

Bellefonte, Pa., March 29, 1895.

YET, AM I OLD.

I never knew that I was old—
Like truth in dreams that truth yet seem'd—
Until the honest "photo" told
Me, years old!

AN OUTLAW'S HEROINE.

Together They Perished on the Great Western Desert.

Manallilo was only a collection of adobe huts, nuddled under the eye of the morning sun, in the midst of the burning Arizona desert.

Maybe it had been there a hundred years—maybe twice that time—for its annals were writ only in the sands of the wide, brown plain, and that which is written there to-day the wind covers to-morrow.

But recently the railroad came, and with it signs of development.

A ranchman gathered up the nucleus of a flock of sheep; some miners outted and went prospecting in the mountains; a fellow who had some smattering of science went off himself into the heart of the Apache country, and came back with spears hitched with strange fire.

These, and others like them, came to look upon Manallilo as their base for supplies; the place grew in importance; people from a farther district began to come higher, and many riders, in fantastic dress, were seen upon the streets.

Some of these riders it would have been difficult to classify. They were certainly neither ranchmen nor miners. It might not have been a serious matter to call them gamblers. Some of them were more than suspected of having helped to "hold up" the Fort Stanton stage on occasion; more than one rode a horse for which he had never exchanged an equivalent.

In the terse vernacular of the south-west, they were simply "bad men."

It was because this portion had become too numerous that the leading citizens decided society must be re-organized and they went about the task methodically.

Among these "bad men," the name Domingo Tarazon led all the rest, and it was decided by those having authority in the matter that Juarez must "go," preparatory to the establishment of an orderly community.

When Armeda Torreon rode into Manallilo that afternoon to exchange a goat's fleece for a measure of meal she learned that matters of grave importance were afoot.

A good three leagues from Manallilo was the ranch where Vicente Torreon, her father hired a few goats and basked in the sun all day, asking little in life except to be left alone.

The night was still as it was white, except for the far-yeeping of a coyote or at the foot of an owl!

After a time the sound of distant hoofbeats was added to these. A horseman drew in sight, silhouetted against the clear sky, rode up to them at an easy lope and halted in front of the hut.

"You are glad to see me," said the rider, sarcastically, as neither the man nor the girl stirred; "it is worth riding far for such welcome."

"We are tired," answered Armeda, indifferently.

"Yes, Domingo, we do something besides play, we," grunted Torreon.

The horseman flung himself down besides the girl. "Tell me," he said.

"We have lost the new goats."

Armeda stood and watched until he was well out of sight and hearing.

Then she went into the bit of chaparral and returned driving before her a dozen fine Angora goats, whose long silken coats showed even in the moonlight, the purity of their breeding.

"If he rides till he finds them he will not be in Manallilo this night," she said, contentedly, to herself, as she fastened the flock securely in the inclosure.

It wanted yet two hours of dawn when Armeda, lying awake with some unformed fear upon her heart, heard again the sound of approaching hoofs.

She arose, drew a blanket hastily about her and went outside the hut. In an instance Domingo was by her side and leaned from his saddle and whispered:

"Get my pistols, quick! The regulators are behind, and I have but one."

Not pausing to question, she went inside, put on some clothing swiftly, came out and ran to the corral, where she saddled and mounted her fathers horse. Then she wheeled to the side of Domingo, handed him a pistol and placed two in her own belt.

Domingo laid his hand on her arm.

"Have you thought?" he asked.

"Yes," was the firm reply.

"If you go with me now you can not return."

"I know," she said, impatiently; "let us be gone."

Just then the goats, aroused by the unusual stir at so early an hour, began to move restlessly. This seemed to remind Domingo of something. He spoke hesitatingly.

"Armeda, I did not go after the goats."

"I know. It does not matter. They were not lost. You have been to Manallilo. I tried to keep you away."

"They were not lost? Good! We are quits, then."

With this the outlaw bent toward his companion and drew her toward him and kissed her on the lips. Then they settled themselves well in their saddles, laid the reins loosely on the necks of their horse and rode toward the coming dawn.

For a long time they rode silently, neck and neck. When the red streaks of the approaching day began to show across the bare, brown plain the girl looked about her and shuddered.

Domingo saw and spoke:

"It is the only chance. They dare not follow here."

"It's the Malpais; the Evil Place," she said.

Then they rode forward steadily and calmly into the place of horror.

"He is a long way off," said the leader of the regulars, halting and watching the moving specks ahead of him; one cannot tell here how far. Distance cheats the eye—it lies to one."

He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked a long time toward the east and again to the west, from which they had come.

"We will go back," he said, after a little; "I am ashamed to give up, but it is just as well—he is safe—I make no doubt of that."

He nodded meaningly in the direction of the riders. "Just as safe," he added, "as though he had a rope around his neck."

"But the girl?" asked one of the band.

The leader only shrugged his shoulders in answer and set his face to the west.

When the fugitives, looked back and could see their pursuers no longer, they rested a little. Domingo unslung the leathern water-bottle from his shoulder, which had not been touched until now, and gave Armeda a drink.

forward, with a strength born of despair.

"Leave me," the girl whispered again, "and save yourself."

But Domingo knew the awful journey was almost done. Before him, in the white moonlight, a mountain peak loomed dimly. How far it was he could not tell, but somewhere between him and it was water.

If he could only keep on a little longer they would be saved.

But even in the moonlight there does distance cheat the eye—does it still lie to one. Whenever he raised his head and looked across the plain to the mountain it seemed so far off so unattainable, that his heart sank.

Still he struggled on through the long night. But just before day break he fell and lay outstretched beside his burden on the black lava.

And then the sun came up and beat upon them, and they died.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously toward the east. And the adobe huts of Manallilo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

Origin of Canaries.

A Ship From the Canary Islands Introduced Them to Italy Through a Wreck.

About 350 years ago a ship returning from the islands in the Atlantic, which people then called the Fortunates Isles, but which were undoubtedly the Canaries, went ashore on the coast of Italy, near Leghorn.

A cage of beautiful birds captured in these islands was broken, and the birds were liberated.

Through some caprice, they did not take refuge on the Italian mainland, but went to the island of Elbe, where in due time they nested and bred and increased in numbers.

The Italians discovered that they were admirable singers, and began to capture them and sell them in cages.

This gave rise to a traffic which soon completely cleared the island of Elbe of canary birds, so that not one was left there in a wild state.

From that time the history of the canary has been one of perpetual imprisonment, and of the transformation of his appearance and character.

He has become what may be called an artificial bird. Every nation of Europe has produced a canary of a special type.

In the natural state of canaries, as they still exist in the Canary Islands and other Atlantic islands, the birds are of a greyish green or greenish brown color, and are not remarkable for beauty; but they are such energetic singers that they have been known to burst the membrane of their throats in pouring forth their song.

Now and then the birds are taken in a wild state in these islands and sold for good prices in Europe or America. But the ordinary canary of commerce is the offspring of captive stock, and has been greatly modified by breeding. Canaries moreover have been crossed with linnets, finches and other birds until their real race is uncertain.

Canaries are now known as "German," "French," "Belgian," "English," "Tyrolese," and so on, according to the forms and colors that have been produced in them.

The Belgian canaries are sometimes eight inches long, and are remarkable for the elegance of their form and rich orange color.

French canaries are light in color. Some canaries which are entirely white command a high price. The Germans and Tyrolese, on the other hand, breed more for beauty of song than of plumage. Many of the birds have been trained by being kept in the dark in the hearing of the nightingales, to imitate these wonderful singers.

The English bird is more remarkable for plumage than song. To be highly esteemed, it must have a head and body of bright orange, while its wings and tail must be black.

A single wrong feather will diminish the value of the bird. Exhibitions of canaries are regularly held in the Crystal Palace, and no canary has a chance of winning a prize unless it be properly marked with black wings and tail.

English editors are shocked because the yacht owned by the Prince of Wales raced on Sunday. Albert Edward has done worse things than break the Sabbath, and will continue to do them, English editors to the contrary notwithstanding.

Old Drywater—My boy, in all creation you won't find any animal except man who makes a habit of smoking.

Young Puffs—Yes, sir; but neither do I know any other animal that cooks his meals.

The negroes down in South Georgia write a farmer, "won't pick cotton for 50 cents a day, and will scratch themselves up with briars from sunrise to sunset for a quart of blackberries that is worth more than a nickel."

President Cleveland turned his 58th year on Monday. He is still young and we hope, is still learning.

The Religious Garb Bill.

Bishop McGovern, of the Harrisburg Diocese, Writes an Open Letter on the Measure Passed by the House—Its Effect upon Catholics—The Prelate Extends His Thanks for the Passage of the Bill—He Says Legislators Have Rendered Valuable Service to the Church—References Made to Secret Orders.

To the editor of the Patriot

A card of thanks to the members of the legislature of Pennsylvania in their biennial assembly 1895.

The undersigned would forfeit his reputation for candor and honesty did he hesitate to express his cordial thanks to the members of the legislature now in session in Harrisburg. The patriotic sentiments of "the few but undiminished," their ardent love for civil and religious liberty, for the rights of conscience to all men to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own conscience, not at the dictation of other men, which are declared and guaranteed by the fundamental law of

this commonwealth to be sacred and inalienable, challenge the admiration of all fair-minded men and give assurance amid the seething and heaving of political asperities that there are yet remaining lovers of our dear old commonwealth, its laws and institutions who scorn to bend their knees to the Baal of religious rancor.

These I thank for their pure and open honesty. They are unwilling to single out their Catholic fellow citizens, or any other religious denomination of the state and make them the victims of a hostile crusade.

I am not disposed to excite hard feelings against the members who urge the passage of the "Religious Garb Bill." They may ride the whirlwind, but the Catholic church will govern the storm and gather the spoils which their violent impetuosity leaves behind.

To these I also extend my thanks. They may not accept them and, in that event, they will be nothing the richer nor I the poorer. Indirectly, though not intending it, they are doing yeomanry duty in the spread of Catholicity.

In the Catholic church in the time of peace there are always many members cold and indifferent to her laws and discipline, luke-warm in their religious duties and weak in their allegiance to her unity.

They are afflicted with spiritual inertia bilious, dyspeptic and sleepy and need to be waked up to a sense of loyalty to their church. This is the valuable service rendered to the church by the members of the legislature who represent constituents composed, in whole, or in part, of secret societies whose works of darkness, and whose conspiracies against law and order and the civil and religious liberty of their fellow citizens, cannot stand the light of day and the honest frown of the true lovers of freedom, civilization, peace, prosperity and the brotherhood of all men.

As many of them owe their seats in the legislature to such constituents it is to be feared that they are prostituting their manhood to the thirst of office which they could not otherwise attain in the eternal fitness of things.

But to this no remonstrance is raised on religious grounds. Their hostility on this line will do more to advance the Catholic church than the fabled Jesuits in disguise. Fair minded Protestants, and there are hosts of them in our land, are led to inquire: "What maintains and has maintained the Catholic church for nineteen centuries, glorious and victorious against the marshaled hosts of the world, the flesh and the devil? Is she mortal or immortal? There are no signs of decay upon her, on the contrary, she bears the indelible tokens that she is immortal—a kingdom, as Jesus Christ said to Pilate which is not like the kingdoms of this world."

The Catholic church prospers in persecution and languishes in peace; hers is a perpetual warfare on earth, and with the arms of the spirit she has and does suffer for the cause of truth, justice and humanity. She fostered and established our Christian civilization, and when the nations rose up against her, like her Divine Master on the cross she shed her blood for the faith that is in her.

As she has done in the past so she will do in the future—her enemies in the legislature to the contrary notwithstanding. She will ever weep over Zion.

The stranger shall hear her lament on his bier. The sign of her harp shall be sent o'er the deep. Till her masters themselves, as they rivet her chains, Shall pause at the song of the captive and weep."

Bismarck, of the iron hand, in our time, but with a manly chivalry which recoiled from stripping the religious of their dress, yet drove them out of the schools, hospitals and asylums, and expelled them from their homes, kindred of persecution, and in the flood of persecution, when cautioned against resorting to these extreme measures, in the self-confidence of a tyrant, he boasted that he would not go to Canada. Yet he did go and paid homage to the power he had defied, and returned, but not with the penitential spirit of Henry the Fourth and was hurled from office and now moulders in obscurity.

The emperor of Germany seats at his right hand Cardinal Ledochowski, whom Bismarck expelled from his see in Posen, and, with royal munificence, presents him with a gold snuff-box, set with jewels, from which the carnal from time to time gives a pinch of Roman snuff to wake up the sleepy ex-chancellor.

The religious in their garb are returning back to Germany and doing business at the old stand, a Catholic, for the first time in the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns, is chancellor, and poor Bismarck, as his last resort, has the privilege to make snouts at him in the dark. The irony of fate. We are all aware of the savage barbarities—priests hunted down like wolves, forfeiture, imprisonment, death quartered and scored—which were meted out to Roman Catholics in England and Ireland for three hundred years; but today a Roman cardinal holds the place of honor on state occasions next to the heir apparent to the throne.

they profess openly a love of country, its laws and institutions, in secret they riot in hatred toward their fellow citizens, excite and promote fraternal strife and disorder and override the laws under the impulse of a spurious patriotism. This class is found always in every nation, barbarous and civilized, and their purpose is ever the same—disorder. In this land of civil and religious freedom they excited riot, bloodshed and murder, desecrated, profaned and burned Catholic churches in Philadelphia in 1844; at an earlier date burned a convent in Boston and drove the inoffensive sisters and the children of their school, in the darkness of the night, homeless and friendless on the cold charity of the world, and while perpetrating this crime they claimed to render a service to God.

The spirit of fanaticism and bigotry has always held a prominent place in the history of this country. Of the thirteen colonies, Maryland, founded by a Catholic, Pennsylvania, by a Quaker and Rhode Island, by a Baptist, alone proclaimed civil and religious freedom. The other ten colonies visited fines, banishments, imprisonment and death on all who differed from their religious views with a becoming and remorseless cruelty that would fire the ardor of the savage Kurds of Armenia. While there might be in some colonies a slight modification of severity in favor of the Protestant sects, Catholics had no religious liberty that they felt bound to respect.

After the formation of our government the colonies, as they termed themselves into states gradually removed these obnoxious laws from their statute books and substituted in their stead the natural and indefeasible right to all men to worship Almighty God according to their own conscience. New Hampshire refused to join the advancing spirit of the age, and to this day adores at the altar of religious bigotry. In this nineteenth century her statute books prescribe that: "No person can hold the office of governor, or be a senator or a representative in the legislature unless he conforms to some denomination of Protestantism." Twice, or three times, in my own recollection, the true patriots and lovers of our American institutions made strenuous efforts to erase this stain from her constitution, but the narrow-minded fanatics vote no.

"And they made a molten image. And set it up on high. And there it stands unto this day To witness if I lie."

The reform in the various state constitutions did not reform the spirit of intolerance of a large number of the people of these United States, Catholics are the marked victims on nearly all occasions of this fanatical hate; they are slandered and vilified in newspapers pamphlets, on the rostrum, in political and religious conventions, in the pulpits, in state legislatures and in the halls of congress. They are prescribed at the ballot box and debarred from all offices or places of trust or profit, which emanate from the voice of the people, except their constituents are Catholics, by a prejudice that has the force of organic law.

These secret societies lead the vain in this crusade, but disguise their real purpose under strange and unmeaning names. At one time they called themselves "Native Americans," but their leaders were Irish Orangemen; at another time "Know Nothings, a title no one was inclined to dispute; then Plug Uglies and Blood Tubs which was faithfully true, then Ancient Orders of American Mechanics who joined with the natives to burn churches in 1844 in Philadelphia.

Now we have the "Junior Order of American Mechanics," the sons of illustrious ancestors; "American Protective Association" chiefly composed of refugees from Canada who are the queen's subjects at home and defenders of American institution in this country, and supplemented by a few ex-priests and nuns who, having soiled their nest in the Catholic church, were expelled, and became a dainty feast of scandal for those who hunger for the weeds that the pope throws over his garden wall; then "the Patriotic Order of Sons of America" came in review and modestly assume that without their efforts the glory of this nation would fall into demitison bow-wows.

These societies see danger in ladies' dress especially in a religious garb. This garb fires their patriotism like a red rag goads on a furious bull. On the bleak summits of the Alleghenies they spy teachers in a public school cover their nakedness in this garb and the whole state, politically, socially and religiously must be marshalled into a solid phalanx to undress these teachers regardless of the laws of the state or the protection accorded to them by the civil courts. The supreme court decided that these teachers violated no law of the commonwealth, yet the teachers must be slandered and vilified at the altar of prejudice.

In this religious garb was filled with deadly microbes or loathsome leprosy or smallpox, no greater tremor could shake the many forms of these patriotic societies. The true patriots, some perhaps fathers of these doctry sons, in our late civil war, pouring out their life's blood on the battlefield or in the hospitals, cordially welcomed the ministering angels arrayed in this garb, and as they soothed their fevered brows, moistened their parched lips and tenderly bound up the gapping wounds of the sick and dying—all with manly gratitude, even when the eyes grew dim and when their souls were fluttering in their earthly tabernacles lisped: "God bless you sister! God bless—! God—!!!" and the hero went to his reward. These were true patriots; the enemies of the religious garb are spurious.

For and About Women. Bishop Potter's daughters were all educated with a view to doing at least one thing well. One girl became an expert pianist, another is an artist, and a third has trained herself to the duties of secretary.

She not only answers her busy father's letters, but receives callers answers all questions, which pour in by the hundreds upon a man in his position, arranges appointments and fulfills all the duties of an expert office woman, relieving her father from much care.

"Foolish fullness" (ampleur intensee) is the term used to qualify our sleeves by a well known Parisian fashion paper, and when one sees their latest developments epaulettes, bows, draperies, secondary sleeves above the first—it is difficult to say that these huge balloons of material are pretty or graceful. Exaggeration like pride, goes before destruction, and very soon these enormous constructions will be swept into the limbo of forgotten fantasies.

Skirts vary from 3 1/2 yards to over four and five round the hem. Materials, of course, are not all of the same width, and run, for woollens, from a yard and an eighth, or say, 39 inches to 52 inches, and for silks—with the exception of the newest velvet, which runs to nearly 32 inches, are generally from 21 inches to 28 inches wide. The make of the skirt necessarily varies with width of the stuff employed. For silks, the breadths are gored throughout, for woolen the upper part only of each breadth is gored at the selvage.

Unless where very thick material is used—the kind of cloth or of silk that is said to stand by itself—skirts are lined throughout. Taffetas, very thin silk or satens, are usually employed for the purpose, though not so elegant in its effect. For evening gowns linings are almost universally of a contrasting hue, while for walking dresses the same shade as the skirt is preferred.

Walking dresses, it may be said, are nearly all of neutral colors and very quiet in make—thus for once fashion and good taste are in accord.

Transparent fronts of chiffon or lace are worn with tailor coats, which are extremely severe in style.

White linen collars, both standing and turned over, are seen on colored shirt-waists, while the cuffs are colored like the shirt.

Again the shop girls have seized upon the latest fashion in hairdressing, and milady hesitates in consequence and is going rather to the other extreme in simplicity. Many of the "smartest" women are now wearing the hair parted and brushed smoothly back from the face, leaving the more elaborate style of coiffure, with the hair fluffed out and carefully waved at the sides, to the crowd, who are ever the first to adopt a new fashion that involves no outlay.

Energetic, care-free individuals laugh at the suggestion of such an ailment as house nerves, and say it is only imaginary. But thousands of women will testify otherwise.

People of sedentary habits, who spend all their time indoors, frequently become morbid, brooding and irritable. The failure of any member of the family to reach home at the usual time brings forth gloomy forebodings of disaster; the absence of any one at night causes floor walking and tears, even though such a person be of mature years, sound health and abundant ability to care for himself. A projected journey is overcast by recitals of horrible accidents. Meals are unsatisfactory; clothes never fit; no one sympathizes or consoles with the sufferer.

The reason of house nerves are legion. Introspection is one. Let a woman sit at home day after day, week in and week out, and analysis of everything and person within her ken naturally follows, herself included. A woman who studies herself, her wants and desires, her ailments and loneliness, is on the fair road to an insane asylum did she but know it.

Green promises to be very much the rage this year—a light fresh green, the color of lilies-of-the-valley leaves. One of Madame Carlier's prettiest things was a straw hat trimmed with a new ribbon, white dotted with little green silk dots, with an edge half an inch wide of green gauze. This was used with lilies-of-the-valley, and formed the only trimming on the hat. The new straws are made of silk. Perhaps that may be a sort of dull, but they are wide braids woven of silk, so delightfully light that their weight is scarcely felt on the head. Black hats are most seen for demi-season, with low flat crowns, the trimmings of black-chiffon put on in very full pleatings, with edges studded with long teeth of jet. A dainty little hat brought from Monte Carlo was of the new black straw, with a great fluffy bunch of jet-edged chiffon in front and on each side. Four stiff wings of wired chiffon covered with rows of jet spangles stood up in front, and on each side. On each side at the back was a bunch of pink crush roses. Leghorn hats intended for the Rivers were turned up in the back, and had bunches of black plumes lying down on either side of the brim in front, with pink roses. What is called the cachepeigne at the back was of feathers and roses. Other hats had jet borders made so that velvet or ribbon could be run through them. One of the prettiest designs was studded at intervals with jet thorns, alternating with loops of velvet. Iridescent spangles and spangles of emerald green are going out here. They have been so much worn this winter as to have become common, but all sorts of jetted wings and dragon flies and butterflies are seen.

Dr. Jennie M. Taylor, who went to Africa a year and a half ago with her uncle, Bishop William Taylor, is sharing his hardships, and will not return until she has been over the whole territory occupied by his missions. She lately attended a meeting of missionaries and other workers in Angola, and practiced among them her art as a dentist. She has been a very valuable assistant to Bishop Taylor, who says of her: "She is a wonderful worker, and commends herself by her amiability to the captains, ship surgeons, officers, crews, passengers, white people and black, monkeys, dogs, cats, kittens and puppies. Very religious as well, but not demonstrative, she will have her own way, and usually her judgment is clear. She sings native hymns like an old missionary."