

The Star.

VOLUME 7.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1898.

NUMBER 12.

Railroad Time Tables.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division.

In effect May 29, 1898. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:

EASTWARD

9:03 a. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 5:23 p. m., New York 9:50 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:50 p. m.; Washington, 7:10 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

4:01 p. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m.; New York, 7:23 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:53 a. m.; Washington, 7:40 a. m. Pullman sleepers from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Harrisburg. Passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:12 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m. on week days and 10:38 a. m. on Sundays; Baltimore, 6:53 a. m.; Washington, 7:40 a. m. Pullman sleepers from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Harrisburg. Passengers 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, Ridgeway, DuBois, Clermont and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:53 a. m.; Washington, 7:40 a. m.

5:47 p. m.—Train 13, weekdays, for Kane and intermediate stations.

5:47 p. m.—Train 13, weekdays, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH

TRAIN 1 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 4:41 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, 7:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 8:50 a. m.; Wilkesbarre, 10:15 a. m.; weekdays, arriving at Driftwood at 5:37 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coach 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 9:45 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Harrisburg to Williamsport. On Sundays only Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

JOHNSBURG RAILROAD.

(WEEKDAYS)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgeway 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 Ridgeway at 11:50 p. m.

Connections via Johnsonburg R. R. and Ridgeway & Clearfield R. R.

W. H. HUTCHINSON, J. B. WOOD, Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Agt.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY, in effect Sunday, June 26, 1898, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD

| STATIONS. | No. 1. | No. 3. | No. 5. | No. 7. | No. 9. | No. 11. |
|---------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|---------|
| Pittsburg | 10:10 | 10:10 | 10:10 | 10:10 | 10:10 | 10:10 |
| Red Bank | 10:20 | 10:20 | 10:20 | 10:20 | 10:20 | 10:20 |
| Lawsonham | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 |
| New Bethlehem | 10:40 | 10:40 | 10:40 | 10:40 | 10:40 | 10:40 |
| Oak Ridge | 10:50 | 10:50 | 10:50 | 10:50 | 10:50 | 10:50 |
| Marysville | 11:00 | 11:00 | 11:00 | 11:00 | 11:00 | 11:00 |
| Summersville | 11:10 | 11:10 | 11:10 | 11:10 | 11:10 | 11:10 |
| Bell | 11:20 | 11:20 | 11:20 | 11:20 | 11:20 | 11:20 |
| Fuller | 11:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 |
| Reynoldsville | 11:40 | 11:40 | 11:40 | 11:40 | 11:40 | 11:40 |
| Pancoat | 11:50 | 11:50 | 11:50 | 11:50 | 11:50 | 11:50 |
| Falls Creek | 12:00 | 12:00 | 12:00 | 12:00 | 12:00 | 12:00 |
| DuBois | 12:10 | 12:10 | 12:10 | 12:10 | 12:10 | 12:10 |
| Sabula | 12:20 | 12:20 | 12:20 | 12:20 | 12:20 | 12:20 |
| Winterburn | 12:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 |
| Penfield | 12:40 | 12:40 | 12:40 | 12:40 | 12:40 | 12:40 |
| Tyler | 12:50 | 12:50 | 12:50 | 12:50 | 12:50 | 12:50 |
| Waterbury | 1:00 | 1:00 | 1:00 | 1:00 | 1:00 | 1:00 |
| Grant | 1:10 | 1:10 | 1:10 | 1:10 | 1:10 | 1:10 |
| Reynoldsville | 1:20 | 1:20 | 1:20 | 1:20 | 1:20 | 1:20 |
| Driftwood | 1:30 | 1:30 | 1:30 | 1:30 | 1:30 | 1:30 |

WESTWARD

| STATIONS. | No. 2. | No. 4. | No. 6. | No. 8. | No. 10. | No. 12. |
|---------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|---------|---------|
| Driftwood | 10:10 | 10:10 | 10:10 | 10:10 | 10:10 | 10:10 |
| Reynoldsville | 10:20 | 10:20 | 10:20 | 10:20 | 10:20 | 10:20 |
| Fuller | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 |
| Waterbury | 10:40 | 10:40 | 10:40 | 10:40 | 10:40 | 10:40 |
| Penfield | 10:50 | 10:50 | 10:50 | 10:50 | 10:50 | 10:50 |
| Sabula | 11:00 | 11:00 | 11:00 | 11:00 | 11:00 | 11:00 |
| DuBois | 11:10 | 11:10 | 11:10 | 11:10 | 11:10 | 11:10 |
| Falls Creek | 11:20 | 11:20 | 11:20 | 11:20 | 11:20 | 11:20 |
| Pancoat | 11:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 |
| Reynoldsville | 11:40 | 11:40 | 11:40 | 11:40 | 11:40 | 11:40 |
| Winterburn | 11:50 | 11:50 | 11:50 | 11:50 | 11:50 | 11:50 |
| Grant | 12:00 | 12:00 | 12:00 | 12:00 | 12:00 | 12:00 |
| Waterbury | 12:10 | 12:10 | 12:10 | 12:10 | 12:10 | 12:10 |
| Tyler | 12:20 | 12:20 | 12:20 | 12:20 | 12:20 | 12:20 |
| Reynoldsville | 12:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 |
| Driftwood | 12:40 | 12:40 | 12:40 | 12:40 | 12:40 | 12:40 |

Trains daily except Sunday

DAVID McARD, GEN'L. SUPT. JAS. P. ANDERSON GEN'L. PASS. AGT. PITTSBURG, PA.

Miscellaneous.

W. H. STAMEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office at Hotel McConnell, Reynoldsville, Pa.

C. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

C. Z. GORDON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Brookville, Jefferson Co. Pa. Office in room formerly occupied by Gordon & Corbett West Main Street.

G. M. McDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents secured. Collections made promptly. Office in Nolan block, Reynoldsville, Pa.

FRANCIS J. WEAKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Offices in Mahoney building, Main Street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

SMITH M. MCCREIGHT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in Froelich & Henry block, near postoffice, Reynoldsville, Pa.

E. NEFF,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. Resident dentist, in the Froelich & Henry block, near the postoffice, Main street, Gentleness in operating.

DR. R. DEVERE KING,

DENTIST, Office over Reynoldsville Hardware Co. store, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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. J. C. DILLMAN, Proprietor. First class in every particular. Located in the very centre of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

A. D. Deemer & Co.,

Dealers in

DRY GOODS,

Notions,

Clothing, Gents'

Furnishing

Goods,

Shoes, &c.

DESCENT OF LOVE.

Ruth man e'er had experience like this (For poets sing a love which children mock. And bliss of love therein is laughing stock.)

Their silly words make crest for common men? Our life had long been dreary holiday Till when one even on the bleak highway,

I told her that I loved her, and she told Her soul upon my lips, and thus we said Boreft of earth, and then—oh, wretched—was tied

Down the bleak highway till the place's fear Had closed his wings and left from following. So here, within sound of her sweet singing,

This summer's day I fathom that dread time And liken it—how up some desert peak Sublime went ancient men and heard God speak

And won his law. But once they went, no more! Yes, though God's dreams ran burning in their brain, They hurried to the ways of humble men, Nor barred of him to visit them again!

—A. Boyd Scott in Black and White.

LIFE IN A WARDROOM

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

Where All Except the Commander Eat, Live and Have Their Social Being—Naval Etiquette Isolates the Men: With All Others on Board Must Obey.

The wardroom on a man-of-war is the living place of all the older officers of the ship, with one exception, the commanding officer. He lives by himself, has his own cabins, his own mess, his own servants. Naval etiquette and custom have established this habit of isolation for the man on the ship who has command of all the rest. The reason is undoubtedly to be found in the very fact that he represents extraordinary power. Under these circumstances, he may attempt to forget the superiority of his rank by means of a common table or messroom for him and his subordinates would only result in embarrassment on both sides.

This does not mean that he may not be sociable, for much depends upon the man. But it is safe to say that any show of effusiveness among those who live aloft the mast must come from his side, if he wishes it to be general. The situation is a delicate one.

In the rear air of the wardroom we find from 10 to 20 officers living together, the number varying with the size of the ship. Their ages may range from 25 to 50, and they are of all ranks above that of naval cadet, and of all corps. Engineer officers, line officers, medical officers, marine officers, one pay officer and one chaplain, may all be included in the wardroom of a large ship. These men live in staterooms arranged about a common space, which is known as the "wardroom country." This assumption of a space of prairie-like dimensions is comparatively truthful in the cramped quarters of a ship. In this "country" exists the social life of the wardroom. Here these men of varied callings, yet all of the sea's following, live, move and have their social being.

A day spent in a wardroom by a land-lubber would reveal many interesting differences between naval officers and their brethren on shore. To begin with, they are more cosmopolitan in their speech. The men in our wardrooms are gathered together from all parts of the Union. Local discussions find but an uninterested audience, or even a derisive one, so that a naval officer gets accustomed to speak and think of all the 45 states as belonging equally to him. Outside of his own country he is so great a traveler that very few civilians can keep up with the way he slips in conversation from China to Peru or to Tasmania. Other characteristics that are quickly noticeable are his simplicity, his cheerfulness and his heartiness. The wardroom is constantly resounding with laughter. The men in it are healthier than men who live in houses. They get up earlier in the morning and go to bed earlier at night. Most of our wardrooms are bustling with officers at 7 o'clock in the morning.

A glance at the breakfast table shows the senior line officer presiding, and the other officers placed near him according to rank. At the other end of the table is the man who has been elected by his messmates to direct the catering of the breakfast proper, which comes at half past 11 or 12 o'clock, there is not much life in the wardroom, for the daily military routine is full of drills and exercises which keep most of the officers on deck. There are drills with great guns and with small arms, drills in clearing ship for action, drills in handling ammunition and many others—all of them rooted in the one idea that you must preserve your own life by destroying that of your enemy.

As soon as an officer returns to the wardroom from one drill and begins a conversation or perhaps hums a song he is interrupted by the bugles on deck and must buckle on his sword and return to another drill.

At every call to quarters all officers must report themselves ready for duty. The chaplain and paymaster, having much less to do with drills than the other officers, are usually the first to be back in the wardroom, where there is other work for them. The medical officer has gone forward to the sick bay to look after his patients.

When the midday breakfast comes, there is the first breathing space for a little leisure and relaxation. But the drills for the day are not yet over, and at 1 o'clock the bustle is resumed

throughout the ship. A sudden call may come for collision drill, or fire drill, or battalion drill. If at sea, a floating target may be dropped overboard, and for an hour the ship be shaken from stem to stern by the discharge of guns. From 3 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon there is generally a respite from work, and the wardroom begins to show signs of being a home. Some in it are reading or writing, others are smoking or playing games or loafing. Still others are in their rooms taking the seaman's afternoon nap. But at 5 o'clock the drills and exercises come again.

By 6:30 o'clock there is a feeling that one can sit down and dine without fear of interruption. The mess as a whole is now gathered together, and the meal is generally a thoroughly enjoyable and delightful affair. After it is over there are cigars, games, music, or the right to withdraw within oneself without exciting remark. By 10 o'clock most of these sailors are in bed, but even now the drills may not be over. At midnight the bugles may sound, and in two minutes all the ship's company be rapidly making ready for an enemy.—New York Post.

MAY BE THE MISSING LINK.

That Mysterious and Useless Organ of Man, the Vermiform Appendix.

A distinguished paleontologist claims to have discovered facts serving to show that the vermiform appendix, that mysteriously useless organ that has annoyed the human family so much of late years, is no more nor less than the rudimentary remnant of the gizzard with which he believes the monstrous progenitors of man of the tertiary period of the earth's existence were supplied. Some of these gigantic creatures, lizards in form, birds in kind, animals in some functions, are believed to have developed by the gradual stages described by the supporters of the theory of evolution into the semblance of a human being.

If the bird form be the original of the human race, it is reasonable to believe that it may have been supplied with a gizzard, which in the bird of modern time possesses a definite and important function in the digestion of the food. The bird having no teeth the food is in many cases swallowed whole. Some birds can crush the food with their beaks, but normally the digestion is permitted largely through the agency of the gizzard, where the food is ground into fine particles. The interior coating of this organ is rough and muscular. Many birds swallow, as far as the gizzard, small pebbles that aid the process of attrition. Thus if the latest theory be correct a curious paradox is presented. Whereas in the beginning, as now, the gizzard performed its functions most satisfactorily when supplied with indigestible substances, its rudiment that now remains in the human structure becomes a center of dangerous conditions as soon as any foreign substance, and especially any hard matter, is deposited in it.

One of the marvels of anatomy for some years has been this strange sac in the upper intestines, apparently without the least function in the digestive system and capable of being removed without affecting the health of the patient save to a favorable degree. Researches have revealed many traces of such rudiments in the human system. Darwin's studies brought to light many resemblances between man and the lower orders. It may now be that the despised vermiform appendix will be exploited as the real "missing link" binding man to the past ages, when life assumed many forms that are today unknown.—Washington Star.

Villager's Idea of Hotel Business.

A young lawyer in one of the leading lake cities recently passed a few days at the home of his childhood, a rural hamlet in an adjoining county. While there he ran across one of the characters of the place, a quaint old man whom he had known ever since he could remember.

"How's bizness in town?" inquired the aged man.

"Pretty good," replied the lawyer.

"What ye doin now?"

"Practicing law."

"What's your brother Jim doin?"

"Jim is running a hotel," and he named one of the largest public houses in the city.

"Is Jim married yet?"

"No."

The old man raised his head with a commiserating glance. Then he dryly observed:

"Has to dee-pend on hired help, eh?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bernhardt and Loti.

Samh Bernhardt recently said to a persistent newspaper correspondent: "I have told you everything. There is nothing that remains for me to say. You are as bad as Pierre Loti!"

"What on earth has Pierre Loti done to you?" was the answer.

"Oh, simply that once upon a time he made up his mind that he was going to make my acquaintance. First he wrote me a letter expressing his admiration for me, and did me the honor of dedicating a book to me. I thanked him, but I did not invite him to call on me."

It is strange to notice how many old classical expressions still survive in Tuscany. The people still swear "By Bacchus!" and "By Diana!" just as we do "By Jove!" but when they talk of "Tom, Dick and Harry" they say "Tius, Cains and Sempronius."

DIAMONDS IN AMERICA.

Half a Billion Dollars' Worth Owned Here—Amount Rapidly Increasing.

In no country are there more diamonds to be found than in the United States, according to the population. It is estimated by a leading Maiden Lane (New York) diamond dealer that there are upward of \$500,000,000 worth of diamonds in this country. Moreover, this vast amount is increasing year by year.

Until quite recently diamonds were rarely cut in this country, but American inventors have developed a process for diamond cutting which is vastly superior to that done abroad.

The loss in weight through cutting is sometimes fully one-half, but the value is increased probably more than twofold.

The Dutch city of Amsterdam has been the great diamond cutting center of the world from time immemorial and up to a few years ago over 12,000 people in that place were directly or indirectly dependent upon this trade.

But it was not reasonable to suppose that Amsterdam should continue to hold a monopoly of diamond cutting. As one of the greatest importing cities of the world, New York gradually offered inducements to diamond cutters, and an industry has been gradually built up here that is now very flourishing and profitable. In 1858 Henry D. Morse of Boston invented a machine for cutting and polishing diamonds, and since then improvements have been made upon it that are very important. The foreigners continue to polish their stones by hand, but in this country machinery is largely used.

A famous gem expert places the total value of all the diamonds in the world at over \$1,000,000,000, of which \$350,000,000 worth are in the hands of dealers, carried as stock. All of the other diamonds are in the hands of private individuals, and the question naturally arises, who owns them? This is not so easily answered, except in the case of large and world famous gems.—Godey's Magazine.

PAYNE'S DESERTED TOMB.

Reminiscences of the Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

The old Christian cemetery at Tunis is one of the strangest sights in that strange town. Just off a busy thoroughfare, under an ancient archway, is a heavy wooden gate, much worn by the lapse of time, thickly studded with fantastic nails and provided with a prodigious knocker. The latter, however, is not needed, for the gate yields to an energetic push, and you find yourself in a large, walled inclosure, half garden, half graveyard, where an Italian woman is hanging out clothes among the gaunt white tombs. It is 12 years since any one was buried here, and the place is beginning to look neglected. The modern cemetery is now outside the walls, and its guardian told me that many people came to him to inquire for the monument of "an American poet" or "an American consul," and he had to send them to the old graveyard. The monument in question is that of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and it bears the following inscription upon its sides:

"In memory of John Howard Payne, author of 'Home, Sweet Home.' Born June 9, 1791; died April 9, 1832. Erected A. D. 1855."

[American Arms—eagle surmounted by motto "E Pluribus Unum." "Died at the American consulate in Tunis. Aged 60 years and 10 months."

"In the tomb beneath this stone the poet's remains lay buried for 30 years. On Jan. 5, 1883, they were disinterred and taken away to his native land, where they received honor and final burial in the city of Washington June 9, 1883. 'Then be content, poor heart.'"

"See when thy gentle spirit fled To realms beyond the azure dome, With arms outstretched God's angel said, 'Welcome to heaven's home, sweet home.'"

There is a certain appropriateness about the fact that the author of the exile's most pathetic anthem should have died so many thousand miles away from home.—London Sketch.

Rough on Solomon.

The following incident happened at one of the "catechisms" which are held periodically in Scotland for all the members of the kirk of a certain district.

"The lesson was in Ecclesiastes," says Mr. Johnston, "and one day they had been discussing the verse in which Solomon says, 'Among a thousand men I have found one, but among a thousand women have I found not one,' meaning one just and good and upright. And an old Scotchwoman, when she had listened in silence and heard the rest accept it as present and gospel truth, got her dander up and rose to her feet.

"'Hoot!' she said indignantly, her eyes blazing. 'Do you find why that was? It was because nae decent woman had been in his company.'"

—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

How, Indeed?

She—Do you believe in platonic love? He—I hardly know. Do you?

She—Well, of course there may be such a thing, but—but—well, between two such people as you and—and—

He—No, not between you and me. Ah, Helen, platonic love would not do for me! I must speak. Can you—can you—

She—Oh, Alfred, how did you guess my secret?—Chicago News.

Paradise.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt Brown have returned from their wedding trip. We join in with their many friends in wishing them a long and happy married life.

Miss Ola Lewis, of Reynoldsville, visited Mrs. Allan Cathers several days last week.

Henry Smyers is erecting a dwelling house at Big Run where he expects to move his family in the future sometime.

A number of the people of this place attended the social at Hopkins grove on Saturday night.

Miss Georgia London visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Strouse last week.

Some people of Paradise attended the picnic at Sykesville on Tuesday