

The Star.

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Hotels.

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First class luxury hotel. Located in the very center of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and convenient sample rooms for commercial travelers.

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Dry Goods,
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Shoes,
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GOODS DELIVERED FREE.
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK
Reynoldsville, Pa.

REAL ART IN BEGGING.

The Beggar's First Step Is to Get the Attention of His Intended Victim.

The professional beggar in New York uses various devices to get a hearing, for if he can once gain the attention of his intended victim he has taken the first step toward success.

"Can you direct me to Ninetieth street and Seventh avenue?" asked a poorly dressed woman whom I met in Fourteenth street.

"You had best take the elevated road at the corner and get off at Ninety-ninth street," I answered.

"How far is it?"

"About four miles," I said.

"That's a long walk, and I haven't a cent. Could you give me a nickel to pay my fare?"

Within three days I again met the woman at the same place with the same story.

"Do you speak German?" asked a young man with a Teutonic countenance in good English.

"I do not."

"I live in Hoboken. Could you lend me 2 cents to pay my ferris, as I haven't a cent? I will pay it to some one who is as hard up as I am."

Twice since then the same man has started the same conversation with me, but he gets no further than the first question.

A woman was standing at the corner of Twelfth street and Sixth avenue gazing intently at the Jefferson market tower.

"My poor old eyes are not much good," she said in soliloquy and then turning to me asked, "Can you see what time it is by that clock?"

"Half past 9."

"So late? Mister, could you give a poor woman a few cents?"

At 10 o'clock she was still at her post.

"Be careful if you go in there," said a genteel appearing man as I approached the entrance to a place of amusement.

"Why?" I asked.

"I have just come out and find I have had my pocket picked, and I have to go to Youkers to get home. Could you lend me half a dollar? I will return it."

I watched the man until he had collected two half dollars.

"Did you drop these, sir?" asked a boy as he ran up behind me with a pair of cheap eyeglasses in his hand.

"No. They are not mine."

"I am sorry, boss, for I thought you might give me a few cents, as I have had nothing to eat today."

Two other men were approached in the same manner before I had walked a block.

One evening as I turned from Grand street into the Bowery a man who was approaching dropped a coin at my feet, and I had to stop to prevent a collision with him as he stopped to pick it up.

"Nearly lost my nickel," he said, "and I am trying to get another to pay for a night's lodging. Could you help a poor fellow out?"

Very likely he got his lodging.—New York Herald.

PATTI AS A HOSTESS.

Life at Craig-y-Nos a Mixture of Staleness and Meanness.

Sensitive persons who happen to be invited to spend a week with Patti in her castle in Wales may do well to think twice before accepting. The divine Adelina is the reverse of an ideal hostess, and Nicolini is no more pleasing as host.

Those who have tried it say that life at Craig-y-Nos is a mixture of staleness, show, cheeseparing and discomfort. Lights are out at 10:30 in the castle. In the billiard room, about which so much has been written, guests are not permitted to play on either madame's or monsieur's own particular table, but must use another, provided solely for them. Both Nicolini and his little spouse are billiard fiends and wouldn't have their precious tables touched by profane players.

At the sumptuous dinner table the same royal monopoly exists in respect to wines, the Nicolinis having their own choice and expensive brands and an inferior quality being served to their friends. This is all done with absolute frankness on the part of the hosts, and should an unwary visitor help himself from the Nicolini bottle he is brought up with a round turn and told he must not, for that wine is only given to the petted head of the house.—London Correspondent.

Costly Pipes.

The Turkish hookah and the Persian nargile are the most magnificent and expensive of all pipes.

The tubes through which the smoke is drawn are made of leather covered with velvet, or with gold and silver among the very wealthy, richly ornamented with precious stones, while the receptacle for the water is usually formed of glass handsomely cut, or engraved and gilt, or of precious metals decorated with enamels.

The liquid in this bowl is frequently rosewater or other delicately perfumed distillation, adding considerably to the fragrance of the smoke. The tobacco is lighted in a receptacle at the summit of the pipe, which is also formed of gold or silver and studded with magnificent diamonds and other gems. The tubes vary in length from five to ten yards, and the whole paraphernalia is often borne behind a nobleman on horseback, so that by this means he can continue his smoke as the inclination takes him.—Atlanta Constitution.

PASSING OF THE BOOT.

Disease of Foot Gear Once Popular East and West.

The diminished use of boots is a matter of concern to the manufacturers of them and to the producers of heavy leather and heavy calfskins. Twenty years ago the calf boot industry was a leading one in New England. Whole towns were saddled with factories which produced calf boots exclusively. For a decade the sale has been gradually falling off, and today it is of hardly any importance. A few manufacturers of shoes include boots as a specialty, but the demand is too light to amount to much. When calf boots were more in vogue, manufacturers consulted the partialities of the cowboys, to whom price was a secondary consideration. The high tops were frequently covered with silk stitching. The star and crescent and other fanciful ornamentations were included on the legs of the boots. There were high heels, and boots were striking specimens of mechanical art. The soles were laced with copper, zinc and brass nails. The cowboys no longer pay \$15 for a pair of boots. They want substance instead of show. But they were not the only wearers of calf boots. They were extensively worn. Many men prefer them today, though the number is growing less. The old-fashioned stoga boots were formerly sold in large quantities. They are well known obsolete. There followed a demand for a lighter and more stylish article. A kip boot of finer texture was produced, about equal in appearance to the best calf boot, but this, too, has fallen somewhat into disuse, and the sales this season are scarcely over one-half the usual amount. Where there were 20 factories producing boots exclusively there is now not one. Even the farmers are using heavy shoes instead of boots, and if it becomes a necessity to wear long legged boots they buy rubber.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

FIVE CONSONANTS IN A ROW.

A Polish Name That Sounds a Good Deal Like Two Successes.

A subscriber to the Milwaukee Sentinel is curious to know the correct pronunciation of the Polish name Brzezinski. He came across it in an account of an affray which took place on Sobieski street, that city, and evinced a desire to master its pronunciation. On investigation it was found that the name, if really spelled as indicated, must be pronounced Bsh-telinski, the "sz" being sounded about as the English "sh," and the "cz" as the "ch" in "hitching."

Some of the Poles in Milwaukee are in favor of a reform in the spelling of their names. As a matter of fact, the letters in the Polish alphabet do not represent the same sounds as the letters in the Latin or English alphabet. For instance, the Polish w is equivalent to the English v, and the s sometimes assumes the sound of sh, the z that of the English z in azure. The Polish tongue contains a great many more sounds than the old Latin did, and in order to express the additional sounds in Latin characters it was found necessary to combine different consonants. The result is that a person familiar only with the English language regards the Polish names as jumblewords and despairs over their pronunciation.

A reform in the spelling of Polish names similar to the reform adopted by Mme. Modjeska in the spelling of her name would be a great relief to hundreds of people. Modjeska's name in Polish is spelled Modrzewska, in a manner in which no Englishman or American living would be able to pronounce it. Chervinski would sound the same way as Czerwinski, only everybody would be able to read it.

A Stable Forewoman.

When John Thompson, who drives a coal cart for J. T. Story of Kent avenue and Wilson street, Brooklyn, was arraigned in the Gates avenue police court the other day before Justice Quigley on a charge of driving a lame horse, a stout, elderly woman stepped to the bar and commended speaking:

"You have nothing to do with this case," said the justice.

"Indeed I have," said the woman. "I am foreman of Mr. Story's stables, and I can assure you that the horse only went lame the day of the arrest."

When the justice had recovered from his surprise, he was informed that Mrs. Mary Rockett was indeed forewoman over a stable containing 50 horses. A year ago her husband was removed from the position of foreman, and his wife was put in charge. Justice Quigley fined the prisoner \$5, which Mrs. Rockett paid.—New York News.

Keep on Going.

Above all things, the novice must learn "to keep on going," as the bicycle teacher says. The tendency is to stop working the pedals when one feels a little afraid. Fatal mistake! Almost every possible disaster can be averted by a bicycle rider if she only remembers to "keep on going," to sit up straight and to use the handle bars with calmness and discretion. It is folly to attempt to ride a bicycle without having taken a few lessons from a capable teacher. Then mounting and dismounting, riding and turning are easy, and falls will not occur.—New York Journal.

The most splendid pair of shoes on record were those worn by Sir Walter Raleigh on great court occasions. They were of buff leather, covered with precious stones and valued at \$85,000.

CHOLLY'S CHIMES.

The Critic of Gotham's Four Hundred Rings a Few Chimes.

I suppose society will breathe more freely now that it is assured that its so-called leader's name is not to be dragged through the courts.

Ward McAllister has wisely decided to settle his son Hayward's affairs with Mrs. McCall by paying her a lump sum to slump, to slump, to slump.

The sum paid is not mentioned, but whatever it was you may be sure that it was a grand old man to shell out.

It seems preposterous that such a steady going old passer or foper should have an unimpressive son who is also so attractive that a "beautiful and well known society lady" takes up the cudgels in his behalf against the other woman on her own grounds.

It was a curious incident all round, and although I am not always of Man's way of thinking I am sure that he has done the correct thing in this instance.

So has Mrs. McCall.

Mrs. Robert Abbe, who was Mrs. Courland Palmer before she married the clever young physician who is now her husband, and her daughter, Miss Eva Palmer, are going on a visit to George Vanderbilt at Asheville, N. C.

The Palmers, who are all learned and studious, and George Vanderbilt, who is extremely bookish, are old friends, and nothing could be more natural than the proposed visit.

Yet one of those infernal busybodies who make it their business to start false rumors sees in this visit a positive determination on the part of the youngest Vanderbilt to marry Miss Palmer.

So far about the twentieth time we have this very retiring young fellow engaged to be married, and then the other idiots take the matter up and solemnly argue that it is a very suitable and altogether immense match.

Of course there is not a word of truth in it.

The almighty American dollar has received a very severe setback in the case of Thomas Nevins, a newly rich man who went abroad not long ago with the intention of buying Killoon castle, near Dublin, and of flying the stars and stripes from its turret day and night.

The Earl of Fingal, who owns the castle, was in financial straits, and Nevins thought he could drive a bargain with him.

Rather than sell, the earl has raised enough pounds to pay off the mortgage, and the dollar is not in it.

A fine old Irish gentleman is the Earl of Fingal, and the American, Mr. Nevins, is—well, let us say, a failure.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

CRISP A BAD SHOT.

He Fired Balls at a Negro's Head, but Couldn't Hit It.

In a description of the Hawkinsville (Ga.) fair the Atlanta Constitution says: "The head of a Pulaski negro, stuck through the hole of a canvas, on which was painted a large cut watermelon, with the negro's head in the heart, was too much of an attraction for even Speaker Crisp, Major A. O. Bacon and Senator Pat Walsh to resist. They had just finished their political speeches and were taking in the side shows when the eloquent fakir who manages the imitation melon, and real negro with a skull apparently of steel, sang:

"Come up, gentlemen, and try three throws each at the head of the Georgia coon! Three throws for 5 cents! Every time you hit the negro you get a good cigar. Ah, gentlemen, there's luck to the man who hits that negro's head. The man who can do it can go to the United States senate. Gentlemen, I'll guarantee the senatorship to the lucky thrower!"

"Well, Pat, I'll try it with you," said Major Bacon. "And, Crisp, you must be in this."

"The statesmen didn't shuck their coats, but they chucked balls at that negro's head with as much enthusiasm and good natured jollity as they have canvassed the state for the Democracy. The negro proved an expert dodger, however, and not a ball touched the senatorial goal, but the statesmen had lots of fun out of it, and one of them may do some luckier throwing when the legislature meets."

Lamont's Hobby.

Politics is Lamont's hobby. Dan would rather talk politics than eat. Mrs. Lamont once told me that she was frequently awakened at night by Dan's talking politics in his sleep. His knowledge of New York politics is encyclopedic. He knows every politician in New York city of any note and could off-hand give a good biographical sketch of them all. He knows the name of every member of every congressional, state, senatorial, assembly and county Democratic committee. He's thoroughly familiar with the political history not only of this country and New York, but of every other state in the Union and of every country in Europe. Lamont is not in politics for what there is in it in a financial sense. He's in it simply because he loves it. It's his hobby.—Rochester Post-Express.

In shipping potatoes in extremely cold weather paper inside and outside of the barrel affords the best protection known.

A Sheffield bootmaker displays this notice in his window: "Don't you wish you were in my shoes?"

THEIR WHIST PRINCIPLES.

Old Sarah Battle Was the Inspiration For This Indiana Club.

An Indiana town—New Albany—has a woman's whist club which is probably unique in respect to title and code of rules and regulations. It was organized in 1892 and christened "The Sarah Battle Whist Club," in honor and admiration of a good and noble Charles Lamb's Hesperian gemina— "Old Sarah Battle (now Mrs. Gode), who, next to her excellent, loved a good game of whist."

That dear, serious old body, with "a fine, last century complexion"—you remember—"a goodfellowman form"—held very positive and uncompromising opinions concerning games. Sheathed pique, erubescence, indignation, class—all these she exacted unobtrusively "games of chance," she called it—"the pure aristocracy of whist," and their little feminine toiles "hours was her favorite suit."

The motto of the Indiana club is the celebrated wish of good Mrs. Battle, "A clear fire, a clean hearth and the rigor of the game." The following "Card of Principles" is taken from the essay which embodies her spirited opinions:

Next to our devotions, to love a good game of whist.

To love a thorough paced partner and a determined enemy.

To fight a good fight, cut and thrust.

To hate favors—to take and give no concessions.

Not to take out snuffboxes, snuff canisters or ring for a servant in the middle of a game.

Not to introduce or connive at miscellaneous conversation during the progress of a game.

Not to consider "the noble occupation" in the light of a recreation.

To unbend the mind afterward over a book.—New York World.

SOBERING UP IN TURKISH BATHS.

The Bibulous Brounder's Sure Method of Having a Clear Head Next Morning.

"Hardly a week passes," said the manager of an up town Turkish bath establishment, the doors of which are never closed, "that we are not called upon to certify to the fact that some gentleman has passed the night with us. The all night business is to a great extent made up from gentlemen who have drunk a little more than is good for them. They do not want to go home in that condition and are anxious to be all right in the morning.

"They come in here, take a sweat, a shampoo, a plunge and a rubdown and are then prepared for a refreshing sleep, awakening in the morning little the worse for the indiscretion of the early evening before. That the explanation of their whereabouts is not satisfactory to wives or parents in many instances I judge from the frequency of application for proof of the same.

"Not long since a lawyer's clerk went over the register of our patrons for a period of two years, and, fortunately perhaps for the gentleman in whose interest the research was made, found his autograph (written quite frequently in a very unsteady hand) over 50 times in that period. I have since heard that this proof prevented the filing of a divorce suit that would have created a sensation within the select 150 of the chosen Four Hundred. I am thinking very seriously of getting up a printed form, like one I am told was once used in a Denver bathhouse, which when filled up would read something like this:

(Seal.) Scrupulous Turkish Bath, New York, Oct. 6, 1894. This is to certify that Mr. Small Jug entered this establishment at 11 p. m., Oct. 5, and left at 4 p. m. of this date. A. NIGHTOWL, Clerk.

J. BRONNIE, M. D., Resident Physician.

—New York World.

To Whiten the Hands.

Coarse and red hands may be whitened by using a few grains of chloride of lime added to warm soft water for washing. All rings and bracelets must be removed before this is used, as the chloride of lime will tarnish them. A soap containing this ingredient may be prepared as follows: White powdered caustic soap, 1 pound; dry chloride of lime, 1½ to 2 ounces. Mix and beat this up in a mortar to a soft mass with a sufficient quantity of rectified spirit. Divide the mass into tablets and wrap it up in oil silk. It may be scented by adding to the mixture a couple of drams of oil of verbena. In using chloride of lime it is very important to be careful to avoid getting any of the powder into the eyes, as it is exceedingly irritating and may even cause blindness.—Popular Magazine.

Recording the Losses.

In primitive times, when men went into the fight, it is hardly supposable that anything like a roster was kept, no army bulletin printed. "Dead, Missing, Wounded" according to tradition, the method employed to record the losses in battle was simple. Before going into the fight every man took a stone and deposited it in a heap. After the battle the survivors took away each one a stone. Nothing was easier than to count those stones which were uncalled for. The remainder showed the loss of life.—New York Times.

That men are appreciating the value of the rest cure is shown in an assertion recently made by J. M. Barrie, the novelist, that a day in bed refreshed him as much as a few days spent at the seaside.

AT THE MEADOW GATE.

To be here, here, we are not sorry. With the fair figure, dashing manner, each bending bow that trips the foot has made the drive pathway driver.

What waiting heart that does not know the steps that lead to his beauty? When she is, though, in an evening glow with pleasure, it is a world of growing!

If, then, she has with her the other, to be in the eyes of the world is a boon. An eye for an eye, a hand for a hand. Why prefer them to the dashing beauty?—Charles K. Dalton in Detroit Free Press.

Beans and Dollars.

Several customers were chatting in a Lafayette Avenue grocery store one evening recently when the grocer pointed to a half barrel of small beans and asked how many of them it would require to make a bushel.

Various estimates were offered. One man recklessly put the number down at 50,000, which occasioned a laugh from all the others who had guessed a much lower quantity, ranging all the way from 5,000 to 40,000.

"Well, gentlemen," remarked the grocer, "you are all wrong. There are approximately 119,000 beans in a bushel."

No one was inclined to believe him until he showed them that it took 60 beans, selected at random, to weigh half an ounce. The rest of the calculation was simple.

"Now, then," said one of the party, "since we are engaged in guessing contests, how many dollar bills would it take to weigh as much as a silver dollar?"

One said 100, another said 75, while the grocer, who knew all about beans, put the figures at 300.

"All wrong," remarked the man. "It takes just 32." This was proved to be the case by experiment.—New York Herald.

The Mind Reading Boy.

The policeman had been standing on the corner for about ten minutes, and a foxy looking boy sitting on a nearby doorstep was watching him. The boy's curiosity overcame him at last, and he sidled along up to the officer.

"I say, Mr. Copper," he said at a safe distance, "what are you standing on this corner for?"

"That's my business," he replied curtly.

"Well, you seem to be 'tendin' to it," ventured the boy.

"That's what I'm paid for."

"Alle samee," chirruped the lad, "I know what you're standin' there for."

"I'll give you a nickel if you'll tell me," bantered the officer as he held out a coin to the kid.

"Throw it to me," said the boy, keeping his distance warily.

"Not much. You tell me what I'm standing here for, and I'll give it to you."

The boy came up close enough to reach the coin. "You're standin' here for ten minutes," he said, with a grab at the money, and the officer chased him in vain.—Detroit Free Press.

A Commoner's Audacity.

A couple of weeks ago Colonel Fitz-George, son of Field Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, went shooting in Bushby park with some of the Teck princes. He managed to discharge the contents of his gun among the benches. The newspapers duly reported the accident, whereupon the colonel wrote to The Times, complaining of exaggeration and explaining the thing as quite a trifling affair. "Three pellets just grazed one man, and another had a few pellets in his legs, but no harm was done." One of the injured men now says he has a 10 inch wound in the thigh and is still in bed. His views as to the amount of harm done naturally differ from the opinion of a jury. Thereupon polite society is much concerned at the audacity of a common laboring man setting the law in motion against the son of the queen's cousin, particularly as a prince or two may be subjected to the inconvenience and indignity of going upon the witness stand.—London Letter.

Warmth in Old Age.

In old age remember that warmth and an even temperature are just as essential to the welfare of the aged as proper food. Many old persons die from bronchitis, for example, induced by exposure to a temperature which, harmless to the young and middle aged, acts severely on the lungs of the old. The bedroom of an old person should be kept at a heat of not less than 60 degrees, and natural chills should be especially guarded against. In respect of the feeding of the aged, second childhood is like the first childhood. "Little and often" is the motto, and old people should have their food given them in a state of easy digestion, above all things.—New York Dispatch.

Not at Breakfast.

English Sparrow—Mr. Swallow, join me at breakfast tomorrow. I have invited a company of gay birds, and we will have a jolly time.

Mr. Swallow—Make it dinner, and I will accept. Look at my swallow tail. I don't want to be taken for a Chicago bird.—New York Herald.

Reassured.

"Jonah," expostulated the whale, "do keep still."

"Certainly," answered the famous man, "now that I know where I am. I wasn't sure but I had been caught in a folding bed, don't you know."—Detroit News-Tribune.