

## **VOLUME 5.**

### Hailroad Cime Cables.

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 15, 1896.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 15, 1896.
Philadelphia & Eric Railroad Division Time Table. Trains beave briftwood.
Bi04 a no-Train 5, daily except Sunday for Sunbary, Harrisburg and Intermediate statutions, arriving at Philadelphia 235 p.m. we york, 9:55 p.m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger conclustrom Williamsport and passengers conclustrom Williamsport and passengers conclustrom Williamsport and passengers can remain in stepe undistanted ontil 7:30 A. M. New York, Philadelphia, 252 A. M. New York, Philadelphia, 252 A. M. Washington, 7:40 A. M. Washington and Williamsport to Philadelphia, Passengers in shepper for the philadelphia, Passengers in shepper for Halinger and Williamsport to Philadelphia, Passengers in shepper for Halington and Williamsport to Philadelphia, Passengers in shepper for Halington and Williamsport to Philadelphia, Passengers in shepper for Halington and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington Prime Key Passenger Conclustrom Science Sciences from Frie Sciences Sciences Sciences from Frie Sciences Sciences

Philadelphia and Williamsport to Ballimore. WESTWARD
7:21 a.m.-Train i, daily except S.inday for Ridgway. DuBois, Clermont and Intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:10 p. M. for Erie
9:50 n.m.-Train i, daily for Erie and Intermediate points.
5:20 n.m.-Train i, daily for Erie and Intermediate points.
5:20 n.m.-Train i, daily for Erie and Intermediate stations.
5:20 n.m.-Train i, daily for Erie and Intermediate stations.
5:20 n.m.-Train i, daily scept Sunday for Kane and Intermediate stations.
THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.
TRAIN II leaves Philadelphia 5:26 A. m.: Wilkesbarre, 10:15 A. M.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 5:26 P. M. with Pulliams Parlow car from Philadelphila to Williamsport.

Pullman Parior car from Philadelphia to Williamsport. TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m.: Phila-delphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 p. m.; Raitimore, 11:50 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 2:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger couches from Phila-delphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williams-port.

TRAIN 1 leaves Renovo at 6:30 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:21

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.) (Daily except Sunday.) TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:20 a. m.: John-sonburg at 9:38 a. m., arriving at Clermont at 10:38 a. m. TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:45 a. m. ar-riving at Johnsonburg at 11:41 a. m. and Ridgway at 12:00 a. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY	EXCEPT	SUNDAY.

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4, 7:55	p. m.	Trai	n 11, 7:21	p. m.
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D BURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between DuBols, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region. On and after Nov. 15th, 1896, passen-ger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Oreek station, daily, except Sunday, as fol-lows:

7.25 a m and 1.35 p m for Curwensville and Clearfield.

Clearneid. 10.09 a m-Buffalo and Rochester mail-For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1897.

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> "The workmen will have to wait," said Bellingham. "Everybody has to do that," returned the impresario sententiously, and with

> > CHAPTER II.



"Music is a sacred thing, my child," he would often say to her.

What is more worthy the contemplation of a humane mind than the spectacle of a pretty young woman? It is the least selfish of all pleasures. By learn-ing we seek to elevate ourselves above our fellows; by philosophy, to console ourselves for the past and to fortify ourselves for the future; by religion (as it is commonly practiced), to make ourselves respectable in this world and comfort-able in the world to come. But he who stands rapt in the fascination of a girl's beauty enjoys the possession by another of what he can never have himself, admits his inferiority and generously exults in the existence of goodness for its own sake. The sole drawback is the risk he runs of falling in love-that is, of wishing to restrict to himself a blessing designed to rejoice mankind at large.

It might seem a pity that such a girl as Beatrix Randolph should be so situated as not to have it in her power to confer upon every one the unselfish gratification whereof we speak. But to be rare and difficult of access are among the conditions of mortal loveliness. In noother way, perhaps, could the heavenly aroma be preserved: and were we to be come callous to beauty, as we do to pain. life would have nothing left to promise us. On the other hand, dullaess is negative, delight positive, and a mingle

violets have perfume, and the sun warmth. She was the spoken secret of the universe-the interpretation of its fairest elements. By what mishap, then, was such a creature confined (as she was) to a few square miles of village land in the center of the state of New York? Was such a pearl created only to be cast before cattle, and the village grocer's son, and the hollow chested young Unitarian minister, and the unnkeeper's daughters? The world could not afford it, and yet there she was, and just at the time this story begins there seemed to be rather less probability than usual of her ever getting anywhere else. She lived with her father in a roomy

broad beamed, brown old house, en-vironed by eim trees taller, bit less antique, than itself. It was an American Eighteenth century house. Some hero of the Revolution had passed a night in it. It stood on the side of a low, gradual hill, and was four miles away from the nearest railway station. Altogether the region was sufficiently remote, though New York city was hardly more than three hours distant by rail. The mail arrived twice a day, and Mr. Alexander Randolph, the owner of the house and estate, received yesterday's World every forenoon, and read it during the hour preceding dinner, which always took place at 2 o'clock. It was an eminently conservative household; at all events its master was a conservative and a democrat, as his fathers had been before him

These forefathers were of Virginian descent, and two generations ago had owned large plantations in the south. But the young Randolph of that epoch had fallen in love with a northern lady and ended by marrying ber and settling down on this estate, which was his bride's dowry.

He was originally quite wealthy, but lost money by speculations during the war. With intent to compel a better fortune he soon after ran for an office. but was defeated, as a foregone conclusion, by a crushing majority. To crown all he lost his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. She died of typhoid fever in 1868. He was left with two children, a boy of 10 and a girl of 6. Mr. Randolph, though of a haughty and headstrong character, was not what is called thorough. He was tall and of slender build, with high shoulders, a gray mustache and imperial, and thick. wavy hair, growing rather long. His eyebrows were bushy and overhanging and gave to his eyes a fiercer expression than might otherwise have belonged to them; he had a habit of twisting them between his thumb and finger when in thought, which looked ominous to strangers, but really amounted to nothing His fingers were very long, and so were his arguments and discussions; almost the only short thing about him, in fact, being his temper. His general aspect was that of a retired southern brigadier whose slaves had been unrighteously made contraband. His expression was, ordinarily, profoundly serions, and he smiled rarely: but it was not difficult to make him break into a shrill, giggling laugh, which absurdly marred the severe contour of his visage and betrayed the underlying weakness.

He was fond of phrases, and had a fancy for calling himself "the most indulgent of fathers," but whenever his children transgree ed the moral law of their father's good humor or indolenceand this was not seldom the case with Ed, who was as restless and independent as a hawk-he fell upon them with sweeping broadsides of rebuke, culminating, if they answered him back, in vio-lent assertions of their total depravity. Ed was sent to school, but the study of books had no part in his scheme of exist ence. In the boy's seventeenth year Hamilton Jocelyn, a friend of the family, being on a visit of a few days to the adolphs, was tickled by Ed's bearing and the story of his exploits, and offered to take him back with him to New York city for a month or so, to give him in-struction in the laws and amenities of polite society. He went off accordingly, and the month had prolonged itself to six before he came back. His father thought that he had been improved by his sojourn there. He had brought back with him certainly a great deal of entertaining talk, and gave Beatrix endless accounts of the great city, its streets, its houses. its homes, its theatres: above all. of its be noted by the second state of the second sta of much use, but he was an admirable performer on the violin Beatrix, on the other hand, was above all things a singer, and her voice developed into a soprano of remarkable range and power. Her studies were not confined to church music. She knew by heart all the great operas and oratorios, and in pursuance of the marked dramatic ability which she pomessed she had, with Ed's assistshe possessed she had, with ner a she ance, acted out scenes from many of th former (so far as two performers might) on the stage of the back drawing room. One day Hamilton Jocelyn, who had heard all the famous singers of the world in his time, attended one of these private in his time, attended one of these private entertainments. Contrary to expecta-tion he turned out to be the most culo-gistic auditor that Beatrix had even had and he wound up his praises by declar-ing that she must be provided with a master to bring her voice out. The most indulgent of fathers was gratified by this tribute of admiration from such a source to his favorite child, and a week or so afterward the master was sont for. This was an elderly Englishman of

respectable antecedents, who, twenty years before, had begun his musical career with what was considered the finest tenor voice of the age. and whose knowledge of the principles of music was as profound as his proficiency was remarkable. But before he had been a year on the operatic stage the theatre in which he was singing caught fire, and he was burned about the throat in such a way as forever to destroy the voice which would have made him rich and famous enough to satisfy ambition itself. Professor Dorimar, as he afterward came to be called, had some small private means which rendered him in a humble way independent, and with a philosophical serenity which rarely char acterizes the musical temperament he settled quietly down to be a writer on the art and science of whose highest triumphs he could never more hope to partake. For the last eight years he had lived in New York, but he was known to very few. He sat with his piano and his manuscripts, and his visions of divine harmonics, in a retired little room a few blocks west of Washington square, and seldom went forth save to listen for half an hour to one or other of the very few singers who in his judgment were great enough to sing. He never was known to have undertaken the personal instruction of pupils, though he might undoubtedly have derived a large income from so doing. But he was of opinion that the right to use the voice in music is given to but two or three in an age, and the chance that the training of one so gifted should fall to him was too remote to be considered. To the myriad chances of

failure he preferred his comparative pov-

erty and his peace of mind. What arguments Jocelyn employed to woo him from his reserve cannot be known. But Mr. Randolph received a note from the professor, mentioning the day and hour of his arrival, and requesting Mr. Randolph to meet him and drive him up from the railway station alone. This was done, and on the way the professor stipulated that he should be enabled to hear Miss Randolph's voice before she was aware of his presence. "There is a train back to the city this evening, sir," he remarked, "and, if I should conclude to take it, it would be well to have spared the young lady the annoyance of an interview." The mat-ter was readily managed. Beatrix sang with the unembarrassed freedom of supposed solitude, and the Professor listened. When the young lady had finished her selection, whatever it was, she rose from the place and passed out through the open window of the room to the veranda. Here she was surprised by the appearance of a meager and pallid personage, of gentlemanly bearing and aspect, with a broad scar on the right side of his face and throat, and many thoughtful lines and wrinkles on his brow and around his eyes, who advanced toward her with a bow and took her hand. As she looked at him she fancied there were tears in his eyes. "Miss Randolph," he said, in a low and very pleasant voice, "I am to have the honor of being your instructor; my name is Dorimar." He said no more at that time, but raised her soft fingers to his lips. and with another bow dia-appeared. He did not take the evening train back to the city, but on the contrary took up his abode in the Randolphs' house, and being, in addition to his musical attainments, a man of cultivation, and of a singular naive charm of character, he was nearly as much of an acquisition to Mr. Randolph as to his daughter, and they all became very good friends. As to teaching, it was a matter between his pupil and himself, and was not often referred to outside. It seemed to afford him especial pleasure to think that Beatrix was singing for music's sake, and without any purpose of publishing or profiting by her acquirements. "Music is a sacred thing, my child," he would often say to her, "and like all sacred things it is shamefully and almost universally desecrated. It is not a mere question of voice and ear, but of purity d loftiness of soul. Great music never was greatly sung by a charlatan, or a libertine, or a fortune hunter. I, for my part, thank Cod that you are what you re, and that you will never be obliged to weigh your music against gold. The world may listen to you if it can, but you shall be spared the insult of receiv-ing for it what it dares to call recom-Beatrice acquiesced in all this wisdom, but somewhere in her secret soul she may have cherished the germ of an amm to meet great multitudes of her fellow creatures, to test herself upon them, perhaps to delight and inspire them, if there were power in her so to do. Three years passed, and then Ed went to Europe. There was some pro-text about his attending lectures at a university of mining engineering in Saxony, but it was a tolerably transparent pretext. That he should come back at the end of two or three years somewhat toned down was the best Mr. Randolph hoped. As to the question of funds, after a good deal of meditation Mr. Randolph came to the following rather eccentric determination: Ed was to be allowed to draw on the paternal resources for whatever sums of money he from time to time might require. "You may draw little might require. "You may draw little or you may draw much, my son," the old gentleman said, "and, be it much or little, all your drafts will be duly honored. I shall not restrict you nor advise you, but I shall depend upon your own sense of honor and decency, as a Bandolph and a gentleman, not to abuse my confidence in you." This

## NUMBER 42.

speech seemed to the utterer of it very noble and impressive, and also very sagacious and worldly wise. For if to put a young fellow upon his honor will not make him reasonably virtuous and economical what will? Ed certainly showed himself pleased with the arrangement, if not so much impressed by the phrases in which it was announced to him. He was an enterprising and able youth, and probably expected to make a fortune of his own rather than spend his father's.

The next thing that occurred in this eventful year was an offer of marriago, emanating from no less distinguished a personage than Hamilton Jocelyn himself. Beatrix thought it was exceedingly funny he should do such a thing. and not altogether comfortable; but as it was instinctive with her to consider other people's feelings almost as much as her own, and sometimes more, she suppressed her emotions and expressed her acknowledgments, adding that she had no idea of marrying anybody. When Jocelyn found that her resolve was not to be shaken he very gracefully said that to have known and loved her was a privilege and a revelation for which he should never cense to be indebted to her. He said that he had perhaps presumed too much in hoping that she could ever care for a grizzled old fellow like him-self, but that his sentiments would never change, and that if, at any future time, circumstances should lead her to reconsider her present views, she would find him eager and grateful to throw himself at her feet. He concluded by requesting that she would forbear to mention the episode to any one, even to her father, lest the latter should be grieved to discover that she could not bring herself to consent to an alliance with his oldest friend. Beatrix replied that she had no wish to speak of what had occurred, and that she hoped they both would forget it as soon as possible. Hereupon Jocelyn took his leave, and went back to New York, probably regretting the issue of the adventure almost as much as he professed to do, al-though perhaps for reasons other than those he thought it expedient to allege.

The third event was the death of poor Professor Dorimar, which occurred sud-denly and filled Beatrix with grief, notwithstanding that it appeared in one sense the most natural thing that could have happened to the good and mag-nanimous old man. He had had a habit of looking upward as he talked, and Beatrix had thought that he seemed much of the time communing with a better world, and perhaps derived from some angelic source his grand ideas about music and its mission to mankind. It was the first death the girl had ever witnessed, and it invested the three years of the association together of the pupil and her master with a sort of retrospective sanctity. They had been altogether the happiest years of Beatrix's life. The professor had taught her something else besides how to sing. Less by words than by some tacit, sympathetic influence he had led her to perceive and meditate upon the nobler and loftier aspects and capacities of human nature. As to his share in her vocal culture and her own proficiency he never had made any definite pronouncement; but on the morning before his death he requested her to sing for him the air from Handel's oratorio of "The Messiah"-"I know-that my Redeemer liveth." When she-had finished he said: "My child, you have enabled me to thank God that my voice was destroyed, and that my life has been for so many years a lonely dis-appointment. I have had triumphs and ssings that most men do not even know how to desire. A mighty scepter is in your hand," he went on, turning his grave and gentle eyes upon her. have helped to show you how to wield it. Power is very sweet, but it needs almost an angel not to use it harmfully. I don't know what life may be before you, my dear; but whatever it may be I trust that when you come to the end of it you will find as little cause to regret having met me as I have much cause to rejoice that I have known you." Beatrix hardly knew how to understand this at the time, but afterward the words frequently revisited her memory, and may have had some influence over her at critical moments of her career. TO BE CONTINUED! Is Marriage a Failure? Have you been trying to get the best out of existence without health in your family? Have you been wearing out your life from the effects of Dyspepsia. Liver Complaint and Indigestion? Are you sleepless at night? Do you awake in the morning feeling languid, with coated tongue and sallow baggard looks? Don't do it. A shout in the camp tells how Bacon's Celery King has cured others; it will cure you. Trial package free. Large sizes 50c. and 25c. at Reynolds Drug Store.

a nod he and Jocelyn went out.

# HOW LOVELY AND UNFORTUNATE SHE WAS.

1927 a m-Accommedation-For Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

Run and Funxsulawney.
 10.38 a m-For Reynoldsville.
 1.35 p m-Bradford Accommodation — For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Car-mon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

1.25 p. m.—Accommodation for Punxsu-tawney and Big Run.
 4.25 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Syskes, Big Run Punxsutawney and Walstom.

7.40 p m-Accommodation for Big Run and Punxsutawney.

Pursengers are requested to purchase tick-a before entering the cars. An excess argo of Ten Cents will be collected by con-sciors when fares are paid on trains, from listations where a ticket office is maintained. ductors w Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. McIwrynz, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. E. C. LAPEY, Gen. Pas. Agent, Kochester N. Y.

A LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday November 29, 1896, Low Grade Division.

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JAS. P. ANDERSON GEN'L PAM. AGT.

w. as to terms. You'll have to pay her what you'd promised the diva." "Oh, 1 will, will I? I'll see about that!"

morrow morning

[CONTINUED.]

following otter by the impresario: That

she was to assume and inviolably main-

tain the name and personality of the Russian diva; that under this name and

character she was to come to New York.

take up her abode at the most fashion

ance of a lady with a history so formid-

ably and fascinatingly scandalous a:

shake of his hand in the air, "I see what you're driving at. I didn't take it in at first that your amateur was to appear as

the diva herself, as well as to be her sub-

stitute. It's a smart notion, but I ex-pect it'll do better to talk about than to try. She'd slip up somehow. She might

carry it out for a day or two, but when

you come to two or three months, that's

another story! It would take a better

"She won't have to act at all," Joce-lyn interposed. "The public of course

will have made up its mind beforehand

that she is the real original diva, and the more unsophisticated she appears

the more convinced and charmed they'll

be. They'll take her innocence to be the

diva's consummate hypocrisy, man alive!

and any unfamiliarity she may show on

the stage to be the perfection of acting.

But, for that matter, when once they've heard her sing they wouldn't exchange

"If she can sing-yes!" said the im-presario rather skeptically.

"Did you ever happen to hear of a

"Old Dorimar? Rather! Best man in

the profession. Dead now, poor old boy!

"Dorimar was the instructor I men-tioned just now. He went up one day

to hear her try her voice, and the conse

quence was he stayed three years to lis-ten to it. He told me a month before he

died that she was the finest soprano, with the grandest method, he'd ever

"The devil he did! Dorimar was no

"I found her out before he did. If it

hadn't been for me where would you be

"That's all right; but I've got to hear

"That's why I told you to make your

arrangements to be out of town to-night.

We'll take the noon train up there. I've

telegraphed 'em to expect me. We'll

settle with her to-night, and be back in

gentleman by the name of Dorimar?" inquired Jocelyn, putting down his wristbands and folding his handsome

hands on the edge of the table.

Ah, if he'd only kept his voice"-

known.

ber first.

fool, that's a fact."

now, friend Moses?"

her for all the divas in Christendom!"

actress than I've ever come across to"-

"Hold on! hold on!" said Inigo, with

In consideration"-

hotel and receive whatever com pany will venture to form the acquaint-

able

hers.

returned the impresario with a shrewd grimace. "No need of me believing she's the real diva as well as the audi encel

"In that case we won't take the noon train," said Jocelyn firmly.

"Say, my boy, what's your game?" in-guired the other after a pause, during which the men had looked intently at each other. "Do yop want me to pay you her salary, and you hand her over whatever doesn't stick to your fingers-is that it? He! he! he!"

'You're a coarse minded idiot," said Jocelyn brusquely. "You attend to your

business and let me manage mine. I know what I want and how to get it. If she's not all I say she is, of course the bargain's off altogether. If she is, you'll have to pay for her-that's all. And if you don't like those terms you can get out of your scrape yourself---if you can!" "You ought to be a rich man, my boy. one of these fine days," remarked the im-

presario meditatively. "Well, if mes up to your report I'll agree. But f she doesn't'

"If she doesn't I'll stand the railway fare there and back!" said Jocelyn, and with that they laughed and rose from the table. As they were passing out of the room a tall young man, with a thick brown beard and severe blue eyes, met them in the doorway. He had a roll of paper in his hand.

"You're the man I'm looking for." he mid to Inigo.

"Halloo, Bellingham!" said Jocelys. "How comes on the Temple of the Musea

"All right," replied the gentleman so addressed, rather curtly, as his manner was. He looked at Inigo and added, "There's a point about the construction of the stage entrance I must consult

"I'm in a devil of a hurry," objected the impresario reluctantly. "I want only ten minutes," Belling-

"I want only ten minutes," Belling-ham said. "You architects are worse than—oh, by the way. I can't decide about it till to-morrow anyhow," azclasimed the other, as Bellingham began to unroll his paper. He glanced at Jocelyn and went on, "Come to the office to-morrow after-noon and we'll fix it."

ht pos day of glorious sunshine compensates for a whole blank week of lifeless landscape and leaden sky. But Beatrix, though delightful to look

upon, was not beauty in the abstract; she was first of all a distinct and concrete human person. It is fitting, there-fore, to consider not so much the loss the world sustained by her seclusion, as its effect upon herself. Certainly she was not of a temperament naturally inclined to solitude. She was quick to fee emotions of all kinds, and apt and simple in the expression of them. Her propor-tions, both of the soul and the body. were symmetrical and active; as sh moved easily and sweetly, so was she sweetly and easily moved. Her life, in spite of its circumscribed conditions, showed an instinctive love of largeness and variety, and herein she was helped by a generous and lively imagina-tion. She could not read a story or watch the sun rise without engendering in her mind a thousand fresh idea of the possibilities of existence. And her body was in such fine harmony with her spirit that you could see a stirring thought turn to roses in her cheeks, or conjure diamonds to her lovely eyes. When she came forth in the morning when and came torta in the morang from her maiden chamber, having put on, lot us say, a fresh, white gown, just crisp enough to whisper as she stepped, and a pink or a blue ribbon (as fancy might dictate) at her throat and on her hair, and her figure elastic and alert with the wholesome right of nistern with the wholesome vigor of ninetee years, and a mouth that laughed fragrance and music, and large brown eyes, which besides being as beautiful as possible in themselves were rendered yet more so by being a few shades dark-

yet more so by being a few shades dark-er than her rippled hair and \* \* and hands that were white wonders of warm flexibility and tapering softness; when this exquisite young American girl, in short—type of the most charm-ing and most intelligent womanhood in the world—came dawning like Aurora

out of the room in which she had been dreaming visions only less lovely than herself, it did seem as if the Golden Age were now about to begin, and as if noth-ing false or impure were henceforward possible. She explained, without utter-ing a word, why the grass in spring is so deliciously green, the sky of so tender a blue, why birds sing and water is transparent, why

Too Much to Swallow. "Inkwell nearly lost his job on the paper yesterday.""

"He handed in an account of the athletic sports and said one of the winners of the foot races was a messenger boy. "-Washington Times.

When Nero made his artistic tour as a musician and actor through the cities of Greece, more than 400 crowns were bestowed upon him, and when he re-turned to Rome he decreed himself a triumph and entered the city with these crowns borne in solemn procession.