The ★ Star.

VOLUME 5. REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1897. NUMBER 48.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Of the Borough of Reynoldsville for Year Ending March 8, 1897.

JOHN TRUDGEN and D. HARTMAN, Overseers, in account with the Poor District of Reynoldsville borough for the year ending March 8, 1897.

DR.

To balance last settlement		$ 276 23
" amount of duplicate		1,092 96
" amount added to duplicate		26 11
" rent		69 00
" amount from sale of furniture		2 50
" bal. in Trudgen's hands last sett'l't		3 10
" loan from First National Bank		311 25
" amount from DuBois Poor Dist		11 80
" am't from County Commissioners		69 16

CR.

By John Powers	pauper	$ 1 00	
" Sol. Wise	"	17 75	
" Mrs Dolan	"	25 00	
" Jno Hannah and fam	"	274 49	
" Bertha Smith	"	30 25	
" Peter Schneider	"	120 25	
" Jas Sharp and fam	"	72 55	
" E DeHaven	"	221 70	
" Repairs, taxes and water, DeHaven property		39 50	
" J H Bowser & fam. pauper		31 92	
" Christian Amstitz	"	4 00	
" Irene Iseks	"	15 00	
" Mrs Elizabeth Maln	"	3 25	
" J P Thompson & fam	"	4 75	
" Euphemia Drysdale	"	2 50	
" Pat McHale & fam	"	20 50	
" James Campbell	"	17 00	
" Jacob Shrumner	"	25 25	
" Mrs Agnes DuBois	"	79 00	
" Mrs Annie Harman	"	215 65	
" Ellen Lee Griffin	"	123 20	
" approving duplicate		75	
" am't paid for adding to		5 25	
" am't paid auditors, 1896		12 00	
" am't paid J. L. Becker, bal due last settlement		27 20	
" interest on loan		10 50	
" paid E. Neff, judgement in Snyder case		12 00	
" attorney's fees paid		140 00	
" J. Trudgen's expenses		4 30	
" Publishing audit, 1896		2 25	
" costs, Thompson's removal		3 00	
" 25 d. services, D Hartman		50 00	
" 41 d. services, J. Trudgen		82 00	
" exonerations		40 10	
" seated returns		29 62	
" 5 per ct rebate on $620 08		31 50	
" 2 per ct com'is'n on 620 08		12 40	
" 5 " " " 350 00		17 50	
" 5 " " " 908 99		30 45	
" bal in Trudgen's hands		25 19	
" bal in Hartman's hands		99 53	
" am't due from collector		437 91	
		$2,383 11	$2,383 11

W. T. COX, Tax Collector,
In account with the Borough Tax of the Borough of Reynoldsville, for the year ending March 8, 1897.

DR.

To amount of duplicate		$2,033 50
" amount added to duplicate		29 65

CR.

By exonerations		$ 59 66	
" seated returns		25 79	
" 5 per ct rebate on	$900 12	45 01	
" 2 per ct com'is'n on	900 12	18 00	
" 5 " " "	475 03	24 75	
" 5 " " "	708 09	35 40	
" treasurer's receipts		1,288 36	
" amount due from collec'r		587 20	
		$2,083 21	$2,083 21

W. T. COX, Collector, in acc't with Bond Tax.

DR.

To amount of duplicate		$1,276 14
To amount added to duplicate		17 09

CR.

By exonerations		$ 31 88	
" seated returns		17 80	
" 5 per ct rebate on	$584 74	27 24	
" 2 per ct com'is'n on	584 74	11 69	
" 5 " " "	300 00	15 00	
" 5 " " "	408 29	20 42	
" treasurer's receipts		828 81	
" bal due from collector		566 39	
		$1,293 23	$1,293 23

W. T. COX, Collector, in acc't with Water Tax

DR.

To amount of duplicate		$ 641 76
" amount added to duplicate		7 62

CR.

By exonerations		$ 18 61	
" seated returns		8 09	
" 5 per ct rebate on	$286 97	14 35	
" 3 per ct com'is'n on	286 97	8 61	
" 5 " " "	175 09	8 75	
" 5 " " "	187 41	9 37	
" treasurer's receipts		430 26	
" bal due from collector		350 74	
		$ 649 38	$ 649 38

W. T. COX, Treasurer,
In account with the Borough Tax of Reynoldsville borough for year ending March 8, '97.

DR.

To am't due from Col. Cox last settl't,		$ 538 80
" from Burgess Robertson		236 09
" " Collector Cox		1,288 36
" " County Treasurer		391 79
" " Clerk of Council		23 50
" " E. R. Pentz, ex-collector		19 24
" " am't in hose house fund last settlement		800 00
" " due treasurer		34 78

CR.

By amt due treas. last settl't,	$ 1 52	
" orders redeemed	2,497 09	
" orders redeemed (hose house fund)	783 73	
" 2 per ct com. on $3,481 42	69 62	
	$3,552 56	$3,552 56

W. T. COX, Treasurer, in acc't with Bond Tax

DR.

To am't due from Col. Cox last settl't,		$ 268 38
" from County Treasurer		7 67
" from Collector Cox		828 81
To bal. in Treas'r's hands, last settle't		85 12

CR.

By orders redeemed	$ 896 54	
" 2 per ct com. on same	17 93	
" state tax paid	43 43	
" bal. in Treasurer's hands	262 68	
	$1,189 98	$1,189 98

W. T. COX, Treasurer, in acc't with Water Tax

DR.

To balance last settlement	$ 93 21	
" bal. due from Col. Cox last settle't	179 64	
" am't from Co. Treasurer Waite	12 55	
" " " " Lucas	6 51	
" " Collector Cox	430 26	

CR.

By orders redeemed	$ 689 90	
" 2 per ct com'is'n on same	9 60	
" bal. due from treasurer	234 57	
	$724 17	$724 17

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

DR.

To am't of duplicate		$3,971 46
" added to duplicate		54 36
" from Burgess Robertson		236 09
" from Col. Cox last settlement		1,000 82
" in Treas. hands last settlem't		978 81
" from Co. treasurer		618 52
" from Clerk of Council		23 50
" from Ex-Collector Pentz		19 24

CR.

By exonerations	110 15	
" seated returns	52 28	
" rebates	88 69	
" Collector's commissions	150 99	
" orders redeemed	4,827 96	
" Treasurer's commissions	96 55	
" State tax paid	43 43	
" am't due from Col. Cox	1,076 37	
" bal. in treas's hands	462 47	
	$6,908 80	6,908 80

Outstanding indebtedness of Reynoldsville Borough for the year ending March 8, 1897.

DR.

To bonds outstanding		10,035 66
" orders outstanding		790 77

CR.

By am't due from Col. Cox	1,076 37	
" am't in treas's hands	462 47	
" net indebtedness	9,287 59	
	$10,826 43	10,826 43

PETER ROBERTSON, Burgess,
In account with Reynoldsville Borough for the year ending March 8, 1897.

DR.

To fines and licenses collected		$ 250 71

CR.

By treasurer's receipts	236 09	
" gas bills paid	11 92	
" sundry expenses	2 70	
	$250 71	$250 71

These accounts audited this 8th day of March, 1897, and found to be correct.

J. S. HAMMOND,
I. H. EWING,
T. C. REYNOLDS,
Auditors.

Only Fine Footwear

Should be worn, to the exclusion of everything inferior. We leave our shoes to tell their own story. They form a series of footnotes on ease and comfort, as it were, and make the whole subject so clear that even the careless cannot miss the point they present. Just look at our goods. Note the shape and style. Consider the quality and wear. Compare the shoes with the prices. There's only one conclusion possible, whichever way you view it.

J. K. Johnston's Shoe Parlor.

First National Bank

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

CAPITAL $50,000.00.

C. Mitchell, President;
Scott McClelland, Vice Pres.;
John H. Kaucher, Cashier.

Directors:

C. Mitchell, Scott McClelland, J. C. King, John H. Corbett, G. E. Brown, G. W. Fuller, J. H. Kaucher.

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons.

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.

First National Bank building, Nolan block

Fire Proof Vault.

Executors' Notice.

Estate of David F. Robinson, late of the Borough of Reynoldsville, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters, testamentary upon the estate of said decedent have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will make them known without delay, to S. S. Robinson, of Reynoldsville, Pa.

G. W. ROBINSON,
S. S. ROBINSON,
Executors.

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.

C. Z. GORDON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Brookville, Jefferson Co. Pa.

Office in room formerly occupied by Gordon & Corbett West Main Street.

G. M. McDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Nolan block, Reynoldsville, Pa.

FRANCIS J. WEAKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Offices in Maloney 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.

BEATRIX RANDOLPH

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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[CONTINUED.]

When the applause had subsided there was a pause, and the prima donna perceived with a beating heart that everybody's eyes were fixed upon her, as if expecting a reply. She cast a dismayed look at Bellingham, but his eyes were cast down, and an expression of coldness had suddenly overspread his face. She drew a long breath, and rose, with a soft rustle of her white dress, and glanced down the table. She heard the clapping of hands, and saw Jocelyn smiling and nodding encouragingly, and Inigo hammering the table and beaming uneuously. The thought passed through her mind, "I am not myself; they are applauding some one else." Instead of disconcerting her, this thought gave her self possession.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began. "I did not learn a speech; where I came from we did not make them. Some time I shall sing you my thanks. But I feel now how kind you are. A little while ago I knew nothing of you, and now we are friends! Your belief in me will help me to deserve it. All this seems hardly real to me—as if it were not possible. It is not I who speak to you, but the music, that is the reason of my being here. And yet I should like to have you like me for myself—else I should feel very lonely. I have only my music to take the place of my mother and my father. It is a great deal, I know, but not quite everything. And I cannot help feeling almost as if it stood between me and *you*. It is a disguise that I must wear, and I know that the disguise is better than what is beneath it."

Here her eye happened to encounter Jocelyn's. He was gazing at her apparently in much anxiety, and his lips seemed to be forming some voiceless words. The prima donna did not know what he meant, but she stopped and reflected that she was thinking aloud instead of making a speech, and that what she was thinking had more reference to the blue eyed man with the brown beard who sat on her right than to any one else in the room; whereupon a blush rose to her face, she murmured something hardly articulate, and sat down. Everybody smiled and applauded and seemed to be much pleased.

"My God, what an actress!" muttered Mr. Beaufort to his neighbor, Mrs. March. "The delicious audacity of that last sentence was inimitable!"

"She must be very clever," returned the lady, veiling her business mouth with the bouquet she carried; "but how very noticeable her foreign accent is!"

"Ach! well, my dear, it has been a long time before I could come to dalk so as one would not know I was German," put in Miss Korner charitably. "Mademoiselle shpeak very well for a beginner."

"They say the Russians are a very superstitious people," remarked Mr. Plainter, putting up his eye glasses; "I must remember to ask Miss Marana whether she has ever investigated any of the phenomena. She looks like a medium herself; I should like to investigate, under rigorously scientific tests, the range and quality of her abnormal capacities."

"Since meeting Mlle. Marana," said Mr. Knight, addressing Wallie, but graciously pitching his voice so as to be overheard by the diva, "I no longer marvel at Russian despotism. I should be a slave myself were I her countryman—nay, my slavery has begun even as it is!"

"By George! old fellow," whispered Jocelyn aside to the general, "hanged if I didn't think for a moment the girl was going to give us away!"

"Don't you believe it," the general mumbled in reply. "She ain't going to give us away, nor give herself away, neither—not to you, anyhow, and don't you forget it!"

The dinner came to an end, the ladies withdrew, and the gentlemen presently followed them to the drawing room. People were already arriving for the reception, and the room was getting crowded. A number of immaculate young gentlemen, in tight fitting evening dress, were reaching over their shirt collars to get a glimpse of the notorious Marana. There was an unintermittent buzz of talk that made it difficult to hear anything that was said. The ladies were numerous and brilliantly dressed, but many of them looked a little uneasy, as if they suspected they were assisting at a somewhat hazardous enterprise. The prima donna wore on her breast a locket set with diamonds that had belonged to her mother.

"Say, Witman," said one of the young gentlemen above mentioned to another, "did you notice the locket?"

"Haven't been able to get up to her yet, confound it! Does she speak English?"

"Pretty well, I believe; I spoke French with her. Full of the devil!"

"What about the locket?"

"Given to her by the czar of Russia before he came into the business."

"By Jove! Say, does a fellow have to be introduced, or can you go right up and talk to her?"

"Oh, sail in! She won't mind. These women always like to be taken by storm!" So Mr. Witman struggled forward to try his luck as a stormer.

Bellingham, after wandering about restlessly in the crowd trying to keep his back turned toward the diva, and finding himself, nevertheless, constantly brought up within a few feet of her, at length made up his mind to go home. But just as he was on the point of bidding adieu to Mrs. Caldwell, for some one struck a chord on the piano, a hush fell upon the assembly and it became evident that the Marana was going to sing. And there she stood at the piano, the pure loveliness of her countenance looking across the crowd, and looking at him. He folded his arms and stood still, and no one but he knew that she sang to him.

When the song was over there was a great stir of admiration and surprise and comment; for though everybody had expected something very good nobody

Took her hand, looked in her eyes and said, "Good night!"

seemed to have anticipated that it would be good precisely in the way it was; and they all tried to express what they thought in suitable language, with indifferent results. It takes the world some time to formulate its opinion accurately about a new thing. As for Bellingham, whatever he may have thought, he expressed nothing. He simply pushed his way through the throng that surrounded the singer, took her hand, looked in her eyes and said, "Good night!" Strange to say this unceremonious behavior seemed to satisfy her; a glow of pleasure mounted to her face, and thereafter she appeared light hearted and content. Bellingham went away immediately afterward, and without saying good night to any one else.

At the end of the evening Jocelyn sauntered up to Wallie, and putting both hands on his host's shoulders said, "Well old man, what do you think of her?"

"I think a great deal," Wallie replied. "You saw her abroad, didn't you?"

"No, the general did. Why?"

"Nothing," said Wallie, quietly fixing his gray eyes upon the other's dismayed visage, "except that I saw Mlle. Marana last year in Vienna, and I think her greatly improved."

CHAPTER VII.

HER FRIENDS, HER ENEMIES, AND HER LOVERS.

Within the next few days everybody in New York could quote a more or less authoritative opinion as to the merits of Mlle. Marana; for the guests at the Dinsmores' dinner and reception had been so selected that their various reports could reach all sections of polite society. The verdict on the part of both sexes was almost universally favorable, and every one consequently made preparations to extend further invitations to her. The only noteworthy dissentient voice was that of Mrs. Bright, who affirmed that the great prima donna was underbred and presuming. Even this critic, however, admitted that she had redeeming traits.

"In her proper place she *is* very well. She is a professional singer; and, though she is very professional, she is really a very good singer, too."

Mr. Barclyffe, the amateur composer, contributed an able article to a leading journal, in which he attempted to assign Mlle. Marana her place among the great singers of the last forty years.

"To the culture, the vivacity, and the subtlety of the present," he wrote, "our Russian guest unites the training, the knowledge, and the solidity of the past. Rooted in the soil of the best traditions of her predecessors, the flower of her genius blossoms in the new sunshine of today. The grandeur and dignity of her method are vivified and sweetened by rare personal charms of manner, and by that seeming artlessness of execution which is the finest triumph of art. Her appearance among us is another proof, not only of the reputation which we of the western world have attained of being the final tribunal in matters of musical tast and judgment, but of the great fact that real genius is always unique.

"Mlle. Marana recalls no other singer: she is herself! and to say this is (as those who have heard her will testify) to pay her the highest compliment. She does not accentuate an epoch—she makes one. Of her dramatic capacities we have yet to judge, but simple and unassuming as is her bearing in private society it is easy for the initiated to discern in the grace, effectiveness and precision of her gestures and carriage the results of that long training upon the stage and command of its resources which alone can make the poetry of movement a second nature. Our only misgiving is," added the writer, "that the ordinary repertoire of operas may fail to afford Mlle. Marana an adequate opportunity for the manifestation of her powers. While yielding to none in our reverence and admiration for the operatic productions of the great composers, from Mozart to Wagner, we may be permitted to wish that some new work might be forthcoming, essentially modern in its scope and quality, and thereby answering more completely to the requirements of modern culture. It would indeed be a matter of congratulation were such a work to claim an American origin!"

Those who knew the authorship of this article made merry over the peroration, and inquired archly whether Barclyffe had at last found somebody capable of appreciating his musical accomplishments. But by the majority it was accepted with becoming docility; and the impresario, it is needless to say, was enchanted with it. The allusions to the Marana's familiarity with the stage were especially grateful to him.

"I'll just tell you how it is," he said to Jocelyn; "you play off a little game on the public, and you feel nervous because there's one or two weak points in it. Well, sir, by Jupiter! those weak points are just the very ones the public swallows the quickest. Now, here's this girl—she can sing; we all know that; but she's a born American, and she's never been on the stage. Well, sir, there was old Lucretia March at the dinner, who said she could hardly understand her on account of her Russian accent; and now Barclyffe comes out and swears she must have been born behind the footlights! The next thing'll be we shall have some woman turning up and vowing the Marana has run off with her husband and a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Are you aware, Moses," inquired his friend, "that Wallie Dinsmore has seen the real woman in Vienna, and knows this one to be a fraud?"

The general set down the cocktail with which he was about to celebrate his good fortune. "Are you lying, or what's the matter?" he demanded brasquely.

"I had it from the man himself, you old blackguard," rejoined the other composedly.

"Does he know who this one is?"

"If he doesn't he probably will before long."

The general reflected. At last he said: "Well, I ain't scared. What should he make a row for? It ain't going to hurt him, and what's more, he's taken up the girl himself. It may tickle him to find out the facts, but he ain't a fellow to talk. If it was you, now, I might want to buy you off; but he's another sort." And Gen. Inigo tossed off his cocktail with renewed serenity.

"I'll bet you you're mistaken," said Jocelyn.

"I don't bet with you, my good friend," replied the impresario, shaking his head and chuckling sardonically. "I'll tell you what I will do, though," he added, after a moment. He took from his pockets a check book and a Mackinnon pen, and wrote a check, which he showed to Jocelyn. It was $10,000, and was drawn to Jocelyn's order.

"You can have that check," said Inigo, "and be fingering the bank notes in half an hour from now, on one condition."

"Go on," said Jocelyn.

"On condition that you take yourself out of the whole business, and leave me to deal with the girl direct. It's a damned shame, by Jupiter, that you should be putting 30 per cent. of her money into your pocket every time she sings, and making her think I pay her that much less than I do. I'll buy you out for $10,000, cash down, today, and take the risk of her bursting up, and everything else. I'm talking money, that's what I'm doing; and there it is! Will you do it?"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Cold Cures.

A plan is being recommended by French physicians to cure colds by applying ice to the spine. Indeed, nowadays the curative value of cold is being highly spoken of, and the inflammatory sore throat which used to be treated by poultices and warmth is now said to be easily and quickly cured by sucking ice and keeping the patient in a low temperature.

Utility.

"Your daughter has had a great many admirers?"

"Oh, yes! She puts nearly all her window curtains on the rods with her old engagement rings."—Chips.

There are a great many spiders, especially among the tropical varieties, which have three eyes, one on each side of the head and the third exactly in the center of the "forehead." This middle or third eye is always the largest.

CREDO.

Beyond the curtain of the grave
What shall befall us none may know
Save this: A manly heart and brave,
True to a friend, fair to a foe,
That, passing, leaves a record clear,
May face the void without a fear.

And not by homily, but deed;
By upright life, not beaded knee;
By grace and worth, not garb or creed—
The honest man, whoe'er he be,
Is proved of heaven's bliss an heir
Beyond the grave—if heaven be there.
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

WARNED OF DANGER.

Apparition That Saved a Woman From Being Bitten by a Cobra.

The following remarkable occurrence, an absolute fact, was related by a lady visiting friends in Hartford as it was told her by her cousin in Meerut, northwestern India. It took place in the house of the sister of the narrator. Of its absolute accuracy there can be no question. The two sisters in India are connected with families of repute and with officers in the British army in India. We give the story as the lady here related it. She is a devout member of the Episcopal church and is incapable of misrepresenting in the slightest particular.

Her cousin, in whose house the occurrence took place, was seated at a lighted table engaged in reading, when, thinking it about time to retire, and happening to lift her eyes from the book, she was astonished to see seated in a chair before her, and between herself and the door to the bathroom, a man, a stranger to her, who calmly regarded her. It was too great a surprise for her to speak and demand who was thus intruding unbidden upon her privacy and what was wanted. She remained for a moment in silent astonishment.

Then it gradually dawned upon her that the figure was probably not that of a person of real flesh and blood, but a visitor from the unseen world of life. She remembered having once, as a child, seen a similar figure, under circumstances which seemed to preclude the idea that it was any person still in the body, and in later years, in revolving those circumstances, she had remembered how the apparition had after a little while faded away into invisibility. Concluding that this new visitor also was not a person of flesh and blood, she sat silently gazing at the silent object, while the intruder, whoever or whatever he was, sat also in silence, steadily regarding her. Just how long this state of things lasted the lady did not accurately know, but it was probably not very long, when the mysterious stranger began to vanish into a thinner and thinner personal presence, until in a moment or two he had vanished quite away.

It was the lady's hour for her evening bath, but she thought she would first let out her two pet dogs from their confinement in another room. They came barking furiously and running directly toward the bathroom. There, through the open door, the lady was horrified to see on the floor a monstrous cobra—the snake whose bite is certain and speedy death. Springing forward to save her dogs, she quickly shut the door, but not so instantaneously as to prevent her seeing the reptile turning and escaping down through a hole in the floor where the drain pipes of bathtub and washbowl went—a hole which had been carelessly left larger than was necessary.

If she had gone directly to the bathroom, as she would have done but for the intervention of her mysterious visitant, her life would undoubtedly have been sacrificed in the act.—Hartford Times.

Sensations.

"How glorious to be rocked in the cradle of the deep! Don't you think so, Mr. Duzenberry?"

"Um—well, I don't know. It would be all right if the deep wasn't inclined to be too ambitious in the matter of rocking the cradle."

"Ah, but think of the sensations!"

"That's just what I am thinking of."—Chicago Post.

Billiard Balls.

Billiard balls are first roughly turned by a lathe from the tusk, then left from six months to a year in a room about the temperature of an ordinary billiard hall. This length of time is necessary because the ivory shrinks more in one direction than another, and the seasoning must be complete before the balls are finished and polished.

A Good Deal In Him After All.

"Well," said Papa Rushweed, as he settled down to his just before retiring cigar, "now that Bella has brought around her young man I can't say that I think there is much in him."

"Guess you didn't notice the dinner he ate, Jacob," said the practical mamma.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nearly all the royal personages of Europe are cousins, and not very far removed, as it has been laid down by a German genealogist has every crowned head of Europe, excepting Turkey's descended from one or other of two sisters who lived about 150 years ago.

Excellent results have recently been obtained by the use of electricity in bleaching paper.

The book of Job, written about 1520 B. C., describes very accurately several processes of smelting metals.

Trying to be witty is like trying to be pretty.—Fliegende Blatter.