A SHATTERED IDOL

Each week I saw him take an X And put it in a letter And mail it, and for that I own I liked him all the better.

I thought of some dear country home, A patient mother bearing A burden lightened by the thought That he for her was earing. His surly ways and hardened face

I easily forgave him, Because of this, his weekly gift, But oh, alas! One fateful day In asking for a loan he, With nwful ceths, declared he must

Send on that allmony.
--Washington News.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

How It Might Be the Highest Terrestrial Illustration of Omnipotence.

Colonel Pat Donan, the celebrated correspondent, speaking on the subject of editors of newspapers to a Philadel-

phia News man, said: We speak of England, France, Germany. Russia and the United States as "the great powers," but among all the powers of earth the press stands easily first and greatest. If every journalist fully appreciated his power and his re-sponsibility and every journal were known to be absolutely truthful, honest, fearless and incorruptible beyond the reach of wheeding, bribery or intimidation: wearing the dog collar of no party, section, sect or faction; patriotic and not partisan, always for the right and against the wrong, a union of all the newspapers would be the highest terrestrial illustration of omniscience and emnipotence. Such a combination could overturn any principality, throne or dominion under heaven, as a herd of Texas steers might upset a child's array of tin soldiers. It could establish and maintain any system, cause, creed or institution the editors chose to support.

Civilization culminates in the power press, and the bounds of civilization are limited by the circulation of the daily papers. There is no civilized speech or language where their voice is not heard or their influence is not felt. A few weeds soaked in bilge water, or a little calomel rolled in sweetened dough, with plenty of printers' ink, will make a millionaire of any pauperistic quack in five years, whether it is the brains, hearts, livers, lungs, kidneys or gizzards of newspaper reading gudgeons his humbug panacea claims to regenerate. A few thousand acres of iron, coal or timber, a fair flatboat harbor or two or three intersecting railroads, with reasonable circumjacent possibilities, and abundant advertising, will build a city out of nothingness anywhere in a decade. There is no enterprise or business, benefaction or villainy that cannot be pushed into triumph or driven to failure by the newspapers. Great reputations are created by them out of nothing and wrecked by them for amusement. In this country governors, senators and even presidents are made by them-often out of material intended for tinkers and peddlers, baseball players, gamblers, shysters, pickpockets and

His Heart Bowed Down.

He accosted me as I came out of the postoffice on Broadway and wanted to know whether the Broadway cable was the only one now at work. I said there was another on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, running up to High Bridge, and was about passing on when he graspea me by the arm and said in a

"Which is the wust?" "There's no choice," said I shortly,

preparing to cross the street.

"Then these New York newspapers are blamed liars, b'gosh, and I don't keer who knows it!" said he.

What's the matter?" I asked, with

"I've been readin nothin lately 'cept bout accidents by the deadly trolley and the bloody cable, and I've been ridin all over Brooklyn without seein a durn accident and spent 35 cents on this line without se much as seein a newsboy hurt. Itain't fair, that's what it ain't And he shook his head sadiy and crossed over and took a Fourth aver ue horse car up town. - New York Press.

He Was Too Slow.

He reached out as if he would catch hold of her, but she eluded his grasp. Again he made an equally feeble attempt, and again she eluded him. Once more he made a feeble attempt, and she had no difficulty in escaping. This time

she became indigrant, almost angry.
"What do you mean, sir," she ex-claimed, "by thus trying to kisseme?" "I—I—I presume," he hesitated, "that I meant to kiss you."

She drew berself up proudly, then stepped near him and gazed down on

"Well," she said emphatically, "why in heaven's name don't you do it?"— Detroit Free Press.

An Eye Cleaner.

In traveling you can easily guard against the dread of getting cinders in your eye by carrying with you a tiny box of flaxseed. The instant you feel a foreign substance in the eye throw back your head and drop three or four flaxseed on the ball of the eye; then lift the upper lid and draw it down over them so as to hold them in. The relief will come immediately, and soon the seeds will begin to work out and bring the offending particle with them.— Philadelphia Ledger.

Uncle George—Your dog isn't so smart as Tommy's, is he? Little Johnny—Yes, he's just as smart, but I isn't so good a liar as Tom-

An "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet or a fall of about 100

The lamp used by Epictotus, the milosopher, sold for 3,000 drachmas son afer his death, in the year 161 A. D.

JACKETS FOR OUR SAILORS.

They Are Made by Sewing Women In the Employ of the Navy Department.

The natty uniforms of the sailors and marines of the United States navy are made by a corps of women employed by the quartermaster of the Brooklyn navy yard. They are well paid, and the position of tailoress or seamstress is eagerly sought for by women who earn a living by making garments. The waiting list of the bureau of employment contains more than 100 applicants. All work is done by the piece, and the wages vary from \$3 to \$13 a week.

The applicant must present her name to the civil service board. Her application must be signed by at least two reputable persons. Not only must she come well recommended as a seamstress, but the condition of the workshop is carefully considered. The quarterms makes it a point that no work shall be done in sweatshops or in places where

the clothing is likely to be infected. Once appointed, the applicant visits the tailor shops of the navy yard, where she receives a bundle of goods to be made up into garments. The government furnishes all the trimmings and thread. From 20 to 80 bundles are issued every morning. It usually requires two days to finish the garments. work is delivered and a new lot issued.

The overcoats are made of heavy cloth, and the maker receives \$2.80 apiece. Drawers and undershirts for the men are made of 11 ounce and 7 ounce blue flannel. The seamstress is paid 15 cents for each. The maker is paid 66 cents apiece for cloth trousers and 50 cents for working trousers. Overshirts of heavy and light weight flannels pay 65 cents apiece. Jumpers are made of white drilling at 50 cents each.

Some of these women have been in the employ of the navy yard from 15 to 20 years. The older employees are best paid and make rarely less than \$12 a

The garments are for the enlisted men only, as the officer supplies his own wardrobe. The uniforms are issued at the navy yard by the quartermaster .--New York Sun.

THE CABLE CAR MAN.

He Claims That He Faces Dangers Which

Almost Unnerve Him. When the railroad men left the cable car at the head of the Milwaukee avenue viaduct, the gripman threw the lever forward with an emphatic "zip" and said: "Those locomotive engineers think they are the only men with nerve who ride on rails. Did you hear them talking about how weak they felt after their machine had just missed knocking some clumsy farmer over the telegraph wires and how they sweat a cold sweat when the baby toddled in front of their engine? Did you get onto their trick for a layoff because they have lost their nerve through running fast and can't make over 10 miles an hour until they get their nerve back again? If those engineers would take this run, they would be wet through all the time and wouldn't have enough nerve left to sass a messen-

"There are more kids to the acre up Milwaukee avenue than anywhere else in the city, and every last one of them playe in between the street car tracks. We have close shaves every block. Just like that. Did you see that man then? He had plenty of time to wait for the three seconds it takes for us to pass, but he couldn't wait, and we grazed him. We don't run 60 miles an hour, but you can kill a man just as quick at 12 miles an hour, and it shakes you up just as much. There isn't a gripman in Chicago but dreads to make the down town loop during the rush hours. Providence looks after babies and drunken men, and I believe we have a special Providence with us. You people may think we have no feelings, but I have seen men run their grip cars into the barn and then sit down, weak as a cat and white as a sheet. Their nerves had given out, and that was all that was the matter with them. "-Chicago Record.

Original.

John Hookham Frere was:a scholar and a man of much literary ability, but one of those whose work, for some reason, finds a very slight hearing. But even if his literary work should be quite forgotten the stories of his absence of mind will live as long as incongruous error continues to amuse.

One day he sat repeating some verses to Mr. John Murray in Mr. Murray's office, and his host became so interested in the poem that he asked the poet to go home with him to dinner and continue the recitation. Mr. Freze, startled to find it so late, excused himself. He had been married that morning, he said, and it was already past the hour when he had promised his wife to be ready for their

journey into the country. Another such story rests on the au-thority of his wife herself. Mr. Frere had just been introduced to her at an evening party and offered to take her down stairs to procure some refreshment. He became so interested in their action was unnoticed he swept the gridconversation, however, that he drank dle clear of its offending burden, the glass of negus be had ponred for her and was about to conduct her up stairs when she laughingly remonstrated with

him for having forgotten her needs.

"This," she said, "convinced me that my new acquaintance was, at any rate, very different from most of the young men around us!"-Youth's Com-

Unique Advertising.

A tale is told of Robert Bonner and of his belief in advertising. One day he engaged a whole page of a newspaper and repeated a two line advertisement

upon it over and over again. It must have been repeated 5,000 times upon the page in the smallest type. "Why do you waste your money, Robert?" asked a friend. "I noticed that same line so often. Would not half

"Half a page would nover have caused you to ask the question," replied Mr. Bonner. "At least five people will ask that to every line, was the way I figured it."—New York News.

TALE OF TWO BABIES.

frue Story of Boston Life Related by a Radeliffe College Girl.

The car was crowded when I reached It, and there was only one vacant seat in the front, which I was glad to occu-Just as I settled back, with a sigh satisfaction, even before I had a chance to become curious about my neighbor, I heard from the rear of the car a baby's fretful cry and a wearied mother's voice trying to soothe the tired child. Mingled with these sounds came a second mother's tone, drawling but complacent.

"Ned," she said, "hear that poor little sing try. Ned is a dood baby. He never cries!"

Of course my curiosity was aroused, and I turned to see the rival babies and their mammas. The fussy little one was in full sight. One rosy cheek rested on the shoulder of a neat but travel stained little woman. The pretty, baby blue eyes were filled with tears, the chubby little fellow was sucking his thumb and doing his best to go to sleep, but the time and the place were against him. The patient, dark eyes of the mother lovingly on the sweet, troubled face of her boy as she rocked him softly in her arms.

All this I saw in a moment, and I then tried to look beyond this interesting mother and her natural boy to that wonderful baby that never cried and to his proud parent. I could not see them, rever, because the restless little head hid them from me, but every now and then there came to my ear the hush of one voice, followed by the proud tone of the other.

At last the train stopped with one of those backing, bumping motions with which we are all familiar. Then the terrified scream of the thoroughly aroused baby made the nervous mother hasten to leave the car as quickly as possible. Following her and close behind her was a fat woman, with wrinkles in the back of her neck and a large, showy hat. She lifted her baby up with one jeweled hand, and as she kissed him on the pug nose drawled out: "Ned's a dood boy. Ned's mamma's own sweet, precious doggie."—Boston Globe.

BEWARE OF FRESH OLIVES.

How a California Planter Amuses Himself at the Expense of Innocent Travelers.

Eastern visitors in California are always much interested in the olive plantations which, in recent years, have be come a feature of the most southerly counties of the state. The lovers of the succulent fruit when pickled and bottled for sale in the east and north are always anxions to taste the olive fresh and ripe. There is a popular impression that it is sweet and delicious; but, like many other popular impressions, this is a delusion and a snare.

A few miles south of San Diego, where the railroad makes a junction with a small one track road leading into Mexico, a large planter has taken advantage of this delusion for his own amusement. On the arrival of each train from the north numerous travelers dismount to wait the starting of the train across the Mexican border. For their benefit the planter has nailed a box outside of his fence just across the way from the railroad station which he keeps filled with nice, ripe olives. A placard invites victims in these words:

> FINE, FRESH, RIPE OLIVES, FREE. HELP YOURSELF.

Of course there is a rush from the station as soon as the box and its contents are discovered, and swarms of innocents seize the pretty fruit and dig their teeth into it. Then there is a combined howl and a great deal of expectoration and disgust, for the delusive fruit are nearly as puckery as persimmons.

the plant from a partly hidden summer house within his grounds, where he occasionally seats himself to enjoy the spectacle. It is a sure cure for the blues, he says. -New York Herald.

Chicken on the Shell.

In a certain rather pretentions but cheap priced restaurant I witnessed a scene which, though funny enough to the outside onlooker, could not but have been extremely mortifying to the proprietor. The proprietor was also the cook, and he was engaged in industriously frying a number of pancakes on a griddle placed for show in the window when a party of three who had just en-tered ordered a trio of eggs apiece. The proprietor thereat seized nine of the ovids from a box beneath the counter and began to break them one after another upon the griddle. He had reached the eighth egg when, lo and behold! instead of a yolk and albumen spreading itself temptingly into view, came a small confused mass of feathers, minute claws, a beak, etc. A look of horror spread itself over the man's face as he gazed at the nawelcome apparition, and then gazing over his shoulder and seeing that his action was unnoticed he swept the gridgreased it anew and proceeded with his work. O cookery, how many frands are practiced in thy name!—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Highest Fountain Jet.

The wonder of the New England states, an oddity of which mention is, for some unknown reason, seldom made in print, is the monster fountain jet the Home of Destitute Women and Children, near Bennington, Vt. The column of water in this jet rises to a height of 198 feet, being the highest nown single fountain jet in the world. -St. Louis Republic.

The Trojan war was a conflict between the mother country and some of the strongest colonies and would have been fought if Helen and Achilles and mon and the rest had never been

A New York dealer in men's furnishing goods displays a sign reading. "Shirt Constructor."

There is in one of the departments in Washington an old maid whom I call St. Murphy, not because she is so saintlike in appearance, for my saint has a jolly face, and in that woman, whose hair is sprinkled with gray and upon whose cheeks the roses of youth have ceased to bloom, I see a beauty that leaves nothing to be desired.

She comes into the dining room accompanied by a little girl and boy. My woman's eye soon detects something a little out of the usual. The children look too young to be hers, so I make inquiries and find that they are hers by adoption. She found these children with a dying mother, whom she made happy promising to care for them. Ho faithfully she is keeping her promise! She has taken them to her heart. They show, as children always do, that they have not only food and clothes, but love, and plenty of it. Do you wonder that I call her saint? Here is that woman, at the age when women soonest tire, going daily to her work, no matter what the weather, cold or rain, denying herself that she may make these children comfortable. When I see her in the evening, weary from her day's work, but her dear old face beaming with love, I say to myself, "There is a woman who has won heaven, and I am glad to have known her." and I nurmur, "God bless you, Miss Murphy!"—Harriette P. Crabbe in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

Chemical Reaction.

A French chemist has lately made some investigations in a field not hitherto so thoroughly explored as many others, and from them he draws the conelusion that chemical reaction cannot occur between 125 degrees and 150 de-Sulphuric acid and ammonia will not react at 80 degrees, while at 60 to 65 degrees the action is sudden and violent. Neither caustic soda nor caustic potash can be made to unite with the same acid below 125 degrees C. nor with carbonates below 80 degrees. With the latter, brisk effervescence sets in about 30 degrees. If nitric instead of sulphuric acid is used in such experiments, the temperature where reaction begins seems to be lowered in every case. - New York Sun.

Mrs. Alice N. Lincoln thus describes her feelings while watching a crema

tion: "As we stood in silence watching the rosy glow which played over the white surface of the retort a feeling came to us of awe certainly, but also of peace and rest. There was something so spir itual, so elevating in the absolute purity of the intense heat that it seemed to all of us who stood there far less appalling than the blackness of an open grave. -Her Point of View in New York Times.



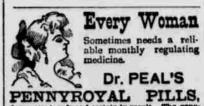
AYER'S Cherry Pectoral SAVED HIS LIFE

So says Mr. T. M. Reed, a highly-respected Merchant of Mid-Man who was supposed to be in Consumption.

"One of my enstomers, some years ago, had a som who had all the symptoms of consumption. The usual medicines afforded him on relief, and he steadily failed until he was unable to leave his bed. His mother applied to me for some remedy and I recommended Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The young man took it according to directions, and soon began to improve until he became well and strong."—T. M. REED, Middletown, fil.

"Some time ago, I caught a severe cold, my throat and lungs were badly inflamed, and I had a terrible cough. It was supposed that I was a victim of consumption, and my friends had little hope of recovery. But I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, took it, and was entirely cured. No doubt, it saved my life."—I. Jones, Emerts Cove, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR



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