



Star.

VOLUME 1.

Baitrond Cime Cables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTS. B BURGH RAILWAY.
The short line between DuBols, Ridgway,
gradford, Salamanea, Buffalo, Rochester,
klaggara Falls and points in the upper oil

region.
On and after Nov. 13th, 1892, pas
ger trains will arrive and depart from I
Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as

ger traim will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

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

10:05A.M.—Buffalo and Roschester mail—For Breek way ville, Ridgray, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Rudhol and Roschester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erle.

10:15 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Bun and Punsentawney.

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

4:50 P. M.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punssulawney and Walston.

7:55 P.M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Punxsulawney.

1:30 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Punxsulawney.

1:31 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Punxsulawney.

1:32 P. M.—Accommodation from Bradford.

1:33 P. M., Accommodation from Bradford.

1:34 P. M. All Forn Buffalo and Rochester; 7:35 P. M., Accommodation from Bradford.

1:35 P. M., Accommodation from Bradford.

1:36 P. M. Mail From Buffalo and Rochester; 7:35 P. M., Accommodation from Bradford.

1:35 P. M., Accommodation from Bradford.

1:36 P. M. Mail From Buffalo and Rochester; 7:35 P. M., Accommodation from Bradford.

1:36 P. M. Mail From Buffalo and Rochester; 7:37 P. M., Accommodation from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:38 P. M., Accommodation from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:39 P. M., Accommodation from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:39 P. M., Accom

↑ LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY
COMPANY commencing Sunday
Dec. 18, 1892, Low Grade Division. EASTWARD.

No. I. No.5. No. 9.1 101 | 105

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Trains daily except Sunday. DAVID McCARGO, GEN'L. SCPT... DAVID McCARGO, GEN'L. PASS. AGT... JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS. AGT... Pittsburg, Pa

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT DECEMBER 18, 1892.

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

Prof. A. M.—Train S. daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:30 p. M., New York, 9:35 p. M. T. Baltimore, 6:45 p. M.; Washington, St. S. p. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:38 p. M.—Train S. daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. M.; New York, 7:10 A. M. Through coach from DuBois to Williamsport. Pallman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 A. M.

1:35 p. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 1:50 A. M.; New York, 2:30 A. M.; Baltimore, 5:20 A. M.; Washington, 7:20 A. M. Pullman cars and passenger coaches from Eric and Williamsport to Philadelphia, Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington will be transferred into Washington Sleeper at Harrisburg.

7:35 A. M.—Train 4, daily except Sanday for Bidgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:00 p. M.—Train 3, daily for Eric and intermediate stations.

P. M. for Eric. :50 A. M.--Train 3, daily for Eric and inter-

s:50 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Eric and day mediate points.

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

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN II leaves Philadelphia 8:30 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.

Pallman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:30 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 a. m.; Baftimore, 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 DuBols.

TRAIN I leaves Benovo at 6:25 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:5 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)
TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:40 a. m.: Johnsonburg at 9:35 a. m., arriving at Clermont at 19:45 a. m.
TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 19:55 a. m. arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:40 a. m. and Ridgway at 11:55 a. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EYCEPT SUNDAY.

SOU!	THWARD.	NORTHWARD.		
P.M	A.M.	STATIONS.	A. M.	P.M.
12 10	9 40	Ridgway	1.30	7 00
12 18	9.48	Island Run	1 20	6.51
13 22	10.00	Crowland	1 16	6 35
16 38	10 10	Shorts Mills	12 50	6 30
45 44	46.35	Witness Williams	10/81	# 95

1 14 10 48 Harve 1 29 10 55 Falls 1 45 11 06 Du	Creek 12 20 5 45 Bots 12 05 5 30
	VE RIDGWAY.
Train 8, 7:17 a. m.	Westward. Train 3, 11:34 a. m.
Train 6, 1:45 p. m.	Train 1, 3:00 p. m. Train 11, 8:25 p. m.
Committee of the Commit	A STREET OF STREET STREET

LONGINGS.

I have tired of whispers and long for the full voice instead,
The full voice to strengthen and guide soul,
heart and head;
I am tired of shadows that give but a promise

of light; The purple gloaming stretches its fingers far

down the night. I am tired of starlight, filling the air with a

mystical hase.
And I long for the nountide glare, the light, the heat, the blaze:
I am so tired of groping in the valley of unrest.
And my heart's blood stands stagnant between

the vale and the crest. I am tired of all the vain deceptions of practi-

cal life,
The misunderstandings, the worry, the turmoll-aye, and the strife;
More than all, I am sick of self, with all its
weak desire,
That burns in my heart like the flame of a fumore layer.

neral pyre.

Speak, O voice divine, and bid this curious heart be still; Teach it to strive no more, to be satisfied with valn is human longing when measured

by thy power!

Let contentment glid my lips and fill with peace each lowly hour!

-Mary Inge Hoskins in New York Sun.

A SOUTRE'S ROMANCE.

Hop picking was always a gala time

at Pendexter farm. Far away the golden haze hung over the hills like a quivering veil: the bland air was full of soft, subtle fragrance of wild grapes ripening in the woods, and wherever a dead tree or rude stone wall afforded it a vantage ground, the silvery tangles of clematis wove a lovely garland, and the masses of goldenrod and purple fringed asters held up their clus-ters of dazzling bloom. And in the hopfield merry voices echoed from morning until night.

Will Pendexter, walking up and down the aisles of silver green leafage with his hands behind his back, might have reminded one of Boaz in the ancient Scripture story—princely Boaz standing in his harvest fields and giving a kind glance and pleasant word to every one.

'Isn't he handsome?" said little Fanny Dix to Miss Morgan, the rector's daughter. Fanny was a pale little dress-maker, with an incipient cough, who had been recommended by her doctor to spend a fortnight in the hopfields, and Miss Morgan, whose mother had died of consumption, picked hops every year on principle, just as Judge Marier's daughters visited Long Branch. "And all the handsomer since he has turned gray! I do wonder why he never married."

"Den't you know?" said Miss Morgan

"I can tell you, then," said the rector's daughter, who dearly loved a morsel of genuine romance. "Because his first genuine romance. love jilted him."

"As if any one would jilt Will Pen-

dexter!" said incredulous Fanny.
"Oh, but he wasn't Squire Pendexter then-and all this happened 20 years ago," averred Miss Morgan, her flying fingers never leaving off among the clus-ters of pale green hops. "That was be-fore he inherited Pendexter farm. He was only a poor young farmer then, with his own living to make, and this was a beautiful girl who was spending the summer here. And they were engaged and all—and the very night before the wedding she ran way with an Italian, one Count Caprivi, who was singing on the

New York stage. Fanny drew a long breath.

'And what became of them?' said she. "Oh, they went to Italy, where the count expected to succeed to large es-

tates, and I suppose they are there now."

Fauny looked with secret awe at the ruddy face and magnificent height of Will Pendexter as he sauntered down the green aisles of waving tendrils and tremulous leaves, and almost wondered to hear him ask Mahala Bently about her baby in the offhand, ordinary language of everyday life, and give lame Billy Bartlett "Good day," just as if there had been no Countess Caprivi in

the world. But Fanny Dix was but a girl yet. She did not know how 20 years will bridge over the darkest gulf in a human There is no scar that will not heal in 20 years. There is not a grave on

which grass will not grow—aye, and daisies bloom—in 20 years. "I do not know that we can take another hand, Simpson," said Squire Pen-dexter meditatively. "The field is crowd-

ed already. 'What I thought, exactly, sir," said the overseer respectfully. "But this 'ere is a pretty young slip of a girl, with a feeble mother dragging along on her arm. And a man don't like to say 'no' to such! So I thought I'd just speak to you before"-

"Where are they?" said the squire, rubbing the gold knob of his walking cane against his nose, and Simpson knew that the case of the forlorn strangers was

'Mother, don't fret. Here comes the gentleman now," said a clear, soft toned voice, and Squire Pendexter found himself looking into a pair of wistful, deep blue orbs—orbs that belonged to a slight, beautiful girl dressed in faded fabric and worn shoes, who was leaning against the well curb. For while Simpson had been gone on his errand of inquiry she had drawn a bucket of clear, cold water out of the sparkling depths of the well and given her mother a drink out of the silver bound gourd which always hung

"Sir," without a moment's hesitation, "might I have a job of work in your hop-fields? We have come from the city— mother and I—there's nothing to be

picked up there, and my mother is ail ing, and we thought the smell of the hops might do her good. Please, sir, we'd work cheap, if only we might sleep

in the barn and have a bit of something to eat between whiles!"

'I don't want you to work cheap,' said the squire, assuming an aspect of unwonted gruffness to cover the sympathetic thrill in his voice. "I never grudged money's worth for good, honest work. As for the barn, my housekeepet can put you up in one of the vacant back chambers over the kitchen, and there's always enough to eat at Pendexter farm.

"Pendexter farm!" The woman, who had been sitting on

the mossy cattle trough, slowly lifted her head here and pushed back her worn "Where are we, Isora? Whither have we come? I knew a man named Pendex-

ter once, who" "Yes," said the squire, who had given a little start at the first sound of that low contralto voice. "It was I, Clars Caprivi! To think that fate should have brought us together again after all these

The pale woman struggled to her feet and clutched at her daughter's slim. strong arm. "Let us go, Isora," said she. "We-

we have made a mistake. Give me my shawl. Quick! Let us go!" "But, mother, why?" soothed the girl who scarcely as yet comprehended all this byplay. "Don't you hear what the

gentleman says? We can have work here and food and shelter. Mother, sit down again! You are trembling all over!" "I tell you, child, you don't know! said impatient Clara, pessessed with a

sort of wild, unreasoning terror. "Wewe must go!" "Clara," said the squire, he himself as suming the direction of affairs, "the child is right. Let bygones be bygones You don't suppose I would turn you from my door?"

Clara looked into his face.

"Have you forgiven me, then?" said she. "Forgiven you? Yes, years and years

ago. Let us be friends again, Clara. For his heart ached to see how pale and wan she was-how haggard were her cheeks, and how like smouldering fires the light burned in the sunken eyes

She told him all that afternoon, while pretty Isora was stripping the clustered hops from the vines with a dozen girls as pretty and as blooming as herself, how her life had been an aimless wreck; how Carlo Caprivi had been no count after all, but a nameless pretender, with neither honesty nor money; how he had left her with the baby Isora on her hands to shift as best she might for herself, and was killed in a gambling brawl; how she had struggled on for years constantly feeling herself less able to wage unequal warfare with the world.

"Clara," said the squire, when she had finished, "why didn't you come to me?" "Because I had wronged you so deep-

ly," she faltered. "You might have known I would have been kind, even to Caprivi's child. Well, it doesn't matter now. You are here, and you must stay here. Do you hear me, Clara? Must! Bless my heart! You'll grow strong in these country breezes. and that pale girl of yours will get color in her face."

So they staid at the Pendexter farm, and beautiful Isora Caprivi grew fairer to look upon with every passing day.

"Clara," said the blunt squire one day, "that girl of yours is prettier than ever

'I know it," said Mme, Caprivi. And as she spoke the words a pang of jealousy struck sharply through her heart. Yet was it not natural enough

that Squire Pendexter should take note of Isora's opening loveliness? And in her room that night Clara wrestled with her own heart and con-

"He will marry Isora," she told her-self. "Isora is beautiful, and he is in

the prime of life-it is as it should bewhile I-I am only a wreck, waiting on the shore of time for the usual billow to come and sweep me away. God bless his noble heart! God bless my sweet souled girl! And God grant that they may be happy together for many, many long and happy years!"

squire came to Mme. Caprivi the next day with rather an embarrassed face, "It is coming," thought Clara: "I knew

"Clara," said he, "I've a question to ask you. She held out her hand with a smile.

"Ask it, then, freely," she said graciously.

"Should I be making a fool of myself if, at my age, I were to marry?"
"You would be doing the most proper

and natural thing in the world," Clara answered, still smiling, although her heart seemed to stand still within her. "Then, by Jove, I'll risk it," said the squire jubilantly. "Clara, will you have me? Shall we begin our disjointed lives

over again, my girl?" Mme. Caprivi grew pale, then red. "Halloo!" said Squire Pendexter, "have

spoken too abruptly? Have you"——
"No," said Clara faintly. "But—but I thought it was Isora that you loved." "Then you thought wrong," said the squire briskly. "I have never loved any woman but you, Clara, and I never

shall."
So they were married quietly, and the autumn of life shines softly over them as the veiled sunlight hangs its golden haze over the picked hopfields of Pen-

dexter farm. And poor Clara is content at last .-True Flag.

Advertise in THE STAR.

EFFECT OF A FRIGHT.

A POMPADOUR THAT CAME FROM BE-ING CHASED BY A BEAR.

Experience of an Adventurous Young Traveler Among the Mountains of Mar-Iposa, Cal. - A Terrible Race Down Mountain Side-A Rash Shot.

George F. Leidig, the proprietor of Grant's Springs hotel, Mariposa county, who arrived here a day or two ago, says that game of all kinds is very plentiful in his vicinity and a few miles away in the high mountains.

"I have known of some curious things in reference to the varied wild game of Mariposa," he said, "but I never knew of a stranger thing than happened to my son George and Stage Driver Joe Ridge way of the Yosemite line some time since. George, you know, is engineer on

the Central Pacific railroad, on the divis-

ion between Wells and Carlin. Well, he and Ridgeway thought they would go up above Glacier point and have a look around. You know that to get to Glacier point you must climb about 3,500 feet and do it all in but little more than a couple of miles. It's a hard task, and when you get up there you look sheer down, as it were, from a balloon upon the world. Before you are spread the waterfalls of the Merced river, the snow capped cones of the Sierras and everything to make up a garden of wonders. Probably in the world there

does not exist a grander sight. "It is within the confines of the celebrated Mariposa grant, to which the dauntless explorer, Colonel John C. Fre-mont, once had a title, but which he finally lost after much litigation. This was for many years known as the home of large numbers of grizzlies, the most formidable to be found anywhere. Since there were so many of them, not all the hunters that have gone into that region have succeeded in wiping them out.

"When George and Joe had finally succeeded in getting to the top and they had gazed upon the panorama before them, they started to the south on a shoulder of the mountain. They had not proceeded far when there were indications of bears. Their great tracks were visible in some places along the trail, and they kept a sharp eye out for They thought without noticing much that they were the tracks of black bears. There were some birds, and altogether the boys were enjoying them-

selves. "Just as they began to descend a winding knoll on the ridge they heard a thrashing in the bushes as of some one whaling them with a long club. The two had become separated. Ridgeway was where he could get the best view, and he suddenly caught sight of a big. grayish black object lying on a log. He knew at once that it was a grizzly, and

he let fly at him. Whether he hit him or not was never found out, but immediately there was more thrashing and a shrick from the bear that made the tall pines ring. Then there began a journey of that bear toward George. It was rapid, for a griz-zly can run like a wild buffalo, un-wieldly as he looks. Ridgeway could see that he had sniffed George or caught a glimpse of him through the bushes, and he yelled to him to look out, as the griz zly was after him. Then he took to his heels himself. George had scarcely got the warning when the bear was almost upon him. He turned and flew down the mountain.

"It was a terrible race. Now it would look as though George would evade the bear, and then it would appear that there was no escaping his paws. George zig-zagged over stumps, fallen trees and through bushes, the bear still after him. and finally fell down a rocky declivity. where for a time he lay half dead. The great brute had finally given up the chase, luckily for the young man he was after, and at length Ridgeway got to George and helped him to stand up.

"Now, here a strange discovery was made, to which I call your attention. You have heard of people's hair turning white in a night, as though a man had lived a lifetime in a few hours.

"When George got down to my place, his hair, which since his birth had been flat on his head, stood up like stubble. as though it was waxed and combed up. More than that—it staid so for two weeks before he could get it down to where it was formerly.
"The terrible race he had with the bear

had caused it. We all took notice of it and talked about it during the whole two weeks. I suppose this may seem impossible to some, and they may not believe it, but it is entirely true. Nothing any of us could do during the fortnight would make the hair stay down.

"George is as brave as anybody, but he couldn't help knowing the awful danger he was in, and when his hair rose up the consciousness of the danger was so great and remained so long with him that it took this length of time for it to get down again. Since then he is hav-ing no use for bears, especially grizzlies, and those familiar with the dangerous race he had do not at all wonder at it." -San Francisco Examiner.

Large Writing Unfashionable.

It is not the latest style to write as big as possible, but it is the latest fad to make the bigness bigger than any other woman's if you possibly can.

Also, it is pschutt(not chic any longer) to put no address on your letter, no date,

and on no account to punctuate it. It is high style to be misunderstood by all ex-cept the woman to whom you write.— Boston Globe.

A Dying Man's Scheme

George Francis Cobson, a spiritualist of Muskegon, Mich., has perfected a scheme, he thinks, by which he hopes at death to be able to prove positively to those still in the material state that his spirit exists. He went to Pittsburg a short time ago and obtained a large glass cylinder, so constructed that it can be sealed airtight quickly. In this cylinder he has suspended with fine copper wire two pieces of metal so light that they may be brought in contact with each other by the slightest motion of air within the cylinder. Wires pass through the cylinder, one being connected with a battery and the other with a telegraphic

instrument. He has made arrangements for his friends just before the spirit leaves his body to seal him in the cylinder so that his spirit may be kept from departing. and at the same time is enabled by a se ries of systematic disturbances of the air within the cylinder to communicate with his friends through the telegraphic instrument. He is dying with consumption, and the public probably will not have long to wait for the test of his experiment. If it should prove successful, his friends are pledged after three days to unseal the cylinder and allow the spirit to depart and then seal up and bury the remains.-Pittsburg Disputch.

Here Is a Farm With a History.

Colonel Merit M. Missimer of the Falls of French Creek hotel has bought of Henry W. Watson of Bucks county the Urner farm in Warwick township, Chester county, 129 acres, for \$5,000. On this farm the old Seventh Day Baptist burial ground is located, an acre or more, the walls of which inclosure the colonel will repair. In this place of rest there were interments dating back to 1669, and the whole number buried is probably over 100. There was once a frame meeting house in which the Seventh Day people worshiped, but it was torn down moved long ago-none there for probably 70 years or more.

Over two years ago the French Creek Valley Railroad company, or some of its promoters, bought this Urner farm of Eli Urner, administrator, for \$53 per It was intended to erect a large hotel on the premises. Subsequently it changed hands and became the property of Mr. Watson. Colonel Missimer will sell a portion of his purchase in building lots, having 1,000 already laid out.— Pottstown Ledger.

St. Teresa In the United States.

Teresa Urrea, the living patron saint of the Yaqui Indians, who was banished from her mountain home in Mexico several months ago by order of government authorities, the charge against her being that she was working up a spirit of war fare among the Indians, is making her home at Nogales, A. T., just across the Mexican line. She continues to perform many miraculous cures by simply laying on of hands, and thousands of ignorant Mexicans and Indians have visited her since she was exiled. The people of No gales have taken a kindly interest in the remarkable girl, whose powers of heal-ing the sick and afflicted are mysterious. "St." Teresa is a beautiful girl, 17 years of age.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Century From Cabot to Lodge. Henry Cabot Lodge is the 36th man who has been honored by the state of Massachusetts with a seat in the United s senate since congress was ized in 1789. It is an interesting coincidence, by the way, that the great-grandfather of Mr. Lodge, George Cabot, was a United States senator from Massachusetts just a century ago, he having been elected in 1791 to serve until 1796. His grandson's term will expire in 1899, so that there will be three years in the two centuries when the great-grand-father and the great-grandson will have been wearing the same toga, with a cen-

tury between them.-Boston Herald.

Professor C. S. Sargent, the eminent botanist and promoter of arboriculture, has returned from a trip to Japan. It is pleasant to know that he regards his exploration as a remarkably successful one. He traveled nearly all over the empire, made a very large herbarium and brought home a number of species of trees and shrubs, of which a considerable portion has never yet been brought into cultivation. Every lover of trees, plants and general gardening will extend cordial welcome to the professor on his safe return.—Mechan's Monthly.

Quick Decision

The London chamber of arbitration appears to be well established and working successfully along the lines laid down by the founders. Its proceedings in a case heard before it two weeks ago are described thus: "The arbitrator was one of the ablest men in the city of London; the hearing occupied two hours: the whole of the fees amounted to 4 guineas, and the case would certainly have occupied four days in hearing in a

The Campagnie Transatlantique has again brought forward the question of lighting the Atlantic route from Ireland to Newfoundland. It is proposed to moor 10 powerful floating lights 200 miles apart and connected by electric

Over \$600,000 was bequeathed to the poor of Boston by the late E. V. Ashton of that city, but the money has only just become available through the death of his childless widow at Tunbridge Wells,

Milecellaneone.

C. MITCHELL.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office on West Main street, opposite the ommercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

tesident dentist. In building near Metho-t church, opposite Arnold block. Gentle-s in operating.

Dotelo.

HOTEL MCCONNELL.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor. The leading hotel of the town. Headquar-ters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, ample rooms, hilliard room, telephone con-nections, &c.

HOTEL BELNAP,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

GREEN & CONSER, Proprietors. First class in every particular. Located in the very centre of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

A MERICAN HOTEL.

BROOKVILLE, PA.

BUFFINGTON & LONG, Prop's. Omnibus to and from all trains. European restaurant. House heated and lighted by 128. But and cold water. Western Union relegraph office in building. The hotel is fitted with all the modern conveniences.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

BROOKVILLE, PA.,

PHIL P. CARRIER, Proprietor. Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omnibus to and from all trains.

Everybody Guess!

Free to All.

Beginning February 1st and continuing until closing day of February, 28th, I offer to all an

Opportunity

And some person is sure to receive my offer.

A beautiful pair of Chenneile Pourtiers

GIVEN FREE

To the person guessing nearest to the number of beans in the jar in my window.

All are invited to deposit your guessing slip free.

The New York Racket Store,

The Cheapest One Price House in the County.

M. J. Coyle.



CHANGEABLE WEATHER!

Nature has seen fit to have hangeable weather and why not have your person garmented with a neat and nobby suit made of heavy-weight material to suit the weather that is now creeping upon us. You need a new winter suit and as the cold new winter suit and as the cold waves are very uncertain you will be wise if you place your-order now for winter wearing apparel, so as to have it to don when blustering weather is ushered in. Such an immense line of winter patterns was never displayed in town as can be seen at

J. C. FROEHLICH'S,

Next door to Hotel McConne