

The Star.

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C. A. STEPHENSON, Editor and Pub.
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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.
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LETTER FROM ALASKA.

Written to Miss Carrie Albright by Her Cousin, Fred Albright.

SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

DEAR COUSIN:—You will see by this letter that I have taken another plunge into the mad career of a miner's life. After settling down in business 'twas but a short time before the reports of untold wealth caught me, as it did many others, and here I am on my way to the Yukon gold fields. A friend of mine returned with \$65,000 in nuggets and a claim for which he has refused \$1,500,000, and only gone one year. When he talked of going I did my best to dissuade him. He took his wife, who was quite frail. She herself panned out several thousand dollars.

I made up my mind to go with the rush. I sold out my business at a sacrifice, as did many others. Many simply closed their doors and went. Many went on grub stakes, and in fact every one who could in any way raise the necessary funds, have gone or are going. I cannot describe this mad rush, but there is something in it that no man can withstand—and women, too. Many women could be seen struggling along the trails with packs on their backs, as eager and as excited as the men, in hopes that by some good luck they may get hold of a claim. Men have worked themselves until they have died in their tracks. Horses have been packed to death. About 5,000 poor horses are dead along the trail—a distance of about 16 miles. Everybody wants to be first. Many poor fellows have left a good home never to return. Many have drowned; many shot in the excitement, and some few rascals, who will be found in any crowd, have been hanged. Many a poor fellow has lost his outfit, after putting every dollar he had on earth in it. This is the case of a poor fellow, a friend, whom I took in and am caring for the best I can. He lost everything in a slide. Notwithstanding all this, about 10,000 have gone this fall and over 1,000,000 souls will try it in the spring. Over 200,000 will come from Europe alone; 30,000 from Chicago and every other place at the same rate.

I was not crazy enough to attempt to go over the trails after I saw them, but I shall go on in the snow in February or March. Then is the best time. To illustrate the difference between the trail in summer and winter: In summer a man has to carry on his back a pack of 100 lbs. and in order to get a year's outfit over to the lakes (about 40 miles) has to travel about 1,000 miles with this load over a very rough, rocky and muddy trail, fording streams, crawling foot-logs, sleeping out nights in rain and frost, while in winter one can load his entire outfit on a sled and go right along, digging a hole in the snow to sleep in. This way takes about one week, while the other takes about two months. After reaching the lakes it is easiest and quickest in summer, but more dangerous to go down the river in a boat, while in winter one goes on the ice, putting a sail on his sled and letting the wind help him and, in many places, do all the work. Many use dogs, but I will not bother with them. It is about 600 miles from here to Klondike, the goal of fabulous wealth, and about 1,000 miles from here to Seattle.

Well, I will try it again. While I was writing the other night a stampede took place and of course I had to stop. This is the second stampede since I have been here. I left Seattle Sept. 1st and landed here the 7th. I have seen Skagway grow from a place of half a dozen tents to a town of 2,000, with good buildings, wharves, electric lights, saw mill, and dens of vice of all sorts, a typical boom mining town. Everyone carries a gun. Anyone caught stealing is left on a tree.

I will try to describe a stampede and by so doing will tell you of the one I was in last. Several good quartz mines have been discovered here this fall and of course have fired the spirit of the gold seekers. At supper time a rap came at the door of our cabin and we were told that a placer field had been found at Dyea panning on the surface 50c per pan (which is pretty good for surface). Dyea is six miles from here and, although there is land all the way, the only way one can get there is by boat (the mountains are so high and steep between here and there) and the fare is \$2.00. Well, to proceed, we hastily finished eating and in a very few minutes were on the move with our picks, shovels, bladders, tent, cooking utensils and rations, and in twenty minutes 150 men equipped the same, were on the

road to Dyea, every available craft being called into service. When we landed at Dyea we found the fields were eight miles above at the mouth of the canon, a deep canon that in summer holds a rushing torrent, but at this time of year but a small stream flows through it, leaving a gravel bed for operators. Well, we started up the trail as fast as possible, everyone trying to be first, and when we arrived we were pretty tired, and found hundreds of men there, working with lanterns, candles and burning piles of wood and every now and then the cry of "colors" would put new life in us and we would work the harder. Cursing could be heard everywhere when a man would strike a rock with his shovel, or break the point of his pick, or lose his light, and frequently threats of shooting were heard, made by some one who thought his neighbor was encroaching on his territory. I was the only one in our party who knew gold when we saw it, and from the first I took little stock in it. When we got there a company had been organized to work the new gold fields. Everybody worked until they were exhausted, and then man is more rational, and they found that some tenderfoot had found a few flakes of iron pyrites and thought he had gold colors, and many were in the same fix. To the "greenhorn" they look very much alike. But still the "greenhorn" is the one that generally strikes it rich, because it has to be very rich before he can tell it.

I like Alaska so far very much, but I know I have seen it at its best, but am prepared for the worst—winter, with its cold and hunger; summer, its mosquitoes and heat. It gets very hot on the Yukon in summer. We have not seen the sun for two weeks, although we have about four or five hours daylight every day. The moon is very bright, and oftentimes one can easily read by its light. On both sides of us we can see, on the mountains, glaciers and snow, but snow seldom comes here; yet an hour's climb will bring one to plenty. In front of us is the bay, in which an occasional iceberg, whale or band of seals can be seen. Back of us is the canon through which the river flows with forests on either side. Well, I guess I have told all that I can. Should there be anyone there who intends to go to the Yukon, tell them to stay away unless they have plenty of nerve and money, not less than \$1,500 to \$2,000. Everyone must have at least one year's supplies, clothes, etc., and on this he has to pay a heavy duty.

FRED ALBRIGHT.

Wise Words.

No act of love is ever lost.
The lofty minds maintain the simplicity of children.

The man who rides a hobby uses egotism for a saddle.

Ignorance and superstition got married before the flood.

It is worth more to the world for a man to live right than die happy.

The man who lives for a purpose helps give others a purpose for living.

The man who gives to advertise his charity has no charity worth advertising.

The biggest fault of some people is their unwillingness to be told their faults.

The testimony of a good conscience is worth more than all the flattery in the world.—*Rain's Horn.*

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue yellow, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle at H. A. Stoke's Drug Store.

P. O. S. of A. Statistics.

Secretaries of P. O. S. of A. camps have received the annual report for 1897, just recently issued by State Secretary William Weand, Philadelphia, which contains interesting data. Following statistics relate to Camps in the State for the year ending December, 1897: Number of propositions for membership received 8,837; number elected to membership, 8,314; number initiated, 8,407; admitted by card, 155; reinstated, 742; total number of members December 31, 54,580. Amount paid for sick and funeral benefits, \$138,904.74; total receipts, \$425,085.74; expenses, \$183,369.16; cash in subordinate camp treasuries, \$262,287.58; invested in real estate and bonds, \$657,628.95; valuation of paraphernalia, \$211,353.71. Total valuation of the subordinate camps in the State, \$1,031,377.03.

When you are troubled with dizziness, your appetite all gone, and you feel bad generally, take a few doses of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and you will be surprised at the improvement in your feelings. Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

Whooping cough is quickly cured by using Anker's OR Linctus. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

Our Educational Column.

"Uncle William," Editor.

Address all communications relative to this department to Editor Educational Column, care of THE STAR.

Boys and girls, your "uncle" will have another talk with you next week and then will bid you good bye for a season. You are drawing very near the close of your labors and scholastic trials for this season and in a week or two more you will know by the grades you receive, just how well you applied yourselves during the winter that is past. Notwithstanding the fact that your work this term was more or less handicapped by entertainments, parties and other outside matters, you still had an opportunity to make a pretty creditable showing, and we sincerely hope that the majority of you have done so. It is too late now to catch up if you are behind, and if you have missed your mark you alone are the ones who will have to regret your course, yet do the best you can and improve the time that yet remains in the best possible manner. We clip you this week an article on the value of "Attention," which you will do well to read carefully and profit by.

ATTENTION.

Are you ever troubled with poor memories, boys? Or do you ever feel like envying some schoolmate who never seems to forget anything? The way to remember is to give attention. If you attend to anything with your whole heart, you cannot forget it. A boy does not forget who won the ball game; he does not forget the day of the picnic. Why should he forget who won a battle, or when a state was settled? It is because he will not take the same interest in these things; he does not give attention to them. Learn to give attention and you will have good memories.

Edward is working in a broker's office; it is his duty to tend a telegraph machine that reports quotations of stocks from a central exchange and marking the quotations on tickets, to post them on a screen before the broker's customers. From ten till two the telegraph is constantly reporting, and from ten till two Edward must steadily watch it. He must take down the reports instantly and post them accurately. No one but a boy with a high character as a scholar could have secured such a place. Yet fourteen-year-old Edward never makes a mistake. An uncle, whom he loves very much, came to see his father the other day, and was taken to the broker's office; he was told beforehand that the boy would be engaged, but was surprised to see how completely he could keep his attention on his work. The father and uncle came behind the counter; Edward gave them a nod and a smile, then watched the figures and marked the tickets; these friends were in his mind no more till two o'clock. That, boys, is attention!—*Young People's Weekly.*

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, of Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles found herself sound and well; now does her own housework, and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at H. A. Stoke's Drug Store. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

We are taking orders for spring delivery on phosphate and McCormick mowers and binders. We are selling sleighs, hay, salt, flour, feed, dry goods, groceries and drugs. Come in and see J. C. KING & CO.

Robinson's have the largest and most complete line of shoes, and our prices are away down.

Said a noted man of 60 years: "My mother gave me Down's Elixir for coughs and colds when I was a boy." For sale by H. A. Stoke.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after Feb. 20th, 1898, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:25 a. m. and 1:40 p. m. for Curwensville and Clearfield.

9:43 a. m.—Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 2, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Coery and Erie.

10:37 a. m.—Accommodation—For Skyes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

10:28 a. m.—For Reynoldsville.

1:15 p. m.—Buffalo Express—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellinort, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, and Buffalo.

1:25 p. m.—Accommodation for Punxsutawney and Big Run.

4:10 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Skyes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Clearfield.

7:40 p. m.—Accommodation for Big Run and Punxsutawney.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of Ten Cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains from all stations where a ticket office is maintained.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations.

J. E. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa.

E. O. LAFAY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Rochester N. Y.

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