

## A MAN OF APPETITE.

AN AWFUL ORDEAL FOR A DYSPEPTIC LITTLE LAWYER.

Went into the Restaurant Just to Have a Few Oysters—Met Mr. Grump, the Brewer, Who Was Lunching a Little Before Going Home to Supper.

"There used to be a famous place for these things down in Atlanta," remarked the portly gentleman as he cautiously eyed the Welsh rabbit and sipped his musty ale.

"Why, don't these suit you?" asked the man who had never traveled.

"Oh, yes, fine, but I was just thinking of a little incident that occurred there."

"A story, is it? Well, let's have it."

"It's not much of a story, but I will tell it the best I can. You see, the place I spoke of was kept by a man named Beirmister and was not only famous for its Welsh rabbits, but for its oysters and hard crabs as well. Delicious they were too.

"There was a dyspeptic little lawyer around town, snip and shrewd, but a martyr to the stomach. He used to go around with the boys until some one would suggest going over to Beirmister's and getting some crabs and beer; then you could count the lawyer out. The boys would try to persuade him by telling him how delightful were the crabs, how succulent the oysters, but the lawyer would flee from them in terror at the thought.

"About 5 o'clock one fine afternoon in the early spring a friend and myself were journeying toward Beirmister's when we met the dyspeptic lawyer. As usual, he stopped us for a little chat, and we walked down the street together. In a few moments we were in front of Beirmister's, and my friend, taking a different tack, persuaded the little lawyer to enter with us on the plea that we would find no one in at this time of day and that we were only going to eat a few oysters.

"Once inside, we found the place crowded. The seats at the tables were all occupied, except at one table, over in a far corner of the room, at which there were three vacant chairs, the fourth being occupied by a fat German brewer named Grump. We knew Grump, and so went to this table. I introduced the lawyer—Blakely, I believe his name was—to the brewer and ordered beer for the crowd. The lawyer protested, so we left him out.

"Mr. Grump, I remarked, 'we are about to have a few oysters. Won't you join us?'

"Well, you see, I have a pretty something ordered."

"Oh, that's all right, I insisted. 'A few oysters will give you an appetite.'

"Is dot so? Yeh, I take me a few—chust von beetle dozen."

"My friend had been engaged in an earnest conversation with the lawyer while I was talking to the jolly old German, and when the waiter came with the beers he told him to bring some crabs, 2½ dozen oysters on the shell and a glass of hot water. He had persuaded Blakely to try some oysters.

"At Beirmister's when an order was given for crabs they invariably brought a dozen, and you paid for as many as you consumed out of that number. The waiter soon returned with oysters, crabs and hot water. In the meantime Grump, who was a great talker, had struck up a conversation with the lawyer, and they were cracking jokes at a great rate.

"Blakely's courage fell when the oysters were placed before him. He manfully drank the hot water and commenced to imitate Grump's heroic style of eating oysters. He managed to down two and then laid his fork gently by his plate and fastened his eyes on Grump. With the aid of a few glassfuls of beer the brewer's oysters had vanished. My friend had managed to get away with two crabs and insisted that Grump help him dispose of the remainder. I was still busy with my dozen oysters.

"Well, I help you some," said Grump, and picking up a knife he went at those crabs like a darky shucking oysters. The dyspeptic watched him as if fascinated and remarked in a sneering tone that came straight from the stomach:

"You have a good appetite, Mr. Grump."

"Yeh, I t'ink pretty goot," and he actively went for another crab. The dish was cleared in a few moments, and I made a mental note that Grump had eaten nine crabs, a dozen large oysters, and drank ten glasses of beer. When the crabs were no more, Grump called to a waiter:

"Here, Franz, I am waiting."

"Franz disappeared, and in a few moments brought in a large Welsh rabbit and deposited it before Grump. I could see the little lawyer shrink from the odor wafted across the table, but he was game and would have staid at that table until he died. Grump insisted that we share the dish with him, but all hands refused.

"With apparent relish and a fresh glass of beer he attacked the rabbit, and in an incredibly short time the dish was clear of the least particle. Grump wiped his mouth, folded his napkin, and called for another round of beers. If I had not had a reputation to sustain, I would have refused, but as it was we drained the glasses.

"Now, I must home be going," remarked Grump, rising.

"What's your hurry?" asked the dyspeptic lawyer in his most sarcastic tones. "Do stay and have something else."

"Nein, I must to mein supper go," answered the German.

"The dyspeptic wilted. Now, if you are looking for a fight, just tell that little lawyer that Grump wants him to eat supper with him. You'll get it quick and strong."—Washington Post.

De Quincey, who devoted his life to the reading of books, said that the greatest number of books any one man could hope to get through within man's allotted time was 8,500.

## Photography and Counterfeits.

The ingenious Frenchman who invented color photography has given the treasury department of the United States a big scare. It is recognized by the watchdogs of the treasuries of the world that if his invention should get into the hands of counterfeiters the financial system of every nation employing notes as a circulating medium would be threatened. Photography has always been the bane of the officials whose business it is to circumvent the ingenious devices of counterfeiters, and for ten years secret service agents the world over have been watching in fear and trembling for the invention of a process which would reproduce singly or in combination the different colors and tints of the solar prism.

Already counterfeiters are able, by means of photo-engraving processes, to make exact duplicates of the backs of bills, whether they be in green, blue, black or any other color. But the seals and check numbers, printed over the scroll work of the face in different colors, have hitherto thwarted them. They have been obliged to expunge these seals and check numbers with acids. Those acids naturally ruined the scroll work below the overlaid colors, leaving a space which the rogues had to re-engrave or put in with brush or pen. The results of such primitive methods were easily detected by experts. But the color photography opens immense possibilities in the hands of clever men. Given paper of similar quality—and they make paper that would deceive an expert—there is nothing to prevent a skillful operator from producing absolute duplicates in such numbers as he may desire of any banknote extant in the circulation of the world.—Detroit Free Press.

## Modern Medicines.

The great improvement in the present as compared with the past methods of administering medicines deserves a passing comment. Scarcely a generation ago the threat of a dose of the nauseous drugs of the day was sufficient to suppress the worst of evil propensities in the most wicked boy. When actually in need of medication, he was held in the chair and gagged to exhaustion in the parental anxiety to measure the capacity of his unwilling stomach with the bulky contents of the justly hated bottle. Frequently the struggle had more to do with the perspiration than the medicine. Very often, for obvious reasons, the bottle broke before the fever. Castor oil was a punishment, rhubarb was a terror and emma an abomination.

The nauseous mixtures of our grandparents are now replaced by the elegant and almost tasty compounds of modern pharmacy. The essentials of the former medicines are now given in the forms of condensed extracts and alkaloids, in proportionately reduced bulk and in consistently concentrated form. Single remedies with special indications take the place of the old fashioned shotgun mixtures. Tablets, pellets and pills no longer offend the palate, and even quinine, the bitterest enemy of taste, now sues for favor in sugar coated armor. The irritable stomach which denies the usual approach to the internal economy is now diplomatically checkmated by an injection under the skin, which, although a longer way round, is a surer way home.—Dr. George F. Shrady in Forum.

## The Battle of Redonda.

Not far from St. Thomas, a matter of perhaps 100 miles, was fought the most wonderful naval battle in all history. The Dutch admiral detected the enemy in the early morning, when the sea was covered with a thick mist, and his guns opened fire at once without warning. The fire was returned with interest, the ocean fairly quivering with spasms caused by the shock of frequent discharges. Somehow or other the enemy's shots, which sounded like a bombardment, seemed to fall short or go wide of the mark, for not even a splash of a ball was heard, and the Dutch ships remained unscathed. On the other hand, the Dutch could not see the terrible execution their guns were doing until nearly the middle of the forenoon, when the fog lifted, revealing to their astonished gaze not the vessels of the enemy, but a great rock standing out of the sea. They had been firing at it for five hours, and the sound of the return shots they heard was the echo from the solid wall of granite. They named the place Redonda, which means sent, rolled or driven back, and Redonda it is to this day.—New York Press.

## Four Bright Men.

Here is a funny and a true story: Four Chicago newspaper men were invited to the wedding of one of their craft in New York. At first each man was doubtful about the policy of going, but when it became evident that they could make up a quartet party for traveling the aspect of affairs was changed. They decided that as they would have a jolly journey they would all go. I believe they planned to play whist or some such game all the way from Chicago to Gotham, barring the eating and sleeping time. It was a delightful outlook. But on the morning of the departure, when they assembled, lo, they found that each man had secured transportation over a different railroad.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Respect.

"I don't like that young man," said Mabel's father. "He seems inclined to be impertinent."

"Oh, I am sure he has the greatest respect for you! He stands in positive awe of you."

"How do you know?"

"He asked me if I didn't think it would be a good idea for him to wear his football clothes when he called to see me."—Washington Star.

## To Polish Brass Kettles.

To polish brass kettles or anything brass that is very much tarnished, first rub it with a solution of oxalic acid and then dry and polish with rotten stone or very fine emery dust.

## Henrietta Maria.

Did any of my readers ever hear of Henrietta Maria? She seems to be a popular personage with small school-boys, who bring back fragments of her dramatic autobiography every holiday for the edification of their families. I have inquired her origin from learned folklore authorities, but no one can tell me anything historically interesting about her, but our old family servant remembers well being taught the rhymes in a Somersetshire village in her infancy. Here they are, culled from the memory of three little lumps:

Henrietta Maria  
Sat on the fire,  
The fire was too warm,  
So she sat on the form,  
The form wasn't sound,  
So she sat on the ground,  
The ground was too flat,  
So she sat on the cat,  
The cat was unkind,  
So she sat on the blind (window),  
Till the doctor did pass,  
So she tumbled right through,  
She lay on the stones  
And uttered great groans,  
She rolled on the grass,  
Till the doctor did pass,  
Who waggled his head  
And said she was dead,  
And that was the end of  
Henrietta Maria, etc.

(Repeat ad libitum.)—London Gentleman.

## Her Trust In Signs.

An efficient but illiterate domestic servant was brought into serious but happily not fatal danger by her undue confidence in the deductive system of reasoning. This woman, being unable to read, had long been accustomed to discriminate between the different varieties of canned vegetables which her employer supplied not by the names printed on the labels, but by the pictures which they bore. This plan served well enough for kitchen needs, and it was only when she tried to combine it with her belief in the homeopathic doctrine of like cures like that trouble resulted. The woman suffered from rheumatism, and one rainy day, when her aches were especially severe, she came across a bottle labeled with a few written words and a print of skull and crossbones. Immediately she reasoned out that the bottle contained a medicine for complaining bones, and she proceeded to take a heroic dose of its contents. Two doctors and a stomach pump saved the woman's life, but she no longer sees unity of design in the universe, and her trust in logic is gone forever.—New York Times.

## Clever Wife.

"What in the name of Jupiter did you sew up all the pockets in my overcoat for this morning?"

"Dearest, that letter I gave you to post was very important, and I intended to make sure you carried it in your hand."—Strand Magazine.

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## Queer Things About Fishes.

Mr. A. E. Verrill describes the ways in which fishes sleep. They are very light sleepers and frequently assume singular positions. But the most remarkable thing is the change of color many of them undergo while asleep. Usually their spots and stripes become darker and more distinct when they fall asleep. Occasionally the pattern of their coloration is entirely changed. The ordinary porgy, for instance, presents in the daytime beautiful iridescent hues playing over its silvery sides, but at night, on falling asleep, it takes on a dull bronze tint, and six conspicuous black bands make their appearance on its sides. If it is suddenly awakened by the turning up of the gas in the aquarium, it immediately resumes the silvery color that it shows by daylight. Mr. Verrill ascribes these changes to the principle of "protective coloration," and points out that the appearance of black bands and the deepening of the spots serve to conceal the fish from their enemies when lying amid eelgrass and seaweeds.—Youth's Companion.

## Shoes In Japan.

One of the most striking sights that take the attention of the traveler in Japan is that of the wooden sandals worn by the 35,000,000 of people. These sandals have a separate compartment for the great toe and make a clanking noise on the streets. Straw slippers are also worn, and a traveler starting out on a journey will strap a supply of them on his back, that he may put on a new pair when the old is worn out. They rest but a cent and a half a pair. They are rights and lefts and leave the foot free to the air. We never see those deformities of the foot in Japan which are so frequent in this country. They are never worn in the house, but left outside the door. Passing down a street, you may see long rows of them at the doors, old and new, large and small.—Boston Journal.

## Plausible.

"What does the term 'one's immediate family' mean, Uncle George?" asked Rollo, as he paused for a moment from his perusal of Kidd's "Social Evolution."

"It might mean, Rollo," replied Uncle George reflectively, "that of a man who has married a widow with several children."—Brooklyn Life.

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