

The Star.

VOLUME 7.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1893.

NUMBER 25.



Hall & Barton

Carry a Full Line of

GENERAL HARDWARE

Coal and Gas Heating Stoves and Ranges.

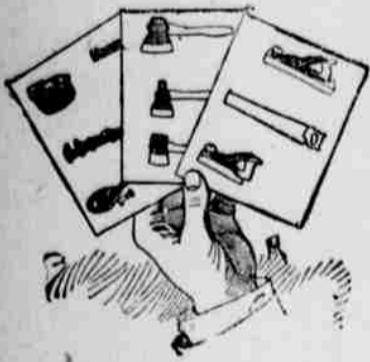
Gas Lamps and Gas Fixtures.

Agents for Welsbach Lamps and Mantles.

Plumbers' Supplies in Stock.

Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Tin Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.

Handy Tools



are more than convenient; they're necessary. You want tools, and you want good ones, too. In our stock of hardware we carry the best tools made in this or any other country. It's a maxim in hardware that the better the article the better it pays to buy it. There's value in such goods and you want value for your money. To insure that we confine our stock to top grade. Don't go elsewhere for something that's too poor even for a gift.

Reynoldsville Hardware Co.

A. D. DEEMER & CO.

Dress Goods

Our line of Dress Goods surpasses all others. We have without doubt the largest and most complete line of Black Goods ever shown in Reynoldsville. Novelties from 12½ to 50c. per yard. Fine Black Crepon from \$1.00 to \$2.00. 42-Inch Serge at 25c. per yard. A beautiful line of all-wool Poplins in all shades. A fine line of Dress Patterns—Dress Trimmings to match. Call and see our Silk Waist Patterns from 35c. to \$1.25 per yard. A complete line of Taffetas.

Fur Collarettes

Something you need for cool evenings. Ask to see our \$1.79 Collarettes. We have a few left; we expect another new lot in this week.

Ladies, Misses and Children's

Coats and Wraps

Ladies' plain cloth Capes, Kersey and Bouclays, nicely trimmed. Ladies' plain and crushed plush fur-trimmed Collar and Front—they are beauties—fancy lined. Our Ladies' Jackets—great care has been taken to select only one of a kind. Call and see our new Blues, Fans and Greens. We can save you money on any wrap you buy of us. We certainly can give you good values.

See our WOOL BLANKETS from 2.50 to \$4.00 per pair; Cotton Blankets from 45c. to \$1.25; Haps from 75c. to \$2.00. Yarns and Flannels of all kinds.

A. D. Deemer & Co.

High School Bulletin.

EDITORIAL STAFF:
Editor-in-Chief, Will Smith, '96.
Asst. Editor, Elvin S. Coleman, '99.
Local Editor, Aida B. McEater, '99.

Thirteen Juniors sitting in two rows—
Who is the brightest nobody knows—
Lizzie, Bertha, Winfield and Joe,
Lois, Etta, Hattie and Flo.
Ella and Sallie, when they meet,
Lydia and Clara, each other greet,
And Harry Herpel last of all,
A very small boy, if he wasn't so tall.
Lois likes brown and Lizzie likes green;
Bertha would like to be somebody's queen;
And Florence, so fair among them all,
Would rather be the friend of Paul.
Clara and Sallie, so noble in mind,
Don't worry themselves with things of that kind.
But Ella and Hattie prefer to be true,
And tell to the rest that they honestly do.
To finish this story so that it will pass,
I will tell you no more of the '96 class,
But if you to Muggins or Etta will go,
You will find out the truth about Sterley and Joe.

We hear so many young people use slang. Can we not use pure language? Although the use of slang in a language is not what we desire, yet it aids us to express a thought so that the person hearing it can understand perfectly what we mean. But young persons exaggerate its use. For instance, if we listen to a crowd of school-girls (and not always school-girls), we hear, especially if we are not very well versed in the slang of the day, expressions that we do not fully understand. Hyperbole is also indulged in to a great extent. Who has ever listened to such a group? Do you not hear remarks such as these: "That's a peach," "Her voice is simply divine," "Sweet thing," etc., etc.? Now, girls, can we not all abandon the use of such exaggerations. They sound silly and foolish when we only stop to think about them. The only way to become accustomed to the use of pure language is to speak it ourselves.

The laboratory is a new and useful feature of the High School this year. It is something that is needed very much in our school. The work of the Seniors and Juniors has been somewhat handicapped in the past by not having necessary apparatus for performing the experiments. We now have a better chance to understand laws when we can perform the experiment and see for ourselves the truth illustrated. It is earnestly hoped that the laboratory will continue to be enlarged upon from year to year, so that we will soon have a lab. excelled by none in any of the surrounding towns.

We take pleasure in announcing that Prof. Lenkerd congratulated the Seniors on their being present every day since the school term opened. This shows that the students of the class are greatly interested in their work, and that they know the extreme necessity of being present every day.

We, as members of the class thank Prof. Lenkerd for recognizing our resolve to attend regularly, which we have so far carried out.

We think that one of the most important things for the student is that he be present every day, for we have found by experience that one day's absence means the confusion of a week's recitations.

LOCAL.

Joe B. Mitchell was in Punxsutawney several days last week.

The coming of the Juniors from the class room reminds one of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

The Shakespearean Literary Club did not meet Friday afternoon on account of the non-preparation of those on the program.

Miss Mollie McDonald spent Sunday in DuBois.

"Say, _____, I think you are abominable."

Prof. Eisenhart, of Johnsonburg schools, was a distinguished visitor in High School one day last week.

Did you see Bert's new shoes?

Miss Wilson, of Fairview, Misses Robinson and Miss Armour visited High School Monday morning.

Would you believe it, one of the Subs really put on a clean collar yesterday.

Rev. Jelbart was a welcome visitor in chapel Monday morning.

Harry Herpel, one of our Juniors went to Brookville with the Stoneites on Friday evening and in consequence is feeling very blue over the result. It is said he yelled so loud and long for Stone that when he came home about 12 o'clock he could not arouse any one to let him in. We would advise our friend Herpel to be more moderate in the expression of his feelings regarding election.

For Mothers.

To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself.

The sooner you get a child to be a law unto himself, the sooner you will make a man of him.

We can never check what is evil in the young, unless we cherish what is good in them.

Paradise.

Mrs. Dick Yohe is numbered with the sick.

Miss Maggie Muth, of near Big Run, is working for Mrs. John Lott.

W. A. Sheesley has his new barn about finished.

The Grangers are building an addition to the Grange Hall.

D. W. Strouse, of Reynoldsville, called on relatives in Paradise last Friday.

There will be an oyster supper at the Grange hall on the 17th of this month. Everybody come and bring their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wells visited at their son's, P. M. Wells, last Sunday.

The corn huskings have been plenty through our community this fall.

Dick Yohe and E. S. Syphrit are making props for John Norris. They say they make from 200 to 300 a day. That's pretty good.

Miss Orpha Newcome, who has been visiting in town the past two weeks, returned to her home last Saturday. Orpha is a highly respected young lady and gained a host of friends during her stay in town. The young folks hated to see her leave.

Will Smyers was in Punxsy last Saturday on business.

C. E. Strouse and wife was the guest of Miss Tena Strouse last Sunday.

The Finest Calendar of the Century.

Those who receive the new calendar for 1899 given by *The Youth's Companion* to all new subscribers will allow that the publishers have pretty nearly accomplished their object, which was to produce the finest calendar of the century. The subject of the exquisite color piece which forms the centre is "The Ideal American Girl," and it is depicted in the most delicate tones as well as the most brilliant shades. The Calendar is so designed that no printing appears on the lithographed panels, and they may be retained as permanent ornaments—suitable for the prettiest corner of the house. Not only is this Calendar a gift to all subscribers to the 1899 volume, but all new subscribers receive also the remaining issues of *The Companion* from the time of subscription until January 1, 1899, free, then for fifty-two weeks, a full year, to January 1, 1900. A beautiful illustrated announcement of the principal contributions engaged for the 1899 volume will be sent free to any one addressing THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 211 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles was absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hannick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at H. A. Stoke's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Letter List.

List of unclaimed letters remaining in the postoffice at Reynoldsville, Pa., week ending Nov. 5, 1893:

Miss Maggie Cummings, Edward Davis, Miss Mary Eyer, Martin Gillis, George Hill, Mrs. Ella Kingsley, George Rubed, Robert Runion, Miss Bertha M. Starr, D. A. Shannon, C. W. Shick, Miss Lucy Thompson, Robert Ainsley. Say advertised and give date of list when calling for above.

A. M. WOODWARD, P. M.

A Young Girl's Experience.

My daughter's nerves were terribly out of order. She was thin and weak; the least noise startled her, and she was wakeful at night. Before she had taken one package of Celery King she changed in her so great that she could hardly be taken for the same girl. She is rapidly growing well and strong, her complexion is perfect, and she sleeps well every night.—Mrs. Lucy McNutt, Brush Valley, Pa. Celery King for the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by H. Alex. Stoke.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia, with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonus for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Free trial. Credit given. Drop all trashy unsolicited war books. Quilt free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

AN EFFECTIVE PARABLE.

General Joubert's Story Saved the Lives of the Jamecon Raiders.

A most interesting account of the manner in which the lives of Jamecon and his men were spared, after the surrender to the Boers, is told by the Nieuwe Van den Dug of Amsterdam:

The stern old Boers, when they had Jamecon and his fellow officers in their hands, determined to execute the leaders of the band at daybreak. The meeting took place in President Kruger's house, 20 being present, of whom the great majority, wild with indignation at the sudden inroad into their territory, were for shooting the British officers at once.

President Kruger opposed this summary plan and used all his eloquence and all his influence on behalf of the prisoners. For a long time his efforts were vain. It was 4 o'clock in the morning, and the president's opponents were still for execution. The lives of the foreigners hung by a thread.

At length General Joubert, one of the few who agreed with the president, had recourse to the old time Boer method of convincing his hearers. He made use of a parable.

"Friends," he said, "will you not listen to my voice once more? Suppose that close to my farm lives a bad neighbor who keeps fierce hounds in his house, worrying my sheep exceedingly and also killing some. What, then, would you have me do? Should I kill the hounds to be free of this worry? Truly my neighbor would say unto me: 'Thou hast killed my hounds, yet their value is greater than the value of your sheep. Pay thou me!' Is it not better that I should take the hounds and going into my neighbor's house say, 'These are mine; now pay me for the harm they have done my flock?'"

There was silence, and the general continued: "We have caught the pack. Is it not better to send them to the British government with demands for reparation, lest the British send more hounds to worry us anew?"

The old form of argument proved successful. The wisdom of moderation became apparent, and the council of war accepted the advice of their chiefs.

SERVANTS' EXCUSES.

One Woman Who Was Clever Enough to Circumvent Them.

We have heard the story of the Canadian mistress who, with seven servants in her house, was obliged to go to the garden and pick berries for the table. Each of the servants declined the task with the stereotyped excuse, "It ain't my place to pick berries." Ord, in his "History of Cleveland," relates an anecdote of Margaret Wharton, who, while accepting her servants' excuse, yet made them do her will.

In one of her visits to Scarborough Mrs. Wharton, with her usual economy, had a family pie for dinner, which she directed the footman to convey to the bakehouse. This the man declined to do as not belonging to his place, or rather, as derogatory to his consequence. The lady then moved the question to the coachman, but found a still stronger objection.

To save the pride of both Mrs. Wharton resolved to take the pie to the shop herself. She ordered one man to harness and bring out the horses and the other to mount and ride behind, and thus the errand was done with all honor and ceremony. Then in due time the coachman was ordered to put to a second time and the footman to mount behind, and Mrs. Wharton brought back the pie in the same dignified state.

"Now," said the lady to the coachman, "you have kept your place, which is to drive, and you yours," to the footman, "which is to wait, and I mine, which is to have my pie for dinner."

Continuous Steel Pipe.

The West Australian government has taken a contract to lay nearly 350 miles of water pipe of a novel character. This pipe is to be made of steel spirals packed in concrete. Sheet metal is cut into strips of the required width. These are fed into a machine and welded into one continuous strip. As the strip is fed to the machine rivet holes are punched; then the edges of the laps are brought together by machinery and held during the process of riveting, which is all done by compression. The lap is thrown on the outside of the pipe, rendering the inner surface smooth and even throughout its length. A tenacious hydraulic cement is packed around the laps, making the pipe absolutely water tight.—New York Ledger.

Willing to Fortify.

It was a few minutes before dinner when little Fred inquired: "Mamma, have I been bad today?" "Yes, Freddie, very bad indeed." "Do you think you'll send me to bed without any supper?" "I have a great mind to." "Well, mamma, I wish you would let me know now, so that I can tell how much dinner to eat."—Pick Me Up.

The Secret.

The Scoffer—Why do missionaries make such great efforts to train the heathen to wearing clothes? Are dresses and bonnets a necessary part of religion? The Missionary—No, but nothing makes a woman come to church regularly so well as knowing that the other women will be there in new bonnets.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CORYDON'S COMPLAINT.

The girlies on my creek are faded,
That every morn I once renewed,
To gather which in streams I waded,
Or searched the woodland's solitude,
Whose bloom in decay wreaths I braided—
Gold, watchet, white and rosy hued.
Now fie on love and all his folly!
My goodly mien is quit for none,
My looks, that were so plump and jolly,
Are changed to rags, lean and wan;
In mountain slumps of melancholy
Right bogged and misted to Corydon.

Sweet, dainty maid, for whose disdaining
I do in youth and sorrow pine,
Beauty once lost nor shall I regain;
Its lovely aspect may remain,
Behold those wretched blossoms vanishing!
As you are now, so once they were.
—Fall Mill Gazette.

EXPERT TOBACCO TESTING.

Cuban Buyers and Their Highly Developed Sense of Smell.

The greater part—in fact, nearly all—of the tobacco raised in Cuba and not used by the Cuban cigar makers is shipped to the United States. At certain seasons of the year the Havana hotels are filled with tobacco buyers from the United States. Some of them deal through the brokers in Havana, but some who know the country and the language go out into the tobacco district and deal directly with the planters, often buying a promising crop before it is picked. The tobacco buyer has necessarily to be a good judge of tobacco. He goes down into the very center of the bale of tobacco, he is examining, extracts some samples and tests them in different ways.

The first test is that of smell. The Cuban tobacco has a strong and peculiar odor. A little variation one way or the other makes the tobacco good or bad. After smelling it the buyer is likely to roll a rudely constructed cigar out of the leaf and smoke it. He will inhale the smoke and endeavor to determine exactly the flavor. He will also examine the ash carefully and test also the combustion of the tobacco—that is, try to find out how long it will hold fire. It is a great annoyance to a smoker who is talking or writing or otherwise engaged to put his cigar into his mouth and find that it has gone out. No cigar ever tastes so good after it has once gone out, and a fine Havana cigar is positively rank when it has met such a catastrophe. So one quality sought for is that of holding fire. If a sample smoked by the buyer will keep lighted four minutes, it is considered very good. Some will burn for five minutes and even longer without being puffed.—Ohio State Journal.

Schley's Long Legs.

A Kansas City man who was a classmate of Schley's at Annapolis says that the admiral was looked upon as the best Spanish and French scholar in the navy. His department at the academy was modern languages. "I remember one thing in particular about him, and that is his long legs. He is not noticeably tall, but his legs are of wondrous length and he can run like a deer. In the navy they never tire of telling about Schley in Korea. During the trouble there we sent a landing party ashore in charge of Schley. The boat had not more than reached the shore when out-jumped the marines to make a dash for the parapets, possibly half a mile away. In the lead was Schley. In a jiffy he was far ahead of everybody, his legs working vigorously, and when the embankments were reached he had practically distanced all the others."

Too Costly.

The San Francisco Argonaut tells a new story about Stephen Massett, so well known years ago as "Jeans Pipes." When he was the editor of the Marysville (Cal.) Herald, Mr. Hittell, the well known California pioneer and author, engaged him in argument on religion, which Mr. Hittell attacked, finally winding up by saying, "See here, Massett, you ought to get my book on 'Evidences Against Christianity;' that will convince you."

"Very well," said Massett, "I will." So the next time he entered a bookstore he asked for it. The clerk showed him the work in two volumes. "How much is it?" said Massett.

"Three dollars," replied the clerk. "What!" exclaimed Massett. "Three dollars! Take it back, sir, take it back; I prefer to remain a Christian."

Couldn't Fool Her.

"Nobody can learn all there is worth knowing in this lifetime," said Mr. Meekton wisely. "And a man ought never to assume that his education is finished. I'm going to keep right ahead with mine. I'm going to study astronomy."

His wife looked at him sharply and then in a cold, hard tone exclaimed: "Leonidas, you'll have to think up some better excuse than that for staying out all night."—Washington Star.

Head Wheels and Tailrace.

An answer recently filed by the learned "council" for the defendant in a New York court contains the following: "The defendant denies that the description of a contemplated tailrace of about one rod and four inches across defendant's land is contained in any water right to run or flow water, but is put in plaintiff's complaint from wheels in plaintiff's head."—Case and Comment.

October.

Now happy days brood o'er the land
When man enjoys himself;
Canned pumpkin in the pantry and
Lawn mowers on the shelf.
—Chicago Record.