

The Star.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1894.

NUMBER 8.

VOLUME 3.

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. 19th, 1893, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:10 A. M.; 1:30 p. m.; and 7:00 p. m. Accommodations from Painesville and Buffalo.

8:30 A. M. Buffalo and Rochester via Buffalo, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train for Wilkes; Kane, Warren, Cherry and Painesville.

7:15 A. M.; 1:45 p. m.; and 7:30 p. m. Accommodations for Sykes, Big Run and Painesville.

2:30 P. M. Bradford, Accommodations for Bradford, Brockwayville, Edinport, Carleton, Johnsonburg, Johnsonburg, Buffalo and Bradford.

6:00 P. M. Mail for Buffalo, Sykes, Big Run, Painesville and Waterloo.

6:30 A. M. Sunday train for Brockwayville, Ridgway and Johnsonburg.

6:00 P. M. Sunday train for Buffalo, Sykes, Big Run and Painesville.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of five cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains from all stations where a ticket office is maintained. The thousand mile tickets at 1.50 cents per mile, good for passage between all stations.

J. H. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa.
J. H. McINTYRE, E. C. Lippincott, Gen'l. Supt., Buffalo, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave as follows.

EASTWARD.

9:04 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:30 p. m., New York, 10:30 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 p. m.; Washington, 8:35 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:30 P. M.—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:30 a. m.; New York, 7:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:30 a. m.; Washington, 7:30 a. m. Through coach from Buffalo to Williamsport. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

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

WESTWARD.

7:32 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:00 p. m. for Erie.

9:30 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

12:30 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 8:30 a. m.; Washington, 9:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 8:45 a. m.; Wilkesbarre, 10:15 a. m.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 6:37 p. m. 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 9:30 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 DuBois.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 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 10:35 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.

8:15 A. M. STATIONS. A. M. P. M.

12:10 9:40 Ridgway 1:30 6:30

12:18 9:48 Island Run 1:39 6:22

12:22 9:52 Mill Haven 1:46 6:15

12:28 9:58 Croyle 1:54 6:05

12:32 10:02 Shortsville 2:00 5:58

12:40 10:10 Blue Rock 2:06 5:54

12:44 10:14 Vineyard Run 2:12 5:51

12:48 10:18 Carver 2:18 5:48

1:00 10:30 Brockwayville 2:30 5:30

1:10 10:40 McClint Summit 2:39 5:25

1:20 10:50 Falls Creek 2:49 5:20

1:29 10:55 DuBois 2:59 5:15

1:45 11:05 DuBois 3:05 5:00

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Train 8, 7:17 a. m. Train 11, 11:34 a. m.

Train 6, 1:45 p. m. Train 1, 3:00 p. m.

Train 4, 7:55 p. m. Train 11, 8:30 p. m.

S. M. PREVOST, J. R. WOOD, Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Ag't.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday May 27, 1894, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS. No. 1. No. 3. No. 10. 101 109

A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

Red Bank 10:45 4:40 6:30

Grant 10:47 4:42 6:32

New Bethlehem 11:30 5:25 5:12

Oak Ridge 11:38 5:33 5:20

Maysville 11:41 5:36 5:23

Summersville 12:05 6:00 5:47

Brookville 12:25 6:20 6:07

Bell 12:31 6:26 6:13

DuBois 1:02 6:56 6:43

Reynoldsville 1:00 6:57 6:44

Pancoat 1:08 7:05 6:52

Reynoldsville 1:45 7:42 7:29 10:05 1:36

DuBois 1:53 7:54 7:41 10:05 1:45

Sabula 1:48 7:47 7:34

Winterburn 1:59 7:58 7:45

Pendle 2:03 8:02 7:49

Tyler 2:13 8:12 7:59

Glen Fisher 2:26 8:27 8:01

Reynoldsville 2:33 8:34 8:08

Grant 2:53 8:54 8:28

Driftwood 3:29 9:35 8:53

WESTWARD.

STATIONS. No. 2. No. 6. No. 10. 106 110

A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

Driftwood 10:10 5:00 6:30

Grant 10:12 5:02 6:32

Benezette 10:52 5:42 7:16

Glen Fisher 11:06 5:56 7:30

Maysville 11:29 6:10 7:44

Summersville 11:30 6:30 8:04

Brookville 11:36 6:26 8:00

Bell 11:47 6:37 8:12

DuBois 12:13 6:53 8:38 12:10 5:00

Falls Creek 1:36 7:20 8:52 12:20 5:10

Pancoat 1:34 7:28 8:40

Reynoldsville 1:45 7:40 8:48

Fuller 1:58 7:57 8:05

Bell 2:10 8:09 8:17

Brookville 2:20 8:19 8:27

Summersville 2:39 8:38 8:44

Maysville 2:58 8:57 10:04

Oak Ridge 3:06 9:05 10:18

New Bethlehem 3:13 9:12 10:35

Lawsonham 3:47 9:47

Red Bank 4:00 10:00

Trains daily except Sunday. DAY ID MCA RAY, GEN'L. Supt. JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. Pass. AGT.

A CROP O' KISSES.

From her side I go a-singin in the mornin cool an gray.

When the dew shines in the furrow an the hills climb into day.

An I kiss her at the parth—she's the sweetest thing in life—

Like I use to kiss my sweetheart 'fore my sweetheart was my wife.

It's kind o' "sooty" kissin, though it's kissin mighty soon,

An I say, "I'll make it last me till the shades point to noon."

An the bees bein sing "He kissed her," an the winds sing "So did we."

When some wild rose comes a-bloomin an jes' steals her kiss from me.

Then the plow stands in the furrow, an my dreamin eyes I shield

As I look where last I left her as I sing across the field;

"Here's the winds a-laughin at me, here's the lark a-singin this,

'He's kissed her, kissed her, kissed her, but the rose has stole the kiss."

Then with all the birds a-singin an a-twitthin me so sweet

I lose sight o' all the grasses run the corn blades at my feet

An my horse looks round a-wonderin till he almost seems to say,

"Will you make a crop o' kisses or another crop o' hay?"

An I don't know how to answer, for I'm thinkin, an I seem

Like a feller jes' a-wakin from the middle of a dream,

An horse is out o' harness, with his mane a-down in free,

An the rose that stole her kisses—well, she kisses it an me.

—Southern Magazine.

AWFUL ABSINTHE.

THE HORRIBLE DRUG WHICH IS POPULAR IN FRANCE.

Its Chief Ingredient Is Wormwood, and It Poisons the Body and Burns Away the Brains of Its Victims—The Wickedest Intoxicant in the World.

During the Algerian war, which lasted from 1844 to 1847, the French army were more in danger from African fevers than from Algerian enemies. Several things were tried as antidotes or preventives by the skillful army physicians. Finally absinthe was hit on as the most effective febrifuge.

The soldiers were ordered to mix it in small quantities three times a day with the ordinary French wine. The luckless happy-go-lucky privates grow to like their medicine, which at first they swore at bitterly for spoiling with its bitterness that beautiful purple vinegar they fondly fancy is wine. But when absinthe alone began to usurp the time honored place of claret in the affections of the French army the evil became an unmixd one.

Absinthe straight as a beverage is a direly different thing from absinthe mixed as a medicine or an occasional tonic. The victorious army on their triumphal return to Paris brought the habit with them. It is now so widespread through all classes of Parisian society—and Paris gives the cue to France—that Frenchmen of science and publicists regard the custom of absinthe tipping as a vast national evil.

The consequence of the use—and use of this drug ripens to abuse, even with men of unusual will power—has been in France disastrous to a dreadful degree. Many men of remarkable brilliancy have offered up their brains and their lives on the livid altar of absinthe. Baudelaire, who translated all Poe's works into French, had a terribly grotesque passion for the pleasant green poison. In one of his mad froaks this minor French poet actually painted his hair the same tint as the beverage that corroded his brain, possibly from an old fancy to have the outside of his head correspond with or match the inside.

Alfred de Musset, who was the French Byron, plus a tenderer, naiver touch, also fell a victim to the drug after George Sand gave the final smash to his fragmentary heart. Guy de Maupassant is reported to have burned his brains away with the same emeraldine flames. The brain disease caused by this drug is considered almost incurable. Far worse than alcohol or opium, it can only be compared to cocaine for the feltness of its clutch on poor humanity.

Yet we take it occasionally as an after dinner settler of digestive debts in this country, and quite often as an appetizer or tonic before meals, while in New Orleans, throughout the older quarter, little cabarets, devoted almost exclusively to the sale of it, are quite common.

What, then, is this dreadful drink composed of, and how is it made? The answer is easy enough, though the process, to insure perfection in the evil, is not so. Absinthe may be technically described as a redistillation of alcoholic spirits (made originally from various things—potatoes, for instance), in which, to give it the final character, absinthium with other aromatic herbs and bitter roots are ground up, or macerated, in chemist lingo.

The chief ingredient is the tops and leaves of the herb Artemisia absinthium, or wormwood, which grows from two to four feet in great profusion under cultivation, and which contains a volatile oil, absinthol, and a yellow, crystalline, resinous compound called absinthin, which is the bitter principle. The alcohol with which this and the essentials of other aromatic plants are mixed holds these volatile oils in solution.

It is the precipitation of these oils in water that causes the rich clouding of your glass when the absinthe is poured

on the cracked ice—double emblems or warnings of the clouding and the crackling of your brain if you take it to it steadily. Thus every drink of the opaline liquid is an object lesson in chemistry that carries its own moral.

Some harroon Columbus, ambitions to outdo Dante and add another lower circle to the inferno, recently invented or discovered the absinthe cocktail. A little whisky—the worse the better—a dash of bitters, a little sugar and plenty of ice absinthe make about the quickest and wickedest intoxicant in the world.

The continued use of absinthe gives rise to epileptic symptoms as an external expression of the profound disturbance of the brain and nerves. One large dose of the essence of the wormwood indeed has been noted as causing almost instantly epileptic convulsions in animals. But the drug is not without its uses from a broad point of view. As the name implies, it is an antelmintic, or a pretty sure cure for certain kinds of animal life that sometimes infest the intestines of men, causing pain and death. This peculiar property was well known to the Greeks, who had a wine infused with wormwood called absinthites.

In some parts of Germany wormwood is used in lieu of hops for the brewing of certain brands of beer, and it unquestionably has valuable tonic properties. Absinthe is made almost everywhere, except in the extreme tropics, and the New York variety is just as good—or bad—as any. The duty on French absinthe is very high—\$12 a case of a dozen bottles.

The first effects of it are a profound serenity of temper and a slight heightening of the mental powers, coupled with bodily inertia. This is the general rule; but, as a famous physician once remarked of a dreadful disorder in his lecture room, "Gentlemen, the chief of the beautiful disease I am now explaining is the remarkable variety of its manifestations."—New York World.

When the World Was a Cube.

To a person who reads modern books and modern literature in general, and who has never had either time, opportunity or inclination to strike off into the bypaths which were so frequently and industriously followed by ancient writers, thinkers and dreamers, the heading of this "note" will be an enigma. Without further speculation, however, and following the desire which should always be uppermost in every writer's mind—that of at once getting the subject itself before the reader—I will say that there was a time, centuries since, of course, when the learned men of the world really taught that the world was a square, not merely flat, but that it was a cube. The primitive geographers of Egypt, Assyria and China all taught that the world was a "square plane," evidence of which may be found on thousands of ancient monuments in the countries mentioned, as well as in their ancient manuscripts, upon their inscribed tablets of clay and other early literary remains.

One of the most curious discoveries ever made in Central America concerning Toltec belief, symbols, etc., is that they also had a similar idea concerning the form of what we now speak of as the "globe." A late writer on the discoveries made among the monumental ruins of that country says, "They (meaning the Peruvians, Toltecs and Quiches) believe the world to be a cube, suspended from the heavens by cords of gold fastened to each of its corners."—Exchange.

Higher Education.

We have now a high school for the culture and development of feminine beauty. At this beauty college the fair pupils are taught the science of imparting the highest degree of graceful expression to their features and movements. The young ladies are taught how to speak—i. e., without pulling faces—and how to pronounce difficult words in the most bewitching manner. One of the most difficult words is the simple "potato." Two hours are barely sufficient to acquire a correct and agreeable pronunciation of the name of this homely tuber. The professors at the college have discovered that music lends a peculiar charm to the expression of the countenance. But the difficulty lies in the choice of the compositions. Ladies of fair complexion grow melancholy as they listen to Chopin. Wagner is specially adapted to dark ladies. His "polychromatic music imparts the requisite softness to brunettes," rendering them charming and pliable. The largest attendance is found, however, at the lectures where the pupils are shown how to sleep—that is to say, with a sweet expression and in a graceful pose. Unfortunately we are not told by what means this delightful accomplishment is to be acquired.—Frankfurter Zeitung.

A Comparison in Years.

How strange our ideas of growing old change as we get on in life! To the girl in her teens the riper maiden of 25 seems quite aged. Twenty-two thinks 35 an "old thing." Thirty-five dreads 40, but congratulates herself that there may still remain some ground to be possessed in the 15 years before the half century shall be attained.

But 50 does not by any means give up the battle of life. It feels middle aged and vigorous and thinks old age is a long way in the future. Sixty remembers those who have done great things at threescore, and one doubts if Parr, when he was married at 100, had at all begun to feel himself an old man.—London Tit-Bits.

AN EXPERIMENT IN THIEVERY.

The Greasers Did Not Calculate on the Plunder Being So Heavy.

At the time Geronimo was massacring people for amusement and stirring things up generally along the border of old Mexico and the states I was with a party of American engineers who were constructing a branch of the Mexican Central railroad not far from the border and directly in old Geronimo's territory.

Down there the Indians and the poorer class of Mexicans are inveterate thieves and will steal anything they can manage to carry away without being detected. They will steal a thing totally regardless of whether it is of any earthly use to them or not.

Our party had missed a quantity of tools, supplies of railroad iron, ties, etc., and could not imagine how the thieves could utilize the material unless they were building a little railroad for their own amusement. Night after night we placed guards to watch for them, but it seemed they always knew when the guards were on the lookout and refused to attempt a foray on those nights. So we concluded that the culprits were members of the camp and knew all that was going on. After arriving at that conclusion we made it a practice to collect all portable property into convenient groups and guard it carefully.

In the outfit we had a large steam pile driver, a heavy piece of machinery—difficult to transport even under the most favorable circumstances—which we did not deem necessary to guard, never for a moment thinking the thieves would attempt to make away with it. But, as subsequent events showed, we had underrated Mexican acquisitiveness.

It may be well to explain that a pile driver is a sort of derrick varying in height from 50 to 75 feet. It weighs several tons and is held in an upright position by strong guy ropes. This pile driver was located in advance of the camps and probably a quarter of a mile from the nearest.

One bright moonlight night the camp was aroused by an unearthly noise and a heavy crash, the disturbance seeming to come from the direction of our pile driver. We immediately surmised some devilment, knowing, as we did, that the "greasers" were none too friendly to "los gringos," as they called the Americans. Four of us hastily arose, buckled on our revolvers, and with a winchester apiece moved on the enemy. When we reached a knoll a few rods from and overlooking the location of the disturbance, we "limbered up" our artillery and cautiously peered over the knoll, expecting to see a band of Indians or "greasers" doing some sort of malicious work and were fully determined to announce our disapproval with a hot broadside from the winchesters. What we did see when we viewed the scene of the commotion surprised us more than would have the whistling of a few bullets around our heads.

The Mexicans had attempted to steal our pile driver and had brought a team of burros to drag it away. They of course placed the team in the wrong position, cut the guy ropes and the pile driver fell squarely across the backs of the poor little burros, smashing them as flat as tortillas (pancakes).

After that our pile drivers were safe in Mexico.—Chicago Record.

He Got Turnip Seed.

There is a gentleman in Alexandria who involuntarily started a farm. It happened this way: His front yard was as barren of grass as Bill Nye's head is of any hirsute adornment. With a view to having it green and pretty he went over to the agricultural department and begged some lawn seed, which were willingly given him by Secretary Morton. He then returned home, and with much satisfaction and expectation planted them. Pictures of a beautiful green lawn and neighbors green with envy were conjured up before his fanciful mind, and he watched the beaming sunshine and refreshing April showers with the deepest interest.

In a few days the sprouts began to show above the earth. But they were very curious looking sprouts, and they seemed about as much like blades of grass as a spade is like a pick. The gentleman began an investigation. The sprouts began to grow with rapidity, and in a few weeks there was more prospect of having a vegetable garden than a lawn. Authorities were consulted, and after a time it was discovered that Mr. Morton had made a mistake. Instead of grass he had presented the Alexandrian with turnip seed.—Washington News.

He Knew Boys.

The boy had applied for a job. "We don't like lazy boys around here," said the boss. "Are you fond of work?"

"No, sir," responded the boy, looking the boss straight in the face.

"Oh, you're not, ain't you? Well, we want a boy that is."

"They ain't any," said the boy doggedly.

"Oh, yes, there are. We have had a half dozen of that kind here this morning to take the place we have."

"How do you know they are?" asked the boy.

"They told me so."

"So could I if I was like them, but I'm different. I ain't a liar," and the boy said it with such an air of convincing energy that he got the place.—Detroit Free Press.

IN A GOLD MINE.

Crushing Hundreds of Tons of Rock For a Small Hat of Ore.

For recovering freest gold from its ores the only successful method, though crude, which has attained any measure of confidence is that known as stamp milling. Imagine a long, low building, one side lined with pathholes, through which rock is fed into huge mortars.

In these, ranged along the wall, pestles, called stamps, drop at regular intervals, pulverizing the rock in a bath of water. One hundred and twenty-five of these stamps, weighing 600 pounds each, pound away at the quartzose ore, with 20 or 30 strokes a minute, amid infernal din, contrasting strangely with the engine that quietly drives them all.

Each splash of the water that seems glad to escape the noisy thralldom and ceaseless pounding drives a little of the pulpy ore through screens in the front of the mortars and over inclined copper plates, the mercurial surface of which seizes the freed gold while the rock disappears over the tailboard, onward to the creek. Formerly no effort was made to recover any value from these tailings, which still contained over 50 per cent of the mineral. Now, however, the use of additional plates and tables adds to the total receipts, which are further increased by the introduction of blankets, in the nap of which some of the riches are mechanically collected. Though crude, this is an improvement upon the method of collecting gold in the Malay islands, where the washings swept over prostrate women, in whose hair the metal was caught. On every Sunday the giant pestles are hung up for rest, while the mercury gold alloy is scraped off the plates. After straining, the amalgam is of almost the consistency of thick cornmeal mush and contains about one-fourth of its weight in invisible particles of gold. From the results of each week's run the mercury is distilled, leaving a beautiful, porous cake of metal of the size of a baseball, as the fruits of prospecting for, mining and stamping of perhaps 200 tons of ore.—Cassier's Magazine.

His Order.

A speaker who has planned an address for a multitude and finds himself confronted with but a single auditor sometimes fails to readjust his remarks, and the result is apt to be ludicrous. A little story illustrative of this point is told in connection with a former president of the University of North