

CENTENNIAL. The history of a race. Strange facts in the life of Lord Altham. How the young man became a hero. Columbia Cross of New York Times. There is in the possession of a physician of this county a portion of a woman's skull which was placed in a field near the foot of the Chickies hills many years ago. The owner asserts that it is the skull of a woman who was the daughter of one of the early settlers in that part of Lancaster county, and who, but for the sudden and untimely death of her lover would have become the wife of James Annesley, Lord Altham, who succeeded to the title and its estates in the county of Wexford, Ireland, in 1743. The story that this skull recalls is a pathetic romance of the olden time.

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A MORAVIAN CENTENNIAL. THOUGH INSPIRED BY THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION AT LITZ. Why To-day and To-morrow Will be Glad-days in the History of Warwick's Capital-The Early Beginnings of a Now Flourishing Congregation. Apropos of the centennial anniversary celebration of the building of the present Moravian church at Litz to-day and to-morrow, the following sketch from the pen of Louise A. Weitzel in the Litz Record will be read with special interest.

It may be said that this centennial year to glance back over the past one hundred years and see what the Lord has done for us and for him. We want to say a few words concerning the church in early days and how it came to be built. In 1742 Count Zinzendorf, while visiting other settlements, delivered an address at the house of the Rev. Huber, which was the site of the 1744 Lutheran church built on the land of George Klein, Huber's next neighbor. The Lutheran clergyman being favorably disposed toward the Moravians, an opening was made to all the Moravian ministers who visited that region. But the Lutheran clergyman being favorably disposed toward the Moravians, an opening was made to all the Moravian ministers who visited that region. But the Lutheran clergyman being favorably disposed toward the Moravians, an opening was made to all the Moravian ministers who visited that region.

On the 9th of February, 1748, this house was dedicated, and on the 22d of July following the Rev. Leonard Schnell moved into the building. He was put to work at farm drudgery, and staved for the farmer for over 10 years. Once during this term of service he attempted to escape from his master, but was captured and locked in the mill, which was then the county jail, and stood in what is now the centre of the village of Columbia. The building was a standing within the recollection of middle-aged residents of Columbia to-day.

SHE WEARS A MEDAL. A YOUNG HEROINE AND HOW SHE BARRED THE TITLE. New and Half-drawn Accident was Prevented and the Passengers Saved by a Girl Who Fought Her Way Through a Howling Storm to Warn the Engineer. Newportville, Pa., Court. Pittsburgh Dispatch. To-day, at a house of a mutual friend, I met a nineteenth century heroine—a young girl who wears upon her breast a massive gold medal that was presented to her by the legislature of the state of Iowa some years ago, as a mark of its appreciation of her wonderful courage and presence of mind. Tall, erect and well proportioned, with her dark, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and clear-cut features forming a charming picture of strong, true American womanhood, Kate Shelley, of Boone, Iowa, is a girl that every father or any state might be proud of. She is to-day 22 years old, but she was only 16 when, by an act of daring bravery, she won the admiration and gratitude of the people of her native state, and made her name famous among them.

About dark on July 6, 1881, a wind and rain storm of unusual severity burst over Kate Shelley's home in the country near Honey creek. The Des Moines river rose six feet, and every creek was over its banks in less than an hour. The window of this brave girl's room commanded a view of the Honey creek and across the bridge, leading out into the darkness—a view, by the aid of the vivid flashes of lightning which at frequent intervals lit up the scene, the houses, barns, fences, timber and everything portable within range of the flood had been carried away, while the wind swept by with fearful force, blowing with velocity, and the waters continued quickly and steadily to rise.

Through the darkness and storm she saw the light of the bridge and advanced swiftly in the direction of the bridge which the flood had borne away. A second later and the frightful crash it must have made, she would have been hurled into the abyss. There was no one at home beside herself, save her mother and her little brother and sister, and she knew that if help was to be given to the sufferers and a warning conveyed to the engineer of the express train then nearly due, she must undertake the awful task alone. Thinking of the duty she owed to her father and her brave mother, she bravely stepped forth into the storm. The flood was far above her head, and she was obliged to wade, and she soon realized that it would be impossible to reach the wreck. She must try some other plan. She stepped back and up to the track. She saw that the bridge was in a state of ruin, and she knew that if help was to be given to the sufferers and a warning conveyed to the engineer of the express train then nearly due, she must undertake the awful task alone.

FAMOUS NOTES. From the New York Sun. Bunnies grow larger. The lace-trim is perennial. Padded ribbons are coming in vogue. Baskets on shoes are very fashionable. The stringless bonnet is the hat of the season. We are again promised bigger bonnets in the fall. The full sleeve slowly, but surely, gains ground in popular favor. Every woman who has not a fat, spiky neck wearing the collar of a dress, should have a checked silk kerchief for hat trimmings, fichus, and plastras. Small colored pocket handkerchiefs of silk muslin, tissue lawn, and batiste are in high favor. Full blouses are so much in favor that the waist and all sorts of bows follows as a matter of course. Pinked-out flounces, or rather volantes lapping one over the other, are seen on sundresses and dresses of all colors. Travelling cloaks of pongee, foulard, mohair, checked wool, and linen come with all sorts of convenient pockets, behind the back, for carrying a hat, gloves, and a pocket watch. Padded mull and nainsook chemisettes are more becoming and more feminine than the long-sleeved linen frocks that have been in vogue. When the arms of a bath are not pretty enough to wear a sleeveless bathing suit, the sleeves of pale cerise tulle thread or jersey webbing. A charming head for the seaside is a hood and cape of bright yellow China silk, lined with gold-colored ribbon, and a big bow of gold-colored ribbon on the top. The blouse bodice simply fastened at the throat, and having the shoulders and waist made of the least expensive wash goods. The newest fans are of gauze, crepe, or lace, and some of the most beautiful are made of the gauze with red, blue, green, gray, yellow, silver, and gold tinsel dots of various sizes. Colored, medieval, and oriental figured cretonnes make lovely draperies for balcony, garden, and summer parlor furniture. The only bad success for these draperies are the fringes and pomps of bright wool. Ladies who wish to be seen in the most English of summer hats must wear those that are made of straw, with a wide brim and a high crown, and with two or more feathers stuck in it. Stringless bonnets and hats also are favored on the best of all sorts of occasions. mental pins, gold and silver headed, and set with imitation and real jewels, cat's eyes, tiger eyes, Cairngorm stones, or Scotch pearls, and other stones of various colors, coral, jet, ivory, and other stones in celluloid and other substances. Some of these bonnets and collars are very beautiful, and some are made of pearls, and some are made of pearls and shells, and some are made of pearls and shells, and some are made of pearls and shells.

AFTER TWENTY-FOUR YEARS. A Constant and Kingmaker Who Had a Desperate Encounter with the Heroine. Each Other. A very remarkable meeting of two soldiers occurred on Saturday last at Pottstown. While Forepaugh & Samwell's circus was exhibiting there, Mr. Peter B. Loewig, constable of the town, was engaged in a show, and as he looked at the ringmaster, a tall and slender man of peculiar build, during the performance, he got it into his head that he had seen that individual before. He entered into conversation, and found that the man he had seen was now a constable, and that he had met 24 years ago, as a deadly foe on the field of battle. The Pottstown Ledger tells the story thus: Peter B. Loewig was a private in the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and served nearly four years, and at Drury Station, Va., on the 5th of August, 1863, during a charge in which there was desperate fighting, he was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with a rebel trooper, each man trying his level best to slay his enemy, and the fighting became so desperate that the constable was obliged to disengage himself as quickly as possible. After a few minutes cutting and slashing each other, the constable, who was a brave and gallant soldier, dealt him a swinging blow on the shoulder and another over his head, unhorsing his opponent, who fell to the earth. The title of the soldier was now the victor to another part of the field, and he passed through the battle safely, but he also had killed his man in that "scrimmage"—and that had he not done so the rebel soldier would have killed him. It was the interview with the constable that attracted Mr. Loewig's attention on Saturday, and he thought that this was the very man he had been engaged with in the terrible struggle at Drury Station. The constable, however, showed Mr. Loewig the marks of the sabre cut on his head and shoulder, and the circumstances of the fight, and he was able to identify the victor to another part of the field, and he passed through the battle safely, but he also had killed his man in that "scrimmage"—and that had he not done so the rebel soldier would have killed him.

From the Philadelphia Vestal. A canvas was recently made of fifty-one churches in Boston for the purpose of learning how many of their pastors took a vacation, how many of the churches were actually closed, what provision was made for services in the churches now closed and the opinions of the members of the churches as to the propriety of closing the churches for the purpose of ministerial vacations. The inquiry included churches of all the Protestant denominations having churches in the city and suburbs, and the results are as follows: Fifty-one churches were interviewed, but ten of the churches are closed entirely for periods varying from two weeks to several months. In some cases two congregations unite to keep open services during the summer. The vote in favor of pastoral vacations was almost unanimous, but it was decided that the pastors thought the churches should remain open if somebody else could be found willing to conduct the services. It is probable that a majority of the Protestant churches of all our leading cities would show about the same result as in Boston.

THE HISTORY OF A RACE. Strange facts in the life of Lord Altham. How the young man became a hero. Columbia Cross of New York Times. There is in the possession of a physician of this county a portion of a woman's skull which was placed in a field near the foot of the Chickies hills many years ago. The owner asserts that it is the skull of a woman who was the daughter of one of the early settlers in that part of Lancaster county, and who, but for the sudden and untimely death of her lover would have become the wife of James Annesley, Lord Altham, who succeeded to the title and its estates in the county of Wexford, Ireland, in 1743. The story that this skull recalls is a pathetic romance of the olden time.

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From the Washington Critic. A party of five men, including a military doctor, called on the 11th of August at the grave of a soldier killed by the Indians in 1763. He might have a story around the old bones which would make the reader shudder.

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