

The Star.

VOLUME 1.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 15, 1893.

NUMBER 40.

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

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

On and after Nov. 10th, 1892, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:10 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For points North between Falls Creek and Bradford. 135 a. m. mixed train for PUNNSAUTAWAY.

10:05 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry, Warren, etc.

10:45 A. M.—Accommodation—For Dulbois, Skyles, Big Run and Punnsautaway.

1:20 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Rochester, Salamanca, Buffalo and Bradford; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry, Warren, etc.

4:50 P. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry, Warren, etc.

7:35 P. M.—Accommodation—For Dulbois, Skyles, Big Run and Punnsautaway.

Trains Arrive: 7:10 A. M. Accommodation Punnsautaway; 10:05 A. M. Mail from Bradford; 1:20 P. M. Mail from Punnsautaway; 4:50 P. M. Mail from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:35 P. M. Accommodation from Bradford.

Thousands of tickets, at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. McNEELY, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. J. H. McNEELY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Bradford, Pa. 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.	No.6.	No.7.	No.8.	No.9.	No.10.
Red Bank	10:57	4:43								
Lawsonham	11:29	5:17	5:15							
New Bethlehem	11:38	5:25	5:21							
Oak Ridge	11:48	5:35	5:31							
Maysville	11:58	5:45	5:41							
Summersville	12:05	5:53	5:50							
Brookville	12:25	6:13	6:10							
Bell	12:31	6:19	6:16							
Falls Creek	12:43	6:31	6:28							
Reynoldsville	1:00	6:50	6:47							
Panost	1:08	6:58	6:55							
Falls Creek	1:20	7:10	7:07	11:55	1:45					
Dulbois	1:35	7:25	7:10	11:55	1:45					
Salina	1:47	7:38	7:23							
Winterburn	1:53	7:44	7:29							
Penfield	2:05	8:06	7:41							
Tyler	2:15	8:16	7:51							
Glen Fisher	2:25	8:26	8:01							
Benezette	2:33	8:34	8:09							
Grant	2:34	8:35	8:10							
Driftwood	2:39	8:40	8:15							
	P. M.									

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No.2.	No.3.	No.4.	No.5.	No.6.	No.7.	No.8.	No.9.	No.10.	
Driftwood	10:45	5:00	5:25							
Grant	11:20	5:30	5:55							
Benezette	11:28	5:41	6:06							
Glen Fisher	11:43	5:56	6:24							
Tyler	11:53	6:06	6:34							
Penfield	12:05	6:19	6:47							
Winterburn	12:16	6:25	6:53							
Salina	12:22	6:32	7:00							
Dulbois	1:05	7:16	7:44	12:15	5:40					
Falls Creek	1:20	7:30	7:58	12:30	5:50					
Panost	1:42	7:48	8:16							
Reynoldsville	1:47	7:49	8:17							
Falls Creek	1:58	8:00	8:28							
Bell	2:10	8:09	8:37							
Brookville	2:20	8:19	8:47							
Summersville	2:28	8:28	8:56							
Maysville	2:38	8:37	9:05							
Oak Ridge	2:46	8:45	9:13							
New Bethlehem	2:55	8:53	9:21							
Lawsonham	3:00	9:00	9:28							
Red Bank	4:00	10:00								
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.							

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID McCARGO, Gen'l. Supt., Pitsburg, Pa.

JAS. P. ANDERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Agt., Pitsburg, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT DECEMBER 18, 1892.

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

EASTWARD.

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 Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:28 P. M.—Train 4, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 A. M.; New York, 7:10 A. M.; through coach from Dulbois to Williamsport. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 A. M.

9:25 P. M.—Train 3, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 A. M.; New York, 7:30 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:20 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 A. M. Pullman Parlor car from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be carried into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

7:45 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, Dulbois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 4:30 P. M. for Erie.

5:20 P. M.—Train 2, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

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

THROUGH TRAINS TO DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 8:45 A. M.; Wilkesbarre, 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 Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport and to Dulbois.

TRAIN 1 leaves Renovo at 6:35 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:25 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 Ridgway at 11:55 A. M.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD.

NORTHWARD.

P. M. A. M. STATIONS. A. M. P. M.

12:10 9:40 Midway 1:30 7:00

12:18 9:48 Island Run 1:39 6:51

12:22 9:52 Mill Haven 1:46 6:46

12:31 10:02 Croftland 1:55 6:35

12:38 10:10 Short Mills 12:59 6:30

12:42 10:15 Hule Rock 12:54 6:25

12:44 10:17 Vineyard Run 12:52 6:20

12:46 10:20 Carrier 12:50 6:21

1:00 10:22 Brockwayville 12:38 6:06

1:10 10:42 McMinn Summit 12:31 5:57

1:14 10:48 Hays Run 12:36 5:52

1:20 10:55 Falls Creek 12:30 5:45

1:45 11:06 Dulbois 12:05 5:30

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward.

Westward.

Train 15, 7:15 P. M. Train 14, 3:30 P. M.

Train 6, 1:45 P. M. Train 11, 8:35 P. M.

Train 4, 7:55 P. M.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager.

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

LONGINGS.

I have tired of whispers and long for the full voice instead.

The full voice to strengthen and guide soul, heart and hand;

I am tired of shadows that give but a promise of light;

The purple gleaming stretches its fingers far down the night.

I am tired of starlight, filling the air with a mystical haze.

And I long for the moonlike glare, the light, the heat, the blaze;

I am so tired of groping in the valley of unrest.

And my heart's blood stands stagnant between the vale and the crest.

I am tired of all the vain deceptions of practical life.

The misunderstandings, the worry, the turmoil—eye, and the strife;

More than all, I am sick of self, with all its weak desire.

That burns in my heart like the flame of a funeral pyre.

Speak, O voice divine, and bid this curious heart be still;

Teach it to strive no more, to be satisfied with thy will.

For how vain is human longing when measured by thy power!

Let contentment still my lips and fill with peace each lowly hour!

—Mary Ingo Hoskins in New York Sun.

A SOUIRE'S ROMANCE.

Hop picking was always a gala time at Pendexter farm.

Far away the golden haze hung over the hills like a quivering veil; the bland air was full of soft, subtle fragrance of wild grapes ripening in the woods, and wherever a dead tree or rude stone wall afforded it a vantage ground, the silvery tangles of clematis wove a lovely garland, and the masses of goldenrod and purple fringed asters held up their clusters of dazzling bloom. And in the hopfield merry voices echoed from morning until night.

Will Pendexter, walking up and down the aisles of silver green leafage with his hands behind his back, might have reminded one of Boaz in the ancient Scripture story—princely Boaz standing in his harvest fields and giving a kind glance and pleasant word to every one.

"Isn't he handsome?" said little Fanny Dix to Miss Morgan, the rector's daughter. Fanny was a pale little dressmaker, with an incipient cough, who had been recommended by her doctor to spend a fortnight in the hopfields, and Miss Morgan, whose mother had died of consumption, picked hops every year on principle, just as Judge Marier's daughters visited Long Branch. "And all the handsome since he has turned gray! I do wonder why he never married."

"Don't you know?" said Miss Morgan sagely.

"No."

"I can tell you, then," said the rector's daughter, who dearly loved a morsel of genuine romance. "Because his first love jilted him."

"As if any one would jilt Will Pendexter!" said incredulous Fanny.

"Oh, but he wasn't Squire Pendexter then—and all this happened 20 years ago," averred Miss Morgan, her flying fingers never leaving off among the clusters of pale green hops. "That was before he inherited Pendexter farm. He was only a poor young farmer then, with his own living to make, and this was a beautiful girl who was spending the summer here. And they were engaged and all—and the very night before the wedding she ran away with an Italian, one Count Caprivi, who was singing on the New York stage."

Fanny drew a long breath.

"And what became of them?" said she.

"Oh, they went to Italy, where the count expected to succeed to large estates, and I suppose they are there now."

Fanny looked with secret awe at the ruddy face and magnificent height of Will Pendexter as he sauntered down the green aisles of waving tendrils and tremulous leaves, and almost wondered to hear him ask Mahala Bently about her baby in the offhand, ordinary language of everyday life, and give lame Billy Bartlett "Good day," just as if there had been no Count Caprivi in the world.

But Fanny Dix was but a girl yet. She did not know how 20 years will bridge over the darkest gulf in a human life. There is no scar that will not heal in 20 years. There is not a grave on which grass will not grow—aye, and daisies bloom—in 20 years.

"I do not know that we can take another hand, Simpson," said Squire Pendexter meditatively. "The field is crowded already."

"What I thought, exactly, sir," said the overseer respectfully. "But this 'ere is a pretty young slip of a girl, with a feeble mother dragging along on her arm. And a man don't like to say 'no' to such! So I thought I'd just speak to you before!"

"Where are they?" said the squire, rubbing the gold knob of his walking cane against his nose, and Simpson knew that the case of the forlorn strangers was safe enough.

"Mother, don't fret. Here comes the gentleman now," said a clear, soft toned voice, and Squire Pendexter found himself looking into a pair of wistful, deep blue orbs—orbs that belonged to a slight, beautiful girl dressed in faded fabric and worn shoes, who was leaning against the well curb. For while Simpson had been gone on his errand of inquiry she had drawn a bucket of clear, cold water out of the sparkling depths of the well and given her mother a drink out of the silver bound gourd which always hung there.

"Sir," without a moment's hesitation, "might I have a job of work in your hopfields? We have come from the city—mother and I—there's nothing to be

picked up there, and my mother is ailing, and we thought the smell of the hops might do her good. Please, sir, we'd work cheap, if only we might sleep in the barn and have a bit of something to eat between whiles!"

"I don't want you to work cheap," said the squire, assuming an aspect of unwonted gruffness to cover the sympathetic thrill in his voice. "I never grudging money's worth for good, honest work. As for the barn, my housekeeper can put you up in one of the vacant back chambers over the kitchen, and there's always enough to eat at Pendexter farm."

"Pendexter farm!"

The woman, who had been sitting on the mossy cattle trough, slowly lifted her head here and pushed back her worn sunbonnet.

"Where are we, Isora? Whither have we come? I knew a man named Pendexter once, who?"

"Yes," said the squire, who had given a little start at the first sound of that low contralto voice. "It was I, Clara Caprivi! To think that fate should have brought us together again after all these years!"

The pale woman struggled to her feet and clutched at her daughter's slim, strong arm.

"Let us go, Isora," said she. "We—we have made a mistake. Give me my shawl. Quick! Let us go!"

"But, mother, why?" soothed the girl who scarcely as yet comprehended all this byplay. "Don't you hear what the gentleman says? We can have work here and food and shelter. Mother, sit down again! You are trembling all over!"

"I tell you, child, you don't know!" said impatient Clara, possessed with a sort of wild, unreasoning terror. "We—we must go!"

"Clara," said the squire, he himself assuming the direction of affairs, "the child is right. Let bygones be bygones. You don't suppose I would turn you from my door?"

Clara looked into his face.

"Have you forgiven me, then?" said she.

"Forgiven you? Yes, years and years ago. Let us be friends again, Clara."

For his heart ached to see how pale and wan she was—how haggard were her cheeks, and how like smouldering fires the light burned in the sunken eyes.

She told him all that afternoon, while pretty Isora was stripping the clustered hops from the vines with a dozen girls as pretty and as blooming as herself, how her life had been an aimless wreck; how Carlo Caprivi had been no count after all, but a nameless pretender, with neither honesty nor money; how he had left her with the baby Isora on her hands to shift as best she might for herself, and was killed in a gambling brawl; how she had struggled on for years constantly feeling herself less able to wage unequal warfare with the world.

"Clara," said the squire, when she had finished, "why didn't you come to me?"

"Because I had wronged you so deeply," she faltered.

"You might have known I would have been kind, even to Caprivi's child. Well, it doesn't matter now. You are here, and you must stay here. Do you hear me, Clara? Must! Bless my heart! You'll grow strong in these country breezes, and that pale girl of yours will get color in her face."

So they staid at the Pendexter farm, and beautiful Isora Caprivi grew fatter to look upon with every passing day.

"Clara," said the blunt squire one day, "that girl of yours is prettier than ever you were."

"I know it," said Mme. Caprivi.

And as she spoke the words a pang of jealousy struck sharply through her heart. Yet was it not natural enough that Squire Pendexter should take note of Isora's opening loveliness?

And in her room that night Clara wrestled with her own heart and conquered it.

"He will marry Isora," she told herself. "Isora is beautiful, and he is in the prime of life—it is as it should be—while I—I am only a wreck, waiting on the shore of time for the usual billow to come and sweep me away. God bless his noble heart! God bless my sweet souled girl! And God grant that they may be happy together for many, many long and happy years!"

The squire came to Mme. Caprivi the next day with rather an embarrassed face.

"It is coming," thought Clara. "I knew it would."

"Clara," said he, "I've a question to ask you."

She held out her hand with a smile.

"Ask it, then, freely," she said graciously.

"Should I be making a fool of myself if, at my age, I were to marry?"

"You would be doing the most proper and natural thing in the world," Clara answered, still smiling, although her heart seemed to stand still within her.

"Then, by Jove, I'll risk it," said the squire jubilantly. "Clara, will you have me? Shall we begin our disjointed lives over again, my girl?"

Mme. Caprivi grew pale, then red.

"Halloo!" said Squire Pendexter, "have I spoken too abruptly? Have you?"

"No," said Clara faintly. "But—but I thought it was Isora that you loved."

"Then you thought wrong," said the squire briskly. "I have never loved any woman but you, Clara, and I never shall."

So they were married quietly, and the autumn of life shines softly over them as the veiled sunlight hangs its golden haze over the picked hopfields of Pendexter farm.

And poor Clara is content at last.—True Flag.

Advertisement in THE STAR.

EFFECT OF A FRIGHT.

A POMPADOUR THAT CAME FROM BEING CHASED BY A BEAR.

Experience of an Adventurous Young Traveler Among the Mountains of Mariposa, Cal.—A Terrible Race Down a Mountain Side—A Rash Shot.

George F. Leidig, the proprietor of Grant's Springs hotel, Mariposa county, who arrived here a day or two ago, says that game of all kinds is very plentiful in his vicinity and a few miles away in the high mountains.