The Star.

VOLUME 1. REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY MARCH 22, 1893. NUMBER 45.

Railroad Time Tables.

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

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 9.	108	100
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Red Bank	10 45	4 30			
Lawsonham	10 55	4 41			
New Bethlehem	11 20	5 12	5 15		
Oak Ridge	11 38	5 25	5 22		
Maysville	11 46	5 33	5 30		
Summerville	12 05	5 53	5 50		
Brookville	12 25	6 13	6 10		
Bell	12 31	6 19	6 16		
Fuller	12 37	6 31	6 28		
Reynoldsville	1 00	6 50	6 47		
Pancoast	1 08	6 58	6 55		
Falls Creek	1 20	7 06	7 03	10 55	1 30
DuBois	1 35	7 45	7 10	11 05	1 45
Sabula	1 47	7 48	7 23		
Winterburn	1 50	8 00	7 35		
Penfield	2 05	8 06	7 41		
Tyler	2 15	8 10	7 51		
Glen Fisher	2 25	8 20	8 01		
Benezette	2 42	8 44	8 19		
Grant	2 53	8 55	8 30		
Driftwood	3 20	9 25	9 00		
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 2	No. 6	No. 10	106	110
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Driftwood	10 45	5 00	6 35		
Grant	11 17	5 30	7 05		
Benezette	11 28	5 41	7 16		
Glen Fisher	11 45	5 59	7 31		
Tyler	11 55	6 05	7 41		
Penfield	12 03	6 12	7 54		
Winterburn	12 10	6 25	8 00		
Sabula	12 22	6 35	8 12		
DuBois	1 00	7 10	8 25	12 05	5 40
Falls Creek	1 20	7 20	8 35	12 15	5 50
Pancoast	1 34	7 28	8 49		
Reynoldsville	1 42	7 40	8 48		
Fuller	1 58	7 57	9 05		
Bell	2 10	8 06	9 17		
Brookville	2 20	8 16	9 25		
Summerville	2 39	8 38	9 41		
Maysville	2 58	8 57	10 01		
Oak Ridge	3 07	9 05	10 18		
New Bethlehem	3 15	9 15	10 25		
Lawsonham	3 47	9 47			
Red Bank	4 00	10 00			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID McCARGO, GEN'L SUPT., Pittsburg, Pa.

JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L PASS. AGT., Pittsburg, Pa.

AUDITOR'S REPORT

Of Winslow Township for the year ending March 13th, 1893.

Poor Fund.

W. J. ROXER, Overseer.

DR.		
To amount from collector		$1,095 48
" " " Co. Treas.		537 87
To am't from Godfrey Kellars Est.		300 00
To am't due at last settlem'nt.		149 49
		$1,983 84
CR.		
By keeping paupers	$ 240 39	
" services and expenses	71 53	
" relief orders	14 25	
" medical attendance	27 45	
" bills paid on Co. matter	1,297 59	
" other expenses	21 15	
" two years' council fee	30 00	
" balance acc't	351 37	
	$1,983 84	$1,983 84

NOAH SYPHRIT, Overseer.

DR.		
To am't from Collector		$ 109 00
" " due at last settlem'nt.		96 72
" balance		19 19
		$ 215 91
CR.		
By keeping paupers	$ 173 91	
" services	42 00	
	$ 215 91	

JOHN WAITE, Collector of Poor Funds.

DR.		
To duplicate		$1,090 83
" am't due at last settlem'nt.		200 00
" " added percentage		6 50
		$1,867 33
CR.		
By Overseers receipts	$1,105 48	
" Seated tax returned	15 23	
" Exonerations	25 00	
" 5 per cent. on $1,369.35	68 47	
" 2 " " " $231 48	4 63	
" 5 " " " off	11 57	
" balance account	576 05	
	$1,867 33	$1,867 33

Road Fund.

AMOS STROUSE, Supervisor.

DR.		
To am't from Duplicate seated		$1,401 49
To am't from Duplicate unseated		142 31
To am't from Collector		538 97
" " " Co. Treasurer		429 50
" " " other sources		365 47
" " due to balance		53 16
		$2,910 81
CR.		
By am't returned	$ 143 88	
" " vouchers redeemed	513 39	
" " citizens labor	1,436 69	
" " time	222 00	
" " material	27 31	
" " other expenses	27 00	
" " Exonerations	8 18	
" " paid A. T. McClure	157 01	
" " council fee	5 00	
" " Co. Treas. per cent	11 03	
" " paid on new road	300 00	
" " from last settlement	59 32	
	$2,910 81	$2,910 81

A. T. MCCLURE, Supervisor.

DR.		
To am't from Duplicate seated		$1,271 46
To am't from Collector		251 67
" " " Co. Treasurer, per Strouse		157 01
To am't from other sources		25 72
" balance		24 03
		$1,729 89
CR.		
By am't returned	$ 12 89	
" " vouchers redeemed	259 49	
" " citizens labor	889 82	
" " time and expenses	212 00	
" " material	49 33	
" " other expenses	19 19	
" " Exonerations	25 90	
" " council fee	5 00	
" " paid on road contracts	256 27	
	$1,729 89	

JOHN WAITE, Collector of road funds.

DR.		
To duplicate		$1,071 69
CR.		
By Supervisors receipts	$923 15	
" tax returned	10 18	
" percentage	53 58	
" exonerations	18 15	
" balance	66 63	
	$1,071 69	

W. J. HILLIS, THOS. HUTCHISON, A. L. MAYHEW, } Auditors.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

"THE STAR"

$1.50 PER YEAR.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Prothonotary, Etc.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,

WILLIAM B. SUTTER,

OF CLAYVILLE BOROUGH.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the primary election, June 17, 1893.

Sheriff.

FOR SHERIFF,

E. NEFF,

OF REYNOLDSVILLE BOROUGH.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the primary election, June 17, 1893.

FOR SHERIFF,

DAVID G. GOURLEY,

OF BROOKVILLE BOROUGH.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the primary election, June 17, 1893.

FOR SHERIFF,

CHARLES O. WILSON,

OF PUNXSUTAWNEY BOROUGH.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the primary election, June 17, 1893.

FOR SHERIFF,

GEORGE W. WARNICK,

OF REYNOLDSVILLE BOROUGH.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the Primary election, June 17, 1893.

FOR SHERIFF,

E. W. McMILLEN,

OF WINSLOW TOWNSHIP.

Subject to action of the democrats of Jefferson Co. at the primary election, June 1893.

County Treasurer.

FOR TREASURER,

JOHN WAITE,

OF WINSLOW TOWNSHIP.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the primary election, June 17, 1893.

FOR TREASURER,

N. D. COREY,

OF PUNXSUTAWNEY BOROUGH.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the primary election, June 17, 1893.

FOR TREASURER,

W. W. CRISSMAN,

OF CLAYVILLE BOROUGH.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the primary election, June 17, 1893.

Commissioner.

FOR COMMISSIONER,

W. T. COX,

OF WINSLOW TOWNSHIP.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the primary election, June 17, 1893.

FOR COMMISSIONER,

DANIEL BREWER,

OF PERRY TOWNSHIP.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the Primary election, June 17, 1893.

FOR COMMISSIONER,

JOSEPH DARR,

OF BROOKVILLE BOROUGH.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the primary election, June 17, 1893.

FOR COMMISSIONER,

JOSEPH BULLERS,

OF WARSAW TOWNSHIP.

Subject to action of the republicans of Jefferson Co. at the primary election, June 17, 1893.

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 centre 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.

CHANGEABLE WEATHER!

Nature has seen fit to have changeable weather and why not have your person garmented with a neat and nobby suit made of heavy-weight material to suit the weather that is now creeping upon us. You need a new winter suit and as the cold waves are very uncertain you will be wise if you place your order now for winter wearing apparel, so as to have it to don when blustering weather is ushered in. Such an immense line of winter patterns was never displayed in town as can be seen at

J. C. FROEHLICH'S,

☞Next door to Hotel McConne

Coming.

The snow on the ground is lying
As far as the eye can see,
But the wild birds are already flying,
Say, "Spring is coming" to me.

The ice king the river is keeping
Chained with an iron key,
But the buds in the elm tree peeping
Say, "Spring is coming," to me.

The midwinter wind is blowing
And shouts with a boisterous glee,
But the lingering sunbeats glowing
Say, "Spring is coming," to me.

—Anna P. Lowell in Boston Commonwealth.

A PERPLEXED HOST.

A TURKEY DINNER AT WHICH THE BIG TURKEY WAS ABSENT.

How a Crowd of Country Lads Spoiled a Nicely Planned Feast—Mysterious Disappearance of a Roast Turkey—The Flight of a Tender Morsel.

A gentleman noted for his originality made the following improvement to the old saying, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the saucer," the other day in speaking of a disappointment a friend of his had experienced in losing his dinner through missing a train—a dinner to which he had been invited and at which he had been selected to respond to one of the toasts.

The simple missing of the dinner was more than set off at the old General Shields hotel, on the West Chester pike. A company of twelve Philadelphians interested in real estate developments had gone out in the country for the purpose of looking about for profitable investments, and had sent word to the proprietor of the old hostelry of their coming and ordered an old fashioned turkey dinner to be ready at 6 o'clock.

The order put the proprietor in his best humor and the entire establishment into an unusual flurry of exciting preparation. The hostler hurried to the nearest farmhouse, where he purchased the finest turkey to be had, and carried it back to the hotel in triumph. Taking it into the stable he dispatched and plucked it in great haste. Everything was excitement in the large kitchen from the time the order was announced until late in the afternoon, when the last dish was ready to be carried to the dining room.

The news of the gentlemen coming spread through the village, and every one felt duty bound to go to the hotel and see them, and none took a greater interest in the affair than the boys. They had finished their chores unusually early and were promptly on hand long before the hour of serving the supper. Of the entire community none felt his personal importance more than Dave Peters, the colored waiter.

Dave was of portly build and prided himself in his appearance, and if he had a hatred for one thing more than any other, that thing was a claw hammer coat, which he said belonged to society gentlemen and not to a waiter, consequently he held to the old fashioned roundabout jacket. Just before the time for announcing that dinner was ready a number of the village boys stood peering through one of the dining room windows, watching Dave arrange the different dishes on the table and admiring the display made by the twelve napkins in as many cut glass goblets.

After viewing the effects of the table with a countenance beaming with satisfaction, Dave strutted toward the door and disappeared by descending the stairs leading to the kitchen, and a few moments later reappeared, carrying on a large dish the turkey, done to a lovely brown and beautifully garnished with carved roses, sprays of parsley and celery tops. Walking toward the table he found that no room had been left for the central and chief adornment of the table. Taking the situation in at a glance, Dave saw his mistake, and hurriedly set the dish down upon the broad sill of the window through which the boys were peering, and began rearranging the table to make room for the turkey.

No sooner had he turned his back to the window than one of the boys softly and quietly raised the sash, while another grabbed the turkey from the dish and fled across the hotel yard toward the old stable, followed by his companions. After making room for the large dish Dave turned around, stepped to the window, raised the dish and placed it in its position in the center of the table, never noticing that the bird had flown. Going to the sideboard he picked up the supper bell and gave it a violent ring, thus notifying the host that dinner was ready.

"This way, gentlemen; this way, please," spoke the proprietor to his guests; "step this way, gentlemen," leading them through a narrow passage from the bar to the dining room. No sooner had he reached the dining room than his gaze fell upon the empty plate, when he exclaimed, "David, where in the name of General Jackson is that turkey?"

Poor Dave! Never was a man taken more by surprise. When for the first time he noticed the broken platter his broad smile vanished. In an instant his jaw fell and his large eyeballs stared most frightfully, while his whole frame shook with a terrible tremor. All he could say in reply to the abrupt and emphatic question was, "Don't know, sir; it was dar, it was dar," and hurrying to the kitchen stairs he shouted down, "You, Phœby, whar in deb'l's dat turkey?"

"Go erlong now, you's got it up dar long ergo." The disappearance was not only a mystery to the waiter and cook, but to the proprietor as well, who in an apologetic manner asked the guests to repair again to the barroom while a thorough investigation could be made. Every one in the house, including the hostler, was questioned and cross questioned, yet no light could be thrown on the mystery. After wasting an hour in trying to find the missing bird, and after a consultation with the guests, fried ham and eggs were substituted for the turkey.

It was not till two hours later, when the guests were about to depart, that the proprietor learned what had become of the turkey. One of the boys, more bold than his companions, came back to the hotel to see how the joke worked, and thinking the story of the bird's disappearance too good to keep, told it to one of the men that were loitering about the outside of the hotel.

The next morning the picked bones of the turkey were found scattered about on the ground back of the stable, where the boys had, after carving it with their pocketknives, greedily devoured the well cooked bird.—Philadelphia Times.

Charity Brightens Their Honeymoon.

Councilman John McWaters and Mr. Charley Jones had perhaps the rarest experience of any of the gentlemen who were engaged in the work of distributing help to the poor. Sunday afternoon these two gentlemen had charge of a wagon together, and many loads of provisions and clothing did they deliver to deserving poor. The name of John Jones of 56 McDonnell street was given them, and they started for the place. They had some difficulty in finding the number designated and inquired of some one near by where they could find 56.

"It's rite down dere," said a youth, pointing toward the place, "an if you fellers will hurry up you'll see a weddin, 'cause John Jones is gettin tied up terday."

They stopped in front of 56, and John Jones, a white man who follows the occupation of carpenter, came out. He was not richly dressed, but he was not on the extreme ragged edge by any means.

"What about getting married, John?" asked Mr. Jones.

"I've been a-thinkin about it," replied Mr. John Jones, "an I'm mighty glad to see you people come, 'cause I need help."

Mr. McWaters and Mr. Jones delivered a liberal allowance of provisions to the groom, and after they had done so he said:

"Gentlemens, if you had been here about 10 minutes sooner you could have been at the weddin. I got married before you drove up."

The two dispensers of charity offered their congratulations.—Atlanta Constitution.

Greece Soon to Be an Island.

The scheme for cutting a canal across the isthmus of Corinth has had its periods of trouble and depression, like other and greater enterprises of the same character, but it appears to be now rapidly approaching completion. The concession was originally granted by the Greek government in May, 1881, to General Turr, with whom was associated M. de Lesseps.

After the original capital had been absorbed and the operations for some time suspended, the operations were taken up by a new company, who in 1890 entered into a contract with a firm who undertook to complete the works on March 10, 1893, under a penalty of £4,000 per month for any delay after that date, but unfortunately about this time last year a waterspout passed over the works, flooding the excavations.

The disaster necessitated a slight extension of the term, but the contractors now promise that a large steamer will go through the canal on the 23d of April next. Great efforts are being made to render the system of lighthouses adequate. The Corinth canal, which will have cost from first to last £2,750,000, will be lit by electricity, with two powerful lights at each end and a row of lights through its entire length.—London News.

The Babe Alive In the Coffin.

An extraordinary incident is reported from Gunnislake, in Cornwall. Mrs. Lean, wife of the landlord of the Tavistock hotel, gave birth to her tenth child, and she subsequently died. The doctor gave it as his opinion that the baby would not live, and soon afterward the relatives applied to him for a certificate, saying that it had succumbed. The little one was placed in its mother's arms, and the coffin was screwed down. On Saturday, when preparations were being made for the funeral, the husband was startled by hearing the cry of a child. The undertaker was sent for, and on opening the coffin found that the baby was alive. Later the same day the child was once more pronounced to be dead, but the doctor would not permit of its being buried and ordered it to be wrapped in blankets for a few days.—Glasgow Mail.

Didn't Care to Be Presented.

The wife of a well known naval officer tells an amusing story of some of her experiences in Washington society. On one occasion when she was asked to receive at an army and navy german, a congressman entered with a lady leaning upon each arm. One of the floor committee at once approached him with the polite request that he give his name, in order that he might be presented to Mrs. Blank, who received the guests of the evening.

"No, thank you," was the nonchalant reply. "I don't care to be introduced. I have two ladies now to take care of, and that is about as much as I can manage."—Kate Field's Washington.

No Water In Daniel Webster's.

Dr. Ellis, when a young man, was commissioned to escort Mr. Webster to Charlestown, where the orator was to deliver his famous address on the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument. On the way over Mr. Webster inquired as they neared the end of the bridge whether it was possible to secure a little brandy that the senator might have before making his great effort. The young clergyman to whom this inquiry was addressed in a confidential tone piloted Mr. Webster to the house of a Boston merchant who lived in Charlestown.

This mercant was so embarrassed by the honor of the great statesman's presence that he brought out not one but several decanters of the best liquor he had in the house. Mr. Webster carefully searched out the vessel containing the brandy and poured from it a drink that today would be generally termed "a bath" and drank the liquor in a few complacent gulps. The anxiously obliging merchant inquired of Mr. Webster whether he would not like a glass of water. The senator looked up calmly and in his most magnificent tones replied urbanely:

"I thank you, sir, but I am not thirsty."—Boston Globe.

A Prince's Salary.

The crown prince of Roumania is to have an allowance from his country of £12,000 a year, and his uncle, King Charles, is to give him £12,000. In the event of the crown prince's death, Princess Marie would have a jointure of £12,000 a year, half coming from Roumania and the remainder from King Charles. The prince of Hohenzollern is to make a settlement on his son, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are to give their daughter an allowance, but she will not receive any dot until after the death of her parents.

It is no secret that there has been a prolonged and not altogether amicable negotiation respecting the settlements which were to be signed at Sigmaringen on the day before the wedding. It is understood that the Prince of Hohenzollern proposes to allow £4,000 a year to Prince Ferdinand, with an ultimate sum of £100,000. Princess Marie is to get £2,000 a year from her parents during their lives, with a sum of £50,000 after they have deceased. This arrangement will permit of a settlement of £150,000 upon the younger children of the marriage.—London Truth.

Eloped Despite His Eleven Children.

William Robinson is the mail contractor carrying mail from Harrodsburg to Antioch. Last November his wife died, and Tuesday afternoon he married again. His first wife bore him 11 children, five of whom are married. He has known his bride only a short while, and she is 30 years his junior, being in her twentieth and he in his fiftieth year.

The children got an inkling of the contemplated marriage and sought to break it off, but the father got ahead of them, got his bride to be and the minister and started for Macksville. The children pursued, the trail got hot, and Robinson's party halted, got out on the roadside, and there he and his love were made man and wife. His bride was Miss Mollie Barnett.—Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Boys Meant Well.

An unfortunate young woman who unites artistic talent, religious zeal and poverty lives in a high hall bedroom in a boarding house, studies painting and teaches a Sunday school class. Her boys like her, and to show their appreciation of her efforts they clubbed together to buy her a Christmas gift, which was presented to her at the Sunday school festival. It was a box made of lath, containing four gray rabbits and thus inscribed, "To Miss Eva, with the affectionate thanks of her Sunday school class." And on the top lay a bunch of brilliant red and yellow paper roses.—Chicago Herald.

A Cowboy's Feat With a Lasso.

Antope Nelson, a Colorado cowboy, lassoed an eagle a few days ago. Nelson was riding over the prairie on his little cow pony, with his lasso tied to his saddle, when he saw the eagle flying ahead of him quite close to the ground. He started his pony on a run toward the bird, and when a short distance away threw his rope, which settled over the eagle's neck and under one wing, and he succeeded in getting the bird to the ranchhouse alive. The eagle measured 8 feet from tip to tip of its wings.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Czar to Be Emperor of Asia.

The extraordinary report is published in several continental papers that the czar of Russia intends to assume the title of emperor of Asia. This step, it is said, was decided on during the stay of the emir of Bokhara at St. Petersburg. It is added that if it is realized the czar will next summer make a journey through central Asia. But continental papers are sometimes—well, inexact.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A French doctor recently celebrated his one hundredth birthday anniversary, and the fact was commented upon that among the large number present who had been his patients not one was over 50 years old, and most of them were much younger.

Max Muller strikes a compromise between those who are contending for the abolition of the poet laureateship and those who desire the post filled. His advice is, Don't abolish it, but just hang it up till another poet like Tennyson appears.

Excessive Decorations.

This is the season of the year when florists are paid high prices for making a display of their collection of plants and flowers in private houses, ballrooms and dining halls. To have a tropical scene created for you in the corner of a room, or to have a table garnished with choice beauties, with the breath and bloom of a summer's day in each petal, while the earth is stiffened with frost, costs something. Smilax is used in great quantities. Of the orchids, the cypripedium is the most common and makes a pretty decoration with maidenhair fern. Easter lilies are extensively used. Roman hyacinths are going out, and the Dutch hyacinths are coming in. Narcissus are used with the lily in decoration. The yellow daffodils are pretty in table pieces.

Roses are of course the great favorite, and florists say that the demand for them this year has almost been unprecedented. American Beauties lead the floricultural world. There is nothing like them, and during the height of the season they brought as high as $1.50 for a single rose. Much of course depends upon the quality of the plant. The Mermet is a pretty pink rose. It lasts well and generally reaches its limit at $3 a dozen. The Pearl rose is a pretty rose for use on a table. It is a yellow rose and may reach $2 a dozen.—New York Telegram.

Horn of Mrs. O'Leary's Cow.

A strange relic has reached the American Exchange hotel at San Francisco and has attracted a great deal of attention. It is the horn of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, the celebrated bovine of Chicago that in 1871 kicked over the historic oil lamp. H. C. Atkinson, who owns the relic, gave $8 for it right after the fire. The hide sold for $120. Mrs. O'Leary's cow didn't have a very big horn, according to this. What became of the other horn nobody knows. This one was beautifully fashioned by Mr. Atkinson's brother into the form of a fish. A niche had been cut into the edges of the open end and eyes of glass inserted on the sides, while ivory fins decorate it in the proper places.

It is lined on the inside with red plush, and thus with its mouth on a bias and its curved tail it looks for all the world like a trout or a salmon as it jumps out of the water. A hook is in its gill and a ribbon on the hook so that all complete, while a fish, it is a handsome jewel case. This is the use to which the horn of Mrs. O'Leary's cow has come at last. With the strange relic is the following, "Made from the horn of Mrs. O'Leary's cow that kicked over the lamp and caused the great fire of Chicago."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Downfall of the Teaspoon.

The teaspoon has been banished from the table of the ultra elegant. Its use has long been forbidden to assist in eating any sort of kernel and soft vegetables, but it survived for a time as an aid to consuming what our grandmothers called "sauce" and for certain desserts of a custard nature or ices and ice cream. Now its employment is considered, as the fashionable woman told her child, "worse than wicked—vulgar"—in any such service. So, like Fatima in the "Arabian Nights" eating her grains of rice, we pick at all those yielding, gelatinous and elusive substances with a little fork. The teaspoon is restricted to the teacup, and that alone.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Beautiful Work.

Example is better than precept, and here is a bright one. An elderly lady in England, one of the old school of gentlewomen, has for several years knitted each year 70 shawls and a score or more of mufflers for the poor, besides cutting out colored scraps and pasting them in books for children in the hospital.

All this never seems to interfere with her writing exquisite little letters in a beautiful hand, keeping up with the social and political events of the day by means of papers and books, arranging the flowers all over her large house, and giving the usual oversight and orders incident to housekeeping. The old lady is nearly 90.—New York Sun.

A Chinaman's Predicament.

An unfortunate Chinaman, being expelled from the United States for some reason or other, made a fruitless attempt to reach west Canadian soil. While crossing a bridge over the Niagara river he was suddenly stopped by the officials, who demanded the sum of $50 from him. Not having the required amount in his possession, the unlucky Celestial slowly picked his way backward, but was met by the United States officials, who refused to readmit him to American soil. The last report concerning him was that he was camping on the middle of the bridge.—Exchange.

Broke Into His Former Prison.

The case of persons trying to escape from a prison is of rather common occurrence, but the fact of a man trying to force an entrance into one may be unique. This, however, is what happened last week at the Plotzensee prison, near Berlin, where at night an individual scaled the prison wall and safely landed in the yard. On being arrested he was found to be a former inmate, come, as he said, to call upon a friend he had made during his involuntary sojourn.—American Register.

Seneca, when tired writing his treatises on morals, found amusement in going over his accounts and calculating how much interest was due him.