

# The Star.

VOLUME 3.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1895.

NUMBER 42.

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### DINNERS IN FRISCO.

#### CURIOS COSMOPOLITAN RESTAURANTS ON THE COAST.

One May Dine in the Manner of a Different Country Every Night in the Week. A Dirty Italian Restaurant on the Water Front That is Very Popular.

One of the features of cosmopolitan San Francisco is its restaurants. Every foreign colony boasts of a place where its native cooking can be had, and adventurous San Franciscans who care to look these places up can dine in the manner of a different country every night in the week. If an elaborate Chinese dinner, with its numberless impossible courses, each accompanied by sweetmeats, proves unattractive, a Hawaiian dinner, with poi and salted fish, can be had by walking a few blocks. For those who like highly spiced dinners there are the Italian and Spanish restaurants to choose from, and for those with small appetites, who look for novelty in service, there are the Turkish restaurants, with their unpronounceable dishes and delicious coffee.

The most popular of the foreign restaurants are the Italian. There are several of these scattered about the Latin quarter, which are much frequented by San Franciscans on account of the excellence of the cooking. Most of them are dirty, very dirty, as to floors and walls, and the Italians are not over-observant regarding the table linen. When a party of Americans enter, however, there is a general shuffle among the waiters to secure the service of the table and the prospective tip. The question of precedence being settled, the wine stained tablecloth is whisked off and replaced by one not always newly laundered or else suspiciously damp.

These restaurants are rarely on the main streets and have to be approached through dark alleys. One situated behind the county jail occupies the back room of a small Italian grocery store. In going there one is reminded of dark deeds and sharp stilettoes, but the dinner is worth the journey. The chef of this place is famous for cooking "Italiani," a pasta made by himself and cut in strips and cooked with a sauce made of tomatoes, spices and mushrooms. It is extremely rich and very peppery, but all Italian dishes are strongly dashed with chili peppers.

The dinner is attended with great ceremony. A bottle of their sour claret is served with each dinner. Every Italian drinks about two quarts of it with his dinner, so the bottle supply sometimes runs short. In this event the waiter goes to the bar, fills an empty bottle from a demijohn, drives in a cork, and then carries the bottle to the table where it is needed, sometimes four feet from the bar, and impressively producing his corkscrew draws the cork as carefully as though he were handling the finest burgundy. His demeanor is so serious throughout the performance that one dare not look amused.

A very popular restaurant is Bazzuro's, which is situated near the water front. This is greatly patronized by the Italian fishermen, who file in after their day's work, still wearing their gum boots and smelling strongly of their craft. It is also frequented by the Italian vegetable gardeners, who drive in from the outskirts of town, and after disposing of their stock stop to dine. When the place is reasonably well filled, there is a babel of voices. They are all talking at once, and out of the confusion the word "sendi" is distinguished above all others.

This means money, which the proprietor says, with a shrug, "they talk about all the time, all the time." The fishermen bring the best of their day's catch here, and the gardeners offer their choicest vegetables. The chef, whose kitchen is back of the dining tables and in full view of the room, is a merry fellow, and between his juggling feats, tossing his pan into the air to turn the cooking fish or meat exchanges gossip and jests with the diners. This place is kept comparatively clean. The floor is covered with sawdust and the ceiling festooned with gaudy colored paper cut in fanciful designs. Two parrots add to the general din, and all sorts and conditions of cats prowl around the floor.

The restaurant is conducted by two brothers, one of whom waits on table, while the other attends bar and looks after the cash receipts. Every Italian after dining stops at the bar for a chat and a drink. Instead of a liquor, the host pours generous glasses of claret for himself and his guests, and these are speedily tossed off. A casual visitor, after witnessing this ceremony about 25 times in quick succession, is apt to grow nervous about the health of the host, but he appears none the worse for his conviviality at the end of the evening. The younger brother sometimes relieves his brother at the bar. He is quite as hospitable, and his invariable drink being absinthe and seltzer his case seems even more alarming.

This restaurant, at 7:30 in the evening, when dinner is in full swing, presents an odd sight, the Italians sitting around the tables, most of them with their hats on, gesticulating and talking excitedly across the room, while they roll the spaghetti round their forks and dexterously transfer it in yard lengths to their mouths. A butcher, with all the marks of his trade about him, occupies a table with the policeman on the beat, who gets the best service of all: a

few men about town, who have heard of the chef's fame, and forget the unsavory looking company in their enjoyment of the plates, and often a table or two taken by young society girls with their chaperon and escorts. The girls consider a dinner at Bazzuro's a tremendous lark.

The Americans do not venture on the claret so generously served with the dinner. A flask of Chianti is ordered in its stead, and the proprietor always proffers the empty flask to the youngest member of the party as a souvenir.—San Francisco Letter.

### POVERTY, BITTER POVERTY.

#### Sufferings of "The Other Half" in Great Britain During the Cold Winter.

It is literally true that the very poor of London and other English cities have been compelled to make a deliberate choice between food and fuel, and it has been a bitter dilemma for many thousands of destitute English, Irish and Scotch families in the last few weeks.

Reports of the suffering in northern cities are even worse, for the cold there has been much more severe. Thus in Glasgow alone 40,000 men are idle and destitute. The police are almost unable to cope with the great throngs of famishing women and children who clamor for food at the soup kitchens and other places where a partial supply is obtainable. The starving multitudes in Liverpool are even greater, and pitiful scenes occur daily at the places where most inadequate attempts are made to distribute small supplies of food. The socialists have opened a soup kitchen there, and a correspondent sends an account of a typical scene yesterday afternoon. About 3 o'clock the large open space was crowded with men, women and children, whose sufferings from hunger were intensified by the piercing cold wind which swept across the local bay of Biscay as if coming from the region of icebergs. Women clad in unwomanly rags shivered and covered before the blast, their feet numb, their faces livid with cold and want, while they strove to find protection from the wind by gathering their thin ragged garments closer. A large number of spectators assembled on the outskirts of the square, the crowd including magistrates, ship-owners and other prominent citizens. The sights were harrowing. The scramble for bread by the famishing crowd was pitiful.

The socialists' soup kitchen began operations at the usual hour and doled out soup and bread continuously for over an hour. The food was wolfishly devoured by the hunger stricken people, who could not be fed fast enough. Several vans loaded with bread came up while the soup distribution was proceeding. There was such a rush for the bread that the socialists found it impossible to carry out their benevolent intentions in an orderly manner. In sheer despair they pitched the bread into the ranks of the starving mass. Then ensued a terrible scramble. Women and children were knocked about, the strong bearing down the weak, some going off with three or four loaves, others left without anything. The second cart came while the scramble round the first was going on. The crowd surged round the new arrival so that anything like a fair distribution was out of the question. Those in the van were pitchforking bread on the heads of the people when the police came up and took charge. The crowd was formed into line, and a more effective system was inaugurated. Throughout the afternoon the asplando was the scene of bewildering excitement. A poor widow, with a child in her arms, after considerable waiting, got to the soup kitchen. Overcome by hunger, she sank down on the pavement, holding fast to the soup bowl, fearful lest a drop should be spilled. Ultimately she revived somewhat and began to feed the child, which ate the soup ravenously.—London Cor. New York Sun.

### A GAY OLD BEAU.

#### A Russian High in Public Affairs Is Making a Sensation in St. Petersburg.

The sensation at St. Petersburg is M. Ivanovitch. This gentleman is the well known septuagenarian manager of the Imperial bank, and despite his age and worldly wisdom and business acuteness he has fallen madly in love with a young and pretty French ballet dancer, whose stage name is Mlle. Petipass. The lady is sternly virtuous, however, and as M. Ivanovitch has a wife and grown-up children the course of this love runs anything but smoothly.

All St. Petersburg is intensely interested, for the amorous old banker has not let his love bloom unseen. He has, in fact, proclaimed it, and every man in the street knows all about it. Ivanovitch will, if need be, turn Turk in order to marry little Petipass. Meanwhile that young woman is not at all averse to wedding the millionaire. The mere prospect of such a match has already settled up her artistic value 50 per cent, so that she stands to win anyhow, even if the diamonds lavished upon her by her dotting old lover be not counted. Ivanovitch is now endeavoring to persuade his wife to agree to an amicable divorce, in consideration of which he undertakes to settle 1,000,000 rubles upon her.—European Cor. New York Sun.

One street in Pompeii was called "Street of Dried Fruits," and in the shops considerable quantities of figs, raisins, plums and other fruits were found.

Some botanists believe that spilt is derived from wheat by a process of cross fertilization.

### WATER LEVEL IN THE LAKES.

#### Speculation as to the Result of Opening the Chicago Drainage Canal.

The probable effect of the opening of the Chicago drainage canal upon the water level of the great lakes has been the subject of discussion ever since that tremendous project took shape. A cry of alarm was raised several years ago when it was announced that the diversion of water from Lake Michigan in anything like the quantity required to fill the canal then being constructed across Illinois to the Mississippi valley would seriously interfere with the navigation of the St. Clair and Detroit rivers and render it impossible for heavy draft vessels to enter most of the harbors on the lower lakes. The Chicago engineers have done their best ever since to dispel that belief. They have maintained that the taking from the lakes of all the water that will ever be required for the canal will not lower the lake level more than three inches, and the Chicago newspapers have all indorsed the opinions expressed by the Chicago engineers, as a matter of course.

Professor G. Frederick Wright of Oberlin college, who has perhaps made a more careful study of the geology and geography of the lake region than any other man in the United States, does not agree with the Chicago engineers, however. Professor Wright shows that the quantity of water required to be turned into the drainage canal when it is first opened will be equal to about 5 per cent of the quantity that now flows over Niagara. When the population of Chicago reaches 2,000,000, the law under which the canal was constructed provides that the quantity of water passing through it shall be doubled. That means that at least 10 per cent as much water as now passes over Niagara will be diverted from the lakes to the Mississippi. Major Ruffner of the corps of engineers of the United States army estimates that when the drainage canal is first opened the result will be to lower the level of Lakes Michigan, Huron and Erie and the connecting rivers at least nine inches, and that when the canal is operated to its full capacity the fall in the water level will be 18 inches. This, Professor Wright says, may have but little effect in the rainy season, but during the late summer and autumn he is certain that it will seriously interfere with navigation. He declares that the vessel owners and all who are interested in the commerce of the lakes should realize the danger and do all they can to avert it. As a preventive measure he suggests that a dam be constructed across the lower end of Lake Superior at the "Soo," which will raise the level of that lake two feet and store enough water during the rainy season to supply the lower lakes during the late summer and fall.

Professor Wright says that the level of the lakes is such that if the continent were to dip 50 feet to the west all the water which now goes over Niagara would flow over Illinois and into the Mississippi, and if the dip were 100 feet to the north the water of the lakes would go through Lake Nipissing into the Ottawa river, and the Niagara would become dry.

Certainly his suggestions are worthy the attention of lake men and vessel owners, and an investigation should be started to determine what the actual effect of the opening of the Chicago canal will be. Chicago ought not to be deprived of this means of disposing of its sewage, but if there is any way of preventing such a serious interference with the navigation of the lower lakes as is threatened action should be taken at once to avert it.—Cleveland Leader.

### The Japanese Soldiers' Diary.

It appears that notebooks are quite common in the Japanese army among both soldiers and coolies. They keep regular diaries and take copious notes of everything they see. "It is surprising," writes a war correspondent to the China Mail, "what a lot they know about the great west. Several of them talk intelligently of Spartans and Persians, Napoleon and his march to Moscow, and even compare the abolition of feudalism in England and Japan. They fully understand all that is implied in the contrast between old fashioned hand to hand warfare and modern long range maneuvers, and they speak scornfully of the Chinese tactics at Ping-Yang in trying cavalry charges against massed bodies of riflemen without first using their machine guns, as the French at Waterloo did their fieldpieces to throw the ranks into disorder. All this from the Japanese must be surprising to Europeans, because we do not know them. Their progress is greater and more real than foreigners imagine."—London News.

### Wouldn't Kiss Her Stage Lover.

A blow has been struck for stage realism, and it has been struck by an actress, Fran Leithold of Vienna. We have now, as numberless interviewers have assured us, real passions, real tears and real champagne on the stage. We have, it seems, real kisses too. But Fran Leithold, who in the course of business has to be kissed by a lover, insists that the lover is not a real one. In fact, she rather dislikes him. And rather than submit to a kiss from a sham lover she has resigned her position at the Raimund theater.—Vienna Letter.

One application of kerosene, it is said, gives instant relief in cases of frost bite and chilled hands and feet without the tenderness and soreness following the use of snow or cold water or the disagreeable pain of thawing.

### WHY WOMEN MAKE POOR DETECTIVES

#### A Secret Service Man Says the Opposite Sex Make Bad Spies.

"Women are not good detectives," said an experienced secret service man on being asked his opinion. "To begin with, there are many places to which a woman cannot go without exciting suspicion, and this defeats her object at the outset, but beyond this woman is unfitted by nature for detective work."

"In the first place, she jumps at a conclusion and acts on it in opposition to all human probabilities, possibilities and reason. As a rule, a woman does not reason. She looks on a thing as she wants it to be or thinks it ought to be, and will follow that theory. She is led by prejudices, favors or sympathies, regardless of facts."

"As a detective she is sometimes a success in entrapping a man, but her work generally ends in a blunder which betrays her. She is persevering only when moved by passion. She does not look at a case dispassionately. She at once decides that he or she is guilty or innocent and works on that theory."

"A woman enjoys the mysterious, and she is so elated at her position as detective that she is unable to conceal her identity or the secret investigations of a case."

"Women are oven failures in running down criminals of their own sex. A woman criminal will mislead a woman detective by working on her vanity, credulity or sympathy, and, worst of all, if the detective be attractive and the man criminal handsome—well, a man is better for detective work, and besides a woman will sell out a case, and cheaply at that, relying upon her sex to escape punishment if detected."—New York Herald.

### Sickrooms.

A medical journal urges, sensibly enough, that in the present extravagant expenditure in house building a little money should be laid out in arranging for a sickroom, built on the sunny side and equipped with at least the simple means for isolation and care of a sick person. Ventilation should be well considered. The walls may be of washable material—paint tiles or covered with waterproof bath paper. The plumbing should be out of but convenient to it. A little of the time and money invested in libraries, ballrooms and oriental parlors spent on an apartment whose use in an emergency not unusual to frail humanity may insure the comfort and safety to the family that is necessary to the enjoyment of the more luxurious rooms.

### Sculptors Working in Snow.

A novel and beautiful winter charity festival took place the other day in Brussels. A company of Brussels sculptors got up in the public park an exhibition of works of art executed in snow. There were scenes and groups and single statues in the greatest variety—from portrait statues of well known persons to the figure of a sleeping drunkard; from a learned elephant to a fight between a lion and a horse; from a statue of Napoleon I to the scene of a well spread table, with its attendant cooks and waiters. There were all possible combinations to admire or to laugh at. Bands of music, colored fountains and skating matches gave the snowy exhibition color, sound and music.—London News.

### Anguish Women's Shoes.

English women are teaching American women some important facts about footwear. We know today that a touch of patent leather removes the shoe from street use, except in case of walking to and from afternoon teas and luncheons. That only seal or calf skin suits the pavement; that low shoes are to be reserved for summer wear; that spats are not good form, except for men, and that laced shoes are the smart thing for the forenoon.

### Health and Morality.

He who recklessly injures his health does not prove his unselfishness—in simply curtails his powers of doing good. And he who injures his character by welcoming evil influences is thereby inflicting a still greater evil upon the community.—Exchange.

### The Famous Bridge to Be.

Steel is the bridge material of the future. Whether it takes on the graceful curves of the suspended cable or the airy balance of the cantalover or the coobweb construction of our Pecos and Kinzua it will have its own beauty. The science of bridge building clearly points the way to the art of bridge building, which is simply truth. We are rapidly learning to accept new ideas of the strength of materials. We admired the Roman arch because it showed mass and strength in a strong material. We are beginning to grasp the idea of lightness and strength combined in the steel cantalover.

The most famous bridge is still on paper. If the Hudson is spanned by a six track railroad bridge, we may have a splendid cantalover of 400 feet longer span than the Forth bridge and quite as high above the water. It is possible that the bridge may be another suspension. Whatever form it ultimately assumes it will be the famous bridge of the world.—Chautauquan.

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