

The Star.

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CHALLENGE - SALE!

This is not Only a Challenge Sale of Prices

But also a Challenge of Quality. Everyone knows that price alone is a meaningless thing, and we say that every single article offered at Challenge prices is unconditionally first-class. Having bought the large Clothing Establishment of Bell, the popular Clothier, Hatter and Gents' Furnisher, for Spot Cash, we simply state that we are here to offer you the greatest money-saving prices ever offered to any public. Our stock must be turned into ready-money, and we challenge any clothing house anywhere to offer you such bargains. Remember we have the finest line of Clothing, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods to be found in any store in this section. Not having space to tell you of all the great bargains, we quote you a few prices that you can see for yourself will save you money on your

SPRING SUIT, HAT, CAP, SHIRT, NECKWEAR, TRUNKS, SACHELS, ETC.

Men's serviceable Cheviot Suit, in neat dark mixtures and plain black, made to sell for \$7.00, Challenge sale \$5.00.

Men's Single Breasted Suits, in blue and black Cheviots, stylish, perfect fit, made to sell for \$10.00, Challenge sale \$8.50.

Men's All-wool Suits, in stylish Scotchies, in plaids and mixtures, wide shoulder facings, well trimmed. Were made to sell for \$12.00. Challenge sale \$10.00.

Men's fine Worsted Suits, in fine Clay, French Worsteds, were made to sell for \$15. Challenge sale \$12.

Boys' Long Pants Suits, in blue or black, ages from 13 to 19 years, a great bargain. Made to sell for \$6 and \$8, Challenge sale \$5.00.

Boys' Long Pants Suits, in brown, light shades blue and black. Something fine. Made to sell for \$10, Challenge sale \$8.00.

Child's Knee Pants Suits, in all colors, made to sell for \$2.00. Challenge sale \$1.25.

Child's Knee Pants Suits, in all colors, for \$2 to \$2.50. Challenge sale \$1.75.

Boys' Wash Suits, ages 3 to 12 years, in all colors, from 50c. to \$2. Call and see them. They are the proper dress for boys in warm weather.

Men's Shirts, over 50 different styles, for 50c., in laundered or soft goods. Call and see this line.

Neckwear, the finest line you ever saw. We are showing this season over 100 different shades for 25c.

Challenge sale on Hats, Caps, Shirts, Neckwear. Challenge sale on everything kept in this first-class store. Don't miss this sale.

L. P. Seeley,

Successor to W. H. Bell,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

See our Spring Stock

Our store is crowded with new goods of the latest styles. Dress Patterns and Dress Goods of all kinds. Ladies' Skirts and Shirt Waists, Silks, Laces and Embroideries. Stacks of Wash Goods.

LACE CURTAINS

We have a handsome line. See them before buying elsewhere. We also have a few curtain stretchers left. Call soon if you want to get a pair.

BING & CO.

Jefferson Supply Co.

STORE

Is Headquarters for Dry Goods, Notions, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes.

—IN OUR—

Clothing Department we have great bargains. We invite you to come in and examine our line. It is no trouble to show goods.

Our Furniture AND Carpet

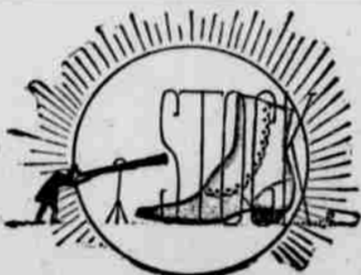
Department is complete and prices that cannot be beat.

Largest and Finest Selected Stock of Fresh Groceries in town.

Jefferson Supply Co.,

Pleasant Avenue,

Reynoldsville, Penn'a.



HAVE YOU LOOKED

through our stock of footwear? It merits your careful inspection. Feet were never called upon to punish themselves. Wearing bad shoes is wholly unnecessary. It's like going on a long pleasure trip

TO

wear a pair of our fine Summer shoes which afford every possible element of

COMFORT.

There's scarcely anything more painful than a corn, and most corns are caused by bad shoes. Coming to us for footwear means perfect fits, long wear, moderate prices, and practical economy.

J. K. JOHNSTON.
The Shoe Man.

A. D. Deemer & Co.,

Dealers in

DRY GOODS,

Notions,

Clothing, Gents'

Furnishing

Goods,

Shoes, &c.



AN ACCIDENT

may result from a rider's carelessness, but not from any defect in the

APOLLO BICYCLE.

The materials from which it is constructed are the best procurable and are thoroughly tested. The assembling is done by workmen skilled in their particular line. The parts are carefully adjusted and smooth, easy running is assured. It is a wheel for speed, work and pleasure, and a wheel to be relied on.

RISTON'S.



is next to the table in usefulness. It should also be beautiful as it usually occupies a conspicuous position in the dining room. Like all the articles in our large stock of Furniture, our line of sideboards are distinctly graceful in design and well finished. They are not product of hasty thought and unskilled hands. Every piece is well made and well joined. They are built to last. But the most surprising thing about them is the price. We offer a Sideboard of wonderful value at a price that cannot be beaten.

Hughes & Schuckers.

Shopping in London.

One of the erroneous impressions that Americans have before they try shopping in London is that things are remarkably cheap there, and when they are set right by actual experience with the fashionable dressmakers and haberdashers they get a second mistaken idea that English tradesmen are extraordinarily uncivil. This all arises from the different customs that govern retail business in the two countries. In America we pay cash for goods or settle our accounts monthly. In England, however, accounts are supposed to be rendered quarterly, and it has frequently happened that because some patrons have allowed their accounts to become so prominent that gives them prominence as an advertisement the merchant has allowed their accounts to run for three and four years. Other patrons have demanded the same privileges and have abused them, and the result is that to compensate for interest on money owing by solvent debtors and for the sums lost through those who never pay the tradesman charges a goodly profit on all his goods, and the prices are accordingly high. On the other hand, American women shopping abroad seem to be bargain mad, and their efforts to beat down prices inspire the tradesman with much the same feeling that a well trained butler experiences when his nouveau riche master economizes on his wines. In fact, looking for bargains in Bond street is folly.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Lord Byron.

Here is a new light on the character of Lord Byron. The quotation is from a letter by John Murray:

"Lord Byron is a curious man. He gave me, as I told you, the copyright of his new poems, to be printed only in his works. I did not receive the last until Tuesday night. I was so delighted with it that even as I read I sent him a draft for 1,000 guineas. The two poems are altogether no more than 1,200 and 1,000 lines and will together sell for 6s. 6d. But he returned the draft, saying that it was very liberal—much more than they were worth; that I was perfectly welcome to both poems to print in his (collected) works without cost or expectation, but that he did not think them equal to what they ought to be, and that he would not admit of their separate publication.

"I went yesterday, and he was rallying me upon my folly in offering so much and that he dared to say I thought now I had a most lucky escape. "To prove how much I think so, my lord," said I, "do me the favor to accept this pocketbook," in which I had brought with me the draft, changed into two bank notes of £1,000 and £50, but he would not take it."

A Transformation.

Soon after my arrival in Leipsic my attention was called one day to an elderly gentleman on the street.

"Do you see that old gentleman with the big soft felt hat, the blue glasses and the big umbrella?"

"You mean the one who is shambling along as if he were not just sure where he is going?"

"Yes, but you should not speak so disrespectfully of the greatest of living psychologists."

But the mistake was pardonable, for few would have supposed that he was not some plain village burgher who had just come up to town and felt somewhat lost in the big city. Once in Wandt's lecture room, however, one receives a very different impression of him. As the great philosopher pours forth one of his learned discourses those plain features light up, his bearing becomes dignified and impressive, and you no longer think of the ungainly walk and the quaint mannerisms.—Roanoke Collegian.

Examination Stories.

Isis of Oxford tells two good examination stories. The first is a candidate who in the divinity viva voce was asked to translate a portion of the gospels. As he did not stop at the end of that portion the examiner said to him: "Thank you, Mr. —, that will do. We are quite satisfied with your paper." "Oh, please," was the answer, "do let me go on. I should so like to find out how this story ends." Modern history furnishes the other. One candidate's paper in the Oxford local examination contained the following luminous and surprising passage, "General Wolfe boldly attacked the Arabian knights without waiting for the other three corpses to come up."

Text Didn't Apply.

Mrs. Northside was telling about the trouble Mrs. Manchester was having with her maids and was apparently taking much pleasure out of her difficulties. "You should not be glad because Mrs. Manchester is in trouble," said Mr. Northside. "You should remember that the Bible says, 'Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth.'"

"Oh, that's all right!" replied Mrs. Northside briskly. "Mrs. Manchester isn't an enemy at all; she is my dearest friend." —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Accidental Death.

"I understand his death was due to an accident," said the man from the east.

"That's what it was, stranger," replied the native. "Bill only meant to wing him when he shot, but somebody joggled his arm." —Chicago Post.

The Triumph of Danny.

Several years before the discovery of oil at Pithole an Irishman named McCarthy and his son Dan came to this country from the Emerald Isle. Dan was a young man of 30, but his father looked upon him as a mere boy and seemed to take delight in ridiculing him before people.

"Yes, Dan is a good 'b'y," he would say sarcastically, "but, Danny, 's'e 'b'y, 'ye'll niver set the fiver on fire."

This was his stock witticism, and it annoyed Dan very much, but he did his best and soon surprised the old gentleman by securing a lucrative job.

"Yes, Danny has a job all right," he said. "It's \$1.50 a day, but the 'b'y'll niver set the fiver on fire. Not he."

When oil was found at Pithole, Dan hurried to the scene and was soon earning unusually large wages as a teamster. All the petroleum was drawn in barrels, and teams were in great demand. He saved his money, bought an acre of land and soon had a well drilled that was producing 100 barrels of oil per day at \$10 per barrel. The elder McCarthy joined him, saw the well, received a liberal gift of money, and then shook his head ominously.

"Tis a good thing, Danny," he croaked; "'ye're doin' well, but mark me words, 'ye'll niver set the river on fire, me 'b'y."

A few days later a flood wrecked one of Dan's small wooden tanks, the oil ran down the river, and there was great excitement. As Dan and his father stood on the bank watching the oil float away Dan drew a match and lighted it.

"Father," he said coolly, "the next time 'ye' say 'Ye'll niver set the river on fire 'plaze remember that Oi had a chance wanst, and—didn't do ut, bechad!"

Then he blew out the match.—Harper's Bazar.

Can't Tell Their Husbands Apart.

Jim Hisey, aged 48, is a prosperous grain dealer in Yale. He has a wife, two sons and a daughter. Will Hisey, aged 48, his brother, lives at Sparta. He is also married. The two men are twins, and all through life have been the living duplicates of each other. So near alike are they even their wives cannot tell them apart. They dress alike, their voices are alike and their hair and mustaches have the same color and curl. When boys, they had to be tagged so that their parents and teachers would know the difference. When Jim gets a crick in the back, Will is liable to have the same complaint, and when Will gets the rheumatism Jim also gets it precisely in the same place. They were formerly both engaged in the milling business and served an apprenticeship under the same man. They were born in western Ontario, their parents being Jacob and Betsey Hisey. Jim's wife has only one way in which she can tell her husband from his brother. He has a slight curve in one of his fingers, which has to be held up in full view. Then he must give a password before he is received into full fellowship of the home circle. Many amusing instances of mistaken identity are told of the two.—Detroit Tribune.

A Big Price for a Ride.

In The Century there is an article on "The River Trip to the Klondike" by John Sidney Webb. The author says of his trip to the mines:

And here let me make a confession—I, with others, rode a horse. No one can imagine what a sensation this created along the creek. No one had ever indulged in such extravagance before. Though a man should waddle out \$20,000 in a day, he would be content to walk. But I rode at 30 cents per pound to El Dorado and 30 cents to return, or 180 pounds for \$111.60. They did not, however, put me on the scales with a sack of gold dust. Still, it was cheap, according to an Irishman coming over the summit, who remarked that he had had his goods packed over by Indians. "An I got it chape," said he. "How much did you pay?" some one inquired. "I don't know," said he. "Then how do you know it was cheap?" "Oh, anything would be chape over that place," he replied.

Not So Daft After All.

Daft Tam, as he was called, wandering through the village one day, got severely bitten by the village inn dog.

Proceeding to the inn, he showed the mistress what her "dawg" had done. She was much alarmed and, putting a half crown into Tam's hand, said:

"Awa tae the doctor, noo, an pay him wi' the hauf crown."

Tam eyed the coin, saying:

"I dinna think I'll bother wi' the doctor, but jist keep the siler."

"For my sake, gang tae him, or else ye'll gang daft."

"Hoots, wumman, ye're bletherin. Daft folk canna gang daft twice." —Pearson's Weekly.

All the Same.

Brobson—It's a disputed question which have the quicker tempers, blonds or brunettes.

Cralk—Is it?

Brobson—Yes. My wife has been both, and I couldn't see that it made any difference.—Boston Traveler.

Comparing Notes.

"I've been married five years," said the proud little matron from Detroit.

"That's nothing," laughed the Chicago woman who occupied the same seat on the train. "I've married five times." —Detroit Free Press.