

HORSE BLOCKS.

These Were Made Out of Safes That Had Been Robbed.

Not long ago a Star writer had occasion to be in western Missouri. Just north of Kansas City about 12 miles is the little town of Parkville. It is built up on the two sides of a valley which opens against the broad Missouri, and the hamlet might contain perhaps 50 houses. Among other matters, however, it shelters a seminary of considerable local fame which teaches both boys and girls the higher branches of an education, but with which just now we have nothing to do. The main street of the village runs along the bottom of the valley at right angles with the Missouri river.

The Star writer was sitting in front of one of the stores smoking a very bad cigar of local origin and conversing with the merchant who had sold it. It was about 8 o'clock in the afternoon, and many of the country people were coming into town. A country girl of the region came cantering up on a bareback horse and slid off on what, now that The Star man's attention was called to it, he noticed was a queer sort of horse block.

It was nothing more or less than an old rusty safe of considerable size. It had apparently lain there for years and when examined disclosed a suspicious looking hole in one side, clearly the work of explosives. At this point the attention of the investigator from the east was called to two other safes, similarly exploded and also lying on their sides in the street and doing duty as horse blocks.

"How about these safes?" asked The Star man of the Parkville merchant.

"What story goes with them?"

"Nuthin' much of a story," remarked the Parkville merchant, helping himself to a thoughtful chew of tobacco.

"Them safes have laid right there where you all see 'em since '73. They wuz dragged out there and busted by Quantrell and Jess and Frank James and the Younger brothers, along with the rest of Quantrell's gang. They come chargin' down the street one day in June and tuk the town in about a minute and a half and then went for them safes. Money wuz mighty popular with Quantrell and the James boys, and they usually went arter all they heard of."

"How much did they get from the safes?"

"I dunno how much they got from them on t'other side of the street," said the Parkville man. "They hunted \$3,000 out'n mine," and here he pointed sadly at the safe nearest to him, the one on which the young rustic had just alighted.

"Was that safe yours?" was asked.

"Yes," he answered. "I kep' store then right whar I do now and jest as I do now."

"Why haven't you removed the safes?"

"What's the use?" observed the Parkville man. "They ain't in nobody's way, and they do first rate for horse blocks. Nuthin' thing, we ain't got no carts nor tackle strong enough to move 'em nohow. So we jest let 'em go as they lay, as they say in fero."—Washington Star.

Indian Territory Town Sites.

Ex-Senator Henry L. Dawes, the chairman of the Indian commission, says that the town site question in the Indian Territory has become one of great importance. There are now about 300,000 white people in the Indian Territory. They have built up towns, but are mere tenants at sufferance, without a particle of title to the lands on which they built. The Indian courts are closed against them, as are the Indian schools to their children, 30,000 of whom have no other opportunity for schooling, excepting those whose parents are able to hire private teachers. They have no voice in the governments of these five nations, nor a police officer to protect them or their property against violence.

It will be the object of the commission, first, to obtain such a solution of the town site question that those who have built up these towns and invested large sums in costly buildings and expensive stores and trading places may have some title to the ground upon which the structures stand and some voice in their government, and, secondly, to see that the vast and valuable territory shall be held either according to the original title, for all Indians equally, or shall be allotted in severalty to them, so that each may hold his own share in fee.

Fad and Tip.

A recently published article on the derivation of the word "fad" speaks of it as being of Welsh origin, giving "ffodd" as the root word. A correspondent writes on the subject: "The word 'fad' is a manufactured word, not given by Worcester. It has been in use only a short time, comparatively, and while it may be derived from the Welsh it is more probable that it is made from the initial letters of the words 'for a day.' The word 'tip' originated, it is said, in that way. The story goes that in an old time English tavern a receipt for small coin was placed in a conspicuous place over which appeared the legend, 'To insure promptness.' Whatever was placed in the box was given to the servants. Other taverns followed the example, and soon the three words were written 'T. I. P.', everybody knowing what they indicated. Then the punctuation marks were dropped, and the word 'tip' was born. 'Fad' and 'tip' are of the same class and kind."

THE MYSTERIOUS HAYSEED.

He Didn't Talk Much, but When He Did He Frightened the Crook.

It was while Tom Byrnes was superintendent of police that one day a middle aged man walked into a popular Greenwich street restaurant and called for a broiled beefsteak. Men do that every day, but this particular man wore long hair, which was brushed behind his ears, and had a smooth face, save a little tuft of chin whisker. He was dressed in a gray suit and carried a carpet satchel.

There was no question that the man was from the "rooral district," for one could almost see the hayseed in his unshorn locks, and his pockets were apparently bulging with corn husks. The stranger had no more than seated himself when a well dressed, smart looking young man entered and took a seat at the same table. He also ordered a steak. In due time they were served. The countryman went to work industriously and was soon enjoying his meal. Not so his vis-a-vis. The young man complained that his meat was tough—tough as sole leather.

"How's yours, stranger?" he asked.

"Mine's all right," was the reply, with a nasal twang.

But try as he would the young fellow couldn't induce the other to talk with him. Finally he said it was a shame to serve such a steak. He declared he believed the cook had wiped the floor with it, it was so full of grit.

The stranger looked up, and fixing a piercing gray eye on the young man quietly but significantly remarked:

"If Byrnes knew you were down here, you would be eating worse steak than that."

The young fellow turned pale and dropped his jaw, also his knife and fork. His appetite seemed to have suddenly left him. He called for his check, paid it and left the restaurant in a hurry.

It was Ike Vail, who was "sent up" afterward for swindling a man with a Confederate \$50 bill.

The mysterious stranger man was none other than—"but that's another story," as Kipling would remark.—New York Journal.

COUNT ITO'S HEROIC WIFE.

Dragged by the Hair, She Would Not Betray Her Lover.

Of Count Ito, the distinguished Japanese statesman, Sir Edwin Arnold gives this interesting incident: "Laid at table with the ex-premier and his wife and children. The countess, quiet, gentle, motherly and wearing spectacles, carrying the tai and the kamo with such matronly serenity, had yet a history of romance and devotion which could make the wildest fictionist's fortune."

"Long ago in those dark and bloody days when the minister was her lover and a fugitive from his enemies there came a time when they had tracked him to her house and had chosen a band of Soshis to assassinate him. The noise of their elogs and the rattling of their scabbards were heard, and the count, trapped like a stag in his mountain pleasure, drew his Bizen blade and prepared to die as a Japanese lord should amid a circle of dead foes. But while he murmured 'Saganore' and knitted his fingers around the shark skin hilt of his sword that brave lady whose guest I was whispered: 'Do not die. There is hope still.' Upon which she removed the hibachi, or firebox, over which they were sitting, and lifting up the matting and planks beneath induced her lover to conceal himself in the hollow space which exists under the floor of all Japanese homes. The murderers broke into the room, a ferocious band, just as the firebox had been replaced, and the countess had assumed a position of non-chalance.

"They demanded their victim, and when she protested against their intrusion and bade them search if they wanted Ito, the wretches dragged her around the apartment by her long, beautiful black hair, now touched with silver, and grievously maltreated her, but could not shake her resolute fidelity. Thanks to this, Count Ito, the hero of many another strange adventure, escaped from the chief peril of his career and has lived to give his country a new constitution and to be one of the foremost and best respected statesmen of modern Japan."

Brooch and Chatelaine.

The day of the brooch and chatelaine for watches is over. The watch chain again asserts itself. Watches no longer swing from enameled flowers or jeweled bars. Instead they are hidden away in a watch pocket, and a black silk cord or a narrow ribbon is their main support. Old fashioned broad gold watch chains are not yet the vogue, but as time goes on they probably will be. At present silk cords in black and dark shades are considered the proper thing. Summer girls, however, are substituting for the gold watch chain a narrow satin ribbon which matches in color the gown with which it is worn. A few exceedingly fine gold chains are seen.

Single Men Chastised.

Plato condemned the single men to a fine, and in Sparta they were driven at stated times to the temple of Hercules by the women, who there drilled them in true military style.

Married a Foreigner.

"So old Brown is married at last?" "Yes, and a furriner, I 'eard." "A foreigner? No, an English lady." "Oh, I 'eard as 'ow she was a Tartar."—London Judy.

HOW HE WORKED A MINE.

The Sheep Mountaineer Enlightens the College Bred Inquirer.

"How do we work a mine?" exclaimed the Sheep mountaineer. "Well, you unsophisticated, undeveloped outcroppings of the land of the rising sun, I'll proceed to enlighten your beclouded college bred understanding."

The college bred young man from the land of the rising sun sat down on a \$300 to the ten chunk of ore and turned his undivided attention to listening to a discourse on mineralogy.

"We first prospect around until we find a tunnel in on the jugular vein and a pile of ore on the dump. Then if the other fellow ain't looking we jump. Then we proceed to sink a shaft on the float, gather all the gangue and sack it, being careful to preserve technical phrases in mineralogical science in so doing. Then we prospect the stockholders with an assessment, and if they don't come down put in a blast. At this point we call the roll, grab a No. 4 warranted not to rip, wear, tear, ravel, cut or run down at the heel ragical, tragical, irrasive smelter and run up our stack. If the other fellow holds the best hand, the stack will diminish, and we consequently drift for a pay streak. If we don't get through drifting by fall, it's the first thing we go at in the spring. We now concentrate our efforts, and if the silver panned out don't have the eagle stamped on it we sample the outcropping in every saloon within a radius of ten miles and take a fresh chew of tobacco. Then we get to work in earnest, salt the dump and go east and sell all the stock we can. We return, renew our grub pile, pack it into the cabin and wait for spring to open and the snow to go off. During this period we amuse ourselves playing seven up for the drinks. We then import a mining and civil engineer, run a few levels, cross-cut for another assessment, get it, cave in the shaft and abandon the property. Then"—The Sheep mountaineer paused for a moment to catch his breath, but the moment was fatal to his learned discourse, for the college bred young man from the land of the rising sun feebly reached for his pick, staggered slowly to his feet, looked wildly through the limpid atmosphere toward the summit of Sheep mountain and disappeared behind the giant outcroppings of the Big Eliza lode.—Lump City Miner.

How to Make a New Face.

Skin removing for beautifying purposes is having a great vogue among the women who can afford it. At present the price for making over the face of a woman under 50 is \$50. An older subject who is greatly wrinkled has to pay \$100. The operation confines one to her room for five days and is somewhat painful, but not unbearably so, as the skin removing paste contains cocaine to numb the surface it rests upon. An old thing is that if you have your wrinkles removed before you are really an old woman they will come again as you advance to the wrinkled age, but if you have them removed after you are as wrinkled as you are ever likely to be they do not return. And a danger of the operation, so far as its complete success goes, is that you will move your face while the paste is getting in its deadly work. If you do, a wrinkle forms and cannot be got rid of. Literally you must bear the pain with an absolutely placid countenance. Even a grin is detrimental.—Philadelphia Times.

Eyes and Electric Lights.

Physicians declare that electric lights will in time work blindness to many people. What the cool, restful green or soft dusks are to the eyes the tranquil companionship of a rural few which grows to candid friendship, unweaved by distrust, is to one's mental health. Again their manifold fetors fill the night, and are more or less absorbed by the lungs, and must conduce to one's deterioration. The urban monster despoils the man, and the woman, of course, as well.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Ancient Ropes.

While conducting a series of tests with a 100 ton testing machine at the Yorkshire college in England, which included the testing of a steel wire rope, Professor Goodman stated that such ropes were not a modern invention, and that he had recently seen a bronze wire rope one-half inch in diameter and from 20 to 30 feet long, which had been found buried in the ruins of Pompeii, and which must have been at least 1,900 years old.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Women who have a fancy for heavier perfumes than delicate toilet waters and clean smelling colognes, and who affect some special essence, are not always aware, perhaps, that few of the flowers after which their favorite odors are named play any part in contributing to the rich fragrance.

In the "great fire of London," 1666, 13,200 houses, churches, halls, libraries, hospitals, etc., were destroyed and only six lives lost.

The average rainfall of Great Britain is estimated to equal 630,000 gallons per acre every year—almost 3,000 tons.

In 1880 the approximate wealth of the country was \$43,642,000,000, an average of \$870 to each individual.

The Aroostook, in Maine, was named from an Indian word meaning "good men."

The Happy Mallorquin.

As for the people, be it understood that a Mallorquin is no more a Spaniard than a Shetlander is a Scot. Like his Moro-Aragonese forbears, he is a lazy, ill conditioned, unenterprising sloth, with but one idea of life—that of siesta. The number of those who live by active and visible labor is astonishingly small. The first thing that strikes you on landing in Palma is that it is a place where everything long ago left off happening. Of life there it may truly be said, "Les jours se suivent et se ressemblent." Palma is as quiet as Malta is noisy, and that is saying a good deal. Food is cheap and abundant.

A robber is as rare as a beggar, and life and property are perfectly secure in every corner of the island. The people, if not active in the cultivation of moral virtue, at least show a want of sympathy for that which is violent or uncharitable. Though ignorant, idle and superstitious, they are honest and inoffensive and live in the bond of peace. If a couple of common folk have a difference, they straighten it out with their fists, and neither is the worse.—Chambers' Journal.

A Natural Bridge Pier.

One of the oldest bridge "bents," or piers, in this country is to be found in Sonoma county, Cal. Two large redwood trees growing side by side support the timbers and rails of a bridge which crosses a small ravine or creek at a place where the roadbed is 75 feet above the water. Californians refer to it as "the only natural wooden bridge in the world."—St. Louis Republic.

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 plat or 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 St.) 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 Penn'a 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.

SCOTT McCLELLAND, President of Council.

J. S. HAMMOND, Secy.

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 Northwest 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 Northwest 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 Northwest 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.

SCOTT McCLELLAND, Pres. of Council.

J. S. HAMMOND, Sec.

Burgess' Office, October 12, A. D. 1895.

Examined and approved, SAMUEL LATTIMER, Burgess.

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