

THE BRAVEST BATTLES.

The bravest battle that ever was fought; Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not: 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

No marching troop, no bivouac song; No banner to lead and wave; But of these battles they last so long—From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bride of stars, She fights in her wrangled-up town—Fights on and on in the endless wars, Then silent, unseen—goes down.

THE WORTH OF THE WARNING.

The young girl's fair face was tinged with a flush of happiness, and her lips were slightly parted with one of those rare, dreamy smiles that are expressive of ineffable joy. Her companion watched her for many minutes in silence.

"So you are engaged to be married?" said the elder woman at length, as she laid aside the painted screen with which she had been shading her eyes from the blazing logs, and turned her gaze full upon the young girl.

Not exactly engaged, Mrs. Walton. He has asked me—about it. Somehow, when the time came, I found it a far more difficult question to decide than I had ever supposed it to be, and I asked him to wait a little while and let me think it over. He is coming to-day at 4 o'clock for an answer.

"But with all that," she added, after a short pause, "I wonder if I love him enough. Tell me, Mrs. Walton, what the endurance of one's love should be to insure its endurance, and one's consequent happiness."

Mrs. Walton removed her eyes from the beautiful, pleading face and rested her head in her hands for a time, as if in deep thought.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she said impulsively, looking up with a sudden start and drawing her chair nearer the earnest inquirer, "don't you know that you have come to me, a pronounced cynic, with the most difficult problem that has vexed the human race for ages? Can I solve it for you?"

"Billy" Pinkerton found a Denver Pickpocket too Sleek for Him. William Pinkerton, whom the world knows as "Billy," and has supposed the real modern pickpocket, has fallen from his pedestal.

He moved about among the people who lined the streets and kept a sharp lookout for the light fingered folk who take the chance that in stealing another's purse they steal trash.

That if celery were eaten more freely sufferers from rheumatism would be comparatively few. That when celery is eaten largely an alkaline blood is the result, and that where this exists there can be neither rheumatism nor gout.

Regulating the Pitch of Bells. In the casting of bells of large size for chimers or given tones, the skill and secret of success lie in getting the thickness of the ring which is at the mouth of the bell just right.

The next encampment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania will be by division and will either be in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, or at Lewistown. The chances are that the encampment will be at Lewistown or some other central part of the State.

John Forster, of Buffalo Valley, and Some of His Descendants.

A Brief History of a Well Known Centre County Family. At the golden anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. William Foster, of State College, which was celebrated on Tuesday, December 28th, 1897, a full account of which was published in the last issue of this paper, Maj. R. H. Foster, of Harrisburg, formerly of Bellefonte, read the following history of their particular branch of the Foster family.

The story of the early settlement of the Fosters in Buffalo valley will be of double interest to our readers, because of the interesting history of early days that is involved and the fact that one of Centre county's most substantial families is descended from the pioneers who fought Indians while they cleared the forests and made homes for themselves.

John Forster, of Buffalo Valley, (as many of his descendants now write the name of the ancestor of one branch of the Foster family of Buffalo valley, was a son of David Forster, of Derry, formerly Lancaster, now Dauphin county, Pennsylvania. This appears by the will of David Forster dated September 2nd, 1745, and recorded in Lancaster county.

"Oh, I do not know. I cannot think. Marry him—for that? No, no, Mrs. Walton, I cannot. Tell me what to say. He will be here in a few minutes."

He came at 4 o'clock. She was very dignified, very cold, and very beautiful when he took her hand in his, but one look from his honest dark eyes brought the tall-tale flush to her cheeks again, and her lips trembled.

"What did she say?" he asked softly. "Oh," she said, "I am afraid. I love you, but you will change. I know you will. You will grow cold and—"

"Why, my dear," she said, with a happy little laugh, "of course you won't. How foolish. I was of course saying 'no.'"

He Met His Waterloo. "Billy" Pinkerton Found a Denver Pickpocket too Sleek for Him. William Pinkerton, whom the world knows as "Billy," and has supposed the real modern pickpocket, has fallen from his pedestal.

His life appears to have been quiet, unobtrusive and moderately successful, though no knowledge of his personality or traits of character, has come down to his present descendants. As before stated, he died in 1783, and among some old family papers now in the possession of a friend at Paxtang, Dauphin county, is a letter written to Buffalo to Paxtang, announcing his death, from which the following extract is taken:

The interments, though there are no marks to show where they lie, were in the old Lewis graveyard, about three miles southwest of Milliflunburg, then the common burial place for the inhabitants of the upper end of the valley, where rest in the peaceful sleep of death others of their family—children and grandchildren.

By his will on record at Sunbury, after providing for the support of his widow, he directed that his real estate, consisting of the two tracts of land already mentioned and divided together into three parcels, should be divided into three equal parts to be given to his three sons then living—a third to each—and that his daughters should receive certain bonds which he described as—"Bonds I received from the sale of my plantation in Hanover."

The children of John and Rebecca Forster were four sons and four daughters. The sons were Thomas, Andrew, John Jr. and Robert. The daughters were Christina, who became the wife of John Montgomery; Jane, who became the wife of William Irvine; Elizabeth, who became the wife of Joseph Gray; and Rebecca, who became the wife of William McArdle.

John Forster, of Buffalo Valley, was married to Jane Young November 4th, 1777, and that Robert, the youngest son, was married to Esther Renck December 14th, 1784. Andrew, the second son, was married to Susanna Gray. She was a daughter of Capt. William Gray of Revolutionary fame, and was first married to William Hudson. After his death she became the wife of Andrew Foster, John Jr., the third son, died young and unmarried, the victim of an Indian massacre. His death occurred on the 16th of May, 1780, in an attack made by a band of raiding Indians on what was known as French Jacob's Mill, (Jacob Grosching), about five miles north of Milliflunburg and near where the road through the Brush Valley Narrows enters Buffalo valley.

Thomas Forster was the Revolutionary soldier of the family. A sincere patriot and lover of liberty, he was early in the field for the independence of the American colonies. In 1776 he is first found in the record as Major of the Fourth battalion of Northumberland county associates, of this Philip Cole was the Colonel and Thos. Sutherland, another ancestor of the present Foster family, was the Lieutenant Colonel. This battalion was sent to Reading, but anxious to be at the front Major Forster became a Lieutenant in Capt. John Clark's company of Col. Potter's regiment.

Returning to the quiet life of a farmer after his patriotic military service, Thomas Forster, on the death of his father in 1783, as the oldest son, inherited, together with his third of the real estate, the homestead of the family, which he improved and highly respected citizen of the valley until his death in the month of November, 1810. His body also lies in the Lewis burying ground.

The marriage of Thomas Forster and Jane Young was blessed with six children, three sons and three daughters. The sons were John, William and Thomas; the daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth and Jane. It is only William, however, the second son of the family, who demands our attention on the occasion. He was born in 1784 at the home of his father in Buffalo valley. The means then provided in that newly settled locality for education were not great, and it is probable that in youth, like many others in the same circumstances of life, but few opportunities were afforded him for book learning.

A Letter from the Klondyke.

J. H. Myers and His Son Oscar Have Reached Dawson with Their Outfit—Will Now Begin the Search for Gold—Former Bellefonters in the New Eldorado.

Several weeks ago we published a letter from J. H. Myers Esq., formerly proprietor of the Bush house in this place, telling of his trials in crossing the White Pass on the way to the Klondyke in the search of gold. With his son, Dr. Oscar M. Myers, he had left Rochester with a well equipped outfit and had gotten that far with amazing rapidity and success. Now comes the following letter from Oscar to friends at home, telling of their arrival in Dawson:

DAWSON, ALASKA, November 8, 1897. Hurrah! We have at last reached Dawson, after just three months and three days of ceaseless toil and hardship. We are in prime health, and our goods are in first class condition. We came through without an accident, notwithstanding accidents are the rule and not the exception, with most parties. The "Mabel" came through the Miles canyon, and White Horse rapids like a swan. We were terribly hampered by the ice in the river, during the last four days, and all we could do was to keep out of ice-jams, and float along in the rapidly moving current.

When we reached Dawson we took our goods ashore, moored our boat, and pitched a tent close to the bank. Yesterday morning about two o'clock, we were awakened by the crushing ice. Looking outside, we saw that the ice had jammed, and that the water was rapidly rising and advancing towards us and our provisions. Our boat (for which we had no further use) had already floated away. We went to work like beavers and just barely got our goods out of reach of the water.

The mines are about two miles from Dawson, and extend thirty to forty miles or more out. We went out about twenty miles yesterday to look the ground over. While we have not definitely decided on anything, we have several good chances, and will decide within a day or two. It is quite certain, however, that we will locate about twenty miles out.

Everything has a blouse in the front; everything ponches considerably. As to the backs the "sag" must be managed with some skill. Too little is awkward, too much inartistic. The ruffles, which I noticed are worn on the blouses dominating in the States and which are too full, are very scant here. They consist of a narrow bias piece which flares considerably, or the blouse in itself is cut long and is belted in. The smart affairs of the States wear coats, about the waist of which the worst has clasped a belt. Metal belts are just as popular as ever.

A plea for the boys. The poor boys, how they are snubbed and neglected and with what anxiety one sees one approach if best clothes are in evidence, for at the muddy shoes, or the sticky hands will create havoc with one's finery. Then their rooms. How they are made a kind of receptacle for everything that is not wanted in any other part of the house.

The day we arrived here—Nov. 2 (Election day in Rochester), was seventeen degrees below zero. We have worked day and night to get out to the mines with goods and build winter cabin before severe weather makes it almost intolerable for us to do so.

Will Truckenmiller Writes of North Dakota. Devil's Lake, North Dakota, Feb. 6, 1898. EDITOR WATCHMAN, DEAR SIR—It is a long time since I was in Bellefonte, but I read the WATCHMAN every week and thus keep track of events in old Centre county. I hope you are having as pleasant a winter as we are having here. We have only had a couple of inches of snow this winter, and it has melted and gone; no sledding, weather very pleasant most all the time, not one storm this winter, plenty of sunshine. We had a pleasant Christmas time. A friend and I took a little drive of eighteen miles to visit some friends, going one day and returning the next.

For cleaning the spots on the carpet ox gall or ammonia and water are excellent. The proportion is one tablespoon of household ammonia to four parts of water, or use one tablespoon of oxgall to one quart of water. Apply with a sponge or flannel not too wet, and rub until nearly dry. Lime spots may be removed with vinegar. This must be used quickly and washed off immediately. For foot cover with salt or cornmeal and sweep up. To remove ink spots put on milk, as it becomes colored absorb with a blotting or other soft absorbent paper; coarse butcher's paper is good. As soon as the ink is removed wash with warm water and castile soap—nothing stronger—to remove the grease of the milk.

The Gratitude of a Grateful People. To the Aid Society of the W. C. T. U. and Good Citizens of Bellefonte. The deserving poor of Valentine's iron works extend their heart felt thanks to the Ladies' Aid Society of the W. C. T. U. and the good citizens of Bellefonte who contributed to the donation that was given them on December 21st, 1897. It was most highly appreciated by them, as it came in a time of need and, in many cases, it was seriously needed, therefore greatly appreciated.

A friend in need is a friend indeed." This is undoubtedly a true saying in this case, for they were our friends in time of need, and therefore, are indeed our friends may they have God's speed in their doings the coming year and Heaven's reward in the end. GEORGE C. MILLER.

The high Medicean collar was filled in with frills of white chiffon that formed a jabot at the front. Four bands of narrow silver passementerie, set with turquoise, trimmed the bottom of the corsage. The sleeves were close-fitting and with just a suspicion of fullness at the tops. They were trimmed at the bottom with four bands of the passementerie.

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