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Assets—\$179,000,000. Surplus—\$15,000,000.

Office next door to Bell's Clothing Store, PATTON, PA.

## A LOOK JUST AHEAD.

OLIVE HARPER ALREADY DISCUSSES NEXT SEASON'S FABRICS.

The Two Ideas That Inspire the Feminine Mind—New Summer Goods—Exceptionally Handmade Hats—The Latest Novelties For Walking Gowns.

(Special Correspondence.)  
New York, Jan. 18.—Just now two ideas possess the feminine mind, and they are both dresses and the new wash fabrics for next summer. Let us suppose we would wonder why in the very coldest time of the year women would or could care to contemplate these diaphanous fabrics, but "woman is a riddle" critics say, and, besides, what is better calculated to make them feel their hands and feet than to have a dress make in the house and have to keep her, or at least to beat her back and nail down?



NEW WINTER GOWNS.

ing these 40 days. Thin, washable dresses are always made at home. Any dressmaker of standing would feel honored to make up such cheap fabrics, and for that or some other unwritten reason and have all these pretty frocks made at home.

Pretty indeed the new summer goods are. The "daintiest" of them are the lavins, with small all over patterns, mostly of some flower made familiar by old associations. The grounds of these lavins are white or some exceedingly delicate tint, beset with violets, carnations, forget-me-nots, cowslips and minute periwinkles and tiny rosebuds. Nothing could exceed these in delicacy, and they have such a fresh, crisp look that it is hardly to be seen and felt. There are several new designs in organzies, such as stripes or crossed bars of silky finish, and between these are the loveliest flowers imaginable. There are new dresses, styled in very artistic and considerably fancy than they have been before, so that some of them are as stiff as bookbinding.

There are several new styles of cotton crepe, in very pleasing colors, and no lack of crepe material dotted with white or colored figures. The "della" material is always still and gave the quality of holding stars well as long as they last.

These few new English styles, together with some new and the old, are very popular and popular. There is a line of new linen lavins from Fayal. They are too expensive for every one, but how very dainty and pretty they are one cannot judge without comparing others with them. There is much of the beautiful Mexican drawn lace work seen on fine linen lavins above the hem, sometimes three and four rows in graduated shades. There is a new style of lace but I fear they will "crum" in the laundry. The dotted Swiss lavins have stripes in some instances of lines of thread a trifle coarser than the fabric in light colors, looking like ribbon sewed along. Speaking of ribbon reminds me that ribbon in large quantities will be required as trims for these light summer dresses, and the light laces will find useful places upon the waists and sleeves and as ruffles and bows.

The ball gowns are exceptionally handsome and consist of two distinct classes—the thin and filmy dress for the young girl and the rich and resplendent one for the matron. At a recent grand function two gowns were worn that were worth special notice. One was of pearl gray satin duchesse "as stiff as a board." This was brocaded with great sprays of white, purple aster and stone. It was cut princess, with the back breathers laid in extra deep plaits, and

owing to the richness of the material there was no foot trimming. The neck was cut half low and had a bertha of point lace reaching all around in the back, but falling to about points in front nearly to the knees, where it ended under windmill bows and flats of violet ribbon.

The other dress was of sky blue pique de soie, open down the front over a draping of white lace and lined with narrow black lace. All around the bottom were set blue bows, and the corsage and sleeves were elaborately draped with lace.

I have just room to mention two handsome walking gowns for early spring—one of blue serge over red velvet and trimmed with the red, and a biscuit cloth with gray ribbed cord, brown silk and waist trimming of the same—both elegant and tasteful.

OLIVE HARPER.

## UNIQUE HUNTING METHODS

The Wire Line Drives All Kinds of Game

(Special Correspondence.)

AMHERST, Kan., Jan. 18.—Western settlers become accustomed to all kinds of utilities in politics, law, business and amusement, so that it is not surprising that they have developed a wire line method of hunting on the western prairie of Kansas.

In some counties the rabbit pest has become almost an annoyance as in Abbeville and the vicinity commissioners have offered a bounty for each dead rabbit reported to the county clerk. This has stimulated the interest in the rabbit, and a number of men have been employed to hunt on the prairie. One of these, possibly only in a prairie country, is the "wire line" method. In many western Kansas counties the practice is to set out a wire line, usually 1/4 mile long, and without breaking a furrow, and a billiard table coil, scarcely by less free from depressions or knobs than its regular grass covered surface.

To effect this, a diameter the diameter of a wire line is stretched from one wagon drawn by a team. It is stretched as tight as possible, and the wire is then fastened at regular intervals behind it, a dozen or more being scattered along the line.

At a signal the teams move on parallel courses, and the wire sweeps through the prairie grass, from one wagon to another, starting up every jack rabbit, cottontail, coyote, prairie chicken and quail on the plain. The bewildered creatures, startled out of their hiding security by the dragging wire, are sure game for the hunters, and the wire is utilized to carry the spoils. The party moves on across the plain for half the day, then lunches, and making a detour returns.

It is quite surprising, but very unimportant, the quantity of game brought in. It is, however, enormous, and large payments are made from this section to towns farther east.

Another distinctly prairie plan is the "stringing" method, and it focuses upon the "stringing" of many western commodities. Two of the leading sports "chase sites" and divide the young men of the neighborhood into two parties. A scale of points is agreed upon. A deer counts for a jack rabbit 25, a prairie chicken 25, a quail 25, and so on, down to one point for quail or quail. At daylight the deer hunters go forth and arrive for the most possible at breakfast.

At breakfast they commence to arrive at the rendezvous, where some judges are ready to keep tally on the material brought in. Two opposing parties lower upon a scale of points. The party with the higher score is the winner. The latter have not been idle, but in the largest room of the settlement they have prepared a business dinner, for which the losing party will have to pay.

When they hunt a part of the morning, some of the game brought in is carried to the counter, contributing to the list of catches. Afterward the tables are cleared away, and in the midst of a game of cards the young people dance until late in the night.

C. M. HARPER.

## RIVALRY FOR OFFICE.

THE GRAND ARMY OF APPLICANTS FOR PETTY POSTMASTERSHIPS.

Walter Williams Says the Federal Office is a Great Army of Applicants for Petty Postmasterships.

(Special Correspondence.)  
Washington, Jan. 18.—At the big government printing office they are hard at work upon the second volume of the "Official Register," or Blue Book. It is devoted wholly to the petty postmaster service, and it shows that there are in this service about 300,000 employees. In conversation with your correspondent today Postmaster General Russell said that while this was a great army of men, representing one out of every 250 of our whole population, he was sure the number was not great as it should be, and that in a few years the grand total would be over 400,000. The postal business of the country is growing faster than the population.

"When we consider," said the postmaster general, "that there are 70,000 postoffices in this country, it is easy to see that a great number of employees is not large. Think of the single offices, like New York and Chicago, that have well on toward 1,000 employees each, and of the very large number of employees that have in clerks and carriers a few scores or more each. The railway mail service, with its 8,000 employees, and not to be forgotten, and since there must be at least one employee to every office, carriers of mail to all offices, etc., it is surprising that we are able to keep the number of employees lower than an average of four to the office. It must be remembered that each of our offices, taking the country as a whole, serves 1,000 people. Of course the small offices in the country do not serve anything like this number of people, but the average is brought up by the offices which serve 1,000 or over a million people each, like the office in New York, Chicago, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and New Orleans."

It is becoming an axiom with the shrewdest politicians in the country that possession of the postoffice is a source of strength to any party. When men talk of a party being able to maintain itself in power on account of its possession of the federal offices, they should never forget the petty postmaster. For every vote that is won by these means a half dozen are lost by virtue of the postoffice.

WALTER WILLIAMS.

Red Letter Hunting Days.  
(Special Correspondence.)  
DUNDAS, Pa., Jan. 18.—The other evening a number of men were sitting around the grocery store talking about hunting and doing when the oldest man in the party—a man between 70 and 80 years of age—said:

"Talking about hunting, you ought to see the kind of hunting we had around here when I was a boy. You know, 'cause the game was so thick that you didn't have to hunt for it. It was a common thing to wake up in the morning and see a black bear sitting in the garden path eating gooseberries. If you didn't happen to shut the gate at night. Sometimes we didn't care to go out in the daytime when there was work to be done, and then we purposely left the gate open on moonlight nights to let the bears in. We would sit up stairs in the window and give them both barrels. I have frequently shot 10 or 12 bears in one night."

"What did you do with them?" asked the grocer.

"Well, not so good as you might think," replied the old man, "spitting playfully at the rednet stove. 'Cause the game was so thick that you didn't have to hunt for it. It was a common thing to wake up in the morning and see a black bear sitting in the garden path eating gooseberries. If you didn't happen to shut the gate at night. Sometimes we didn't care to go out in the daytime when there was work to be done, and then we purposely left the gate open on moonlight nights to let the bears in. We would sit up stairs in the window and give them both barrels. I have frequently shot 10 or 12 bears in one night."

"What did you do with them?" asked the grocer.

"Used them for fertilizer mostly," replied the old man as he took a fresh chew of tobacco, "and mighty fine fertilizer they make, too, after they are nicely cut up and plowed under. But the bears were no thicker than the deer. I remember once when I was crossing the bridge up at Adams Hook one dark night that I fell head over heels over a deer that was taking a nap after a big drink of water. But that was nothing when there were so thick that we had to keep dogs to frighten them into the woods. One man who was pretty well off had some iron bounds sitting around the fields like scarecrows. That's the reason the hunting was no good. Even the bounds got so tired of seeing deer that they didn't pay any attention to them, and so they became worthless. You know as common that a man could not eat salt pork without being considered high toned. But when we wanted a fine day's sport we would go trolling for bluefish."

"But there are no bluefish in fresh water," observed the grocer. "Are you sure you didn't see your fish through blue spectacles?"

"Sure," replied the old man, with emphasis.

"But how do you account for the bluefish?" asked the grocer.

"I can't account for them," said the old man, "any more than I can account for a shower of frogs. I don't try to account for anything in that line because it is mysterious and beyond me, but I caught bluefish in the Delaware in 1840, and I had a water spaniel trained to go out and bring in bluefish, and I guess I know what I'm talking about."

The grocer, seeing he was mad, pacified him with a cigar, and the old man stopped talking and set about to have a good old fashioned smoke.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.