

WHERE WOMEN REIGN

THE GENTLE SEX HAS BECOME A POWER IN WASHINGTON.

Hundreds of Women Hold Working Positions in the Various Departments of the National Capital Without Losing Their Social Standing.

Washington is getting to be woman's paradise. There is no other place in the wide, wide world where women earn as much money, are as independent and are as differentially treated by men as they are in Washington. The influence of women in the affairs of this mighty nation has been a subject of frequent comment. Many interesting and highly imaginative stories have been told of the woman lobbyist until the discreet wives of most of our migratory statesmen have taken to traveling around with them, and never under any circumstances let them remain alone amid the temptations of the capital. This is a palpable injustice to the lawgivers, and involves an unnecessary hardship upon the anxious matrons.

In the place of an imaginary and romantic influence upon the lawmaking of this free for all government there has thus grown up the real and substantial influence exercised by the ever present and zealous guardian of her husband's morals. Meanwhile, from being the mender of her lord's socks and torn trousers, the wife of the statesman has come to realize that she can occupy another and higher sphere in life, and feeling her power has begun by making all around her feel it, who in turn emulate her independence. So it comes that from a combination of politics, society bobbing and female domination the women of Washington have established a status for themselves.

Should all the men be suddenly called away from the capital for a journey across the Styx there is no legitimate business that would be left without a votary and no profession would fall into decline. Beyond the closing of a few charitable institutions things would remain as they are. Law suits would be no fewer or less skillfully conducted; doctors and druggists would still get in their daily work; butchers and bakers and candlestick makers would still be sufficiently numerous; preachers and merchants would equal the demand; barbers would be more plenty than beads; real estate agents would still be forming pools and combinations and speculating in city and suburban property. An undertaker is about the only thing of importance which would not be found. Thus far the men have that business to themselves.

When Spinner opened the departments for the employment of women he gave them an opportunity for advancement. The thing has worked itself out now and the female clerk is an established institution, so to speak, in good standing, with a fair income—and sometimes a fair face as well—recognized and approved of by good society, and in a measure fashionable. Her social standing as a class comes perhaps from the fact that she is more often the friend of the wives of statesmen than of the statesmen themselves, those watchful guardians exercising some discretion in the matter of favors to their own sex.

Out of this has come the recognition of woman as a self supporting creature, without loss of standing, and not all being able to get into the departments or to always hold places once secured they have invaded other occupations and professions once sacred to the wearers of trousers. Of course female teachers, doctors and lawyers are no longer a novelty, and a great many have gone into a small private brokerage business. One woman has gone regularly into the real estate, loan, trust and insurance business, and has turned out to be one of the best "business men" of the thousand and one who keep their eyes on every foot of ground in and about Washington. She has opened up new subdivisions, formed syndicates and done booming with the best of them. The girls have almost driven young men out of the stenography and typewriting business, and even around the political headquarters, where men only used to be employed, women now outnumber men two to one.

The best of it all is that with all this the social status of the women remains unchanged; they are still treated with the greatest deference and courtesy, and a "strong minded" woman is a rarity.

What would you think to see a shopgirl in a tailor made riding habit galloping through Central park on a stylish horse? It would not be a common sight. It is not at all uncommon to see parties of shopgirls—salesladies—well dressed and well mounted, riding along the most fashionable drives, looking as stylish and pretty and enjoying themselves as much as the richest daughter of fashion whom they may pass on the road. The girls in some of the larger stores belong to riding clubs and have riding masters who take them out two or three times a week.—Baltimore News.

The Old Police Tax.

The chief authorities of towns in past ages incurred much responsibility. At Ripon we have a good example of their liabilities. Here formerly, after the blowing of a horn at 9 o'clock at night, and until sunrise next morning, if a house were robbed, and the owner and his servants had taken proper precautions for its safety, the wakened had to make good the loss sustained. Each household paid an annual tax of two pence if he had one door, and fourpence if he had two doors to his dwelling, for maintaining a watch over the city. The tax has long since been discontinued, but the horn is still blown at night.—London Tit-Bits.

On the Grand Tour.

Stranger—What is the fare to Inter-laken?
Driver—Twenty francs.
Stranger—But "Badecker" (guide-book) says only twelve francs.
Driver—Oh, well; then let "Badecker" drive you himself.—Basler Nachrichten.

Sums Wagered on the Turf.

There are no data obtainable in this country upon which even a remote approximation could be made as to the total of the sums wagered in the course of the year upon turf events. That it is large may be safely assumed; but we should doubt much whether the French, in their comparatively recent fervor for betting upon horse races, have not largely exceeded the amounts wagered in this country.

The figures given by a Paris correspondent show that 10 per cent. levied on all sums staked in the Pari-Mutuel machines amounted for the last four months of last year to 2,026,839 francs, representing a total wagered of 101,342,950 francs or over £4,050,000 in four months. This of course is altogether irrespective of the sums wagered at the clubs or with the large bookmakers, and represents only the small sums laid on the course with the smaller men of that class.—London Tit-Bits.

Mice Destroy a Miser's Board.

Edward Kelly, an aged farmer living near Griffin's Corners, Delaware county, is known in the neighborhood where he resides as somewhat of a miser. He places no faith in banks or securities, except greenbacks. Some time ago he sold a tract of land for a large sum of money, which he added to his accumulated hoard, making in all nearly \$10,000. This week he had occasion to examine his treasure, which he kept secreted in an old bootbox, concealed among a quantity of newspapers. He was surprised to find that some mice had entirely destroyed his fortune in preparing for themselves winter quarters. Not a piece of money was left large enough for identification. The old man raved like a maniac when he discovered his loss.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Tickled Almost to Death.

Tommy Pooler, about nineteen years old, one of the nervous sort known as "jumping Frenchmen," was forcibly held by a young negro and tickled so severely that he burst a blood vessel. Hemorrhage from the mouth and nose resulted, and this the physicians have been unable to stop. The priest from Waterville was sent for and arrived Monday night. Tuesday Pooler was very low and apparently near his end.—Dexter Cor. Eastern Argus.

Not an Unnatural Error.

Police Commissioner—Mr. McGobb, how did it happen that you let a raving lunatic go around terrorizing people on your beat for a whole afternoon?

Officer McGobb—Sure I thought he was some felly payin a 'lection bet.—Indianapolis Journal.

Buried Under Seventy Tons of Coal.

James Bordley, of Chester, lost his life in a strange manner at the Wellman Iron and Steel works. The company have an appliance for loading coal into cars through chutes. Bordley was on top of a 400-ton pile of coal, and when the chute was opened he was sucked into the chute, and seventy tons of coal covered him over. Twenty men worked for an hour to move the coal pile, but when Bordley's body was recovered life was extinct.—Philadelphia Times.

Rolling a Peanut.

Some very funny election bets are now being paid here by good Republicans who were confident of the success of their ticket. A Sixth ward man rolled a peanut seven squares with a toothpick and had a broken back when his bet was paid.—Harrisburg Cor. Philadelphia Press.

John T. Stone, of Henderson, N. C., is the youngest editor and proprietor in the United States. He is the boss "hustler" of the Henderson Daily Hustler, and is only thirteen years old.

Utilizing Wire Fences.

An ingenious landowner at Melbourne has applied the wire fences in his district to telephonic use. By utilizing the top wire two extensive estates are connected. Mr. Edward Argle, the manager, carries an instrument with him in his buggy, and by connecting with the wire at any point can communicate with either homestead.—London Tit-Bits.

Crystallized nitrogen is one of the greatest chemical curiosities. By cooling nitrogen gas down to 267 degs. below the freezing point, and then allowing it to expand, solid snowlike crystals are formed.

English gunpowder is composed of seventy-five parts of saltpeter, ten of sulphur and fifteen of carbon. Proportions are often slightly varied.

General William T. Sherman was familiarly called "Uncle Billy" by his soldiers, and also "Old Tecumseh."

Saxon ladies never appeared in public without the hood, which covered the hair and a large part of the face.

KNOW ME BY MY WORKS



LA GRIPPE

Causes the Nation to Mourn, October 25, 1892, in causing the Death of the First Lady of Our Land.

And daily we see the account of some noted person that a few months ago was stout and hearty is now no more, from the effects of La Grippe. Now, good people, I have treated hundreds of cases of La Grippe, and in its worst stages, and never lost a case, and now I have a printed formula of my cure, which I have sold hundreds of for \$1.00 apiece, and have received praises from all parts and from a number of physicians as to its efficacy, and now the Grippe season is coming and that you may all get a formula I am having one wrapped around every bottle of Burgoon's System Renovator, at \$1.00 a bottle or six for \$5.00. For sale at all Drug Stores and 47 Ohio street, Allegheny, Pa.

24 tape worms removed in 42 months. Cancers removed from all parts of the body without the knife. The only safe cure for Cancer on earth. DR. J. A. BURGOON. Office open from 8 A. M. until 9 P. M. Burgoon's remedies for sale in Reynoldsville by H. Alex. Stoke.

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Also a few Pants on which you can save big money. We have on hand about twenty-five good heavy Overcoats suitable for every day wear at prices that will astonish you. All the above goods must be closed out. Don't miss this sale.

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