

CAUGHT WITH GOLD.

BUT THE MAN EATING SHARK TOOK \$45,000 OF THE BAIT.

The Ex-Diver's Story of an Adventure in the "Great Days"—Silence Smears Itself All Over the Veranda at the Completion of the Yarn.

"I suppose," quoth James T. Gaulin of Winchester, Mass., who was sitting on the hotel veranda, "that I had the honor of killing the most valuable fish that ever swam the seas. I did it single handed too. I aver that this fish was worth more at the time of its death than the finest sperm whale that was ever harpooned, although we should really leave whales out of the question when speaking of fish. It was 30 years ago, and I was young and foolish enough to be a deep sea diver. Our diving schooner and crew had been sent to Cuba to try to recover some stuff from a Spanish boat that had foundered off the coast of Cuba, just where I don't now recollect. It was quite a long trip for us, and the employment of a diving outfit was an expensive thing in those days the boys knew that there must be something pretty valuable in the hold of the wreck. I was quite close to our skipper, and he told me that there were several boxes of gold coin in the wreck. On our arrival at the port near where the wreck lay in 30 feet of water the agent of the owners of the sunken schooner told us something more surprising. It was that the gold had not been stowed in boxes in the cabin, as was usual, but for some reason had been bagged and placed in the hold, being billed as copper washers. This was probably a scheme to avoid any chance of the spirit of cupiditry arising in the crew, for the treasure was very great.

"As the confidential man, I was selected to go down first and find the money bags, attach lines to them and have them taken out before the other divers should proceed with the work of taking out the other freight that the water had not harmed. I was soon in the hold and was surprised to find that the bags were only a little distance from the hole in the side that had caused the schooner to founder. I had been told that there would be 12 bags, but I could lay my hands on but 11 of them. Finally I spied a torn bag lying near the hole in the hull, and on picking it up discovered that it contained a few gold coins. I decided that the heavy triple sacking had been torn open in some way or other when the schooner sank. I fastened lines about the 11 bags that were intact, and had them hoisted, afterward going up for air, for our apparatus was not very good.

"In a few minutes I returned to the hold to search for the scattered coins. Very few of them were in sight. It occurred to me that they might have been washed outside the boat, judging from the position of the wreck and the fact that the hold was far down toward the ship's bottom. I was about to crawl out of the hole when I remembered that it might hazard the air pipe, so I was pulled up and let down again over the vessel's side. I was disappointed not to find any indication of the gold near the hole in the schooner, but set to work digging resolutely in the sand. I had gone but a foot down when I struck the gold pieces all in a lump. I picked out a great handful and turned the light on them, for I was a lover of gold then, even though it did not belong to me.

"Just then I saw something that made the rubber helmet rise from my head. It was a man eating shark. I hadn't thought of one in so long that I had neglected to bring my knife. It was rushing at me. The stupid creature never stopped to consider that with a rubber and lead dressing a diver makes a poor lunch. I was kneeling beside the gold. At the shark's onslaught I naturally hung to the handful of gold as though to use it as a weapon. He turned on his side, opening his horrible mouth. A feeling of grim humor had come over me. The cruel goldbugs had sent me down here to be devoured, after saving thousands of dollars for them. I would be a spendthrift at the last. So with all my force I flung the heavy handful of coin into the yawning mouth.

"The shark must have thought it was a part of me, for he snapped his jaws over the golden morsel. I am satisfied that he broke some teeth. He swam back a little, and then rushed at me again. I had no weapon but the gold, so again I flung into the hideous maw enough to buy me a home in New England. I saw him snap and swallow it. Again and again was the attack repeated, and as often did I hurl gold into the shark's throat. Pretty soon he became dizzy, as it were, for the gold had unbalanced him, settling in the forward part of his body. Then he writhed in agony, and I had to keep dodging his fury. Then, with one terrible shudder, he sank to the bottom, weighted down by the gold. I tied a line about him and then gave the signal to be pulled up. Then I helped hoist the shark. We cut him open. Gentlemen, you must take the word of an ex-diver that there was \$45,000 in him. Gold had killed him."

Silence smeared itself all over the veranda. The pale moon slid behind a cloud. The amphitheater organ slowly wove a weird chime of melody. The chimes began to ring. "Those were great days," said Mr. Gaulin sadly.—Buffalo Express.

The Lowell Family.
The Lowells hold an honored place in the local history of New England. One member of the family introduced cotton spinning into the United States, and for him the town of Lowell is named. Another left money to found in Boston the course of lectures known as the Lowell institute. The most famous of them all was James Russell Lowell, born in 1819 at Cambridge, Mass., on Feb. 22, also the birthday of the most distinguished of all Americans.—"James Russell Lowell," by Brander Matthews, by St. Nicholas.

AT THE MERCY OF A CATARACT.

Ferocious Adventure of an Acrobat Under the Niagara Falls.

"I was pretty near heaven for half an hour," said H. C. Prentice, the acrobat. Acrobat Prentice's remark just quoted was the prologue to the story he told the Buffalo Express reporter of his adventures while viewing Niagara falls for the first time.

Mr. Prentice and Thomas Adamson went to the falls, and they tried to keep together as they went from point to point viewing all the famous spots about the cataract. They spent an hour or so in viewing the falls from above, and then they put on rubber suits and started below. They went down the elevator and then down the stairway to the rocks. After a time they concluded that they had seen all that was to be seen below, and were upon the point of returning when Prentice told Adamson to go and ask one of the guides if there were anything else to be seen down there. Mr. Adamson turned about and went to hunt for the guide. He was gone about five minutes, and when he came back his friend Prentice was missing. Adamson was puzzled at the disappearance of Prentice. Adamson had spent about half an hour looking for Prentice, when the news reached him that his companion had been found down in the rocks up to his neck in water. In a few minutes after this news reached Adamson he was joined by Prentice, who told of his experiences after Adamson had left him to look for the guide.

Mr. Prentice said that after Adamson turned back he thought he would walk down into a gully between the rocks. He noticed that it was comparatively dry there. He was therefore considerably surprised soon after he got down into the gully to have a stream of water two feet deep and moving with great violence strike him in the back of the legs. The stream was so strong that it staggered him, and to avoid being swept from his feet and carried on into the river he crouched down in an angle of one of the rocks, with his back to the torrent and braced himself to resist the power of the stream that had cut off his line of retreat. He had hold of the edge of the rock with his hands and he did not dare to let go for fear the current would sweep him out from behind the angle. He yelled for help, but the noise of the water drowned his cries. At one time he looked over the edge of the rock and saw the Maid of the Mist 100 feet away in the river. He shook his head, hoping that the passengers on the little boat would notice the motion, but no one saw him.

After he crouched down behind the rock the water washed over his body up to his neck. He was on the point of giving up when a stranger who had also come down to the rocks saw him and notified the guides. Prentice was hauled out with a pole. The stream of water that surprised him came from a millrace that is closed part of the time.

BROKEN HEARTS IN FRANCE.

Held of Less Account by the Law Than Broken Legs.

In no instance does the profound difference of national character in England and France appear more striking, says our Paris correspondent, than in the views held on both sides of the channel regarding breach of promise. Of course engagements are broken off in France as well as in England, but it is only in England that heavier damages are awarded for a broken heart than for a broken leg. The offense is all but unknown in the French law courts, whether it is that Frenchmen are less inclined to it or that the French girl dislikes bringing her sentimental troubles into court. To show English readers how incredibly prejudiced French persons of both sexes are upon this subject it is enough to say that a young lady who attempted to turn her wounded feelings into cash would be regarded as only a degree less mean than the faithless man.

The very small number of suits for breach of promise have always been supported by a plea that the lady was put to expense, and there must be besides evidence of an intent to deceive. Damages in any case are very small beside the royal amounts awarded by English juries. Recently an action for breach of promise a l'Anglaise was brought into the Third Paris police court. The lady and her father, as nearest friend, produced a bill showing that they were £50 out of pocket for the broken engagement. They might have had this; but, badly advised, they put on another item of £350 for the moral prejudice. The French judge did not understand this, and he dismissed the case.—London News.

Napoleon's Statement About English.

When Napoleon was on his deathbed, a maladroited attendant read from an English review a bitter arraignment of him as guilty of the duke's murder. The dying man rose, and catching up his will wrote in his own hand: "I had the Duc d'Enghien seized and tried because it was necessary to the safety, the interest and the honor of the French people, when by his own confession the Comte d'Artois was supporting 60 assassins in Paris. Under similar circumstances I would again do likewise." Nevertheless he gave himself the utmost pains on certain occasions to unload the entire responsibility on Talleyrand. To Lord Ebrington, to O'Moara, to Las Cases, to Montholon, he asseverated that Talleyrand had checked his impulses to clemency.—"Life of Napoleon," by Professor William M. Sloane, in Century.

Kleptography.

He—See that nice looking chap over there?
She—Of course I do. Would I miss anything like that?
He—Well, you want to watch him. He'll take anything in sight.
She—Gracious. Is he a kleptomaniac?
He—No. He's an amateur photographer.—Detroit Free Press.

Dashed His Economy.

This is a story about a man over in Alexandria who has a great deal of money, to which he is deeply attached. He is, in fact, so attached to it that he hates to be separated from a dollar of it. He has a silk hat, too—a well preserved silk hat of great age and undoubted respectability. He is fond of his hat, and he'd like to wear it every day, but silk hats, you know, are expensive, so he has been wearing his for these many years just on Sunday. On week days he wears a shocking bad hat which does not concern this story. The last time the storks visited the Alexandria man's house they were generous. They brought twins, a boy and a girl. The father was sitting in the parlor when somebody entered to bring the news.

"Well, you're a father now," said the somebody.
"Boy or girl?" asked the Alexandria man.
"Both—twins."
"Great Scott," cried the father, springing to his feet. "Give me my silk hat! I might as well wear it every day now. What's the use of trying to be economical, anyway?"—Washington Post.

Lowell's Greatest Defect.

In this same year, 1848, Lowell sent forth also "The Vision of Sir Launfal," his first attempt at telling a story in verse. Perhaps it is the best of all his serious poems—loftiest in conception and most careful in execution. His habit then, as always, was to brood over the subject he wished to treat in verse, to fill himself with it and finally to write it out at a single sitting, if possible. He rarely rewrote, and his verse lacked finish and polish, though it never wanted force. It was at this time that he told Longfellow he meant to give up poetry because he could "not write slowly enough."

His poetry also suffered from another failing of his. He was not content to set forth beauty only and to let the reader discover a moral for himself. Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell all insisted too much at times on the lesson of the song. And Lowell knew his own defect and wrote later in life, "I shall never be a poet till I get out of the pulpit, and New England was all meeting house when I was growing up."—"James Russell Lowell," by Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

Bicycle Wheels.

It is not as generally understood as it should be, perhaps, that bicycle wheels seldom or never are subjected to lateral strains. They need to resist only those strains which pass through their own plane, and in this plane only have they any strength worth speaking of. This is worth remembering when the use of wheels of this type is being considered for three or four wheeled vehicles, where the conditions are essentially different, and where, in turning corners rapidly, or in going over ground that causes the vehicle to be inclined sideways, a very considerable lateral strain may be brought upon the wheels—a strain which the ordinary bicycle wheel is, very properly, entirely unfitted for. This is to be considered also in connection with devices for attaching two bicycles side by side to make a duplex, or four wheeled machine, of them. Neither the frame, the bearings nor the wheels of a properly constructed bicycle are adapted to such use without injury.—American Machinist.

June Water.

A quaint old superstition as to the medicinal virtues of "June water" still obtains in Hingham and other old towns in Massachusetts. It must be caught from the first shower that falls after 12 o'clock on the night of May 31. An old lady of Hingham tells a writer, who sends an account of "June water" to the Boston Transcript, that it is bottled and used for sick folks mostly. "You oughtn't to give 'em medicine in ordinary water, didn't you know? Why, I've had my son's wife send up from Boston for a bottle or two when the boys was sick. Then if I feel as if I can spare it I use it for preserves. They'd never spoil done in June water if you'd kep' 'em 100 years. Why, there ain't a speck or a mite of dirt in it. It's real different from other water when you come to look."

A Big Surprise.

In store for all who try Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves. The general verdict of all who have used the great vegetable preparation is that it is the grandest remedy ever discovered for the cure of dyspepsia, liver complaint, general debility, etc. Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves stimulates the digestive organs, regulates the liver and restores the system to vigorous health and energies. Samples free. Large packages 50c. Sold only by W. B. Alexander.

Not So Funny After All.

Two little fellows struck a mine of amusement one day last week and worked it for all it was worth. Their plan was to stand at the street corner, and when a pedestrian got in good range they called out excitedly, pointing to the victim's feet:
"Say! You dropped your footsteps!"
It was great fun—for the boys.
Presently an old lady approached the corner. She was fat and looked important. The boys hugged themselves in sheer delight. This time, to prolong the enjoyment, they began:
"Say, missus! Sense us, but you dropped something!"
"Dear me! What? Such nice little boys, I'm sure." And she stopped and picked up a silver quarter lying directly before her and sailed on.—Philadelphia Times.

Shiloh's cure, the great cough and croup cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses, only 25c. Children love it. Sold by J. C. King & Co.

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Hospitable.
A peculiar epitaph is inscribed on a tombstone in the old churchyard of an Ohio town. General Wayne was at one time in command of the fort mentioned in the epitaph.

Margaret,
Wife of David Gregory,
Died Aug. 13, 1821,
Aged 65 years.
Here lies the woman, the first save one,
That settled on the Miami above Fort Hamilton.
Her table was spread, and that of the best,
And Anthony Wayne was often her guest.
—Youth's Companion.

Living on One Food.

We hold that a well devised dietary system does not need frequent change. All do not require to eat the same in amount or kind. Uncooked fruits and nuts suit some. Others live almost entirely on bread and oatmeal, but when the correct diet has been found it is not necessary to change. Animals in a state of nature live on one food throughout their lives.—Vegetarian.

The Retort Courtneys.

The essence of all fine breeding is the gift of conciliation. A man who possesses every other title to our respect except that of courtesy is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. He is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others.—Lord Lytton.

At a supper recently given to some vagrant sandwich men in London 7 out of 12 guests had been ordained clergymen of the Church of England.

Oats were not known to the Hebrews or the Egyptians.

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