

ARTIFICIAL SILK.

A False Worm of Glass Spinning Wood Thread.

Forests to be Transformed Into Silk Fabrics.

Colonel Albert H. Hogsins of New York, who has been visiting Yosemite is extensively engaged in the manufacture of silk fabrics, and he has recently returned from Europe, where he made a study of the artificial silk made of wood pulp, which promises to usurp the function of the silk-worm.

While in Europe he had access to all information on the subject in possession of Claude Muher, United States Consul at Bradford, England. According to his belief the new process promises to become a great factor in commerce, and he thinks the Pacific coast a peculiarly favorable locality for the enterprise owing to its pure water and vast acres of timber.

"The inventor of the marvellous chemical process of making silk out of wood," said Colonel Hogsins, "is Dr. Frederick Lehner, of Zurich, Switzerland. It has already been quietly patented in America, and it is not improbable that the princely position of the silk worm will ere many years be usurped by a false worm of glass spinning a thread which is wound in an artificial cocoon.

"I saw a spinning frame in operation at Bradford, and could see the liquid contents of a pot on top of a frame turned before my eyes into what appeared to be a pure silken thread.

"Our Consul gave me many interesting facts about the process. He says that Dr. Lehner, the inventor, has demonstrated fully that all vegetable fibers may be reduced to what chemists call cellulose, by being properly treated by acids and alkalis. Cellulose is the interesting material from which silk is made, and cellulose can be made from wood pulp, the waste of jute and cotton mills and other like materials. The chemist treats the cellulose with nitric, sulphuric and other acids, until it becomes practically fluid silk. It is in the subsequent treatment of this fluid and its conversion to a textile fabric that the main interest centers from a commercial point of view.

"The machine which transforms this fluid into silk looks like a spinning frame. The muddy or yellowish looking fluid is contained in a glass jar from which it is conveyed through pipes to a row of bent glass tubes, each of which has a fine nozzle. The fluid coagulates under treatment and is thrown off in the form of fine filaments of brilliant luster and great tenacity. They are then gathered together and spun like silk, and there are few people, except experts with microscopes who can tell the difference. This provides a new use for the forests.—San Francisco Examiner.

Strength of the Swan.

A contributor to Macmillan's Magazine says: We all know the tradition about the strength of a swan's wing—that its blow will break a man's leg. I questioned a man who has much to do with swans about the credibility of the tale, and he told me that he, for one, was ready to believe it, and thought that any other man who had received such a blow from a swan's wing as he had suffered would be likely to believe it also. He was summoned from his cottage by the news that one of the cygnets was in trouble. A boy had been amusing himself with the elegant sport of giving the cygnets meat attached to a long string. When the cygnet had swallowed the meat well down the boy would pull it up again by means of the string. It was great fun for the boy and the cygnet was unable to express its feelings intelligently. On the occasion in question however, the lump of meat stuck; it would not come out, and the boy, fearing consequences, had let slip the string and bolted. The cygnet did its best with the string by swallowing several yards of it, but began to choke before it got to the end. At this juncture my friend was summoned to his aid, and simultaneously, as it appeared, the stately parent of the cygnet, who was swimming on the pond close by, perceived that something was amiss with its offspring. It swam to the bank and commenced making its way to the young one's assistance. But the swan's method of progression on land is as awkward and slow as on the water it is graceful and swift. The swan-herd was first to reach the cygnet, and, soon seeing the trouble, had calculated to remove it before the parent came up with him. But his calculations had underrated the length

of the string or the pedestrian speed of the swan. Just as he had succeeded in extricating the lump of meat from the gullet of the distressed youngster the old bird caught him a blow with wing. He was knocked over on his face, and, continuing the impetus received from the swan by settling over the grass on his hands and knees, was able to escape from the bird's fury, which was soon transferred to solicitude for its little one. But the blow had been sufficiently powerful to make the sitting posture uninviting for several days, and to incline him to give credence to any legends about the strength of a swan's wing.

Telepathic Communication.

"What my friend Rogers has said about unseen presences," said C. R. Walden, "reminds me of a peculiar affinity between a sister of mine and me. We are usually several hundred miles apart, and yet our minds are in constant communication. I can, at will, call up a view of her household, see just where she is and what she is doing. If she is ill I know it in a moment, and have before now taken long journeys when I learned in this way that she was ill. My sister can keep track of me in the same way, and frequently I receive letters at places where I did not tell her that I would be. At one time I was about to enter into a business contract. The next morning, after talking the matter over, I received a telegram from my sister telling me to make no contracts until I received a letter from her. I waited, and the following day the letter came saying that she had seen me, and that something told her that it would be disastrous. It so affected me that I declined to close the agreement, and I afterwards found that had I done as I first intended it would have resulted in my losing every dollar that I had."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Ever-Bearing Orange Tree.

Mr. Simms, the proper founder of this most valuable fruit, says it is a true Citrus vulgaris, found wild in the Apopka hammock, without the bitter of the common wild orange of our hammocks. The tree has the characteristics of being in fruit the year round, and is without doubt a cross—the sour orange with the sweet—and of holding the fruit on the tree for months after they are fully ripe. The original tree now has both green and ripe oranges, and they are picked ripe, juicy, and delicious any day in the year. The fruit is more even in size and thinner skinned than the old one, with less rag and but very few seeds, and for home use every garden from Tampa to Brunswick should possess it. It surely must prove valuable as a market variety. Only to think of it—a ripe orange picked from the tree every morning before breakfast the year round! A guarantee is given by Mr. Simms that the original tree was found in the month of August full of bloom and green and ripe fruit.—Tampa (Fla.) Times.

A Jilt for a Jilt.

Twenty years ago in Sunbury a young man named Terrill fell in love with a pretty girl and they became engaged to be married. The day was set but when it arrived the pretty girl without notice jilted her affianced and married a man named Lochart. Afterward they moved to Scranton where Lochart died.

A few weeks ago Terrill who had never married met his sweetheart, now a widow. He renewed his protestations of affection, and the day for the marriage was set again, and the widow went to great expense preparing for the event. Terrill bought his license and went to his room to make his bridal toilet. He has not been seen since, but the widow is looking for him. It is the supposition that the man resorted to this expedient to get even with her.—Philadelphia Press.

Struck by Ball Lightning.

The occurrence of what is known as ball lightning is so rare that every instance of it is of some interest. The London Lancet lately described a narrow escape from death by this form of lightning, which was experienced by a surgeon of Louvain who had gone to visit a patient in a neighboring town. He was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and what he described as a ball of fire descended upon and rendered him for some time unconscious. On coming to himself he found that the cloth of the umbrella which he had been holding was completely burned off its steel framework, the metal being twisted into every shape. He attributes his safety to the circumstance that the umbrella has a wooden handle; had it been of metal he must have been instantaneously killed.—Chambers's Journal.

NEWEST GOWNS.

PRETTY AND EXPENSIVE AND TRIMMED WITH JET.

The New and Trying Coiffure—You Must Wear Your Hair as Victoria Did in 1838—Leather Trimmings and Fluted Skirts.

GONE are the closely-dressed twists and curls; gone the Greek knot, and with them both the loose Bernhardtique wisp of front hair, the crimped "bangs" and even that most fascinating single forehead curl which gave such a delicious air to the demure face. The loops and bows of 1830, the courtly queues of the eighteenth century, are all hopelessly thrust beyond the pale of society, relegated to the provinces by "Madonna bands." The silken curtain of a woman's glory—her hair—is parted from the crown to the forehead, and touched with the merest suggestion of a soft, creped wave. Down-drawn over the cheeks, and chastely hiding, *even the suspicion* of an ear, the locks are loosely knotted in the center of the back of the head, and confined by three long gold hairpins, with cunningly twisted tops or large flat pins of tortoise shell lightly touched with diamond sparks. In front the bands with their delicate undulations are drawn forward till they meet the tip of the eyebrow. And it is just that savor of "other days" about the newest new fashion that makes it interesting. It awakens wonder as to whether or no the dreaded crinoline, foiled in an attempt to make its entry outright, is essaying to sneak into our modes by a side door. True that the first great effort

men may lessen their trouble by hiding half their faces.

Nothing looks smarter than a very wide shirt with bold flutes widening toward the hem, and a short cape reaching barely to the waist and standing out in equally bold curves. A good gown is in glossy, tan colored cloth, of just the shade of a laurel leaf that has lost its green, though retaining its shape and gloss. The skirt is cut in the new way, measuring about seven yards round the hem, and the bodice is made of black satin, with a baby basque about two inches in depth and dipping down in a tiny point both back and front. The cape is lined with black satin, fits closely at the neck and on the shoulders and measures about five yards round the edge. No one could unlearn the style of this gown, and it could be copied in any material and color. In green satin cloth, for instance, and black satin it would be admirable, and green is to be one of the foremost colors in dress this winter; brown taking first rank and black being worn with everything.

A few years ago leather trimmings were much used on dresses and jackets, and they are now revived for our benefit. The prettiest I have yet seen was a blue serge with a band of leather about an inch and a half wide laid on the edge of the skirt. It was cut out in a trefoil design and the edges were pinked out round the curve of the trefoil in tiny little pinkings. The coat to match was trimmed with similar leather round all the outlines, and the novelty of a little square leather collar, stamped out round the edge to match the rest, appeared at the back. The sleeves were finished with leather at the wrists, the points turned upward like those of the leather on the skirt. A plain, almond-



TWO MODISH WRAPS.

The figure to the left of the illustration, published by the New York Mail and Express, shows a new and fashionable riding wrap. The figure to the right is clothed in the latest wrap worn by fair pedestrians on Fifth avenue.

to revive crinoline failed, but the movement has left its mark. The full skirt, with its insidious steels, the leg-o-mutton sleeves, the bolero jacket and lowered shoulders daily remind one that the movement is only in abeyance.

"Bands" are entailing cottage bonnets, and some I saw in drawn velvet edged with fur should prove quaintly delicious. For morning wear, the "cottage" will be of coarse straw,

colored cloth was trimmed in rather similar fashion with a russet leather punched out in a design of stars. The tailor who showed me this dress begged me, should we select it, to accept a bit of the leather in order to take it with me to the bootmaker and the glove, so as to secure both in perfect accord with the tint of the leather on the gown. He also remarked that the best headgear to accompany it would be a biscuit-brown felt of rather light tone, with almond-colored wings and ribbons as trimming. It is one of the numerous difficulties of the toilet to have everything to match perfectly, and yet to manage that each article shall be wearable apart from the rest.

A pretty dinner waist is of rose-tinted tulle, dotted with point or black jet, the bodice crossed and confined at the waist by a jet corselet. The sleeves are "balloon" shaped, spangled with jet and with a rosette and a wing of tulle on each shoulder. The bouffant front of cream white lace and the puffed sleeves are of pink purple silk, covered with white lace. The yoke is of white lace.

The dinner gown of black and white, the skirt of white Pekin silk, striped with black satin, and the revers are of white satin. The front of white accordion plaited tulle is jetted and bordered with a band of jet.—New York Advertiser.



HAT TRIMMED WITH NODDING FEATHERS.

FUR-LINED GARMENTS. For midwinter are graceful long Russian coats of cloth, in golden brown, reddish-brown, black, or gray cloths, covering the costume entirely, lapped to the left side with a huge shawl-collar of fur, the sleeves very large, and the lining throughout of a warm fur, such as angora, the dark whole-gray squirrel lining, or else the lighter squirrel linings.

There are also tailor-made coats of Oxford-gray, beige, or black cloth in three-quarter length with strapped seams, and lined throughout with squirrel-back skins, giving a whole-gray surface. These have large revers and collars of Persian-lamb fur, and cost from \$75 to \$125. Fur-lined circulars are of two lengths, one reaching just below the knee, the other covering the dress skirt entirely.—Harper's Bazar.

Probably the largest existing painting (excepting panoramas) is one in the salon of the Doges, in Venice. It is by Robusta and is eighty-four feet long by twenty-four feet wide.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

CHURCH BURNED.

The Uniontown People Lose a Valuable Temple.

The First Presbyterian church at Uniontown was totally destroyed by fire the other night. The loss will aggregate \$10,000, partly covered by insurance. The building was recently purchased by the Central Presbyterian congregation and they had \$1,000 worth of repairs put on it. The building is still in the hands of Contractor Langhew and he will have to bear most of the loss.

SHUT DOWN BY JUDGMENTS.

The Eureka Steel Casting company, of Chester, is in financial difficulty and 100 men are idle. Executions of \$55,190 were entered up. Judgment is confessed for \$27,295. The plant will have to be sold. The company is capitalized at \$75,000. The resources have been exhausted by disastrous fires, and other losses have been sustained.

OLD FORTS.

The Fayette County Historical Society is busily engaged in making a research into the early history of the Indian wars in that section. They are stimulated in their efforts by the commission appointed by Governor Patton to mark the sites of the forts built by the whites as a means of defense against the Indians.

FOUND DEAD IN THE WOODS.

The dead body of Frederick Zietler, a stone mason of Bennetts, who has been missing since Monday was found near the village hanging to a tree.

Attorney H. L. Goehring, backed by the chamber of Commerce of Pittsburg, began equity proceedings against George M. Irwin on behalf of the investors in his discretionary pool. The victims ask for a receiver for the concern and for an injunction to prevent Irwin from disposing of any property now in his possession. It is alleged that the absent broker has \$200,000 belonging to 4,000 investors.

Hundreds of poor people in New York, especially Hebrews, are deeply interested in the whereabouts of George M. Irwin, the pool broker, of Pittsburg. His customers there have lost in the neighborhood of \$25,000 in the deposits. The sums sacrificed range from \$25 to \$1,000. Abraham Wolarsky, a poultry dealer, and his relatives, are out \$228. Irwin is believed to be with friends in New York or Brooklyn.

The Mayor of Altoona enjoys the distinction of being the first public official in the United States to draw the line on the game of football. He classifies the pastime with common street games, and according to report, threatens the youth of that community with arrest and fine if they again attempt to play within the city limits.

The new \$25,000 armory which is being erected by Colonel W. Fred Reynolds, of the Governor's staff, for the Bellefonte company of the National Guards, will be dedicated on December 14. The Governor and staff and many other officers of the guard and regular army officers will be present.

The United States Iron and Tin Plate company started one of its mills at Demmeler with non-union men. Members of the company are authority for the statement that the resumption was successful and that a good quality of tin is being turned out.

The Lackawanna Knitting company, which has been running quiet time, is now running full time. The Scranton Glass Company which has been idle for a year will start factory No. 3 this week and factory No. 1 during the month.

George Johnson, who was sent to the workhouse from New Castle two months ago on a charge of disorderly conduct, will, on the expiration of his term be rearrested and taken that place to answer to two charges of assault.

The Pittsburg wire works at Braddock made an indefinite suspension Saturday night. The reason given for the stoppage is lack of orders. Five hundred men are idle.

Residents of the Stone Valley have petitioned the Bellefonte Central railroad company to extend its line through that valley to Huntingdon offering \$75,000 and free right of way.

A charter was issued to the Penn Manor Shaft Company, Greensburg, capital \$2,500. Directors: John Clawson, William A. Griffith, of Greensburg; William E. Williams, Latrobe.

Norman West, colored, of Lionport, brought suit at Greensburg against Dr. M. W. Miller, \$25,000 damages for alleged malpractice in setting a broken leg.

The money for the bust of Dr. William Pepper, to be presented to the University of Pennsylvania, has been subscribed and Carl Bitter, of New York, is now at work on it.

State College has established an agricultural Chautauqua course, a university extension and a creamery and butter-making course, to run during the winter months.

The grocery store of John Elner at Beaver Falls, was robbed of a quantity of fine canned goods and \$30, while the proprietor was at church.

At Hazleton Saturday, Andrew Juka, quarried with his wife, and because she left him he strung her up by the neck with a rope and stabbed her to death, making his escape.

The Fort Pitt Gas company is drilling in the hundred-foot test well on the Samuel Scott farm, located in advance of the Forest Grove development, to the southwest.

The South mills of the Lackawanna Iron and Steel Company at Scranton will start up for an indefinite time to fill orders.

Michael Washa was killed by a fall of slate at the Stewart Iron works mine, near Uniontown, Tuesday.

Mrs. Sapira McLaughlin, who was shot by Henry Powell near Rochester, Saturday night is still living, but cannot recover.

William Henry, of Pennsylvania, was killed by being thrown from a buggy. The horse had scared at a train.

There are 600 teachers enrolled in the Erie county institute.

Attorney Charles H. Hodges, of New York City, married Miss Della Cleveland, of Erie.

Washington county is to have a new township and its name is to be Blaine.

Frank Banner, of Everson, was killed by a Mt. Pleasant and Bradford train Monday.

Bears have been preying upon farmers' stock in Blair and Cambria counties.

Sandy Lake is to be piped with natural gas from a well drilled by private citizens.

Bonds Will be Issued.

Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle has issued a circular, giving notice that he will receive sealed proposals until noon, November 21, 1904, for \$500,000 of United States 5 per cent. bonds, dated February 1, 1904, redeemable in coin at the pleasure of the government, after ten years from the date of issue.

The funeral train bearing the body of the late Gen. Alexander H. Ripley, of St. Petersburg, Tuesday and was received with solemn ceremony. Thousands of people thronged the streets and housetops to view the procession, which was conducted upon the same plan as that in Moscow, only more elaborately.

CRUDE CONFEDERATES.

BORN FIGHTERS.

Operations in Southwest Missouri in the Early Part of the War.

Among the most daring and brilliant events of the war in southwest Missouri was the charge of Gen. Fremont's famous body-guard into the rebel camp at Springfield on the afternoon of October 25, 1861. Major Charles Zagonyi, an impetuous and fearless Hungarian soldier, had the honor of leading this dashing raid and routing a force of Confederate volunteers four times outnumbering his own men. Major Zagonyi's command possessed every feature of excellence that equipment and training could give a body of cavalry. Gen. Fremont had selected and equipped his body-guard with great care. Money had been lavished with profusion on the tall and soldierly foreign troopers who rode so proudly by the side of the Federal commander from St. Louis out to the southwest frontier in the fall of 1861.

In order to understand the nature of this bold adventure, which shed such luster on the Union cause throughout the Ozarks, and revived the drooping spirit of loyalty in the despairing hearts, some attention to the military situation at Springfield in October, 1861, will be necessary.

After the battle of Wilson Creek, which was fought on the 20th of August, 1861, the Federal arms retreated to Rolla, leaving the body of the fallen Lyon to be buried by the rebel victors. The hopeful Confederates occupied Springfield within 24 hours from the time the first gun was fired on that memorable August morning, nearly 34 years ago. The demoralized Union soldiers hardly stopped in town as they hastened eastward to escape the pursuit of the enemy. Then did the

SHADOW OF DESPAIR darkened many a loyal heart in southwest Missouri. Some of the Union men had already joined the Federal army, and not a few of the survivors hurried westward, leaving the body of the fallen Lyon to be buried by the rebel victors. The hopeful Confederates occupied Springfield within 24 hours from the time the first gun was fired on that memorable August morning, nearly 34 years ago. The demoralized Union soldiers hardly stopped in town as they hastened eastward to escape the pursuit of the enemy. Then did the

While the deepest of gloom for the loyal people blanketed over the southern border the Confederate soldier and the rebel sympathizer revelled in an ecstasy of hope. Those were the golden days of the Southern cause. Victory had been proclaimed by the wild rebel yell on several bloody battlefields. The South was aglow with the promise of the proud sons of Dixie had the ardent and the undisciplined courage of Cervantes' famous hero.

The camps of Price and McCulloch at Springfield after the battle of Wilson Creek were picturesque scenes. The most heterogeneous elements of the Southern army could be seen on the streets of the infant Queen City of the Ozarks about the end of August, 1861. There were a few regiments of Louisiana troops in McCulloch's command wearing the bright and beautiful gray uniforms of the young Confederacy. These handsome sons of the Creole State were well armed and drilled for those early days of the war, and their presence gave the rebel camp the highest tone.

These gallant volunteers, who had left luxurious homes on sugar plantations to fight in the ranks of the army for "Southern rights" were idolized by the rebels ladies of Springfield.

From the western frontier of the Imperial Lone Star State, where the waters of the Rio Grande are musical with a thousand memories of romantic adventure, the daring Texas Ranger had ridden all the way across the vast intervening plain to participate in the glorious achievement of driving back the Northern invader. This bronzed Indian fighter, attired in his broad sombrero, armed with buckskin pants, capacious boots, jangling spurs, and pistol belt, was a most interesting spectacle of the rebel camp.

For the entertainment of his civilian admirers, this centaur of the West would now and then pick up a gravel from the street or lasso a young steer on the town common while running his horse at a

FURIOUS SPEED.

The Ranger was an unknown quantity yet in civil war, but to the people of Springfield just after the battle of Wilson Creek he seemed the most promising champion of the Southern cause. He came to Missouri from the Indian frontier with the fame and paraphernalia of a real hero. The tales that were told of his prowess and skill in fighting the wily savages on the Western plains could hardly have been more impressive, but that was a credulous age, and few of the partisans of the South who gazed on the marvelous feats of horsemanship exhibited by the bold Texas as he dashed about the rebel camp doubted the truth of these heroic legends. That the knight of these legends would perform new wonders in decimating the ranks of the "hiring foe" all Southern sympathizers about Springfield in September, 1861, firmly believed.

In his march from northwest Arkansas to the Missouri border, Gen. Price had received many recruits whose aspect did not suggest any very extravagant ideas of the glory of war. These young mountaineers from the White River region came to the rebel column as it

ADVANCED NORTHWARD.

carrying every variety of backwoods firearms and dressed in homemade jeans of various colors. The first look at the single-barrel shotgun, and the old Jake Painter under-striker pistol, made in Springfield for the first adventurers who went to California from southwest Missouri, and northern Arkansas, were weapons brought to the Confederate army by these unsophisticated defenders of "southern rights." Boasting of neither partisan birth nor heroic adventure, these ungainly sons of the mountains left their cabin homes to fight for that glittering cause which allured to the field of death all classes of men. Not many of these new accessions to the Confederate army took part in the Wilson Creek battle. They were so poorly equipped and disciplined that the rebel commanders thought best to keep them out of the engagement.

When Price and McCulloch occupied Springfield, after the retreat of the Federals to Rolla, the new recruits from the mountains of the Missouri and Arkansas border began to learn their first lessons in the art of war. The experience of these

UNLETTERED FOLLOWERS.

of the rebel standard had been narrow indeed. Beyond the primitive homes made of oak or pine logs, where the boys had been born and reared, their knowledge of the world did not extend far. The thrilling moon hunt, the shooting match, the camp-meeting, and the Christmas dances were the events that had given life to their childish ventures for the young mountaineers who were now trying so hard to master some of the simpler elements in the manual of arms. The traditions of the war in southwest Missouri say that some of "Black" Jim's followers had never been "up sticks" till they came to Springfield and explored the architectural wonders of the Green County Court-house, a three story brick building, which still stands on the west side of the public square.

But these crude partisans of the young Confederacy showed the common faith of the South at that time, and each awkward mountaineer in the rebel camp believed that he was destined to whip a hail-fozen of the Yankee invaders. The first look at the soldier ideal in the estimation of the Missouri and Arkansas volunteers, and they were ready to follow his standard anywhere without questioning the risk of the adventure.

Pets are awfully disagreeable.