

WHY IS IT?

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on.
I sometimes wonder which is best,
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night hours go.
Some hearts beat where some hearts break,
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some will faint where some will fight;
Some love the tent and some the field.
I often wonder who are right—
The ones who strive or those who yield.

Some hands fold where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife,
And so through ages and through lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread
In tireless march a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled,
Some seek when others slum the fray.

Some swords rust where others clash;
Some fall back where some move on;
Some flags fall where others flash
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave.
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their names above a grave.
—Father Ryan.

A Prairie Fire.

Describing a prairie fire in "The World of Adventure," the writer says: "A more picturesque scene could hardly be imagined. The night was very dark, but as far as the eye could reach, all across the horizon, about four miles in front of us, was a broad, bright, lurid glare of fire, with a thick canopy of smoke hanging over it, whose fantastic wreaths, as they curled in the breeze, were tinged with the red reflection of the flames. Even at that distance we could hear the crackling and rushing of the fire, which, as it advanced, caused a strong wind. Every now and then a brighter flame would shoot high up into the black cloud of smoke over the top of the hill, illuminating for an instant our tents and wagons in the dark hollow and giving a momentary glimpse of the horses which were picketed on the side of the rise, on the crest of which the figures of the men engaged in lighting the opposition fire—which, as it became too extended, they beat down with blankets, only suffering it to burn a space about 12 feet broad right across the line of the advancing conflagration—stood out in strong relief against the glowing wall of light beyond them, and as they ran, tossing their arms and waving the blankets and little torches of lighted grass, they looked in the distance like demons rather than men."

One of Uncle Sam's Farms.

There is a most beautiful farm situated near the summit of the Little Belts which is still in the possession of Uncle Sam. It is a matter of wonder that no one has yet thought to settle upon it, as its value is destined to be considerable when the boom comes. Its soil is deep and rich, and clear running water crosses its entire length. It lies protected on two sides by heavy timber, pine and fir, and is surrounded by grandly magnificent scenery, such as virgin nature in this picturesque country only is able to supply. Many a weary, heart-sick eastern granger has pined, aged and died in search of such a place. Many a baron, duke or titled son of nobility has squandered a fortune and traveled to the ends of the earth vainly searching for such an estate. And yet there is not one poor son of Japheth, titled or untitled, that we will not conduct to that balmy sunny district, free of charge. All that is required is that he be a citizen of the United States and signifies his willingness to make this lovely nook his home. —Neilhart (Mon.) Herald.

Compensated.

The epigrams of Voltaire, the French philosopher, were often ruthlessly sarcastic and severe. He could, however, exercise tact and gentleness, and as is usually the case with brilliant persons those qualities became him wonderfully well.

He met the famous statesman Turgot, and cordially inquired about his health. "It is as you see," replied Turgot, "I am tormented with gout. I can hardly drag my feet about."
"You remind me of the statue of Nebuchadnezzar, M. Turgot."
"Yes," assented the invalid sadly, "you are right, poet, the statue had feet of clay."
"And a head of gold," cried Voltaire warmly, "remember that, a head of gold." —Youth's Companion.

Riding Astride.

The new woman is only copying after the ancient dame when she rides astride, as is now the fashion of the royal princesses and the leading equestriennes of both England and America. Joan of Arc rode astride at the head of the French army, and Queen Elizabeth used to ride to falcon hunts in this fashion behind Lord Leicester. It was only in the sixteenth century that the sidesaddle came into use in England, and women rode astride in Germany until the close of the eighteenth century. In most foreign countries the fashion of riding on one side has never been adopted by women. —Chicago Tribune.

"In the economy of nature," says a philosopher, "nothing is lost. The inside of an orange may refresh one man, while the outside of the same fruit may serve as the medium for breaking another man's leg."

The Orthodox Jewish congregations in this country number 316. They have 129 synagogues and also use 198 halls. They claim a membership of 87,597.

THE VEILED WARDLER.

A Street Singer That Puzzled the French Capital For Three Months.

Once, and once only, was it given to Paris to be puzzled by a street singer. The apparition only lasted three months, but while it lasted it was most perplexing to us. One evening all the loungers on the boulevards, who were sipping their beer, or "strangling a parrot," as the French phrase hath it to describe the process of imbibing a dose of that subtle poison, abstinent, were mildly bored by observing the approach of three street musicians. One man trundled a piano, a second carried a violin and a third, a tall, slight woman in deep mourning, her crape veil sweeping over her face, took up her station between them. They paused and prepared for action, whereupon many people, knowing the wiles and discord of street music, made ready to leave, when, to the utter amazement of all, to the accompaniment of two fairly good instruments, arose in the night air an exquisitely modulated and very powerful female voice, singing, with a heartbreak in every note, the wild wail of Traviata over her approaching death. "Gran Dio, morir si giovane."

Perhaps the voice gained by the surprise of the public, perhaps it was aided by the stillness of the sultry air, but certainly it sounded most divine. Thunders of applause and a rain of coin, both gold and silver, rewarded the trio's efforts, but they never gave but two songs per evening and then disappeared. The adventurous men who followed the supple grace of the woman's tall figure returned discomfited, scared away by the transient aspect of her two companions. During that whole summer the strange band would reappear every night, and every night would reap a harvest, but when the summer departed they, too, vanished and never again reappeared. The Veiled Songstress, as she was called, came from the darkness and vanished into the night, and who she was or where she vanished is a mystery. Of course the police knew, but the archives of the prefecture are sacred from the gaze of the profane, and as that is the case, and as Paris forgets as speedily as she adores wildly, we had the arithmetical puzzle, haundi, the lightning calculator, to distract our attention that autumn in front of the cafe, so the Veiled Songstress sank out of sight, and the waves of oblivion have closed over her now and forever. —Paris Letter.

GREENLAND'S SUMMER.

Professor Heilprin Corrects Some Popular Misconceptions About It.

As with many of the foreign countries, there is a wrong impression existing in the minds even of well bred persons with reference to the nature of the peninsula of Greenland. It is supposed to be a cheerless waste of ice and snow, and indeed a land of desolation. On first acquaintance the country does not seem calculated to inspire enthusiasm, but this feeling soon wears away and the returned traveler from Greenland is smitten with "the arctic fever," the principal symptom of which is a longing to return to these northern shores. Professor Angelo Heilprin, in his interesting account of the Peary relief expedition conducted by him, thus speaks of Greenland:

"Once the foot has been set upon the mirrored rocks the charms of this garden spot are by one unfold themselves. The little patches of green are aglow with bright flowers, rich in the colors which a bounteous nature has provided. The botanical eye readily distinguished among these mountain pink, the dwarf rhododendron, several pieces of heath, the crowfoot, chickweed and poppy, with their varying tints of red, white and yellow. Gay butterflies flit through the warm sunshine, casting their shadows over 'forests' of diminutive birch and willow.

"Here and there a stray bee hums in search of sweets among the pollen grains, while, from afar, woven through the music of gurgling rills and brooks, come the melodious strains of thousands of mosquitoes, who ever cheerfully lend their aid to give voice to the landscape. Above this peaceful scene tower the dark red cliffs of basalt, which from a height of 2,000 feet look down on a sea of Mediterranean loveliness, blue as the waters of Villafranca and calm as the surface of an interior lake. Over its bosom float hundreds of icebergs, the output of the great Jacobshavn glacier, 50 miles to the eastward, scattered like flocks of white sheep in pasture.

"Such was the summer picture of the region about Disco as it was found by the writer in two successive seasons. There was little of that Greenland look about it which we habitually associate with the region, nothing of those terrors which to the average mind reflect the qualities of the arctic world."

His Spree.

Youngster (who has just had a penny given to him)—"Ow much is them grapes, mister?"
Shopkeeper (amused)—"They are 4s. 6d. a pound, my lad."
Youngster—Well, then, give us a 'a'porth o' carrots. I'm a demon for fruit.—London Tit-Bits.

Life Is Short.

Citizens—J wonder how it is that so few women stutter when they talk.
Wittic—They haven't time.—Tammany Times.

PROHIBITION DISCUSSED!

LETTER FROM REV. JAS. H. JELBART.

Answering Rev. Kelley's Article on Why Prohibitionists Do Not Vote Their Ticket.

STANTON, Pa., Oct. 21, 1895.
ED. STAR:—I beg the use of a little of your valuable space for the purpose of making a little comment on the three reasons given by Rev. E. Lewis Kelley for not voting the Prohibition ticket, published in the last issue of the *Volunteer* and *Punxsutawney Spirit*.

1st. "The vile epithets applied to Christians who vote otherwise." It is indeed to be regretted that some of our public speakers have been too apt pupils of old party stump speakers, and have degraded the platform of the reformer with the methods of the defamer, but that this should be given by a Christian minister as a reason for not voting this ticket, in the light of facts, is astonishing, unless indeed he takes the very small horn of his closing dilemma and refuses to vote at all.

Even Mr. Kelley will not deny that the stock in trade of the average old party stump is billings-gate and that the successful campaigner is the one that can most roundly abuse the opposing parties.

The consciences of some men must certainly play peculiar pranks with their passions when they will not permit them to vote the Prohibition ticket because their speakers use the naughty word, hypocrite, but will permit them to overlook all of the scurrility of old party orators, wink at the self-confessed corruption of old party politics, as exhibited in the late contest in this county between Weaver and Bond, and the more recent fight in the state between Quay and the Hog Combine, and go on voting the ticket. Verily this is straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel with a vengeance.

If the *Punxsutawney Spirit* has correctly quoted the *Evening*, a leading Baptist organ, Mr. Kelley stands in need of quitting the ministry of his church, that is if he wishes to be consistent. It reports certain ministers as calling prohibition candidates "temperance cranks." Calls prohibition "rag-babyism, petticoatism, socialism and populism, as being an aggregate of political heresy and humbug." Certainly the pure mind of our critic can not endure this. This is as near billings-gate as we would expect a minister to approach. I very much fear, however, that in political matters consistency, on its journey from Jerusalem to Jericho, has been set upon by robbers and beaten and left half dead, and priestly and Levitical passers by draw their robes about them and pass by on the other side, leaving it to its fate.

2nd. "The misrepresentation of facts." But he fails to state what facts are misrepresented. He complains that our speakers say the government is of, by and for the saloon. We should be happy to know that this is untrue. But is it? Can a political party nominate and elect a ticket without the consent of the saloon? Which is the most potent factor in determining elections in Reynoldsville, the teachings of Mr. Kelley and his colleagues of the different pulpits, or the doctrines taught in and around the saloons? When a campaigner strikes the town, does he call together the ministers and leading members of the different churches for the purpose of placing his interests before the people or does he call to his aid the saloon element?

His conclusion from this statement, viz: "that the saloon has given us the best government, the happiest people and the most prosperous country on the globe," is no evidence of his intelligence. Our form of government was established before the saloon became a factor in American politics and hence had nothing to do with it. That we are the happiest people is strangely out of harmony with the social and industrial unrest that prevades the atmosphere, and with the poverty and destitution everywhere prevalent. Our country is the most prosperous country on the globe, not because of the saloon but in spite of it. That the statement is largely true is evidenced by the deference paid to the saloon by old partyists. Quite recently, in talking with a republican and a democrat on the subject, I asked, "Why do you not, in your party platforms, antagonize the saloon?" and both replied, "That would mean political suicide."

He says: "The case with which they settle all the great social and economic questions that puzzle our brainiest men is appalling." But I submit to an unprejudiced public that it is not nearly so appalling as the spectacle of old party legislators fruitlessly wrangling over them, with a cost to the people of millions of dollars. The manner in which our speakers have thus far settled them is at least inexpensive. The manifest

incompetency of those whom the old parties have elected to state and national office should furnish material for the brother's criticism.

The third reason is a very thin and badly arranged apron of fig leaves with which he seeks to cover the nakedness of his anti-prohibition principles.

Mr. Kelley has followed in the footsteps of the lowly Man of Nazareth to no purpose, if he has discovered no misery, poverty, wrecked homes as the fruit of the saloon, and it illy becomes he or any other lover of sobriety and purity and the home to put weapons in the hands of the saloon with which to beat down them that at least are making an honest effort to overthrow it.

Now I have two or three propositions, then I close:

The saloon is an evil.
It is entrenched in politics.
It can only be overthrown by political action.

Will Mr. Kelley or his "just as good temperance men as you" colleagues suggest a plan by which our long cherished object may be obtained.

That our plan is perfect we have never claimed, that there is ground for criticism, we do not deny. But our ecclesiastical critics offer us nothing in its stead except the stereotyped methods that have long since been proven failures and upon which the saloonatic grows fat.

Come now, brethren, be honest with us. We want to co-operate with all good men in some plan for the overthrow of the liquor traffic.

J. H. JELBART.

Kael's Clover Root will purify your blood, clear your complexion, regulate your bowels and make your head clear as a bell. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sold by J. C. King & Co.

Street Ordinances.

No. 35.
AN ORDINANCE authorizing the opening of the extension of Ninth street (formerly Bradford street) from the East line of Main street between the lot of Jerry Heckman and the school house lot through the property of Charles Prescott to the West line of Grant street according to the accompanying plan.

WHEREAS, The Town Council of the Borough of Reynoldsville deem it necessary to open the extension of Ninth street aforesaid to the West line of Grant street, therefore

SECTION 1. Be it ordained and enacted by the Town Council of the Borough of Reynoldsville, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, that the street committee be and is hereby authorized and directed to cause to be surveyed and opened the extension of Ninth street (formerly called Bradford street) from the East line of Main street between the lot of Jerry Heckman and the school house lot through the property of Charles Prescott to the West line of Grant street at a width of fifty feet in accordance with the accompanying plan.

SECTION 2. The damages caused thereby and the damages caused by the grade thereof and the benefits to pay the same to be assessed and collected in accordance with the provisions of the Acts of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania relating thereto and regulating the same.

SECTION 3. All ordinances or parts of ordinances conflicting herewith be, and the same are hereby repealed.

Ordained and enacted into a law this 7th day of October, A. D. 1895.

Attest,
SCOTT McCLELLAND,
President of Council.
J. S. HAMMOND, Secretary.
Burgess' Office, October 12, A. D. 1895.
Approved, SAMUEL LATTIMER,
Burgess.

No. 36.
AN ORDINANCE authorizing the opening of the extension of Willow Alley, from the line between Charles Prescott and Jerry Heckman and Chas. Mathews, through lands of Charles Mathews, Joseph Speers and the heirs of Mrs. Charles Burns to the North-west line of an extension of Tenth (formerly Taylor) street, and the assessment of damages caused thereby and by the grade thereof, according to the accompanying plan.

WHEREAS, The Town Council of the Borough of Reynoldsville deem it necessary to open the extension of Willow Alley, from the line between Charles Prescott and Jerry Heckman and Charles Mathews, through lands of Charles Mathews, Joseph Speers, the heirs of Mrs. Charles Burns, deceased, and others, to the North-west line of an extension of Tenth street, at a width of fourteen feet in accordance with the accompanying plan.

SECTION 1. Be it ordained and enacted by the Town Council of the Borough of Reynoldsville, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, that the Street Committee be and is hereby authorized and directed to cause to be surveyed and opened the extension of Willow Alley, from the line between Charles Prescott and Jerry Heckman and Charles Mathews, through lands of Charles Mathews, Joseph Speers, the heirs of Mrs. Charles Burns, deceased, and others, to the North-west line of an extension of Tenth street, at a width of fourteen feet in accordance with the accompanying plan.

SECTION 2. The damages caused thereby, and the damages caused by the grade thereof, and the benefits to pay the same to be assessed and collected in accordance with the Acts of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania relating thereto and regulating the same.

SECTION 3. All ordinances or parts of ordinances conflicting herewith be, and the same are hereby repealed.

Ordained and enacted into a law this 7th day of October, A. D. 1895.

Attest,
SCOTT McCLELLAND,
Pres. of Council.
J. S. HAMMOND, Sec.
Burgess' Office, October 12, A. D. 1895.
Examined and approved,
SAMUEL LATTIMER, Burgess.

DRESS GOODS!

We have just returned from the Eastern markets with a full supply of Dress Goods. Our shelves and counters are running over with choice styles of both Foreign and Domestic Novelties in Fine Dress Fabrics. Our stock offers the greatest possible range for selection in newest and choicest dress materials of the season and latest styles of trimmings.

Coats and Capes!

We have a large assortment of coats and capes in our coat room. Correct styles and rock bottom prices. We handle only new goods of the latest styles. Please do not buy until you see our line. It will be to your advantage to see our coats and capes before buying elsewhere.

NOTIONS!

Our Notion Department is filled with anything you want in the notion line. Call and look at our new goods and large stock.

BING & CO., Nolan Block.

JOB WORK!

THE Job Work Department OF The Star Office Is replete with the Latest Styles of Types. Neat Work Done on Short Notice!

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AN Astounding Soap Sale!

The Eighth Wonder of the World, now on exhibition in our show window, a fac-simile of the great U. S. Administration Building of the Columbian Exposition, built out of 14,322 cakes of fine Medicated Toilet Castile Soap, making the largest and finest display of Toilet Soap ever attempted in the world, and is the greatest Soap Bargain ever offered in America.

2 Cakes for 5c.

Everybody welcome to all they want of it at this price. This soap has been made especially for us by the Cincinnati Soap Co. whose soaps have been the standard for over a quarter of a century, and to introduce their soap thoroughly in Reynoldsville and vicinity, they permit us to sell it 2 cakes for 5c. for a limited time. This gives us power to save money for all persons. It is so cheap that it can be no cheaper and so good that it can be no better.

The rich, the poor, the learned and the unlearned meet on one level; the poor can afford a nice toilet soap at this price and the rich can get no better. This soap has a phenomenal sale in all large cities of the country, and we intend to give the people of Reynoldsville and vicinity the same advantage as New York, Chicago and other cities have. This is an excellent, pure Toilet Soap and is really worth 10c. a cake. Remember 2 cakes for 5c. Sale begins Thursday. Come early before the rush.

A. D. DEEMER & CO.,
Ags. for Reynoldsville and Vicinity.