

## A. D. DEEMER & CO., ARNOLD BLOCK.

**Silks**—Of course you will want some Silks this spring. Every lady will want a silk waist or two. We have some elegant styles for ladies' waists. They are simple perfect and very cheap.

**Linings**—We have the new Sleeve Linings, which are indispensable this season.

**Waists**—We have an endless assortment. See them, in all styles for the coming spring.

**Wrappers**—Yes, we have them in all the Latest Patterns and Styles. You can save money and labor by using one of them.

**Muslin Underwear**—We carry a large line of these goods, including Night Dresses, Chemise, Corset Covers, Drawers and Skirts.

**Black Sateens**—Our line of Blk. Sateens embraces all prices. We have them in the plain and colored figures.

**Serges**—Take a look at them. We have them in all the leading shades, 46-in. wide, and price very low.

**White Goods**—Embroideries, India Linens, Plaid Indias and Striped Dimities, Swiss Nainsooks.

**Table Linens**—One of the best values you ever saw. The weight is excellent and so is the quality.

**Teazle Downs**—Teazle Downs are known as Outing Flannels. We have them. The season is now here for that class of goods.

**Shoes**—We take particular pride in having Nice Stylish Shoes for the young men. Don't fail to see our line. You are sure to get what you want.

**Ladies**—Yes, the last freight in landed for us several dozens of Fine Shoes, new and sightly styles. Do not fail to see our line.

**Gentlemen**—This week we can show you the best line of Dress and Working Pants ever shown in the town. Call in. We like to tear them up.

**Hats**—Our line is composed of the newest shapes, and prices low. Look at them! That will convince you.

**Sweaters**—You will be surprised at the Good Qualities and the Low Prices which we are selling them for.

**Muslins**—Now we can supply you with all the Staple Brands in Bleached and Brown at prices lower than any other competitor will ask. The prices are so low on good goods one would think you was being shown inferior goods. That is not the case. Only good goods at the lowest prices.

**Groceries**—Call in and get our prices. That will convince you that we really do have them along with our other goods, which makes one of the best general stores to be found in Western Penn'a and prices the lowest.

## A. D. Deemer & Co., The Leaders, Not Followers.

### 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.

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**OIL BURNER**  
TAKES THE PLACE OF DANGEROUS GASOLINE. GOES IN ANY STOVE. NO SMOKE, DIRT OR ODOR. 1/2 CHEAPER THAN WOOD OR COAL.  
WANT AGENTS on salary or commission. Send for Catalogue of Prices and Terms.  
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The Star Office  
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#### THE NOW AND THEN.

The globe, like all the universe  
That fills the niche profound,  
Whirls on an endless cycles tick  
Its high appointed round.  
The most of need is laid on man,  
He meets it with his will;  
Their contact brings forth fate, and Jack  
And Jill went up the hill!

Oh, bassless fabrics of the air!  
Oh, youth's enchanted lands!  
What castles made of dreams are reared  
On fancy's shifting sand!  
Awhile an Eden is the lot  
Of every son and daughter  
Ere gives unto the world. They went  
To fetch a pail of water.

What are we but the toys of fate?  
Dark courses in the sky  
Map out to erudition's gaze  
Where suns lived but to die;  
Volcanoes yawn and jibe at man,  
His mocks the earthquake's laughter.  
Then Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.

Each heart some trace of Egypt has,  
Where ruins, deserts, lie,  
And o'er them all the sphinx looms up  
With its eternal why.  
Perhaps the hill the pair went up  
Was a tank built by the town  
And scared to death they forced its banks  
Might break ere they walked down.  
—Philadelphia Times.

#### A MEAN PIECE OF BUSINESS.

An Incident That Shakes One's Faith In  
The Chivalry of the Modern Man.

This is a bit of genuine scandal. Everybody likes scandal. It is always such a comfort to find oneself a little better than one's neighbor. This bit of scandal is true too. There is a young man now living in Chicago who used to live in Washington. He was engaged to a Washington girl, but rumors concerning her reached him out in Chicago. They said, these rumors, that she had gone out to supper after the theater, and looking on the wine when it was red had become just a little boisterous.

Her immaculate fiancé came to Washington. He did not say a word to her of the rumors which had filled his soul with horror, but he took her to the theater and to supper afterward.

The Widow Clignet was the third party at the supper, and the girl, like every other woman on earth, likes champagne. Her sweetheart urged her to drink, assuring her it would do her no harm whatever. She drank. In fact, she conjugated the verb to drink in more than one tense. She became unmistakably intoxicated. Then the gallant young man slipped her engagement ring off, bundled her into a carriage and took her home. She hasn't seen him since. Of course he couldn't think of marrying that sort of a girl, you know.

It is things like that that keep one's belief in the innate chivalry of the modern gentleman from dying. I understand the man considers it a tremendous joke, and you may be able to see where the laugh comes in. I am not—Washington Post.

#### THE SMALLEST BOOK.

A Late Parisian Publication That Is Smaller  
Than a Postage Stamp.

The smallest book ever printed has just been issued by Messrs. Perrault of Paris. It is the story of Perrault, Little Hop o' My Thumb.

This diminutive volume contains four engravings, and it is printed in movable type. It contains 80 pages of printed matter. The book is 28 millimeters long by 28 millimeters wide. The thickness of this volume is six millimeters and its weight is five grams.

The "dwarf book" of the Chicago exhibition could be held on a postage stamp of the Columbian variety, but it is quite surpassed by this product of the French press. The little French volume, with its illustrations and its 80 pages of printed matter, is not much larger than a 1 cent piece.

It is a complete book in every respect, the binding being perfect, the pages duly numbered, and the title page appearing with all the formality of the most dignified volume. The pages can only be read by the use of a microscope, but then it is found that the proofreading has been excellently done.

Several French swells are carrying these volumes inside their watch covers. A copy presented to a French library has been duly entered in the catalogue and placed on the shelves.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

#### TO SEARCH FOR DIAMONDS.

A Promising Field For Them Believed to  
Exist In Alaska.

From the Alaska News it is learned that John G. Brady, one of the most prominent citizens of Alaska, has a scheme on foot to explore Mount Edgecombe with a diamond expert and search for diamonds, which are thought to exist there. Late last fall a hunter and prospector brought in some brilliant looking lava ashes to Sitka and showed them to Mr. Brady. The latter sent them to an expert in San Francisco, who returned word that an investigation should be made at the earliest opportunity. The contents of that letter contained astounding information—pumice stone and scoria had all the elements for the presence of diamonds.

Mr. Brady has perfected plans to reach the extinct crater of Mount Edgecombe as soon as the snow and weather will permit, with the help of the expert, search the lava beds and pumice stone high and low, and will delve into the earth with searching scrutiny to learn if nature has had the elements there to crystallize carbon into its purest gem—the diamond. If they find diamonds on Mount Edgecombe, there will certainly be a rush of people to Sitka.

#### FORTUNES IN FRUIT STANDS.

Big Money In Small Business by Economic  
Italians.

Few of the thoughtless passerby and chance patrons of the corner fruit stands on the city streets realize the comparatively large profits reaped by those who have their capital invested in this apparently insignificant business. To the average onlooker as he casts a careless glance at the vender of fruit and candy probably the only thought that occurs is that here is a poor unfortunate foreigner cast on our shores, who manages by this simple means to eke out a living for himself and a large family of small children. Indeed a closer inspection into the comfortable lives of these seekers for gain, involving long hours spent in continued application to work, the short remaining time passed in squalid homes or on the streets, would reveal little of the true state of affairs.

There is a vast difference in the indications from outward appearances. Some of them carry an air of prosperity in neatness of dress and carelessness of air. Others seem to wish to advertise their poverty by a show of tattered garments and generally destitute appearance. But in general those appearances are deceitful. The man in rags may ordinarily be regarded as more fortunate than his apparently prosperous brother. He is making more because it is not so much what is made in profits as what is saved, and in a small business, like that of the corner fruit dealers, this general principle is especially true.

The amount of the gains possible to the astute dealers is seen from a few examples of unusual prosperity. A short time ago an Italian who had been in the business on a down town corner for ten years closed out his business to a successor, receiving from him \$2,200 for the privilege of his location. This amount he added to a fortune of \$60,000 already accumulated. In the stockyards region a similar sale was made in consideration of \$250. In the same neighborhood the death recently of a veteran in the business revealed the fact that he had been possessed of property amounting to \$17,000. Some of our largest business blocks, notably on State and Halsted streets, are now owned by those who started in business in this way.—Chicago Journal.

#### Sense of Taste In Insects.

The entomologists have detected and duly noted a singular development of the sense of taste in insects of the butterfly family. The larvae of butterflies and moths all eat foods which are not adapted to the wants and tastes of the perfect insect, and which, in some instances, is positively obnoxious to the fully developed creature. Take, for an instance, the horrid "hog nosed caterpillar," which lives on the leaves of the prickly ash and also makes life burdensome to the orange grower. Its parents are Mr. and Mrs. Papilio Crespionotes of the order Lepidoptera, family Papilionidae, and are the largest and most beautiful butterflies found in the latitude of Missouri. The full grown insect of this species will not touch the leaves of either of the trees mentioned above, but on them it deposits eggs, and when these hatch the substance of the leaves furnish the proper food for the larvae. Are we to infer from this curious habit that the female butterfly of this species remembers her early existence, and from that argues that prickly ash and orange leaves are the proper food for her young, or are we to say that "instinct" guides her to a proper selection of food for her progeny? Is it not a fact that we attribute things to "instinct" because we are ignorant—that is to say, because we do not know where "instinct" leaves off and reason begins?—St. Louis Republic.

#### Critical Logic Failed.

The late Sherlock Holmes had a favorite dictum: "Eliminate the impossible, and what is left, however improbable, must be the truth." This was not at all in accordance with the saying of Victor Hugo: "Nothing is so imminent as the impossible. What must be always foreseen is the unforeseen." Most of us will agree, from experience, with Hugo rather than with Holmes. The impossible does happen. When "Mersey Philbrick's Choice" was published in the "No Name" series, the critics were agreed that it seemed to be written by Helen Hunt Jackson. But, as those who knew her love for flowers and acquaintance with nature also pointed out, she could not be the author, for there were several glaring mistakes in the naming and placing of blossoms in the story. Yet, as was afterward disclosed, she did write it. So all the theorizing went for nothing.—Philadelphia Press.

#### Becoming Popular.

"The cause of equal rights in Lexington is evidently becoming popular," says The Press-Transcript. "Upon the register for those friendly to enfranchisement of women are the names of many of our most influential people, members of the bar, college professors, physicians, leading business men and scores of names of our prominent women, while a long list of names is also seen of those who approve of women voting for school trustees and making women eligible for positions on school boards. This list of names for school suffrage is to be sent to the next legislature to help enforce the claims of women to this school suffrage."

Pembinia, the Dakota city, is said to have an Indian name meaning red berry.

#### MASSAGE FOR BLACK EYES.

Better Than Paint and Beefsteak For Ob-  
literating Evidence of Fistic Encounters.

Those who make a business of obliterating evidence of fistic encounters in the shape of black eyes by painting the damaged optics no longer enjoy a monopoly of such business. This I was told by a pugilistic acquaintance whose experience entitles him to be regarded as an authority on the subject.

"Massage treatment of the region affected," he said, "will beat paint and raw beefsteak all hollow. But it should be applied immediately after the injury is received in order to prove thoroughly efficacious. It does not require an expert to do it. All that is necessary is to move the fingers rapidly and firmly over the bruised surface and to keep it up until the last vestige of discoloration has disappeared. The explanation is easy. Where the blow has been received the blood becomes congested. It is the clots of blood showing through the transparent skin that produces the black effect. The pressure of the fingers gradually loosens the clotted blood, which passes off into the general currents of circulation, and fresh and properly colored blood takes its place."

However, as a rule, the professional "pug" does not bother himself about accelerating the disappearance of a black eye. It is a sign which proclaims the fact that its proprietor has recently filled an engagement, and as such he is an object of envy to his less fortunate brethren. It is the man about town, whose overindulgence occasionally causes him to forget that discretion is the better part of valor, who is apt to profit most by the knowledge that massage, promptly applied, will remove the signs of mourning from an eye that has been in violent contact with some other fellow's fist, and thus obviate the necessity of inventing a story to account for it, which, however ingenious, will be sneered at by skeptical and incredulous acquaintances, some of whom may have "been there themselves."—New York Herald.

#### WANTS TO BE A SLAVE.

A Young Married Woman Who Refuses  
to Be Emancipated.

Very often when a young married woman starts housekeeping she is favored with a circular from the Women's Emancipation league as well as with various more or less tasty literature dealing with "sexual" matters from an advanced point of view. The Emancipators address her in this strain:

"Recognizing that the slavery of sex is the root of all slavery, and that injustice to womanhood, especially injustice within the family, is the perpetual source of all other injustice, it (the league) seeks the legal, political, social and industrial emancipation of women, as the vital and indispensable condition of all other true lasting reforms, and affirms these claims as paramount to all personal, sectional or party consideration whatever."

I have a deep rooted aversion to slavery in all shapes. There are women slaves among us, as there are men slaves. When I find a woman slave, I shall be happy to assist in emancipating her. But this does not prevent my sympathizing with the writer of the following letter:

"Sir—I am a married woman—I think I may say girl—of three months' standing, just entered with joy and hopefulness upon what I have been taught to believe the highest and noblest duties of woman. It may be that my belief and my hopes are delusions; that I am no better than a slave, and that if I submit to the injustice in store for me I shall become a party to all the other wrongs in the world. But is it kind to tell me this just now? Mightn't I be left to find out my mistake for myself? When I do, won't it be time enough to join the Emancipation league? I think it would, so I am trying to keep my delusion and my annual subscription until I have seen how my lord and master treats his unfortunate slave."—London Truth.

#### Quotation Marks.

"Quotation marks are not infrequently misused in signs," said a stroller, "the marks being placed about names, as, for instance, the name of a place, or about some descriptive phrase in a sign, though the word or the phrase may really not be a quotation at all, but I am never surprised at any misuse of quotation marks, for I cannot forget a very singular idea concerning them that I had myself in my earlier days. I used to think that single quotation marks about anything meant that the words inclosed were sort of partly quoted, more or less, whatever that may mean. Perhaps that isn't a very distinct statement, but I remember well that I was quite tickled when later I learned that quotation marks were not signs to be used at the fancy of the writer, but might properly be used only to indicate actual quotations."—New York Sun.

#### Irony of Fate.

It was the irony of fate that both Dr. Loomis, the celebrated New York specialist in pulmonary diseases, and his first wife should die of pneumonia. Dr. Loomis was one of the first prominent New York physicians to send his patients to the Adirondacks to try the curative properties of the air there, and nearly 30 years ago he built a cottage of his own in the North Woods, then only half explored and boasting only one hotel where now there are scores.—New York Correspondent.

#### PERILS OF A MESMERIC EYE.

They Drove a Respectable, Clean Shaved  
Lawyer Into Whiskers.

A well known lawyer who has always taken considerable pride in the classic mold of his clean shaven face appeared in the county court rooms recently with a well developed growth of very unbecoming beard. Every friend that he met wanted to know why he didn't get shaved, and finally he corralled half a dozen of them in a corner and told them the reason.

He had never learned the art of shaving himself and had always patronized one barber. Not long ago the barber dropped into the habit of telling him that he (the lawyer) had a mesmeric eye. The lawyer didn't mind much what his barber thought of his eye so long as he shaved him satisfactorily. But having discovered that the lawyer's eye was mesmeric the barber went a step further and once in awhile, after making a slip with the razor, would explain that it was because he was mesmerized, so that he did not know what he was about. Matters went on this way for a week or so, the barber insisting that he was mesmerized every time the lawyer looked squarely at him, and the lawyer took it for granted that the mesmerism business was a dodge to excuse the occasional cuts from the razor.

A different aspect was put to the case, however, the last time the barber shaved his lawyer customer. Leaving over him after he had finished, he asked if the lawyer thought a man would be excusable for cutting the throat of one who mesmerized him. The lawyer said he certainly would not be excusable and got out of the chair as quickly as possible. He learned afterward that the barber had developed into a perfect crank on the subject of mesmerism, and nothing would persuade him that he did not have a very narrow escape. He will probably go to another barber some time, but at present his nerves are so shaken by the occurrence that he prefers to wear an unbecoming beard sitting down in any barber chair.—Chicago Tribune.

#### THE EARTH IS RUNNING SLOW.

But the Scientists Need Not Alarm One  
Seriously Yet.

Lord Kelvin estimates that the "running slow" of the earth in its daily rotation round its axis amounts to 23 seconds per century.

The main cause of this retardation is the friction caused by the tides, which act as a brake, the action of which has been calculated by this eminent physicist to be equal to a weight of 4,000,000 tons applied on the equator.

Other causes have also to be taken into account—as, for example, the increase in the size of the earth, due to the falling on it of meteoric dust, which, if deposited at the rate of one foot in 4,000 years, would produce the observed retardation by itself.

Such a phenomenon as the annual growth and melting of snow and ice at the poles is introducing irregularities into the problem, the growth at the poles, by abstracting water from the other parts of the ocean, accelerating the earth's motion, and the melting, by restoring the water, retarding it.

Against the retarding forces there has to be taken into account a probable acceleration, due to the gradual sinking of the earth by cooling, but this Lord Kelvin believes to be very small—perhaps not more than one six-thousandth part of the retardation due to tidal friction.

Professor Newcomb has declared from astronomical considerations that the earth went slow and lost seven seconds between 1850 and 1862, and then went fast and gained eight seconds between 1862 and 1872, changes of rate explainable by possible changes in the earth's shape, so slight as to be quite undetectable in astronomical observations.—Chicago Times.

#### Out of Place.

"What," asked the king in the play, "are those Roman citizens doing over there?"

"Your majesty," rejoined the herald, "they are believed to be forming a plot."

"Tell them they mustn't," commanded the monarch, with asperity, not unmingled with ennui. "Admonish them that they are throwing their time away. Plots have no place in this kind of drama."

With which the king turned to the audience and sang with fine effect, "Her Auburn Tresses Wouldn't Stay In Curl."—Detroit Tribune.

#### A Realistic Dream.

"Taking the other day, as a brief respite from labor, a little nap at my desk," said a man, "I dreamed that I was smoking, and that I had swallowed a lot of smoke. I awoke coughing. Wasn't that kind of curious?"—New York Sun.

The Courteous Attendant (at the theater)—Yes, madam, this is the place to check your large hat.

The Lady (to her escort)—Well, let's go to our seats.

The Courteous Attendant (politely)—Not yet, madam. Kindly pass on to the next window and check your big sleeves.—Chicago Tribune.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that will do me any good." Price 50c. Sold by J. C. King & Co.