

# The Star.

VOLUME 3.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1894.

NUMBER 23.

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.
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Mens'  
All-wool  
SUITS  
for  
\$6.50.

## 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.

# BELL,

The ONLY Clothier, Hatter  
and Furnisher.

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 - Depart-  
ment. Suits for  
\$20.00 and up.

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; desir-  
able 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.

**A WOMAN'S WAY.**  
Sometimes she comes right out and says  
She does not love me—flat,  
I smile and think it wouldn't do  
For me to tell her that.  
And sometimes when I tie her shoes  
She calls me stupid, why,  
Just think! Suppose I'd tell her that!  
Pshaw! How 'twould make her cry!  
And sometimes when I claim a kiss  
She turns me off, "Nay, nay!"  
But, oh, what trouble it would make  
If I should not get that way!  
If she would only let me kiss  
That I had won her, then  
I'd be more settled than I am.  
I'd not like other men.  
And yet I hate to own it up—  
I'm but a man, you know—  
Because my girl treats me this way  
Is why I love her so.  
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### A GRAND COACHMAN.

HE IS AT THE HEAD OF THE LORD  
MAYOR OF LONDON'S STABLE.

A Big Man Physically and In Other Re-  
spects—The Carriage and Horses—Lord  
Mayors May Come and Go, but the  
Coachman Is a Fixture.

An antediluvian spectacle was pre-  
pared for me in the stables of the lord  
mayor of London. In a vast courtyard  
an enormous carriage made of gold, to  
which were harnessed six magnificent  
brown horses; harness ornamented with  
massive copper, chiseled by an artist,  
if not with taste at least with a great  
deal of care, and a multitude of ribbons  
and cockades of a cherry color.

On the seat, six feet above the earth,  
the coachman, but what a coachman,  
my friends! A coachman the breed of  
which has been lost since the time of  
Louis XIV. He wore a wig with a sex-  
tuple line of curls symmetrically ar-  
ranged, had a bicorned hat on his  
head, and he wore his livery as Wellin-  
ton after Waterloo must have worn his  
uniform. His livery has a grand air. It  
is black and gold. The frock is too or-  
namental. The black velvet of it dis-  
appears under a thick embroidery of gold  
wheat and field flowers of purple silk,  
but the chest on which it is opened is  
so ample, and the large epaulets, with  
gold fringes, fall with a nobility so im-  
posing on arms so fat and so firm, that  
one cannot find this exhibition of  
wealth excessive.

The carriage is a poem. It is of the  
purest rococo style. Massive in the low-  
er part, the panels of which are orna-  
mented with allegoric paintings, the  
box is exclusively formed of looking  
glasses held together by a light frame-  
work of gilded wood. Everything is  
gilded, from the Cupids which hold the  
box to the chimerical figures which or-  
nament the platform where the grooms  
stand; from the Tritons which hold  
with their strong arms the seat where  
the corpulent Phaeton is enthroned to  
the shell where he places his feet; from  
the hub to the tire of the wheels. Only  
the interior of the carriage is not gilt.  
It is ornamented with red cushions.

"Have you seen everything?" asks  
the fat man. I say "Yes," and Master  
Wright descends from his perch. He  
puts aside with sacerdotal slowness one  
by one his bicorned hat, his wig and  
his frock. As he becomes a simple mortal  
he talks and smiles. I smile, too,  
because he strangely resembles Coque-  
lin. His trumpet shaped nose is particu-  
larly a success.

Master Wright is not too proud of  
it. He is proud only of his size. He  
talks of it with evident conceit.

"Do you know," he says confiden-  
tially, "that I measure from shoulder  
to shoulder 47 inches? To become a  
member of the Royal guard, where  
there are splendid men, you need only  
42 inches. Some of them measure 43.  
There are some who measure 44, but  
there is not one who measures 47."

In the harness room—in a special  
room of which the first coachman alone  
has the key—Wright hands to me one  
of the sets of harness. Its weight is  
fabulous. Each horse carries 110  
pounds. Add to this the enormous mass  
of the car, and you may understand  
why it is that ordinary horses will not  
do for the annual parade. The livery-  
man who has charge of the stables of  
the lord mayor is compelled to search  
for two months in advance in order to  
find the six horses destined to drag dur-  
ing this memorable parade the formid-  
able machine. The rest of the year there  
are only six horses in the stable. They  
are all beautiful, but of a smaller size.  
Four of them are harnessed to the sec-  
ond carriage, the lord mayor's dress  
carriage. Two are harnessed to the semi-  
state carriage.

The carriages are not the property of  
the lord mayor, but of the city of Lon-  
don. They are rented by the year. The  
price is very high, as the coat of arms  
and the painting on the panels must be  
changed every year. The second car-  
riage costs £200.

The arms of the city of London are  
of chiseled copper. An elegant and fine  
gallery at the top of the wagon is made  
of the same metal. There are four beau-  
tiful octagonal lanterns at the four cor-  
ners. The panels are black and gold.  
The coachman's seat is covered with  
black and red velvet.

The service of the stables is composed  
of a head coachman, of a second coach-  
man, more especially devoted to the  
lady mayors; of a private coachman,  
a footman, a groom and two stable boys.  
Their total wages are £10 a week.  
"I would wager," said Wright, with a  
mocking smile, "that you will not

this uniform was paid for by the lord  
mayor only recently. Its cost was  
£100.

"Fortunately," I said, "you do not  
renew it every year."

"You are mistaken. Every lord may-  
or has a livery different from that  
chosen by his predecessor. We change  
livery every year."

"And does the lord mayor have to  
pay for all this?"

"Certainly, sir. It is a dignity every-  
body may not have. But you must re-  
member that the most parsimonious of  
lord mayors never spent less than £20,-  
000 a year. Do you know how much  
the city allows him? No? Well, the  
city allows him only £10,000 a year."

"How is it," said I, "that you are  
not changed as well as the lord mayor?"

Master Wright stood up with index-  
ible rigidity. He said:

"Sir, we are officers of the city of  
London. Appointed by the city to our  
modest functions, we serve it in the  
person of a first magistrate, and we  
serve it faithfully, but we are not the  
servants of the lord mayor. Lord may-  
ors come and go. We remain."

After this solemn phrase Master  
Wright cordially extended his hand to  
me. I shook it, and when he put it  
back in his pocket it was not empty.—  
Thehalt-Sisson in Temps.

### THE SETTER DOG.

Its Scouting Power Is So Fine as to Be a  
Source of Wonder.

The scouting power of a well bred,  
well trained setter is a thing wholly  
beyond human conception, and the mar-  
velous exhibitions they give of this  
power can scarcely be credited. Indeed  
it would not be wise to seriously dis-  
cuss the quality of a dog's nose were it  
not possible to verify the stories that  
might be told of this wonderful power.  
Who would believe that a dog going at  
a good gallop, with a dead bird in its  
mouth, could scent a live bird on the  
ground several yards to one side of his  
course? And yet there are few sports-  
men who have not seen a dog point a  
live bird with a dead bird in his mouth.  
It would seem as if the scent of the bird  
so near his nose would prevent the dog  
from scenting another bird of the same  
variety lying close in the grass several  
yards from him. A man with a bunch  
of roses in his face would not pretend  
he could smell a bunch of similar flow-  
ers a foot away. If he did, no one would  
believe him.

Yet there is no doubt about the set-  
ter being able to smell and point live  
birds on the ground while he holds a  
dead bird in his mouth. He goes fur-  
ther than this. He points a dead bird  
on the ground with a dead bird in his  
mouth, and he knows the instant he  
feels the scent that it is a dead bird.  
This fact he expresses in his manner of  
pointing, and if it is a wounded bird he  
knows that, too, and indicates the fact.  
Most dogs are taught to point stanchly  
a live bird and not to point a dead bird.  
The dog will go at full speed right up  
to his dead bird and never pause a mo-  
ment. If there is a live bird near, he  
will point that stanchly, and the promp-  
tness and certainty of his deci-  
sions show that the instant he catches a  
scent he knows whether the bird is alive  
or dead. He makes a distinction, too,  
between a dead bird, a live bird and a  
wounded bird. He points the wounded  
bird differently from what he does the  
live bird and usually springs in and  
catches it. What there is about a wound-  
ed bird's scent that he can recognize  
instantly is a puzzle to every one who  
has thought much of the question.—  
Chicago Tribune.

### In the Yarn Business.

Two years ago Clara and Ethel were  
of the alumnae of the normal school.  
Both were engaged to be married, and  
they parted with mutual hopes for fu-  
ture happiness. Recently they met and  
flew into each other's arms.

"Oh, Clara, I am so happy! Fred is  
so good to me."

"And I, Ethel, am happy and have  
a lovely hubby, and he has a splendid  
income. He's junior member of the firm  
of Hustle, Catchum & Co. What is  
your hubby's business?"

"Oh, Fred is in the yarn business!"

"He is a manufacturer, then?"

"Oh, no; he's a country editor!"—  
Ridgewood (N. J.) News.

### To Soften Hard Water.

To soften hard water take spirits of  
wine, a quart; orange flower water, a  
pint; marine soap, 1½ pounds. Shake  
up the soap and put it into the orange  
flower water, heat till the soap dis-  
solves, then add the spirit. A table-  
spoonful of this put into the bottom of  
the basin will completely soften the wa-  
ter that is put into it for washing.

### A Last Resort.

The latest story about the weather  
comes from Pontypool, where an old  
farmer, exasperated by the falseness of  
his barometer, which was steadily ris-  
ing while the rain was steadily fall, got  
up solemnly, took down the glass, and  
carrying it to the door showed it the  
weather.—Pick-Me-Up.

The serpent moves by elevating the  
scales on its abdomen and using them  
to push the body forward. The wind-  
ings are always horizontal. The artists  
who represent the sinuities as vertical  
have never observed the animal in mo-  
tion. It is impossible for it to move in  
that way.

The whole of the land on the globe  
above water level, if shoveled into the  
Pacific, would only fill one-seventh of it.

### DROPPED FROM THE CLOUDS.

How the Race Horse Peytonia Won \$800  
For Little Miss Lowrey.

The caprices of fortune ever consti-  
tute a subject for special wonder, but  
the glorious uncertainties of the turf  
afford perhaps a wider scope for reflec-  
tions on the ups and downs of life than  
almost any other sphere of action. Earl  
Lowrey, formerly of Pittsburg, but now  
of Chicago, tells a story that illustrates  
this conclusion very well.

On the morning of the day that Rey  
El Santa Anita won the American  
Derby at Washington park Lowrey's  
little girl, while looking over a pro-  
gramme of the events which she had  
carelessly left about the house, was  
struck with the name "Peytonia," the  
name of an entry in the first race of the  
day. So deeply was she impressed with  
it that she asked her father to place her  
savings of small change on Peytonia,  
the total amount being \$2, which he  
agreed to do. On arrival at the park he  
at once discovered that Peytonia's  
chances for victory appeared to be very  
slim, one bookmaker offering 400 to 1  
against her. Lowrey, nothing daunted,  
placed the \$2 per order, and in doing  
so provoked a smile from the man on  
the block, which so nettled him that he  
promptly placed \$5 more at 40 to 1 for  
the place. As has so often happened be-  
fore, Peytonia fairly "dropped from the  
clouds" when the horses were fairly  
straightened out in the stretch, and to  
the amazement of every one won the  
race with comparative ease. Miss Low-  
rey's fondness for the name Peytonia  
therefore netted her \$800 in cash, while  
the head of the family was \$200 better  
off for acting as her commissioner.—  
Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Dr. Holmes and the Reporter.

A young newspaper man, just out of  
Harvard, who has since made his way  
in the world with entire credit to him-  
self and the college, was sent down to  
Beverly Farms to interview Dr. Holmes  
on his birthday. The young man, being  
a gentleman, was a little afraid that he  
was committing what would be a very  
unwelcome impertinence, but there was  
no way out of it, except by a way which  
also led out of his situation. So he went  
with fear and trembling. He found the  
doctor as gracious as could be, and when  
the interview was over the doctor  
himself drove the young man down to  
the station, chatting pleasantly all the  
way.

At the station there was some time  
to wait, and Dr. Holmes, with a twinkle  
in his eye, suggested that he and the  
young journalist go over to the store and  
be weighed. The young man was very  
nearly of the same height and build as  
the doctor, but at the time was in rather  
poor health. Dr. Holmes made the jour-  
nalist get on the scales first. He weigh-  
ed exactly 130 pounds. Then Dr. Holmes  
himself got on and tipped the beam at  
140 and was very much pleased. It was  
plain enough that he had "sized up"  
the young man as about of his own pro-  
portions and had guessed that he could  
outweigh him, and it had tickled his  
fancy to find himself at the age of 80 a  
"better man" than the youth.—Boston  
Transcript.

### Knew the Ropes.

Street car conductors are very often  
inclined to be too independent. One of  
this class received a well merited lesson  
several days ago. A tall, broad should-  
ered fellow wished to alight, but failed  
to catch the conductor's eye until the  
crossing was almost reached. When the  
conductor did notice his signals, he  
growled out a surly, "You're too late;  
wait for the next crossing." Without a  
word the big fellow jumped to the rear  
platform, jammed down the brake with  
a jerk and pulled the trolley from the  
wire, bringing the car to a stop with  
unpleasant suddenness. Then as he lei-  
suredly stepped off he pleasantly remark-  
ed to the discomfited conductor, "You  
stop the next time an old railroad man  
tells you to."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### The Ashes of Peleg.

In the year 553 A. D., while work-  
men were engaged in trenching the salt  
mines in Prussia, they unearthed a tri-  
angular building in which was a col-  
umn of white marble. At the side of  
the column was a tomb of freestone and  
over it a slab of agate inscribed with  
these words, which were in Latin:  
"Here rest the ashes of Peleg, grand  
architect of the tower of Babel. The Al-  
mighty had pity on him because he be-  
came humble."

### Pigeons.

It has been found that pigeons bred  
in a long low barn fetch a higher price  
for shooting matches. The birds from  
early habit, learned in their nesting  
place, when loosed from the trap start  
immediately on a long, low flight, in-  
stead of wheeling in air, as some pi-  
geons do. The habit makes them more  
difficult to hit than other birds and en-  
hances their value.

### A Comparison.

Thomas Sheridan, the father of Lady  
Dufferin, once displeased his father,  
who, remonstrating with him, exclaim-  
ed, "Why, Tom, my father would never  
have permitted me to do such a thing!"  
"Sir," said his son in a tone of the  
greatest indignation, "do you presume  
to compare your father to my father?"  
—San Francisco Argonaut.

Bungalows may be built of stud walls  
on a brick foundation, covered exten-  
sively either with tiles, weatherboarding  
creosoted or stained and varnished, with  
rough cast or half timbered work. In-  
side the walls should be plastered.