

# The Star.

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## \$100.00 GIVEN AWAY!

This is no Lottery Scheme, but a donation of \$100 to my customers.

I will give you a Ten Cent Money Order with each two dollars' worth of goods purchased at my store, and when ten of those money orders are presented by any one person I will cash them, paying \$1.00 in silver or currency for them or when you buy \$1.00, or more, worth of goods at one time I will accept them as so much cash towards paying for same.

I want everybody to avail themselves of this offer.

Yes, this is the place to  
**Save you money!**

BUY FOR CASH,  
SELL FOR CASH.

at prices surprising to every-body.

New York  
**RACKET STORE,**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

**N. HANAU.**  
**No Fancy Prices,**

Though quality is the best.

We make the statement for the benefit of those who are not our customers, and so may not know it: OUR PRICES MAKE CUSTOMERS OF ALL WHO COME.

A full line of  
**Dress Goods,**

The Best and Cheapest ever brought to Reynoldsville.

A full line of Henrietta at 25c. in all shades, 40c., 50c., and \$1.00.

Silk warp Henriettas.  
Summer Silks for 50c. per yard.

Ladies Coats and Capes the finest and cheapest in town.

A nice line of Children's Jackets from 2 to 12 years.

**Clothing,**

Men's suits the best and cheapest you ever saw for the money. We don't say so except we can convince you.

Men's Suits, four button cutaway from 10, 12 to \$15, worth 14, 16 and \$18.

Men's straight cut worsted for 10 to 12.50, worth 16, to \$18.

Children's Suits 2.75, are worth 3.50 to \$5.00.

A fine line of Boys' and Men's Negligee Shirts.

**N. Hanau.**

ASK FOR  
**Tenney's**  
FINE  
CANDIES.  
IN SEALED PACKAGES  
AT  
**H. ALEX. STOKES'S,**  
THE LEADING DRUGGIST,  
Reynoldsville, Pa.  
**GENTLEMEN!**

I am positive that I have something rich in store for you if you will call at my tailor shop. I have received an excellent selection of

**Spring and  
Summer Goods.**

I can show you the finest selection of goods in this city. All fits guaranteed to be perfect. One trial of the excellent goods and work is convincing for all. Hoping that I may receive a call, I remain

Your obedient servant,  
**J. G. FROELICH,**  
Reynoldsville, Pa.  
Next door to Hotel McConnell.

**City Meat Market**

I buy the best of cattle and keep the choicest kinds of meats, such as

MUTTON, PORK  
VEAL AND  
BEEF, SAUSAGE.

Everything kept neat and clean. Your patronage solicited.

**E. J. Schultze, Prop'r.**

**J. S. MORROW,**  
DEALER IN

**Dry Goods,  
Notions,  
Boots, and  
Shoes,**

**Fresh Groceries  
Flour and  
Feed.**

GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

**OPERA HOUSE BLOCK**  
Reynoldsville, Pa.

**LOOK!**

**FOR THE  
People's  
Bargain \* Store.**

**Quick Sales and  
Small Profits.**

General stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods and Shoes.

**A. KATZEN,**  
Proprietor.

**ALCOHOL A LA SWISS.**

RESULTS OF SIX YEARS' OPERATION OF THE MONOPOLY PLAN.

Statistics Which Will Interest American Readers Because of the Fact That Somewhat Similar Methods Are Proposed in Parts of This Country.

The particular method of dealing with the alcohol question which is now adopted in Switzerland is discussed by Mr. W. Milliet of Berne in a recent publication of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

There is, it seems, no appreciable current of opinion among the Swiss in favor of total abstinence, considered either as a voluntary act or as the outcome of prohibitory legislation. It is true that by an amendment of the federal constitution passed in 1885 the cantonal legislatures acquired the power of restricting the number of places for the sale of liquor within their respective jurisdictions. The power has ostensibly been exercised in 14 cantons, but even in these, taken as a whole, the number of taverns has somewhat increased.

No substantial result, therefore, has followed the concession of restrictive power. Such is not the case with the alcohol monopoly introduced in 1887. This has accomplished two things. It has greatly improved the quality of the distilled liquors consumed in Switzerland, and has caused a marked reduction in the use of them. The primary aim of the monopoly was to bring about the substitution of fermented for distilled liquors, and short as is the period during which the experiment has lasted the results are encouraging.

Before the creation of the alcohol monopoly, Switzerland suffered from the practice of peddling distilled liquors and from the existence of a multitude of small stills in agricultural districts. The product of these stills, by reason of the primitive methods of manufacture and the absence of rectification, was excluded from the general market and was consequently consumed by the peasant distillers themselves. The effect of these small stills was to make the daily drinking of "schnapps," as the domestic raw liquor is called, almost universal among farmers and agricultural laborers. It was the alarming spread of alcoholism that ensued which brought about the change in the federal constitution whereby limited rights of interference with the liquor traffic were granted to the authorities, both federal and cantonal.

Since the creation of the alcohol monopoly, 1,400 large and small distilleries have been suppressed by expropriation. From the remaining 60 or 70 distilleries, the monopoly administration is the only purchaser. The product does not go directly from distiller to purchaser. The administration takes it under fixed conditions and brings it back to the trade only after it has been duly rectified. Of the profits of the monopoly, one-tenth, now amounting to about \$140,000 a year, must be applied to the struggle with alcoholism—that is to say, to the maintenance of the poor and the insane whose misfortunes may be traced to that malady.

Now as to the effect of the monopoly on the quantity of spirits consumed. In 1885 the consumption of distilled liquors per capita was 10.26 liters; in 1891 it was only 6.32. A part of this decrease is due to the cessation of smuggling of distilled liquors from Switzerland into the adjacent countries. But after reasonable deductions on that score have been made, it is estimated that the shrinkage in the use of ardent spirits by the Swiss themselves is not less than 25 per cent. The decreased consumption is obviously due not only to the extinction of private stills, but to the fact that a higher price must be paid for the product of distilleries. The joint effect of diminished consumption and of the greatly improved quality of the liquors sold is expected soon to show itself in the statistics of alcoholism.

We have said that the purpose of the Swiss legislature was not to abolish the use of distilled liquors, but gradually to supplant it by that of wine or beer. To that end, while the price of spirits was raised, that of fermented liquors was lowered by relieving them from certain excise duties. So far as wine is concerned no marked change took place in the volume of consumption between 1885 and 1890. This is attributed, however, to the remarkable decline of the home production in the period named, a decline which had to be made good by importation.

In the case of beer, on the other hand, the effect of the liquor monopoly on the habits of the Swiss people is unmistakable. The consumption of beer in Switzerland increased between 1885 and 1890 from 39 liters per capita to 45 liters, showing an advance of some 25 per cent. So far as the Swiss experiment has gone, it seems to show the possibility of supplanting to a considerable extent the use of ardent spirits by that of those fermented liquors, such as beer, which contain relatively little alcohol.—New York Sun.

**An Old Custom Seldom Followed.**  
In many old families the custom has obtained from time immemorial of putting an extra plate and chair for the stranger or an unexpected guest. In those old days there was good reason for this. Hotels were few, and traveling was mostly done by private conveyance. It was the unwritten law of hospitality that the stranger could find a welcome in almost every household. Of course

conditions have changed, and generosity has taken a new form.—Baltimore Herald.

**Never Let Tea Remain in the Pot.**  
Tea should never be allowed to stand upon the "grounds." If it must unavoidably be made some time before it is to be used, the liquid should be poured from the leaves. It may then be kept ready for a delayed member of the family for a long time without serious deterioration, or at least without the addition of any harmful qualities.—Good Housekeeping.

Saul, the first king of Israel, killed himself rather than be slain by the Philistines. Defeated in battle and his kingdom gone, he had nothing to live for.

**LAW THAT IS QUEER.**

**A Decision Which Practically Makes a Nom de Plume Common Property.**

A very interesting claim, in which every author who uses a signature is more or less concerned, was ignominiously dismissed by Judge Lacombe in the United States circuit court. As I understand it, a mediocre book was published in this city purporting to have been written by Alan Dale, the nom de plume of one of the brightest and cleverest of New York's younger literary men. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cohen (Alan Dale) did not write the book, and when he heard of its publication protested against the use of his name. Protest being unavailing, through his counselor, Mr. Steckler, he sued the publisher, claiming \$1,000 damages. After hearing Mr. Cohen's testimony, Judge Lacombe virtually informed the jury that there was no necessity of further evidence, as it could not be shown that the plaintiff's salary on a daily paper in this city had been decreased by reason of the publication, or that he had had any subsequent trouble with publishers.

That may be law; it's not justice. Mr. Cohen could have proved by George Alfred Townsend, A. C. Wheeler, Samuel L. Clemens and other writers of national repute that the signatures over which they are known to the world of readers—Gath, Nym Crinkle, Mark Twain—mean a fortune, and that any use of those signatures by other parties was not only an abuse but a traverse of equity, dishonest and cruel. I can't understand Lacombe's action in the matter. It virtually says to irresponsible publishers: "Go ahead, publish what you please, lyingly announce that the matter is written by any author whose name you may prefer. He has no remedy unless he can prove that he has lost an engagement or is in disfavor with the publisher."

I wonder how Lacombe would like to see decisions, purporting to have been rendered by him, signed with his name, circulated in the community. And I also wonder whether it ever entered his somewhat interesting mind that it is advisable to mulct thieves, liars and bearers of false witness, for the protection of the community in general and of men as well to whom reputation is worth much more money than the circuit court could possibly collect.—Joseph Howard in New York Recorder.

**Churches as Places of Refuge in War.**  
Our ancestors transacted a good deal of business of one kind or another in and about their churches. To begin with, the churches of old England in turbulent times were regarded as places of safe custody for public and private property. In the border land of England and Scotland the idea was carried out still more completely, and churches, or at least their towers, became regular fortresses and not infrequently were objects of offenses and defense. We may note in rural England that in the cases of ancient churches the towers are often not merely disproportionate in size to the rest of the church, but are carefully and strongly built, evidently with an object.

Even in peaceful Surrey and Sussex the belltowers are veritable strong rooms with barred windows and massive doors and often contain a massive treasure chest. Hither, at the first alarm, money and valuables were hurried, for beyond the security of thick walls and bars and bolts there was an axis of sanctity which in a superstitious age protected the building from the most ruthless of foes. The fortresslike construction of many of the border land churches is an interesting study to antiquarians.—London Standard.

**A New Type of Girl.**  
I met a new type of girl the other day, and she was certainly refreshing. Girls are all a good deal alike as a general thing, you know, and one does get so tired of the same old stereotyped girl—sweet enough in her way, I grant you, but with an eternal sameness that grows rather irksome.

She is a little witch to begin with. She will steal a man's heart before he knows it and then pretend not to know it herself. This dangle is most attractive to men, for, spite of her originality, she is adaptability personified. She seems to be able to converse intelligently with all sorts of men and gets each fellow's fad at her finger tips too. She knows more than many of her men friends, but she never lets them suspect it. She makes each believe that she learns so much from him and depends so much on him. She is a very feminine, unassuming, natural sort of little woman, with something appealing about her.

But down under it all she is artful. She has made a study of men, and she has profited by that study.—Chicago News-Record.

**A Terrible Habit.**

"Were you ever troubled with the thought while you walked along some street," said Charles Ebert, "that somehow you ought not to step on the cracks that separate the flagstones of the pavement or the boards of the walk? You have been there—well, then you know. That is the meanest habit to form. Cigarette smoking is bad, and cigars are expensive and so bad also. Tobacco chewing is abominable and drinking is killing, but the crack dodging habit is the worst of all. If I could exchange this miserable feeling that possesses me when I walk along the streets for any one of those habits—providing I didn't possess all of them already—I would do it instantly.

"I will start out of a morning for a pleasant stroll, just to see the beauty of nature, and unconsciously I will begin to step over all cracks. Then I will accidentally step on one, and all my prospective pleasure is gone—simply dispelled and driven away by that one miserable thought of utter uselessness that I have stepped on a crack. I have started for home of a nighttime fairly tired and conscious of duties well done, purposing to enjoy a long, sound sleep. Again I fall into the desire to avoid stepping on those miserable partition lines.

"If I succeed in avoiding all of them, I rest beautifully, but if not then I go home and have a restless, nervous sleep in which there is no satisfaction whatever. Of all the diabolical mental inventions that go to break up a man's happiness and peace of mind this one mental status of avoiding cracks is the most consummate that any evil genius could afflict a man with."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Sandwich Islanders and Their Ills.**

When a Kanaka feels a bit out of sorts he imagines that he has not been diligent enough in his devotions to some particular god. He immediately procures a bunch of awa or something in the nature of a comforting drink, and after a short prayer to his mountain or river deity he murmurs apologetically, "Here's your food" or "Here's your drink," as the case may be. Then he devours the solids or liquids himself. If the Kanaka's health improves, the god is appeased. If sickness still creeps over him, he turns to the Kahuna. One of the guild is immediately hunted up and approached with a bunch of awa or a pig. Then the Kanaka dilates upon his infirmities, and the Kahuna begins preparing to drive out the sickness or the evil spirit.

The patient is stripped and laid flat, and with a bunch of ti leaves the Kahuna rubs him all over, murmuring meaningless words the while. If the Kanaka gets well, the Kahuna's influence is increased. If the Kanaka dies, he was a doomed man anyhow, and the Kahuna did his best. Such of the Kanakas as patronize a Kahuna nowadays do it covertly, and the Kahunas keep under cover.—Honolulu Cor. Chicago Tribune.

**An English Duke Receives a Tip.**

The English journals mention an amusing epilogue of a pilgrimage to Rome. Just after the last train which brought the pilgrims back to London had entered the Victoria station an old lady burdened with packages was with difficulty trying to find a carriage when a middle aged man, simply dressed, approached and offered his services.

"Thinking she had to do with one of the employees, the good woman gave him her bundles, which the obliging man carried to the end of the station and then, hailing a cab, placed the old lady and her impedimenta within, and giving the driver the address she had indicated, called to him to drive on. As the carriage was about to roll off the woman placed a fee of twopence in the hand of the man who had rendered her the services.

He was simply the Duke of Norfolk. The duke pocketed the twopence, thinking the adventure very original. Moreover, it was the first time in his life that he had ever earned any money by his own labor.

**Model City to Be Built.**

A "City of the Future," such as Bellamy dreamed of, will be shown at the World's fair of Paris, which is planned for the year 1900.

The Inventions Nouvelles proposes a departure from the usual toy arrangement of miniature models, Eiffel towers, etc., and advocates the erection of a city on a site sufficiently large to illustrate practically all the most prominent new inventions, as well as the fruits of modern electric technique. The cost of erecting this future model city is to be covered by renting out the houses, hotels, etc., as well as all the stores to the exhibitors. At the close of the exposition the entire site, with buildings, etc., will be utilized as the nucleus for a new quarter of the city of Paris.—Philadelphia Record.

**Now Mutely Disagreeing.**

Beside the highway that leads from Brighton to Norway are two burial plots upon opposite sides of the road. Here are interred the Woodsum brothers, and of course every one who passes that way is anxious to know why there is this division. The stage driver can tell you. The Woodsum brothers could never agree. They disagreed in religion, politics and every conceivable point that could be brought up between them. Oh, their disagreements in story form, as told by the neighbors, would make a tale of prickly interest. Of course they couldn't agree to repose their bones upon the same side of the road, and hence these two graveyards, the stones glaring across at each other through rain, snow and sunshine.—Lewiston Journal.

**PARBLEU!**

"What, pretty!—she? With that brown skin And hair pale brown! the cheek too thin; Gray eyes—rare eyes! Well, have it so— That's one good point; but pretty—no; And nine in ten would pass her by."

"Faith, man, I'd be the tenth," quoth I. "Clever? not she! Do what you list She's the dull dog that licks your dirt; Or only clever to divine A man's least ill by the least sign— Like nature, soothe, one knows not why." "Here's genius past all wit," quoth I.

"But good? Parbleu! by those calm looks She's learned in hymns and chokey books— Made for a spinster, whose poor pains Will swell the great world's general gains. Unaccounted, as the years run by," "Never, if love wins love!" thought I. —Dora R. Goodale in HomeMaker.

**An Idyl of the Sunshine.**

The girl was fair. Soft blue her eyes as the skies, and pink and white her cheeks as the mountain peaks at sunrise, and golden light her hair as the moon-light air.

Ah, she was very fair. Uncrowned save by her tossing tresses, she stood facing the east, and the sun came and kissed her.

Kissed her long and lovingly. Her mother saw her there and called to her.

"Let me linger here, dear mother," pleaded the fair being, "the air is so sweet, the fragrance of the flowers so rich. The skies above me are so tenderly blue, and, mother dear, I feel as if I were a little queen standing here in the glorious reign of the sun."

The mother appeared at the door.

"Fudge!" she exclaimed. "You ought to have sense enough to come in out of that sort of a reign. Don't you know you'll be freckled worse than a turkey egg?"

And a heavy black cloud rose up and swiped the sun across the face.—Detroit Free Press.

**Children Over Six Hundred Years Ago.**

Somebody has unearthed a book written by Bartholomew Anglicus about 1290, of which one of the most amusing chapters is on the children of his day. Of these he writes: "They dread no perils more than beating with a rod, and they love an apple more than gold and make more sorrow and weep for the loss of an apple than for the loss of a heritage. They desire all that they see and pray and ask with voice and with hand. They keep no counsel, but they tell all that they hear and see. Suddenly they laugh, and suddenly they weep. Always they cry and jangle and jape; that uneth they be still while they sleep. When they be washed of filth, anon they defile themselves again. When their mother washeth and combeth them, they kick and sprawl and put with feet and with hands, and withstand with all their might." All of which sounds very modern and up to date.

**The Educated Hoosier Cockroach.**

While a gentleman was at his office desk a day or two ago, one of these disreputable roaches ran across the paper on which he was writing. He flipped it against the wall with his finger; and it bounded back on the desk, lighting upon its back. It remained motionless for some time until it recovered from the shock and then endeavored to get upon its feet again, but in vain. Smaller roaches passed by their prostrate brother, evidently without noticing it, but a larger one came along pretty soon, stopped, went over to the one that lay upon its back, straddled across it, and giving it a quick jerk with its forelegs landed it deftly upon its feet, and the two disappeared over the edge of the desk.—Indianapolis News.

**The Earth Will Fall Out of Balance.**

Marshall Wheeler, one of the best known of the great army of Pacific coast scientists, claims to have discovered a "third principal motion of the earth," which is this: Every 20,903 years the globe changes its north and south poles on account of the attraction of the earth has for its own magnetism. The sun, too, strongly attracts one of the poles and repels the other. This being the case, it only takes the short space of 20,903 years for the double attraction to carry it over to such an extent that it suddenly "flips" 90 degrees. Mr. Wheeler says that one of these grand "flips" occurred 6,000 years ago, at the time set down by the geologists as the "glacial epoch."—St. Louis Republic.

**An Easy Way to Keep Insects Off Trees.**

To trap various insects in the open air, half fill wide necked bottles with sirup or sweetened water, adding enough arsenic to make the liquid poisonous. After a rainstorm the bottles should be emptied and refilled, as before mentioned. Hang the bottle on the branches of the trees and among the bushes, etc. This is a ready and simple method of trapping all insects that prey on sweets, consequently keeping the trees free from many noxious pests that prey annually on shade and fruit trees.—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

**About Cutting the Finger Nails.**

There are several well known sayings with regard to the paring of the finger nails, and among them are the following: "Cut them on Monday, cut them for health; cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth; cut them on Wednesday, cut them for a letter; cut them on Thursday, for something better; cut them on Friday, you cut for a wife; cut them on Saturday, cut for long life; cut them on Sunday, you cut them for evil; for all of that work you'll be ruled by the devil!"—Philadelphia Times.