

The Star.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1894.

NUMBER 16.

VOLUME 3.

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

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

On and after June 17th, 1894, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

1:20 P. M. and 5:30 p. m.—Accommodations from Puxsawney 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.
10:53 A. M.—Accommodations—For Sycos, Big Run and Puxsawney.
2:40 P. M.—Bradford Accommodations—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellipton, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.
5:10 P. M.—Mail—For Dulais, Sycos, Big Run, Puxsawney and Wilston.
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 trains, from all stations where a ticket office is maintained. Through and no ticket, at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. McCLYNN, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. R. G. MAYBERRY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y. 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 6:50 p. m., New York, 10:38 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:50 p. m.; Washington, 8:20 p. m. Pullman parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.
11:21 P. M.—Train 9, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., New York, 7:58 a. m. Through coach from Dulais to Williamsport. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper until 7:00 A. M.
6:35 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 8:30 A. M.; New York, 9:30 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:20 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 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.

7:52 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, Dulais, Johnsonburg, 10:40 a. m., intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:30 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 TRAIN FROM DRIFTWOOD TO THE EAST AND SOUTH.
TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 8:45 A. M.; Wilkesboro, 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, 11:50 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 Dulais.

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 10:55 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. STATIONS. A. M. P. M.

12 10 9:40 Ridgway 1:30 6:30
12 16 9:48 Island Run 1:30 6:22
12 22 9:52 Mill Haven 1:16 6:15
12 28 10:02 Croysland 1:06 6:05
12 34 10:10 Six Mile Run 1:00 5:55
12 40 10:15 Blue Rock 1:04 5:54
12 46 10:17 Vineyard Run 1:02 5:51
12 52 10:20 Barter 1:00 5:48
1 00 10:22 Brockwayville 1:00 5:48
1 10 10:42 McMill Summit 1:30 5:35
1 14 10:48 Harveys Run 1:26 5:30
1 19 10:55 Falls Creek 1:22 5:25
1 45 11:05 Dulais 1:06 5:00

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Westward.

Train 8, 7:17 a. m. Train 3, 11:34 a. m.
Train 6, 1:45 p. m. Train 11, 3:30 p. m.
Train 4, 7:55 p. m. Train 12, 8:25 p. m.

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

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY

commencing Sunday May 27, 1894, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS. No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5. No. 6. No. 7. No. 8. No. 9. No. 10.

Red Bank 10 45 4 40
Lawsonham 10 57 4 52
New Bethlehem 11 02 5 02
Oak Ridge 11 08 5 08
Mayaville 11 46 5 41
Summersville 12 05 6 00
Brookville 12 31 6 26
Bell 12 41 6 30
Fuller 12 43 6 28
Reynoldsville 12 57 6 37
Pancoast 1 08 7 05
Falls Creek 1 26 7 23
Dulais 1 43 7 42
Ridgway 1 49 7 47
Winterburn 1 59 7 58
Pennfield 2 05 8 06
Tyler 2 13 8 16
Glen Fisher 2 20 8 27
Benezette 2 43 8 44
Grant 2 53 8 53
Driftwood 3 20 9 25

WESTWARD.

STATIONS. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5. No. 6. No. 7. No. 8. No. 9. No. 10.

Driftwood 10 10 5 00
Grant 10 42 5 32
Benezette 10 52 5 42
Glen Fisher 11 00 5 50
Tyler 11 20 6 10
Pennfield 11 30 6 20
Winterburn 11 36 6 26
Dulais 1 05 6 50
Falls Creek 1 24 7 20
Pancoast 1 44 7 38
Reynoldsville 1 45 7 40
Fuller 1 58 7 57
Bell 2 10 8 10
Brookville 2 26 8 26
Summersville 2 38 8 38
Oak Ridge 2 58 8 57
New Bethlehem 3 08 9 00
Lawsonham 3 47 9 47
Red Bank 4 00 10 00

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID McCAGG, Gen'l. Supt. JAS. P. ANDERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.

Hotels.

HOTEL McCONNELL,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.

The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, etc.

HOTEL BELNAP,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

L. S. McLELLAND, Proprietor.

First class in every particular. Located in the very center of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

BROOKVILLE, PA.

PHIL P. CARRIER, Proprietor.

Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omnibus to and from all trains.

MOORE'S WINDSOR HOTEL,

1217-29 FILBERT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, - PENN'A.

PRESTON J. MOORE, Proprietor.

342 bed rooms. Rates \$2.00 per day American Plan. 1 block from P. & R. Depot and 1/2 block from New P. & R. Depot.

Miscellaneous.

E. NEFF,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

C. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

D. R. E. HOOVER,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

Resident dentist. In building near Methodist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentleness in operating.

C. E. GORDON. JOHN W. HERR.

GORDON & HERR,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa.

Office in room formerly occupied by Gordon & Corbett, West Main Street.

W. L. McCRACKEN, G. N. McDONALD, Brookville, Reynoldsville.

McCRACKEN & McDONALD,

Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law,

Offices at Reynoldsville and Brookville.

CHEAPEST

and BEST

GOODS!

Ever brought to our town in

Ladies' Spring and Summer Dress Goods!

Brandenburg never was sold less than 20 to 25c. per yard; will sell you now for 12c.

Dimity, 12c.

Turkey Red Damask, 37 1/2c.

" Prints, 05

Ginghams, 05

China Silk, 25

Better Goods than you can buy any place else.

The same Great Reduction in

Men's - and - Children's CLOTHING.

Children's Suits, \$ 90

" " " 1.00

" " " 1.25

" " " 1.75

" Single Coats, .50

Youths' Suits, \$3.25 to 8.50

Men's Flannel Suits, 5.50

" Worsted " 7.50

" Fine Cheviot Suits, \$6 to 9.50

A fine line of Men's Pants. Come and examine my goods before you purchase elsewhere.

N. HANAU.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Lawrence J. McEntire and T. E. Evans, of Reynoldsville, Pa., under the firm name of Lawrence J. McEntire & Co., was dissolved this 24th day of Aug., 1894, by mutual consent. All debts owing the said partnership are to be received by said Lawrence J. McEntire, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to Lawrence J. McEntire for payment.

L. J. McENTIRE, T. E. EVANS, Reynoldsville, Aug. 24, 1894.

THEY ARE DEAD.

There was a man who never told a lie— But he's dead— Never said it was wet when the weather was dry— Never said

He'd caught fish when he hadn't caught one, Never said he'd done something that he hadn't done,

Never scolded his wife, and never got mad And wouldn't believe that the world was so bad,

A respecter of men, a defender of woman, Who believed the divine, and in that which was human,

Meek as Moses—he never was understood, And the poor man died of being too good.

And he's dead.

There was a woman who never had gossiped a bit— She's dead, too—

Who hated all scandal, nor listened to it, She believed in mankind, took care of her cat, Always turned a deaf ear to this story or that, Never scolded her husband—she never had one!

No slungard was she, but rose with the sun, Never whispered in meeting, didn't care for a sonnet

Or all of the feathers that one could put on it, Never sat with the choir, nor sang the wrong note;

Expressed no desire to lecture or vote, For the poor soul was deaf as a post—also dumb.

You might have called her forever, and she wouldn't have come, And she's dead.

—Jennette la Flamboy in Outlook.

HOW TO MAKE COFFEE

THESE ARE MANY WAYS, AND CONNOISSEURS DIFFER IN TASTES.

A Delicious Berry That is Much Abused by American Cooks Who Do Not Know its Possibilities—Some Recipes Which Are Not Widely Used or Known.

Have you ever passed a place where a person was making coffee and inhaled a wandering breeze of the delicious, in spring fragrance? Every cup of coffee that is drunk should smell and taste just like that fragrant odor, which was the veritable soul of the berry-seeking to escape from its transmutation into liquid. Unless you can arrest that slip pery sylph of opulent fragrance or prevent the entire escape from your coffee pot before serving you are to expect but a bungler.

The amount of badly made coffee that is inflicted on the public is simply enormous. One connoisseur says that there are not 20 places in New York, outside of private houses, where a first rate cup of coffee can be counted on. Another man about town says this is a gross exaggeration, declaring that no man is sure of a fine cup of coffee in more than half a dozen places in this city. Coffee, to be fit for civilized drinking, should be made, he asserts, on the principle of "little and often." Size in art is of all sizes, and bulk in coffee making runs the risk of a dreadful discount to the appreciation of the learned.

The best kind of coffee pot is one that has a filter. They can be had of many sizes and shapes, all the way from simplicity to an extreme of elegance. To secure a good infusion quickly the ground coffee should be placed in the cylinder on top of the coffee pot, the strainer should be pressed down on top of the coffee, and the boiling water should be poured over so that the infusion runs slowly. While it filters the pot ought to stand in a vessel containing very hot water, so that the infusion may keep a high degree of heat without allowing it to boil. Boiling is the spoiling of coffee.

If you are making coffee for a good many, take 1 1/2 pounds of Java, 1 1/2 of Maracabo, a pound of Mocha, and 7 gallons of water. The Mocha, which is meant for the aroma or bouquet, should have been but slightly roasted; the Maracabo, which is for color, should be well roasted, and the Java, which is for body and effect, should be roasted just between the two.

Café a la Turque is made in a peculiar way and only appreciated by peculiar people. The recipe for its composition is this: Take Java and Mocha in equal proportions; grind and pass through a very fine sieve. Put ordinary black coffee, as many cups as needed, in a coffee pot, and for each cup add a teaspoonful of the sifted coffee and a lump of sugar. Boil this for two minutes; then take it off and pour in a little cold water to settle it. After it has stood a few minutes serve it with powdered sugar.

Good coffee, in New York style, is merely café noir that has been cooled in a china freezer by placing ice around it, slightly salted. For what is called mixed coffee a pint of milk, a gill of cream, a gill of sirup and a quart of black coffee subjected to the same cooling process and served when just this side of freezing is considered a proper caper by all who are not real coffee connoisseurs.

Brandy coffee is prepared by some in the same way—a gill of brandy and 6 ounces of sugar to the quart of coffee taking the place of the other ingredients. But brandy coffee to most persons means a cup of café noir, over which a spoonful of brandy, poured on a lump of sugar, has been burnt. Just as the blue fringed golden flame is expiring the spoon should slip into the coffee, and after one deft stir the contents of the cup should glide down the gladdened throat.

A sherbet of coffee is quite fashionable now and quite delicious if properly made. To a quart of coffee add a quart of double cream and 19 ounces of sugar and if you wish to be very chic add a few drops of vanilla essence. Then put this in a freezer with salted ice surrounding, keep the sides froz as fast as

the ice begins to cling, and when it has reached congelation serve in glasses.

Another fashion of coffee drinking, which was first introduced into this country by the Mexicans at the New Orleans exposition 10 years ago, and which is held in high esteem by some bon vivants, is to make coffee in the French way without boiling and then mix it with the very richest chocolate, half and half, or one to two, or two to one, the second proportion being perhaps the most frequent. This is to be served with whipped cream topped with a little sugar dust. The Mexicans used to use the Socomeco chocolate, which is made with a cinnamon addition and is rich beyond description.

In spite of the injunction about gilding refined gold or painting the lily, restless humanity has attempted to improve on coffee in worse ways than by marrying it to chocolate. For instance, take café au Kirsch, which is made by shaking up black coffee, cracked ice and Kirsch wasser in proportions to suit the taste. By devotees of the benign Arabian berry this is considered a profanation and eschewed accordingly, but for physical and mental depression, if one is not a habitual coffee drinker, it is a pick me up of rare potency.

Coffee is not a food, but a stimulant and an antidote against some kinds of poisoning. Its excessive use produces a trembling of the hands and a disease of the optic nerves. To keep one awake and to help one endure fatigue or exposure to rough weather there is probably no equal to coffee, except possibly the cacao plant of the Peruvians. Coffee and tobacco—which we owe to the Arab and the Indian—are the heavenly twins in the eyes of every true Bohemian. But, like all blessings, they may become a curse.—New York World.

THE FAMILY DOESN'T MIND.

A Peculiar Domestic Scene in a German Saloon in New York.

There is a popular German restaurant and saloon on upper Third avenue which is much frequented by families living in the neighborhood. The saloon is separate from the restaurant proper. The cooking is very good, and the prices are very reasonable, and as a result the proprietor has grown wealthy.

An odd and interesting feature of this resort is the family dinner, which occurs about 7 o'clock every evening. The family consists of the big, broad shouldered host; his small, angular wife; a jolly sister-in-law; three little girls, a small boy, and a governess whose features clearly indicate her New England origin. They all sit down together at a long table, which is placed not in the restaurant, but in the center of the saloon. All around are tables at which sit jolly revellers, and frequently during the dinner hour a crowd stands leaning against the bar.

The family does not seem to mind the saloon surroundings, and, in fact, rarely does any one of them glance up from the table. The only interruptions are when some of the habitual frequenters come up to talk with the host or his wife. The children chatter and carry on just as though they were in a private dining room. It gives a homelike and domestic air to the saloon which probably could not be duplicated in any other hostelry on Manhattan Island. The only person who seems to be ill at ease is the Yankee governess.—New York Sun.

Poisoning Race Horses.

It may well be a boast of the American turf that the practice of "getting at" a race horse has never been very common here, and it is now several years since the last well authenticated case of poisoning occurred at Saratoga. This recalls the fact that the English turf has been notorious for such sensations. Early in the century four crack racers were poisoned at Newmarket, and two men were arrested. The principal in the matter escaped on a technicality, but was rearrested on another charge of horse poisoning and was eventually hanged.

The St. Leger favorite of 1831, a horse named Marcus, was poisoned on the day before the race. He was just able to run, but finished last and died soon afterward. The perpetrator was never discovered.

Even more sensational was the "housening" of Lanercost, the first winner of the Cambridgeshire, who was in 1842 considered a certain winner of the Ascot cup. He was poisoned, but, like Marcus, was able to run and finished last. He did not die, however, but was retired to the stud.—New York Herald.

Couldn't Smell in the Dark.

An old gentleman too impatient for his hot water and a light to be brought rushed into the kitchen, seized hold of the first pan on the stove and dashed away with it to his dark room. On plunging his hands into the wash hand basin he was amazed to find that it contained something thicker and stickier than water—that he had, in fact, spoiled the first course of his dinner by trying to wash in the soup.

Boiling over with passion, he began to upbraid his wife, and on her suggesting that he might have smelled it was soup he thundered, "How in the name of fortune could I smell in the dark?"—London Answers.

Wanted Her Reformed.

Mamma—Why did you pray that God should stop your sister from telling stories?

Small Son—Because she promised me she wouldn't tell that I took the cakes, and she did tell.—Good News.

HOW SLATE IS MINED.

The Wonderful Skill of the Workmen Who Cut It Up.

The manner in which slate is mined and cut up for purposes to which it is applied is a process that is known to only a few people in this country, its principal sources being in upper New England and eastern Pennsylvania. It is not taken out of shafts, but it is quarried out of big holes in the earth. Some time ago, when the writer was at Bangor, Pa., he was invited to go down into one of these quarries, about 200 feet deep and overhanging on a rope, but he declined the invitation, as I think most inexperienced persons would do. The slate is blasted out in huge blocks and is hoisted out by steam and turned over to the men who know how to reduce it to the proper size. Huge blocks of it are taken in hand by these workmen, who cut a notch into one end of each piece. Then they take a chisel and a mallet, and they are so skillful in directing their blows that they can split the blocks of slate in almost any way they please. If you watch the slab on which one of them is working, you will see a little hair line running through it, and presently the block will fall apart on either side of this mark. The workmen will make this line go straight through the middle, or to either corner just as he likes. I do not know just how he does it, but he invariably accomplishes what he sets out to do.

The smaller pieces thus produced are taken in hand by another set of men, who split them up into sheets of the proper thickness for roofing slate. This they do with a long bladed instrument about the shape of a putty knife, but many times larger, and if you saw them do it you would marvel how they got the sheets only one inch thick and split it 32 times. The usual number of divisions is 16. These sheets are taken and cut into squares by machinery.

Wherever there are slate quarries you will find a great many Welshmen, for the best slaters come from Wales. Boys follow the trade of their fathers, and there are whole families and settlements who know no other means of earning a living.—New York Advertiser.

The Loon as a Dodger.

There is no denying that all the loons ever hatched up to date have been "artful dodgers" in superlative degree. The question is often raised whether they are quick enough to dodge a bullet. I once had a guide who drew a distinction quite too fine, as I thought. He claimed that a loon could see the flash of a percussion cap at the breech of a muzzle loading piece and could dodge, but admitted that, with the rifle loaded like all modern ones, at the breech, no loon could escape a shot rightly aimed. For my part, I do not believe the interval of time between the fire at the two ends of the barrel to be measurable by eyes of birds or men or anything short of a chronograph.

As to the question, however, it is possible to reason with tolerable confidence. We know the speed of a rifle bullet. Call it 1,400 feet a second. Imagine your loon at that distance or nearer. Then reflect how slowly a bird's head must move to use up more than a second in dropping a few inches under water. Gravity alone would carry it farther than that. It is easy to believe that if the wary bird happens to be looking toward the hunter the rifle flash suggests danger. A half second would give ample time to dodge, provided the action began promptly. It is safe to say that it takes a loon's weight in lead to kill him, and we may call it settled that, if a loon does not dodge a bullet, at least the lead goes down in the same hole in the water.—Boston Transcript.

German Tobaccoist's Joke.

The following "fraud upon an insurance company," which we find in The Deutsche Tabak-Zeitung, is certainly just a little too good to be true. A cunning fellow, who wanted to smoke the best cigars at the cheapest possible cost, bought 1,000 cigars of the highest quality and corresponding price and immediately insured the whole stock. When he had smoked the last of them, he demanded 750 marks from the insurance company on the ground that the whole of his insured stock, 10 boxes of cigars, had been consumed by fire! The Solomon court decided in favor of the plaintiff. The company then brought an action of conspiracy against the smoker, accusing him of having intentionally put fire to his own cigars and deliberately destroyed his property. Hereupon the same wise court condemned the insured smoker to three months' imprisonment.—Westminster Gazette.

Ordained a Pastor.

On June 5 Mrs. Hannah M. Mullenix was ordained pastor of the Congregational church at Grand Meadow, Minn. After the examination was satisfactorily concluded Rev. C. D. Wright of Austin offered prayer; Rev. J. E. McConnell of Northfield gave the right hand of fellowship and the charge; Rev. Mr. Brown of Rose Creek gave the charge to the church. In the evening a sermon was preached by Rev. D. C. Reid of Spring Valley, and the benediction was offered by the new pastor.

Part of the Bird.

The Young Housewife—Have you any nice chickens?

The Posturer—Yes, ma'am.

The Young Housewife—Well, send me a couple in time for dinner, and I want them with the croquettes left in, do you understand?—Chicago Record.

Twins.

Johnnie (seeing his twin cousin for the first time)—Isn't it funny, mamma? Mamma—What, dear?

Johnnie—Why, this baby is a philopona.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A large part of the works of Ben Jonson were destroyed in manuscript by a fire which burned his house.

TOO MANY SPARROWS.

The English Bird is Not Even a Favorite in His Own Home.