

The Star.

VOLUME 3.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1894.

NUMBER 26.

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.	<h2>Black or Blue!</h2> <p>Men's, Boy's and Children's</p> <h1>SUITS</h1> <p>ANY - SIZE - OR - STYLE!</p> <p>Single Breasted Sack Suits, sizes from 33 to 48, Blue or Black.</p> <p>Cutaway Frock Suits, Blue or Black.</p> <p>Regent Cutaway Suits, full long style.</p> <p>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.</p> <h2>Match Us If You Can.</h2> <h1>BELL,</h1> <p>The ONLY Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.</p>			Mens' Prince - Albert SUITS FOR \$15.00.
Mens' Good Business SUITS for \$8.00.				Mens' Good Black Suits for Dress \$10.00.
Mens' Good Black Suits for Dress \$10.00.	<p>Remember we have one of the Finest</p> <p>GUTTERS</p> <p>in our Merchant Tailor - Department. Suits for \$20.00 and up.</p>			Gents, Call and ex- amine our All-wool Pants FOR \$3.00.
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 PRIGES 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 Grocerman, 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 Grocermen.

J. S. MORROW,
DEALER IN
**Dry Goods,
Notions,
coats 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; desira-
ble 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.

AN ACCOMMODATING DRIVER.

He Was Also Superintendent, So He Could Do as He Pleased.

"They have a delightful way of being accommodating in some parts of the south," said a gentleman who had traveled considerably in that section. "Of course it wouldn't do anywhere else in the world, but the way those people forgot all about time is absolutely refreshing."

"I was down south once and had occasion not to patronize but to be patronized by a little street car line running from L— to L— Junction. The length of the line is half a mile and its equipment two cars, each with a single male attachment. The official roster is condensed to the name of a single gentleman wearing a suit of Confederate gray, who fills every position on the line from superintendent to driver with perfect satisfaction to his patrons, and I must say with seeming satisfaction to himself. In his capacity of driver he was told that I would like to go down to the junction at a certain time.

"In his capacity as superintendent I was introduced to him, and assuming the authority of his highest position he advised me that he would wait for me near a certain corner. I was watching for him, and about 10 minutes before the appointed time the car stopped on the corner designated. The driver set the brake, but it was the big hearted superintendent who got down to play with the children by the roadside until I should arrive. He greeted me cordially, and we started, with the mule in a canter.

"A man hailed the car from a house a little farther on, and we came to a stop. There was a short conversation in loud tones. Then the driver carefully wound the lines around the brake and went into the house. In about five minutes he reappeared, with a trunk on his shoulder, having probably stopped to tie a rope around it inside the house. This trunk he deposited on the front platform, and we were again going as fast as the mule could travel.

"Arrived at the junction, the driver was again transformed to the superintendent as he shook hands with me and bade me goodby. I told him I had enjoyed my trip immensely, and that he was the most accommodating man I had ever met in the transportation service. He promised to call on me in Chicago, and I'll be glad to see him, too."—Chicago Post.

The Nile by Night.

"I suppose no professional 'globe trotter' is ever satisfied," said James T. Hurd of New York, "without a sojourn in Alexandria and a voyage of four or five weeks up the Nile. The river itself, I must say, did at first sadly disappoint me. We Americans are apt to be rather exacting in the matter of rivers, naturally enough, considering the beauty and grandeur of our own. When I saw the strong stream in the hot sunshine, looking like floating mud rather than water, I hated to believe it the Nile of my dreams. Beauty, majesty and power, not utility, were what I wanted to see in the historic river. But when the sun went down and the moon gilded, not silvered, the stream, then it became indeed the river of my imagination. The unsightly banks, which by day were steep walls of black mud, like huge unbaked brick, became picturesque and even beautiful, with waving groves of palm and fields of grain."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She Founded a Cartridge.

A woman of Carrollton, Ky., thought that she was unable to stop a leak in the bottom of an iron pot by driving a piece of lead into it. So she got one of her husband's pistol cartridges out of a drawer and began the driving process with a hammer. Now, the good lady didn't understand the philosophy of a cartridge and never dreamed that it would explode from the concussion of a hammer, seeing no powder about the thing. But there is no knowledge as to which comes from experience, although the price paid in that way is sometimes very high. This cartridge exploded, and the flesh of the thumb and finger with which she held it was considerably torn. And that old pot still leaks as it did before.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not That Kind of a Load.

Tommy Albany (on board Hudson river boat)—Oh, look, mamma, what kind of a boat is that with a big step-ladder in the bow?
Mrs. Albany—That's a dredging boat, Tommy, dear, lying close to a sand bar, getting a load.
Tommy A.—Oh, mamma, was that what papa brought home the other night when he was so tired, and you asked him where he had been, and he said, "Up against a bar?"
Mrs. A.—No, darling, it wasn't sand.—New York Herald.

Dwarf Hudson.

The most noted dwarf was Jeffrey Hudson, born in 1619. At the age of 8 he was 18 inches high and was served upon the table in a cold pie as a present to Charles I. At the age of 80 he began to grow and reached the height of 3 feet 9 inches. He lived to be 68 and died in prison, having been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the popish plot.

Capital punishment in Denmark is executed publicly with an ax. If several are to be decapitated on the same date, one is not present while another is executed.

"WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?"

Web Flanagan's Own Story of How He Uttered the Famous Remark.

"Flanagan of Texas" is a name that always brings up a famous question, "What are we here for?" Whether in New York, Chicago or San Francisco, that name on the hotel register always brings a crowd of people to see the man who originated one of the most famous phrases in American politics. The sentence has gone into history and become a part of it. It was one of the memorable incidents of one of the most memorable conventions that ever assembled in America—the Chicago national Republican convention which defeated Grant and nominated Garfield. Ever since then somebody in every convention, large or small, has arisen to ask, "What are we here for?" Web Flanagan is the man who said it first of all. To a writer for the Galveston News Flanagan told the story of the phrase. This is the way he told it:

"It was in Chicago in 1880. I was a member from Texas in the national convention. When the committee on platform and resolutions reported, Barker of Massachusetts offered to insert a plank pledging the party to civil service reform. I arose in my place and said: 'Mr. President, Texas has had quite enough of civil service reform. Out of 1,300 offices in that state 1,000 of them are filled by Democrats. We believe that to the victors belong the spoils. Every proposition of this sort comes from states that are threatened with a Mugwump invasion. Sir, the boys in the trenches are demanding recognition. Party service entitles them to something at the party's hands. They need the offices, and, sir, what are we here for but for the offices?' Immediately the delegates and the galleries yelled. They shouted till they were hoarse, and it was several minutes before the chairman was finally able to restore order. The next day the incident was in all of the papers, and from then till now it has been traveling around the earth. I have seen it in foreign papers and have heard it time and again in national conventions since then. It was simply a forcible way I had of expressing myself. I never had the slightest idea that my chief claim to fame should be a chance expression in the confusion of a great national body."

EDWIN BOOTH'S UNHAPPINESS.

To His Daughter He Says He Was Never Really Happy.

A number of letters written by Edwin Booth to his daughter and intimate friends are published in The Century. The following one to his daughter gives an index to the melancholy that was so marked in his disposition:

New York, Jan. 5, 1888.

I have seen Rose several times and shall say goodby tomorrow. I do all I can for her, but noth. at on earth can render her lonely life less weary, poor soul! As for God's reward for what I have done, I can hardly appreciate it. 'Tis more like punishment for misdeeds (of which I've done many) than grace for good ones (if I've done any). Helplessness in the actor's fate, physical incapacity to attain what is most required and desired by such a spirit as I am slave to. If there be rewards, I certainly am well paid, but hard schooling in life's thankless lessons has made me somewhat of a philosopher, and I've learned to take the buffets and rewards of fortune with equal thanks, and in suffering all to suffer—I won't say nothing, but comparatively little. Dick Stoddard wrote a poem called "The King's Bell," which fits my case exactly (you may have read it). He dedicated it to Lorimer Graham, who never knew an unhappy day in his brief life, instead of to me, who never knew a really happy one. You must suppose from this that I'm ill in mind or body. On the contrary, I am well enough in both. Nor am I a pessimist. I merely wanted you to know that the sugar of my life is bitter—perhaps not more so than every man's whose experience has been above and below the surface. Business has continued large and increases a little every night. The play will run two weeks longer. Sunday at 4 o'clock I start for Baltimore, arriving there at 10 o'clock.

Tomorrow a meeting of actors, managers and artists at breakfast to discuss and organize, if possible, a theatrical club like the Garrick of London.

Practical Chemistry.

Once, when lecturing to his class, a certain learned professor thus delivered himself:

"I would have you observe, gentlemen, that coal, when exposed to the action of the air, loses 10 per cent of its weight and heating properties. This arises through the influence of the alkaline constituents of the—"

"But, sir, how is it when a dog lies near the coals?" interrupted one of his hearers.

"Young gentleman, this is neither the time nor the place to crack those small jokes of yours," severely retorted the professor.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but that is exactly what my father thought and said when he found it necessary to leave the stock of coal for a few nights in the open air, and it was discovered that it had diminished to the alarming extent of over 70 per cent. He then consulted me, as a student of chemistry, as to what could be done to stay such loss, and I suggested that a savage dog should be procured and kept chained near the coals. He took my advice, and since then our coals have not lost so much as 2 per cent in an entire month."—London Tit-Bits.

The 1893 wine product of the state of California was equal to a little more than one quart for each man, woman and child in the United States.

Offspring born of mothers under 30 years old do not have as good chance of healthy life as those born of mothers over 30.

LOVE'S POWER.

Life may change, but it may fly not. Hope may vanish, but can die not; Truth be veiled, but still it burneth; Love repulsed—but it returneth.

Yet were Life a charnel where Hope lay confined with Despair; Yet were Truth a sacred lie, Love were lost—if Liberty

Lent not life its soul of light, Hope its iris of delight, Truth its prophet's robe to wear, Love its power to live and bear.

—Shelley.

A REMARKABLE COMPLAINT.

The Young Man Understood It After a Lexicographer Helped Him.

They were sitting in the parlor of a west side house, and the conversation was dragging somewhat. They had exhausted all the available social topics, had taken a dip into literature by criticizing some of the latest novels, had discussed the summer resorts and the prospects for a good fall season, talked a bit about the theaters, and there did not seem to be much left.

After an embarrassing pause of five minutes the girl said: "We have got the funniest cook. She says the most killing things."

"Yes?" put in the young man interestedly.

"Yes, she is a crank about sickness. Every day she has some new sickness. As a matter of fact, she is a great buxom woman, strong and healthy as can be, but she imagines she has one foot in the grave."

"Must keep her busy finding symptoms," said the young man.

"Indeed it does, and some of her complaints are very laughable. Why, the other day she came in and told me in perfect seriousness that her bones were ossifying."

The young man looked puzzled. He laughed a little, though, and said: "What a remarkable complaint! I don't suppose it was true, do you?" The young woman's face took on a pained expression. "I said she said her bones were ossifying," she remarked.

"So I understood. And I asked if it was true."

The young woman passed her hand wearily over her forehead. She looked at the young man pityingly and said: "I am afraid you do not yet understand the drift of my remark. I said the cook came to me and told me that her bones were ossifying."

The young man bit his mustache. "I fully understood what you said, Miss Brown," he replied. "I think, too, that I gather the meaning of the remark. Still I do not suppose that, except in rare instances, such things do occur."

She put both hands to her brow this time, smiled a bit and abruptly changed the conversation.

Half an hour later the young man paused on his way to his room and hunted up a dictionary. He turned nervously to the O's, found O's and ran his finger down the column until he came to "ossify." Then he threw his hands into the air and shrieked, "Great Scott, and I didn't know that ossify means to turn to bone!"

And he hasn't called on Miss Brown since.—Buffalo Express.

JUST BEFORE RETIRING.

How to Inure Peaceful and Refreshing Slumber and a Sweet Mouth.

A warm bath, a light lunch and a clean mouth before retiring are good things to take. They promote sleep and a "clean" tongue in the morning. What this lunch should be the consumer must decide. The juice of a couple of oranges, half a grape fruit, a cup of tea with dry toast, a sandwich and glass of ale, cup of hot bouillon, biscuit and a glass of sherry, crackers with milk and vichy, or a bowl of bread and milk is the choice of as many different people, all healthy and handsome.

The best thing in the morning after a cold plunge or sponge bath is a cup of hot tea or coffee with a little lemon juice. The earlier this draft is taken the better. It should precede the breakfast by at least half an hour. This is prime for the alimentary canal. It is a comfort to the stomach, and puts the digestive organs in order. A cup of hot milk is also prescribed, and even hot water the first thing in the morning is not bad. For anything but the abusive cup of cold water the poor stomach will be grateful. If an appetite for breakfast is wanted, and the time permits, take a walk to the corner, alone, inhaling and forcibly exhaling the air through the nostrils. No \$10 cure in therapeutics can compare with this.—New York World.

His Retort.

The famous John Randolph of Roanoke, as he was called in his day, once met, while walking on a narrow pavement, a political opponent of his.

The man pushed rudely against Mr. Randolph with his elbow, saying as he did so, "I never make way for scoundrels."

"I do," said John Randolph, stepping to one side and making his most courtly bow, as he allowed the man to pass.—"Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes."

Some one is said to have invented a substance that can be seen through more clearly than glass. We don't know what it can be unless it is a man's excuse to his wife for not returning home before 2 a. m.

Indian corn, or maize, never has an uneven number of rows of grains, because it has opposite radicals of growth from the cob center.