

The Star.

VOLUME 3.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY MAY 23, 1894.

NUMBER 3.

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

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

On and after Nov. 10th, 1893, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:10 A. M., 1:30 p. m., and 7:00 p. m. Accommodations from Pultneyville and Big Run.

8:50 A. M., Buffalo and Rochester mail for Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Me. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Cort and Erie.

7:45 A. M., 1:45 p. m., and 7:30 p. m. Accommodations for Sykes, Big Run and Pultneyville.

2:50 P. M., Bradford Accommodations for Beechtree, Brockwayville, Edmont, Carleton, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Me. Jewett and Bradford.

6:00 P. M., Mail for DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Pultneyville and Wadon.

6:40 A. M., Sunday train for Brockwayville, Ridgway and Johnsonburg.

6:00 P. M., Sunday train for DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Pultneyville.

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. McLESTER, Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
E. C. LAPPY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

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

EASTWARD.

9:00 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:30 p. m., New York, 10:05 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 p. m.; Washington, 8:35 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:30 P. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 1:30 a. m.; New York, 7:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:30 a. m.; Washington, 7:30 a. m. Through coach from DuBois to Williamsport. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and from Philadelphia to Williamsport. Passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 a. m.

9:25 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 a. m.; New York, 9:50 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:50 a. m.; Washington, 7:50 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.

7:32 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 7:00 a. m. for Erie.

9:50 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

6:22 P. M.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 1:30 a. m.; New York, 10:05 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 p. m.; Washington, 8:35 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport and to DuBois.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m.; Washington, 7:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:45 a. m.; Williamsport, 10:15 a. m.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:22 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 a. m.; Baltimore, 11:40 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 and to DuBois.

TRAIN 11 leaves Reno at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:32 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.
(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 10 leaves Ridgway at 9:00 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:25 a. m., arriving at Clermont at 10:10 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:35 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:20 a. m. and Ridgway at 11:55 a. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

P. M. A. M. STATIONS. A. M. P. M.

12:15 9:40 Ridgway 1:30 6:30
12:15 9:40 Island Run 1:30 6:30
12:15 9:40 Mill Haven 1:10 6:15
12:15 9:40 Clearfield 1:10 6:15
12:15 9:40 North Mills 1:20 6:00
12:15 9:40 Blue Rock 1:24 5:54
12:15 9:40 Carrier 1:20 6:00
1:00 10:20 Brockwayville 1:26 5:44
1:10 10:30 McKim Summit 1:30 5:35
1:14 10:40 Clearfield 1:30 5:30
1:20 10:50 Falls Creek 1:30 5:15
1:45 11:05 DuBois 1:50 5:00

TRAIN LEAVES RIDGWAY.
Train 7:17 a. m. Train 11:34 a. m.
Train 1:45 p. m. Train 4:30 p. m.
Train 7:25 p. m. Train 11:25 p. m.

M. PREYTOR, Gen. Manager, J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday Dec. 24, 1893. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS. No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. 101 100

A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. P. M.

Red Bank 10:40 4:40
Lancaster 10:57 4:52
New Bethlehem 11:20 5:20 5:12
Oak Ridge 11:38 5:32 5:30
Mayville 11:45 5:41 5:28
Summersville 12:05 5:59 5:35
Brookville 12:25 6:20 5:07
Bell 12:41 6:36 5:28
Tiffin 12:53 6:48 5:41
Bridgeton 13:07 6:57 5:54
"Ascot" 1:06 7:05 6:02
Talia Creek 1:26 7:23 7:00 10:55 1:36
Tribola 1:47 7:44 7:20 11:05 1:45
Winters 1:59 8:00 7:34
Parsburg 2:05 8:06 7:40
Jersey 2:12 8:13 7:47
Clear Fisher 2:25 8:26 8:01
Donnetts 2:42 8:44 8:18
Cranberry 2:57 8:59 8:33
Driftwood 3:21 9:23 8:55

WESTWARD.

STATIONS. No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. 100 101

A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. P. M.

Driftwood 10:30 4:00 3:52
Cranberry 10:42 4:10 4:00
Donnetts 10:55 4:21 4:14
Jersey 11:10 4:38 4:30
Clear Fisher 11:25 4:50 4:44
Parsburg 11:40 5:00 4:54
Winters 11:57 5:17 5:07
Tribola 12:17 5:37 5:20
Talia Creek 1:26 5:55 5:38 12:30 5:10
"Ascot" 1:47 6:16 6:00
Bridgeton 2:07 6:36 6:20
Tiffin 2:21 6:50 6:34
Bell 2:37 7:06 6:50
Brookville 2:55 7:24 7:08
Summersville 3:15 7:44 7:28
Mayville 3:35 8:04 7:48
Oak Ridge 3:55 8:24 8:08
New Bethlehem 4:15 8:44 8:28
Lancaster 4:35 9:04 8:48
Red Bank 4:55 9:24 9:08

Friend—Edith married for money, didn't she?
Class—No, indeed. He is rich, but she is dreadfully in love with him. Why, when he called on her, she just sat and scolded him by the hour.—New York Weekly.

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THE TREASURE KEY.

A Discovery That Opened the Riches of Eastern Literature.

It is not a fairy tale that I am going to tell you, though I do take you far away to the orient, to the land of the lotus flower, the land of the pyramids, of the obelisks and the Nile, but a story true in word and fact.

It is the story of a key, before which vast treasure houses, impenetrable for ages, opened their doors. And when the portals were thrown wide the searchers gazed upon vistas containing riches of which their wildest imaginings had never dreamed.

It is not a key of gold, though its value is more than its weight in that precious metal, nor is it shaped like a key at all. And the wealth it unlocked is not only for its finders, but for all that desire to partake of it, for all posterity, for you and for me. I speak of the Rosetta stone, which is now in the British museum.

Many ages ago Ptolemy Epiphenes, king of Egypt, paid the arrears of taxes and other debts of the priesthood of Egypt, and in thanks and to show their respect for his consideration the priest-hood, at a synod held in Memphis, passed a decree commemorating it. The decree was cut into stone, but that was the mode of preserving a record of historical events. This happened about 190 years before the Christian era.

You must know that the Egyptians had a different mode of writing from ours. They used hieroglyphics or picture writing, and this, after great research, has been discovered to be the written interpretation of sounds.

That a record of Epiphenes' deed might not be lost the Egyptians had the decree written in three different languages, the hieroglyphic, the demotic and the Greek. This was done as a precaution, because, as the country had many dialects, a language once in use was likely to die out in time. So by making this trilingual copy of the event, each a translation of the other, it was likely to be preserved.

Years passed, and the dust of ages buried from view the stone that was destined to play so important a part in throwing a light upon the shadowy conceptions of modern thinkers regarding the past life and manners and customs of the Egyptians.

This is the origin of the Rosetta stone, but no one in the modern world knew of its existence until the time of Napoleon. He carried his conquering arms all over Europe, and not content with his victories there he invaded Egypt, where he fought the brilliant Egyptian campaign.

While stationed near Rosetta, in lower Egypt, some of the soldiers with the French engineer, M. Boussard, found, while excavating in the historical soil, a block of stone of black basalt, about 3½ feet in length and a little more than 2½ feet in width. On it they saw strange and unintelligible writing or drawings. It was the Rosetta stone, so called from the name of the place where it was found, but they did not dream how precious their discovery would prove.

And it was not until about 15 years had passed that even one word was translated. Dr. Young in 1815 made out the word Ptolemy, and he it was who discovered that the writing was phonetic and not ideographic, as had been supposed. But the key had not yet done its work, for, like Aladdin and his lamp, the talisman had not yet been conquered.

Dr. Young, continuing his research, deciphered the word Berenice among the pictorial writings of the hieroglyphs at Karnak. But it is to Champollion that most of the credit is due, for he continued the research unremittingly, and finally his labors were crowned with victory. The translation of the Rosetta stone was completed—that is to say, so far as the stone itself is complete, for one part of it is broken off.

It was not an easy task to conquer, but one well worth the attempt, and honor will ever redound to the man that undertook and succeeded in opening up the broad field of the literature of the east, the field that glows with glorious deeds and vast achievements, and that for ages baffled the wisest.—Philadelphia Times.

No More Milk.

"There is no more milk in the world," said an old gourmet as he sat at his luncheon at the Manhattan club. "It has gone, and not even a bubble of regret seems to mark the spot where it sank out of sight. Milk, the earliest staff of all generations, is now a thing unknown in polite circles. It's all cream now. It does not matter whether I dine here or in Texas or in California, everywhere the waiters ask: 'Will you take cream in your coffee?' and 'Will you have cream hot or cold?' The good old staple, milk, is no longer called by name. Even in Chicago they call it cream. Milk is tabooed. It has gone out of existence with the word 'woman,' the word 'undertaker,' the word 'dress' and a lot of other noble terms. Now it's always cream, lady, funeral director and gown wherever you go, even in Chicago. And yet the 'cream' is often pale blue and thin, and if it was not served as cream I would swear it was milk, and darned bad milk at that."—New York Sun.

A Love Match.

Friend—Edith married for money, didn't she?
Class—No, indeed. He is rich, but she is dreadfully in love with him. Why, when he called on her, she just sat and scolded him by the hour.—New York Weekly.

THEY COOKED UNSOAKED RAIN.

And by the Aid of Lightning and Snow Made a Satisfactory Meal.

"Perhaps one of the most peculiarly prepared luncheons ever laid before hungry people was one which we had when we were snowed up in the theater of a small western town," said a theatrical man to a reporter. "Upon this night, in the brief interval after the people left the theater, while we were dressing to go to our hotel, a terrific snowstorm, such as you can only find in the west, came up. The snow drifted against our doors and all about the streets, so that we had to remain all night in the theater. Of course we got hungry, as actors will sometimes do, and we began a search for something eatable.

"We prowled around the property room and were about to give up in disgust when one of the company struck a box of beans, which were used to imitate the sound of rain. By shaking the box a stage rainstorm could be produced. We took this 'rain,' as the profession is pleased to call it, but saw no way of cooking it. Some one suggested that the 'thunder' might be a good thing to cook it upon. In lieu of nothing better, the 'thunder' was a sheet of tin or iron which was shaken to make the roar of heaven's artillery. We bent the 'thunder' so that it would hold the beans, but were at a loss for means for producing heat. Our property man suggested that we use 'lightning,' a powder of lycopodium, used for making flashes upon the stage, for the fire. We found quite a lot of this, and with the addition of some 'snow'—little bits of paper used to represent the beautiful—started quite a fire and succeeded in cooking the beans, which we ate with a relish. Resolving into stage parlance, we had used 'thunder,' 'lightning' and 'snow' to cook a lunch that consisted of 'rain.'"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Modern Woman as a Candy Buyer.

The powerful social movement in the direction of the freedom of women is being felt in this community. Women are "rising in their might" and "viewing with alarm," and all that such things imply. They are beginning to assert their rights. I saw one of them who had just stepped beneath the fervid oratory of Miss Maude Banks when the latter "shook off the yoke of woman's slavery in peopling the world" enter a candy store and fix her determined gaze upon the contents of a glass case.

"Those are 60 cents a pound, madam," said the candy girl, "and those are 45, and those are 50."

"Give me three of these, and two of these, and three of these," said the lady, "and, mind you, I want just exactly those I've pointed out, and they are not to be more than 10 cents, or I won't take them."

When the customer had departed, the candy girl, who was still a self-satisfied slave, leaned against the case and fanned herself with a paper bag.—New York Herald.

A Desirable Place.

We were seated in a fairly filled third class carriage not timed to make a stoppage for an hour or so, and during the first half of this period one of the passengers, a very excitable and withal voluble individual, loudly inveighed against things in general and the places he happened to have visited in particular. All at once a quiet and sedate old gentleman, who had up to then sat silently in one corner, remarked:

"How would you like to live in a place where no one drank any intoxicating liquor or even smoked a cigar?"

"It would be excellent," replied the grumbler.

"And where every one went to church on Sundays?"

"That would be a delightful place."

"And where no one stole or forged or cheated?"

"But such a place is impossible. Tell me, where is there such a perfect place?"

"You will find it in any of her majesty's prisons," was the quiet reply, and the grumbler was silent for the remainder of the journey.—London Tit-Bits.

Farragut's Death.

Admiral Farragut's death was due to the selfishness of a woman, Rev. James J. Kane, chaplain of the Brooklyn navy yard, said in a recent lecture. The admiral and his wife were coming from California, when a woman occupying a seat in front of them in the car opened a window. Admiral Farragut was ill, and the strong draft of wind which blew directly upon him chilled him. Mrs. Farragut asked the woman courteously if she would not kindly close the window, as it was annoying to her husband. The woman snapped out: "No, I won't close the window. I don't care if it does annoy him. I am not going to smother for him." Admiral Farragut thus caught a severe cold, which resulted in his death. A few days before the end came he said, "If I die, that woman will be held accountable."

Metecological.

The young man came rushing into the house of his best girl as the rain came pouring down.

"Wow," exclaimed the small brother, meeting him at the door, "sister don't know what she is talking about."

"Why, what did she say?"

"She said the other day when you were here that you were a good fellow."

"How do you like that?"

"I like it very much. It's a good thing. Good-bye."

THE TEMPLE OF HATHOR.

One of the Ancient Buildings of Egypt and Very Well Preserved.

We steamed two hours one morning on the Nile and after an early breakfast rode on donkeys about three miles to the famous temple of Hathor, the Egyptian Aphrodite, at Denderah. This temple was built just before the Christian era by one of the Ptolemies, and the porch was added by Tiberius. Though built by Greek and Roman emperors, it is essentially Egyptian in architecture and decoration, and as it was the first of the great temples that we had seen we were very much impressed. It stands on the borders of the desert and the verdant plain, surrounded by the ruins of an old town, the debris of which, together with the blowing sands, rise several feet above its foundations. The temple is very well preserved. Its porch, the latest part, is a noble hall, supported by 24 columns about 8 feet in diameter and 40 feet high, the capitals presenting colossal faces of Hathor on four sides. Every foot of the surface, outside and in, is covered with sculpture, which, though of the period of decadence, is still striking because of the amount of it.

The main temple behind the porch consists of four central chambers and some 30 others, each of which had its use. The faces on nearly all the figures have been mutilated by iconoclastic Mohammedans or Christians. On the exterior of the wall in the rear, among other figures are Cleopatra and her son Caesarion, whose father was Julius Caesar. This representation of the famous Egyptian queen, though contemporaneous, scarcely justifies the tradition of her beauty. Near by is a small temple of Isis, and another which seems to have had some connection with the temple of Hathor. The town of Tentyris stood here. The Tentyrites hated the crocodiles which the people of neighboring Ombos worshiped, and a religious war of great fury was carried on between the two places. If there must be religious wars, they may as well be over crocodiles as over dogmas which nobody knows the truth of. The ruins of Tentyris are mainly of brick, baked and unbaked. The temples are of limestone. Some of the stones forming the roof are 24 feet long and 6 feet wide. The whole construction is massive. Inside are traces of color which must have greatly added to the beauty. At Denderah we are not far from the Libyan hills, but our course takes us away from them toward the Arabian side as we came to Luxor.—Boston Herald.

A Little Surprise.

There was a great crowd in a railway station, from which a train was about to depart, and all at once a man who had put his hand in his undercoat pocket to take out his pocketbook and pay his fare exclaimed:

"I've been robbed! Some villain has taken my pocketbook with over £100 in it."

"Where did you carry your pocketbook, sir?" inquired a bystander.

"In my undercoat pocket, behind."

"Then, sir, you can scarcely blame the individual who has taken it," replied the other in a pompous, self-satisfied, patronizing manner, and in a voice of warning intended for the ears of all within hearing. "Yes, you offer, if I may say so, a temptation, a premium, sir, upon theft, by carrying your money in such a place. Now, I always carry my money here," he exclaimed, putting his hand into an inside breast pocket of his coat, "and there it is always—"

"safe," he would have said, but he suddenly drew out his hand as if it had been bitten by an adder and cried,

"Why, my pocketbook has gone too!"—London Tit-Bits.

Duped Once.

The late Lord Hennen, the distinguished English judge, was known as a very stern and strict ruler of his court. No man ever dared to take a liberty with him, and he was never known to be hoaxed but on one occasion. A jurymen, dressed in deep mourning, serious and downcast in expression, stood up and claimed exemption from service on that day, as he was deeply interested in the funeral of a gentleman at which it was his desire to be present. "Oh, certainly!" was the courteous reply of the lord, and the sad man went. "My lord," interposed the clerk as soon as the sad man had gone, "do you know who that man is that you exempted?"

"No." "He is an undertaker."—Detroit Free Press.

The Smallest Motor.

Mr. Herbert Page, an assistant in the physical laboratory in the Central high school, has constructed an electric motor which is probably the smallest in the world. It weighs but one-third of an ounce. It is of the drum armature type and is complete in all the parts. The armature is but three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and the motor is only half an inch high. The machine runs at the velocity of 5,000 revolutions a minute. It requires a current of one-fourth of an ampere, with a pressure of three volts. The motor would make an appropriate watch charm.—Kansas City Times.

Our Higher Education.

Uncle George—Are you learning much at school?

Little Nephew—Yes, indeed. I'm learning to sit still, an not talk, an not make any noise, an get up an sit down, an march, an lot of things.—Good-bye.

ONLY ONCE LUCKY.

Millionaire Tells How He Lost \$37 When a Boy and Found It Again.

"What is the luckiest thing that ever happened to you?" somebody asked of the millionaire.

"Do you mean sheer, unadulterated luck, something that just happens without any seeking on your part?" replied the millionaire, throwing away a half smoked perfecto and taking another out of his case.

"Well, yes, let it go at that."

"I am generally accounted a very lucky man by the thousand and one people who know more about me than I do myself. But, on my honor, what I call a genuine piece of good luck happened to me only once in my life. It didn't amount to much, though it meant much to me at the time. It was when I was filling my first job—that of an errand boy at \$3 a week—and I tell you I have never since felt so rich as when I carried home my first \$3."

"I had been given a check to cash and a bill to pay. After paying the bill I had just \$37 of my employer's money left. I had just crossed Broadway when, happening to look back, I saw two men fighting in the street. I was enough of a boy then to take a keen interest in anything like a 'scrap.' I retraced my steps to see what it was all about. To my amazement and surprise I discovered that the two men were fighting about the \$37 and the receipted bill, which in some mysterious fashion had dropped out of my pocket. A policeman happening along at that moment, I was able to prove that I had a better right to the property in dispute than either of the two combatants and recovered it forthwith. They had each grabbed for it at the same time, and each was bound to get all or none—luckily for me. I have often speculated upon what might have happened if they hadn't quarreled. I should never have recovered the money, and in consequence I should certainly have lost my situation. That might have changed the whole current of my career, and instead of being a rich man I might today have been a poor devil, or I might have been twice as rich as I am. Who knows? Anyway I regard it as the only piece of downright, simple pure, unimpeachable piece of good luck that ever befell me. But any Tom, Dick or Harry that you chance to meet will be able to tell you lots of luckier things that have happened to me—some of them things that I had worked at for years."—New York Herald.

Earthworms.

Darwin says in "The Formation of Vegetable Mould": "If a man had to plug up a small cylindrical hole with such objects as leaves, petioles or twigs he would drag or push them in by their pointed ends, but if these objects were very thin relatively to the size of the hole he would probably insert some by their thicker or broader end. The guide in his case would be intelligence." He then goes on to show by reports of actual experiments that this is the method pursued by earthworms. Not only do they adapt the leaves of the trees of their own country to their needs, but the leaves of foreign trees are dealt with in a similar way. The following words of Mr. Darwin are remarkable: "If worms are able to judge, either before drawing or after having drawn an object close to the mouth of their burrows, how best to drag it in, they must acquire some notion of its general shape. This they probably acquire by touching it in many places with the anterior extremity of their bodies, which serves as a tactile organ."

"It may be well to remember how perfect the sense of touch becomes in a man when born blind and deaf, as are worms. If worms have the power of acquiring some notion, however rude, of the shape of an object and of their burrows, as seems to be the case, they deserve to be called intelligent, for they then act in nearly the same manner as would a man under similar circumstances."

Impenitent Congressmen.

"Although a congressman gets about \$13.50 a day in the way of salary," said an old time house attaché, "there are a great many men in the lower branch of congress who are always short of money. Quite a number spend their income recklessly, but a great many have legitimate domestic expenses that run so close to the amount of their salary that they have hard picking at times to get along. A considerable number of members discount their salaries at the banks. They are charged something like 8½ per cent, and if the total of this account were made public it would make a remarkable showing. It is by no means the new or younger members who are offestest short before salary day comes around. Many of the older members, who have sat in the house for years, are in this predicament quite frequently. Many of them are men of irreproachable habits, but with large and expensive families to support and with heavy political obligations at home forming a constant drain on their exchequer which they cannot get rid of."—Washington Post.

A Scrupulous Censor.

When Rome was under the papal power, a play was once submitted to the prelate charged with the revision of manuscripts for the press. In the first scene an actor is represented as sitting at a table and calling, "Waiter, a beef-steak." The scrupulous censor wrote in the margin: "Note—When the piece is played during Lent, the actor, instead of calling for a beef-steak, will refer to another."—San Francisco Approach.

TRANSFORMATION.