

# THE WOMAN'S CENTENNIAL PAPER

1796-1896

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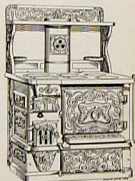
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# Woman's Centennial Paper.

Vol. I.

WAYNESBURG, PA., AUGUST 26th and 27th, 1896.

No. 1.

MRS. MARGARET KERR BELL MILLER.



NE day in the summer of 1850, as Professor Joshua Loughran was closing a recitation in the old Cumberland Presbyterian Church on the hill, he said to the young ladies in our class, "Wait till Miss Bell comes, and then we will do great things." He spoke of Margaret Kerr Bell, principal-elect of our school for young ladies, which was expected to grow into a female seminary. This seminary was to be connected with Waynesburg College, which had received its charter the preceding March, but had yet neither buildings nor faculty. Miss Bell was expected to enter upon her duties that autumn.

Professor Loughran had come to Waynesburg from Greene Academy, Carmichaels, in the fall of 1849, and in the months since had built up a select school, which was to form the nucleus of the new college. It was while things were in this state of beginning and uncertainty that Miss Bell (afterward Mrs. M. K. B. Miller) entered upon her duties, November, 1850, as the head of the school for young ladies, which, as the years went on, grew into the Female Department of Waynesburg College. She was the real founder of this department, and the chief promoter of the system of co-education which has grown to be the settled policy of this institution.

Miss Bell's first schoolroom in Waynesburg was on the second floor of a building on East Main street, now known as the Green House. In the summer of 1851 she taught in the Baptist Church.

She at once won the hearts of her pupils and the favor of the projectors of the new institution.

We have but slight knowledge of the early years of her life. She was born October 2, 1826, at Washington, Pa., which was her home until she came to Waynesburg. She was graduated with honor from Washington Female Seminary. One of her pupils gives a little glimpse into her girlhood days and school life: "A thoughtful, dark-haired child, whose unselfish nature made her glad that 'sister was the prettiest'; a diligent, bright-eyed school girl, whose spiritliness and accuracy won the admiring notice of sage committees of examination."

At Waynesburg her influence soon extended much beyond the limits of her schoolroom or the circle of students and teachers. She at once became a favorite, honored and sought after by old and young. An unaffected interest in the aged, which made them an object of her special and most friendly attention in whatever circle she might meet them, enabled her to engage them in conversation so free and earnest as to bar all sense of embarrassment. This trait made her with the old an ever-welcome guest and a very idol.

Popularity often excites jealousy, but no feeling of this sort ever entered into the minds of her associates. A constantly manifested tender regard for the rights and feelings of all with whom she was brought into contact, joined to her charming simplicity and frankness, her sympathy and self-forgetfulness, disarmed jealousy and rivalry and made every one she met a friend. Those who knew her best recognized her utter fidelity, in all the relations of life, to her convictions of right which seemed to possess her mind with the clearness and force of intuitions.

The college building, begun March, 1850, was ready to occupy November, 1851. In September, 1852, three young ladies were graduated from the female department, and in 1853 the same department sent forth four graduates and three young

women were graduated by the college. Others followed in 1854. Not a little of this growing prosperity of the school was due to the efficiency and popularity of the principal of the female department.

In March, 1855, Miss Bell was married to Rev. A. B. Miller, then professor of mathematics in the college. For nineteen years these two labored loyally together. A loving friend, speaking of their marriage as "not the least beautiful era of her life," aptly names them "the Brownings among teachers, whose life till death did them part was a shining example of the beauty of loyalty."

From the time the college was opened in the new (now the old) building the pupils, male and female, were largely in the same classes, the young ladies reciting to the professors of the college with the young men; and as the years went on and the co-education idea grew, many of the young men, especially in the preparatory department,



MRS. MARGARET KERR BELL MILLER.

recited in Mrs. Miller's classes. Thus the "female department" gradually lost its distinctive character, and the two separate departments were finally merged into one co-educational institution, Waynesburg College.

August, 1855, President Loughran resigned, and was succeeded by Rev. J. P. Weetsee, who continued president until the fall of 1858. For one year after this the work of managing the internal affairs of the college fell upon Professor Miller who had been elected vice-president. In the autumn of 1859 he was made president.

"Through all the years until her death," says McDonald's History of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, "Mrs. Miller was her husband's faithful co-worker. To the young ladies under her charge she was at once a teacher, a counselor, a sympathizing friend. She labored almost without pecuniary return, her salary being for a long time three hundred dollars a year, and never over four hundred dollars, and the full sum of even this pittance was not paid for any year. Through twenty-four years her time and strength were given with the utmost selflessness and enthusiasm to this work. She really sacrificed her life to build up this institution. Without her brave and self-denying work and influence the enterprise would probably have failed. In addition to duties in her home, which was constantly open for the entertainment of the friends of the college, she usually taught six hours a day. It can-

not be doubted that her early death was the result of exhaustion from overwork."

Her popularity and success as a teacher were due in a large measure to her power to so attach others to her as to make compliance with her requirements seem a pleasure to her pupils. This power was heightened by her love of the work which the years seemed to intensify rather than abate. I have heard her say, "I would rather lose my right hand than to give up teaching." "The light of her whole life shone full upon her work itself—that of a faithful Christian teacher, and illuminated in fair colors the golden letters of the text, 'The highest act is highest ministry.'"

One of her pupils, Mrs. Estelle Biddle Clark, in a memorial essay pays this loving tribute to her memory.

"Mrs. Miller possessed eminently 'the genius to be loved.' No one ever approached her but felt at once the charm of her manner. It was not the thin shell of suavity, into which the naturally coarse sometimes creeps for its poor protection, but the noble and attractive everyday bearing which comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement, of gracious and affectionate toward youth, and reverent toward the aged; thoughtful and considerate of the sensibilities of her inferiors, and courteous toward those, whom, with a fine humility, she deemed superiors; wherever she moved she scattered and gathered blessings. It was of her kind that Dr. Matthews spoke when he said, 'Such civility implies self-sacrifice, and has reached maturity after many struggles and conflicts. It is the last touch of the crowning perfection of a noble character; and results only from the truest balance and largeness of soul.' One of the greatest charms of Mrs. Miller's manner was her open, fearless candor. And why should she, with nothing to conceal, assume an air of mystery. \* \* \* A look into her eyes gave one a fine score for anything unworthy. Something about her seemed to appeal to every nature for its highest. The young seem to detect the true by a swift unerring instinct, and here was one source of Mrs. Miller's power. Like the good knight, Sir Galahad,

'Her strength was as the strength of ten  
Because her heart was pure.'

She was the very impersonation of charity. And here I do not speak of the timely aid to scores of worthy girls all over the country, who, in their struggles for an education, recognized in Mrs. Miller their 'special providence,' but of the charity that 'suffereth long and is kind,' that envieth not, and above all the charity 'that thinketh no evil.' She never analyzed a character without finding some sunny phases about it. Indeed, humanity instinctively showed her its fairest side. Small wonder. For noble she was herself, and 'the nobility that lies in other hearts, sleeping but never dead,' aroses in majesty to meet her own."

Mrs. Miller lived to see the college grow from its small beginnings to an institution of extended influence and usefulness. Hundreds of young people had gone forth from its walls bearing in their hearts and lives the impress of her character and example.

At the opening of the school in the fall of 1873, she entered upon the work with her accustomed enthusiasm. She still kept her cheery hopefulness, though now a matron with a family of seven children and tired and worn with her burden of work and responsibility. She bravely kept up her labors through the winter until one evening in February, while sitting in the home circle, the call came to her which meant the speedy end of all earthly work. In a moment she was made helpless and speechless by a stroke of paralysis. She lingered two months, tenderly watched over by loving friends; then, Monday evening, at 9 o'clock, April 27, 1874, she entered into rest.

MRS. MARTHA BAYARD HOWARD.



## CENTENNIAL HYMN.

We meet to-day on freedom's soil,  
Glad sons of freedom's land,  
We come from fields of useful toil,  
With eager heart and hand,  
To celebrate our County's birth,  
A hundred years ago;  
To praise the Lord of Heaven and Earth,  
From Whom all blessings flow.

Our County! how we love thy hills!  
Thy grass-green turf to see!  
And how each heart with rapture thrills,  
When fortune smiles on thee.  
O, long may true prosperity  
Smile on our heritage,  
And good to our posterity  
Increase from age to age.

Here, "neath the banner of the free,  
Which binds us heart to heart,  
The handiwork of toil we see,  
And ornaments of art;  
Though oft we wander far or near,  
In foreign climes should roam,  
Our hearts will ever center here,  
In this, our "Home, Sweet Home."

So, while we raise our voices now  
To Him who reigns above,  
Or, as the suppliant knee we bow,  
In gratitude and love,  
In thanks for freedom and for fame,  
Sweet peace, and justice strong,  
We pray that our fair County's name  
Endure through ages long.

NORA M. SUMMERBELL.

## CRITICAL AND CREATIVE MOODS.



BETWEEN the critical and the creative moods of mind there seems to be fixed an impassable gulf. The two impulses hold sway in turn: they are like two queens that assert their right to the same kingdom, neither of whom will brook the claims of the other, each demanding absolute loyalty; or like two spirits, we will not say that one is a good spirit and the other colored ill, but like two of differing natures, that cannot live in the house together without fighting to the death, or until one spirit drives the other out and has the place to itself. Of course to feel this difference is one thing, and to put into crude words what the psychological conditions are that lie at the foundation of the difference is quite another. The attempt is not here being made to decipher the spirit's sign-board that points out the two variant pathways, but only to call attention to the fact that we must take account of a division so decisive that many poets have lost their way at this finger-post and have bewailed their loss in heart-straining strains. The hierarchy of poets, however, is not the only circle from which testimony comes. Since every man is a poet, since every human soul possesses some share at least of the poetic faculty, every man can from his own experience testify to the conflict within; at any rate he can do this if he has given the poetic impulse the least chance to breathe, so that its existence and life in the arcana of his being has made it itself in any degree felt.

That these two pathways may sometimes cross each other is, of course, not to be denied. The analytic and synthetic powers may be possessed by one and the same mind; there are criticisms resulting in creations and creations resulting in criticisms; there are creative critics and there are critical creators; but every man of them all knows that when he is in the critical mood he cannot create, and when in the creative mood he cannot criticize. The two moods are not, cannot be contemporaneous. And those who would the surprises of the creative mood best, regret the hours that

must be spent in criticism, while those that love the examinations and classifications of criticism best hate the hours that they have to give to the forcing processes of creation. But it would be well if, where the two pathways cross each other, they should for awhile run side by side, so that the flowers that set their roots beneath the one might pour out fragrance to haphazard the other. If it were more so, the world would sooner come to the point where every man could be his own poet, and when the millennium would be at the door. Each mood may be, should be, useful to the other. The creative temper is fed by the experiences that are the result of the critical, the critical should be inspired by the certainty and swiftness of the creator's energy. What a joy that must have been when the human mind first put two and two together and found that it made four, the first four ever thought of; and that joy was equalled by the second effort that brought the same result, thus establishing an eternal principle which all the stars, shooting madly from their spheres, could not disorder or controvert. All scientific work which is its own end is failure and worse than rotting idleness, but the longest, most tedious and difficult via dolorosa of fact-collection and analysis richly pays if it leads to a new thought, or a new collection of thoughts; that shall shower blessings on mankind. On the other hand, poetic creators may avail themselves of the enlarged scope provided in the fact-collectors' widening cosmos, in order that they may live the full light, and that the miraculous fountain of inspiration may not cease to springle in their scallap shells.

All people are encouraged nowadays to be fact-collectors, but who is encouraged to be a poet? Why, in Elizabeth's time the masters of grammar schools composed masques and pageants for the boys to act; law-students enlivened their holiday hours with representations of dramatic works of their own creation, students of the universities composed plays with which to entertain Queen Bess when on her not infrequent royal progresses, courtiers had their pockets stuffed full of scraps of verses which they read to each other at the ordinary gallies were not acceptable unless they brought a daily installment of poems in praise of love and beauty, and servants had it stated in their letters of recommendation that they could improvise to the accompaniment of the lute. No wonder that it was a poetic age! But now, alas, we are alien on evil times, and the trailing glory of that long past era is about the only thing we have. If a poet is born he is promptly drafted into the ranks of the analyzers. He calls himself a scientist, and so the world and the student are hoodwinked. And as to the cultivation of the power to realize a poetic conception, and make the inspiration into a joy forever, nearly everything in our education is against it. In all our schools the teachers are taking divine poetic compositions, cutting them up with a scalpel, dividing them out into pigeon holes, labelling the various parts with their proper unpronounceable names. They say, "This is beautiful, this is more beautiful, this is beautiful to the nth power; now scholar recite." Snip snap! We hear the very ticking of the machine. But beauty is too shy and coy a guest to come on any such haphazard invitation. The aesthetic sense must spring in the heart beneath the folds of beauty, and that by some inner impulse wait until, like the bubble that by some inner pulsation starts from the slime beneath the dark water and forces its tremulous way upward, it comes at last to the light and joy above. I know of a student, I regret to say that it was an American student, that, on being on a sort of intellectual tour in Europe, burst into the lecture hall of one of the most distinguished professors of Paris. He put his eye-glasses on the bridge of his nose, and, looking around, blandly remarked, "Ah, this is the lecture room of Professor Charcot," and then he had attended the lecture had the people intrude upon the poet's hours. They dash in, stay for an irrelevant moment, and then fly off and declare that they have read the *Paradise Lost*, the *Divine Comedy*, and the plays of Sophocles and Shakespeare all through, and that they entertain a motley mixture of critical opinions upon the arts of those masters. But have they ever stood still until the very heart could be heard beating and listened with Scott's Rabbie to the burnies galloping down the hill? Or have they ever

waited by the side of Arnold while the stars whispered to him their immortal lesson of peace in confusion, of rest in action?

"Wouldst thou be as these are, lie as they,  
Unaffrighted by the silence around them;  
Undistracted by the sights they see;  
These demand not that the things about them  
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy."

Or have they ever taken the hand of George Meredith, and with him followed the flight of Lucifer as the fallen spirit rose from his "dark dominion," "passed through sphere on sphere of ever 'wider zones,' until he came to a 'middle height,'" and there upon "the stars that are the brain of heaven, he looked and sank;" for there he saw, marching "rank on rank, the army of unalterable law." Or have they been overpowered by our human insignificance as the greatest poet of all, in words which are, outside the Bible, the very culmination of all poetry, both as to form and spirit, has recorded his vision of the "insubstantial pageant" of life, with its pathetic comment:

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

I throw now. They have not had time for this. They could not rest their feet on the ground, that the world! One must wait in reverent stillness, until the impression sinks deeper and deeper into the mind and finally reaches the place where joy abides. And, believe me, unless it reaches that place, poetry is all no better than a tinkling cymbal. It may flow from our mouths and make a sound of doom but it might as well be the river of oblivion itself. Only when the poet within springs to meet the poet without, does poetry become the promised opiate of sorrow, uplifter of the spirit, an inspirer of heroism.

To nourish this sensibility, to bring the sources of aesthetic pleasure nearer to the surface, to make the beauty nerve more keen and quick, what do the schools in the main do? Instead of nourishing, they seem to take the utmost pains to asphyxiate. The university above all, should it not be the friend and nurse of poets? But alas, it also falls in the rank of its mission. The atmosphere in most of those centers of higher learning is full of ozone for the worker that will trundle up his daily load of facts, and then trundle his barrow back again two hundred times a year for from four to seven years, but it is deadly poison to the faint airy breathings of those between whose lips truth should sing, and singing who men's hearts.

And this is why the soul of the student should be awake to the need for something that the educators from A, B, C, to Ph.D., almost unanimously refuse to give. If our eyes were but open to see it we should realize that there are times when it is absolutely necessary for the soul's health to "sit on a green bank and fly our thoughts at will." I am not speaking of the hour of dull protoplasmic inertness, nor yet of the hour of frolic; my plea is rather for the hour of insight. It is in the hour of insight, of free, unshackled activity, that the soul most truly lives, knows itself, has its own life. There are times when we are cavillers about nowadays telling us that the poet must be classed among the degenerates. If any one tells you that, do not believe him; on your life, do not! If they marshal whole battalions of statistics drawn from insane asylums, prisons, and almshouses, we will also show him more convincing evidence how myriad were the delicacies of timelessness Shakespeare's ear was able to take cognizance of, how minutely and accurately normal the glance and gaze of his eye, how regular his heart-beat, how certain his touch, his taste, and how sure his sense of response to the universal humanity to the swift certainty of his intuitions is enough. The poet is the human being with the best voice, the best ears, the best head and heart of all, the sanest, completest being, the being most in possession of his own faculties, most at home with himself, most in touch with nature, the one who will also show him, with the power to bring the central truths of his multifarious being to expression. Not that we dare claim that the complete and perfect poet has ever yet lived; but the one that came nearest to this ideal of a perfect poet, whatever his name may have been, was the one all met and most individual came nearest to the realization of this exalted state is the hour when the best creations of



which he is capable will unfold themselves like beneficent visions, like revelations as they truly are of the mind of God, before his surprised and exalted spirit. To have caught one such glimpse, to have expressed one fragment of such truth, is to have lived! But he that would see the seer's vision, the glories of earth and heaven, must keep the notes out of his eyes. The blood must flow swiftly and purely in his veins, and life, full life, must thrill through all his physical, mental, and spiritual being.

Nevertheless it does not take any great inflation of self-conceit, to relate one's humble story to the full life of the poet. For as every life is different from every other life, so is every life valuable, yes, necessary to the world. The expression of the inner truth of every life is therefore a boon to all collective life. As poetry is the best expression of the highest truth, so the passion for poetry is the passion for truth. He that possesses the passion for truth is in the very nature of things an ardent lover of poetry. "Song is not truth," said William Watson only yesterday,

"Song is not Truth, nor Wisdom, but the rose  
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes."

Shall we love Truth and not love the rose upon her lips? Shall we love Wisdom and not be enraptured by the light in her eyes? And the converse is also true, providing one has ever seen, really seen with the mind's true vision, any real poetry. And he that possesses the passion to express the real and final truth of his own inner being is, in proportion as he expresses it, the poet. When the time comes when all things shall be related to each other in perfect musical rightness, and philosophy has been lifted into its proper place as our one sole study, then all people will be poets at a bound; for philosophy itself, as our lamented Walter Pater said, is but the sympathetic appreciation of a kind of music in the very nature of things. And every human being, that perfectly expresses the whole of truth that his deepest life is capable of illustrating, brings that happy day nearer. It would be better for science, for art, for handicrafts, for philanthropy, for all the world, if there were more poets.

It is then plainly the duty of the student—if not his, then those in all the world—to give the poet within a chance to breathe. He should study the form, for that is the golden jewel-case in which the treasure is passed from hand to hand, from age to age; the more perfect the obedience to law, the more sure the balance and unity, the more organic the interfusion of tone-color, the more permanent and helpful will be the great thought expressed. If then any high thought comes singing into the student's mind, he should entertain it, give it space to express it. If any beauteous image is reflected against his eye, he should lose no curve of its wavy motion. If any divine inspiration flits across his vision, he should be standing alert, ready to catch it before it wings its way back to the heart of God.

Finally, let us hope that this University at least, will prove to be the tenderest of Alma Maters toward the genius-gifted young spirits entrusted to her care.

MARTHA FOOTE CROW.

## MRS. STOWE AND UNCLE TOM.

In a paper on Mrs. Stowe in the August number of the Forum the Rev. Julius H. Ward writes as follows: "While no one should underestimate the great services of men like Garrison and Phillips and Parker and Sumner, who cast their fortunes into the effort to free the slave, it is the saddest to say that all their efforts were but a drop in the bucket compared with the stir and power that were in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Never in human history has a work devoted to a great cause had such an instantaneous effect. Byron came down to breakfast one morning as found himself famous, and Mrs. Stowe, by writing that the sale of her story might relieve her poverty, found himself in receipt of \$10,000 within four months from the time of its publication, and the most famous woman living. In all, she received for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' about \$40,000."

## WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

A Leaf From the Past—Gen. Nathaniel Greene  
Loses One of His Laurels.

MRS. KATHERINE GREENE THE REAL INVENTOR OF THE "COTTON GIN."

Curious and Useful Inventions by Women.



of the platform orations and newspaper paragraphs devoted to General Greene during these celebration days. Surely there has been enough

SUPPOSE there could be no ranker heresy than to at this time in any way decry General Greene, the patron saint of our country. And yet, at the risk of being executed in the public square under the very shadow of his imposing image, I want, through the columns of the Woman's Centennial Edition, to claim free speech and add an item that has been left out



MARY TEMPLE BAYARD.

gush over his bravery to turn his wooden head "tother side front," but there has been no biographer or paragrapher with the courage to call him a coward—that has been left for me to do. Physical courage we know he had in plenty, either to face the cannon's mouth or drive cold steel to the heart of an enemy; but there is a moral courage, quite as helpful to the world, in which he seems to have been lacking, and which certainly detracts from our wholesale admiration of him.

Would we not to-day call a man a coward who would not allow his wife to confess to the world her discovery that her head was not filled with cotton or sawdust, as he had been making her believe it was? Well, that is just what General Greene did when he prevented his wife from acknowledging herself the inventor of the first cotton gin. To her second husband is due the credit for her ever having lived the ridiculous great husband had doubtless taught her to fear, and claimed her invention.

We are in the habit of allowing the bravery of General Nathaniel Greene to palliate or excuse the faults of Mr. Nathaniel Greene. So also we excuse, or have up to this time excused, all domestic tyrants who at the expense of the brains of their women-folk have made names for themselves. General Greene has not alone placed himself upon record for such injustice. To make use of a popular slang expression, "there are others." But let nineteenth century folk propose to confer tardy honors upon the brainy women of

the past and encourage those of the present to not only dare to do, but to own what they have done, instead of permitting their husbands, fathers or brothers to wear their laurels as in times past.

Herr Stinebeck could not to-day take all the credit to himself for the beautiful doors of the Strasburg Cathedral, allowing his sister, who really introduced the curves which have made the work famous, no share of the credit; and if Madame de Seudry had lived in this age she might fearlessly and with honor have owned all the novels she permitted to be published under her brother's name, which brother, it is said, used to lock her in her room to keep her at it, and who upon one occasion drew his sword upon a friend who doubted his having written them. So also might Fanny Mendelssohn now claim the "Songs Without Words," so generally credited to her brother. Fanny, we are told, was suppressed by the whole family, who dared not risk what would be thought of her for so unsexing herself as to be composing music when she should be washing dishes! Neuter's sister, too, in this just era could claim her full share in the "Church Hymns" which made her brother famous; and so, too, could Katherine Greene have claimed the invention of the cotton gin and brought no discredit thereby upon her great husband.

Apologies of women and their work (and of course when invited to write for a Woman's Edition one is expected to write of women and their work), is it not a continual surprise that they have proven themselves capable in so many unusual occupations? And more so, when we consider the years their natural talents were suppressed and training refused? Along no line have there been more surprises than in the line of inventions, though even yet we sometimes hear it declared that women have no inventive genius and the world likes to believe it. Yet from the actual official returns we notice women go right on inventing.

Being curious to know just what kind of a showing women were making in this line of head-work, I have taken the pains to look up what women have invented, and am as much surprised as Katherine Greene herself could be, to find they have taken out patents upon pretty much everything, from a shoe-button to a telescope. Indeed, I find the very first submarine telescope was invented by a woman, Sarah P. Matlier, in 1845.

Long before women thought they dare aspire to the professions, before they had been admitted to practice in the courts of justice, granted the privilege of the clinic, or been licensed to preach the gospel, they were exercising their inventive genius, since that required no license. As early in this century as the ninth year there was a patent granted to a woman for a machine that would weave straw with either silk or cotton thread. From this one of that year the number with each succeeding year has rapidly increased until thousands of patents have been granted to women, and every State in the Union has its representatives. City women lead country women and women in small towns in the number of inventions. This would not, perhaps, be worthy of remark were it not that city women have largely invented appliances useful especially to country women and which they would naturally expect country women to first discover the need of, and that out of the need would spring the inventions.

New York State outdoes by many hundreds other States in the number of patents granted to women, 746 having been taken out since the year 1809, 103 being granted during the last three years. Among the States next, while Pennsylvania ranks third. Three hundred and forty-seven patents have been granted to women of our State. Fifty-six have been taken out during the last three years. Of this number Philadelphia has furnished nearly one-half. Of these, H. E. Beasley, famous for having invented a machine for turning complete barrels by the hundreds, has been granted no less than 12 patents. Besides the best known and most generally used appliances for making barrels, she is the patentee of a life-saving raft, a machine for pasting shoe uppers, a steam generator and other useful appliances.

The women of Philadelphia are stylish or



nothing, and in the number of their inventions they have not overlooked anything that would in their opinion improve upon their personal attractiveness. They do not pose as being particularly strong minded, but since New England women do, it is not without point to notice that out of nearly three hundred patents taken out by women of Massachusetts, and especially by the speculated women of Boston, two-thirds (shades of their blue-stockinged grandmothers!) have been improvements upon corsets, skirts, hair-pieces, in short, all kinds of flummery in the line of wearing apparel, such as might have been reasonably expected of Pennsylvania women, more noted for their style than for their reforms. The balance of their inventions, with the several exceptions I shall name, were taken out on various good and useful things growing out of household thrift.

To the renown of our sisters of that State, let it be known, the first fountain pen was the invention of Susan S. Taylor, of East Cambridge. And let Helen S. Macker have due credit for an improvement in alloys to imitate silver, and Annie M. Getchell a process of laundry cop-  
per. But the greatest achievement was that of Miss Margaret E. Knight who invented a complicated machine for making the useful square bottomed paper bag, and refused \$50,000 for the patent, and who has since invented another machine that does the work of thirty pairs of hands in doing these bags.

Coming back to our own State's chief city, though Philadelphia women began by taking out a patent on corsets in 1862 and the last year issued with Ida C. Martin patenting a combination undergarment, in the intervening years among other things patented, both interesting in the way of being useful and scientific, were: A rail of ornamental fence, granted to Elizabeth M. Stigale; and to Victoria Quarre Wedekind, an improvement for engraving on copper; to Elizabeth O'Connor, an improvement on beehives; to Mary Anne Greene, a burglar alarm, and to Sarah Ruth, sunshade for horses; to Mary A. E. Whitner, improvement in stereoscopes; to Mary F. Salade, improvement in plating machine; to Louise E. Sleeper, improvement in detaching horses; to Ella E. Haller, a patent on a self-lighting lamp, and to Lillie Tabbs, a cut-off for hydraulic and other engines. Pittsburg and Allegheny have swelled the list with useful, and time and labor saving improvements, and with the single exception of a patent taken out by Harriet Z. Still, on a cosmetic compound (for which I am sure every woman in the Smoky City has called her blessed), nothing else inconsiderable has been patented by them.

Emily E. Sasey, of Pittsburg, is the patentee of an improvement in syphon packing pumps; Elizabeth Holt, improvement in popper for pistons-roads; Ella Murata, coal-vault grating; while Amelia H. Lindsay has patented a laundry engine, by which samples of their inventive genius, it may be inferred, that the women of Pittsburg are content to trust to Yankee improvements upon all appliances for perfecting and making easier their own labors, while they sweep their brains for the betterment of the manufacturing industries of their city. In this they are abetted by their Allegheny sisters. Susan L. Sinclair has patented a car wheel and a method of fitting the recesses into the tread of car wheels. Christina Bleggs has patented a car seat and a limb supporter for car seats. But not a hoop-skirt, corset, flat-iron, shirt-board or hair-crimper patented by women in all that region of country, by which it must not be inferred the women of Western Pennsylvania do not adopt everything and pretty much anything so-called fashionable, and that, right on time, just like other women, but they sleep no sleep over them. As a mere mention of what other Pennsylvania women have invented, Betsy Anne Wordon, of Scranton, has an improvement in car-couplings, and Savilla H. Crump, of Reading, has patented a thing so gruesome as a corpse cooler; Emily E. Tasey, of McKeesport, improvement for apparatus for raising sunken vessels; Elizabeth Delong, of Stone Church, a patent on steam and flame-boxes; Dora Hirsch, of Lancaster, a car-coupling device; while Annie K. Pentz, of Clearfield, has patented a stock-car; Mrs. Armstrong has invented a machine for feeding cattle on trains. Another woman, whose name I have forgotten, has invented a method of converting a barrel of oil into ten thousand cubic feet of gas;

another, a street-sweeper; another, a screw-crank for steamships, and by no means the least in importance, it was a woman who invented the very first ice-cream freezer. This patent was taken out by Mrs. Nancy Johnson in 1853, but she does not fail to show the State that furnished this important woman. Mrs. Nancy was, however, less wise than some of her sister inventors, for she sold her patent for fifteen hundred dollars, since which time thousands have been realized upon it. Helen Blanchard, of Boston, realized an immense fortune on a sewing machine in six months. Another woman got \$150,000 for her patent on a baby carriage. These are only a few of very many women whose brains have been their fortunes along the line of inventions. While I am loth to leave a subject so prolific, yet I am sure in this little resume enough has been given to redeem women from the charge of inconsequential inventions.

MARY TEMPLE BAYARD—"MEG,"

## WOMEN IN MEDICINE.

The woman in medicine does not materially differ from the man in medicine. As a rule, the woman in medicine is a lady. In a large majority of cases the man is a gentleman. In every case the woman stands or falls according to merit; neither social, political or religious influence can give a woman any prestige as a physician or surgeon. She follows her calling in the same way and on the same business principles that a man does. She patronizes those who patronize her, but is not spiteful, and even if you do not want her favorite blacksmith to shoe your horse, she will allow her husband, or father, or brother to vote for you for road supervisor at the next election. As a rule, her friends are faithful. A certain class of people dislike her because she lives up to her ideal code of medical ethics and demands that only honor, integrity, purity and the broadest culture entitle either woman or men to a place in the profession. It was with this all-engrossing thought, and a strong purpose for its accomplishment, when called a less brave woman, cheered by their no less brave husbands, who, less than fifty years ago, with just two rooms and a wooden shed for a dissecting room, secured a charter for The Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania. The graduating class of 1852 consisted of four members, and, owing to the unpopularity of the school and the prejudice against it, found it difficult to secure a hall in which to hold the commencement exercises. Ridicule, sneers and threats of personal violence could not turn these women from their course, although the stronger brother and clergymen were afraid to offer the usual prayer at their commencements. All this is changed. In his latest work on surgery, Dr. Samuel Gross quoted from the writings of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, and paid her the high compliments which were given her brother surgeons, and scoldingly dropped the titles of "Miss" and "Mrs." and addressed women doctors by the professional title. Doctors of divinity were then found willing to grace commencement exercises by their presence, and in 1878 the Chief Executive of the Nation and his lovely wife were the honored guests of the Dean of The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

The names that were once spoken in derision are now engraved on costly tablets and mark the entrance to stately halls. Doctors Emline H. Cleveland, Ann Preston and Rachel L. Bodley women shall minister to her sisters in their lands or soothe the heartbroken mother in heathen kneels beside the cradle where her first born lies quiet, the pain and suffering all gone, and the beautiful eyes closed by the kindly hand of the woman who self-first looked into them. Women in medicine, as in every other calling, are there because of fitness and capability and not because of right to be there is no longer questioned. They bring to the operating table the same skill which their brother surgeons do. They carry into the sickroom gentle firmness and kindly sympathy, and over and over again embody that sentiment of Whittier to his brother physicians:

"Before the unveiled minister  
Of Life and Death, no man  
With guarded lips and reverent eyes,  
And pure of heart and hand."

OBSERVER.

## Days of Old.

MRS. JUSTUS TEMPLE, EDITOR.

### YE DAYS OF OLD.

Yes, hold them fast the dear old days,  
Whose radiant sunbeams gayer  
Among the bonnie barks and braces  
Of Memory's haunted river;  
Whose laughter ripples down through time,  
All blithe with hope unspoken,  
Like fairy-bells whose music chime  
No blast of Fate hath broken.  
Though Time has many a gift divine  
To woo the step that falters,  
Though Fame and Love and Valor shine  
Upon his golden altars,  
The crown life wins through toil and gloom  
Lies hazy on temples hoary,  
It is not sweet with springtime's bloom,  
Nor bright with springtime's glory!  
Then hold them fast—the Present flies  
Before our souls can grasp it,  
The rose-bright Future fades and dies  
Till yet our fingers clasp it;  
But on the mould of Memory's past  
In chains no time can sever,  
We hold the sunshine of our Past  
Undimmed, unchanged, forever,  
"SPECTACLES."

### A REMINISCENCE OF THE CROW FAMILY.



SEARLY as the year 1749 Jacob Crow, an enterprising "Dutchman," was on the verge of the border spying out the land. The German element seemed to take to the hills, as if to commemorate the vine-clad mountains of the Rhine.

Jacob Crow exemplified this peculiarity by penetrating

the deep recesses of the hills which line the roaming Wheeling Creek. Many miles up that rugged stream he found his home, a miniature prairie of a hundred acres of most fertile land lying in between the lofty hills. In its normal state it was doubtless grand and picturesque. Jacob Crow was wedded to it for life; he first by "Tomahawk Right" secured the farm of his choice; he improved the lands now owned by his grandson, Michael Crow, and afterwards inclosed within his tomahawk boundaries all those lands now belonging to Mr. Hewitt, Cornelius Dorsey, the Harshes and Lowry estates. It was in the year 1779 that the Sheppard Farm was built. At a later date a few years built at Lindley's Mills, in Washington county, some ten miles from the Crows, or what is now known as Crow's Mills.

The thrilling experience here related, and the date of occurrence, can only be approximated. Michael, my grandfather, was but three weeks old when they settled here. With this date some approximate conclusion can be made. The first episode was in this wise: Two men, whose names are not known, came to Wheeling Creek, about two miles below Crow's Mills, and established a hunting camp. They were now owned by the Harshes. There one of these men was killed by the Indians. The other escaped and gave the alarm. The next day a party of armed men proceeded to the camp to bury the dead. Arriving at the place the body was found, but headless. Some time after Jacob Crow was drawing wood in that vicinity, when he was shocked to find the head of the murdered man fastened to the hook of his log chain. Two of the party that went to bury the dead man were Fred and Martin, two of Jacob Crow's sons. They had their little brother Michael with them, who could not have been over four or five years old; they left him in a cabin on land now owned by Thomas Steele.

When the Indian trail was struck the feeling for vengeance was so great they forgot their little



brother in the lone cabin, and for three cheerless days and nights did that little child tenant the deserted house in the depths of the dark forest, whose solitude was broken only by the wolf and the whip-poor-will. At night he would raise a "punchoon" of the floor, wrap himself in a blanket, and creeping under, manage to replace the "punchoon." He felt secure from the wolves, and if the Indians found his hiding place he could crawl out and run away.

During the day he would go to a moss-covered rock and quietly lie there, anxiously watching for friend or foe. This was Michael Crow's first adventure.

One of the most terrible murders that was perpetrated in this neighborhood occurred on the first day of May, 1791.

The sun is just peeping o'er the hill-tops which completely surround the beautiful valley. The massive cliffs of sky-pointing rocks stand out in bold relief against the drooping of the fleecy clouds. The tall forest trees that stand in stately dignity on the hills which overlook the valley seem like grim sentinels keeping watch over the inmates of the cottage nestled in the valley below, and as the members of the family sallied forth no thought of danger entered the mind of any of them. Four sisters, Elizabeth, Susanna, Christina and Katharine, from ten to sixteen years of age, set out for pleasure, intending to visit the family of Thomas Lazear, father of Hon. Jesse Lazear.

The object of the girls being diversion, they amused themselves with what they chanced to attract their curiosity. At this place the scene is wild, the hills high, steep and rugged. While amusing themselves looking at the beauties of Nature, a heartless man by the name of Spicer (whom the Indians had captured and raised), and two hideous savages, emerged from behind a large flat rock, which still stands some fifty feet from the banks of the creek. They led the captives hurriedly up the hillside a distance of six hundred yards to a secluded ravine. After making inquiries in regard to the location of the settlement, one of the Indians took a band of the two sisters to the house of his wife, uplifted tomahawk prepared to deal the death blow. Christina, the youngest, a bright and sprightly girl, had formed a resolution to make a break for liberty at the first propitious moment. Suddenly she gave a jerk, and releasing herself from his grasp, ran down the hillside. The Indian pursued, and when in reach he struck her with the muzzle of his gun. Thinking he had disabled her, he returned to aid in the bloody work. Looking back, Christina seeing the Indian's retreating form, hastily exerting herself, sped away with marvelous speed, and escaped to tell the awful story. A wild confusion followed, and the settlers made rapid flight for Lindley's Fort. Jacob Teagarden, then a lad of ten years old, was sent twelve miles away to Enlow Block's house for a force of men. Next morning a company repaired to the place of death, and there lay the girls literally butchered, but the third sister, Katharine, was not there. Soon, however, traced by stains of blood, she was found near the creek, where she had crept to get a drink. Her scalp was torn off, and she was left for dead. Weltering in her gore, she had spent the day and night unconscious of her condition. The next morning, awakened by the gobbling of the wild turkey, she found herself beneath the rays of a cloudless sun and perishing of thirst. She was tenderly cared for, and, reviving somewhat, she related what she remembered of the terrible affair, and chided her brother Michael, saying, "I thought you would have come sooner." It was a remarkable fact that her scalp was found on a haw bush. A physician having been summoned from Washington, the scalp was sewed on and every effort made to save her life, but the great excitement and excessive heat the poor girl had undergone proved too much for her, and after three days of terrible agony the gentle spirit took its flight to realms above.

A grave was prepared and lined with punchoons. In these rude coffins the three sisters were laid side by side.

When John, another child and favorite son, had been cruelly murdered by these men, the home of Jacob Crow was a house of mourning.

But while these loved ones were silent in death, it was a sweet thought to say they were lovely in their lives and in death they were not divided.

HATTIE CROW TEAGARDEN.

## OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.

All honor to our great-grandmothers! Blessings on the women who helped to make the wilderness a suitable place of habitation!

We hear in speech and song, in history and literature, of the brave men who faced the dangers and perils of early pioneer life, but how little we hear or know of the brave women who came with them.

Sometimes we see on an ancient tombstone that such an one was a devoted wife and mother, or a dutiful and affectionate daughter or sister. But this is almost all we know of the women who came within our borders to spend their days in hardships and self-denial. That they were equally heroic, patient, long-suffering and industrious, as were our great-grandfathers, none of us can doubt.

They crossed mountains, forded streams, toiled through dense forests, suffered fatigue and privations to reach their destinations, and when they were reached they found no comfortable, well-furnished homes awaiting them. Often they had to clear the ground and build the humble cabins that were to shelter them.

Four sisters, in their days of loneliness and isolation, their nights in terror of wild beasts and savage red men. The supplies were very meagre, for they could only be brought across the mountains on pack-horses. As yet there were no wagon roads.

The men had to return to the settlements for salt, ammunition and such other articles as were absolutely necessary. This left the women and children alone, and who of us can depict faithfully those days and nights of anxious waiting for the return of their loved ones. And very often they never returned, or if they did return it was only to find their houses in ruins and their families murdered.

History tells us that the first white woman, known to the settlers, west of the Monongahela river, managed to keep at peace with the Indians by the aid of whatever she was able to do. It also says her house was a resort for all the settlers, far and near, who brought their fish and game to be cooked by her. Her usual bill of fare, it further states, was "Johnny cake shortened with bear's fat, dried venison and Adam's ale," not a very palatable variety. The forest and stream would seem from this account that, even at that early day, the white man and his red brother were both amenable to good cooking.

Aside from what our great-grandmothers suffered at the hands of the Indians, life held little hope for them but the very sternest realities. She must plant and weave, pull and break, beadle and scutch, spin and weave before the cloth was ready to fashion the simple garments with which she clothed herself and family.

Her cooking utensils were few in number, a iron pot, a few knives and forks, pewter plates and spoons, transported across the mountains. The remainder of her household and kitchen articles were made of wood. Hard shell gourds and squashes served for drinking cups. Her food was limited in quantity, and with little or no choice in its variety. The forest and stream furnished her meat and fish; the small clearing, corn and a few of the vegetables now in general use.

The woods gave her her only generous supply. It gave the material for her house. Her primitive furniture was fashioned from it. It served to cook her food and afforded her light and warmth. Her house was neither a model of convenience nor comfort. Parlor, bed room and kitchen were all in one. Her wardrobes were clap-ped along the wall; her china cupboard was a lap-board supported by two pegs in the wall; her chairs, table and bed were fashioned with the same skin and strap. Her house was neither a model of convenience nor comfort. Parlor, bed room and kitchen were all in one. Her wardrobes were clap-ped along the wall; her china cupboard was a lap-board supported by two pegs in the wall; her chairs, table and bed were fashioned with the same skin and strap. Her house was neither a model of convenience nor comfort. Parlor, bed room and kitchen were all in one. Her wardrobes were clap-ped along the wall; her china cupboard was a lap-board supported by two pegs in the wall; her chairs, table and bed were fashioned with the same skin and strap.

After peace was made with the Indians she was no longer beset by day and night with fears for the safety of herself and family. Larger clearings were made, better roads were opened, the country became more thickly settled, friends and

neighbors more easy of access. She had a few more of the comforts of life, though she was still a great way from many of the luxuries of civilization.

It is within easy memory when the log cabin began to give way to the frame house, and also when the happy possessor of a commodious house, painted and furnished in good style, was accused of putting on airs.

In the matter of schools and schoolhouses, why it don't take a centenarian to remember the old log schoolhouse, its rows of benches without backs, its too often Arctic temperature, its three months' term and its teacher who "boarded round."

The first places of worship were barns or unused cabins. The piety and devotion, the zeal and fidelity with which our early pioneer fathers and mothers served their God cannot be questioned when we learn that they often rode ten, fifteen, or even twenty miles on horseback through the wilderness to these places of worship.

It is not very many years since the women of Greene county spun and wove and manufactured at home nearly all the clothing for the family. True, their wardrobes were very limited, but they were stiff for frock coats, a low turtleneck and pants, strait "gallasses," and a straw hat braided and made by his own mother. The children only wore shoes in cold weather, and these were generally made by a traveling shoemaker. The clothes of the mother and daughters were only a little more elaborate. They were made of linen, linsey-woolsey, or flannel, all of home manufacture.

About the only difference between the best dress and the one for every day wear was that the best contained a dash more of the not-to-artistic red, blue, yellow or battered brown of those early days. Men's clothing was of home manufacture both as to make and material. They often wore coats made of red flannel called "wammies."

Could our great-grandmothers visit us to-day they would doubtless think they had landed in a sort of paradise, instead of the county they helped to make its existence possible for their descendants. Could they see the comfortable and often luxurious homes; could they pass from the ancient log-pole, the crane, the Dutch-oven, the reflectors of their early days, to the shining range, replete with all its modern equipments; could they see a fire lighted by the simple process of striking a match, instead of a low wrestle with flint, green, wood and blinding smoke; could they pass from the days of fogots, grease lights and tallow-dips down to the electric and gas lights of to-day; could they see our sewing machines, our telegraphs, our telephones, our bicycles and other modern improvements, used by their descendants, they would doubtless be amazed and perhaps shocked, too, at the pace of their great-grandchildren.

Who of us shall say that even the lives of our dear great-grandmothers, some charms which are denied their daughters of the third and fourth generations?

A woman of those early times could only have a new gown after long and weary labor; but when she once got it, she did not wear her soul to cut it off; neither did she consume herself with anxiety lest it should go out of style ere the waning of the moon.

The layette of one modern up-to-style baby would have clothed a whole family of twelve babies of the wilderness.

If she had but little, her neighbors had no more. There was no stately mansion across the way to put to shame her own modest domain; no "love of a bonnet" in the front pew to disturb her devotions; no friend to give a dinner of fourteen courses when she could only afford five or ten. In the two matters of food and clothes what a vast difference. It seems to us that the office of cook must have been a sinecure in those early days.

Life becomes more complex as we advance in wealth, in learning, in culture, and all that belongs to the close of this, our first century. Our duties and responsibilities have multiplied. Faithfulness in the discharge of duty, untiring industry, love of home and family, and the ability to make the best of life and its surroundings, are only a few of the noble traits that the daughters of Greene County as an inheritance from their great-grandmothers.

HENRIETTA JAMES RAY.





## LIFE OF MRS. FRANCES BURBRIDGE LAZEAR.

The subject of this sketch, Mrs. Frances Burbridge Lazear, was born June 5, 1808. In early life she married Gen. Jesse Lazear, who was for many years cashier of the Farmers & Drivers' Bank of Waynesburg. Personally, Mrs. Lazear was a very friendly, affable woman; every person who came in contact with her felt at ease, and her sociability toward every one was remarkable. She was always kind and sympathetic to those in trouble of whatever nature, and her charities were certainly widespread. She was among the first, and until the time of her death, a most devoted member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Her house was always the home of the ministers. Her husband being an elder in that church, their doors were always open to preachers, teachers, students of the college, and in fact everything that had any bearing in church or college.



FRANCES B. LAZEAR.

I believe Waynesburg has never in its history, as far back as the writer remembers, possessed so many socially inclined women as at that period. Their entertainments were numerous and beautifully social. I can remember hearing them describe how they would "all get together" and spend the evening, and then their husbands "drop in" at 9 o'clock and have cake, apples and cider, and turtle filled with peach and raspberry preserves. The town was always filled with visitors in the summer. Mrs. Lazear entertained largely; no end of parties, dinners, teas and evening entertainments. There were so many ladies in the set and all entertained so nicely. There were Mrs. Jesse Hook, Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. Downey, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Ledwith, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Flemken, Mrs. Pymao, Mrs. Sayers, Mrs. Phelan and many, many more I might mention had I space, who contributed to Waynesburg's proverbial hospitality.

Mrs. Lazear was witty and full of fun, and in company felt it her duty to contribute her share to its enjoyment, yet was most tender and faithful to the sick and afflicted.

She contracted a cold in January, which ran into typhoid pneumonia and ended her life the 24th of the same month, 1867.

She is buried in our cemetery by the side of her husband and other members of the family.

M. T. H.

In the recent innovation of customs at Yale, that of allowing the women graduates to appear with the men at commencement, Waynesburg had its share of honor. Of the eight women upon whom was conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by that university one was Miss M. A. Harris, for several years professor of English literature and history and teacher of art in Waynesburg College.

## THE WAYNEBURG PARK.

The act to erect a part of Washington county into a new county was passed February 9th, 1796. By this act it was also provided that David Gray, Stephen Gapan, Isaac Jenkinson, William Meeker and James Seals be appointed commissioners to procure by grant, bargain or otherwise, any quantity of land not exceeding five hundred acres, within five miles of the centre of the county, to survey and lay the same into town lots, and on due notice given, sell lots at public auction, so many lots as to raise a fund, sufficient with certain taxes to pay for the purchase of the land and the erection of a courthouse and prison. Among the first records in the Prothonotary's office is a "deed of Thomas Slater and wife to the trustees of Greene County, dated the 28th day of October, 1796, between Thomas Slater and Eleanor, his wife, on the one part and the above named trustees on the other part. Whereas a certain tract of land called Eden, was granted to the said Thomas Slater by patent, dated 7th day of March, 1789, and enrolled in patent books of the State of Pennsylvania, etc. Thomas Slater and Eleanor, his wife, in consideration of two thousand, three hundred and seventy-six dollars, (\$2,376) lawful money, sold to said commissioners for and in behalf of the County of Greene, one hundred and fifty-eight and one-half (158½) acres of land."

A draft of the plot is also on record. On this plot three strips marked "common," what the object of the common was, is not and cannot be known; speculation and tradition has each in turn "tired itself out," but the mystery remains. Oak and other trees covered the land. Perhaps, looking forward, these men in imagination saw a well kept park of native trees in which Fourth of July celebrations, barbecues, political meetings and centennial celebrations would be held. Early settlers cut the timber, some of which was used for log houses, among these being the "Whitehill" house yet standing on East High street and also the old courthouse on Greene street. About the year 1820 the County Commissioners agitated the question as to their right to sell the common "in town lots for the benefit of the county." They secured the passage of a bill granting them that power. The bill was promptly vetoed by the Governor, assuming that the State had no control or voice in the matter. The common had been stripped of its stately trees and the landscape was a medley of brick-kilns and graveyards. The town cow picked a scant living among the mullin and thistles during the day, and lay a stumbling block in the path of the unwary student as he wended his way homeward after branking the eight o'clock rule, or ringing the college bell. Young men and maidens of a quarter of a century ago will recall with savage delight the war which about that time began upon that seemingly ever present town cow. Spasmodic efforts were made for her banishment and the planting of trees. Then arose a wall from the oppressed owner of the cow and indignant protests from the patriots of the town. Debutants and cow were warm and frequent councils were elected or defeated in the interest of this same lacteal supply. Finally the question was submitted to a popular vote, and in an open field and fair fight the town cow won, and students of both sexes sighed as they remembered the impediments in the way of a moonlight stroll on the common. A bachelor's study came to the rescue. A year or two of apparent surrender had thrown the opposing victors off their guard, when a council was elected which by one fell stroke sent "Bossie" to the pasture fields of the rich man, fenced the common and planted trees. After a conference in the office of Brock and Teagarden, Joseph G. Ritchie agreed to secure the names of petitioners for a park association. Twenty-eight citizens "good and true" enrolled their names, and on December 16, 1882, entered into an association

to be incorporated as the Waynesburg Park Company, said company to exist perpetually, to be managed by a board of directors consisting of five members elected from among the members of the organization. The following members constituted the first board: R. H. Phelan, C. G. Brock, Simon Rinehart, R. F. Downey and D. R. P. Huss. On January 11, 1883, J. P. Teagarden, who had prepared the necessary papers, presented on behalf of the petitioners, to the court of Greene county a petition for a charter, the same being approved over the signature of A. E. Wilson, President Judge. The first president of the company was Hon. J. B. Donley; at the next annual election J. G. Ritchie was elected, at the next Fred Illig, who held the office for two years. In 1887 J. B. Donley was re-elected and has since been president of the company continuously. The secretaries have been C. C. Brock, R. F. Downey, J. T. Rogus and D. R. P. Huss. R. H. Phelan has been treasurer since the organization. The present board of directors, Hon. J. W. Ray, A. T. Cooke, R. N. Munnell, J. P. Teagarden and Joseph Patton, has with one or two exceptions been re-elected and served continuously during the last ten years. By an unwritten law the North Park is known as East, College, Ritchie and West squares, and no other naming seems necessary or appropriate. The persistent and untiring energy of J. G. Ritchie, deceased, and J. P. Teagarden, still an active member, perhaps more than that of any others, assured the incorporation of the company and made of the old common a place of possible beauty second to no park of its size in the nation. To the faithful and persistent efforts and co-operation of a few of our citizens (among whom T. J. Wisecarver deserves especial mention) is due the present condition of beauty and comfort, which delights and refreshes not only the citizens but visitors of Waynesburg. Bright flowers bloom beside the graveled walks, happy baby voices make sweet chorus to the music of the fountain, lads and lassies float their tiny boats on the pretty lake where water lilies bloom and young men and maidens con the same old lessons o'er and o'er beneath the spreading branches of stately trees. Nature gave us a perfect and beautiful location, and earnest, enthusiastic men, women and children are vying with each other in one grand effort to make it the most delightful retreat where the weary may rest beneath the cooling shade and little children study lessons from nature's own fair book. And all shall be a monument to the memory of the men who a hundred years ago reserved "the common."

JANIE TEAGARDEN.

On unseen threads of love and powers,  
The thoughts of God move forth,  
And tireless spring from hour to hour  
To bless the waiting earth.

Thy message to our hearts shall be  
Thy world within, above;  
Truth shines in all its harmony,  
And in its meaning, love.

—MARTHA FOOTY CROW.



VIEW OF THIS PARK, LOOKING NORTH.

# THE Woman's Centennial Paper

COMMEMORATING THE SETTLEMENT  
OF GREENE COUNTY.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

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WAYNESBURG, PA., AUGUST 26 and 27, 1896.

THE next time we edit a newspaper may we not have such an energetic advertising committee. We want a little space for reading matter.

We acknowledge that others may have published better papers, but we are positive none have perspired more over their work than we have done.

MRS. MARY SUMMONS PARRY was the only woman selected by the Executive Committee to prepare and deliver a public centennial address, which we would have been pleased to publish had our space permitted.

TO OUR untiring advertising committee much of the financial success of our paper is due. They have proved the fallacy of the old axiom that women have no head for business. Honorable mention is also due the finance committee. We return sincere thanks to the ladies of both committees.

We cannot forbear special mention of our publishers, Percy F. Smith Printing & Lithographing Co. They have our sincere thanks for their unfailing courtesy and promptness. Nor do we forget the kindness of the business manager and foreman, as well as the head of the firm, when changes had to be made owing to the late arrival of important articles. The paper itself speaks for their artistic workmanship.

MR. J. C. BRADDOCK, of Pittsburg, the engraver of the illustrations in this paper, is entitled to our thanks for the promptness in making our plates. A number of the photographs were not received until so late that it was necessary for him to work at night. We desire to call attention to his liberal advertisement in another column. This is the largest plant between Philadelphia and Chicago.

THE WOMAN'S CENTENNIAL PAPER is intended to commemorate the progress the women of Greene county have made during the century, to recount their good deeds, and to preserve in lasting form their memory. For the help and co-operation which has made possible this Woman's Paper, and which has been so freely and generously granted us by the many committees and contributors, we return heartfelt thanks.

HOLMES says, "What a blessed thing it is that nature, when she invented, manufactured and patented her authors, contrived to make critics of the chips that were left." Doubtless from journalists

chips newspaper critics without number have been manufactured, for the land is full of them, and we, alas! are in their hands. Whether they are kind to us or not, we here solemnly promise that, if we have not proved ourselves journalists, we will never in the future pose as critics.

THE average American is said to be in a hurry, live in a hurry, die in a hurry. True it is that the committees, contributors, editors and publisher of this paper, have been in a hurry all their short period of responsibility. Women familiar with newspaper work would scarcely have undertaken the paper in the time given. But feeling such a testimonial of woman and woman's work was fitting at the time of our county celebration, we have gone forward, braving Alpine heights that separated us from our Italy, turned back by no rolling Jordan, persevering, till at last we have reached our goal—our paper is in your hands.

AS THE last lines of the WOMAN'S PAPER go to press, a word is due those who have responded to the request for contributions, many of whom will doubtless be surprised to find no trace in the paper of that on which they had bestowed much time and thought. Others will, perhaps, be vexed to see their cut down almost beyond recognition. Had all communications been in our hands at the commencement of our work we probably should have selected differently, but coming as they did, day after day, we were obliged to select and arrange according to our best judgment as to what would be of most general interest. Very much of real worth has been of necessity omitted, and if the contributors are as thoroughly sorry as are those through whose hands they have passed, there will be no place for wounded feelings. Believe us, we have done the best we knew, we have indeed, and as we now step for life from our high sounding position, please bear us no ill will.

WAYNESBURG, unlike many of the smaller cities, has few front yards, and often the houses are built close together like a row in the city. Consequently, we value highly our park, and find it meets a positive need. This WOMAN'S CENTENNIAL PAPER has been issued for the purpose of raising money to beautify our park, which is the pride of all Greene county. Women who have hitherto been deaf to "mad ambition's call" have been caught in the vortex of enthusiasm which this cause has evoked, and fingers accustomed to needle and thread have grasped pen and pencil. Head and hands have turned from stirring paddings to stirring articles; from cutting garments to cutting journals. Brains never before exercised over a wider area than the domestic circle have been set to work on the mysteries of newspaper publication. We have made these sacrifices, not because we think we can edit a better paper than our brother editors, in fact, we have had misgivings on this very question. Neither have we any ardent wish to separate the interests of men and women; but a woman's paper seems to be the latest discovery for money making. We are grieved that we did not make the discovery but have allowed so many of our sisters to get in line ahead of us, but we submit to walking in the rut made by our predecessors so long as it is not too deep for us to look out on either side and see the prospects of getting funds for our project. What we are in pursuit of now is "hard cash." We have tried to make our paper readable but we have for lack of space left out much that the kindness of our friends has prepared for us, but we have not rejected one little word which an advertiser was willing to pay us for inserting.

## WOOD CARVING.

Wood carving is probably the oldest branch of art, and has been for ages a recognized and favorite work.

Even among the old Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, it was much practiced and in every article of use there was some scratching or carving—an attempt at decoration.

During the 15th century it attained a high development and was the principal Christian art.

We cannot look at their exquisitely carved and inlaid wood ceilings, their massive columns and pillars, without a feeling of admiration for these ancient but grand workmen.

Wood carving is generally thought to be very difficult, and though the art of moulding and shaping whatever one wishes from wood is not very simple, it can be studied and acquired with some amount of work of course.

There are arts in which talent, and talent expressed in a certain direction, is needed. One, and not the least remarkable of these is the art of wood carving.

Though the successful artist is both born and made, she who relies upon her talent alone will have but a sorry time of it.

Some one says "Genius is a capacity for hard work," and surely patience, perseverance and hard work are essentials in this difficult but beautiful art.



DESK MADE BY JESSIE ULLOM.

Elaborate machine carving on cheap, poor quality of wood has received a severe blow in the modern enlightenment in art. People have learned to dislike rawness, crudeness and pretense in these things just as in character.

True, we find a great amount of applied "wood carving" but this is no art; we do not consider it worthy of our admiration.

Machine made mouldings and carvings are often used to relieve the absolute plainness of panels and casings, but they do not count as decoration; they mean nothing and add neither beauty nor strength to the construction.

There are principally three kinds of carving: raised, incisive and surface. Of these, the raised is the most beautiful, but the most difficult. The incisive and surface are very simple in comparison, not requiring half the work, but are still rather pretty.

For casings and similar things the incisive answers very well but for an elegant piece of furniture, it seems to be very much out of place. Richness and grace is what one desires in wood carving and it is more easily obtained by the "raised" than any other.

There is also another kind of carving that is very pretty, and that is inlaid work. Very beautiful effects are obtained by the insertion of a darker wood in a light, and vice versa, and carving in "raised," the design above the surface of the other wood.

JESSIE ULLOM.



## BERLIN AND PARIS.

## A Sketch of a Tour in These Interesting Cities.

AN ALBUM OF FACTS.



THE following conversation occurred between a Boston schoolma'am and a Waynesburger when returning home on board the steamer Waasdam:

"Well, the very coldest weather I've ever experienced was in Berlin this winter."

"I had with me all the heaviest clothes I had ever worn in the Rocky Mountains, and then every day I spent a mark or two on some extra piece till I finally resembled a walking advertisement for wearing apparel, quite regardless of quantity, so that it was heavy in quality," began the Waynesburger.

"Oh, that's nothing to my experience in Leipzig," replied the Boston schoolma'am, in a spirit of emulation. "I just bought flannel by the yard and wrapped myself all up in it, and then put all the winter clothing I had on top of that, and then I was not quite comfortable."

"For my part I feel rather relieved," continued the Waynesburger, "that my semester is finally finished at the Berlin University. Much goes before but worse remains behind after all the ordeals one passes through with the Kultus Minister of Royal Affairs and the Rector for permission to enter. The way women are treated is a continual cause of resentment. We were only allowed the two back seats in the many hundred rows of benches. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Harla Doote Green, of Chicago University, I had a letter of introduction to Fraulein Helene Lange, who is at the head of Woman's Work in Germany,—she also is the only woman editor in Germany. She publishes the paper in favor of co-education in the universities. She is a grand type of a woman."

"I was in Leipzig three years: the last year I attended the university for lectures on metaphysics. I dread to return to America for I know I shall always be longing for the university and German opera. Where do you find opera with such superb staging, and such acoustic perfection. I left Leipzig now for only one season, because my purse would not permit me to remain one week longer," answered the Boston schoolma'am.

"No doubt you remember John McCullough's remark about 'rather being a lamp post in a western town than the Lord Mayor of London.' Perhaps it is an exaggerated statement, yet I shall be very glad to see my native hills of Greene county and my foster home among the Rockies."

Just here a Boston man, a well-known contributor to the "Atlantic" and "Century," came up to the Boston schoolma'am and announced to her that the pursuer wanted her down in the salon to swear to her age and nationality.

"To make a trip abroad pleasant and comfortable an unlimited purse is necessary."

German women are so capable and deserve all the assistance possible. They are thoroughly sincere, industrious and faithful in their friendship. Unfortunately, from their isolation from men they are inclined to have an exalted and sentimental opinion of them. During their childhood they attend separate schools—boys alone and girls alone. Then they attend seminaries when they are older. German men do not believe in the "new woman." They think women should always remain at home to do household duties. To an American, with his inherent republican sentiments, the memory of a castle where one vase of Royal Weissen has cost hundreds of dollars, fabulous sums have been expended for one painting done by an old master, or one dainty little ornamental clock, set with precious jewels, or one curtain that is made of silk and woven with pure gold or silver, contrasted painfully with the pathetic sight of old, worn women passing along the road on the coldest days bare-headed and a large basket strapped to their backs filled with wood.

Paris is the most attractive and beautiful city in the world. The galleries, the churches and the palaces all are filled with such splendor in a way of both ancient and modern art that it is but a continuation of delight and surprise. It is the most cosmopolitan city in Europe, the artist, the scholar and the seeker of pleasure alike find there the greatest scope for their pursuits. The Champs Elysees, the finest and most fashionable avenue in Paris, was originally laid out in the 17th century, at which time it was planted with elms and lime trees. On this avenue is the Place de l'Etoile, where a star is formed by the twelve boulevards or avenues which radiate from it. Here is the Arc de Triomphe, the largest triumphal arch in existence. It was begun by Napoleon I. in 1806 and was finished by Louis Philippe in 1836.

The opera house is the largest in the world. Nothing can surpass the magnificence of the materials, many of which have been brought from all parts of the world. The steps are of white marble, and the balustrades of Roman antiquities, with a hand-rail formed of Algerian onyx. Thirty colored monolithic marble columns rise to the height of the floor. The ceiling frescoes represent the Gods of Olympus, Apollo in his Chariot, the Instructiveness of the Opera, and the Triumph of Harmony. The handsome doors are flanked by bronze caryatid figures of Tragedy and Comedy. A visit to the castles of the Kings and emperors at Versailles and Fontainebleau is always made by the tourist. At the entrance to the castle at Fontainebleau, upon the stone steps that form a horseshoe, Napoleon I. had added his abdication. The writing is so difficult to read that it is rewritten in a plainer hand for the public. It is said that Napoleon adopted his illegible handwriting in order to conceal his very bad spelling. It was in this palace the sentence of divorce was pronounced against Empress Josephine in 1809.

The art galleries and museums of Paris are the first in the world. At the Louvre, where in the past the king made a display of their work, Americans are especially interested in the American artists' work. The Salon is only open in the spring for a few months. The Champs de Mars is another gallery where present artists make a show of their work, after being approved by the judges. The Musee de Luxembourg is a collection of works of living artists, chiefly of paintings and sculptures. The works of the most distinguished masters are generally transferred to the Louvre about ten years after their death. Every American is more or less interested in the paintings of the "Bashkirtseffs." The Motley is considered her best. The Louvre after the French armies returned to Paris from Italy, the Netherlands and Germany, laden with treasures of art, was par excellence the museum of Europe, and the collection is still the most extensive and valuable on the Continent. The halls are so numerous that it takes two hours to travel through them all without stopping.

The Hotel des Invalides, with its gilded dome, was founded in 1675 by Louis XIV. The tomb of Napoleon I. is situated beneath the dome. It is an open crypt, the walls of which are of polished slabs of granite, adorned by marble reliefs. On the pavement are the names of the battles—Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland and Moscow.

JENNIE WILSON LINDSEY.

## SOME TIME.

When all the world in slumber lies  
'Neath the star-lit night of summer skies,  
And the happy sound of the robin's trill  
No longer answers the night-poor-will;  
When the firefly has kindled its lamp in the dark,  
And the grass has trailed in its bosom the lark,  
When the lily has dropped its pure face from the  
light,  
And its sweet fragrance gives to the night;  
When out from the shadows comes the cricket's  
refrain,  
And deep in my heart there is no hint of pain;  
When I lose the silence dark, deaf faces give;  
And speak to me of their heavenly home,  
When I feel the soft shadow of his wings round me  
falling,  
And hear the sweet voice of the dear Master  
sing,  
O, then may my soul in rapture rise,  
To dwell with Him in Paradise.

FLORENCE SAYERS.

## Our Churches.

MISS NELLIE WELLS DONLEY, EDITOR.



I HAVE endeavored in this Our Religious column to give as true an account, although necessarily brief, of the organization and growth of the various churches of Waynesburg as the hearty interest and earnest search of the ladies whose names follow the sketches could possibly make them. Our churches are exerting a wide influence over the people of this place, so in recognition of this

fact let these articles be read by all. The men and women of the world as well as the regular churchgoer.

## The Presbyterian Church.

In accordance with an order of the Washington Presbytery at their annual spring meeting in 1842, a committee consisting of Rev. David Harvey, Rev. G. S. Graham and Rev. J. D. Whitman was appointed to organize a Presbyterian church in Waynesburg. These ministers were all present at a meeting held June 11, 1842, and after appropriate sermons, an organization of a church to be called the Waynesburg Presbyterian Church was made.

For a while the Presbytery sent supplies twice a month to hold services. In 1848 Rev. J. V. Callune was sent as a regular supply between Unity and our town, preaching here either in the Court-house or the C. P. church on the hill. In 1849 the congregation concluded to build a house of worship, and purchased a lot from Mr. A. Wilson, which was situated just back of what is now the Walton House. The money for building was subscribed, and most of it paid down in \$20, \$10 and \$5 subscriptions. The church building was completed in 1850. In 1853 Rev. Samuel Jeffry was sent as a supply, and the following spring, in 1854, Waynesburg and Unity gave him a call, he to spend half his time with each church. He was installed as the first pastor of this place in 1854, and died November 12, 1859. From 1862 to 1868 Rev. James Sloan was appointed our pastor. Rev. E. P. Lewis was our next minister, from April '73 to '75. Then Rev. Geo. Frazier D. D., was with us about seven years. Rev. A. J. Donahay came next, and was nine years pastor. Rev. G. W. Nevitt was our next pastor, being with us four years. The Sunday School was organized by Rev. S. Jeffry in 1855, with only a very few children. The Sabbath School, like the church, increased in numbers from year to year, until now about 160 scholars are enrolled on its lists.

The church in which we now worship is a large brick building erected in 1880 at a cost of \$4,776. In 1892 an addition was made for the Sunday School and prayer meeting.

A very good Christian Endeavor Society is connected with the church.

CORDELLA R. BROOKS.

## Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

This church was organized in 1831 by Rev. Bryan and Rev. Morgan, missionaries of the General Assembly of the C. P. Church. Rev. William Bird, Rev. A. Chapman and Rev. D. A. Morlock were interested in building up the church in Western Pennsylvania. Services were held in the old court house until a church was built on Wayne street. There were twenty-two original members. By the close of the first year there were forty-five members. In April, 1833, the presbytery granted the services of Rev. Lee Roy Woods. In 1839 a Sabbath school was organized by Samuel Cleaveger; this was the first denominational Sabbath school in the town. Previous to this time Mr. Wagoner had organized a Union Sabbath school on the "South Side." In 1842 Rev. Philip Astell preached six months for



METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

the congregation; Rev. D. A. Mordock, from 1843-1845; from 1845-1849, Rev. Axtell served his second pastorate.

In September, 1843, the report shows a total of one hundred and thirty-one in the communion of the church.

Rev. Joshua Loughran was president of the school and pastor of the church from 1849-1856. Six months of 1856 was supplied by Rev. A. B. Miller and Rev. Weethee. The next three years Rev. S. E. Hudson served. From 1859-1864, Rev. William Campbell edited the "Cumberland Presbyterian" and preached for the congregation. His successor was Rev. Anderson, who served from 1864-1866. Again A. B. Miller preached six months. Rev. Jesse Adams supplied six months for the congregation in 1867. Rev. Freeman served the next year.

In 1869 the present church was built, on a lot deeded them by the late Mrs. Samuel Rush. It was sufficiently finished for services in 1870. From 1871-1877 Rev. A. B. Miller served the congregation. Then Rev. E. K. Squire came, and while here, enough money was raised to finish the church. It was dedicated in July, 1881. His successor was Rev. Koehne, who served one year. Rev. Bushnell served from 1886-1889. After him Rev. Sproul served from 1889-1891. The present pastor of the church, Rev. J. M. Howard, D. D., was for ten years editor of the "Cumberland Presbyterian." His predecessor was Rev. J. L. Goodknight, D. D., now president of W. Va. University. Many seasons of great revival have visited our church, each of which has aided largely in building up our denomination.

Our congregation has had three members who are now in foreign fields: Rev. Lafayette Gordon, Mrs. Hall, and Miss Jane Ankrum. The Ladies' Missionary Society was organized in 1881 and has done much for foreign, as well as home, missionaries. The good women of this society have at various times furnished rooms to help students in their efforts to obtain a collegiate education.

MARY ACKLIN.

#### The Methodist Protestant Church.

The church of this denomination was the first Protestant Church to build a house of worship in the pretty little town of Waynesburg, whose centennial is now being celebrated.

The Methodists of the vicinity of Waynesburg, all worshipped in the church, which first appears upon record in 1803, located in the "Old Methodist Graveyard," just east of the present borough limits.

For several years there was considerable agitation in the Methodist Episcopal Church relative to the question of "Mutual Rights" of the ministers and members of that church. In 1828 a number of her able members seceded and others were expelled for advocating lay representation, and a new church was established, first recognized as Reform-

Methodist, but finally organized under the name, the Methodist Protestant Church. In the year 1831, three brethren met in the old Catholic church and effected an organization. The names of these brethren were Isaac Slater, Wm. Hunter and Daniel Hook.

The first pastors of this charge were Rev. Springer and Rev. Marshall, assisted frequently by Dr. George Brown. Other ministers whose names can be recalled as serving here are: Revs. Thomas Hall, Hopwood, Sanford, Lashley, Reeves, Palmer, Betts, Hughes, Sutton, Simpson, Downey, Ragan, Flowers, Herr, Jones, Tigand, Gehrett, Lucas, Westfall, McCormick, Crowther, Conway, Day, Griffith, Williams, Brindley, Sipe, McCormick, Fish, Stumm, Stephens. In 1892 the original church building was torn down, and in 1893 the handsome one was opened for service under the pastorate of C. A. Stumm. MOLLIE SIMPSON.

#### The Methodist Episcopal Church.

In 1803 the first M. E. church was a part of a mission circuit, called Deerfield, with Shadrach Boston as missionary. Its first place of worship was erected about this time in what is now known as the "Old Methodist Graveyard," just east of the present borough limits. In 1803 the society numbered 16, the next year, 517. This first structure was a frame building of modest dimensions. In 1843 the society built a brick edifice near the center of the town and removed thereto. The church was rebuilt in 1876 on the site of the old building and dedicated the same year by Bishop Peck and Dr. I. C. Pershing. From 1803 to 1846 Waynesburg appointment was to the church roll. The present membership is 220. The Sabbath school, organized in 1845, has continued in successful operation down to the present time. Capt. J. B. Donley is its present efficient superintendent. It has an enrollment of 173 members.

An Epworth League of one hundred members is connected with the church.

CLEMMIE O. THROCKMORTON.

#### The Baptist Church.

On the 30th of June, 1843, at a meeting held in Hill's schoolhouse, near Waynesburg, it was resolved that a regular Baptist Church be organized at Waynesburg, and on the 10th of July of this same year the Waynesburg Baptist Church was organized. Rev. James Woods was chosen first pastor of the church. He was succeeded by Rev. S. Siegfried, who continued as pastor until February 6, 1847. A house of worship was erected where the present church stands, and the first sermon was preached in it February 5, 1846, by Rev. John Thomas. Rev. S. H. Ruple was called as pastor in 1847, and resigned March 11, 1848. April 1, 1848, Rev. Siegfried was recalled, and was succeeded by Rev. William Whittehead, April 28, 1849. During part of 1850 the pulpit was supplied by Rev. Samuel Moreland. From December 27, 1851, Rev. R. M. Fish was supply pastor for a time. Rev. A. J. Collins began his pastorate August 2, 1854. Father Francis Downey asked to supply the church April 17, 1858, until a regular pastor could be secured. Rev. Charles Tilton was pastor from May, 1862, to May, 1863, when Rev. Samuel Kendall was called as pastor, serving until early in 1867. April 1, 1868, Rev. H. K. Craig began his pastorate,

serving until October, 1875, when he resigned to accept the presidency of Monongahela College. Rev. W. M. Ryan was pastor from January, 1876, to September 1, 1876. Rev. J. Miller served the church as pastor from March, 1877, until April, 1878. March 6, 1878, Rev. W. W. Hickman was called, and continued to 1880. March 2, 1880, Rev. W. M. Ryan was called to the pastorate.



BAPTIST CHURCH.

and continued until 1892. Rev. J. E. Darby, D. D., began his labors as pastor early in 1893, and served until April, 1893. The present pastor, Rev. P. F. DeLancey, began his pastorate in May, 1893. His ability as pastor and preacher is highly appreciated. There is also connected with the church a flourishing Sabbath School of 159 scholars. The Ladies' Saving Society is a grand and useful auxiliary to the church.

MRS. W. E. HILL.

#### The Catholic Church.

In 1784 Catholics along the Monongahela, Ten Mile and Muddy Creek, about seventy sent an appeal to Philadelphia, to have a clergyman visit them at least once a year. In 1795, Rev. Patrick Loneragan bought lots Nos. 136, 160, 163, 168 and 172 in Waynesburg, and settled permanently; as late as 1801 we find his name connected with the colony he had established. A record of his will leaving his property to Right Rev. John Carroll, is in the Register's office. In 1832, Bishop Kenrick gave power of attorney to Thomas Fletcher, to sell these lots except No. 136, on which the



ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.

church stands. Am not able to say if the church built in 1833 was the first. But in 1852 it was considered unsafe, and services were held in private houses until 1860, when Rev. McHugh, pastor of the Brownsville Mission of which Greene county always has been a part, came with the determination to rebuild. In 1870, the present church was dedicated by the patriotic Bishop Dominic, who, by the way, was the first ecclesiastic to raise the stars and stripes in Pittsburgh, when Fort Sumpter was fired upon.

ANNIE B. MCGURGAN.





VIEW OF THE VALLEY LOOKING NORTH-EAST FROM THE "TOWN HILL."

## Historical Sketch of Waynesburg.

MORE than a century ago, a powerful tribe of Indians, the Delawares, had their hunting ground in this beautiful valley. The direct Indian trail from the Monongahela to the Ohio river, passed through what is now Main street. The arrows of hostile Indians, stationed on the knoll where Campbell's warehouse stood, often greeted the whites who chanced to pass along the trail.

Some wanderer in days gone by, stopped on one of the bluffs of the placid Tennessee and glanced up and down the stream, noted its many beauties, the rich sweep of meadow and woodland. As his mind took in the scene, his feelings overcame him; he thought he was on the threshold of a new country, so beautiful, so rich, that he named it Eden; and it was so called, when the original patent of the land, where Waynesburg stands, was granted. At this time it seems that Eden was not a very desirable place; for, as the tradition says, sometime before the year 1774, Thomas Slater bought about four hundred acres, including the present site of Waynesburg, for the consideration of "one two-year-old heifer, one flint lock rifle and some other trifling articles, which he carried away with him." In 1774 he sold two hundred acres of the part on which the town stands, to the four county trustees, for the sum of \$3,271.

Mr. Slater's cabin is said to have been the first one built in this vicinity. It stood on a knoll on the western side of the Smith creek road, and east of Mr. Wm. Johnson's house. Here still grow those old fashioned flowers called "louncing Betties," marking the spot of the first garden in Eden. No doubt they gladdened the hearts of these hardy pioneers and made them think of home and friends in old Virginia.

In those early days the savage Indians concealed themselves in the woods on Duvall's Hill and shot their arrows at the lonely settlers.

When the celebrated Indian chief, Logan, began to revenge himself on the whites, the people were aroused to a sense of danger and prepared to defend themselves. A man by the name of Jackson had built a cabin in the meadow recently owned by Mr. Jesse Hook, directly south of Hook's Town, and near the creek. In 1774 the settlers remodeled this cabin into a block-house

and named it Fort Jackson. But as the number of people increased, a regular fortification was built. It consisted of a system of cabins arranged in the form of a hollow square and enclosed an acre of ground. Between these cabins were palisades ten or twelve feet high, all



OLD UNION MILL.

supplied with port-holes. There were no doors or windows on the outside of the fort. They all opened toward the enclosure, with one common entrance gate for all. Every settler in the neighborhood owned one of these cabins in Fort Jackson, to which he fled for protection in times of danger.

Once when the conch-shell had sounded the alarm and the whole settlement had gathered to the fort, two young people, Israel White and Sarah Slater, thought it was a favorable time to have a wedding. It is no wonder that a wedding was looked forward to with eagerness by all. It is said that this was the only gathering which was not accompanied with the labor of reaping, log-rolling or cabin-building.

Many interesting traditions are connected with Fort Jackson which must be omitted in this brief sketch. Relics of this early day are continually found in the field in which this fort stood. The celebrated conch-shell, which so often in times of danger called together the settlers, is still kept with loving care as a memento of those days.

Most of the pioneers came from Maryland and Virginia. They moved on horses furnished with pack-saddles. This was the more

easily done, as but few of these adventurers were overloaded with baggage. Land was the object which induced most of these people to cross the mountains; for, as the saying then was, "It could be had for taking up." Building a cabin and raising a crop of grain, however small, entitled the occupant to four hundred acres of land.

The labor of all settlers was greatly interrupted by the Indians. Necessity compelled each family to do every kind of work. With the few tools which they brought with them, they certainly accomplished wonders. Hominy blocks and hand-mills were used in most of the houses. Clothing was all of domestic manufacture. The crops of flax often failed, and the sheep were destroyed by wolves. Linsey, a peculiar mixture of flax and wool, was the most substantial cloth. Almost every house contained a loom. The women had to spin, and generally weave, all the cloth for their families. They also cut and made hunting-shirts and leggings. The wonder is that they did not sink under their burdens.

Let us consider the fashion of that day, when there was not a store, a tailor, or a dress-maker within a hundred miles. The gentlemen dressed in shoe-packs, moccasins, leather breeches, leggings, and lin-

To obtain salt, iron, or steel, were the great difficulties of the first settlers. They had no stores of any kind, nor salt nor iron works, neither had they money with which to buy these necessary articles. Furs were their only resource for the purchase of these things until they had time to raise cattle and horses for sale in the east. During the year each family collected as many pelts as possible, and in the fall of the year, after seeding time, all these were sent over the mountains for barter. Each horse was fitted out with a pack saddle, and his neck was ornamented with a bell and collar. During the day the bells were filled with leaves, which were taken out at night when the horses were turned loose. The bags in which the salt was to be brought home were filled with feed for the horses. A part of the provision was left at different places on the way to feed the horses on the return trip. Large wallets filled with bread, ham and cheese, furnished provision for the men. Each horse carried home two bushels of salt. The common price of a bushel of salt, at that time, was a cow and a calf.

Before the site was selected for Waynesburg, Nathaniel Jennings had built a mill on the farm west of town now owned by Mr. J. A. J. Buchanan. Waynesburg, the county seat of Greene, was laid out in the year 1796. Thomas Kent, David and Israel White, Mr. James Hook, Mr. Adams, Thomas Smith and his brother John were among the early inhabitants. The next year following the laying out of the town a log court house was built which stands on Greene street. In the year 1800 the second one was erected on the spot now occupied by the present court house, which was built in 1850. Mr. John Berman was the first probatory, register and recorder. Mrs. Province's will was the first recorded. James Hook was the first sheriff. Wm. Ingham and Wm. Hunter were the first justices of the peace. Mr. Hunter lived in a house on Main street, where Mr. Fisher has since built a new house. The first marriage, birth and death occurred in his family. Mrs. Hunter was a faithful Presbyterian. She often walked either to Canonsburg or to Pigeon Creek church to attend divine service. This good woman's body was the first buried in the old graveyard on the common.

The first church was built by the



DOWNY HOUSE, WAYNEBURG.



SEALS HOUSE.

Methodists, and stood in the old grave-yard, on the bank east of the stone bridge, and just back of Hook's Town.

Our respected friend, Miss Maria Harvey, came from Philadelphia the year 1802. At that time there was only one church, the court house, jail, several old log houses and one frame house, which was for years occupied by Hon. A. A. Purman as a law office. Miss Harvey began teaching school in 1826, and taught six successive years.

Master Kennedy was one of the first school teachers and taught in a school house which stood west of town, near the home of Mr. Wiscarver. In the early days of an old school house stood in the college grounds, the roof of which was taken off by a violent wind storm. The school dismissed itself without much formality, and the children hurried home.

On a dark rainy day in 1848, three men, Joseph Lazenby, R. W. Downey and Jesse Hook, were sitting in the Farmers and Drivers' Bank talking about the education of their children. One of them asked the question, "Why cannot we have a college in Waynesburg?"

A subscription paper was then and there drawn up and five hundred dollars subscribed. This, though small, was the beginning of great things for the town and especially the youth of Waynesburg. With limited means the college edifice was built and ready for use in the autumn of 1851. The first president of the college, the Rev. J. Loughran, was assisted by the Rev. R. M. Fish, professor of mathematics, and Miss Margaret Kerr Bell, principal of the female department. A class of young ladies, having taken a scientific course, graduated in 1852, and the first class that took a full collegiate course graduated in 1853.

Waynesburg College needs the generous remembrance of the rich. It has struggled along for many years without much assistance. Women especially should endow it liberally, for it was one of the first colleges in the land to open its doors to them. LAURA BRADEN.

He—Do you think, Miss Mand, that cigarettes injure the brain?

She—Well, Mr. Freshly, I don't think, as a rule, they have much of an opportunity.—Commercial Advertiser.

Dear woman, since the world began, Has searched for an ideal man Nor ever dreamed—so foolish she— That such a one could never be.

But man—who has a wiser streak— Ideal woman does not seek. He knows and wants it understood The good old kind is much too good.

### Centennial Ode and Hymn.

TO THEE, O Lord, in grateful praise We offer thanks for length of days; For mercies great and wide and free; Our sins condoned, we come to Thee And ask that mercies still may fall On children's children, one and all, And down the ages blessings rare, O, freely give to each a share.

One hundred years have come and gone, While nearer hastes millennium's dawn;

Thro' trials great we've looked to Thee,

Thou, God of ages, bond and free; With men of old, Jehovah dwelt, Whose'er before his altars knelt.

And Thou, we pray, will guard our ways,

Who seek Thee, in these latter days.

All honor those who front the fray, The men to duty, wives to pray; Awake to peril, they look above; Their sure defense, the God of love. The Christian soldier bravely bore His country's arms, and, waving o'er The brave, and hearts of boys in blue, The nation's ensign, bright and true.

Proud stars and stripes! we love them now As only when truth know how.

It mounts the air as eagle's wing; It heralds hope, and freedom brings To all who dwell beneath its folds. Rebellion trembles, once so bold; The Union rises, Phoenix like— Baptized in blood—the freeman's strike.

Thro' ages yet will course the blood, The valor past, enrich the flood; The sons of val'ra, marching on, Unite their tones with treble song; And strong and sweet the harmony As years roll on to eternity; They work and wait, their robes made white;

The Lamb of God their life and light.

In glory-light their faces shine, Revealing names the Lord divine Will give those faithful to his word; The martyr saints cry, Praise the Lord; While near the throne and crystal sea Angelic song is floating free; The choral hallelujahs gain; The Lord Omnipotent doth reign.

Let earth soon join with Heaven's praise;

To God, our happy voices raise; That He, thro' all the years now past, With us—and promised to the last; Then hallelujah we will sing, And thus will make the welkin ring—Marvelous Thy works and great Thy

Thou King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

ELIZABETH SHEPARD.

### Our Centennial.

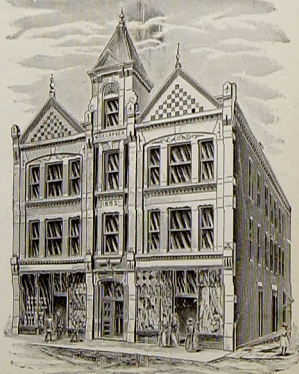
EVEN General Greene is smiling (if he didn't get a new cut of clothes)! You wonder why? If you are here Wednesday and Thursday, August 26 and 27, A. D. 1896, you will not wonder, for you will know that it is because Greene County, the illustrious namesake of the old General, is celebrating her Centennial, the one hundredth anniversary of her birthday. Really, she should have done it February 9th of this year, but not being in a very good condition then, and desiring to make a grand and glorious event of this, her natal day, she, by her illustrious sons and daughters, postponed the happy

time to the present, when more of her children could be present to do her honor. And many, many of them are here now—from the East and the Far West, from the "Sunny South"—the children and the grandchildren of "Little Greene." See them laughing, talking, cracking jokes, shaking hands, bustling about, even jostling each other in their endeavors to greet some old-time friend or comrade. All happy! Everybody happy! No wonder Washington's great friend, our honored General Greene, looks down from his high and mighty position on top our court of justice and smiles! And can't you even see him nod?—imagine you can, at least; for, truly, he would if he only could. And the electric lights are winking at one another, for they know what it is all about. And watch the gas jets! How they jump up and down in their mirth. Even the leaves of the trees are dancing in their enjoyment. But what are Greene County and Waynesburg doing to make her Centennial such a success you ask, you distant ones. For a year or more past the good people of the town and county talked of the advisability of celebrating the separation of Greene from Washington County, so, in pursuance of this talk, a meeting was held February 18th, 1896, in the Court-House, to discuss ways and means. It was decided that we celebrate. Thereupon an executive committee, to have charge of all subsequent proceedings, was recommended, and by a unanimous vote these men and women were elected to have charge of our Centennial. This committee consisted of Capt. J. B. Donley, chairman; James J. Purman, secretary; J. C. Garard, treasurer; Dr. J. T. Jams, R. H. Phelan, J. A. T. Randolph, Dr. Jane Teggarden, Mrs. Jennie Allison, and Mrs. Theod. Knox. And it is to the untiring energy and patriotic zeal of this committee that the success of our cele-

bration is largely due. They immediately set to work, first appointing the assistant committees, such as the finance—probably the most important—the decorative, the publicity, the fireworks, the parade, the bicycle, the flower, the relic, and others.

These committees have all proved good ones, and the work assigned them, with few exceptions, has been carried on to the fullest completion. The finances necessary for the success of the undertaking were raised by private contributions, most of the citizens and merchants of the town responding liberally. This fund was increased by gifts from many city firms, from the two town banks, the gas companies, the Electric Light Company, the railroad company, and by township and borough contributions, raising in all a Centennial fund of over \$3,000.

Several weeks ago the decorative committee began the erection of arches at various places in town, the largest and most expensive one being the double structure at the junction of Main and Washington streets. Another was located at the lower end of Main street, opposite the residence of Mr. Abner Tharp; another at the upper end of Main street, opposite the establishment of N. W. Carter. The fourth was put up on Morris street, from College Park, across to Richie Park. Several other arches were erected by business firms of the town, the handsomest one being on Lincoln street, opposite the residence of R. F. Downey, and erected by the Waynesburg National Gas Company. All these arches may be seen to-day, things of beauty and adornment. The gas arch is attractive with its many shining lights. The others are handsome in form, with their deckings of flags, bunting, lights, and wreaths. So the time prevails to the erection of these arches Waynesburg in general commenced to



WISCARVER BUILDING.





DR. JANIE THRAEGARDEN.

put on her holiday attire, houses were brightened up with new paint. Streets were put in a better condition, sidewalks improved, and a general air of thrift and industry ran through everybody and everything. And so things progressed for weeks. Committees all working, assisted by everyone, seemingly all other business suspended, politics even forgotten, for nothing but Centennial was thought of, talked of, or dreamed about.

Today we behold the culmination of all this industry and push. Crowds through our streets, all of whom have come to behold or participate in, perhaps both, some particular part of our grand entertainment. You can see the white hair of some old soldier who, dressed in his beloved suit of blue, has come to attend the camp fire in the Court House, Wednesday evening; perhaps some old student of our College, back to visit the scenes of his happy school days; or it may be a former pupil of Greene Academy here to attend the re-union of the students of that institution. Some old curiosity hunter may have arrived to pore over the splendid collection of curios and fine arts on exhibition in the College, where a fine display of such is presented to the view; or perhaps some scholar has come from afar to listen to the interesting and instructive addresses made by the various orators of the occasion; or a musician to hear the music of the choir of 1,000 voices, and of the various bands in attendance from city and town. Perhaps a few have come to see only the balloon ascension, ride on the merry-go-round, or witness the bicycle parade and race. But we know some are old Greene Countians, who have been absent for years, back to visit the place of their birth, drawn here by love and patriotism. But the greatest crowd of all has come out of mere curiosity, simply because others come, and to see the Centennial in general.

But all of these classes are here with hundreds of others to augment the immense assemblage come to witness Greene county's triumph. All are heartily welcome. Our town has on all her "birthday fixings" now and she truly looks beautiful. Hunting and flags galore are flying from every spire and steeple. From the smallest cottage to our spacious College building, the Courthouse and many of the stores and hotels being especially beautiful in their decorations. Surely "Old Glory" is truly conspicuous in town. And our park

never looked more beautiful. One of the principal features of our Centennial is the grand civic and industrial parade on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock. This parade will be over a mile in length and will pass over the principal streets of the town. All the business, the industries, the products of our county and towns will be represented in this parade, and it will be a sight never to be forgotten.

Waynesburg is doing herself proud, her hospitality is unequalled, her interest in every visitor is great, for her homes are thrown open, her stores are made especially attractive, her hotels have made special arrangements for the comfortable entertainment of all guests, and even her park has taken down all "keep off the grass" signs and the small boy is allowed to wander at will over its well kept lawns. In closing this sketch of "Our Centennial" we wish only to say on behalf of the men and women who have tried to make this celebration the success it is, that they have done the best they knew, and as none of us, not even the editors of this paper, expect to be present at the next centennial, we feel able to congratulate ourselves on what we have done, and hopefully leave to our descendants the duty and the pleasure of celebrating on a grander scale the growth and greatness of Greene county, in 1996.

NELLIE WELLS DONLEY.



RESIDENCE OF DR. JANIE AND MISS LOUISE THRAEGARDEN.

## Miss Maria A. Harvey.

THE FIRST WOMAN PHARMACEUT WEST OF THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Philadelphia, August, 1792, and came to Greene county about 1808, traversing the distance on horseback. She located in Center township, on a farm in the woods previously purchased by her father, the place now known as the "Old Harvey Farm."

After remaining here six or eight years, during which time she assisted in managing a small hotel, or eating-house, and in conducting a post-office, receiving mail from Morgantown, Va., by Waynesburg once a week, often witnessing the sight of slaves being brought, chained together, over the same route, she sold her interest in the farm for three hundred dollars, and removed to Waynesburg. Her first step was



MRS. MARIA A. HARVEY.

to purchase the property on Main street, now owned and occupied by Abner Tharp. Afterward she built the small house adjoining, in which she lived until her death. For a time she taught a select school, at the same time doing a great deal of fancy needlework, in which she excelled. A favorite axiom of hers was, "The cross of effort before the crown of success," and 'tis certain that success seemed to mark whatever she undertook.

Later, she opened a millinery es-

tablishment, having in her charge a number of young girls learning the trade. This she continued until warned of endangering her health from the bleaching process, then so commonly used.

Up to this time Waynesburg had not boasted a pharmacy, and it was Miss Harvey's fertile brain that conceived the idea of starting one. Encouraged by Drs. Ingraham and Widney, she opened her store, remarking that she knew nothing of the business, but wasn't too old to learn.

She pursued this business for perhaps thirty years, an amusing what was then considered quite a fortune, at which time she retired from active work, congratulating herself on the fact that she had never incorrectly filled a prescription, and had always positively refused to sell whiskey unless she knew it was required by the physician for medicinal purposes.

Miss Harvey was of a bright, sunny disposition, strictly exact in

business methods, kindly in her ways, interested in education—instituting on her nephews and nieces taking a course in Waynesburg College. Assisting where it was needed, when misfortune came it was her hand which relieved. She united with the C. P. Church in 1832, under the preaching of Revs. Morgan and Bryan, and remained a consistent and helpful member until, in March, 1884, the Father said, "Come up higher."

IDA DONLEY RINEHART.

## Women in Professional and Business Life.

Mrs. Justus F. Temple, Editor.

## Woman in the Professions.

THE last quarter of a century has effectively exploded the notion that woman has no place in the business world—that she cannot hold that place alongside of man in the professions. She has shown that she can master the most abstruse problems. Buckle has demonstrated her fitness in the medical profession, and it is in the latter vocation where she has attained a success. With her keen perceptions, fine touch and gentle manner, she is particularly adapted to this profession, especially in the diseases of women and children, which should be her specialty. Though loth to acknowledge her fitness to stand shoulder to shoulder with them, the modern Esculapian is not so prone to sneer at the "woman doctor" as he was wont to do. As trained nurses their services have become invaluable, and the old regime of unskilled, ignorant nurses in the sick room has become a thing of the past.

Women have achieved success as architects and designers. The beautiful woman's building at the World's Fair, and at the Atlanta Exposition, proved this so conclusively that even man could not avail at the praise so honestly earned. At Atlanta a Pennsylvania girl carried off the honors. In the city of Pittsburgh, one of the most successful architects is a woman.

In all branches of art women hold their own with their brother artists. Miss Lucy Parkman Trowbridge, a New York girl, who went to Paris about a year ago, has had her miniatures accepted at the Salon of the Champ De Mars, where only twelve among all the different kind of paintings offered, were accepted; the judges stating that they gave her "the unique honor of a No. 1." Since the exhibition, Miss Trowbridge has been elected an associate of the Salon, an honor that comes to but few artists, and is then seldom attained before old age is creeping upon them. Miss Trowbridge is a daughter of the late Professor Trowbridge of the Yale Scientific School—a graduate of West Point. Miss Trowbridge studied first in the Yale School of Fine Arts.

Woman's influence is being felt in the political world, not merely among the agitators of Woman's Suffrage, for while she does not crowd upon the forum as a campaign orator or hustler at the polls, by her intelligent insight into the questions of the day, by her quiet home influence and with her pen she has become an important factor in the politics of the nation. One of the great political parties recognizes

ing this fact, has inserted in its platform a "woman's plank," favoring "equal opportunities and equal pay for equal work and protection to the home," also favoring "the admission of women to wider spheres of usefulness" and asks their co-operation during the present campaign.

Journalism has opened up a wide field of usefulness for the bright woman of the land, and on most of the best papers of the day, we find the impress of her thought and vigor. We have not to go very far afield for an example of woman's success in the profession, for your town can claim one of the brightest and most successful newspaper women of the day, in that ready and versatile writer, Mary Temple Bayard, daughter of the late Hon. Justus F. Temple, of whom you may be justly proud.

As educators women have been a success, long before they dared to knock at the doors of any of the other professions, and how many of the noblest men, the brightest statesmen of our country, are indebted to the scholarly attainments, the wise guidance of the "woman teacher" for the foundation of their greatness.

Why there should be so much opposition to women taking up any honorable vocation for which she is fitted, I cannot "for the life of me" see. Can any of these growlers, who talk about "Woman's Sphere," of her "unsexing herself" by entering the business world, point to a single profession or a vocation that has had its standard lowered because woman has entered therein? Nor is there any danger of a true woman being contaminated by the work in which she is engaged. Let the business woman respect herself and man must respect her. The silly cry is taken up that the women are crowding the young men out of trades and professions. Where is the young man who is competent for his chosen work, who is faithful and honest in his profession, who has thus been crowded to the wall. If the woman has more brains, more aptness for the work, it is the fault of the man with whom she competes, not hers.

Why was not all this hue and cry raised in the "dark ages," not so long ago, when the only work for a woman, who had a family to support, was to take in washing or sew her life away?

Woman naturally shrunk from contact with the business world, she craves protection and the comforts of home life, and there are very few who have entered any of the fields of labor, where they have to compete with men, who have not been obliged to do so. They have families of little children, or aged, or ailing parents to provide for, or brothers and sisters to educate; and these women take up their chosen work bravely and go in and win. Nor does it hurt the true woman in any way, more self-reliant she undoubtedly is, but she is just as gentle, just as refined as though she had never left the home circle; she can take her place just as gracefully in society, where she is better fitted to shine, for her views are broader, she can converse more intelligently, for her mind has attained to higher themes than gossip or the latest scandal.

The "new woman" has become a theme for every scribbler in the land, but the true new woman is no more the creature so industriously caricatured by the "Smart Alecks" of

the daily press, than is the brainless, ogling, cigarette smoking, dulle of the present day a true type of the brave, manly American manhood.

KATE M. SCOTT.

#### Women in the Legal Profession.

THE law of demand and supply working in the professional world, as well as the commercial, has given our country many women physicians and women ministers. Suffering bodies sought the balm of women's tenderness and sympathy, darkened souls asked the light of her love and spirituality, and now distracted society, and business interests demand her insight and enterprise, and she is entering the profession of law. From this profession she looks out into public affairs; into the fields of political and economic science.

It has seemed that in times past it was necessary that men be the active element in business, society, and government, but that necessity has given way, and now we need man and woman standing together each

was Miss Lemma Barkaloo, who died in the year of her admission, 1870.

But a Pennsylvania woman, Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, of Philadelphia, demonstrated that the quality so necessary to the successful lawyer was not lacking, perseverance. She tried to gain admission for 13 years, beginning in 1870. Being refused admission she applied for a writ of mandamus, which was also refused. She sued the Board of Examiners, tried to get a law through the legislature admitting women, sought admission in different courts, and at last, in 1883, was admitted to the Orphans Court, and given a degree by the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, to which she had been refused admission ten years before. In 1886 she was admitted to the Supreme Court of the State. Mrs. Kilgore has been in active practice since her admission, and has twice been appointed Master by the courts.

Miss Alice G. McGee is another Pennsylvania woman lawyer, having studied in Warren, Penn.

Ohio has about twelve women lawyers, and two among the num-



RESIDENCE OF DR. J. T. LAMM.

supplementing the work of the other.

Complete justice, where women's interests are involved, sometimes demands that she be represented at the bar by counsel viewing the case from her standpoint, and further that the case be submitted to a jury of her peers, fellow-women.

Mrs. Martha Strickland, looking back over ten years of active practice in the profession of law, writes—"Gradually, as the years have passed and I have become more familiar with our courts and the administration of justice, the opinion has been forced upon me that not only is there need of women lawyers, but of women in all parts of our judicial system."

There are in the United States between one and two hundred women attorneys. It was two centuries ago, back in Colonial times, in Maryland, in 1696, that the first woman was admitted to practice at the bar. The next woman admitted was Belle A. Mansfield, in 1862, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, who continued her law studies in Paris, and afterward filled the chair of History in De Pauw University. The third woman to be admitted, and the first to try a case in Court,

her, Miss Cronise and Mrs. Lutesisters, of Tiffin, have been steady practitioners for a longer time than any other women. They have been in active general practice for twenty-three years, and have a large share of the legal business in their vicinity.

Miss Edna Gray entered politics, as do many of her profession, and ran for the office of Prosecuting Attorney of Highland County, Ohio, making her own stump speeches to "crowded houses."

There is a unique law firm in Milwaukee, which is composed, I believe, of Col. and Mrs. C. K. Pier and their three daughters.

As Chicago always boasts of having the largest things and the most of them, so she probably has the most women lawyers of any other city, including the well-known Mrs. Myra Bradwell, Mrs. Catherine V. Waite, Mrs. Mary A. Ahrens, Miss Ellen Martin, and Miss Kate Kane. Several colored women are in the practice. Among them Mrs. Charlotte R. Ray, of New York, and Mrs. A. S. Carey, of Washington, both graduates of Howard University, of Washington.

Perhaps the most noted of women lawyers are two politicians, Bleva

A. Lockwood, of Washington, who was a presidential nominee, and J. Ellen Foster, an astute leader in the Republican party.

That Japan is entering into the dawn of the highest civilization, is attested by the fact that one woman practitioner is found in the ranks of her legal profession.

And our fast friends and imitators, the Hawaiian Islands, have admitted to the bar and made a Notary Public, Miss Almada E. Hitchcock, who rode two hundred miles on horseback to try some cases before the Circuit Court in one of the out-districts.

The fact is women lawyers are becoming so plentiful that the time is not far distant when they will not be a rarity, and newspaper articles about women in the profession of law will be read with slight interest.

END WARE FOSTER.

#### Women as Financiers.

WOMEN have now invaded so many departments of business life, and are accomplishing successfully so many places of importance in all manner of industries and enterprises, that one is hardly surprised at hearing of their achievements in any direction. But if the average man might suppose that there was yet one department of commercial activity which woman has not prospected, it is most likely he would think it was that of finance and the management of financial institutions. Woman is usually credited by man with being somewhat weak in this direction. But that is only one of her man's mistakes about women. In the last report to Congress of the Comptroller of the Currency there is a chapter on women's interest and activity in financial affairs that will greatly surprise many people. It shows that there are several very able women bank presidents in this country, a large number of women directors of financial institutions, a very large number of women employed in subordinate places in such institutions, and a surprising number of women who own stock in banks and take a lively interest in their affairs.

The West, as usual, makes the greatest showing in this matter, as in most others concerning the ascendancy of woman. Henrietta Rice Temple, a Kansas country woman, is president of the First National Bank of Lexington, Nebraska. It required a ruling of Attorney-General Garland to gain permission for her election. After her marriage she went West. She is now, and has been for some years, president of the above-named bank. Several national banks in the West have women presidents, and several other banks have women occupying places of trust and great responsibility. All over the country there are financial institutions of one kind or another, and altogether women on the board of directors.

Some notable facts and figures are given in recent reports of the Comptroller. In whatever places of trust women have so far been employed, they have shown themselves particularly shrewd and altogether discreet and trustworthy. They are proof against most of the temptations that cause men to fall from grace when entrusted with other people's money, and have proved conscientious and faithful. According to a recent report of the Comptroller, 967 women were then em-



played in National and State banks, but since that time the number has been very largely increased. At that time 1,733,772 shares of stock in National banks, representing a value of \$1,30,681,492, were owned by 70,697 women. Of State bank shares women owned 481,089, representing \$38,074,712, which were in the hands of 13,146 individual holders. Estimating the average dividends from this stock at 6 per cent, the women of this country draw about \$10,000,000 a year in incomes from financial institutions.

#### Woman's Inventive Genius.

SIDNEY SMITH said, "Nothing is more common or more stupid than to take the actual for the possible, to believe that all which is, is all that can be." To a very large extent, this has been the sentiment of society toward all innovations.

When our forefathers declared that every one had an inherent right to his own individuality, and was responsible for developing what talent he possessed, no one thought that this individual right belonged to every woman as well as to every man.

Instead of falling into line and conforming to one universal type of character, she has deliberately walked away from the traces, quitted the shafts, and elected her own path; she has secured her emancipation in the social, intellectual and industrial world; second-hand views are no longer at a premium.

The very atmosphere of our century is saturated with a Columbian spirit which never rests until new lands of privileges and opportunities are discovered upon which to work out the new promises of the future.

Woman's capabilities in the professional and scientific world have been fully demonstrated. She has taken a place side by side with man in lines of work formerly usurped by men.

In the world of invention she has attained no mean position in this, the Nineteenth Century.

There are few housekeepers who have not at some time thought of some invention or planned a useful article for her own convenience. These may not have been patented, yet were just as valuable.

The Patent Office Report gives the first invention by a woman in 1809. This was a device for straw-weaving with silk and thread by Mary Kies. Other patents were granted to women previous to this, but no record is at hand.

The next reported was in 1815, when Mary Bruch was granted a patent for a corset. Up to 1892 one hundred and forty-three patents have been granted on this one article of wearing apparel.

More activity has been shown in the last two decades by the women in inventions than in all the preceding years of this century. During the year 1893 almost four hundred applications for patents were taken out by women.

From 1790 to 1892 3,458 inventions were patented by women, about one hundred of them being foreigners.

It is true that not so wide a range of inventions has been made by women as by men. The tendency has been largely along lines of domestic comfort and convenience, and no doubt many of these inventions were born when

household duties were tedious and perplexing, and the labor-saving question was studied till it forced the thoughts that led to the concept.

Not all of women's inventions, however, were conceived under such circumstances, for many of leisure have given important inventions to the world. A New York banker's wife while twisting worsteds saw the possibility of a machine to do that work, and, as a result, she perfected a machine for twisting wire rope, the patent of which she sold for \$50,000 and a royalty on the sales. It is charged to woman's account that not all her inventions have been practical or important. The domestic devices have been most prolific, such as washing-machines, clothes, dish-washers, baby carriages, toys, games.

The invention of a workingman's dinner pail was the source of a fortune to the inventor, a Michigan woman, and a very simple attachment for a sewing machine was a large venture to Miss Helen Blanchard.

Among the larger and more noted inventions may be mentioned a ma-

chine and special abilities has not made her less contented, nor less happy in her domestic relations.

Every invention which is brought within her knowledge is the bright suggestion of some farther discovery, some larger field of usefulness. Success has been the touchstone which stamped approval on her work.

When the industrial and commercial operations and needs of our country are more thoroughly mastered by women, much more may be expected in the way of inventions along lines of mechanical perplexities and abstruse science.

ELIZABETH M. MURDOCH.

#### Woman's Outlook for the Future.

There is much talk now-a-days over the advent of the latest social phenomenon—the "new woman." Much that is said is ridiculously untrue, but a paragraph from a recent number of a popular magazine contains some food for thought. "It begins to look as if man must make up his mind to meet female competition in every line of indus-

trumentarily by the innovations of the century. If her tastes and capabilities are for masculine employments, why should the belated customs of the past raise a hue and cry. Let her choose her own vocations. Public sentiment has met her on this ground and has thrown open to her the most responsible positions. Life is now much more evenly divided, women being considered neither princesses nor slaves, men neither gods nor demons. Women and men both plod along life's highway together sharing similar experiences and daily illustrating the profound truth of Hudibras—that "the value of a thing is just as much as it will bring"—and woman's value is exactly what she chooses to make it. We love to think that a woman is a woman whether rocked in poverty's cradle or enfolded in the lap of luxury; that the same inherent qualities of true, pure womanhood will be known and recognized the same in the one as in the other. Man is a poor creature, and for the future may be more exacting, but does not the exactness render it the more honorable? The world requires more from her than ever before. From far and near comes the wailing cry of helpless humanity and woman by these noble responses to the call until all up and down our fair land may be seen the loyal-hearted deaconess, the gentle sister of charity and the skillful nurse alleviating the suffering and uplifting the weak and fallen ones. So who can grudge her old times? Civilization demands progress along all lines. Women cannot afford to be simply what their mothers were—they must be more. The demand of the times is for a higher order of character and attainments. The child of to-day requires a mother in intelligence and refinement, one who keeps in touch with the thought of the world and understands its demands. The home is the foundation-head of the nation and must send out men and women with nobility of character and purity of purpose if our race of freedom is to stand foremost among the nations of the earth. The world to-day is looking at woman and woman's work. What will she do with the privileges accorded her? Her opportunities are many and varied and much is expected from her. In every avenue of life she has proved herself equal to the emergency of the hour. So in this era of the "new woman" we know she will be equal to the test. The "new woman" of the worst of men and the best of the best, that woman, true, beautiful and loving as of old, with all her sweet femininity clinging to her, will still reign supreme. "She will still be the adored object of man's love, the chief arbiter of his fate."

It does not take the voice of a seer to prophesy that in the coming century her influence for the nation's weal or woe will be much greater than it is now. She will be the adjuster of society, her influence the standard of morals and public sentiment, and without the ministry of the saint, she will receive the plaudits of an admiring world.

MARY FENNELL HAMMER.

The lightning bug is brilliant,  
But he hasn't any mind;  
He blunders through existence  
With his highlight on behind.



RESIDENCE OF F. S. BLACK.

chine by a Philadelphia woman for making hundreds of barrels in a day; an improvement in locomotive wheels, by a New York girl; a typewriter, by Mrs. Mills, who also invented her own tools for the construction of her patent. Miss Westover, a Western girl, made her mark as an inventor by patenting a dump-truck, which can also be used in cooling vessels.

The "Coston" signals used during the Civil War were the inventions of Martha J. Coston. These signals have been adopted by many European governments, and have been particularly valuable in the life-saving service.

The most wonderful of all inventors, Edison, employs more than a hundred women as machinists and for details of his electrical inventions. He said it was his opinion that "women have a more delicate perception of machinery in one minute than most men have in their whole lifetime."

Perhaps a sufficient number of inventions have been cited to prove that women possess a trend toward mechanical inventions and to show what American women have accomplished along this line.

The developing of peculiar tal-

try. Twenty years ago a report showed nineteen standard occupations in each of which tens of thousands of men were employed and not one woman. Twelve of the nineteen have since been invaded by the so-called weaker sex, and we may shortly expect soldiers and sailors to stand alone in their masculine exclusiveness." Public opinion proclaims this to be the Golden Age of woman, and the next will undoubtedly be the woman's century. At no time in the world's history has she stood so entirely on her own merits, or been rated so exclusively at her own personal worth. Perhaps she sometimes deplores the fact that the age of chivalry, with its poetic flattery and mistaken heroism, has gone by, but why should she not exult in the great Now of to-day, and the bright promises for the future which are held out to her? While the home and motherhood will always be her natural sphere, yet there are thousands of noble-hearted women who, from circumstances or inclination, launch out into the busy turmoil of life and take their places side by side with man. This fact proves that woman has not lost but gained

## Work For Women in India.

THE ill-balanced condition of life in India is clearly evidenced by the fact that, so far as can be ascertained, there are 6,250,000 fewer women than men. To explain why this is so would not be so very difficult if one had but the time and space, but within the limits of this article it would be impossible. It is sufficient to say that the very idea of what a woman is lost or buried in the heathen mind there. Her mournful condition is such as to move any heart. Her degraded position is not the result of accident, but comes through injunctions having religious authority, which even refuse to permit her to learn to read or write. Seventy-six years ago there were no girls' schools in India; now, consequent upon missionary effort, about three-quarters of a million of women and girls are able to read and write, or are learning to do so. But then about 128,000,000 are ignorant of even their letters; in short, only about one in 175 has the most elementary education. Of late years the breaking down of the barriers that have surrounded the women of the country has been going on at a much more rapid rate. Many of the more intelligent and better educated among the men are realizing that the progress of the whole people is retarded by the enforced ignorance of their mothers and daughters, and so are not only willing but anxious that they too shall have the advantage of an education. A friend of mine said that one day, when tired and almost discouraged with her apparent lack of success in her work in the zenanas, she was about to hurry away, when a Bengalee gentleman saluted her politely and said, "Are you not a missionary?" She told him she was. "Will you not come and teach my wife and daughter? I have heard the *patri salih* (missionary) preach in the bazaar and I wish to become a Christian, but I cannot until the women are ready to come with me." Another friend told me that many a *baloo* has said to her, "Madame, I would willingly acknowledge myself to be a Christian at once were it not for my poor old mother; she would surely break her heart and die if I left her and the rest of my family. How can I come from them and be a Christian?" If one member of a family becomes a Christian while the rest retain their old belief, that one is considered an outcast and regarded as worse than dead. Such ties cannot be lightly cast aside.

What among the women is indeed the most practical lever by which the whole of India is to be raised and purified; or, in other words, it is the leaven that will in time leaven the whole mass. In India, as among other pagan and Mohammedan peoples, woman is not only a sex, but she has become a caste in her social treatment and the estimation in which she is held. Only the women of the wealthier classes are shut up in zenanas, and not even all those of some religions. In southern India women have much more freedom than in the north. The Parsees grant the greatest freedom, the Mohammedans the least. Where the Mohammedans are most numerous, all are shut up. Islam is to blame for this. When the followers of Mohammed came to India the custom came with them. Gradually the custom prevailed, and became even more strictly enforced among

the Hindus, because of their natural timidity and the desire to protect their women from the conquerors. In time, it became a mark of respectability. However, in villages and outlying districts, women simply keep in the background, covering their faces only when men are near. Miss Thoburn says: "Among the Hindus a woman is more careful to cover her face before her husband than before remote relatives; but a Mohammedan woman, except for a short time after marriage, looks her husband in the face and talks to him freely. When she displeases him, he reminds her with high disdain that he is a man, and, if she is a pious Mohammedan, she will at once be meekly silent; if not, there will be an argument in which she will have the last word, at any cost." Even if the poet has said, "Stone walls do not a prison make," they do make a prison for all that, and many of the zenanas of Calcutta which I have visited, with their closed doors and iron-barred windows, are like prison cages than cheerful homes. Shut up in those dreary places, how are the poor women to know anything

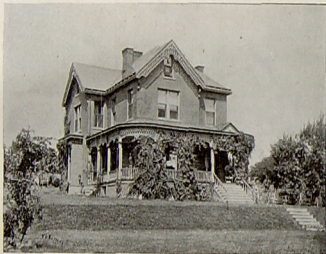
way into the homes of the people, but much remained to be done. Finally, a member of the Scotch Free Church Mission proposed zenana teaching to be carried on by women who should be wholly devoted to that work. Since this beginning was made, it has so developed that now almost every church that is engaged in missionary work has its special organization under the control of the women whose efforts are wholly directed to the improving of the condition of women. Many think that this work of women for women in India is the most important branch of missionary effort. The men had to be educated up to a certain point before they were willing for their women to learn; but now that has been done, they are anxious to bring the women up to them, and until this is accomplished India will never be Christianized. The men, being influenced by the outside world and their everyday surroundings, soon begin to doubt and to look down upon idols. When once this influence begins to take effect, the progress is rapid, at least to the giving up of their old beliefs. It is not so

observe it in a sacred place. Smallpox is a goddess who will be offended if she is treated as an unwelcome guest and will send greater calamities upon those who are unwilling to receive her, therefore vaccination is resisted. All sickness comes from the displeasure of the gods or from the influence of evil spirits, and these must be propitiated by incantations and charms, by feeding Brahmins, by going on pilgrimages, and other difficult and expensive acts. Hinduism is not a religion of love, but of fear; and the anger of the gods, which descends in curses upon those who offend them, is dreaded at every step. This anger is not manifested when their devotees commit sin, as we understand it,—not for acts of falsehood, impurity or dishonesty; on the contrary, they could invoke the aid of the gods for these—but for omitting some rite, some gift to a priest or a temple, or for breaking some custom that time had made sacred."

From this we can easily see how the redemption of the land must wait until the women of the homes can only be reached through the women. The women can only be influenced by other women. Hence the great need for women missionaries and for societies at home for carrying on of the work.

ADELAIDE SAYERS MARTIN.

## Waynesburg Public Schools.



RESIDENCE OF T. J. WISSEKARVER.

of a world without? They are superstitious and ignorant to a degree that cannot be readily understood by the residents of an enlightened country. They ask one the most childish, the most trivial questions, and are ready to believe anything except that which is contrary to the teachings of their religion. Zenana women cling to the superstitions which have been handed down from one generation to another; their grandmothers believed such things, they will tell you, and why should they reject what older and wiser than they have accepted without question?

In missionary work, from the question how to reach the women of the land, it has grown to be how to find and provide for workers to enter the open doors. As I have said, the social system places the women in a caste separate from the men, and, as a consequence, they do not hear the talks given by missionaries in the streets, bazaars, or at the meetings, as do the men. The women are beyond the reach of men; only other women can gain access to them. They are in perishing need of the gospel and of healing need of the medicinal treatment. Missionaries' wives did much toward opening the

with the women. As the great majority of them neither see nor read, their time is given chiefly to religious rites and to gossip. Mohammedan women will pray five times a day with their faces toward Mecca. They also fast during the prescribed times of the festivals, but seldom go to the mosques. The Hindu woman must be obedient to the priests and to her husband, even to the transgression of the moral law at the behest of the former. She has a superstitious reverence for the rites, traditions and customs of her race. To one not to the manner born, and who is accustomed to freedom of thought and action, it is hard to comprehend just what this means. As one writer has aptly said: "It enters into all the affairs of life from birth to death. In eating and drinking, in sickness and health, in marrying and giving in marriage, in making and receiving visits to gods, the stars and all the elements are consulted, either through the priests or through the signs that have come to mean good or evil, with a fear that nothing in reason can overcome. The cutting of a boy's hair is a religious observance, and sometimes a pilgrimage is undertaken to

WHEN we look back over the past record of the town of Wayneburg with a view of noticing the advancements and improvements made in every department, possibly no other one can be said to have made greater progress, and from which we may predict greater achievements during the next century of our existence, than that of the Wayneburg public schools. Through the earnest endeavors of each succeeding principal, board of directors and teachers the improvement has indeed wrought a wonderful change.

The small log schoolhouse of our earliest settlers, with its rude, rough benches, its great open fireplaces, its windows of greased paper, its writing desks extending under the wall, and the hickory rod appealed to for discipline rather than the social and moral nature of the child—all this the march of education has transformed, and the result of this generation will be better able to overcome all obstacles in the way of their progress than any preceding one. The first school house in Wayneburg was a small, one-story brick, built on the ground where the old college building now stands. When this school house was built, and for some years after, it was one of three houses on the north side of town. The first teacher in Wayneburg was one James Wilson, grandfather of our fellow-townsmen Senator James Hayes. This building remained standing until 1816, when it was blown down, and never rebuilt. A permanent school building was not erected until several years after, and during this time schools were held in private houses and in the old college building on Greene street. The west rooms of the large brick house on Main street, now occupied by Morris Levine, were used for a select school for several years. Some of our older citizens attended school in the old log house located on the Wissekarver farm, west of town.



Master Kennedy, an Irish Catholic, was one of the noted early teachers. He was a fluent French scholar, an excellent penman, and very exact in his requirements of his pupils. In 1832 another brick school building was erected, containing three rooms, on Greene street, on the lot now occupied by Mr. Hiram Kent's carriage shop. It is still in a tolerably good state of preservation. Among some of the master teachers who taught there may be mentioned Mr. George Baker. Doubtless many of our citizens remember the terrible fate of truant boys—how they were hunted up and brought back to school again, and the complete flogging they received as a reward. Many of our teachers at the present time could learn from these masters useful lessons on subjects that never grow old—as the need of fresh air, plenty of the right kind of exercise, etc. Another teacher of strong character and excellent reputation was Mr. John A. Gordon, the first county superintendent of Greene county. The average length of school term at this time was about four months. They were long prior to the enactment of the public school system, and were conducted under the subscription system. A very few lady teachers were then employed. A lot for the new school building was bought of Mr. E. M. Seyers on the corner of Washington and College streets, the site of the present school building. In 1863 a new building was erected containing four rooms. This sufficed until 1882, when an addition was made of five rooms, and in 1893 it was found necessary to add one more.

The names of the principals who have served in the schools since 1863 are Rev. H. K. Craig, James B. Rinehart, Ph. D., Lafayette Gordon, Harvey Pollock, Dr. J. M. Sloan, J. Jackson Purman, Sylvanus Johnson, Dr. Frasier, L. K. Evans, Lewis W. Brown, W. T. Rinehart, Evely South, I. N. Saddler, A. I. P. Rinehart and Prof. G. T. Martin, who is the present principal. The colored children of Waynesburg were first educated in a small brick house on South Morris street until it was decided to allow them to enter the public school with the white children. In improving the town and building new streets it was found necessary to remove the building. The colored children were first taught in a separate room, but were afterward divided among the different rooms. The school now contains ten rooms, each fitted up with the latest improvements and everything necessary to make the pupils' school life a profitable as well as a pleasant one.

The system of discipline throughout the school attained by the efforts of each succeeding corps of teachers, board of directors and principal makes it an institution of which any town may be proud. The number of pupils enrolled is about four hundred and fifty, but under the compulsory school law the number should be increased. Many of those whom the free school was intended to benefit have heretofore failed to take advantage of their opportunities and it will now be the duty of the school board to see that this new law is enforced.

The length of the school term is eight months and the average age of pupils at the time of graduation is sixteen. Pupils are promoted by passing examinations at the close of the term, under the direction of the principal, also their per cent. in

class work is kept by the teacher, during the term also per cent. in conduct. In order to be promoted from one grade to another pupils must make an average in each of 85 per cent. In the two highest rooms the limit is changed to 90 per cent. The general average of each room in all examinations is from 93 to 96 per cent. Drawing is not taught as a regular branch, yet it is given special attention by each teacher, and when graduated pupils are quite proficient in that line. Physical culture is also taught, although the means by which it could be taught most successfully are limited, yet

#### Mt. Morris Oil Development.

WITHOUT entering into a detailed account of the Mt. Morris Oil Field, it may be stated that in 1875 Mr. E. M. Hukill was engaged in prospecting for oil in the vicinity of Willow Tree, Greene Co. These operations were confined exclusively to the Dunkard Sand.

In the latter part of 1885 Mr. Kennedy, together with other gentlemen of Mt. Morris who had been instrumental in obtaining leases, entered into an agreement with Mr. Hukill by

which he invested and drilling was pushed forward rapidly until now the sight of a new derrick or the sound of the drill, the gas fire and light which add so much comfort to our homes, scarcely call forth a remark from any one.

CARLIE L. MORRIS.

#### Rice's Landing.

LIKE Ancient Rome, Rice's Landing is said to have had two founders. She lacks the fame and splendor that distinguished the Imperial City, and now occupies but two hills, yet a prophet's eye might see her extending her boundaries until the Greater Rice's Landing should "sit upon her seven hills," and growing from a village of three hundred inhabitants to a city of many thousands.

The two sections of the town are separated by Pumpkin Run, (The "Tiber"), a rollicking, noisy stream that cleaves the hill, and "turns the mill" hidden far within the rocky gorge behind the town.

Rice's Landing's chief claim to distinction is as a sea port. Slack-water navigation and rafting made her great. What Naples is to Italy, what Marseilles is to France, and Liverpool is to London, this simple hamlet on the Monongahela has been to Greene county. Her importance as a shipping point for the produce of the county and a distributing center for its imports had much to do with locating and building the Waynesburg and Rice's Landing turnpike; but with the building of the Waynesburg & Washington Railway her chief glory departed, and her supremacy became local. Time was when the place was a perfect bee-hive of industry; when three drygoods and grocery stores vied with each other in active competition for a generous county patronage; when two hotels did a thriving business in caring for the traveler, and two livery stables provided conveyance over the county roads; when the streets and wharves were alive with people and noisy with the heavy-laden wains of the farmer and merchant; but now the place is quiet and easy going and is commercially considered, little more than Lock No. 6 on the Monongahela river.

LUCY HAYARD KEYS.



WAYNESBURG PUBLIC SCHOOL.

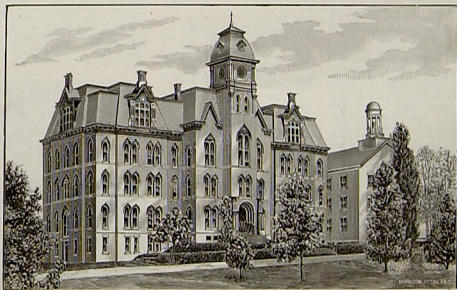
we hope in the near future to be provided with the necessary requirements. Every possible means for the advancements of educational interests has been furnished by the people, but in addition to all this there must be the hearty co-operation and sympathy between the citizens and the teachers and principal for the school to reach its highest perfection. Lucy Hogan.

CUMSO—Well, Johnny, how do you like your new teacher?

JOHNNY—Not much. She don't know anything. To-day she asked me who discovered America.

which Mt. Morris was assured a test well which would be drilled through the lower strata or 2100 feet below Pittsburgh coal. Thus commenced a series of "wild-cat" operations which for boldness of conception, recklessness of expenditure and surpassing magnitude far excelled anything in the history of petroleum developments.

Six test wells were drilled. The D. L. Donley well at Mt. Morris was the only well that proved a success. Capitalists rushed to the town with the hope of increasing their wealth. The next year a second well was drilled on D. L. Donley's farm which proved a success. Cap-



THE WAYNESBURG COLLEGE.



CHILDREN'S HOME.

## Children's Home of Greene County.

AFTER the enactment of the law requiring the separation of children from general almshouses throughout the State, the Commissioners of Greene county purchased the Dr. Sylvanus Smith farm, in Morgan township, the deed for same being made in the year 1884. Upon this farm, some five miles east of Waynesburg, to the right of the public road leading from Waynesburg to Jefferson, the present Children's Home is located. Seventeen children under the custody of the Poor Board in the County Almshouse, were immediately transferred to the new institution, where provision was at once made for their care and education. They were placed under the supervision of Miss Annie E. Adams and Mrs. M. L. Meyers, who continued in charge until the year 1887. The Home to-day contains about 30 children, from 2 to 16 years of age. It has been improved and enlarged and facilities for schooling have been provided. The present Steward and Stewardess, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Porter, have been in charge of the Home since 1890, and have shown great tact and kindness in dealing with the children placed in their care. Mrs. E. L. CRAWFORD.

## The Children's Aid Society of Greene County.

THE Children's Aid Society of Greene County was organized in March, 1890, by the election of the following officers: President, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Crawford; Secretary, Mrs. Theo. W. Knox; Treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Sayers. The death of Mrs. Sayers after a service of one year, occasioned the election of another Treasurer and Mrs. Minnie R. Munnell was selected to fill her place. The same officers have been re-elected from year to year and have been in service ever since the organization of the society. Our main object "to provide for the welfare of all destitute and neglected children by such means as should be best for them and for the community," and since our organization we have had some forty three children under our supervision. We have placed 9 in hospitals for special treatment, 2 are at the School for Feeble-minded at Elwyn near Philadelphia; 2 more are being taught at the Edgewood Asylum for the

Deaf, at Wilkensburg; 9 have been legally adopted into good families, where they will have marked advantages in education and moral culture, and several of these once homeless waifs have actually become the prospective heirs of large estates. Right have been returned to us, and the rest have all been provided with good and permanent homes, where they will be encouraged to become honest and industrious men and women. In laboring along this line we have been greatly assisted by the Directors of the Poor of our county. Already, with these few years of work in behalf of homeless children, we are more than cheered by the results accomplished. Some of our earlier wards have now almost reached maturity in the homes they have found through our help, with such equipments in the way of moral and intellectual training, that we have every reason to hope and expect from them, as men and women, lives of honor and usefulness.

Mrs. E. L. CRAWFORD.

## W. &amp; W. Railroad.

THE W. & W. Railroad was chartered about the close of the year 1872, or the beginning of 1873, when the work of construction was begun. But owing to the financial panic which followed, growing out of the failure of the great firm of Jay Cooke & Co., of New York, the same year, the work was suspended. It was resumed and completed in 1877.

The late Joseph G. Richie was the first President of the road, and the success of the project was the result of his untiring efforts in its behalf.

Mr. Richie was several times re-elected and did the road valuable service for some years after its completion.

The subsequent Presidents were George Sellers, S. W. Scott, Esq., J. A. J. Buchanan, Esq., Gen. J. F. Temple, George B. Roberts of Philadelphia, and the present incumbent John E. Davidson of Pittsburg.

The late Gen. Temple was President of the road from Jan. 9th, 1882, until Jan. 13th, 1886, and during that time the local office of the company occupied the second floor of his law building on South Washington street.

The first few years of the road's

existence many funny incidents occurred.

The ballasting was imperfect, and the passengers were often rolled over and over down an embankment in the one passenger coach the company afforded, landing in the woods, fence corner, or the bottom of the creek, and sometimes they would be hauled over the ties for a considerable distance, until the conductor could communicate to the engineer the intelligence that the car was off the track. Sometimes the little engine would be ditched, and the strong men of the surrounding country would be summoned to place the iron "pony" upon the track.

Sometimes in winter when the drifted snow covered the track to the car top, the men would each be given a broad iron shovel with the injunction to "shovel snow, or freeze," and of course they shoveled snow.

But all this has long ceased. In 1885 the work of replacing the old iron rails with steel ones was commenced, and a good, solid roadbed constructed, over which trains to-day make as regular a schedule, with as little, if not the very least, percentage of accidents as any railroad in the country.

In the year 1886, individuals connected with the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg purchased a majority of the W. & W. stock from the original holders and in January, 1886, officers identified with that corporation were elected, since which time the general office has been located in Pittsburg.

The present officers are: President, John E. Davidson; vice president, J. J. Brooks; secretary, S. B. Liggett; treasurer, T. B. McKnight; auditor, J. W. Renner, all of Pittsburg; superintendent, C. E. Bower, of Waynesburg.

Mr. Bower is most energetic, attentive, efficient and accommodating officer; and is very popular with the patrons of the road. His services to the company are most valuable, and his constant, earnest efforts in behalf of the comfort and safety of the traveling public is a matter of almost daily remark.

"General Greene," the first locomotive on the W. & W. road, and which did all the hauling service in the construction, about twenty years ago, was in constant use on the road until within the past year, when the faithful little engine was sold to a Pittsburg firm, to be overhauled and sent South for another term of service.

To the W. & W. Railroad Company belongs the distinction of having elected to that position in the United States. During the administration of President Temple, Miss Laura Braden, now deceased, daughter of Dr. D. W. Braden, of Waynesburg, was chosen treasurer, which position she held with credit to herself and the company until the Pennsylvania Company acquired control in 1885.

To W. L. Allison, of this place, justly belongs the honor of running the first locomotive in Greene county. Mr. Allison was fireman during the construction of the road, and when the track was laid across the county line, Engineer Umbles gave the lever into his hands, and allowed him to throttle "General Greene" and bring her across the line of his native county.

J. T. Rogers sold the first ticket on the road, while Jack Dyson was the first man to fall off the rear platform. Mrs. JOHN F. FAULKY.

## Notes of Interest.

In 1801 there were only 5,000 speaking people in the United States; now there are 460,000.

The Norwegians have recently done away with the study of Greek and Latin in their higher schools.

A grandson of Burns was one of the founders and pioneer settlers of Dunedin, the commercial metropolis of New Zealand.

Hundreds of Nicaraguans have attended school in Europe, and the United States, although both public and private schools are numerous in that country.

In Nicaragua, with the temperature in the nineties during the summer months, the heat is seldom oppressive, owing to the influence of the trade winds.

The acacia has for a long time been regarded in the East as the emblem of concealed love. The notion is purely fanciful, for there is nothing about the plant to suggest the idea.

In Costa Rica several millions of dollars have been spent in establishing communication with the Atlantic seaboard. In Nicaragua, where a natural and available route exists, all eyes are turned toward the Pacific.



COUNTY HOME.



## Kindergarten.

Froebel, the founder of the Kindergarten, maintained that there is something to be done for young children which even the ideal mother, in the ideal home, cannot do. To meet this requirement he established the Kindergarten or "Garden of Children," which he intended should be a practical school for furthering the moral, physical and mental growth of children between the ages of three and seven years. One enthusiastic worker says: "By and by Froebel's educational law will be accepted as distinctly and independently as Newton's law of gravitation." In many of the larger cities, the "child-garden" has already been made a part of the public school system. Interest in the work is increasing every year, and it will certainly not be long until every intelligent person will be expected to understand something of the principles of the Kindergarten system.

The following are a few of the leading principles laid down by Froebel:

Education is a process of development.

Development begins with birth; therefore education begins with birth. The first seven years of life are the most important for purposes of education, for during that time, impressions are given, and the germs of character are set.

The child is born to three relationships, to nature, to God and to his fellowmen. He needs education in each of these three directions. True education involves the heart, as well as the mind and body, or is a setting free of all the powers in an orderly and harmonious way.

Froebel believed that the natural play of children could be so organized and directed as to develop their capacity of feeling and thinking, of inventing and creating. He invented a series of "gifts" and "occupations"; these "gifts" are not only playthings, but materials which the children work up in various ways, thus developing their powers of constructing. Games, songs, and stories are introduced at intervals, with music and poetry; these furnish the necessary variety to the exercises, and cultivate the child's artistic faculties.

The study of nature is an important part of the training. The children are taught to observe closely the habits of plants and animals, and all natural objects. This habit of close observation will be invaluable in later life, as well as a source of pleasure.

Whatever is given the child, song or story, work or play, considers the active body, the unfolding mind, and the growing character or soul.

The following extract from the paper read before the National Teachers' Association at Saratoga, will give some idea of the application of these principles. "For a few hours each day, the mother trusts her little one to the guidance of the kindergarten, who must be a woman of gentle, and also heroic nature, profoundly tutored in the philosophy of education. She greets the child with smiling face, and that courtesy which she wishes should grace his intercourse with others. She takes him out of his isolation and leads him into a circle of little ones—his peers—and teaches him how to live with them. He finds himself with ten or twenty other

children, all wishing the best place, or the sweetest flower, or to choose the morning song. She gently and patiently shows him how to give up his own wish when others should have the choice, (a lesson, it is not, in citizenship in a republic) and not only to surrender his own wish, but to enter heartily into the joy of his fellows in choosing."

The child is gradually led into habits of helpfulness, generosity, self-reliance and self-control by their continued practice. The kindergarten believes that the soul grows by exercise as well as the body or mind; that to become unselfish a child must act unselfishly. He must "learn through doing."

"To train a child to the practice of honor and justice with children of his own age, is to lay the foundation of a just and honorable character."

The best educators agree that the forming of character, with the power to act rightly, efficiently and wisely, is the end and aim of a true education. The kindergartners endeavor to put this thought into practical daily use. Everything must have a beginning. If character is the end of education, if it can be developed, formed and built up by right teaching, there is good reason for establishing our kindergarten. Our children and grand-children will not hold us blameless if we neglect to give them the benefits of this training, and help them to form habits of right feeling, thought and action. Surely the work of developing the good, and crushing out the evil tendencies of the human being entrusted to our care should receive the careful attention and study of all who are interested in the elevation of humanity.

Dr. Holland says: "I believe in religion, but before I undertake to plant it I would like something to plant it in. The sowers are too few, and the seed too precious to be thrown away among thorns and stones."

Some have said: "We do not believe in the kindergarten. It is the mother's duty to train the children until they reach school age." To these we answer: "The kindergarten is not intended to supplant, but to supplement the work of the mother. Anyone who will give a little time and thought to the matter will see that the ordinary mother, in ordinary circumstances, has not the knowledge and training, even if she has the time and strength, to do for the children what the trained and earnest kindergarten does."

Somewhat recently an association was organized in Waynesburg, the promoters of which had hoped to be able to purchase supplies and employ a kindergarten; but their efforts to raise necessary funds have not, thus far, been crowned with success.

When the people of this community better understand the wonderful possibilities for good in the kindergarten, they will liberally support it.

Some day it will be supported at public expense,—be made a part of the public school system. Stay the day. ELLA SCOTT DICKER.

"What do you admire most in my new dress?" she asked of those who were praising it.

"Just what's in it now," answered the veteran bent of 40 gay seasons, as he blew her a kiss.



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We will shortly begin the publication in the Republican of the historical articles written twenty years ago by L. K. Evans, now deceased. These articles, nearly sixty in number, have always been regarded as the most interesting and authentic account of the early settlement of Greene county which has ever appeared. They were prepared with great care by a man of recognized ability and were much quoted from in the preparation of the late history of Greene county. Our readers will find them valuable. Those who are not taking the Republican, and who may wish to secure these articles, should subscribe at once.

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## Educational.

Mrs. Lyde Purman Williams, Editor.

SINCE nothing can be of greater importance to any people than the education of their youth, the question arises, how is this stupendous work to be done? In other times and countries the lower orders might be confined to the rudiments of knowledge, while the higher branches were dispensed to the privileged classes in expensive seminaries. But here in America we have no lower orders—our statesmen, our rulers, our philosophers, our poets, all spring alike from the mass—then we see how necessary it is that this mass be trained and educated. Our common school system, while far from perfect, has done wonders for the youth of this land. Our own state trains and sends out yearly, an army of well equipped men and women who are earnestly endeavoring to do all in their power for the cause of truth and knowledge. The parent may be astonished to learn that his boy or girl now at school, could instruct Columbus respecting the discovery of the earth, or Newton respecting light, or Franklin on electricity. When we compare this with a report of the state of education, previous to 1796, when the country was organized, we cannot suppress our astonishment. The teachers of that day were very meagerly qualified of arithmetic; many knew little; division was a mystery; the "rule of three" was a very scholarly achievement. Though then teachers were poorly equipped, they accomplished much good and we must remember them gratefully. The institutions of a people are always the reflections of its heart and intelligence. Every fallacy that man discards is an emancipation; every superstition that is thrown by, is a redemption from captivity. The course of civilization and learning flows on like a mighty river, though a boundless valley, calling to the streams on every side to swell the current, which is always growing wider and deeper, and clearer as it rolls along.

### Miss Belle M. Day.

Among the educators who have succeeded Mrs. M. K. B. Miller as teachers in our college, none ranked higher than our beloved classmate, Miss Belle M. Day. Although not a native of our county, she was identified with it in her work in the college and by her efficiency as a teacher, her ever-pleasant and winsome disposition, so endeared her to our people, that she really seemed one of us. While a student in the college her pure, unselfish life made her a great favorite with the instructor as well as her classmates. Happy and cheerful under all circumstances, ever ready to lend a helping hand to the weak, to speak a word of comfort to the discouraged and homesick ones.

Her beloved Alma Mater, Waynesburg College, from which she was graduated in 1879, was always her special interest. After teaching for several years, she decided to enter a wider field of usefulness, in which she had early taken a great interest. In 1893 she was appointed Field Secretary of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. She entered upon her duties with a conscientious zeal

characteristic of her life. Traveling throughout the synods of Pennsylvania and Ohio during the winter months, she proved, to much of her strength, and she returned from the South to her home at Lagonda, Washington county, Pa. She was patient and cheerful through all her sickness. On December 8, 1894, at the dawn of day, she fell asleep on this earth and awakened to the perfect rest in the beautiful home of her Saviour. A CLASSMATE.

### Some of the Peculiar People in and Around Waynesburg.

"Al! the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women  
Merely players,  
Having their entrances and exits,  
Each plays his part."

This last sentence "strikes me," as my friend and ancestor Susan Nipper would say—and I have been thinking for several days of some of Waynesburg's peculiar people who have had their "entrances and exits" in the last forty years.

First in memory comes Johnny Cliff; ever since we could remember he lived with old Mr. Caswell. In person he was short and stout; had red hair, red face and freckles; always in a good humor; his laugh could be heard all the time. In fact it was a by-word long after he was gone, "he could laugh as hard as Johnny Cliff."

During a visit to the west some years ago, I was asked by an old student of our college whether the boys in Waynesburg still ran through the streets three times a week, crying, "Jo-e Yeater is going to sell out beef in the morning!"—with the rising inflection on "beef" and "ing."

The sketch would not be complete without giving some account of the fun and frolics always on hand at Aunt Pop Allison's and Aunt Patty Clevenger's. They occupied a little frame house that stood on the west side of Judge Inghram's beautiful yard. Aunt Pop "carried on" dress-making, and she had a keen sense of fun, and the boys "carried on" all kinds of practical jokes on the two old ladies. One warm summer evening, when they were at prayer-meeting, Frank Flemiken and Frank Lindsey concluded they would gratify their good taste for pork and cabbage. They built a great fire in the sewing-room grate, put on the pot with ham bone and cabbage, and had it boiling at a tremendous rate when she came walking in. Oh, how she did storm at the old ladies and scold on a sultry August night, all on account of "those plagued, hateful boys."

Another time, when she was out, some of "the boys" poured the oil out of her lamp and filled it with water. She tried, and tried, to light the lamp. At last, very much vexed, she said, "Patty, have you been foolin' with this lamp." No; you know I haven't! "Well, I know, then, it's those confounded boys again."

At another time, three of these young gentlemen, while Aunts Pop and Patty were at church, fastened fishhooks to edges of their bedclothes and strings to the hooks, and slipped them under the not very close-fitting window sash, and from the outside quipped pulled the bedclothes off the old ladies, who quivered and scolded each other about the bedclothes getting too little all at once, or "something's wrong outside"—and then the boys would get it. SUSAN NIPPER.



### MUNNELL & HUNNELL HARDWARE COMPANY.

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MRS. DE HILL.  
I want the best Baking Powder and I get it at BLACHLY'S Drug Store.—

N. MUNNELL.  
Any cook can have good cakes, pies and biscuits by using BLACHLY'S Baking Powder.—ANNIE JEFFREY.

Having used BLACHLY'S Baking Powder for a number of years I advise all wise housekeepers, and old ones too, who have not tried it, to use it.—MRS. T. J. WING-CARVER.

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## Music and Art.

Mrs. Jennie Wilson Lindsay, Editor.

FOR the weary wayfarer who is compelled to live many miles away from his native home there are pictures and music more beautiful and more sweet than those made by master hands and voices. Travel in foreign lands may have afforded him the opportunity of seeing the masterpieces of the world's celebrated artists. He may have seen in the Dresden gallery, Raphael's St. John Madonna, and been inspired by the sacred mood and religious fervor of the artist as portrayed upon the countenance of the calmly happy Madonna and the face of the child Christ, foreshadowing leadership of men, and sacrifice of his own being. Though the pallet and brush with their pigments were treated by a masterly hand to effect all these varying flashes of judgment, yet not one of these thrills the heart of the wayfarer as do the living pictures in childhood's memory. Rembrandt, Rubens, nor Van Dyck have that power. However attractive and happy the latter days may be, the memories of childhood's days stand out in bold relief, the beauty of whose pictures time never dimms. The childish representation of the first afternoon matinee given in Waynesburg will never be forgotten. There was much variation in the high rank of the barn, where the exhibitions were given, its popularity varying with different signs of the generations. There the now stood as box-seats and the manger for the gallery—from which to view the never absent tight-rope walker, and the wonderful feats of the star rider, as he rode upon the harmless broomsticks cheered on by the ever attendant clown.

Then too there are everlasting recollections of dear friends' voices. In his travel abroad the wayfarer may have listened to the sweet, well sustained notes of Flanes, Calve or Melba or attended a piano recital where he has heard the dainty and masterly execution of Paderewski, masterly technique of D'Albert or perhaps for a few moments stepped inside one of the grand old cathedrals, where he hears the majestic and splendid tones of a fabulous priced pipe organ, where the music is plaintive and pleading as the prayer and supplication of loved ones gone before,—or tears, real tears of rhythmic vibrations,—or triumphant and celestial exultation sending forth to all the ecstasy of perfect happiness. To the tired wayfarer indeed half way in the forest that is different from the joyful, happy thrill that is felt when he receives a hearty hand-grasp or a cordial "glad to see you here" from the old friends in Waynesburg, when he has returned to see and to help celebrate the hundredth anniversary of this our county of Greene.

### The Pipe Organ.

Ever since the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy at the wondrous creation of the universe, mankind has sought a medium by which to communicate to one another the hidden, secret emotions of the soul. Language has ever failed to satisfy the inner life in its desire toward expression.

In all ages, from the beginning

down to the Christian era, the organ (not in its present form, remember) seems to have occupied a prominent place in the worship of Jehovah and in the festival of Gentile nations. The Christian religion furnished a more fertile soil for the growth and development of the mistress of arts. Cecilia, a notable Roman lady, is said to have sung songs of praise to the Redeemer and played an accompaniment to them on a sort of pipe organ. Early in the history of the Christian religion, the organ was introduced into the Roman church as an essential element in the devotions. In its present beautifully developed state, representing, by its numerous pipes of various kinds and dimensions, all kinds of musical instruments, it is well named "The King of Instruments."

Through the organ as a medium, one can portray his inner life, thoughts or emotions more vividly than by tongue or pen, as is so well illustrated in the little poem by W. S. Foss, entitled "The Volunteer Organist."

MRS. J. M. BLOSS.

### Women in Art.

Painting is a development, a powerful shoot from the same root as literature; for pictures antedate writing, and at the origin of every letter, of every alphabet is a picture. Though poetry is ever so beautiful, it can never convey images equal to those painted.

From earliest times woman has been sung, studied and romanced about; her beauty has brightened the canvases of every painter; it has been a favorite study of artists to portray her different characters.

Women are artists by intuition and it is likely we should find more names of eminent painters among the sex if their fathers, brothers and husbands had not sometimes arrogated their own masculine superiority and declined to honor those who may be in justice to the painters of the past, the future promises to be as appreciative of woman's work as of man's; and at every annual exhibition in both Europe and America we find the work of women painters comparing favorably in most qualities with those of the men, and in many ways excelling them.

Rosa Bonheur founded the Free School of Design for young girls in Paris in 1849. Rosa Bonheur has received medals and diplomas from the courts and academies of Europe, and ranks as one of the foremost animal painters of the world. Her sister Juliette has also distinguished herself as a painter.

Her sympathetic temperament makes her susceptible to beauty whether it appeals to her senses or to the intellect. The all-womanly lace work of centuries ago, the tapestries and exquisite art embroideries, were a craving for expression in some creative way of the artistic impulse.

How many women have been successful as designers—in every fabric from "confections in silks," to wrought iron, her work in stained glass, carving on wood, work in bronze, wrought iron, tiles and porcelain—carpets and rugs, book-binding and embroidery—are instances of the art as applied to industries, her artistic instinct finds expression through every medium.

MARY VIRGINIA KERR.



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DULANEY SISTERS,

## As God Sees it.

We grow cold with a chill of dismay,  
We grow cold with a powerless ray.  
When we think on the shames of our day,  
When we challenge the wrongs of our age;  
But shames must be felt to be such,  
And the wrongs have been damned over-  
much,  
'Twould go ill if they fled at our touch,  
As God sees it.

What if Labor does beat at the gate?  
What if Capital smashes his crust?  
And lobbyists sell to the State,  
And communists menace with "trust?"  
It is set there poor to defend,  
To make weak humanity's friend,  
To make pure legislation an end,  
As God sees it.

From the blood of Narcissus spring  
flowers,  
From the teeth of the dragon grew  
men,  
And this glorious straining of powers  
Must bring re-creation again.  
For strength comes from fighting the  
strong.

And wrong comes from fighting the  
wrong,  
And strife stings the Tyrian song,  
As God sees it,  
ESTELLE BRIDLE CLARK.

## The Home.

Miss Nellie Wells Donley, Editor.

## The Amenities of Home.

It would work a revolution in the homes of the land if the little courtesies, the personal attractions and the brilliant conversational powers were all used among those who are nearest and dearest to us. Don't save them exclusively for the stranger within our gates, or be careful lest we have nothing for the times when we are expected to make some social occasion a success; don't be miserly—thoughts, expressions, words, grow in the use of them.

Even if men do prefer the quiet, unobtrusive woman as the wife and mother of the home, he prides himself on her ability to entertain his guests and make his dinner a success by her conversation as well as her gracious hospitality. The wife and mother, however brilliant her attainments in the care of the house and the responsibility of the home, may not have the energy nor physical ability to be as progressive as the times demand. Watch lest in too much care her voice gets a rasp that is grating to the sensitive ear; keep her bright and happy and note what you will get in return.

It is not all the knowledge what, there is much in the knowing how. The ready tact that brings a bashful boy from a corner, that causes the shy young girl, who blushes and starts at the sound of her own voice, to be less conscious of self, is something which makes people much sought and always wanted. Among the neglected amenities of home one sees the indifference to the effect of our complainings and grumblings on those around us. Don't be selfish; all human flesh is addicted to ills both great and small—real and imaginary. Would we if we had some slight or great affliction, sit down to the table as friends or acquaintance and inflict on the company there assembled a detailed account of our troubles?

Second invitations are not often issued to friends of this calibre. Have we any more right to cloud the whole day for those with whom we spend our lives, by coming to the breakfast table with a funeral face,

and recount our sufferings, either physical or mental? Is not the height of selfishness to keep our loved ones on the rack of anxiety and compel them to listen to grievances and ask why we look and appear so troubled?

MARY HUGHES MAXWELL.

## We Need to Know How.

The old saying that "we learn to do things by doing them" is more true than practical; for though experience is a most excellent teacher "her fees" are too heavy for most American housekeepers to pay.

These are hurrying worrisome days when we haven't the time to experiment, and how fortunate is she who has already learned from cook-books and other helps how to do the things she now wants to do in her home and for her family.

The confessions of the average housekeeper though locked, usually, in memory's casket from the eyes of the world—would be an amusing account of mistakes and failures and ridiculous blunders; but ah! to the ambitious, proudly sensitive woman, there is precious little fun about a spoiled dinner.

There are hot tears wiped quickly away that the husband's eyes may not see, and her face is flushed too painfully for comfort.—Poor tried, tired, disappointed soul! Only the sisterly heart of other unskilled cooks can understand her fully and excuse her failures.

A model housekeeper—after thirty years' experience, says it makes her unhappy when she remembers how much she wasted in earlier days because she didn't know how. She insists that now she can get up a nicer and better dinner at a cost of three-quarters of a dollar than she could with two dollars in her days of ignorance.

Experienced cooks save more than their wages. A French family could live on what is wasted in many American homes; they are distinguished for their culinary skill, while we as a race, are "good, bad and indifferent."

Every sensible, ambitious woman wants to understand the latest and best recipes for cooking and the most improved methods of house-keeping, furnishing, laundry, sewing, etc. She doesn't see the wisdom in letting the best years of her life go by in learning by hard experiences what could easily be learned by a few months' close application. There is a fine art in house-keeping, and we could only come to know it. It need not be drudgery unless we do our work so poorly and aimlessly that it sinks to that level. It can be so well understood and so cheerfully and systematically performed that it is elevated to the high plane of science where it belongs. Harland says: "The woman who considers herself too pretty, too fine, too good—or too anything else, to accept the duty of the day, cheerfully, and to do it well, has failed to read life's lesson aright." She has occasion to use the above, in an article in which she proves that there is a "fine art" even in dishwashing and potato paring—those two tasks which most women fairly detest. Personally, my warmest sympathy and kindest interest is for the women who are keeping house in these thirteen non-Amerikan homes, and if I can lighten one task, or lift one unnecessary burden, I shall be glad.

EMMA SAMMONS EVANS.

## Household Recipes.

[These recipes were kindly collected by Mrs. Elizabeth Purman Williams. We trust they may prove both interesting and helpful to all housekeepers.—DEPT. EDITOR.]

## WAFFLLES.

One pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, three eggs (beaten separately), little salt, and flour to make a stiff batter. Very nice.

## BREAKFAST GEMS.

Two eggs, two tablespoons sugar, two cups flour, three-quarters cup corn meal, half-cup butter, three teaspoons baking powder, one cup milk, half teaspoon salt.

## CHOCOLATE CAKE.

One cup butter, three cups sugar, one cup sweet milk, four cups flour, yelks seven eggs, three teaspoons baking powder, one cup chocolate; bake in layers.

## SNOWDRIFT CAKE.

Two-and-a-half cups sugar, one cup butter, three cups flour, white of nine eggs, three teaspoons baking powder, one cup sweet milk. Iceing.—Two cups sugar, half cup water; boil ten minutes; beat until nearly cool.

## CHIFFON PICKLE.

One peck green tomatoes, one dozen cucumbers, one-fourth peck onions, eight red peppers (small); chop all fine and put in basket to drain over night; use enough pure cider vinegar, sweetened to taste, to cover well; put whole mustard seed through a pickle, and mixed spicers in a bag, cook one hour and put up air-tight.

## BISCUIT.

One quart flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; mix thoroughly together; wet with half pint sweet milk, roll out about an inch thick, cut with small biscuit cutter and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. Handle as little and make as soon as possible.

## LEMON PIE.

One lemon, one cup of white sugar, yolks of two eggs, one cup of new milk, two tablespoons flour, one tablespoonful of melted butter; put the lemon, sugar and flour together, then milk and butter, beat whites of eggs to froth, add tablespoonful of sugar, spread over top after they are baked; set in oven and brown.

## DOUGHNUTS.

Four eggs, two tablespoons of butter, two and one-half cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter-milk, one teaspoon soda dissolved in the milk, a very little cinnamon and nutmeg; flour to make a soft dough.

## ORANGE PUDDING.

Peel and slice five oranges, lay in a pudding dish with one-half cup of white sugar, let stand for one hour; make a custard with one pint of milk, one tablespoon of corn starch, yolks of three eggs with one-third cup of sugar; when cold, and just before serving, pour over the oranges, beat the whites of the eggs with one-third cup of white sugar to a stiff froth and pour over them; put in a hot oven a few minutes to brown lightly.

N. W. CARTER,  
Funeral Director,  
WAYNESBURG, PA.



was born at Earlville, La Salle County, Ill., May 28, 1854. He is the only son of the late John D. Carter, of Clifton springs, N. Y., and brother of Mrs. M. C. Parkinson, a teacher in the Waynesburg College in the sixties. While a student at this college, Mr. Carter was a room mate with Jesse P. Applegate, D. D. and M. J. Gordon, D. D., now a missionary in Japan.

Some twenty years ago he was appointed a member of the Board of Trustees of the same college, and continues its honorary secretary. He is one of the Trustees of the C. F. Church and an ex-servant Sunday school worker.

He carries the seat of a light and sound and an honorable discharge in military service, as mentioned in the late war. As a Funeral Director he is superior in this part of the state; his work extending from the border of West Virginia to the south in Washington County on the north.

Having made the science of Embalming and Sanitation a study, he handles the most difficult cases with ease and to the entire satisfaction of his patrons. And it is a matter of fact that there has never a case followed where death was the result of an infection or contagious disease when he has had charge.

His methods and handling are such that he is the efficient and humane, and is invariably his with perfect confidence to the bereaved.

He has been successful in his growing popularity and increased our families.

His eldest son, A. J. Carter, of Pittsburgh, Pa. graduated from the United States College of Embalming in New York City in June, 1902, and is now practicing his calling with J. M. Wright, No. 109 Main Street, Washington.

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## At Home and Abroad.

## News From Japan.

LIVING in far-away Japan for so many years, in the midst of an idolatrous people and daily seeing the results of idol worship in the people's lives, in their homes and in society, has made me appreciate, as nothing else could have done, the blessed privilege of being born in a Christian community. Those who have enjoyed these favors and privileges all their lives can scarcely realize what great blessings have been showered upon them.

We are so often asked the question, "Are the Japanese satisfied with their native religions?" If they are, why do we see the restless, thronging multitudes constantly wending their way from one temple to another, from shrine to shrine, worshipping the gods of every name and order? We have seen them by the hundreds wearily toiling up the mountain sides—the young and the gay, the old and decrepit—some with great packs upon their backs, perhaps containing their household goods. They stop and worship at the large Buddhist temple, striking the great bronze bell, but not satisfied here, they toil on up to the Shinto temples, worshipping at every wayside shrine and calling on every image that lines the mountain path; then, clapping their hands in the sacred waterfall, they pray for help from the unknown power back of that. On every high hill and under every green tree there are temples and shrines and tokens of idol worship. If their hearts are satisfied, why this longing for something they have not yet received? They find no heart rest in these pilgrimages and prayers, though they seek it in tears. Their religious give no clear-cut hope of a future life, and certainly none so far as woman is concerned. It is the want of that hope which serves to make their lives a weariness, or to break down the barriers to personal purity, or to give an airy lightness to the existence of others, who thus become the willing creatures of every evil passion. Her very existence as a woman carries with it the constant reminder of her condition, as an evil to be delivered from. There is not a disadvantage under which she labors, nor a social sorrow which she suffers, that may not be traced directly or indirectly to their religious. We must not forget that in all the heathen homes, though it is woman who lights the incense stick and places the flowers before the spirit of the dead and does most to keep alive all old superstitions, yet it is upon her that the weights and woes of heathenism must fall. Whatever there is of natural grace and goodness in many of the women of Japan is due to their obedience to those God-implemented instincts, which their religions have not wholly crushed out. It remains alone for Christianity to bring out the long neglected and overlooked powers of the women of Japan, and it is this faith alone that has discovered and is developing in her all that is noblest and best.

RACHAEL LINDSEY HALL.

Women lead in many advances. No dude has yet been bold enough to wear his necktie on the back of his neck while sober.

## Temperance.

THE first Woman's Christian Temperance Union in this county was organized in 1881, by Mrs. Youmans, with Mrs. Harriet Sayers as president. A most successful county convention was held in 1882 in the court house. At one time a public reading room was furnished and supported by the temperance women of the town. The Union greatly increased in numbers until the National Convention of 1889 divided into the partisan and non-partisan organizations. In 1890 the non-partisan organization was organized. Meetings were not held regularly until February, 1893, when Miss Varnum, delivering a series of temperance lectures in Waynesburg, aided the society to collect its forces, and Mrs. Thomas Sayers was elected president.

Earnest, energetic Women's Christian Temperance Unions are now at work in Carmichaels, Greensboro and Macedonia. It is largely through the influence of this great organization that the saloon has been kept out of our county for so many years.

Public sentiment is such that no applications have been made for license for the last three years. The W. C. T. U. employs its own attorney, and carries remonstrances when necessary.

But our work is by no means finished. So much remains yet to be done. We are encouraged by what we have accomplished. Let us go forward with greater zeal.

JENNIE S. SAYERS.

The Young Women's Christian Temperance Union of Waynesburg was organized in 1887, and in a short time numbered over fifty regular and twenty-five honorary members. The object of the organization is "to plan and carry forward measures which will result in the promotion of total abstinence, and to labor especially to enlist the young people in the cause of temperance." During the winter of '88 rooms were rented in the Hook building and furnished with abundance of good reading matter for the benefit of the public, which proved rather a successful undertaking.

In 1893 the Y's pledged \$100 to the Temperance Temple in Chicago. By giving three Democratic contests, and by voluntary contributions from the members, it was soon forwarded, and Waynesburg Y's are now honored by having the name of their union engraved on a tablet in Willard Hall. Two copies of the "Union Signal," the official organ of the W. C. T. U., are taken by the union for distribution among its members. Occasionally, public meetings are held, with a literary and musical program, and temperance literature is distributed.

The regular meetings are held every two weeks—except during July and August—when every one interested in the work is always welcome. Comprising in its membership, as it does, Christian young women from all the different churches of the town, who fully realize the importance of the work in which they are engaged and the prominent place young women must take in that work, we may surely expect in the near future splendid work for God and Home and Na-  
Land." From this, one of our prominent societies.

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Through all these years Vicks have been leaders.

Eleven years ago a little plant of the Jacquemint Rose, costing twenty cents, first bloomed on the lawn of Mrs. J. Warren Kay. Every year since it has borne its hundreds of blossoms, and is still "Major General" of Mrs. R's army of roses. The extensive lawn at the pretty country place of Mrs. J. Reed Throckmorton gives brilliant and fragrant evidence in favor of the seeds and plants of this reliable firm. At the home of Miss Louise Teagarden, on the lawn, in the garden, climbing over the trellis, porch and windows are vines, shrubs, flowering plants, lilies and roses in boundless profusion, and the bulbs, plants and seeds come every year from VICK'S.

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This little man can be seen in Waynesburg, every Tuesday, regardless of the weather.

RETAILERS, SAVE YOUR ORDERS.

## Sports for Women.

Mrs. Minnie Ragan Miller, Editor.

HAD the subject of "Sports" been presented to the women of our county some twenty-five years since they would have stared in open-eyed wonderment and have immediately referred the perplexing question to the all-wise Webster. The "Standard" of to-day may differ somewhat as to its definition of sports, and this change is due, no doubt, to the development in public opinion. The new woman longs to have a say-so, not only in National, State and municipal affairs, but also in the things of the sporting world, and she is far behind in her literary ability if she be unable to discuss with the sterner sex the one-absorbing subject of the glad summer season. As a class we take a lively interest in athletics of all sorts, and give expression thereto by riding a wheel, swinging a racquet, wielding a golf stick, managing a sail, or even using a bat. The woman of '96 is not thought to lower her dignity when she dons the costume convenient for athletic sports. Until recently our own little "Greene" has made no mark upon the scroll of sporting chronology, but as she has shown herself capable of doing in matters of graver importance, she will make for herself a prominent place in the sporting world of the opening century.

## Sports for Women.

The "Summer Girl" of '96 is nothing if not an athlete. Archery, croquet, pony phaetons and the like, no longer prove adequate to satisfy her in her wild pursuit of sports of various nature.

The latest development in the woman's sporting kingdom is the yachting expert. Unfortunately, though, one requires a good sized bank account, as a preliminary, in order to indulge in that extravagant pastime.

Golf, being less expensive, is more generally participated in, and has achieved a wide-spread popularity in America, not equaled by any other foreign sport. It certainly is without a peer as an exhilarating out door exercise, and some fine wielders of the stick are numbered among our own country women. Viewing it from an economical standpoint, golf cannot be compared to the time-honored game of tennis, for the material requirements of the latter are slight in comparison to the many implements used in playing golf. However, the essentially healthful benefits derived from both cannot be denied.

The art of swimming has always caught the approval of the fashionables, and is considered the proper thing by all lovers of the delights afforded at the seaside. But as a means of developing the muscles, besides being an excellent cosmetic, horseback riding stands alone, imparting to one a feeling of exultation in being able to exert control over the noblest and most intelligent of animals. The girl of the period, then, in her eager desire to combine strength with grace and attractiveness, is thoroughly imbued with this all prevailing spirit of athletics, and, holding such views, is having, from all accounts, full sway during the season of '96.

JOSEPH L. HYDE.

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## Quips and Jollities.

She had learned to be a rusher.  
In a weary business world;  
And along a dizzy pathway  
By life's pressing deeds was whirled,  
So enlaved was she to phrases  
Of that bustling, bustling eline,  
That, when a man would weel her,  
She said, "Thank you—haven't time."  
—Chicago Record.

"Mrs. Jarley," said Jarley, on  
awakening suddenly and finding his  
wife going through his change  
pocket, "what are you doing?"  
"Working for free silver, my  
dear," returned Mrs. Jarley,  
sweetly.

Aunt (severely)—I thought I  
saw you riding alone with a gentle-  
man last evening.

Niece—You did, auntie.  
"But does your mother let you  
go bicycling with gentlemen with-  
out a chaperone?"

"No, indeed."  
"But you had none."  
"Oh, we had one when we started,  
but we punctured her tire to get rid  
of her."

Immigrant Inspector—Your na-  
tionality, please?

Immigrant—OIrish.

Immigrant Inspector—What is  
your occupation?

Immigrant—O! I'm a Frinch nurse.

Small Boy—Mama says you are  
a self-made man.

Mr. Pompous (proudly)—Yes,  
my boy.

Small Boy—You didn't have any  
lookin'-glass, did you?

"Norah! Norah! An' where are  
yez goin' wid only wan rubber on?"

"Wan rubber 's enough, mother!  
Shure, an' it's not so very muddy!"

Merchant—Now, here is a piece  
of goods that speaks for itself.

Uncle Hayseed—Well, that  
wouldn't suit Mandy. She likes to  
do her own talking.

"Well, Uncle Raspberry, how did  
you like the sermon?"

"Pow'ful fine sermon, Marse  
John."

"Where did the preacher take his  
text?"

"Frum dat potion ob de Scripture  
whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol  
to de Fesions."

Bobby—Say, mamma, was the ba-  
by sent down from heaven?

Mamma—Why, yes.

Bobby—Um! They likes to have  
it quiet up there, doesn't they?

"And you will never forget me?"  
asked the girl of her lover, a gro-  
cer's assistant.

"Never," he said absently. "Is  
there anything more to-day?"

"I move," said the lady President,  
"that the prayers of this club con-  
clude with awomen. Amen is out  
of date."

"What are you doing, Tommy?"

"Standin' before the lookin'  
glass," said Tommy. "Wanted to  
see how I would look if I was  
thin."

First S. G. G.—Decided on a sub-  
ject for my essay yet?

Second S. G. G.—No, except  
that it must be something that will  
go with pale blue.

"Uncle George, what is a good  
conversationalist?"

"Well, Dickie, it's the woman  
who gets the first start."—New  
York Sun.

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saw the light at the foot of one of  
her most rugged hills.

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Dropsy and the "Whiskey and Tobacco Hab-  
it." Dr. Cross is a regular Physician, and has  
cured many cases right here in Waynesburg and  
vicinity, and, therefore, need not go away from  
home for testimonials. Being somewhat ad-  
vanced in years, he offers his formula of treat-  
ment for sale to physicians at terms that will  
bring it within the reach of all. After a little  
experience in the use of these remedies, they  
may be guaranteed in every case. Correspond-  
ence is invited.

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At that Good Old Stand on  
BRYER'S CORNER.

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers,

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All the Latest Patterns in

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Give us your trade and we will do what we  
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... ONLY A No. 1 GOODS.

When purchasing kindly bring along  
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Remember, no air-slacked stuff,  
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CORBLY ORNDOFF,  
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Also Fine Line of Dishes.

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Any person wanting anything nice in Haviland China, Glassware, Queensware, and the finest line of Fancy Groceries, as a matter of course will go to

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Fourteen years ago we commenced business at this place, and our business relations with our customers have been, we believe, mutually agreeable. We trust they may so continue.

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(OPPOSITE THE WALTON HOUSE.)

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MARBLE WORKS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

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Large Granite Monuments a Specialty.

Office and Works on Church Street at  
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At the OLD RELIABLE RED FRONT, on North Washington Street,

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Ye place to hire a team.  
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Among ye largest and best  
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TREATS ALL DISEASES OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS,

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GOOD LIVERY STOCK, . . . .  
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One of the most elegant and complete ground floor Galleries in Penna. is that of SAYERS in Ingham Building. Mr. Sayers is making as fine work as you find in any city, and his new pictures, **Aristo Platino**, are fine and up-to-date. If you wish to keep up with the times, get your pictures of him. He also keeps all kinds of . . . .

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If You Want a Square Meal.

THEY HAVE ON HAND

Cakes, Pies, Sandwiches and Bread;  
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and fruits of all kinds. Take  
your friends there for their din-  
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My Place of Business is in the

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Manufacture the famous . . .

Rough &amp; Ready, Little Dutch,

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Call and see me and get a good cigar and

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Simes' "Boomer" Mould,  
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No "rag-weed" filler or "cabbage-leaf  
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BEEES AND POULTRY.  
ITALIAN BEEES AND QUEENS.

Untested Queens, \$1.00; Tested,  
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Barred and White.

Cockrel, \$1.25. Hens, \$1.00.  
Eggs, in season, \$2.00 per sitting  
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Toms, \$3.00. Hens, \$2.00. Eggs,  
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Exclusive Agents for  
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is the best Flour in the market. ZELT BROTHERS make only the one straight grade. It makes the best and sweetest bread in town, and it don't dry out like other bread. Hundreds of barrels are sold every year in Waynesburg, and there is just one place to get it. Ask J. R. Summersgill, Grocer, for it, and he will deliver it at your door.

J. R. SUMMERSGILL,

West Main Street, near the  
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ZELT BROTHERS,

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## ..MILLERS..

Purnish only first-class Flour, as hundreds of consumers in Waynesburg will testify over their own signature if desired. Hear what some of these customers say: "Zelt's makes the lightest and whitest bread." "Always sure to rise." "Just a little better than any other." "I always buy it." "First-rate for pastry, too." "Makes home-made bread that you never tire of." "I'll wait till you get Zelt's." Sold in Waynesburg by

J. R. SUMMERSGILL,

At his store on

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Just East of the C. P. Church.

## Vegetables,

WHOLESALE.

HENRY B. REA & CO.

Butter, Eggs,

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Sole Owners and Patentees of the Ideal Churn.

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Saddler and Harness Maker.

A full line of Harness, handmade, kept.

HORSE BLANKETS, BRIDLES,  
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BRUSHES.

Our stock is large and so varied in quality and price that we can please you. Our long experience in this business enables us to manufacture and select goods to suit you. Repairing promptly done. Give us a call.

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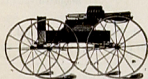
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... when they want Dry Goods, want the best. If money is plentiful they want the best there is—they, at all times, want the best their money will buy. Money will buy more and better goods in a small-profit store than it will in the other kind—that stands to reason. This is a small-profit store—buys and sells millions of dollars' worth every year—does it because of small-profit prices.

Some stores do a good business for other reasons—what they are it is hard to say—more than likely it is because there are people who buy blindly—people who never think of questioning a price—there are some like that—quite a number, perhaps—but a small proportion of a cityful.

This store has "small-profit prices" so ingrained in its constitution that it doesn't think it could do business any other way—doesn't mean to try—doing a very large and satisfactory business as it is—and increasing at a wonderful rate—more so than it could by any other means.

There is only one other means that we know of—a means we use—that's "choice goods"—the two go hand in hand—one without the other is helpless—both together invincible—choice goods and small-profit prices.

We publish a catalogue twice a year telling about the store's goods and prices—the Autumn and Winter edition comes out about Sept. 15th—may we mail it to you?—all we ask is your name and address—no charge of any kind.

We consider it more of a privilege than a favor to send you samples—they'll prove advantage to you much quicker than this talk will. What kind do you wish?

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Originators of the Small-Profit System.

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ON SHORT NOTICE.

A fit guaranteed. An elegant line  
of samples always on hand.

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Collections Promptly Made.

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WILL PLEASE YOU OR MONEY  
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That is part of our liberal policy. We have a large line of Ready-Made Dresses, Wrappers, Underwear, Aprons and Sun Bonnets. In Millinery we keep a line of trimmed Hats and Bonnets, with a large stock of Untrimmed Shape and Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, and a good Milliner to trim them. In Notions everything up to date. Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Embroideries, Laces and Neckwear. Carpet chaise in all colors.

East Main Street, WAYNESBURG, PA.

**MISS MARY MCGURGAN.**

Fashionable Millinery Parlor,  
UPSTAIRS.

Opposite F. &amp; D. Bank.

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DEALER IN . . . Millinery, . . .

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Fine Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings  
a Specialty.

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Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Tobaccos,

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

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**A. I. Strosnider's,**

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He keeps a full line of

**DRY GOODS,**

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps

And an excellent selection of

**CLOTHING.**

It is Headquarters for Groceries.

Your Patronage will be appreciated.

OUR EARLY FALL LINE OF

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A complete assortment of all that is new and  
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**CLOTHING. CLOTHING.**

In Men's, Boys' and Children's.

We have spared no pains to make our Fall  
line for the size of the most attractive we have  
ever shown. Our popular prices, together with  
the style, fit and finish of our garments, are  
features which have gained the confidence and  
patronage of our trade.

We solicit a call from you the week of  
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The Leading Clothing, Dry Goods and Car-  
pet House.

WAYNESBURG, PA.

**D. W. JACOBS...**

LARGEST

**General Store**

IN THE COUNTY

Dealer in...

Dry Goods and Notions, Boots and

Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing,

Hardware, Furniture, Jewelry,

... Groceries, Millinery...

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**DRY GOODS,  
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Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps and  
General Merchandise. . . . .

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Jefferson, Greene Co., Pa.



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Insurance  
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When you desire Life Insurance that will be as strong and as sure as the County, whose Centennial Anniversary you now celebrate, send a postal with your age and address to . . .

H. D. W. English,

Manager for  
Western Pennsylvania,

No. 34 1/2 FOURTH AVE.,  
PITTSBURG, PA.



A drive through Schenley Park is delightful. With a charming young lady more so. You furnish the young lady (bring her from "Old Greene") and we furnish the rest.

J. R. Hewitt & Co., Livernmen,  
3806 Forbes Street, PITTSBURG, PA.  
Near the Park.

## 1849. Jos. Horne &amp; Co. 1896.

## FOR ALMOST ONE-HALF

Of her existence the good old County of  
Greene has patronized this,

THE DRY GOODS STORE OF  
WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Almost one-half century old, we take pride in the fact that the STATE OF GREENE—more than double our age—has shown just appreciation of our merchandising methods by giving her patronage, thus aiding materially in our almost fifty years' continuous successful store-keeping.

RELIABILITY as to qualities, styles and low prices has been a most important factor in that success—confidence in methods begets trade—that we possess that confidence is proven by continued patronage of the people.

## WOMEN WIN,

As a rule, in every undertaking—as editor, publisher, reporter, lawyer, doctor—scarcely a profession or occupation in which she has not realized success; scarcely anything from sharpening a lead pencil to riding a bicycle, but she has achieved

equal success with her brother man. The "New Woman," the Old Woman, the "Clinging Woman," the Self-reliant Woman—every woman of medium or high degree has special interest in

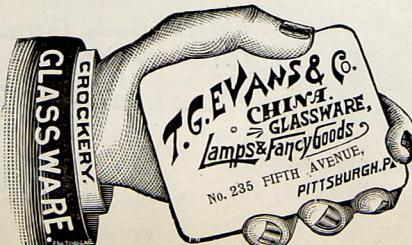
## DRY GOODS BUYING.

Her success in this particular line has long since been conceded. She finds a bargain table with unerring precision and never fails in just appreciation.

To find reliable merchandise as to quality, style and reasonable price—A Store containing almost every household need, from needles to furniture, from prints to silks—is still another achievement Western Pennsylvania women—including those of Waynesburg—are credited with, and our constant endeavor will be to continue as such the Penn Avenue and Fifth Street Stores.



The above represents the FARMERS AND DROVERS NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, situated on the corner of High and Morgan streets. This solid old banking institution has been in existence for sixty-one years, since 1865 as a National bank. In all this time it has moved steadily on, never closing its doors, and never refusing payment of a depositor's certificate on demand, but continually paying fair dividends to its stockholders. Its capital stock is \$500,000.00, its surplus fund \$600,000.00. By its last statement to the Comptroller, July 1, 1896, it had \$2,683,727 of deposits, and its loans, discounts and investments were \$533,335.00. All these prove its safety and reliability as a banking institution. Its Presidents have been Benj. Campbell, Hon. Andrew Buchanan, Jesse Hook, Hon. C. A. Black and Geo. L. Wyly, Esq.; its Cashiers, Hon. Enos Hook, Hon. Jesse Lazenby, David Crawford, Esq., W. T. Lantz, A. J. Lindsey and J. B. P. Rinehart. Its present Board of Directors are Geo. L. Wyly, Geo. W. Gordon, Sam'l Harvey, John I. Worley, E. M. Seyers, C. H. Morelock, S. W. Scott, C. H. Bowley, W. A. Hook, J. Ewing Bailey and J. B. Donley.



## O. McClintock &amp; Co.

219 FIFTH AVENUE,

PITTSBURG,

Jobbers and Retailers in . . .

## Carpets, Furniture, Curtains,

Oriental and Domestic Rugs  
and Carpet Squares.

Mattings—Chinese and Japanese  
and Cocoa.

Linoleums—Printed, Plain or  
Inlaid.

Window Shades, Oil Cloth.

Largest Stock.

Lowest Prices.  
Standard Quality.

## O. MCCLINTOCK &amp; CO.,

219 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Be sure and come  
to the

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And call in and examine  
. . . our line of . .

Grain Drills and

. . Fertilizers.

Best of Accommodations for  
your Teams.

## Waynesburg Feed &amp; Supply Co.

THE CRADLE AND THE HOME  
ARE MADE OF

## LUMBER.

You Need It. - We Sell It.

Let us quote you on White Pine,  
Yellow Pine, Hemlock, Poplar,  
Oak, White Pine Shingles  
and White Pine Lath.

DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS  
AND MILL WORK.

Respectfully Yours,

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Corner of  
GREENE AND CUMBERLAND STREETS.

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Corner room of Hook building,

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We keep a fine line of Pianos and Organs  
and all kinds of musical instruments  
sold at lowest prices.