

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY APRIL 7, 1897.

VOLUME 5.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Of the Borough of Reynoldsville for Year Ending March 8, 1857, JOHN TERI DELEN and D. HARTMAN, Over-sners, in necount with the Pour District of Reynoldsville barrough for the year onding March 5, 195.

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"we."

tional wrath and heat about him, mixed

with laughter and mockery, and noth-ing seemed to delight him so much as to

shock a faithfious person or to bully a

There was Mr. Plainter, a gentleman

all profile and eyeglasses, with a grid-

ing volce, a retentive memory and a

insatiable earnestness. He was pres-dent of the American branch of the No

clety for the Scientific Investigation of

Supernatural Phenomena, and his nor-

mal condition was one of high argument and exposition. He spoke of himself as

"you"-imparting to that pronoun an in

tonation significative of bigotry and prejudice. His neck projected forward.

and his figure was thin and curved like

the new moon. There was Mr. Beau

fort, once a clergyman, now an actor,

large headed, small bodied man, with

big nose and deep set eyes, extremely graceful and deliberate in his attitude

and gestures, wearing in repose an ex-

pression of thoughtful melancholy, as if reflecting that he had been a clergyman.

but brightening, when addressed, with a

smile of almost excessive sweetness, as if remembering that he was an actor.

Such of these gentlemen as possessed

wives were accompanied by them, but

the latter were for the most part like

the engravings of ladies in fashion pa

pers-though their faces might be pret-

ty, it was the dresses you looked at and

recollected. When an American lady is

distinguished at all she is apt to appear almost too much so. Not to mention

the hostess of the evening, there were

for example, Mrs. March, of the Won

en's Political association, slim, erect holding her elbows close to her ades

with a tight business mouth and years

ing, melancholy eyes; possessing an in sufferable command of language, en

hanced by a faculty of seeming to re-

press more than she uttered; Miss. Kor

ner, of German extraction, with short

sandy hair, pale, prominent eyes, a snul

nose and protrading jaw: her volubility was as great as that of Mrs. March, and her rapidity greater; but whereas

the former lady's conversation was

mainly explanatory and argumenta-tive, Miss Kerner's was interrogatory

and anosolutical: Mrs. Reight, a beauty

and of the rest of the world as

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[CONTINUED]

Such as they were the Cadwalador Dinsmores made up their minds to extend the right hand of hospitality Mile, Marana. Mrs. Cadwalader called on her in person, and Wallie, as a mat-ter of course, in the shape of his name written on a piece of pratchoard. The diva's acceptance having been secured the other invitations were issued, and the day arrived.

"You will have to put in an appearance," said Wallie to Geoffrey Belling-ham during the previous week. "You built the opera house, and decency demands it."

"The more reason why not," the architect replied. "I should have to be intro-duced, and I don't care for it."

'You will have to come," the other te peated calmiy. "Do you want the woman to be disrespectable?" "It's none of my business."

"It is. A woman is what her asso cintes are. If respectable people don't receive her they are to blame if she

cuts up. "If she were a novice-but she's notorious?

"You affect Phariseeism in imitation of your Puritan ancestors. But this poor girl is neither a witch nor a Quaker. Her notoriety comes from her genius: the rest is mere hearsay, which it's none of your business to attend to. Lintend that she shall leave New York without a spot on her reputation, and you must bear a hand. Otherwise you're not the fellow I took you for." Wallie knew Bellingham better and had more influence over him than any one else, and the end of it was that Bellingham con-

sented to come. There were less than twenty person at the dinner. The dining room walls were of a soft Indian red hue, the wood work being mahogany and maple. The flowers on the table were yellow and blue. The room was lighted by timbed was candles, each provided with a little colored shade. Everything looked coal, fresh and sweet. The bost and bostess received their guests in the adjoining drawing room. By previous arrange-ment Mile, Marana and Mrs. Benax were the first to arrive. The diva was dressed in sumothing white, of a lithe and feathery effect, giving the impres-sion of a beautiful great bird. Her Hor heart was up, for this was her first irrevocable step in her assumed personality. She was a high spirited girl, and having entered upon her course she had

laid aside fear and irresolution. Whatever she did she would de with her might. Such a vision of purity and loveliness as she was did not often enter a New York drawing room. She gave her hand first te Mrs. Cadwalader and then to Wallie. The latter grasped it cordially, and seemed about to say something, but suddenly checked himself, and looked at her with an odd, perplexed expression, like a man who is taken by surprise. Doubtless se much beauty would be a surprise to any one. After a moment's hesitation he suid. "I'm glad to welcome you to this coun-try, mademoiselle. I hope you will learn to feel like an American as much as you already look like one." "Thank you: if it is American to feel happy then I am one," she answered, and it was observable as she spoke that this foreign lady's pronunciation was remarkably accurate. Wallie forbore to make the observation, however; he only took his chin between his thumb and forefinger with a quietly smiling look. Mrs. Cadwalader said: "What delicious lace, Mademoiselle Marana! It is like frost work on iwory. Will you take a cup of tea?" Mile. Marana deckned, and presently

most melodious, he thought, he had ever listened to. At times, too, as the dishes were

passed, the lovely speaker would lean toward him, so that her soft white plumage brushed his shoulder. The Marana and Wallie were having a most entertaining conversation. It was not about architecture, and yet Bellingham felt attracted by it. Wallie was smiling and chuckling, and ever and anon making some pithy or arch remark. The diva seemed to be attempting to describe the mental visions which certain kinds of music called up for her. At last she said, "The end is like the awful rose of dawn,' and it seems to keep unfolding more and more, but the twilight darkens between, and you can only feel that the great flower blooms at last in the morning of the other world."

he should fall in love with her at any

rate. Meanwhile his other car was be-ing visited occasionally by the low and

varied music of a voice the freshest and

"At the same moment Mrs. Bright was mying to Bellingham: "In that way, don't you see, the second and third house would have just as good a view of the stage as the first, and yet the parquet wouldn't loss anything. Now, bu't that a nice plan? Either Bollingham had not heard her

er else he didn't think it worth while to answer. He turned to the young diva answer. He turned to the young it's and said, "That must be Beethoven," Wallie's cycbrows went up. He had

been quietly watching Bellingham, and had been much annued by his evident distraction and final surrender. He asked Mr. Knight, in the second seat on his left, whether it were true that Grant intended to found a college of politics in Mexico, and left the young people to arrange themselves as they liked.

Mrs. Bright turned pale, took up a silver pepper box, and overwhelmed her croquette de volaille with red pepper. Blinded by her indignation, she was on the point of putting a piece of the highly condimented viand in her mouth, when Gen. Inigo, who was on her left, and who had been assimilating his nourishment with knife, fork and forefinger, and vast enjoyment of champing and declutition, hurriedly set down the glass of sherry he was mising to his lips, and with great good nature nivested the young lady's hand by laying his own fat paw upon it. "My dear madam." aclaimed with his unctaous Hebraic

drawl, "would you commit suicide at a table like this?"

"Oh, I'm awfully obliged," returned Mrs. Bright, really feeling so on more accounts than one, though she had never before been able to endure that horid free and easy impresario. She over came her repugnance, and recouped herself for Bollingham's scant courtesy by extracting whole hogsheads of it from the ample reservoirs of her other much bor. After all it amonuted to the same thing. So a woman receives attention it is small olds whence it comes.

the wife of a weaking brewer, holding herself as if she were on horseback, rush-Bellingham and the diva meantime had taken a short cut to a mutual undering at a topic or an enterprise as if it were a five barred gate, and forgetting standing, and would have been aston ished, had they stopped to think about it, at the vistas of sympathetic feeling it the next moment, headstrong, enthustastic, blase: she had embraced Herbert Spencer during the last season, and that were opening up before them. Sun reproduced him in jets and sparkles. Mrs. Musgrave, the dramatic reader. shine arose on their way, and they rambled onward at their will. To talk But why continue? The peculiarity of with the prims. donna on a subject that New York society is that no two people attracted her was like drawing harare alike; you have to focus yourself monies from some exquisite instrument. She responded to the lightest touch, and anew for every person you meet; whereyou could see the promise and invitation of music in her face before you spoke. Bellingham forgot that this was the woman whose adventures and audacities everybody and been discussing for weeks past; she was to him a delicious outlet for a part of his nature which he had heretofore repressed even when by him-self; so the seed first discovers itself in the earth, and the flower in the sunlight. When, half an hour ago, he had been presented to Mile. Marana in the drawing room he had felt that she was beautiful, but remembered that she must be repellent, and had passed on without a second look. She, on the other hand, had been sensitive to his hostility, told herself that he looked cross and frigid. and thought it fortunate that he was an architect instead of a singer, liable to appear with her on the stage. But now. under the mingled persuasion of happy accident and the genial stimulus of lights, company and the table, their averted regards had unawares turned to accord-an accord which might prove demporary, but was certainly delightful. It was strange to both of them, but with the sort of strangeness that seems like a sweet familiarity till now forgotten. Now they would let air and warmth into the secret chambers of their minds; now they could read the answer to their spiritual riddles in each other's face. At the other end of the table Mrs. Cadwalader was prospering blithesomely with Mr. Grasmere on one hand an. Mr. Barchyffe on the other. The conversation was of an æsthetic cast-would the Wagnerian method of musical composition prevail, and if so, would not music ultimately be chargeable with infringing on the preserves of the other arts? Mr. Barclyffe, propping up his mustache occasionally with his napkin. was of opinion that music was the soul and reconciliation of all the arts, and that a knowledge of music would henceforth be indispensable to enable the painter, the sculptor and the poet to do their work intelligently. "As to archi-tecture," added he, "we all know that in its higher manifestations it has been termed frozen music." "Some of Wag-ner's music that I have heard," retorted Ma Grassman Una do Mr. Grasmere, "was dry enough to be

he importingly easy d out, where a portrait of Grasmers down at the club that is said to have been pointed to the time the old cow died of." Hereuper Mr. Bidgood burst into a hearty laugh and observed that the old cow probably died from feeding on the harmonious hay loft. Mr. Grasmere, who was prob ably of Scotch extraction, drew himself up to his full beight and said to Mrs Cadwalader, with a gleam from beneath his cyclids, that such mon as the last two speakers did more than vice or ligno rance to delay civilization. Mrs. Cad-walader smiled with scarbet lips, and said in her small, care-sing voice, "The proprietor of the Professional Amateur cannot believe that civilization is delayed.

If there was any further danger of a breach of the peace it was averted by the action of Wallie, who now arose in his place and proposed the health of the guest of the evening. "Though our guest to ulght," he said, "the is a host in herself; and if she was born in a foreign land, we all know that some of the trast Americans have never set foot in the United States." The toast having drunk with much cordiality. Wallie added, "I didn't learn that speech by heart, Indies and gentleman, but that is , where it came from

The Sketch Club.

The work of the Shetch club, a distinet display in the recent exhibit at the Pittiburg School of Design, attracted its own share of attention. The work submitted included pen and ink drawings and oil and water color sketches. The work done by the club is entirely independent of the class work done in the school Members include both graduates and students. The club meets each Friday afternoon during the winter in one of the studios of the school and sketches from life. During the summer the club enjoys excursions in the suburbs of the city and makes studies of landscapes and outdoor life. For the indoor sketching each member pledges herself to sit once as a model for the club. The club has been in existence for several years. The present officers are Mrs. An-nie R. Mahood, president; Mrs. Myra G. Robinson, secretary, and Miss Janey Jenkins, treasurer. Each year the quality of the work grows in importance, while as an incentive to industry the worth of the club is fully established .--Pittsburg Dispatch.

Wales and the Indian Chief.

The Prince of Wales receives many peculiar, humorous and pathetic letters of appeal. One of the oldest of these ap-peals came from the Wabigoon Lake Indina reserve, in Canada, some years ago, when, the regulations being less strict than now, a party of white men, regardless of treaties, were peaching upon the preserves of the Indians.

The red men resented this, and the chief dispatched the following cable message:

To the Prince of Wales, London, England White men suting timler on Eagle lake. Would you kindly come and sealle matter! This was given to us. Please advise. Kan Kiwcash, Chief. Waldgoon Lake.

There is no record of the prince's reply to this simple appeal by the red men to their future sovereign .- Pearson's Weekly.

The parish church of Grove, on the borders of Bedfordshire and Bucking-hamshire, but situated in the latter coun-musical sister once myself. ty, is said to be the smallest and most curious church in England. The parish contains under 20 inhabitants, and the church will comfortably seat a few more than that number.

NUMBER 47.

Treacherous Cape Cod.

Nebody knowshow many vessels have been wrecked on Caps Cod since the bleak December day when the Mayflower rounded Race point and sought shelter in what is now the harbor of Province-town. The number is very great, how-ever, and the loss of life on this most dangerous part of the whole New Eng-land coast has been something appalling. A list, admitted to be incomplete, of the wrecks since 1873 shows that 151 vessels, including three steamers, have gone to pieces on the pitiless sands of the cape, and, had not the waves always hastened to remove the evidences of their work, the shore all the way from Chatham, at the elbow of Massachu-setts' elbow, to the crook of her bent

would be piled high with the ribs and: and planking of shattered vescels. A large propertion of the cape's victims are coasting schooners, with only an occasional bark or brig. These elemeters, therefore, rarely attract much attention, but they are tragical none the less, and almost every storm adds to the number of dreadful stories which the lighthouse keepers and members of the life saving service have to tell .- New York Times.

English as a Cursing Medium.

A pleasing testimonial to the resources of the English language was given at Mauchester. An inquiry was being held as to a house reputed to be used for gambling. It was frequented by poor Jews, and they were stated in a general way to have spoken their own Yildish---except when they wished to swear. Then they used English. Our oaths appear to be simpler and stronger than those of any other tongne. The Epaniards', though it must be admitted they are coarser, are too elaborate. They swear, not in words, but in sentences. The same may be said of Italian executions. French on the are a failure. They beat us in slang, but in simple objurgation they are nowhere. German imprecations mean a good deal, but that is just where they fail. The essence of a good round oath is mystery. And that is why American swearing, though schorous, misses its mark. There is too much thought in it .--- St. James Gazette.

Hairpin Motor.

A fuse burned out in one of the Wothersfield cars, and the car at once came to a standstill. After a moment the motorman opened the front door, and, pat-ting in his head, inquired, "Can say lady lend me a hairpin?" His singular request was at once complied with, and in a short time the car was again at way, "What did you want that ha for?" asked the woman who had plied it of the conductor when the ficial came to collect her fare. make a fuse out of," was the r "and I guess you are entitled to side free this trip." And she did, while the other passengers applanded heartile Hartford Post.

Sympathy.

Captain (to stowaway) - 20, 370 ronng raseal, you can away from home, fild you? You ought to be thrushed for leaving home and thrushed again for getting aboard a ship without permission. Stowaway - Please, sir, my sister commenced takin music lessers au practicin scales on the planer, an I thought there wouldn't be no planers on ships-11 13

"Come to my arms, my son. I h.

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Financial Statement of Reynoldsville Be ough for the year ending March 8, 1897.

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Outstanding indebtedness of Borough for the year ending M	Reynolds arch 8, 1897	v11
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PARTY AND A DESCRIPTION OF A DESCRIPTION OF A DESCRIPTION OF A DESCRIPTION	0,825 43 10,8	26
PETER ROBERTSON, In necount with Reynoldsvill the year ending March 8, 1997 DR.	e Borough	1
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By treasurer's receipts	2505 00 11 92	

8250 71 8250 71 These accounts andited this 8th day of March, 1897, and found to be correct. J. S. HAMMOND, I. H. EWING, T. C. REYNOLDS, Auditors. the other gnests began to arrive. These was Mr. Barcliffe, a wood mer-

chant, but for social purposes an ama-teur composer. He was a small, slender, lively man, with gray hair and an immense gray mustache, like a great bar across the lower part of his face; he had across the lower part of his face; he had the air of always standing on tiptoe to peep across this bar with a sportive, twinkling expression. There was Mr. Bidgood, a rosy, roistering, spherical personage, bald headed and short of breath; he smiled at you with a pene-trating lock as if there ware a variant trating look, as if there were a private joke between you and himself which it

would not do to mention. There was Mr. Grasmere, tall, courtly and romantic, with a resonant voice and an occasional gleam from beneath his upper eyelids, as if his soul were kindling within him. He had been a lawyer by profession, but had married well, was now the proprietor of an artistic weekly. There was Mr. Knight, a distinguished politician with fresh complexion, clear cut features, powerful black eyes and snow white hair; his bearing was covertly condescending, as though he were reluctant to have you realize how greatly he was your supe-There was Mr. Damon, also white rior. haired and white bearded, a somewhat unsuccessful publisher, but gifted with a warm heart, a keen wit and a bitter tongue. There was a certain unconven-

as abroad the difficulty is to distinguish Mr. Smith from Mr. Brown and Mrs. Jones from Mrs. Robinson. People there seems to be born, ized and molded in platoons; the various social grades each has the same traditions, the same prospects, the same resources, the same top-ics of conversation, the same tailors, and the same faces.

But in New York we have not settled down yet; our people have what may be called a New York look, but there is no New York type-the former being a trick of facial expression merely; the latter a matter of feature and structure. But we are preparing to people a hemisphere, while the European nations have to pack themselves together like sardines in a box, or pickles in a jar. mathematically, economically and irrevocably, and by natural selection have long since lost their elbows and idiosynsies. We are all elbows on this side of the water, especially since we have ceased any longer to be all fists and shoulders.

In addition to the guests above mentioned there were several of our older acquaintances-Gen. Inigo, Hamilton Jocelyn and Bellingham. When dinner was announced Wallie Dinsmore took in Mile. Marana and seated her at his right kand, and it turned out that Bellingham sat next below her, much to his displeasure. He told himself that he owed Wallie one. On the other side of him sat Mrs. Bright, whom, indeed, he had taken into the table. The other gentlemen thought that Bellingham had

nothing to complain of. Mrs. Bright, who could interest herself about almost anything, provided it did not last more than an hour or so, noticed that her companion was good looking, and deter-mined to exploit him on the subject of architecture. She had read Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," and had seen classic and medizeval antiquities abroad.

Accordingly she rode at him with great dash and courage, and at first he answered her graciously enough. Before long, however, he perceived that she did not know the meaning of her own information, and then he became laconic. Young Mrs. Bright, on the other hand, was not accustomed to rebuffs. and Bellingham's reticence only stimulated her enterprise. She sparkled on like cataract in a rainbow, determined that

called barmonized hay lofts." This epigram was overheard by Mr. Damon at, the center of the table, and

The first submarine telegraph wire was laid in 1859 from England to France. Two years later Scotland and Iceland were connected.

York Weekly.

Poor Constitution.

The Friend-Didn't the party's will t console you?

The Widower-He's a poor hand at consolution. The Friend-Why, what did let and

The Widower-Said she would do at but gone before. -- Illustrat - 7.155



A/E will furnish transportation from Reynoldsville to Niagara Falls and return over the B. R. & P. R'y. and two days' board at Hotel Imperial, one of the leading hotels at Niagara Falls, to the person who will secure the largest number of

Gash Subscribers

to THE STAR before June 15th, 1897. Subscription 2 . price to be \$1.00, strictly cash in advance. See partle-ulars of this offer elsewhere in this issue of THE STAR.

C. A. STEPHENSON.

Ed. and Publisher.