

The Star.

VOLUME 4.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1896.

NUMBER 34.

Railroad Time Tables. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 10, 1895.

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

EASTWARD

9:04 a. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m. New York, 9:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:15 p. m.; Washington, 7:30 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:39 p. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m.; New York, 7:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 5:20 a. m.; Washington, 7:30 a. m. Pullman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Harrisburg and Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

7:35 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 7:00 p. m. for Erie.

9:50 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

11:25 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 8:50 a. m.; Washington, 7:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:15 a. m.; New York, 9:23 a. m.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:37 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:30 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 a. m.; Baltimore, 11:30 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 6:37 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.

TRAIN 1 leaves Renovo at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:55 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.
(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:30 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:45 a. m., arriving at Clermont at 10:40 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:30 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:44 a. m. and Ridgway at 12:00 a. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

P. M. A. M.	STATIONS.	A. M. P. M.
12:10	Ridgway	1:35 6:30
12:18	Island Run	1:25 6:22
12:22	Ilwaco	1:20 6:18
12:31	Croyland	1:11 6:05
12:38	Shorts Mills	1:02 5:58
12:42	Hite Rock	1:00 5:54
12:47	Vineyard Run	1:00 5:53
12:46	Carrier	1:00 5:53
1:00	Brookville	1:38 5:25
1:10	Mill Run	1:30 5:20
1:14	Harveys Run	1:26 5:20
1:20	Falls Creek	1:20 5:15
1:45	DuBois	1:05 5:00

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Westward.

Train 8, 7:30 a. m. Train 11, 1:30 a. m.

Train 6, 1:45 p. m. Train 11, 1:30 p. m.

Train 4, 7:55 p. m. Train 11, 1:30 p. m.

S. M. PREVOST. J. R. WOOD.

Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

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 June 17th, 1894, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

1:30 p. m. and 5:30 p. m.—Accommodations from Buffalo, Rochester and Niagara Falls.

8:50 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 and Erie.

9:55 a. m.—Accommodation—For Sykes, Big Run and Pennsylvania.

2:10 p. m.—Bradford Accommodation—For Rochester, Brockwayville, Elmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

5:10 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Pennsylvania and Buffalo.

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

J. H. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa.

R. G. MATHEWS, Gen. Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday May 26, 1895, 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.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Red Bank	10:45	4:40										
Lawsonham	10:57	4:52										
New Bethlehem	11:30	5:25	5:12									
Oak Ridge	11:38	5:33	5:20									
Mayeville	11:46	5:41	5:28									
Summersville	12:06	6:00	5:47									
Brookville	12:25	6:20	6:07									
Bell	12:31	6:26	6:13									
Feller	12:43	6:38	6:25									
Keokuk	1:00	6:55	6:44									
Conestoga	1:06	7:01	6:52									
Falls Creek	1:20	7:15	7:00	10:25	1:26							
DuBois	1:25	7:24	7:10	11:05	1:45							
Abala	1:48	7:47	7:33									
Winterburn	1:59	7:58	7:44									
Pendell	2:12	8:11	7:57									
Tyler	2:18	8:16	7:50									
Glen Fisher	2:26	8:27	8:01									
Bonsette	2:53	8:44	8:18									
Grant	3:12	8:58	8:28									
Driftwood	3:30	9:23	8:50									

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Driftwood	10:10	5:00	6:35									
Grant	10:42	5:32	7:06									
Bonsette	10:52	5:42	7:16									
Glen Fisher	11:06	5:56	7:30									
Tyler	11:20	6:10	7:44									
Pendell	11:30	6:20	7:54									
Winterburn	11:35	6:25	8:00									
Abala	11:47	6:37	8:12									
DuBois	1:00	6:50	8:25	12:10	5:00							
Falls Creek	1:14	7:04	8:35	12:20	5:10							
Conestoga	1:42	7:32	9:03									
Keokuk	1:58	7:57	9:05									
Bell	2:10	8:09	9:17									
Brookville	2:30	8:28	9:35									
Summersville	2:39	8:38	9:44									
Mayeville	2:59	8:57	10:04									
Oak Ridge	3:08	9:06	10:13									
New Bethlehem	3:16	9:14	10:23									
Lawsonham	3:47	9:47										
Red Bank	4:10	10:10										

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID GARBER, Gen'l. Supt.

JAS. P. ANDERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Ag't.

YOU.

The chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we can.—Emerson.

A flash! You came into my life,
And, lo, adown the years,
Rainbows of promise stretched across
The sky grows gray with tears;
By day you were my sun of gold,
By night, my silver moon,
I could not from the Father's hands
Have asked a greater boon.

Life's turbid stream grew calm and clear,
The cold winds sank to rest,
Hand clasped with you, no bitter pain
Found dwelling in my breast;
I did not dread life's care and toil,
Your love dispelled all gloom,
And now on graves of buried hopes
The sweetest violets bloom.

My every breath and every thought
Were pure because of you,
I had not dreamed that heaven could be
So close to mortal clay;
My hands and feet were swift to do
The good that near them lay,
And in my heart throughout the year
The joy bird sang each day.

A flash! You passed out of my life—
No, no! Your spirit still
Is sun and moon and guiding star
Through every cloud and ill;
As down the rainbow years I go
You still are at my side,
And some day I shall stand with you
Among the glorified.

—Clarence Urmy in Youth's Companion.

A STORY OF SIBERIA.

SUPERSTITIOUS DREAD DISPLAYED BY THE VILLAGERS.

Refused to Sell Their Homes to Make Room for the Construction of a Railway—Empowered by the Soldiers, They Set Fire to Their Houses.

The following incident, described by a Russian writer and quoted in the magazine Nedelia, throws a vivid light on the ignorance and fanaticism still prevailing in parts of the empire and the difficulties with which the government has to contend in carrying out such enterprises as the present road across Siberia.

The drama occurred in one of the Siberian towns, through whose suburbs the railway was to go. The doomed portion was thickly settled by Rascolniks (dissenters), who decided to defend their patrimony to the last. "Is it a possible thing," said they, "that any one should agree to such a shameless sale, to be put out by force from his own home? Who can have the right to destroy the roof whose every thatch was laid by the hands of our ancestors?" "Holy saints," lamented the Widow Glazikha, "how am I to sell for money not only the dust, but the soul of my father, that lives in my cellar?"

The guardians of the true faith pondered and puzzled whether it were possible to leave the nests where they were born, but the more experienced among them reasoned thus: "There won't be any help for us late or early. The point is not that they need our land for their road—they could find another way—but we ourselves are in their path. They want to scatter us, to get at our souls. They must cut us out at the roots or dig up the earth where our ancestors' dust is buried, so that our children may grow up in a strange land, may come forth among the people of the world. This is how the true faith is to fall!" In this manner the fight against expropriation turned into the defense of the true faith. A detachment of troops, the ispravnik (chief of police) and the employees of the railway put in an appearance.

Long did the ispravnik argue, making use of all his official eloquence to get the rebels to end the matter peaceably and move out of their own accord, in which case he promised to postpone the moment of emigration. The Rascolniks yelled obstinately: "We won't agree! Neither now nor tomorrow will we agree!" "You won't agree? All right, I am sorry for your children. I had never thought you were disobedient." The ispravnik waited another moment, granted and nodded to an under officer. A bearded old man of gigantic stature, with sparkling eyes, stepped forward, and clearly and precisely, as if into a speaking trumpet, shouted to the whole region: "Come out of your homes, all! They are going to destroy the roofs at once, and if you don't bring out your sick, your women, your children and your cattle, the soldiers will drag them out." In answer the whole region groaned with a groan. The cries of the women, the screaming of children, the wailing of grandmothers, the bellowing of the cattle as they were led out, all mingled in the confused roar.

The soldiers lined up in an instant. They seized the shopkeepers and workmen running from the town and drove them to the very edge of the street, into spaces between the houses, and formed a hedge to the road on both sides.

A crowd of policemen, under officers and railway employees struggled with the women, who fought with fury at their doors, planting themselves on the thresholds of their houses, defending their homes step by step, foot by foot. The work went on in every direction. The sick and children were carried out, the hands of the old men were dragged away from the steps of their houses, to which they clung with cries and weeping. Ladders were brought as if for a fire, some of the employees got quickly on to the roofs and fragments of the thatch came flying down. The expropriation had begun.

In one way or another the inhabitants were becoming to understand that their last hope was gone. The majority began of themselves to carry out their property, and the ispravnik moderated the

zeal of his men. But at that moment an incident took place that lightened the work of expropriation and served at the same time as proof that the old faith had not grown weak. The widow Glazikha stepped forth to support it. "Fire! Fire!" shouted some one. "Fire! Fire!" exclaimed the whole crowd.

The ispravnik, the engineers and the troops looked around. A column of flame shot up from the chimney of Glazikha's tightly closed house, long fiery tongues appeared through the crevices of the wooden beams, licking the cottage thatch, dried and inflammable from the July sun.

Glazikha rushed into her dwelling, barred the windows and doors from inside, then like a mad woman rushed into the kitchen, hauled out of it her whole stock of dried kindlings, lit it herself from her everburning sacred lamp, and seeing that the flame had caught she prostrated herself in prayer, falling on her knees before the holy icons and died in fanatical worship.

The troops had not succeeded in forcing their way into the house, when that of Zaiken, at the end of the street, blazed up. Next the blacksmith shop of Oreshkov, standing at the corner, caught, and soon the whole row of houses on the sides had become one glowing mass. The soldiers, policemen and employees, leaving the inhabitants of the suburb to fate, rushed to protect the police station, the stores of grain and other goods.

When the first sound of alarm brought the fire engines thundering from the town, there was nothing to save or take away. The fire in the suburb had died out. Finding no more food, the street was burned up, and the houses were leveled with the ground. The expropriation was finished.

These Were Called Great

Abbas I of Persia was designated the Great. The same title has been borne by many sovereigns, among them Alexander of Macedon, Alfred of England, Alfonso III of Asturias, Boleslaus I of Poland, Canute of England, Casimir III of Poland, Charlemagne, Constantine I, emperor of Rome; Ferdinand I of Castile, Frederick II of Prussia, Frederick William, the great elector; Gregory I, pope of Rome; Henri IV of France, Herod I, king of the Jews; Herod Agrippa I, the tetrarch; Hiao-Wen-Tee of China, because of the fact that under his patronage agriculture was practiced to a greater extent in China than ever before; John III of Portugal, Justinian I, emperor of the east; Khusrro of Persia, Leo I, Louis XIV of France, Ludwig of Hungary, Mohammed II of Turkey, Napoleon I of France, Nicholas I, pope of Rome; Otto I of Germany, Pedro III of Aragon, Peter I of Russia, Sapor II of Persia, Sigismund I of Poland, Theodor, king of the Ostrogoths; Theodosius I, emperor of Rome; Waldemar I of Denmark, Catherine of Russia.

At His Own Bids

"I remember," said a former surgeon in the Confederate army, "General Mahone as he appeared before Petersburg in 1864 and 1865. He was already famous throughout the army for his fighting qualities, for his peppy temper and for his many eccentricities.

"My duty as surgeon took me frequently past his headquarters, and one morning I saw Mahone pacing solemnly up and down in front of his tent, while a negro man sat in the doorway gorging himself with fresh baked biscuit. I turned to an officer who was looking on at some little distance and asked the meaning of the strange performance at Mahone's tent. Then came the explanation that the negro had baked a pan of sour and heavy biscuits for breakfast, and Mahone, by way of an object lesson, had set the cook down to eat all of his own product. The negro ate away as fast as possible, and Mahone kept up his patrol until the last biscuit disappeared. The performance was characteristic of the eccentric but determined little man who hit upon this strange method of punishment."

Triumph of Science.

Beelzebub—Alas, young man, you have sinned away your day of grace, and we are rejoiced that we have the pleasure of dumping you into the new combination brimstone pit prepared for sin de steele youths—

Young Suckley—Whew! By George, ole man, this 's immense. Where'd ye strike that brand?

Beelzy—Aren't you frightened, you lost sinner—

"Frightened? Nit! Say, could ye sell me a gross of them? What are they—straight out, hand rolled?"

"Do you trifle with your soul at such a time and place?"

"Trife nothing! A man who could make a smoking room smell like this on earth could corner the cigarette market for 100 years. By jocks, this 's immense!"—Cleveland Post.

The Servant Question In Africa.

The domestic servant at home is sometimes irritatingly exacting, but she is not a patch on her sister in South Africa. It is learned from the Johannesburg Times that the white domestic in that now populous center requires, like the navy on the mines, several Kaffirs to wait on her. She insists on having every evening to herself, and promptly gives notice if she is not granted the major portion of every Sunday in the year. She holds levees in her kitchen openly, and treats her many friends to the very best in the house, for no mistress in Johannesburg dares to look the pantry or the cupboard.

SWEET TOOTHED COONS.

A Great Feast of Honey That Two of Them Uncarried.

"You remember those two coons I told you about that we had with the crew and the dog up in the Cumberland mountains during the war," said Sergeant McGrew. "Well, those coons were about as much fun as the crew. A coon is pretty fond of devilment himself, and when he has a crew to help him whoop things up and there are two coons and a crew the hilarity is pretty continuous. Sometimes we could hardly get any work out of the men for watching the menagerie. If we had just had a monkey to top off the collection with, I am satisfied no one would have worked any. We did get a cub bear after awhile, but he was eclipsed by himself and the crew, though by himself a young pet bear is good company.

"Do you know that coons love honey as well as a bear? Well, they do, for a fact. There was a great high tree where our camp was, so tall and big that it shaded our whole camp. I used to notice that the two coons would go up that tree and get out on one certain limb and lay there for hours. I couldn't account for this except it was that they were hiding from that infernal crew that never gave them any peace. One day I thought I saw a little hole in the underside of that limb right under the coons, and I fancied I saw something moving. I got a fieldglass, and then I saw bees going in and out. The coons had smelled it out. They couldn't get to it, being on the underside of the limb, but they laid as close to it as they could get, keeping up a mighty switching and occasionally running their paws into the hole. But they never got a taste.

"Well, I reported the bees' nest, and we held a council of war. Some opposed cutting the tree down because of the shade it gave us. Others wanted to postpone action, but as the enemy was liable to chase us out any day, and I was as honey hungry as the coons, I objected. We decided to chop off the limb. It was so high up that the fall would have ruined the honey. We had a sailor chap, though, who could climb like a monkey, and he rigged up ropes so that when the limb was severed it was lowered gently down and never jarred the honey.

"Well, we split the limb. You never saw such a find of wild honey. There was about a barrelful, I should judge. When we had robbed it, we left the remains for the coons, and, Lord, what a time they had! They would cock their heads, run their paws down, lick off the honey, and an expression of real heavenly delight would creep into their faces. It was funny to watch them chew the comb till the honey was all gone, roll the wax up into a ball in their mouths and then remove it and dip down for more honey. And they seemed to recognize the service we had done them in cutting down the limb. They thought we had done it for their special benefit, and in coon language they showed their gratitude as plainly as could be as long as a speck of honey lasted. After that they returned to original sin and uninterrupted devilry."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Ticking of the Clock.

"The ticking of a clock," says Mr. Bngley, "is a sound so familiar that we take no thought of it till it ceases. Here are two or three of us sitting together talking. Suddenly we become dimly conscious that there is something missing; a moment later some one says, 'The clock has stopped.' Then we all listen. What a roomful of silence! Then we wind the clock and set it going. How pleasant it is to hear it again, and how loud and plain it sounds at first, but soon it sinks to its accustomed note, and with normal conditions thus restored we resume our conversation."—New York Sun.

Lombroso.

Professor Lombroso, the famous criminologist, is thus described by one who knows him well: "In appearance Lombroso is not distinguished. He is short and rather stout; a few silvery threads shine in his dark hair; his moustache is gray, his imperial entirely white. His conversation is simple and pleasing and rendered exceedingly interesting by his powerful memory and vast learning. Owing to his long residence in Turin, he uses many Piedmontese words and phrases."

A Bargain.

She—I bought you a beautiful box of cigars today.

He—But I've got cigars to burn all ready.

"Yes, but they were so cheap! The man told me the box alone was worth the price I paid."—Yonkers Statesman.

Given Warning.

Venomous snakes are slow in doing mischief. The cobra di capello, the toy of Indian jugglers, retains its fangs, but never uses them except to resent injuries, and then, opening its crest and hissing violently, it darts on its victim, who has no time to escape.

A New Test.

A cycling philosopher remarks as follows: "You can tell the nationality of a bicyclist by the direction of his feet. An Englishman looks at his feet. A German looks at the sky. A Spaniard looks straight ahead. A Frenchman always looks behind him. This last rule is without exception."—Gaulois.

The attachments of mere mirth are but the shadows of that true friendship of which the sincere affections of the heart are the substance.—Barton.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW.

General Harrison Advocates Town Meetings Once or Twice a Year.

Ex-President Harrison, in a series of articles on "This Country of Ours" in The Ladies' Home Journal, writes vigorously of the great necessity of the people insisting upon the strict enforcement of the laws. Directly upon this point he says: "We need general assemblies of the people in the smaller civil subdivisions, to be held regularly once or twice a year, town meetings in which two questions only shall be considered: First, are the public officers faithfully and honestly transacting the public business? Second, are the laws—not this law nor that, but all laws—enforced and obeyed? All questions of law reform should be excluded, left to parties or societies organized to promote them. The enforcement of the law, whether we opposed or aided the making of it; the strict accountability of public officers, whether we opposed or aided their election, should be the objects and the limits of these meetings. There should be no distinction of persons.

"Our law and order movements are too apt to be confined to what we