

Bellefonte, Pa., May 29, 1896.

WEAVING.

FLORENCE MARYATT. My life is but a weaving Between my God and me; I may but choose the colors He worketh steadily. For oft He weaveth sorrow; And I, in foolish prode, Forget he seems the upper, And I the under side

I choose my strands all golden. And watch for woven stars I murmur when the pattern Is set in blurs and mars. I cannot yet remember Whose hands the shuttles guide: And that my stars are shining

Upon the upper side.

I choose my threads all crimson, And wait for flowers to bloom, For warp and woof to blosson Upon that mighty loom. Full oft I seek them vainly;

Though flow'ring wreaths and garlands May deck the upper side. My life is but a weaving Between my God and me: I see the seams, the tangles-The fair designs sees He, Then let me wait in patien And blindness ; satisfied To make the pattern lovely

And fret for them denied-

A MORAVIAN BRIDE.

Upon the upper side.

It was the 1st of August, that brightest, sunniest month of all the year, when the bleak northern coast of Labrador takes on a fleeting garb of emerald green, when the boisterous winds subside to gentle zephyrs, and the tumultuous ocean seemingly entranced, rests from its labors and lovingly laps the shore

In one of the broad channels between the thousand rocky isles which gird the main a large brig lay becalmed. Her sails hung idly from the yellow yards, and the helmsman no longer maintained a pretense of directing her.

In the vessel's waist the captain, a bachelor of 40 years, promenaded back and the coming ship. forth with a young woman, who lightly rested a gloved hand on his arm. "So you have never seen his photo-

graph?" he asked. 'No; not even that," she answered absently.

"You know no more of him than merely ing as keeper of the mission store; that he and sang their weird chorus lustily, flags is 24 and wants a wife and is willing to accept the bishop's choice. Yet you come across the sea to share his lot; to sacrifice your inclinations and desires; to bury vourself for life in this wild land.'

"A sacrifice it may be, sir," she said.
"How great I did not feel when we set

A wave of hope and passionate longing flooded the captain's heart. It shone from his clear brown eyes as he turned to face

"It is too great a sacrifice," he said, with warmth. "The pity of it, and there is one who would give

She looked at him strangely and withdrew her hand.

You forget, sir!" she interrupted. "It is the bishop's will. He holds my It is my duty and my work in life."

"The sense of such a duty is absurd—"
"No, no!" she broke in hurriedly. "You are a valued servant of our church. Your Christian duty is to help me."

"My duty as a man-But she disappeared within the companion way, and, vexed, he turned impatientlounging helmsman, severely re-

calling him to his neglected post. In the solitude of her cabin she flung

herself upon the cushioned locker, the captain's words still ringing in her ears. He loved her! Of that she felt assured. And. she-But, no! She must not, dare not think of that.

Could it be a mistaken sense of duty? She was the daughter of missionaries, generation upon generation, and following in the very footsteps her mother had traced a score of years before, Although she had lived at home but till the age of 7, she remembered as though it were but yesterday the story of her mother's early life, as she had told it, and narrowly the girl compared that life with what her own had been, seeking to find some jot of difference.

She knew the harmony of her parents lives, each kind and thoughtful of the other's weal, their only sorrow the parting from their child, and this they both agreed was wise and best. How else could children of the wilderness be fitted for useful lives? It was a rule dictated by the church, to which they owed obedience as salvation's price.

These mission born children were educated by the church in the belief that duty to it was paramount. The wishes of its clergy were commands, the bishop's will an edict from on high. The boys were trained to fill their fathers' places, the girls to make the missionaries' wives, the men to take what wives the church bestowed, the women to marry without choice such husbands as the bishop might award.

And that the church had wisdom on its side was proved by the universal happiness to which those thus united testified.

And yet she could not reconcile herself. Her innate modesty revolted at the gross idea of surrendering to a perfect stranger's will. How could she fail to hate him, to despise this man, who without one spark from the flaming altar of true love, would willingly forfeit all noble sentiments of mind and heart and selfishly debase himself and her-pure young womanhood?

And she herself would make this union possible! An overpowering loathing of herself possessed her with the thought, a terror she

strove vainly to control, and the pent up torrent of her dread burst forth, sweeping her away upon its turbulent waves in paroxysms of despairing tears.

An atmosphere of feverish expectancy prevaded the usually quiet surroundings of The Post. People were hastily gathering from all quarters upon the little mound beside the church. The oil depot and factory were deserted, and the wolfish dogs might pass the unguarded door and drink their fill from the uncovered vats of oil.

The misssonary's tidy children jostled with the crowd of natives unnoticed by their nurse. The baker and brewer stood on the mission house porch, puffing vigorously at his long Dutch pipe, while his little frau beside him conversed excitedly with the gardner's wife, who leaned from

A rising hum of eager voices came from the hillock, where the throng of dusky Eskimos was steadily increasing and every eye was strained upon the entrance to the little bay.

The cause of this unusual agitation had been a signal gunshot from the hill, fired by the sentry stationed to keep a lookout for the long expected ship. It was to bring them news from o'er the sea, the history of the great world's doings for a year-letters from relatives and friends, presents and messages, supplies and stores, their first intelligence for a long 12 months. What wonder, then, that they looked forward, anxiously counting the months and weeks and days and hours, until the time the vessel might arrive.

And one there was to whom it brought a bride. He was the youngest white man at the post. He had her picture, brought through winter snows and stormy twilight by the native messenger, who journeyed over the frozen channels with his sledge to the lower missions, where he met the factor of the great company buying furs, and who brought a few precious letters for The Post, forwarded by a winter courier from Quebec.

Two thousand miles the print had come by sledge, and every day the young man studied it, noting the charms of youthful eyes and mouth, of rounded cheek and wavy hair speculating upon her character and longing for yet dreading that momentous time when they should meet to either love or hate.

Which would it be and could he gain her love? How should he greet her? He a gawky youth, who, guarded in his school ascetically trained, had no experience with the other sex, regarding them as quite beyond his ken, knew nothing of the pangs of boyish love, and only had a crude abstract idea of the happiness. duties, sacrifice and pain involved in the mysteries of

The elder of the post had said the time was ripe for him to take a wife. Obedient to the magnate of the church, he had written, at dictation, his request. And now the signal shot had let them

know the vessel bringing her was drawing

He left the store with speed, fled to his room, bathed, combed and dressed him in his best, looked at the photograph and put it back within its velvet cover next his heart, laughed and half cried and paced the polished floor, and through the open

window nervously watched and waited for The murmur of the voices increased and swelled into shouts of "Gleanerakoo-a-kooo-o-t !" and round the precipitous point. with white sails set and pennants flying, swept the noble brig. The bay was dotted now with bright kayaks. and volley on volley rang from a hundred guns, the this: That he is yet in his novitiate, act- church bell pealed, the dogs set up a howl

> boomed. The novice hid his face within his hands. with fluttering heart of mingled joy and fear, and wished himself 10,000 miles away.

fluttered bravely from the mission roof,

and presently the brig's signaling cannon

A week passed. The brig still lay at anchor in the bay.

Within his study the mission elder sat, his long gray board falling in tangled waves upon his breast.

His keen gray eyes were bent upon the novice and the girl, who stood respectfully waiting till he should speak.

For 40 years he had lived his mission life, and his thoughts were busy with that promise made before the church. I did not know then all it meant to me, but I had time for thought and was not urged.

I did time long passed when he had been just such another youth and had obeyed just such a call to wed. His helpmate's silvery such a call to wed. His helpmate's silvery hair was auburn then. Her dear old

face was smooth and fair. The children of the love were scattered wide. One had been sent to Asia's infidel land, another lived beneath the scorching rays that bleached the sands of Africa, and a third had labored for the church among the hordes of one of those far islands in the sea, and news had come that he, the most beloved, had been rewarded with a martyr's crown.

"Fraulein," he said at last, "the time is short; the brig must sail tomorrow. I must urge that you should give your ans-

wer definitely.

"It is a thing most serious to you both, but you have been together seven days. Not long in which to fix upon a wife or learn to judge a lover's moods and whims. "But I can speak myself for this young I pledge you he is upright, virtuous, kind.

"And as for you, my son, she is far more. Her features would be ample passport without this commendation from the church. That you already love her I can see. What do you answer?"

The young man looked to her, then dropped his gaze. "You speak but truth. She is dear to me. I would not have her leave me, but still less would I enjoy the thought that she was forced by sense of duty only to share my lot.

'I pray let her decide for both of us and give her till the morning to reply. If she should wish for more dely, it is not necessary we should wed at once, and meanwhile I may try to win her love." 'What says the madchen?"

The girl was touched by the generous thoughtfulness the youth had shown and by the kindness of the aged man. She cast one swift, wistful glance through the open window at the anchored brig, where the captain's stalwart figure paced the quarter, and blushed and bowed her head and tried to speak. Then, with returning courage and resolve, she approached and knelt beside the old man's chair.

"Father," she said, her sweet voice tremulous, "I have had thoughts, unworthy of my faith, rebellious thoughts and fears and wicked moods. If either is unworthy, it is I.

"Give me some few days more before we wed-and let the brig sail. I will stay with you."-Ralph Graham Tabor in Truth.

The "Russian Thistle.

The so-called "Russian thistle," or 'tumbleweed," has found its way to the vicinity of Chicago, as it was sure to do sooner or later, and is causing no little annoyance to the farmers of northern Illinois and Indiana. It came of course, along the tic party is one hundred years old. It berailway lines with the stock-cars, and great patches of it are now found on the outskirts of the city. It first got a foothold in this country over twenty years ago, having to carry the Presidential election, holding been brought by some Russian colonists who settled in the Northwest. It soon can party has seven times elected its Presitook firm possession of the Dakotas, and be- dent. The Democratic party has carried gan to spread itself over a dozen other the country fourteen times in Presidential States and Territories. It is a pest that contests, and has made its lasting impress promises to make more trouble than the upon the character of the Federal Govern-Canada thistle ever did. Already it ment as illustrated in the accepted intercauses a loss of several millions annually to the farmers of the Northwest, and its

Compulsory Education.

Pennsylvania will attempt an experiment this year in compulsory education, and the people will have a demonstration whether it is more effective than free education. It will certainly involve large additional expenditures, and will provide places for politicians, and in these respects may be accepted as a first-rate law.

The compulsory law was passed in May, 1895, and approved by Governor Hastings, after having been vetoed by Governor Patti-son at a former session of the legislature for good and sufficient reasons. Under the law the election assessors in making their lists of voters are required to obtain a complete list of all children between the ages of 8 and 13 residing in their respective election divisions, with information as to sex, color, and whether or not they are in care of parents or guardians. The assessors are to be paid for this work by the city councils or county commissioners in addition to their allowance for the regular spring assessment. The lists are to be certified to the school districts and the principal of each school furnished a list of children in his or her district subject to the law. Parents or guardians are required to send their children to school at least 16 weeks each year, and it is made a misdemeanor to neglect this duty punishable by a fine of \$10 for the first and \$5 for each subsequent conviction. In some cases imprisonment will follow neglect or refusal to pay the fine. Truant officers are also provided to look after chilren who "play hook." The machinery of the law will swell to large proportions in due time, and it will make a considerable increase in taxes.

We do not believe the compulsory sys tem will grow in favor, and have little doubt that in a few years it will fall into disuse, as in other states where attempted, unless the official pickings are sufficient to keep it alive. The compulsion that is wanted in our school system, as the Philadelphia "Ledger puts it, is provision to teach the younger children, who have to leave school at an early age, to read, write and cipher correctly. A system is wanted that will eliminate the superfluities, in which there is imperfect instruction, and the children who have to go out into the world taught to read fluently, write freely and cipher correctly. Even those advanced to the higher branches should be made more thorough in the primary basis. "They have been taught physiology," says the 'Ledger," "by teachers who know nothing of the subject except what is set down in books; they have been instructed in drawing by bewildered instructors who could not themselves do the work required of the children, but they have not received such an elementary education as will put into their hands the keys of learning." The many thousands, says the same paper, who are obliged to leave school at, say, 13 years of age have gained little more than the unfortunates who are to be dragged into school under this new compulsory law by well-paid political workers. Even compulsory education is to be made a spoke in the political machinery.

The Stevenson Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Julia Stevenson, eldest daughter of vice President Stevenson, to Rev. Martin D. Hurdin, of Harrodsburg, Ky., occurred in Washington May 28th. The bride is a very handsome young woman, highly accomplished, and has been the belle of Washington society. She is a brunette, tall and slim, but her figure is graceful and athletic. She has been finely educated, having studied for a time at Wellesley college. She is a brilliant conversationalist and a clever writer, being

much interested in literary work. The Rev. Mr. Hardin is a son of one of Kentucky's foremost politicians and lawyers, the Hon. P. Watt Hardin, who was for 12 years attorney general of the state and who is an old friend of the vice President. His eldest son, who has but recently entered the ministry, inherits his father's oratorical gift and is already famous throughout the state as an eloquent speak-Martin was graduated from Centre

college, Danville, three years ago and began to study law with his father, but became impressed with the idea that he had a call to the ministry. He at once gave up his brilliant prospects and entered the Presbyterian theological seminary from which he has but just graduated. While a stu-dent at Centre college he won a medal for oratory and was also awarded the intercollegiate state medal.

He also became famons in quite another direction. He is one of the best athletes in the south and made a great reputation as a foot-ball player when he was in college. His bold and skillful playing in the field won for him more popular favor than even his ability as a debater. He is rather under medium height and not so tall by two or three inches as his bride elect. He met Miss Stevenson while she was visiting in Louisville about three years ago, and they have been sweethearts ever since.

The wedding took place in the New York Avenue Presbyterian church about noon and was followed by a reception at the Normandie, where the vice President lives. The young couple will take up their residence in Danville.

The Girl Who Works.

The girls who works-God bless her, says an exchange. She is brave and she is not too proud to earn her own living; she is studious, painstaking and patient; she smiles from behind the counter or desk; her smile is the reflection of celestial grandeur and eternal bliss; she is like a beautiful mountaineer; her character is pure as the bubbling spring, strong as the rock from which it flows and as high as the mountain's topmost pinnacle. The sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. Her hand may be stained by dish washing, sweeping. factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest and helping hand : it stays misfortune from many homes; it is one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the asylum. All honor to the girl who works.

-The Harrisburg Patriot calls attention to the fact that this year the Democragan business in 1796, and has outlived many opposing organizations. The Federal and Whig parties managed four times that office for sixteen years. The Republiravages are increasing every year. Thus far science has been appealed to almost in vain for some effective means of getting rid vain for some effective means of getting rid of this extremely unwelcome immigrant. presentative government.

Death Claims Wm. A. Wallace. Pennsylvania's Jurist and Ex-United States Senator Dies in New York.—Paralysis Was the Cause.

Ex-United States Senator Wm. A. Wallace, of Clearfield died last Friday morning at his temporary residence, 170 West Eighty-eighth street, New York. He had been suffering from paralysis of the brain since last February; had been unconscious most of the time for several weeks, and was unconscious when he expired. His sister who is the wife of ex-senator McCarroll, of Pennsylvania, and his son, im. E. Wallace, were at his bed-side at the time of his death. The other members of the family, who had been in the city for several months, left for home Tuesday, thinking that he would live for a long time yet. His wife has been an invalid for some years.

SENATOR WALLACE'S CAREER. Hon. William A. Wallace, ex-United States senator and for 15 years a senator, was born at Huntingdon, Huntingdon county, November 28, 1827. He is descended from sturdy He is descended from sturdy Scotch-Irish stock on both sides. His father, Robert Wallace, emigrated to this country in 1819, and for a time taught school in Mifflin county. He finally became a lawyer and settled in Huntingdon. He was a gentleman of education, but of limited means, and it was not in his power to give his children superior educational advantages. He taught school, edited a newspaper and practiced law, his most prominent position in the legal profession being reached when he was elected districtattorney of Huntingdon county. In 1836 he removed to Clearfield, when that county was a wilderness.

Senator Wallace was but 8 years old when his father removed to Clearfield. Although so young he had had some educational opportunities in the public schools of Huntingdon, When he went to Clear-field he pursued his studies as best he could in the schools of the place, but no opportunity was offered him to gain more than a fairly good English education and the rudiments of the classics. He began the study of the law when a little more than 16 years of age in his father's office, and helped to support himself by doing clerical work in the offices of the prothonotary, sheriff, treasurer and commissioners of the county. He applied himself with great earnestness to work and study, and his employment in the county offices gave him a knowledge of titles and surveys which was of great value to him after he was admitted to the bar, as the bulk of the cases in that county were ejectment suits and other litigations growing out of disputed titles to land and lines of survey. He was admitted to the bar in 1847, before he was 20 years of age. His father in the meanwhile, had moved to Blair county, and left him to make his way by his own efforts. For a time it was a hard struggle, and he was compelled to earn his living in part by teaching school. During this time, however, he devoted himself to the practice of law, and by hard work gained a foothold. He was painstaking conscientious and untiring, and when he got a case he prepared it with care that soon attracted Washington Society Interested in the Marriage of attention and his practice began to increase. Attrition with strong minds and the character of the litigation rapidly de-

veloped his force as a lawyer. The hard work required and his close application told upon his health, so that in 1862 he accepted the nomination of the Democrats for the state senate as a relief. from the drudgery of his practice, and in all, as the war and the invasion of the confederates at the time absorbed every other thought. Each of the candidates had therefore to rest his case with the people without the usual excitement and interest attending upon political movements. He received his full party vote in the other counties of the district, and in Clearfield he ran so far ahead of his ticket that he was elected by a good majority. For 13 years after his first election he was returned to the senate, and, notwithstanding the bitter assaults that were made upon his political action, at each election he ran ahead of his ticket in his own county.

He went to Harrisburg with merely a local reputation, but he soon made his name known throughout the whole state, and in a very few years it was known throughout the whole country. His elec-tion to the state senate gave the Democrats a majority of one on joint ballot, and his vote made Charles R. Buckalew United

States senator in that year. So rapidly did Mr. Wallace develop into a power in his party that in 1864 he was, without his consent, made chairman of its state central committee. He found the Democracy split and demoralized and at once addressed himself to the work of organization in which he develop unusual tact and ability. In this year the only state officer to be filled was that of auditorgeneral, and there was no great interest taken in the canvass. General W. H. H. Davis was the Democratic candidate, and was defeated. In the succeeding year, although his party was in better working condition than during his first year as chairman, he went into the canvass to see it again defeated with Heister Clymer as its candidate for governor. In 1867 Judge Sharswood was the candidate for supreme court judge, and Mr. Wallace, at the head of the state committee, conducted such an adroit and noiseless canvass that the Republican candidate was defeated. In 1868 the most memorable canvas of his career as a political manager was made. Seymour and Blair were the candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency against Grant and Colfax. The October election in Pennsylvania was the pivotal contest, and the issue was made and fully tested there. He not only gave his party a splendid organization, but good heart, and brought it to the polls in such excellent working condition that the Democratic candidate, Hon. C. E. Boyle was defeated by less than 10,-000 votes. A change of less than 1 per cent would have reversed the decision, and might have beaten Grant in the November

election. Even with the prestige of Grant's name and popularity his majority was less than 29,000 at the presidential election. The contest that year in Pennsylvania was one of the bitterest ever known. in the history of the politics of the state, and the Democratic party, under the leadership of Mr. Wallace, was in better condition than for many years before or since that time. In 1871 the Democrats obtained control of the state senate, and Mr. Wallace was,

by almost unanimous consent of his party, chosen speaker of that body. In 1872 he was a delegate to the Democratic national convention at Baltimore, and voted against Horace Greeley, but followed his party in supporting him for the presidency after his nomination. In the same year, while yet a state senator, and in the zenith of his power in the Democratic party of the state, Mr. Wallace was chosen vice-president of the Texas Pacific railroad company, for the purpose of looking after the legal questions arising from the complicated character of

its charter rights under Texas, Louisiana and United States laws. When he accepted that position it was with the distinct understanding that his services were only temporary and related exclusively to the legal questions that would naturally arise out of the title and over the construction and attended to his duties with great satisfaction to the company, returning when the senate met to resume his duties in that body.

In the election of 1874 his party had se-

cured control of the legislature on joint

ballot, and by common consent Mr. Wallace was turned to by his party as its candidate for the United States senator. In the few years that had elapsed since he walked into the senate chamber a pale, delicate and almost unknown young man, he had outstripped many Democratic leaders of less force but more pretensions. Of course several prominent leaders of his par-ty were candidates for the nomination for United States senator, but Mr. Buckalew was the strongest opponent that Mr. Wallace had. It did not need the expression of the Democrats in the legislature to show that Mr. Wallace was the choice of twothirds of them. When the Democratic such flowers suggest youth and springtime, caucus met there were only six votes out of and are appropriate only for children's 121 cast for all opposing candidates. In the winter of 1874, the one prior to that in which Mr. Wallace was elected United States senator, the legislature was engaged in framing the acts necessary to carry into effect the provisions of the new constitution. To this work Mr. Wallace earnestly addressed himself, and much of the important legislation of that session bears the impress of his mind and work. The general act of incorporation, which is regarded as one of the best of the kind on the statute books of any state in the country, was his work, and the law regulating and classifying cities and providing for their debts also came from his hand.

Mr. Wallace took his seat in the senate of the United States on March 4, 1875, and almost immediately assumed a leading position in the national councils of his party. His reputation as a man of political force, gained by practical service in Pennsylvania, followed him in the broader work at the capital of the republic, and he had been in the senate but a very short time before his judgment was sought and his advice taken upon all matters of party management. During his term in the senate he served upon the important committees of finance, appropriations and foreign relations. At the time of the greenback heresy Mr. Wallace was of great service to his party in including it to take conservative action upon leading questions, and in tempering and controlling the bitterness of opposing factions. In all the political events transpiring during his six years at the national capital Mr. Wallace held a foremost place, and, although antagonized at every step by his rivals for leadership in the state, he maintained his position and almost universally scored a victory over his

Mr. Wallace's career as a lawyer is as eminent as his record as a politician. Starting without opportunities or influential friends, he rapidly rose to a prominent place among the leaders of the bar of the state. While serving in the senate he did not neglect his legal work. During the labor troubles in the Clearfield region he took a judicious and equitable part be-tween the commonwealth and the coal operators. In the great trial which took place at Clearfield when the leaders of the labor strikes were arrested for conspiracy, the hope that the change of scene and action and the question of the organization and might benefit him. It was impossible to conduct of the labor unions was up for make an active canvass, or really any cam- judicial investigation, Mr. Wallace was counsel for the coal operators in their actions against the miners. The late senator Matt Carpenter, Judge Hughes, of Pottsville, and other eminent lawyers defended the action of the labor union. Judge Orvis presided, and the trial was a long and desperately fought legal battle. John Siney, the head of the labor unions, was acquitted because no covert act could be proved against him; but Yingo Parkes and other prominent labor unionists were convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

Mr. Wallace interposed in behalf of the convicted men, and urged upon the court the utmost elemency. He took the ground that the moral effect of the conviction of the leading strikers was greater than a harsh execution of the law.

In all the labor troubles that have curred in Clearfield county Mr. Wallace has taken a prominent part as assistant counsel to the law officers of the county. He has also represented the large coal operators in that region, and by his judicious advice and discreet interposition between contending forces law and order have been very well preserved, and never have troops been called into the county to preserve peace, as they have in nearly every other mining district in Pennsylvania. In the labor riots in 1877, as in all others that have occurred in the Clearfield region. Mr. Wallace's action and advice were effective and all important. He took a judicious ground between the workmen and the operators. He held that the men had the right to strike, but no right to prevent others working, and the quiet but firm position assumed by the operators and au-thorities under his advice prevented bloodshed and restored order in the region.

The qualities of mind that Mr. Wallace early exhibited specially fitted him for dealing with the delicate questions which this condition of things imposed. He was always noted for great courage, tact and good judgment. Untiring energy and tenacity were among his most striking characteristics, and his powers of endurance and capacity for work were simply remarkable.

After Mr. Wallace left the senate he devoted himself assiduously to the practice of his profession and to bringing returns from his large landed estate, which had been neglected during his official life. During the last few years he did more to develop the bituminous coal interests of the Clearfield region than was ever done before.

Five children and his wife survive the dead statesman. His wife has been an invalid for years. The two sons, Harry F. and William E., are both prominent Clearfield lawyers. The three daughters are Mrs. David L. Krebs, Mrs. Allison O. Smith, and Mrs. John W. Wrigley, all of Clearfield T. L. Wallace, freight agent of the Pennsylvania railroad, at Harrisburg, is a brother, as is J. H. Wallace, ticket agent of the Pennsylvania railroad at the Broad street station, Philadelphia. Two sisters already capacious trunks, since they must of the deceased are also living, the wife of contain not only shirt waists of every pos-Senator McCarrell, of Harrisburg, and Mrs. sible fabric and finish, but likewise as Cadwallader, of Philadelphia.

Saturday evening his body reached his home in Clearfield accompaned by Hon. James Kerr, A. W. Lee, H. F. Bigler, W. D. Bigler. Smith V. Wilson, Oscar Mitchell, W. A. Hagerty, J. M. Adams, J. F. Snyder and P. F. Weaver, all of Clearfield. Tuesday afternoon he was buried in the Clearfield cemetery with one of the largest crowds of distinguished men present that has ever been assembled in Clearfield County

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The secret of being a good hostess is in hiding the fact that you are making an effort to please. The houses to which you like best to go are those where you feel at liberty to look over books and of the subsidized road. He went to Texas where the piano stands open, and there are easy chairs without elaborate cushions. In preparing for an evening party, if you expect to have games which involve real play, put away delicate bric-a-brac, so that no guest shall have the misfortune to spoil his evening and yours by an accident. Scatter picture books and single views at the sides of the room for the benefit of those unfortunates—the wallflowers. There should always be a corner set apart for those who do not dance, and this should be large enough for a table at which a game may be played comfortably. Look after the shy girls and boys-that is one of the chief duties of the hostess. It is better to try to bring them into the general sport than to devote yourself to their amusement.

Why will staid middle-aged women wear

There is no excuse in these days for any woman to be ugly—since ugliness, as distinguished from plainness, which is in no repulsive, comes generally as the re-

sult of an unhealthy mode of life. Exercise, good, healthy exercise, is, fortunately, fashionable. Clothing sensibly made—knickers instead of countless petticoats-known rules of hygiene, which are easily followed; simple styles of dressmaking, which, with care and attention, and even a very slight amount of cleverness, can be copied, are just a few of the things which help the much-quoted fin de siecle girl to look beautiful, even when not blessed at the start of her career with regular features, a perfect figure, and a roseleaf complexion.

A fine carriage of the head makes a plain woman effective, even in a drawing room of beautiful women. The head thrown back, the chin and shoulders held straight. give an air of distinction, of presence, which mere beauty never confers. Poking the bust forward, resting the chin in the hollow of the throat and walking with shoulders quite square, is simply a caricature of grace and elegance.

The latest change in hairdressing is the full, loose effect around the nape of the neck. The hair is waved on a large iron to make it stand out, arranged very loosely, and the ends are coiled quite high on the head. This affords a resting place for the hats worn tilted over the eyes.

One distinctive feature of the fashionable sleeve is the length; and if you would be strictly in the fashion, you can have no medium between the very long and the elbow sleeve which leads the style for all thin gowns. Butterfly puffs, or drapery drawn through a knot at the top of a tight sleeve, is one of the prettiest of the newer styles, and then there are double puffs with a band between, lengthwise puffs and puffs of all sizes and kinds. Double frills of lace surmounted by loops of satin ribbon make a pretty finish for the top of a close sleeve. All the tight sleeves which have appeared thus far have some sort of drapery or epaulette frills falling over the arms at the top to distract one's attention from the real thing underneath, but some of the models are very pretty, in spite of the future in sleeves which they anticipate.

Try to keep in mind that the cistern water may be purified and sweetened by hanging in the cistern a bag of charcoal.

And, by the way, that same coat-andskirt gown seems destined never to go out of style, as it is still affected above all other modes by the well-dressed woman. The new crash, duck, linen and canvas gowns are almost invariably made in that useful and chic fashion.

Paquin, writes the Paris correspondent of Harper's Bazar, is using the petits lainages almost entirely in the place of the mohairs of last year. Other good Paris dressmakers are making up what they call bure for spring costumes-a stuff something between poplin and mohair. There are lovely brown bures, made with accessories of batiste; and, privately, one reason why I think brown is so fashionable this year is that it is so pretty with the omnipresent batiste. A lovely brown bure had a very short, close bolero made to meet one of the high ceintures, or belts, that are seen on almost all the new gowns, the cein-ture made of black satin ribbon. The brown bure bolero was also bordered with black satin ribbon. The front of the bodice under the bolero was of ecru embroidered batiste, as was also the wide collar that came down in tapering points on either side over the high black belt. The batiste collar had flaring points of green velvet on either side. Cloth gowns are made by Baudnitz with batiste bodices: as, for instance, an ecru or biscuit cloth skirt had a corsage of fancy batiste and a lovely belt of gold. These fancy belts are striking features of new summer gowns, especially those made with stones to look like old turquoise amulets. One sees the open-work grenadines, basket-cloths and etamines made over silks, with the color of the silk re-called in stones in the belt. One sees the same stuffs made up with lovely broad ribbon repeating in its tones the colors in the material and the changeable

The diminished sleeve with which we are threatened will bring about a revolution in our attire; in order to preserve the fitness of things and the correct proportion of size narrower skirts and smaller hats will doubtless be adopted.

If there were any doubt that the shirt waist occupies the most prominent place in the feminine wardrobe of the coming season it would be dispelled by the discovery that for each dainty waist of linen or batiste there may be found says the New York World, a parasol of corresponding style and texture. Indications point to an inevitable enlargement of the summer girl's many parasols, whose only essential is that they shall "match."

As the linen shirt waist is to be the most conspicuously in vogue, the linen parasol, with its frill of fine embroidery and its silk lining of delicate green or rose will doubtless oftenest be seen. Yet the simple untrimmed affair of striped cambric or other light material is just as novel, and is fast making its way into fashion because of its congruity with the unpretentious costumes of summer wear.