

The Star.

VOLUME 4.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1895.

NUMBER 28.

Railroad Time Tables.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 19, 1895.

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

EASTWARD.

9:04 a. m.—Train 5, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York, 9:30 a. m., Baltimore, 11:15 p. m., Washington, 7:30 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

9:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:57 a. m., New York, 9:33 a. m., Baltimore, 11:20 a. m., Washington, 7:30 a. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Harrisburg and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

7:24 a. m.—Train 3, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clearfield and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 6:30 p. m. for Erie.

9:30 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

6:27 p. m.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 a. m., Washington, 1:30 p. m., Baltimore, 8:55 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, 11:50 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 6:20 a. m. Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport.

TRAIN 1 leaves Reno at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:55 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:30 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:45 a. m., arriving at Clearfield at 10:40 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clearfield at 10:50 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:44 a. m. and Ridgway at 12:09 p. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD.

F. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.
12:10	9:30	Ridgway	1:35	6:22
12:18	9:38	Leola	1:35	6:22
12:22	9:42	Mill Haven	1:31	6:12
12:31	9:52	Croydon	1:11	6:05
12:38	10:00	Blue Rock	1:02	6:00
12:42	10:05	Blue Rock	1:50	5:54
12:46	10:10	Carrie	1:50	5:54
1:00	10:22	Brookville	1:38	5:36
1:10	10:32	McMinn Summit	1:30	5:25
1:14	10:38	Harveys Run	1:26	5:20
1:18	10:45	Falls Creek	1:20	5:15
1:45	10:55	DuBois	1:05	5:00

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Westward.

Train 5, 7, 11 a. m. Train 3, 11:34 a. m.

Train 8, 1:45 p. m. Train 1, 3:00 p. m.

Train 4, 7:55 p. m. Train 11, 8:25 p. m.

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

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

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

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

1:30 p. m. and 5:30 p. m.—Accommodations from Punxsutawney and Ridgway.

5:50 a. m.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brookville, 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.—Accommodation—For Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

2:30 p. m.—Reading Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brookville, Elmout, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

5:10 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walston.

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.

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

J. H. McINERNEY, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa.

R. G. MATHEWS, E. C. LAFAY, General Supts. Gen'l. Ag'ts. Buffalo, N. Y. Rochester, N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday May 28, 1895, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 9.	101	109
Bed Bank	10:45	4:40	10:45		
Lawsonham	10:52	4:47	10:52		
New Bethlehem	11:00	4:55	11:00		
Oak Ridge	11:08	5:03	11:08		
Mayville	11:16	5:11	11:16		
Summersville	11:24	5:19	11:24		
Brookville	11:32	5:27	11:32		
Bell	11:40	5:35	11:40		
Falls Creek	11:48	5:43	11:48		
Reynoldsville	11:56	5:51	11:56		
Pancoat	12:04	5:59	12:04		
Falls Creek	12:12	6:07	12:12		
DuBois	12:20	6:15	12:20	10:55	1:35
Paibus	12:28	6:23	12:28		
Winterburn	12:36	6:31	12:36		
Pancoat	12:44	6:39	12:44		
Reynoldsville	12:52	6:47	12:52		
Brookville	13:00	6:55	13:00		
Summersville	13:08	7:03	13:08		
Mayville	13:16	7:11	13:16		
Oak Ridge	13:24	7:19	13:24		
New Bethlehem	13:32	7:27	13:32		
Lawsonham	13:40	7:35	13:40		
Bed Bank	13:48	7:43	13:48		

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 10.	106	110
Driftwood	10:10	5:00	6:35		
Grant	10:18	5:08	7:06		
Benedict	10:26	5:16	7:36		
Glen Fisher	10:34	5:24	8:06		
Tyler	10:42	5:32	8:36		
Pancoat	10:50	5:40	9:06		
Falls Creek	10:58	5:48	9:36		
DuBois	11:06	5:56	10:06	12:10	5:00
Paibus	11:14	6:04	10:36	12:20	5:10
Winterburn	11:22	6:12	11:06		
Pancoat	11:30	6:20	11:36		
Reynoldsville	11:38	6:28	12:06		
Brookville	11:46	6:36	12:36		
Summersville	11:54	6:44	13:06		
Mayville	12:02	6:52	13:36		
Oak Ridge	12:10	7:00	14:06		
New Bethlehem	12:18	7:08	14:36		
Lawsonham	12:26	7:16	15:06		
Bed Bank	12:34	7:24	15:36		

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID COARDO, Gen'l. Supt.

JAS. F. ANDERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Ag't.

A POLAR NIGHT.

Graphic Description of This Time of Gloom and Desolation.

Mr. Constantin Nossiloff, reporting in Le Tour du Monde his scientific researches in Nova Zembla, furnishes an interesting description of his sensations and experiences during the long arctic night, which began Nov. 3 and ended Jan. 20.

September was pretty comfortable, he says. Then suddenly snow covered the mountains. The Sameyedes, his only companions, put on their winter clothing, the fishing boats set sail for Archangel, the ground froze, the sun lost its warmth and heavy snows fell. Winter had come in earnest.

On the day when the sun showed itself for the last time all hands went out of doors to bid it farewell. It remained in sight for half an hour only.

For a few days longer there was a morning twilight. Then this faded and gave place to black night. The stars shone the whole 24 hours. The huts of the colony were buried under the snow, of which thick whirlwinds filled the air. The wind shook the huts to their foundations. Sometimes for days together the inmates of the different huts could hold no communication with each other, though the huts were side by side.

If any one went out, he was seized by the wind and had to be dragged back by means of ropes.

In this darkness and desolation the aurora borealis did much to entertain and cheer them. It lasted sometimes for five days in succession, with splendors of color that Mr. Nossiloff tries in vain to describe. To enjoy the spectacle he used to remain for hours in a hole in the snow, sheltered from the wind.

"I have never seen anything more terrible than a tempest during the polar night," says Mr. Nossiloff. "Man feels himself overwhelmed in immensity."

When there came a lull in the storm, the men ventured out to breathe the air and purge their lungs of the exhalations of the smoking lamps fed with seal oil.

Twilight appeared again in the middle of January, and on the 20th the sun rose above the horizon, while the members of the little colony stood in line facing it and fired a salute. No one had died or been seriously ill, but all had the look of corpses and were feeble as convalescents after a long sickness. Health returned with the appearance of the sun.—Youth's Companion.

A Bird's Revenge.

A lady who was one day watching a pair of redstarts as they worked in a tree was startled by a violent commotion that arose in the shrubbery hard by. Catbirds screamed, wrens scolded and the robins shouted "Quick!" with all their might. A chipmunk was dragging a baby catbird by the leg from his nest and all the birds round about had come to help make a row about it, including a Baltimore Oriole. The screaming and the swish of wings as the birds darted about made the squirrel abandon its prey and then the commotion subsided as quickly as it had risen. All the birds but the oriole went about their business elsewhere. The oriole had not said a word so far, and beyond the commotion the hubbub by his presence had had no part in it.

The squirrel, having dropped the baby catbird, cocked itself upon a limb and began to chatter in a defiant way, while the oriole sat not far away looking at it, but doing nothing else. But in a few moments the squirrel left its seat and ran out on the limb it had been sitting on until it had to use care to keep its hold, and then the oriole's opportunity for a terrible assault had come. Flashing across the space he struck the chipmunk in one eye with his sharp pointed beak, and then turning instantly struck the other eye in a like manner. Quivering with pain, the squirrel let go the limb and dropped to the ground, where it rolled and struggled about apparently in the throes of death. The oriole flew away to his favorite elm, where he sang in his most brilliant fashion. The lady put the squirrel out of its misery and then saw that the oriole had destroyed both eyes.—Chicago Record.

Chameleon Spiders.

An interesting instance of color mimicry in spiders has been observed in the south of France. The spiders of that region when in search of prey hide in the convolvulus flowers. It has been noticed that a white variety of spiders frequented the white flowers, a greenish colored variety made the green flowers his home, and a pink one lived principally in the pink flowers. The colors of the three varieties were at first supposed to be permanent, but it has recently been discovered that the color of any one of these spiders changes within a few days if the insect be placed in the convolvulus of a different colored flower from that which he has been using as his home. Four spiders—pink, white, green and yellow in color—were all put in a box together, and within three days all were white.

The New Vigilantes.

The hoarse shouts of the mob indicated that the fell work was done. "Stole a horse, I presume," ventured the tenderfoot, gesturing in the direction of the deceased. "Bicycle," they rejoined, not without revealing the pain the suggestion of the other occasioned.

The end of the age was at hand and progress was spurring in the stretch.—Detroit Tribune.

SOME PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.

Eccentricities That Fasten Themselves to Men With the Firmness of Habit.

The late Senator Reagan of Texas used to do his thinking with a short string on his fingers, and this string he wound up and twisted and untied and tied again mechanically as he followed the debate. Senator Vest always chews a quill toothpick. Carlisle used to tear paper into bits and drop the pieces one by one on the floor. The latter is a tobacco chewer and sputters when he talks, making it uncomfortable for the interviewer.

Max Freeman, the expert stage manager, pulls you by the coat lapel and then pushes you away with his thumb in the most embarrassing manner. He will suddenly pull you, and then, as if he feared you are likely to tread on him, push you away from him quite as unexpectedly.

Jim Thompson, who aspires to be the best dressed man in town, and comes pretty close to it, has been trying to raise a mustache, but his habit of fingering one side of it wears that section out, and then the whole must be shaved off and he has to begin over again.

A gentleman comes down through Herald square every day who may be seen glancing at his left shoulder and frowning at it with his right hand. There isn't anything there—not even the nap of his coat, which he has thus worn away. Yet he will keep peering at it about twice a minute. Another man of my acquaintance is always glancing from one shoulder to the other, as if to see if they are yet really there.

A popular Pittsburger on the square sounds your lungs with his forefinger while he talks to you—tapping away like a woodpecker on a hollow limb. Another from the same burg—a good story teller—always emphasizes his stories with liberal punches in your ribs.—New York Herald.

His Words Verified.

About 25 years ago a certain southern man brought a suit against the South Carolina railroad for damages to his property. He lost the case in the superior court, but insisted upon carrying it to the supreme court, where he represented his own cause. He began his argument by saying whimsically: "May it please the court, there is an old French adage which says, 'A man who is his own lawyer hath a fool for a client.'"

The next week the supreme court pronounced its decision, which was adverse to the southerner. He was in Augusta at the time, but received the announcement of his second and final disappointment by means of a telegram sent him by a prominent judge, who was an intimate friend of his. The telegram read as follows: "Judgment for defendant in error. French adage affirmed by supreme court."—Youth's Companion.

Insane Clairvoyance.

A woman who has had a great deal to do professionally with the insane and with their treatment says that nothing has more impressed her in this strange and interesting people than the clairvoyance which they undoubtedly display. Often she has been told of occurrences in another part of the building which the mad narrator had no possible natural way of learning, and which were exactly correct as related. This curious fact would not surprise the psychical student who has a perfect belief in the undiscovered limitations of the subjective mind, but to most of us it is but further uneasy proof of the existence of more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.—New York Times.

Electric Elevators.

A well known electrical authority has pointed out that it is now as easy and cheap to have an electric elevator in a private house as in a large office building. The cost of operating an electric elevator in, say, a five story house, making 50 or 60 trips a day, will not exceed \$3 or \$4 per month. The devices for operating these elevators have been so improved that an invalid or a child can manage them. The old lever attachment can be dispensed with, and the elevator ascends or descends on the pressure of a button. It will stop only at each floor and will start only when the elevator door is closed.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

Thou Endeth the Lesson.

Her Mother—Bessie, dear, I'm sorry to see my little girl show such a lack of respect for her seniors. When a neighbor comes to call on us, you should sit quietly and not speak unless you are spoken to. You do not mean to be disrespectful, I am sure, but you should think of the impression you are making on your neighbors, and you will try hereafter, I hope, to—

Bessie—You'd better look out, mamma. You'll talk yourself to death.—Chicago Tribune.

A Memorial to Her Pet.

Lowell has on one of her roadsides a large urn, which is kept constantly filled with fresh flowers at the expense of a wealthy lady who resides in the vicinity as a memorial to her pet poodle, which was killed by the cars at that point.—Boston Herald.

There is an English superstition alluded to by Milton that when cats wash their faces and lick their bodies more frequently than usual a change in the weather is imminent and that rain with wind may be anticipated.

SACRED RUNNING OXEN.

They Are the Greatest Curiosities Among Ceylon's Domesticated Animals.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologists as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding 30 inches, or 2½ feet in height. One sent to the Marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, and which is still living and believed to be somewhere near 10 years of age, is only 22 inches high and weighs but 109½ pounds. In Ceylon they are used for making quick trips across the country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull a driver of a two wheeled cart and a 200 pound load of miscellaneous matter 60 to 70 miles a day. They keep up a constant swinging trot or run and have been known to travel 100 miles in a day and night without either feed or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in other Buddhist countries for more than a thousand years. One story told to account for their origin is to the effect that they were originally cattle of the ordinary height and bulk; that a Buddhist priest was once imprisoned in a stone building, one-half of which was used for a cattle stable. During the night he managed to dislodge one of the stones in his prison wall. The stone in question was exactly 2½ feet square.

It was almost daylight when this apostle of Buddha felt the air rush through the opening he had made and realized that he was all but free. He knew that he would be unable to get out of the enemy's country on foot, so he prayed that he might be provided with a beast of burden that would safely carry him to the homes of the followers of Buddha. No sooner had he done this than one of the large oxen which had been quietly feeding in a stall at his side walked leisurely to the 30 inch square opening and miraculously passed through it.

The priest followed and mounted the now sacredly dwarfed beast and was soon safe in his own country. Since that time, so the story goes, there has been a breed of "sacred running oxen" in Ceylon, which never grow too tall to pass through an opening the size of that made in the prison wall by Buddha's representative on the night when he miraculously escaped on the back of the first of the famous dwarfed oxen.—St. Louis Republic.

Recollections of Bismarck's Wartime.

In the columns of The Kreuzzeitung Herr Andrae, a well known Conservative politician and friend of Prince Bismarck, gives some interesting recollections of the period of the war of 1870. He says: "Bismarck read on the 9th of July the speech delivered by the Duke of Grammont on the 6th. He was at dinner and handed the newspaper to his wife, with the words: 'The Duke of Grammont must have soon got tired of his office. I shall, of course, have to ask for his resignation.' Later in the evening, while walking in the park at Varzin and thinking of the matter, the idea suddenly came to him, 'Napoleon wants war, and Grammont's speech was dictated by him.'"

"He went to his room, his first thought being to telegraph to the king, at Ems, as follows: 'It would be best to mobilize at once, declare war and attack before France is prepared.' His nerves were strung to the highest tension, and he passed a sleepless night. Lying awake, thinking, there crossed his mind the text, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.' 'So that won't do,' he said to himself. Then all the political consequences of his contemplated action became clear to him, and he ended by casting the first message aside and telegraphing to King William simply not to pledge himself to anything with Benedetti, who, if he became pressing, was to be told, 'My minister of foreign affairs is at Varzin.'"

A Triumph of Elementary Education.

The following little incident happened in a London suburb: A bootmaker's apprentice, a lad of about 14, delivered a pair of boots at a tradesman's house. The tradesman's wife, accustomed to orderly business ways, asked the lad, after handing him the money for the boots, to receipt the bill. At this request the lad showed the greatest confusion, so that the woman, to reassure him, said, "Just receipt it, as a matter of business." Whereupon he wrote laboriously something on the paper. In the evening, when the tradesman examined the papers on the spike, he came upon a bootmaker's bill, at the foot of which was written in large letters in a schoolboy hand, "As a matter of business." It was the youthful apprentice's literal interpretation of the demand for a receipt as a matter of business.—Westminster Review.

Eve must have felt that she had lost one of the chief joys of fresh young love when she reflected that she could not ask Adam if she was the first woman he had ever cared for.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them, for your friend is so much like your second self that he will judge too much like you.—Pope.

There are two sides to every question—ours and the wrong side.

The Army of Tramps.

There can be no doubt that the tramp is in a certain sense the maker and chooser of his own career. The writer's experience with these vagrants has convinced him that, though they are almost always the victims of liquor and laziness, fully four-fifths of America's voluntary beggars have begun their wide and restless ways while still in their teens, and have been furthered in their wrong tendencies by unwise treatment applied to them when young.

Year after year, even month after month, trampdom is increased by squads of youths who will soon take and hold the places of their elders, who will naturally drop away with the years. These boyish roadsters are more often illegitimate than lawful children and consequently proper subjects for state care and guardianship. And the fact that every tramp in the United States has spent some part of his youth in a reform school, or, worst of all, in jails, demonstrates that there is a failure somewhere in our system of correction and reformation and makes it necessary and only fair that the sociologist as well as the reformer should know the tramp from boyhood to manhood. Superficial and unsympathetic studies of his character, with shallow theories about remedial measures, have so far failed signally in checking his malign influence upon society.—"How Men Become Tramps," by Josiah Flynt, in Century.

He Couldn't Explain.

A very small newboy, who had just sold his last paper, leaned against the iron lamppost and shanted with all his lung power: "Pa-i-per! Twelve-clack pa-i-per! Extry twelve-clack!"

The boy was working overtime, either from force of habit or because of his natural exuberance. It was not uncommon in Calhoun place for a boy to stop short and yell several times, merely to relieve himself.

It happened that a pedestrian was attracted by the shouts of the boy against the lamppost. He smiled as he looked at the youngster and then said, "All right, give me one of your papers."

That startled the boy. He looked sheepishly at the man, rubbed his hand into his pocket and said, "I ain't got any."

"Didn't I hear you calling a 12 o'clock paper?"

"Yes, but I didn't mean"—It was too much of an explanation. A professor of psychology who had studied the laws of unconscious celebration might have told why the boy stood on the corner shouting papers when he had no papers to sell, but the boy adopted a less difficult course and ran away.—Chicago Record.

Taking Exercise.

Poor Harry Shelman, the long haired poet who dressed his entire person to resemble Buffalo Bill, and who was, in fact, startlingly like the greatest of scouts, used to tell me of a literary friend of his who had a novel method of taking exercise. His workshop was on the top floor of his house, far from the noise of the street, and he used to write about 15 hours a day. He was not a Howells or a Bronson Howard, whose working hours never exceed four in any one day. He worked, he labored, he toiled. He had no time for a bicycle and could not afford a horse. He hated walking. Run he could not. Swimming was out of the question. Still he must have exercise. He kept his dictionary in the basement and his thesaurus in the kitchen. As he used both very often it was necessary to make many trips down stairs and up again, and in that way he kept himself in splendid physical condition. A visitor once saw him dashing down stairs like a madman and soaring up again like a kite and was distressed till informed by John's wife that John was simply hunting for a word and had found it.—New York Press.

A Philadelphia Mustache.

"I've seen some peculiar whiskers in my day," remarked a Ninth street barber yesterday, "but there was a fellow in here the other day who simply beat the deck for mustaches. They were of the long, flowing kind, and when in repose hung gracefully down over his shirt front. After I had finished shaving him he asked me to dress his mustache, giving me my instructions how to do it. First, I gave it a brilliant bath and combed it out. Then I waxed it until the points stood out on each side of his face like bayonets. He seemed very proud of it and didn't object when I asked him if I might measure it. In fact, he seemed rather pleased. I took a tape-line and found that from tip to tip that marvelous mustache measured a trifle over 23 inches. He next asked me to curl it. This was a difficult operation, but after exhausting several curling irons I succeeded in heating a section of gas pipe to the proper temperature and finished the job."—Philadelphia Record.

A Handy Machine.

Customer—That is a queer looking wheel.

Bicycle Dealer—Latest thing out. Called the "Chicago tandem." You see, in case of a divorce it can be remodeled into two first class wheels at a very small cost.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A clever woman once gave a very smart designation of a secret as something for one, enough for two, nothing for three.

The annual death roll of suicides at Monte Carlo amounts on an average to 40.

WHEN RICHARD LOVELAKE CAME TO WOOD.

The feet of time make fast their pace,
And we, like players in a play,
Strut up and down our