

The Star.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY JUNE 23, 1893.

NUMBER 3.

VOLUME 2.

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

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

On and after June 4th, 1893, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:00 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For points north between Falls Creek and Bradford. 7:45 a. m. takes train for Pennsylvania.

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 to Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

10:10 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Skyles, Big Run and Pennsylvania.

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

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

8:22 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Pennsylvania.

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

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

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday June 18, 1892, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4 No. 5 No. 6
Red Bank	10:45 4:40
Lawsdown	10:55 4:52
New Bethlehem	11:05 5:02
Oak Ridge	11:15 5:12
Maysville	11:25 5:22
Summersville	11:35 5:32
Brockville	11:45 5:42
Bell	11:55 5:52
Fuller	12:05 6:02
Reynoldsville	12:15 6:12
Panost	12:25 6:22
Falls Creek	12:35 6:32
DuBois	12:45 6:42
Subuta	12:55 6:52
Winterburn	1:05 7:02
Penfield	1:15 7:12
Tyler	1:25 7:22
Glen Fisher	1:35 7:32
Benezette	1:45 7:42
Grant	1:55 7:52
Driftwood	2:05 8:02

WESTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4 No. 5 No. 6
Driftwood	10:45 5:00 6:35
Grant	11:17 5:30 7:05
Benezette	11:45 5:41 7:15
Glen Fisher	12:15 5:52 7:45
Tyler	12:45 6:03 8:15
Penfield	1:15 6:14 8:45
Winterburn	1:45 6:25 9:15
Subuta	2:15 6:36 9:45
DuBois	2:45 6:47 10:15
Falls Creek	3:15 6:58 10:45
Panost	3:45 7:09 11:15
Reynoldsville	4:15 7:20 11:45
Fuller	4:45 7:31 12:15
Bell	5:15 7:42 12:45
Brockville	5:45 7:53 1:15
Summersville	6:15 8:04 1:45
Maysville	6:45 8:15 2:15
Oak Ridge	7:15 8:26 2:45
New Bethlehem	7:45 8:37 3:15
Lawsdown	8:15 8:48 3:45
Red Bank	8:45 8:59 4:15

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID MCCARGO, GEN'L. SGT., Pittsburg, Pa.

JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS. AGT., Pittsburg, 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 8:15 P. M., Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia.

3:20 P. M.—Train 4, 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 Williamsport and intermediate stations, from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 A. M.

9:35 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 A. M., New York 9:50 A. M., Baltimore 6:45 A. M., Washington 7:30 A. M., Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport 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, Cermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:00 P. M. for Erie.

9:20 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

6:37 P. M.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate points.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M.; Washington 7:40 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 11:25 P. M.; Washington 10:40 A. M.; Baltimore 11:30 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 Driftwood at 9:35 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Philadelphia 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 Cermont at 10:45 A. M.

TRAIN 20 leaves Cermont at 10:55 A. 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.	A. M.	P. M.	
12:10	9:40	Ridgway	1:30	7:00
12:18	9:48	Island Run	1:39	6:51
12:25	9:55	Mell Haven	1:46	6:46
12:32	10:02	Freeland	1:53	6:39
12:38	10:10	Shorts Mills	2:00	6:30
12:45	10:15	Blue Rock	2:07	6:25
12:52	10:22	Vineyard Run	2:14	6:20
12:58	10:30	Carrier	2:21	6:11
1:00	10:32	Brockwayville	2:28	6:06
1:10	10:42	McMinn Summit	2:39	5:57
1:14	10:45	Harveys Run	2:43	5:52
1:20	10:50	Falls Creek	2:49	5:45
1:45	11:05	DuBois	2:55	5:30

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Train 7, 7:15 A. M. Train 8, 1:45 P. M. Train 4, 7:55 P. M.

Westward. Train 11, 11:30 A. M. Train 1, 3:00 P. M. Train 11, 8:25 P. M.

J. E. WOOD, Gen. Manager. J. E. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

TO THE BELOVED.

Oh, not more subtly silence strays
Amongst the winds, and through the voices,
Mingling alike with pensive lays,
And with the music that rejoices,
Than thou art present in my days.

My silence, life returns to thee
In all the pauses of her breath;
Hush back to rest the melody
That out of thee awakeneth,
And then awake ever, wake for me.

Fall, fall is life in hidden places,
For thou art silence unto me,
Fall, fall is thought in endless spaces,
Fall is my life. A silent sea,
Lies round all shores with long embraces.

Thou art like silence all unvoiced,
Though wild words part my soul from thee;
Thou art like silence unperplexed,
A secret and a mystery,
Between one footfall and the next.

Most dear pause in a mellow lay,
Thou art woven with every air,
With thee the wildest tempests play,
And snatches of thee everywhere,
Make little heavens throughout a day.

Darkness and solitude shine for me,
For life's fair outward part are life,
The silver noises; let them be,
It is the very soul of life,
Listens for thee, listens for thee.

Oh, pause between the sobs of woe;
Oh, thought within all thought that is,
Trance between laughter and woe;
Thou art the form of my desire,
And thou the ecstasy of prayer,
—Alice Meynell in London Athenaeum.

ROMANCE OF THE WAR

The battle at last was finished. The victory was lost and won. And while the defeated army had fallen back to take shelter in the woods and mountain passes the victorious host had encamped upon the field of action. A thick misty haze hung over the landscape, through which the setting sun shone like a great copper shield burnished and ready for combat.

Since early morn the battle had been in progress, and the carnage was frightful. Even the sturdiest of the surgeons had more than once turned pale as they worked over their improvised operating tables, and all had felt a sensation of faintness that they did not care to own.

In one corner of the field when the fight had been the hottest, in a little grove of half a dozen trees at the angle of a stone wall, knelt the colonel of a New York regiment beside the prostrate form of his own lieutenant, a young man of English birth and a great favorite among his comrades. His breath came slowly and painfully, and when he strove to speak the lifeblood welled up in his throat so as to almost choke all utterance.

"Creston, my boy," said the colonel in the low voice which he always used when in the presence of suffering—for the colonel was kind and as gentle as a woman to the sick—"is there anything more that I can do for you—any word or message that you want to send? For you know—"

Creston's lips parted with a faint and almost imperceptible motion, and the colonel bending low caught the words, "Lift—me—up."

Raising the dying man to a half sitting position, the colonel held him in his own strong arms and gently wiped the red froth from his lips.

"Colonel"—the words were weak and low—"my vest—open—the—pocket—inside—"

The exertion was so great that he could say no more. The colonel, opening the vest, drew from an inner pocket a miniature, the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, so beautiful that even then the colonel could not help gazing upon the likeness with interest and admiration.

"And this?" he questioned as he held it up to the eyes of his dying comrade. The pale face of the sufferer grew strangely bright when he looked upon the bit of painted ivory before him.

"In England," he whispered, "shelves—Denmond in Devonshire—you remember—take her this, yourself—no one else. Find her in Denmond, Amelia Burton. Tell her—I didn't—forget—"

A torrent of crimson lifeblood gushed from his lips, and all was over. The colonel arose, folded a blanket and placed it beneath the head of the corpse. Then the night winds gathered and whispered among the trees and brushed with their dark pinions the bright, cold drops that stood on the pale forehead of Herbert Creston.

The Latest Thing in Petitions.

The latest thing in petitions to parliament is the petition of a single household. A. B. of Some street, somewhere, entertains an objection to a bill which is before the house, and straightway he and the members of his family draw up a protest, sign it and forward it to the member of the division in which they reside for presentation to the house of commons. This may be a highly proper proceeding, but if it should become popular it will add largely to the duties of the honorable members.—London Tit-Bits.

Sticks Closer Than a Brother.

Bob Clamwhooper—About a week ago you sold me a porous plaster to get rid of a pain in my chest.

Druggist—Yes, I remember it very well. What can I do for you now?

Clamwhooper—Now I want something to get rid of the porous plaster.—Texas Sittings.

Three Welcome Ships.

Three steamships arrived at Montreal within two or three hours of each other on Thursday. One was loaded with gin, one with lemons, and one with sugar, and Montreal is content.—Exchange.

THEY MET ON FIFTH AVENUE.

A Glad Embrace Followed and Gave a Hint of Hidden Romance.

Pedestrians who were passing St. Patrick's cathedral on Fifth avenue the other day at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon were treated to a curious sight. Coming up the avenue was a handsome woman of about 25. She was elegantly dressed and bore herself with a manner and a carriage which were eminently aristocratic. She was walking slowly, as though out for an afternoon airing, looking carelessly at the carriages which were passing along the avenue.

Going down town on the same block and at the same time was a man of middle age. He, too, was dressed faultlessly. He wore a silk hat and overcoat of the latest cut. His trousers were properly creased, and in his buttonhole was a small boutonniere of lilies of the valley. In his hand he carried a neat case, which he swung as he walked. He looked contented with the world and with himself and as though he had not a care but to enjoy the afternoon sunshine and the luxury of a leisurely stroll. As they approached each other, this lady and the gentleman, they arrived just opposite the main entrance to the cathedral.

Suddenly they caught sight of each other, and an instantaneous change came. The lady stopped short in her walk and exclaimed, "Thee!" She dropped the small silk umbrella she had been carrying, stretched forth her arms and sprang, rather than walked, straight into the arms of the man. He, while he did not exclaim, acted in a manner indicating emotion more than surprise. He dropped his case and folded the woman to his breast with an ardor that showed more than gladness at the meeting. The pair stopped for a moment in view of the people, who were observing them. He picked up his case and her umbrella, and together they both disappeared around the corner into Fifth street.

Who were they? Brother and sister united after years of separation? Their joy at meeting seemed too warm for that. Lovers separated in their youth and met again after many years? Who can tell? It might have been. But they disappeared around the corner, and they carried their secret with them. And the still lingering pedestrians felt somehow that they had come into contact with something holy and walked again on their way with a glad feeling it was as difficult to define as it was to tell whence and why it came.—New York Press.

Piano Organs From London.

Piano organs are the latest form of musical torture that has been devised. The piano seems to have fallen into disrepute in Europe. In London it is unfashionable to play one of these instruments, and in Berlin there is a law against playing one with the windows of the house in which it is located open. The piano makers of the old world have therefore been looking for a new field to exploit, and they hit upon the piano organ. London makes them and is sending hundreds of them all over the world. They are taking the places of hand organs. In New York and eastern cities you can now hear in the streets as many piano organs, as they are called, as you can hand organs. They are not organs at all, but loud toned upright pianos that are mounted on wheels and can be trundled about easily.

They may be heard several blocks away. The hand piano is fast displacing the hand organ in popular favor, but it hasn't the variety of music of the latter. Hand organs are made in this country, and when any new tune comes out it can soon be inserted in the organ's repertories, but the pianos have to be sent to London for any change or repairing that is necessary. In this respect, and in this only, the organs have the best of it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Pluck of the Greyhound.

The sire of Fullerton, when running at Haydock park, struck a hurdle, underneath which the hare had escaped, with such force as to fall back apparently dead, yet he afterward won the final course. Princess Dagmar, another Waterloo cup winner, in running her first course, saw the dog against which she was contending drop dead at her side. The hare also died just inside a covert into which it had escaped, yet the greyhound managed to win two more courses—a feat which speaks more for the courage of the animal than for the humanity of her owner.

The lightning speed at which the courses are run and the quick turns of the hare on rough ground make severe falls, and even broken limbs, not uncommon. Yet a dog so injured will often try to renew the chase, falling again, yet making vain and painful efforts to avoid defeat. The type of courage so exhibited, "individual" as distinguished from "corporate" courage, is perhaps shown in its most highly specialized form in the greyhound among dogs. The impulse receives no aid from the association of other animals of the same kind. The dog which is slipped with the winner is a rival, not a comrade.—London Spectator.

The Iron Industry of Maryland.

The bog iron industry has lived and languished in the flat, sandy, far southern counties of the eastern shore of Maryland for perhaps a century, though there never was a time when it was especially profitable. Now and again, however, some native with money to spare is tempted by the tradition of iron in the swampy lowlands, and he undertakes the task of extracting it. Where you find the name of "Furnace" on the map of the region you may expect to discover traces of this abortive industry.

Where Peppermint Oil is Raised.

More than one-half of all the oil of peppermint, spearmint and fenny used in the world is said to be produced and distilled in Michigan. The center of the industry is St. Joseph county. Peppermint plants weighing 15,000 tons when dried are cultivated every year in the state. From these the essential oils are distilled. Early in spring the roots are planted in furrows from two to three feet apart. In a day a good workman will plant an acre with them. A few weeks later the rows meet and cover the entire ground. In September the plants mature. They are then covered with fragrant purple blossoms, and the time has arrived for mowing. After lying in the sun to dry they are raked into heaps and taken to the distilleries, of which there are about 150 in the state.

It is estimated that 350 pounds of dried peppermint plants produce one pound of oil. The yield per acre is 15 pounds of oil. Distilled peppermint brings from \$1.25 to \$3 per pound in the home market. The industry was originally established in Mitcham, England, about 150 years ago. Early in the present century a beginning was made in this country, in Wayne county, N. Y., and in St. Joseph, Mich. Today nine-tenths of the entire product of the world are made in the United States.—New York Post.

Riding and Hitching.

One mode of transportation among the poor whites of southern West Virginia is known as "riding and hitching." It is resorted to when two travelers find themselves with only one horse and they are going too far to ride "double." In "riding and hitching" one traveler takes the horse and goes a mile or more, while the other foots it behind. The equestrian naturally makes faster speed than the walker. So, after he has ridden his share, he dismounts and hitches his steed to a tree by the roadside and pushes on afoot. In time the other walker comes to the hitched animal, mounts him, rides on until he has overtaken the first rider and got some distance in front, when the operation is repeated. Thus each rides alternately, and the horse gets a breathing spell.—New York Sun.

Beginning Late In Life.

"I still maintain that a person entering a profession late in life has no future to speak of," said one gentleman to another as they sat chatting in a suburban train speeding along the lake front. "I really do not see how that is relevant," was the answer. "Every one is sure of the present; no one of the future, no matter what time of life he or she has reached. When this woman graduated from the law school a few years ago, the fact that you shook your head and said that it was absurd made me interested to see what she, whose children were grown when she began the study of law, would accomplish.

"In five years she has built up a business which makes her independent financially, which is more than usually accomplished by able and brilliant young men. Whatever her future may be, her present is all right, and she has abundantly demonstrated that a woman may begin life in a professional way when she has reached middle age and make a success of it. I really didn't think she would, but she has, and in doing so has demonstrated what can be done by any woman providing she has grit, energy and fair ability. More often late than early in life women find themselves without occupation or means of support, and it surely is an unmixing good if they can take up some congenial occupation by means of which they can make a living."—Chicago Post.

When a Rattlesnake Feels Surprised.

The pig treats the snake with disrespect, not to say insolence—nothing, ophidian or otherwise, can fascinate a pig. If your back garden is infested with rattlesnakes, you should keep pigs. The pig dances contemptuously on the rattlesnake and eats him with much relish, rattles and all. The last emotion of the rattlesnake is intense astonishment, and astonishment is natural in the circumstances. A respectable and experienced rattlesnake, many years established in business, has been accustomed to spread panic everywhere within ear and eye shot. Everything capable of motion has started off at the faintest rustle of his rattles, and his view of animal life from those expressionless eyes has invariably been a back view and a rapidly diminishing one.

After a lifelong experience of this sort, to be unceremoniously rushed upon by a common pig, to be treated as so much swill, to be jumped upon, to be flouted and snouted, and finally to be made a snack of—this causes a feeling of very natural and painful surprise in the rattlesnake. But a rattlesnake is only surprised in this way once, and he is said to improve the pork.—Arthur Morrison in Strand Magazine.

An Ingenious Swindle.

A novel kind of swindle was practiced in a German town the other day. A man struggling along under a heavy burden suddenly stumbled and crashed through a plate glass store window. The proprietor of the store demanded payment. The porter said he had no money. Passersby advised that he be searched. A thousand mark note was found on him, which, he said, belonged to his employer. The storekeeper, however, deducted 100 marks for the value of his window and handed 900 marks change to the porter, who went away swearing and protesting. A little later the storekeeper discovered the thousand mark note was spurious.—New York Sun.

Including a Stamp.

When you buy a sheet of postage stamps, do not tear off the blank edge. Instead leave it attached, and when you inclose stamps in a letter turn back a part of the blank paper, moisten it and stick it to the head of your letter. This act will call down blessings upon your head from the editor who is accustomed to receive his stamps loose and fluttering, or, what is worse, irrevocably stuck to the letter.—Writer.

Proof Positive.

"Do you think that marriage is a lottery?"

"Certainly not. Are not love letters allowed in the mails?"—Truth.

Where Pianos are Taxed.

Pianos are taxed in Elizabeth and some folk I know are very wrathful thereat. I think that by taxing pianos Elizabeth has placed itself in the very van of Enlightenment with the big E, for mark, after all, it is not the instrument but the player thereof that must pay the tax. If the principle that warrants the tax is faulty in any particular, it is in the fact that the tax is not graded according to the skill or want of skill of the player. Had I my way I would tax certain pianos in this city \$100 a year, and there are others that I would report to the board of health as nuisances that cried to heaven for abatement. If Paderewski would come to town with a piano or to play on an instrument already here, I would exempt it from taxation.

I bless without mental reservation that law giver whose wisdom devised the tax upon pianos. He should have a monument beside which the figure of Liberty in the bay would be but a pygmy. He has perhaps the maledictions of half the piano torturers in town, but "I honor him for the enemies he has made," for the pianists he has suppressed. I contend, however, that the tax should be assessed not according to the value of the instrument, but according to the skill of the player. The method I suggest would be most equitable, it seems to me, and would go far toward meeting all the expenses of the city government.—Elizabeth (N. J.) Herald.

Theory About Bee Stings.

It is a fact not generally known that if one holds his breath wass, bees and hornets can be handled with impunity. The skin becomes stingproof and holding the insect by the feet and giving her full liberty of action you can see her drive her weapon against the impenetrable surface with a force which lifts her body at every stroke, but let the smallest quantity of air escape from the lungs and the sting will penetrate at once. I have never seen an exception to this in 25 years' observation. I have taught young ladies with very delicate hands to astonish their friends by the performance of this feat, and I saw one so severely stung as to require the services of a physician through laughing at a witty remark of her sister, forgetting that laughing required breath. For a theory in explanation I am led to believe that holding the breath partially closes the pores of the skin. My experiments in that direction have not been exact enough to be of any scientific value, but I am satisfied that it very sensibly affects the amount of insensible perspiration.—Science.

Using a New Word.

Children are quick to learn new words and store them up in their memory to be used on the first occasion that presents itself.

A small Buffalo boy rang his mother's doorbell one day recently and brought his devoted parent to the rescue in all haste, only to tell her that his older brother had "told a lie," as he expressed it. "He said Mary broke his top when he broke it himself, and so he told a lie," the cherub explained, and then hastened back to his play perfectly satisfied now that he had had an opportunity to use the word that was a new addition to his vocabulary.—Buffalo News.

A Harmonious Effect.

Mrs. Witherby—That chair you are sitting on is a genuine antique.

Miss Elderby—Then perhaps I had better not sit in it.

Mrs. Witherby—Oh, don't get up. It is very becoming to you.—Vogue.

All Things to All Men.

The late Mr. Broadwater of Montana had the misfortune to be bowlegged, which suggests an anecdote told of Senator Sanders of that state. The senator has always been opposed to Major Maginnis of Montana and has been in the habit of criticising his course with considerable western freedom. "The trouble with Major Maginnis," he said on one occasion, "is that he is all things to all men. With a Republican, he is a Republican; with a Democrat, he is a Democrat; with a Presbyterian, he is a Presbyterian, and, by Jove, with Broadwater he is bowlegged."—New York Tribune.

The After Dinner Speaker.

The after dinner speaker must not talk nonsense and must not talk about nothing. But he must seem to be original, no matter what leisure he may have given to get at the sources—the headwaters of his good things—and he must be brilliant, even though his brilliancies should have been carefully thought out in the dark. Wit is his province more than wisdom, although a dash of the wisdom may be tolerated if it is brought wrapped up in wit and humor, like the sword of Harmodius among the wreaths of laurel.—London News.