

## Do You See this Space?

MR. BUSINESS MAN, if YOUR advertisement were in this space thousands of persons would be reading it just as intently as you are reading this—and you would get the benefit. It doesn't cost much to advertise, and it pays. Ask us about it.



### Northamer and Kellock's

Just received a new line of **BOOKS** from the best writers.

A full line of **Picture Frame**

Supplies, so we can make you an up-to-date frame at a very low price.

All Framed Pictures to be Sold at Cost

Now to make room for our ever increasing stock of new things.

Northamer & Kellock.

## Nothing Doing till

Special engagement of America's Greatest Minstrel Company

## The Gus Sun American Minstrels

Introducing the grand spectacular first part setting

## The Dawn of Day

See Fred C. Russel, Sam Horner, Diamond Brothers, Frank Minch, DeVarlo & Decarlo, John Goss, Musical Bram, Arthur Sampson, Massand Brothers, Gus Sun—and OTHERS.

Superb Band and Orchestra. Street Parade at Noon. See It.

Seats on sale at Stoke's at usual prices.

## LOOK HERE!

Read This.

While in Reynoldsville call on W. H. Cumins, the Peoples' 5th street Blacksmith. He will shoe your horses, repair your wagons, buggys, carts and sleighs, and make you any kind of stone tools you may need. His price will be moderate. Don't forget the place.

**W. H. CUMINS,**  
5th Street.  
Reynoldsville, Pa.

## Quick Heat

is what you want on crisp mornings after a sudden change. This is another demand that will show the excellence of **GOLE'S ORIGINAL HOT BLAST STOVES**



The room is heated to 80 degrees in five minutes, and this temperature maintained for three hours in the morning with the fuel put into the stove the night before, is the record.

Beware of imitations which unscrupulous dealers show you and claim are just like COLE'S HOT BLAST. There is no other stove made like it and none that will give you the satisfaction, therefore insist upon getting the Genuine COLE'S HOT BLAST, which is sold only by

**KEYSTONE HARDWARE CO.,**  
Reynoldsville, Penn'a.

### THE RED BONES.

**Peculiar Class of People Who Live in South Carolina.**

"Have you ever heard of a class of people called 'red bones'?" said a South Carolina man to a reporter the other evening. "They are the most peculiar people in the United States. No one living absolutely knows the race from which they sprang or from whence the original settlers came. They live very nearly on the boundary line between South Carolina and Georgia, in the northwestern part of the first named state. They are very clanlike, mix very little with people not of their race and in a manner are quite thrifty. In glaucous times they owned slaves, visited the several summer resorts of the southern mountains and in a way put on quite a little style. While I have nothing but supposition to guide me, I am of the opinion that they are descendants of the Basques of southern France. They do not lack courage, for a company of them served in Hampton's legion during the civil war and bore themselves bravely at the first Manassas. Their skin is of a swarthy red, resembling that of the Indian, but at that point all resemblance ceases, except it be that they are very hot of temper. I have often wondered why the ethnologists of this country have not studied these people. Surely a monograph on them would be highly interesting."—Washington Star.

### A Critical Moment.

A man may be as cool as an icicle under extraordinary circumstances of danger or excitement. He may preserve an even mind when a ghost comes into his room at midnight. He may assume command and act nobly and well when the ship is sinking. But let that man, let any man, upset his inkstand, and he springs to his feet, makes a desperate grasp for the inkstand and knocks it half way across the table, claws after his papers and swoops them through the sable puddle to save them, tears his white handkerchief from his pocket and mops up the ink with it and after he has smeared the table, his hands and his trousers with ink as far as it could be made to go discovers that early in the engagement he knocked the inkstand clear off the table and it has been draining its life ink away all that time in the center of the only light figure in the pattern of the carpet. Then he wonders why a man always makes a fool of himself when he upsets a bottle of ink. He doesn't know why. Nobody knows why. But every time it is so. If you don't believe it, try it.

### Silkworms That Die.

The silkworm story is a twice told tale. Everybody knows how the green, wriggling creature, fed fat on mulberry leaves, spins himself a shining shroud, out of which he will come with wings—that is, if he comes out at all. For the most part he does not. The cocoons meant for reeling are killed until the dormant life goes out entirely. The largest and fairest are saved for seed. Out of them come the moths that lay eggs for a new generation. From 300 to 600 is the usual number. The eggs, called grain, are subject to a fungus that does not destroy their vitality, but makes worms hatched from them unhealthy. They toll not, neither do they spin. Instead they die, weak and languid, to the disgust of the growers and the depletion of their pockets.

### Danger in Raw Salads.

"It has generally been conceded," says the Sanitary Inspector, "that there is quite an element of danger in the consumption of raw salad plants which have been grown upon soil that is possibly infected with disease germs which may be present as the result of the application of stable manure to the soil. All such salad plants should be carefully washed with an abundance of water. A writer in Policlino, an Italian journal, concludes as the result of his experiments that such salad plants may be effectually sterilized, so far as disease germs are concerned, by immersing them a half an hour in a 3 per cent solution of tartaric acid."

### Wherein Snakes Excel.

Sir Richard Owen said: "It is true the serpent has no limbs, yet it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, and, suddenly loosing the coils of its crouching spiral, it can spring into the air and seize the bird upon the wing; thus all these creatures fall its prey. The serpent has neither hands nor talons, yet it can outwrestle the athlete and crush the tiger in the embrace of its ponderous overlapping folds. Far from licking up its food as it glides along, the serpent lifts up its crushed prey and presents it, grasped in the death coil as in a hand, to the gaping, slime dropping mouth."

### A Short Sermon.

It is reported that a young man, being examined preparatory to joining the church, was asked, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" "Under nobody's preaching," was the prompt reply. "I was converted under my mother's practicing." "Did any preacher ever utter so powerful a sermon as the young man embodied in those few words?"

### THE LONG TAILED TROGON

**The Most Gorgeous Bird in the National Emblem of Guatemala.**

By far the most interesting bird emblem of a modern state is that of the republic of Guatemala. It has been adopted as the national crest for so long that, partly through the taste for stamp collecting, the existence of one of the rarest and most beautiful of the bird creation has been made far more widely known than it otherwise would have been. There is a race of birds called trogons, most of which have very fine feathers and remarkable coloring. They are found in India and the Malay, but are most numerous in Central and South America. It was from their plumage that the Mexicans made their famous mosaics of feather work. From the tail feathers they made the lustrous green helmets of their kings and nobles. The most gorgeous of all was the long tailed or resplendent trogon, which was kept as a sacred or royal bird in the palace of Montezuma or in one of the two houses which formed the royal menageries. Adequate description of the bird is almost impossible. It has a rounded plume on the head, cascades of feathers falling from the back over the shoulders, plumes falling over the tail a yard long and a most elegant contour. The color of the whole of the upper surface and plumes is a most resplendent golden green, that of the breast and under parts crimson or scarlet. Such is the national emblem of Guatemala.

### Gibraltar's Story.

In 1704 the rock of Gibraltar fell into the hands of the British by assault. The Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt commanded the troops and Sir George Rooke the fleet, and in the remarkably short time of four days the stronghold surrendered. Many times the Spaniards attempted to get back the key to the Mediterranean, but without success, though on one occasion they got 500 men within the fort, but failed to re-enforce them. In 1726 it was in the mind of ministers to give back the rock to Spain, but so great an agitation arose against such a step that it was abandoned. There followed a siege by Spain and France, which lasted from 1727 to 1783. On Sept. 13, 1782, no fewer than 40,000 men constituted the besieging army, and in the grand attack delivered on that day 200 heavy guns, 47 ships of the line and 10 battering ships were employed, and upward of 5,000 red hot shots were fired at the fortifications. Since then the possession of Gibraltar has remained undisputed.

### Wonderful Little Padlock and Chain.

In a curious old book entitled "The Wonders and Curiosities of London" there are the following particulars concerning a minute padlock: In the twentieth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth Mark Scarlott, a blacksmith, made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of steel, iron and brass, all of which, together with the key, weighed but a small fraction over one grain. He also made a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links, which, after fastening it to the lock and key above mentioned, he put around the neck of a common flea, the whole being so minute that the little insect could draw them over a silver plate with perfect ease. All of these together, lock, key, chain and flea, weighed a slight fraction less than two and a half grains.

### New England Peanut Brittle.

Boil one and a half pounds of brown sugar, a half pint of New Orleans molasses, a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a half pint of water to the "hard ball" degree. Then add a pint of small pennants and continue the boiling until it cracks easily if put in cold water. Add a quarter of a pound of butter and let it just boil in. Then remove from the fire. Add a large teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little water, stirring it in. As soon as it begins to rise pour it out upon the marble or dish and spread it thin. When cold, break it up. The thinner it is run the better. Small Spanish peanuts are the best, and they must be removed from their skins by placing them in boiling water, as is done for blanching almonds.

### Growth of Our Language.

To give some idea of the tremendous growth of the English language it may be mentioned that the words and phrases under the letter "A" have increased since the middle of the nineteenth century from 7,000 to nearly 60,000. So enormous indeed has been the growth of the English language that it would be practically impossible for the most learned man to be acquainted with every word. Intelligent persons, even those engaged in the learned professions, do not make use of more than from 6,000 to 8,000 words all told, although there are properly belonging to our language over 200,000.

### A Life Sentence.

"Would you call stealing a kiss larceny?" queried the inexperienced young man. "I suppose so," replied the married man, who was hustling from dawn to dusk to support his family. "What is the penalty?" "Why, I stole a kiss one time and was sentenced to hard labor for life."—Philadelphia Record.

### A REMARKABLE SHOT.

**Fired in the Dark, It Injured Three Men Half a Mile Away.**

"One of the best and most remarkable shots made during the war with Spain," said a gentleman who made an effort to get into the thick of the fight, "was, in my judgment, made at Miami, and the man who fired the shot was a Louisiana boy and a member of my company. He was doing duty as a provost guard at the time. It was late at night when the soldiers were roused by the quick, clear crack of a Krag-Jorgensen on the outskirts of the camp. No particular attention was paid to the matter at first, as only one shot was fired. But with a couple of officers we went out to where the guard was stationed in order to find out just why it was that he had fired at that time of night. He explained that he had seen a man slipping through the bushes some distance away and had called on him to halt. He failed to obey the command, and the guard blazed away at him, more to frighten him into a stop than anything else. Of course, the fellow never halted. He was probably too badly frightened to stop at that time.

"While we were talking to the guard we heard a fearful noise at least half a mile from the guard's station, and we made a break for the place to see what the matter was. We heard several people screaming as if in great agony. Down the road we went at full speed, and in a short while we came upon a little cabin which stood on the roadside. The noise was in this cabin, and I never heard such groaning and wailing in my life. We found three men in the house. They were in great agony, and we asked them what was the matter. 'We have been shot,' they said, and sure enough they had been shot.

"One was shot in the right arm, another in the back and the third in the hip. They had all been wounded by the same bullet. The man who was wounded in the arm was lying on his right side. The ball passed through his arm. Next to him one of his companions was sprawling out on his back, and the bullet split the hide on this part of his anatomy as smoothly as a knife. Then it passed through the fleshy part of the third man's hip and sped on.

"We could not find the ball. It had passed through the side of the house, wounded the three men in the way indicated, bored through the wall on the opposite side and kept on going. Now, that cabin was fully half a mile from the point where the guard was stationed, and yet the shot he fired had wrought all the havoc we found."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### ANATOMICAL.

Each ear has four bones. The body has about 600 muscles. The lower limbs contain thirty bones each.

There are 25,000 pores in the hand of a man.

Man is the only animal that possesses a real nose and chin.

The human skeleton, exclusive of teeth, consists of 208 bones.

The eight muscles of the human jaw exert a force of about 500 pounds.

The wrist contains eight bones, the palm five, the fingers have fourteen.

The smallest bone in the human body is in the lenticular, which is seated in the ear.

The work performed by the human heart each twenty-four hours is equal to the lifting of 129 tons to a height of one foot in the same length of time.

### Discovery of Purple.

A dog belonging to Hercules Tyrtus was one day walking along the seashore when he found and ate a murex, a species of shellfish. Returning to his master, the latter noticed that the dog's lips were tinged with color, and in this manner Tyrtus purple was discovered. The color was used in the robes of emperors and nobles, and the expression "born to the purple" meant that the person was of high birth. It is strange to think that the favorite color of royalty can be traced to the curiosity or hunger of the dog of Tyre.

### The Spirit Was Willing.

"See here," cried the tailor as Slopay, having donned his new suit, started out of the store; "you're forgetting something."

"Indeed?" said Slopay. "What's that?"

"You must remember our understanding. I made this suit for you only because you said you wanted to pay cash for it."

"And I still want to, but I'm sorry to say I can't."—Philadelphia Press.

### A Matter of Business.

"I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise. You remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace the family."

### His Classification.

Ingenious Buskin—There's a dispute about my acting. Some critics put it in the first rank, others in the second. Now, how would you designate it? Horatio Jones—Oh, I'd simply designate it as rank.—New York Times.

### HER FIRST \$100.

**What the Delightful Creature Did With It After Much Advice.**

How she acquired it it does not really matter—possibly by teaching school, painting fire screens or washing. Anyway when she found herself in possession of the sum she set about to see what she could do with it.

Certain amiable friends told her it would be very nice to buy some new dresses, hats, gloves, shoes and such. But she had a full assortment and didn't require anything of the sort. An aunt told her to invest it in a certain telegraph stock that would bring in good interest.

"But I want my hundred dollars all to myself, you know."

"Poor, foolish dear, it will all be yours, just the same. You can use the interest just the same. I know where you can draw—why, 6 per cent."

"What? That is only \$8 a year! Six dollars is awfully small by the side of this. I'm going to count it again. Maybe some of it is gone." The very thought of such a thing made the little creature chatter. For the tenth time that day she sat down and counted the tallmanic roll of bills—four twenties, one ten and two fives. It was all right, and her pulse resumed its normal beat. Suddenly she gave a little shriek of delight and jumped up and cried:

"I know just what I shall do! I'll get it—busted. I think that's what they call!"

"Child, what are you talking about?" "Talking about finance, auntie. I'm going to make this stinky little roll into a big one. It doesn't show off at all."

"You are queer, dear."

"I'm going to get it all in five dollar bills. I think the pictures on the fives are ever so much prettier." Life seemed more rosy after the delightful creature possessed twenty nice, crisp fives. She counted and recounted them when another fancy came.

"I'm tired looking at these common bills. They don't jingle and ring. I'm going to get five nice, clean, new twenty dollar goldpieces." No sooner was it said than done. The table rang for two days as she tossed the bright yellow pieces about like jack stones. Even then she wasn't quite happy. The little pile of twenty dollar yellow bills looked so small. Then she scouted about and got together 100 silver dollars. She polished every one daily and played with them. Next she got 200 fifty cent pieces. But life was still an aching void. She at last owned \$100 in twenty-five cent coins. Surely she must be satisfied now. But, no; she broke into one of the quarters, felt discouraged after that and was quite unlike her old self until she found one little tickle left, the very last coin of the hundred dollars that had caused her so much trouble.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Snakes.

There exists among many persons a belief that snakes are creatures of more or less defective organization. Deprived of legs and reduced to effect their movements by sinuous windings of their elongated bodies and tails, they have an appearance of helplessness which may by itself excite compassion. Yet no mistake of the kind could well be greater. The principles of evolution suffice to make it evident that the structure of serpents must be tolerably good or else they could never have survived nature's many destructive agencies. But, in fact, their structure is a marvel of admirable contrivances and accurate adjustments, so that we must affirm them to be as perfectly adapted to their requirements and peculiar modes of life as any other animals.—Quarterly Review.

### Iconoclasm.

"Well," said the man who had come in from the remote wilds, "I suppose you've took your seat in congress ag'in."

"No. You remember, I had the misfortune to be defeated."

"You don't say! And after me travellin' forty mile to vote for you! The folks out our way will shore be surprised. So you ain't goin' to sit in congress no more?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, well! Things are certainly goin' queer these days. I reckon they'll be movin' the Washington monument next."—Washington Star.

### A Thoughtless Sister.

Mrs. Getthero—Such impudence! Here's Sister Matilda proposing to come here with both her children and make us a long visit.

Mr. G.—But you spent half last season at her home in the country, and you had four children and a nurse.

Mrs. G.—A different thing altogether. She has no servants, but she knows perfectly well that we have several and that every one of them will get mad and leave if the family is increased.—New York Weekly.

### Pedagogy.

"But," objected the visitor, "quite a number of your pupils have broken down and become imbeciles."

"True," replied the eminent educator, "but we confidently expect better things in the future. The bacillus of overstudy having now been identified and a serum for its destruction devised, we look for no further trouble of the kind you mention."—Life.

### "THOSE GLASSES"

of yours, do they fit?

**O. A. JENNER,**  
—AT THE—  
**CITY HOTEL**

will fit you right. Headache, stomach trouble are reflex diseases of the eye.

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For good first-class baked goods such as fine Marble Cake, English Wine Fruit Cake, French Fruit Deviled Cake, Angel Cake, Lady Fingers, Jelly Drops, Kisses, Maroons and lots of other good cakes. A fine selection of all kinds of cookies; a good line of Fresh Bread and Parker House Rolls, Buns, Coffee Cakes. A nice selection of pies always on hand.

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