

BURIAL OF DECEASED SOLDIERS. Wm. Thomas, burial of Isaac Brittain, 35.00. C. P. Sloan, burial of H. C. Ryan, 35.00. J. W. Evans, burial of W. G. Barnard, 35.00. Edward Stewart, burial of Peter Bonny, 35.00. G. O. Baker, burial of Josiah Reedy, 35.00. W. E. Dietrich, burial of James Fowler, 35.00. H. C. Michaels, burial of James Ryan, 35.00. H. H. Krenner, burial of Edward Krenner, 35.00. J. N. Pifer, burial of Nathaniel Joslin, 35.00. Robert Anderson, burial of David Watkins, 35.00. Herman J. Young, headstone for H. Maus, 15.00. L. Kurtz & Son, headstones for Isaac Drum, L. Brittain, R. Tarleton, J. W. Monart, H. C. Ryan, J. A. Krenner, P. Bonny, A. Bird and S. Hill, 135.00. \$ 569.00

RECAPITULATION. Miscellaneous expenses 147.63. Courts, jurors' pay, constables' return to sessions, 616.91. Costs in commonwealth cases, 1531.08. Road and bridge views and road damages, 7431.54. Commissioners' office and court house, 7511.93. County jail, 2271.74. Printing, stationery and post, 699.59. Inspections, 1.93. Bridges, building and repairs, 3545.15. Penitentiary and asylums, 373.98. Assessors' day, 373.28. Scales, 714.09. Election expenses, 301.23. Blank books, 301.23. Taxes refunded, 781.37. Burial of deceased soldiers, 269.63. \$ 3267.33

RECAPITULATION OF EXPENSES RECEIVED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE COUNTY. J. G. Swank, days at office, 170 @ \$3.50, 595.00. J. G. Swank, for delivering election tickets, repairs of bridges and road, and bridge views, 64 days @ \$3.50, 224.00. 819.00. J. G. Swank, traveling expenses accrued during year, 187.00. \$1044.26. W. H. Utt, days at office, 194 @ \$3.50, 679.00. W. H. Utt, for delivering books, election tickets, repairs of bridges, road and bridge views, 64 days @ \$3.50, 224.00. 903.00. W. H. Utt, traveling expenses accrued during year, 12.82. \$1020.82. G. M. Reeler, days at office, 184 @ \$3.50, 644.00. G. M. Reeler, for delivering books, election tickets, repairs of bridges, road and bridge views, 54 days @ \$3.50, 189.00. 833.00. G. M. Reeler, traveling expenses accrued during year, 172.70. \$1005.70. C. M. Terwilliger, Clerk, 390.10. C. B. Ent, Register and Recorder, 67.20. H. M. Quick, Prothonotary, 45.25. J. H. Fowler, Treasurer, 251.70. J. H. McHenry, Sheriff, 1367.58. Newton Walker, Stenographer, 869.93. W. B. Bhowan, Atty., 59.00. D. H. Coffman, Janitor and court clerk, 283.00. G. M. Holden, Janitor at jail for stairs, 56.00. H. H. Kline, Janitor at jail for rooms, 523.00. W. M. Monroe, county auditor, 51.72. W. A. Dreisbach, county auditor, 60.26. W. F. Stohner, county auditor, 61.89.

COUNTY FINANCES. LIABILITIES. Amount of outstanding bonds \$15000.00. Floating debt estimated, 1800.00. \$16800.00. ASSETS. Amt. tax outstanding, \$1725.74. Less est. com.-ex, etc, 950.00. \$ 775.74. Amt. state personal tax due from commonwealth for 1902, 4983.87. Bal. in hands County Treas., 1307.23. Amt. of county share license commission allowed subject to appeal, 89.50. \$2319.44. \$2105.56. Amount of county bonds due 1896, 4500.00. Amount of interest on bonds for 1896, 6240.00. \$10740.00. We certify that the foregoing is a full and accurate statement of all receipts and expenditures for Columbia county for the year 1896. J. G. SWANK, Com'r. G. M. REELER, of W. H. UTT, Col. Co. Attest: C. M. TERWILLIGER, Clerk.

Feathers as Popular Trimmings. Feathers are everywhere. Combined with imitation jewels and jet they make most elaborate trimmings. Vandylite points made of black ostrich plumes are strikingly effective on light colored evening gowns. Small curly tips are used for outlining décolleté bodices. In the stores narrow feather trimming is sold by the yard for expensive cloth costumes. It is applied to the bodice to simulate a vest or to outline seams. Spangles are frequently combined with a feather fringe. Trimmings formed of feather pendants are another novelty. The pendants swing from a jeweled band, and outline a corsage beautifully. The newest satins for evening gowns have raised velvet flowers for the designs and are wonderfully soft and beautiful.

A Word About Birthdays. A lonely woman, one who was bearing patiently a great sorrow, surprised a friend one day by saying: "Come with me next Tuesday, it is my birthday, and I want you to help me celebrate it." "Why should she care to celebrate her birthday?" thought the friend. But the next week she learned, for the sorrowful one went loaded with gifts to an institution in which she took a keen interest. "I want some one to be glad that I was born," said she, and that is the noblest, best and happiest thought that can come to us on our birthdays. It is pleasant to be remembered and to receive presents, but whether surrounded with love or suffering from neglect, which is more often thoughtlessness than intention, we can make some one happier because we were born.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

WARMEST OF WINTER GARMENTS NOW IN VOGUE.

The Princess Pereline Wrap—Furs That Are in Favor—The Tribly Apron—Gowns for Indoor Wear—Latest Shape of the Bustle.

Special New York Letter. The coming of cold weather has been welcomed by fashion with enthusiasm. Skating and promenading have taken the place of the bicycle as an outdoor exercise, and furs, cloaks, collars, boas, capes, and all the paraphernalia of the cold weather costume have been substituted for the mild weather garbs that so long held sway. What pretty woman does not know that she looks prettier than ever on the promenade, on a clear cold day, with a general effect of black offsetting her glowing cheeks



The Princess Pereline.

and eyes flashing with the pride of an irresistible appearance? The Princess Pereline fur is at present the popular style for outdoor wraps. The most beautiful and costly garment of this description seen this season is owned and worn by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont (nee Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt). It is made of Russian sable, and is said to have cost fifteen thousand dollars. It is exquisitely cut and lined with Persian silk, into which threads of gold and reseda green are interwoven. The skins which compose it are beautifully matched. But one need spend so much money on a Pereline. It is the style and not the material that is the most important. The favorite style of Pereline forms a deep, full cape, reaching almost to the waist line at the back, and terminating in broad stole ends in front, where they meet the hem of the skirt. Only furs of the best quality are used. When designed for a young woman, it has a fringe of tails around the circular cape, and the stole ends are finished off at the bottom in the same manner.

Among the favorite furs of the season may be named marten, mink and sable. Seal and Persian lamb find favor always among a certain class. Smooth rather than fluffy furs are used for making Peleries and capes, and their size, when developed in a long-haired fur, would make them awkward in appearance. Fur gowns have been conspicuous this season both as ball dresses and street costumes. Ermine is largely used for the former gowns, and every variety of it has been utilized for visiting toilets. Prudie forbids the wearing of ermine save for the most elaborate social functions, where handsome gowns are the rule and not the exception.

Among the most fashionable fur garments is noted the trim, close-fitting jacket, with ripple back. This is usually made of Persian lamb or sealskin. The boa has resumed sway and is meeting with much approval. Short boas, fastening at the neck with a head and cluster of tails, are seen. They are not so graceful as the long boas, but have several good points to recommend them. The Tribly craze has at last reached the fashionable world, and by the way of England, as was natural, as the fad is still in full sway there. Besides the Tribly coat, Tribly shoe, Tribly hat, and Tribly collar, there is now the



The Tribly Apron.

The latter is one of the prettiest of the new articles of attire named after the heroine of Mr. Du Maurier's novel. It is made of white maulin lawn, and is embroidered and tucked and frilled round the skirt. The bib is also plaited and embroidered runs along its top and around the capulets. As first produced for the London market these Tribly aprons were ornamented with the design of a peacock, which is the emblem of a lazarus of English women interested in politics. Since that time, however, other flowers have been used in the embroidery of the new apron. The Tribly apron is now to be seen at many fashionable afternoon functions in the west end of London, and is likely to become "the rage." A New York drygoods merchant said recently that it would soon be placed upon the market in that city, but under another name, as everything connected with

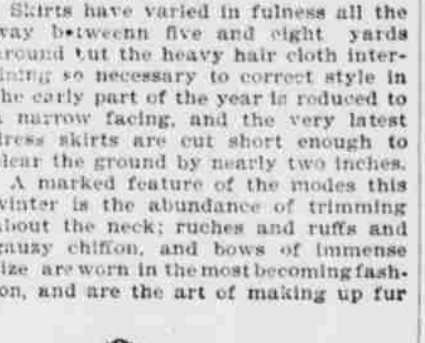
ABOUT TEXAS GEES.

Remarkable Intelligence Displayed as Reported by a Citizen.

"I have been having a good deal of trouble lately with the birds on my goose ranch," said Col. Stitt-Floyd, of Wharton, Tex. "I had an order for a thousand dozen goose eggs, and my troubles all arose in trying to fill that order. It is the first time I attempted to market any eggs, always heretofore relying on the sale of feathers and live birds for my profit. "This is the laying and hatching season with us, and I thought I would have no trouble to get eggs enough to fill the order. Now, a hen, you know, will lay you a egg next right along, just so you leave one egg. It is supposed that a hen has no idea whatever of numbers. But this is not true of Madame Goose, as I found out to my sorrow. "The first two or three days we secured a big batch of fresh eggs, but after that the 'fad' began to dwindle down so fast that I determined to make a personal investigation. I went down to the river bottom next day and found that instead of being off attending to business all the geese which were not sitting had flocked and were roving about feeding, just as if they never expected to lay another egg. When I approached them, instead of running away, they all sat down and began to hiss at me. "It was a clear case of strike, and I was at a loss to know how to settle the trouble. I tried putting half a dozen porcelain eggs in each nest, but it would not work. The geese came up, eyed them solemnly and walked off. Then, in despair, I told the boys to put the eggs we had gathered back and see if that would break the strike. "Well, sir, inside of two hours after the eggs were returned every goose was back on her nest, and for the next four or five days there were more eggs laid on the Floyd's ranch than had been before in years; but I dare not undertake to fill the egg order."

Mistaken Sacrifices. A certain woman, with a small income and a large heart, has a family of impecunious cousins—mostly girls, of the type that cannot earn their own living, and let themselves helplessly down upon the nearest available benefactor. She worried over them last winter considerably, because she was sure the necessities of life were running low in their little house, and she finally gave up her Christmas presents to her own family, and sent the cousins a check instead. Two weeks later she met two of the girls at a tea—they always go to everything—and to her amazement each wore a handsome gold buckle at her waist. "Dear Cousin Jane," one of them said, effusively, "we were so grateful for your gift! We have wanted buckles for a year, and now we have gotten them through your kindness." Cousin Jane's feelings, as she thought of her home Christmas sacrificed for these adornments—battered to make a Roman holiday, as it were—can be imagined.

Effect of the Bustle. Skirts have varied in fullness all the way between five and eight yards around the heavy hair cloth interlining so necessary to correct style in the early part of the year is reduced to a narrow facing, and the very latest dress skirts are cut short enough to clear the ground by nearly two inches. A marked feature of the modes this winter is the abundance of trimming about the neck; ruffles and ruffs and gauzy chiffon, and bows of immense size are worn in the most becoming fashion, and are the art of making up fur



Effect of the Bustle.

Washington's Rigid Punctuality. Washington had many admirable traits worthy of imitation, and one of them was rigid punctuality. This was well illustrated by an incident during his visit to Boston a hundred years ago. Having appointed eight o'clock in the morning as the hour at which he should set out for Salem, he mounted his horse just as the old South clock was striking that hour. The company of cavalry which was to escort him did not arrive till after his departure, and did not overtake him till he had reached Charles River bridge. Where Horses Are Cheap. Horses have been extremely cheap in parts of the West for some time, but it is thought bottom prices have been reached in southern California lately. A really good mare sold in San Bernardino recently for two dollars, while at an administrator's sale in Ventura County, recently, a horse was sold to a Mexican boy for fifty cents. The boy bid so high because he wanted the halter which went with the horse. A Slight Reaction of the Muscles. "Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr. Dabster?" "Perfectly gentle, sir. The only fault he has got, if that be a fault, is a painful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then." "By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking, I hope?" "Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green, but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles."

ONE CASE OF WRINKLES.

If women realized that straining the eyes produces wrinkles, more would exercise a proper care of these members. Reading by a dim or falling light, coming suddenly from a dark room to a light one, or vice versa, overworking the eyes in any way, and last but by no means least, wearing dotted and cross-barred veils; these and taxing the eyesight are of assistance in the wrinkle making process.

OBEYED INSTRUCTIONS LITERALLY.

Green German Brakeman Who Took to His Business With a Vengeance.

A new brakeman of Teutonic descent had been placed on the Prairie du Chemin division of the St. Paul road recently, and as his duties included the calling of the stations along the line, one of the older men in the employ of the company was designated to take charge of the German. An apt pupil the young man certainly was. He did not know the names of the stations and the old man told him to listen closely and follow his calls. The old man was to appear in the rear of the passenger coach at the same time the German showed himself in the head end. Then the old man would call the station and the new chap would follow suit. The German industriously studied the time card to familiarize himself with the stations during the run and succeeded admirably well. The experienced brakeman would call out "Milton" in the rear of the coach, and "Milton" would echo from the front. And so it went down through Whiteseter, Palmyra, Genesee, Eagle and Waukesha, the new man not showing in any way his greenness at his work. But it seems that at one point of his education his tutor had signally failed—namely, the unusual call at the junction points. As a consequence he puzzled the novice not a little at Brookfield. The man of experience bawled out: "B-r-o-o-k-f-i-e-l-d—Change—cars—for Water-town, Portage, La-Cro-s-e—S-a-l-t-n-t—Paul—M-l-n-n-e-apolis, and all points n-o-r-t-h and w-e-s-t—B-e-a-v-e-r—Dam, W-a-u-p-u-n, R-i-pon, Ber-l-i-n, Osh-k-o-s-h and Fond du L-a-c."

Here was a poser—one which the time card he had so assiduously studied did not help him to solve. He hesitated for a moment and then proved equal to the emergency. Summoning all the power of his voice to reach above the din of the train, he yelled: "S-a-m-e—l-l-n-g—at this e-n-d"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Shocked Philanthropist.

A little boy was crying, and his tears touched the heart of the charitable inclined lady; he was so small and seemed to be in such distress. "Don't cry, little boy," she said, soothingly. "Dry your eyes and tell me what the trouble is. Did some of the big boys hurt you?" "No'm," replied the waif, still sobbing. "Are you sick or hungry?" she persisted. "No'm." "Did your father beat you for something?" "No'm, but he will." "Oh, that's the trouble, is it?" "Yes'm." "Well, it's a shame," she exclaimed, angrily. "Why will he beat you?" "Cause I lost 10 cents." "Did he send you to buy something with it?" "Yes'm." "And you lost it on your way?" "Yes'm." "Oh, well, I guess we can fix that," she said in her kindly way, as she took a dime from her purse and handed it to the boy. "Now he won't beat you, will he?" "No'm." "What did he send you to buy with it?" "Beer." "Beer? The good lady gasped at the thought. "Yes'm." "And how did you lose it?" "Match'n' pennies."

No Cows Don't Build Nests.

Children who are ignorant of country life often make very amusing remarks on what they see when suddenly introduced to the woods and fields. Two little girls who have divided their short lives between the city and the seashore have been spending this lovely autumn with an aunt in a mountain village. Their delight and amazement at what they saw were sweet to witness. One afternoon, in the course of a stroll along a by-road, the party came upon a group of cows in the act of lying down under a tree. One of the girls pointed out their awkward movements, excitedly. "Are they building their nests?" she cried.

A Montana Editor's Appeal.

Don't get mad if your visitor's name does not appear in the personal column. Perhaps you did not tell the editor; he's no mind reader. Don't get mad if your neighbor's doings are referred to more frequently than your own. Your neighbor uses his mouth. Your modesty may be keeping you in obscurity. That's no dream. A country newspaper man can't spend all his time on the street—and make three meals a day. If you know an item of news, hold us up and give it out of your system. Sixteen to one if we get it second-handed there will be a blunder in it.—Anaconda Recorder.

The Battle of the Giants.

The Battle of Giants was another name given to the battle at Marignano in 1515, between the allied French and Venetians and the allied Italians and Swiss armies. The latter were defeated with great slaughter, over 12,000 of their troops being left on the field. The victors lost 4,000. The battle was given this name by Trivulzio, a soldier and historian, who was present.

The Battle of Hanging Rock.

The Battle of Hanging Rock was fought near a natural feature of scenery of that name in South Carolina, August 6, 1780. The British were defeated by Sumter. This was the first battle in which Andrew Jackson took part.

A Rich Beggar.

Mrs. Gasto, a beggar, whose home burned at Spring Valley, N. Y., had the firemen save her mattress, in which she had hidden \$2,000 or \$3,000 in bills, besides a quantity of coin.

Nine-Lettered Monosyllable Words.

It is said that there are but seven nine-lettered monosyllable words in the English language—scratched, stretched, scrunched, scranched, screeched, squelched, and stanch.

An Old Poplar.

Dijon, France, has a poplar tree with a record that can be traced to 722 A. D. It is 122 feet high and 45 feet in circumference at the base.

Starch.

The grains of corn starch are only about one-fourth the size of those of the starch made from the potato.

ARIZONA "CHICKEN FEED."

So Small a Coin as a Penny Is Scorned There.

"The men of Arizona have little regard for money in small denominations, or what is termed 'chicken feed,'" said H. D. King, of Phoenix, at the Coates. "In the older States when a purchase is made, exact change is usually tendered, and one thing certain—a bill is not broken if it possibly can be avoided. In our section any ordinary purchase is made simply by asking for the article, and when it is passed across the counter a piece of money amply large to cover the cost is thrown down. When change is made the customer carelessly drops it into his pocket, apparently without counting it, and goes out without once mentioning the cost of the article. He gets just as good a deal as though he had haggled with the dealer for half an hour. This custom of throwing down a larger piece of money than is necessary is not followed, as a rule, to exhibit cash, for in Arizona everybody has money. It is only to show apparent indifference, and is a mark of liberality.

"It may be said that pennies have no abiding place in the West, especially in Arizona. Even at the post-offices, where everything is supposed to be legal tender, pennies, two-cent and three-cent pieces are unknown. Change is made to the cent by the postmasters, but they do it with postage stamps or postal cards. Nowhere else are odd pennies recognized, even in the banks. A check drawn for \$4.28 would be paid with a \$5 bill without a word. The same is true in all the shops and stores; change is made to the nearest nickel, sometimes only to the nearest quarter or dollar. The saying, 'Take care of the pennies,' &c., don't go in Arizona, as small change—anything under a dollar—is by most people valued only as trash."—Kansas City Times

An Eccentric Rector.

The Rev. Ralph Tollemache, who has just died, was a godson of Queen Victoria's uncle, the Duke of York, and a leading member of that ancient house of the British nobility, of which the Earl of Dysart is the head. He inherited all the traditional and hereditary enmities of the family, and a couple of years ago was deprived of his rectory in Litchfieldshire, as well as the control of his fortune, by reason of his extraordinary behavior. Among other things he was wont to do, was to take with him into the pulpit a large and shrill whistle, which he blew vigorously each time he wished to emphasize any statement he had made.

When he read the lessons during divine services, he would invariably walk three rounds the lectern before commencing and besides this he wore a large ring on his thumb, which he claimed to be enchanted. He was a grandson of the seventh Earl of Dysart, and leaves a large number of children, who are noted for the extraordinary accumulation of Christian names with which he has endowed each of them. Thus his daughter has no less than 16 other Christian names besides, and his son Lyulph has 18, including the names of Cromwell, Odin and Todmag. The other children have been dealt with in an equally generous manner. The late Lord Dysart, although possessed of incalculable wealth, spent the last 20 years of his life in the direst penury, living like a hermit in two dingy rooms in a side street, off the Strand, in London, never leaving them and refusing to see anyone save his lawyer, his meals being passed through a hole in the door.

Her Stratagem.

"What is the matter?" asked one of Mr. Vivvies' boon companions. "You haven't taken the pledge, have you?" "No. But I'm not looking on the wine when it's red in the cup, just the same." "Reformed, have you?" "Yep. You've heard of a woman's marrying a man with the idea of getting him to stop drinking. It doesn't always work; but it did in my case. My wife is a stupendously clever woman." "Made you promise, did she?" "She didn't have to. When I started downtown tonight, she said: 'I've lost the latchkey, dear, but it won't make any difference. You ring the bell and I'll let you in.' I said, 'All right.' 'Only,' she said, 'we'd better agree on some password, so that when you ring I can look out of the window and make sure it isn't a burglar.' 'Of course,' said I. 'What'll the password be?' 'I have it,' she answered, 'it mustn't be too simple. You just say 'irrepressible repressibility' and then I'll come down and let you in.' Gentlemen, if I can't say irrepressible repressibility when I get home I don't get in, and, moreover, I assume the chances of being taken for a housebreaker. I've simply got to be careful.' And he went over and resolutely seated himself next to the ice-water tank.—Washington Star.

A Different Interpretation.

A gullest city man wandered thro' the country with his rod over his shoulder, seeking out a promising place to tress a fly. He soon came to a pond near the edge of which was a sign that said: "No fishing." The city man scratched his head as he gazed at these words, but finally sat down on the shore, and was surprised at the number of bites he got. Pretty soon the game warden came along and cried out: "Hey, there! Don't you see that sign?" "Of course I do," answered the city man. "Well," continued the warden, "don't you see it says: 'No fishing?'" "Yes; but it's way off. There's bully fishing here. Just look at all I have caught."—Harper's Round Table.

Cruel Examiners.

A reporter for the Cincinnati Tribune lately overheard a dialogue between two suburban gentlemen. "How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as teacher?" asked the first man. "Pass?" was the answer. "She didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, but they asked that poor girl all about things that happened before she was born."

A Redeeming Feature.

"There is one redeeming feature about the Daily Blanket Sheet," said Mrs. Newlywed to her husband. "It measures just right to cut out a full-sized skirt pattern."

The Effect of the Sun.

Portuguese and Spaniards living near the equator in several generations become almost as black as negroes.