

The Star.

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REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1894.

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Hotels.

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HE WISHED HIMSELF A DOG.

"I wish I was a dog," he said, with evident disgust, and savagely his clinching fists into his pockets thrust. His wife bestowed her tenderest care upon her puppy, 230. But not a kindly word or look would she accord to him. The gravest error she commits of all her married life who ends as "no account" the duties of a wife. I've seen it frequently myself. And never will forget. She frowned and scowled upon her "hub." But smiled upon her pet. I do not wonder that a man in such domestic life, will sink into the deepest woe. If I had such a wife as that, on sweet revenge I'd feast. I'd make her squally toe the mark. And kill the barnabast. —Nebraska Journal.

NAPOLEONIC STOCK.

HIS FATHER WAS A PATRICIAN AND HIS MOTHER A PEASANT.

But the latter was cast in a heroic mold, and from her the son got his tremendous physical endurance—she was mother of a large family.

Of the father and mother of the emperor Professor W. M. Sloane writes as follows in Century:

Certain undisputed facts throw a strong light on Napoleon's father. His people were proud and poor; he endured the hardships of poverty with equanimity. Strengthening what little influence he could muster, he at first appears ambitious and has himself described in his diploma as a patrician of Florence, San Miniato and Ajaccio. On the other hand, with no apparent regard for his personal advancement by marriage, he followed his own inclination, and in 1764, at the age of 18, rashly perhaps, but gallantly, wedded a lovely and beautiful child of 15, Letitia Ramolino.

Her descent was the reverse of her husband's, although her fortune was quite equal if not superior to his. She was of peasant nature to the last day of her long life—hardy, unsentimental, frugal and sometimes unscrupulous. Yet the hospitality of her little home in Ajaccio was lavish, after the manner of her kind, and consequently famous. Among the many guests who availed themselves of it was Marbeuf, commander in Corsica of the first army of occupation. There was long afterward a malicious tradition that the French general was Napoleon's father. The morals of Letitia di Buonaparte, like those of her conspicuous children, have been bitterly assailed, but her own good name, at least, has always been vindicated. The evident motive of the story sufficiently refutes such an aspersion as it contains. Of the bride's extraordinary beauty there never has been a doubt. She was a woman of heroic mold, like Juno in her majesty, unmoved in prosperity, undaunted in adversity. It was probably to his mother, whom he strongly resembled in childhood, that the famous son owed his tremendous, even gigantic, physical endurance. If in his mother was reproduced the type of a Roman matron, in the son would be recalled the virtues and vigor of an imperator.

After their marriage the youthful pair resided in Corte, waiting until events should permit their return to Ajaccio. Naturally of an indolent temperament, the husband was at first drawn into the daring enterprises of Paoli and displayed a temporary enthusiasm, but for more than a year before the end he wearied of them. At the head of a body of men of his own rank he finally withdrew to Monte Rotondo, and on May 23, 1769, a few weeks before Paoli's flight, the band made formal submission to the two French generals, Marbeuf and Vanx, explaining through Buonaparte that the national leader had misled them by promises of aid which never came, and that, recognizing the impossibility of further resistance, they were anxious to accept the new government, to return to their homes and to resume the peaceful conduct of their affairs. It was this precipitate naturalization of the father as a French citizen which made his great son a Frenchman. Less than three months afterward, on Aug. 16, his fourth child, Napoleone di Buonaparte, was born in Ajaccio.

The resources of the Buonapartes, as they still wrote themselves, were small, although their family and expectations were large. An only child, Letitia had inherited her father's little home and his vineyards in the suburbs, for her mother had married a second time. Her stepfather had been a Swiss mercenary in the pay of Genoa. In order to secure the woman of his choice he became a Roman Catholic and was the father of Mme. di Buonaparte's half brother, Joseph Fesch. Charles himself was the owner of lands in the interior, but they were heavily mortgaged, and he could contribute little to the support of his family. His uncle, a wealthy landlord, had died childless, leaving his domains to the Jesuits, and they had promptly entered into possession. According to the terms of his grandfather's will, the bequest was void, for the fortune was to fall in such a case to Charles' mother, and on her death to Charles himself. Joseph, his father, had wasted many years and most of his fortune in weary litigation to recover the property. Nothing daunted, Charles settled down to pursue the same phantom, virtually de-

pending for a livelihood on his wife's small patrimony. He became an officer of the highest court as assessor and was made in 1772 a member and later a deputy of the council of Corsican nobles. The peasant mother was most prolific. Her eldest child, born in 1765, was a son, who died in infancy; in 1767 was born a daughter, Marie Anne, destined to the same fate; in 1769 a son, known later as Joseph, but baptized as Napoleone; in 1769 the great son, Napoleone. Nine other children were the fruit of the same wedlock, and six of them—three sons, Lucien, Louis and Jerome, and three daughters, Elise, Pauline and Caroline—survived to share their brother's greatness. Charles himself, like his short-lived ancestors—of whom five had died within a century—reached only early middle age, dying in his thirty-ninth year. Letitia, like the stout Corsican that she was, lived to the ripe age of 86 in the full enjoyment of her faculties, known to the world by the sobriquet of Mme. Mere.

FOOLED THE POLICEMEN.

Two Jokers in a Lofty Perch Finally Outwit Patient Bluecoats.

Two young men, supposedly in a spirit of mischief, climbed up a big pole of the Bell Telephone company on Naudin street, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second, before daylight and established themselves in the "crow's nest" just below the first of the wires bearing crossbars on a recent morning. There they sat and sang songs until a passing milkman called up and asked what they were doing.

"Oh, ask of the man in the moon," warbled one, and the other said that they were hunting for the milky way. The milkman left in disgust and notified a policeman of the Fifth district that a pair of nuisances were holding forth "in a cage on a pole." The policeman summoned a brother patrolman, and the two went to the place designated, where the jokers had changed their programme and remained as silent as the grave.

"Come down!" demanded the policeman, but he received no answer. "If you don't, we'll come up and bring you down."

"Then we'll push dem cops away," responded the stinger up the pole.

The threat was too much for the blue coats, so they replied that they would wait below until the men got tired of being up in the air and came down of their own accord. They were answered with a laugh, but sat down on the curbstone and chewed tobacco. A crowd collected, and the men up above entertained it with making jokes at the expense of the patient guardians of the peace. The crowd was augmented by hundreds of people on their way to work, who stood and watched the strange spectacle until their necks got kinks in them. The entertainers meanwhile were not idle and rewarded their sightseers with a variety of funny performances in their elevated and confined quarters.

The wires and door of the box that contains the head cable came in for a good share of their attention, and they rattled and banged to their hearts' content. Finally they got tired and began to descend. The policemen grinned expectantly and the crowd was breathless with interest.

"You're coming down, are you?" shouted the policemen derisively, but the men made no response. Suddenly the lower one, when about ten feet above the roof of the adjacent house, made a spring and landed on the roof in safety. The other one followed suit before the people below could say a word. There they poked their heads over the eaves and shouted:

"Yah, yah! Did we come down?" Then they disappeared and have not been seen since. Where they went is a mystery. —Philadelphia Times.

NEEDED DIETING.

An Attenuated Horse That Excited an Officer's Unnecessary Sympathy.

A South Chicago policeman came across an attenuated sorrel horse tied to a hitching post the other day. He waited a few minutes until the owner arrived and then said:

"Why don't you feed your horse something? I'd wager that he hasn't seen an oat since he was a colt. Do you feed him on the photograph of a bale of hay?"

"Mr. Officer, you don't know that horse, or you wouldn't talk that way."

"I don't know the horse, but I know that you ought to be run in for working a starved beast like that. It's a case for the S. P. C. A. Do you weigh out his food to him on an apothecary's scales?"

"Officer, before you say any more do me a favor. Get in that buggy and drive around a block, and when you come back here tell me what to feed him. I'll do whatever you say."

The policeman got into the buggy and started off. He thought he was in a merry-go-round driven by cyclone power. He braced his feet against the dashboard and hung on to the reins until his wrists cracked and there was a shower of heels all over the road. The buggy slowed around corners on one wheel, and when the horse finally landed up against the hitching post with its front legs over the shafts the officer was so dazed that he couldn't speak for a minute.

"Well," queried the owner, "what do you think I'd better feed the horse?"

OLD HICKORY'S WAYS.

Two Characteristic Stories of Jackson's Bluntness When He Was President.

General Armstrong, assistant commissioner of Indian affairs, thinks that Andrew Jackson was one of the greatest men this country ever produced and has a number of stories which were told him by his uncle, who was an intimate friend of Old Hickory. One of them is very characteristic of the man.

Lewis Cass, secretary of war, was over at the White House one day with some important papers for the president to sign, among them being a court martial findings.

"Cass, what is this?" inquired Jackson as he was about to write his name to the document.

"It is a court martial," answered Cass.

"What have I to do with it?" asked the president.

"It dismisses an officer from the service, and the president must sign such orders."

Jackson toyed with the paper and said musingly: "Dismisses him from the army, eh? Why?"

"Drunkness; getting drunk and falling down on parade or something of that kind," answered the secretary.

"Who ordered the court?" asked Jackson.

"General Scott," answered Cass.

"Who is it?" inquired the president, with more interest.

"Inspector General Kraun," replied Cass.

"What!" shouted Jackson. "My old friend Kraun! Cass, just read what that paper says."

The secretary read the usual form of the court martial sentence in such cases. The president then took the paper and wrote across the bottom where he was about to sign his name:

"The within findings are disapproved, and Colonel Kraun is restored to his duty and rank."

He passed the paper back to Secretary Cass and said, with his usual vehemence:

"By the Eternal, Cass, when you and Scott serve your country as well as that man has you can get drunk on duty every day."

A young man from Tennessee, son of a friend of General Jackson's, came to Washington for a place. He looked about and found what he wanted. It was in the war department and filled by a very efficient Whig, whom Secretary Cass would not remove. The young man told Jackson the situation, and Cass was sent for.

"Cass," said the president, "this young man, son of my old friend, says you have got a place in the war department filled by a Whig which you won't give him."

Secretary Cass explained that the duties of the office were of a peculiar kind, and he could get no one to fill the place if the man now in it should be removed. Jackson flared up.

"By the Eternal, Cass, do you mean to tell me you have an office in your department filled by a Whig which can't be filled by a Democrat? Then abolish the office!"

The young man got his place. —Washington Post.

ANOTHER DELUGE.

The Boy Believed in God's Promise, but Was a Bit Scared.

Boys—that is, small boys—have queer ideas in their little heads, often finding expression in unique speech. That they are truthful, or at least intend to be so, goes without saying. During the recent local flood a little boy about 1 years old stood at the window watching the rain as it rained. It seemed to him that he had never seen anything like it; had never in his brief experience noticed such strong indications of a regular old fashioned flood. Finally he confided his fears to his mother, asking if she didn't think that God was going to drown out the world again.

Here was the golden opportunity for impressing upon the mind of confiding childhood the teachings of the Bible. So she said calmly, "Don't you remember, Archibald, that you learned in Sunday school that God promised that he wouldn't drown the world again?" The little fellow watched the increasing rain a moment in silence while he pondered earnestly on the momentous question.

"Yes," he said slowly, "yes, I s'pose I've got to believe what God says, but—but" and he shut his lips hard—"but this is a devil of a shower."

Stillwater (Minn.) Gazette.

Cardinal Gibbons on Suffrage.

Cardinal Gibbons, in a recent sermon at the Baltimore cathedral, said on the question of woman suffrage:

The church follows the teachings of St. Paul, that woman is equal to man, when he declares that God makes no distinction as to nationality, race or sex. It seems to me fearful to contemplate what would have been the condition of society today if it had not been for the restraining, sanctifying and purifying influence of woman. Woman does not today exercise the right of suffrage. She cannot vote, and I am heartily glad of it. I hope the day will never come when she can vote, and if the right is granted her I hope she will regret it, even though there are some misguided women who think they want it. Rest assured, if woman entered politics, she would be sure to carry away with her some of the mud and dirt of the political contact. She, too, would lose some of the influence which she now exerts.

CATHERINE HARRISON, WITCH.

A Paper on the Early Witch Lore of Connecticut.

Dr. C. J. Hooley read a paper on "Catherine Harrison, Witch," at a meeting of the Connecticut Historical society. Dr. Hooley said that while Catherine Harrison was not executed two were undoubtedly executed for witchcraft in Connecticut, and there were others about whom there might be some doubt. This community was not swept by the superstition as were some parts of Massachusetts, but there were those here who held to it.

Catherine Harrison was a house servant before her marriage, and one of the daughters of the house where she worked made oath that she was a "notorious Har, a Sabbath breaker and a fortune teller." The depositions said she had caused sickness to some people, death to others, had an untidy influence over animals, had been seen to appear as a calf and change back to her own shape, and that her form or face had frequently appeared at people's bedside and other unlikely places. At this trial she was not convicted. She was arrested again in May, 1669, and again committed to jail. At the following term of court she was indicted, pleaded not guilty and was tried before a jury. This jury then failed to agree, and she was remanded to jail until court should convene again in the fall. At that term the jury rendered a verdict of guilty, but the court was not satisfied. It obtained an expert opinion on witchcraft from some ministers, and still not being satisfied referred the matter to the general court. She remained in prison until May, 1670, when the general court released her on the payment of the "just fees" of the trial and on condition she should leave the state.

Catherine Harrison left the state and went to Westchester, N. Y., but her reputation preceding her the inhabitants complained to the governor. For some time she was placed under bonds for good behavior. She was afterward released. —Hartford Times.

An Eccentric Character.

It was at night, when the lower part of Broadway was as silent as a village street. A lone cab was crawling along, its driver comfortably hunched forward smoking a cigar. Suddenly there was a crash, the sharp rattle of broken glass on the pavement, and a leg protruded through one of the cab windows. The few pedestrians and one policeman who heard and saw were startled, and the observing San man had dismal forebodings of having to go back to the office and write a story about a mystery or possibly the tragedy of a Broadway cab.

But the driver remained comfortably hunched, did not miss a puff of his cigar, and the horse jogged on until the policeman motioned to the driver to stop.

"What's all this?" he asked.

"It's all right," answered the driver. "But let's have a look," said the officer.

He peered into the cab, which contained but one person, a man, who, observing the officer, remarked in anything but tragic, in fact, in the friendliest of tones:

"F'ser, he's all have 'nozzar."

"Drive on," said the policeman and added, "But I don't want any more of this cab window smashing on Broadway."

"He can't smash any more," the driver said, gathering up his reins. "He smashed the left door glass at Duane, the front glass at Howard and the right door glass here at Grand. He's all right. He does this about once a month."

"G'ud," "ser," said the fare.

"Good night, sir," replied the officer. —New York Sun.

On His Knee Mayhap.

They sat at opposite ends of the sofa. "Be mine," he pleaded.

"I am not in a position to entertain such a proposal," she answered coldly.

He was not of the sort of man to require the impact of a tabernacle falling on his head ere he would tumble, and he shortly effected a rearrangement of positions mutually satisfactory, and of a nature to facilitate the matter in hand. —Detroit Tribune.

Just This Once.

Corporal Piton applies for leave of absence.

"On what grounds?" inquired the colonel.

"I have just lost my mother, colonel."

"All right, sacrononduncheon! Leave granted, but see this doesn't happen again!" —Charivari.

Information For a Tourist.

"Is it still the custom in this country to reach for your gun to back it up after you have called a man a liar?" asked a tourist.

"It air not, stranger," replied the early settler, "and it never was. It has allers ben the custom in the best society of Yaller Dog to reach for the gun fast." —Indianapolis Journal.

The camel's foot is a soft cushion peculiarly well adapted to the stones and gravel over which it is constantly walking. During a single journey through the Sahara horses have worn out three sets of shoes, while the camel's feet are not even sore.

Newark, N. J., was first called Milford, from the name of a town in Connecticut. Its name was changed at the suggestion of the Rev. Abraham Pierson, an early minister in the town, who had been ordained at Newark, in England.

HOW HE PROPOSED.

Had Things All Arranged, but Had to Accept a Compromise.

John Dross is a young and enterprising commission man of Pittsburg. No one ever accused him of being eccentric until recently. John is a popular fellow with the gentler sex, but until a few weeks ago had withstood all their blandishments. Finally, however, he acknowledged himself whipped and proposed. This is the way he did it.

He bought a house and lot one morning, and in the afternoon took the future Mrs. Dross for a drive.

"I've concluded we'll get married," he said as the smokestacks of the smoke-fest city on earth grew faint and far away.

"Well," responded the young lady, with a gasp, "I presume you will accord me the privilege of something to say about such an important matter, especially since I have been selected for the victim," and she began to frown and pout.

"You must and shall say 'Yes.' Now, listen. I've got the cage, and we will go down town together tomorrow and get the roots and tubs and things that belong to cages."

"Why, Mr. Dross! Really, you astounded me with your assurance. Please take me home."

Instead, John whipped up and drove farther away from the stacks.

"After we got the mansion fixed up I will go and get a license, we'll get spliced, and as I have to go to Florida next week for a trainload of oranges you can call it your wedding trip."

The poor girl was paralyzed, but managed to protest.

"No use, Melliss, I have planned it all out, and it will be that way."

"But, Jack, I have no clothes for such an occasion, and besides I've got some goodbyes to say. I shall want at least six months for preliminaries."

"Clothes be hanged!" exclaimed Jack as he urged his horse to travel faster. "I have only four suits of clothes, and you have a dozen dresses—at least I'm sure you have," for Jack didn't know whether she had two gowns or two dozen. He simply made a guess.

And so, after a great deal of arguing, a compromise on four weeks' time was effected.

That evening Dross related the circumstances to a boon companion and wound up by saying:

"I'll tell you what it is, Bill, women are the most perverse creatures in the world. To think of that girl wanting six months' time for such a blowout! Why, a week was long enough, and I don't understand why Melliss should kick for more time. But I won the day. Still I had to postpone my Florida trip, and I'll bet a \$9 cuspidor that oranges will be out of sight when I get there. But Melliss is worth a thousand trainloads of fruit, and I expect we had better have another cold bottle." —Chicago Mail.

Women and Banks.

Said a bank cashier of this city: "Some few days ago a woman came in with a check for \$500 made payable to her. I didn't know her and refused to cash it without the identification of the maker signifying that the indorsement was O. K. She didn't understand what I meant, but seemed to think I was refusing for pure cussedness."

"But, madam, it is against the bank rules to give any money to people we don't know," I explained. "I don't know you. Any one might find a check on the street and bring it in here to be cashed."

"She regarded this as a reflection on her honesty. What's that you say, young man? shaking her parol at me. And for once I blessed my cage, which protected me from her indignation. I might have found the check on the street, you young whipper snapper you! What do you take me for? I'd have you know that I'm an honest woman and not going around picking up checks."

"I believe it, madam," I said, trying to appease her; but, all the same, I can't give you the money without the maker identifying your indorsement."

"In great dudgeon she went out and returned in half an hour with the proper indorsement. Viciously thrusting the check in the window, she said, 'Now, young man, refuse to give me that money if you dare!'"

"As I handed her out \$500 in bills she remarked sotto voce: 'Picked it up in the street, did I? Umph!' —Philadelphia Press.

A Disagreeable Test.

It has been asserted that when a railroad express train stops very suddenly the passengers suffer in the same degree as though they had fallen from a third story window. The Pittsburg Dispatch is authority for this statement. As the majority of persons who have fallen from third story windows have been killed, it is impossible to secure their testimony on the subject and quickly stopped train passengers refuse to make the test. —Exchange.

Poetic License.

Mrs. Goro of Louisville was reading "The Ancient Mariner" to her husband, and had reached the line—

Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink!

Here the colonel interrupted her with the remark:

"What reckless poetic license! Why should they want to drink water?" —Pittsburg Chronicle.

The big sandy in Kentucky, took its English name from its sand bars. The Indians called it the Chatteroi, meaning "the sandy river."