

WOULD YOU LIKE...  
A free scholarship in Lock Haven Normal School, King's School of Oratory or International Correspondence Schools?  
SEE THIRD PAGE.

A FREE SCHOLARSHIP...  
Is offered by The Star to the person getting highest number of votes. Contest open to all.  
For full particulars SEE THIRD PAGE.

**VOLUME 10.**

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

**C. MITCHELL,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**G. M. McDONALD,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Notch block, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**SMITH M. McCREIGHT,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in Froehlich & Henry block, near postoffice, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**DR. B. E. HOOVER,**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.  
Resident dentist. In the Froehlich & Henry block, near the postoffice, Main street, Gentleness in operating.

**DR. L. L. MEANS,**  
DENTIST.  
Office on second floor of First National bank building, Main street.

**DR. R. DEVERE KING,**  
DENTIST.  
Office on second floor Reynoldsville Real Estate Bldg., Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**DR. W. A. HENRY,**  
DENTIST.  
Office on second floor of Henry Bros. Book building, Main street.

**E. NEFF,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE  
And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**J. H. HUGHES,**  
UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING.  
A full line of supplies constantly on hand. Picture framing a specialty. Office and warehouse in the Moore building on Main street.

**HOTEL BELNAP,**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.  
FRANK DIETZ, Proprietor.  
First class in every particular. Located in the very centre of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and convenient sample rooms for commercial travelers.

**HOTEL McCONNELL,**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.  
FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.  
The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections &c.

**Daintiest Styles in Footwear...  
SHOES BUILT ON HONOR...**

Our footwear for ladies mirrors the latest dictates of Dame Fashion. What is proper and popular in Oxfords and High Shoes, in dainty styles and worthful leathers is here. Up-to-date shoes for gentlemen. Also handle first-class working shoes.

Our Prices, like our styles, Are All Right.

**Johnston & Nolan,**  
NOLAN BLOCK.

**GLYDESDALE**  
King of the Gypsies,  
who became one of the most eminent Surgeons in Europe.  
He gave to the world **GLYDESDALE OINTMENT**, The Superior of all ointments, salves or oils that are sold for healing or relieving pain. It is made from Nature's field of good things for Man.  
**GET THE JAR WITH THE RED TOR - DRUGGISTS.**  
THE DR. W. S. McCONNELL CO. PITTSBURGH, PA., U.S.A.  
SOLE PROPRIETORS.

**Going! Going! Going!**  
A lot of Ladies' Underskirts At unbelievable prices. You won't believe this the first time you read it, and we are reluctant to say that these are our \$2.00 and \$2.50 Petticoats. The reduction seems incredible.

Skirts formerly at \$2.50 now \$1.39	2.00 now 1.00
" " " " 1.50 " .75	" " " " 1.00 " .50
" " " " .75 " .49	" " " " .70 " .49

Lancaster Gingham at 5c per yard.  
Ladies' Colored Hose, were formerly 25c, now 15 cents per pair.  
Ladies' Coat Suits—  
At your own price. All the latest patterns. Call and see them. We always have what we advertise.  
See the fine line of Belts just received.  
Have you used any of our Youthful Tint Perfumes?  
If not, try them. We have any odor you wish, and we sell any quantity you want to buy.  
Percales  
In light colors we sold at 12 1/2 cents, now 7 cents per yard. All neat patterns, finest material for boys' waists one yard wide.  
Fancy Waist Patterns at clearance prices.  
Dainties at 5c per yard.

**J. J. SUTTER.**

**First National Bank OF REYNOLDSVILLE.**

Capital, \$50,000.  
Surplus, \$15,000.

C. Mitchell, President;  
Scott McCalland, Vice Pres.;  
John H. Kaucher, Cashier.

Directors:  
C. Mitchell, Scott McCalland, J. C. King, John H. Corbett, D. E. Brown, G. W. Fuller, J. H. Kaucher.

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons.  
Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.  
First National Bank building, Nolan block

**Fire Proof Vault.**

AT  
**YOUNG'S PLANING MILL**  
You will find  
**SASH, DOORS,  
FRAMES AND FINISH—  
of all kinds,  
ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,  
HIGH GRADE VARNISHES,  
LEAD AND OIL COLORS**  
In all shades.  
And also an over-stock of Nails which I will sell CHEAP.  
**J. V. YOUNG, Prop.**

**Want Your Clothing to Fit?**

Then you ought to go to  
**J. C. Froehlich,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR.  
My line of samples are well worth anyone's time to call and inspect. Remember  
**All Work is Guaranteed.**  
Cleaning, Repairing and Altering a Specialty.  
**J. C. FROEHLICH,**  
Near Centennial hall.

**TELLTALE PICTURES.**  
PAINTINGS THAT HAVE DONE THE WORK OF DETECTIVES.

Instances Where the Canvas of an Artist Has Led to the Confession of a Criminal—A Portrait and a Stolen Diamond Pendant.

An artist who had suddenly become almost famous by his production of a painting exhibited at the Royal Academy was one day called upon by a man whose visit was productive of the most extraordinary and undreamt of consequences.  
The picture represented a lonely stretch of beach, upon which the sea was beating in long, creamy rollers. In the foreground, bending over a dead body, was a man with a wild expression on his face and with a naked knife in his hand. A ship's boat, evidently just beached, was also in the picture, and by the side of the murdered man was a bag of gold. The picture portrayed the advent of two castaways upon a friendly shore. The one had murdered the other so that the treasure might be his.  
The painter's visitor was a gray haired, wild eyed man.  
"In heaven's name, sir," he gasped out, "how did you learn the dreadful story that you painted? I see you know all. I murdered my mate Bill to get the money that was his. I threw his body into the sea. I don't know what impulse led me to the Academy. The first thing I saw was your picture representing the scene that took place 20 years ago."  
Needless to say, the picture had been the outcome of imagination. Yet murder will out, and the guilty conscience of the man who had killed his comrade for lust of gold had convinced him that the painting was no coincidence, but was indeed the actual portrayal of a dastardly and unwelcome crime.  
There is probably no picture better known in England than "The Doctor," by Mr. Luke Fildes, yet there are probably very few people aware of the fact that that selfsame masterpiece is the means of bringing to light the perpetration of a crime that would otherwise never have been known.  
A certain doctor in a large town committed suicide, and among his papers was a letter which ran as follows: "I have today seen Luke Fildes' 'Doctor.' The picture represents a medical man watching by the bedside of a child. It has so haunted me that I am going to take away my own worthless life and make a confession at the same time. When Arthur"—his brother—"bought it, I came into money that my dead brother had settled on him. He died as all the world thought of acute pneumonia. Yet his life might have been saved had I acted, as Fildes' 'Doctor' is so evidently doing, with the use of all the skill that lay in my power. I hastened the boy's end and so got the money. I can bear it no more."  
A well known artist was commissioned to paint the portrait of a lady in exalted circles, who boasted the possession of a most unique jewel in the form of a pendant. The lady was very anxious that this heirloom should be included in her portrait. The artist, of course, complied with her request.  
Shortly after the painting had been completed a daring burglary was perpetrated, with the result that the lady lost her heirloom, and no trace of the thief or thieves was forthcoming. Years passed by, and the lady gave up all hope of ever seeing the precious heirloom again.  
Now, it so happened that the artist who had painted the portrait of the lady mentioned had occasion to travel in India.  
In the course of his wanderings he came to Bombay and, as every visitor to that place does, strolled through the native bazaar.  
Suddenly his attention was riveted by a piece of jewelry in a jeweler's shop that seemed familiar to him. It was a diamond and ruby pendant. Where had he seen it before? He ransacked his brain, but could not remember.  
He returned to his hotel and happened to take from his portfolio a sketch of the portrait he had made years ago of the lady with the pendant.  
In a moment the enigma was solved. The piece of jewelry he had seen was the peculiar pendant that his fair sitter had been so anxious he should include in his portrait.  
He hurried off to the chief of police, and told that worthy what he suspected, namely, that the bazaar he had visited contained the long lost jewel of the English lady. Inquiries were at once set on foot with extraordinary results. The jeweler in the bazaar confessed to having given years ago a quite insignificant sum for the jewel, which he had bought from a stableman in the employ of a neighboring rajah. The stableman was sought for, and turned out to be none other than a famous English crackman, who had apparently turned honest, but who, nevertheless, confessed to having been the thief of the jewel that had been so miraculously discovered.—Pearson's Weekly.

**A Surprise to Him.**  
"Had you heard that Oily Mike had been incarcerated?"  
"No. I didn't even know he was dead."—Indianapolis News.

**IT STAGGERED THEM.**  
**Employees in a Department Store Were Dazed by a \$1,000 Bill.**

There was one division of one of the largest department stores along Sixth avenue that suspended business for half an hour one day last week. A woman bought some handkerchiefs and a pair of towels. The clerk footed her bill, 40 cents, and the woman laid a paper bill on the counter.  
The clerk, a girl, looked at it hastily. It read \$1,000. She had never seen a thousand dollar bill before in her life, and the amazement it caused made her speechless. With her mouth open in wonder she made out the check, showing that 40 cents was to be taken out of \$1,000. The girl who acts as cashier fell back in her chair when she saw the bill. She didn't have change for it, and after gazing at it in wondering admiration for a moment she rushed out to find the manager. He asked for the customer who had offered it, and the girl led the way to where the woman was waiting. The clerk had recovered from her surprise enough to point out the customer.  
The manager said, "Madam, what did you buy?"  
The woman named over the small articles.  
"What did you give the clerk?"  
"I gave her a dollar bill."  
"No; you gave her this, and it is worthless," the manager said sternly.  
Perspiration stood out on the woman's face as she looked in wonder at the bill. She fished a dollar out of a handbag she carried and paid. By that time she had figured out an explanation. She has a son attending a business college, where they have mock transactions in business and paper to look as much like money as the counterfeiting laws of the country will permit are used. The clerks had been so stung by the big figures that they did not see that it was not money at all, but a fake bill.—New York Herald.

**CULINARY CAPERS.**

If parsley is wrapped up in a piece of wet cheesecloth, it can be kept for some time.  
Nutmeg is much used by the Italians when cooking spinach, as it is said to bring out the flavor of the vegetable.  
Two or three leaves from a rose geranium added to crab apple jelly while it is cooking will, it is said, impart a delicious flavor.  
A pinch of powdered ginger added to cranberries in cooking will bring out the flavor. They should not be stewed to a jam, but kept separate, looking more like candied cherries.  
For a vegetable puree either young turnip tops or even young fresh nettle tops are recommended. They are cooked in the same way—boiled—rubbed through a sieve and added to cream.  
Satisfy (oyster plant) is excellent if soaked in vinegar and water, then dipped in oil, sliced and heated in white sauce. Bake in shells, having sprinkled grated cheese and bread crumbs over the top.  
Italian dried peas are popular still in Great Britain under the familiar name of peas pudding. The vegetable is soaked overnight, then boiled, rubbed through a sieve and sent to the table with the addition of a little thick cream.

**Size of Propellers.**  
"The small size of the screw," says a boiler maker, "is not due to the perception of any inventor of its greater effect as compared with a larger one, but purely to accident. When I first engaged in the machinery business, screws for steamers were made as large as possible, it being the theory that the greater the diameter the higher the speed. A vessel was placed on Lake Erie with a screw so large that it was deemed best to cast each blade in two parts and then weld them together. During a storm all these blades of the propeller broke at the welding, reducing the diameter by more than two-thirds.  
"To the surprise of the captain the vessel shot forward at a speed such as had never been attained before. Engineers then experimented with smaller propellers and discovered that they were much more effective than large ones. Had it not been for that accident we might have gone on using large blade screws to the present day."

**To Make a Glass Cutter.**  
A glass cutter can easily be made with an ordinary mapping pen and a small piece of carborundum, or carbide of silicon. Cut off a part of the nib to form a small tube. Fit a crystal or part of one of carborundum into the tube, take it out again and dip one end in seecotine or any other cement and replace it. Next wind a piece of fine wire tightly around the tube and part of the handle and fix it in a notch cut in the latter. Put it aside for a day to allow the cement to harden. A glass cutter made thus will do its work as well as the expensive diamond and a great deal better than the ordinary wheel cutter.

**Of Two Evils the Lesser.**  
Papa—Didn't I tell you, Willie, if I caught you playing with Tommy Jink again I would whip you?  
Willie—Yes, sir.  
Papa—Then why were you playing with him?  
Willie—Well, I got lonesomer than I thought a fiddin would hurt, so I just went over and played with him; that's why.—Detroit Free Press.

**Needed a Chain.**  
A story is being told about a German who has a hotel far down town. An artist—one of those barroom artists who make pictures on mirrors with soap—called on the German the other day and asked for some work. "Well," the German said, "you might paint a brown bear on my sign. How much would you charge to do it?" "Two dollars," the artist answered. Thereupon the contract was made, and the bear was painted.  
At the end of the job the artist said, "Don't you want me to paint a chain on the bear?" "Would you charge extra for that?" said the German. "Yes. That would cost \$1 extra." Then I can't afford to have it done," the artist departed. That night it rained, and, lo, in the morning the bear had vanished from the sign! The rain had washed it away.  
The German sent for the painter at once. "My bear," he said reproachfully, "is gone." The other answered, "Well, I wanted to put a chain on it, didn't I?" The German then handed out \$3, \$2 for the painting of another bear, the third for a chain to make the picture permanent.  
The chained bear now remains upon the sign impervious to the weather.—Philadelphia Record.

**Card Players' Cramp.**  
**What Once Happened to an Old Faro Dealer's Hand.**

"Were you ever paralyzed?" said the old timer.  
"No, and may the"—began the other.  
"Well, you see that right hand? It looks pretty good and strong and it is, but for about three days once it was dead as a frosted tomato plant.  
"You know of course that I used to make my living playing cards, chiefly dealing bank. There wasn't a day I didn't deal bank or in other games six to eight hours a day. Many a time I have dealt or played longer.  
"One night I was dealing bank. It was a good, big game. All at once when I went to slip a card this old right refused to work. I looked at it and the fingers were kind of twisted inward and the hand from the wrist was bent downward.  
"This stopped the deal for me, and I told the lookout to get busy, for the players were getting a little 'queered.' He took my place, and I watched the bets.  
"I rubbed my right, but it wouldn't straighten out and it kept this way until the next day, and then I went to a doctor. He didn't know me as well as you do, but the first question he asked was:  
"Deal cards a great deal, don't you?"  
"Yes."  
"Do you deal with an elbow movement or with finger and wrist movement?"  
"Why, I don't work my elbow."  
"That explains it. You have card players' paralysis."  
"This hit me center, and I showed it, but the doctor was good and said:  
"Now, don't get flurried. I'll straighten you up. Just quit dealing awhile, and I'll give your hand a few doses of electricity, and you'll be all right."  
"He did it, and in about three days my hand was straight as a string. But I haven't dealt so much since. There's many an old timer whose dealing hand has quit him. And you say you were never paralyzed?"  
"No."  
"Well, you ain't played cards much."  
—Louisville Times.

**Hold the Fort.**  
In October, 1864, Allatoona pass, a defile in the mountains of Georgia, was guarded by General Corse, with 1,500 men. It was a strong, strategic point, and, moreover, 1,500,000 rations were stored there. Frisch, the southern general, with 6,000 men, attacked the garrison and drove the defenders into a small fort on the crest of the hill. The battle was fierce. The northern soldiers fell in such numbers that further fighting seemed folly.  
But one of Corse's officers caught sight of a white signal flag fluttering in the breeze on the top of the Kenesaw mountain, across the valley, 15 miles away. The signal was answered, and then came the inspiring message from mountain to mountain: "Hold the fort. I am coming.—W. T. Sherman."

**Where and How the Famous Body Was Organized.**

When the civil war ended, the little town of Pulaski, Tenn., welcomed a band of young men who, though they were veterans of hard fought fields, were for the most part no older than the mass of college students. In the general poverty, the exhaustion, the lack of heart, naturally prevalent throughout the beaten south, young men had more leisure than was good for them.  
A southern country town, even in the halcyon days before the war, was not a particularly lively place, and Pulaski in 1866 was doubtless rather tame to fellows who had seen Pickett charge at Gettysburg or galloped over the country with Morgan and Wheeler. A group of them assembled in a law office one evening in May, 1866, were discussing ways and means of having a livelier time. Some one suggested a club or society. An organization with no very definite aims was effected, and at a second meeting, a week later, names were proposed and discussed. Some one pronounced the Greek word kuklos, meaning circle.  
From kuklos to kuklux was an easy transition—whatever consults a glossary of college boys' slang will not find it strange—and klan followed kuklux as naturally as "dumpty" follows "humpy." That the name meant nothing whatever was a recommendation, and one can fancy what sort of badinage would have followed a suggestion that in six years a committee of congress would devote 13 volumes to the history of the movement that began in a Pulaski law office and migrated later to a deserted and half ruined house on the outskirts of the village.—Atlantic Monthly.

**Which of Your Eyes Cries?**  
It seems a positively absurd question to ask, "Which of your eyes cries?"  
In an everyday, common or garden cry it is well known that salt tears make their appearance and rush away down the face seemingly as fast from one as from the other, whichever the "other" may be, but if careful note is made, more especially with emotional people, it will be found that one of the eyes has a special emotional tendency and often opens the tear valve before its companion has decided upon the unhappy event.  
Probably the best method of discovering the emotional eye is to attend a pathetic stage play and when the weeping period comes along look out for tear No. 1.  
The writer attended such a piece recently and was somewhat astonished to find that all his grief came from the right eye.  
Whether the solution to the problem is to be found in the fact that he was leaning on his right arm must and can only be decided by an expert.

**Information Desired.**  
The rural postoffice is the bureau of general information no less so in Georgia than in Vermont, and the Atlanta Constitution reports a conversation precipitated by an old dinky who approached the village postmaster and said:  
"Any letters for me?"  
"No."  
"Any postal cards?"  
"No."  
"Is my paper come?"  
"No."  
"Got any almanacs?"  
"No."  
"Well, does you know anybody what wants to buy a live alligator?"

**Sliding to Happiness.**  
Old Lady—And so you expect to get married when you grow up?  
Little Girl—Of course. Everybody gets married. I won't say "no" like Aunt Lucy did and be an old maid. No, indeed.  
"Perhaps you won't like those who ask you."  
"Oh, yes, I will. I feel sure that when a real nice little boy—I mean man—comes to ask me to get married I'll be so happy I won't wait to run down stairs to meet him. I'll just slide down the balusters."

**Fields of Salt.**  
At Salton, in southern California, exists a basin of land between 200 and 200 feet below sea level. About 1,000 acres of the depressed area are covered with a deposit of salt, which C. F. Holden describes in The Scientific American as one of the sights of California. The salt is first thrown into ridges by a peculiarly shaped plow, drawn by a dummy engine with cables, and then is piled into conical heaps before being carried to the drying house and crushing mill. The expense looks like a field of snow. About 2,000 tons of salt are removed each year, but the supply is perennially renewed by the deposits of salt springs which flow into the basin. In June the temperature of the air reaches 150 degrees, and only Indian workmen can withstand the heat and glare.

**Throwing Rice.**  
How many people know that the custom of throwing rice at a wedding symbolizes not the expression of good luck, but it is a metaphorical flight of arrows shot at the bridegroom. In un-civilized ages most nations were accustomed to the forcible capture of a bride by her lover, and the attempts on the part of her male relatives to prevent her husband from carrying her away is typified by a volley of rice instead of more fatal missiles.

**His Training.**  
"How did Spudkins get his appointment as brigadier general? I never knew that he was connected with the army."  
"Oh, yes; by marriage. His brother-in-law is a United States senator."—Town and Country.

**Near the Popping Point.**  
"Mary" said her father, "you have been keeping company with that Mitchell fellow for more than a year now. This courtship must come to a termination."  
"Oh, father, how can you talk so? He is, oh, so sweet and nice!"  
"Ah!" And the fond father arched his eyebrows. "Sweet and nice, eh? Has he proposed?"  
"Well, father, not exactly." And the girl hung her head and fingered the drapery of her dress. "He hasn't exactly proposed; but, then, last evening when we were out walking we passed by a nice little house, and he said, 'That's the kind of cottage I'm going to live in some day,' and I said, 'Yes,' and then he glanced at me and squeezed my hand. Then, just as we got by, I glanced back at the cottage, and—  
"Oh, ah, I see!" said her father. "Well, we'll try him another week or two."—London Answers.

**Quaint Hannibal Hamlin.**  
To the day of his death Hannibal Hamlin was a figure that men would turn and look at a second time on the street. His tall form, which in old age was but slightly bent, was always clothed in the old fashioned black swallowtail suit, and he always wore a tall silk hat, generally a "back number," tilted slightly back on his head. For years he was famous as a man who never wore an overcoat, and to his death he never burdened himself with that, to him, unnecessary garment except on the most severely cold days. For a half century he never changed the style of his clothes. He walked with a swinging gait and had so many friends and acquaintances to whom he had to bow that a smile seemed to be ever on his face.  
**Tiger's Make Believe Eyes.**  
Mr. Beddard of the London Zoological society calls attention to a peculiarity of the ears of tigers which he thinks may be classed under the head of "protective markings." On the back of each ear is a very bright white spot, and when the ears are directed forward these spots are conspicuous from the front. Mr. Beddard suggests that when the tiger is sleeping in the dim light of a cave or thicket the spots on its ears may appear to an enemy, looking in, as the gleam of its watchful eyes, and thus save the sleeper from an unexpected attack.