

RED TAPE IN SENEGAL.

How a Traveler May Get a Bath in That Country.

A young French explorer, M. Gaston Donnet, contributes to Le Revue Bleue some vivid descriptions of the French colony of Senegal. The following happened at St. Louis, the capital, a dull, unprogressive French colonial town, eaten up with red tape and officialism.

"Certainly. Take seats. Your names, surnames and birthplace?" "But we only want a bath."

"Exactly. What is your name, and are you government servants, soldiers or officers? No. Well, the rules do not provide for this. Wait a minute. I will read them over again. Yes, here is your case. You first make out on stamped paper an application to the governor of the colony. After favorable notice from the governor you send another application to the chief colonial doctor, who will send for you and will examine you."

"But we are not ill." "It is the rule. Having examined you, the doctor will give you two non-commissioned officers' bath tickets, to be delivered to the assistant doctor."

"Why non-commissioned officers' bath?" "Mon Dieu! In our accounts we recognize only two categories of persons, officers and civil servants, the latter taking rank with officers. You are not official at all. If officers were to find you in their baths, they would probably make a row."

"How long will all these formalities take?" "Oh, nothing at all—two or three days, provided that your application is approved at government house."

A MILLIONAIRE'S AMUSEMENT.

The Now Wealthy Ex-Junkman Spends His Time in Whittling.

A millionaire must be allowed to have some amusements, and if he is disposed to amuse himself in ways that would not be at all amusing to the big public made of men who are not millionaires he must certainly be accorded the privilege.

One of Chicago's greatest stockmen and packers was once a dealer in junk, and it is said that he once went about gathering old iron himself. Now he is reputed to be worth \$25,000,000, and rumor says that he has his property in such shape that he could, if he chose, raise a larger sum in cash than any other man in Chicago.

Each morning the millionaire's man comes into his office with a bundle of clean pine sticks, which he places in a corner not far from the millionaire's desk. When the millionaire has read his morning mail, and business men come in to see him, he takes one of the sticks, and with a big, old-fashioned jackknife whittles it into bits, the shavings falling on the floor. Sometimes he walks up and down—he walks much—and whittles. By the time business is done for the day his office looks like a carpenter shop and the bundle of pine sticks has vanished. The harder the business problems he has to meet the harder he whittles. And that is the way he amuses himself.—Chicago Record.

The Making of Tubing.

One of the most important parts of the bicycle, because it is the most in evidence, is the tubing. The manufacture of tubing is now carried on to a large extent in this country, although it is but recently that the home production has reached a stage of perfection where it could successfully compete with that of the English concerns.

There are a number of methods of making tubing, but the one mostly in vogue at present is what is termed the cold drawn process, and it is of this style of tubing that all the high grade machines are at present being made. The machinery required is ponderous, and the power required to draw out a piece of steel without heating it is another exhibition of the perfection of modern machinery.

There are a number of variations to the method employed, one of which consists in taking a piece of steel in the shape of a bar or ingot. This is bored through a die, after which it is heated and treated to a bath in a secret preparation which removes the temper that the drawing process imparts. This is repeated a number of times, and each die used is smaller than its predecessor, with the result that the tube grows smaller and longer. This is continued till the tube is the right diameter and gauge.—Chicago Tribune.

To Prevent Chapping.

As cold weather approaches women try to devise means for preventing hands and lips from chapping. An excellent remedy to prevent chapping is cold cream. The manicurist told me that it also whitens the skin more than any preparation. It has taken the place of the old time remedy—mutton suet. It should be well rubbed into the skin, and gloves—preferably white—slipped on. The palms of the gloves should be slit in several places to allow the air and prevent cramp of the muscles, and the finger tips clipped off.

Vaseline should never touch the hands. It turns the skin yellow and leaves a stain on the nails that is hard to clear away.—New York World.

Removes the Odors.

A paste of ground mustard and water is a first rate agent for removing traces of disagreeable smelling substances from the hands, such as salts of valerianic acid, cod liver oil, etc. Huver claims that any oily seeds when powdered will answer this purpose. The smell of carbolic acid may be removed by rubbing with dampened flaxseed meal.

Grumblers.

How full the world is of grumblers! Many of the same people who would in summer because it is warm scold the next winter because it is cold. There is no point between zero and the nineties that suits them. Whether the gray clouds yield rain or snow makes no matter. Neither is wanted. If skies are clear, somebody's cistern needs rain. If the showers descend, somebody's feathers are ruined. It would add much to our happiness and detract much from the fatal tendency to grow old if we would strive after contentment and cease worrying over the inevitable. The truly happy are the happy go lucky, who take everything as it comes and make the best of it.

If it rains, all that is left to do is to put up our umbrella, if we are so fortunate as to have one, and trudge along. Wet feet and bedraggled skirts won't kill one any more than poverty and drudgery will, if there is something within us too sunny for poverty to cloud and too noble for drudgery to debase. The person who spends his life scolding because things don't go to suit him is like the fly on the king's chariot wheel. Things may not be planned exactly for the comfort of the fly, but his protest will never stop the procession. The best tactics for flies and grumblers to pursue is to take what comes along and be glad it is no worse.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Loving Too Late.

Not long ago I met a young lady in poverty whom I had previously known in wealth, and this was in substance the story she told me: "Father died suddenly in Washington, and the professional skill through which he had coined money for us died with him. I am not weeping because we are poor. I am broken hearted because none of us saw that he was dying. Was it not pitiful that he should think it best not to tell any of us that he was sick? And I, his petted daughter, though I knew he was taking opium to soothe his great pain, was so absorbed by my lovers, my games and my dresses that I just hoped it would all come right. If I could only remember that even once I had pitied his suffering or felt anxious about his life, I might bear his loss better!"

The story is common enough. Many a father, year after year, goes in and out of his home carrying the burden and doing the labor of life, while those whom he tenderly loves hold with but careless hands all of honor and gold he wins by toil and pain. Then some day his head and hands can work no more! And the hearts that have not learned the great lesson of unselfish love while love was their teacher must now begin their sad duty when love has left them alone forever.—Amelia E. Barr in Ladies' Home Journal.

Caterpillars and Eye Diseases.

It will come as a surprise to many of our readers that caterpillars are responsible for an affection of the eyes which may entail prolonged suffering and even result in serious damage to vision. That such is the case has been abundantly proved by a number of instances on record in which more or less intractable inflammation of the eyes has been found to be associated with the presence of hairs which, after removal, have been identified as belonging to the genus caterpillar. At a meeting of the Ophthalmological society a case was related in which a lad was struck in the eye by a caterpillar thrown at him by a playful schoolfellow. He picked up the insect to examine it, and the hand which seized it became red and developed papules and other indications of local irritation. A day or two later the eye became the seat of what proved to be a very troublesome inflammation, associated with the presence of rounded elevations due to an accumulation of cells around the imbedded hairs, which were subsequently discovered and removed.—Medical Press.

Does a Deer Challenge?

I will try to reply to your question, "Does a deer challenge?" In the Lake Superior region it is not an uncommon thing to hear a buck whistle, as we call it. He may be following the trail of another buck, or may be only disturbed by the hunter. The sound is somewhat like escaping steam, but shrill and loud enough to be heard from a fourth to a half of a mile. I have known one, after being slightly wounded, to take cover in a dense swamp and repeatedly send forth his angry challenge. The sound is, I think, produced by the throat and mouth and would require the head to be elevated and mouth slightly open. I am of the opinion that this is the only note of anger or warning that the white tail deer gives.—Forest and Stream.

A Practical Husband.

Surely the Monmouthshire man who caused his wife's wedding ring to be inscribed, "If thee doesn't work, thee shasn't eat," was determined that there should be no mistake in what he required in a wife. The only wonder is how any woman could be induced to marry him with such a threat before her eyes. The exact date of this ring is not known, but it is previous to the eighteenth century.—Chambers' Journal.

A Smart Reply.

The burgomaster of A— was invited to attend a centenary celebration. He declined with thanks, adding that it was impossible for him to take part in the proceedings on this occasion, but that he would be most happy to come next time.—Zondagblad.

In the folklore of almost every country the magic figures vary largely. In popular superstitions to see one magpie is unlucky; to see two denotes marriage; to see three, a successful journey; four, good news; five, company.

Bedquills made of perforated sheets of white paper are becoming quite popular in Europe, especially in England, Holland and France.

Kissed by Henry Clay.

There is left the little girl—now no longer a little girl—the proudest recollection of whose life is of the kisses Mr. Clay used to give her, and for which, with business exactness, he always paid her with a silver 10 cent piece deposited in her sunbonnet. She now confesses that when she saw the statesman approaching she learned to lay this bonnet upon the table of her father's shop, that it might be well in evidence and the impressive ceremony of the dime and the salutation might not be omitted before the Whig leader, her father, and several other old cronies, settled down for their regular afternoon discussion of national affairs—for all Kentuckians are politicians.—Century.

She Controls a Newspaper.

Under the able management of Mrs. Marie Louise Myrick the American Times-Recorder continues doing magnificent work. It is a fact not generally known to the public that last January Captain Myrick turned over to his wife the editorial management of The Times-Recorder, devoting his time to the business of the paper. Since that time she has managed the editorial department, superintended the local, and, in fact, had absolute editorial control. The Times-Recorder is unquestionably one of the brightest and best of Georgia's dailies and is always found on the side of the people.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Important Item.

Do not waste your money on vile, watery mixtures compounded by inexperienced persons when W. B. Alexander, sole agent, will give you a bottle of Otto's Cure free of charge. If you have coughs, colds, asthma, consumption, or any disease of the throat or lungs, a few doses of this great guaranteed remedy will surprise you. Hold a bottle of Otto's Cure to the light and observe its beautiful golden color and thick, heavy syrup. Samples free; large bottle 50c.

Not His Turn to Laugh.

Stranger—You are the only gentleman in the room. Guest—In what way, sir? Stranger—When I tripped in the dance and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh. Guest—The lady is my wife and I paid for the dress.—London Tit-Bits.

Anticipated Pleasure.

Pleasure owes its greatest zest to anticipation. The promise of a dollar fiddle will keep a schoolboy in happiness for a year. The fun connected with its possession will expire in an hour. Now, what is true of schoolboys is equally true of men. All they differ in is the price of their fiddles.—New York Ledger.

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

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Have just received our Fall Stock, consisting of Latest Styles and Width in Narrow, Opera Toe, Needle Narrow, Square Toe. We will quote a few of our prices: Ladies' fine dongola in but ton or lace, worth \$1.50, 1.18; ladies' Liona kid, in opera, narrow, square toe, patent tip, worth 1.75, 1.28; ladies' fine glove kid, regular price 2.50, 1.98; fine line of ladies' plain toe, formerly sold at 2.50, 1.68; fine line of oil grain and warm lined shoes, worth 1.75, 1.23. Ask to see our much talked of Tokio shoe. It cannot be beaten for style, finish and durability. It is a daisy. Fine line of men's congress worth \$1.50, our price 1.15; fine line of men's lace, worth 2.00, 1.48; call and see our cork sole in congress or lace, formerly 3.00, 2.23; fine line of boys' school shoes, formerly 1.25, 98c.; we have a large stock of school shoes which we will close out at cost; a lot of shoes, sizes 3 to 5, for 23c.; carpet slippers, 20c.; an old ladies' fine slipper, 38c.; we handle the celebrated Latrobe shoe, sold all over at 3.00, our price 2.48. Don't delay, but come and look at our special bargains. Gilblom's Live Shoe House, 2nd Door from Postoffice.

A Great Leader.

We are pleased to inform you that we have received the sole agency for Otto's Cure, the great throat and lung healer. Otto's Cure is the great leader of all proprietary preparations for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, etc. We will guarantee Otto's Cure to cure you and if you will call at our store we will give you a bottle of this great guaranteed remedy free of charge. Otto's Cure instantly relieves croup and whooping cough. Don't delay. Samples free. Large bottle 50c. at W. B. Alexander's, sole agent.

Rebuked From the Pulpit.

Preaching in the abbey Canon Willherforce told a good story of the celebrated Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, who dared publicly to express his thankfulness for Jenny Lind's beautiful singing. A member of his congregation, a strait-laced Calvinist, standing on the steps of the pulpit, asked the preacher whether a man dying at one of Jenny Lind's concerts would go to heaven. "Sir," replied Mr. Evans, "a Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies, but a fool remains a fool even on the pulpit steps." Even the sober abbey congregation could hardly stifle its enjoyment of this repartee.—Westminster Gazette.

Resigned to It.

"What does this here 'new woman' talk mean, John?" "Hit means, Maria," replied the old farmer, "that women air a-takin' the places what men occupied. You'll find the plow right where I left it, an when you sharpen the ax you kin sail into a dozen cords o' wood, an I'll have supper a-bilin when you git home!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Appropriate.

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what makes people laugh in their sleeves." "Well, my son, what makes them?" "Cause that's where their funny bone is."—London Quiver.

Historians are now trying to prove that the little village of Yaleta, Tex., is the oldest settlement in the United States.

The highest steeple in the world is that of the Antwerp cathedral—417 feet.

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