

The Star.

VOLUME 3.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1894.

NUMBER 22.

Children's Reefer Suits FOR \$2.00.	BOYS' Long Pants Suits FOR \$3.50	Children's SUITS FOR \$2.00.	Boys' Knee Pants Suits with extra pair pants \$3.00.	Boys' Knee Pants SUITS FOR \$1.00
--	--	---------------------------------------	--	---

Mens' All-wool SUITS for \$6.50.

Mens' Good Business SUITS for \$8.00.

Mens' Good Black Suits for Dress \$10.00.

Remember we have one of the Finest GUTTERS in our Merchant Tailor Department. Suits for \$20.00 and up.

Black or Blue!

Men's, Boy's and Children's SUITS ANY - SIZE - OR - STYLE!

Single Breasted Sack Suits, sizes from 33 to 48, Blue or Black.

Cutaway Frock Suits, Blue or Black.

Regent Cutaway Suits, full long style.

We buy all our suits from the finest manufactory of men's suits and if you find any of our clothing to rip we ask you to bring the suit back and we give you a new suit.

Match Us If You Can.

Men's Good Black Suits for Dress \$10.00.

BELL,
The ONLY Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

Make a Base - Hit and come to Bell's

Our Fall Stock of Overcoats are coming in daily.

Under-Price Under-Wear, 75c. per suit.

STYLES and PRICES to suit the times. We have them for you.

Wed a Neck-tie to your Col-lar. We will tie the knot for 25c.

COME IN!
Where?
TO THE "Bee Hive" Store,
WHERE
L. J. McEntire, & Co.,
The Groceryman, deals in all kinds of Groceries, Canned Goods, Green Goods Tobacco and Cigars, Flour and Feed, Baled Hay and Straw. Fresh goods always on hand.
Country produce taken in exchange for goods.
A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.
Very truly yours,
Lawrence J. McEntire & Co.,
The Grocerymen.

J. S. MORROW,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, and Shoes,
Fresh Groceries
Flour and Feed.
GOODS DELIVERED FREE.
OPERA - HOUSE - BLOCK
Reynoldsville, Pa.

Important to All!
To Save Money go to the People's Bargain Store.
Cut prices in every department.
Fine line children's cotton underwear from 10c. up; children's all-wool red flannel underwear from 18c. up; heavy quilted ladies' Jersey shirts at 25c.; men's merino underwear 90c. per suit; men's all-wool underwear \$1.40 a suit; big line top shirts from 45c. up; desirable line of men's fine pants from 85c. up; every customer buying a suit of boys' clothes will get a 50c. hat free; fine assortment of shoes at reasonable prices; men's first-class gloves from 25c. up; handsome table oil cloth at 17c. per yard; big line hats and caps at prices to suit every customer.
Call and be convinced that we always make quick sales and small profits.
A. KATZEN,
Proprietor.

REPRESSION.
Oh, sing a song to delight the world,
And play sonatas most sweet and rare!
Oh, send hope's messages to heart sick souls,
And banish from earth all carking care!
Ah! pinioned the hands that erstwhile played,
And hushed the voice that length to sing,
Repressed the life, as the prisoned bird
That beateh the bars with tiring wing.
Perchance in the fuller, broader sphere
That cometh when these short years are o'er
The yearning soul—ah, then free indeed!—
Is ne'er repressed on the other shore.
—Fanny L. Fancher in Minneapolis House-keeper.

TALES OF THE SEA.

WEIRD VARN OF THE SUPERNATURAL SPUN BY THE CAPTAIN.
The Skull In the Chain Locker—The Unlucky Bark In the Demerara Trade That Was Said to Be Haunted—The Story of an Exile From Salvador.
We were eating dinner one night on the old cargo ship and talking of the happenings at sea and on shore that are called supernatural when the captain said:
"One sees some things at sea not supernatural which are fit to make a nervous man see ghosts. There was that case in one of Green's liners to the colonies, where a man was sent down to clean out the chain locker. The locker had seemed foul all the passage home, and so they hoisted out the chain and sent this fellow down with his brush and soap and bucket, with a lamp, to clean it out. I'll wager he saw ghosts for a year after that, for when he'd got down on his knees to begin scrubbing he found himself bending over the skull of a dead man."
"It was most likely a man that had stowed away out in the colony and had been caught under the cable when they were running it down quickly, and so had the life crushed out of him."
"However, I did know of a case that seemed supernatural right enough. It was in the Demerara trade, and I was acquainted with the first officer of the bark where it all happened."
"In the first place, while she was out there loaded and ready to sail, the captain had trouble with one of the seamen, who drew out his knife and stabbed him to death then and there. The mate afterward took her home, but on the way a passenger took to abing in some mysterious fashion and up and died very suddenly."
"Of course she was a haunted ship when she arrived home, and so the owners had her name changed, and she was refitted and painted up entirely different from what she had been. Then she sailed away with a new captain, but on the way out he took to drink, and by the time she reached Demerara he was off his head and killed himself with a revolver."
"Now she was haunted, sure enough, if you could believe the mate. Mind you, after she was refitted the mate said never a word to the new captain about what had happened in her before, and even when a new captain came out from home to take charge of her, believing that the last captain was naturally a drunkard, instead of one who had taken to it after coming on this ship, this first officer never said a word, because he did not believe in ghosts or even in a future state."
"However, the first night the new captain was on board the trouble began. The captain at about 9 o'clock went to his room and retired. An hour later he was calling the mate and telling that he had gone to sleep and then had been awakened by a light in the room. On opening his eyes he saw a short, thick-set man, with side whiskers, in the armchair at the desk, leaning over, with his elbows on the desk, holding his head between his hands and saying: "Oh, my poor head! Oh, my poor head!"
"That was enough for the mate. He left the vessel that night with all hands. This new captain knew nothing of the style or manner of the one who had killed himself, and yet the picture—ghost or what you may call it—in the chair was the image in appearance and dress of the suicide and had complained in precisely the words and voice of the dead man."
This brought out the story of an exile from Salvador whom the narrator met in Guatemala. Having got into trouble with the authorities, Sonor Don Sebastian Mojarieta saved his life by fleeing to Amapala, Honduras, as many another exile has done, and there taking a steamer north to San Jose, Guatemala. A friend of his who was involved in like manner was to have reached Amapala by a different route in time for the same steamer, and to prevent any possible delays Mojarieta engaged staterooms and secured passes from the Amapala authorities for his friend and himself as soon as he arrived. But the steamer day came without his friend, and Mojarieta was obliged to sail alone.
"At the usual hour, on the first night out," the story teller went on, "Mojarieta retired and went to sleep, but had no sooner dozed off than he awoke, hearing his friend's voice, as he says, in the next stateroom, which he had supposed to be empty. Leaving his berth, he went out into the passageway and opened the door to the adjoining room, and there, he says, he saw lying in the berth the body of his friend fully dressed, but with three bullet holes in the breast of his coat and one in the right cheek."
"At that Mojarieta fainted and was found on the deck by the steward and put to bed again. Thereafter it was a

most miserable passage, for the vessel touched at both of the Salvador ports and was about a week reaching San Jose. Mojarieta was sure his friend had been shot and expected a force to come off from each of the Salvador ports to demand him. Moreover, he was haunted continually by that picture of his dead friend.
"Once in Guatemala he obtained employment quickly and then began to recover something of his former spirits. He ascribed his vision to his overwrought imagination and was beginning to hope that his friend would yet appear when a letter was received from a relative in Salvador. It not only told that the friend had been shot by the government soldiers, but described the wounds of the body after it was dead. Mojarieta declares that the description accurately portrayed the vision he had of his friend, and he believes that his friend's spirit, being unable to rest or wholly throw off its desire to take passage on the steamer, had come on board and was occupying that berth."—New York Sun.

AFRAID! NOT HE.

He Merely Wanted His Wife to Hold the Light For Him.
At 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, when all the people living on College avenue were fast asleep, there was commotion in one of the beautiful residences along that thoroughfare. It was the home of a merchant, and the commotion broke loose in the sleeping apartment of himself and wife. She started it.
She awakened suddenly and thought she heard some one trying to break in down stairs. She shook her husband, and after some time had elapsed succeeded in making him realize the situation. They both listened. There was some noise, sure enough, and a cold shiver crept down his spinal column and even to his toes.
He determined not to get scared, though his teeth were chattering, so he announced that he would go down and investigate.
"Aren't you afraid, dear?" nervously asked his wife.
He took out his revolver, struck a match, lighted a lamp and then looked at her in disgust.
"Afraid! Well, hardly. I never saw the man yet I was afraid of. Now, don't make any noise, but come on."
The little woman started in astonishment. "Do you want me to go too?"
"Do I want you to go? Why, of course I do. You must go ahead and carry the light so I can see to shoot. Do you think I could hit a burglar in the dark? Hurry up, or he'll be gone."
And that man made the little woman go ahead with the light, while he held the revolver over her shoulder at full cock. They traversed the house from garret to cellar, finally found a stray dog scratching at the back door and came back to bed. He sat up for an hour telling her what he would have done had there been a burglar there.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A HARD TASKMISTRESS.

The Late Rosina Vokes Took Her Art Rather Too Seriously.
The late Mrs. Clay, better known as Rosina Vokes, was a hard taskmistress. She took her art both seriously and rigidly and demanded the same from others. A young American girl during a one time connection with the Vokes company suffered extremely from a felon on her finger. Every movement of the arm gave her pain, and she was at length obliged to evade her required participation in "A Game of Cards," where the players clap hands, the one against the other. "You shirked your part last night, Miss Blank," Mrs. Clay took occasion to observe the following morning.
"I did," acknowledged Miss Blank, "for my finger is in such a condition, as you see, that present use of it is impossible."
"You will not shirk your part tonight, however," remarked Mrs. Clay, with an ominous gleam in her eye. The young American knew only too well that further remonstrance would probably result in her dismissal, so nothing more was said. That night, according to orders, she, with infinite pain, clapped hands briskly. At the first touch the blood gushed from her suffering finger; but, although her partner was Mrs. Clay, neither reference nor apology was made by that exacting star either then or afterward. "Still it was splendid training," said the young actress in later years. But to impartial, unprofessional outsiders such "training" smacks of tyranny.—New York Advertiser.

A Calendar Curiosity.

Divide the number expressing the year by four, taking no notice of the remainder. Next find the number of days inclusive from the 1st of January to the date in hand, reckoning February always as having only 28 days. Add together the sum, the quotient and the first numbers and divide this by seven. The figure of the remainder gives you the day of the week, one standing for Sunday, two for Monday, and so on.—Chicago Post.

Another Saw Hacked.

Statistics have upset another old proverb. We must no longer believe that "a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard." The figures for the last 80 years in England prove that a cold winter is unhealthy and a mild winter healthy. A hot summer is always unhealthy and a cold summer healthy.—London Million.

THE LANGUAGE OF FINGERS.

Their Silent Talk Is Important In Board of Trade Transactions.
Thousands of 'visitors who yearly go to the board of trade and watch the traders on the exchange floor from the public gallery express surprise at the rapid manner in which business is transacted. As a rule, the wheat pit attracts them, and they do not understand how commodities change hands with such lightning rapidity, and how hundreds of thousands and millions of bushels are bought and sold in an incredibly short space of time in the novice a profound mystery. They do not know that the brokers do a great deal of their work by finger signs, seldom understood by the outsider.
It requires only the fraction of a second to buy and sell 50,000 bushels of wheat.
"I'll sell 60 'Sep.' at an eighth," cries one of the brokers, and he has hardly finished speaking before another on the opposite side yells "Sold." The trade is put down on the trading card, and the transaction, which involves over \$30,000, has been completed.
The number of bushels offered for sale is indicated by holding up one finger for each 5,000 bushels. So in selling 50,000 bushels the broker simply holds up both hands and waves them from him, which explains itself as wanting to dispose of the lot. In addition to this, brokers have a complete finger code by which the condition of the market is communicated. The signs generally used are as follows:
The first finger held up stands for one-eighth of 1 cent, as the traders all know the main price. If, for instance, the first sale of wheat after the market opened was made at 60 cents and the next at 60 1/2 cents, the trader simply holds up one finger for the advance of one-eighth of 1 cent. The upward position of the finger is to show the upward course of the market. Should the market be bearish and the price decline to 59 1/2 cents, the signal for this would be a closed hand, with the thumb pointing downward. This shows the price seven-eighths of a cent and the status of the market downward.—Chicago Tribune.

AN ABSENTMINDED MAN.

He Went Fishing and Forgot That It Was His Wedding Day.
The Rev. George Harvey, minister of Thames Ditton, a great scholar and 'killifish' fisherman, was one of the most absentminded men of his time. He was engaged to a daughter of the bishop of London, but on the day of his wedding, being gudgeon fishing, he oversteaid the appointed hour, and the lady, justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match. With Arthur Onslow, the speaker of the house of commons, Mr. Harvey was on terms of great intimacy. Being one day in a punt together on the Thames, he began to read a beautiful passage from some Greek author, and throwing himself backward in an ecstasy fell into the river, whence he was with difficulty fished out.
When Lord Sandwich was canvassing for the vice chancellorship of Cambridge, Harvey, who had been his schoolfellow at Eton, went down to give him his vote. In a large company the two were joking together on their schoolboy tricks. The parson suddenly exclaimed, "Whence do you derive your nickname of Jimmie Twitcher?" "Why," answered his lordship, "from some foolish fellow." "No, no," interrupted Harvey, "it isn't some but every body that calls you so."
When this gentleman's mind was not absent, it was, however, very useful to him. Having lost himself at Calais, and not being able to speak a word of French, he managed to convey to the inhabitants that he was staying at the Silver Lion by putting a shilling in his mouth and setting himself in the attitude of a lion rampant.—London Illustrated News.

Indians Tracking.

It was a most strange and interesting experience to see the Indian read all the signs of the different animals in the grass or among the woods with the same ease as we read an open book. The least disarrangement in the grass or sticks, however small, was enough. Glancing casually at it in passing, he would say: "Bear—a week old." "Yesterday." "Deer—this morning." "Very old." "Caribou—last month," and so on. It was wonderful to behold this instinct in a man.
I had for a long time been following this trail of the moose, which I thought was a fresh trail, when I got sick of it and began to cross examine Mr. Big Partridge as to how far off our quarry was likely to be. Big Partridge then showed that he was sick of the imaginary moose hunt himself and owned up. "Old trail; all moose nipoh"—that is, dead. He had only been leading me about in this way to amuse me, knowing it useless the whole time. He exacted \$2.50 for that day's sport.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Delaware has no state prison.

State convicts are sent to the three county prisons or to the Maryland penitentiary at Baltimore.

Spentini declared that with him nature was the inspiration.

His choicest compositions were conceived in the fields and woods.

India has had 34 governors general.

Warren Hastings being the first.