The ★ Star.

VOLUME 6. REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1897. NUMBER 9.

Railroad Time Tables.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT JUNE 20, 1897.

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

EASTWARD

9:04 a m—Train 8, daily, except Sunday, for Sunbury, Wilkes-barre, Scranton, Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York, 9:20 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:00 p. m.; Washington, 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

4:05 p. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 A. M.; New York, 7:35 A. M. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 A. M.

9:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:52 A. M.; New York, 9:50 A. M., on week days, and 10:20 A. M. on Sunday; Baltimore, 6:20 A. M.; Washington, 7:00 A. M. Pullman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

7:21 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, Dubois, Clearfield and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:10 P. M. for Erie.

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

5:05 p. m.—Train 15, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 15 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M., Washington, 7:30 A. M., Baltimore, 8:30 A. M., Williamsport, 10:15 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 5:15 P. M., with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport (passengers can remain in car).

TRAIN 7 leaves New York, 9:00 A. M., Philadelphia, 11:23 A. M., Washington, 10:40 P. M., Baltimore, 11:20 P. M., daily, arriving at Driftwood at 8:45 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport.

TRAIN 1 leaves Renovo at 8:30 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:21 A. M.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 1 leaves Ridgway at 11:45 A. M.; Johnsonburg at 12:35 P. M., arriving at Clermont at 12:55 P. M.

TRAIN 2 leaves Clermont at 12:40 P. M., arriving at Johnsonburg at 1:00 P. M., and Ridgway at 1:50 P. M.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

AND CONNECTIONS.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. A. M	A. M.	STATIONS.	NORTHWARD. P. M.	P. M.
8 55	6 30	Renovo	5 00	10 30
9 00	7 21	Driftwood	4 00	9 35
10 30	7 58	Emporium	3 21	8 55
11 12	8 45	St. Marys	2 35	8 16
11 40	9 20	Kane	4 05	5 05
11 50	9 40	Wilcox	3 41	8 42
11 44	9 00	Johnsonburg	3 27	8 26
12 05	9 15	Ridgway	3 20	7 55
12 12	9 23	Island Run	3 12	7 48
12 16	9 26	Mill Haven	3 08	7 45
12 27	9 34	Croyland	3 57	7 36
12 31	9 40	Shorts Mills	3 53	7 31
12 35	9 45	Blue Rock	3 48	7 28
12 37	9 47	Vineyard Run	3 46	7 28
12 40	9 49	Carrier	3 44	7 24
12 50	10 00	Brockwayville	3 33	7 16
12 55	10 05	Lanes Mills	3 27	7 11
1 07	10 12	Harveys Run	3 20	7 05
1 15	10 20	Falls Creek	3 15	7 00
1 40	10 35	DuBois	12 45	6 40

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 35		
Summerville	12 00	5 40	5 52		
Brookville	12 20	6 04	6 16		
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 48	*6 53		
Falls Creek	1 20	7 00	7 00	10 25	1 30
DuBois	1 30	7 10	7 08	10 35	1 40
Sabula	1 48	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 25		
	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 00		
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	12 55	6 50
Pancoast	*1 26	*7 31	*7 56		
Reynoldsville	1 35	7 40	8 05		
Fuller	1 51	7 57	*8 22		
Bell	*2 00	*8 06	*8 34		
Brookville	2 11	8 16	8 41		
Summerville	2 27	8 32	8 57		
Maysville	2 47	8 52	*9 17		
Oak Ridge	2 55	9 00	9 29		
New Bethlehem	3 03	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.

10.05 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.

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

10.38 a m—For Reynoldsville.

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

1.35 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. Pass. Agent, Rochester N. Y.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

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

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

READ UP Exp No 5	Mail No 31	MAY 17, 1896.	READ DOWN Exp No 30	Mail No 34
p m	p m		a m	p m
	1 55	Arr....PATTON....Lve		*4 00
9 50	1 49	.....MAHAFFEY.....	5 00	4 40
9 05	12 35	Lve....Kermoor....Arr	5 25	3 05
8 55	12 25	.....GAZZAM.....	5 35	3 15
8 49	12 15	Arr....Kermoor....Lve	5 41	3 22
8 45	12 11	.....New Milport.....	5 46	3 26
8 39	12 05	.....Olanta.....	5 52	3 32
8 33	11 59	.....Mitchells.....	5 58	3 38
8 16	11 40	Lve. Clearfield Junc. Arr	6 15	3 55
8 05	11 30	....CLEARFIELD.....	6 25	†6 05 †6 30
7 55	11 21	Arr. Clearfield Junc. Lve	6 35	6 39
7 48	11 12	.....Woodland.....	6 45	6 47
7 42	11 05	.....Bigler.....	6 52	6 53
7 37	10 58	.....Wallaceton.....	6 57	6 58
7 28	10 50	.. Morrisdale Mines....	7 06	7 07
7 20	10 41	Lve.....Munson.....Arr	7 15	7 16
6 55	10 16	Lve..... Arr	7 40	7 40
7 40	11 01	Arr..PHILIPSBG..Lve	6 55	6 55
7 18	10 36	Arr.....Munson.....Lve	7 17	7 17
7 12	10 32	.....Wallamue.....	7 24	7 24
7 06	10 12	.....PEALE.....	7 30	7 42
6 25	9 30	.....Gillintown.....	7 57	8 01
6 16	9 41	.....SNOWSHOE.....	8 04	8 09
5 58	8 48	.....BEECH CREEK.....	8 18	8 37
5 05	8 32	.....Mill Hall.....	9 00	9 10
4 58	8 25	.....LOCK HAVEN.....	9 07	9 17
4 50	8 15	.....Woodside.....	9 16	9 27
4 37	8 00	JERSEY SHORE JUNC.	9 29	9 40
4 32	7 55	.....JERSEY SHORE.....	9 30	9 45
†4 07	† 7 25	Lve WILLIAMSP'T Arr	†10 05	†10 30
9 00	8 00		9 00	9 00
9 20	8 00	Phila & Reading R. R.	8 00	6 20
†2 50	†8 55	Arr WILLIAMSP'T Lve	†10 20	†4 30
†8 45	†1 00	Lve.....PHILA.....Arr	5 05	7 10
		Lv N. Y. via Sayreton Arr	6 00	
		Lv. N. Y. via Phila.. Arr	b 7 35	9 30
8 00	9 00		9 00	8 00

*Daily. †Week-days. ‡8.00 p m Sundays. ‡10.35 a m Sunday.

b New York passengers travel via Philadelphia at 10.20 a m and via 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 Phillipsburg with Pennsylvania Railroad and Altoona & Philipsburg Connecting R. R. At Clearfield with Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway. At Mahaffey and Patton with Cambria & Clearfield Division of Pennsylvania Railroad. At Mahaffey with Pennsylvania & North-Western Railroad.

A. C. PARSONS, Superintendent. F. E. HERRIMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Philadelphia, Pa.

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.

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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.

E. NEFF.

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Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR WOMEN to travel for responsible established house in Pennsylvania. Salary $780 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

BEATRIX RANDOLPH

BY JULIAN * HAWTHORNE.

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[CONCLUDED.]

The interval between this night and the one on which he had last been here enabled him to draw a comparison between the Gretchen of the debut and this of the farewell. There was a sentimental feeling perceptible among the audience. The American people are fond of sentiment, when managed dramatically; and this, no doubt, had its effect on the singer, and warmed and sweetened the music of her voice. But, such accidents aside, it was evident that she had improved, though precisely in what respect Bellingham would have found it difficult to say. Her manner was less exuberant, more concise and true. She had learned her power and her resources, and used them with full confidence and ease.

In her singing, moreover, could he discerned not the music merely, but the human character which the poet portrayed. When she was on the stage it was difficult to realize the separate existence of anything else; wherever she stood she was the center and reason of the scene. Every gesture and movement was an enlightenment and a gratification. She was always where she belonged. Each thing she did so nicely fitted the occasion that the spectator fancied he had known beforehand that it would so be done. "This is what she was born for," said Bellingham to himself with gloomy frankness. "I should only have been in the way. I'm glad I came here, if only to have made sure of that. Such a woman should no more be monopolized and caged in domesticity than a waterfall or a strain of music. The mischief of it is that I did not recognize the fact before."

As he sat absorbed in her, and happy in spite of his unhappiness, he noticed that she carried in her girdle a bunch of marguerites. The discovery gave him a gradual start, so to say: he became only slowly aware how much it surprised and affected him. He had always provided her with a bunch of them, whenever she sang in "Faust," from the first day onward; often not without difficulty, for daisies do not grow in northern meadows all the year round. Had she, during his absence, been procuring them for herself, or was this the first occasion of her wearing them since he went away? The former was much the more likely. Actresses become accustomed to little particulars of the toilet, and are not at ease without them. Nevertheless Bellingham could not banish the notion that the latter alternative might be the true one. Did he believe it because he wished it? Why should he wish it? It was useless to torment himself with such questions.

In matters appertaining to Miss Randolph he seemed to be swayed by an influence, a fate, an attraction, almost independent of his own will and reason. What could be more unreasonable than to suppose that this bunch of marguerites was a secret signal to him to come to her, to speak with her, to be once more all that he had been to her—and more? Had not that interview in last evening's snow storm put an end to all such anticipations? But, again, was this the same woman who had vanished from him in the 'bus on that occasion? With so much difference in her surroundings was there none in her? Well, she had betrayed no consciousness of his presence to-night. They had exchanged no glance, as sometimes in the former days. After it was said and done, however, Bellingham knew that he should find himself behind the scenes, face to face with her, before the night was over.

Inigo, by what he considered a bold stroke of statesmanship, had placed one of the stage boxes at the disposal of Mlle. Marana, known as Mrs. Peters. "If she means to make a row," he argued, "treating her gentlemanly won't make it worse, and it may just tone her down a little." But, whatever the lady may have thought of the compliment, she omitted to avail herself of the box. When the curtain rose she had not arrived, and the box remained empty all the evening. This was of evil omen to the peace and friendly feeling which Gen. Inigo was so solicitous to insure. He resorted frequently to the bar, though with no good effect on his anxiety.

"Now, what the blazes can she be up to, eh?" he frequently asked himself and the elder Randolph, as the hours passed away. He seemed to think she was quite capable of coming into the house with a Nihilist bomb, by way of expressing her dissatisfaction. As for Ed he knew as little about her as any one else, though he had learned, before coming down to the theatre, that she was not in her rooms at the hotel. She had gone out, but had not left word where she was going.

The audience seemed determined on this night to surpass all previous demonstrations of enthusiasm. A cynic might have said that they had set their hearts on reading in the next morning's papers that the applause and floral tributes which greeted the great singer on the eve of her departure from our shores were such as to outdo anything hitherto experienced. The popular favorite was summoned innumerable times before the curtain, and at the conclusion of the performance— But before the conclusion of the performance some events happened which did not appear in the papers, but which it will be necessary to relate.

As the curtain descended upon the last act but one Gen. Inigo, who was in the side scenes, received a card, which seemed to have upon him an effect as of a strong charge of electricity. He ran precipitately to the private door communicating between the boxes and the stage, where a lady was standing muffled up. She wore a black dress and cloak, and her head and shoulders were enveloped in a white lace shawl. She let this fall open as Inigo approached and disclosed the features of Vera Marana. She laughed good naturedly, and gave him her hand, which he covered with kisses, while his eyes devoured her with astonishment and interrogation.

"Well, M. Moses," said she, "what are you so affectionate for? Have you pardoned me?"

"Pardoned! Ah! diva! By Jupiter! Did you just come?"

"I was here from the first, but not in the box—no; one cannot hear there. I was away among the common ones. It was necessary I should know what she could do—this young lady—this other self! Well, mon ami, you may compose yourself. I have heard her, now I wish to see her—speak to her. Conduct me where she is and then leave us. Is any one with her?"

"Only her brother. Shall I"—

"Bien, bien! Lead on, mon vieux, I am in a hurry."

When he had brought her to the door of Beatrix's room she made him depart, and then knocked at the door. It was opened by Ed. She made him a gesture at once of greeting and of silence, and advanced into the room, which was filled with flowers. Beatrix was reclining on her sofa with a sad and abstracted expression; but as she raised her eyes and met those of her visitor she sat erect, and the next moment rose to her feet. "You are—Marana!" she said in an inward tone. The two women gazed intently at each other, and there was silence for several seconds. At last the visitor said: "I had thought I was Marana until now. But now, mademoiselle, the name is yours by the right that you have made it more honorable."

"Oh, no—no!" the other murmured.

"Yes, yes, yes!" said Marana, with a smile, which, however, was quickly lost in the gravity of her reigning expression. "You have surprised me," she continued, after a pause; "I did not mean to forgive you! I was angry. But your voice has called my heart out of my bosom. There is no one who can sing like you—no one—not even I!"

The tone in which these words were uttered—dignified, but profoundly pathetic, as of a great queen discrowning herself—touched Beatrix to the soul and her eyes filled with tears. She shook her head, but she could not speak. After all there was a ravishing sweetness in this praise, coming from the one source in the world which there could be no gainsaying.

"You two ought to pull in a team," put in Ed. "No theatre standing would hold the audiences that would come to hear you sing together!"

Marana made a gesture of negation with her head. "There shall never be but one Marana," she said proudly, "and she shall be the greatest singer in the world! Behold her!" she added, with a movement of her eyes toward Beatrix. "As for me, I sing no more! I have been your audience, mademoiselle: I will never again have an audience of my own!"

"Do not say it—you break my heart!" cried Beatrix; and she glided forward, and took the Russian impetuously in her arms. "Tell her, Ed," she said, half turning to appeal to him, but not letting Marana go. "It is I who shall sing no more: I did it only to help my father and him. This is the last night. If you care for him do not punish his sister. Be yourself again, and be my sister, too!"

Marana drew her head back, and gazed for a moment into the other's eyes. Then she kissed her gravely on both cheeks, and disengaged herself. "You believe, then, that I really love your brother?" she said.

"Yes, indeed! How could you help it?" exclaimed Beatrix warmly.

"And you, monsieur, what have you to say?" continued the other, letting her eyes rest upon him with a certain veiled intensity, the lids half drooped. "Are you also of opinion that you are not indifferent to me?"

"It would take a cleverer man than I am to see through you, Vera," returned the young gentleman naively; "but I don't believe that I could be loving you so much as I do if you didn't love me back."

"But would you marry me, even?"

"Ed's face flushed and his eyes sparkled. "Haven't I shown that I would?" he demanded between his teeth. "Don't make game of me, Vera, unless you mean to be kind afterward!"

She stood looking at him, her head a little bent to the left, her arms hanging down on both sides of her graceful figure. "I mean to be kind to you, my dear," she said finally in a low tone; "more kind than you would think if you knew what I have sometimes been in my life."

"Ed, I am so glad," whispered Beatrix to him in the little pause that followed, but the whisper was tremulous, for a sense of her own forlorness must needs insinuate itself. "You won't forget me, will you?—because I love you too," she added.

But Ed, who was familiar with the expressions on Marana's face, wore an anxious contraction on his forehead; he drew in his lips and held his breath.

"I had given up expecting love when I met you," she continued, her bosom visibly rising and falling. "I am not going to spoil it, now that it has come. For that, also, you may partly thank your sister. She has made me feel that it is good to be generous. You have never known me. I showed you only the best; it was true, but it was not all. If I were your wife you would have to know all. I should not mind for myself, but I should not like you to learn that love is less lovely than it seems now—at least not from me. Yesterday you might have married me, but today—no! My memory will be pleasanter to you than I should be after a while. We will say good-by." She put out her left hand toward him and smiled. "Good-by!"

He covered his eyes with the back of his hand. "I can't bear it!" he said in a broken voice.

Marana's inscrutable face quivered for a moment; she seemed to waver; she swayed slightly toward him as she stood, her lips parted and her eyes shone. But then, with a deep breath, she regained her self command. She looked at Beatrix, as much as to say, "You must comfort him." Then she turned, with a sweep of her black dress, moved to the door and opened it. Bellingham and Wallie Dinsmore were just approaching.

"You are late, messieurs," exclaimed Marana in a gay tone. "I have been offering my homage!"

Wallie looked from one to the other of the three, quietly observant. Ed, with his face averted, was putting on his overcoat and hat; he then pulled the brim of the latter over his eyes and went hastily out, looking neither to the right nor left. Beatrix with one hand resting on the marble dressing table, and her eyes wide open, stood in a sort of trance. She had not yet seen Bellingham. Wallie offered Marana his arm.

"Since you are going, diva," he said, "permit me to escort you. You misunderstood me yesterday morning. Whatever homage I have to offer shall be paid to you."

Bellingham, thus abandoned to his own guidance, strode up to Beatrix, who uttered a cry; it seemed to her as if he had suddenly started up out of the floor. It had been his purpose to make a final appeal to her, and no doubt his words would have been eloquent and moving, and possibly they might have gained him his object, though he would have had to contend against the incomprehensible doubts, hesitations, perversity and pride of a woman who loves, and knows that she is loved, and yet draws back for the sake of something—heaven knows what. But, as it happened, not a syllable of Bellingham's appeal was ever uttered, for before he could open his lips to begin the bell rang which conveyed the order for the curtain to rise on the last act. So he, perceiving that there was no time to lose, simply caught Beatrix in his arms, met her eyes for an instant, and kissed her. After that it was too late for her to draw back, even had she wished to. She went to take her part on the stage, but she left a marguerite in Bellingham's hand.

Such is the private history of that memorable last night, the other details of which have been sufficiently described in the journals of the period. Mrs. Peters is understood to have sailed for Europe a day or two later. Jocelyn disappeared, leaving unsavory traces behind him. Mr. Randolph, senior, returned to his place up the Hudson, where he is occasionally visited by his married daughter. Ed entered the office of the latter's husband in the capacity of clerk, and is doing well. As for Mlle. Marana, the famous prima donna, she has vanished as utterly as if she had never had any existence.

There are two or three persons in New York who are believed to know something about her; there are perhaps a dozen who know enough to look wise when the matter is broached in their presence; there are a hundred or two who have heard a report to the effect that there were some facts connected with her engagement in this city which have never been fully explained, but the great mass of the public have never been at the pains to entertain any misgivings on the subject. They content themselves with looking forward to the time when that most faithful and enterprising of impresarios Gen. Inigo shall once more bring out at his new opera house the great Marana.

THE END.

M. Maingault, the famous anatomist, discovered that by forcing air into the larnyx of a dead animal sounds could be produced very similar to those of the voice during life.

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

O thou flag, thy symbols mean
A higher and a better thought
By sordid deeds never seen,
Who know not virtue is unbought,
But, like morn's splendors, come unsought,
And that the glory of thy stars
Shines on, though diminished when day unbars
His gates, are still with glory fraught.
So shall thy stars forever be
The emblem of eternity,
And stripes and stripes together wave
A beacon till the last crushed slave
On earth's remotest shore or sea
Hails the proud banner of the free.
—David H. Johnson in New York Times.

AN ABLE POLICE HORSE.

He Can Count Up to Six and Perform Other Feats.

The cleverest horse on the New York police force is Pompey, whose registered number on the books of the department is 128. Let any horse or policeman who disputes this statement step forward and prove to the contrary.

Pompey gave an exhibition of his talents for the benefit of The Sunday Journal. He can count and understands ordinary conversation. He is, in fact, almost as intelligent as a policeman.

He is the steed and inseparable companion of Roundsman Reginald P. Keresey of the Thirty-eighth precinct, which is in the annexed district. Pompey is remarkable not alone for his talents; he has also a history, which is full of human interest.

His intelligence developed so rapidly that Keresey began to teach him a few tricks. He would tickle him under the right fore leg with a straw and say, "Pompey, give me your right hand." At first the horse would raise his leg to avoid the tickling, but soon he learned to do the same thing merely when he heard the words "right hand."

The same process taught him to offer his left foot when politely asked to do so. His education went on steadily, and he learned to raise his right or his left hind leg at a mere word from his master. Keresey made the horse understand that when he used the word "papa" in conversation he referred to himself—Keresey. Thus the policeman would say, "Give papa your right hand," and the animal would understand perfectly. The horse's name also was varied occasionally to "Papa's Boy."

An interesting feature of Pompey's education was the rapidity with which he acquired knowledge. In two weeks he raised his right foot when told to. His teacher had fewer difficulties than most men who train animals. Dogs are usually found to be inattentive and unduly exuberant. The superiority of the horse lies not in greater intelligence, but in greater docility.

The next stage was to make Pompey say "Yes" or "No." A tickling on the side of the neck caused him to move his head sidewise. This was accompanied by the command, "Say no." Finally the tickling could be omitted. A titillation of his chin taught him to move his head up and down, which meant yes.

After this Pompey began to learn to count. A light whip was placed on one of his forelegs near the ground. He raised the leg to avoid the obstacle and tapped the ground lightly. Keresey at the same time said, "Count one." Then he counted one without the use of the whip. This process was continued until Pompey was able to count six, which is his present state of proficiency.

"Say, it's 6 o'clock, time for relief," says Keresey, and Pompey gravely scrapes his fore foot six times on the ground.

He takes two steps to the right or left when told to do so, and in fact has so many accomplishments that they cannot all be enumerated here.—New York Journal.

Kipling's Famous Poem.

It is the sentiment, says Arlo Bates in The Atlantic, and not the object, which arouses sympathy and kindles the imagination. No mistake could be more complete than to suppose that in this poem is to be found any argument in favor of the use of machinery as material for poetry. In "McAndrew's Hymn" it is the character of the stanch old engineer and his feelings by which the reader is moved. The wonders of the great engine are a hindrance, and not a help, if they are looked at in any way other than through the eyes of McAndrew. The piece succeeds or fails to the degree in which it makes his emotion real and contagious to the reader, and that, too, as emotion pure and simple, quite without regard to what has excited it. In so far as the attention is caught by tailrod, crank throws, feeding pump and "purrin dynamos"—finely suggestive as is the epithet in this last—the emotional effect is weakened at the expense of the intellectual.

Hot Milk as Nutriment.

If any one doubts the nourishing properties of milk, let a test be made of the following preparation of it: When very weary or weak from exhaustion, heat some milk to the scalding point, until a thin skin begins to wrinkle upon the surface, and then drink it as hot as possible. It refreshes almost instantly and restores the exhausted vitality to a surprising extent as soon as it is taken. It is more nutritious than any of the beef teas made from meat extracts or that made from fresh beef.

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