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HAUNT OF THE GOBLIN

IT STILL CLINGS TO SOME HISTORIC HOUSES IN WASHINGTON.

Notorious Separation of the Colored People—A Famous Haunted House—An Interesting Story—Beautifully Furnished—The House of the Red House.

(Special Correspondence.)
WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—The public spirited gentlemen who some time ago formed themselves into an association for preservation of the historic houses of Washington have had some strange experiences. They have unearthed more superstition and local lore than falls to the lot of most societies. They have discovered that nearly all of the old houses of the city are believed to be haunted, especially by the colored people. There are desired to employ as cleaners and caretakers. The colored people of Washington are notoriously superstitious, as the most of their race everywhere, and belief in haunted houses is so prevalent



here as to lead to a good deal of trouble in finding whitewashers, masons' helpers and other workmen to repair the historic mansions with which the city teems.

Lincoln Superstitions.
The gentleman who recently took possession of the old house on Tenth street in which Abraham Lincoln died was surprised when servant after servant employed by him left the same day she came. As long as daylight continued there was peace in the domestic establishment, but when the shades of darkness fell, the colored cook departed for a distant home to her liking. It is one of the traditions of Washington that the ghost of Mr. Lincoln returns four times a week to the house in which his spirit breathed its last the day after his shooting by Wilkes Booth in the theater.

One of the most famous of all the haunted houses in Washington is the Navy house, which stands near the navy yard, in a quarter of the city now inhabited only by poor people, but which was once the aristocratic section of the young capital. That was in the days when the great white stables on the Roman hill was in process of erection and Washington was a new village, straggling out over several farms of mud and underbrush. The only approach to the city at that time were by water and stagecoach. The railway was unimagined, and the speculator and investor naturally argued that the water approach would become valuable before any other part of the town. Hence it was that many rows of mansions, fine and costly in their day, were erected near the water.

A Well Known Tradition.
One of these was the Winter house, occupied by a family which grew rich out of the appreciation of the value of Washington real estate early in the present century. A picturesque old place it is, and to this day capable of being turned into a fine residence. But it has not been occupied for about 50 years and never will be again. Its reputation as a haunted house is so well established that the colored people who live in the neighborhood are afraid to pass it alone at night, and if compelled to go that way they hurry by with many a furtive look over their shoulders.

The tradition is that every night may be heard the sound of a coach rolling up to the door, when the wheels stop and the old-fashioned step with which the coaches of our grandfathers were provided is let down with a bang and rattle, and some one alights from the vehicle. In a few seconds the step is heard clanging together, and then the wheels rattle away, and the sound of the horses' hoofs is heard dying away in the distance. Every other colored man and woman you meet in that part of the city avers with all seriousness that her or she has heard this coach roll up to the winter mansion a hundred times, and it always makes my blood freeze in my body.

Some of the descendants of the Winter family still live in Washington, but for some reason they do not care to improve and live in their property. A few years ago they made an effort to induce some of the colored families of the neighborhood to occupy the mansion and offered the place rent free for a year. But no one would take it even on those terms.

The Van Ness Mansion.
The most famous of all the historic houses of Washington is said to be haunted. That is the Van Ness mansion, which stands about a quarter of a mile southwest of the White House and in plain view from Mr. Cleveland's windows and also from the offices of the secretary of state and secretary of the treasury. Within the inclosure which surrounds the old house is the first house built in Washington, the cottage where lived crusty Davy Burns, who had the nerve to "sass" George Washington, with his pretty daughter, who afterward became the heiress and society belle, wife of General Van Ness, a high born and very well connected man from New York. The story of the Davy Burns cottage and Van Ness mansion, which was built after the marriage of the heiress and for 10 or 15 years was the leading social house of the capital, has been told a hun-

dred times. But it is not generally known that a large new \$30,000,000 from the government money will over there by the moment and that the common would not induce a Washington colored man to enter this old house after sunset. That it is a haunted house is a well known fact of the neighborhood known just as well as he knows that he is alive.

When the Association for Preservation of Historic Houses visited the first house built in Washington and its more pretentious but now sadly decayed neighbor a few days ago with a view to erecting upon the mansion a tablet indicative of its historic importance, they were surprised by those of their given name by a friendly colored man. "Don't you stay around here after nightfall 'less you want the life scared outen you," said he, and when pressed for an explanation he declared that every night the spirit of beautiful Maria Burns, in her nightgown and carrying in her long arms a tiny baby, was seen roaming about the rooms and halls and even out into the yard under the trees. Maria Burns, beautiful Maria Burns, in her nightgown and carrying in her long arms a tiny baby, was seen roaming about the rooms and halls and even out into the yard under the trees. Maria Burns, beautiful Maria Burns, in her nightgown and carrying in her long arms a tiny baby, was seen roaming about the rooms and halls and even out into the yard under the trees.

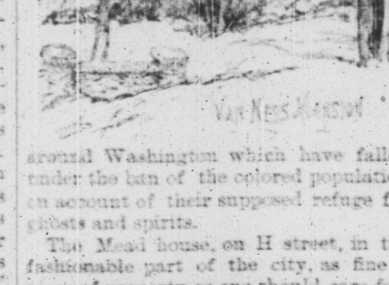
Until recently the colored people of that part of the city used the grounds of the Van Ness mansion as a sort of picnic resort, drinking beer under the trees and dancing on the lawn. But they began to stand longer than tell the sun began to dip below the wooded heights of General Lee's family home—Arlington farm—across the river, and then they departed for their homes with more than their usual haste.

The Octagon House.
A mansion noted in its day as one of the finest houses of the capital and once occupied by a president and his family in the hidden city. It is the old Octagon house, which stands on New York avenue, not far from the war department. It was to this house that President and Mrs. Madison fled when the British burned the roof of the executive mansion. In this house, which receives its name from its peculiar shape, some very important treaties were signed. For one winter its walls rang with the music of the society grandees and dances of the period. But for nearly a half century it has been abandoned to the rats and other vermin simply because the neighbors declare it to be haunted.

Its story is that an officer of the war of 1812 who lost his life in a duel on the Virginia side of the Potomac river, and who had been a favorite with President and Mrs. Madison and a guest of their house, returned occasionally and walk the halls and floors of the dwelling, with his cocked hat on his head and his long sword dangling at his heels. The Octagon house is still in a good state of preservation. Its walls are thick and strong, and the old place could, at small expense, be transformed into a desirable residence. But no one would rent it if it were improved. Plenty of white families would be glad to rent it if the rental were not reasonable, but they would not be able to keep any servants, and the colored neighbors would scare the very out of their children before they had lived there a month.

Even the dressing of the hair has something to do with "expression" now. The "vain, straight-forward" style needs the forehead left nearly bare and the hair to be drawn straight back to a little knot on the top of the head. A small wreath of roses may encircle it if for evening. The "sage" style is achieved by having the hair slightly waved and brought down to the back of the neck and the chin brought on a direct line with the waistline. The sweet simplicity of "olds" hair is a little to one side and wears a tiny bit of a smile in the corners of her mouth and a sort of wondering faraway look in her eyes. She lets her hair curl a little and arranges the back in puffs.

The attitude also has its style now. One must stand with one hip a little higher than the other, the shoulders well drawn back and the arms hanging loosely. The head should be thrown slightly backward, and the face tilted to one side, and the eyelids raised two-thirds. This means attention—pleased attention to something that Tom, Dick or Harry is saying. We must "pretend" a little like the maidens and imagine that the dear fellow stands about six feet distant and about six feet tall. If he is shorter or tries to get closer, the fair seeker after



around Washington which have fallen under the ban of the colored population on account of their supposed usage for gipsies and spirits.

The Mead house, on H street, in the fashionable part of the city, as fine a piece of property as one should care for, has been ruined as an investment by this senseless craze of the colored folk. Over in Georgetown, the oldest part of Washington—for Georgetown was a thriving village when George Washington was a boy, having been named after King George and not after George Washington, as a common supposition—there must be fully a dozen of these haunted houses. Many of them are valuable properties, and their owners, after trying in vain to rent them, have been compelled to pull them down and erect new buildings.

The Blue House.
Even Mrs. Blaine has had trouble in getting and keeping colored servants because the colored people have become superstitious about her house, known now as the Red House. They do not say it is haunted, but that it is unlucky. Before General Blaine killed King in front of it, an attempt was made to assassinate Secretary Seward within it, and because Walker Blaine and finally Mr. Blaine himself died there, the colored people in their simple way imagine that the house has fallen under the ban of the fates, and some of them refuse to work for its present owner through fear that the bad luck of the place will be visited upon them.

WALTER WILLIAMS.

A WRINKLE OF STYLE

THE FASHIONABLE SMILE AND THE DE RIGUEUR FROWN.

For Instance, You Must Stand With One Hip Raised and Put on an Exaggerated "Stand-Off" Attitude—A Faraway Expression is Also a Mode.

(Special Correspondence.)
NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Would you believe it? There is now a fashion in the way to stand up, sit down, walk and posture; in the pose of the head and the control of the facial muscles and eyes. Now, a smile, a frown, a movement of surprise, of fear, of dislike and



COIFFURES AND EXPRESSION.
The manifestation of the most tender passions are all controlled and produced from certain set rules laid down in a book or taught by several long-headed persons who make lots of money out of their scholars.

It is only those who have plenty of money to pay for plenty of time and lots of looking glasses that can afford to take these lessons, and it is rather funny to see some of the girls try to smile, look surprised or show some other emotion before they have quite finished the course, and fummer after they have finished it. It makes one think of the poor little dogs in a circus. They don't look as well in their stunts as they do in those nature-given forms. So it is with the new style girls. You—old woman too. Imagine an old woman whose fat and wrinkles and white hair are the proper attractions for her age; imagine her smirking, "bending the head, with the chin drawn in and the eyes squinted with a slight raising of the brows. That is one direction. Another tells them all how to express agreeable surprise, another how to show antipathy, and so on. It seems to me that nature endowed every one with a sort of instinct, and that if the heart and mind were cultivated it would be just as well to let nature govern movement, or, in other words, to let the face and body and eyes do as they like, and I fancy that few women would fail of producing the proper expression if they wanted to know how much they loved their dear Jack or their precious baby, or how much they feared a mouse, or were horrified when John came home in the early hours of the morning under the influence of the cold tea he had taken at the club.

Even the dressing of the hair has something to do with "expression" now. The "vain, straight-forward" style needs the forehead left nearly bare and the hair to be drawn straight back to a little knot on the top of the head. A small wreath of roses may encircle it if for evening. The "sage" style is achieved by having the hair slightly waved and brought down to the back of the neck and the chin brought on a direct line with the waistline. The sweet simplicity of "olds" hair is a little to one side and wears a tiny bit of a smile in the corners of her mouth and a sort of wondering faraway look in her eyes. She lets her hair curl a little and arranges the back in puffs.

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the proper effect must step "graciously and giddily backward," and then stand on the other foot to show that her hips are of the same size.

There is altogether another set of rules for action in case Tom, Dick or Harry actually gets his arm around the young lady's waist. I won't give them here. They would take up too much space, and besides I think girls could safely be trusted to forget the rules and behave just as their mothers did under the same circumstances, and quite right too.

There is just one more "attitude" to mention, as it is particularly the style just now. It is the "stand-off-bill-I-know-what-you're-meant" kind. The fellow is drawn back so that the hand is out of reach. This isn't an attractive pose, but it is a very sensible one.

OLIVER HARPER.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Sketch of His Character and the Essence of His Work.

(Special Correspondence.)
NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—A man who saw W. D. Howells in a theater box the other evening took the novelist for a very large man, for his head is massive, his neck is sturdy, and his shoulders are broad. When the article of "Silas Lapham" was observed later in the evening walking about in the foyer, it was seen that he is really below the average height and that he is quite stooped. He is lean, however, not by reason of weakness, but from habit. For a man of his years—he was born in 1837—he is possessed of remarkable health and strength. He walks across Manhattan island from river to river nearly every morning, and this is probably one of the causes, as it certainly is an exponent, of his excellent physical condition.

Mr. Howells always walks east and west when out for exercise, because his path thus lies through parts of the city inhabited by both the rich and the poor. If he strolled up and down the island along one of the avenues, he would find a mixture of one class or the other. In New York's poor live near the river; those who are prosperous on the higher ground in the center of the island.

Howells himself fits in with those that are not costly, though magnificent houses with which the city abounds and in which many of the characters in his fiction dwell. With him live his wife and his daughter. It is said that this young woman inherits much of her father's wit, and that her father she is as bright in her talk as any of the persons his imagination has brought into being. Mr. Howells does not like to speak about his methods of work or the way and manner in which he is able to stand out with such lifelike distinctness in the pages he has written.

It may be violating a confidence to state here that his favorite among these characters is Colville, the hero of "An Indian Summer." It will be remembered by those who have read the book that Colville returned to Italy in middle life, almost expecting in a half-successful sort of fashion to find renewed youth amid the scenes that had been so delightful to him in his early years. His dream, alas, did not come true. He



WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

found that it had been the gliding of youth that had made Italy's sun so glorious. The sunshine had not, shrouded a halo around his youth.

"It was of my own experience that I wrote," said Mr. Howells simply in talking of this book not long ago. "It is probable that, like this one, all his characters have been drawn from life, and doubtless into many of these parts of his own life have been woven. But his characters are composite—none of them pictures one real person only. Fulkerson, the newspaper syndicate man and publisher in "A Hazard of New Fortunes," is said, however, to have been largely drawn from the novelist's knowledge of Ralph Kessler, a young man who died or was shot in Cuba many years ago, where he had gone as a quasi-correspondent of the New York Tribune during one of the filibustering periods there.

Mr. Howells' localities are often minutely exact counterparts of actual places. "Silas Lapham's" home in Boston is said to have been portrayed from the world's own red brick cause in Boston. The Hotel Grifon has been used by him in several stories as New York's typical French restaurant.

Many readers may know New York well recognized the fact that the apartment of Mrs. Maybrough in "The Coast of Bohemia" was located in the Stuyvesant Hotel. The Wayfarers' Lodge, at which Lemuel Parker served a part of his apprenticeship, is familiar to those who know Boston as one of the charitable institutions of that city.

Mr. Howells' little comedies have lately played much to his fame, and yet a play that he wrote years ago and with infinite trouble got performed was not a success. It is likely that the plays that are now read with so much delight would not "sell" well, perhaps because the talk in them so overbalanced the action.

Mr. Howells is an immensely hard and rapid worker, and whether or not a person likes the motives and manners of his stories, no one has said or can say that he has ever turned out slovenly English or careless construction.

"The essence of his work," said a discriminating admirer of Mr. Howells to me to-day, "consists of minutely exact studies and descriptions of mental processes, rather than a manifestation of what is commonly called knowledge of human nature." I often hear it said, "I like Howells because I always recognize in his characters thoughts and motives which I have felt myself," and that expression gives a clue to the nature of Howells' realism. It is true that his plots are never melodramatic, but it cannot be said that they are not dramatic. The drama in its highest form is often both quiet and refined. The fact that Howells rarely exaggerates is perhaps the reason why readers with jaded literary tastes sometimes speak of his work as "prosy."

Mr. Howells is very fond of flowers, and during his stay in Boston his handsomeness was familiar to those who were in his vicinity. He is still attended to his

SHALL.