

The Star.

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LETTER FROM HAVANA.

Capt. R. B. Beer Tells of His Visit to Moro Castle and Fort Cabanas.

CAMP COLUMBIA, HAVANA, CUBA. Feb. 5, 1899.

Mrs. R. D. Beer, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DEAR MOTHER:—Your letter of recent date received. You asked me so many questions that I don't know whether I will get them all answered or not; but I'll tell you before I go any farther that I got vaccinated a second time and I have been painfully aware of the fact for two weeks or longer, as I have an extremely sore arm, and I believe if I had it to do over again I would take chances on the small-pox. The whole regiment has been vaccinated and the hospitals are vaccinating every Cuban they can get hold of.

I was down town yesterday and took in a few of the sights. This makes first time I have been out of camp since we have been here, so you see I am not throwing myself in way of disease. I visited Moro Castle and Fort Cabanas yesterday; also rowed out into the harbor and stepped off onto the wreck of the Maine. I didn't carry away any relics from the wreck of the Maine, because I didn't have a sledge hammer to knock anything loose with. Old Moro and Cabanas are not so terrible looking as one would imagine from all that has been written and said about them. Moro Castle proper would be very easily knocked to pieces. It is more of a lookout than anything else. Both Moro and Cabanas are hundreds of years behind the times. In traveling around, through Moro, walking over their now grass-grown draw-bridges, across dry moats, which three hundred years ago might have seemed impassible, but at present look ridiculous, and if the Dons imagined themselves secure in their prehistoric fortifications their stretch of imagination was certainly very great. One can imagine himself traveling through the old Castilian kingdom and almost realize Washington Irving's mythical stories of Alhambra, etc., being absolutely true, finding yourself challenged by tall warriors, clad in heavy steel armor; but if you allow yourself to be carried away by any dreams of your imagination you will be halted, and it won't be by any mythical knight, either. The guards are very particular and you have to pass from General Ludlow to visit most of the forts. The guard's manner of halting one is usually so emphatic that you will form an impression that that particular guard has it in for you and wanted to scare you into a fit by hallooing "halt!" at you in as gruff a manner as possible. However, that's a part of their training and as long as you don't attempt to advance without showing your pass you will be treated all right. Should you attempt to pass the guard without recognizing his command, you will find one of those butcher knife bayonets up against you and you undoubtedly won't feel nearly so brave as you did before. But to continue about Moro. There is a large amount of very dangerous ammunition stored there in the way of mines, gun cotton and different kinds of explosives, which requires a very careful guard. There are dungeons and prison cells galore all over both Cabanas and Moro, underground passageways leading to different parts of the city, also to Cabanas and one of the newer forts close to Moro, which is the most dangerous of all of the three on account of having modern guns. Most of the guns of Moro and Cabanas are old and almost useless as a means of defense against our modern guns. Moro Castle proper is about seventy-five feet in height, a base of sixty feet and walls from five to ten feet through. The grounds and walls of the forts surrounding it probably cover an acre. Cabanas is less than a quarter of a mile from Moro, covering about three acres of land and having a capacity of cell room for four to five thousand prisoners, some of the most horrible dungeons one can imagine. Even traveling through them with plenty of light and genial companions, the cold chills would creep over me at the thoughts of being shut up in such a place. But hundreds of Cubans spent their last hours of life in those horrible holes. Cabanas was the main Spanish prison of the island and it was usually pretty well filled up with the poor devils that would get into the clutches of such military rulers as General Weyer. There are many too, that entered Cabanas who never came out again to tell the story of their brutal treatment.

There is a portion of one of the walls that is filled with bullets and bullet holes. Along the wall is drawn a large black line, which is just about the height of a man's chest when standing; it is called the dead line. It is where the prisoners were placed to be shot, one of Weyer's methods of caring for the reconcentrados. There are a large number of old Spanish cannon in Cabanas which are simply useless as a means of defense. I should liked to have been able to get one started home as a relic, and would probably have attempted it, but for a few ifs; for instance, first of all, if it wasn't so all-fired heavy, and if the guard didn't watch so closely.

I watched Uncle Sam's agents dealing out rations to the poor yesterday. There were probably three hundred of them lined up waiting for their turn. They have gotten past the point of looking hungry, but they look awfully tough; mostly women and children, very few able bodied men amongst the applicants for aid. Our agents have to use great care in issuing rations; there are a great many of these people "on the work" just like they are in some other countries I have heard of. In one or two instances where suspicious cases were hunted down it has been found that they were well able to support themselves, but simply taking advantage of our free rations.

There is lots of talk of discontent amongst the Cubans. They think we ought to turn the island and the government of the same over to them forthwith. They are trying now to work Uncle Sam for pay for their troops, but as their army is apparently largely made up of Generals and Major Generals, I do not think I will miss my guess much when I say that these same Major Generals will get the bulk of the money for the troops, providing, of course, that the U. S. allows them anything. I do not think that they will be able to stir up any trouble so that we will have to use arms against them, as they apparently have a very healthy respect for our soldiers, but they may fool around so as to keep the volunteer army down here for the next two years. You cannot go on to the streets of Havana without passing and meeting numerous Cuban officers in their uniforms without anything to do, apparently, but strut around and talk. They have but little confidence in the Americans. A portion of our camp, where there were some improvements being made, the work was being done by Cubans. The first Saturday night after the first week's work they demanded their wages. The interpreter did his best to make them understand the Government was in the habit of paying only monthly, but that wouldn't do; they had to have their wages then or they would quit and, of course, as their wages could not be given them then and there, there was nothing for them to do but quit, which they did.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.]

Paradise.

Mrs. Noah Strouse is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Gallagher, near Pittsburgh.

Messrs. Tom and John Cathers are busily engaged in hauling props to Big Soldier for Scott Syphrit.

The social held at the grange hall Thursday evening was quite largely attended.

Ed. McCraith, accompanied by his better half, attended church at Big Soldier Sunday evening.

Last Saturday morning was the coldest weather we had this winter. The thermometer registered 63 degrees below Ludwick's saw mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Strouse gave an interesting party to their many friends around and about Paradise last Tuesday evening.

Miss Tena Strouse was the guest of her friend, Miss Harriot Norris, of near Panitz last Sunday.

Elmer Myers, who has been suffering with rheumatism the past few weeks, is getting better.

Some of the people have to drive around three or four miles to go to Reynoldsville on account of the snow drifts.

Amos Strouse was in Brookville last Thursday attending to some business.

The candidates are so thick in town that people can hardly get along on account of running over them.

The boiler at Ludwick's mill is froze up so that they cannot saw until the weather gets warmer.

A gentleman while passing through town the other day said: "There are some men who think they know everything, but when it comes to the fine point don't know anything." That is just the way with a few men of Paradise, and they can mind other people's business, but don't mind their own.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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MYSTERIOUS LIGHT AT SEA.

Three Steamers Didn't Understand It, but the Prince of Monaco Knew.

The Prince of Monaco has been known since 1885 as an enthusiastic student of the sea and its various forms of life. He usually spends his summers in the study of oceanographic problems, and his cruises have on some occasions been extended almost to the coasts of America. He delivered a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society in London in which he told this incident.

One afternoon, while in the bay of Biscay, he sank the trap in which he collected specimens of sea life. It went to the bottom in over 12,000 feet of water, and as night approached he fastened to the wire attached to it an electric buoy and then stood off a mile or so. It did not happen to occur to him that he was right in the track of steamers plying between northern Europe and the Mediterranean, but he was reminded of the fact later.

As he and his 14 sailors were watching with a good deal of satisfaction the swaying buoy with its brilliant illumination a steamer's light came into view. It was soon evident that the steamer was curious to know the meaning of the illumination, for she altered her course and made for the light. She knew that no fishing boats came out so far from land and so determined to solve the mystery. Up she came to within a quarter of a mile of the buoy slowed up for a minute, and then started ahead, perhaps a little disgusted at the incident that had lured her several miles out of her course.

She had hardly got away when a second steamer came into view, and she too, bore down upon the lighted buoy. The marines on the prince's vessel understood by this time that the illumination was probably believed to be evidence of a disaster. Just as the prince's steamer was moving up to explain matters she was nearly run down by one of the large liners in the oriental trade, which had also left her course to render what assistance she could.

The swell was very heavy, and the prince feared a collision as the three vessels approached the light like moths around a candle. He therefore veered off and the other vessels, after standing by for a few minutes, went on their way and probably never learned the cause of that night's illumination at sea.

But the incident gave the prince a pointer. He carefully refrained thereafter from exhibiting his electric buoy on any of the much traveled ocean routes.—New York Sun.

The Audience Got Angry.

There was a scene of wild excitement during the last week of May, 1893, at the Gaiety, London, and all owing to the singular behavior of a policeman. Two popular entertainers were on the stage, and one of them asked the audience a little conundrum. "Why is a policeman an utter sounder?"

A gentleman in blue who was apparently on duty in the body of the theater at once took offense. He jumped on to the stage and, seizing the offender, attempted to drag him off.

The audience rose in indignation. Men shook their fists and shouted, "What has he done?" One frenzied young lady in the front of the gallery seized a tumbler and would have thrown it at the policeman if her arm had not been arrested.

The policeman then dragged his captive off the stage amid the hisses and shouts of the audience. But anger was speedily changed to laughter when Mr. Policeman reappeared with his victim and stood revealed as one of the Cosmo trio. I never saw an audience so completely taken in.—London Correspondence.

Pigs and Witchcraft.

Two women of the lower class were quarrelling violently the other evening in Havrevice, a suburb of Exeter. One yelled to the other: "You wretch, you always keep a black and a white pig so that you can witch us! You ought to be scragged!" The one so addressed, it seems, has lived in her cottage some 20 years. She has during this period, it is said, always kept a couple of pigs, one of each color, and her neighbors consider she does this so that she may enjoy the very questionable powers of witchcraft. No butcher in the neighborhood will buy her pigs, as it was known to do so he would certainly lose the local custom upon which he relies.—Notes and Queries.

Not Reassuring.

That an answer may be cheerful and yet far from reassuring is once more proved out of the mouth of a young Irishman.

He was acting as guide to a party of Americans who, in the course of a day's excursion during their visit to Ireland, were wandering over a picturesque, deserted castle.

"It seems very unsafe," said one of the party, as they groped and stumbled along a dark passage. "These floors are loose, I know."

"Yes," said another timid person, "and I wish I could see the blue sky above me. This seems like a dungeon, not a ruin!"

"Is it the blue sky ye'd be seeing, miss?" said the voice of the guide, some feet in advance. "Why, may the saints preserve ye for an innocent! It's the roof, an nowt else, that keeps the walls together, miss!"—Youth's Companion.

Bloodhounds.

The gentleness of bloodhound disposition is probably accounted for by their not having been used to hunt and kill prey. One of the most ancient anecdotes of these dogs attributes the capture of a fugitive to the use of his own bloodhound. The name itself is probably a modern one, based on a vulgar error that the dogs only followed persons who were "red handed" from homicide or who had about them the smell of recently killed sheep. The ancient name was lyme dog or talbot, which latter appears to have been a white variety of bloodhound.

The Cuban bloodhounds, which were used for hunting slaves by the Spaniards and were imported into Jamaica, were not bloodhounds at all, but a cross between the mastiff and bulldog, or perhaps the "dogue" of Bordeaux. They were brindle, prick eared, and doubtless horribly savage. They were, however used as "police" and like the bloodhounds on the border, were maintained in every parish in Jamaica where it was the duty of the churchwardens to keep them at the expense of the community.

Some of these dogs were kept in London during the early days of the zoological gardens. The stories of their ferocity are probably not exaggerated, though Lord Balcarras, who imported 200 of them into Jamaica to aid in subduing the maroons, never used them. He frightened the negroes into submission by circulating the stories current about the dogs.—London Spectator

Thank His Wife's Advice.

When the man whose haircut showed that his wife had peculiar notions as to the way a man should dress his hair quit giving advice, one of the listeners said:

"No man has more respect for a woman than I have, but I shall never take the advice of my wife again about money matters. She insisted upon my hiding my salary, so if I should be held up the highwaymen wouldn't get it. I draw my stipend at 6 p. m., and it is quite dark before I get home. She is a good hider in the house, but her talent in that line stops there. Now, she had the brilliant idea that I should put the envelope containing my money under the sweatband of my hat. Highway men would never look there and would never rob a man of his hat. After she had made this suggestion about 40 times I accepted it. I went home as usual on the elevated. I had a slight attack of vertigo in the car, and the man who always knows what to do said I needed fresh air and threw up the window. In doing so he knocked off my hat. I went home bareheaded and broke."—New York Sun

The Brave Bull, the Cruel Spaniard.

The trumpet sounds again, and the espada takes his sword and his muleta and goes out for the last scene. This, which ought to be, is not always the real climax. The bull is often by this time tired, has had enough of the sport leaps at the barrier, trying to get out. He is tired of running after red rags and he brushes them aside contemptuously. He can scarcely be got to show animation enough to be decently killed. But one bull that I saw was splendidly savage and fought almost to the last running about the arena with the sword between his shoulders, and that great red line broadening down each side of his neck on the black, like a deep layer of red paint, one tricks oneself into thinking.

He carried two swords in his neck and still fought. When at last he, too, got weary he went and knelt down before the door by which he had entered and would fight no more. But they went up to him from outside the barrier and drew the swords out of him, and he got to his feet again and stood to be killed.—Saturday Review

She Let Him Off.

One night Green came home very late and found his wife evidently prepared to administer a Caudle lecture. Instead of going to bed, he took a seat, and, resting his elbows on his knees, seemed absorbed in grief, sighing heavily and uttering such exclamations as "Poor Watkins! Poor fellow!"

Mrs. Green, moved by curiosity, said sharply: "What's the matter with Watkins?"

"Ah," said Green, "his wife is giving him fits just now."

Mrs. Green let her husband off that time.—Liverpool Mercury.

Her Tongue.

They were talking of figures of speech.

"Have you ever noticed," said one, "how fond people are of vegetable metaphors when they are dealing with a woman? Her cheeks are 'roses,' her lips are 'cherry,' her hands are always 'lily hands,' her mouth is a 'rosebud,' her complexion is 'like a peach,' and her breath is 'fragrant as honeysuckle.'"

"You've forgotten one," said the cynic.

"What's that?"

"Her tongue. It is a scarlet runner."

A Considerate Lover.

Parent—Of course, as my daughter is of age, she can suit herself as to marrying you, but the day she does I will cut her off without a penny.

Suitor (after a pause)—Well, under those circumstances, sir, we will break our engagement. I could not think of depriving a young lady of her inheritance.—Harlem Life

FOOLED IN A HORSE TRADE.

This Animal Possessed Several Remarkable Traits.

A prominent English landlord was one day riding across a common adjacent to his preserves when he overtook one of his tenants, who was also mounted. After the usual salutations they rode on in silence for some minutes, when the tenant slightly spurred his horse, a balking animal, whereupon it dropped to its knees.

"What's the matter with your horse?" asked his lordship. The embarrassed tenant remarked by way of explanation that his steed always acted that way when there was game to be found.

A moment later, to the tenant's satisfaction and surprise, a frightened hare jumped out of some bushes near by.

This so impressed the landlord that he at once drove a bargain by which he secured the tenant's barebacked beast in exchange for his own fine mount, perfectly saddled. With much agility the tenant leaped to his new horse, and all went well until they came to a small stream, whereat the landlord's new nag immediately balked. A drive home with the spurs brought it again to its knees.

"Hello, what's up now? There's no game here," said his lordship.

"True, my lord," was the ready reply, "but I forgot to tell you 'ee's as good for fish as 'ee is for game.'"—San Francisco Argonaut

Wise Lad.

"What will happen to you if you are a good little boy?" asked the kindly old woman.

"I'll get a stick of candy for being good."

"And what will happen to you if you are bad?"

"I'll get two sticks of candy for promising to try to be good."—Chicago Post

Squaring Up.

Freddie's Papa—What do you intend to do with the hole in that doughnut when you get all the cake eaten from around it?

Freddie (after serious thought)—I guess I'll give it to little sister, to pay for the bite she ginned out of her apple.—Chicago News

Greatness Thrust Upon Him.

Teacher—Now, then, boy No. 1, who wrote "Macheth?"

Boy No. 1 (trembling violently)—Please, sir, I didn't.

Teacher—I know you didn't, but who did?

Boy No. 1 (with a spasm of virtue)—Please, sir, I don't want to be a teitale, but it wuz Bob Buster, over in de corner east. I seen him a doin of it.—Illustrated Record.

Two of a Kind.

Teacher—What is tantology?

Boy—Repetition.

Teacher—Give me an example.

Boy—We are going to have sheep's head for dinner, and my sister Elsie's young man is coming to dinner also.

Teacher—Go up top.—London Fun

Cause For a Razor Duel.

Miss Johnson—Don't Mistah Jeffahson look swell. Jes' see de flash ob his diamond stud!

Mr. Jackson—Diamond nuffin! Dat am a dischabled papahweight from de bank whin he am potah.—Jewelers' Weekly

The use of coats of arms as a badge for different families did not come into practice till the twelfth century. The Germans are said to have originated it, while the French developed the science.

The Romans used little stones—calculus—in counting, and hence the world calculate.

Digging For Fish.

The natives of Kottiar, in Africa, are in the habit of digging every year, in the summer, the dry banks of the Verge river for fish, which they dig out by hundreds, just as they would potatoes. The mud lumps are broken open and the fish, perhaps 8 or 10 inches long, will always be found alive, and often irksy, as if just removed from its supposedly native element—the water. In the dry beds of several African rivers a similar practice is often pursued. A kind of mud fish buries itself while the bottom is still moist, and remains there all the summer, waking up when the rains commence again.

Sandy's Criticisms.

A young Scotchman went to a London school of music, where he learned to play the violoncello fairly well.

On his return to his native village he gathered his friends together to hear his new instrument.

When he had played one or two tunes, he looked up expectantly.

After a slight pause his old grandfather spoke.

"En, nunu!" he said, "it's a maistry there's na smell wi' it!"—Liverpool Mercury.

His Opportunity.

"I'd like something to eat," said the frazzled pilgrim at the kitchen door.

"I'm that tired and hungry I don't know which way to turn." "I'll show you how to do that," encouragingly replied Farmer Haycraft, picking up a dull ax and heading him in the direction of the grindstone.—Chicago Tribune.