

The Star.

VOLUME 3.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1895.

NUMBER 39.

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, G. E. Brown,
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 Grocersmen.

CHEAPEST and BEST GOODS!

Ever brought to our town in

Ladies' Spring and Summer Dress Goods!

Brandenburg never was sold less than 20 to 25c. per yard; will sell you now for 12½.

Dimity, 12½c.
Turkey Red Damask, 37½
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
" " " " 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.

VILLANELLE.

Down the dear old lane where we always meet,
With its hedges tall and its grassy way,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

The broken is tall and the wild rose sweet,
And the air is scented with new mown hay,
Down the dear old lane where we always meet.

In a simple frock, so pretty and neat,
With a face as fresh and fair as the day,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

There's an old gray stone makes a mossy seat,
With a bank behind, where buttercups stray,
Down the dear old lane where we always meet.

Dimly tripping on dainty, wee feet,
With an innocent haste that brooks no delay,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

There's a thrill that quickens my heart's quick beat,
And I fain would think 'twill ever be May,
Down the dear old lane where we always meet
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

—Holt Shafto in Chambers' Journal.

DEATH'S RED LIGHT.

It Was Waved at an Engineer, Betokening His Mother's Demise.

"The most peculiar case I ever heard of," said a telegraph operator, "occurred in our family. My father was an engineer on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, running into Richmond. One night while quite a distance from the latter city and nearing his run he saw a bright red light on the track several hundred yards ahead. The signal was also seen by his fireman and the front brakeman. The train was at once stopped, but not a trace of the signalman or light could be found, and the track was all right. Father looked at his watch and noted that the time was 8 o'clock. The train pulled out, proceeding cautiously for some distance without meeting any obstruction. Several miles farther the light was again seen. Once more stopping, another search was made, with no more success than before. This happened at 8:38. Father was never superstitious, but this was inexplicable. Much mystified, he proceeded on the way, only to be stopped a third time by the red light at 8:51 o'clock. Another search by the crew failed to disclose the slightest trace of the mysterious signalman. Finally, giving up the search, the men returned to their posts, and the train at last pulled up into Richmond without further mishap.

"When father alighted from the cab, a telegram was handed him announcing the death of his mother. Without delay he went to her home, which was several miles out of the city, on the railroad. Soon after his arrival he learned that a telegram had been sent to him while he was out on duty, summoning him to grandmother's bedside. The time at which father had seen the mysterious red lights was indelibly impressed on his memory, and he learned upon inquiry that at precisely the minute at which the first red light was seen she had asked if he had come. She then repeated the question at the time he saw the second light, and the appearance of the third light was simultaneous with her death."—Richmond Times.

The Writers Froude Liked.

"Whom do you rank as the first of modern English prose writers?" asked Mr. Froude as we were strolling one afternoon in Chelsea. Had Lord Tennyson suddenly demanded to know whom I thought to be the greatest poet of the day I could not have been more dumfounded. Noting my hesitation and perhaps guessing its cause, Mr. Froude quickly added: "Ah! I naturally thought you would say Ruskin, who is certainly a master of descriptive writing, at his best exquisite. Newman, too (and Matthew Arnold in a lesser degree), had lucidity and the gift of irony, but lacked glow and color. To me he is always cold. My own favorite is Charles Lamb."

Seeing that I was greatly interested, he went on to point out the beauties of "Dream Children" and then quoted the lovely passage in "The New Year's Eve" beginning, "And you, my midnight darlings, my Follies." That, he said, was the high water mark of modern English prose, equal to anything of the seventeenth century, "the English as pure and beautiful as that of the liturgy itself."

Mr. Froude was a great admirer of Bret Harte. "Tennessee's Pardner" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" he used to declare were of the immortals. When I once said I feared that Mr. Bret Harte was no longer the fashion, Froude merely replied, "So much the worse for the fashion." In this appreciation of the American story teller, as well as in his affection for Charles Lamb and his respect for Mr. Chamberlain, we see that Froude was no thrall to academic convention.—National Review.

Professional Services.

As two men were looking from an office window on Griswold street the other morning a shriveled up old fellow passed by.

"See that party?" said one. "Well, he's the meanest man in the state."

"Who is he, and why is he so mean?"

"He's a lawyer in one of the interior towns where they have botulic cars, and one day while he was riding up town a lame man on the car gave him a dime and asked him to pay his fare for him. He did as requested and then wanted to keep the other nickel as a fee for professional services."—Detroit Free Press.

The battle of Barnet was one of the most decisive ever fought. It was in 1471 and closed the age of baron rule in England.

Pascagoula, the name of a Mississippi river, means the "Bread Nation."

TWO MASCULINE GIRLS.

Speculations About Them by the Other Passengers in the Car.

It was their brief, unincorporated dress skirts that drew the eyes of the up to date girl. A messenger boy tried to figure out how their hair staid up with nothing so feminine as hairpins in evidence. The manlike cuffs peeping above the dogskin gloves attracted the attention of a business man, while a dude started as he caught sight of their well built boots. Even the conductor stared hard at them.

One of the girls was not so far gone in her masculinity as the other. The twist of velvet in her hat showed a lingering leaning toward the feminine, but the eyeglasses, the umbrella and the armful of books were common to both. All unconscious of the interest they inspired, the two buried themselves in their notebooks. The more masculine planted her feet well apart and used her knees as an umbrella rack. This didn't enhance the grace of her abbreviated dress skirt. Every now and then she flourished a liberal handkerchief that was in curious contrast to the lace shred tucked into the up to date girl's cardcase. "Who and what were they anyway?" the passengers asked themselves.

"Women suffragists," thought the business man.

"Some of those dreadfully strong minded creatures that want to vote," said the up to date girl to herself.

"Jingo! All they need is trousers," was the mental remark of the messenger boy, while the dude's feeble brain registered some such impressions as these: "Aw—I've heard of such—aw—women, don'tcherknow—but, thank goodness, I've never—aw—never really seen one—aw—met!"

Just here the more masculine girl looked up from her notebook.

"Do you think disintegration in typhus possible?" she asked her companion in loud, clear tones.

"Why, yes," replied the other. "If we accept the globular theory, you know."

The mystery was solved. They were medical students. All the other passengers drew a sigh of relief, except the dude. He had vanished into thin air.—New York Sun.

GRIZZLY WHIPPED BY A COW.

Boozy Roused to Terrible Rage in Defense of Her Offspring.

"Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand to hand conflict with a grizzly bear," said Michael Ayers, a Colorado stockman, to a writer for Dumb Animals, "but several years ago one of my cows killed one of these animals and came out of the struggle without a scratch. The cow had recently given birth to a calf. It being her firstborn, the mother was exceedingly vicious, and it was unsafe for a stranger to approach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattle shed had a thatched roof and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from the house.

"One night a bear, having smelled the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear and held herself in readiness to receive the intruder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and grabbing a lantern I rushed from the house, and opening the shed door found the cow in a frantic state, bunting and tossing to and fro some large object, which evidently had lost all power of resistance.

"It turned out to be a good sized grizzly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and seemed unmindful of the maternal struggle. I suppose that as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horns before it had time to do any damage."

Too Considerate.

Pat Hooligan, while slating the roof of one of our highest buildings, lost his footing and fell.

Over and over he went until within 25 feet of the pavement, when he struck a telegraph wire and managed to grasp it, first with one hand, then with both.

"Hang on for your life, Pat!" shouted his fellow workmen, and the bystanders rushed to the nearest dwelling for a mattress.

Pat held on for a few seconds, when suddenly, with a cry of "Stand from under!" he dropped and lay senseless in the street.

Whisky was used, and Pat finally came to.

When asked why he didn't hold out longer, he feebly replied: "Oi was afraid the wire'd break!" He recovered.—New York Dispatch.

Like a Scotch Verdict.

Chancellor Henry Bathurst was held in low esteem by the bar on account of his ignorance. At the close of the trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy he gravely addressed her grace in the following terms: "Madam, the lords have considered the charge and evidence brought against and have likewise considered of everything which you have alleged in your defense, and upon the whole matter their lordships have found you not guilty of the felony wherewith you stand charged, but on dismissing you their lordships earnestly exhort you, not to commit the same crime a second time."—Green Bag.

DINNER A LA Russe.

Food Served From a Side Table—Flowers and Conversation.

Dinner a la Russe—although for the matter of that it might be dinner a l'Anglais, a l'Italien, with just as good reason—in spite of its rather fashionable name, is really a very simple performance. It merely means that, instead of having the various dishes composing the repast all put upon the table at once, they are placed on a side table and served from there by the servant, who passes each in turn. This affords a chance for some decoration upon the table. There is usually some sort of embroidered centerpiece. The chances are that it was achieved by one of the lovely daughters or even by the lady of the house herself, and it is always wise to remark upon the elaborateness of the stitch or the beauty of the design if you are a guest en famille. That not only calls out the history of the centerpiece and makes conversation, but lays open treasures for you in heaven and establishes your reputation for good taste and appreciation of the truly beautiful.

On this centerpiece a bowl of flowers is commonly placed. In establishments where money is no object orchids, almandas, rare ferns and the newest, costliest roses appear and are changed from day to day. But daisies and clover can be arranged just as effectively and cost nothing but the trouble of gathering them, while in the winter there are judiciously pierced silver, which can be filled with maidenhair or some other delicate fern, and with a little care kept green and thrifty for weeks. The old-fashioned coasters used as stands for decanters are often utilized in this way, for any tinsmith can make a lining for them in which plants will grow like a green bay tree. The effect of flowers on the table can hardly be calculated. They have more charms than music to soothe the savage breast, and any sentimentalist of your acquaintance can tell of instances where a glass bowl of nasturtiums tastefully arranged before him had so wrought on the feelings of paterfamilias that he has said not a word about the overdue mutton or the soggy under crust of his apple pie.

If your table be a dream of beauty, you will not require half such a heavy meal. The entire company will be so wrapped up in admiring the scheme of color and the originality of your combinations that no one will be aware of the smallness of the portions you serve. Fully half the expense of your parties will thus be saved at the outset, so that they commend themselves to economists as well as to aesthetes.—Boston Herald.

Time and Speed.

Infinite time is difficult to grasp. Distance is more easily understood, and some things which Sir Robert Ball has to say about the distance of the stars from us will assist us in comparing them to the sun. Of these the most striking is Arcturus, and Dr. Elkin has put this star at such a distance from the solar system that the orbit of the earth round the sun must seem from Arcturus as large as would a penny piece seen at 100 miles. Arcturus, in other words, is perhaps a dozen times as far off from us as Procyon is, and Procyon, one of the nearest bright stars, is 1,000,000 times the distance of the sun from us.

But the marvelous thing about Arcturus is its movement. It has, comparatively speaking, a very distinct "proper motion" across the sky, though not as large as some stars. Lately, however, the spectroscopic has ascertained for us the pace of stars along the line of sight, and Arcturus travels, it is now believed, at the rate of 380 miles a second. Such speed as this is truly terrific, and we may well ask where this furious star is hurrying to. As Arcturus, ten generations hence, will not have moved to the eye by as much as the diameter of the moon, we shall have plenty of opportunity of discussing the question.—London Spectator.

One on Billy Florence.

"One of the best on Billy Florence," said an old stager, "was played on him as late as 1885 by some of the boys at the St. James hotel. Billy was an ardent Republican and valued his standing as a party man. You know, he never forgave his old friend, President Arthur, for considering his candidacy for consul general at London a joke. Well, when Blaine came back from Europe, and there was a great hullabaloo about the uncrowned king, the boys sent Billy a formal letter from the committee of arrangements appointing him chairman of the subcommittee of reception on behalf of the actors, artists and auctioneers requesting his check for \$50 and his presence on the steamer Sloan at 6 o'clock in the morning to go down and welcome Blaine. Billy bit slowly, but finally swallowed the bait, hook and all. He sent his check for \$50 to the designated person, and not until three days after, when he had eaten a dinner given him by the boys who put up the joke on him and paid for with his own \$50, did he find out how he had been fooled. His only consolation was that he got up too late to be on the steamer Sloan at the appointed hour."—Major Handy in New York Mail and Express.

King Alfred once gave eight hides of land for a book. There were about 960 acres in the tract, but the title of the book is not given.

When it rains cats and dogs, it may fairly be called beastly weather.

KENILWORTH IVY

If You Want the Real Thing, Never Go to Kenilworth Castle For It.

"'Could I get some slips of Kenilworth ivy anywhere about the ruins?' I heard a woman ask of the lodgekeeper at Kenilworth castle one day," said a traveler.

"You are an American, aren't you, madam?" asked the keeper, with a smile.

"'Why, yes, but what of that?' responded the lady, with some slight embarrassment.

"'All American ladies come and ask me for Kenilworth ivy after they have searched in every nook and corner of the ruins for it,' explained the keeper. 'They have told me how common it is in America and how much it is prized, and generally explained that they have promised to take some of the real thing back from Kenilworth ruins for friends at home. They tell me they expected to find the ruins of Kenilworth castle overgrown with the beautiful "Kenilworth ivy," and that it is generally supposed in America that such is the case, and that the ivy first came from here or is named after these ruins because of its abundance here.'

"'The woman nodded assent to all this, and the keeper continued:

"'But what you know as "Kenilworth ivy" doesn't grow in or about Kenilworth ruins, as you've no doubt discovered.' And he smiled again, and the woman also smiled in an embarrassed way, for she had been hunting every inch of the ruins over, looking for the plant. 'From the description of the plant which Americans give me I think it is what we call ground or wood ivy that you treasure so much. It has a small, bright green leaf and bears a tiny white flower. It grows on the ground in the thickets and under the hedges in cool places, but I never saw it growing on a wall as the common ivy does. I don't think there is much of it anywhere hereabouts, but it grows in abundance in some places farther south. The American ladies always seem very much disappointed when I tell them "Kenilworth ivy" doesn't grow here in Kenilworth, and I'm very sorry I can't give you some, ma'am.'

"'And the woman turned away, with a little sigh, as she thought of the hanging basket at home which was to have been filled with "real Kenilworth ivy" and of the many friends to whom she had promised slips of the "real thing" when it had grown. The ruins of Kenilworth castle are covered with thick masses of ivy, but it isn't "Kenilworth ivy," but just the common kind.'—New York Sun.

The Aim of Christ's Work.

"Peace on earth" was the aim of Christ's work in this world, writes Edward Bellamy in The Ladies' Home Journal. The whole gist of his doctrine and the burden of his teaching consisted in counsels to men how to put an end to strife with their fellow men and live together with them in mutual helpfulness. All this teaching, which was the whole content of his gospel, was grouped about and crystallized in the golden rule, wherein our modern world is founded as on an everlasting foundation. To believe in Christ and not to believe in the golden rule as the only plan for social organization seems to us a moral and rational impossibility—an unthinkable proposition. Just this, however, our ancestors undertook to do, and it is fair to admit that they were very frank about it. They made no pretenses.

An Apt Reply.

Napoleon's apt replies often excited good humor in a crowd. A large and brawny fisherman once was haranguing the mob and telling them not to disperse. She finished by exclaiming: "Never mind those coxcombs with epaulettes on their shoulders. They care not if we poor people all starve if they can but feed well and grow fat."

Napoleon, who was as thin as a shadow, turned to her and said, "Look at me, my good woman, and tell me which of us two is the fatter."

The fisher was completely disconcerted, and the mob dispersed.—Exchange.

An Original.

Little Marjorie—There are lots of little Marjories nowadays, but none other at all like this one. She is original in her prayers, as in everything else. The other night she finished off her petition thus:

"And, O Lord, make all the wicked people good and wash all the niggers white!"—New York Tribune.

The unrolling of an Egyptian mummy supposed to be that of a princess, disclosed a curious cheat. The priests who did the embalming probably spoiled or mislaid the body intrusted to them and for it substituted that of an ordinary negro man.

A gentleman of the court of Pepin had a wonderful pair of breeches that cost \$700. They were embroidered with gold, and all the figures were traced with chains of small pearls.

Darwin found grains of maize in the earth on the seashore of Peru 85 feet below the level of the sea.

Augustus paid for a grouse 30 cents; dove, 24 cents; partridge, 48 cents; duck, 60 cents; fat goose, \$3; hare, \$2.50 pheasant, \$1.60.

No kind of wheat now known exactly resembles that found in the coffins of the old Egyptians.

Reynoldsville Hardware Co.,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, STOVES and RANGES,

TIN, SHEET IRON - AND - COPPER WARE,

AMMUNITION, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

WOOD AND IRON PUMPS.

And everything kept in a First-class Hardware Store.

Roofing and Spouting Done to Order.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

Do You Want

THE - NEWS?

Then Subscribe for

THE - STAR,

Published - Every - Wednesday.