

An independent journal devoted to the interests of Reynoldsville and vicinity.

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**WHEN DEATH HOLDS SWAY.**

The terrible bubonic plague, the scourge of Asia for several years, has made its appearance and gained frightful headway in Mexico. Sudden, silent and deadly, its ravages are hard to combat and of those taken ill, fully fifty per cent have died. Like all plagues it haunts the homes of poverty and dirt, and while the upper classes are not entirely free, the mortality is much lower. The plague travels slowly, but it is predicted that unless the most rigid precautions are taken, the United States will eventually experience the almost forgotten ravages of a plague. A few of the older generation can remember the scenes of a light plague of cholera which visited America early in their youth, when in certain cities it was said that every third house had craped upon its door. But America has never witnessed the terrors of a genuine scourge, such as often decimated Europe. Cholera several times swept the land and of its ravages in Paris one French writer gives the following vivid description:

"That was an awful time. During the period of the scourge the skies were unusually clear, but the dazzling sun fell upon features contracted by a thousand agonizing fears. Each trembled for himself or for those dear to him; every countenance was stamped with an expression of feverish dread. People walked with rapid steps as if they would escape from the fate that threatened them; besides they were in haste to return to their homes, for often they left life, health and happiness, and two hours later found agony, death and despair. At every moment new dismal objects met the view. Sometimes carts passed along filled with coffins. They stopped before every house; men in black and gray garments were in waiting before the door; they held out their hands and to some one coffin was thrown, to some two, frequently three or four from the same house. In nearly every dwelling, from the roof to the cellar, there was a stunning tapping of hammers; coffins were being nailed down, and so many, so very many, that sometimes those who worked stopped from sheer fatigue. The churchyards were scenes for revelry. By the smoky flames of torches which threw a red glare upon the white tombstones, many grave diggers worked merrily, humming snatches of some favorite tune. They drank often and much, they sang long and loud, for they had to keep their courage up. Sometimes it happened they did not finish the grave they had begun, but some obliging comrade placed them in it with friendly care. \* \* \* And yet the city was mad with a forced gaiety. In terror of death, people plunged recklessly deep in pleasure to drive away the haunting fear."

**THE GOLDEN AGE.**

Men long looked forward to a glad golden age when misery would not be; looked till their hearts grew sick with hope deferred, and then because it did not come began to look backward to the ages past. Somewhere, somehow, they think it must have been. But if it is now past, it must have been the first day of man's creation, certainly never after. The past can offer little to the present but the sad tale of misery and woe. The veil of mystery fascinates, the glamor of romance has idealized, and the credulity of men has built upon the past a dazzling pageant of glory, but the unsentimental light of history shines beyond the dazzle of courts and reveals a world of misery and rags.

How far back shall we look for the golden age? Egypt, earliest of empires, was a nation of slaves to the mighty pharaoh; of millions toiling building worthless monuments which perpetuate only their servitude. Oriental empires can offer nothing better. The king's a god upon the earth, the people dust beneath his feet, and it is a golden age for kings alone. Greece and Rome, the models of the world, built their power upon the conquered races. The few alone were happy, the people weary of life; so weary, it is recorded, that mothers willfully drowned their new born babes in mercy, lest growing up to face the grim battle of life they should curse their

day of birth. This was not the golden age save for the warrior and his soldiers. Then came the ruder life of Europe, the days of knights and barons, and France stands most typical. France, reputed the blithest, bravest, gayest of nations, whose kings were grand beyond compare, whose princes went to war in laces and perfumes, surrounded by servants and women—this France of the feudal days was a hideous, horrible sepulchre wherein peasants by the million were literally starving to death. Princes living in golden palaces, peasants often found dead upon the earth with half chewed grass in their mouths; kings living in prodigal luxury, children gnawing clay to still their hunger. Surely it is not this that men will style the golden age.

Happy the man in this day who sees and believes his own the best of ages, and this fair land of ours the best upon the earth. What we call the hardest times would have seemed unbounded prosperity to that nation whose king wished, as the height of welfare to his people, that they could afford a chicken for dinner once a week. The humblest American cottage is palatial compared with the rude hovels of the peasants in centuries gone. Life itself would be unendurable to the American of to-day if bound by the restrictions of a few centuries ago. The past is dead, and it is well it is. The present is the golden age; if any man thinks it is not, let him strive to make it so.

**THE MAN IN THE MOON.**

The "man in the moon" may really be there, after all. It has long been held that the moon is a dead, cold, utterly lifeless mass, either previous to or long past the age of vegetation and of men. It has not yet been proven that it is not so, but astronomers by long and vigilant watching have discovered traces of something very much resembling volcanic activity. The surface of the moon is covered with craters of supposedly extinct volcanoes, and several of these have not only changed shape but entirely disappeared. One was formerly seven miles in diameter; it has now shrunk to three-quarters of a mile. Another continually changes its shape from round to elliptical, from small to large. Though it is impossible for water to exist in the moon in liquid state, yet there is something there, in the neighborhood of the poles and around many craters, which astronomers pronounce to be hoar frost or snow. Now if these two things can be proven—the existence of volcanic heat and vapor—there is every reason to expect the presence of vegetation. The difference between the atmospheric temperature of the earth and the moon is no greater than the difference between the temperature of the surface of the ocean and its bottom, and we know that organic life is as abundant in the ocean's depths as on top. Therefore, astronomers, though by no means sure, are inclined to think that certain dark masses in the beds of craters and in chasms may be genuine vegetation. And where there is vegetation animal life will in time develop.

The European coalition forces Venezuela to mortgage her import duties to pay their demands; Venezuela agrees to this, waits until a peace protocol has been signed and then increases her tariff on imports thirty per cent. President Castro is a statesman of the first water. By this move he forces European traders, who are the heaviest importers, to pay their own governments' claims.

At the last census there were 483 silk mills in the United States giving employment to 65,416 wage earners, and the total pay roll amounted to \$20,982,194. Thirty-seven per cent of all silk manufactured in the union is done in New Jersey.

Many an act, ascribed by the world to courageous heroism, has been in reality the last reckless effort of despair, when there was nothing to lose and all to win.

One croaker in a community is worse than two criminals at large. The former goes about spreading his infectious pessimism, poisoning the business, commercial and social life of a place, doing untold harm yet nothing bodily can be done to stop him. A criminal can be intercepted and his evil influences checked. Every business man, property holder and good citizen owes it to himself, his family and his business to be ever alert with an antidote of permeating confidence to destroy the poison of the disgruntled pessimist and to resent his croakings in a most affective and summary manner. We have them in Clearfield. Watch for them, hear them and punish them then and there.—Clearfield Public Spirit.

How can anybody enjoy being miserable? Men do and so do women. They surround themselves with an atmosphere of gloom. They hug trouble to their breasts. They make mountains out of mole hills, and there are tears and groans where there should be smiles.—St. Marys Gazette.

**Millions put to Work.**

The wonderful activity of the new century is shown by an enormous demand for the world's best workers—Dr. King's New Life Pills. For Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, or any trouble of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys they're unrivaled. Only 25c at H. Alex. Stokes' drug store.

Try the "Menu" brand of deviled crabs at the City Hotel restaurant this week.

It is pleasure and economy to deal at Millirens' department store.

**WANT COLUMN.**

Rates:—One cent per word for each and every insertion.

FOR SALE—Good Jersey cow. Inquire at THE STAR office.

For Sale—Second hand cook stove. Inquire at THE STAR office.

For Sale—A seven room house, lot 60 by 150 feet, in West Reynoldsville. M. E. Weed.

For Sale—Newcome fly shuttle carpet loom. Inquire at THE STAR office.

NOTICE—Employees of the silk mill using electric cars going to and from work can purchase car tickets at lower rates.

WANTED—Girls that are looking for steady employment. Apply at silk mill.

For Sale—Brown and white single comb Leghorn and Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching in season. Inquire of J. J. Hoffman.

Spinners Wanted—Apply to Brookville Woolen Mills.

For Sale—Lot on Main street. Inquire of L. J. McEntire.

For Sale or Rent—A good property, including a store room, on Worth street. Inquire at THE STAR office.

**Furniture & Carpet Emporium**  
IN SYNDICATE BUILDING

**CARPETS**

Finest line of Carpets ever shown in Reynoldsville. Brussels, Ingrain, Sultan, Rag, Prairie Grass, etc. Latest styles and patterns.

**FURNITURE**

Iron Bds. Brass Beds, Bed Room Suits, Bedding, Couches, Chairs, Tables, Sideboards, hall racks, desks, book cases, etc.

See my carpets and furniture and get prices. YOU WILL BE SURE TO BUY HERE

**J. R. HILLIS**

**The Man Who Says it Does n't**

Pay to advertise, has never tried it. It not only pays, but pays one hundred per cent on the dollar. It does not cost much to advertise—just ask us about our rates. It is not necessary to run a page ad—a small one, if run regularly, will keep your name before the people and bring rich returns.

(The Star, by the way, goes into almost every home in Reynoldsville, West Reynoldsville and Winslow township—what can be better to advertise in?)

Fancy White Etamine and Pique Vests.

**MILLIRENS**

Greatest Department Store in Jefferson County

Arrow Brand Collars, Two for 25 Cents.

**Arrivals in SPRING Apparel—Winter Wear Sacrificed**

Winter Goods are being hard-pressed by the intruding spring stocks. We will not pack away any heavy goods, hence the only outlet is through slashed prices and this we do. Ladies' Coats and Men's Overcoats must be worn for some time yet, and can be secured here for ridiculously small figures.

The advance guard of our spring apparel is here and shows that we have bought to surpass all previous seasons in richness and completeness of display.

**Special Offer of Women's Early Spring Suits**

An immense assortment from one of the leading makers of tailored suits of the country. Made in right up-to-date styles, including collarless blouses, Norfolk and coat effect, trimmed with fancy braids, straps, puff sleeves, coats silk lined, postillion backs, skirts in shapely flare. Materials are Venetian cloth, homespuns, chevots and fancy mixtures in blue, brown, gray, castor and black. Perfect in fit and shape. A saving on every one of these suits—

\$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 \$20.00.

**WOMEN'S SKIRTS.**

Here in abundance. Dress or walking skirts, made of broadcloths, Kerseys, home spuns or meltons, in plain colors or new stripes and mixtures. Walking skirts with finished or slot seams. Dress skirts have silk trimmings.—\$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00.

**Spring Waistings Now Here.**

Etamines, Wool Voile, mercerized etamines and foulards, in all the late predominating colors. Come in and see them and all the new trimmings in grape and medallion effects.

**Shoes for Ladies.**

In all the late toes and all widths from A to EE, in wide extension sole or the nice, neat turn sole. They are all made for service and comfort. Some are lace, others are button.—

\$1.25, \$1.50, 2.00, 2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50.

**RIGHT CLOTHING RIGHT PRICED**

**Spring Top Coats.**

In tan covert lined with skinner's satin, short length, \$10.00.

**Clearing Out Winter Weight**

SUITS at a sacrifice. Made of fancy chevots and mixed cassimeres in stylish effects; well tailored and finished, \$5.00, \$6, \$7, \$8.00.

WINTER OVERCOATS in black and blue Kersey, oxford, vicunna or black astrichan. All must go at \$3.50, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00. Look them over for your selection.

**First Spring Hats.**

Shown here in great array. All the late spring shapes in narrow flange brim or the wide full set with medium low crown, to be worn with double crease, \$1.00, 1.50, 2.00, \$2.50. Come in and see our new Howard stiff hat.

**Men's Shirts and Collars.**

Monarch colored shirts in stiff bosoms or soft negligees. All the late colors in dots or neat effects in stripes. Some have separate cuffs, all to be worn with white collars. \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Princely shirts, this year's styles, 50 cents.

**Shoes for Men and Boys.**

Here in abundance. Florsheim and Bostonian make. All the late toes, all widths of soles, some are cut plain, others are cut on Blucher style. \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, \$3.50.

Trunks, Suitcases and Telescopes.

