

# The Star.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 8, 1893.

NUMBER 39.

VOLUME 1.

## Railroad Time Tables.

### 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 Nov. 15th, 1892, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Erie Creek station daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:10 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

10:05 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

1:20 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

4:50 P. M.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walston.

7:55 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

Trains Arrive—7:10 A. M. Accommodation from Bradford; 10:05 A. M. Accommodation from Bradford; 1:20 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford; 4:50 P. M. Mail from Bradford; 7:55 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford.

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

H. M. McLESTER, Agent, Buffalo, Pa.  
J. H. BARRETT, Gen. Pass. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

### ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday Dec. 18, 1892. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5.
Red Bank	10:45 1:30 4:15 7:00 9:45
Lawsontown	11:25 2:10 4:55 7:40 10:25
New Bethlehem	11:55 2:40 5:25 8:10 10:55
Oak Ridge	12:25 3:10 5:55 8:40 11:25
Maysville	12:55 3:40 6:25 9:10 11:55
Summersville	1:25 4:10 6:55 9:40 12:25
Brookville	1:55 4:40 7:25 10:10 12:55
Bell	2:25 5:10 7:55 10:40 1:25
Fallenburg	2:55 5:40 8:25 11:10 1:55
Reynoldsville	3:25 6:10 8:55 11:40 2:25
Pancoast	3:55 6:40 9:25 12:10 2:55
Paris Creek	4:25 7:10 9:55 12:40 3:25
DuBois	4:55 7:40 10:25 1:10 3:55
Sabula	5:25 8:10 10:55 1:40 4:25
Winterburn	5:55 8:40 11:25 2:10 4:55
Penfield	6:25 9:10 11:55 2:40 5:25
Tyler	6:55 9:40 12:25 3:10 5:55
Gen. Fisher	7:25 10:10 12:55 3:40 6:25
Benezette	7:55 10:40 1:25 4:10 6:55
Grant	8:25 11:10 1:55 4:40 7:25
Driftwood	8:55 11:40 2:25 5:10 7:55
P. M. P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M.	

  

WESTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5.
Driftwood	10:45 1:30 4:15 7:00 9:45
Grant	11:25 2:10 4:55 7:40 10:25
Benezette	11:55 2:40 5:25 8:10 10:55
Gen. Fisher	12:25 3:10 5:55 8:40 11:25
Tyler	12:55 3:40 6:25 9:10 11:55
Penfield	1:25 4:10 6:55 9:40 12:25
Winterburn	1:55 4:40 7:25 10:10 12:55
Sabula	2:25 5:10 7:55 10:40 1:25
DuBois	2:55 5:40 8:25 11:10 1:55
Pancoast	3:25 6:10 8:55 11:40 2:25
Reynoldsville	3:55 6:40 9:25 12:10 2:55
Bell	4:25 7:10 9:55 12:40 3:25
Brookville	4:55 7:40 10:25 1:10 3:55
Summersville	5:25 8:10 10:55 1:40 4:25
Maysville	5:55 8:40 11:25 2:10 4:55
Oak Ridge	6:25 9:10 11:55 2:40 5:25
New Bethlehem	6:55 9:40 12:25 3:10 5:55
Lawsontown	7:25 10:10 12:55 3:40 6:25
Red Bank	7:55 10:40 1:25 4:10 6:55
A. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.	

Trains daily except Sunday.  
DAVID McCARGO, GEN'L. Supt.,  
JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. Agt.,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT DECEMBER 18, 1892.

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

9:04 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 P. M., New York 9:35 P. M.; Baltimore, 6:45 P. M.; Washington, 8:15 P. M.; Pullman sleeping cars from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

9:38 P. M.—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 A. M.; New York, 7:10 A. M.; Through coach from DuBois to Williamsport and Harrisburg.

9:50 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:50 A. M.; New York, 9:30 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:50 A. M.; Washington, 8:20 A. M.; Pullman cars and passenger coaches from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper sleeping cars from Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

7:35 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:00 P. M. for Erie.

9:50 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 8:20 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 8:45 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, 11:40 P. M.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:50 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Harrisburg to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport and to DuBois.

TRAIN 11 leaves Renovo at 6:35 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:35 A. M.

### 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 Driftwood at 11:55 A. M.

### RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.	
SOUTHWARD.	
P. M. A. M.	STATIONS. A. M. P. M.
12:30 9:40	Ridgway 1:30 7:00
12:35 9:45	Island Run 1:35 7:05
12:40 9:50	Shocks Mills 1:40 7:10
12:45 9:55	Mill Haven 1:45 7:15
12:50 10:00	Cropland 1:50 7:20
12:55 10:05	Shocks Mills 1:55 7:25
1:00 10:10	Blue Rock 2:00 7:30
1:05 10:15	Vineyard Run 2:05 7:35
1:10 10:20	Carrier 2:10 7:40
1:15 10:25	Brookville 2:15 7:45
1:20 10:30	McMillan Summit 2:20 7:50
1:25 10:35	Harrisburg 2:25 7:55
1:30 10:40	DuBois 2:30 8:00
1:35 10:45	DuBois 2:35 8:05

  

NORTHWARD.	
P. M. A. M.	STATIONS. A. M. P. M.
12:30 9:40	Ridgway 1:30 7:00
12:35 9:45	Island Run 1:35 7:05
12:40 9:50	Shocks Mills 1:40 7:10
12:45 9:55	Mill Haven 1:45 7:15
12:50 10:00	Cropland 1:50 7:20
12:55 10:05	Shocks Mills 1:55 7:25
1:00 10:10	Blue Rock 2:00 7:30
1:05 10:15	Vineyard Run 2:05 7:35
1:10 10:20	Carrier 2:10 7:40
1:15 10:25	Brookville 2:15 7:45
1:20 10:30	McMillan Summit 2:20 7:50
1:25 10:35	Harrisburg 2:25 7:55
1:30 10:40	DuBois 2:30 8:00
1:35 10:45	DuBois 2:35 8:05

Trains leave Ridgway.  
Eastward. Westward.  
Train 8, 7:15 A. M. Train 11, 7:30 A. M.  
Train 9, 1:45 P. M. Train 12, 1:50 P. M.  
Train 10, 1:55 P. M. Train 13, 2:00 P. M.  
CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

## REFUSAL.

Clarinda's shy.  
She's mute, the rogue, and says me nay  
What'er I ask,  
Yet all I need is but to touch  
The velvet of her hand, to hear  
The resonant call me Shepherd, dear—  
Clarinda's shy.

Clarinda's shy.  
The rosy lips and lids me hence  
What'er I ask,  
Yet all I need is but to hold,  
For she has never been embraced,  
The living circle of her waist—  
Clarinda's shy.

Clarinda's shy.  
Her pinky ears, those lovely shells,  
When'er I speak  
She floods apace with rain of gold,  
Yet all I ask is only this,  
To melt upon her snow a kiss—  
Clarinda's shy.

—Norman Gate.

## SAVED BY LIGHTNING.

The effect of the electrical phenomenon on the nerves of finely strung individuals is not unlike that communicated by a sudden and severe fright when the controlling power of the brain seems entirely cut off from action. In persons of stronger nerves the effect is not so great unless at some former period the nervous system has been severely shocked, and even stunned, by the force of an electric current.

No person has had more frequent demonstration of this fact than myself. I am strong and robust by nature and would scorn the idea of being nervous. I have several times been placed in peculiarly dangerous positions, where considerable nerve and pluck were required for the right performance of my duty, and on all such occasions I have acquitted myself to the satisfaction of all my friends. But brave and strong as I am in the face of most dangers, I am weak and helpless in a heavy thunderstorm.

Since a certain memorable night in 1883 I have been absurdly susceptible to the influence of electricity in any form, and it is an easy matter for me to get a rising storm long before it has come up by the condition of the atmosphere and the effect it has upon my nerves.

I was telegraph operator at a small way station on a northern railway. My duties consisted in signaling the trains that passed by my door, selling tickets and acting as telegraph operator.

These combined duties kept me busy, and as there was scarcely a house within two miles of the station the quietness of the place would have been unbearable had I been at leisure to notice it. But when my work was finished, late in the afternoon, I always found a short time to devote to reading before the evening express came in, and this was soon looked forward to with genuine delight by me as a relief from my other duties.

The express was not always up to time, and I frequently found myself waiting until 8 o'clock before she arrived, reading, walking and otherwise passing the time as pleasantly as possible.

I was engaged in the former occupation rather earlier than usual one warm, sultry afternoon in August.

The weather had been so excessively hot that I had been compelled to lay aside all superfluous garments and to do my work in my shirt sleeves. It was just such a day as always closes with a heavy thunderstorm.

About 5 o'clock the atmosphere began to change. A few clouds appeared upon the western horizon, and the sounds of distant thunder could be faintly heard.

A gentle breeze swayed the pines and rustled the green leaves of the tall oaks. I thought at the time that it had a mournful, ominous sound, and as the distant cry of a loon fell upon my ear an unaccountable shiver ran through me.

I laughed at my own fears and arose from my feet to dispel all gloomy forebodings, and began to look up things around the freighthouse before the storm was upon me. When this was finished, I returned to my seat and watched the clouds scud across the now dark heavens.

In a little while the rain began to descend in torrents, pattering upon the tin roof of the station house like leaden bullets. The thunder pealed out with heavy reverberations, and the lightning was fairly blinding.

I closed up my instrument in the office and did not approach it again until the storm had passed. To have tampered with it in such tempest would have been folly. The lightning, as it was, played with the wire and the keys in an unpleasant manner and made me move farther away from it.

For half an hour the storm continued with unabated fury, and all along the track little rivers of rainwater were surging and rushing. The afternoon had grown suddenly dark, and it was impossible to discern an object twenty yards off. The usual time for the arrival of the evening express had passed, and still no indication of her coming had been received. This did not seem strange to me, as there was some danger of the track being washed out at different crossings, and it was probable that some delay would be caused.

I was only too glad to seek the shelter of the house again.

When the small office clock struck 9, I could stand it no longer, but donning my cloth cap and coat I opened the door to sally forth again. As I did so the shrill shriek of a woman greeted my astonished ears.

At first I concluded that it was the work of the wind, but a second time the cry rose above the storm, clear and distinct. There was no mistaking the sound. It was the cry of a woman in distress, and came out of the storm not far distant.

I started along the platform with an answering shout and had not gone far before I encountered a woman staggering along the track.

"What's the matter?" I inquired in as loud a voice as I could command.

"For heaven's sake, come quick!" she shrieked wildly. "Come quick! The train has run off the line! All are lost—my husband—my child—dead—dead!"

The horrible situation flashed over my bewildered senses in a moment. Just around the curve was a deep crossing, and the rain must have washed down the embankment in time to wreck the evening express. This woman was the only one saved, and she had managed to crawl up to the station for assistance.

I helped the woman up on to the platform, and told her to hurry into the station house and wait until my return. Then, with lantern in hand, I started on a run toward the scene of the disaster. It was barely a quarter of a mile to the crossing, but it seemed ages to me before I reached it.

All was quiet; not a moan nor shriek of any kind could be heard. The storm still raged around. I looked down the embankment, expecting to see a heap of broken, twisted iron mixed up with the dead and dying passengers.

I then examined the crossing and found the line in good condition. A small slip had been caused by a large current of water, but everything—so far as I could see—was in perfect order.

What could it all mean? And in an agony of fear and dread I stood still and thought. In my excitement I had not asked the woman where the accident had happened, but took it for granted that it was at the crossing.

It might be half a mile farther on, or it might be a mile or more, I reasoned. But, at all events, it would be better to return to the station and get the right place from the woman's own lips. So I turned my face in the direction of the station once more and began running with all my strength.

As I hurried along I glanced occasionally at the line to see if it was in good condition. When I reached the new switch, which was used for siding trains, I suddenly stopped. The switch was turned. I could not believe it possible that I had been so careless as to leave it in such a condition. If the express should come along when it was turned, nothing could save her from being dashed down a steep embankment.

While I was still wondering at the strange condition of things I heard the long, shrill shriek of the belated and, as I supposed, wrecked express. The next moment the headlight of the engine rushed in sight around the curve and made a long path of light along the line.

There was evidently no accident, but there would be one in a few moments if the brake was not turned back.

This could be done in one way only—by reaching the station before the train reached the switch, and turning the heavy lever that connected the two. Could I do it? I started for the station on a dead run.

I do not know how I reached it. I was dimly conscious of running blindly through the darkness, stumbling against the rails, and finally leaping upon the platform, seizing the iron lever desperately in both hands.

I heard the heavy bolts fly into their sockets, and then, before I could "key" it, the heavy wheels rumbled over the switch. It seemed for a moment that the heavy pressure would jerk the lever out of my hands, but I clung to it tenaciously, and finally the last wheel rumbled over the fatal place.

The evening express did not usually stop at the station, but merely slowed up to see if there were any passengers. But before I could recover from my excitement the long line of black carriages were brought to a standstill and the guard was hurrying toward me.

"Jim," he said, "take this package and lock it up securely in the safe until called for. Be very careful of it, for it is something valuable. I will explain later."

Then, without waiting for a reply, he shoved a small, heavy parcel into my hands, blew his whistle and leaped upon the train.

The next moment the long line of carriages was swiftly flying southward, and I was once more alone.

I remained seated in my chair, staring blankly at the wall for probably 10 minutes. A thousand thoughts and conjectures flashed through my brain during that time, and then, as I involuntarily turned my head, I started back with a nervous jump. In the doorway stood the woman who had told me about the accident.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "what is the meaning of this?"

She smiled, displaying her white teeth. "The meaning of what?" she asked in the quietest manner possible.

I jumped from my chair. "Of what?" I shouted. "Of telling me that the express had jumped the track—that your husband and child were dead. That's what, madam."

She laughed softly. "That was a ruse to get you to leave the station," she replied. "You are such a home body that I couldn't get you to go out in the storm unless I resorted to a trick. But you came near defeating my purpose, after all. You turned that switch back in its proper place just in the nick of time."

"Yes, and you turned it wrong in the first place, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"You see then?" I cried as I gazed on her in utter abhorrence. "Don't call me hard names. It makes me think that you don't appreciate my company, and I'm so sensitive!"

"Do you know what would have happened if I had not turned that switch into its proper position?"

Another light laugh. "Oh, yes, I know," said she. "I don't think you do."

"You want to draw me out, I see. Man, if you hadn't righted that switch a dozen or more mortals would have been hurled into eternity, and you would be tried for murder. I had no grudge against you and should have preferred to have the train wrecked near the crossing, but as that couldn't be I thought I'd throw her off near the switch. But you saved her and came near balking my plans. That stupid guard, who imagines himself so clever, arranged everything so nicely that he will be surprised tomorrow when you tell him the whole story."

"Are you crazy?" I asked.

"No, my dear. I never was saner than I am at this moment!"

"Pray what are you driving at then. I'd like to know?"

"I will enlighten you. You see that little parcel on the table, which your friend the guard let you keep for him?"

I laid my hand on the parcel and gave her a sinister look.

"Well, what of it?" I asked.

"It contains a sum of money anywhere between \$5,000 and \$10,000."

"Indeed?" I said contemptuously.

"Yes. It was to be sent to Edinburgh today, and as two or three of us got wind of the affair we concluded to stop it. By some strange mistake on our part the guard heard of our little plan at the other end of the road, and so to balk us he left it here with you. At the same time I concluded to play a double game and get the whole treasure for myself. For that purpose I called you out and turned the switch in order to wreck the train and so get hold of the money. You interfered and saved the train, but not the parcel. It is now in your hands, and I will ask you to hand it over without demur."

She made one step toward the desk, but I leaped toward it and grasped the parcel in both hands.

"Never!" I shouted. "This goes into the safe, and I warn you to get out before I pitch you out."

my papers were scattered all about. The work of the thunderbolt had been effective, but on the table lay the money untouched.

When the guard came, I handed him the property. The stranger was identified as a notorious thief, and I was duly rewarded by the company for my work in saving the money. But since that terrible shock a thunderstorm has been to me the most undesirable thing on the face of this earth.—True Flag.

## Handshaking in the Morning.

Speaking of "little things that sweeten life," the English have a pretty custom in the matter of handshaking. One hears a good deal from time to time about shaking hands being good form, then again not being good form, and one can't help thinking what a vapid nonsense it is—quite on a par with that style of handshaking that was introduced by a boil under a fashionable arm. But, to get back to the English, in every household—middle class or aristocratic—it is the custom for every one to shake hands with every one else when they meet in the morning and when they separate at night.

The children of the house come into the breakfast room, and instead of sliding into place at the table with a mumbled "Good morning," they greet father and mother with a kiss on the cheek and a cheery "Good morning, papa," and "Good morning, mamma," and then go through the same little ceremony with brothers and sisters, giving to the guests a hand and the pleasant words.—Washington Post.

## Sent "on the Road" by Steamboat.

C. B. Jefferson, who is one of the managers of "The Country Circus," has found a cheap way to take a play with a circus attachment "on the road."

Mr. Jefferson planned a series of performances at towns along the Hudson. The officials of Mr. Dupew's road refused to carry horses and ponies except in the freight cars, which didn't satisfy Mr. Jefferson, and the American Express company wanted \$250 for the use of one of its live stock cars. This sum, added to the fares of the human actors and the scenery, footed up \$500 to get the company out of town. Manager Jefferson brought his brains to bear on the problem and was inspired by the notion that inasmuch as the Hudson river runs past all the towns on its banks he didn't need to pay for railroad fares anyhow. He chartered a steamboat for \$200, and his actors and actresses and animals marched aboard the Jefferson ark and started on their tour in high spirits at the thought that Mr. Jefferson had \$200 more in his clothes than he would have had had he left town by rail.—New York Sun.

## Souvenir Coins.

The Chicago people do not think that the Columbian souvenir coins are a success from an artistic point of view. We quote C. V. Turner, the artist who designed the dedication medal: "It is quite on a level with the usual work of the mint. A very similar botch was made of the dollar at the beginning of the year. A competition was announced, and hundreds of designs were sent in, but the mint authorities rejected all and fell back on their own man. A good opportunity to produce an artistic coin was lost then, and a better opportunity has been spoiled now. It is no wonder that people are saying that the souvenir half dollar is not 'like Columbus.' They don't know, as a matter of fact, what Columbus was like, but they have a pretty clear idea that he was not the death mask the coin represents him to be."—Chicago Journal.

## Rate in a Lecture Room at Yale.

Judge Perry of Bridgeport opened the exercises in the Yale Law school with a lecture on evidence to the members before the junior class. Judge Perry had talked about half an hour when there was a commotion in the back of the lecture room. Several students jumped up on the benches and others began to kick at some imaginary object under the benches. Finally two immense rats showed themselves in front of Judge Perry's desk, and all the students joined in the pursuit of them. The lecture was suspended, and Judge Perry, indignantly putting on his hat, left the room. An investigation is being made, and the student who liberated the rats, if detected, will be suspended.—New Haven Letter.

## Enforcing Temperance in Railway Service.

Division Superintendent Dixon of the Illinois Central has commenced an active enforcement of the rule forbidding employees of that road to frequent saloons and gambling houses. Superintendent Dixon devoted one entire evening to making the rounds of all the saloons and gambling joints in the city, accompanied by a policeman, and carefully made notes of what he saw. The next morning a number of railway boys making their headquarters were informed that their services were no longer required.—Fort Dodge Cor. Chicago Tribune.

## Fast Day Losing Favor.

The New Hampshire legislature will be called upon to consider the doing away of the observance of Fast Day. The language of the bill introduced in the house is to the effect that the day has "long since ceased to be religiously observed and has become a useless relic of former times." With Fast day cut off, the list of legal holidays will be Thanksgiving, Labor day, Christmas, Fourth of July, 23d of February and Memorial day—six in all.—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

## Miscellaneous.

### C. MITCHELL.

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

### DR. B. E. HOOVER.

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

### 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, &c.

#### HOTEL BELNAP.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.  
GREEN & CONSER, Proprietors.

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.

#### AMERICAN HOTEL.

BROOKVILLE, PA.  
BUFFINGTON & LONG, Prop's.

Omnibus to and from all trains. European restaurant. House heated and lighted by gas. Hot and cold water. Western Union Telegraph office in building. The hotel is fitted with all the modern conveniences.

#### 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.