

A GREAT BOAT RACE.

THE BENNINGTON'S CRACK CREW GOT A COSTLY SURPRISE.

The Story of a Fourth of July Rowing Contest at Honolulu Which Emptied the Pockets and Exacerbated the Feelings of Uncle Sam's Jackies.

"About as dismal a Fourth of July as ever I experienced on board a man-of-war," said an ex-sailor of the navy now living in Washington to a reporter. "was Independence day not many years ago down in the harbor of Honolulu. The Bennington had an all star racing boat's crew. The eight had just happened to be assigned to the Bennington in a bunch before she left for her Pacific cruise, and several of the crew had been members of the Columbia's crack boat's crew that walloped all of the British navy's boats' crews in English waters a few years before.

The Bennington's cutter was one of the best in the navy, and she had been built for a racer. Before we left the Mare Island navy yard for south Pacific waters the ship's racing crew had easily beaten all of the other crews of the ships lying at the yard, including the tip-top crew of the Olympia and the Boston's fine crew. We thought that we were about as warm as they make 'em after our crew put it on so many other man-of-war crews, giving them a couple of minutes the start of us, too, on numerous occasions and still beating them disgracefully.

"The people of Honolulu arranged an aquatic festival for the Fourth of July—the Americans down there celebrated the Fourth just as enthusiastically as we do up here—and the Bennington's crew figured in it largely. Our ship's colors were at the fore in the two races that were run with picked Kanaka crews, and the third and last race of the day was one in which our crackjack eight was to figure, the other races having been won by subversives practically picked at random from among the strongest seamen.

"We thought this race was at our mercy. It was to be a four sided affair—one crew of Kanaka sugar field workers, a crew of Kanaka policemen and the racing crew of the yacht Eleanor, belonging to Mr. Slater of Providence, that had pulled into Honolulu harbor from Japan a few days before. Our crew didn't pay much attention to the yacht's racing crew and were only figuring on the distance they could beat the crew of Kanaka policemen, which seemed the most formidable.

"The race was over the four mile course carefully blocked out in the harbor—which was very smooth—by the Honolulu aquatic sportsmen, and the start was first rate. There wasn't a man, fore or aft, on the Bennington that didn't stand to go broke to the extent of at least a month's pay on the success of the Bennington's crew, and we had to give it to 1, too, for it was generally conceded that we had the race at our mercy.

"The start, as I said, was good, and the Bennington's crew showed in front first and started out apparently to make a runaway race of it. The Kanaka policemen's crew trailed after them, pulling steadily, then the Kanaka sugar workers and, a good ten lengths to the rear, the Eleanor's crew. This was the way it looked for the finish when the Bennington's crew rounded the stake-boat and started for the return trip.

"Some of the Honolulu men who had their money up on the two Kanaka crews actually began to square accounts, and the cry, 'It's all over—Bennington!' was heard all over the bay. When the stakeboat was rounded, it was noticed that the Eleanor's boat was sort of getting a move on itself, and the men were working like machines at a lung, steady stroke that certainly looked as if it was cutting down the Bennington's lead and the lead of the two Kanaka boats.

"Two minutes after the stakeboat was rounded the Eleanor's gang were right abreast of the Kanaka cutters and gaining on them with every stroke, and the cox'wain of the Bennington's cutter, hearing the yells of warning from the Bennington bluejackets ashore, looked behind him and saw the Eleanor cutter only two lengths behind him and coming like an electric launch. Our crew was tired, and that's all there was about it.

"The Eleanor's crew had held themselves in for the finish, and they certainly did make a Garrison finish of it. The yacht's cutter shot ahead of our cutter a good mile from home, and then, to make the thing more galling, the crew actually stopped rowing until the Bennington's crew was alongside again. Then they took to the cars again, and from then on it was a howling farce. The Eleanor's crew just romped their cutter in ten lengths ahead of our cutter and the Kanakas a quarter of a mile in the rear.

"You never saw such a disgusted lot of men in your life as the men and officers on the Bennington. The Eleanor's ship company had taken all of the \$3 to 1 money they could get on board our ship, for they knew they had a good thing up their sleeve. The Eleanor's crew on the whole trip around the world that was wound up at San Francisco had not been beaten once in a cutter race, and the yacht's sailors had made all kinds of money in betting on their crew. It was a minor sort of consolation for us when we found out that five of the Eleanor's racing crew were ex-American man-of-war's men."

Winning race horses are generally bays, chestnuts or browns, and for every hundred bays among them there are 50 chestnuts and 30 browns. There is no record of an important race being won by a pichald.

While we are considering when to begin it is often too late to act.—Quintilla.

INDIAN AND TIGER.

A Clever Trick by Which the Former Outwitted the Latter.

According to a good and true tiger story in Cornhill, an Indian who had learned some of the elementary principles of jugglery and contortion went out one evening to walk upon a ridgy plain. When he reached the top of one of the mounds, he saw a tiger ahead of him, 500 or 600 yards away. Before the man could hide behind a mound the tiger had seen him and began to bound toward him at its topmost speed.

Having no means of defense, there was nothing for the man to do, but to race for the nearest tree, but though he tried it and put forth his utmost strength the tiger steadily gained upon him.

What was he to do? In sheer desperation he resolved upon an unusual scheme. Just as he disappeared for an instant from the tiger's sight in running over a ridge he halted, stretched out his legs at right angles, curled down his head so as to look between his legs to the rear and extended his arms upward in a fantastic manner, like the sails of a windmill.

In a few seconds the tiger hove in sight, and at that instant the face of the object assumed a hideous grinace. A prolonged yell arose, such as had perhaps never before pierced the ear of any tiger, and the sails of the windmill began to revolve backward and forward as if a sudden whirlwind had burst upon the scene.

The tiger recoiled. What, he evidently thought, is this? There stood a ferocious star shaped monster, gigantic against the sky. Its hideous head was situated in the very center of its body—nay, its viselike jaws, between which those fendish roars were issuing, were actually placed above its two fiery eyes. Its limbs were furiously clamoring for action, and the man he had been chasing, where was he? Already devoured by this terrible beast? The tiger could not pause to reflect. He turned tail, and as he disappeared over a friendly ridge a last awful yell caused him to redouble his pace. He was conquered by the unknown.

THE POWER OF SHADOWS.

A Gloomy View of the Power of Certain Popular Superstitions.

As antique runners passed from hand to hand the sacred torch, so the generations transmit to the generations which succeed them all that they have of light and knowledge, leaving them as a heritage the care of continuing the divine work of enfranchisement and of helping to dissipate the shadows of ignorance.

Little by little these clouds are vanquished and disappear, and the touch of intelligence flames the more radiantly in the midst of the travelling masses.

But all of a sudden a veil covers the torch—something surges up which seems like the darkness of another age. One feels that in a corner of this civilization monstrous things have place. Here they burn a woman accused of sorcery; there in Suabia a tribunal condemns to four days of imprisonment a laborer who had disinterred the corpse of an infant. He wanted to make bracelets of his finger nails, which, according to a belief held in that country, constitute a sovereign remedy against colic.

And all the stories of vampires, of elfe, return to the mind with all the vitils they have made and are making still.

It seems in reading such things that the "power of shadows" is still impenetrable to all that science has done and that, as I have said, the effort is vain.—Figaro.

On the Eating of Loons.

Man is a creature of prejudice. In Scotland he will not eat eels; in Connecticut he will not eat sturgeon, the royal fish of England, where the first one taken in the Thames goes to the queen's table; in New York he will not eat lampreys, mis-called "lamper eels," which are delicacies in Connecticut, and in England some old king—I never could keep a record of kings—died from a surfeit of lampreys. With these prejudices in mind, and I hate all prejudices except those which I entertain, I decided to eat the loon.

There may be differences among loons, as there are between pigeons and squabs. I prefer an adult pigeon to a squab, there is better chewing on it, but if a man wants real hard chewing, with a flavor of raw fish, let him tackle an adult loon. That bird could not be picked. It was skinned, and in its stomach there was a catfish recently swallowed, one partly digested and the bones of another. The triggers of the pectoral fins of the catfish were set, but the stomach of the loon did not seem to be troubled by that fact.—Fred Mather in Forest and Stream.

A Baldheaded Reply.

A naval officer, very well and favorably known in London, has for some unknown reason been advanced in his profession very slowly, though he has grown gray in the service and indeed lamentably bald. Recently one of his juniors was bold enough to question him as to his remarkable absence of hair.

"How comes it that you are so very bald?"

The officer replied promptly and with much vindictiveness:

"You, man, you would be bald, I think, if you had had men stepping over your head for years in the way I have."

Different Ideas as to Clothes.

If the native women of Sumatra have their knees properly covered, the rest does not matter. The natives of some islands off the coast of Guinea wear clothes only when they are going on a journey. Some Indians of Venezuela are ashamed to wear clothes before strangers, as it seems indecent to them to appear unpainted.

THE GREAT DESERT.

Power of the Winds on That Barren Waste of Sands.

With a feeling that my words will carry little weight with those who think otherwise, I venture to suggest that the Sahara is not exactly what it is commonly assumed to be, and yet in many ways it is not very different. Its first sands, when approached from the side of El-Kaustara, are giant rocks, burned brown and red under the glow of the southern sun, standing out in wild pinnacles from the gently undulating surface. This is not the desert that is ordinarily pictured by the mind—that flat, endless expanse which fades off unremoved and unbroken to the limits of vision—but it is the desert, nevertheless, just as much as the mountain snows of the far north are a part of the great arctic "sea of ice." Beyond, however, is the great plain itself, its swelling undulations hardly relieving to the eye the appearance of absolute flatness which the picture offers.

The truth is, the Sahara presents itself in a double aspect, that of the flat and sandy plain and that of the rocky ridge or mountain, the Hamma. It is the Hamma that is more particularly dreaded by the caravans, for among their wind swept crags there are few oases, and only the blowing sands and a relentless sun are the companions of the footsore pilgrim. In many parts of the flat desert traveling is moderately easy, for over long distances the surface has become coated into a hard, slimy crust—a solid basement rock, one may call it. Along our route of travel there were no sand dunes of any magnitude, the highest perhaps scarcely exceeding 15 or 20 feet, but I was informed by the first center of its body—nay, its viselike jaws, between which those fendish roars were issuing, were actually placed above its two fiery eyes. Its limbs were furiously clamoring for action, and the man he had been chasing, where was he? Already devoured by this terrible beast? The tiger could not pause to reflect. He turned tail, and as he disappeared over a friendly ridge a last awful yell caused him to redouble his pace. He was conquered by the unknown.

Travelers in Burma see many strange things, and perhaps one of the strangest is the way in which some kinds of fruit grow.

For instance, gooseberries that at home grow on small bushes in this part of the world grow on trees over 25 feet high. They are not a soft, pulpy fruit, but are as hard as marbles.

The real Burman grapes also grow on high trees and not on vines. They hang from the branches and trunk of the tree in clusters on a long stalk and are covered with a thick outer skin which cannot be eaten.

The cashon, or monkey nut, is also peculiar and consists of a large, juicy fruit of soft pulp, with its nut or kernel attached to the outside of the fruit at the end farthest from the stalk from which it hangs.—London Standard.

Covered the Case.

Not long ago the Dublin Independent published the following obituary notice: "Smith—On the 28th inst., Amy Jane Mary Smith, eldest daughter of John and Wilhelmina Smith, aged 1 day and 2 1/2 hours. The bereaved and heartbroken parents beg to tender their hearty thanks to Dr. Jones for his unremitting attention during the illness of the deceased and for the moderate brevity of his bill; also to Mr. Wilson for running for the doctor and to Mr. Robinson for recommending mustard plaster."

The Paris Bill Poster.

The bill poster of Paris is a more picturesque personage than his brother of New York. He plies his trade in all winds and weather, and he is nothing daunted by the assignment of a bleak suburban district on a rainy day.

He ties his posters—incased in a waterproof cover—across his back. He fastens on his paste pot. He mounts his bicycle. Then he opens his umbrella—for he is an expert wheelman and can manage it and his wheel at once. All over the umbrella are advertisements in little form of the article or the event which he intends to advertise in large by his posters, so his entire route is placarded, and he himself is a living advertisement.—Paris Correspondent.

Cries the Hours.

In Ely place, Holborn, the old custom of "crying the hours of the night by Charley" still exists. Charley, better known nowadays as the night watchman, has to call the hours in this spot from 11 p. m. till 5 a. m. Wet or fine, he must not neglect his duty.—London Globe.

There is a curious little Holland village in Wisconsin named Little Chute, whose chief manufacture is wooden shoes.

The people there are as thoroughly Dutch as their progenitors. The town stands on the ground where Pere Marquette had his winter quarters, and where the Dutch priests instructed the Indians.

A Logical Conclusion.

In a recent Walla Walla divorce suit, in which the defendant failed to appear, the referee made the following report:

"The plaintiff appearing in person and by her attorney, and the defendant not appearing and no one appearing for him, therefore he did not appear."

Walla Walla Statesman.

The Svantians, who live in the inaccessible mountain range between the Black and Caspian seas, are probably the laziest people in the world. They have made no advance toward civilization in 2,500 years. It is their invariable rule to observe holidays four times a week, with saints' days as extras.

The Bicycle Did It.

Miss Countrycousin—What are all those badges that woman wears? Mr. Wheeler—Each one represents a century.

Miss Countrycousin—Gracious! She doesn't look to be 40!—Jewelers' Weekly.

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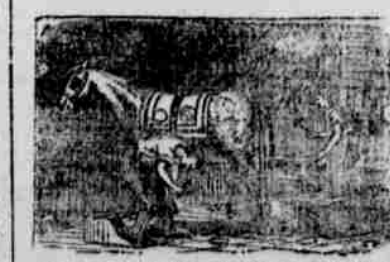
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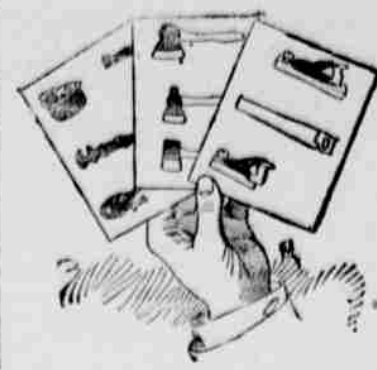
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