

The Star.

VOLUME I.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY JANUARY 18, 1893.

NUMBER 36.

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway. The short line between Buffalo, Rochester and Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region. On and after Nov. 18th, 1892, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows: 7:10 A. M.—Buffalo Accommodation—For points North between Falls Creek and Buffalo. 7:45 a. m. mixed train for Pennsylvania.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY.

Table with columns for stations and times for both Eastward and Westward directions. Stations include Red Bank, Lawsonsburg, New Bethlehem, Oak Ridge, etc.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Table with columns for stations and times for Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Table with columns for stations and times for Johnsonburg and Clearfield R.R. Trains leave Johnsonburg at 9:55 a. m. and Ridgway at 11:55 a. m.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD. P.M. A.M. STATIONS. A.M. P.M.

CREDULITY OF MAN.

TWO GOOD STORIES ILLUSTRATING A BROKER'S THEORY.

Some Men Will Believe Almost Anything Without Logical Investigation if Somebody They Happen to Know Appears to Be in Earnest.

They wandered from subject to subject in a listless way over their coffee and cigar, as men often do when they have enjoyed a good dinner, until the broker got on his favorite hobby—the average man's credulity. His companion, a lawyer, disagreed with him, and that at once started them on a lively argument. After a few minutes of general discussion the broker said: "Well, I'll give you an instance. It is a pretty good story anyhow, and perfectly true, almost incredible as it seems. In the town where I was born there lives an old river captain named Stewart, who is a great practical joker. The proprietor of one of the two hotels in the place is a rather pompous and conceited old man. Stewart walked into the office of the hotel one day a few years ago, and drawing out a one-dollar bank note asked the proprietor if he could change an eleven dollar bill. The old fellow said 'yes,' and took the bill, which, sure enough, had the number eleven in the corners, and just glancing at it handed the amount in change to Stewart.

"The joker had added another figure in ink to the numbers on the bill, and as the proprietor did not like to acknowledge that he had never seen an eleven dollar bill before he had only glanced at it casually before putting it in the drawer, Stewart walked out of the hotel and told all the men he met about the joke.

"About fifteen minutes after Stewart went away a man walked in and said to the proprietor: "Mr. Kennedy, I understand that you have an eleven dollar bill here. May I look at it? I never saw one."

"Kennedy produced it, and the man marveled over it for several minutes. Before he got through examining it another man walked in and asked to see the bill, and then another and another. Finally Kennedy's curiosity became excited, and he thought he would see what the bill really looked like. He saw at once how it had been 'fixed,' and his face was a study. The boys shouted with laughter, and the old fellow had to acknowledge that the cigars were on him, and he set them up like a man.

"That was funny," commented the lawyer.

TRACKWALKING.

A RAILROAD OCCUPATION THAT MUST GROW TO BE TEDIOUS.

How the Big Transportation Companies Keep Their Roadbeds in Repair—Looking for Loose Nuts and Protruding Spikes Along the Line.

The terrible accident that happened to Peter Daugherty, the "trackwalker," gave to many readers a new word in the vocabulary of "trades and occupations." That there was such an occupation as trackwalking under the big cover of the starry dome not one man in a thousand ever imagined.

"A trackwalker, a trackwalker?" exclaimed one citizen when asked the definition of the term. "Why, yes; of course. A trackwalker is a fellow who walks the tracks. See? Just as easy! Now ask me something real hard."

If pressed for a clearer explanation of the long word's meaning, the citizen proceeds to get facetious: "Oh, watcher trying to ring in on me now? A trackwalker is—a trackwalker. When the carnivorous tramp is hunted from his fair in one city he emigrates to another. On the way thither, my friend, he is a valuable specimen of the genus trackwalker. When the manager of an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' troop folds up his pocketbook and like an Arab, silently steals away, leaving sweet little Eva, good old Uncle Tom and religious Miss Ophelia to swear at his memory for their salaries, why then they are very likely to become trackwalkers. Then, again, you might call hucksters who drive their wagons up and down the street car tracks track hawkers. He, he, he! See?"

Which all goes to show that the real bona fide trackwalker is comparatively an unknown cog in the great machine of the world. If that cog was suddenly taken out of place and thrown away the world would very soon discover its loss. From the crashing of wrecked trains would come the death rattle of the dying; from the ruddy glare of burning cars would come the shrieks of tortured wretches pined beneath heavy timbers, and the one cry sounded from end to end of the land would be, "The trackwalker deserted his trust." Ride along any road for five or ten miles and you will overtake him, plodding along beside the track. He is not dressed in the latest outway diagonal, and his trousers, if noticed, bag at the knees. He only gets \$1.50 a day here in the west, and in some eastern districts still less. He carries a wrench and a hammer, and now and then stops to tighten a bolt in a rail or drive a spike into a tie. He tramps along thus for twelve hours out of the twenty-four and at the end of the day "can sleep without rocking."

A reporter found Daugherty yesterday in one of the pleasant wards of St. Mary's infirmary. Bending over him, with her sweet face full of sympathy, was one of the sisters of the order. "He's doing very nicely," she softly said, "but must not be excited."

Electrically Guarded.

Many Visitors to the Metropolitan Museum of Art Wonder at the Apparent Absence of Guard Against Theft and Think How Easy It Would Be to Rifle Almost Any of the Cases of Their Valuable Contents.

Many visitors to the Metropolitan Museum of Art wonder at the apparent absence of guard against theft and think how easy it would be to rifle almost any of the cases of their valuable contents. Each of these cases is guarded, however, by a small wire which connects with the office and also with a large gong in the basement. Each of the cases in the room, which contains the Moses-Lazarus collection of porcelain, Minnie's and other valuable objects is connected with these electrical wires, so that if any person should attempt to force open a lid the signal would be given at once. The same arrangement is made for the safety of most of the other cases.—New York Herald.

Dividing the Swag.

The prisoner was in the police court for stealing a pocketbook and a slyster interviewed him.

What Constitutes a Writer?

The question now agitating the Writers' club is this. What constitutes a writer? A certain lady recently demanded admission to this club of literary women on the strength of having sent in various things to Punch.

Cotton Growing in Southern Russia.

Cotton culture in South Russia, which was initiated some time ago by the minister of imperial domains, is now giving promising results. The earlier attempts failed through the ignorance of the cultivators, but since the Kherson school of agriculture took the matter up the propagation of American cotton seed has proved entirely successful.—London News.

Troubles of the Prince of Wales.

The salary and emoluments of the Prince of Wales, supposed to be about \$300,000, would probably be enough for his private needs were he not put to so large an expense in performing royal and social obligations which should be undertaken by his royal mother.—New York Press.

Dickens' Debt Prisons.

How little—to take only one case—of the scenery of "Pickwick" remains; how, indeed, the whole of the London of that particular time has been improved off the face of the earth, a very cursory consideration of the topography of the book will amply show.

The abolition of imprisonment for debt, except by the side wind of criminal for contempt of court, long ago swept away the sponging houses and debtors' prisons which occupy so large a space in English fiction from the time of Fielding and Smollett down to quite recent years.

The Fleet, its inhabitants and the squalid lives they led under Mr. Rokes and his comrades are only known to the readers of today by the descriptions in "Pickwick" and "Pendennis," and few people who nowadays pass down Farringdon street have any idea that the ramshackle old prison stood very nearly on the site of the Congregational Memorial hall as late as 1864, having survived its disestablishment as a debtors' jail nearly twenty years.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Jewels of a Saint.

The idea of sanctity usually carries with it a suggestion of poverty, and it may seem a contradiction to refer to the jewels of a saint. It has been customary for painters who choose for their subjects saints or martyrs to treat them with the utmost simplicity. In a majority of cases they are depicted as devoid of ornament or decoration, and in the few exceptional instances, as when the subject of the picture is a ruler or king, the gems are few and purely symbolic, being sufficient only to denote the rank of the individual portrayed.

An Unpardonable Offense.

A young woman condemns herself in the eyes of good society who is observed to enter alone with a young man a place for public refreshment, be the restaurant or tearoom ever so select. Bred under other conditions of a society so necessarily varying as that in our broad America, a stranger visiting New York, for instance, might readily and innocently make a mistake of this nature, and blush at finding herself condemned for it. In the same category of offenses is ranked that of maidens visiting places of public amusement under the escort of young men alone.

Mr. Emerson Knew What He Wanted.

"Those who know Mr. Emerson best," said Miss Louisa M. Alcott, "were assured that what seemed the decline of his faculties in his latter years was largely but a seeming; it was only words he could not command at will. His very forgetfulness of the names of things would often give occasion for a flash of his quaint, shrewd wit. I remember once he started for his usual walk, when a light shower came up, and he returned with his umbrella.

The Outside of Lemons.

Not many people stop to think about it, but the outside of a lemon is anything but clean. If you will look at it you will see some tiny spots like scales all over it. These are the eggs of an insect, and if the lemon is not washed they are likely to become an ingredient in whatever dish the lemon is used for.—Chicago Herald.

What He Asked For.

"Say, mister," said Weary Wilkins, "gimme a quarter, will yer?" "Certainly," said Barber, handing him a dime.

Englishmen Always Eat Dinner Before They Go Out.

Englishmen always eat dinner before they go out to dinner, according to a humorist, because they know the risks they are running, but nobody ever warns the stranger, and so he walks placidly into the trap.

Scientists Have Discovered, It is Said, That the Memory is Stronger in Summer Than in Winter.

Scientists have discovered, it is said, that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Too much food, too much physical exercise and too much education are among the worst foes of the memory.

The Beautiful Cleopatra Supplants All Brunette Rivals in the Heart of Her Royal Lover.

The beautiful Cleopatra supplants all brunette rivals in the heart of her royal lover, and to do so she had only to veil her pearly tears by the shining gold of her hair.

There are Little and Great Scoundrels.

The last are worshipped by the ladies; the others are run in by the police.—Exchange.

Advertisements on the left margin.