

# The Star.

VOLUME 3.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1894.

NUMBER 11.

## 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.: 1:20 P. M.: and 7:00 P. M. Accommodations from Punxsutawney and Big Run.

8:50 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.

7:45 A. M.: 1:45 P. M.: and 7:20 P. M. Accommodations for Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

9:20 P. M. Bradford Accommodation for Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellipton, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

6:00 P. M. Mail for DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walden.

6:20 A. M. Sunday train for Brockwayville, Ridgway and Johnsonburg.

6:00 P. M. Sunday train for DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of Ten Cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on tickets from stations where a ticket office is maintained. Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. BARRETT, Gen. Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y. C. E. LAPEY, Gen. Trns. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 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 6:20 P. M.; New York, 10:38 P. M.; Baltimore, 7:50 P. M.; Washington, 8:15 P. M.; Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

10:20 P. M.—Train 9, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 A. M.; New York, 7:35 A. M.; Through coach from DuBois to Williamsport. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper until 4:30 A. M. at Philadelphia.

9:45 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 11:40 P. M.; New York, 9:25 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:20 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 7:00 P. M. for Erie.

9:50 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

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, 7:30 P. 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 except Sunday, 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 Berovo at 6:25 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:32 A. M.

## JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 10 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 10:30 A. M., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:20 A. M. and Ridgway at 11:55 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 6 30
12 18	Island Run	1 38 6 38
12 22	Blue Rock	1 42 6 42
12 26	Croyland	1 46 6 46
12 30	Shorts Mills	1 50 6 50
12 34	Blue Rock	1 54 6 54
12 38	Vineyard Run	1 58 6 58
12 42	Carrier	2 02 7 02
12 46	Brookville	2 06 7 06
12 50	McMinn Summit	2 10 7 10
12 54	Harveys Run	2 14 7 14
12 58	Falls Creek	2 18 7 18
1 02		2 22 7 22

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Westward.

Train 8, 7:15 P. M. Train 10, 11:30 A. M.

Train 6, 1:45 P. M. Train 20, 3:00 P. M.

Train 4, 7:35 P. M. Train 12, 8:25 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.		WESTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 1, No. 5, No. 9, 101, 102	STATIONS.	No. 2, No. 6, No. 10, 106, 110
Red Bank	10 43 4 40	Driftwood	10 10 5 00
Lawsanham	10 57 4 52	Grant	10 42 5 32 7 06
New Bethlehem	11 20 5 25 5 18	Hennocette	10 52 5 42 7 16
Oak Ridge	11 34 5 39 5 32	Glen Fisher	11 06 5 56 7 30
Maysville	11 48 5 41 5 28	Tyler	11 20 6 10 7 44
Summersville	12 05 6 00 5 47	Penfield	11 30 6 20 7 54
Brookville	12 19 6 14 5 51	Winterburn	11 40 6 30 8 04
Hell	12 31 6 26 5 57	Sabula	11 47 6 37 8 12
Fuller	12 43 6 38 6 03	DuBois	1 05 6 50 8 25 12 10 5 00
Reynoldsville	1 04 6 57 6 44	Falls Creek	1 20 7 05 8 32 12 20 5 10
Pancoat	1 20 7 13 6 54	Pancoat	1 34 7 29 8 40
Falls Creek	1 36 7 25 7 00 10 05 1 36	Reynoldsville	1 42 7 40 8 48
Sabula	1 43 7 34 7 10 10 15 1 46	Fuller	1 58 7 57 9 05
Winterburn	1 59 7 58 7 40	Hell	2 10 8 09 9 17
Penfield	2 05 8 06 7 46	Brookville	2 20 8 19 9 25
Tyler	2 15 8 16 7 56	Summersville	2 30 8 29 9 44
Glen Fisher	2 29 8 27 8 01	Maysville	2 40 8 39 9 54
Hennocette	2 43 8 44 8 18	Oak Ridge	3 00 9 05 10 18
Grant	2 53 8 54 8 25	New Bethlehem	3 15 9 15 10 25
Driftwood	3 20 9 00 8 35	Lawsanham	3 47 9 47
	P. M. P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M.	Red Bank	3 50 9 50

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID MCCABO, GEN'L. Supt.

JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. Pass. Ag't.

## TRINITY SUNDAY.

Oh, for one hour of Athanasius the saint!  
To stand against a world in error prone,  
To guard the glory of the great white  
Throne.

To answer the apostle's shallow plaint,  
As fearing to believe on One unknown!  
Is it not writ that not by bread alone  
Shall man have life? His life from fatal taint  
Requires each word proceeding from God's  
lips.

How shall God's awful voice reach earthly  
ears?  
How can the soul's dull sense be stirred  
afresh?  
The Spirit's light dispels the day's eclipse,  
The Father's speech once more the lost child  
hears.

Translated to him by the Word made flesh.  
—Rev. Walter Mitchell in Churchman.

## DOCTORING SHIPS.

### PARASITES THAT SEND OCEAN VESSELS TO THE HOSPITAL.

#### No Sure Protection For Iron Hulls Has Been Found—The Old and the New Methods of Construction—Something About Drydocks and Their Uses.

The sea is a grand and yet a treacherous mother to the thousands of ships that sail over its broad expanse, and after buffeting with its storms the ships must go to their hospital for repairs. This hospital is the drydock, and the doctors are the army of careful workmen who look over carefully and repair every faulty seam or broken rivet.

Salt water is teeming with parasites of plant and animal life that cling to the bottoms of ships, eat slowly yet surely through wood and iron alike or rust it away, while they act as a check on the speed by vastly increasing the resistance and friction of the water against the ship. The "gods of the storms" set everywhere and pick out each weak seam or faulty rivet and slowly and surely eat into the vitals of the ship, so that every few months it becomes necessary to examine and repair the vessel. To do this she must come out of the water. The drydock is just a great box of wood, iron and stone, connecting with the sea by a great gateway. When the ship is ready to enter, the gate is shut and the water all pumped out; then the workmen, with practiced skill, place the blocks at the bottom of the dock for the keel to rest upon, taking the dimensions from the plans and drawings of the vessel. These in place, the dock is flooded again, the gate opened, and the ship hauled in. The gate is now closed again, and while the water is slowly pumped out and the ship settles down the dockers pull her this way or that until she rests evenly on the keel blocks. Then shores, or heavy wooden beams, are braced from the sides of the dock to the sides of the ship, and as the water is pumped away the ship stands "high and dry," a veritable "fish out of water," the bottom, which was below the water line, covered with seaweeds and parasites that hide the defects they have caused.

Then the workmen scrape and scour the unwelcome barnacles and grass away, the seams and rivets are all examined and repaired, a fresh coat of paint goes on again, and as the dock is again flooded the ship rises from her hospital bed, and the wooden supports are knocked away until she floats out to sea again, "healthy and strong," to battle with the wind and sea and the oncomers of the flag she proudly flies.

When wood was used almost exclusively in building ships, a very easy and convenient means was found to protect the under water portions of the ship from the insidious attacks of barnacles and parasites of plant and animal life. This was done by covering the whole bottom of the ship with a plating of thin copper, for the galvanic action of the salt water upon the copper was to convert the ship and sea into a vast battery, where the copper became the negative pole and was slowly yet constantly eaten away, the particles, as they fell, taking with them the barnacles and seaweed as fast as they formed on the ship, thus keeping the ship's bottom and sides always clean, so that the speed was not cut down by dragging the barnacles and yards of seaweed through the water. Yet even then the copper needed repairs; faulty timbers rotted and crumbled away, so that every few years the ship had to go into drydock and be thoroughly overhauled, each faulty timber replaced and rusty bolt repaired until no loophole was left for the sea to work upon.

But with the advent of iron in the building of ships the old means failed, for where copper was placed over iron the iron became the negative pole of the great battery and was eaten away quickly, riddling the bottom of the ship with many leaks. Many devices were tried—the under water portions of the vessels were covered with a waterproof layer of wood, but wherever there was any metallic connection between the copper and iron the whole force of the battery acted there, and holes were eaten in unexpected and inaccessible places, bringing in an element of uncertainty and enforcing great care in "sheathing" the vessels, as the coating of wood is called, and the ships still had to go more often than ever to the drydock.

Then the various methods of painting the bottoms with protective paints have been tried and are used in all of the cruisers of our navy. The skill of hundreds of chemists has been exerted to find a paint that would act as the copper does and throw off the barnacles and seaweed. Great prizes have been offered, and a fortune awaits the successful discoverer of such a coating for ships, yet so far none has been discovered that acts completely, and the iron and steel ships which start from port with freshly painted sides and bottoms return in a few months coated with barnacles and sea weed, which, as it trails in the water, very materially cuts down the speed and power of the ship. Then she must be put in the dry dock and scrubbed and scraped and repainted. Still worse than the barnacles and the seaweed is the water itself when it finds an entrance, be it ever so small, through the paint to the steel below. Slowly but surely it rusts out a little pit, which extends sometimes almost through the plate before the paint scale drops off and discloses the defect, which can even then only be seen by putting the ship in dry dock and examining every square foot of her bottom plating.

This all shows how necessary it is for the ships to go to their "hospital" and how careful her "doctors" should be, for millions of dollars worth of property and millions of priceless lives are carried every year on these "messengers of the sea." The greatest docks in the world are those of the great shipping port of Liverpool.—Washington Star.

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## PEARL HARBOR.

### Protected by Sharks and Turtles and Likely to Be the Pacific's Gibraltar.

No finer trip out of Honolulu can be made than to Pearl City by water. The route is just outside the surf line. A light boat with a small load may go inside the breakers. So soon as the boat is fairly headed for Barber's point the sport begins. The water is alive with monster turtles and big sharks. You may shoot the former or hook the latter. Every time the craft gets into the breakers interest in the trip is heightened to the point that men who like to adventure glory in. Loss of control of the boat means a ducking, if nothing more. Mullet flop out of the water in the old Kalih fishing grounds, and when well into Pearl harbor you pass the famous shark trap and more mullet preserves. Ducks fly overhead, and a short distance back from the shore line there are wild turkeys, pheasants and occasional pig. Ford's island is viewed with interest.

When Pearl harbor is an accomplished fact, with masked batteries at its entrance, the island will have behind its fortifications the modern mid-Pacific station of the United States. As an ancient salt plant is passed and the abandoned shark rendering kettles noted, the great Ewa plantation, with its large mill and wide canals, melt into the scene. Glasses are then trained upon the splendid ranches of farseeing pioneers. Each holding is a little empire. Catboats and yachts going to Pearl river for fresh water are passed by the launch as though they were at anchor. At the landing is tied the yacht Kauland, of whose speed some enthusiasts tell. She is waiting to be loaded with rice from the mill with its tramway to the dock. Ricefields, taro patches, cocoanut groves, banana orchards and truck gardens on the main land are cut up by Pearl river and its branches and by irrigating ditches. Natives sit in the shade. Chinamen pass up and down the track of the Oahu Railway and Land company, newly ballasted. Parties are bathing, lounging at pretty Remond grove, with its green carpets and electric plant, at the depot, store or ranch-house.

A birdseye view of Pearl City and its surroundings is a treat. It is best had from an elevation in the future metropolis itself. Mankai there glints and shimmers on the placid surface of Pearl harbor, a well sheltered and with room enough for every warship afloat. Past its throat rolls the grand Pacific, the friendly ocean, pleasant in itself as it is in dreams of conquest. On the Ewa side of the observatory the "distant hills of Waiaina," miniature mountains, have the inviting tinge of distance. Barber's point is low. The lookout can sweep the sea for miles beyond the peninsula and announce the approach of any vessel. On the Waikiki side Honolulu, with its trees and spires, its smokestacks and masts, seems very close. Rugged Diamond head, which grows upon every beholder, has at 14 miles a better defined shape and sharper outline than it affords with a closer view. Again the sentinel may command the sea for miles upon miles. The background of all this is a range of hills from which a watcher can scan almost the entire island. It is all a magnificent panorama that can be taken in at a glance.

Pearl City is quite a little place. It is laid off in wide avenues and large lots. There are stores, residences and a couple of small hotels. In the valleys back are the pineapple ranches, every one a success. The waterworks of the railroad company are prominent, and the court-house tells of the domain of the law. The location for a city is admirable.—Hawaiian Star.

## CUSTOMS OF COSTERS.

### They Lead a Precarious Life, but Are Philosophers All the Time.

A writer in the London Quiver says that the costers are now a large class. Though the coster's work is extremely hard and his profits are precarious he lives for a good purpose. When he speaks of himself as "a general dealer," he means that he trades in anything which enables him to turn an honest penny. His ordinary mode of life is even lower than is meant by living from hand to mouth. When he turns out in the small hours of the morning to look round the

markets, he may not even know whether this traffic for the day will consist in fish, vegetables or fruit. He may take a hasty penny breakfast in the street and then go to Billingsgate with the idea of "loading up" with the first, only to find that everything is too dear, and then he must hike away to Spitalfields or Covent Garden. When he thus arises with the lark, he cannot tell whether he will have "a good day" or a very poor one.

The most despairing time of all is when the markets all round are too dear to allow of the barrow being "loaded up." If the coster can clear 3 or 4 shillings in the day, he will not be downhearted, and should he earn nothing, or even make a loss, he looks at the matter as philosophically as one could expect. There are shrewd business men among the costers who rise into thriving shopkeepers. The bank establishment for their own use teaches them to save, and the evening for receiving deposits will be one of the liveliest of the week. The fact is also learned that there is strength in unity, so that the London Union of General Dealers in its way exercises as far-reaching an influence as a city guild.

The chairman might correctly have described himself in the words of one of his brethren, "I ain't a dedicated person, but I know wot's wot." He proved this characteristic by rising into a thriving tradesman, having one or two shops, and when on one occasion his errand boy stole a box containing nearly 100 sovereigns the police would not believe that such a man had so much money to be stolen. The fact was as stated, however, and the "general dealer" still continued to make progress, while he was well known to Lord Shaftesbury, who publicly alluded to him as "My friend." At first sight it may appear to be a humble thing to be a leading spirit among such humble folk, but in a way there is ample scope for administrative ability and enterprise.

## PLAYING IN THE GARRET.

### Some of the Resources and Pleasures of the Playroom Under the Roof.

"There is one delight," said a man who was reared in a small town, "that I suppose many children born in great cities never know, and that is the delight of playing in the garret. Many city children, to be sure, have relatives in the country or in smaller cities or towns whom they have visited, who live in houses with garrets, and these know something of the delights of the garret, but there must be many city children who never even heard the name.

"For myself, I remember well a garret to which I used to climb in rainy weather up a steep and narrow flight of stairs. It was warm and rather stuffy in the garret, but the rain made music on the shingled roof, and the garret itself was full of treasures. There was room, to begin with, space to move about in, though you needed to look out a little for the timber in the sloping roof. There was a swing from two of the beams, and we used to swing and swing in that and never get tired of it. There was a chimney up through this garret, a great, big, friendly chimney, and we used to play tag around that chimney until we couldn't run any more. There was a great lot of old magazines, and these were an unfailing source of delight. There were old books in queer type, and with strange looking pictures. There were queer old hair covered trunks, with round tops, studded with brass headed nails. In these trunks and around in the garret were curious, old fashioned men's clothes, and the most extraordinary gowns and capes and hats of women—not fancy costumes, but the real things, such as they actually wore many years ago, and looking stranger than anything you could hire at a costumer's. We used to dress up sometimes in these old, old things and parade around in the garret and have great times generally, and so forgot ourselves in the delights of the garret that the very world itself looked strange when we came down stairs and back to it.

"What is there in the big city that takes the place of the garret?"—New York Sun.

## Origin of "Cases Pending."

"Cases pending," said a gentleman the other evening to a number of gentlemen as they sat watching the smoke form the Havanna curl upward in graceful clouds. "Now, there is a term in legal parlance you hear every day, and yet how many of you know how it originated?"

Not one knew, and he continued: "Centuries ago in Germany, when people were just beginning to seek redress at law, the courts had not the intricate machinery and manner of keeping records they now have. Still the cases multiplied, and they used to write them down on a sheet of paper. These in time accumulated, so they stuck them on a long wire which hung over the judge's table. They used to take them off at the bottom of the pile, while the clerk always put the fresh ones on the top.

"Then there was always a pile of cases hanging over the judge's table, and so the term 'cases pending' naturally came into use."—Philadelphia Call.

## In the Millie.

Captain—Have you ever been drilled? Private (who had seen service)—They called it drillin, but it was borin to me.—Detroit Free Press.

## GREELEY'S MANNERS WERE BAD.

### But They Were Forgiven For His Fine Art or Dinner Speech.

The genial old philanthropist, Horace Greeley, went to New Orleans after the south had taken him to her heart in grateful recognition of his action in going on the Jeff Davis bail bond, and the people were anxious to show him every attention in their power.

A dinner seemed to be the proper thing, and the markets of New Orleans, than which there are few better in the world, were ransacked to make the occasion as notable for its viands as for the distinction of the guest and the diners. Judge Walker, the veteran editor of the Picayune, presided. He was a great gourmand, and after the manner of gourmands wished none of the fine points of the dinner to be lost to the guest for lack of commentary.

"Mr. Greeley," said he, "these oysters are the best that come to our market, and we think they vie with those of Norfolk. I observe that you are not eating them."

"Well, no," replied Greeley. "The truth is I never could abide shellfish." And he passed.

Then came some delicious green turtle soup, which Judge Walker explained was prepared from the finest fat turtle the Florida bays could afford.

"No doubt, no doubt," was the reply in Greeley's peculiar whine, "but cold blooded animals are an abomination to me."

The pompano, imperial fish that it is, and fresh from the gulf, was open to the same objection, despite Judge Walker's eulogy, and that, too, was passed. Mr. Greeley barely tasted the accompanying Parisian dainty and shook his head ruefully at the idea that anybody would impair his digestion by eating cucumbers. Shrimp salad, another New Orleans delicacy, proved no more tempting. Shrimps, he said, looked so much like worms that they always give him the creeps.

"Ah, here is something you will like—a homely dish in name," said Judge Walker, "but fit for the gods. It is a Gallician ham." And then he went on to tell how the hogs from which these hams were obtained were fed only on chestnuts, making the flesh luscious and delicious.

"Perhaps so, very interesting indeed," observed Greeley, "but do you know, judge, that there is so much talk of trichina nowadays that I wouldn't dare taste a bit of pork."

The judge gave up in despair. The only things in all the array of dainties which had been provided which Mr. Greeley would eat were bread, potatoes and cauliflower, and he feared that he might be overloading his stomach at that. But when it came to the speaking, although he had drunk nothing but cold water, he spoke as one inspired and with a fervor, eloquence and tenderness that nobody at the table could ever forget.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## INVESTIGATING AN ACCIDENT.

### The Railroad Engineer Gets Out of Trouble For Running Too Fast.

Superintendent Warren of the Eastern Illinois railway was telling the other evening of a certain engineer in the employ of the road who had been repeatedly cautioned against running too fast. He was running a freight train, and on one portion of his division there was a steep hill. His orders were to never permit his train to go down that hill faster than 15 miles an hour, but it was general belief that whenever he had a safe opportunity he sailed down that grade just as fast as the wheels would turn. One day he did go down the hill so fast that the entire train left the track at the bottom, and there were box cars piled up high. An investigation immediately followed, and the engineer, in railroad parlance, was put on the "carpet." He swore in the most solemn terms that he went down the hill not faster than 15 miles an hour, but that just before reaching the bottom he lost control of the airbrake, and the speed became so great the train could not keep the track; hence the wreck, for which he was not responsible.

"But," said his superintendent, "we have a man here, a farmer, who was on the hillside that day when you came down. He stood at the edge of a clearing, saw you at the top and all the way down, and he will swear that he never saw a train going so fast in all his life, and he is a man 60 years old. He says that it was next to an impossibility to see the wheels. What do you say to that?"

## Behind the Age.

When the Mother Hubbard toilet was abroad in the land, one Ohio town distinguished itself by passing a law prohibiting the wearing of the gown outside of house limits. And the landlady of a small village inn in England has handed herself down to posterity in similar fashion by refusing to let two women cyclists, clad in knickerbocker suits, sit down to dinner in her public coffee room.

Washington has salmon fisheries worth \$1,500,000 a year and catches 10,000 fur seals. It exports \$8,000,000 worth of lumber and coal and raises 15,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Tweed, as a cloth name, arose from a mistake. Its name was twill, but in a blotted invoice sent to a London merchant the word looked like tweed, and so it came into use.

A Brooklyn deacon has invented a money sieve which sorts out the pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters which he collects in the church contribution box.

"Very well," replied the cold blooded citizen, "so long as you pay what you owe me I don't object to your owing what you pay me."—American Industries.

## A SUBTERRANEAN OCEAN.

### It Is Believed to Underlie Nebraska, Kansas and Indian Territory.

The best scientists of the land favor the opinion that Nebraska, Kansas and part of Indian Territory are situated over an immense underground lake or sea. It is a well known fact that in several places in Kansas whole sections of land have suddenly disappeared, leaving only fathomless lakelets to mark the spot where they were once situated.

Proof that there is something peculiar with the foundation of the section of the country mentioned may be found in the celebrated "tide wells" of Polk, Butler and Colfax counties in Nebraska. Polk county is best provided with these curious wells, having between a dozen and 20 which roar and ebb and flow with an unseen tide. The roaring of these remarkable curiosities—they cannot be called natural wonders, because they are the work of man, at least so far as excavation is concerned—is caused by the inhalation and exhalation of immense quantities of air. There are hours, regular and uniform, in which the air will rush out with a loud, hissing sound, and again an equal space of time in which it seems that all the air of the Platte valley will be sucked into the cavernous depths of these wonderful wells.

The period of this ebb and flow does not seem to depend upon either the seasons or the state of the weather, but is thought to have some mysterious connection with the high and low tide periods of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. A meteorologist of national reputation, who sought to fathom the mystery of the "Platte river tide wells," and who issued a little pamphlet with the title "Roaring Wells of Nebraska," gave it as his opinion that the roaring phenomenon was in some way connected with the prevailing direction of the wind, being strongest in time of west or south-west breezes. The farmers in the three counties mentioned as being best provided with these tide regulated, air expelling wells believe that the water supply is connected with a body large enough to have a regular ebb and flow of tide. All the wells in the counties of Polk and Butler which are tide regulated are of about the same depth, those of Colfax being deeper, but all extending to a porous stratum having the same general characteristics.—St. Louis Republic.

## Fraudulent Sweetbreads.

"A true sweetbread is perhaps the most healthy meat that can be eaten," said a doctor yesterday, "but you are never able to get it. The sweetbread proper is the pancreas, which is one of the most effective agents in promoting digestion, but the sweetbread of trade is usually obtained from the throats of cattle and is what is called the thyroid gland. This gland rests against the windpipe, and while its texture is similar to that of the real sweetbread it has not the same beneficial qualities. But some butchers, in order to make money, pass off the salivary gland, that which furnishes the saliva, located in the cheeks, for a sweetbread. This is the most inferior substitute of all. The pancreas, or real sweetbread, is a most dainty morsel. It is of triangular form, while the sweetbreads obtained from the throat are of an oval form. But what is the use of making people dissatisfied? They have been eating thyroid and salivary glands for sweetbreads for years and have been satisfied. But then they have never tasted the real thing."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## The Tenor's Little Joke.

A popular tenor, whose dislike to enclosures is well known, had been singing "Come Into the Garden, Maud," when there arose a vehement outcry for an encore.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the singer as soon as the noise had somewhat abated, "I am sorry to inform you that Maud is laboring under a severe cold. In fact, her mamma has just sent her to bed. Under these circumstances it will be quite useless for me to ask Maud to come into the garden again this evening. As soon as she has recovered I shall only be too happy to oblige you."—London Tit-Bits.

## Behind the Age.

When the Mother Hubbard toilet was abroad in the land, one Ohio town distinguished itself by passing a law prohibiting the wearing of the gown outside of house limits. And the landlady of a small village inn in England has handed herself down to posterity in similar fashion by refusing to let two women cyclists, clad in knickerbocker suits, sit down to dinner in her public coffee room.

Washington has salmon fisheries worth \$1,500,000 a year and catches 10,000 fur seals. It exports \$8,000,000 worth of lumber and coal and raises 15,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Tweed, as a cloth name, arose from a mistake. Its name was twill, but in a blotted invoice sent to a London merchant the word looked like tweed, and so it came into use.

A Brooklyn deacon has invented a money sieve which sorts out the pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters which he collects in the church contribution box.

"Very well," replied the cold blooded citizen, "so long as you pay what you owe me I don't object to your owing what you pay me."—American Industries.