

**MARSHALL P. WILDER.**

A Sketch of the Little Humorist as Written by Himself.

I was born nine years after Bill Nye, in the state of New York. At one year I made a kick, and my father moved me from out of the state into the city of New York. My father, being a physician, later took me to Hartford for my health, where I began to laugh and grow fat. I have been laughing ever since.

My first partner in the funny business was the red headed son of the jailer in Hartford. He played Buffalo Bill—the only one who ever played the part with red hair, but that was his conception of it. We made money. Our stage was the scaffold, which was kept in the garret, except when there was a hanging, when we took off the play.

On returning to New York city, I found myself without the red headed friend and without means. For a time I buried my talent in Bradstreet's agency as file boy at \$2 per week. I mixed in so many jokes with my work that the letters didn't read seriously enough. Then I went to England and waited for things to come my way. They came in a walk, while the \$20 I had left kept going in a trot. I found that living in a small hall bedroom made me narrow minded, so I staid out in the park several nights to give myself room, as well as to air my repertory. I concluded it was weak in me to bury my gifts simply because I was in hard luck, so I began a series of free entertainments and became so popular that I began taking three cups of coffee a day, instead of one, as heretofore.

Among those who took advantage of the cheap prices was the Prince of Wales. It cost him nothing to laugh, so he laughed. Several people wanted to know what he was laughing at. He replied, "That." I had told a joke about the mother-in-law which struck the lost chord in the prince's heart and woke up a responsive, sympathetic pang. I have been charging all I could get for my services ever since. Being a Republican, I struck myself off the free list, as I no longer consider myself raw material.

For several years now I have been in this city, am known by nearly all the street car drivers, who never fail to hunt me up before I get off.

My family consists of my father, whose constant, patient companion I am. In retaliation for my "jags" he practices daily his school of homeopathy on me. It is hard to tell which gets the worst of it. We have as many rooms as we wish, but only one home. His head is silver—heart gold. We are pals.

In this autobiography I have, in my shrinking way, left out most of my strong points, as is becoming at such times. Yet, if I have unjustly slandered myself, there be others who have the right to set me square before an outraged public. Far be it from me to do myself justice. The end. Merrily yours.—Marshall P. Wilder in Empire Magazine.

**GLUTTONY'S PENALTY.**

Lives That Are Shortened by the Pleasures of the Table.

In spite of the warnings and commands of family physicians, in spite of the many examples of shortened lives and lives of suffering, men will yield to the seductiveness of the pleasures of the table. The spectacle of the man who overeats or who deliberately eats improper food is common enough, but rarely do we see as plain evidence of the admiration for the glutton which certain people possess as that which the daily papers some time ago afforded. A well known boniface died at an age when he ought to have been enjoying robust and vigorous health. Some slight mention was made of his business ventures, of his daily life, of his reason for living. But all this part of his existence was immaterial and uninteresting. The great and praiseworthy features of his life seem to have been gastronomic feats and a general ability to eat and drink enormously. He was lauded as the prince of bon vivants, the man who could eat a huge dinner and shortly thereafter swallow a brace of broiled lobsters and a couple of Welsh rabbits, washed down with copious libations of vintages or distillages or fermentages.

During his last illness, when his physicians enjoined rest in bed and a scrupulously careful diet, we read that he was game enough to dress and go out on the hotel porch to sit, winding up his imprudence (and incidentally his life) with a hearty meal, in defiance of the medical directions. This last piece of bravado was apparently considered by certain newspaper reporters as an achievement fit to rank with a victory on a battlefield, and the glutton was admiringly mentioned as though he were a brilliant and fearless hero, risking his life in a worthy cause.

The newspapers were not creating a sentiment, but merely catering to one already formed in thus aiding gluttony. The only conclusion we can draw is that the epicurean philosophy still has its cult, and that many a man's motto is, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." The case is left to the moralist.—American Medical-Surgical Bulletin.

**To Make an Oyster Cocktail.**

An oyster cocktail is made by putting into a glass half a dozen tiny little oysters, to which add a few drops of tabasco, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of worcestershire sauce, a teaspoonful of tomato ketchup and a tablespoonful of lemon juice.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

**Hard Work.**

"What was the hardest work you ever did for a living?" asked the benevolent old lady of the weary pilgrim. "Stealin', mmm."—Detroit Free Press.

Humboldt river, in Nevada, was named by Fremont in honor of Baron Humboldt.

The syrinx, or bundle of reed pipes, is the prototype of the bagpipe.

**Sir Henry Irving's Magnanimity.**

The changes of fortune place people sometimes in peculiar and embarrassing positions. A good story is told of Sir Henry Irving, the famous actor. When a young man, earning his laurels and comparatively unknown, Shakespeare's play "Much Ado About Nothing" was about to be presented to the public by a certain manager of prominence. Irving had a part assigned to him, which he diligently studied. Letter perfect in his lines, he felt assured of ultimate success, but unfortunately the manager disliked his acting of it and took occasion to censure him before the company, much to his mortification. Furthermore, the manager took the part away and gave him another, less prominent, but more difficult.

Years went by, and Irving steadily climbed to a fame that brought him knighthood, while the critical manager gradually lost ground. One day, shortly after Irving announced his intention of producing "Much Ado About Nothing," the old manager presented himself and asked that a part be assigned to him. Irving granted the request and gave him the very part he had forced him to play years before. During rehearsal Irving narrowly watched the manager's acting and at the conclusion went up to him and shook his hand after gravely complimenting him upon his rendering of the part. Then he promoted him to the part from which he had been reduced. "I never knew what 'coals of fire' meant till then," was the remark which the old actor and manager was overheard to make when Irving retired.—Harper's Round Table.

**The Awful Carib Fish.**

A traveler in Venezuela gives an interesting description of the fish of the Orinoco country. He says the party several times came in contact with the carib fish, which are the most ferocious inhabitants of the water known. The fish are not over 14 inches long, but they travel in schools. Their teeth are three cornered. Any living object which attracts their attention is attacked with fury. Mr. Thompson tells of an Indian woman who entered the water to fill a bucket. She was attacked by the fish and reached shore only to die in 15 minutes. The flesh was literally torn from her body. Mr. Dart, who was with Mr. Thompson, caught one of the fish and pulled it upon the bank. He held the carib under his foot while he pointed at the peculiar teeth with his finger. With a quick movement the carib flopped out from under Mr. Dart's foot and seized him by the finger, cutting that member to the bone. The fish frequently have been known to bite ordinary fishhooks in two.

Another fish which the party often came across was the morocoto, the flavor of which is like Lake Superior whitefish, only more delicate. The morocoto is provided with molar teeth and subsists on vegetable matter, which it thoroughly masticates before swallowing. Another peculiar creature found was the morocoy, a species of land turtle, which at night utters a cry of wonderful sweetness, plaintive and clear.—Exchange.

**Salted Ore.**

It is not generally known that it is possible to salt ore with gold just as it is possible for an unscrupulous man to salt the mine in which gold is found. In the one case the fraud is comparatively easy to detect, while in the other it would defy even an expert, and therefore shareholders, induced by the over-flattering reports of a perfectly honest assayer, could be readily taken in. The gentleman who demonstrated this possibility is a Mr. J. C. Johnson of Adelaide, Australia, who, making experiments with different salts of gold, found that he could produce quite natural looking specimens of gold bearing quartz from stones whose previous assay showed that they contained no particle of gold. Furthermore, the gold penetrates the stone in the most natural manner possible. Indeed, pieces of this artificially produced gold quartz were exhibited some little time ago at the Imperial institute in Edinburgh.—Pearson's Weekly.

**French as She Is Spoke.**

The Emerald Isle is not the only habitat of bulls, and the connection between the Gallic and Celtic races must be close indeed, if the following gems, given upon no less an authority than that of the Journal des Tribunaux as emanations of the judicial mind in France are to be considered genuine:

"Justice is not a clandestine cavern where people are strangled behind their backs."

"I esteem my honorable colleague too highly to admit for a moment that he can believe in the truth of what he alleges."

"That house of business was but a forest of bandits."

"The defunct took his place at the table, meanwhile manifesting a keen displeasure at not having been invited."

"You are to blame for building sumptuous palaces that throw dust into people's eyes."—New York Commercial.

**Neither a Pauper Nor a Papa.**

The Ottawa Herald notes that occasionally a little fun comes into the life of a township assessor. At one house Assessor Wharton found a young bride who persisted in the declaration that her husband had no occupation.

"You don't want me to set him down as a pauper, do you?" facetiously inquired Mr. Wharton.

"Law, no!" responded the young wife, blushing furiously. "We ain't been married but six months."—Kansas City Journal.

**A Fair Offer.**

"I can save you \$5,000, Mr. Moneybags."

"How so?"

"Well, then, say you will give your daughter \$50,000 as a marriage portion."

"Well?"

"Well, I'll take her for \$45,000."—Harper's Bazar.

**The Ant Feet.**

Soon the summer pest, ants, will begin to worry the tidy housekeeper. Here is what is alleged to be a sure remedy. It is inexpensive and comparatively harmless, at all events: Dissolve 1 part of corrosive sublimate in 100 parts water, which will be a very strong dose. Remove everything from the shelves where the ants are, or the carpet from the floor where they appear to come up, and pour boiling water all around to kill them and clean the wood. Then pour the corrosive sublimate over the shelves till it reaches all the cracks and crevices and let it dry in. Then fill your powder bellows with red pepper and carefully blow the cracks and crevices full of that. Cover the shelves with paper or put your carpet back in place, and you will scarcely be troubled again.

"Often," said the Camminville sage, "a man gets credit for having sense enough to say nothing, when the truth is that he hasn't sense enough to say anything."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**How to Be Handsome.**

It is a mistake to suppose that the only way to be good looking is to be born so. Good health has more to do with good looks than anything else. Such diseases as constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaints, rheumatism, nervous disorders, etc., not only shorten life, but spoil tempers and "looks." Bacon's Colery King for the nerves cures these troubles. H. Alex. Stoke sells it and will give you a sample package free. Large size 25c. and 50c.

**A Common Danger.**

If you have ever had a cold which you permitted to "wear away" it may interest you to know that it was a dangerous proceeding. Every cold and cough which is neglected paves the way for consumption, bronchitis, asthma or catarrh. Otto's Cure, the famous Gorman throat and lung remedy, will cure any cough or cold and save you from consumption. Call on H. Alex. Stoke and get a sample bottle free. Large size 25c. and 50c.

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1.50	"	1.00
1.75	"	1.00
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A Few DRESS PATTERNS that were \$6.00, \$6.50 and \$7.00, to go in this sale at \$4.00.

Ladies' Shirt Waists will be sold regardless of cost or quality.

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All Organdies and Lappert Mull at 10c. per yd., reduced from 18 cents.

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Ladies' Shirt Waists that were	50c.	reduced to	22
" " " " " "	75c.	"	42
" " " " " "	85c.	"	48
" " " " " "	1.00	"	50
" " " " " "	1.50	"	75

Reduction in all Muslin for the next four weeks. Appleton A Muslin reduced from 7c. a yard to 5½c.; 5 and 6c. Muslin to 4½c. a yard.

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