

# The Star.

VOLUME I.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1892.

NUMBER 19.

### Miscellaneous.

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

**DR. B. E. HOOVER,**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.  
Resident dentist, in building near Methodist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentleness in operating.

**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 bath and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

**AMERICAN HOTEL,**  
BROOKVILLE, PA.  
**BUFFINGTON & LONG, Prop's.**  
Omibus 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. Omibus to and from all trains.

**BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RAILWAY.**  
The short line between Buffalo, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after May 25, 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.

**10:05 A. M.**—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

**10:55 A. M.**—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

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

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

**7:55 P. M.**—Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

**Trains Arrive:** 7:10 A. M. Accommodation from Punxsutawney; 1:50 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford; 1:20 P. M. Accommodation from Punxsutawney; 4:50 P. M. Mail from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:55 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford.

General Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. GEO. W. HARTLETT, E. C. LARBY, 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. No. 9. No. 10.
Red Bank.....	10 34 4 44
Lawsonham.....	11 28 5 18
New Bethlehem.....	11 35 5 25
Oak Ridge.....	11 38 5 28
Millsville.....	11 43 5 33
Maysville.....	12 05 5 55
Summersville.....	12 05 5 55
Brookville.....	12 25 6 15
Fuller.....	12 43 6 33
Reynoldsville.....	1 00 6 50
Panocast.....	1 09 6 58
Falls Creek.....	1 17 7 07
DuBois.....	1 30 7 17
Sabula.....	1 43 7 29
Winterburn.....	1 55 7 40
Penfield.....	2 01 7 45
Tyler.....	2 11 7 55
Glen Fisher.....	2 22 8 05
Benezette.....	2 30 8 15
Grant.....	2 50 8 35
Driftwood.....	3 20 8 00

WESTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5. No. 6. No. 7. No. 8. No. 9. No. 10.
Driftwood.....	10 10 6 35
Grant.....	10 19 6 45
Benezette.....	10 51 7 21
Glen Fisher.....	11 08 7 41
Tyler.....	11 19 7 55
Penfield.....	11 29 8 05
Winterburn.....	11 35 8 15
Sabula.....	11 47 8 27
DuBois.....	12 09 8 49
Falls Creek.....	12 17 8 51
Panocast.....	1 34 7 20 8 59
Reynoldsville.....	1 42 7 30 9 08
Fuller.....	1 50 7 40 9 25
Brookville.....	2 21 8 11 9 45
Summersville.....	2 30 8 20
Maysville.....	2 58 8 51
Millsville.....	3 02 8 55
Oak Ridge.....	3 06 8 59
New Bethlehem.....	3 15 9 10
Lawsonham.....	3 20 9 15
Red Bank.....	4 00 10 00

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.

### Retelling a Good Joke.

A Philadelphia drummer sauntered into a clothing store in Elmira the other day, and finding the proprietor busy with a customer he leaned against a pile of clothing and waited. Suddenly the pile toppled over and fell to the floor. The drummer hastily began to rearrange the goods, remarking as he did so, "Well, Mr. Smith, you see clothing has had quite a fall." As he kept on working he added, "And my business is picking up."

Commonplace as the remark was, it made a great impression upon an Irishman who happened to be standing by. "Begorra," he muttered, "that's a foine joke. O'll get that off on some one before night." Still with the joke fresh in his mind he sauntered over to Levy's dry goods store, chuckling as he went along.

"Aha, Mr. Levy, it's a foine joke O'll do to after hearing," he said. "Wait till O'll show yez." Seizing a pile of fine dress goods he threw them on the floor, which was none of the cleanest.

Levy became indignant. "Vot's der matter mid you, anyhow? Vos you grayzy?" he shouted.

"No; it's de joke O'll be after illustratin, but O'll be blessed if it ain't clean escaped me." Levy piled the goods laboriously upon the table, swearing at the time, while Pat stood cogitating. Suddenly he cried, "Be jabbers, O'll hev it now!"

With a vigorous push he sent the goods to the floor a second time, crying, "O'll hev it! Clothing's chaper than it used to be and business is getting a derned site better. How's that for a joke?"

Pat wondered why he was ejected with such rapidity, and Levy hasn't seen the point of the joke to this day.—Philadelphia Times.

### English and Other Languages.

As a language English is certainly direct, in the way that it is not given to the use of polite paraphrase. We remember a notice in three languages affixed to the door of a saloon on board a mail steamer. In English, the passengers were forbidden to do something—we forget the exact nature of the veto, but it was curt to the last degree. In Spanish, "Senores the passengers were requested" not to commit the same offense. In Portuguese, "The grace of senhores the passengers were prayed not to," etc. After all the meaning was much the same, and the English version had at least the advantage of being the shortest.

It is this peremptory tone which has perhaps given English its place in the proverbial classification as the language of dogs. "Spanish," says the proverb, "one talks to the gods;" in truth, it is almost high flown enough for the upper regions, but we may note that the proverb was Spanish in origin. "Italian, one talks to one's friends." One can be effusively warm in Italian and yet have a ring of sincerity. French is capable of such infinite variety of endearments and cajolements that the wanting sincerity is never missed. "German, to one's horse," and if he neighs in answer he answers, we suppose, in good German. "And English, to a dog!" Well, it is a fact that dogs understand English better than any other tongue. We are not disposed to quarrel with that proverb.—London Spectator.

### Japanese in America.

There is a strong desire on the part of young Japanese to come to the United States to acquire or perfect themselves in the English language and complete their education. The welcome given to earlier students has led many who have entirely insufficient means to undertake the journey—to come, indeed, with scarcely more than enough to pay their passage to this country. Others, better provided for, have no idea of the increased cost of living here, while many hope to receive aid from persons who may become interested in them here or to find some employment while they are carrying on their studies.

The practical results are not always fortunate, and many of the students referred to would be better off at home. The reputation of having been educated in Europe or America has a certain value at present in Japan, however, and the Japanese students are, almost without a single exception, a credit to their native country.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### What the Death Mask Shows.

The value of a plaster cast as a portrait of the dead or living face cannot for a moment be questioned. It must of necessity be absolutely true to nature. It cannot flatter; it cannot caricature. It shows the subject as he was or is, not only as others saw him in the actual flesh, but as he saw himself. And in the case of the death mask particularly, it shows the subject often as he permitted no one but himself to see himself. He does not pose; he does not "try to look pleasant." In his mask he is seen, as it were, with his mask off!—Laurence Hutton in Harper's.

### The Summer Young Man.

Primarily speaking, the summer man is not a fool by any means. He is bolling over with business, but was never known to have done a day's work in his life. Fortunately he has inherited considerable money and is there to add an additional sum to that already on hand by marrying one of those western young women with pretty face, musical laugh and a rich father. This kind of men generally become very corpulent as age increases, and as good natured as well, and why shouldn't they?—Exchange.

### CONTENTMENT IN NATURE.

I would not change my joys for those  
Of emperors and kings.  
What has my gentle friend, the rose,  
Told them, if aught, do you suppose—  
The rose that tells me things?  
What secrets have they had with trees?  
What romps with grassy squares?  
What know they of the mysteries  
Of butterflies and honey bees,  
Who whisper in my ears?  
What says the sunbeam unto them?  
What tales have brooklets told?  
Is there within their diadem  
A single rival to the gem  
The dewy daisies hold?  
What sympathy have they with birds,  
Whose songs are songs of mine?  
Do they e'er hear, as though in words  
'Twas piped, the message of the herds  
Of grazing, lowing kine?  
Ah, no! Give me no lofty theme,  
But just what Nature yields.  
Let me but wander on, alone  
If need be, so that all my own  
Are woods and daisies and fields.  
—J. K. Bangs in Harper's Weekly

### Parrots a Source of Pleasure.

There was a time when parrots were regarded in India and elsewhere as sacred, and anybody who dared to injure one of them was regarded as guilty of a dreadful crime. It is true that since then they have fallen somewhat from their high estate, and that in this more degenerate age the common Amazon parrot has been shot in great numbers in the eastern parts of Brazil for the prosaic purpose of making a particular kind of soup to which the natives are partial, while the naturalist waxes quite eloquent when he sounds the praises of parakeet pie.

But in our own country, though we do not go either to the one extreme of holding them sacred or to the other extreme of putting them into pies, parrots still occupy a place of honor in our households, and a well behaved "pretty Polly," who has been duly instructed in the accomplishments of her kind, is still the source of as great a degree of pleasure as ever.—Strand Magazine.

### Why He Could Not Attend.

An amusing instance of the expedients resorted to by men summoned to attend as common jurors in order to avoid serving in that capacity occurred recently. One morning a little girl whose eyes just peered above the desk timidly exclaimed:

"Please sir, father can't come; he can't put on his boots."

The judge asked the nervous little creature what was the matter with her parent. She hesitated. Evidently she had not been instructed further than the statement she had made, and looking straight into the judge's eyes said:

"Well, sir, father don't wear boots; he's got wooden legs. I wasn't told to say anything else, sir; that's all."—London Tit-Bits.

### The Street Band's Delight.

One of the delicate delights of the street band is its propensity to scent out household muscals. In nothing, apparently, do these wandering musicians so much delight as to spring into blatant strains before the house from which issues the voice of song or the modest music of the pianoforte. They carry the day or rather the night every time; for while they can play through and over and above anything, it would take a self possessed and steady nerved household performer to hold his own or her own against such rivalry. And then they ring the bell and extend the hat!—Boston Commonwealth.

### The Names of Two Cities.

On the principle of "In Rome do as the Romans do," I think it a safe rule to pronounce the name of a place as the residents of that place do. Hence we should speak of St. Louis as though it were written "St. Lewis," not "St. Looee." All good Missourians say "St. Lewis." It is a little difficult to put down in black and white the local pronunciation of New Orleans, but it is something like this, "New Awl-yins," with the strong accent on the "Awl."—Cor. New York Tribune.

### She Should Have Been Glad.

She had induced him to swear off on cigarettes, but one hot day he fell from grace.

"George," she said severely, as she swept her nose through the atmosphere of his surrounding. "you have been smoking."

"Of course I have," he replied, as he mopped his face, "and you ought to be thankful that I have not gone further and broken out into a regular blinding conflagration—confound this weather."—Detroit Free Press.

### A Watch with a Long Run.

A debtor down in Madison county, Va., turned over as his only property a gold watch bearing the name of "Extra Billy Smith" and the date 1890. Extra Billy, who died not long since, was once the manager of a stage line between Washington and points in Virginia, but later governor of that state, congressman and major general in the Confederate army. Extra Billy's watch, though it has run for at least sixty-two years, still keeps good time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Society in Western Towns.

There is a social equality in western country towns that prevails nowhere else, and the daughters of the blacksmith are quite as prominent as the daughters of the banker, providing they behave as well, which they are likely to do, as they all grow up together and are educated in the same schools. The only social test in the west is good conduct.—E. W. Howe in Forum.

### A Wonderful Dog.

Squire Schwab's office was crowded shortly near 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon with friends and acquaintances of the genial magistrate, who had been invited into the squire's office to witness the truly wonderful feats performed by a pet dog that had been attached by Special Constable Burroughs in the case of A. H. Moorman against Henry Weichelman for \$71.95.

Weichelman travels for a New York clothing house, and until recently has lived at 113 Clark street. Moorman learned that Weichelman was about to remove to Gotham and immediately brought an attachment suit against him in Squire Schwab's court. When Constable Burroughs went to the Clark street house to attach Weichelman's effects all he found was a beautiful dog, for which the clothing drummer is alleged to have paid \$500.

Several children noticed the officer carrying the dog along the street, and told him the dog performed tricks and also smoked cigarettes. When Squire Schwab's office was reached and the magistrate was told of the dog's wonderful instinct he procured a package of cigarettes, and after summoning a number of friends resolved to test the dog's ability as stated above.

A lead pencil was tied to the animal's paw, and upon a sheet of legal cap paper the dog wrote its name—Clancey—in a very legible manner. Through a quill holder the canine smoked several cigarettes and astonished the assembled crowd by expectorating. The dog seemed to enjoy the sport and the cigarette smoke seemed to enliven him as he pranced cheerfully about and amused the crowd by his funny antics. It is alleged that the dog formerly belonged to some English nobleman, from whom he was stolen.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

### Killing Orchard Pests.

Some time ago the electrical papers described a device which was successfully used in a park at Munich, Bavaria, for the destruction of insects. The insects were attracted by a powerful electric projector, and then drawn down by an exhaust fan to a kind of grinding mill, and after being crushed in which they were mixed with flour and water, baked and used for feeding poultry. Possibly incited by the success of this arrangement, a Washington farmer proposes to wage electric war on the insects that nightly lay havoc with the fruit trees in his orchard.

His plan is to have powerful lamps put in at an elevation of a few feet above the tops of his apple trees. Each lamp or burner is to be surmounted by a steel wire screen, umbrella shaped, each alternate wire being charged and the other grounded. When the light is turned on in the evening it will attract the swarms of winged insects, which will dash against the electrically charged screen and be instantly destroyed. The farmer says he can dispense with the elaborate process adopted in Munich for the preparation of food for the fowls, as every member of his poultry yard will be promptly on hand next morning and will help himself.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Sentimental Suicides.

The crop of suicides is larger this year than ever before. Hardly a day passes that the morgue does not claim several victims, and the coroners are kept busy issuing permits for the burial of aristocratic suicides who shed their mortal shackles amid wealth and luxury. It is remarkable that these unfortunates should choose the summer time for their ghastly work, when life seems to offer so much to the weary, the oppressed and the disappointed. I asked one of the keepers of the morgue today how he accounted for this.

His reply confirmed my own opinion. Said he: "You notice that most of the 'stiffs' are women, don't you? Well, them's all 'sentimental suicides.' The gals has been disappointed in love or suthin' of that kind, and when they sees other folks enjoying life—'th' singin' o' th' birds, th' flowers, an all that sort o' thing, y' know—it makes them feel wuss'n ordinary, an they go off'n jumps into th' river or cuts their throats."—New York Cor. St. Louis Republic.

### Snag Shot with a Whip.

F. M. Pitcher and A. L. Beckwith are two farmers who are both well known in Americus. Tuesday they were together in a buggy coming here, and when they were near Joe Roney's place a chicken hawk lit on the side of the road. "Look at that hawk," said Mr. Beckwith. "Yes, I see him," said Mr. Pitcher. They drove on, and the hawk didn't move. They drew nearer and nearer and finally were almost up to the bird. Mr. Beckwith took up his whip and as they reached the hawk made a crack at it. The blow struck just right, and the hawk was struck full in the neck. The crack was so well made that the full force was executed and the head was cut clean off. The gentlemen brought the hawk and its head to town with them.—Americus (Ga.) Times-Recorder.

### An Appropriate Text.

A preacher in Boston was a little fellow, so little that a box had to be hastily brought from the cellar for him to stand on. The services proceeded safely until the sermon, when he mounted the box and announced his text, "A little while ye shall see me, and a little while and ye shall not see me." At this point the box broke, and the prophecy was verified amid the smothered laughter of the congregation.—New York Evening Sun.

### HOPE DELAYED.

In every sound I think I hear her feet,  
And still I wend my altered way alone,  
And still I say, "Tomorrow we shall meet."  
I watch the shadows in the crowded street;  
Each passing face I follow, one by one;  
In every sound I think I hear her feet.  
And months go by, bleak March and May draw  
heat;  
Harvest is over, winter well nigh done,  
And still I say, "Tomorrow we shall meet."  
Among the city squares, when flowers are  
sweet,  
With every breath a sigh of hers seems blown,  
In every sound I think I hear her feet.  
Belfry and clock the mending hour repeat,  
From twelve to twelve, and still she comes  
in none,  
And still I say, "Tomorrow we shall meet."  
Oh, long delayed tomorrow! Hearts that beat  
Measure the length of every minute gone;  
In every sound I think I hear her feet.  
Ever the sun rises tardily or fleet  
And light the letters on a churchyard stone;  
And still I say, "Tomorrow we shall meet."  
And still from out her unknown far retreat  
She haunts me with her tender undertone,  
In every sound I think I hear her feet,  
And still I say, "Tomorrow we shall meet."  
—New Orleans Picayune.

### How an Arab Loves.

An Arab loves as none but an Arab can love, but he is also mightily excitable and easily won. An Arab sees a girl bearing water or brushwood and in a moment, almost at a glance, is as madly in love as if he had passed years of courtship. He thinks of nothing else, cares and dreams of nothing else but the girl he loves, and not infrequently, if he is disappointed in his affection, he pines and dies. In order to commence his suit he sends for a member of the girl's tribe, and first insuring his secrecy by a solemn oath confesses his love and entreats his confidant to arrange an interview.

The confidant goes to the girl, gives her a flower or a blade of grass and says:

"Swear by him who made this flower and us also that you will not reveal to any one that which I am about to unfold to you."

If the girl will not accept the proposal she will not take the oath, but nevertheless keeps the matter perfectly secret from all. If she is favorably disposed to the match she answers:

"I swear by him who made the flower you hold and us," and the place and time of meeting are settled. These oaths are never broken, and it is not long before the ardent lover becomes the happy husband.—Million.

### The Greek Story of the First Woman.

The first woman created, according to heathen Greek mythology, was Pandora. She was made of clay by Vulcan, at the request of Jupiter, who wished to punish the impiety of Prometheus by giving him a wife. When this woman of clay had received life all the gods vied making her present. Venus gave her beauty; the Graces gave her the power of captivating; Apollo taught her music, Mercury instructed her in eloquence, and Minerva gave her the most splendid ornaments. From these presents, received from the gods, the woman was called Pandora, which intimates that she had received every necessary gift.

Prometheus was too artful to marry this woman and could not be captivated by her charms, but his brother, Epimetheus, who was not so prudent, married her instead, and upon opening a box which she presented to him there issued from it a multitude of evils, which dispersed themselves over the world and still continue to afflict the human race. Hope only remained at the bottom to assuage the troubles and sorrows of life.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Turning Tin Refuse to Profit.

For a long time the owners of sardine factories were at a loss to know what to do with the mounds of tin clippings that accumulated at their docks. The clippings are now collected and sorted according to their shape, those made by the dies which stamp the bottoms and covers of the cans being pounded into suitable shape for handling, while the strips made by the shears in cutting the tin for the sides are bundled and boxed.

The clippings are smelted down in a furnace, the tin with which they are coated being melted and drawn off separately, while the molten mass of metal which composed the plate is run into molds and formed into window weights and other useful articles. The bright tin strips of various sizes are utilized in sundry ways, forming tin tags for the ornamentation of plug tobacco, button molds, ornamental baskets and dozens of other articles.—New York Telegram.

### Birth, Marriage and Death.

A most remarkable case is reported from Kentucky. Rev. O. H. Morrow, a prominent Baptist minister of Simpson county, reared a family of six daughters. He received all of them into the church, baptized them all, said the marriage ceremony for each of them, and buried them all. He survived the last daughter several years.—Marshall (Mo.) Democrat.

### A Great Fity.

The Scotch are great users of snuff. It was a Scotchman who once asked a big nosed stranger if he took snuff, and receiving a negative reply remarked, "What a pity; you have such a grand accommodation."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

### Flowers That Bloom in Winter.

Cubeb—It seems very natural.  
Scarely—What does?  
Cubeb—To see a blooming idiot and a society bud together.—Kate Field's Washington.

### 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.**

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 Hosiery, 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.**