

The Star

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1897.

NUMBER 49.

VOLUME 5.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Co. Lessee. CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

Table with columns: READ UP, No. of Mail, Nov. 16, 1896, READ DOWN, No. of Mail. Rows include stations like PATTON, MAHAFFEY, KORMOR, etc.

Railroad Time Tables.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 15, 1896.

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

Table with columns: No. of Train, Station, Time. Rows include stations like PATTON, MAHAFFEY, KORMOR, etc.



BEATRIX RANDOLPH BY JULIAN & HAWTHORNE.

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[CONTINUED.]

"You may go to the devil!" said Jocelyn, pushing back the check book, though not without an effort. "I'll have you to thank that money's not the only thing I'm after. I've got my own views about the girl, and I'll manage the business my own way."

The impresario detached the check from the book, and having rolled it into an albumette lit his cigar with it. "That's all right," said he, crushing the burnt remnant under his foot, "only don't you talk to me no more about betting! I know a man when I clap eyes on him, and I know a woman, too, and I guess you'll have time to grow to be a bigger rascal than you are before you're in my prima donna! She'll meet for your betters, my boy, and they're not far to look for!"

Jocelyn contrived to maintain a contemptuously indifferent demeanor, but it is certain that whoever made money out of the impresario was obliged to earn it in one way or another. Meanwhile Miss Beatrix Randolph, or the Marana, as all the world now called her, was in more cheerful spirits than she had been before her reception at the Dinsmores. She liked the Dinsmores; she was inclined to like almost everybody. She tried to take a charitable view even of the young gentlemen in high shirt collars who complimented her so badly, and said things which she knew were witty only because they laughed at them. She reflected that she knew nothing of the freemasonry of modern society, and that probably the young gentlemen intended only to be polite and entertaining. Mrs. Bemax, when appealed to on the subject, said they—Mr. Witman and the rest of them—were wealthy and well connected, and that it was desirable for a lady connected with the stage to cultivate their acquaintance. "A little social relaxation is an excellent thing for you, my dear mademoiselle," declared this worthy lady, "and a capital way to get rid of that little frigidity and stiffness you have brought with you from the country. Ladies connected with the stage have to work hard, but, en revanche, they are allowed more freedom in social intercourse than other people. It will be quite proper for you to let Mr. Witman drive you home from rehearsal in his brougham if I am along, or even without me at a pinch. All the others do it. You will not let him take any liberties, of course; but don't betray any timidity; he wouldn't understand it."

"It is one thing for me to do as I like," replied mademoiselle, "and another thing for me to let other people do as they like. I don't mean to be stiff, but there is no reason why I should be bothered either." "It will be no bother when you are used to it," Mrs. Bemax replied; but at the time she did not advocate her view any further. The finishing touches were being put to the theatre, and Geoffrey Bellingham was constantly on hand to oversee the work; consequently he and the prima donna must needs meet occasionally. He said very little to her, and was generally very busy when she might have entered into conversation with him; but she had an impression that he kept his eyes upon her often when she was not looking at him; and his appearance at the theatre was generally coincident with the hour of her rehearsals. One day after she had been singing a grand scene very effectively she happened to catch his eye in the stage box, where he stood leaning against the curtained partition, abstractedly knotting and unknitting a piece of tape. His gaze was so earnest, and at the same time so melancholy, that the prima donna, obeying an impulse that was partly curiosity, but partly something else, went round to the box when the scene was over, and met him as he was coming out. "How unhappy you looked!" she said. "Was anything wrong?" He stared at her for a moment, and said ironically, "Oh, you're a great artiste!" "I mean to be," she answered smiling. "A great actress, too! I should like to see you when you are yourself." "I am myself now," replied Mile. Marana. Then she remembered that she was not telling the whole truth, and blushed and looked down. "Then you must be a remarkable woman! But you probably don't know that you always appear to me like a fresh and innocent American girl. I can't see anything foreign or—staged in your talk or manners. Extremes meet, I suppose, and, like Paul, you are all things to all men."

This speech made the young diva feel that the world was very wide and very cruel, and tears came into her eyes. She was alone; there was no one to answer for her or to protect her. She would not have minded so much what most people thought of her, but it would have been a great comfort to her if this man, at any rate, had by some divine faculty of vision been able to see through the disguise that veiled her from the rest of the world. He did see through it, but he did not believe what he saw. He thought that his discovery was her deception, and the more she was frank and simple, the more she was her real self, the less would he believe in her. It was a dilemma between intuition and reason; and, with a man of the world, reason, in such cases, is apt to have the best of it. It would have been easy for the prima donna to have enlightened him, and under certain circumstances she might have been tempted to do so. But now it was a matter of pride to her, if nothing else, to say no word that could lead him to infer that his sympathy was anything to her one way or the other. But she was at liberty to resent an insult, and she felt that to do so would help her to preserve her composure. "You probably don't know, sir," she said, imitating his phrase, "that to call even an opera singer the extreme opposite of fresh and innocent is not polite. I am not so contemptible a thing to all men as I seem to be to you!" "It was a brutal thing to say, and I did not mean it," he replied in a low voice. "But I can't say what I wish to you. There's no middle way." And before she could make up her mind what this meant he passed by her and walked heavily away down the corridor. The prima donna fell into a deep and not altogether painful reverie. She seated herself on a bench behind the scenes and followed out her musings with her chin on her hand. The rehearsal was going forward in front, the duets, the quartets and the choruses, but she was lost in thought. "There's no middle way." What was in his mind—in his heart—when he said that? There had been something very potent in his eyes, that she was sure of. What eyes he had! What a stern, resolute face, with nothing mean or commonplace in it! He was not like the others, either in aspect or in manner. His very carelessness and roughness were more high bred than their best behavior. Though he might go among other men, he would always be apart from them; he was lonely, like herself, but, unlike hers, his was a voluntary and a noble loneliness. And he despised her because—because some other woman was despicable! That was unjust, and yet perhaps there was inadvertent justice in it. Perhaps, if he knew the truth, he would despise her no less on other grounds. But again there was some other feeling beside contempt at work within him. What could that be? The girl raised her head slightly, with a doubtful, smiling smile on her lips. There was a steady step behind her which she did not hear until it was close upon her. Then suddenly a pair of hands were pressed over her eyes, and her head was drawn back. For a moment she was too much amazed to resist; besides, she thought it must be—could not but be—some one who had a right to treat her so—her father, or even her brother Edmund, stranger would dare! Any impossibility was more possible than that! The next moment she felt kisses on her cheek and mouth—clumsy, offensive kisses. She was not a screaming woman, but she gave a passionate outcry of disgust, twisted herself free, and sprang to her feet. The offender stood before her, evidently not at all convinced of the enormity of his outrage. His visage was wrinkled into a waggish laugh, in which he seemed to expect the prima donna to join. It had already been made apparent to her that the man had been drinking, but the mist of wrath in her eyes kept her for an instant from recognizing in him the newly engaged musical director, Herr Plotowski. She felt that if she had had a weapon in her hand she could have killed him on the spot. And he was laughing!

"Ahs! my beautiful man'selle! I catch you fair dat time!" he exclaimed jovially. "Oh! dose beautiful lips! I haf often longed to salute dem!" "If you ever come near me or speak to me again!" began the prima donna; but she checked herself. She would not condescend even to threaten such a wretch. Besides, what power had she to carry a threat into execution? Herr Plotowski had been engaged at great expense; she was considered a valuable acquisition. No one could lead an orchestra more ably than he. If she complained of him her complaint would be put off or disregarded; nor could she bring herself to confide the outrage to a man like Gen. Inigo. He would be sure to laugh, and answer with some coarse, good humored jest. In this new world she had entered into everything seemed to make a jest of everything. There was no one to defend her; she must submit if she could not defend herself. But, as her glance fell upon Herr Plotowski, she told herself she would rather die than submit to such another insult. Her passionate indignation must have made itself perceptible through the sallow hide of the director, fortified

though he was by whisky. The wrinkled laugh gradually faded from his countenance, and gave place to an expression of absurd solemnity and irritation. "You be angry dat I kiss you, eh?" he cried in a harsh voice. "Let me tell you, man'selle, I kiss all ze ladies vot sing by me. Zey dahn it as compliment; if not, I make it worse for zem, eh? Plotowski kiss all he please, and dat all right, ain't it? You ask ze general, and you find out! Now den!" And he stalked away haughtily. This incident would perhaps have affected her somewhat less poignantly if it had not occurred immediately after her interview with Bellingham, and while her thoughts were full of him. The revulsion was almost unendurable, and made her feel as if the pollution could never be removed. Her bosom heaved, and bitter tears ran down her face. A woman in helpless enough at best, but she more than the rest, because she was fighting under a false name and reputation. Nevertheless, she could not retreat now, or give up the battle, she knew that her father had incurred pecuniary obligations to Inigo which could only be repaid through her. Besides, should she let her career be destroyed at the outset, because a creature like Plotowski had insulted her? Should she not rather persevere until she had won such position and such power as should enable her to protect herself against all the world? There was a proud, unconquered spirit in her, which asserted itself in her fortitude and defiance more than it had ever done in her security and happiness. And, after all, she was not without friends. At the worst she could apply to her father, and then there was Hamilton Jocelyn, who, although rather worldly and absurd, was really a good man, with her interests at heart, as was proved by his having obtained for her this splendid engagement, and there was Mr. Dinsmore, who seemed kindly and a gentleman; and Mr. Barclay, who had written all that praise of her in the newspaper; and there, too, was Geoffrey Bellingham; whatever his opinion of her might be, she did not believe that he would have stood by and allowed Herr Plotowski to insult her. No; things were not so hopeless, after all. Mme. Bemax had been out to make a few purchases on Broadway. She now returned, carrying her little bundles by loops in the strings that tied them. She hoped mademoiselle had not been delayed or inconvenienced. Mademoiselle replied that she had not been delayed; but something prevented her from telling Mme. Bemax about the adventure with the director. She feared Madame would say something about the benefits of a little social relaxation and about getting used to it; and she did not wish to feel an aversion toward the good lady, who was in many respects agreeable to her. So she held her peace and hid her secrets in her heart; but she could not forget them. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Parliament Custom. Before the speech from the throne is read, when the houses are resumed in the afternoon, by the lord chancellor in the house of lords and the speaker in the house of commons, it is the practice in both houses to read one bill in the first of deliberation without reference to the immediate cause of summons. This practice is enjoined in the house of lords by a standing order. In the house of commons the same form is observed pursuant to ancient custom and of the following resolution, passed March 22, 1863: "That the first day of every sitting of every parliament some one bill, and no more, receive a first reading for form sake." In the house of commons the clerk of parliaments produces an ancient document which has served this purpose for at least a century, entitled "A bill for effectually preventing clandestine outlaws," which is duly read a first time and ordered to be read a second time and will never be heard of again till the opening of the next session.—London News.

Marvelous Mechanism of the Human Body. The human body is an epitome in nature of all mechanics, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are more than 310 mechanical movements known to mechanics today, and all of these are but modifications of those found in the human body. Here are found all the bars, levers, joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, wheels and axles, ball and socket movements, beams, girders, trusses, buffers, arches, columns, cables and supports known to science. At every point man's best mechanical work can be shown to be but adaptations of processes of the human body, a revelation of first principles used in nature.—William George Jordan in Ladies' Home Journal.

Some Comical Bulls. A very absentminded German professor named Johannes Amer lately died at Vienna, and the following are a few of his remarkable bulls: "Julius Cæsar, disguised as a slave, swam naked across the Tiber." "Covered with innumerable wounds, Cæsar fell dead near Pompey's statue. With one hand he covered his face with his toga, with the other he called for help." What is called the Spanish needle is the seed of a peculiar species of weed. It easily penetrates and adheres to cloth or wool and is thus transported to a new location.

FREE TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS.

Over the B. R. & P. and Two Days' Board at Hotel Imperial.

We will furnish a ticket free over the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway from Reynoldsville to Niagara Falls and return, and two days' board at Hotel Imperial, one of the largest and most modern hotels at Niagara Falls, rates \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day, to the person who will secure the largest number of new cash subscribers to THE STAR before the 15th of June, 1897. Subscriptions to be \$1.00, cash in advance. This offer is open to any person in Jefferson county.

It will be well for persons giving subscriptions to know the parties who solicit subscriptions from them and whether they are responsible persons, as we will only be responsible for the subscriptions that are handed in with the cash. Persons working for the prize will be expected to report to this office, by letter or in person, and have their names enrolled as competitors, and will afterwards be expected to hand in the names of new subscribers and the cash for new subscriptions once a week. No new subscribers will be added to our subscription list unless the cash accompanies each name. A strict account will be kept and each person working for prizes will receive credit for names sent in from time to time.

An Opportunity to Visit New York City.

The Beech Creek R. R. has arranged for the sale of excursion tickets to New York City, April 26th, amount of the dedication of the Grant Monumental tomb, April 27th, at rate of single fare for the round trip, good for return trip until April 29th, inclusive. Tickets for military companies numbering 25 or more, traveling in a body, will be sold at rate of one cent per mile per capita. The parade on this occasion will eclipse all military demonstrations since the war; United States regulars, the National Guard of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and various other states participating. This is an excellent opportunity to visit the great metropolis and should not be allowed to slip by. For full particulars apply to Beech Creek R. R. ticket agents, who will take pleasure in furnishing any information desired.

Reduced Rates to New York.

For the dedication of the Grant Monumental Tomb, April 27, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to New York to the general public from all points on its line, exclusive of Pittsburgh and Erie, on April 26, and from Altoona and Williamsport and intermediate points and stations on other divisions within one hundred and fifty miles of New York, on April 26, and for trains reaching New York before noon on April 27, at a rate of single fare for the round trip (no less rate than \$1.00), good to return until April 29 inclusive. Tickets for military companies in uniform, numbering fifty or more, traveling in a body on one ticket, will be sold at a rate of single fare per capita for the round trip. The parade on this occasion will be the grandest military demonstration since the war. Thousands of veterans, United States regulars, and State militiamen will be in line. Price List. A few bargains for you in Groceries this week. Very best flour, cloth sack \$1 20 Extra spring wheat, patent 1 15 6 Papers corn starch 25 1 lb. Paper soda 4 7 Cakes Lenox or Gloss soap 25 7 Cans extra tomatoes 50 7 lbs. Arbuckle or Lion coffee 1 00 9 " Best rolled oats 25 6 " Lump starch 25 4 " Cleaned currants 25 7 " Finest lima beans 25 10 " navy 25 6 " Pearl tapioca 25 Lard very finest, open kettle 8 20 lbs. Lard very finest open kettle 1 50 This is just like home made lard. Full stock and low prices all along the line. ROBINSON & MUNDORFF.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. Alex. Stoke. For Sale. Draft team weighing 1500, also sleighs for sale. J. C. KING & Co. Make an effort to get the free trip to Niagara Falls, N. Y., that is now offered by THE STAR.

CONNECTIONS.

At Williamsport with Philadelphia & Reading R. R. At Jersey Shore with Philadelphia & Delaware Bay R. R. At Mill Hill with Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. At Philadelphia with Pennsylvania Railroad and Abco and Phillipsburg Connecting R. R. At Clearfield with Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway. At Mahanoy and Patton with Columbia & Clearfield Divisions of Pennsylvania Railroad. At Mahanoy with Pennsylvania & North-Western Railroad.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Table with columns: P. M. A. M., STATIONS, P. M. P. M. Rows include stations like Ridgway, Island Run, Mill Haven, etc.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY.

commencing Sunday November 29, 1896, Low Grade Division.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 1, No. 9, No. 10. Rows include stations like Red Bank, Besenham, New Bethlehem, etc.

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID MCGARGO, GEN'L. SUPT. JAS. P. ANDERSON GEN'L. PASS. AGT.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after Nov. 15th, 1896, passengers will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

Table with columns: No. of Train, Station, Time. Rows include stations like Curwensville, Buffalo, Rochester, etc.

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.

Hotels.

HOTEL MCCONNELL.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.

The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bath, rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, etc.

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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.

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