

The Star.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1897.

NUMBER 41.

Railroad Time Tables.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 15, 1896.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Includes routes like Philadelphia to Erie and Erie to Philadelphia.

WESTWARD

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Includes routes like Erie to Philadelphia and Philadelphia to Erie.

JOHNSBURG RAILROAD.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Includes routes like Johnstown to Erie and Erie to Johnstown.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Includes routes like Ridgway to Clearfield and Clearfield to Ridgway.

WESTWARD

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Includes routes like Clearfield to Ridgway and Ridgway to Clearfield.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Includes routes like Buffalo to Rochester and Rochester to Buffalo.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Includes routes like Johnstown to Erie and Erie to Johnstown.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Co. Lessee

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Includes routes like New York to Philadelphia and Philadelphia to New York.

CONNECTIONS.

At Williamsport with Philadelphia & Erie Railroad, At Jersey Shore with Fall Brook Railway, At Mill Hill with Central Railroad of Pennsylvania, At Philadelphia with Pennsylvania Railroad, At Altoona & Philadelphia Connecting R. R. At Clearfield with Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway, At Mahanoy with Mahanoy & North-Western Railway.

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. J. C. DILLMAN, Proprietor. 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.

Miscellaneous.

E. NEFF.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

C. MITCHELL.

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

GORDON & REED.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Brookville, Jefferson Co. Pa. Office in room formerly occupied by Gordon & Corbett West Main Street.

W. L. McCracken, G. M. McDonald.

MCCRACKEN & McDONALD, Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law. Offices at Reynoldsville and Brookville.

FRANCIS J. WEAKLEY.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Offices in Mahoney building, Main Street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. Resident dentist. In building near Methodist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentleness in operating.

DR. R. E. HARBISON.

SURGEON DENTIST, Reynoldsville, Pa. Office in rooms formerly occupied by J. S. McCreight.

DR. R. DEVERE KING.

DENTIST. Office at the residence of I. C. King, M. D., at corner of Main and Sixth streets, Reynoldsville, Pa.

First National Bank

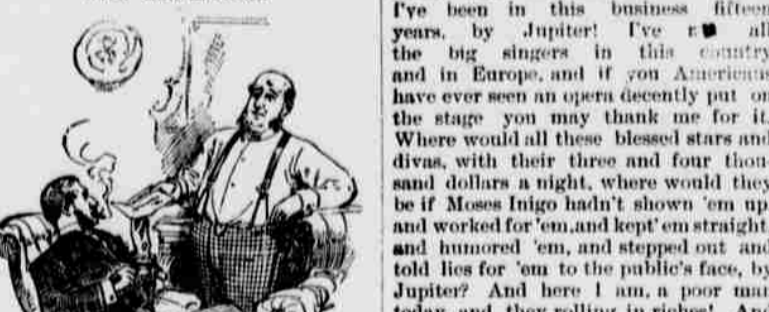
Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Includes routes like Johnstown to Erie and Erie to Johnstown.



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CHAPTER I.

HOW DESTINY BEGAN TO OCCUPY ITSELF WITH HER AFFAIRS.



Gen. Inigo arose, took the telegram from the table, and handed it to his friend.

One morning in the early autumn a gentleman was performing his toilet in one of the handsomest bedrooms of a certain hotel near Union square in the city of New York. He was apparently about 50 years of age, of medium height, stout, with a broad, flat head, from the top of which the hair had disappeared, leaving a bushy ring round the sides and back. His face, which was ruddy and broad, with a large nose and a thick mouth, indicated coarse good nature and shrewdness, tempered by irritability.

At the moment we come upon him he was standing in his shirt and trousers before the looking glass, endeavoring to adjust a scarf necktie of brilliant colors. Something seemed to be wrong with the fastenings, and after a few ineffectual struggles he wrathfully flung this important article of a gentleman's attire on the floor, emphasizing the act with an audible expletive. He then walked to the mantelpiece and poured some of the contents of a decanter into a tumbler, gazed at the liquor for a moment, and tossed it down his throat. He turned to the table, upon which, among various other articles, was lying a foreign cablegram. He took this up and glanced over it gloomily, then thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and strode heavily to the window, where he remained, making inarticulate grunts and mutterings, and occasionally puckering his thick lips to whistle a few bars of some operatic air.

After a while his wandering gaze was arrested by the figure of a gentleman, fashionably dressed, who was coming along the street in the direction of the hotel. He stepped hastily across the room, and pressed the button of the electric bell beside the door. "Tell the clerk," he said to the servant who presently answered the summons, "to ask Mr. Hamilton Jocelyn if he'll come up here; I want to see him. I guess you'll find him in the office. Look alive now!"

"All right, general," replied the servant, who was a complacent negro, and seemed to entertain a kindly regard for the stout gentleman. "Nathin' else, sah?" "Go to the devil!" the general answered testily; upon which the colored person smiled indulgently, and gently withdrew.

An interval of several minutes followed, during which the general marched up and down the room with a preoccupied and impatient air, like a lion moodily pacing his cage. At last there was a loud and brisk knock on the door, which opened at the same moment, and Mr. Jocelyn came in, with a jaunty smile and a cigar in his mouth. "Halloo, Signor Don General Impresario Inigo!" he exclaimed, as his gaze perused the wrathful and lugubrious figure of the owner of the room; "who's been crumpling your rose leaves now? Do you know it's half-past 10 o'clock and you ought to be—"

"I ought to be! Oh, yes; of course I ought to be! I shall be, too, before long—with such a gang of thieves and scoundrels as I've got to deal with! Now, look here!"

"I'm looking," said Jocelyn, seating himself in a rocking chair and crossing one knee over the other. "Have a cigar? Why don't you put on your vest? I declare, general, you're getting stouter every day. Why don't you adopt the Turkish costume? It would suit your figure to a dot, besides giving your innocent victims a warning of your character. When I was in Stamboul!—"

"Now, just you listen here," interrupted the general, a slight Jewish pronunciation becoming perceptible in his speech. He drew up a chair in front of his guest and sat down on it, with his feet drawn up underneath, and his fat hands on his knees. "Just you listen here. I'm an honest man, sin' I pay my way cash down, don't I? I'm no slouch nor deadbeat, am I? When I

Am I a man to cry about a little money? That ain't my trouble. But here I am, with my opera house built, and my posters out for three weeks back, and advertisements and paragraphs in every paper in the Union, and everybody on their beam ends to get the first sight of the great Russian prima donna (though whether she's Russian, or Irish, or American, the devil only knows; it's just what she's a mind to call it), and my great prima donna drops me a telegram that she ain't coming, by Jupiter! A nice figure she makes me out, don't she? Here I am, with a public record of fifteen years, and never once disappointed an audience, or kept them waiting, or failed to give them their money's worth, and now, after all my labor and planning and contriving, this is the reward I get—to be made a fool of! The jewel reputation, that's what she's robbed me off! I'd sooner she'd done me out of a million. But I'll be even with her, as sure as I'm Inigo, if I have to send her an ounce of dynamite in a jewel case!"

"She's never been heard in this country, has she?"

"No, nor in England either. I don't suppose there's another man besides me in New York today that has ever heard or seen her. She's kept herself on the continent and sung for royalty and kept herself out of people's way, as if she were royalty herself—that's been her game. And a first class game it is, too, when a woman can afford to play it, as she can. She never hollers for herself; she lets the others do it for her. And that's why the public will pay higher to listen to her—if they could only get her—than to any other woman that sings; and I traveled 8,000 miles and spent close on to two million dollars just so they might have what they wanted, and this is how I get left!"

"Can't you get any other?"

"Any other? Oh, yes; I dare say; of course! I think I can see 'em when I propose it! Why, they've been that jealous of this new woman, as they call her, and of me building a theatre for her, and cracking her up to be the finest soprano and the grandest singer in the world, that when they hear she's sold me they'll be ready to split 'emself for joy; that's what they'll be! And if they could only get me to ask one of 'em to take her place, so as to give a chance to say, 'Don't you wish you may get me?' I do believe they'd split outright and be done with it!"

"You're confoundedly vulgar this morning, Inigo," observed his friend musingly. "They say success is more trying than adversity, but I think the reverse is true in your case. Of course I wasn't thinking of substituting Patti Scatchell, or any of that caliber. They'd stand on their dignity, naturally; but, as your great Russian is entirely unknown here, except by reputation, I was thinking"—He paused.

"Out with it, man, if there's anything there!" exclaimed Gen. Inigo impatiently.

"By George, I shouldn't wonder if it could be done!" muttered Jocelyn, half to himself. "Why not? There's necessity enough on both sides!"

"What's that?" demanded the general.

"I'll tell you what I want you to do, Inigo," said Jocelyn, throwing the butt of his cigar into the fireplace, and resumming his hat. "I want you to finish putting on your clothes, and get yourself into a composed and respectable frame of mind, and then join me downstairs, and we'll go over to the club and have breakfast. I've had only a cup of coffee this morning thus far."

"Have breakfast?" cried the general indignantly. "Is that all you have to propose?"

"No; not by a good deal. Unless I'm very much mistaken I've got a scheme that'll set you on your legs again, upset all the rivals and make your great Russian strangle herself for rage. But I'm going to turn it over in my mind first, and then I'll let you into it in my own way. You came to the right quarter this time, old fellow. Let it isn't every man in the world, let me remind you, that's got a Hamilton Jocelyn to advise him."

"All I have to say," returned Inigo, as he took his glass once more in front of the looking glass and selected another neck scarf from the drawer, "is that whoever does Moses Inigo a good turn never has any reason to regret it. That's all I have to say at present. We'll go into details when we've heard what the good turn looks like."

"You'll find me below in the reading room," said Jocelyn turning, with his hand on the door. "You'd better make your arrangements so that we can leave town if necessary and be away all night. And, mind you, don't open your mouth to any human soul about what has happened. Everything depends on that."

"I guess I know how to hold my tongue anyhow," exclaimed the impresario resentfully. But before he could say more the door had closed and he was alone. In the course of ten minutes he finished his toilet and sallied forth, jingling his door key as he went.

"If he pulls me out of this scrape, by Jupiter, I'll make his fortune," he murmured to himself, as he took the elevator to the office floor.

When the two gentlemen were seated at their breakfast table, in a retired corner of the club dining room, and had swallowed their first cup of coffee, Jocelyn opened his mouth and spoke as follows:

"How old is your Russian phonix?"

"She looks twenty and may be thirty," the general replied.

"What's her style? Stout or thin, tall or short, dark or fair?"

"That's about as she likes, I expect."

She's what I call a true child of nature—changes with the seasons," said the other with a wink. "One of those women with hazel eyes and oval face, and hair all the way from straw color to black, that can make 'emself look like anything. She's about medium height. When we'd signed the contract at our last interview," he continued, putting on a diabolical leer of retrospective gallantry, "I pressed a chaste salute upon her brow, and didn't have to stoop for it."

"Probably it was the recollection of that embrace that influenced her in throwing up her engagement," remarked Jocelyn dryly. "You're a dangerous fellow with women, Inigo, in some senses! Better make all your salutes parting ones—final partings. Well, to continue, does she speak English?"

"Just as well as I do myself," returned the general emphatically.

"Poor girl!" said Jocelyn as if to himself.

"What are all these questions for, anyhow?" demanded Inigo, after a pause.

"What sort of an actress is she?" went on Jocelyn, not noticing the interruption. "Realistic or conventional or what?"

"Independent, I should call her," said the other. "She doesn't seem to act much anyhow, if you know what I mean. Free—graceful—spontaneous!" he explained, waving his short arm about, with a forkful of mashed potato in his hand. "Worth your money to see her just walk about the stage," he added, engulfing the potato in his enormous jaws.

"She'll do!" said Jocelyn, leaning back in his chair with the air of a man who has succeeded in an arduous and ingenious enterprise. "Your famous Russian diva, my dear Signor Impresario, lives not more than a hundred miles from where we are sitting; and if I know anything about human nature, and hers in particular, she will make her appearance as per advertisement, and sing herself and you up to your chins in bank notes, not to mention my modest little commission!"

"Bah! What ails him now?" said the general, helping himself to another croquette.

"Let me tell you a little story," continued Jocelyn. "About a hundred miles from New York city there lived, once upon a time, a beautiful and talented young lady, only daughter of a father who had brought her up in luxury, refinement and seclusion. This young lady had an amazing genius for music, and a voice so ravishing that the larks came down from the clouds to listen to her, and the nightingales grew hoarse with unavailing rivalry. The best instructor in the world was procured to train her, and in the course of a few years he turned her out finished in every respect. But, unfortunately for mankind, her affluent circumstances forbade her appearance on the public stage. At this juncture, however, a providential change of circumstances altered the entire complexion of her career. She had a brother, a wild and graceless youth, who, finding his native place too narrow for the development of his energies, went forth to investigate foreign lands, with an unlimited letter of credit on the paternal exchequer. Now, this same letter of credit is the specious—specie, I would say—disguise of the fairy who works the transformation. The energetic youth makes use of it to such good purpose that in less than a year from the time of his departure he has not only exhausted the family income, but has made desperate inroads into the capital, most of which has to be sold and the remainder heavily mortgaged—the old gentleman paying all demands for the sake of what he calls the honor of the family, though other people might think it was in order to prove what an incorrigible idiot a man of antiquated prejudices and aristocratic lineage can make of himself when he is afforded the opportunity. The result, at any rate, at the time of which we speak is that the old gentleman finds himself choked with honor and destitute of cash; that he is on the point of being obliged to sell the ancestral mansion in order to satisfy the creditors, and that were the honor he has preserved at so high a price worth anything in the market he might, perhaps, be disposed to mortgage some of it in consideration of an assurance of bread and butter for the rest of his life."

"I've heard of gifted amateurs before now," began Inigo, shaking his big head with a sigh; but Jocelyn interrupted him.

"What you've heard before is nothing to the purpose," said he. "This is precisely the case that contradicts all experience. Now, it so happened that a certain distinguished impresario had spent vast sums and made stupendous preparations to introduce a famous singer to the New York public. It so happened, too, that the diva in question, although so famous, was personally quite unknown in this country; and, as if for the special purpose of insuring the success of the grand enterprise that was preparing, she had even taken a whim to allow no portraits of herself to be exhibited. For some cause, at present unknown to this historian, the diva at the last moment backed out of her contract. The distinguished impresario, with disgrace and ruin staring him in the face, luckily thought himself to consult the wisest man of his acquaintance, who, by virtue of his presence of mind and penetration, promptly saw the way out of the difficulty. He took the impresario with him to the ancestral mansion aforesaid, where the young lady sang to them and was instantly made the recipient of the

[TO BE CONTINUED]