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THE SOUL.

Body, mind and soul—
These are the earthly trinity.
Two parts of it are finite;
The other part is infinite.
The body and the mind
Stop in the grave.
The soul goes onward,
Not as man shaped it,
To fit the human body
And the mortal mind,
But as God made it,
So it goes to him
Unchanged.

—W. J. Lampton in New York Sun.

A NEW WAY TO PURIFY WATER.

Chemicals Said to Be Superior to Either Boiling or Filtering.

According to Dr. Dupont, a physician of Paris, writing in Les Annales d'Hygiene Publique, a safe and effective method of purifying water by chemical action has been discovered. Dr. Dupont notes that hitherto the methods of purifying drinking water have been by filtration and by the action of heat. Filtration is the oldest and least effective method. Even filtration through porous porcelain, the most effective substance known, cannot always be trusted, especially after the apparatus has been long in use. Dr. Dupont does not assert that boiling fails to destroy noxious germs, but he says that it often leaves in the water organic matter that might be dangerous to health, and that boiling makes water less digestible by robbing it of its gases. He instances a case in which water from the Seine was found after boiling to contain more microbes than before.

M. Girar, director of the municipal laboratory of Paris, and Dr. Bordas, a pupil of Professor Bronardel, have recently presented to the Academy of Sciences, through the chemist Friedel, a communication on the purification of water by chemical action. The chemicals used are permanganate of lime and binoxide of manganese. The permanganate of lime, coming in contact with organic matter and micro organisms, destroys them and decomposes itself into oxygen, oxide of manganese and lime. Then, to carry off the surplus of permanganate and complete the purification, the water is poured over binoxide of manganese. Oxygen in the nascent state is thus freed, and it burns up any remaining germs. There remain then in the apparatus inferior oxides of manganese, which hasten to reoxidize themselves and furnish again a certain quantity of binoxide of manganese. The water, as thus finally purified, contains a little lime in the form of a bicarbonate and traces of oxygenated water.

A very small quantity of permanganate of lime is used in this process. Not more than 1.3 grains troy to about a quart of water taken from the Seine at a point near Paris resulted in the production of perfectly pure water as wholesome as spring water. Dr. Dupont says that if the process can be made successful on a large scale the question of purifying water is settled. Water containing 100,000 colonies of microbes per cubic centimeter can thus be purified, and ice placed in water with permanganate of lime is also quickly sterilized.

Attacked by a Moose.

A correspondent, writing from Meconoma, Muskoka, to the Montreal Witness, gives an interesting account of an adventure with a moose. While making a toboggan trail through a pine forest he came upon a moose yard, and on poking round saw one of the "giants of the forest" about 50 yards distant.

After a moment, he writes, the moose turned and walked behind a hill, which, though not high, was steep. I ran to the top with all speed, hoping to get a view of the lordly creature as he made his way through the bush. I could not see him at first, but on looking down the steep incline there he was, and ten yards away.

He turned to make off, but striking his ribs against the projecting limb of a small hemlock he was thrown down and round the tree, and as he rose he faced me. It was now my turn to run, for the moose charged at me with erected mane, expressing his rage by a fierce bellow.

In turning I stumbled, the ground being very uneven, and his feet nearly came down on me as I dodged among some trees. I tried to strike with my hatchet, the only weapon I had, but did not succeed in injuring my pursuer. With some difficulty I at last got into the deep snow, where my snowshoes were of more use to me.

The moose still pursued me, roaring at intervals, and one who has not heard a moose roar can form but little idea of the terrible bellowing. After several attempts to strike me with his front feet he balked and stood about 20 yards away pawing and roaring. I seized this opportunity to climb a tree, and soon after the animal turned and made off.

Of all the adventures I have had in the bush—and they number a few—the one I have just related came the nearest to being my death.

No Heaven For the Unmarried.

An unmarried man or woman of marriageable age is something that is rarely seen in the Fiji Islands. The reason of this is not far to seek. The natives believe that if a person dies while in an unmarried state his or her soul is doomed to wander about through endless ages of eternity in an intermediate region between heaven and hades. At the end of each moon they are allowed to look into heaven, but are never permitted to enter.—St. Louis Republic.

A NEW JERSEY POKER STORY.

Four Straight Flushes Result in an Equal Division of the Stakes.

A straight flush in the great American game of draw poker is such a rarity that the person holding it is regarded as one of the most fortunate and blessed of mortals. Devotees of that game will peruse the following story with incredulity, but its absolute authenticity can be verified by at least ten thoroughly reliable witnesses: A party of four players entered a place not a thousand miles from Summit one night not long ago and prepared to enjoy a few hours of recreation at their favorite game. Another game in progress at the time was fast, so the four players were obliged to start at an adjoining table.

The "jack pot" came around, each of the four players filled in, and the game proceeded. The cards, regulation pack, 52 cards, were cut by the player to the right of the dealer and dealt out in the regular manner. The first player to the left of the dealer opened the "jack pot," and each succeeding player in turn raised. The limit was 10 cents, and the players are usually light bettors, so that the raising and lively chipping in before the draw created considerable surprise. When the dealer prepared to serve the cards for the draw, each of the players stood "pat," and the betting again started.

When each of the players had chipped in \$10, it was decided to stop the betting, as that amount had never before been wagered on a game in the place, and none of the players could afford to risk a greater amount. When the hands were shown, some of the players almost succumbed to heart disease, for there lay four straight flushes, one of each suit and all running from four to eight. The pot was divided, and the cards were carefully put away in a case to be preserved as a reminder of the greatest poker hands ever held in this section and probably in the United States.—Summit (N. J.) Record.

OLD "JIM CROW."

How Rice Introduced This Unique Character to the Stage.

In the early twenties Thomas Dartmouth Rice first entered upon his theatrical career by "doing little negre bits," between the acts of plays, says the writer in the Boston Herald. While in Louisville the theater at which he performed looked out back upon an old stable yard, around which there was constantly lounging an old, decrepit slave named Jim Crow, who was so frightfully deformed as to appear inhuman. His left shoulder sloped off from the neck in a way that would indicate that the bone had been inverted. His lower limbs were dreadfully distorted, the left knee being a huge bony knot larger than his head, which caused him to move about with a pitiful, yet ludicrous, hobble.

This forlorn dandy was in the habit of crooning a queer old tune, and designated the close of each verse by taking a peculiar step—"rockin de heel." Rice closely watched this unconscious performer, and conceived the idea of producing a similar stage character, which, he felt assured, would "take" wonderfully. Accordingly, he made up precisely as the original and appeared upon a Louisville stage singing a score of humorous verses to the air—slightly changed and quickened—of the poor, wretched cripple. The audience received this innovation with bursts of applause, encoring him a dozen times the first night. And thus "Jim Crow" jumped into fame and immortality.

An Impossible Sacrifice.

A Hungarian paper says that Francis Deak, the Hungarian statesman, used to get rid of troublesome visitors by telling them the following story: "Once, when in Paris, Napoleon and I paid a visit to a hospital for old soldiers. Here he perceived among the rest a man who had lost one of his arms, and he entered into conversation with him. 'Where did you lose your arm?' asked the emperor. 'At Ansterlitz, your majesty.' 'Then no doubt you curse the emperor and your country every time you look at your mutilated limb?' 'No indeed,' protested the veteran, 'for the emperor and my native land I would readily sacrifice my other arm if needs be.' 'I can hardly believe that,' the emperor remarked, and passed on. But the soldier, anxious to prove that he was in earnest, immediately drew a saber from its sheath and lopped off his other arm."

Here Deak would pause and fix a penetrating look on his visitor. "Well, what have you to say of such a man and such an action?" "A most sublime act of self sacrifice! A truly noble character!" This was the style of reply invariably given. "But the story has one flaw," he would gravely add. "What is that, pray?" "It is simply impracticable. How could a one armed man contrive to cut off his only remaining arm?"

A Small Business Building.

The distinction of being the smallest business establishment in this city is claimed for a diminutive Georgia pine building at 85½ East Houston street, where is located a candy, fruit and soda water business. The structure is fitted tightly between two towering brick walls and covers an alleyway surface which had not hitherto been considered susceptible of utilization. The cost of the tiny place was \$150, and it rents for \$200 a year. Its actual measurements are 5 feet 4 inches front, 15 feet deep and 9 feet high.—New York Herald.

A VERY DANIEL INDEED.

If You Haven't the Money, You Can't Pay. Decided the Policeman.

A policeman accomplished a delicate piece of diplomacy the other afternoon at Cathedral parkway and Columbus avenue. Excavations are in progress there for a new building, and a gang of Italian laborers are doing the work under the eye of a boss of their own nationality. As the writer approached the spot a young Italian laborer was angrily exchanging words with the foreman. He carried his coat on one arm and over the opposite shoulder was slung his shovel, which he removed and shook in the intensity of his gesticulation. Suddenly he saw a policeman near by, and he made a dash for the bluecoat and asked for his assistance.

The officer came along with the Italian, and the two joined the foreman. The policeman, who was an Irishman some 40 years old, wore a magisterial air, looked patronizingly and kindly upon the two Italians, who spoke good English, and then he listened gravely to their tale of woe. The boss had discharged the young fellow on the spot, alleging that he did not do his work satisfactorily. The young man wanted his wages up to date. The policeman thought that this was only fair and so told the foreman.

"But I haven't the contractor's money," exclaimed the foreman. "Let him go to the office. His time is there, and he'll get his money."

The policeman looked as wise as an owl, and then turning to the young Italian he thus delivered judgment: "The best thing you can do is to go to the office and get your money. If he (pointing to the foreman) can discharge you on the spot, you ought to get your money on the spot. But, you see, the foreman hasn't got it."

The policeman gave his thumb a jerk toward the street, the young Italian took the hint and with a sorrowful but resigned air started on his mission to the office.

"I think my view of the justice of the situation was right," said the officer a moment later, "but how could the fellow get his money from a man who didn't have it? Anyhow, I saved a rumpus." So he did.—New York Tribune.

The Sight of Birds.

Birds are commonly credited with an extraordinary range of vision. Circumstances lend aid to the development of the mental factors in their case. The usual distance at which terrestrial species use their eyes is limited by the ground horizon. But in the case of the soaring birds, such as vultures and eagles, the horizon, the natural limit of sight, is enormously extended.

Macgillivray early noted that though birds of prey have orbits of great size—the eyeball of the common buzzard being 1½ inches in diameter—they do not, as a rule, soar when seeking their prey.

The eagle when hunting flies low, just as do the sparrow hawk and the henharrier. Yet the vultures and condors, birds which admittedly do soar when seeking food, have been proved to find carrion by sight. A carcass was covered with canvas and some oil placed upon it. The vultures saw this, descended and ate it and then sat on the covered portion within a few inches of a putrid carcass. When a hole was made in the covering, they saw and attacked the food below. But the rapid congregation of vultures from a distance to a carcass is probably due to their watching their neighbors, each of which is surveying a limited area. Charles Darwin pointed out that in a level country the height of sky commonly noticed by a mounted man is not more than 15 degrees above the horizon, and a vulture on the wing at the height of between 3,000 and 4,000 feet would probably be two miles distant and invisible. Those which descend rapidly and appear to have come from beyond the range of human sight were perhaps hovering vertically over the hunter when he killed his game.—London Spectator.

The Primitive Gun.

As soon as the forces of the explosive gases developed by the burning of powder became known the old style weapons disappeared, and firearms took their places. The first of the kind was a small gun barrel fastened to a long pole and fired with a slow match. Shot stones, balls of lead, iron bolts and fireballs to beat buildings on fire were propelled with this apparatus. Only a short distance could be shot with these primitive guns. The old and clumsy siege machines which threw heavy stones by means of a spring rope were changed into siege guns.—Iron Age.

Poultry and Eggs.

The poultry and egg crop of the United States is estimated to be worth \$350,000,000 annually. Startling as these figures may appear, it seems still more remarkable that, besides the above, we import between 60,000,000 and 100,000,000 dozen eggs each year.

Unhappiness.

They who have never known prosperity can hardly be said to be unhappy; it is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—Emile Zola.

Without a theory it is impossible to know what we say when we speak and what we do when we act.—Boyer-Collard.

In 1775 hailstones said to weigh 20 ounces fell at Murcia, in Spain.

The Curse of Scotland.

Among the reasons why the name of diamonds has been called the curse of Scotland, I think that the following has not been given:

"Diamonds, nine of, called the curse of Scotland, from a Scotch member of parliament, part of whose family arms is the nine of diamonds, voting for the introduction of the malt tax into Scotland."—"Chronology; or, the Historian's Companion," Fourth Edition, by Thomas Tegg, London, 1826, page 308 (Addenda).

Could the arms of Daniel Campbell of Shawfield, member of Glasgow, contain the nine lozenges? His house was destroyed by a mob in 1727 because he was suspected of "having given government the information on the habits and statistics of Scotland necessary for the preparation of the malt tax, as well as of having exposed a system of evasion of duties in the Scots tobacco trade." See "The History of Scotland," by John Hill Burton.

In the index to the "History," Campbell of Shawfield's Christian name is given as David.

There is a George Campbell mentioned as having caused the nine of diamonds to be called the curse of Scotland because he stole nine diamonds out of the royal crown in the reign of Mary Stuart, in consequence of which all Scotland was taxed.—Notes and Queries.

The Sale of Silks, Burma.

The wooden floor of the stalls is raised two to three feet, so that the buyer, standing on the ground, is about on a level with the seller, sitting in the stall. The stall will be about 8 by 10 feet, and each has at the back a strong lock up cupboard or wardrobe, where the wares are shut at night, but in the day they will be taken out and arranged daintily about the girl seller. Home-made silks are the staple—silks in checks of pink and white, of yellow and orange, of indigo and dark red. Some are embroidered in silk, in silver or in gold. Some are plain.

All are thick and rich. None is glazed, and none is gandy. There are also silks from Bangkok, which are of two colors—purple shot with red, and orange shot with red, both very beautiful. All the silks are woven the size of the dress—for men, about 28 feet long and 20 inches broad, and for women about 5 feet long and much broader. Thus there is no cutting off the piece. The anus, too, which are the bottom pieces for a woman's dress, are woven the proper size. There will probably, too, be piles of snowy cambric jackets and gauzy silk handkerchiefs, but often these are sold at separate stalls.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Railway Difficulty.

In regard to the difficulty of making up lost time on railways a writer in a foreign paper says: Thus, to take a case, ten miles to be run at 60 miles an hour, average line, suppose the engineer is a couple of minutes late when he comes to this length of ten miles, which he generally runs in ten minutes. If he runs it at 65 miles an hour, he is then only making up one minute in every 13 miles, and if he runs at 70 miles an hour he makes up one minute in every seven miles. He is probably timed to make it necessary to do the ten miles about as fast as he can every day, so that trying to gain even a couple of minutes in this length is out of the question. Again, if he relaxes the speed ten miles, say, to fifty, he is losing time at the rate of one minute in every five miles. Thus from a speed of 60 an increase of ten miles only gains one minute in every seven miles, but a decrease of ten miles loses one minute in every five miles.—Power.

Measuring a River With a Hat.

You will be surprised, no doubt, when we tell you that a man may measure the width of a river or of any other stream by means of the brim of his hat, provided the ground on his side of the stream extends back level for some distance. Here is the way it is done:

The man stands facing the river and pulls down his hat brim until the edge of it is on an exact line with the edge of the bank on the opposite side of the stream. Then, putting his hand under his chin to steady it, so as to keep his head in the same position, he turns slowly around and notes where the edge of his hat brim cuts the ground on his own side of the river.

The measure of the distance on the level ground will be the width of the river.—Philadelphia Times.

Rubinstein and Bulow.

Rubinstein was undoubtedly inaccurate at times. People who held scores through those long programmes could easily find that out. He not only embroidered even Beethoven, but he would invent Bach. What he invented was probably quite as good as what he happened to forget and always extremely interesting. Still, it was not note for note, and that is what the dulleards gloated over. Bulow was more accurate, but even Bulow forgot or manufactured a bar or two occasionally. But these, if spots, were spots in the sun, and certainly all Rubinstein did or left undone served but to accentuate his individuality and display his genius in new and startling lights.—Fortnightly Review.

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