

Renan's Poverty.
Contrary to what is supposed by many, M. Ernest Renan left little private fortune to his family. So much so is this the case that Mme. Renan intends to sell the library of her deceased husband while awaiting the national pension which parliament will make no difficulty in granting her. M. Berthelot, the lifelong friend of Renan, says that the latter left the world almost as poor as he was on the day when he quitted Saint-Sulpice in order to face the struggle for existence. Renan had the same disdain for money, per se, towards the end of his career that he had when he said to the imperial minister who offered him a lucrative post, "Sit tecum tua pecunia!" All he wanted was sufficient to enable him to pursue his studies in ease and comfort.

As a professor of the College of France Renan had 10,000 francs, or £400 a year, from which 5 per cent. was deducted in order to form a pension. As director of the establishment he had £80 yearly and rooms, £80 also as fees for attending committees and £80 for attendances at the Institute of France. On the whole, M. Berthelot estimates that Renan's official emoluments amounted to 15,000 francs a year, or £600. He had sold all rights in his literary works to his publishers, and had to live for many years of what he earned by writing. These "revelations" about M. Renan's private means are made by M. Berthelot in order to do away with the notion that as a writer and a functionary his friend had made a large fortune.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

The Governor of Tennessee.
Judge Turney, governor of Tennessee, though he has been on the supreme bench for twenty-two years, is a farmer. He has a magnificent old typical southern home in Franklin county known as Wolf's Crag. He is sixty-five years old, 6 feet 4 inches tall, has broad shoulders and weighs 300 pounds. He wears a full, short gray beard. With the exception of a slight rheumatic affection he is hale and hearty. His rheumatism has caused him to abandon deer and fox hunting, of which he has been a great lover. At Wolf's Crag he has his pack of dogs and the horses which have carried him on many a fox hunt.

For years he has been noted as the best deer shot in the state. Men who have been with him on the hunt say he can bring down a deer running at full speed 100 yards distant. He is one of the people. All over the state he is known as "Old Pete Turney." It was his county under his leadership which first seceded from the Union. Before the state of Tennessee had seceded he had organized the first Tennessee regiment and gone to the front. Though many times offered promotion, he declined to leave his regiment and went through the war as colonel of the First Tennessee. At the battle of Seven Pines he was shot through the face.—New York World.

Thinning Them Out.
A new device for plucking strangers has been invented by the keeper of a big Clark street restaurant. He didn't want to frighten regular customers away by raising prices on the bill of fare, and yet felt that it was a shame to be behind boarding house keepers, saloons and hotels in overcharging. Yesterday a bright idea struck him and he promptly put it in operation. A waiter gave the snap away. "I've eaten there for six months," said a well known merchant, "and seldom had cause for complaint. Last night I ordered a sirloin steak, as I had often done before. It was much thinner than usual, but I was not particularly hungry and did not complain. This morning I was served with a still thinner one and kicked. Then the waiter told me the steaks were all being cut thinner this week because so many strangers were in town, and the boss wanted to get more for meals without driving away the regulars. It's the same way everywhere else. The pies are smaller; so are the pats of butter, and the proprietor has actually run in a lot of new coffee cups that hold considerably less than the old ones."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

To Dissipate an Orange.
It is not generally known that an orange lit in the exact center by a rifle ball will vanish at once from sight. Such, however, is the fact. Shooting it through the center scatters it in such infinitesimal pieces that it is at once lost to sight.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Raising Canary Birds.
In Germany the poorer classes are nearly all engaged in raising canaries. Several hundred thousand are shipped every year to all parts of the world. There is no industry like it in existence. The birds are strong and hardy and require very little attention; consequently among the peasantry every family has its aviary, which is a constant source of income, independent of the proceeds of their daily toil. The buyers for the New York houses make periodical trips through the country; the birds are bought and are soon on their way to America, where they quickly become accustomed to their gilded cages.—Pittsburg Record.

Shapes for Folding Napkins.
About 1650 Pierre David published the "Maître d'Hotel," which teaches how to wait on a table properly, and how to fold all kinds of table napkins in all kinds of shapes.
The shapes were: "Square, twisted, folded in bands and in the forms of a double and twisted shell, single shell, double melon, single melon; cock, hen and chickens; two chickens, pigeon in a basket, partridge, pheasant, two capons in a pie, hare, two rabbits, sucking pig, dog with a collar, pike, carp, turbot, miter, turkey, tortoise, the holy cross and the Lorraine cross."—Youth's Companion.

Case for Regret.
Lady—I don't like this picture so well as I did the last one you took of me.
Photographer—Ah, madam, I have not the artistic taste that I had when I was young, and besides my camera is getting old.—New York Weekly.

Pennsylvania Farmers.
The celebrated Farmers' club of Pennsylvania have just been eating their annual dinner. At this feast the talk presumably was confined to the practical phases of agriculture, to a comparison of methods of farming, to a discussion of the result of the year's work and to speculations touching the prospects of the crops of next season. Perhaps a sonnet on entilage was read. It is stated that among the well known hayseeds present were George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger; George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad company; A. A. McLeod, president of the Philadelphia and Reading; Charles Hartshorn, second vice president of the Reading; Joseph Wharton, John Fritz and Robert H. Sayre, Sr.

Their fellow agriculturists the country over can scarcely hope to receive any useful hints from the wisdom which flowed at the dinner, because it is also stated that "the proceedings of the club meetings are never divulged." Why "never divulged?" Can it be possible that if they were divulged it would turn out that some of these experienced and sagacious farmers—as was once said of Farmer Samuel J. Tilden—have so little true genius for their occupation or such uncommon hard luck that they are unable to pick out the cow which gives the buttermilk?—New York Tribune.

The Largest Monolith.
The enormous pillar of stone that will be the wonder of thousands upon thousands of people who will visit the World's fair was broken from its bed at the Houghton quarry, Ashland, Wis., amid the cheers of the throng who visited the quarry to witness the breaking of the monster. The stone had been sawed at each end and side, and but the bottom remained to be broken from the bed of which it was a part. On the bottom wedges to the number of about 200 on each side had been entered and only the signal to drive them further remained.
At 11 o'clock Frederick Prentice, donor of the monolith, from a place on the rock gave the signal to drive the wedges, and fifty workmen began at the lower end to drive them. Then, like clockwork, the fifty mauls of the men rose and fell as they moved from the base to the apex of the stone step by step. Slowly a crevice appeared at the lower end of the stone, which, with each succeeding blow became larger and larger, until the stone lay broken from the mass of which it had been a portion. The huge stone lies at the bottom of the quarry, and weighs in its present state 600 tons, but when dressed down will weigh about 420 tons.—Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Few Points on Boston.
Here is a scrap of conversation I heard in walking down the street the other day.
Two men were back of me. One said: "Yes, of course Chicago is a very enterprising city. It will probably make a success of the fair. It will always seem to me, however, that we should have had it. Boston is really the historical center of our country, you know."
"Boston have the fair? What has Boston ever done for the country? It has turned out a few pointed toe shoes; parted its hair and its name in the middle; started the fashion in eyeglasses; worn its overcoat shorter than its undercoat; got its pronunciation up to the limit of broadness; stocked up in conceit and culture, and it has an undercrust and uppercrust of brown bread and baked beans. What has any one of these things to do with the growth of the country?"
They turned a corner, and I couldn't hear the answer.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Electric Sleigh.
Mr. C. J. Schminsky has applied for a patent on an electric sleigh. Stored electricity concealed beneath the seat of the sleigh furnishes the power which is to propel the vehicle. This power is transmitted to a single wheel in front of the sleigh by means of an endless chain. The face of the wheel is furnished with cutters, which imbed themselves in the snow and prevent the wheel from slipping. Mr. Schminsky says that a speed of twelve or fifteen miles an hour can be attained by his motor. A lever to control the steering gear and another lever to regulate the speed of the sleigh are placed near the occupant's seat in the sleigh.—Baltimore Sun.

Democratic New York City.
For the first time in the history of politics New York city will be represented by a solid delegation of Democrats in congress, the state senate, the assembly and board of aldermen. Why, even the veteran Colonel Thomas Dunlap, who voted for Andrew Jackson, cannot remember when such a thing ever happened. Think of it—not a Republican congressman, not a Republican senator, not a Republican assemblyman, not a Republican alderman to represent the G. O. P. of this city!—New York Herald.

The Difficulty of Becoming a Dutchman.
The second chamber of the Dutch legislature has passed a bill which will make it more difficult for a foreigner to become a Dutchman. Naturalization will no longer be a personal matter, but will concern the entire family, who will, however, only receive acknowledgment as Dutch in the second generation after the settlement. Ten years' absence from the country without a declaration of the intention to remain a Dutchman will cause the loss of the nationality.

All on Account of a Five Cent Cigar.
George Smith is to be tried at Valparaiso, Ind., for the third time on the charge of having stolen a five cent cigar. About \$1,000, it is asserted, have been expended in lawyers' fees.

Center county, Pa., has a natural curiosity in the shape of a 20-acre pond which appeared in a single night on ground never known to be covered with water before.

The area of the coal vein discovered at Fairhaven, Wash., is estimated at 100 acres, and believed to contain about 10,000,000 tons of coal.

Paying Funeral Expenses in Advance.
Workmen put up a telephone some weeks ago in an office in a building near the Brooklyn navy yard, and later on other workmen carried in a number of coffins of various sizes and styles of finish and set them up in different ornamental positions. Neighbors looked on with a curious sort of interest. All this weird activity was the outfitting of a business that is something brand new in corporate enterprise. It was the practical beginning of a project of enabling citizens to provide while still alive for their own or their friends' burial upon the same system as life insurance is carried on, and at rates that are a slash at the "union prices" of the Undertakers' association. The coffins were samples of the cut rate wares.

The new business is done by a series of contracts with customers whereby the projectors of the burial business agree to furnish decent burial at prices that range anywhere from \$30 for a child to \$250 for an adult. A \$30 interment, for instance, is obtained by paying 30 centon signing a contract and 20 cents monthly thereafter until the \$30 is paid. At the \$250 burial the rate is raised to \$2.50 on signing and \$2.50 a month.

The contracts contain this binding clause:
The preparation and preservation of the body for interment. One casket and name plate. Chestnut or oak outside case. Extra line shroud. Door band. Hearse and five coaches. Attendance of undertaker at funeral. Opening and filling the grave.—New York Sun.

Catching a Runaway Car.
As a freight train was pulling out past Sheridan Station, seven miles from Pittsburgh, on the Panhandle railroad, a heavily loaded car, the last of the train, broke loose and started back on the down grade toward Pittsburgh.

The operator at Sheridan telegraphed back over the line all the way to Pittsburgh to look out for the runaway car. At Ingram station stood an engine ready to go out. When the operator there got word that a loose car was flying back over the track he notified the engineer and fireman of the engine, and they prepared to pursue the car. Within a few minutes the runaway came thundering along at the rate of thirty miles an hour. As soon as it passed the engine started after it.

Then ensued a wild and exciting chase. The car flew along and the engine after it. Over the long 90-foot high trestle at Temperanceville the two thundered, and the engine caught up to the runaway near the Point Bridge station. The engineer ran back over the tender, coupled onto the car and then began to slow up, but did not stop until he was at the Birmingham station in the city. There a large crowd of people had gathered to see the pursued and pursuer come in, greeting both with a cheer.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

A New Rose.
It is curious that the greatest attraction of the chrysanthemum show should be a new rose, magnificent clusters of which are to be found in the foyer. It is called the American Belle, and it is a sport from the American Beauty. John Burton, of Chestnut Hill, a great rose grower, while growing American Beauties found this variation, and this sport of nature will bring him a small fortune. It happens that as the American Beauty fades it grows darker, and therefore loses its delicacy. The sport is lighter, and as it fades grows lighter still—pales and pales, like a fading maiden dying with unrequited love or consumption.

It is an artistic rose, and has made a great hit. It has taken two silver cups—one at the New York show just closed. It got a silver medal at the Boston show, and it takes the medal in the show here. So of course it must be a beauty. Half a dozen firms of florists have offered to take all the flowers Mr. Burton has at his own prices. As yet he has made no cuttings for the market, so that he has a monopoly of the flower.—Philadelphia Times.

Opinions of a Dead Millionaire.
A disinterested citizen gathered some opinions touching a dead millionaire. A country clergyman asked, "He got his money by a species of gambling, didn't he?" A German barber's comment was, "Vell, he hadt to leaf his millions behind him!" A naval officer was glad of the end. A young business man hoped that the country would never again see such a career. An elevated railway guard said: "He's dead, and I'm sorry for it. Mebbe he done them as tried to do him, but he wanted the company to give us two suits o' clothes a year or raise our pay."—New York Letter.

Urging a Canal System for Europe.
The president of the Vienna corn exchange in a recent speech said that grain growing in Europe has ceased to be remunerative, owing to the development of new agricultural regions and to the lowering of railroad rates. The only chance he could see for the European farmer was in the construction of a network of canals in central Europe. Cheap water transportation would help the European farmer against the competition of the United States, India and Australia.

Columbus on the Stage.
The English actor, Charles Warner, is among the players who intend to make a tour of the United States this year, and he will bring with him a four act drama written for him by Henry Hamilton, of which Columbus is the hero. The famous explorer, who of course will be impersonated by Mr. Warner, appears as the hero of a love story, and conducts himself with very little respect for history.—Detroit Free Press.

Loved His Grandma.
Grandma—And so you were real anxious to come and visit grandma! That's lovely.
Little Johnnie—Yes'm. I cried till mamma let me come.
Grandma—Why didn't you wait till Christmas?
Little Johnnie—I was 'raid the mines meast would be all gone.—Good News.

Cost of the World's Fair.
More money has already been paid out in creating the World's fair than the directors thought would be necessary to complete it when congress voted to send the exposition to Chicago. Ten million dollars was thought to be the limit then. Auditor Ackerman's report shows that the expenditures to Dec. 1 have been \$12,460,336.61. The receipts have been \$13,229,451.98. The available balance on hand Dec. 1 was \$656,068.83, about enough to last two weeks at the present rate of expenditures, but the souvenir coins are coming, and the directors have nearly \$2,000,000 yet in exposition bonds from which no capital has been received.—Chicago Letter.

Trips to the Chicago Exhibition.
Members of the Regent Street Polytechnic, London, are going to show Americans what such an institution can do in the way of pleasure trips to the Chicago exhibition next year. Nearly 3,000 berths have already been secured for the daring Polytechnicians and for friends in various parts of the kingdom, who intend to celebrate the discovery of America by visiting the World's fair in fortnightly parties during the year.—London Tit-Bits.

Caused by a Comet.
Some learned scientific guessers have contended that the deluge of Noah's time was caused by a comet disturbing the earth's atmosphere. Ever since the time set for Biela's comet to strike the earth we have had rain. Has the comet which did not strike us caused the rain? If so will the rain continue till we have another deluge? Are we out of danger yet?—Buffalo Express.

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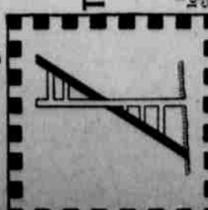
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