

Bellefonte, Pa., October 20, 1911.

OCTOBER'S TAPESTRY.

By the mountain stands October, Like a weaver brown and old; For his warp he uses sunbeams Threads of palpitating gold: And the loom spread out before him While his shuttle plying swiftly, Is the wind of autumn keen.

For his woof he chooses colors-Amethyst and purple lost In the blue smoke and shadows, In the gray of early frost; Vivid carmine, saffron, amber; Faded tints the summer left; Mauve and lilac softly blended-All these form October's weft.

All day long I hear the music Of his shuttle and his loom: All day long I watch him weaving Till the stars begin to bloom. And the figures on his fabric. As each day they brighter grow, Seem the forms and flow'r like faces Of the Junes I used to know. -Alice E. Allen, in Lippincott's.

THE NESTER GIRL.

Its real masters, the trailers of the plow, were just beginning to reach out for the Panhandle. Cattle barons, following the red men and the buffalo hunters, had long enjoyed uninterrupted possession of immense ranges, but saw their approaching doom in the covered wagons that now came straggling in from east, north, and south. Thin lipped, angular women and sturdy, brown faced children crouched in the wagons or trailed behind. and the men were tall, bearded, grim. The cattle barons would have preferred

meeting companies of soldiers.

From the Eastern headquarters of the Box T Ranch had come clear and emphatic orders as to these nesters; they were to be turned back or steered aside: if stubborn, they were to be driven out. It was a simple but heavily freighted order, and the foreman mentioned a place supposed to be situated farther south in Texas. The very first nester outfit that came along took a fancy to the Box T county, and forth-with appropriated three choice sections of school land on one of the best grass creeks. At the end of a month they were firmly intrenched in substantial picket houses, to say nothing of the authority of the great State of Texas

as represented in their filing papers.
"It's plum' agin human natur'," the foreman had reported to his superiors. There ain't no cowpunch outfit on top of yearth that's a-goin' to run out nesters that's got female wimen folks along of 'em, and that goes speshuel when one of 'em is young and likely lookin'. You all 'll have to send out a regiment of them fellers that sets down in the hoss-cars when the wimen is a-standin' up. Cain't git no punchers to fight wimen, leastwise not in this country where there ain't no wimen and everybody's plum' locoed over

what few there is. the foreman, faithful to duty, went alone. Smiling a broad welcome into three pairs of buttermilk-blue eyes-each pair repreof San Jacinto. It was just as well that the foreman had smiled.

"Big, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, piny-woods the foreman's brutal and gloomy description of the nester girl when he returned motive in speaking thus, but one blushes for his lack of chivalry and his downright mendacity. It was false, palpably false; the girl was not one from the Piny Woods region at all. Any one could see by the scars on her feet and ankles that she had come from the mesquit country. As to her form-well, the architectural modists had not yet proclaimed the exact lines of the slab-side, and it may be doubted that our Panhandle foreman knew what he was talking about. She was round as a tree, straight and supple, and she moved, despite the sand-burs and stobs, with the confidence and grace of a bull fighter. More important, she had the pale, 'wayoff-yonder eyes of her grandfather, he of San Jacinto. Alexander, J. Cæsar, N. Bonaparte, Ben Thompson, and Pat Gar-rett, all had those eyes—just the color of half-dissipated powder-smoke.

The report, fortunately for this cow-country idyl, was not popular; an idealized image of the nester girl had already been reared in scores of lonely hearts and it is not certain that the real girl would have been a disappointment to any of them. Before their corn was up the nesters had settled in their new home-life, as safe from eviction as had they occupied a hollow square formed by the combined armies of Europe.

With the exception of a few in distant line-camps, every puncher on the Box T had managed, one way or another, to look in on the little Mammoth Creek settlement. There was a magnet over there that pulled constantly on their bridle-bits: no one seemed able to ride in a straight line, unless it lay toward the nester's. It was like the drag of a current at sea, always drifting them out of the course, heading them up into the soft dream breezes that seemed forever blowing off Arcadian shores. No one could be trusted to go and come direct if it were at all to swing out and pass the nester's. Day-herders slipped away to the high hills from which they might catch distant outlines of the settlers' houses; no rim-rock rider spared himself and his tired horse the extra miles that would bring them out at the scene of Ceres' new Lost horses were invariably searched for on Mammoth. The horse wrangler, a boy of fourteen, often stole out at night and rode the twenty miles that would give him an hour's dreaming within sight of the dark cluster of cabins where dwelt the nester girl. Few of them had ever seen her, for she was as shy as an antelope and uncannily clever at hiding in the bush when retreat to the house was cut off. They just knew that she was there; they rode hard by day and sang low around the bedded herds at night. And the news had gone far. That year, for the first time, there was a plethora of hands in the branding season.

An inscrutable fate, aided and abetted by the foreman, threw one Johnny Mon tague, already favored far beyond his deserts, in the way of first chance at winning the nester girl. Johnny, handsome young Texan, was a sort of Penhandle

was mother-of pearl. With silver-inlaid bridlebits and spurs, hair bridle, quirt and reata, high-heeled boots with wonderful morocco tops quilted in orange thread, and admirably setting off his splendid dark head, a rakish, glittering sombrero, Johnny was something good to look upon—at once the pride and despair of the ranch. Added to his fame as a buster of bad broncos, and no more formidable knight ever rode forth to joust for fair

Johnny was sent to the Fly Trap to cut the big southern herds as they passed out of the Box T range on the great trail from the Gulf to the Northwest. He would have a camp within a couple of miles of the nesters, and there would be days and days between herds. Hope died in every breast the day Johnny took himself and his silver trappings and his mount of pretty horses across the sand hills toward Mammoth. The boys felt, with some bitterness for the foreman, that the place should have gone by lot or in some sort of contest; that the nester girl should not have been given to Johnny Montague outright. The round-up cut short their repinings.

From time to time during the long, hard summer, came rumors of Johnny's romantic progress. Of course, he had the lady roped and tied to his saddle-horn from the very beginning; he had broken the nester's string of colts; he had ridden a wild steer on a wager with her grand-father; he had hunted turkeys with her brother; he had advised the nesters where to dig a well and they had struck water: his horse could be seen any time staked on the flat back of the nester's garden; the nester girl had taken to wearing her shoes in the field. Johnny was certainly getting on. Then came the disquieting report that a rival at another ranch had listed, and the boys, forgetting their own disappointment, rejoiced that none less than Johnny Montague was there. A rumor that things were going rather bad-ly with the Box T champion was followed by an official explosion, in which it fell out that Johnny had allowed several big herds to slip through the Fly Tray unin-

Johnny was recalled in September, when the last herd of beeves were being gathered. He came in sullen and rebellious and talked about quitting and taking up land, but he had little to say of the nester girl. "It's all right," he said, bravely, to those who ventured to question him, but it was plain from his tar-nished silver and his disconsolate air that it was all wrong. Then one night on second guard he confided to Dickie Glosgow that the heart in his bosom was heavy and sore; that he was racked by a fear that in his absence the nester girl might throw herself away on a certain "specimint" of the tribe of Smith known as Mo.

Mo Smith-the "Mo" stood for Missouri-was an old Box T puncher. He had gone over to YL outfit a year or so before the coming of the nesters because the YL fed "canned truck" and was a little nearer Kansas, where civilization, with all its concomitants, was supposed to be making a stand. Tall, lanky, red-headed, Mo was something more than a mere plain-looker; he was ugly enough to be a a clean, decent chap, but he had no style; his rig was little better than an Indian's, and how he could expect to successfully senting a generation of frontiering nesters—he ordered the intruders to move on.

They went—to work clearing up a piece
of bottom land for planting to corn. The
oldest pair of the buttermilk blues was
et in a seamed and sugged fiee of the Bowie type and had smarted in the smoke | was ready it was generally admitted that the situation was serious; that the Box T might, after all, lose the nester girl.

Mo Smith's amorous invasion of the gal, with a face like a pan of milk," was Box T was still prospering when the boys dressed up and dangerous, but without a definite plan for his undoing, came roarto the ranch. Of course, the man had a ing home from Dodge. For the honor of the old ranch, if nothing else, they had determined to give Mo a run, but no one seemed to know how to get him up. Scheme after scheme was prospered and rejected; they wanted something neat and practical, something that would serve a double stroke. That is, it must pull Mo down and put Johnny up. Johnny had become unbearable.

It was the horse-wrangler who precipitated matters finally. For a week he had been hunting horses, and, returning late one night, he threw himself into his bunk in desperate abandon.

announcement. For a full minute there was silence in Johnny Montague, who sat gazing moodily into the fireplace, grouped about the lad and demanded particulars.

"Oh, he's just there all the time," complained the boy. "Comes over in the mornin' and hangs 'round 'til night; to-day he was helpin' the old man nester build a cow-pen, and she was a-draggin' rails-bare-footed and all," he ended bit-

This was serious. There had been many rumors as to Mo's progress, but nothing quite so definite and reliable as this. Johnny, who had done much lone riding of late, bowed his head in silent confirmation, and the boy, having relieved his heart by dividing its burden, got out a six-shooter and began practising the pin-wheel with many vicious pokings in the direction of an imiginary Mo. "Derned hoss-thief-cow-thief, I mean."

concluded the boy, with a final snap of the gun.
"He shore is a-payin' of her some delicate attentions," observed the fcreman, who then proceeded to dress down the youngster, first asking him why he did all

his horse-hunting on Mammoth. It has always been a question just who first conceived the idea; it might have come simultaneously to the three or four who lounged in the bunk-house next day when the cook, clearing out a saddle-room to make space for a lot of supplies, dragged forth a pair of old, rusty leg-irons that Smoky Bell had brought there years before attached to one of his ankle was developed that night when the shack. les were passed around and the story of Smoky's long ride in the dead of winter after getting away from the sheriff at Las Vegas was being told. The little horsewrangler was the first to make a move oward putting the idea into execution. He seized the rusty legets, and with an oiled rag began polishing them feverishly. Every one understood; even the foreman smiled. For the first time in weeks Johnny Montague patted some "juber"

and did a step.

As fine a little detachment of Texas Rangers as ever hunted down a criminal lined up on the flat in front of the mess-house. If mustered half a dozen specially selected men, not one of whom, strange as it may seem, had been within fifty miles of Mammoth since the coming of lined up on the flat in front of the mess-

Beau Brummel. He rode a high Califor- the nesters. They had been called in reached those skulking behind the hacknia tree, lavishly pointed with silver, and from the Cheyenne-Araphoe line and rethe handle of his chased, silver-plated .45 moter camps, but understood and were heart-set in the cause. Tom Lauterdale came over from the Canadians to take charge. Guns, spurs, hats, clothing, rings, and horses were compared, matched and re-matched until the troop was in perfect uniform, enough like the famous plains policeman to fool a brand-burner. Then, drilled and instructed, they rode away by

twos toward the nesters.

Johnny Montague had put in two days worrying the black stubble off his face, olishing his silver and leather-dressing for his part in the little wilderness play for which the stage was being set. The YL peril, represented by Mo Smith, had drawn the Box T boys very close together, Fearfully and wonderfully outfitted, Johnny carefully saddled old Warnington. paint, the showiest horse on the ranch, despite his age, and rode away on the Mammoth trail. He was to meet the returning "Rangers" at the persimmon grove, half-way, and get his cue.

Mo Smith was snaking in the ridge-pole by his saddle-horn, and the three nester men were preparing to lift it into place, when "Captain" Lauterdale's troop sud-denly boiled up out of the dry bed of Mammoth, fell into line on the little flat in front of the new cabin, and leveled half a dozen six-shooters on the group of workers. Swift as the movement had been, the nester girl had disappeared; with the prescience of some wild thing she had darted into the woods while the raiders were still in the creek-bed.

When Mo looked up from a toggled cinch, which at the moment claimed his attention, he found himself gazing into the black depths of "three sections of water main," as he afterward described

the impression. "What's all this about?" the middle nester, father of the girl demanded. "Hoss-thief, cow-thief, and wife-beater." replied the "Captain." indicating Mo by a toss of his head. "He's wanted in Shackleford County for all them things, and we're Rangers sent up here to git him." As he spoke he passed Smoky Bell's old legirons to one of his men and shouted out an order that Mo was to be ironed.

The three nesters, looking hard at the ground, walked on in silence toward their \$200. houses. The world that they knew was hard on horse-thieves; it recognized the killer and accorded him his place and rights, and it held to a lot of unwritten aw never heard of nowadays, but it gave short shift to the horse-thief. The old man made a move as if he would return and get an explanation from the accused man, but he was ordered to move on, and obeyed, with his fine old head bent low over his breast. It was plain that they had liked Mo.

Slow, good-natured Mo Smith was still smiling and trying to understand when, his long legs hobbled with clanking chains Frank, Oct. 2, 1911, tract of land in Rush beneath his horse and his hands lashed at his back, he was hustled away down the valley. Around the bend, below the cotton-woods, the grim faces of his captors relaxed; greetings were passed, and Mo found himself riding in the center of as merry a company of "jobbers" as ever hawhawed at a squirming victim.

Neither Mo nor his abductors had noticed the dead-white, desperation-drawn face of a girl peering from behind a pile of brush as they done away. No one was Neither regiment nor reply came, and great man. He was a good cow hand and looking back when the nester girl, swift as a shadow, sped away toward one of the houses and, a minute later, out to the corral at the rear.

set in a seamed and rugged face of the ued to multiply, and by the time the drive and termaters than you do of first class company. Then you never come back to tell us how it goes, and when you do come back, why, we-all ketch you a maverickin' 'round them nesters, tryin' to cut out and git the YL brand on our gal." They were almost at the persimmon grove, and in a minute or two would be meeting Johnny on his way to the nesters' to offer consolation in the form of his own radiant

> Mo was silent. For a mile or more he had been growing darker with every step, and now he resembled the bank of a cyclone cloud just before the twister lets down. Smoky Bell's leg-irons were chaf-ing Mo's ankles, and the discovery had been made that some one had blundered in snapping them up to the last notch where they resisted all efforts at opening. The joke had already gone some distance past Mo's idea of its logical climax, and it began to look as if it might be neces-"Mo's got her!" was his despairing sary to keep him "hog tied" for several

For a full minute there was silence in "It 'll do you good, Mo, to spend a day the bunkroom. Then the boys, all except or two with the boys at the old ranch," some one was saying in soothing tones. "They shore been a hankerin' some for-"

Bang! bang-bang! Out of the mouth of a little draw that debouched on the right came something truly terrifying. Mounted, bareback and astride, on a heavy farm-horse that charged with all the lumbering earnestness of his cavalry cousin multiplied by ten, the nester girl bore down upon the group of astounded cowboys. Her hair streamed wild, her legs were bare to the knee, and she was white, white as some careering death mounting the crest of a deluge. A heavy pistol, strapped to her waist, jumphorse; in her free hand she carried another with which she was firing blindly in the general direction of the group.

The joke was all over. There was nothing left for "Captain" Lauterdale and his company of "Rangers" to do but take to the woods with all possible expedition, which they did, in such disorder as to render the term "stampede" wholly inadequate for present purposes. A hack-

ed by the shots, loped into near view. Mo tried to restrain her, but the girl, sensing a situation that the man's slow reason had not yet grasped, brushed him aside and blazed away at the exquisite Johnny, who, only a minute before, had been rehearsing love speeches for her ears. Her second shot caught poor old Warpaint in his bulky upper lip, and an instant later one of the Box T's most cherished dogmas-the one relating to a certain gentleman's invincibility as a rider-was shattered into a million-piece

Warpaint, who had not been known to pitch a pitch or even hump his back since his junior year, went into the air with his intellectuals pointed toward Ogalalla Nebraska, and came down with his sad gaze fixed on nothing but the direction of the Gulf of Mexico. When, some time

berries and sand dunes. Half an hour later "Captain" Lauterflat a mile or so below the scene of their

pointing toward the long divide that Ezekiel xvi., 4. In the old days salt was sheared Mammoth and Wolf, where, sil- put into a child's mouth in baptism, and houetted against the reddening afternoon sky, two mounted figures could be seen

moving rapidly. "That ain't toward home. Where re they goin'?" speculated the "Captain."

'That new nester over on Clear Creek, where they're a-headin', is a parson" replied Johnny Montague, sadly. "If they ain't got a file or a cold-chisel over there, Mo 'll spend his honeymoon a-horseback," remarked the "Captain," dryly.—By Dave King, in Harper's Weekly.

Real Estate Transfers.

William Bush et ux to Daniel Hall Sept. 19, 1911, tract of land in Unionville;

Lorenzo G. Runk et ux to Scott W. Thirey, Sept. 22, 1911, tract of land in Philipsburg; \$1100. John Ciesla et ux to Florence L. Twigg-Aug. 22, 1911, tract of land in Rush Twp;

First National Bank of State College to Ray D. Gilliland, Sept, 22, 1911, tract of land in State College; \$5000. Thos. Foster et al to Susan Comfort,

Sept. 30, 1909, tract of land in State Col-Rosetta Runkle et bar to C. C. Bartges-Apr. 14, 1902, tract of land in Gregg

Twp.; \$112.50. Thomas Royer to J. B. Heberling, July 17, 1911. tract of land in State College;

Lizzie Catherman to Catharine M. Catherman, Sept. 28, 1906, tract of land in Taylor Twp.; \$300. A. J. Long et ux to P. G. Murray, Sept. 9, 1911, tract of land in Boggs Twp.;

Mary Wertz to Harvey Emenheizer, Sept. 2, 1911, tract of land in Spring Twp.;

John S. Schaffer et al to Mary Schaffer et al, Oct. 5, 1911, tract of land in Harris

Twp.: \$1. Mary K. Gray et al to Mary K. Gray, Sept. 23, 1911, tract of land in Philipsburg: \$1.

W. E. Hurley, sheriff to Mary Cook,

Oct. 2, 1911, tract of land in Bellefonte; Twp.; \$100.

How to Treat a Man, by a Horse.

When a man drops from sheer exhaustion or illness promptly seize an end board or a cart stake and pound him on the If this does not recuperate him, kick him violently in the stomach. This treatment will restore him if persistently adhered in. If a man finds his load too heavy, and feels that it will seriously strain him to proceed, kick off a fence board and knock him down. This will give him renewed energy and he will any circumstances reduce the load. If a of Turin. man refuses to drink when you give him to him. It is a good plan to apply the whip frequently on a man who is at work. No matter if he is doing his best, hit him now and then on "general principles," and to prevent him from taking any comfort. If his load is not heavy, oblige him to go faster to make up for it. Tie your man's head back in an unnatural posi-tion with his eyes toward the sun. This will give him a fine appearance and prevent stumbling. In winter remove clothing to prevent his taking cold. He will also dry quicker when you overwork Men thus treated are "much healthier."—Selected.

--- If you want high class job work come to the WATCHMAN office.

Take Your Bearings.

If you are suffering from "weak lungs," obstinate cough, bleeding at the lungs, with attendant emaciation and nightsweats, every day sees you either a step farther from health or a step nearer. Which is it in your case? There is no standing still. Are you moving back-

wards or forwards? Those who try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for "weak" or bleed-ing lungs will be able to take their bearngs accurately. They will find themselves taking a step toward health with every dose of the medtcine. Nothing gives the sick so much confidence to presist with this great remedy as the fact that they are certainly growing better every day.

The Sparrow's Singing-master.

It is generally known that some species of birds are able to imitate the songs of other birds, but in one instance a sparrow learned the shrill chant of grasshoppers.

The insects happened to be confined in a small enclosure hung beside the sparrow's cage, and one day the sparrow was heard imitating the notes of the insects All the rest of its life, and long after the berry grove and some low sand dunes on the left had swallowed them up, and the lessons were dead, the sparrow continued nester girl was tugging at Mo's wrist bindings when Johnny Montague, attract-

The Hatter and the Rabbit.

Millions of rabbits are killed annually in the British islands and in Australia for their skins, or, rather for their fur, which is used in making felt hats. Great quantities of the English rabbit-skins are sent to hat manufacturers in the United States, but first they go to the continent of Europe to have the long, useless hairs laboriously pulled out by cheap hand labor. Satisfactory machines to do this work are said to be lacking. After the skins reach America the close hair, or fur, is shaved off to be made into felt.

In the array of hat shapes the poke effect stands out prominently among the small models. The high, slender crowns also attract, and the tall, pine-tree feather.

-For high class lob Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

Supersitions about Salt.

It is a curious fact that from the earldale's "Texas Rangers" reassembled on a lest times, many superstitions have clung about the use of salt. There is much evi inglorious rout and reported as to casualties. There were none, Warpaint not it. The Mosaic law commands that every being present. Johnny Montague was up behind "Captain" Lauterdale. Warpaint, ed with salt, a command that is given, they reckoned, was already at the ranch. "Look a yander!" exclaimed some one, pointing toward the long dividence of the long dividen in some countries to this day the custom is followed of throwing a pinch of it into holy water to ward off the evil spirit

Homer calls salt divine. The old Tuetonic races looked upon salt springs as holy, and worshipped them. Tacitus tells of a long and devastating war waged over t'e question of lordship over one.

The kernel of all the salt superstitions seems to be this: Salt cannot be corrupt, and has therefore, the title to be regarded as a symbol of immortality. In Ireland was for long the custom to place a pewter plate containing salt upon the heart of the corpse until burial. Then, with coals and holy water, it was thrown into the grave.

Of the very many superstitions touching salt, the most familiar is, of course, that which holds it unlucky to spill. An origin has been alleged for this in de Vinci's "Last Supper," wherein, at the side of Judas, is represented an overturned salt-vessel. It seems, however, to be a fact that this superstition dates farther back. There is evidence to show that, when the victims for Roman sacrifices were led to death with salt upon their heads, it was regarded as the very worst of omens should they take it off.

Icebergs.

Among the perils and the wonders of the ocean there are few more interesting things than icebergs, interesting not only by reason of their gigantic size, their fantastic shapes, their exceeding beauty, but also for the manner wherein they array

themselves. Icebergs exhibit a tendency to form both clusters and long lines, and these groupings may arise from the effects both of ocean currents and of storms.

Some very singular lines of bergs, extending for many hundreds of miles east of Newfoundland, have been shown on official charts issued by the government. Two of these cross each other, each keeping on its independent course after the crossing. In several instances parellel lines of bergs leave long spaces of clear water between them. Curiously enough, while enormous fields of ice invade the so-called "steamer lanes" of the Atlantic at the opening of spring during certain years, in other years at that season there s comparatively little ice to be seen. The ice comes, of course, from the edges of the Arctic regions, from the ice-bound coasts of Greenland and Labrador, where huge bergs, broken from the front of the glaciers at the point where they reach the sea, start on their long journeys toward the south, driven by the great current mand these same attenti that flows from Baffin's Bay into the parties they will grace. northern Atlantic Ocean.

The Iron Crown of Italy.

The historic iron crown of Italy has played a romantic role in the history of the Peninsula. It was made in the year 594 by the command, it is said, of Theodolinda, the widow of a Lombard king, on a pear that has amproved wonderfully in make no more fuss. But do not under the occasion of her marriage to a Duke the five short years of its existence; and

water do not give him any water for two days. That will teach him to be thirsty the fact that the weight of royalty could is on sale.

Among never be lightened by its splendid ex- ite, as it does not stain the table linen as terior. The front of the inner portion was it falls thereon-and grapes have a habit traditionally held to be one of the long of falling on the cloth at Hallow-e'en parnails used at the Crucifixion.

placed upon the head of Charlemagne as "King of the Lombards," and on later occasions it figured in the triumphs of Frederic IV. and Charles V. Finally, in the presence of all the representatives of state, the foreign envoys and princes and officers, Napoleon Bonaparte solemnly united it to the crown of France.

custodian of it is the legitimate representative of the basilica of Monza. The title of "grand custodian," however, pertains to the head of the Order of Cavaliers.

Wanted-Cheap Corks.

If any ingenious person can invent a substitute for corks in champagne-bottles, he may be sure of a very comfortable fortune, for champagne corks are expensive, a really good cork costing as high as ten cents.

The reason for this high cost is principally the length of time that must elapse before a cork-grower can realize on his investment. Champagne corks are made only from the finest Catalonia cork-wood. After the tree is planted, thirty years must elapse before it is ready for the first stripping, but this bark is too coarse for champagne corks, as is the second bark, taken off eight years later. Another eight years must pass before a champagne-cork crop is gathered, making in all forty-six years that the grower must wait before he can get any material return from his

Furthermore, champagne corks are cut by hand and not by machinery, as are less expensive corks, as they must be perfect in size and shape, or else the quality of the wine will suffer.

"The Bible of the Body."

That title has been aptly given to Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, because to the physical nature it is a "light unto the path and a lamp unto the feet." In this book the physical life and its mysteries are dealt with in the plainest English. From life's Genesis, dering humanity is followed through desert and wilderness, and hefore it is always set the Promised Land of perfect health and happiness. This great work is sent free by the author on receipt of stamps to defray the expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Marriage Licenses.

Levi B. Rightnour and Creta P. Batesboth of Warriormark. Toner I. Fetzer and Lucinda Kline,

both of Yarnell.

Lloyd L. Shawver, Pleasant Gap, and Carrie Dawson, of Axemann. Wm. M. Gates and Ethel P. Leathers, both of Mt. Eagle.

Webster Burkey, of Conemaugh, Iva M. Askey, of Pine Glenn.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

If thou hast crushed a flower, The root may not be blighted: If thou hast quenched a lamp, Once more it may be lighted

But if upon the troubled sea Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded, Hope not that wind or waves will bring The treasure back when needed.

Fringe is everywhere; the long, silk fringe, the beaded, glistening fringe, the ball fringe, are used in all fields of dress for young and not so young.

Filet lace is much used for panels, yokes and undersleeves. Sometimes the figures are embroidered in colors to carry out a tone idea of the costume.

All manner of silk puffings, tiny frills and wide, shirred bands, besides the large pleated ruche appear on gowns and apstumes designed for the coming season.

The Indian Durbar has been proclaimed for December 12th, and to its barbaric influence is ascribed the wonderfully barbaric note of newly-imported silks.

Some of the coats and skirts now being shown for the first time have very startling effects, which are, nevertheless, extremely smart. One of white cloth is trimmed with bands of very wide black silk braid, appears on the bottom of the coat, which reaches to a little below the hips, and appears again on the hem of a somewhat fuller skirt. Another costume of a more useful type is made of fine blue serge, with a cutaway coat that slopes down fairly long on the hips, the only trimming being a simulated sailor collar, while big crochet-covered buttons fasten the coat in front, and ornament the hipstraps that give a very slender appearance to the skirt, which is otherwise devoid of trimming.

Women noted for being successful hostesses say that they believe in giving children's parties, that nothing brings out boys and girls so well, and makes them so self-possessed and so well able to understand each other. A children's party should include children of about the same age-that is within one to three years of each other's birthdays. The invitations ought to be sent in very polite style ask-ing for the pleasure of the company of Miss Blank, or Master Blank in quite the same manner as the invitations of the grown-ups. There should be a plentiful supply of good things to eat at these par-ties and always an older person or three or four if they are available, to super-intend the playing of games. Boys can be encouraged to wait on the girls and in this way taught gallantry and respect for the little ladies who will some day demand these same attentions at the bigger

Apples, rosy-cheeked and richly yellow, are, of course, the most popular Hallow-e'en fruit; but to stop at apples indicates little knowledge of the appetizing qualities of the other favorites. The pear is here in many varieties-the Seckel, and its cousin, the Burre de Anjou-the latter then, too, the winter Nellis, likewise of The crown is of iron overlaid with gilt. fine flavor, and a relative of the Seckel,

Among the grapes the Tokav is a favorties. The Niagara, Delaware and Concord For a long time the crown was in the are all waiting for Al! Hallows Eve. keeping of the famous monastery at Mon- Matching them in color are the plums, za. In 774 it was brought forth to be the Kelsey and Italian prune plum, being most prominent in all the fruiterers' dis

The pumpkin takes advantage of the season to ignore the fact that it is of the vegetable family and proudly takes the centre of the stage, or window, with the

air of I am it.

Nuts, likewise, hobnob with the fruits The crown belongs to the state, and the during the Hallowe'en season; fat chestnuts acknowledge no rivals, although the English walnut, the almond, the filbert, the hazelnut and peanut all have a place on the Hallowe'en party table.

> Knitted wear is gaining for sports, and knitted coats are even worn under fur ones for winter motoring. Indeed, there are numerous developments of the woolwork motoring outfit. Among the most novel and practical of these is the knitted or crocheted muff. A substitute for furs is absolutely essential for those who go in for snow and ice sports.

> Many of the tweeds this year have a knot in them in some fairly bright shade and a woolen scarf and muff to pick up this color would be delightfully cozy, as well as very becoming if a tone that suits the wearer is selected.

> A muff, for instance, made in knotted double crochet in a soft Gobelin shade of blue lined with white crochet is very smart, and would not take more than about a day to make if one sat at it, as it is a very simple stitch, though remarkably effective. For those who prefer knitting there is a charming production, of which the outer covering is done in cable stitch, silk being used instead of wool. The cable stitch, for the information of those who are not acquainted with it, has a thick rope effect, which is very handsome. To complete the set there should, of course, be a woolen hat, cap or bonnet. One of the newest caps is in a Normandy peasant shape, with the crown a little fulled at the sides into a band. Worked in silk, this is remarkably smart. Thus all sorts of quite new and unusual colors in wool, specially dyed to the newest shades, as well as many heather and game bird mixtures in silk, are to be found this season.

> Burnt Almond Fudge.—Brown blached almonds in the oven and chop rather coarsely. Brown one-half cupful of granulated sugar in a granite pan; then add two-thirds cupful of milk, and when the browned sugar is thoroughly dissolved add one cupful of granulated sugar and one tablespoonful of butter. Boil until it makes a firm ball when dropped into cold water; flavor with almond extract and add one cupful of the brown almonds; stir until creamy, then pour into pans and mark off into squares

Corn Dodgers.-One pint of white corn meal, sifted, one-half teaspoon salt, enough fresh milk, with two tablespoons of cream, to mix it well into dodgers with the hands Have griddle very hot; sprinkle with a little meal, and as soon as it browns lay the bread on and cook in a hot oven till a crisp rich brown.