

The Star.

VOLUME 1.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY JANUARY 11, 1893.

NUMBER 35.

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between Buffalo, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after Nov. 15th, 1892, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:10 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Buffalo, North between Falls Creek and Bradford, 7:15 a. m. mixed train for Punxsutawney.

10:05 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train en route to Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

10:55 A. M.—Accommodation—For Buffalo, Skyles, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

1:20 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Elmton, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

4:50 P. M.—Mail—For Buffalo, Skyles, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walton.

7:55 P. M.—Accommodation—For Buffalo, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

Trains Arrive—7:10 A. M. Accommodation Punxsutawney; 10:05 A. M. Mail from Walton and Punxsutawney; 10:55 A. M. Accommodation from Punxsutawney; 1:20 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford; 4:50 P. M. Mail from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:55 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa.

General Supt. Gen. Pass. Agent Bradford, Pa. Rochester, N. Y.

ALLEGHANY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday Dec. 18, 1892. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Red Bank	10:45	4:30			
Lawsonham	10:57	4:43			
New Bethlehem	11:09	5:17	5:15		
Oak Ridge	11:28	5:23	5:22		
Maysville	11:46	5:39	5:39		
Summerville	12:05	5:53	5:50		
Brockwayville	12:23	6:07	6:07		
Hell	12:41	6:19	6:19		
Fuller	12:43	6:31	6:28		
Reynoldsville	1:09	6:50	6:47		
Pancoat	1:28	7:05	7:05		
Falls Creek	1:36	7:06	7:03	10:55	1:36
DuBois	1:55	7:25	7:19	11:05	1:45
Sabula	2:14	7:44	7:38		
Winterburn	2:33	8:00	7:55		
Penfield	2:52	8:16	8:11		
Tyler	3:11	8:32	8:27		
Glen Fisher	3:30	8:48	8:43		
Benezette	3:49	9:04	8:59		
Grant	4:08	9:20	9:15		
Driftwood	4:27	9:36	9:31		

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Driftwood	10:45	5:30			
Grant	1:17	5:59	7:03		
Benezette	1:28	6:11	7:16		
Glen Fisher	1:47	6:30	7:35		
Tyler	1:55	6:39	7:44		
Penfield	2:04	6:48	7:54		
Winterburn	2:13	6:57	8:00		
Sabula	2:22	7:06	8:09		
DuBois	2:31	7:15	8:25	12:05	5:40
Falls Creek	2:40	7:24	8:32	12:15	5:50
Pancoat	2:49	7:33	8:40		
Reynoldsville	2:58	7:42	8:48		
Fuller	3:07	7:51	8:55		
Bechtree	3:16	8:00	9:07		
Brookwayville	3:25	8:09	9:14		
Summerville	3:34	8:18	9:21		
Maysville	3:43	8:27	9:28		
Oak Ridge	3:52	8:36	9:35		
New Bethlehem	4:01	8:45	9:42		
Lawsonham	4:10	8:54	9:49		
Red Bank	4:19	9:03	9:56		

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID MCCARGO, GEN'L. Supt., PITTSBURGH, Pa.

JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. Pass. Agt., PITTSBURGH, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT DECEMBER 18, 1892.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood.

9:04 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 p. m., New York 8:15 p. m., Baltimore, 6:43 p. m., Washington, 8:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

9:58 P. M.—Train 2, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York, 7:10 a. m., through coach to Philadelphia and Williamsport. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia to Harrisburg remains in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 A. M.

9:58 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., New York, 9:30 a. m., Baltimore, 8:20 a. m., Washington, 7:30 a. m. Pullman cars and passenger coaches from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

7:55 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 5:00 p. m. for Erie.

9:50 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

6:27 P. M.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 8:45 A. M.; Wilkesbarre, 10:15 A. M.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 P. M. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 a. m.; Baltimore, 11:40 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport and to DuBois.

TRAIN 1 leaves Renovo at 8:25 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:25 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 10 leaves Ridgway at 9:40 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:55 a. m., arriving at Clermont at 10:45 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 12:55 p. m. arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:40 a. m. and Ridgway at 11:55 a. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

P. M. A. M.	STATIONS.	A. M. P. M.	
10:10	Ridgway	1:00	7:00
10:15	Island Run	1:20	6:51
10:20	Mt. Haven	1:40	6:42
10:25	Coyland	1:55	6:33
10:30	Shurtleff Mills	2:10	6:24
10:35	Blue Rock	2:25	6:15
10:40	Vineyard Run	2:40	6:06
10:45	Carrier	2:55	5:57
10:50	Brockwayville	3:10	5:48
10:55	McMinn Summit	3:25	5:39
11:00	Harveys Run	3:40	5:30
11:05	Falls Creek	3:55	5:21
11:10	DuBois	4:10	5:12

Trains leave Ridgway.

Train 5, 7:27 a. m. Train 3, 11:34 a. m.

Train 6, 8:25 a. m. Train 4, 1:30 p. m.

Train 11, 6:25 p. m. Train 2, 11:30 p. m.

J. B. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

TAKING DESPERATE CHANCES.

The Sort of Risk People Run Every Day Without Getting Scared.

Why don't more people die of pneumonia, quick consumption and other lung troubles?

That is what I think every night in upper Broadway. There you'll see a score or two of men coming out of superheated theaters between the acts to the cold and drafty lobbies or out on the sidewalk for a chat or a smoke. You'll see them at the Madison Square garden—square acres of white shirt front—sitting for hours in an atmosphere suggestive of overcoats. They pour out of clubhouses and hot restaurants at all times of the night, often in a dripping perspiration from exercise and with careless or no provision against the evils of a sudden change of temperature. You can meet them on Broadway with topcoats thrown wide open and the chest exposed from necktie to waistband.

Yet it is only now and then that we know of a man who was out around town in apparently good health the day before yesterday who is a corpse today. There are more than a thousand men taking such desperate risks every night during the fashionable season in New York.

If you were to tell one of these that he was running a greater risk of sudden death than if he were going into the heat of an ordinary battle, he would probably laugh at you. Yet it would be the solemn truth.

If he were a soldier going into action it would be with blanched face and trembling knees and silent prayer, whereas it is now with careless mien and flippant tongue and spirited devilry that he dares the awful specter of death.

If he were confined to his room with a mortal disease he would be surrounded by his sorrowing family and anxious friends, and his will would have been made and duly witnessed. But being blessed with reasonable health and manly strength and the sublime confidence of ignorance, he plunges into the danger without a thought on his part or a qualm of conscience on the part.

Lungs are not made of chilled steel. Yet it is wonderful what they are daily and nightly subjected to, and how much they will stand—sometimes. You must often feel that they really are practically indestructible, they are put to such severe tests and with so little concern.

Pondering upon this, the faces of scores of personal friends and acquaintances who fell in the prime of manhood—men of stalwart frame and superb muscular energy—rise before us in memory, while the way is strewn with physical wrecks of the mortally wounded victims of fashion.—New York Herald.

A Waterloo Veteran.

On Sept. 27, 1892, General Karl Friedrich Muller, of the Hanoverian army, died at Hanover in his ninety-seventh year. The deceased general was present on the 16th, 17th and 18th of October, 1813, at the famous "Battle of the Nations," an engagement that cost Napoleon 78,000 men, 300 cannon and 1,000 standards.

Karl Friedrich Muller was present at Quatre Bras on the 16th and at Waterloo on the 18th of June, 1815. After the victory he marched with his battery of artillery to Paris and remained in the French capital during the whole period of occupation by the allied armies. Karl Muller, who began his military career at fifteen, was never wounded and rose to the rank of a general in the Hanoverian service.

He retired on a pension not long before the overthrow of his sovereign, with whose misfortunes he sympathized, and to whose cause he remained strongly attached. On Sept. 30, in presence of a vast concourse of people, this distinguished man was buried with full military honors, and the identical colors carried by the brave Hanoverians at Waterloo were unfurled around his grave.—Notes and Queries.

Danger in Furnace Registers.

"I can tell you of one danger that is generally overlooked," said a friend, "and that is in letting inflammatory substances fall through the register. The other day I had a case of china unpacked in the dining room. The box was filled with 'excelsior' packing, and after the dishes had been taken out I told the maid to clear up the litter on the floor. A little later I came into the room and smelled a strong odor of burning. It was a very cold day, and there was a hot fire in the furnace, and as the smell seemed to come from the register I lifted it entirely out and stuck a bent poker as far down the pipe as I could reach. With a lot of dust and rubbish I brought up a quantity of excelsior shavings which were distinctly scorched by the heat. It was the first time that I had ever thought of the danger of 'sweepings' connected with the open registers."—New York Tribune.

A London Idea.

In certain London restaurants each customer is allowed to make his (or her) own tea. The waitress lights the gas burner, which is affixed to each table and sets thereon a silver kettle. Then she presents to the teamaker a silver caddy divided into compartments and offering a choice of Souchong, Ceylon or green tea. Any one who is compelled to drink the lukewarm stuff called tea at restaurants will appreciate the new idea.—London Letter.

The Finest Sight in the World.

This fair of ours, in its general aspect and judged from the artistic point of view, is not only much more successful than two years ago we believed it could be—it is much more successful than any that has ever been created in this or another land. It is not only comparable to the beautiful Paris exhibition of 1889, and not only equal to it—it is greatly superior. And its excellence is not an imitation or even an adaptation of any precedent, but has been achieved upon entirely new and original lines. It is perfectly certain that every one who goes to Chicago next summer will be astonished, no matter how much he may have heard and believed in advance; and it is just as certain that he will be charmed, no matter how good or how captious his taste may be.

Only those who know how hard it is to produce a high degree of beauty on a vast scale and in complicated ways will fully appreciate what they see at Chicago. They, and only they, will fully understand that they are beholding one of the most beautiful of sights, and, considering its genesis, distinctly the most wonderful sight in the world—a sight the character of which, I am not afraid to say, has not been paralleled since the Rome of the emperors stood intact, with marble palace, statue, terrace, bridge and temple, under an Italian sky no bluer than our own.—Mrs. Van Rensselaer in Forum.

A Balloon for the Kaiser.

The sum of 50,000 marks (£2,000) which the German emperor has just presented to the German Society for the Promotion of Aerial Navigation for the advancement of this science is to be devoted to the construction and equipment of a giant balloon. This balloon will be as high as a four storied house, will be fifty feet in diameter and it will contain no less than 2,500 cubic meters of gas. It will be made of Egyptian cotton stuff, and will be coated with vulcanized gum, which is considered better than varnish.

A rather interesting feature of the balloon will be the provision of a special valve of a new kind, which will keep the gas pure for a longer time, and therefore sustain the balloon for a longer period. It is proposed to make within a year no less than fifty journeys with the balloon and to ascend as high as possible, up to 33,000 feet if necessary, with artificial respiration. Over £400 will be expended in purchasing scientific apparatus for this balloon. Experiments will, if possible, be simultaneously made with two other balloons to further investigate the physical conditions of the atmosphere.—Fall Mall Budget.

The Queen's Statuary at Balmoral.

Her majesty proposes to place a statue of the Emperor Frederick in the grounds of Balmoral, which are crammed with memorials of the queen's deceased relatives and friends, while every hilltop in the neighborhood bears a cairn. There are only three statues—one the prince consort, by Theed (representing him in highland dress); the jubilee statue of the queen, which was presented to her by her Scottish tenants and servants; and a statue of John Brown, by Boehm, which occupies a conspicuous position on a wooded bank near the garden. Princess Alice is commemorated by a Celtic cross of granite, and the Duke of Albany by a seat of polished granite. The memory of Sir Thomas Biddulph is recalled by a granite fountain. The bronze statue of the prince consort in the grounds is an exact copy of his white marble statue in the corridor of the castle.—London Star.

Bad for the Doctors.

"No, sir," said a prominent physician recently; "I'm not getting anything like the amount of work that I ought to have at this time of year. Bless me, I had only one new case all of last week. The reason? Why, cholera, of course. The big cities are in better condition now than they have been in years—probably better than they ever were. Old cesspools and vaults have been closed up, sewers cleaned, cellars dried and white-washed and plumbing overhauled, and that has knocked out the usual crop of diphtheria and typhoid disorders. Then, people became more careful in their eating and living than they had been before the Normanna got in, and the result of it all is that they have stopped getting ill and sending for physicians. The cholera was a splendid thing for the cities, but I tell you it has been rough on us doctors!"—New York Recorder.

Buying and Selling a Blind Man.

A queer business transaction has just come to light in Paris. A man was arrested for buying a blind man. It seems that the first owner of the blind man secured him from an asylum and used to lead him along in front of the cafes to beg. The venture was not a financial success, so he sold his blind man to another speculator, who was soon disgusted. The unfortunate man was deserted on the streets by his purchaser, and in that way the police became acquainted with the peculiar transaction.—Exchange.

The Horse Objected.

Luther Springer, of Hancock, Me., swam a horse, whose days of usefulness being over, he hired a man to kill. The man taking an axe started to lead the horse into the woods, but after going some distance the animal suddenly attacked the would be slayer and throwing him down trampled upon him and injured him so badly that it is feared he will not recover. At last accounts the horse's prospects of living were much better than the man's.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, oh, sleep, my limbs a-weary!
Shining sunbeams all are o'er,
'Tis the time when little children
Sift away to Slumber store.

Gleaming, gliding to the music
Of a tender lullaby,
Gently drift the little children
When the stars come out on high.

Oh, the lovely flowers that open
Right across the Slumber sea!
Float away, my birds that twitter,
For the dreamship waits for ye.

Softly to the swaying grasses
Fall the gracious drops of dew,
Yet more softly at the gleaming
Close the bairn's eyes of blue.

The First Sleeping Car.

No single thing has contributed more to the comfort of modern life than the Pullman car. Its inventor, George M. Pullman, worked out the details of his invention while a merchant in Colorado in 1859. In 1864 he carried his idea to Chicago and employed a master car-builder of the Alton road at a salary of \$100 a month to superintend the construction of a model car. The inventor was determined that it should be the handsomest car in all respects that had ever been made in the country. He came on to New York and here happened to meet the artist who had just decorated the house of Samuel J. Tilden. He at once closed with this artist, took him west and set him at work decorating the car.

When the Pioneer was finished it had cost the extraordinary sum of \$18,000, a large price even now for a sleeping car. It was a wonder to everybody. It was just as Mr. Pullman had expected. The beauty of the finish and the marvelous innovation he had made were advertised far and near by the newspapers and by railroad men, and some of the latter began to believe that the ideas of the inventor after all were practicable.—New York Herald.

A Suit of Wilkie Collins' Clothes.

The tweed suit that Wilkie Collins purchased in Philadelphia as he passed through the city so many years ago is still here. The novelist by accident ruined one that he brought over with him by spilling broth over it and stepped across Chestnut street to invest in a new one before returning to his hotel. Collins instructed the tailor to send the spoiled one to his rooms, and when he gave his name the clothier said, "Are you the author of 'No Name' and 'Armadale'?" Wilkie had to own up, and the tailor was overcome with pleasure, announcing that he was the most sincere admirer of Collins in America. Unfortunately the suit was not a good fit, but the novelist had too much delicacy to acquaint his sincere admirer with the fact. So the garments were relegated to George H. Boker's attic, where they remained over a generation.—Philadelphia Press.

A Great Favor.

He was in his study on a Saturday night when a visitor was announced, and there entered one of his suburban parishioners, who, having cautiously looked round to see that there were no listeners, addressed his clergyman with an air of grave, mysterious importance: "Mester Whitworth, you've been very kind to my old girl when she was sick so long, and I want to do yer a good turn, and I can do yer a good turn. There's going to be the gradeliest dog fight in this place to-morrow, and I can get yer into the inner ring!"—"Dean Hole's" "Memories."

The Height of the Atmosphere.

Calculations, based on the observation of the refraction of light, have caused it to be supposed that the air becomes so rare at the height of about sixty miles that that distance may be regarded as the limit to its sensible extent; but other calculations, made during the present century, of the distance from the earth at which meteors ignite indicate that the atmosphere extends to upward of a hundred miles.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two Striking Heights.

Sir William Don, when quartered with his regiment at Nottingham, was walking in the market place, and was met by two mechanics, one of whom thus addressed him: "Sir William, me and my mate 'as got a bet of a quart of ale about yer, and we wants to know yer 'ight." Sir William answered, "My height is 6 feet 7, and yours is the height of impudence."—London Journal.

Love's Strategy.

An ingeniously worthy of a better cause was shown by a man and his wife in the lockup at Bath the other day. They were in separate but adjoining cells, and managed to keep up domestic happiness under these difficulties by playing a game of high-low-jack through a crack in the partition.—Lewiston Journal.

Soulless Corporations.

Child—I don't believe the canal companies care much for children.
Mother—Why not?
Child—In the summer they put the water in, so we'll get drowned, and in the winter they let the water out, so we can't skate.—Good News.

La grippe has made such terrible ravages among us that the smile that once arose when reference was made to it has now changed into a grave and very serious expression.

The modern form of football involves excitements of a very dangerous kind. The players put into it the utter recklessness of soldiers on the battlefield.

AN ANGRY INSPECTOR.

Mrs. Helen Hunt's Experience in a Museum in Copenhagen.

One of the sights of Copenhagen is the Rosenberg castle collection, officially known as the "Chronological Collection of the Kings of Denmark." When Mrs. Helen Hunt went to see it she bought a "full ticket," so as to insure the entire attention of the museum inspector. He was a handsome man, fifty years old or more, and when he began to speak English the visitor's delight was unbounded. What an afternoon she should have! "I am sorry," she said, "that we have so short a time in which to see these beautiful and interesting collections. Two hours is nothing!" "Oh, I shall explain to you everything," he said, and he proceeded to throw open the doors of mysterious wall closets. Says Mrs. Hunt:

The first thing he pointed out to me was the famous Oldenborg horn, said to have been given to Count Otto of Oldenborg by a mountain nymph in a forest one day in the year 909. As he pointed to it I opened my catalogue to find the place where it was mentioned, that I might make on the margin some notes of points that I wished to recollect. I might have been looking at it for perhaps half a minute when thundering from the mouth of my splendid Dane came:

"Do you prefer that you read it in the catalogue than that I tell you?"

I am not sure, but my impression is I actually jumped at his tone. I know I was frightened. I explained to him that I was not looking for it in the catalogue to read then and there, but only to associate what I saw with its place and with the illustrations in the catalogue, and to make notes for future use. He hardly heard a word I said. Putting out his hand and waving my poor catalogue away, he said:

"It is all there. You shall find everything there as I tell you. Will you listen?"

Quite cowed, I tried to listen, but I found that without my marginal notes I should remember nothing. I opened my catalogue again. The very sight of it seemed to act upon him like a scarlet flag on a bull.

Instantly he burst out upon me again. In vain I tried to stem the tide of his angry words, and the angrier he got the less intelligible became his English.

"Perhaps you take me for a servant in this museum," he said. "Perhaps my name is as good in my country as yours is in your own!"

"Oh, do—do listen to me one minute!" I said. "If you will only hear me I think I can make you understand. I do implore you not to be angry."

"I am not angry. I have listened to you every time—to many times. I have not time to listen any more."

This he said so angrily that I felt the tears coming into my eyes. I was in despair. I turned to Harriet and said, "Very well, Harriet, we will go."

"You shall not go!" he exclaimed. "Twenty years I have shown this museum and never yet was any one before dissatisfied with what I tell them. I have myself written this catalogue you carry. Now I will nothing say, and you can ask if you wish I should explain anything."

He folded his arms and stepped back to the very image of a splendid man in a sulk. I hesitated what to do, but at last I gulped down my wounded feelings and went on looking and making notes.

Presently he began to cool down, to see his mistake. In less than half an hour he had ceased to be hostile, and before the end of the hour he had become friendly, and more. He seized both my hands in his, exclaiming:

"We shall be good friends—good! You must come again to Rosenberg; you must see it all. I will myself show you every room. No matter who sends to come in, they shall not be admitted. I go alone with you."

Clara Jane's Hardworking Hen.

Clara Jane Edwards has placed on our table two large hen eggs. They are about the size of turkey eggs. Clara Jane says that the