

A FAMOUS OLD MINER.

EDWARD SCHIEFFELIN ONE OF TOMBSTONE'S DISCOVERERS.

True Stories of a Most Typical Western Prospector—How the Schieffelin Brothers and Dick Gird Struck It Rich in Tombstone Gulch.

The Pacific coast newspapers have been full of stories about Edward Schieffelin, one of the discoverers of the Tombstone mines, who was found dead in a cabin in eastern Oregon. His remains, according to his wish, now rest upon the top of a granite peak two miles west of Tombstone, A. T. He desired, he said, "to be buried in the garb of a prospector, my old pick and canteen with me, and a monument such as prospectors build when locating a mining claim built over my grave and no other monument or slab erected."

It seems to be generally felt throughout the Pacific coast that this plain, ignorant, kind hearted old pioneer and prospector, who had traveled many thousands of miles in search of new mines, has thus unconsciously made his mark upon our romance and history. That lonely granite cairn in the desert, rising upon the extreme point of a treeless promontory, will long be pointed out as the grave of one of the most famous of American prospectors.

Ed Schieffelin's one great strike yielded him fully a third of \$1,000,000. At various times in his adventurous career he plodded painstakingly over the wildest portions of the Rocky mountains and Sierras, he visited Alaska, Mexico, South America and South Africa, but never again found such a mine. When he died, his fortune, at one time said to be over \$500,000, had greatly decreased by reason of bad investments and costly expeditions.

The story of the finding of Tombstone, that briefly famous Arizonian mining city, has been told in many different ways, until it is fast becoming one of the most attractive of Pacific coast myths. The simple facts are that late in the seventies the two Schieffelin brothers and Dick Gird were prospecting, sometimes together, sometimes separately, in various districts of Arizona and New Mexico. It was a time of terrible Indian outbreaks, and the Apaches were on the warpath, killing lonely miners and prospectors, attacking the stage coaches and running off cattle. Ed Schieffelin finally wandered into the neighborhood of a disputed claim, the Bronco, where eight men had been shot in various attempts to decide its ownership, and was hired at \$2 a day to sit on a hilltop and look out for Indians. One day, while hunting up a stray horse, the hitherto unsuccessful prospector stumbled into what was afterward called Tombstone Gulch and found some copper stained rock on what became the Tough Nut mine. This he sent to Gird for an assay, and soon after sent ore from the Lucky Cuss. When development was begun, a thin vein in granite widened, and promised immense riches. The claims were sold for very large sums, and when the Apaches were driven out capitalists poured money into the district. But the mines did not justify expectations. Tombstone was very far from being a second Comstock. The unlucky Broncho never paid a dollar. The Schieffelin and Gird claims yielded for a time but soon ran out, and the camp sank into decay.

The first time I met Schieffelin, that most typical of western prospectors, was about six years ago. After hearing some of his picturesque prospector yarns I told him about the various treasure expeditions to Coos island and the legends which had caused these excitements. He seized upon the glittering tale of diamond hilted swords, bags of doubloons and bars of gold with the faith of a child and at once offered to fit out a schooner for the islands and to pay my expenses as well as give me a third of the treasure if I would go along to repeat the legend as often as desired. He had prospected for almost everything, he said, except pirate treasures, and he wanted those diamond hilted swords to "put in his parlor."

I did not know at that time the story about his parlor. Having bought a \$7,000 horse in the town of Alameda, he kept several tons of quartz in one corner, on top of which his old prospecting tools, burro's saddle and camp outfit reposed when not in use. I never heard what his wife thought of this unique furniture, but there is no doubt that the diamond hilted swords would have rested peacefully on the quartz pile, and it was with sincere regrets that I acknowledged to him my entire lack of faith in the picturesque Spanish legend of Coos island.

Schieffelin's Alaska experiences have long deserved a chronicle. He fitted out an expedition years ago and prospected over vast areas of that region. His little steamboat ascended the broad Yukon, and the party wintered in the interior. One man, since dead, Charles Farciot, remained behind when the steamer returned to prospect further. When he desired to return, he built one of the most remarkable little steam engines ever seen on the coast. It was made from a few pieces of pipe and some old cans picked up about the deserted Schieffelin camp, and his only tools were a file and a pocket knife, with a stone for a hammer. He put this rude little engine in the stern of a small rowboat left behind for his use and steamed 2,000 miles without an accident. The outfit was afterward on exhibition in San Francisco and excited the astonishment and indeed the profound admiration of the best machinists, who agreed in saying that Farciot's mechanical genius was of a very high order.—New York Post.

Old Roman Swords.
The Roman swords, before Cannae, B. C. 220, were pointless and sharp on only one side. After Cannae the short Spanish sword, for cutting and thrusting, was adopted.

TIME'S CREASES.

The Origin and Progress of the Wrinkles on the Face.

We all become interested sooner or later in the subject of wrinkles. They are the "irreparable outrage" of Rancine, but although they are so universal few have endeavored to explain their origin and progress. Wrinkles are produced in the first instance by the frequent repetition of some muscular contraction or by sickness. They are not merely superficial, but appear when the epidermis is removed, and are found not only in the face, but all over the body. They do not run in any regular direction, and no law has been found including all their directions. It has been said that the life history of a man can be written from his wrinkles, but physiology hardly agrees in this instance, for it has still to be proved that a general's wrinkles differ from those of a physician's, or a laborer's from a lawyer's. A man does not always or even generally carry about a faithful autobiography in his face. Although no part of the body is free from them they visit chiefly the face, particularly round the eyes and lips. They run in all directions—horizontal, vertical and oblique, straight, curved and crossed. Going in the sun with the face insufficiently covered brings them on prematurely, but they are in every case normal at 40 or even earlier.

Vertical wrinkles between the eyes come quickly to men who study or worry themselves. This can readily be imagined. The eyebrows contract naturally when in deep thought. Grief or worry produces the same action, which, when repeated frequently, produces a fold in the skin, marking emotion undergone many times. Between these and the straight lines on the forehead, already mentioned, come the arched wrinkles of the forehead, found above the root of the nose. These often tell of long and painful mental torture. They arise from a cruel physical suffering or of still more great development of the vertical wrinkles and the resistance of the skin above.

The crow's feet mark the passing of the fortieth year and are characterized by furrows which diverge from the external angles of the eyes in all directions, like the claws of a bird, from which they are named. The wrinkles of the nose, which descend from the nostrils down each side of the mouth, are, perhaps, the first to appear. These furrows are created in laughing and mastication. A simple smile is sufficient to produce them, so it is not surprising that the repetition of the commonest acts should soon be graven on the face. They are also hereditary. The wrinkles of the cheeks and chin follow the oval of the face and are caused by a diminution of the fatty substance under the skin, which then falls into folds. The small wrinkles which form a network in the lower parts of the cheeks near the ears have the same origin and only appear in old age. Those found in the upper eyelids and sometimes in the lower, which give the eyes an air of fatigue, are the results of hard living, grief or worry.—New York Ledger.

KNOW THEIR POWERS.

The Eternal Womanly In the Rough Girls of New York.

In the girls of the rougher tenement house districts the eternal womanly wears such a disguise of the eternal gamin that it cannot always be recognized. Their pertness and sauciness are only sharpened by their precocity and their tomboy habits of street Arabia. A reporter recently had occasion to visit lower Washington street to ascertain the facts regarding the murder of a boy down there. He was obtaining his information from the boys of the neighborhood, who might have been playmates of the dead youth. A circle of them, together with three or four girls of 15 or 16 years, was gathered around him.

A big, hulking youth about 20 years old arrogated to himself the place of spokesman. He was evidently the tyrant, the bully of the street, a young "Bill the Brute," who had not yet acquired a wife to beat and was consequently an object of great interest to these misses, whose skirts had not yet grown down to their ankles. With his big, harsh voice he silenced every interruption of his tale, saying:

"Shut up there! I'm tellin' this yarn." Of course this adjuration, which forms a part of the ordinary courtesy of the neighborhood, did not quiet the girls. They chafed him and the reporter and giggled until at last the speaker said to the reporter:

"Don't mind them. They're no 'count. They're nothin' but girls."

"Of course he'll mind us, smarty," instantly retorted one of the girls. "We's the makin' of ladies."

It was the eternal womanly of street Arabia.—New York Tribune.

Du Maurier Heroines.

When Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was first presented to Du Maurier, who was, in point of fact, rather an under-dressed man, she exclaimed:

"Oh, I am so glad that you are not six feet tall!"

"But why?" asked Du Maurier.

"Because for these many months," replied Mrs. Burnett, who is considerably below medium height, "you have simply denied us the right to live. You have made us feel that a woman who is not six feet tall has not the right to exist."

"Oh, that is only a trick of mine!" laughed Du Maurier. "I have started again and again to make my heroine a little woman, but before I know it she has somehow grown way beyond my own recognition."—American Queen.

He Had Failed.

"My friend," solemnly remarked the man in black, "you don't know how hard it is to lose your wife."

"Hard?" he echoed. "My dear sir, it is simply impossible."—Chicago Times-Herald.

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, &c., 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.

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CURES CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS.
A delightful tonic and laxative. Can be taken by young and old. No dieting necessary. Eat anything you like and plenty of it. Builds up "run down" people making them well and vigorous. Try it.
At Druggists. Only 25c per bottle.
Henry, Johnson & Lord, Props., Burlington, Vt.

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Clearance - Sale!

A. D. DEEMER & CO.

for the next ten days offer Ladies' Oxford Ties, worth

\$1.00	at \$.80
1.25	"	.98
1.50	"	1.00
1.75	"	1.00
2.00	"	1.50

- LANCASTER GINGHAMS, 5c.
- NORMANDIE " 6c.
- BEST CALICO PRINTS, 4 and 5c.
- CHALLIES 3c., LAWNS 6, 8 and 10c.
- EMBROIDERIES that were 8c. reduced to 5c.; 10c. and 12c. kind to 8c.
- GENTS' DRESS SHIRTS that were 50c., 75c. and 85c., reduced to 37c.
- STRAW HATS, 50c. kind at 33c.
- 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.

A. D. Deemer & Co.

I will close out my entire stock of

DRY GOODS,

Clothing and Furnishing Goods

at less than mfg. prices.

HENRIETTAS, sold at 75c. and 85c.,	now 57c.
" " 65c.	49c.
" " 60c.	42c.
" " 50c.	39c.
SERGE, " 65c.	49c.
" " 60c.	45c.
" " 30c.	21c.
DRESS FLANNEL, " 90c.	57c.
" " 75c.	57c.
" " 50c.	40c.
RED FLANNFL, " 50c.	38c.
" " 25c.	19c.
" " 20c.	15c.

White Flannel at the same price.

LADIES' RIBBED WAISTS, sold at 25c.,	now 19c.
" " " 15c.	10c.
" " " 10c.	8c.
RED TABLE DAMASK, " 25c.	20c.
" " " 50c.	40c.
WHITE " " 75c.	57c.
" " " 50c.	39c.
" " " 40c.	32c.
" " " 25c.	20c.

CORSETS formerly sold at \$1.00 now 79c.; formerly 75c., now 57c.; formerly 50c., now 39c.

CAMBRIC at 3 1/4c. a yard.
TAFFETY at 8 and 10c. a yard.
O. N. T., Clark's Cotton, 4c. Spool Silk 4c.

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Childs' Suits \$1.00, now .75	Boys' Suits \$7. 8.00, now 5.50
" " 1.50, " 1.10	" " 5.00, " 3.75
" " 2.00, " 1.50	Men's " 4.98, " 3.85
" " 2.50, " 1.85	" " 5.00, " 3.75
" " 4.00, " 2.75	" " 5.00, " 2.75

Men's Fine Worsted Suits reduced from \$10.00 to 6.50.
GRAND ARMY SUITS reduced from \$8.50 to 5.50; from \$10.00 to 7.50.

Shirts reduced from \$1.00 to 75c., from 90c. to 67c., from 75c. to 62c., from 50c. to 42c., from 35c. to 25c.

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