

# The Star.

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NUMBER 21.

**HOTELS.**  
**HOTEL MCCONNELL,**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.  
**FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.**  
The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bus, bath rooms, and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections &c.

**HOTEL BELNAP,**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.  
**J. C. DILLMAN, Proprietor.**  
First class in every particular. Located in the very centre of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

**COMMERCIAL HOTEL,**  
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**PHIL P. CARRIER, Proprietor.**  
Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omnibus to and from all trains.

**MOORE'S WINDSOR HOTEL,**  
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242 bed rooms. Rates \$2.00 per day. American Plan. Free block from P. R. R. Depot and 1/4 block from New P. & R. R. Depot.

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And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**C. MITCHELL,**  
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**DR. B. E. HOOVER,**  
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Resident dentist. In building near Methodist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentleness in operating.

**C. S. GORDON.** JOHN W. REED.  
**GORDON & REED,**  
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**McCRACKEN & McDONALD,**  
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law,  
Offices at Reynoldsville and Brookville.

**REYNOLDSVILLE LAUNDRY,**  
**WAH SING, Proprietor.**  
Corner 4th street and Gordon alley. First-class work done at reasonable prices. Give the laundry a trial.

**DR. R. E. HARBISON,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Reynoldsville, Pa.  
Office in room formerly occupied by J. S. McCreight.

**New Goods!**  
**New Goods!**  
The summer is over: the cool nights make one think of putting on heavier woollens. We are the people who can supply your wants. We have been in the eastern markets and can show you the finest line of  
**Men's, Boys' and Children's SUITS**  
ever brought to Reynoldsville. If you want a nice, nobby suit for winter wear we can fit you in Sack, Cutaway or Double Breasted Suit, in all the latest goods, at rock bottom prices. Also, we can show you the finest line of  
**Overcoats,**  
in Men's, Boys and Children's at the lowest prices you ever saw.  
Headquarters for  
**UNDERWEAR!**  
Woolen Underwear is what you need now. We have bought underwear in case lots, direct from the manufacturers and can save you some money. Our prices will surprise you. Garments that we considered cheap last year at \$3.00 a suit, we can sell you at \$2.00.  
**Woolen Blankets!**  
We can show you everything in the blanket line from the cheapest cotton at 50c. a pair to the finest lamb's wool 11-4 blanket at \$3.75.  
**N. Hanau.**

**LITTLE DAMES AND MEN.**  
We must all remember when  
We were little dames and men,  
When each sorrow tugged away with all its might  
At our little hearts and eyes  
Till the air was full of sighs  
And the brightest day was turned to darkest night.  
  
How we'd weep,  
How we'd creep  
To our little beds to sleep,  
With wet lashes on flushed faces; even then  
Not a soul would ever know  
Half our agony, and so  
We should sympathize with little dames and men.  
  
We must all remember when  
We were little dames and men  
When we met the little ones from day to day.  
A kind word is just as cheap,  
And it sinks to depths as deep  
As the harsh one you were sending down their way.  
  
If you know  
How few  
Gracious acts and words from you  
Were planted in their souls, to blossom when  
Golden days of childhood seem  
To be shadows of a dream,  
You would love and cherish little dames and men.  
—New England Magazine.

**MINERAL WOOL.**  
**The Process by Which the Useful Silicate Cotton is Produced.**  
Of those who know what mineral wool is, or silicate cotton, as it is sometimes called, probably only a small number are familiar with the simple process by which it is made. The wool itself, serving a variety of useful purposes, as a non-conducting covering against heat and cold alike, for steam pipes and cold storage room walls, as a sound "deadener" in floors of buildings and as a means of fireproofing, among many others, is, as its name implies, a soft and woolly substance, consisting of a mass of very fine mineral fibers interlacing one another in every direction, and thus forming an endless number of minute air cells.  
The wool appears on the market in a variety of colors, principally white, but often yellow or gray and occasionally quite dark and is made by converting scoria and certain rocks while in a molten state into a fibrous condition by a steam blast directed against the liquid material. Blast furnace slag forms the raw material for one variety of the wool and sandstone for another, yielding respectively slag wool and rock wool, the latter being preferable for pipe covering because of the absence from it of sulphur, which, with moisture present, becomes an active corroding agent.  
The furnace slag or the rock, as the case may be, is melted in a large cupola, and as it trickles out at the top hole in a somewhat sluggish stream it meets a high pressure steam jet which atomizes the molten mineral, if it may be so termed, blowing it in fleecy clouds into the storage room provided for it. Soft and downy, the stuff settles wherever a resting place affords itself, the heavier and easier wool coming down first, while the lighter portions are blown farther along by the force of the steam and settle in the more distant parts of the room, the material thus naturally grading itself into varieties of different quality.  
A thousand pounds of wool per hour are turned out by one of the cupolas, and after the storage room has been blown full the flocculent mass is pushed into bags, ready for the market. The whole process affords an admirable and interesting illustration of the utilization of an utterly waste product.—Cassier's Magazine.

**His Palmy Days Are Gone.**  
The juggling fakir, having been driven from more lucrative schemes, has been reduced to a very common level. One of the class who was recognized as having worn diamonds five years ago, and who was known as one of the most skillful shell workers in the country, was the center of an eager group of boys in the rear of a big store at dinner hour Saturday. He was seedy and run down, and a wreck of his former days, indicating that the shell swindle is too well known nowadays to be successfully worked.  
He had a basket in front of him, containing a number of small paper bags. In one hand he held a pretty gold ring, and this he pretended to put into one of the bags. Then he shook the pile up.  
"Pick it out for a cent, boys!" he cried many times.  
"It's in that one," cried one. "There it is," shouted another, and so the boys vigorously guessed, but they didn't produce the pennies.  
When the observer left, the decaying thimble rigger was still monotonously and despairingly calling out:  
"Pick it out for a cent, boys! There's no deception, and the lucky boy gets a gold ring worth \$50. Pick it out for a cent!"—Philadelphia Call.

**Printing Names on Fruit.**  
The rosy cheek of an apple is on the sunny side. The colorless apple grows in the leafy shade. Advantage may be taken of this to have a pleasant surprise for children. A piece of stiff paper placed around an apple in the full sun will shade it, and if the Mary or Bobbie is cut in the paper so that the sun can color the apple through those stenciled spaces the little one can gather the apple for itself with the name printed on the fruit by nature herself.—Mechan's Monthly.  
Logwood is the marrow of a peculiar tree in the West Indies. It is shipped in long, thick pieces of firm, heavy, dark wood. It is split up and moistened by water or acid for use.

**HE JUST STANDS STILL.**  
**That Is His Business, and He Makes Fun For the Crowd.**  
Any man can have lots of fun in this world if he only knows how to start out for it. No hard work is necessary. This is proved by the fact that the man who probably furnishes more fun for himself and other folks than any single individual on or off the stage doesn't do a single thing but stand still.  
Probably every man, woman and child in Chicago has seen standing in front of a big business house at the corner of Clark and Madison streets a tall, well built colored man, wearing a bottle green coachman's livery, white helmet and white gloves. His name is Alphonso Costello. He was formerly a member of the city police force and has been a private detective and a constable. His duty now is really only to attract attention to the house where he is employed and to act as usher to patrons who come in carriages.  
Some men would get mighty tired and lonesome with nothing to do but stand in front of a big store all day, but he doesn't. Whenever time hangs heavily on his hands and he feels the need of recreation, he strikes a statuesque position and fixes his eye on the advertisement of a "sure death to cockroaches" sign across the street.  
The attitude never fails to attract the attention of passersby. As soon as one person stops to satisfy himself whether "it" is a statue or a real, live man the fun begins. Everybody else stops to look too. The comments of the crowd make no impression on the figure standing before it. Then the more inquisitive—and that doesn't bar the gentler sex—begin poking with parasols or their fingers "to see if the thing will move."  
Alphonso catches his breath and another crowd. He repeats the trick every 20 times a day, and it always works to his satisfaction and that of the clerks inside.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**A TRUE HERO.**  
**Though a Complete Physical Wreck, a Chicago Man Lives For Others.**  
Eighteen years a physical wreck, laid upon his back with the principal joints of the body as rigid as iron, and yet with a brain as bright and active and useful as many of the most active men of Chicago, describes the condition of one whom we often see as we pass his office window. He is a lawyer and has quite a good paying business, although to see him you would wonder how he could hold a pen. He is the editor of a paper called The Cripples' Friend, which is bright and cheery. He is the head of a society for the relief of the needy, but especially cripples, by raising funds for them and getting suitable employment and places of usefulness suited to each case. He is also attorney for some society that seeks the enforcement of law and the protection of innocent people from imposition, and he is ready to assist the churches in their work and do good in all directions.  
This man is an example of what a Christian can do under difficulties by the grace of God. Many would say that they could do nothing, but depend on others to be fed and cared for as babes. But not so with this man. He not only maintains himself, but makes himself a blessing all around. With no hope of ever rising from his cot, except as lifted by other hands, he patiently works and waits for the coming of his Lord. How many there are who, with strong, healthy bodies, use their powers only to drown their souls in destruction and perdition!—Christian Instructor.

**The Motionless Tiger.**  
Now and then a soldier has been found kneeling on the battlefield as if about to take aim at the enemy, but stone dead. A bullet in the brain had converted him into a statue of himself. Captain Forsyth, in his "Highland of Central India," tells of a similar effect produced by an explosive shell on a tiger.  
The captain, while in the howdah of his trained elephant hunting a tiger, saw the beast crouching under a bush on the bank of a ravine. He got a steady shot and fired a three ounce shell at the tiger's broad forehead.  
To his surprise, for the distance was but 30 yards, there was no result. Not a motion of the tiger acknowledged the shot.  
He rode round a quarter of the circle, but still the tiger remained motionless, but looking intently in the same direction. Growing more and more amazed, the captain rode nearer, with his rifle on full cock, but the tiger did not move. Then he caused the elephant to kick the beast. The tiger fell over. He was stone dead. The shell had struck him full in the center of the forehead, burst in his brain and killed him instantly.

**Servants Who Will Not Take Tips.**  
The servants in a well ordered Japanese household are the most deferential beings alive. Every time they bring you a cup of tea or come to remove a dish at dinner or breakfast, they will kneel and bow until their foreheads touch the floor. Nor will any of them accept a fee. The other night, as we left the residence of the Japanese gentleman where we had been taking dinner, one of his servants piloted us through the grounds to the gate, where our carriage was waiting, and I attempted to give him a small coin. When I offered it, he clasped his hands together and made a very low bow, keeping his head down until the carriage started.—Chicago Record.

**The Mule and the Peasant.**  
One day a mule who was drawing a cart along a highway suddenly came to a stop and began lamenting his hard fate.  
"How, now, you ingrate!" shouted the peasant in reply. "Are you not well fed and lodged, and do I ever ask you to work on the Sabbath day?"  
"Behold the muddy highway!" replied the mule. "My strength is taxed to the utmost to pull my load."  
"Idiot of a mule, it is owing to the mud that I have loaded the cart with only 600 pounds! If there was no mud, I'd insist that you draw 1,000!"  
Moral.—The man who complains of a pimple may have escaped a boil.—Detroit Free Press.

**That Particular Mule.**  
"What dat mule good foh?"  
"He ain't good foh much," was the reluctant reply.  
"Kin he pull or kyah?"  
"Not fur."  
"What he good foh?"  
"Well, I guess he ain't good foh much 'cep' tradin. I 'ze jes' keepin' 'im foh 'er swappin' mule."—Washington Star.

**Heat and Cold.**  
The sensation of great cold and of great heat is the same, because the nerves can convey but one sensation, and heat is more dangerous, and therefore it is more necessary that the nerves should be able to give a warning of it.

**LI HUNG CHANG CARRIED HER.**  
**China's Viceroy Took Literally an Invitation to Escort a Lady.**  
Speaking of the first meeting of Li Hung Chang and John W. Foster, on which occasion the Chinese viceroy entertained a woman at dinner for the first time in the person of Mrs. Foster, the Washington Capital vouches for the following story, which is one of the best illustrations of true oriental courtesy, combined with the peculiar seriousness and matter of factness of the Chinese mind, ever related:  
When she was introduced to the viceroy, Mrs. Foster wondered how she was to be taken into the banquet room. Some time before, it seems, Li Hung Chang had been guest of honor at a dinner given by the Russian ambassador, and being asked to take the ambassador's wife to the dining room, proceeded to comply with a literalness which astonished all the guests. The viceroy is a giant in stature, and the ambassador's wife being a small woman, he had no difficulty in picking her up bodily and carrying her to the table.  
Mrs. Foster did not yearn for such honor and called upon her husband's diplomacy to arrange that she should be escorted in a less vigorous manner. Mr. Foster's tact was equal to the occasion, and when the doors were thrown open Li Hung Chang led the way, and Mrs. Foster followed him.

**THIS CHINAMAN KNEW ENGLISH.**  
**A Genius For Expression Equal to His Scientific Equipment.**  
At the business ports of China it is customary for the Europeans to issue what is called an "express"—i. e., a special bill printed and delivered quickly by hand, announcing the arrival of any special goods, etc., as a means of advertisement. Our friend John Chinaman at Canton, not to be outdone in this style, issued the following epistle as an "express" last month, and which is highly amusing:  
**FOR SALE.**  
Best Peppermint Oil Made From Its Really Laid.  
**Can Be Curable For the Sicknesses of Male, Female or Boy.**  
**Dizzy.**—Use to put or wipe few drops on the forehead, both sides under eyebrows, noseholes and both sides the back of ears.  
**Fever.**—Wipe on the forehead and noseholes.  
**Fit.**—Wipe moist to the noseholes, and drink few drops mixed with tea.  
**Stiff.**—Wipe both sides of forehead and noseholes.  
**Gout or Goutswollen.**—Wipe both sides of forehead, noseholes and much to the breast.  
**Headache.**—Wipe on the forehead and noseholes. Believe us. **CROSS THROAT SURE.**  
Tai-pin Gate, Outside Brass Smith Road, Canton.  
—London Tit-Bits.

**Sources of Color.**  
An interesting enumeration has been made by somebody and published in a technical journal of the sources of color. From this it appears that the cochineal insects furnish the gorgeous carmine, crimson, scarlet, carnine and purple lakes; the cuttlefish gives sepia—that is, the inkly fluid which the fish discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked; the Indian yellow comes from the camel; ivory chips produce the ivory black and boneblack; the exquisite prussian blue comes from fusing horse hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate; various lakes are derived from roots, barks and gums; blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stock; turkey red is made from the madder plant, which grows in Hindustan; the yellow sap of a Siam tree produces gamboge; raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Siena, Italy; raw amber is an earth found near Umbria and burned; india ink is made from burned camphor; mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian archipelago; bistre is the soot of wood ashes; very little real ultramarine, obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, is found in the market; the Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury, and vermilion is from the quicksilver ore cinabar.

**Bishop Fallows' Saloon.**  
The Home saloon of Bishop Fallows, in Chicago, fools a great many old toppers. His idea is to make the place as much like a first class saloon as possible and to sell in it something as much like beer as science could concoct without its being the real thing. The saloon has a big bar, with a substantial rail, from which hang half a dozen towels. Back of the bar is a white coated bartender, and back of him are big mirrors and rows of shelves, covered with black bottles bearing gaudy labels. A row of lemons and a bowl of cracked ice help to make up the illusion. Every day some thirsty victim wanders in and orders "beer." He gets a glass of foaming something that cools, may cheer, but can't inebriate. The victim usually gulps it down, then opens and shuts his mouth and tries to recall the taste, while a puzzled look spreads over his face. Sometimes he asks questions, but usually he walks slowly away, wondering whether or not his stomach is all right.—Chicago Letter.

**Sacred Keys.**  
Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street. Some keep it always open, some keep it latched, some locked, some bolted with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in, and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front door leads into a passage which opens into an anteroom, and this into the interior apartments. The side door opens at once into the secret chamber. There is almost always one key to the side door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters and friends often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding ring conveys a right to one. Alas, if none is given with it! Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side door.—O. W. Holmes.

**Bible Arithmetic.**  
Ezekiel's reed was nearly 11 feet; a cubit was nearly 22 inches; a hand's breadth is equal to 3 5/8 inches; a finger's breadth is equal to a little less than 1 inch; a shekel of silver was about 2s. 8d.; a shekel of gold was £3; a talent of silver was £400; a talent of gold was nearly £8,000; a piece of silver, or a penny, was 8 1/2 d.; a farthing was equal to 1/4 d.; a mite was less than a farthing; a gerah was 1 1/4 d.; an ephah, or bath, contained 4 gallons and 5 pints; a hin was 3 quarts and 3 pints; an omeg was 6 pints; a cab was 5 pints.—London Globe.

**Without Discrimination.**  
"I very much dislike to see an old man smoking a cigarette," said Miss du Kane to young Mr. Gaswell.  
"Why do you dislike to see an old man smoking one more than a young man?" asked Mr. Gaswell, as he complacently puffed at a particularly odorous specimen.  
"I don't."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

**BLOOD SPOT IN ITS PULP.**  
**The "Mike" Apple Thought to Commemorate a Murder of Long Ago.**  
A peculiar species of fruit is the "Mike" apple. It has a fair skin, an excellent flavor and is extensively propagated in the vicinity of Norwich, Conn. Each individual apple exhibits somewhere in its pulp a red speck, like a tinge of fresh blood, and thereby hangs a strange legend.  
The apple obtains its name from Micah Root, a farmer who lived upon the outskirts of the Connecticut town in the eighteenth century. The son of Thomas Root, one of Norwich's early settlers, Micah tilled his fertile acres with all the zest of youthful ambition.  
But of a sudden his habits changed. He grew idle, restless and impatient. He lost all interest in both work and worship. His cattle were neglected and his neighbors shunned. Some attributed the change to witchcraft. Others hinted at insanity.  
Winter wore away, spring returned, and the orchard of Micah Root burst into blossom. On one tree, it was then observed, the flowers had turned from white to red. The superstitious neighbors wondered, especially as Root seemed drawn to this tree by some resistless fascination. August came and the red blossoms developed into fruit. When the large yellow apples fell from the branches, each one was found to contain a well defined globule, known thereafter as "the drop of blood."  
The freak of the apple tree deepened the mystery of Micah's behavior. Conjecture followed surmise, and soon it was remembered that during the previous fall a foreign peddler had passed through Norwich and had spent the night at Micah Root's. He had never been seen again. Some one suggested that the young farmer had murdered him for his money and buried the body under the apple tree.  
Search was made for the body of the stranger, but in vain. Nor was any trace of his stock found among the possessions of the unhappy Micah. If a load of crime rested upon the conscience of the suspected farmer, it never forced a confession from his lips. His farm drifted gradually to decay, and, too broken down to reclaim it, he wandered about town, disordered in mind and body.  
He died in 1728, but while the blood spotted apple continues to grow his name and history will be perpetuated.—New York Herald.

**A Ghost Story.**  
J. Henniker Heaton tells an interesting sequel to the most famous Australian ghost story, which came to his knowledge as one of the proprietors of the leading New South Wales weekly, The Town and Country Journal. One of the most famous murder cases in Australia was discovered by the ghost of a dam (Australian for horse pond) into which his body had been thrown. Numberless people saw it, and the crime was duly brought home.  
Years after a dying man making his confession said that he invented the ghost. He witnessed the crime, but was threatened with death if he divulged it, as he wished to, and the only way he saw out of the impasse was to affect to see the ghost where the body would be found. As soon as he started the story, such is the power of nervousness that numerous other people began to see it until its fame reached such dimensions that a search was made and the body found and the murderers brought to justice.—London Literary World.

**Losing Hold on Life.**  
She then and there lost her hold upon life. She was poisoned and must die. She was as sure of it as the Chinaman who has seen an eagle, and who, recognizing that his hour is come, calmly lies down and breathes his last by the mere suspension of volition. In old countries the lower orders, as a rule, have but a low vitality. It may be truer to say that the vital volition is weak. Let the learned settle the definition. The fact is easily accounted for. Daring generations upon generations the majority of European agricultural populations live upon vegetable food, like the majority of eastern Asiatics, and with the same result. Hard labor produces hard muscles, but vegetable food yields a low vital tension, so to say. Soldiers know it well enough. The pale faced city clerk who eats meat twice a day will outfight and outlast and outstarve the burly laborer whose big thighs and sinews are most compounded of potatoes, corn and water.—Casa Braccio, by Marion Crawford, in Century.

**Thoughts.**  
The trees may outlive the memory of more than one of those in whose honor they were planted. If it is something to make two blades of grass grow where only one was growing, it is much more to have been the occasion of the planting of an oak which shall defy twenty scores of winters, or of an elm which shall canopy with its green cloud of foliage half as many generations of mortal immortalsities.  
Our thoughts are plants that never flourish in inhospitable soils or chilling atmospheres. They are all started under glass, so to speak—that is, cherished and fostered in our own sunny consciousness. They must expect some rough treatment when we lift their ends from the frame and let the outside elements in upon them. They can bear the rain and the breezes and be all the better for them, but perpetual contradiction is as pelting hailstorm, which spoils the growth and tends to kill them out altogether.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

**Very Much Absorbed.**  
Owen's power of concentration and absorption in a subject which interested him was not confined to professional or scientific matters. We find that on Jan. 22, 1848, after having heard a lecture of Whewell's, he went on to the club and took up Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" to read. He became so deeply absorbed in the book that he sat on, oblivious of the fact that every one else had disappeared one by one. He was also apparently deaf to coughs and hints of attendants, etc., but still sat there reading and laughing to himself. At last, in desperation, the men came forward and began to take away the lamps. Then, having looked at his watch and found it considerably past 2 a. m., he rushed wildly out of the club, and like a scientific Cinderella left his umbrella and greatcoat behind.—"The Life of Richard Owen," by His Grandson.

**Australia's Rich Men.**  
A large number of the millionaires who constitute the plutocracy of Australia and who practically rule the roost out there, are, if not ex-convicts, at any rate the offspring or descendants of individuals who made the trip out in manacles and who left home for their country's good. This is one of the reasons why colonial magnates—no matter how wealthy, generous and respectable—are always looked upon with a certain degree of suspicion.—Chicago Record.

**Ambitious.**  
"My hair," remarked the bald-headed man as he rubbed his bare poll in a reminiscent way, "was the most ambitious thing about me."  
"Ah?" responded his companion questioningly.  
"Yes; it always came out on top."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Faithful Servant.**  
One night Prince Talleyrand was suddenly awakened by the firing of a pistol and seeing his valet walking about the room he asked him what he was doing.  
"There was a mouse in the room, your highness, and for fear it might disturb you I shot it."—Dia.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25cts., 50cts., \$1.00. Sold by J. C. King & Co.