

LOOKED LIKE A LIAR.

BUT THIS WAS A CASE WHERE LOOKS WERE MISLEADING.

A Little Irishman Who Claimed Acquaintance With a Champion Pugilist—His Employer, Who Was Used to the Gloves, Disputed the Claim.

"I was reading a clever little sketch the other day about a man who told big stories which were not believed by his acquaintances, and it reminded me of an experience I had once when I was considerably younger," remarked Robert D. Wilson, the active Orleans county politician, when in a reminiscent mood the other day.

"It was like this: About the first contract I ever took was one to build a church in a small town in western New York near Lake Ontario. My partner and I employed a good force of men, and among others a good natured, rather dapper little Irishman, who applied for work shortly after we got the walls started.

"He was not a skilled workman, but a good, active helper, and he struck me at the time as being one of the most entertaining and cheerful liars it had ever been my pleasure to meet. One of his favorite tales was to the effect that he was for three years trainer and boxing partner of the famous pugilist Jean Mace and had secured the one time champion in two of his most notable battles. He rattled off names, places, dates and incidents in the most offhand manner imaginable, which, as we had no means of verifying his statements, he was perfectly safe in doing. Of course we took what he said with a large grain of salt and enjoyed drawing him out.

"One thing about the old fellow struck me as peculiar—we could never induce him under any consideration to join in any of the friendly little sparring contests which we occasionally indulged in at the little country hotel, after our day's work was done. By no subtlety could we induce him to stick his hands in the big mittens, although he was always present at our exercises and took delight in making slighting comments upon our skill.

"This got rather monotonous after awhile, and we set about devising a plan for teaching the old fellow a lesson. When he was sober, we knew there was no chance of getting the gloves on him, but he usually got moderately full on a Saturday evening, and we concocted a scheme to give him an earlier start one Saturday afternoon, so that by the time supper was over he was considerably exhilarated. I was just out of a gymnasium at the time, and was considered a pretty clever boxer. The boys all went to work at him, and after a good many drinks and a lot of coaxing and cajoling they finally got him to put on the gloves and spar a bit with me.

"Sail in, Larry," I said. "Don't be afraid to hit me." And I winked at the boys and went at him. He was easier than I expected. His guard seemed very poor, and several times I rapped him harder than I should, but it seemed a good plan to teach the old blowhard a good lesson. After awhile I got a bit tired of the one-sidedness of it. I registered about every time I found an opening, while the Irishman's punches were all wild and of no account. Finally I decided that we had had fun enough and made up my mind to give him a good chin-chopper, lay him out and quit. So I watched for an opening, and when I saw one a minute later, I aimed as heavy a blow as I could strike and let go.

"Well, say, I don't know even to this day what became of that punch, for at that moment something struck me on the neck, and for the next 30 seconds I experienced all of the sensations of Don Quixote when he had the mix up with the windmill, for that little Irishman was dancing around me and delivering undercuts, overcuts, chin choppers, side-winders, ear-ruffs, straight drives and long arm body blows faster than I could feel them, while I pawed the air in an attempt at defense.

"I think the boys said it was 42 seconds before I was lying in the corner, limp and entirely out, but it was three days before I was out—at work again. I was sorry to find that the agile little Irishman had disappeared immediately after I dropped asleep. He evidently feared trouble, but I never would have made any. In fact, I'd have liked to take a few lessons from him, but I've never had the mitts on from that day to this.

"I don't know now whether that little Irishman was telling the truth or not, but I have my suspicions about the matter."—Medina (N. Y.) Cor. New York Press.

Easily Deuced.

The business depression of the past few years has been the evolution of a large crop of employment seekers. One of them last week stooped a gentleman in this city. He was ragged, dirty, good natured, evidently hungry enough to eat a cow if it were in his way. But his soft slowness of gait rendered any active exertion on his part highly improbable. This impression was strengthened by the dialogue that followed: "Good morning, sir," said he. "I'd like a job with you, sir."

"Well, there is not much doing just now—hardly anything, in fact, in any line. I couldn't give you much to do. I couldn't keep you busy."

"Indeed, sir, it would take very little to keep me busy."—New London Telegraph.

Interventent Ownership.

"Do you own your own home?" asked the passenger with the yellow diamond, who makes a business of selling real estate.

"I do every Thursday," said the other passenger.

"Eh—what?"

"I own it every Thursday. That's Mary Ann's afternoon out."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wilson and the Expert.

A good gold dust story is told on George Wilson, who owned the famous Paris mine in Park county, Mon. Wilson was visited by some Englishmen one day, among whom was an expert of the English pattern—one who knew all about mines and a great deal about everything else, in his own opinion. They wanted to see some of Wilson's gold, and he panned out some very fine colors for their edification.

"But that isn't gold," pronounced the youthful expert, after a critical examination. "Me dear fellow, I am a graduate of the English School of Mines, and I know gold when I see it, you know. That is iron."

Wilson didn't say much. He just leaned over and took the alleged expert confidently by the shoulder: "Maybe it isn't," he said, "but don't go and give it away to those fellows down at the Denver mint, for I have been selling this stuff to them for gold all along."—Butte Mountain.

A Story of John Bright.

Concerning the late Mr. John Bright's extensive acquaintance with poetry many stories have been told. Sir William Geddes, principal of Aberdeen university, in a lecture on "Poetic Ideals of Education," which he has published, tells another. When Sir William escorted the great orator through the great halls of the university and showed him the famous portrait of Beattie by Reynolds, he mentioned this connection with Byron. Bright stood a moment in silent enchantment, gazed on the beautiful figure of the Genius of Truth, then rolled off the opening stanza of Lord Byron's dedication to "Lionel"—

Not in those climes where I have late been straying, Though beauty there hath long been matchless deemed—

without a falter or a flaw.—Westminster Gazette.

What We Have Now.

"We have no great murder trials now," he said as he threw down the newspaper.

"Why, John, there have been a whole lot of them in the last year," she protested.

"You're mistaken, my dear," he asserted. "We have had a lot of minor murder trials, but no great ones. There have been some very sensational murders"—

"And the murderers have been tried," she interrupted.

"True," he admitted, "they have been tried—for insanity, not for murder. I didn't say that we had not had any great insanity trials, you know."—Chicago Post.

The Largest Pumping Engine.

The largest pumping engine ever made in the United States was placed at the Philadelphia waterworks in 1892. It is 35 feet high and occupies a floor space 80 by 40 feet. The total weight of this giant machine is 475 tons, without the base plates and foundation strips, and it pumps 20,000,000 gallons of water every 24 hours.

The first modern exhibition of the holy coat of Treves took place in the year 1844, and during the year 900,000 people viewed the relic.

The common mussel is provided with a rope which may be attached to a stone or twig to hold the animal in position against the current.

It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us for the sake of finding a greater blessing instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found—in loving obedience.—George Eliot.

The glazing of pens, in some varieties considered an important operation, is done with lac dissolved in naphtha.

How to Cure a Cold.

Simply take Otto's Cure. We know of its astonishing cures and that it will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy. If you have Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption or any disease of the throat and lungs, a few doses of this great guaranteed remedy will surprise you. If you wish to try call at our store, Main street, and we will be pleased to furnish you a bottle free of cost, and that will prove our assertion.

W. B. ALEXANDER.

Mercantile Appraiser's List

FOR JEFFERSON COUNTY, PENN'A, FOR THE YEAR 1896.

THE Vendors of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, etc., of Jefferson County, will take notice that they are appraised and classified by the undersigned, appraiser of Mercantile and other License Tax, for the year 1896, as follows:

Table with columns: Name, Class, Tax. Lists various merchants and their tax amounts across multiple towns like Allen's Mills, Adrian, Anita, etc.

Large tax table with columns: Name, Class, Tax. Lists numerous individuals and businesses across various towns like Brookville, Richmond, Ruggold, etc.

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BECH CREEK RAILROAD. CONDENSED TIME TABLE. New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Co., Lessee. Includes train schedules for various routes.

CONNECTIONS. At Williamsport with Philadelphia & Reading R. R. At Jersey Shore Junction with Fall Brook Railway. At Mill Hill with Central Railroad of Pennsylvania.

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