

# The Star.

VOLUME 1.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1892.

NUMBER 10.

## Miscellaneous.

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

**D. R. B. E. HOOVER,**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.  
Resident dentist, in building near Methodist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentleness in operating.

**HOTEL MCCONNELL,**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.  
FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.  
The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free 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'rs.  
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.  
JAS. H. CLOVER, Proprietor.  
Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omnibus to and from all trains.

**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 May 23d, 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 Punxsutawney. 7:15 a. m. mixed train for Punxsutawney.

**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 to, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

**10:25 A. M.**—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

**1:20 P. M.**—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Elmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

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

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

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

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. GEO. W. BARTLEY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Bradford, Pa. Rochester, N. Y.

**ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY** commencing Sunday July 10, 1892. Low Grade Division.

**EASTWARD.**

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	101	102
Red Bank	10 40	4 30			
Lawnham	10 54	4 44			
New Bethlehem	11 08	4 58			
Oak Ridge	11 22	5 12			
Millville	11 36	5 26			
Mayville	11 50	5 40			
Somerville	12 04	5 54			
Brookville	12 18	6 08	6 15		
Falls Creek	12 32	6 22	6 34		
Reynoldsville	12 46	6 36	6 54		
Punxsutawney	1 00	6 50	7 02		
Falls Creek	1 14	7 04	7 10	10 55	1 35
DuBois	1 28	7 18	7 20	11 05	1 45
Sabula	1 42	7 32			
Winterburn	1 56	7 46			
Penfield	2 10	7 60			
Tyler	2 24	7 54			
Glen Fisher	2 38	8 08			
Benezette	2 52	8 22			
Grant	3 06	8 36			
Draftwood	3 20	8 50			
	P. M. P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M.				

**WESTWARD.**

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 10.	106	110
Driftwood	10 10		4 35		
Grant	10 24		4 49		
Benezette	10 38		5 03		
Glen Fisher	10 52		5 17		
Tyler	11 06		5 31		
Penfield	11 20		5 45		
Winterburn	11 34		5 59		
Sabula	11 48		6 13		
DuBois	12 02	7 00	6 27	12 00	5 30
Falls Creek	12 16	7 14	6 41	12 15	5 40
Punxsutawney	1 34	7 30	6 59		
Reynoldsville	1 48	7 44	7 17		
Falls Creek	2 02	7 58	7 35		
Brookville	2 16	8 12	7 53		
Somerville	2 30	8 26			
Mayville	2 44	8 40			
Millville	2 58	8 54			
Oak Ridge	3 12	9 08			
New Bethlehem	3 26	9 22			
Lawnham	3 40	9 36			
Red Bank	3 54	9 50			
	A. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.				

Trains daily except Sunday.  
DANIEL McCARGO, Gen'l. Supt.,  
Pittsburg, Pa.  
JAS. P. ANDERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.,  
Pittsburg, Pa.

## DO YOU NEED A NEW ATTIRE?

If so, and you want a good fitting and well made suit at a reasonable figure you will receive same by placing your order with

**J. C. Froehlich,**  
THE ARTISTIC TAILOR,  
Next door to Hotel McConnell, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

## Prayer Unanswered.

A missionary had taken his wife with him to India. There she died, and the brokenhearted widower received permission from the missionary board of his church to come home. Here he promptly consoled himself, and with his second spouse returned to the field of his former labor. But fate was still unkind and at the end of a year he was once more bereaved. Again he besought the permission of the board to return home, but this time they gently but firmly declined, saying that they did not feel justified in the expense of giving him two vacations within two years. They suggested, delicately, however, that if his desire was to reconquer himself for his recent loss it was possible for him to deputize a friend to secure for him a new partner of his joys and sorrows. This he accordingly did.

The day the steamer was signaled the bridegroom elect went down to meet it, accompanied by a married friend. When the latter returned he was pounced upon by his own wife, who demanded all the particulars of the meeting. "Did Dr. Smith seem much overcome when he saw Miss Brown?" was the first question. "Well—yes—a little." "Wasn't he overjoyed?" "Well—overjoyed is not just the word, perhaps." "Why, didn't he say he was delighted?" "Well—not exactly." "But, at least, he seemed pleased?" "Well—I don't quite know." "For mercy's sake, tell me just what he did say and do." "Well—with evident reluctance. "When he saw her she was at the other end of the deck and she was pointed out to him by the friend she had traveled with. Smith looked at her for a minute, and then he passed his hand over his eyes and I heard him murmur, 'Red hair—for the third time—and after so much prayer!'"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## His Rebuke.

Much of the music sung in city churches would scarcely be characterized as "sacred" if it were heard anywhere except in the house of God. And there are some odd people who even in this age of progress consider that such music belongs rather to the concert room than to the church.

Parson Snow was one of these people, and when he "exchanged" one Sunday with an old college friend who was settled over a large city parish he was both amazed and shocked by the vocal display—the anthem—with which the members of the choir electrified the congregation.

"They had fine voices, my dear," he explained to his little wife when he was safely back in his own home, "and I presume they wanted to show them off, and so took advantage of a time when their pastor was away. I thought at first of rising and requesting them to desist. Then I felt that perhaps it would be my duty to report the matter to Doctor Green."

"But I finally concluded that, as it was undoubtedly a first offense and caused by an almost pardonable vanity, I would deal gently with them. So I waited until they had finished, and then I rose and said, 'We will now begin the religious services of the morning.'"

"And I feel sure," concluded the simple minded pastor, "that they felt my rebuke and will not let such a thing occur again!"—Youth's Companion.

## The "First Edition" Craze.

Is this hankering after first editions but a mere craze or fashion?—in which case I would venture to predict that when the book loving and book buying public once begins to consider seriously what it is that really constitutes the value of any first edition the ridiculous and artificially enhanced prices of such issues will fall.

Upon this public weakness, whether fostered by sentimental or any other feeling, the booksellers are now trading and are in the habit of calling attention in Roman capitals in their catalogues to first editions of almost every conceivable book—of course at the same time adding a correspondingly increased price to books which are hardly worth purchasing in any edition.

For the present great demand for first editions the keen competition among English speaking peoples from abroad for any book of special value now offered for sale may be in a great degree responsible, aided by a large class of unreasoning beings who buy books merely because they are first editions, and who by dint of their long purses are able to "rush in where angels fear to tread." These are they upon whom ordinary book lovers look with dread, and the booksellers not always with approval.—Notes and Queries.

## How He Came to Write a Book.

How Professor E. A. Freeman came to be the author of the famous work on the Norman Conquest is curiously interesting to those taking part in competitions. That subject was selected for an English prize essay at Oxford, but the essay that he sent in did not win. He went on studying the matter, wrote the foregoing standard book and was, in consequence, afterward elected by the university to the lucrative post of professor of history.—London Tit-Bits.

## Mothers Afraid of Sterilized Milk.

Sterilized milk in bottles, one for each feeding, can be procured in almost all large cities, but it is generally beyond the reach of the really poor. One of the greatest difficulties, however, to be encountered in establishing the general use of this milk will lie in the effort to convince mothers of its desirability.—Lippincott's.

## THE NOBLER LOVER.

If he be a nobler lover, take him!  
You in you I seek, and not myself;  
Love with men's what women choose to make him.  
Seraph strong to soar, or fawn eyed elf  
All I am or can, your beauty gave it.  
Lifting me a moment high to you,  
And my bit of heaven, I fain would save it—  
Mine I thought it was, I never knew.  
What you take of me is yours to serve you.  
All I give, you gave to me before;  
Let him win you! If I but deserve you,  
I keep all you grant to him and no more;  
You shall make me dare what others dare not.  
You shall keep my nature pure as snow,  
And a light from you that others share not  
Shall transfigure me where'er I go.  
Let me be your thrall! However lowly  
Be the bondsman's service I can do,  
Loyalty shall make it high and holy;  
Naught can be unworthy, done for you.  
Men shall say, "A lover of this fashion  
Such an icy mistress well besseems."  
Women say, "Could we deserve such passion,  
We might be the marvel that he dreams."  
—James Russell Lowell.

## Cats of Long Age.

The piercing and cutting teeth of some of the cats of long age are the most perfectly adapted instruments for cutting purposes that ever were seen, being unequalled by any manufactured tools for such uses.

For example, there was the "gomphodus," which was as big as the largest panther and had two teeth in its upper jaw resembling daggers, each five inches in length. As weapons for penetrating flesh they are unrivaled among carnivorous animals, recent or extinct. They are rather like the teeth of some huge flesh eating dinosaurs, the "terrible reptiles" of the Mesozoic epoch, which had cutting teeth that nothing could resist. Doubtless this creature was inconceivably bloodthirsty. Quite as fierce, however, and even more formidable by reason of its greater size, was the contemporary "pogonodon," which was as large as the biggest jaguar.

There were two species of this animal, which held the field in Oregon during the period I speak of against all rivals. It was undoubtedly a great destroyer of life among the herbivorous beasts.—Interview in Washington Star.

## Carrier Pigeons in France.

Englishmen, it appears, enjoy in France a curious privilege, which is rigidly withheld from Germans and Belgians. It is that of flying carrier pigeons. This, however, as explained by Mr. Tegetmeier in his curious lecture on this subject, is on the strict condition that both the birds and the senders are English. In Belgium alone, according to this authority, there are 600,000 racing birds, which in case of a war would be put at the disposal of the government, and every one of these is a trained bird.

They used, it is stated, to train them over the south of France, but that is now interdicted, and no bird from Belgium or Germany is allowed to be trained in France. The fear of course is that in the event of a war these trained pigeons would be smuggled into the interior, and thus information could be carried out.—London News.

## How the Englishman Likes His Game.

One fad I noticed among the English I am unable to express my contempt for. The Britisher, you know, is nothing if not out there, and this is as true of his eating as of his affairs. What would you think of the restaurant or hotel that would serve you a duck or other bird that buzzed wouldn't eat? And yet that's the way the Englishman has his bird served, and he is bull headed enough to swear that he loves game meat only when it is tainted. I hope that form of Anglomaniy will never run riot in this country.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Walters on Horseback.

In great French houses dinner was announced by the blowing of hunting horns, and it is on record that at certain gala feasts the dishes were brought in by servants in full armor, mounted upon caparisoned horses, a practice we could only look for during the reign of chivalry. Of the attendants at dinner the server and server took precedence over all the others; they stood probably on each side of their lord. The server, it may be mentioned, was the officer who placed the dishes on the table.—London Cor. Chicago Herald.

## A Conduit Electric Railway.

A conduit railway system has been devised in which the current is transmitted to the car by induction. It requires no overhead wires, storage batteries or surface or underground conduits, the arrangement of the transformers being such that the primary circuit is underneath the roadbed, while the secondary is carried on the car, so that there is no metallic connection between the car and the main circuit from which the current is derived.—New York World.

## Entirely Satisfied.

A suit had gone against the defendant, who arose and gave his opinion of the judgment and was fined \$10 for contempt of court. A bill was handed to the clerk which proved to be \$30. "I have no change," said the clerk, tendering it to the offender. "Never mind about the other \$10," was the retort. "Keep it; I'll take it out in contempt!"—Black and White.

## Out of Date.

Housewife—Marie, these fowls are decidedly too tough again, you cannot have put them into the stewpan early enough!  
Cook—Right you are, mum; they should have been put in three years ago! —Paris Figaro.

## Captain Dave Silver.

Everybody who took a trip on the Missouri a dozen or twenty years ago remembers Captain Dave Silver, one of the handsomest men that ever guided the destinies of those old timers. Captain Silver is still alive—he is somewhere in the south, I think. But wherever he is, he is still the courtly, stately figure that used to stand forward and bow to the passengers leaving the boat at Jefferson City, St. Joe, Omaha or Kansas City—Westport Landing it was then. They all knew young, handsome Dave Silver—they all liked to ride on his boat. It was the Lucas, I think, one of the fastest that ever rode the river. She wore the champion's deer horns on the pilot house for years.

It was hard on Captain Silver for all of the floating palaces to pass out of the river forever, but he had another misfortune. He had a brother. How he loved him! They were inseparable. One day they were standing near the rail of a big boat just as she was pushing off. The brother leaned forward a bit, the rail broke, and before Captain Dave could catch him the man had fallen into the water. The boat swung around at that instant and poor Silver was dragged under the wheel.

"It's Joe!" gasped Captain Dave. That was all he said. He had seen his brother go under the vicious paddles, and he fell into a partial faint. That was one of the reasons that this tall, handsome man, with the elegant manner and gray hair and beard, left the Missouri for the low banked streams of the far south.—Detroit Free Press.

## Aurora Forty Miles High.

The scientists of the Royal Danish academy have made public the results of some interesting experiments, which were conducted for the sole purpose of ascertaining the exact, or at any rate the approximate, height of the aurora borealis. At Godthaab M. Adam Paulsen, with two theodolites situated only four miles apart, found that the height of different auroral displays varied from one to forty miles! Near Cape Farewell, with a base line of three-fourths of a mile in length, the best calculations obtainable placed different auroras at from one to ten miles in height; at Spitzbergen it was shown that they range from a height of one-third of a mile to eighteen miles.

In this case it will not prove uninteresting to mention some of the remarkable opinions entertained by the early experimenters in this line. Fogel estimated the height of the various auroras observed by him at from 80 to 310 miles above the earth; Reimann found that one observed by him was at least 500 miles high, and Nordenskjold's earlier deductions gave such phenomena an average height of 125 miles. Then Leemström came forward with the announcement that he had taken notes and observations on an auroral display that was not separated from the earth by more than 1,000 feet, while Hildebrandson concurred to the extent of declaring that many of the displays were below the clouds.—St. Louis Republic.

## Dr. Mackenzie's Kindness.

Here is a story about Sir Morell Mackenzie which gives a typical instance of his kindness to nonpaying patients. A wretched girl tried to commit suicide by drinking carbolic acid. She injured her throat fearfully, and in hospital came under the notice of Sir Morell for a few weeks. She lingered on (being mortally injured) for fifteen months, and when lying dying in her miserable home longed and longed to see 'her doctor' again. At last, persuaded by her entreaties, I said I would go to Harley street and ask him if he would visit her, though I could not reasonably hope for any success.

"Can I help her?" he asked.  
"Not physically, but it would give her untold comfort."  
"All right, I'll go," and go he did that very evening, and, at the farthest verge of an east end slum, sat by the girl, suggested one or two simple alleviations, called her "my dear," and left her with two sovereigns squeezed up in her hand. She died next day, but she had seen "her doctor."—London Tit-Bits.

## True to His Word.

There is an unfortunate relic of senatorial greatness who hangs around the Capitol during the winters. On one occasion he applied to Senator Jones for relief. "Say, Jones," said he, lend me fifty dollars, won't you? I've got to go home and I haven't the money. I can't pay you till I come back in six months." "No," said Jones promptly, "I won't let you have fifty dollars for six months." The old man's jaw fell. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll let you have \$100 for twelve months if you'll stay \$100 that long." The wreck was tickled, and, strange to relate, turned up exactly twelve months afterward to a day and paid back the hundred.—Kate Field's Washington.

## Ventilation by Windows.

It is always proper to resort to window ventilation if no other means of ventilation is attainable. Lower the windows from the top; if possible open one window from the bottom, but choose a window the opening of which will not create a draft. Heated air rises and will escape through the lowered windows, while the fresh air will enter through the raised windows.—New York Sun.

## Professional Pride.

"Why do you children wear such dreadfully long hair?"  
"How are folks to know that our father is an artist?"—Ull.

## THE BELLBOUY.

Like a restless, troubled spirit,  
Self accused beyond excusing,  
Seeking rest where none is offered,  
Vainly striving for release—  
Writes the bellboy in the ocean  
As each wave in mad commotion  
Buffets it without relenting,  
Or a whispered word of peace.  
Sunbeams may each day caress it,  
Or the storm king howl above it,  
To each one the wall goes upward  
In a never ending moan,  
And the glistening sea gulls hear it  
As they hover and pass near it,  
And the rocky shores repeat it  
In a muffled undertone.

Oh, the pathos of its life song,  
Changing not as years roll onward—  
Its one note of weary wailing  
Outward borne unceasingly  
Prisoner in Neptune's clasping,  
Chafing under oar and heaving—  
Angel thou of mercy! warning  
Countless sails that pass thee by.  
—Katharine B. Terry in Good Housekeeping

## Folite Photographers.

The knack which French photographers, and especially those of Paris, possess in relieving their sitters of a constrained and distressed look while sitting for their portraits has long been the envy and perplexity of photographers of other nations. An American photographer, on a recent visit to Paris, took pains to study the means by which this very desirable result was reached.

He reports that it all lies in a very simple device, which well illustrates the nature of the Frenchman.

When a lady, for instance, is sitting to a photographer for a portrait, the operator does not, in a perfunctory manner, coldly request her to "Look pleasant now, ma'am!" He says to her in the most natural and graceful manner in the world:

"It's quite unnecessary to ask madam the compliment with her most gracious and highbred smile. 'Click!' goes the camera and the picture is obtained, revealing the sitter at her highwater mark, as it were.—Youth's Companion.

## How a Prisoner Escaped.

If we will only rightly use little things it is surprising how much may sometimes be done with them. A vizier, having offended his royal master, was condemned to lifelong imprisonment in a high tower, and every night his wife used to come and weep at its foot. "Go home," said the husband, "and find a black beetle, and then bring a bit of butter and three strings—one of fine silk, one of stout twine, another of whipcord—and a strong rope."

When she came provided with everything he told her to put a touch of butter on the beetle's head, tie the silk thread around him and place him on the wall of the tower. Deceived by the smell of butter, which he supposed was above him, the insect continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus the vizier secured the silk thread. By it he pulled up the twine, then the whipcord, and then a strong rope, by which he finally escaped.—Detroit Free Press.

## The Earth to Be Like the Moon.

The water of the earth is all destined to disappear from the surface of the globe by being absorbed by subterranean rocks, with which it will form chemical combinations. The heavenly spheres exhibit sufficiently striking examples of such an evolution. The planet Mars shows what will become of the earth in some thousands of centuries. Its seas are only shallow Mediterranean of less surface than the continents, and these do not appear to be very high; and in the appearance of the moon, all cracked and dried up, we have a view of the final state of the earth—for the absorption of the water by the solid nucleus will be followed by that of the atmosphere.—Popular Science Monthly.

## Appearances Are Deceptive.

He looked every inch the hog, but he wasn't.  
He sat inside a Cottage Grove avenue car, while two women and a man stood just in front of him. The other woman held on to a strap, while the other wobbled about in a manner very disconcerting to a man who was sitting.

Glancing up uneasily he discovered the cause. The man who was standing was grasping two straps in one hand. The man who was sitting may have resembled the street car hog, but, as we have said, he wasn't, not by a long shot. Reaching up, he touched the man on the shoulder.

"I beg pardon, but won't you let this lady have one of those straps?"  
Then he drew his pet corn from under the seat and resigned himself to his paper.—Chicago News Record.

## A Growing Industry.

Inventive ingenuity of the highest order is constantly at work to discover uses for paper, while the manufacturer and the inventor of papermaking machinery are straining every energy to improve the quality of the product, to cheapen production or to provide special grades for new uses. Judging from the still undiminished flood of inventions, it would appear that the industry is yet in its infancy as compared with the influence it is destined to exert on the comfort, intelligence and advancement of the human race.—Engineering Magazine.

## Oil for Heavy Machinery.

For lubricating the journals of heavy machinery, either rape oil or sperm oil is the best to use in mixture with mineral oil, as they have the least effect on brass and iron, which two metals generally constitute the bearing surfaces of an engine.—Age of Steel.

## A Broom Speculation.

A 6-foot Yankee, seated upon a load of brooms, drove his team up before the door of an establishment where he expected to find a purchaser. Jumping from his seat he entered the store and the following colloquy took place:

Yankee—Can't I sell you a load of brooms today, mister?  
Dealer—No; don't want any.  
Yankee—Better take 'em—sell 'em dog cheap.

Dealer—Don't want 'em; got enough brooms.  
Yankee—I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll take the lot I'll let 'em go for one dollar a dozen. You know they're worth double that.

The dealer stroked his chin for a moment, as if in deep thought, and then replied:

"Well, I don't want any brooms, as I told you, but I don't mind making a trade with you."

Yankee—What sort of a trade?  
Dealer—Well, I'll take your whole load at one dollar a dozen and pay you one-half cash, you to take the other half in trade.

Yankee—No you don't mister! You'll charge me such an all-fired profit on the other half that I might come out at the little end of the horn.  
Dealer—Oh, no; I promise you that you shall have the goods just at what they cost me.

Yankee—Wall, mister, that's what I call square dealin. It's a bargain.  
And he commenced to unload the brooms in a pile on the sidewalk. When he got through he walked into the store.

"There you are, mister; fourteen dozen, which I calculate makes just seven dollars comin to me."  
Dealer—Yes, that's right; there's the money. Now what goods do you want for the other seven dollars?

Yankee—Wall, I dunno. You see, mister, I hain't much posted in your other truck, so I guess I'll take brooms.—Horse Furnishing Review.

## Unpleasantly Affectionate.

An English traveler in Persia had arrived at Abadeh, where a European telegraph official, Mr. G—, welcomed him hospitably and invited him to remain for the night. He says:

An hour later I was comfortably settled upon the sofa when my rest was suddenly disturbed by a loud bang at the sitting room door, which, flying open, admitted two enormous animals, which I at first took for dogs.

Both of them made at once for my sofa, and while the larger one curled comfortably around my feet and composed itself to sleep, the smaller one, evidently of a more affectionate disposition, seated itself on the floor and commenced licking my face and hands, an operation which, had I dared, I should strongly have resented.

But the white, gleaming teeth and cruel looking green eyes inspired me with respect, to use no stronger term; for I had by this time discovered that these domestic pets were panthers! To my great relief, Mr. G— entered at this juncture.

"Making friends with the panthers, I