completed in twenty years with all the money of the Bank of England to back the enterprise. But it was built and completed seven years before the expiration of the time fixed by congress.

A Miser's Neepitality.

Sir Harvey Elwes, of Stoke, in Suffolk, next to hoarding money, found his principal pleasure in netting partridges. He and his household, consisting of one man and two maids, lived upon these. In cold or wet weather Sir Harvey would walk up and down his hall to save fire. His clothes cost him nothing, for he ransacked old chests and wardrobes and wore those of his ancestors. When he died the only tear shed was by his servant, to whom he left the farm—value, fifty pounds per annum.

The whole of his property was left to his nephew, John Maggott, who thus inherited real and personal estate worth £250,000, on condition that he should assume the name and arms of Elwes. Of this man, who is better known as John Elwes, the miser, the following story is told: His nephew, Colonel Timms, visited him at Marcham, and after retiring to rest found himself wet through. Finding that the rain was dripping through the ceiling, he moved the bed. He had not lain long before the same inconvenience again occurred. Again he rose and again the rain came down. After pushing the bed quite around the room, he found a corner where the ceiling was better secured and slept until morning.

When he met his uncle at breakfast he told him what had happened. "Aye, aye," said Mr. Elwes; "I don't mind it myself, but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain."—Cassell's Journal.

Warren's Idea of Dying.

Warren, aged four years, had formed his ideas of angels and their forms from the study of certain steel engravings, and told his mother if she scolded him again he would "die and go right to heaven." Being told that that was easier said than done, and asked how he would get there, he answered without hesitation: "Oh, I would pile up all the chairs and tables and boxes and ladders as far as they would go, and then I 'spect an angel would come down and det me. And anyway I'd a good deal rather go that way than have things screwed into me!"—New York Tribune.

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