

The Star.

VOLUME 3.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1895.

NUMBER 35.

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.

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.

CHEAPEST and BEST GOODS!

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

Brandenberg 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
Ginghams,	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
" " " "	1.00
" " " "	1.25
" " " "	1.75
" " Single Coats,	.50
Youths' Suits,	\$3.25 to 8.50
Men's Flannel Suits,	5.50
" " Worsted	7.50
" " Fine Cheviot Suits,	\$6 to 9.50

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

N. HANAU.

A WANT.

I'm looking for some pretty girl, Of modest, quiet mien, Who dresses well, knows how to spell And has a wit that's keen.

I want no flimsy weather vane That turns with every wind. I think a blond would suit me best. Her must be well refined.

She must be content as a star— No meteor would do— And, like her own sweet little self, Her grammar must be true.

Yet more, if she would be with me (Excuse the slang) right "in it." She must be able to take down One hundred words a minute.

—J. H. Doremann in Home and Country.

A NOVEL GUARANTEE.

A COMPANY THAT FURNISHES CERTIFICATES TO WOOERS.

A Boon to the Busy Man With a Marriageable Daughter—Rather One Sided, as the Wife is Not Bound—An Interviewer of Whom Something Was Known.

Seeing the sign over the door, I entered. "If you wish to confer with the president, sir," said the young man in front, "you will find him in his private office," and thanking him I entered the rear room, where a pleasant faced man greeted me cordially.

"Won't you be seated?" he said, grasping me by the hand. "Is your business—or—confidential?"

"Not at all," I replied. "As I was passing by I thought I would stop in and inquire into the nature and scope of the Lovers' Guarantee company, which I see advertised so extensively."

"Certainly," he responded. "I shall be only too glad to inform you what we are here for. The Lovers' Guarantee company was formed for the purpose of securing good husbands to all maidens matrimonially inclined, and the great success we have met with thus far proves that there is an excellent reason for our existence. The average man of affairs has little time to look up the character and antecedents of the young fellow who applies for his daughter's hand. We look him up, and if he is satisfactory he gives us a bond, which entitles him to a certificate guaranteeing him to be all that he claims. This bond may be good for five or ten years. A man's financial status is of course easy to determine, but it is into the finer attributes of character that we examine particularly. Our certificate is an absolute guarantee of the man. Of course we have to be particular, for should the wife at any time insist upon a separation and show cause under the contract we would have to pay all her legal expenses and furnish her a new husband or make over to her certain payments."

"But suppose," said I, "after the man is married off, there develops some hidden trait, some idiosyncrasy that causes unhappiness, but not separation, what do you do then?"

"Such cases," replied the president of the Lovers' Guarantee company, "are rare, but of course they do occur. In a case like this we examine into the cause of the difficulty, and if the man be wrong the fact that he is under bond gives us a power over him, and generally we bring him to terms."

"But," said I, "suppose the woman in the case is wrong?"

"This," explained the president, "is extremely unfortunate, as we have no means of reaching her direct, having no power over her. We can, however, advise the man what to do, generally with most felicitous results. As a rule, these differences come from ignorance on both sides. Where they are extreme and a separation is advisable we have in our employ the best lawyers, and divorces are obtained in the most private way."

"We have in our employ one of the most eminent phrenologists in the country, who examines the heads of all applicants. Our head physician, who gave up a large practice to come with us, has a growing staff of assistants, and these look carefully into the physical condition of the applicants. You may depend upon it that when an applicant has successfully run the gantlet we lay out for him he will make a good husband. We advise all young married people to have homes of their own, no matter how humble, and have a home bureau through which a member can obtain advice on the most desirable way to live, the best locations, a list of houses and apartments and the lowest rents. By this means we are enabled to make an arrangement with landlords so that our patrons can obtain certain discounts and privileges. Were you thinking—ahem!—of entering upon the new life?"

"Oh, no," I replied modestly. "I am already married, and," I added laughingly, "I don't suppose cases of this sort come under your jurisdiction."

"Indeed they do," replied the president of the Lovers' Guarantee company. "We have lately formed a department for the benefit of married people and find it to be a great success. For a small sum yearly, in advance, we furnish ladies with advice as to the proper management of husbands and direct them how to act in special emergencies. For instance, should a husband be called away too frequently at night 'on business,' imbibe too freely—I may say this is one of our greatest obstacles—or should he become ill natured or non-tractable, we tell her what to do."

"Is this department secret?"

"Not at all," he responded. "Indeed we invite publicity. Such is our reputation that the mere fact made known

to a man that his name is on our books will have a tendency to bring him to his senses."

"My dear sir," said I warmly as I rose to go, "you are accomplishing a great work, and I am glad I called in to see you." Then, thanking him, I was about to depart when he stopped me courteously.

"Excuse me," he said, "but would you mind giving me your name? I always like to take down the names of all our friends."

"Certainly not," said I. "I would just as soon as not, as it is just possible I may want to advise with you myself later on. My name, sir, is Witherly."

A bright and engaging smile came over the face of the president of the Lovers' Guarantee company. "Ah, yes, indeed," he exclaimed. "J. Scott Witherly, isn't it?"

"That's it," I replied, dumfounded, a lump rising in my throat. "How the mischief, sir, did you learn my name?"

"Very easily," he responded cheerfully as he reached over into his desk and handed me pamphlet B 146, on "If You Are a Husband, Don't Be a Crank." "Your wife was in here only yesterday."—J. Scott Witherly in New York World.

BERNHARDT AND SARDOU.

The Quarrel and Reconciliation of the Dramatist and Actress.

Speaking of Sardou and Bernhardt, the glowing story concerning the great French actress and the equally renowned playwright is vouched for by the correspondent of The Courier des Etats-Unis:

The two who have achieved the greatest triumph in "Gismonda," M. Victorien Sardou and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, were at swords' points in the beginning. This dislike dated from "Daufray Rochet," which Sardou gave to the Comedie Francaise after his nomination to the French academy. Sarah Bernhardt expected that Sardou would select her to create the role of heroine in the play, but he chose Mile. Bertet instead; hence the anger of Mme. Bernhardt. When the actress and the author met, the former passed on the other side; the latter pulled his hat down over his eyes. Each murmured something not at all complimentary to the other.

Then Sarah Bernhardt left the Comedie Francaise, went to America, where she made her first triumphal tour, and returned to France. Upon her arrival in Paris she entered into negotiations with Raymond Deslande, manager of the Vaudeville. She asked nothing better than to play there. But what should she play? She did not wish to return to classical roles. She wanted an entirely new play, which should bring out all her qualities.

"There is only one man who can write the play you want," said Deslande. "That man is Sardou."

"Sardou!" cried the actress. "Such a disposition, incapable of doing justice to an artist. Moreover, irritable, brutal, a man who runs up against everybody, who—"

"Very well," replied Deslande, "let us say no more about it." He went to see Sardou and told him that he must have a play for Sarah Bernhardt.

"Sarah!" exclaimed the writer. "Sarah! Such a disposition! Crabbed, disagreeable, quarreling with everybody, who!"

"Very well, very well, it is quite understood."

And three months after Sardou read "Fedora" to Sarah, who, radiant, threw herself on the author's neck in the presence of Deslande.

"Ah! Deslande," said Sardou, "what did I tell you? How gentle she is! How sweet! How adorable!"

"And he!" rejoined Bernhardt. "How amiable he is! How he appreciates real talent, and how obliging! Embrace me, Raymond!"

CAT ELECTRICITY.

Those Who Rely on It For Curative Purposes Can Get It In Other Ways.

The London Lancet says: The electrical effect produced by rubbing a cat's back is of course well known. It is also well known that this is frictional electricity, or, perhaps more correctly, the electricity of contact; that it is a surface effect produced by the rubbing; that it does not point to pre-existing electricity stored in the body of the animal, and that the person who, having concluded a massage, sinks into a chair declaring that his exhaustion is consequent on the loss of "the living galvanism" which he has imparted to the patient is a charlatan.

It is to be remembered that friction between any dissimilar substances always produces electricity, and in illustration of this the electrical effect sometimes produced in a dry atmosphere when the hair is combed on the body quickly divested of a flannel jersey may be instanced, or the classic experiment of rubbing a stick of sealing wax on a rabbit's fur may be called to mind. Those who are accustomed to rely on the curative effect of stroking a cat's back may find consolation in the last named experiment, inasmuch as it teaches them that when their "feline favorite" is no more health and strength may still be secured by gentle friction on its skin.

Apart, however, from questions of electro-physiology, it is instructive to learn that the presence of white in the color of a cat, unless the animal be whole colored, is a sign of weakness.

Shelley married an innkeeper's daughter, who proved ungenial. He left her, and she committed suicide.

JAPANESE HAIRDRESSING.

The Sweet Little Woman Has Peculiar Ideas About Cleanliness.

The Japanese toilet is robbed of one of its finishing touches by the fact that no Japanese woman, gentle or simple, however fond she may be of looking into the sun shaped gun metal disk, supported on an artist's easel, which serves her for a looking glass, ever thinks of doing her own hair. The hair, after having all the last week's fat (the Japanese are exasperatingly clean in their persons) scoured out of it, is pomaded up afresh with the unctuous and not very olfactory pleasant compound, castory oil, and worked into a most elaborate coiffure, more like a huge glossy black butterfly than anything else. As it is only dressed once or twice a week, it is never taken down except by the barber.

But it is easy to sleep with your hair up when your pillow is merely a little wooden door scraper, with a hollow cut in it to fit the neck, and a drawer in its base to hold the ornamental hairpins.

The true Japanese woman, whether she is rich or poor, uses a paper pocket handkerchief carried in one of her long hanging sleeves, with her tiny kisuru (pipe) and silk tobacco pouch, and another pouch containing a tiny comb, mirror and pigment for coloring the lips. She wears tall white linen socks with a divided great toe, through which she inserts the strap of a delicate straw sandal or a high kiri wood clog, according to the dryness of the weather, either of them discarded the instant she enters a building, and her parasol will be of the national Japanese shape, whether it be of oiled paper or delicately embroidered silk, though to be sure the Saitoy Gump umbrella is about the first contamination from the west which her costume is likely to suffer.

But I must not say any more about the dress of O-Hane Han, the sweet little woman whose whole lifelong lesson, to quote the "Onna Daigaku" (greater learning for women), is obedience. She never loses her temper, never uses a coarse or irritating word, and is always pleasant and gracious and smiling, though she will die for her husband or her children or endure pollution for her parents' gain with unflinching courage.—London Graphic.

JUDAISM AND HYGIENE.

The Mosaic Law Has Given the Hebrew Race Vigor and Hardihood.

It is indeed not a little singular that Christianity, in taking from Judaism its highest spiritual conception, should so have slighted the wonderful body of hygienic science which the Mosaic law embodies. The explanation, however, probably is that Christianity undertook to deal with the matters supernatural, while Judaism, whether ancient or modern, is concerned only with mundane affairs. As Lucien Wolf admits, Judaism is really a sort of positivism. Its aim is the attainment of happiness in this world, whereas Christianity is chiefly concerned about happiness in the world to come. But precisely because Judaism agrees with Herbert Spencer, in relegating supernatural speculation to the realm of the unknowable, the intensity of its worldly philosophy is the greater.

The wisdom and energy of the Jews, in fact, have been centered for years upon the re-enforcement and protection of all their natural forces. And thus it is that they anticipated the ripper results of sanitary science, while still the hanging gardens of Babylon were a world's wonder, and while, from the temple of Belus, Chaldean priests chanted the heavens and calculated the occultations of the stars. This Mosaic law, so despised of the gentiles, has given to the Hebrew race that vigor and hardihood which have brought it safely again and again through persecutions that must have rooted out weaker people, and to-day, when the foremost savants of the nineteenth century are painfully searching out the genesis of disease and laboriously devising remedies, the immunity of the Jews in the midst of pestilence once more indicates the reason of their survival and emphasizes the triumph of their sanitary system.

No other race has been willing to accept such a discipline, and no other race, therefore, exhibits similar vitality and exemption from epidemic diseases. Modern teachers of hygiene insist always upon the observance of systems in these matters, and they have reason, for the Hebrew race is a pregnant example of the power of hygienic and dietary laws, applied with unremitting vigor from generation to generation.—Minneapolis Times.

Too Many Funerals.

A gentleman whose summer home is in Vermont brought back to Boston one fall a manuscript from the country who had never before been in Boston. The sights and scenes in a big city impressed him peculiarly. One day he went to his employer and said:

"Mr. H—, I shall have to go back home."

"Why, Tom, have you not been treated kindly here?"

"Oh, yes, the treatment is all right, but then I'm afraid of my health."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see, Mr. H—, I saw four funerals going past your house today, and I guess Boston is a plaguy unhealthy sort of a town."—Boston Journal.

A Big Calculation In Water.

The ocean, sea and lake surface of our planet is estimated at something like 145,000,000 square miles, with an average depth of 12,000 feet, and is calculated to contain not less than 3,270,000,000,000,000 tons of water. The rivers of the earth are estimated to have a flow sufficient to cover 36 cubic miles of the above area each day. Now, if all the oceans were suddenly dried and the rivers could keep up their present rate of flow, which, of course, they could not without ocean evaporation, it would take 5,500 years to refill the basin.—St. Louis Republic.

A Terrific Shock.

Mrs. Bangleton was reading of a street car accident in Chicago to her husband.

"The cars ran together," she said, "and Miss Wabash, who was standing; in the aisle, was thrown from her feet; and—"

"Gee whiz," exclaimed her husband, "those cars must have been going a hundred miles an hour!"—Detroit Free Press.

Fuzzed.

"Answer by return male" was the way the letter wound up that Miss Foolities received from Mr. Suddenox. "I wonder," said she, "whether he means by the messenger boy or by post."—Indianapolis Journal.

LINCOLN AND McCLELLAN.

The Latter Was Kept In Command Because of Public Feeling.

Just before the battle of Chancellorsville I visited the Army of the Potomac, its headquarters being then at Falmouth, in President Lincoln's company. We were detained en route by a storm and spent one night on board the steamer anchored in the Potomac. In the course of conversation that evening the president was communicative and in a confidential mood and discussed the military situation with much freedom. Speaking of McClellan he said, "I kept McClellan in command after I had expected that he would win victories simply because I knew that his dismissal would provoke popular indignation and shake the faith of the people in the final success of the war."

Very soon after the battle of Chancellorsville and before the battle of Gettysburg was fought the old rumor of McClellan's recall again got upon its legs, to the great consternation of many of Lincoln's friends in Washington. This report was more than usually vigorous and plausible. Hooker's failure at Chancellorsville and the blow which his military prestige had suffered in consequence gave public opinion a decidedly sharp flip. One evening, while this rumor was gaining strength, I chanced to be in the family sitting room at the White House, where the president, Mrs. Lincoln and several others were assembled, when an indiscreet young lady directly attacked Lincoln with the extraordinary question:

"Mr. President, is McClellan going to be recalled to the command of the Army of the Potomac?"

The president good naturedly parried this home thrust, but gave no satisfactory answer. Afterward joining in the conversation, I intimated to the president that as he had not settled the matter there probably might be some ground for the general suspicion that McClellan would be recalled. Lincoln, who sat near me, put on a very severe look, and turning said in an undertone, "And you too?" I instantly recalled our conversation on the steamer and apologized for my lack of faith. He then added, "I see you remember the talk we had on the Carrie Martin."—Noah Brooks in Century.

Russian Justice.

General Van Wahl, chief constable of the police of St. Petersburg, when he was governor at Kiev, received a visit one day from a poor woman, widow of a police agent who had fallen a victim to duty. For a long time she had solicited the pension which was due her. The head of the police to whom she had addressed her demand paid no attention to her plea.

In her distress the widow went to the governor and told him her story.

"Ah, yes, we'll see what can be done," said General Wahl. "Sit down there and write what I tell you," pointing to a writing table.

The widow took a seat and wrote from the governor's dictation a long supplication. "Now address it," he said, "and wait for me in the next room."

A few minutes later the woman was recalled, and the general gave into her hands a sealed letter, saying the while to her, "Take this letter to the head constable, take care not to open it, and come back to me as soon as you have a reply."

A week afterward the woman appeared at the palace again. Her pension had been granted, and she thanked the governor with joy.

"It is useless to thank me. I am nothing in the affair," said he, and immediately gave the following order:

"The head of the police at Kiev is dismissed from his post and sent into exile; the reason, because he granted a demand after receiving a sum of money for so doing."

General Wahl had, unknown to the woman, slipped into her letter a bank note for 25 rubles, which accounted for her supplication being granted.—Youth's Companion.

Business Competition.

Billboard competition runs pretty high nowadays in the metropolis. An owner of some down town property was awakened by the loud ringing of his doorbell recently in Harlem.

"What on earth is that?" he exclaimed. "Is the house on fire?"

"Somebody's dead," said his wife. In the meantime a servant was returning from answering the bell.

"Please, sir, there's two gents down stairs as wishes to see you," said the girl.

"See me? Why, it's 8 o'clock in the morning."

"Important business, they says, sir."

"Well, I should think it would be, waking a man up this time o' night. I'll have to go down, I suppose."

He quickly threw on some clothing and went below. Two "gents" awaited him in the hall.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for knocking you up at this hour, but I want to make you a proposition for billboards around the corner of your place on Blank street while you are rebuilding. Name your figures, including two theater tickets every night of the season."

"And, sir," began the other "gent," "my company would like to make you a proposition for the use of the walls that may remain standing after the fire."

"Fire! Fire! What are you talking about?" The old man was completely nonplused.

"Why, your place caught fire about two hours ago," said the first "gent."

"And is gutted by this time," added the second "gent."

"Of course you'll give me the refusal for billboards. Remember the two theater tickets!" yelled the first "gent" as the old man bolted for the stairs.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

A High Calling.

Judge Sulzberger spoke a truth which is too often forgotten when he said, in a speech at the high school, that "there is not a teacher in the land that has a higher function than has the lowest teacher in the lowest class of the primary school. They have souls before them, and the faculties of those active, restless souls have all to be called forth." In these few fitting words are embraced the whole scope and possibilities of education, and they make the primary teacher's calling in point of dignity and responsibility the peer of any vocation that concerns mankind.—Philadelphia Record.

Borgne, the name of a Louisiana lake, is a French word meaning "blind of one eye." The name was applied to the lake because of a wonderful monster said to have been seen in its waters.

Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng to Egypt every winter there would be no living in the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in most incredible numbers.

FOR HIS BRAVERY.

How Edward, Prince of Wales, Won the Title of Black Prince.

In the summer of the year 1346 Edward III crossed the English channel with 30,000 men to invade France. At Crecy, not far from the Seine, he was met on the 26th of August by King Philip with 130,000.

While the French were coming on in great disorder there was a total eclipse of the sun, accompanied by a terrible storm, after which the sun came out brightly, shining directly in the faces of the French, but on the backs of the English.

The first charge was made by 15,000 Genoese bowmen, who came forward with a shout, as though to scare the English. The latter, who had been ordered to lie flat on the earth, now arose, stepped forward a pace and let go their arrows so fast that they seemed like blinding snow.

The Genoese fled, and the French king ordered them to be cut down, so that they would not hinder the rest of the army.

In the meantime Edward, the prince of Wales, who was in command of one division, was surrounded by French knights, who, recognizing his rank, determined to capture or kill him. A messenger was sent to the king telling him that the prince was being pressed.

"Is my son dead or hurt or on the earth felled?" he asked.

"No, sire," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the king, "return to them that sent you and tell them to send no more to me as long as my son is alive. I command them to suffer the child to win his spurs for this day should be his."

The young prince was indeed in great danger. At one time he was unbathed and struck to the ground, but one of his Welsh knights, who carried the great dragon standard, threw it over him as he lay and stood upon it till the enemy was forced back.

Soon the tide of battle had turned for the English. Edward came down from a high hill overlooking the field and took his son in his arms and kissed him.

"You are my true son," he said. "Right royally have you acquitted yourself and shown yourself to be a sovereign."

Young Edward on this occasion wore a suit of black armor, which so contrasted with his crimson and gold surcoat and the brilliantly fair complexion of his round, boyish face that he was called from that time the Black Prince.—Boston Herald.

THE SWEET LITTLE WOMAN HAS PECULIAR IDEAS ABOUT CLEANLINESS.

The Japanese toilet is robbed of one of its finishing touches by the fact that no Japanese woman, gentle or simple, however fond she may be of looking into the sun shaped gun metal disk, supported on an artist's easel, which serves her for a looking glass, ever thinks of doing her own hair. The hair, after having all the last week's fat (the Japanese are exasperatingly clean in their persons) scoured out of it, is pomaded up afresh with the unctuous and not very olfactory pleasant compound, castory oil, and worked into a most elaborate coiffure, more like a huge glossy black butterfly than anything else. As it is only dressed once or twice a week, it is never taken down except by the barber.

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