

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

FACTS ABOUT ENGLAND'S GREAT AND WEALTHY SOCIETY.

How the Members and Associates Are Elected—The Institution's Big Fund and the Good Works That Are Done With It.

To become a Royal Academician, or at all events an associate, is the ambition of every young artist, for membership in the academy means much more than the mere right to put the letters R. A. after one's name and to exhibit pictures in the fine galleries at Burlington House.

The associates and the associates' widows are also entitled to pensions on a somewhat smaller scale, so that there are many reasons apart from the honor and glory why the painter, sculptor or architect should wish to become a member of the powerful and wealthy body.

When therefore a young artist begins to get on, when he has his pictures well hung year after year, when they find ready buyers and are talked about in society, he takes the first step toward election by suggesting to one of the academicians that he should put his name down on the list of candidates.

When a vacancy occurs among the associates, printed copies of this list on blue foolscap paper are sent to all the members, together with a request that they shall attend at the academy on a certain evening, when an election will take place.

Both academicians and associates are allowed to take part in the election, and when the members are gathered together each scores out with a pencil the name of the artist for whom he wishes to vote and hands the paper so marked to the secretary.

The election is then advanced another stage. The president, who, by virtue of his office, occupies the chair, directs that the names of all those candidates who have received more than four "scratches" shall be inscribed in chalk upon the blackboard, while those to whom only one, two or three votes have been given have no further chance of being elected.

The academicians and associates then vote again for the candidates whose names are on the board. The two leading men in this contest are now selected for a final ballot, the winner in which becomes an associate of the Royal Academy.

The academicians are elected in precisely the same manner, except that the associates are the candidates instead of the outsiders. All this system of "scratches" and "blackboards" seems cumbersome and unnecessary, but it is said to work extremely well in practice.

Sometimes, though very rarely, a tie occurs, and in this case the president, or, in his absence, the academician who temporarily takes his place, has a casting vote. When Mr. Ernest Crofts, the battle painter, was elected, he tied in the final ballot with Mr. Jackson, the architect, and to Mr. Calderon (who in the absence of the late Sir John Millais occupied the chair) fell the difficult task of making the final selection.

The associates have no voice in the election of a president, the power of voting resting entirely with the academicians. Sir John Millais, the late president, was elected by the unanimous vote of the members, a fact which must have been extremely gratifying to that great artist. But on some other occasions the fight for the presidency has been very severe indeed.

The post is well worth a struggle, for it carries with it substantial remuneration, besides great social and artistic distinction. The late Sir Francis Chantrey left £100,000 to the academy, out of the interest of which a salary of some £800 or £900 a year is provided for the president.

The academy is immensely wealthy. The receipts from the annual exhibitions average from £20,000 to £25,000, and it is believed that the money invested in the hands of the trustees does not fall far short of £500,000. Out of this money the schools (in which 200 or 300 students are instructed gratuitously) are supported and a great many pensions and donations to decayed artists are given. Little is heard of these charities by the public, but they are very considerable, and the declining years of many old painters and sculptors are made easier by them.

Upon the academy also falls the expense of the annual banquet, which costs perhaps £400 or £500, besides any number of minor charges, as, for example, the payment of the selecting and hanging committees at the spring exhibition.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Brute.

Mrs. Greene—I hear that Sarah Johnson is going to get a divorce from her husband.

Mrs. Brown—Yes, and I don't blame her one mite. He's a monster. Would you believe it, he actually used one of her golf sticks for a poker the other morning!—Boston Transcript.

QUITE INFORMAL.

Lincoln's Reception of the Notification Committee.

In the "Biography of Charles Carleton Coffin" is his own account of accompanying the committee to the home of Mr. Lincoln in Springfield, Ill., to notify him of his nomination for president. They reached Springfield early in the evening, and after supper at the hotel made their call on Lincoln. It was not to be a very formal interview.

Lincoln stood in the parlor, dressed in a black frock coat. The announcement was made, and his reply seemed brief. He was evidently much constrained, but as soon as the last word had been spoken he turned to Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania, the chairman of the committee, and said: "Judge, you are a pretty tall man. How tall are you?"

"Six feet two."

"I beat you! I am 6 feet 3 without my high heeled boots."

"Pennsylvania bows to Illinois, where, we have been told, there were only little giants," said Kelley.

This was an allusion to Douglas, who had been called the "Little Giant."

One by one the members of the committee were introduced to Lincoln, and when the handshaking was over he said:

"Gentlemen, Mrs. Lincoln will be pleased to see you in the adjoining room, where you will find some refreshments."

There Mrs. Lincoln met them pleasantly, but the only visible sign of refreshments was a white earthen pitcher filled with ice water. This was possibly Mr. Lincoln's little joke, for it was afterward ascertained that his Republican neighbors had offered to furnish wines and liquors, which he refused to have in his house, and that his Democratic friends had sent round baskets of champagne, which were also declined.

CHIMNEYS KNOCKED OUT.

Machine Shops Can Be Run More Economically Without Them.

A few years ago the building of a machine shop without a chimney would have been looked upon as the act of an idiot. Now it may be the wisest thing a builder can do, for the large fan which is taking the place of the chimney costs a great deal less than the lofty stack, and does its work much better. Besides this there is a great saving in fuel.

In one plant where this experiment was tried there were three boilers, aggregating 260 horsepower, and directly above them was mounted a fan connected direct with a 5 by 4 double cylinder engine. The wheel of the fan was 54 inches in diameter, and as it could be run at any speed, it provided a draft quite independent of the fire. It was possible to use a much cheaper grade of coal and the saving thus effected was quite appreciable.

For instance, with the ordinary form of chimney the shop would use 1,624 tons of Cumberland coal, at \$3.65, aggregating \$5,939 a year. Using the blower, a mixture of Cumberland coal and yard screenings, half and half, would suffice. This, at \$2.85, would amount to \$4,995, showing a difference of \$934. The cost of operating the fan was placed at \$183 per annum, so that the net gain was \$751, a sum greater than the entire cost of the mechanical draft apparatus.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not Superstitious.

"Whose umbrella is that?" yelled the conductor as he entered the smoking car of a suburban train.

The timid little man started and was preparing to apologize for owning the cause of the trouble when the conductor again yelled almost in the same breath, "Put it down!"

The timid little man grasped the dripping umbrella, which he had spread in order to allow it the quicker to dry, and as he closed it with nervous haste the conductor continued:

"Don't you know enough not to open an umbrella in a house—in a car, I mean? Do you want to hoodoo this train? Well, it's mighty lucky you didn't run across a conductor that was superstitious, with that umbrella, or he might have put you off."

The timid little man stowed the dripping umbrella under the seat, watched the conductor punch his ticket, replaced it in a pocket where he wouldn't think to look for it in the morning and breathed a sigh of relief as the car door slammed after the presiding genius of the train.—Chicago Journal.

Time Enough to Beller.

One day Billy, that's my brother, he and Sammy Dobby was playin by a mudhole, and Billy he said:

"Now, Sammy, let's play we was a barnyard. You be the pig and I'll be the bull and woller, and I'll be a bull and beller like everything."

So they got down on their hands and knees, and Sammy he got in the mud and woller, while Billy bellered like distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he cum out muddy—you never see such a muddy little feller—and he said, "Now you be the pig, and let me beller." But Billy said, "I ain't a very good pig 'fore dinner, and it'll be time 'nuff for you to beller when yer mother sees yer close."—Scrap Book.

Played It on the Judge.

Counsel for the plaintiff in a certain case made use during an argument of the word "brogam."

"Excuse me interrupting you, Mr. Brief," said the judge, "but in the society in which I am accustomed to move we pronounce the word 'broom,' and so save a syllable."

During his summing up the judge had occasion to use the word "omnibus."

"Excuse me, m'jud," broke in counsel, "but in the society in which I am accustomed to move we pronounce that word 'bus,' and so save two syllables."—London Answers.

A MILLION MILLION.

How Long, Think You, Would It Take You to Count It?

Professor Wagstaff, whose very name suggests a pleasing first coinship to Shakespeare, has lately been amusing himself and his audience at Gresham college by speculations as to what might have happened if the father of our human race had given up adding and taken to figures. Let us suppose that Adam had set himself to count a million million, or, in figures, 1,000,000,000,000. We will imagine that he could count three in a second, which, though not exactly rapid ciphering, will be found ample, if done continuously. Now, if 6,000 years have elapsed since the gracious amenities of Eden formed the cradle of humanity, Adam would have been working for 189,216,000,000 seconds and have reached a total of 567,648,000,000 figures. In other words, his task of counting a million million would still have been unaccomplished by over four hundred thousand millions digits.

All of which goes to prove what? There are many possible conclusions. The first is, of course, that Professor Wagstaff is a very ingenious and by no means melancholy mathematician, but that hardly needed proof. A second deduction, which we advance with all humility, is that if Adam had only had habitual recourse to harmless dissipation, that of this arithmetical kind, instead of betraying marital weakness and a fondness for fruit, his descendants would have been very much better off morally and spiritually, though not perhaps in material comforts. And a third conclusion, eminently gratifying to those who refuse to believe that there is any serious discord between religion and science, is that Professor Wagstaff, no doubt a man of distinction in scientific attainments, accepts without any demur Bishop Ussher's chronology.

According to the divine, the world was created in 4004 B. C., and that added to the 1898 years which have elapsed since the Christian era makes in round numbers the 6,000 years on which the whole calculation depends. Some wayward "scientists" have dogmatically affirmed that the world has been wagging along a good many more centuries than Ussher supposed, although there is a serious difference, it is true, in this matter between the astronomers and the geologists. So, after all, perhaps if Adam had been reasonably industrious, he would have had time to accomplish his task, unless his brain had given way under the strain. Most of us have such vague ideas as to the meaning of large figures that it is as well to be reminded by so happy an illustration how many units go to the making of a million. The only other conceivable fashion in which such instruction could be acquired is to become a South African "boss" of mines and diamonds, and that process, much as we may desire it, is, fortunately or unfortunately, not open to the majority of us.—London Telegraph.

THE DOCTOR IN WAR.

Stands the Test of Courage Whenever Under Fire.

The London Lancet has an article about the bravery of surgeons under fire. The Lancet's article is about British surgeons. It applies in so far as its anecdotes go to them, but in its general terms and its comments it applies to all. We have never read of a surgeon quailing under fire or deserting his post in a panic, and what is a great deal more we have never heard of a surgeon quailing before a hospital or deserting his post, though yellow fever, smallpox, typhus or cholera threatened his life and surrounded him with his horrors. There are many well authenticated stories of the courage and devotion of our army doctors in the field and hospital. The latter is the much more trying to courage and fidelity.

The excitement of battle goes far to keep a man at his work, even should he be disinclined for it. The long dreary watches of the hospital, the hard and thankless round of duty, the hourly scenes of horror and possibly the discouraging absence of proper assistance and support from the administration of the army are what try a doctor's nerve and test his fortitude and patriotism. We do not know why they stand the test so well—better apparently, on an average, than those whose trade it is supposed to be to face death and danger. But the fact remains that they do, all honor to them!—San Francisco Report.

An Eye For the Near Future.

A woman summoned to see her dying husband who had met with a street accident showed every sign of grief. She threw herself on the floor and bowed at the top of her voice as the man died. Three days afterward she arrived in the ward arrayed in the deepest widow's weeds.

"Please, I've come for pore Walter's clothes. The Lord took 'im, but I 'ope, please God, as I'll find another."—Cornhill Magazine.

Unveiling the Past.

"I wish now," shrieked the angry young wife, "I wish now, George Whackster, you had married Luce Jones instead of me! That's what I wish!"

"I would have married her," howled the equally angry young husband, "only she wouldn't have me and you would!"—Chicago Tribune.

The name California, derived from the two Spanish words caliente formal, i. e., "hot furnace," was given by Cortes in the year 1535 to the peninsula now known as Lower California, of which he was the discoverer, on account of its hot climate.

The sudden changes of climate encountered by soldiers when troops are moved from one quarter of the world to another are estimated as increasing the annual mortality of Europe by 50,000 men.

A CLEVER RUSSIAN.

He Found a Method of Beating His Persian Creditor.

In Persia, when a creditor fails to get his money in any other way, he appears in the debtor's house and sits down. Then he does not move away till the delinquent pays up. He enters the debtor's sleeping apartments, if possible, and has his meals brought in. A few years ago a Persian held an unsatisfied claim against the British government, and he presented himself before the British minister one day and camped out in his private office. The minister did not see the joke, and sent for a policeman. That made a lot of noise and trouble, and the Russian representative in Teheran evidently learned a lesson from it, for he managed a case of the same kind much differently.

The Persian who demanded money from the Russian (Count Kolomeisoff) was a holy man, a dervish, and when he sat down in the Russian's anteroom to wait till the latter paid his disputed claim Count Kolomeisoff knew that he could not get rid of him without much fuss and explanation. It is against the laws, or at least the custom, which is just this means of collecting money, so the count could not throw him out. He thought over the matter, and one morning he sent for a lot of masons. Then he ordered them to build a wall around the dervish, who was sitting in the middle of the room. The dervish watched them placidly at first, but when the wall grew and it became apparent that it would be completed soon he jumped over it, ran away and has not been seen since. They say that the count is the first man in Teheran who has beaten a creditor of this kind without recourse to the police.—New York Press.

DEEP SEA WATER.

At One Thousand Fathoms Its Pressure is a Ton to the Square Inch.

When marine life began to command nature, the question of the depth to which life could extend divided scientific thought into warring camps. About 1840, it was generally believed that the bathymetric limit was about 300 fathoms, and some strange ideas were current as to the physical condition of water when under a pressure such as a depth of two miles would produce. It was thought that skeletons of drowned men, or even heavy cannon and the "wedges of gold" that popular imagination places in the sea, floated at certain levels, beneath which is water so compressed as to be impenetrable. In fact, water is almost incompressible, and the weight of a cubic inch of it at the depth of a mile is very little more than at the surface, but it was assumed that no living being could survive a pressure which at 1,000 fathoms is about a ton to the square inch.

We ourselves live under a pressure of about 15 pounds per inch, and are unaware of it. Indeed we sometimes waken on a morning when the barometer has risen, say, half an inch during the night, and consequently find ourselves sustaining an increased pressure of several tons not only without suffering, but with a positive feeling of buoyancy and good spirits. On the other hand, if the tremendous pressure under which we live be relieved as by a surgical "cup," severe injury may follow. Aeronauts suffer from this cause, and marine animals dredged from great depth often reach the surface in a most lamentable condition, with eyes protruding and viscera distended.—Dr. C. M. Blackford, Jr., in North American Review.

The plant known as vervain, which is not distinguished for its beauty and which grows nowadays utterly disregarded, was so sacred to the Druids that they only gathered it for their divinations when the great dog star arose, in order that neither sun nor moon should see the deed.

Converted.

Maria—Is Grace as fond of sports as she was?

Stella—No, not since she married one.—Brooklyn Life.

Snobs in high places assume great airs and are pretensions in all they do, and the higher the elevation the more conspicuous is the incongruity of their position.—Samuel Smiles.

Newfoundland is remarkable for its lakes and pools. They are of all sizes, shapes and depths, from tiny pools to immense sheets of water over 50 miles in length.

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In effect Sunday, Nov. 27, 1898. Low Grade Division.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10. Rows include Pittsburgh, New Bethlehem, Brookville, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10. Rows include Brookville, Jefferson Co. Pa., etc.

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DEPART. For Buffalo, Big Run and Punxsutawney, 6:35 a. m., 1:25, 3:55, 8:00 p. m.

For Buffalo, Gettysburg and Clearfield, 7:25 a. m., 1:45, 5:05 p. m.

For Ridgway, Bradford and Rochester, 10:11 a. m., 4:15 p. m.

For Ridgway, Bradford and Buffalo, 1:15 p. m., For Reynoldsville, 10:35 a. m., 4:17 p. m.

ARRIVE. From Punxsutawney, Big Run and DuBois, 7:00, 10:11 a. m., 1:15, 4:15 p. m.

From Clearfield, Gettysburg and DuBois, 8:25 a. m., 12:45, 4:17, 7:35 p. m.

From Buffalo, Rochester, Bradford and Ridgway, 1:55 p. m.

From Bradford and Ridgway, 10:32 a. m., 3:55 p. m.

From Reynoldsville, 1:05, 5:02 p. m.

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.

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BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

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

READ UP. Nov. 29, 1898. READ DOWN. Nov. 30, 1898.

8:00 p. m. PATTON... Live 6:30 4:00

8:30 p. m. WESTPORT... 6:52 4:10

9:00 p. m. MAHAFFEY... 7:15 4:40

9:30 p. m. KERMOOR... Arr 4:10 5:05

10:00 p. m. GAZZAM... 7:50 5:15

10:30 p. m. KERMOOR... Live 7:57 5:21

11:00 p. m. New Milport... 8:02 5:25

11:30 p. m. Olania... 8:08 5:32

12:00 p. m. Mitchell's... 8:15 5:39

6:37 11:11 CLEARFIELD... 8:43 5:10

6:57 10:51 Woodland... 9:07 5:10

7:17 10:44 Higher... 9:27 5:10

7:37 10:37 Waverly... 9:47 5:10

7:57 10:28 Morrisdale Mines... 10:07 5:10

8:17 10:20 Live... Arr 9:20 5:10

8:37 10:13 PHILIPSBURG... Arr 9:53 5:10

8:57 10:06 Arr... Live 9:10 5:10

9:17 10:00 Arr... Live 9:22 5:10

9:37 9:53 Winburne... 9:37 5:10

9:57 9:47 PEALE... 9:56 5:10

10:17 9:40 GILGINTOWN... 10:14 5:10

10:37 9:33 SNOW SHOES... 10:20 5:10

10:57 9:27 BEECH CREEK... 11:07 5:10

11:17 9:20 MILL HILL... 11:17 5:10

11:37 9:13 LOK... 11:37 5:10

11:57 9:06 YOUNGDALE... 11:30 5:10

12:17 8:59 JERSEY SHORE JUNC... 11:40 5:10

12:37 8:52 JERSEY SHORE... 11:45 5:10

12:57 8:45 LIVE WILLIAMSPT... Arr 12:00 5:10

1:17 8:38 L. V. N. Y. via Tanamona... Arr 12:34 5:10

1:37 8:30 L. V. N. Y. via Phila. Arr 12:40 5:10

1:57 8:23 L. V. N. Y. via Phila. Arr 12:46 5:10

2:17 8:16 L. V. N. Y. via Phila. Arr 12:52 5:10

2:37 8:09 L. V. N. Y. via Phila. Arr 12:58 5:10

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Why for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific coast, in Hong Kong, in the trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Abrey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers. The Pacific Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Foreign credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Order free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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New York, 9:30 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:00 p. m.; Washington, 5:25 p. m.; Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.