

The Star.

Subscription \$1.50 per year, or \$1.00 if paid strictly in advance.

C. A. STEPHENSON, Editor and Pub.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1897.

An independent local paper, published every Wednesday at Reynoldsville, Jefferson Co., Pa., devoted to the interests of Reynoldsville and Jefferson county. Non-political, will treat all with fairness, and will be especially friendly towards the laboring class.

Subscription price \$1.50 per year, in advance. Communications intended for publication must be accompanied by the writer's name, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Interesting news items solicited. Advertising rates made known on application at the office in Reynoldsville, Pa.

Lengthy communications and change of advertisements should reach this office by Monday noon.

Address all communications to C. A. Stephenson, Reynoldsville, Pa.

Entered at the postoffice at Reynoldsville, Pa., as second class mail matter.

Travelers' Guide.

Passenger trains arrive and leave Reynoldsville as follows:

B. & P. Rys. (C. & M. Div)	
Arrives	Departs
Train No 71, 10:50 a. m.	Train No 72, 12:50 p. m.
Allegheny Valley Railway.	
Eastward.	
Train 9, 6:45 a. m.	Train 6, 7:40 a. m.
Train 1, 12:50 p. m.	Train 2, 1:40 p. m.
Train 3, 6:30 p. m.	Train 10, 7:50 p. m.
Westward.	
Train 10, 7:50 p. m.	Train 3, 6:30 p. m.
Train 2, 1:40 p. m.	Train 1, 12:50 p. m.
Train 6, 7:40 a. m.	Train 9, 6:45 a. m.

The DuBois Courier issued a special edition last Wednesday, giving full account of the thirteenth anniversary of Rev. J. Vernon Bell's pastorate of the Presbyterian church in DuBois. The paper was illustrated and printed on book paper.

Don't have anything to do with the fellow who claims to be in the rag business and wants to sell you a good pair of gold spectacles, which he found among a lot of old rags, for one dollar. The spectacles may look like gold, but they are not worth 25 cents. That swindling scheme is being successfully worked in Armstrong, one of our adjoining counties.

Some housewives feed their families on bread that will superinduce dyspepsia, and some preachers feed their flocks on "bread of life" that superinduces spiritual dyspepsia. Reason: Some women can't bake and some preachers can't preach. The family that is compelled to eat half baked, sour bread is to be pitied, but the good Lord should have mercy on the congregation that has to swallow a conglomeration of half baked thoughts that is called "bread of life," or a sermon.

There is now pending before the Pennsylvania Legislature a bill which provides that no boy under the age of 12, and no member of the female sex whatever, shall be employed in the mining of bituminous coal. An amendment to the same bill raises the age to thirteen years, prescribes the method by which the age shall be ascertained and recorded, and stipulates that no boy under sixteen shall be permitted to "mine or load coal" unless in company with a person over the same age. No applicant who is unable to read or write the English language can be employed unless he presents a certificate to show that he attended a day or night school for a period of sixteen weeks the preceding year.

A gentleman, in explaining why the different townships permit their road machines to lie on the roadside rusting out, while their services are so necessary in putting the roads in a passable condition, stated that it was impossible to get farmers to leave their plows at this time, and supervisors are helpless. This was doubtless true, but it is an admission of one of the greatest defects in our road system. The labor on the roads is usually at the option of the taxpayers, and they suit personal convenience rather than the good of the roads, hence the supervisors are helpless until the plowing and seeding is done, and the summer rains set in and neutralize their labors to a great extent. Good roads we can never have under a system so faulty.—Brookville Republic.

Some one has said that what the world sees is not likely to be the best that the world has. There is a visible activity which we know as energy; and there is an invisible activity which we know as resistance. Both are exertions of power; both are costly and exhausting. When we see a locomotive drawing a heavily laden train, we look wonderingly upon its tremendous exhibit of energy, as first manifested in the moving piston of the engine. But we think less of the equally tremendous resistance offered to the force of the steam by the walls of the cylinder in which the piston moves. More than this, in every portion of the structure of engine and cars there is exerted a power of resistance against the forces that operate to burst all asunder. So, too, does human character prove itself, even though it does not outwardly exhibit itself, in its resistance-power, quite as much as in its displayed activity of energy. We admit the alert energy of a strong, active, successful man; but we forget how much unseen resistance-power he has employed in order to make his energies efficient. We are tempted to go the wrong way by physical, mental and moral inducements, and those temptations must be resisted. The heavier the load we have to draw, the greater the resistance that we have to exercise. The moment that we cease to resist, character is shattered into fragments. The world does not credit us with the awful strain of incessant resisting; but the world knows least about the powers to which it owes the most, and which may be best worth cultivating.

CROSSED OVER THE SILENT RIVER INTO ETERNAL REST!

An Active Life Ended--A Worthy Citizen Numbered with the Dead--The End Came Peacefully.

FREDERICK KLUGH ARNOLD, THE EX-BANKER, DIED MONDAY MORNING, AGED OVER SEVENTY YEARS.

He was a Successful Business Man, a Loving Husband, a Kind Father and a Christian Gentleman--Funeral this Afternoon.



Frederick K. Arnold.

This week we are called upon to chronicle the demise of a worthy and enterprising citizen who made a success of the affairs of this life and at the same time laid up treasures "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal." At 5:45 A. M., April 19th, 1897, Frederick K. Arnold peacefully fell asleep in the "Eternal Arms" of the King Immanuel. He had prayed many times that his spirit might take its flight from the tenement of clay while he was sleeping, and his prayer was answered. Mr. Arnold was unconscious seventeen hours before dissolution took place.

Failing health made it necessary for Mr. Arnold to retire from active business several years ago. One year ago he was very near the gates of death, but he rallied and was able afterwards to take a trip to the gold fields of Colorado. He never regained his wonted health, however, again. He was reconciled some weeks ago to the transmigration from the shores of time to the Eternal Land and patiently waited for the summons to pass over.

Frederick K. Arnold was born in York county, Pa., May 9th, 1824, and would have been seventy-three years old the ninth of next month. He was married to Miss Elizabeth Goodlander in Luthersburg, Pa., May 9th, 1848, with whom he traveled the smooth and rough paths in life's journey for forty-nine years. When eighteen years old Mr. Arnold joined the Lutheran church in Luthersburg, in which church he ever afterwards kept his membership. He was faithful in his attendance and support of the Presbyterian church in this place a score of years, yet he was never a member of the church. He remained a continuous member of the church which he joined over a half century ago.

The deceased was a son of Peter Arnold, who moved from York county, Pa., to Luthersburg, Pa., in April, 1837. When 17 years old the subject of this obituary went to Clearfield to learn the furniture business. He afterwards started into business for himself and made a success of the business for several years. In 1848 he embarked in the mercantile and lumber business. In 1864 he was a charter member of the First National bank in Curwensville and was elected as one of its directors, and served as such during his connection with the bank. In 1871, in partnership with his brother, Sam'l Arnold, and Gen. Patton opened a bank in Luthersburg with a capital of \$40,000, in which business he continued with good success for nearly four years. In 1875 Mr. Arnold bought his partners' interests in the bank and moved the bank to Reynoldsville and opened the Arnold & Co. bank, the stockholders being F. K. Arnold, G. W. Arnold, L. P. Seeley and Chas. H. Gordon. In 1880 Mr. Arnold built the Arnold block, at the corner of Main and Fifth streets, which stands to-day as a monument of his enterprise. In 1883 the First National bank was started at DuBois, in which he was a heavy stockholder, and of which he was elected and re-elected president during his connection with the concern.

He was enterprising and wanted to see Reynoldsville prosper. He encouraged the erection of the water works in Reynoldsville and was the first president of the water company. He was active in getting the present large woolen mill erected in this place.

Funeral services will be held in the Presbyterian church at 2.00 P. M. to-day. Rev. Hubert Rex Johnson, of Blairsville, former pastor of the Presbyterian church, will officiate. As Mr. Arnold was opposed to having people parade around a casket in the church to look at the dead, his casket will not be opened in the church to day. All who care to take a last look at the de-

parted can do so by going to the house.

Mr. Arnold will be buried in a metal-lined casket. The grave will be walled up and arched over with brick. Mr. Arnold instructed Mr. Betts, of DuBois, over a year ago just how he wanted his grave walled with brick and cement. Interment will take place in Baulch cemetery.

A widow and three children are left to mourn for "Pa," who was a kind and thoughtful husband and one of the best of fathers. The children are: Mrs. Clara Alexander, wife of W. B. Alexander, the banker, James B. Arnold, the ex-merchant and one of the present proprietors of the woolen mill, and Miss Isabella Arnold.

The following verses were handed us by a member of the bereaved family: You are dying, our father, your bark will go drifting at breaking of day, Toward the shores lying o'er the shadow, And at morn you shall see, rising far through the mist, The hills, which the sunshine eternal has kissed. You are going away; you will meet on the shores, which your vessel will find, Dear friends who sailed out and left us behind. You will know them, and clasp them and kiss them once more, Growing young again there on the beautiful shore.

War Record of George W. Stoke, Sr.—His Capture, Escape, Recapture and Final Escape.

Following is a sketch of George W. Stoke's experience during the unpleasantness between the north and south, which he handed us by request for publication:

I enlisted in August, 1861; helped to recruit the company, was assigned to D company in the 163d regiment P. V. Was mustered in the U. S. service as a regiment Sept. 25th, 1861, at Kit-tanning, Armstrong Co., Pa. We were ordered to the front sometime in March, 1862; served under General McClelland during his peninsular campaign.

For efficiency and conduct becoming a soldier I was promoted from the ranks to lieutenant by the colonel of the regiment, near Newport News, Va., April 10th, 1862. J. K. Hamilton, captain of our company, having resigned, by request of the colonel, after the battle of Fair Oaks, I took command of the company, no other officer being present. I remained in command until June, 1863, when I was taken on the colonel's staff as aid-de-camp, he then having command of the brigade. On his return to the command of his regiment in November, 1863, Co. B then having no officer I was transferred and promoted to captain of that company. Owing to general orders from the War Department, could not be mustered as such. I re-enlisted in the company as a veteran and remained in command until our capture, April 20th, 1864, at Plymouth, N. C., from whence we were taken to Andersonville, Ga., via Wilmington, N. C., Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga. We remained at Andersonville over night and in the morning were separated from the enlisted men by the Rebel Commander Wirtz and taken to Macon, Ga., where we remained until some time in July when about six hundred of us were taken to Charleston, S. C., and placed under fire of our own guns, the Swamp Angel having standing orders to throw a shell into the city every fifteen minutes, night and day. We remained there until October, 1864, when we were taken to Columbia; the capitol of South Carolina. The camp was named Camp Sorghum from the amount of sorghum molasses they gave us for rations.

MY FIRST ESCAPE AND RECAPTURE. About this time we began to think it time to try and make our escape. Col. Steele, of the 2nd Pa. Cavalry, a messmate of mine, and myself passed the guards by taking advantage of a parole that a number of other officers had given in order to carry in wood to keep up the fire to do the cooking of the

corn meal which we had for rations. After getting in the woods we hid ourselves until dark, then pulled out for Sherman's army, at that time near Atlanta, Ga., some 300 miles distant. The woods must have been full of Yankees that night as the rebels were short about 300 Yankees the next morning. On the fourth night of our march, after traveling about seventy-five miles, we were recaptured by citizens, with shot guns and blood hounds, and taken back to Camp Sorghum. The paroles of honor were no good after our first escape.

SECOND ESCAPE. My next attempt was to bribe the guard, of which I made a success, by giving him my watch, worth \$100 at that time, to pass six of us through the dead line that night. The guard I bribed was a young, green Irishman, having been in this country only three months. Six of us passed through the dead line that night and on getting in the woods we concluded to separate, three of the 101st P. V. striking out for Sherman's army. They were recaptured and had to wait for exchange in 1865. My two comrades and myself pulled out for the Santee river. When we reached there we found a small boat chained to a tree; we broke the chain with a rail, got in and pulled down the river at great speed. In the course of eleven days and nights we reached the Santee Island, at the coast, remaining there two days and nights when we were taken off by some soldiers from a Union gun boat doing blockade duty near Georgetown, S. C. Our wearing apparel, of nine months constant wear, had grown very thin and rather dirty, so the captain gave us a marine outfit, which gave us a different appearance. A few days later a supply boat came along and we went to Hilton Head, S. C., and reported to General Foster, commanding that department. His orders were for us to go home by first boat and report to the War Department by letter, stating our escape. After arriving at home I received a letter from the Adj. General at Washington, D. C., stating that Geo. W. Stoke, Co. B, 163d regiment, P. V., escaped prisoner of war, would return to headquarters of his regiment at Roanoke Island, N. C., with permission to delay en route 30 days. My time having expired I joined my regiment. There being no adjutant in the regiment I was selected for that position by the colonel and remained as such to the close of the war. Being mustered out I arrived at home the latter part of July, 1865, making my term of service for U. S. about four years, and a prisoner of war nine months. I participated in every battle with my regiment and company during the war. Following are the engagements and skirmishes in which I assisted:

ENGAGEMENTS. Siege of Yorktown, Va., May 1, '62; battle of Williamsburg, Va., May 5, '62; Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, '62; Chickahominy Swamps, Va., June 26, '62; White Oaks Swamps, Va., June 26, '62; Railroad Bridge, Va., June 26; Long Bridge, Va., June 30, '62; Jones Point, Va., June 30, '62; Charles City X-Roads, Va., July 1, '62; Hanson Point, July 2, '62; Kingston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; White Hall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; three days' siege and our capture at Plymouth, N. C., April 20, '64.

SKIRMISHES. Blackwater, Va., Oct. 3, Oct. 31 and Dec. 2, '61; Southwest Creek, N. C., Dec. 13, '62; Blount Creek, N. C., April 9, '63; Williamson, N. C., July 7, '63; Foster Mills, N. C., July 27, '63.

Something to Know. It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the liver and kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c. or \$1.00 per bottle at H. Alex. Stoke's drug store.

Wall Paper. Undoubtedly the handsomest line of wall paper ever shown in Reynoldsville is now on exhibition at Stoke's. Prices lower than ever. The public are invited to come and see the display.

The best in town—bicycles at Stoke's. More improvements, more good features than any others.

First-class Demorest sewing machine at J. S. Morrow's for \$19.50.

J. E. Welsh & Co. keep a fine line of ladies', gentlemen's and children's shoes constantly in stock.

Subscribe for THE STAR and get all the local, county and general news.

If you want good shoes cheap go to J. E. Welsh & Co.'s shoe store in the Wm. Foster block.

Still here and going to stay. Any watch or clock repairing left with Ed. Gooder will receive the best care, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Clover, timothy and millet seeds for sale by J. C. King & Co.

Colored shoes for ladies, misses and children at Robinson's.

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Your house and make it look attractive outside as well as in. Painting adds twenty per cent. to the selling value of a house, and whether you want to sell or not, don't give your property

a black eye

for the want of such a little thing as a new coat. While you're about it, use the paint that not only will look the best, but last the longest. That's what comes cheapest in the end, and it's the end that counts. Every paint requisite will be found at Stoke's. Wall paper and window shades at tempting prices.

Stoke's Pharmacy.

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Ladies' Shirt Waists

A line right up-to-date in styles—none better.

Ladies' Suits and Skirts, - Wash Goods.

French Organdies, Grass Linens, in Silk Stripes and Checks, very pretty. Call and see them.

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are always receiving new goods and can always give you good values in

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Shoes, Etc.

We carry a complete stock of everything and you will find our GROCERIES and PROVISIONS always up to standard in quality, and the very lowest price. We invite a share of your trade.

JEFFERSON SUPPLY CO.