The ★ Star.

VOLUME 6. REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1897. NUMBER 3.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

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

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

READ UP Exp. No 37	Mail No 34	Nov. 16, 1896.		READ DOWN Exp. No 30	Mail No 36
p m	p m			a m	p m
	1 55	Arr.... PATTON ...	Lve		*4 00
9 30	1 40	..... MAHAFFEY		*5 00	4 40
9 05	12 35	Lve.... Kermoor	Arr	5 25	5 05
8 55	12 25	..... GAZZAM		5 35	5 15
8 49	12 15	Arr.... Kermoor	Lve	5 41	5 22
8 45	12 11	..... New Milport		5 46	5 27
8 39	12 05	..... Olanta		5 52	5 33
8 34	11 59	..... Mitchells		5 58	5 39
8 16	11 40	Lve. Clearfield Junc.	Arr	6 15	5 57
8 08	11 31	.... CLEARFIELD.		6 25	*6 05 †6 30
7 57	11 21	Arr. Clearfield Junc.	Lve	6 35	6 30
7 48	11 12	..... Woodland		6 45	6 47
7 42	11 05	..... Bigler		6 52	6 54
7 35	10 58	..... Wallaceton		6 57	6 59
7 28	10 50	.... Morrisdale Mines....		7 06	7 07
7 20	10 41	Lve..... Munson	Arr	7 15	7 15
6 55	10 16	Lve ... PHILIPSBURG ...	Arr	7 40	7 40
7 40	11 01	Arr ... PHILIPSBURG ...	Lve	6 55	6 55
7 18	10 36	Arr..... Munson	Lve	7 17	7 17
7 12	10 32	..... Winburne		7 22	7 22
6 48	10 12	..... PALE		7 40	7 42
6 26	9 50	..... Gillintown		7 57	8 01
6 16	9 43	..... SNOW SHOE		8 04	8 08
5 18	8 48	.... BEECH CREEK		8 48	8 57
5 05	8 34	..... Mill Hall		9 01	9 10
4 58	8 25	..... LOCK HAVEN		9 07	9 17
4 47	8 15	..... Youngdale		9 16	9 27
4 35	8 00	JERSEY SHORE JUNC.		9 29	9 40
4 30	7 55	.... JERSEY SHORE		9 30	9 45
*4 00	*7 25	Lve WILLIAMSP'T Arr		10 05	*10 20
p m	a m			a m	p m
p m	a m	PHILA. & READING R. R.		a m	p m
*2 40	*9 55	Arr WILLIAMSP'T Lve		†10 20	*11 30
*8 35	*11 30	Lve..... PHILA	Arr	5 05	7 10
*4 30		Lv N. Y. via Tamaqua Ar		6 00	
	¶7 30	Lv ... N. Y. via Phila...	Ar	‡7 25	¶9 30
a m	p m			p m	a m

* Daily. † Week-days. ‡ 5 00 p m Sundays. ¶ 10 55 a m Sunday.

"0" New York passengers traveling via Philadelphia on 10.20 a m train from Williamsport, will change cars at Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.

CONNECTIONS.—At Williamsport with Philadelphia & Reading R. R. At Jersey Shore with Fall Brook Railway. At Mill Hall with Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. At Philipsburg with Pennsylvania Railroad and Altoona & Philipsburg Connecting R. R. At Clearfield with Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway. At Mahaffey and Patton with Cambria & Clearfield Division of Pennsylvania Railroad. At Mahaffey with Pennsylvania & North-Western Railroad.

A. G. PALMER, Superintendent. F. E. HERRIMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Philadelphia, Pa.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. P. M	A. M.	STATIONS.	NORTHWARD. P. M.	P. M.
12 10	9 25	Ridgway	2 00	6 30
12 17	9 33	Island Run	1 52	6 23
12 21	9 36	Mill Haven	1 48	6 19
12 32	9 48	Croyland	1 37	6 09
12 36	9 52	Shorts Mills	1 34	6 04
12 40	9 57	Blue Rock	1 29	5 59
12 42	9 59	Vineyard Run	1 27	5 57
12 45	10 01	Carrier	1 25	5 54
12 55	10 12	Brockwayville	1 15	5 44
1 05	10 22	McMinn Summit	1 05	5 33
1 09	10 25	Harveys Run	12 58	5 28
1 15	10 30	Falls Creek	12 50	5 20
1 45	0 45	DuBois	12 40	5 10

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Train 8, 7:17 a. m. Train 6, 2:10 p. m. Train 4, 7:55 p. m.

Westward. Train 3, 11:34 a. m. Train 1, 3:10 p. m. Train 11, 7:21 p. m.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Ag't.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday, May 16, 1897, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1. A. M.	No. 5. P. M.	No. 9. A. M.	101 A. M.	103 P. M
Red Bank	10 50	4 25			
Lawsonham	11 00	4 38			
New Bethlehem	11 30	5 10	5 20		
Oak Ridge	11 37	5 18	*5 27		
Maysville	11 44	5 26	*5 33		
Summerville	12 03	5 46	5 52		
Brookville	12 20	6 04	6 06		
Bell	*12 26	*6 10	*6 15		
Fuller	12 38	6 22	*6 27		
Reynoldsville	12 55	6 40	6 45		
Pancoast	*1 02	*6 47	*6 52		
Falls Creek	1 20	7 00	7 00	10 25	3 30
DuBois	1 30	7 10	7 12	10 35	3 40
Sabula	1 43	7 26	7 25		
Winterburn	1 53	7 36	7 35		
Penfield	1 59	7 42	7 41		
Tyler	2 08	7 51	7 50		
Benezette	2 37	8 20	8 17		
Grant	*2 47	*8 30	8 27		
Driftwood	3 15	8 58	8 55		
	P. M.	P. M	A. M.	A. M.	P. M

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 2 A. M.	No. 6 A. M.	No. 10 P. M.	106 P. M.	104 P. M
Driftwood	10 10	5 30	5 30		
Grant	*10 38	*5 57	*6 19		
Benezette	10 48	6 07	6 29		
Tyler	11 17	6 34	6 59		
Penfield	11 26	6 43	7 09		
Winterburn	11 32	6 49	7 15		
Sabula	11 42	6 59	7 26		
DuBois	12 55	7 12	7 42	12 45	6 40
Falls Creek	1 20	7 25	7 50	1 10	6 55
Pancoast	*1 27	*7 32	*7 57		
Reynoldsville	1 35	7 40	8 05		
Fuller	1 51	7 57	*8 22		
Bell	*2 00	*8 09	*8 33		
Brookville	2 11	8 16	8 41		
Summerville	2 27	8 32	8 57		
Maysville	2 47	8 52	*9 17		
Oakridge	2 55	9 00	9 29		
New Bethlehem	3 05	9 10	9 35		
Lawsonham	3 36	9 41			
Red Bank	3 50	9 55			
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P M.	P. M.

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID McCARGO, 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, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

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

10.00 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.

10.27 a m—Accommodation—For Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

10.28 a m—For Reynoldsville.

1.15 p m—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

1.25 p. m.—Accommodation for Punxsutawney and Big Run.

4.25 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run Punxsutawney and Walston.

7.40 p m—Accommodation for Big Run and Punxsutawney.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of Ten Cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains, from all stations where a ticket office is maintained.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations.

J. H. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa.
E. C. LAPEY, Gen. Pas. Agent, Rochester N. Y.

Railroad Time Tables.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 15, 1896.

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

EASTWARD

9:04 a. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York, 9:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:00 p. m.; Washington, 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

1:58 p. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m.; New York, 7:32 a. m. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:52 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m. on week days and 10:18 a. m. on Sunday; Baltimore, 6:20 a. m.; Washington, 7:40 a. m. Pullman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

7:21 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:10 p. m. for Erie.

9:50 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

5:26 p. m.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:20 a. m.; Washington, 7.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 8:50 a. m.; Wilkesbarre, 10:15 a. m.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 5:26 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10.40 p. m.; Baltimore, 11:50 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport.

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

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:20 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:38 a. m., arriving at Clermont at 10:35 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:45 a. m. arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:41 a. m. and Ridgway at 12:00 a. m.

Hotels.

HOTEL McCONNELL,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

FRANK J. McCONNELL, 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

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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C. Z. GORDON,

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

WHAT CONSEQUENCES ENSUED.

A day or two afterward the architect of the new opera house, discovering that nothing in the way of business required his immediate attention in New York, came to the conclusion that he would do well to go away from it for a while. Since he began to practice his profession he had never had a deliberate vacation. But a man who had just designed and built a new opera house—the best in the world—could afford to take a rest, even were there no other ground for doing so. Bellingham, at all events, packed his trunk and took passage on the Arizona bound for the Old World, and betook himself to an ancient, abandoned, lovely little town on the southern coast of Ireland.

It was one of the loveliest, least known and most secluded retreats in Europe. The gray and ruinous houses were overgrown with soft green moss, the steep and narrow streets were made beautiful with tender rims of grass. The warm breezes brought thither by the Gulf stream gave to December and January the gentle geniality of an English spring. The sparse inhabitants were a far descended race of fishermen, still bearing in their dark complexions and vigorous forms the traces of their handsome Spanish ancestry.

At the inn, in addition to a most engaging landlady and a couple of extremely pretty daughters, Bellingham encountered to his agreeable surprise an American artist, Helwise by name, whom he had known years ago in New York. This lonely man of genius was, it appeared, in the habit of spending the winter months here, transferring to canvas the matchless wealth of color and character which met him at every turn. He was of a grave, kindly, meditative nature, but brimming over in certain moods with wit and philosophy and the fruits of years of penetrating and amused observation of human character and life. Bellingham and he suited each other well and were soon conversing with the frankness and cordiality of a friendship long in abeyance but never forgotten. Bellingham inquired whether there were any other countrymen of theirs in the town.

"It is like the region Irving tells of in 'The Adalantado of the Seven Cities,'" Helwise replied; "it has been lost for ages, and nobody knows were it is except myself. That is, such was the case until about three weeks ago. But last month two mysterious strangers made their appearance, and have betrayed some symptoms of intending to stay. I should have had them expelled, for I consider this place to be my peculiar and inalienable property, had I not found them entertaining as a study, and admirably disposed to keep themselves to themselves. I have never spoken to the lady at all."

"Oh! Husband and wife, are they?"

"Apparently that is just what they are not. No, I don't mean to insinuate—and I don't believe—that they ought to be. I should suppose they might be brother and sister, only they are of different nationalities. The man is evidently an American, and the lady, though she speaks English perfectly well, evidently is not. She is probably four or five years older than he, and has a certain air of experience. She is decidedly handsome, and has what they call distinguished manners; that is, she makes you perceive that they are manners, though very good ones. She has rented that large house on the top of the hill."

"She or they?"

"She. He has his room here, and turns up every night at 10 o'clock. They spend the day together; he is undoubtedly in love with her, and she seems to be anything but indifferent to him. You see it isn't an ordinary affair. Here they are, buried from the world beyond discovery, and they might live as they liked; and yet they—or she at any rate—prefer to conduct themselves in this anomalous fashion. There is some mystery in it, my dear Geoffrey—some deep, dark, inscrutable mystery! They are known respectively as Mr. Edwardes and Mrs. Peters, but I have an idea they call each other something else. One theory of mine about them was that she was a younger sister of his mother; his father, you know, might have married a foreign woman. In that case she would be his aunt and the mystery would be solved; but, as I said before, they are plainly in love, and nephews and aunts neither fall in love nor marry, so far as my experience goes. Come, you are fresh from the States; can you guess?"

"I guess not," said Bellingham; and the conversation took another turn.

Suddenly Helwise, who had been looking toward the southern approach to the terrace on which they were standing, said in a low voice: "There come the mysteries. Now you can judge for yourself."

Bellingham turned his eyes in the direction indicated and saw a man and woman approaching slowly, side by side. They seemed to be conversing intermittently, and as they walked her shoulder occasionally brushed his arm and their glances constantly met. The man seemed to be under 25 years of age; he was tall and active and of rather slender build, and as he approached Bellingham noticed that his features were of a bold and striking cast, with bright and somewhat intolerant eyes. His expression at the present moment was troubled and gloomy. He frequently looked on the ground and struck the pebbles from his path with a stick. He would speak a few sentences at a time, energetically and rapidly; then relapse into a moody silence, responding by a shake of the head or other brief gesture to the discourse of his companion.

The latter was a woman whose aspect (if the distinction be permissible) was younger than her looks. Her face and figure were youthful, but her bearing and gestures were mature. Her features were of a clear paleness, regular in outline and of remarkable beauty. Something in her aspect enchained Bellingham's regard; she did not resemble any woman he had seen, and yet she reminded him in some intangible, elusive way of a woman whom he wished to forget. She was different—different at every point; and yet if he turned away and glanced at her from the corner of his eye there was an indescribable likeness. Was it the way she had of slowly lifting her chin? Was it the slope of her shoulders? Was it in the way the soft hair grew on the nape of her white neck? Was it in the smile that lighted her eyes before it touched her lips? It was all of these things—it was none of them! After a minute Bellingham forcibly dismissed the question from his mind. Of what earthly consequence was it?

Here were a good looking woman and an enamored young man, a common sight enough. They seemed to be in love with each other, as Helwise had said; but while the gentleman had evidently lost his head the lady was entirely self possessed. She seemed to be amused superficially at some extravagance or perversity in her companion, but there was an underlying sadness or anxiety perceptible when her face was at rest. She had the air of trying to make him take some step or comprehend something which he refused to do or understand. As they passed the young man glanced for a moment toward Helwise and nodded recognition. The lady did not turn, nor evince consciousness of the presence of any third party. They slowly traversed the length of the terrace and disappeared through the gateway at the farther end.

"She knows how to dress," remarked Bellingham.

"And how to walk," added Helwise. "She must have learned that on the stage."

"An actress, then, you think?"

"Yes; or an opera singer, perhaps. Well, what do you think is the matter?"

"He hasn't money enough, maybe," said Bellingham; "or perhaps she likes him too well to marry him. A woman like that knows that an ounce of imagination is worth a pound of reality—both to her and to him!"

"You have studied women since I knew you last," remarked Helwise with a smile.

"If I have," replied Geoffrey, "they have only taught me to disbelieve the little I ever thought I knew. Come, let us be moving."

That night Bellingham dreamt vividly of Mlle. Marana, and his dream awakened him before dawn in great distress of mind. He imagined that he was walking across the Brooklyn bridge, which on this occasion extended from the roof of the opera house in New York to the parapet of the terrace where he had sat with Helwise that afternoon. The bridge was unfinished, and he was obliged to make the transit on a series of precarious planks irregularly disposed. When midway across the Atlantic, whose angry roar reached his ears from the immeasurable depth beneath, he saw walking before him the figure of a woman, in whom he at once recognized Mlle. Marana. He hastened to overtake her, for she seemed in imminent danger of falling.

Just as he was on the point of reaching her, however, the plank on which he stood gave way, and at the same moment she whom he had meant to save tottered and fell. He closed his eyes for an instant; then he felt his arm seized by some one from behind, and, looking round, he found himself standing on the stage of the opera house, with Marana herself before him in the costume of Marguerite, with a bunch of daisies in her girdle. He heard the applause of the audience, like the roar of the sea, and perceived that the performance was going forward, and that he, instead of being properly attired, was in his every day dress. It came across his mind also that the figure he had mistaken for Marana was Mephistopheles, disguised to mislead him. He looked at Marguerite; her face was deathly pale. She said below her breath, "You did not believe in me; do you know who"— Her voice died away, the lights were suddenly extinguished, and in the silence and darkness Bellingham awoke.

Too much disturbed to sleep again—for the dream, grotesquely extravagant though it was, had seemed absolutely real to him—he got up, lit a pipe, and sat smoking at his window watching the dawn slowly illuminate the eastern sky.

He took an early breakfast and went for a solitary walk along the coast, and from the summit of a lofty headland saw a great ocean steamer pass westward through the gray sea. She was bound for New York. As he watched her diminish and vanish in the distance, till only a faint plume of smoke remained on the far horizon, for the first time since his journey began he was conscious of an urgent longing to return—to return at once. The unfinished question in his dream kept ringing in his ears, it assumed a momentous importance; he must know what it meant. He laughed at his own absurdity, but the longing remained. At last he returned to the inn.

He found Helwise painting in the room he used as a studio; he was in his shirt sleeves, slippers down at the heel were on his feet, and he wore an old straw hat to shade his eyes from the light. He was whistling softly to himself, and would turn his head on one side after putting a touch on the canvas.

"Did you hear any noise last night?" he asked after they had chatted for a while.

"I had a bad dream. What was it?"

"That young fellow who calls himself Edwardes. His room is next to mine. He came in a little later than usual last night, and by and by I fancied I heard him crying. I was debating whether I ought to go in and see what was the matter, when he knocked at my door. He looked badly cut up. I made him sit down and gave him some whisky and a cigarette. He seems to be in a scrape."

"Did he explain the mystery?"

"Well, he talked somewhat. He fell in love with this woman in Moscow. From what he said I judge she is an actress or a singer, as we were saying yesterday. She is a public character of some kind, and has had adventures before this. She took a great fancy to him, so he says, and I believe him. But it seems to have been somewhat as you suggested; she liked him too well to let him have his way. She wouldn't risk a disillusionment; perhaps her heart had never been touched before. She would not marry him, either; for that matter, I suppose the one thing is about the same to her as the other. But she did an odd thing—she offered to suspend her career, whatever it is, and be with him as long as he wished. And she appears to have given up some important pecuniary advantage to do so. He accepted her offer, thinking no doubt that she would capitulate in due time, in the meanwhile taking care that she should lose nothing in the way of money. He represented himself to her as inexhaustibly wealthy, and she took him at his word. But the fact is, after he had spent a hundred thousand or so, and ruined his father and sister, as he tells me, there was no more left. He was ashamed to confess this to her, and it is only within the last few days, when he had got down to his last fifty pound note, that she found it out."

"And now she means to shake him—is that it?" said Bellingham.

"Well, apparently not. She seems to have plenty of money herself, and she has made him a proposition which does her credit. She has proposed to marry him and pay back the money that he has spent on her. I have begun to fall in love with her myself! And I may do it if she'll have me; for Mr. Edwardes' pride, as he calls it, would not allow him to accept her proposal, and hence his misery, which at one time last night assumed quite a suicidal complexion, but I remonstrated with him, and he felt a little better this morning."

While they were sitting there the door was suddenly opened, and in came young Mr. Edwardes himself in a state of great excitement. He had a newspaper in his hand.

"Did you know what was in this paper?" demanded he, striding up to Helwise.

"What one generally finds in a New York Sunday paper two weeks old," returned Helwise, tipping back his hat and looking up at him. "This is Mr. Bellingham, Mr. Edwardes."

The latter looked at the architect, and seemed to hesitate whether or not to proceed, but the emotion by which he was possessed was too much for him; he went on. "It says here," he exclaimed, holding the paper toward Helwise, with his finger on the paragraph, "that—here, read it yourself!"

Helwise took the paper and read: "Mlle. Marana, the great Russian prima donna, who has endeared herself to all New Yorkers during the past season by her charming behavior as well as by her unrivaled musical powers, will next month bring to a close the most successful engagement ever known in this city. Mlle. Marana has lately been in delicate health. To those of thousands of her friends and admirers we add our own cordial hopes that she may return to us next spring with renewed strength and energy. Meanwhile we shall not look upon her like again."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

SOME TRAINED CATS.

The Clever Tricks They Have Been Taught to Perform.

One of the most difficult things to teach a cat is to follow like a dog. As a rule, they will not follow, but occasionally there is an exception. A New York young lady has a cat that trails so close after her as to be almost stepped upon. The chief clerk of the state department at Washington has a cat with the same accomplishment. He has owned it for seven or eight years. It will follow him about the streets for miles just like a dog and is excessively fond of going out for a walk, provided its master selects evenings for his meanderings. In daylight it prefers not to go on these rambles, evidently because it does not like to come in contact with small boys and dogs, who are then too numerous on the streets of Washington.

It has often been observed that cats really care nothing for a master or a mistress, but become attached to place and not to persons. Not so with this particular cat, for at one time when its owner changed his residence he purposely left his cat with friends who occupied the house he had vacated, but the cat was not satisfied until it had found where the new house was and taken up its abode there, with evident delight at finding its old friend and protector.

In the treasury department at Washington there is one very wonderful cat. His name is Tom, and when addressed he will quickly respond, even waking out of a sound sleep to go toward the speaker. Sometimes, to confuse him, the clerks will sing out some word or words in which the syllable "tom" is emphasized, and to that he pays no attention. But let any one call, "Tom, it's dinner time!" and forthwith he walks across the room, reaches up with his paws to a tin pail, draws it down and comes bringing it in his mouth. Tom is passionately fond of music. At the cry of "Hand organ!" he climbs to a high window seat, but at the words "Here's a dog!" he slinks under a chair.

One of the most accomplished cats in England belongs to Lady Randolph Churchill. It is a maltese Angora, without spot and with a particularly charming face. This cat was bought for the late Lord Randolph Churchill during that year or two when his strong mind failed and every effort was made to amuse him. He was afraid of dogs taking a sudden terror at the sight of them, but Miss Angora just played into his hand. She was sent from India by an officer in that country who had taken her parents there years before. Her mother had been a watch cat, able to keep guard over a tent, meowing if a stranger came near, and of course her children were very bright. When this Churchill cat was told to "Go play the piano" she would immediately walk back and forth on the keys of the baby grand in the boudoir. "Now sit for your picture," means to assume a demure position, with the paws in line, her tail neatly curled around them and her head nicely turned to one side, as if trying to "look pleasant."—Our Animal Friends.

The Little Boy and the Stars.

One day he said to his mother, "Mamma, what are the stars?"

"They are a flock of sheep that God drives forth at night to feed in his pasture in the sky."

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to his father. "Papa, what are the stars?"

"They are redhot nails that hold the sky fast to the bottom of God's Heaven and keep it from crashing down upon our heads."

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to his mother's sister. "Auntie, what are the stars?"

"The sky is the Virgin's robe, and the stars are the beams of the glory which she"—

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to his father's brother. "Uncle, what are the stars?"

"They are the eyes of cherubim and angels, peeping through holes in the great blue tent that incloses what they call the circus and we call the planetary system."

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to the old woman who told him the wonderful stories of weird and wild during the blue midsummer nights. "Nurse, what are the stars?"

"Well," answered the old woman, "some say that the stars are the souls of the dead, which turn into gold and glow. But I say"—

"Yes?" said the little boy eagerly.

"I say that only God knows."

The little boy looked disappointed. Then he raised his head and gazed steadily upward.

"I suppose," he said, after a silence, "that I shall never know what the stars really are."

"Not until you go among them. And may the hour of your going be late, my darling," said the old woman.—Chap Book.

Daniel Lambert, the most noted example of obesity recorded in medical annals, was born in 1770 and died at the age of 40 of excessive fat. His weight was 739 pounds.

As early as the time of Alexander III of Scotland a man who let weeds go to seed on a farm was declared to be the king's enemy.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.—Russian Proverb.