

LINERS LOST AT SEA.

A CAPTAIN'S STORY OF WHO IS OFFENSTEST TO BLAME.

He Also Suggests Why. When an Ocean Steamer Goes Down, Her Commander Is Seldom to Be Found Among Those Who Were Saved.

"There's another side to this question of the criminal carelessness of the commander which we hear so much talk about whenever a liner is lost," said the captain of a big ocean steamship the other day. "It's not the captain who is really to blame in one case out of ten even when he is running his ship at full speed through a fog. It's the public that's to blame, and I'll tell you how it is.

"To begin with, everybody knows of the rivalry between the different lines. Everybody knows what a difference there is, in the estimation of the public, between the rival boats of the same grade which start at the same time and come in 24 hours apart. The man who has traveled by the boat that comes in last is going to say to himself that next time he will go on the So-and-so, which must be a better boat, for didn't she come in a day ahead of the one he came on?"

"The captain of boat No. 1 is a hero for the time being, and the company he works for smiles on him. That he has run all the way at full speed through heavy seas and fogs and has taken all kinds of risks he knows, but he doesn't say anything about that, and the company doesn't, either. They have beaten the other line, and that is enough.

"The captain of boat No. 2, which came in a day behind the other, knows just what is in store for him before he reports at the office of his company. This is about what he hears:

"Why, how is this, Mr. Blank? You came in 24 hours behind the So-and-so. What was the matter anyhow?" "Well, you see," says the captain, "we had storms part of the way, and when we got to the banks we struck a fog so thick you couldn't see your hand before your face, and we had to run at half speed all day."

"Ahem!" one of the owners will say. "Ahem! It's a bad thing, Mr. Blank, for us to be beaten 24 hours by the So-and-so."

"Captain Blank says no more, but feels that he has been reproved, and he remembers it on the next trip. The sea may be running 'mountains high' and the fog may be so thick you can't see the funnel from the bridge, but he is bound to get in on time this trip, and he does. The owners of the line smile on him. So he knows what he is required to do and goes on making record trips.

"It is the public, you see, which the company has got to please if it is to exist, and the captain has to please the company. Some day he does this once too often. He collides with another ship in a fog, maybe, or runs on the rocks. Perhaps the natural love of life or the thought of a helpless family keeps him from deliberately going to the bottom with the ship, but he knows that his career is at an end.

"The board sits on the case, and if there is any evidence to show that the accident was due to the carelessness of the commander in running at full speed in thick weather, or whatever the case may be, he is reprimanded and his certificate suspended for some months at least. When at last he gets the certificate back, it has a hole punched in it.

"Now let us suppose that he has been a faithful servant of the company for a good while, and they like him and decide to transfer him to another ship and give him a chance for existence. This new ship has to be insured, of course, before she goes to sea. The underwriters make their examination and in the course of their inquiries there comes up the question as to who is the captain of the ship.

"When they hear the name, they will probably say: 'Why, let us see! Isn't he the man who sunk the So-and-so? Yes? Oh, we can't take any risks on a ship commanded by Captain Blank! Put another commander in his place and it will be all right.'

"The company is therefore obliged to dismiss Captain Blank. Then he starts out to find another situation. His certificate, you remember, has a hole in it. He goes to see the owners of another line. As soon as they hear his name they say:

"Oh, yes. Didn't you command the So-and-so?" "Yes, I commanded that boat." "Humph! Very sorry, captain, but we haven't anything just now. If we should have anything, we will let you know."

"This scene is repeated at one steamship office after another on both sides of the water."

"The captain leaned his elbows on the table. 'Do you wonder,' he said after a pause, 'that generally when a liner is lost at sea her commander isn't among the saved? But mark my words,' he added, rising, 'in almost every disaster, when the cry of negligence is loudest, it's the public that's to blame and not the captain, who only does what he is obliged to do.'—New York Sun.

GUARDING AGAINST FRAUD.

How London Bankers Lessen the Chances for Embezzlement.

"Very few people know that there are a great and increasing number of firms in this country—banking firms especially—who make an inflexible rule that all employees, whether they be managerial heads or mere junior clerks, must take an annual holiday."

The speaker was one of the best known accountants in London, and he continued: "The reason is that all great employers now realize that most long continued cases of embezzlement and breach of trust are only, as a rule, discovered through the offender being compelled, through illness or some other cause, to leave his books for a time.

"Nearly all defaulting bank managers are trapped through their enforced absence, and thus it has begun to be the rule for employers to insist that servants who have the manipulation of books and money must go away. Hundreds of sets of books come into my hands and those of other accountants in this way, and I could tell you of many cases where two or more clerks, who could in their ordinary work play into each other's hands, are sent holiday making at the same time.

"Another fact of the same kind that is little known is that many employers make a rule of having their employees photographed very plainly in groups every year or two—on some occasion of festivity that is made the excuse—so that the firm always possess a valuable means of identification in case of any man absconding."—Pearson's Weekly.

AMERICA'S RAPHAEL.

A Picture Which, It Is Said, Has Yet to Be Discovered.

There is one picture in America which, for convenience's sake, may be designated "Fata Morgana." It is frequently alluded to and always in a tone of reverent admiration. When one is in New York one hears of it as in Boston. When one is in Boston one hears of it as either in New York or Philadelphia. If the quest be pursued in these cities the picture is said to be located in Baltimore and so forth. What is this mysterious work which would appear to be considered as the chief treasure of art in America? It is a wholly imaginary Raphael. I found the most rooted conviction in all so-called "art circles" that America is the happy possessor not only of a Raphael, but of a superbly fine example of that master, and, as already indicated, the picture is not only alluded to with pride, but with an admiration that is akin to awe.

It is unfortunate that the picture does not exist, except in the fervent transatlantic imagination. In a word, there is no Raphael in America. Strangely enough, there are very few forgeries even, the one or two canvases with any approach to the manner of the great Italian master being so obviously imitative that no one with any adequate knowledge of his work could possibly be deceived. It is, however, a pleasant fiction, and enables patriotic Americans in Europe to enlarge upon the superb masterpieces oversea.—Nineteenth Century.

Woe to That Dressmaker!

You may talk about naval heroes and rough riders all you like, but for superhuman nerve and colossal daring commend me to a woman I saw in a dry goods shop here in town only last Monday morning. I had an excellent opportunity to observe her carefully, for she stood precisely where I desired to stand while she—well, this is what she did: She asked the salesman to show her a certain piece of red cashmere. Then she produced from her pocket the cut paper pattern of a child's dress and calmly pinned the pieces to the cloth.

The salesman stood politely by, thinking, if a salesman ever had time to think, that she desired to ascertain the quantity required for the garment she intended to make, but she didn't intend to make any garment at all. After she had pinned the whole pattern carefully in place, she took it off and rolled it up. There was a gleam of triumph in her eye.

"Thank you," she said. "That's all I wanted. I know it didn't take four yards. That dressmaker has just kept that extra yard and a half, that's what she's done."

But my, my! Think of a dressmaker reckless enough to try to deceive a woman like that!—Washington Post.

Caught.

A clergyman recently, addressing those who criticize others while they themselves are open to criticism, told this story: "When I was a boy, we had a schoolmaster who had odd ways of catching idle boys. Says he one day: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle I want you to inform me and I will attend to the case.' 'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'there's Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell on him.'"

"It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. 'Indeed,' said he. 'How did you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' was the reply. 'You did. And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' 'I was caught, but I didn't watch for the boys again.'—New York Tribune.

A Nautical Explanation.

In front of the Theater Royal at Oxford, England, are, or were, some gigantic stone figures, the age and object of which are buried in oblivion. Two sailors were going by and one of them asked, "Who are these fellows, Bill?" "The 12 apostles," was the reply without a smile.

When Men Buy Plumes.

I sat behind two women in a fourteenth street car when a funeral procession, made up of members of some secret society in full regalia passed up the street. The sight of the plumed hats displaced one of the women in front of me.

"Did you ever see anything sillier than that?" she sniffed. "Look at those men—dressed up in all those gewgaws just to let folks know they've got a secret. Where would you find women willing to parade around the streets togged out like stage soldiers? Who ever heard of women doing it? Imagine the Daughters of the American Revolution riding around in cocked hats, or the Women's Christian Temperance union with gold laced aprons. Women have more sense. They wouldn't deliberately make them selves ridiculous that way."

"Look at those snashes and look at those awful hats and those many plumes. My husband's got them all. He paid \$75 for his outfit. He paid \$15 for a stringy ostrich plume for his hat, and then—here the true inwardness of her contempt for secret society regalia came out—"after paying all that for a plume he doesn't wear once in six months, he almost dropped dead because I paid \$5 for a feather I've worn every day for a year. A man's just a natural born—well, I won't say it."

But you could see that she thought it, just the same.—Washington Post.

No Small Change.

Dean Monahan relates an incident which illustrates the absence of small change in the early days of Kansas. In 1865 he went into the postoffice at Hays City, threw down a quarter and asked for a postage stamp. "Only one?" queried the postmaster. "Only one," replied the novelist, whereupon the postmaster handed him a stamp and raked in the quarter. "Don't I get any change?" demanded Monahan. "Change, h—!" replied the government official. "We have no change in these parts smaller than a quarter!"

And this was strictly true. In Hays City the smallest coin known was the 25 cent piece. A glass of beer sold for a quarter, and the same charge was made for a pound of crackers or a cigar. It is related in the early annals of the town how the saloon and dance hall keepers held an indignation meeting to take action in the case of a new man who advertised to sell two glasses of beer for a quarter. The meeting resulted in the departure of the innovator for pastures new. As late as 1872 there was a store in Hays City which never gave any change smaller than the 25 cent piece.

If the customer had, say, 15 cents coming, he was at liberty to help himself to a glass of whisky from a barrel which stood in the corner, but he need not expect his dues in money.—Kansas City Journal.

Why the Light Went Out.

In front of the high altar in the cathedral at Salzburg there is a great lamp that is supposed to burn "forever and a day." One morning, years ago, worshippers were surprised to see it go out, and this was repeated morning after morning, always about the same time. It was thought the attendant had neglected to give it sufficient oil, and though he declared his innocence, he was told that he would be discharged if the oversight were repeated. Unwilling to deal unjustly with the man, the dean of the cathedral hid himself one night to see if he could solve the mystery.

He had not long to wait. About 10 o'clock a big rat was seen descending the rope by which the lamp was suspended. Having reached the oil, it fed freely, and then went away by the way it came. Needless is it to say that the attendant held his place.

Farragut's Opinion of Dewey.

Rear Admiral Dewey as a young officer impressed one as a self contained man with powerful native force. I often think of the remark made by Admiral Goldsborough to Farragut on the occasion of the visit of the latter to our ship. The two admirals were standing within a few feet of my table, and Dewey had stepped back to give an order to the orderly.

"Farragut," said Goldsborough, "Dewey will make his mark in the world if he ever gets an opportunity." "Aye," answered Farragut, with the pleasant smile so becoming to his homely face, "and he will make the opportunity."

And Farragut was a true prophet.

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"Twelve apostles!" roared the incredulous Jack. "How can that be? There's only six of 'em." "Well, y' swab," replied the learned Bill, "yer wouldn't have 'em all on deck at once, would ye?"—Leeds Mercury.

Beats the Klondike.

Mr. A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klondike. For years he suffered untold agony from consumption, accompanied by hemorrhages; and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. He declares that gold is of little value in comparison with this marvelous cure, would have it, even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung ailments are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Trial bottles free at H. A. Stokes' Drug Store. Regular size 50 cents, and \$1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

A Common Danger. If you have ever had a cold which you permitted to "wear away" it may interest you to know that it was a dangerous proceeding. Every cold and cough which is neglected paves the way for consumption, bronchitis, asthma or catarrh. Otto's Cure, the famous German throat and lung remedy, will cure any cough or cold and save you from consumption. Call on H. A. Stokes and get a sample bottle free. Large size 25c, and 50c.

Job Work Department. The Star Office is replete with the Latest Styles of Types. JOB WORK! JOB WORK! JOB WORK!

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OR CALL AND CONSULT DR. LITTLE ABOUT YOUR EYES.

Treatment, Operations, Glasses and Artificial Eyes. 333 SMITHFIELD ST., PITTSBURGH.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY.

In effect Sunday, Nov. 27, 1898. Low Grade Division.

STATIONS. No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5. No. 6. No. 7.

Pittsburg 10:10 10:20 10:30 10:40 10:50 11:00 11:10

Red Bank 11:05 11:15 11:25 11:35 11:45 11:55 12:05

Lawsonham 11:55 12:05 12:15 12:25 12:35 12:45 12:55

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BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

On and after January 1, 1899, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

DEPART. For DuBois, Big Run and Punxsutawney, 10:32 a. m. 1:30, 3:35, 5:40 p. m.

For DuBois, Carversville and Clearfield, 7:25 a. m. 1:30, 3:35 p. m.

For Ridgway, Bradford and Rochester, 10:11 a. m.

For Ridgway, Bradford and Buffalo, 1:15 p. m. For Rochester, 10:35 a. m. 4:15 p. m.

ARRIVE. From Punxsutawney, Big Run and DuBois, 7:00, 10:11 a. m. 1:15, 4:12 p. m.

From Clearfield, Carversville and DuBois, 10:35 a. m. 12:45, 4:17, 7:31 p. m.

From Buffalo, Rochester, Bradford and Ridgway, 3:35 p. m.

From Bradford and Ridgway, 10:32 a. m. 3:35 p. m.

From Reynoldsville, 1:05, 3:02 p. m.

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 good for passage over any portion of the B. & P. and Beech Creek railroads are on sale at two (2) cents per mile.

For tickets, time tables and full information apply to E. C. DAVIS, Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa. E. C. LAFAY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Co., Lessee. CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

HEAD END November 30, 1898. HEAD END

Exp. Mail 10:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m.

10:00 1:35 Arr. PATTON...Lv. 4:30 4:00

8:20 1:02...Wetmore... 6:32 4:19

8:15 12:38...MAHAFFEY... 7:15 4:40

7:25 12:54...Kempoor... 7:15 4:40

7:40 12:02...GAZZAM... 7:50 5:15

7:22 11:55 Arr. Kempoor...Lv. 7:57 5:21

7:25 11:30...New Milport... 8:02 5:26

7:18 11:41...Olmata... 8:08 5:32

7:18 11:35...Mitchell... 8:15 5:39

6:37 11:11...CLEARFIELD... 8:43 6:10

5:15 10:51...Woodland... 9:00 7:00

6:08 10:44...Higler... 9:07 7:07

6:02 10:28...Washington... 9:14 7:10

5:33 10:28...Morrisdale Mines... 9:22 7:22

5:45 10:30 Lv. Munson...Arr. 9:30 7:30

5:30 9:56 Lv. PHILPSBURG...Arr. 9:53 7:53

6:03 11:40 Arr. PHILPSBURG...Lv. 10:14 8:12

5:43 10:15 Arr. Munson...Lv. 9:52 7:52

5:40 10:10...Winburne... 9:57 7:55

5:32 9:47...PEALE... 9:56 7:54

4:58 9:32...SNOW SHOES... 10:20 8:18

4:57 9:23...BEECH CREEK... 11:02 8: