

**THE PILOTBOAT.**

From our window I can see  
The great ships sailing, proud and free,  
As to and fro they glide  
Across the shining, sunlit sea.  
Their forms majestic bear a claim  
Which golden links will bind in one  
All lands and peoples, "and the sea"  
Far out on the wide and open sea  
They bound along so fleetly  
"Should seem that the seaward came  
Their compass true would guide them home,  
But near the land they need a hand  
To lead them through the dangerous ways;  
At harbor gate they lie and wait  
For busy pilots to appear,  
And into port their course to steer.

A little boat that seems a mote  
Hides easily down the narrow bay,  
The thing on steam floored wing  
Flies gently out with buoy speed.  
It looks so swift, it seems to me,  
Too weak the vessel huge to lead.  
With seeming grace it lies alongside  
Of the great ship, and the seaward come  
Whose greatness now, with shore set free,  
In weakness follows the little craft.

In the way of life  
The struggle is the same,  
The weak may aid the strong,  
And none so great or high in state  
But he may need the aid of one  
—Margaret May in Boston Transcript.

**THE LIMIT OF HARD LUCK.**

**Varied Experiences of Cheap Theatrical Companies on the Road.**

Actor folks have some varied and peculiar experiences.

"Once upon a time," as all good stories begin, there was a company which stranded at North Worth, Tex. They were in sore straits—owed a hotel bill, the printer and the grocer, and under the existing circumstances some one met one of the actors and said:

"Old man, let me give you a friendly tip—get out of here and go to Little Rock. There's the town, 'no boy.' It's on a boom, and you can't play for less than \$700 or \$800 to save your life."

This sounded well, very well, and the actor, who by the way was the "heavy man," or "villain," of the company, submitted the proposition to a called meeting of the company in the parlor of the hotel, the result of which was an agreement that each one should pawn something and raise the cash to pay the bills, railroad fare, etc. This was done, and in due time they arrived at Little Rock.

On the train it had been agreed, after a seat to seat consultation, that the company should ride up town, put on a bold front and be particularly pleasant to everybody. So when the train pulled into Little Rock they dismounted, and the bus was so filled that the "heavy man" had to ride on the front seat with the driver.

"Fine evening, looking like a villain."

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"That's a beautiful sunset over there," continued the actor, pointing to a red glow at his feet.

"Sunset, navviah!" snorted the driver in full scorn. "That's the operay house burnin' down."

While I am here, let me as well tell of that other company, a repertory company, which played 12 days, opening Monday afternoon and playing twice a day for the entire week in towns not usually good for "one light stand" for a metropolitan audience.

This one opened on a Monday afternoon at Havana, O., an extraordinary stand, and, in fact, a "one light stand" for a metropolitan audience.

Two o'clock came and not a single soul in the house; half past 2, and the anxious "actor-manager" looking out the "speephole" at the janitor, and one lone individual sitting in stately silence in the middle of the "hall."

To close and not play meant the circulation of the report that the "actor-manager" was about to leave the town, and the actor-manager stepped before the curtain and said:

"Sir, notwithstanding that you are the only distinguished citizen of this progressive place who has deigned to honor us with your presence at this, our opening performance, I wish to state that we shall proceed with the performance and give just as usual a first-class show, though the house was packed to the walls."

"I wish you'd hurry up, then," grunted the audience, "for the janitor, and I want to go home."—Denver Times.

**Man, Poor Man!**

He cannot put a puff round his elbow when his sleeves wear out.

His friends would smile if he disguised a pair of frayed trousers with graceful little buttons.

He would likewise be grieved if he sought to cover the ravage of a spark from his cigar with an applique of even the finest lace.

The poor thing must shove every other day at the outside or pose as an anarchist.

He has to content himself with somber colorings or be accused of disturbing the peace.

He may not wear flowers or ribbons in his hair, no matter how bald he becomes.

His heels would have a guardian appointed should he take to lace trimmed lingerie.

The feathers in his cap are as nothing from the decorative standpoint.

He may not wear a monocle or a lace overshirt when his pearl trousers become lacy.

He can't edge his coat sleeve with a fl of lace to hide a scarred or maimed hand.

A pink veil is out of the question, no matter how muddy his complexion may become.

As for covering up the stain made by careless water with a jabot—no!

Moral: We're glad we're a helpless woman.—Philadelphia Record.

A pretty story is told in the San Francisco Argonaut of how John C. Fremont informed his wife (see Jessie Benton, who spent her girlhood days in St. Louis) of the joyful news of his election as senator from California in 1850. The ballot of the delegates took place in San Jose, and Mrs. Fremont was at Monterey, and as there was but little prospect that she would see the result would be an immediate gratification.

Before a blinding night she wrote her "remont's" wife. She heard nothing but the storm without till the door opened at a man, dripping with rain, stood on the threshold and asked in consideration of his sorry plight if he might enter. It was Fremont. He had torn himself away from his idolizing followers and fled out into the darkness and storm to his wife, because they did not understand he had been elected to the United States Senate.

Though it was late in the night when she reached Monterey, he was in the saddle before dawn and on his way back to San Jose, making in all a ride of 60 miles.

**SIDE LIGHTS ON LIFE.**

A hero of today has no title deed for tomorrow.

The painless dentistry is merely the art drawing it mild.

A kiss by moonlight is one of love's onerous arguments.

A baby cuts his teeth before he is on sacking terms with them.

The instructor of a swimming school literally drowns those of today in one notable and bridge path, formed the only one of its kind in the world. Not until the sixteenth year of Charles II—that date was any systematic effort made to improve the roads of England.

**DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.**

**A LONG JOURNEY.**

**How a Piece of Mail May Follow the Address.**

"The United States is getting pretty big in a postal sense as well as territorial," said a postoffice inspector, "and for 2 cents a piece of mail can have a good run for the money. Suppose we put in a spare moment in seeing what may be done for 2 cents, though a copy of The Star carrying a penny stamp goes as far as a letter."

"A reader of the Star writes from Manila for a copy of the paper. It would be sent him under the second thin class matter rate of 1 cent a pound, but as the public understands the regular newspaper rate of four cents for 1 cent, we will take that as a basis for our figuring."

"It is mailed in Washington and travels 3,250 miles to San Francisco and thence approximately 6,000 miles to Manila, stopping en route at Honolulu, which is 1,200 miles from San Francisco. In the meantime the subscriber has returned to the United States to his home in Eastport, Me., having left directions at Manila for the forwarding of his mail. The paper is returned by the mail carrier to the postoffice at Eastport, where it is put in a box for the same route, covering this time about 9,500 miles to the most eastern city in the United States.

"This particular subscriber happened to be of a roving disposition, and before the paper arrived at Eastport, Alaska, he had shipped out for Cape Nome. He wished to keep in touch with Washington affairs, however, so he left another forwarding order with the postmaster, and the paper faithfully followed him to the goldfields, an additional distance of 2,700 miles, making a total journey thus far of 25,150 miles.

"If the paper were tired at this stage of the chase, the subscriber was not, and when it reached Cape Nome there was another forwarding order awaiting it, this time to Sitka, Alaska, a further distance of 2,500 miles, making a total journey thus far of 27,650 miles in the arctic seas.

"If the pursuing paper had been a dog, he would have exclaimed, 'Folled again!' scowled and bit his lip. The subscriber had had enough of traveling by this time and had started for home, but, desiring to read this particular number of The Star, he had left still a further forwarding order, the paper, or rather, what was left of it, was tossed in a mail bag and shipped to the States. If it came in by the way of San Francisco, it traveled 3,250 miles further, arriving somewhat battered, but still in the ring, after a total journey of no less than 32,925 miles."

**THE JEWEL CASKET.**

Tout costs are set in rings, purses, chains, umbrellas tops, or whatever fancy dictates.

The barbaric beauty of rough gold and silver jewelry is the next novelty expected in the jewelry line. The colored stones which have ushered in all our late fashions is to be trusted.

A broad collar in openwork of brilliant stones, set in a variety of combinations, very large cat's paw turquoises, the long axis running across the collar, is a striking example of the growing vogue of color in the necklace.

Watch cases of plain, lustrous colored enamel bear floral forms of carved gold in all degrees of relief from low to very high. So distinct are some of these forms from the old-fashioned "spray of flowers" that they are new.

New art necklaces show in the jeweler's cases side by side with the most costly pearl and diamond collars. These promises to be a great success, and the new necklaces and colored gems all combine in one single concept, making the new throat pieces radiantly beautiful.—Jewelry Circular-Weekly.

**BRAKES AND COUPLINGS.**

Preliminary returns of the six largest French railways for 1900 show increase of 100,000 tons over 1899 of \$15,450,000, or 6 per cent.

The municipality of Berlin has just paid 10,000,000 marks for the Siemens-Halske tramway, the most important stop in being on the German capital. The Prussian government is preparing to run electric railroad trains at 25 miles an hour.

One hundred and sixty miles an hour is the speed aimed at by a new electric railway company in Germany under the direct patronage of the emperor. Cars with accommodations for 50 persons, and 12,000,000 is estimated to be the cost in whose health is detected the odor of onions while on duty will be taken from his car and suspended or discharged.

Employees of the Chicago City Railway Company must not offend the public in such manner. "Passengers of the road had made frequent complaints in regard to the matter."

**BILL OF THE PLAY.**

Bessie Bonhill is singing in England. Mme. Rejane is to make a tour of South America in 1902.

Dore Davidson has just finished a play entitled "The Sun of the Ganges," which is to be produced in London.

The "Castles Inn" is being made for Jean de Reszke who is receiving \$2,000 for each appearance with the Metropolitan Opera company in New York.

Mrs. H. C. De Mille and Harriet Ford are said to have written a play founded on the life of Jean-Baptiste de La Salle. They have seen army service with the French.

R. D. McLean and Odette Taylor are to star next season in revivals of "The School for Scandal," "Coriolanus" and "King Lear."

The "O'Ruddys," the late Stephen Crane's uncompleted novel, is being finished by Mr. A. E. W. Mason and will be dramatized by Mr. David Belasco.

One hundred and thirty engagements with Miss Netherstone on a dramatization of her novel, "A Daughter of the Vine," is also at work on a play based on her romance novel, "The Girl in the Blue." "There is art in humor," says Mr. Irwin. "I know most people think that but there is—yes, admirable, elusive, splendid, subtle art. Everybody more or less has a sense of humor, but few have really art."

**THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.**

The St. Louis World's fair bill passed the senate all night, and we will have in Missouri in 1903 the biggest World's fair ever held anywhere—Mexico (Mo.) fair over the world's fair.

We will not only have a great fair, but we will make St. Louis the greatest inland city in the world. Things are now coming our way in Missouri.—Cass County Leader, Harrisonville, Mo.

St. Louis got the World's fair appropriation of \$5,000,000 before congress adjourned. She will now set the pace for the next three years to the balance of the country.—Hollen (Mo.) Enterprise.

**FLOWER AND TREE.**

Heather grows in many parts of South Africa.

The bamboo is styled the national plant of China.

The guava tree bears fruit more months in the year than any other semi-tropical tree.

In South America the Brazilian peasant women often take their infants down to the water and use the leaves of the water hyacinth to wrap them in. The leaves are often a yard in diameter, circular and with an inch high border which stands up like the rim of a tea cup.

**Strapped.**

Watts—I remember yet how, when I misbehaved, my mother used to strap me.

Potts—When I misbehaved, my father used to strap me to a bush.—Indianapolis Press.

**The Real Thing.**

Hotel Guest—Can you get me an unbridged city anywhere in the house? Bell Boy—I'm afraid not, sir, there aren't any.—Only 25c. Sold by Paules & Co. druggist.

**PERSONALITIES.**

Earl Roberts' is the first name in King Edward's new visitors' book.

Congressman Bingham of Pennsylvania is a devotee of the white waistcoat.

Lord Lister, who was sergeant surgeon to Queen Victoria, has been gazetted sergeant surgeon to King Edward.

London, O., is without a weather oracle since the death of Samuel H. Davidson, who had the daily records complete for 70 years.

The favorite drink of Captain McCalla, U. S. N., is homemade raspberry vinegar. Mrs. McCalla makes him a store of it for every cruise.

George Speyer, the well known banker of Frankfurt, Germany, has given 1,000,000 marks to the city to promote scientific instruction.

Earl Fitzwilliam was the only member of parliament called for the opening under Edward VII who was also summoned by Victoria in 1837.

John G. Milburn, the president of the Buffalo Pan-American exposition, is a prominent lawyer of Buffalo. He is a native Englishman, but came to this country at the age of 15.

H. B. Irving, the elder of Sir Henry Irving's two sons, began life as a lawyer and became a barrister of the inner temple while engaged at the Comedy theater, London, in 1894.

James J. Hill, the famous railroad magnate, when recently asked of his start in business, replied: "Forty years ago I came over the Canadian frontier a boy without money or friends, and—well, I just started."

Cy Sulloway, the giant congressman from the First New Hampshire district, has served three terms, has been re-elected to the Fifty-seventh congress and now announces that he is a candidate for the Fifty-eighth.

Probably no negro has ever been accorded such distinction in music as S. Coleridge Taylor. His production of "Hawahuti" is rendered by many of the leading musicians in England and America. He is yet under 30 years of age.

Isaac Newton Hayden, who died recently in Honolulu, leaving an estate valued at \$2,250,000, began business at the Hawaiian capital 30 years ago as a carpenter. He prospered at his trade, branched out as a contractor and made money hand over fist.

William Dickerson, an engineer living at Chelsea, Mass., is the moving spirit in an organization of 50 or 60 men and women of that part of the state who say they are descendants of Oliver Cromwell and as such entitled to a share in the division of the world's goods, which they have been assured, has been lying for generations in the Bank of England.

**STAGE GLINTS.**

Andrew Mack is to revive soon his old success, "An Irish Gentleman."

Richard D. Hunt is about to make his first appearance for some years in Paris.

Crystal Herne is to play Glory Quire in a forthcoming production of "The Christian."

May Robson, John Mason and Hilda Spong are announced for entrance into stellar ranks next season.

George F. Hackett, of New York City has been engaged for a term of five years with the Royal Opera in Berlin.

William Brady's revival of "Uncle Tom" on a big scale in New York has been a tremendous success, the audiences being large from the start.

James C. Hackett, who is appearing in "The Pride of Jennico," is 31 years of age, but he has played 125 different stage characters in his career.

The opening lines in "The Dairy Farm" are "spoken" by Nero, the chum dog, who barks up the curtain on the first scene in the most vociferous manner.

Paul Rankin, who is playing in London, recently took a trip to Cambridge university and sang for the students. She received a tremendous reception and a wagon load of flowers.

A conservative estimate places the fortunes of Blanche Walsh at \$50,000, Alva Rehan at \$25,000, Edna Wallace Hopper at \$25,000, Mary Adams at \$75,000, Carmel D'Arville at \$70,000, Virginia Harrell at \$65,000 and Magie Clue at \$45,000.

**APHORISMS.**

The only jewel which will not decay is knowledge.—Wagstaff.

Resolution is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.—Richter.

Rashness is the characteristic of ardent youth and prudence that of mellowed age.—Cicero.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all other virtues.—Cicero.

That nation is best that procures the greatest happiness for the greatest number.—Hutchinson.

Not wealth nor ancestry, but honorable conduct and a noble disposition make men great.—Ovid.

He that will make a good use of any part of his life must allow a large part of it to recreation.—Locke.

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of tricks and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another.—Colton.

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities and for no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.—Gail Hamilton.

Sign of Spring?

"Have you heard a robin yet?"

"No, but I've seen a woman with her hair in the most ridiculous curl up in the back yard."—Chicago Record.

All That's Coming to Him.

The fool—Your hand is entitled to a little respect, madam.

The Wife—Well, that's what he gets.—Detroit Free Press.

Pinching the Blame.

"My dear," said the meek Mr. Newfield, "I don't like to complain, but this omelet you've made."

"What's the matter with it?" she inquired.

"Well—it's rather hard to cut it, and"

"Gracious, I was afraid that man would send me such eggs! I'll stop dealing with him."—Philadelphia Record.

Old Soldier's Experience.

M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran of Winchester, Ind., writes: "My wife was sick a long time in spite of good doctor's treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, which worked wonders for her health. They always do. Try them. Only 25c at Paules & Co's drug store."

**U. & W. RAILROAD.**

**TIME TABLE.**

In Effect September 1st, 1899

**GOIN WEST**

STATION	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
NEW YORK	7:30	10:30	7:30	10:30
Harbort St.	7:35	10:35	7:35	10:35
Christopher St.	7:40	10:40	7:40	10:40
Hoboken	7:45	10:45	7:45	10:45
Seranton	7:50	10:50	7:50	10:50
Scranton	7:55	10:55	7:55	10:55
Bellevue	8:00	11:00	8:00	11:00
Scranton	8:05	11:05	8:05	11:05
Scranton	8:10	11:10	8:10	11:10
Scranton	8:15	11:15	8:15	11:15
Scranton	8:20	11:20	8:20	11:20
Scranton	8:25	11:25	8:25	11:25
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