

The Star.

VOLUME 2.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY JUNE 21, 1893.

NUMBER 7.

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 June 14, 1893, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

9:55 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Buffalo, 7:35 a. m. mixed train for Painesville.

10:55 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

1:30 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Brockwayville, Brockwayville, Elmont, Carleton, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

5:10 P. M.—Mail—For DuBois, Skyles, Big Run, Painesville and Walston.

8:25 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Painesville.

9:20 A. M.—Sunday train—For Brockwayville, Ridgway and Johnsonburg.

6:13 P. M.—Sunday train—For DuBois, Skyles, Big Run and Painesville.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations.

J. H. HARRIS, Gen. Supt., Bradford, Pa.

E. C. LAPEY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday June 18, 1893. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 1, No. 2, No. 9, 101, 102
Red Bank	10:45 4:40
Lewistown	10:57 4:52
New Bethlehem	11:09 5:05
Oak Ridge	11:21 5:17
Massville	11:33 5:29
Summersville	11:45 5:41
Brookville	11:57 5:53
Bell	12:09 6:05
Fuller	12:21 6:17
Reynoldsville	12:33 6:29
Painesville	12:45 6:41
Falls Creek	12:57 6:53
DuBois	1:09 7:05
Sabula	1:21 7:17
Winterburn	1:33 7:29
Penfield	1:45 7:41
Tyler	1:57 7:53
Glen Fisher	2:09 8:05
Hennetette	2:21 8:17
Driftwood	2:33 8:29

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 2, No. 9, No. 10, 101, 102
Driftwood	10:45 4:40
Grand	11:17 5:12
Reynoldsville	11:29 5:24
Glen Fisher	11:41 5:36
Tyler	11:53 5:48
Penfield	12:05 6:00
Winterburn	12:17 6:12
Sabula	12:29 6:24
DuBois	12:41 6:36
Falls Creek	12:53 6:48
Painesville	1:05 7:00
Reynoldsville	1:17 7:12
Bell	1:29 7:24
Fuller	1:41 7:36
Brookville	1:53 7:48
Summersville	2:05 8:00
Massville	2:17 8:12
Oak Ridge	2:29 8:24
New Bethlehem	2:41 8:36
Lewistown	2:53 8:48
Red Bank	3:05 9:00

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID MCCARGO, GEN'L. SUFF., Painesville, Pa.

JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS. AGT., Painesville, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 21, 1893.

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

EASTWARD.

9:04 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 P. M., New York 9:45 P. M.; Baltimore, 6:45 P. M.; Washington, 6:15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

9:20 P. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 A. M.; New York, 7:10 A. M.; Through coach from DuBois to Philadelphia, sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 A. M.

9:30 A. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 A. M.; New York, 9:20 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:20 A. M.; Washington, 7:20 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.

WESTWARD.

7:35 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 7:00 P. M. for Erie.

9:04 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.; Williamsport, 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 6:20 P. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and DuBois.

TRAIN 1 leaves Driftwood at 6:35 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Philadelphia 7:45 A. M.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:40 A. M.; Johnsonburg at 9:55 A. M., arriving at Clermont 10:30 A. M.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:55 A. M., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:40 A. M. and Ridgway at 11:50 A. M.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

P. M. A. M.	STATIONS.	A. M. P. M.
12:10	Ridgway	1:30 7:00
12:15	Lehigh Run	1:35 7:05
12:20	Mt. Haven	1:40 7:10
12:25	Croyland	1:45 7:15
12:30	Shoemaker Mills	1:50 7:20
12:35	Blue Rock	1:55 7:25
12:40	Vineyard Run	2:00 7:30
12:45	Carrier	2:05 7:35
12:50	Brockwayville	2:10 7:40
12:55	McMinn Summit	2:15 7:45
1:00	Harveys Run	2:20 7:50
1:05	Falls Creek	2:25 7:55
1:10	DuBois	2:30 8:00

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Westward.
Train 8, 7:17 A. M. Train 9, 11:34 A. M.
Train 6, 1:45 P. M. Train 1, 9:00 P. M.
Train 4, 7:45 P. M. Train 11, 8:55 P. M.

M. PREVOST, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

AN INDIAN WIND SONG.

The wolf of the winter wind is swift,

And hearts are still and cheeks are pale

When we hear his howl in the ghostly drift

As he rushes past on a phantom trail,

And all the night we huddle and fear,

For we know that his path is the path of death,

And the flames burn low when his steps are near,

And the dim hut reeks with his grave cold breath.

The fawn of the wind of the spring is shy,

Her light feet rustle the snow, white gray,

The trees are roused as she races by,

In the patter of rain we hear her pass,

And the bow unstrung we cast aside

While we winnow the golden, hoarded maize,

And the earth awakes with a thrill of pride

To deck her beauty for festival days.

The hawk of the summer wind is proud:

She circles high at the throne of the sun,

When the storm is fierce her scream is loud,

And the searching glance of her eye we shun,

And oftentimes when the noon is bright

A silence falls on the choir of song,

And the partridge shrinks in a wild affright

Where a searching shadow swings along.

The hound of the autumn wind is slow:

He loves to bask in the heat and sleep

When the sun through the drowsy haze bends

And frosts from the hills through the star-light creep,

But oftentimes he starts in his dreams

When the howl of the winter wolf draws nigh,

Then lazily rolls in the gold warm beams

While the flocking birds to the south drift by.

—P. McArthur in Youth's Companion.

THE SLIPPER TRICK.

This vanished dancing pump was slipped off the foot of an exquisite young man at a reception at one of the leading salons of Paris. My eminently correct reader need not turn up their aristocratic noses at the vulgar lack of delicacy betrayed by my exquisite young man. Let him among you who does not adore a dainty foot cast the first stone.

Octave Latourneille—that is my exquisite young man's name—was not only a perfect dancer. He possessed not only two very nimble legs, but two very nimble hands, whereof the adroitness was the admiration of all his friends. Indeed the most expert conjurer would not have been ashamed to own him for a pupil. At his word of command watches passed from one pocket to another, gold coins vanished into thin air, flowers grew upon him as if on a magical bush—he drew them forth from his pockets, his sleeves, his waistcoat, his cravat, in quantities sufficient to decorate the corsages of all the ladies present, and this after having, by way of preamble, turned his pockets inside out, rolled up his sleeves and opened his waistcoat. In a word, he was the enchanter of the best drawing rooms and the spoiled child of the ladies.

Perhaps, rather than the spoiled child, he considered himself the petted darling. At any rate he was in love, and he made that fact known with the audacity that often gives success.

The object of his adoration was the young wife of General Pascalet—it is only the husband's rank that restrains me from mentioning the disparity of their ages. But all generals have young wives, which is only another proof that the truly brave do not recoil from dangers of any kind. It is traditional in cases of this kind that the husband should be jealous, but General Pascalet was not so. But if he was not an Othello neither was he a fool.

Trusting in the loyalty of his young wife, he cherished no illusions. He enjoyed many a Palais Royal farce—with his wife by his side more often than not, which was imprudent perhaps—but he also escorted her to balls, never pleading his age as an excuse, and waited patiently for her till after the cotillon, and to all appearances his wife was quite content.

Perhaps she was so. But there were plenty of young fellows who would look down at you from the high superiority of their 25 years if you ventured to express such an idea and say:

"With an old fellow like that! Really you are too refreshing."

The general was not to be laughed at. He knew his danger, not only before all the world had seen it, but before any one else suspected it, and he saved his honor like a man of intelligence—which indeed he could have done in no other way.

And this brings us down at last to the vanished slipper of the exquisite young man.

I have said that the affair took place in the midst of a reception. Dancing was going on in the larger rooms. The general was chatting with some of the older guests in a small room adjoining the one set out with card tables. He happened to glance carelessly toward the players and started suddenly in surprise.

"Bless me," said he, putting up his glasses, "there's my wife at a whist table. I certainly thought she was waiting or polkaing or something, and there she is playing whist. She must be very tired, for she never plays cards and is always dancing. I shall have to scold her," he added, with a laugh, "for indulging herself so much in her favorite pleasure that she has to do penance at the card table," and he strolled leisurely toward the players.

A jostle knocking his glasses from his eyes as he reached the whist table, he stooped to pick them up and saw beneath the table a slipper, a patent leather pump, from which its tenant had escaped, and now, shod only in fine black silk hose, was pushed against the little foot of the general's wife. But he also noticed that the latter constantly avoided the foot that so persistently pursued her own.

"Hm," said the general, taking in the situation at a glance, "the fortress is attacked, but it is well defended. I

have arrived just in time." Then, smiling calmly as if he had seen nothing, leaning over his wife's chair, questioning and advising her play, he devoted himself to a feat that would have furnished a dramatist with an irresistibly comic theme, considering the difficulties of the situation. The general had undertaken to draw toward him with the tip of his boot the abandoned slipper, provoking every instant sudden jerks from jostled feet, protestations from disturbed players, astonished looks from those who could see the extraordinary movements of his leg and the remonstrance from his wife.

"My dear, what makes you knock my chair about so? You are giving me a headache."

At this moment the mistress of the house came up to ask Latourneille if he would not perform some of his amusing tricks.

"Certainly, I shall be delighted," he answered nervously, preoccupied as he was by the extraordinary movements of the general, who stooped down just then as if to pick up something and immediately got up and left the group.

"Well, sir," said the lady, "give me your arm, and I will introduce you. Your audience is growing impatient."

"Certainly, madame, in just one moment," said Latourneille, feeling with his foot for his slipper, and so recommending the remarkable jig executed by the general a few moments before. Now the other players laughed outright—which they had not dared to do the first time. And the mistress of the house stood there, surprised at being kept waiting so long and wondering how much longer her escort would keep her in that attitude. Impatient ladies came in shoals to add their solicitations to those of their hostess.

Our young man positively had to get out of the predicament some how. He did not get out of it, but with only one shoe, for he also had stooped down and discovered the disappearance of the misgiving slipper, and he marveled in deep anxiety how he was going to explain such a state of affairs.

His one shod foot provoked general hilarity, then delighted applause and cries of "It's a trick! It's some trick!"

The petted darling of the ladies smiled a weak smile and stammered:

"Yes, ladies, it is a trick."

Applause, accompanied by a general clapping of hands, greeted this announcement, while Latourneille kept saying to himself:

"Oh, yes, it's a great trick, but some one has played it on me, and I don't find it so very funny. If I only knew who it was"—then, struck with an idea: "Heavens! If it could be the general—his singular performance just now—and I saw him stoop down—if it was really he, it would be a pretty uncomfortable joke on me. How can I make sure?"

As he escorted the lady through the room he tried to get near the general. He managed to do so, and with the back of his hand he cautiously knocked against the pocket of the general's coat which he suspected contained the slipper. There was nothing there! He tried to sound the other pocket, but a slight move on the general's part carried him out of reach. To touch it, it was necessary to pass around on the side where it was.

"Where in the world are you taking me?" demanded the lady on his arm.

"Why—er—to the head of the room," and as he was now on the right side of the general he wanted to try the other pocket. Here was a new obstacle that he had not foreseen. The fact that the lady had the arm nearest the general made any attempt at exploration impossible. He offered the other on the pretext of an old wound which was paining him and was able at last to repeat his former tactics. This time he was satisfied. "It's there!" he murmured, and he did not enjoy the reflection that the husband of his adored one had discovered his maneuvers under the table.

"Well, I'm in a pretty mess," he concluded.

Everybody had crowded into the room, there was an expectant hush, and all were on tiptoe for the promised trick. There was no way to retreat.

"Here goes," said the imprudent lover. "I must take the plunge, come what may." And he plunged.

"Ladies," he said, "I have lost my slipper. I have not got it concealed about my person; my pockets are empty"—he turned them inside out—"nor is it in my coat"—he held it open—"nor in my waistcoat"—he unbuttoned it—"nor in my sleeves"—and he turned them up to his elbows. "You see, ladies, I have nothing in my hands or my pockets. I must find out, then, where the lost article is. Nothing is more simple. I have only to make a slight cabalistic calculation."

With this he covered his face with his hands and assumed an attitude of profound cogitation. Then, without removing his hands, he counted: "One, two, three, four, five. My slipper," he cried, "is in the left pocket of the sixth person to my right."

This person was the general.

"Not bad!" the latter exclaimed under his breath, and in obedience to the universal cry of "Search yourself, search yourself, general," he drew the slipper from the pocket indicated.

A storm of applause was evoked by the brilliant success of the trick. Then, after much whispering, several voices cried, "Oh, the general is his confederate."

"Yes, yes," came a chorus of voices; "he's a confederate."

The conjurer protested.

"Do it again, then!" some one demanded, and everybody took up the cry: "Yes, yes! Do it again!"

"Oh," said a lady, "the general has just been whispering to M. Latourneille. And the cry went up again that his was a confederate."

The general affirmed that he was in no sense furthering the conjurer's devices.

"But you were just now whispering with him," insisted the witnesses of the conference.

"The exact truth is this, ladies: You asked the conjurer to repeat his performance. I just this moment told him that it was one of those tricks that should not be tried a second time. Did I not, sir?" said the general significantly.

"Precisely, general, and I shall follow your advice," replied Latourneille. "It shall not be repeated."

And it never was.—Translated for Argonaut from the French of Jules Molnaux by L. S. Vassault.

Four Sad Summer Deaths.

Four of my friends during the terrible heat of last July died in homes where every convenience was possible, but from which women were absent. With their families scattered in the country these men were forced to remain in the city. In each case the thousand and one little attentions that a man's home receives at the hands of woman were neglected by the servants. Meals were irregularly served and more irregularly eaten; rooms were ventilated just as the servants remembered or forgot them. That terrible week of incessant heat, which we all remember, came and exhausted these men.

Dysentery and kindred summer ills are not far behind a man when he is run down by sleepless nights, harassed by business, living in a cheerless, dismantled, uncared for home under torrid days and stifling nights. In one instance it was a young man in the flush of success, who came home one evening only to die during the night, too weak even to ring for assistance. In another case a man of millions, with his family away at one of the fashionable resorts, succumbed to the heat and was found dead the following afternoon. In the other two cases the blow came so suddenly, but yet within a week. And in each instance the families knew not that the mainspring of their support were ill until they were dead. Perhaps the presence of mother, wife or daughter might not have staid the hand of death, but who will deny the efficiency of womanly care in sickness?—E. W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Predicting Earthquakes.

Professor Falb of Vienna has attained some notoriety from the fact that he predicted the coming of both series of earthquake shocks from which the island of Zante has recently suffered.

Earthquake prognostications have been recorded as coming true in not a few instances, but there is reason to believe that the fulfillment of the prophecies was purely accidental. Seismologists are not likely to give Professor Falb much credit for prescience. They will say he merely happened to foretell what was coming.

We may, to be sure, predict earthquakes in some regions with a good deal of confidence that the prognostication will come true. If we predict, for instance, that an earthquake or earth tremors will be felt in Japan tomorrow, the chances are that the prediction will come true, for one or two earth movements on an average are felt in that country every day, but we cannot tell exactly where they will occur or what degree of violence they will exhibit.

The greatest boon which could be conferred upon regions that are subject to violent earthquake shocks would be the discovery of some means of foretelling the coming of these terrible calamities. For years seismologists have given their most earnest attention to this problem, but it cannot be said that they have made much progress. Professor John Milne says that he and his assistants have spent years in observing the earthquake phenomena of Japan, but they have never yet succeeded in foretelling the coming of an earthquake.—New York Sun.

The Humming of Telegraph Wires.

You have all heard the humming and singing of telegraph and telephone wires as you passed the poles along the streets. No doubt you have concluded that it is caused by the action of the wind on the wires and given it no further thought. But it is not true that the singing is caused by the wind, and if you are at all observing you will notice that often the humming sound is to be heard cold winter mornings when the smoke from chimneys goes straight up until it is lost in the clouds, and when the frost on the wires is as fuzzy and thick as a roll of chenille fringe.

The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and according to an Austrian scientist the vibrations are due to the changes of atmospheric temperature and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of temperature induces a shortening of the wires extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus inducing sounds both in the wires and the poles.

When this humming has been going on, birds have mistaken the sound for insects inside the poles and have been seen to peck with their bills on the outside as they do upon the apple and other trees.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

Pessimistic.

"Do you believe the rain falls alike on the just and the unjust?"

"Nixie! The unjust swipe the umbrella."—Exchange.

Put on Trousers and Saw the Sights.

Miss Emma Wood, who claims to be the daughter of a wealthy Colorado ranchman, was arrested in company with a young man who said his name was Frank Patton, and both were dressed in masculine attire. The story of the couple is that they both reside a short distance from Denver and for the last two years have kept company. When Patton, who is employed on a neighboring ranch, was sent to South Omaha in charge of a consignment of cattle, they thought it an excellent opportunity to give the old folks a surprise party by making the journey an elopement as well. The girl declares that they were married by a Lutheran clergyman before they left Denver.

They arrived in Omaha Thursday night and devoted the next day to seeing the sights. The girl had often worn her brother's clothes out on the ranch during a roundup and helped the men drive the cattle, and last night she declared her intention of putting on one of her husband's suits and going out to see the town by gaslight. She assumed the trousers, and the pair started down Dedge street and visited one or two well known resorts, after which the woman concluded she had enough, and they started to the hotel, but were arrested. They were released today without being fined.—Omaha Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Just as a Brazer For the Fish Season.

While a large pine log was being worked up at the Brown & Hall sawmill, Acton, Ontario, a wonderful discovery was made. After the outside "slab" had been cut off a large toad was seen to poke his head out of a hole in which he was imbedded, and where he had barely escaped being cut in two by the saw.

How the creature ever got there is a mystery, as he was perfectly incased in the wood with no possible means of ingress or egress. As the log was the fourth or fifth up from the butt of the tree his position must have been at least 50 or 60 feet up from the ground. There is but one way of accounting for the fact that he was found in the situation mentioned. He had grown up with the tree from infancy and was probably hundreds of years old when the saw awakened him from his long nap. Naturalists of Acton say that he is of an unknown species of the reptilia, and that the cavity in which he was found was perfectly sound and as smooth as though chiseled out by a carpenter. He was surrounded on all sides with solid wood from 4 inches to 2 1/2 feet thick.—St. Louis Republic.

A Large Group of Sun Spots Visible.

Professor Holden of the Lick observatory says that a large group of spots is now clearly visible on the sun, which by the use of a smoked glass can be seen with the naked eye. It will be extremely interesting to note what, if any, extraordinary change in the weather of the present period may occur.

In any case experience shows that as a rule when the sun's activity is increased remarkable meteorological changes very soon take place on the earth. The present indications from the large group of spots telescoped by Professor Holden are that we may shortly look for an increased movement of the trade winds on our gulf and south Atlantic coasts, and consequently "warm waves" in the interior of the country.—New York Herald.

New Ruling on Railroad Liability.

A drummer for a firm of jewelers lost a checked trunk in an Illinois railroad accident. It was the kind of a trunk in which jewelry drummers carry their samples, and its contents were worth \$7,000. He brought suit and recovered judgment for the full amount of the loss. The railroad company carried the case up. Now the supreme court of the United States "reverses" the court below, sets aside the judgment and lays it down as law that the railroad company's check and liability cover only the personal effects of the drummer—his shirts, collars, cuffs, etc. As for the destroyed jewelry, he and his employers must arrange that matter between themselves. It is no concern of the common carrier's.—Hartford Courant.

The Fateful Opal.

Miss Gizzelle Sikay, 16 years old, daughter of John Sikay of Bridgeport, died Sunday. She was to have been married to Henry