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.

Nav. not with cannon or battle shot. With sword or nobler pen; Nay, not with eloquent word or thought, m mouths of wonderful mer

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart-Of woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part-Lo! there is that battlefield

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song; No banner to gleam and wave But O! these battles they last so long-From babyhood to the grave!

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

O. ve with banners and battle shot. And soldiers to shout and praise. I tell you the kingliest victories fought Were fought in these silent ways.

O. spotless woman in world of shame With splendid and silent scorn, Go back to God as white as you came The kingliest warrior born.

THE WORTH OF THE WARNING.

The young girl's fair face was tinged flush of happiness, and her lips were slightly parted with one of those rare, dreamy smiles that are expressive of in-effable 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, 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 Oh, Mrs. Walton, it is a serious matter, after all, isn't it? What shall I say?"

The woman of the world smiled sadly. "You are right, my dear," she said. "It is a serious question. The great trouble is that so many people do not consider it so. Do you love him ?'

"Oh, yes, very dearly. I am miserable without him. When he is away I wish he were here. I count the hours until he will come again. I-" she paused and blushed deeply at the innocent confession.

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

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

"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? Shall I try to solve it, or shall I bid you take no further heed of the matter. but marry, and learn afterward? No. no. my dear, I cannot do that. How much ought you to love him? Out of justice to vourself, and at the risk of converting you into a cynic, too, I shall answer you achundreds of other women whom I have known.

"In the first place, you must love him so much that you can bear to see his love grow cold. Do not shudder and shrink away, my dear; it must come, sooner or for the capacity of indifference is one of the task of giving an object lesson of his methstandards by which modern manhood is od of foiling pickpocket designs. measured. Every marriage which is not a complete failure, must be sanctioned by a lined the streets and kept a sharp outlook certain measure of love, and this must not for the light fingered folk who take the be diminished; so, as his affection grows weaker, yours must not only endure, but they steal trash. Just how it happened, must strengthen and increase, that the no one, not even Mr. Pinkerton, knows, You must deficiency may be made up. love him so much that you can bear to see the lover who is restless if you are out of his sight for a moment, be gradually transformed into the friend who is content to dispense with your society for three, four, five, yes, even six and seven evenings in the week. And your love must be so deep and so strong your love can forbear representation proaching him for his neglect. The slight-Mr. Pinkerton gave no further lessons to est allusion to his shortcomings would be the Denver police, but returned to Chicago, fatal. You must learn to steer clear between the Scylla of reproach and the Charybdis of retaliation.

'You are beautiful, sweet and good, but if, in the future, some face less fair than yours, perhaps, attracts him, you must not be surprised and must suppress all jealous pain. He often tells you, but by and by That wh at last those three little words, 'I love you,' will be but a memory, as the refrain of | nor gout. some sweet song that you loved in days gone by and whose melody still hovers faintly around you. And you would give your life to hear them, too. Your heart will ache so without them. He will be proud of you and will give you money without the asking, all of which is very necessary, of course; but there will be many times when you will feel that you would be the happiest woman on earth if he would just take you in his arms and say, 'Oh, I love you so !' although he had not a dollar in the world and you would understand that you would have to work your fingers' ends off for enough to live on.

You will weep many bitter tears over it, but you will not dare to remonstrate with him, because he will not mean to be careless. In all probability he will not know that he is, and would be very indignant were any one to hint at such a thing. It is simply a man's way. There will be times when you will want to go to him and say, 'Oh, what have I done, that you should grow so cold toward me? Why don't you love me as you used to? I am well fed, well housed and well clothed, but for all that I am starving for the dearest thing on earth to a woman-love. I would rather you would beat me once in awhile, and then make up by indulging in a fit of genuine love-making, than to break my heart by degrees with your indiffer-' But you won't dare to do it. He would become angry and say you were unreasonable; that he cares for you, of course he does, and that you ought to know it by his uniform kindness and generosity. Oh, no; you mustn't say anything. That would be nagging, and a naggin woman

is excluded from the elect, both on earth John below and in heaven above. A man despises a nagging woman. Were you to reproach him he would be apt to declare that you were driving him away from you! So you must smile and seem calm and serene, and bear it all as a matter of course-which

"But have you any conception, my dear, of the extent of the love required to do all that? You can bear it by gradually acquiring indifference yourself, but indifference is never patient, uncomplaining and true. Only love can be all that, and it must be a boundless love-a love that passeth all understanding. Is yours such as that? Have I frightened you, my dear little girl? It is cruel, isn't it? Perhaps it would have been better after all, to let you live the lesson instead of having it inculcated by means of the cramming process. But I mean it for the best. Ponder over these proof sheets of experience and store away strength. You will need it. All women do. He is only a man, you know, and he is just like the rest of them, how ever different you may think him. Men are not like women, because-well, be-

cause they are men." The happy flush had died out of the young girl's face and her lips were pale

and drawn.
"Oh," she cried, "it is such a horrible picture. Take some magic brush which you surely have at your command, Mrs. Walton and paint it all away. No, no, I do not love him enough for that. I could work for him and suffer with him, but I could not endure the dying of his love." "But remember," resumed the other, "that love is a woman's life, and is not a modicum of the divine gift better than

none at all?" "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."

"My dear, do not ask me. I have too much already." The young girl arose and stood, tall and firm, before the woman of the world.
"I will say 'no,'" she said decisively.
"I will not cultivate the best love of my woman's heart, only that I may be the uncomplaining slave of a selfish man."

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 tell-tale flush to her cheeks again, and her lips trembled.

"Is it to be 'yes?" he asked softly. She shook her head. "Oh," she said, "I am afraid. I love you, but you will change, I know you

will. You will grow cold and-" He cut short the sentence by drawing her close beside him and kissing her. "Never," he said. "As you see me to day, so will you see me ten, twenty, thirty years from now, if we live that long-only grown more devoted, perhaps, through years of common weal and woe."

She rested her head on his shoulder "Mrs. Walton was wrong, wasn't she? she whispered timidly.

"What did she say ?" "Oh, she's said that all men grow indifferent after the novelty of having a wife wears off, and that-"

"Oh, she's a cynic. She doesn't know what she is talking about. You musn't pay any attention to her. Some men may but I never shall."

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

He Met His Waterloo

Slick for Him.

William Pinkerton, whom the world knows as "Billy" and has supposed the real modern pVidocq, has fallen from his pedestal. The fall was occasioned by an unknown pickpocket who in Denver, the cording to my own experience and that of other day relieved Mr. Pinkerton's inside coat pocket of \$250.

Mr. Pinkerton's purpose in going to Denver was to advise the local police how to best protect people from pickpockets during a carnival that was in progress. The day following his arrival there was a pa-Otherwise, he is not a normal man, rade, and Mr. Pinkerton undertook the

He moved about among the people who chance that in stealing another's purse but when the Chicago detective king reached his hotel he found himself minus the \$250 that had been in his possession when he began to give his object lesson

This is the first time, so far as criminal records show, that a man who has won international reputation as a thief catcher was ever made the victim of a thief wher where the thieves know and fear him.

It is Said of Celery.

That if celery were eaten more freely sufferers from rheumatism would be compara-

That when celery is eaten largely an alhe will begin to say it less frequently, and kaline blood is the result, and that where this exists there can be neither rheumatism

> That it should not only be eaten raw but cooked. That it should be cut in small pieces and boiled till tender, in as little water as pos-sible, and after adding to this a little rich

> milk, thicken slightly with flour and season with butter, pepper and salt.
> That the tender leaves and small ends of the stalk, which are usually thrown away, should be used for soups and even the greener leaves are useful, for they may be dried and powdered and used for flavoring soups and the dressings of roasts.

Regulating the Pitch of Bells.

In the casting of bells of large size for chimes 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 It will be noticed that just a little back from the edge of the bell, on the flange, the metal is thicker than in any other portion. The maker, in order to get the desired tone, makes a drawing of the bell, and in a cross section of this thicker ring, describes a circle, the diameter of which determines the tone.

-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. The next encampment will be devoted to campaigning and but little drilling by battalion and regiment. With the campaigning will be the attendant work in engineering and signals.

Some of His Descendants.

Brief History of a Well Known Centre County Family.—The Golden Wedding of one of the De scendants Calls Forth a Story of the Family

At the golden anniversary of the marriage of Mr. aud 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 ges, and in the skirmish that followed four most substantial families is descendant from the pioneers who fought Indians while they cleared the forests and made homes for them selves.

JOHN FORSTER AND SOME OF HIS DE-SCENDANTS.

John Forster, or Foster, (as many of his descendants now write the name) the an cestor of one branch of the Forster 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. It is believed, though not certainly known to be a fact, that David Forster, with some of his family, came from the north of Ireland, about the year 1733, with the Scotch Irish immigration of that period, and was among the first settlers of Donegal, Derry and Paxtang. He died in 1754, leaving a widow, Mary by name, and five sons named respectively William, John, David, James and Robert. One of these sons, John Forster, our ancestor, became the owner by purchase of two hundred and seventy-one acres of land, situated in Hanover, then Lancaster county, which had been surveyed to John Young under a warrant granted to him in 1740. This tract of land was confirmed to John Forster by a patent deed from Thomas and William Penn bearing date the 17th day of November, 1752; and he resided upon the tract until about 1773 or 1774, when for some reason, probably with a view of bettering his condition and that of his family, he disposed of it by sale, and became one of the pioneer settlers of Buffalo valley. That delightful and charming valley, then an almost untraversed forest of stately oak, hickory, walnut and pine, was within that part of Pensylvania known as the last purchase made from the Indians by the Proprietary Government of the colony in 1768. The first surveys in the valley were made 1769, and from that year sturdy, adventurous and self-reliant settlers, among whom was John Forster, began to occupy, clear and cultivate its beautiful virgin acres, even then rich and inviting with the promise of future fertility and productiveness. Among the first surveys made in 1769,

after the land office had been opened on the third of April of that year to receive applications for land within the purchase of 1768, a number of tracts, aggregating 8000 acres through the heart of the valley, were returned for certain officers of the 1st and 2nd battalions of the Pennsylvania regiment that served under Colonel Henry Boquet in the expedition that marched under his command in 1764 to the relief of Fort Pitt, the site of the present city of Pittsburg then beleagured by the Indians. In the allot ment of these surveys to the officers who were to receive them, were two that fell respectively to Lieutenant Chas. Stewart and Lieutenant James McCallister. These tracts were at the western part of the survey, lying about two miles west of the present town of Mifflinburg. The first tract, that of Lieut. Stewart, was called in the patent "Joyful Cabin" and contained 340 acres and 63 perches; the other, that of Lieut. McCallister, was called "Chatham" and contained 340 acres and 60 perches. Before removing from Hanover to Buffalo, John Forster had become the owner of these two tracts. On the western tract, near Buffalo creek he built his cahin-literally the beginning of a new home in the wilder ness for himself, wife and children - and there he lived until his death, which occurred in 1783. In the tax list of Buffalo township, Northumberland, county, for 1775—the lists for the previous years not being in existence—the name of John Forster appears. In this list his property returned for taxes consists of 20 acres of cleared land, 2 horses, 3 cows and 3 sheep, probably for that time a substantial The property adjoining on the return. west of where he lived was the farm so well known in the valley for many years as the

William Young farm. 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 from Buffalo to Paxtang, announcing his death, from which the following extract

is taken: "John Forster was taken sick of a fever on the 10th of September, 1783. Died on the 20th and was buried on Sunday, Sep-

tember 21st, 1783." Of his wife nothing is known except that her name was Margaret. Eight years later another letter announced her death, as fol-

"Margaret Forster was taken sick on December 31st, 1791, and died January 8th, 1792, about nine p. m., and was buried on Tuesday, January 10th, 1792."

The interments, though there are no marks to show where they lie, were in the old Lewis graveyard, about three miles southwest of Mifflinburg, 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 famly-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 containing together 680 acres, should each-and that his daughters should receive certain bonds which he described as Bonds I received from the sale of my John and Margaret Forster were four sons and four daughters. The sons were Thomas, Andrew, John Jr. and Robert. 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 McFarlane. A marriage record of the

Forster, of Buffalo Valley, and was married to Jane Young November 4th, 1777, and that Robert, the youngest son, was married to Esther Renick 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 Forster. Jr., the third son, died young and un-married, the victim of an Indian massacre. His death occurred on the 16th of May 1780, in an attack made by a band of raid ing Indians on what was known as French Jacob's Mill, (Jacob Groshong,) about five miles north of Mifflinburg and near where the road through the Brush Valley Narrows enters Buffalo valley. He was one of a company of enlisted rangers whose duty it was to patrol the northern side of th valley along the Buffalo mountain, to guard against Indian incursions. A sudden and unexpected foray, was made by the savaof the rangers were killed, among them John Forster, Jr. The names of the others

> and James McLaughin. 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 battallion of Northumberland county associators, of which Philip Cole was the Colonel and Thos. Sutherland, another ancestor of some of the present Forster 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. This company was detained at Reading until it was too late to reach the scene of actual hostility in time to take part in the engagements at Trenton and Princeton, but participated actively in several subsequent skirmishes in which a number of casualties occurred, and in which the members of the company won honorable distinction.

were James Chambers, George Etzweiler

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, where he lived a prominent 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. In religious faith and belief the Forsters were strict Scotch Irish Presbyterians, and were early members of the Buffalo Cross Roads Presbyterian church, founded in 1773, and the parent congregation of that denomination within the bounds of the present county of Union. According to Linn's annals, the pews of the Buffalo church were first rated and rented in 1791, and among the pew holders of that year were Thomas Forster and his brothers, Andrew and Robert.

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. But he is still held in pleas- P. S. ant remembrance as an intelligent and upaffairs, possessed of a genial, cheerful dis-position, the head of a household noted for hospitality, a devoted husband and father, and an excellent citizen. In the second war with Great Britain in 1812. like his father before him, he found it a duty to enter the military service in defence of the rights of the country. With his older brother John and a cousin William, son of Robert Forster, he became a member of a company of Pennsylvania militia commanded by Capt. John Donaldson. The company was attached to a regiment commanded by Col. Snyder that marched to Meadville, thence to Erie and from Erie to Buffalo, N. Y., remaining in service about three months. He was married to Esther Young, who was born in Dauphin county, and the children by this marriage were William. whose fifty years of happy, prosperous mar-ried life we are here sssembled this day to celebrate, and his twin sister Esther, who by the favor of a kind Providence is able to come from her distant home to be present to mingle her congratulations with other friends to the bride and groom of half a century ago. The mother of William and Esther Forster died and the father was subsequently married to Rachel McCay. The children of this second marriage were Christena, who became the wife of Mark Halfpenny; Margaret who became the wife of Dr. Seebold; Capt. Robert M., the gallant soldier who gave his life to his country on the historic field of Gettysburg; Thomas, who died in early life, and Catha rine, who became the wife of William Wit-William Forster died at his home in

Hartley township, Union county, March 26th, 1853, at the age of 70 years, and found interment in the same burial ground where lie his father and grandfather. William, son of William and Esther Forster, and Maria, daughter of Joseph and Eliza beth Corl, were united in matrimony on the 28th day of December, 1847. To this happy union of fifty years ago have come children as follows: Elizabeth, Charles H., James, Mary A., and John, all of whom are living to be a comfort and delight to their parents, except the daughter Eliza-beth who was called hence soon after her marriage in 1872. To our dear relatives and friends on this golden anniversary of their wedding day we offer sincere and heartfelt felicitations. Together, hand in hand have they journeyed down the pathway of life for half a century of time, sharing common joys and sorrows; in their more vigor-ou- years never idle, but always busy and industrious; and always loving and helpful to each other. And now, happy in their dutiful and affectionate children, surrounded with all reasonable comforts to make life enjoyable, free from solicitude for the future, with no signs of trouble to disturb be divided into three equal parts to be given the peaceful serenity of their declining to his three sons then living—a third to years, we feel that they are ready to exclaim with rapture, as memory glances back through the vista of the past, "Bleesedl thrice blessed! the hour that made us husplantation in Hanover." The children of band and wife!" May they live yet many years to enjoy life, happiness and prosperity, and to receive with each succeeding anniversary of their marriage the hearty condaughters were Christena, who became the gratulations of friends such as we tender to-day.

> -Bishop Warren, of Denver, will leave this month on a missionary tour of

A Letter from the Klondyke.

H. Meyers 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 wel! 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 over the hips, with the fullness laid in twoand White Horse rapids like a swan. 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 yes terday 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 four bands of the passementerie.

We are all as busy as we can be, and I am stealing the time to write this letter. We hopeful of rich reward. This is a typical mining camp, and bristles with life and business. The currency of the country is gold dust, little money being used. Prices are expressed in quantities of gold. Provisions bias piece which flares considerably, or the are very scarce here, and it will go hard with blouse in itself is cut long and is those having short "grub" supplies. Flour in. The smart affairs look like short with us-240 pounds). Sugar is considered cheap at 30 cents per pound, and candles are actually selling an \$1.00 each. I wish that I might take the time to write you about many with what anxiety one sees one approach interesting incidents of our trip. When we if best clothes are in evidence, for fear the

A great many exaggerated stories have been told about this country, but of one thing we are now certain, that there are vast quantities of gold here, and that a large proportion of those who are diligent are getting Yours truly, OSCAR.

(Dr. O. M. Myers.

The day we arrived here-Nov. 2 (Election right man, of sterling integrity in business day in Rochester), was seventeen degrees beaffairs, possessed of a genial, cheerful dislow zero. We have worked day and night wonder that John is so untidy that his ow zero. We have worked day and to get out to the mines with goods and build winter cabin before severe weather makes it almost intolerable for us to do so. Affectionately

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 some very cold disagreeable days in November. I hitched my horse and drove five miles on next to the coldest day this winter.

and did not suffer at all. 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. There was a large amount of Christmas trading done in Devil's Lake, the largest in the history of the city. Times are fairly prosperous here, most of the farmers are making money, many large barns and beautiful houses were built in this county last summer, a great deal of building will also be done this year. Crops were only fair last year, of course there are exceptions. One neighbor cleared four hundred dollars off of 22 acres sowed in flax; that is he had four hundred dollars in clear money after all

expenses were paid. Land is slowly advancing in price, there are some very good chances for investments here. The next farm east of mine is for sale, eight hundred dollars cash will take it. It is very cheap at that price, and would easily yield twelve per cent on the purchase price. The government land is nearly all gone, the last of it will very likely be taken next | Lime spots may be removed with vinegar. summer. Emigrants are coming in by the This must be used quickly and washed off thousands and settling on the wide prairies, whole townships are settled in a couple of months. The land is a rich, black, sandy loam, and produces heavy crops of wheat, loam, and produces heavy crops of wheat, oats, flax, barley and rye. Vegetables of all kinds are easily grown. Small fruits do well. Stock of all kinds thrive and have been pasturing on the prairie all winter.

Yours truly,
WILL TRUCKENMILLER.

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 31st, 1897. It was most highly appreciated by them, as it came in a time of need and, in many cases, it was seriously triangles not only single, but in groups, 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 Derry and Paxtang Presbyterian congregations, published in volume VIII, of the second series of the Pennsylvania Archives, shows that Thomas Forster, the oldest son,

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The little Queen of Holland, whose coronation will take place September next in Amsterdam, is described by a recently re-turned tourist as a round-faced lassie, with fresh complexion and countenance of the type know as "Dutch;" that is to say, calm and somewhat stolid looking in repose and expressive of the national characteristic-much determination.

With raw oysters, at the beginning of dinner, serve brown bread, cut in thinnest slices, and buttered and rolled up on itself. Horse radish is sometimes served with raw oysters, and the "quadrants" of lemon are never far off. But do not forget that the bread must be brown and well buttered. Only in one way can it be shaved thin enough. Take a brown loaf and removing the crust at the end, butter it on the loaf. Then with your sharpest knife shave off as thin a slice as will keep from breaking. Lay it flat on the table or modern bread tray and cut the crust away all around. without lifting the slice. Then it will be ready to roll up.

narrow box plaits at the back. Of course the box plaits did not lie flat, for in all the smart gowns there is a tiny cushion of hair sewed at the back of the skirt that adds a wonderful touch of chic to a costume.

With this skirt was worn a corsage of deep violet velvet. It fitted closely to the curves of the figure back and front. Broad revers of plain violet satin turned away from the high Medicis collar and continued to the bottom of the corsage, where they ended in points. They were covered with heavy cream-white applique, and over the lace there were strips of shirred narrow

white satin ribbon running crossways. The high Medicis 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 long, with just a suspicion of fullness at the They were trimmed at the bottom

Everything has a blouse in the front : everything pouches considerably. As to have lots of hard work before us, but are the backs the "sag" must be managed with infinite 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 is \$100 per 50 pound sack, beef \$1.50 per coats, about the waist of which the wearer pound (we brought an entire hind quarter 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 are settled, and I have more time, I will do 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. Is there a chair with a partly worn seat too good to throw out, but not good enough to have in the rooms frequented by guests. The first thought is take it up to John's

room. No one will see it there.
Poor John. Don't you think that pretty things have as great a fascination for him as for his sister upon whom the best room is never in order, that his clothes and his foils and his boxing gloves and his best necktie are all in a heap together on the table with three legs or on the floor just as the case may be.

One thing you will never find out of place, that is the cellection of medals that he has won in the running high jump, or the 4 40-yard dash or the mile run, or the hurdle race. No, you will find the shelf on his book case where these are carefully placed in a circle around the cup won in last summer's sports, in the most systematic order, neatly dusted (generally with one of his best handkerchiefs) but always in apple pie order.

Give your boy a chance, mothers. Paper his room and give him some fresh pretty covers for his bureau and tables, and some curtains (if they are only of cheese cloth) for his windows, and take time occasionally to go yourself to see if his room is neatly swept and dusted, and if his bed is really made not only spread up. Make him comfortable and his

be better appreciated, and his evenings more frequently spent at home than they There will be fewer anxious mothers and many better and happier boys if this plan is followed. Just try it and see how it works.

For curry sauce take one tablespoonful of butter, one of flour, one teaspoonful of curry powder, one large slice of onion, one large cupful of stock and some salt and pepper. Cut the onion fine and fry brown in the butter; add the flour and curry powder. Stir for one minute; add the stock and season with salt and pepper. Simmer five minutes, then strain and serve. This sauce can be served with a broil or a saute of meat or fish.

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. immediately. For soot cover with salt or cornmeal and sweep up. To remove ink spots pour on milk, and 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

Braid and tailor button trimmings on street costumes, will be even more fashionable in the coming season than they have been this winter. It is interesting to learn of the novel trimming arrangements of the season. Rows of narrow ribbons and braids arranged in loops and lines are seen in decreasing lengths on either side of the front breadth of skirts. The same trimming adorns jackets; it is not applied in parallel lines but springs from a common centre in a fan effect. Braid forming joined Cloth gowns are trimappears on skirts. med with bands of black moire, edged with black cord. The favorite trimming for street gowns is still the band of cloth: sometimes these bands are straight and