Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 4, 1898.

WORRYIN'.

Come, John, let's sit awhile beneath this tree, And talk the matter over, you and me, The nighest neighbor lives a mile from here. So we can think aloud without no fea

Of course, we know the Lord ain't fur away; But then he'll listen friendly, I dare say, But p'raps a few stray angels are around; But they won't trouble no one, I'll be bound.

So if I tell you we're alone, you see We're 'bout as much alone's we orter be Well, John, you set to worrin' night and day

'Cos all creation seems to have gone astray. The times is out of joint, that's what you think: The chasm's there, and we're just on the

brink. Wisdom are dyin' out and honest men So scarce the're only met with now and then.

The old religion's kind o' lost its grip; There's too much love, and not enough whip. To sum it up, the world is headed wrong;

The right's afraid, and evil's awful strong. Now, John, I think you make a big mistake, If God ain't noddin' need you keep awake? John, God's right here a-watchin' things, know;

And if He's patient can't you, too, be so? Why don't you let Him run this world alone? He doesn't need your arm to prop His throne.

So long as He is at the helm, my friend, You're certain sure to reach your journey

No use to worry, though the waves run high; No use to worry, though the rocks are nigh. The Captain's wide awake, and knows what

So all you've got to do's to be at rest. The man who does each day the duty given Ain't never more than a stone's throw from Heaven:

And true religion every soul will fill And listens as God whispers, "Peace! still !"

-George H. Hepworth in N. Y. Independent

A RACE WITH FIRE.

A boy stood in front of a small tent away out on the prairies of western Kansas. He was a small lad, dressed in a coarse cotton shirt, a pair of well-worm overalls and a wide-brimmed straw hat. He stood gazing across the plains, intently watching a party of horsemen who were riding in a long gallop in his direction. The horseman were clad in cowboy attire and at their waists were broad leather belts from which hung huge, villainous looking pistols.

After the lapse of a few minutes the cowboys dashed up to the little tent and stopped. The boy still gazed at them in stopped. The boy still gazed at them in silence. There was a short pause; then one of the men spoke. "Kid," he said, "whar's your pap?" The boy looked the man over carefully, then slowly replied:

"Reckon he's in his skin."

The cowboy who had spoken flashed out a pistol and poured forth a perfect volley of profanity, while his companions burst into a roar of laughter.

"No use gittin' riled, Jake," one of the boys said, addressing the man who had drawn the revolver. "It's a hoss on you an' you'd as well own up an' let it go at

Jake replaced his revolver and in a little while his anger cooled down. With a half smile he said :

"You're a blamed impudent little to warn the cowboys of their danger.

He had a long, hard ride before him and o' flingin' your jaw around, Some o' these days you'll git yourself into trouble, 'cause won't ever body bear with your chinnin' like I done." boy asked.

'Reckon thar hain't no law compellin' of you to stay here, is thar?"

"Then if you don't like to hear me chin, you can go on away."

Jake flushed slightly, but the laugh from his companions warned him to keep his temper, or at least to keep quiet. It was almost a minute before he spoke; then in a respectful and even conciliatory

"Look here kid, we got business with your pap, an' we want to see him if he's 'Wal, he ain't here." the boy replied.

'Where's he gone then?" "Dunno."

"Which direction did he go?"

"Went the way his nose was p'intin'." Jack gave vent to a smothered oath. Then he returned to the attack. "See here," he said, "I want to know

what's the matter of you that you can give such fool answers to my questions?" "Fool answers is the kind to give to fool questions, I reckon." Well, we've had enough nonsense,'

Jake announced, becoming thoroughly nettled. "I tell you, I want to know whar your pap is. "I hain't said you didn't want to know that, have I?"

"No, but you ain't told me where he

'Reckon I hain't." "Well, why don't you?"

"Don't have to. 'But you must. It's important for us

cheek and winked one eye. 'Recken I know what sort o' business you got with pap." Reckon you don't. We ain't said

nothing 'bout it." "I ain't no plumb fool, an' I've seen the fire's right after us. cowboys before I see you."

'You're powerful peart ain't you?" 'low you ain't going to do it jest the same; tell on him and he could not make an' if you try it you're goin' to find out that you ve bit off a heap more than you that you try it you're goin' to find out that you we bit off a heap more than you try it became a race now for life or death,

"Why, will you fight?" "I'll drap a few chunks o' lead in some of you, or do my best tryin'; an' you can bet pap will make it hot for you."
"Well," said Jake, "you've guessed our

business exactly. We need this land for about him that he could scarcely breathe grazin' purposes, and we want your pap to pack up an' move off. We come to drive him away, but as he ain't here we'll give him 'till noon to-morrow to be gone. If he ain't gone by that time we'll come back here and start him out. You tell him appalling to see the flames dance, roll, toss and tumble. here and start him out. You tell him what I say when he gits back."

"He'll be here to-morrow at noon," the boy replied, quietly, "so you can make your arrangements to drive us away."
"You tell him what I said," Jake repeated, as he turned about, and, with his companions, rode back as he had come. -watched the cowboys until they reached a little belt of timber that skirted a small stream, a couple of miles distant from the

tent, and disappeared from view.

Away beyond the timber, almost six miles from where he stood, he could see the cattle ranch and the great herds of cattle of which Jake and his companions had

As Joe turned into the tent, after watching the cowboys out of sight, he muttered angrily:

Them cowboys has a notion that they own the whole world, I reckon. Pap's done give up three claims 'cause them cow-boys ordered him away an' threatened to shoot him if he didn't go."

"But I bet they don't drive him away this time; an' if they try it somebody is goin' to git hurt, jest shore. Pap says thar' ain't no use o' submitting to bein' drove around like a dog all the time; an, thar ain't, neither."

to bed, but remained up, waiting for his don't do it."

As the little clock on the wall of the tent struck 11 Joe got up and went outside to see if he could hear any evidence of his father's approach. He was standing listening when he happened to turn his glance to the west, where the cattle ranch

With a start of surprise he gave vent to an exclamation; then remained staring with a sort of fascination.

Away to the west, beyond the ranch, a line of flame reached for miles north, while dense volumes of smoke rolled heavenward, darkening the sky.

Joe knew the meaning of it all, for he had seen prairie fires before, and he comprehended the terrible fate of everything that happened to be in the line of the advancing wall of fire.

rancing wall of fire.

It was early spring and the ungrazen grass of the year before had grown tall and thick, and now lay all over the ground in one great mass of dry tinder. The wind was blowing, too, strong from the west, and it drove the flames at a mad pace.

Joe watched the fire for a minute or so, then he turned to re-enter the tent.

"The creek is between the fire and here," he said, "so we're safe enough. He had taken a seat and picked up an old newspaper and began reading, when suddenly he thought of the ranch and the cowboys. Throwing the paper down and springing excitedly to his feet, he cried: "The ranch will burn shor'n fate, for it's right back in the track of the fire, an' I'm glad of it."

For a little while a feeling of exultation possessed him, and, with a little laugh, he continued :

"Serves 'em right for drivin' settlers off

their claims, an' now they'll know how i Suddenly Joe stopped and a startled, scared expression came to his face. "My gracious," he cried, with a gasp, "them cowboys is asleep and don't know nothin" bout the fire, and they'll be burned up. The thought was terrible.

Two or three minutes passed in silent Should the number of passengers not be thought; then Joe sprang to his feet exclaiming: "They're mean as pizen, them cowboys is, but I can't think of 'em burning to

death an' me not doin' nothin' to save He ran out quickly to where one of his father's males was staked out on the prairie to graze. Hastily bridling it he mounted to the animal's back and set off across the prairie in the direction of the ranch to try field street, Pittsburg.

he knew that at the rate the wind was

blowing he would have no time to lose if he reached the ranch and got back to the "Don't you like my style o' gab?" the the flames would overtake him.
"We'll have to git down an' hustle," he said, speaking to the mule, "an' we may git ketched an' burned to death ourselves, but we got to try and save them sneakin'

on. He could see distinctly that the flames were rapidly advancing. The wind that was blowing from the west was growing stronger, too. "I don't know if we'll ever git there an'

then git back to the timber before it ketches us," he said again to the mule, 'but we must try." It required a world of courage to ride

againgst that fast-advancing wall of leaping, tossing flame and none but a brave person could have done it. Joe knew that those cowboys were fast asleep in the ranch and that unless they

were warned they would not discover the fire until it was too late to escape. And he knew that there was no one to warn them except himself. "And if I save 'em" he mused, "they'll

try to drive us off to-morrow, an' steal our claim, an' maybe kill us. But," he concluded' "it 'ud be terrible for 'em to burn

It took him a long time to reach the ranch and the time seemed longer than it really was. When at last he drew up in front of the cowboy's cabin the fire seemed not over a mile distant. He could plainly hear the crackling of the leaping, dancing flames, and the smoke swept up about him in blinding clouds.

It required but a moment to arouse the cowboys and inform them of their danger; to know. We got business with him that has to be tended to."

"The boy stuck his tongue up in his cowpoys and inform them of their danger; and directly there was a mighty hurrying and stirring, as horses were quickly bridled and saddled, and the "boys" prepared to mount.

Joe did not wait, but turned about and began his backward journey.

"We've got to do some tall climbin' now," he admonished the mule, "cause

The mule laid back his ears as if under-"You're powerful peart ain't you?"

"I'm peart enough to know that you want to drive pap off this claim. But I standing the situation, and got down to the best speed of which he was capable. But the long, hard ride was beginning to

and as the crackling of the flames grew more and more distinct Joe began to lose

hope. "We'll never make it," he said, with After a time the smoke became so dense

and the heat from the fire was intense. He gave one glance back and a shriek of terror escaped his lips.

The fire was almost upon him. It was

Then suddenly the mule stopped and an instant later Joe rolled to the ground, un-conscious, overcome by the heat and the

en cowboys were gathered about him. In a moment the remembrance of the fire and the terrible ride all came back to him, even to his falling from the back of the mule,

and in a whisper he asked:
"How did I escape?"
"Jack reached you jest as you fell," one of the cowboys replied," an' he grabbed you up and carried you before him on his hoss. It was a close shave for all of us, an' Jake fell behind a little, so he was jist ready to drap when we crossed the

"I'd been pizen onery if I hadn't saved the kid when he was losing his life to save us," Jake said. "Thar ain't one boy in 10,000 that would 'a' done what this chap Then for a moment he was silent, and his face grew dark and his small form became rigid and tense. Then he added:

"I couldn't think o' you all burnin' up," Joe replied weakly, "even if you was mean an' was goin' to try to git our claim." There was a short silence, then Jake

The day wore away and the night came on. Joe was still alone in the tent, for his father had not returned and he was not expected before midnight. Joe did not go

"An' more 'an that," another added. "we owe you for the mule you lost to-night, an' I say you've got to be paid. The mule was worth the best horse on our ranch, an' the best horse we got goes to

pay for him." "Considerin, what that mule done for us he was worth two of our best horses," Jake corrected, "an' two will go to pay for

"Correct," the first speaker said, and two it was. And that was not all, for the cowboys insisted on making up a purse of \$30 for Joe, as Jake said: "Jest to show the gratichood o' our hearts."-Chicago News.

Washington and Baltimore. Special Ten-Day Excursion via Pennsylvania Rail-

Washington is a most interesting city. The capitol, the congressional library, the national museum, and the monument are among the great creations of civilized man. To afford an opportunity to visit the city while Congress is in session, the Pennsylvania railroad company has arranged for a series of low-rate excursions to the national capital, to leave Pittsburg, February 17th, March 17th, April 14th and May 12th. Round-trip tickets will be sold at rates quoted below, good going on special train indicated, or on train No. 4, leaving Pittsburg at 8.10 p. m., and carrying through sleeping cars to Washington; returning tickets will be good on any regular train except the Pennsylvania Limited. These tickets will also be good to stop off at Bal-timore within their limit. Special train of

	Rate
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	11.52 " 9.53 " 9.31 " 10.12 " 10.23 " 12.03 p. m.

sufficient to warrant the running of a special train, the company reserves the right to carry participants in this excursion on regular train.

Tickets on sale in Pittsburg, at union ticket office, 360 Fifth Avenue, and union station, and at all stations mentioned For full information apply to above. agents or Thomas E. Watt, passenger agent western district, Fifth Avenue and Smith-43-3-4t.

To Honor Harrisburg's Founder.

John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, is to have a monument, and the Red Men of Harrisburg will erect it. It was decided to place a tablet over the grave of Harris, which is located on the banks of the Susquehanna river in front of the residence of Rosalie and Mariana left their native city the late General Simon Cameron, a large during the French Revolution which disstone edifice erected by John Harris' son. turbed the peace of Europe near the close

Harris was buried at the foot of a tree that stood in front af his trader's cabin. large and robust jag came to Harris' cabin and demanded more rum. Seeing their condition Harris refused them, whereupon they tied him to a tree and piled wood about him preparatory to roasting him.

A negro servant saw the work of the red fiends and he hurried off to a friendly tribe, which was soon on the spot and res cued Harris. It is on the spot where the tree stood that the monument will be

-The following directions for the propagation of rubber plants appeared or-iginally in Gardening: If you have a good-sized rubber plant which has some side shoots, take a sharp knife and make an incision half way through the shoot and from eight to ten inches from end of shoot. Don't cut in in straight or at right angles to the stem, but let the cut be slanting upward and an inch or so below an eye or leaf. Insert a little sphagnum moss in the incision, wrap around and tie there a bunch of moss, which keep constantly moist. In two months roots will be found on that part of the stem severed by the cut. When the young roots are from one-half to one inch long, cut the whole shoot off just be-low the incision and pot in good light soil and keep warm and moist. They will soon begin to grow, and you will have a nice young plant. If you had the convenience to give the young plant a little bottom heat for the first month or two after being severed from the parent plant you would help it much in making a quick root growth

Still Like Humbugs.

for Washington's bedstead at Mount Verfor Washington's bedstead at Mount Ver-non. These knobs are regularly purchased or purloined by relic hunters. Grand Rapids does a big business in manufacturing Mayflower and colonial furniture, and Wa-terbury has made and sold thousands of ancient, grandfather's clocks. The American people are just as fond of being humbugged now as they were in the days of

-A child of H. E. Graybill, of Duncannon, swallowed a pin eight years ago, and at intervals since then has suffered much pain. Last week one day the lad fell in a faint from the almost unbearable cated, as he turned about, and, with his ompanions, rode back as he had come.

Joe Edmunds—such was the boy's name

But, after an, he was not lost.

Two hours later, when his senses repain, and upon careful examination the attending physician discovered the pin father's tent and his father and a half dozEarly Days in Philipsburg.

In Interesting Sketch of the Settlement and Growth of Our Sister Town .- The Founders. The First Screw Factory in the United States. And an Early Attempt to Build a Railroad Across the Alleghenies.

. B. Row in the Philipsburg Journal. On the extreme western border of Cen-

tre county, where a stream with an aborig-inal name, separates it from the county of Clearfield, snugly nestles the town of Philipsburg. It is in a limited sense an old place, for its inception dates back into the past century, and some of the events in its history are neither ordinary nor uninterest-

In the year 1795-6, Henry Philips, a member of the firm of John Leigh Philips & Brothers, of Manchester, Englaud, purchased on account of his house, from Robert Morris, Chancellor Wharton, Thomas Billington and others, for the sum of \$173,-000, a large body of unimproved lands on the Western slope of the Allegheny mountains, covering parts of the present counties of Centre, Clearfield, Cambria and Indiana. The region was then a dense wilderness, the habitation of deer, bears, wolves and other wild animals, and with the exception of the State road, which had been opened about that time, the county could only be traversed through the narrow paths that were used by a few of the Cornplanter tribe of Indians, who still lingered on their hunting grounds in this vicinity, but were peaceful and inoffen-

Immediately after acquiring these lands, the purchasers instructed their surveyors, Behe and Treziyulney (pronounced Tre-yul-ney) to look up a suitable location for a town. A site was selected on a piece of rising ground lying on the eastern side of the Moshannon creek, and the name of Moshannontown bestowed upon it. Henry and James Philips arrived here in 1797, and their brother Nat. came out a little later. The Philipses put up a small building for their own use and shelter, and also set about bettering the condition of the roads. As an inducement for settlers to come with them, they had offered a town lot, and likewise a four-acre outlot, free of charge, to each one of the first twelve men who would accompany them hither. Those who accepted this offer were Dr. Konrad Bergman, a native of upper Saxony; John Jacob Dimeling, of Wurtemburg; John G. Shultz, from Magdeburg, in Lower Saxony: John Henry Simler, of Saxe-Coburg ; Joseph Barth, of Strasburg, celebrated for its great cathedral; Christian Ries, of Hesse-

Cassel; Jacob Meyer,—Klumbach, —Schilloh, and a Lutheran minister Scotland. Neither the baptismal names of the last five, nor the provinces from which they had emigrated, could be ascertained.

These men, all of whom it may be observed were Europeans, had been induced to come to the backwoods by alluring inducements, and with the brightest anticipations. They plodded the greater part of the way on foot, a distance of over two hundred miles from Philadelphia, conveying their effects on a few pack horses, and some of it on their own shoulders. Instead of the sloop masts they had expected to see on a navigable river, they saw only tall pine trees on the banks of a small and shallow stream-in place of neat and cozy abodes, there was nothing but a dense and cheerless forest. It is true, wild game was abundant in the wood, and the limited waters were farily alive with beautiful trout, but of ordinary edibles there were none but what they had brought with them, and these had to be down the giant trees and put up temporary the next twelve, coupled, however, with privations that were unavoidable, they radually took their departure and went elsewhere.

Joseph Barth was the first one to quit

Moshannontown. He and his sisters

cowboys. They're as mean as pizen, but they're human bein's." Joe did not spare the mule, but mile after mile urged him on. He could see district. The grave is surrounded by an iron fence, and little care has been taken of it for years. land, from thence sailed to Philadelphia, and eventually came with others to the new town of which they had heard flatter-This tree had a history. On one occasion a party of Indians who had accumulated a Jacob Dimeling. They had one child, ent Jacob Dimeling, of Blue Ball. Several months after the birth of their baby, the elder Dimeling returned to Philadelphia to settle up some business in that city. While on the way back he was taken dangerously ill, and stopped at Pottsgrove, Northumberland county. His wife was sent for and arrived barely in time to see him die. So she returned a widow. Jacob Meyer had married her sister Mariana Barth. Soon after that event, this couple removed to Centre Furnace, on the east side of the mountain. Leary and Mc-Auley also left, but it is not known where either of them went. Dr. Konrad Bergman had meanwhile sought a location more congenial to his tastes in Huntingdon county, and there 'lived long and pros-pered.' Christian Ries removed to Elder's Mills, and when Simler, as will appear fur-

ther on, left the town, the pioneers were all gone but Schultz. He was the only one who stayed here until the day of his death. The first dwelling house in the town was built by Mr. Schultz on the southeast corner of Presqueisle and Second street. John Henry Simler had also commenced one on the northeast corner of Laurel and Second streets, but being constructed of hewed logs more time was required to build and com-plete it. Simler had been a Revolutionary soldier, fought under Lafayette at James-town Island, and was at Yorktown when Minnesota has just developed a manufactory for petrified men and women of the sort which are dug up from time to time in 1793; married again; in 1797 came here out-of-the-way places, or discovered in caves, and put on exhibition in the dime citizens, preserves as an invaluable relic museums. Pittsburg has a factory which an old sabre, with the English coat-of-does a good business in making glass knobs was taken from a British soldier who had wounded his grandsire on the forehead during the engagement at Yorktown, but lost his own life in the encounter.

John G. Shultz, before coming to this country, led an adventurous life. It appears that when Frederick the Great succeeded his father, he kept in force an edict of "Old Fritz" which declared that the second son of every man in the realm, rich or poor, "belonged to the State," and compelled him to enter the service of the King as soon as he was old enough to handle arms properly. It was for this reason that young Schultz had to abandon the paternal shelter and put himself at the disposal of that illustrious warrior whose fame had spread through the civilized world. Available to himself of a privilege that the disposal of the dispo himself of a privilege that was extended

than that of a soldier, and commenced his career by making voyages to Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg and other large cities along the Baltic Coast. He frequently went to London and Liverpool, the West Indies and Philadelphia. He also sailed up the Mediterranean into European, African and Asiatic ports, and on one occasion

to all, Shultz chose the life of a sailor rather

witnessed at night an eruption of Mt. Aetna. which he described as a most splendid and magnificent sight. Shortly after the termination of the Revolutionary War in America, he "cast anchor" for the last time engaged in mercautile pursuits. The restraints of business soon became irksome and this, with the promptings of his roving and venturesome disposition, probably in-duced him to make the toilsome journey to a place which he and his companions had been led to believe possessed advantages that would inevitably bring ease and plenty. He was no laggard, and instead of rooding over the disappointment which

all felt, promptly commenced improving the lots which were assigned him. He built, as has already been stated, his house, and cleared a portion of the outlot. After a while, Dimeling died. As time on, Schultz evidently concluded that it was not "good for man to be alone," and so he made overtures to the young widow and married her. This must have been not later than in 1803, for John, the eldest son, was born in 1804. Next came George, in 1806, Henry, in 1808, and Frederick, in 1811. The last named died young. Schultz, in addition to having erected

the first house in Moshannontown, enjoyed the distinction of opening the first tavern, which he did immediately after his mar-riage. He named it "The Seven Stars," and painted that number of astral figures on a sign about two feet square. In the this was surrounded by six smaller ones. There was a wooden bowl on the top, and at the two ends it had turned ornaments that were possibly intended to represent bottles and goblets. As a whole, it was quite a unique and artistic piece of handiwork, and the frame of it is yet in the possession of his grandsons, Christopher C. and Frederick A. W., who, with their sister Sarah, reside on "the old homestead," from which a fine view of Philipsburg and the surrounding country is obtainable. During the prevalence of a severe storm had opened his tavern, a large tree was and beyond reproach with regard to cleanblown across the building, crusbing in the roof, and doing other damage. This accident, together with the fact that John Henry Simler had started another tavern, influence and the roof of the roof o ed him in quittingthe business, believing adorned with rings! that the town could not support more than one public house. An Englishman named Wrigley, who had purchased two squares of lots between Front street and the creek, entertained a different opinon on the subject and hence also opened a tavern (they were not then called hotels) in a large house which he had built on one of his most eligible lots. In 1816, "the year without a summer," so designated be-cause there was frost in every month, Wrigley sold his house, with all his other property, to Jacob Test and James Mc-Kirk, who continued the business, and likewise erected a tannery on the ground opposite Swift & Co.'s large meat estabishment. The Hale building, Adam Mayer's house, Dr. Potter's block, Platt, Bar-

the condition that each one who accepted was to build a hewed log house, in a reasonable time, on the donated ground. Samuel Turner was one who availed himself of this proposition, and it is fair to infer that enough others to make up a dozen, obtained lots on the same terms. Several persons also secured locations on closely adacent lands. In 1801, Jacob Weis, a native of Berks county, settled quite near the town, on what was subsequently called "the old Hawkins' place." During the same year Robert Anderson, an Irishman, end a man named Potter, commenced improvements a short distance beyond, and they were followed by—Carothers,—Fet-ters,—Dillman, Peter Young and Joseph ters,—Dillman, Peter Young and Joseph Earls. In 1803, Valentine Flegal purchased from James Philips the land now owned by the Steiner heirs, directly opposite the town, and John Coulter site the town, and John Coulter began clearing a piece at Weis' bridge, after-wards called Benton's and now Troy's bridge. The Kylers, Schimmel, Schmehl, Weiser and others purchased and settled on lands along the state road, which had been located through this section of

Henry James and Nat Philips, after staying here a few years, returned to the east and left their business in charge of two agents named Barlow and Feltwell. Henry Philips died in 1800, and was succeeded by James, "who prosecuted the attempt to settle the estate until 1809," when he also died. During the latter year, Hardman Philips arrived in Moshannontown, and one of his first acts was to change its name to that of Philipsburg, in commemoration of the brothers who had preceded him. By a family arrangement made in 1811, he became the owner of the estate and devoted his time as well as large sums of money to its development. According to his own statement he expended on these lands, in various ways, £27,000 sterling equal to about \$131,000 of our money, during the ensuing twenty-five years. In 1817, he built a forge on the banks of Cold Stream, alongside of the dam from which the town is now supplied with some of the purest water that ever "through crevic'd rock," Lord Cornwallis surrendered in 1781. He was discharged at Philadelphia in 1783, married and settled there; lost his wife in security with the security was discharged at Philadelphia in 1783, married and settled there; lost his wife in security was also settled there; lost his wife in security was also settled there; lost his wife in security was also secured in 1781. He was also secured in geenies in wagons, from Julian and other furnaces in Bald Eagle Valley. About that period, Mr. Philips brought William the effect of a vest. One was a blouse, belted and fastened to the right side over a him general manager of his business, a po-sition for which he was well qualified and held for many years. In 1818, Jacob Ayres side at about the bust line with a single accompanied by his son Daniel, came here from Reading and bought the land which of late years has been called the Shaw farmer William Ayres, Sophia Ayres, Mrs. Mary E. Ryman and Mrs. Rebecca Nelson, four of Daniel's children, are residents of Philipsburg at the present time.

To be continued.

-With 1,500 persons sailing from Puget Sound ports for Alaska in two days and steamer accommodations sold a long distance ahead, it does not look as though the stories of hardship in the gold country

she die years ago.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Many of the newest mutton-leg sleeves are tucked across the widest portion at the top. Frequently Hungarian caps, Vandyke points or flat, oblong bretelles are added.

Beauty in women depends in part upon the proper carriage of the body, and this can only be secured by the correct action of the limbs. If they are not well developed and properly trained there is a proportional loss of beauty. So too, if the body is unsymmetrically developed the carriage cannot be even and graceful, but uneven and ungraceful. Almost all women have some slight curvature of the spine. This causes one shoulder to be lower than the other, and the result is that the whole body is more or less deformed. One remedy for this is the corset, but this only hides the deformity-does not cure it. The body should be kept straight by its muscles, by its own strength, not by that of steele or whalebone. Beauty is, in part, at least, the result of fullness of physical life, and she who has this will be in good health and happy and far more beautiful. Ill health is the great foe to beauty.

The irrepressible cotton shirt waist has reappeared again in the shops, with a few variations to recommend it as new. The yoke is straight across the back, instead of pointed as it was last season. It is not nearly so pretty, but change is a necessity in the rank and file of fashion. The sleeves are smaller, and the front is pouched after the manner of the latest b

In these fin-de-siecle days of changing modes and of independence among women as to the details of dress—said to be a sign of their recent emancipation from the tramcentre of the panel was one large star, and mels of custom-a word as to when and where to wear jewels and ornaments may not be amiss. Here, then, are some of the unwritten laws of good taste, to which wellbred women feel themselves in duty bound

Never wear jewels in the morning. Never wear jewels with a tailor-made gown. Never wear jewelry of any description when traveling. Never wear showy-looking ornaments with mourning. Never wear a watch and chain—however dainty and ornamental in design—with an evening gown. Never wear rings unless the hands that occurred a few months after Mr. Shultz are white and soft, finger-nails well kept

> The Russian blouse is dying we are told. The news is shouted from the housetops, it is printed in every publication that has any regard for its woman clientele, and everyone by this time has heard it. Perhaps this is why its dying throes are

so interesting. The blouse is like a man touched by a fatal disease—it refuses to stay at home, appearing everywhere. Yet in its innermost heart the blouse

recognizes its doom. A shure indication of this is the way in which it is changed, appearing now as an overhanging jacket. again as a garment opening over a vest, hoping to secure by some of its novel lines a fixed position in society.

Very effective is one of the newest varia-

ber & Co.'s wholesale stores, the P. R. R. passenger station, and the buildings of Hon. C. A. Faulkner, Amos Harper and Robert Hudson, are all on the Wrigley lots The departure at an early date of several little more than a suggestion of a blouse, lining. In front the blouse appears yet brought with them, and these had to be prepared with their own hands. Though discouraging to the Philipses, and as others in front, but crosses to the left side, there grievously disappointed, they went to work with seemingly good will, to cut work with seemingly good will be a seemingl revers spread across the front directly be

No skirt has this blouse. It finishes at the waistline, under a belt of cloth, stitched twice top and bottom, and fastens with a large buckle of filagree gold and jewels. Leg-of-mutton sleeves are worn. In spite of all assertions to the contrary, they are really the proper things for walking costumes, and all the best modistes in New York are using them.

It is mortifying to note how many persons pay little or no heed to what may styled the etiquette of introductions. the lover of good form there is something that sets one's teeth on edge on hearing an introduction so worded that a woman is presented to a man, or an elderly woman to a young one. The rules with regard to introductions are so simple and sensible that it would seem that the wayfaring man or woman, though a fool, could scarcely err therein. A man is always introduced to a woman, and it may be well in passing to add that a lady's permission should usually be asked before such a presentation is made. It is a simple matter to say, "Miss Smith, may I present to you Mr. Jones?" before uttering the formal, "Miss Smith, allow me to introduce Mr. Jones." The man is, of course, always brought to the woman whom he is to meet; the wom-

These rules might seem superfluous were it not that one so often observes their infraction among people who should know better. At a tea a matron who years be-fore had arrived at the dignity of a grand-mother was piloted by her hostess to a young girl of twenty, and they were made known to each other in the well-meant words: "Mrs. Knight, I want to present you to my dear little friend Mabel Day. Mabel, dear, this is Mrs. Knight, of whom you so often heard me speak." If the ladies were amused by the speech. they were so well versed in that knowledge

of good form in which their hostess was lacking that they showed no consciousness

of her error.

an should never be led to the man.

Significent of one feature of the current round yoke. Next came a blouse with skirts below the belt, fastening to the left button, a pointed yoke showing above. front, allowing the skirt of the dress to show to the belt itself. Number three was

a blouse rolling back from the shoulders, a waistcoat showing, and on the right side a rever turned back that could be drawn up to close the opening.

Four was blouse back, with perfectly flat skirts; in front it turned away in a pair of faced back square revers that opened all the way down the hem, the belt holding it close to the figure in front. In the opening was a bloused chiffon front made on a short round satin yoke. Five gave the effect of being intended to button to the throat, but the buttons were unfastened to the bust line and the left side laid back, showing a brilliant lining, and part of a sham bodice that was no more than a bit of yoke and a wilderness of side frills.