

# The Star.

VOLUME 6.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1898.

NUMBER 41.

### Railroad Time Tables.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY, in effect Sunday, December 19, 1897, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD	
STATIONS.	No. 1, No. 9, No. 100
Red Bank	10 50 4 25
Lawsonham	11 00 4 35
New Bethlehem	11 30 5 10
Oak Ridge	11 35 5 15
Maysville	11 44 5 26
Summersville	12 00 5 40
Brookville	12 20 5 55
Bell	12 35 6 05
Fuller	12 50 6 20
Reynoldsville	12 55 6 25
Pancoat	1 00 6 30
Falls Creek	1 20 6 50
DuBois	1 30 7 00
Sabula	1 40 7 10
Winterburn	1 50 7 20
Penfield	1 58 7 28
Tyler	2 05 7 35
Brownsville	2 15 7 45
Grant	2 25 7 55
Driftwood	2 35 8 05

WESTWARD	
STATIONS.	No. 2, No. 10, No. 104
Driftwood	10 30 4 15
Grant	10 38 4 23
Benezette	10 48 4 33
Tyler	11 12 4 57
Penfield	11 20 5 05
Winterburn	11 32 5 17
Sabula	11 42 5 27
DuBois	11 55 5 40
Falls Creek	1 20 6 05
Pancoat	1 25 6 10
Reynoldsville	1 30 6 15
Fuller	1 35 6 20
Bell	1 40 6 25
Brookville	1 45 6 30
Summersville	1 50 6 35
Maysville	1 55 6 40
Oak Ridge	2 00 6 45
New Bethlehem	2 05 6 50
Lawsonham	2 10 6 55
Red Bank	2 15 7 00

Trains daily except Sunday.  
DAVID MCCARGO, GEN'L. SUPT.  
JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS. AGT.

### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division.

#### TIME TABLE IN EFFECT.

##### Trains leave Driftwood

##### EASTWARD

9:10 a. m.—Train 8, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York, 10:00 p. m.; Baltimore, 9:00 p. m.; Washington, 7:30 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

4:50 p. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m.; New York, 7:45 a. m. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

2:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:55 a. m.; New York, 10:30 a. m. on week days and 10:28 a. m. on Sunday; Baltimore, 6:20 a. m.; Washington, 7:48 a. m. Pullman sleepers from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington. Passengers in sleeper to Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

##### WESTWARD

4:41 a. m.—Train 9, weekdays, for Erie, Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and principal intermediate stations.

9:41 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

5:45 p. m.—Train 15, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.

##### THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 9 leaves New York 5:50 p. m., Philadelphia 8:50 p. m.; Washington 7:20 p. m.; Baltimore 8:40 p. m., arriving at Driftwood 12:1 a. m., weekdays, with Pullman sleepers and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

TRAIN 15 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m.; Washington 7:50 a. m.; Baltimore 8:50 a. m.; Williamsport, 10:15 a. m.; New York, 11:30 a. m., arriving at Driftwood at 5:45 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches to Kane.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 7:40 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 p. m.; Baltimore, 11:50 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 12:45 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport. On Sundays only Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

### JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

#### WEEKDAYS.

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 8:55 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:10 a. m., arriving at Clermont at 10:00 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:40 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:30 a. m., and Ridgway at 11:50 p. m.

### RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R. AND CONNECTIONS.

#### WEEKDAYS.

##### SOUTHWARD.

##### NORTHWARD.

A. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	P. M.	P. M.
8:30	4:00	Renovo	5:00	10:30
9:42	4:41	Driftwood	4:03	9:30
10:30	5:10	Emporium	4:25	9:00
11:02	5:52	St. Marys	5:40	8:19
11:15		Kane	12:15	9:05
11:36		Wilcox	11:51	8:42
11:49		Johnsonburg	11:36	8:27
12:10	6:30	Ridgway	8:50	9:00
12:17	6:37	Inland Run	8:41	8:52
12:22	6:42	Carman Transfer	8:38	7:47
12:31	6:41	Croyland	8:29	7:38
12:33	6:43	Shorts Mills	8:26	7:35
12:39	6:48	Blue Rock	8:22	7:30
12:44	6:50	Vineyard Run	8:19	7:25
12:46	6:52	Carrier	8:17	7:23
12:52	7:02	Brookwayville	8:08	7:17
12:57	7:06	Lanes Mills	8:02	7:12
1:07	7:14	Harveys Run	7:54	7:04
1:15	7:20	Falls Creek	7:50	7:00
1:40	7:35	DuBois	7:40	6:40
1:50	7:35	Falls Creek	7:00	6:55
1:55	7:40	Reynoldsville	6:45	6:40
2:11	8:15	Brookville	6:05	6:00
3:05	9:10	New Bethlehem	5:20	5:10
3:50	9:55	Red Bank	4:25	
4:30	10:40	Pittsburg		

##### TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY

##### EASTWARD.

##### WESTWARD.

Train 8, 7:17 a. m. Train 9, 6:10 a. m.

Train 10, 8:20 p. m. Train 11, 11:30 a. m.

Train 12, 6:50 p. m. Train 13, 8:10 p. m.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen. Manager.

J. H. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

### In the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson County

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the above Court on the 21st day of March, A. D. 1898, at 2:00 o'clock P. M., under the Corporation Act of one thousand, eight hundred and seventy-four and its supplements, by Reynoldsville Presbyterian church, for the allowance and approval of certain amendments to the charter of the Reynoldsville Presbyterian church of Reynoldsville, Pa., as set forth in a certificate filed in said Court. G. M. McDONALD, Solicitor.

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GENERAL AGENT

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A.

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**Handkerchiefs and Mufflers, Fur Top Kid Mittens go at Reduced Prices.**

Remember we have Ladies' Jackets at One-Half Regular Price.

### SUBURBANITE MEMORY.

Devices Employed by Wives to Remind Husbands of Errands.

"Talking of memory systems," said the suburbanite on the accommodation train, "I can't for the life of me see how a man who is unable to remember one thing is helped by remembering two. If I tie a string around my finger, I must recall the purpose of wearing it, which I never can do. If I must always think of rain when I want to carry an umbrella, I have double work. Now, my wife wanted me to remember something today, and she gave me a word to say over to myself, and I've forgotten the word."

"Pooh! It's easy enough to remember things if you give your mind to it," said another suburbanite. "My wife told me to be sure to order some new what the mischief was it? Soap? Blueing? Well, that's funny. I thought I would be sure to remember."

He plunged his hands into his overcoat pockets to cover his chagrin and pulled out of one a rough bit of scuffling with a memorandum in lead pencil attached.

"Well, I vow! My wife must have stuck that thing in there. Oh, yes, I see. It was a lead of kindling she wanted me to order. But one could hardly be expected to remember a thing like that."

"I wish I could find a reminder of what I am to get as easy as you did, but my wife doesn't believe in giving a sample to help out a poor memory. Hello, old fellow, how's that?"

He had pulled a little rubber shoe out of his pocket and was regarding it with loving eyes.

"Sammy's overshoe, by all that's queer! And here's something inside. Length, five inches. Bless his little heart, I'd have forgot all about them if it hadn't been for this memory lesson. There's something in the system after all."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### SENT TO SWEAR AGAINST PA.

Because His Ma Didn't Dare to Leave Her Living Seat.

He was a mere stripling of a lad. He might have been 7 years of age or he might have been 9. Nobody could tell by looking at his face. The only mark of certainty about the youthful countenance was the sure sign that some of his ancestors had come from old Ireland. The little fellow walked hastily into the office of the warrant clerk of Recorder Finnegan's court. He did not notice the four persons standing in line waiting to get affidavits made out against some bothersome relatives, but the youth pushed through the crowd and engaged the attention of the clerk with this odd demand:

"I want to make an affidavit against my pa," said he and pushed his little red head around the side of the desk.

"You want what?" queried the clerk.

"I want to swear against pa," said the boy again.

"What has your pa done?"

"He has just been in a prizefight with ma."

"Well, why don't your ma swear out the warrant against pa? My boy, you see too young; you won't fill the bill."

"My ma can't come, and she wanted me to fix it up for her."

"Why could she not come?" asked the clerk, getting interested in the youngster's story. He could not imagine why the wife would not be only too willing to swear out the warrant.

"My pa and ma they got in the fight on the kitchen. That is how it happened. My pa made a drive for her, but didn't land, and then my ma she grabbed up the selling pin and floored the old man. She is now setting on him, holding him down, and that is why she couldn't come to swear against him. She sent me."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Colonel Kit China.

A St. Louis footpad attempted to hold up Colonel Kit China of Kentucky one night recently, and the aforesaid footpad hasn't done anything since. If there is a man on earth whom footpads should shun as a temperate man shuns a blind tiger, that man is Kit China. He is a born fighter, and his favorite weapons are the ones which the Creator endowed him with at his birth. He is one of the few men in Kentucky who hold the use of pistol or knife in contempt and is totally devoid of fear. He has fought a wildcat in the open with nothing but his bare knuckles and come out winner, and it is said that upon one occasion he offered to fight a rattlesnake and give him the first bite.—Glasgow (Ky.) News.

### Time's Changes.

"Did you ever," asked the young husband, "have your wife look you in the eye when you came home and ask you if you had not forgotten something?"

"Many a time, me boy," answered the old married man. "She does yet. In the early days it used to mean a kiss; now it is usually a reference to wiping my shoes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Drying Clothes.

The drying of clothes in frosty weather is sometimes, in the case of delicate fabrics, attended with tearing because of the quick stiffening in the very cold air. A simple precaution which will prevent any such trouble is to dissolve three or four handfuls of coarse salt in the last rinsing water, thus making it, in fact, a weak brine. Articles so rinsed will not suffer from or stiffen with the cold.

### Introducing His Fiancee.

There is doubt in some men's mind very often as to when he should make known to his people the girl he hopes to marry. In some cases he prefers that they should become acquainted before the die is cast and he has bound himself to her for better, for worse, by a promise. At other times he has a certain diffidence about introducing them to each other till they know in what position she is to stand toward himself, and the result is that he is a little bewildered. Perhaps in many ways it is more comfortable for a girl to know his people before she is presented to them as a future relative. But circumstances often render this out of the question, and then there is only one correct form of proceeding.

Where his people and hers live in the same place his family must call upon her as soon as they are informed of the engagement. If they live at a distance, they should at once write, welcoming her as a future relative, and it is usual where possible to invite her to stay with them and make their acquaintance. When this is done, it is a more comfortable plan on both sides if the fiancee can accompany her and introduce her in person to his people. It is a trying ordeal both to the girl and to her lover's family, this first introduction to each other, and if the lover himself is present—the connecting link of interest between the two—it makes it considerably more agreeable work for every one concerned.—Philadelphia Times.

### The Money Making Game.

The first of all English games is making money. That is an all absorbing game, and we knock each other down oftener in playing at that than at football or any other rougher sport, and it is absolutely without purpose. No one who engages heartily in that game ever knows why. Ask a great money maker what he wants to do with his money—he never knows. He doesn't make it to do anything with it. He gets it only that he may get it. "What will you make of what you have got?" you ask. "Well, I'll get more," he says. Just as at cricket you get more runs. There's no use in the runs, but to get more of them than other people is the game. And there's no use in the money, but to have more of it than other people is the game. So all that great foul city of London there—rattling, growling, smoking, stinking—a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore—you fancy it is a city of work? Not a street of it! It is a great city of play; very nasty play, and very hard play, but still play. It is only Lord's cricket ground without the turf—a huge billiard table without the cloth, and with pockets as deep as the bottomless pit, but mainly a billiard table after all.—John Ruskin.

### Cromwell.

Cromwell kept quiet during the years in which Charles was governing without a parliament. He is not heard of as resisting the payment of ship money or even as setting at defiance the ecclesiastical courts. Clearly he was no ambitious firebrand, but a man under authority, whose aim it was to carry obedience to the utmost limits consistent with his personal duty. This, too, is characteristic of the man and displays itself again and again in his prolonged hesitations to break with established authority.

In his conservative dislike to hasty changes, combined with religion influencing the conduct as well as the creed, Cromwell was a fair representative of the better part of England, none the less because when once his reluctance to step forward had vanished he was capable of administering heavy blows against those who blocked the way too persistently even for his patience and because when once he had broken with the past no going back was any longer possible for him.—"Cromwell's Place in History," by S. R. Gardiner.

### She Knew Him.

Mrs. K. had engaged a robust, middle aged colored woman to do some housecleaning. During the progress of the work Mrs. K. said:

"A colored man came along here one day last week and wanted work, and I let him wash some windows, but he did not do the work at all well."

"What fo' lookin' man was he?" asked the helper.

"Well, he was a big, strong fellow, and he had but one eye. He said that his name was White. He did very poor work."

"I spees he did, lady. He's de wus' no' count in dis town."

"Oh, then you know him?"

"Know 'im? Why, lady, I'zo mah'ied to 'im!"—Harper's Bazar.

### African Expressions.

"Africans," writes a missionary, "have some very striking expressions, showing that they are full of poetical ideas. The Moongues call thunder 'the sky's gun,' and the morning is with them 'the day's child.' The Zulus call the twilight 'the eyelashes of the sun.' An African who came to America was shown some ice, which he had not seen before, and he called it 'water fast asleep.'"

The cheeks become pale from fear because the mental emotion diminishes the action of the heart and lungs and so impedes the circulation.

About 45,000 sovereigns pass over the Bank of England counters every day.

### THE HOUSE OF WISDOM.

I had not thought—ah, God, had I but known!—that this and hour should ever befall when thou I judged the best of all should come to be the thing I most disown. Was it not true, that April dawn, thy blown gold hair around my lady forehead, Or is this truth a shadow of the night? Unroyal and withal a creature's right!

Yet prize I now thy hair as I prize thee, Who must also prize thy hair as I prize thee. Must close mine eyes, and I shall see thy face. If some great miracle, O God, be shown, Should haunt the waking years an ill-fallen years To fall, some noon, dead in thy market place.—Francis Sherman in Bookman.

### THE LITTLE TITMOUSE.

#### One Free Bird That Attracts Attention Among Hundreds of Captives.

In a big bird store where there are hundreds of birds of many kinds incessantly squawking, chirping and singing there is one that is free—a tiny titmouse. The window is full of cages containing birds of various sorts, and one side of the store is lined with bird-cages stacked up high all along. But there is none that attracts so much attention as the little titmouse fitting about the store at will. At night it perches on a gas fixture in the window, and to that it comes back from its various excursions by day.

Customers that come in to buy birds and birdseed and bird seed and one thing and another never fail to notice the titmouse. They may not notice another bird there individually, but their attention is sure to be attracted by this one as it darts about, free among so many captives, and they are likely to smile at it, they are so pleased with it. And sometimes children, looking in at the windows of the bird store, come in to tell the clerk that one of the birds has got loose.

When it has nothing else to do, the titmouse sits on its gas pipe perch and perks its head this way and that and looks about. Sometimes it whets its beak on the gas pipe. Every now and then it dashes off somewhere. If it wants a drink, it perches on the rim of a goldfish globe—for home aquariums and stock for them are sold here as well as birds—no doubt to the great surprise of the human beholders, who wonder that it doesn't fall in, it has to bend over so far to reach the water. But it gets it, and when it has taken its fill it flashes back to its perch on the pipe in the window.

The titmouse catches spiders and other insects, and it feeds in the larger cages when it will. It goes in and out of them between the bars with perfect ease. It is a very little bird, even with its plumage in its natural form. With its feathers pressed against its sides it can get through a very narrow space—between the bars of a parrot's cage, for example—with ease. There are in the window a number of parrots' cages in a row. The titmouse almost flies through these cages, stopping in each perhaps to eat of the parrots' food, but they never molest it. Parrots that would bite at the finger of a man who should put his hand near enough to the outside of their cage stand back in fright or sheer amazement when the little titmouse dashes in and perches on their feed cup.—New York Sun.

### Conflict of Nature and Art.

A young man here in keep who is studying drawing—I won't say just how or where—went out to a Welsh rabbit supper at a friend's studio one evening. The supper was given to celebrate an examination in light and shadow which several of the young art students had just undergone with success. The young man I speak of was full of the subject. His mind was still dwelling on it when he started home. Half an hour later a fellow art student came up with him. He was standing before an equestrian statue in one of the little parks and was intently studying the shadow of the bronze rider cast by the moon.

"Say," said he to the other student, "look at that shadow. I've cast lots of shadows and I've studied 'em. That ain't a bit like it. I know shadows. That ain't an angle of 45 degrees."

Here he took his friend's arm.

"Old boy," he said solemnly, "that shadow's all out of drawing."—Washington Post.

### The Letter D.

The Semitic people called D Daleth, a door or opening, whence the Greek delta. To us in its present form it is not much like a door, as we know, but if the orientals lived in tents shaped like the letter B it is not wonderful that they should have doors the shape of a D. Our form of the letter is greatly changed from the ancient D, but a glance at the Greek delta, which is a right angle triangle, shows it identical in shape with the triangular tent door closed by flaps of canvas, and when one of these was drawn back a shape was represented which must have been familiar to all orientals.

### Getting Even.

"I notice," remarked the literary editor, casually turning over the leaves of the book the struggling author had brought in, "you have given your hero six fingers on his right hand, and there is nothing in the story, so far as I can see, to explain why. May I ask what the extra is for?"

"To snap at the critics," vociferated the struggling author, with a gleam of vengeance in his eye.

The worm had turned.—London Fun.