

The Star.

VOLUME 2.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY JULY 26, 1893.

NUMBER 11.

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, and points in the upper oil region.

On and after June 4th, 1893, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:00 A. M.—Buffalo Accommodation—For Buffalo, 7:15 a. m. mixed train for Buffalo.

10:05 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, 10:15 a. m. mixed train for Buffalo.

10:30 A. M.—Accommodation—For Buffalo, 10:45 a. m. mixed train for Buffalo.

1:20 P. M.—Buffalo Accommodation—For Buffalo, 1:30 p. m. mixed train for Buffalo.

5:10 P. M.—Mail—For Buffalo, 5:20 p. m. mixed train for Buffalo.

8:25 P. M.—Accommodation—For Buffalo, 8:35 p. m. mixed train for Buffalo.

11:15 P. M.—Sunday train—For Buffalo, 11:25 p. m. mixed train for Buffalo.

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

J. H. BARRITT, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

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

EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10.
Rod Bank	10:57 4:52
Lawsboro	11:30 5:25 5:12
New Bethlehem	11:38 5:33 5:20
Oak Ridge	11:46 5:41 5:28
Maysville	11:54 5:49 5:36
Summersville	12:02 5:57 5:44
Brookville	12:10 6:05 5:52
Bell	12:18 6:13 6:00
Reynoldsville	12:26 6:21 6:08
Pancoat	12:34 6:29 6:16
Falls Creek	12:42 6:37 6:24
DuBois	12:50 6:45 6:32
Sabula	12:58 6:53 6:40
Winterburn	13:06 7:01 6:48
Penfield	13:14 7:09 6:56
Tyler	13:22 7:17 7:04
Glen Fisher	13:30 7:25 7:12
Benezette	13:38 7:33 7:20
Grant	13:46 7:41 7:28
Driftwood	13:54 7:49 7:36

WESTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10.
Driftwood	10:45 4:40 4:35
Grant	11:18 5:13 5:08
Benezette	11:26 5:21 5:16
Glen Fisher	11:34 5:29 5:24
Tyler	11:42 5:37 5:32
Penfield	11:50 5:45 5:40
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Lawsboro	13:42 7:37 7:32
Rod Bank	13:50 7:45 7:40

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID MCCARGO, GEN'L. SGT., Pittsburg, Pa.

JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. AGENT, Pittsburg, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 21, 1893.

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

9:04 A. M.—Train 4, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:30 P. M., New York 9:35 P. M., Baltimore 6:45 P. M., Washington 8:15 P. M. Pullman parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

9:24 P. M.—Train 4, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 A. M., New York 7:30 A. M., through coach from DuBois to Williamsport. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 A. M.

9:53 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:30 A. M., New York 9:30 A. M., Baltimore 6:35 A. M., Washington 7:30 A. M. Pullman cars and passenger coaches from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

7:45 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 2, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

9:27 P. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 A. M., Washington 7:50 A. M., Baltimore 8:45 A. M., Wilkesbarre 10:15 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 9:27 P. M. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 13 leaves New York at 8 P. M., Philadelphia 11:30 P. M., Washington 10:40 A. M., Baltimore 11:50 P. M., daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport and to DuBois.

TRAIN 14 leaves Reno at 6:35 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:35 A. M.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:40 A. M., Johnsonburg at 9:55 A. M., arriving at Clermont 1:10 P. M.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:55 A. M., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:40 A. M. and Ridgway at 11:55 A. M.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

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

12:31 6:40 Ridgway 1:00 7:00

12:37 6:48 Island Run 1:06 7:06

12:43 6:56 Mt. Hope 1:12 7:12

12:49 7:04 Mt. Hope 1:18 7:18

12:55 7:12 Croyleville 1:24 7:24

13:01 7:20 Mt. Hope 1:30 7:30

13:07 7:28 Mt. Hope 1:36 7:36

13:13 7:36 Mt. Hope 1:42 7:42

13:19 7:44 Mt. Hope 1:48 7:48

13:25 7:52 Mt. Hope 1:54 7:54

13:31 8:00 Mt. Hope 2:00 8:00

13:37 8:08 Mt. Hope 2:06 8:06

13:43 8:16 Mt. Hope 2:12 8:12

13:49 8:24 Mt. Hope 2:18 8:18

13:55 8:32 Mt. Hope 2:24 8:24

14:01 8:40 Mt. Hope 2:30 8:30

14:07 8:48 Mt. Hope 2:36 8:36

14:13 8:56 Mt. Hope 2:42 8:42

14:19 9:04 Mt. Hope 2:48 8:48

14:25 9:12 Mt. Hope 2:54 8:54

14:31 9:20 Mt. Hope 3:00 9:00

WESTWARD.

TRAIN 5, 11:34 A. M.

TRAIN 6, 1:30 P. M.

TRAIN 7, 5:35 P. M.

PREVOST, J. B. WOOD, Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Ag't.

BOYHOOD TRADITIONS.

HOW SCIENCE HAS RUTHLESSLY PLAYED HOB WITH THEM.

Even the Horsehair Snake is Declared by the Naturalist to Be a Humbug—Still Clinging to That Belief and Presenting a Pretty Good Argument.

Science plays hob with the fond traditions of rural schoolboy days. How many ugly but useful toads have been left in undisturbed possession of a garden bed because to handle them was but to cover your hands with warts and to kill them would force your cows to let down bloody milk? What boy would have crushed a cricket, assured as he was that its mate would come at night and avenge its death by eating up that rash boy's clothes? What man lives to-day who, as a rustic lad, has not held the stilted daddy-long-legs prisoner by one hairlike shank and informed the globular insect that unless it forthwith pointed out the way in which the lost cows had gone instant death awaited it, and when did daddy-long-legs fail to raise one slender leg and indicate, according to boyish belief, the direction the straying kins had gone? And the devil's damning needle, that bit-eyed thing that lived and prowled for nothing else than to sew your ears up, and the magic eel skin tied round your leg, or neck, or arm, to keep the cramps away when you went in swimming, and the snake that swallowed its young, and greatest of all, that vivified hair from a horse's tail, wriggling and gyrating in the roadside mud puddle, the horsehair snake.

But science has stepped in and solemnly and seriously said that these are all myths. It is a shattering of idols, but I fear that to science must be granted all it denies about them, except as to snakes swallowing their young. I have been an open mouthed and wide eyed witness of that interesting trick too often to let even profound scientists stand up and declare that it isn't so.

I hold out a little, too, for the horsehair snake, for I have in my mind a certain vagrant horsehair that I once put in an oyster keg filled with rainwater, and either that horsehair in the course of a few weeks took on the semblance of life and form of a horsehair snake and kept it up all season in a bottle to which I transferred it, or else it disappeared, and the germ of what we supposed was a horsehair snake happened to be in the water and developed there. I have always insisted that I made a horsehair snake. I have heard many veracious persons declare that they have done the same thing.

"But you are all wrong," says Nicholas Pike, the naturalist. "The horsehair snake, or hairworm, is the Gordius aquaticus, and it is common in most fresh water ponds and rivulets. Though no larger around than a coarse cotton thread, they have two mouths, one on each side of the head. They lay scores and sometimes thousands of eggs. The eggs are deposited in strings, like a chain, on the sides of shallow ponds or creeks, and they are greedily swallowed by various aquatic insects. Then from the time the egg is hatched the first part of the worm's nutriment is spent as a parasite, absorbing nutriment from the body of its unlucky host. The large water beetles are subject to these parasites. They have been found in a cricket. They are graceful swimmers, but when taken from the water they twist themselves into such an intricate knot that it is almost impossible to unloose it. They are called Gordius from this. The Gordian knot.

"I have no doubt that one reason why the idea of the horsehair snake has been propagated is from ignorant persons who have had various insects in clear water watching them for study or curiosity. Knowing that they put in only certain live creatures, and some day finding these live worms, they were astonished. The chances are that the worms were developed from a pet beetle that in its native pond made a feast on some ova of the Gordius, to be paid dearly for later when these hatched."

But there was no pet beetle or any other insect in my keg of rainwater. The horsehair went away, and the snake or worm appeared. I don't believe the horsehair ever swallowed any Gordius ova. I can't imagine any reason why a horsehair should turn into a snake or

NEW GREEN GOODS METHODS.

Dressed in Feminine Attire, the Swindler Lures His Victims.

Accompanied by Police Constable Irving and a friend, a gentleman whose accent afforded indisputable evidence that he is of German extraction walked into the detective office last night and there related a most remarkable experience which, he stated, had befallen him. His name is Frank Hohlbein, he is the representative of a tan bark company, and in the register of the Red Lion hotel he has given his address as Dashwood, Ont. His business has taken him all over this country and the adjoining republic, and he has only recently returned from the southern states.

His story to the detectives is to the effect that on Saturday evening, having nothing to do, he paid a visit to the museum on Yonge street. When the street was over, he came out to the street and was about to return to his hotel when he noticed a very plump, rather handsome young lady, who appears to have had power enough to charm him away from his original intention to go home. Neither seems to have objected to the other's company, and, to make a long story short, the two strolled away up the street arm in arm. Hohlbein is a stranger in the city, has no knowledge at all of its geography, and is therefore unable to now describe, except in very general terms, the route followed by him and his companion, but it is sufficient to know that at length they reached the outside of a house which the lady informed him was her home.

With some hesitation he accepted an invitation to enter and was ushered into a room furnished in a very ordinary way and containing, he noticed, a typewriter. He was offered some ale, but having declined to drink the lady drank some for him.

After some pleasant chatting his companion stepped back, and raising her hand lifted off her hat and a wig, and to his intense amazement Hohlbein saw that he was in the presence not of a woman, but of a man. Another twist of the wrist, and the man had removed a jacket, waist and skirt, and there he stood—a young man in ordinary male attire.

Hohlbein was at a loss to account for this very strange metamorphosis and grasped a revolver which he carried with him, determined to defend himself should the occasion arise. The stranger, however, requested him to be calm and at his ease, as no harm would come to him. He then produced some samples of bills, which he handed to Hohlbein with the request that the latter express an opinion as to what they were.

"Green goods," said Hohlbein.

"Right you are!" said the stranger, and he then and there offered him all he wanted for 25 cents for each dollar's worth.

"How much money have you?" he asked Hohlbein. The latter produced his purse and showed his companion that there was nothing in it but some small change scarcely worth mentioning. This seemed to exasperate the occupant of the room, and with rather strong language he opened a door leading to the back yard and promptly evicted his guest. Hohlbein said he walked a long distance before he could find a street, and when he at last did so he hastened to his hotel. In the morning he related his experience to a friend, and the two interviewed Constable Irving, who went with them to the detective office.

The story is such a queer affair that it is difficult to come to any conclusion regarding it. The man who tells it is said to be an honest, truthful and sober man, and those who know him place reliance on his word.—Toronto Mail.

Strange Gods of Ignorant People.

There is a sect in Orissa, in the Bengal presidency, who worship Queen Victoria as their chief divinity. Colonel Graham discovered that her majesty was also an object of worship in the temple of the Phodonga-Lama, at Tumlung, in Thibet. A sect in the Punjab worshipped a deity whom they called Nikkal Sen. This Nikkal Sen was no other than the renowned General Nicholson, and nothing that the general could do or say dampened the enthusiasm of his adorers. M. du Chailu tells that some of the African savages looked upon him as a superior being, and the South Sea Islanders worshipped Captain Cook as a deity. Even when they had killed him and cut him into small pieces the inhabitants of Owhyhee fully expected him to reappear and frequently asked what he would do to them on his return. Lander, in his Niger expedition, says that in most African towns and villages he was treated as a demigod. Lord John Lawrence has been worshipped among the Sikhs in northwest India.—Boston Globe.

Lived on Elk and Eagle Meat.

Four hunters were snowbound in the mountains at the headwaters of the Wynoochee river, Washington, for five weeks during February and part of March. When the storm which snowed them up came, they exhausted their stock of provisions and had killed 11 elk. They lost their game and were three days without food when they killed an eagle. Later they found an elk powerless in the deep snow. They lived on elk and eagle alone for over a month. The snow was 8 to 15 feet deep, and they could not make any progress through it. Eventually they reached a deserted camp and found an ax with which they split wood and made rude snowshoes, by means of which they got back to civilization.

Didn't Hear of the War.

Eddie Hickam, an old negro, is the plaintiff in perhaps the most remarkable case ever tried in the courts of this county. She is an ex-slave and brought suit against her master, Joseph Hickam of this county, for \$5 a month wages as a family domestic for 24 years, during which time she claims to have been kept in ignorance of her emancipation. The suit was instituted here in 1889 for \$1,400 and resulted in a judgment in her favor for \$700. Defendant appealed to the Kansas City court of appeals, which remanded the case to the circuit court of the county, which now renders a decision for the defendant. A motion for a new trial has been filed.—Booneville Cor. St. Louis Chronicle.

Memories of 1871.

On the last week in May each year the French socialists are accustomed to celebrate the "bloody week," which witnessed the downfall of the Paris commune in 1871, the killing of 25,000 of its inhabitants and the killing of 25,000 others. As early as 1871 under the leadership of Gambetta and the moderate Republicans, a general amnesty voted, with only six exceptions, to the participants of the commune. It is significant also that many of the municipal regulations which the communists demanded were afterward granted by the chamber of deputies.

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The Deacon's Reputation Is Safe.

Lawyer French, who represents Pittsfield in the legislature, passed around the other day among his fellow solons a card which he found on his table upon returning to his law office. He had left the card bearing two words—"Return soon." During his absence a client had written underneath it, "This is a d—d lie." A second visitor to the office during the interval had been a worthy deacon who had called to see Mr. French on church business, and apparently not noticing the language already inscribed had added his own message and signed his name. Fortunately Mr. French was able to distinguish between the two handwritings, and the deacon's standing remains secure.—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

Lord Sherbrooke.

Lowie said that when he was minister of education a parent would sometimes consult him about sending his son to a public school. His invariable answer was: "My advice would be not to send him to a public school. But if you are bound to send him, your own public school take him as soon as possible." I think it was Talleyrand who said of the English public schools, "Elles sont les meilleures du monde, mais elles sont detestables"—London Spectator.

How He Saved Them.

When Captain Dutton of the Servia gave orders to go ahead at full speed after the collision with the McCullum, he probably thought of the experience of the Trave about a year ago, when her bows cut sheer through a vessel which she struck on the ocean, and suffered scarcely any damage. But he bulled better than he knew. By his action he succeeded in saving every soul but one on board the ship which he ran down. The story of the suspension of the McCullum on the prow of the Servia long enough to enable her crew to be rescued reads like a page from a romance.—New York Tribune.

Where Discipline Is Essential.

It seems to us that we have this year an inordinate number of reports of riotous and obstreperous conduct on the part of students in institutions of learning, especially in colleges and academies, and even in seminaries for young women. Making due allowance for youthful frivolity, we take occasion to say that at all hazards order must be preserved among the students and discipline enforced by the faculty of all educational institutions. When students are suffered to override the rules set up by the faculty, it is to their own disadvantage; when professors fail to apply these rules, it is evidence of their incompetency; when an institution gets a name for disorderliness, it is on the road to ruin.—New York Sun.

Can This Be True?

"No, sir, I'll not pay 35 cents for small sandwiches and 50 cents more for service. The simply highway robbery," said a New York man to the proprietor of a Chicago restaurant.

"That, sir, is a small matter compared with a highway robbery."

"Yes, you are right. If there were any highway robbers, I would certainly beg their pardon."—Texas Sittings.

World's Fair Expenses For One Day.

A Chicago man gives this schedule of prices for seeing the fair on 60 cents a day: Cottage Grove avenue car, round trip, 10 C. Admission, 10 C. Milk exhibit, 5 C. Free Fresh rolls at yeast exhibit, 5 C. Free Buttered crackers at butter exhibit, 5 C. Total, 50 C.

Death of "Mother Shipton."

Mother Shipton is dead, or at any rate the real author of her famous prophecies is no more. In other words, the book-selling world has to deplore the loss of Mr. Charles Hindley, who long ago confessed to the innocent imposture. He wrote a good deal in one way or another, partly to the press and partly in books, but Mother Shipton was his most famous achievement. He died at Brighton, where he used to carry on the business of a bookseller.—London Globe.

Flying Machine.

An extraordinary kind of flying machine has been designed by Horatio Phillips of Harrow, England. In appearance it might be compared to a long board on which are a pair of window blinds, so mounted that the shutters are nearly flat. The frame is boat shaped in plan, 25 feet long and 3 feet wide. It is supported on three small wheels and carries a small compound engine working a screw propeller 6 1/2 feet in diameter. The sustainer, or wings, consist of a number of wooden blades or slats mounted one above the other in a steel frame. Each slat is 19 feet long and 1 1/2 inches wide, the combined surface of all the slats being 140 square feet. The frame is placed in a vertical position and arranged transversely to the line of motion.

The weight of the whole machine in working order is 360 pounds. It could not, of course, be allowed to soar away unfettered, as it is too small to carry any person to guide its flight. It is therefore attached to a pillar by means of wires which confine its flight to a circular path 628 feet in circumference. When it is desired to operate the machine, steam is turned on and the propeller set to work. It has made 14 turns around the track without any of the wheels touching ground at a speed of 40 miles an hour, and this with enough dead load to bring the total weight up to 885 pounds. This is equal to lifting a load of about 24 pounds per square foot of sustainer surface when all the conditions are taken into account.—New York Telegram.

A "Cooling Off" Process at the Shore.

The Bowery is the favorite lair of the representative professional and business men of Coney Island and the mecca of all the "jays," as the visitors are termed who come down from the city to "cool off." Close observation of the habits of these "jays" reveals the fact that the popular method of "cooling off" is to pound with a large mallet in a vain attempt to register some impossible number on a dial overhead, to blow into a "lung tester" until one is black in the face, to mount a yellow wooden giraffe and be swung around a "carousal" to the music of a bronze steam organ, to drink beer and to listen to all the unpopular airs sung by yellow haired sirens with the sea fog air in their throats.

I had seen several thousand citizens engaged in this "cooling off" process, which, by the way, frequently landed its votaries in what is known as the "cooling off" before it occurred to me to inquire what mesmeric power led them to act in this manner. My researches brought me face to face with the representative Coney Island business and professional men—the worst band of fakirs that the world has ever seen.—New York Cor. Boston Herald.

Unostentatious Charity.

William C. Todd of Atkinson, N. H., is a philanthropist wise in his giving. The Boston Public Library is \$50,000 richer for his generosity, and his largess is to be invested so as to secure a permanent annual income of \$2,000 to be expended in maintaining a newspaper reading room in which papers from every large city in the world will be found. If it did not require a struggle to overcome the temptation to found some weak institution bearing his name instead of burying his gift in a great organization already established, Mr. Todd is a man of less than average vanity. It would be hard to find an investment in the direction of popular education likely to be more beneficial than this one. A reading room makes little show. It is influential nevertheless.—New York Tribune.

Canada's New Governor General.

Canada is to have a new governor general in the person of Lord Aberdeen, one of the most brilliant and rising of the younger statesmen of Great Britain. He will be ably seconded by Lady Aberdeen, described by The Woman's Herald of London as one of the half dozen famous women of the world—one who believes in women as an active force in politics. "We should work side by side, men and women, each endeavoring to accomplish something, and thus make the world a little better than we found it." Canada stands with maple leaves in her hands to extend the heartiest of welcomes to the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen.—Wives and Daughters.

"By the Wish of His Wife."

It is generally believed that the money which the Duke of Portland wins at racing is given to charity, according to the direction of the duchess, and the duke, not content with this, seems determined to hand down to posterity a tribute to her wholesome influence. In the center of the new fine almshouses lately erected on his Welbeck estate for the widows of those employed on it there is a stone with an engraved inscription setting forth that the buildings were "erected by the sixth Duke of Portland by the wish of his wife." Thereafter follow the names of the successful race horses and their victories.—London Tit-Bits.

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