

SPEED VERSUS SAFETY.

A Sea Captain Tells How and Why He Must Make Quick Time. A passenger on one of the European liners made a jocosely remark to the captain one night as they were chatting familiarly on deck.

"You sea captains," he said, "are the only absolute sovereigns now left in the world. When the ship leaves port, your will is law. Every one on board recognizes your supreme authority. From your decisions there are no appeals. Every life is in your keeping. You are sea kings indeed."

"No, we are bondmen of the company managers," was the bluff old captain's reply. "We are under obligations to make fast runs, yet never to take any risks. It is no longer possible for the captain of a first class liner to exercise discretion."

"Why, on my last run across the Atlantic," he continued, rapidly warming up, "I had had weather nearly all the way. When the wind was not blowing a gale, there was dense fog, and I didn't dare to run at full speed. The ship was 36 hours behind time in reaching New York."

The captain and the passenger were intimate friends and talked without restraint. "I went to the main office," the captain continued, "and was received coldly by the manager. He told me that I had made a very poor run. I tried to explain how bad the weather had been, but he listened impatiently. He reminded me that other ships leaving England on the same day had arrived much earlier, although they must have had similar weather. He said that the day for cautious, old-fashioned captains had gone by. The reputation of a ship for speed must be maintained, and captains must be brisk and wide awake, or their usefulness would be at an end."

"You may have noticed," the captain added after a pause, "that we have been running at full speed all day in a heavy fog. Your king has been profiting by the reputation which he received, and he hasn't known a comfortable moment until the fog lifted an hour ago."

"So you see that the kings of the sea are the managers' bondmen. If they are considered sleepy and slow. If they are venturesome and the ship goes wrong, then they are condemned as foolhardy. That's the tyranny of the sea, even if you are kings on deck."—Philadelphia Times.

A "Singular" Costume. They were standing on a street corner waiting for a car. She was American; he was English. She delighted in proclaiming the glories of this new world, but he only elevated his beak and answered every remark with that irritating phrase, "In the old country," etc.

While they were waiting a pair of bicyclers, a man and a woman, wheeled by. The woman was dressed decidedly "up to date."

ABOUT TOBACCO.

Cynical Sentiments as to Its Uses and Abuses and Its Enemies. Public sentiment is not unanimous in regard to the healthfulness of using tobacco. Everybody who saw the body of a negro upon whom a hoghead of tobacco fell from the third story of a New Orleans warehouse conceded that tobacco taken in large quantities is injurious.

Tobacco is said by some to have a demoralizing effect. An Indiana man taught his dog, a very fine setter, to chew tobacco. Now the dog comes into the house by the back door, never scraps his feet on the mat, never goes to church, is careless as his meals, gets burs in his tail, goes with a lover grade of dogs and is beginning to take an interest in politics.

A goat, it is well known, is fond of tobacco, but he freely gives away his butts. All kinds of troubles and complications are ascribed to tobacco. It is said to cause tobacco blindness. Still we have never found any friends of ours to be afflicted with it when we have incautiously left a choice cigar exposed in our vest pocket.

Ladies generally object to smoking, but it takes an old smoker to get up on his car and howl four bladed adjectives at the ruffian who is idiotic enough to smoke bad tobacco. If a woman's husband smokes, she should not put him out, but let him down as easy as she would a smoking lamp.

The smoker, on the other hand, has many compensations. If he should be shipwrecked on a cannibal island, he is comforted by the thought that his body will be respected. The cannibals don't relish the flesh of a man who chews or smokes. The man who smokes is not molested by mosquitoes. They can't stand smoking.—Detroit Free Press.

THE BEAR AND THE BRONCHO. Tom Buckley Lassoed Bruin and Then Batted From the Fight. Tom Buckley was working on the spring roundup in the employ of one of the large cattle outfits in southern Montana. While riding through a clump of bushes one day hunting cattle a full grown silver tip bear suddenly arose and confronted him. The only weapon at hand was his lariat, and with visions of juicy bear steak for the boys at supper around the mess wagon that night and a fine rug for the pretty schoolmarm he quickly loosened his rope and threw it. A few turns over the saddle horn, at the same time spurring his horse, and the shock came. It was very severe, for unluckily the bear's fore leg as well as his head was through the loop of the rope. Tom was about to drop the rope like a hot cake when the horse suddenly put his head down and started bucking in true broncho style.

Thomas didn't last long. He suffered when he struck the ground, but he did not linger in the vicinity to ascertain the extent of his injuries. He started for the top of a butte close at hand, and although an indifferent sprinter he managed to make very fair time. Looking back from his position of comparative safety, he could see that both animals had become entangled in the rope and were having it out in great style, making frantic efforts to free themselves. The rope finally parted, and away they went in opposite directions, or as he expressed it, "They quit the country, hitting only the high spots."—Chicago Record.

Travelers Must Be Content. In some parts of the southern states, where, happily for them, the people are not in such a ceaseless hurry as people are in the nervous north, no one thinks of exacting punctuality from railroad trains. They take them when they come, and arrive when they get there, and are content. A fretful Yankee drummer, who, at a country railway station, had been fuming because a train had not arrived an hour after schedule time, received a lesson in patience from an elderly countryman who came in with his gripsack and asked the station master: "What time do the train for Savannah git here, boss?" "Somewhar 'bout nightfall," answered the stationman. "An what time do she git ter Savannah?" "Somewhar 'bout mawnin'."

Then the countryman, perfectly satisfied with the information, folded his legs in a corner and settled down to an hour or more of philosophical comfort. —Youth's Companion.

A Dramatic Holdup. Missouri Fireman—Give 'er air, Bill! Stop 'er! We're held up! Engineer—I see—hish! There's seven of them on this side. "Wearin masks, too, Bill!" Robber (with drawn sword)—And dar-r-est thou insult me to my beard? Marry! It is more than human that p-r-r-ompts me thus to spare thy insignificance. Engineer—It's all right; let 'er go! Fireman—Wh-what is it, Bill? "Thee-ayter troop, rehearsin for the next town!" "What're they doin out here in this dense swamp?" "Tryin to get to the next town."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Appearances Deceptive.

The other day there entered a Broadway car down town a withered, skinny, queer looking little woman of about 50 years, a perfect type of the shabby spinster as she is commonly imagined. A member of a firm which publishes a paper given over to the hottest and most sentimental cheap fiction, who happened to be in the car, greeted her with great consideration and conversed with her until she left the car up town. "Who is that venerable antique?" asked the friend who was with him when she had departed. "She is one of our contributors," replied the publisher. "The editor of the ragbag department?" "Not exactly. The fact is, old man, she is Miss —, the author of —, and he struck up a list of a dozen or more of these high pressure, passion palpating, heart bursting serial fictions dear to a certain class of feminine readers. "You'd never believe it, of course, but it's so, and we know it to the tune of \$7,500 a year, which is what we pay her under our contract for her stories." —New York Recorder.

Superheated Steam. Probably it has come to be accepted as an axiom by most practical steam engineers that in modern conditions of working superheating is useless or impossible. Some reasons for such a belief, arising out of difficulties experienced, no doubt there are. But if engineers generally had fully appreciated the magnitude of the loss due to condensation in the cylinder it is difficult to think that superheating would have been abandoned with so little of a struggle to overcome the difficulties, and that, for so long, while every other means of securing economy has been tried, superheating has been neglected. It is sometimes said that the quantity of heat in superheated steam in excess of that in saturated steam is very small. That is so, of course. But the earlier experience showed that this small quantity produced a disproportionately large beneficial effect.—Professor W. C. Unwin in Cassier's Magazine.

Force of Habit. There are no tables in the houses of the Eskimo, and the women are therefore in the habit of placing everything on the floor. A Danish lady employed several Eskimo women to do some washing. Entering the washhouse, she saw them all bending over the washtubs that stood on the floor. To make them more comfortable she had some stools fetched and placed the tubs upon them. By and by she looked in to see how they were getting on, and to her astonishment discovered the women standing on the stools and stooping still more laboriously over the tubs, which still remained on the floor.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Dog Habit. Have you ever thought why it is that a dog turns around and around when he jumps up on his cushion or starts to settle himself anywhere for a nap? Now that you are reminded, you can recall that you have seen a dog do it many times, can't you? This habit is about all that is left to our tame little doggies of the days long ago, when they were a race of wild animals and lived in the woods. Their beds then were matted grass and leaves, and it was to trample enough grass and properly arrange the leaves that the dog always trod around a narrow circle before he would lie down. The dog of today keeps up the same old habit, although there is no longer any need for it, and of course the animal has no notion why he does it.—New York Times.

Culpable Ignorance. She (severely)—Henry, what's a poker chip? He (frankly)—It's a chip of a poker, I suppose. Did I guess it?—Exhausta.

DON'T WAIT For a Cold to Run into Bronchitis or Pneumonia. Check it at Once. AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

"Early in the Winter, I took a severe cold which developed into an obstinate, hacking cough, very painful to endure and troubling me day and night, for nine weeks, in spite of numerous remedies. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral being recommended me, I began to take it, and inside of 24 hours, I was relieved of the tickling in my throat. Before I finished the bottle, my cough was nearly gone. I cannot speak too highly of its excellence."—Mrs. E. BOSCH, Eaton, Ohio.

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

Trains daily except Sunday. DAVID McCARGO, GEN'L. SUPR. JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS. AGT.

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY. The short line between Buffalo, Ridgway, Niagara Falls, and Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh. Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh. Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. IN EFFECT NOV. 10, 1893. Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains for and from.

WESTWARD. TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:40 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 10:55 a. m., arriving at Clemont at 11:45 a. m. TRAIN 20 leaves Clemont at 11:40 a. m. and Ridgway at 11:55 a. m.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. SOUTHWARD. TRAIN 19 leaves Buffalo at 10:45 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 11:55 a. m.; Ridgway at 12:45 p. m. TRAIN 20 leaves Buffalo at 10:45 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 11:55 a. m.; Ridgway at 12:45 p. m.

WESTWARD. TRAIN 19 leaves Buffalo at 10:45 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 11:55 a. m.; Ridgway at 12:45 p. m. TRAIN 20 leaves Buffalo at 10:45 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 11:55 a. m.; Ridgway at 12:45 p. m.

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TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE! By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Jefferson county, Pennsylvania, to me directed, in the partition of the real estate of Sarah A. Wayland, late of Winchester township, in said county, dec'd, No. 1, February Term, 1894, O. C. P. 15, I will expose to public sale or conveyance on the premises on

Thursday, November 15, 1894. At 12 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, the property of the estate of said Sarah A. Wayland, dec'd, to-wit: Bounded on the north by lands of John Smith and James H. Brown, on the east by lands of J. Mitchell, on the south by lands of J. B. Donohue and M. Hartman, and on the west by lands of H. Donohue and Seelye & Alexander, containing one hundred and sixty-two acres and one hundred and forty-one perches, more or less, cleared, fenced and in good state of cultivation, the land being timbered with hard wood good orchards of apple, peach and other fruiting good grounds of water having thereon erected a good new brick barn fifty feet by forty feet, a good two-story frame dwelling house eighteen by forty-four feet with a detached kitchen by addition, feet, a new well, high, weather-boarded, lined and well finished spring house and all other necessary outbuildings.

Also, at the same time and place, one other piece of land containing fifty acres, bounded on the north by lands of Joseph Strouse, on the east by lands of D. J. Galt, and on the south by lands of J. B. Donohue and M. Hartman, and on the west by lands of H. Donohue and Seelye & Alexander, containing one hundred and sixty-two acres and one hundred and forty-one perches, more or less, cleared, fenced and in good state of cultivation, the land being timbered with hard wood good orchards of apple, peach and other fruiting good grounds of water having thereon erected a good new brick barn fifty feet by forty feet, a good two-story frame dwelling house eighteen by forty-four feet with a detached kitchen by addition, feet, a new well, high, weather-boarded, lined and well finished spring house and all other necessary outbuildings.

Terms of Sale: Ten per cent. of the whole amount of purchase money in cash, the balance to be paid in monthly installments of one-fifth of the purchase money, on condition that the purchaser shall pay interest from date of sale on the balance to be secured by bond with interest on the purchase, or paid in cash at the option of the trustee.

W. C. SCHULTZ, Trustee. October 10, 1893. HOTEL McCONNELL, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor. The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free gas, bath rooms and closets on every floor, ample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, etc.

HOTEL BELNAP, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. L. S. McLELLAND, Proprietor. First class in every particular. Located in the very center of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers. COMMERCIAL HOTEL, BROOKVILLE, PA. PHIL P. KARRER, Proprietor. Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omnibus to and from all trains.

MOORE'S WINDSOR HOTEL, 1217-29 FIBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA - PENNA. PRESTON J. MOORE, Proprietor. 342 bed rooms. Rates \$2.00 per day American Plan. Backlog from P. R. R. Depot and by block from New P. & R. R. Depot. Miscellaneous. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa. C. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. Resident dentist, in building near Methodist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentleness in operating. C. E. GORDON, JOHN W. REED. GORDON & REED, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa. Office in room formerly occupied by Gordon & Corbett, West Main Street. W. L. McGRACKEN, G. M. McDONALD, Brookville, Reynoldsville. McCRACKEN & McDONALD, Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law, Offices at Reynoldsville and Brookville.

First National Bank OF REYNOLDSVILLE. CAPITAL \$50,000.00. C. Mitchell, President; Scott McClelland, Vice Pres.; John H. Kaucher, Cashier. Directors: C. Mitchell, Scott McClelland, J. C. King, Joseph Strauss, Joseph Henderson, G. W. Fuller, J. H. Kaucher. Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons. Safe Deposit Boxes for rent. First National Bank building, Nolan block. Fire Proof Vault. Every Woman Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine. Dr. PEAL'S PENNYROYAL PILLS, Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine Dr. Peal's never disappoint. Sent anywhere \$1.00. Peal Medicine Co., Cleveland, O. For sale at H. Alex. Stokes's drug store. Subscribe for The Star, If you want the News.

CHEAPEST and BEST GOODS!

Ever brought to our town in Ladies' Spring and Summer Dress Goods!

Brandenburg never was sold less than 20 to 25c. per yard; will sell you now for 12 1/2. Dimity, 12 1/2c. Turkey Red Damask, 37 1/2. Prints, 05. Gingham, 05. China Silk, 25.

Better Goods than you can buy any place else.

The same Great Reduction in

Men's - and - Children's CLOTHING. Children's Suits, \$.90. Single Coats, 1.00. Single Coats, 1.25. Single Coats, 1.75. Youths' Suits, \$3.25 to 8.50. Men's Flannel Suits, 5.50. Fine Cheviot Suits, 7.50 to 9.50.

A fine line of Men's Pants. Come and examine my goods before you purchase elsewhere.

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BUY WHERE YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT. FLOUR, Salt Meats, Smoked Meats, CANNED GOODS, TEAS, COFFEES, AND ALL KINDS OF Country Produce. FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, TOBACCO, AND CIGARS. Everything in the line of Fresh Groceries, Feed, Etc. Goods delivered free any place in town. Call on us and get prices. W. C. Schultz & Son

I wish to call the ATTENTION

of the public to the fact that I have received my Spring - and - Summer Suitings, and that the cloth is the latest and best. My prices are made to suit the times and my workmanship is guaranteed to be perfect. Yours for honest dealing to all. J. G. Froehlich, the Tailor, Reynoldsville, Pa. Next door to Hotel McConnell.

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