

Bellefonte, Pa., November 14, 1902.

THE MASQUENADE OF LIFE.

M. V. THOMAS.

Come, wipe away those tears, dear! Hide all these signs of pain. What if your heart is aching? Pretend you are happy again. Let your smile seem glad, dear. And make your eyes look bright. While you are treading a measure in the masquerade of life.

THE DRAMATIC SOPRANO.

Nearly half the little salon was taken up by the grand piano. Above it, and along one side of the room, hung laurel wreaths tied with ribbons lettered in gold or black, setting forth the date of the performance and her name, Madame Eugenie Tauben.

Table with columns for various offices: President, Governor, Lieut. Gov., Sec'y in Aff., Rep. in Cong., Sen. in Gen. As., Rep. in Gen. Assembly, Sheriff, Treas., Register, Recorder, Commissioners, Auditors, Coroner. Rows list various townships and precincts with corresponding vote counts.

Is it concert or opera?

"Is it concert or opera?" he asked quickly, professional interest thrusting out other emotions. "Opera," she answered; "great Wagnerian performances. Isolde, the Brunnhilde."

"Engenie, tell me, who directs this great plan? I should have read of it." "Herr Strieger, the tenor; surely you remember him?" "Remember him? Yes, and with more pleasure than many others since. He could sing. So he is a manager himself now, and in America, I tell you, Engenie, Enziweiher may be a small part, but his stamp of approval goes the world over."

Herr Strieger, the accompanist, was summoned to his post, and even reached it, before Madame Tauben finished vaguely the outline of Herr Strieger's projected undertaking. To both manager and accompanist she was a familiar figure, dear as a tradition of all the dramatic sopranos should be, held up as an example daily by both of them, and now after a decade come back to pass the test of their opinion, like any young aspirant. They could scarcely believe it until the past—the beautiful, well-remembered past—came back to them both as, standing there, she gave the opening phrases of Isolde's Liebestod.

As she sang, only once did the Herr Intendant change his position, and it was to put his hand before his face to hide the tears following each other from his eyes. When she had finished she looked from one to the other in wistful anxiety, her heart stirred by the music and by the knowledge of her friends' agitation.

"Engenie, Engenie, we need you here. Do not go to America. You said you wanted to retire in your youth. You should have waited; to me you are only in that now. Your traditions—your art, my child. None of them—none of them—can approach you."

He seemed quite unnerved, and Strieger, always so placid, even when people are quite out of tune, appeared strangely stirred. To both of them the beautiful past—youth, enthusiasm, and memories on memories—had crowded into the room with the sound of her voice, so intimately and so dearly associated with them all. Their emotion affected her only with a sense of triumph. She felt herself about to begin life afresh, after having set it aside.

It was of the voice that she had been uncertain. And now they had given her the answer. She left them smiling and triumphant, and from that moment scarcely realized the routine of preparation for a journey in itself so unusual to the quiet of her life. She had her eyes always fixed on the future, with which the past, in memories of Herr Strieger, seemed strangely commingled.

Her little collection of keepsakes and tokens she divided among her friends, and of these she had many. But the wreaths she sent to the opera to the Herr Intendant. These she could not give up. When she came back she would have them again. Her good-byes were not said without tears, and arguments had to be met, but through it all that strange elation and the thought of Herr Strieger supported her. His letter she carried always with her under the folds that crossed the bosom of her gown. The pressure of her fingers against it seemed to give her an inspiration in answering the arguments of those friends who would dissuade her from going.

Even His Grace was impressed with the change in her manner and the gentleness that tempered her usual command of bearing. He made a little speech to her when he gave her an audience, telling her that the pension was hers when she chose to come back to it, and that if she brought someone else to share it she would not be the first prima donna who had played that role. Then he pinned a dual decoration on her gown, the Order of the Pink Eagle, third class. Even this failed to disturb the one absorbing thought of America, as she dropped it into her meagerly-filled jewel-case, the last thing in packing.

The rush at New York in landing was hastened more than usual for it was snowing hard, and of the few passengers she was soon the only one remaining. She eagerly scanned the last expectant face turned upwards from the pier, and again crossed questioned the steward, but no one corresponding to her vague description of Herr Strieger was seen. Her tremulous anticipation and half dread of a meeting that would show so many changes to both were lost in the emotion of uncertainty and terror that assailed her.

The German steward, who had aided in her disappointed search, saw her things through the customs and helped her, trembling with apprehension and anxiety, into a cab.

When she reached the number in East Eighth street from which Herr Strieger's letter was directed she could scarcely mount the stairs for trembling; anticipation, uncertainty, everything thrusting forward in this final moment after years of change and separation.

"He is ill," said the German woman who met her. "I am glad one of his friends has come," she said simply, as Madame Tauben uncertainly took a seat. "The man, he is very bad. He is not always right in his head. He had great dreams, always writing, writing, until his table and the floor were full of papers. And always wonderful things were to come to them. This week, as it grew towards the time for the German steamer, he got worse, more feverish, more incoherent. He said some one, an old friend, was coming, and that when she got here everything would come right. I thought it part of his wanderings, but I am glad it was not. You are the friend, madame?"

"Yes, I am the one," she answered trembling very much as she rose. Steadily herself against the table she stood, with her hand on the door, as if she were, as she stood in the Liebestod, in Isolde.

He was lying with his face towards the wall when she entered later. When he heard his name softly called he turned uncertainly and, resting on one arm, half raised himself, looking searchingly into her face. Then he dropped back on the pillow, closing his eyes. His hand had turned a yellow white, deep furrows showing privation as well as age, crossed his forehead and ran downwards from the corners of his nose.

Could she wonder that he failed to recognize her? Would she have known him had not Fate managed this moment with such harrowing certainty? Sitting down by her black draperies falling above her, for a long time her thoughts were too tumultuous for her again to attempt speech.

Towards dusk he opened his eyes and again rose on his arm; this time he looked at her long and searchingly as she sat there, quite still, her hands clasped in her lap, and without courage to look up.

"Engenie, Engenie!" he called. She put out her hands and he caught them. "For the first time through it all the tears rained from her eyes. After that, he always knew her, but his mind constantly wandered.

Finding that any allusion he made to his Bayreuth plans led up to excitement which left him utterly exhausted, she tried to avoid him by talking always of the past, until, after a few days, he began to live in it instead of the present.

When she left him for a little while, she would tax her memory for every small event of the Enziweiher days of thirty years before, and go back with some fresh item to hold his interest.

At the end of a week, she was called upon to face the fact that his means were gone, and had been for some time, and that the small sum which she had brought with her was very much smaller after she had paid his arrears of debt and their board for the week in advance to the landlady. All the afternoon she sat by his bedside and thought.

The next morning, while he slept, she started on, wearing the velvet gown, her fur mantle of a suit of twelve years before, and a grand air that made the little German woman of the house, who accompanied her, instinctively drop a courtesy.

"I would like an engagement at the Opera."

There was only a suspicion of a smile on his face but her quick eyes caught it. "I will be sure that you may see what I can do," was her answer with a simple dignity.

He finally agreed to listen, though not with very good grace, and, as she sang, sat absently twirling her card and looking out of the window. She had chosen the Liebestod, but it sounded oddly different, even to her, from the way she had sung it to the Herr Intendant and Strieger, the accompanist at the Enziweiher opera. When she was only just begun, he stopped her with more than a suspicion of impatience in his tone.

"Really, I must ask you to excuse me. I am already very late. It would be impossible to offer you an engagement. My artists are already engaged for the season. There is nothing to be done, unless you are looking at her, his curt, business directness wavered—"unless—"

"Unless what?" she asked. "Unless you take a place in the chorus." The anxiety in her tone had proved his suspicions.

Her face grew suddenly scarlet, then very white. "I will take it," she answered. "The rest of the arrangement was made with a secretary. It did not take long for her to learn what was expected of her and that her salary was to be fifteen dollars a week."

Three days later, when Herr Strieger was told that she must sing the Liebestod in the Opera, he took it as a natural thing. On her return he was still awake and questioned her eagerly on her success.

As she sat at the side of his bed, trying to choke down the crusts of the sandwich that had been put by because she had left supperless for her first night's ordeal, she conjured up recollections of the old Enziweiher days, knowing how happy they made him. The Duke and the audience, how things looked, what numbers were encored, how his Grace had sent for her to come to the duet box after the Patria Mia, and what fine voice she was in, were detailed and elaborated to suit his pleased questionings.

At the end of the second week in the chorus, when she came home, the German doctor, who called sometimes to see Herr Strieger, opened the door. "He is not so well," he said; but he needs no medicine, only—youth."

The next day, which was Sunday, and her free day to be with him, he was much stronger, and when she had propped him up with pillows he began to sing the Liebestod in the beginning of the first act. She caught up the duet and followed his worn voice softly, until, in the middle of a phrase, he said chokingly: "On open scene—my voice—my—" And his white head fell on her breast. It was ended.

Some reporters came to the house, and to them, one and all, the German woman told of the glories of Madame Tauben, and of her devotion to Herr Strieger. Then all the town knew of it. Many came to East Eighth street, some through sympathy, others through motives equally humane. The German Consul himself called.

Clad in her black velvet gown, very quiet and with a grand air of dignity, she prevented them from mentioning the funeral beyond accepting her invitation to be present.

American 25,000 Years Old.

His Skeleton was Recently Unearthed from Kansas Soil. By the merest chance there has been discovered beneath the soil near Lansing, Kan., the skeleton of a man of the lower stages, who, scientists declare, lived at the close of the glacial period, about 30,000 years ago.

Careful examination of the skull, which was found in nearly a complete state, shows that this individual had no degree of intelligence to compare with that of the present day. In fact, it is considered more than probable that the being whose remains were discovered in the Western excavation belonged to the theoretical class, whose remains have never before been discovered—"Darwin's 'missing link' between the monkey and the man."

This theory of the discovery, while not advanced by the scientists who helped dig the bones from the earth, and who declare that they had been for 300 centuries in the spot where they were found, is supported by many statements which these geologists and paleontologists make regarding the skeleton.

Certain it is that the remains are those of a human being of a much lower order of intelligence than the Abzecs or the American Indians, the only inhabitants of the Western Continent heretofore known to have existed.

Although the bones were discovered several months ago, it was not until recently that they were scientifically examined. They were dug from a hillside on the farm of John Concanon, about three miles from Lansing, and within a few yards of the channel of the river.

Several prominent scientists became interested, and Prof. Erasmus Haworth, geologist of the State University of Lawrence, Kan., Prof. S. W. Williston, formerly of the Kansas University, but now of the chair of paleontology of the Chicago University; Prof. Warren Upham, of the Minnesota Historical Society; and Prof. N. H. Winchell, State Geologist of Minnesota, met in Kansas City for the purpose of going to Lansing.

Speaking of the discovery, Prof. Erasmus Haworth, one of the party, said: "In my mind here is not the slightest doubt regarding the genuineness of the discovery. I examined the skeleton and paid particular attention to the matrix adhering to the bones."

"It is probable that this skeleton is from 20,000 years old, to 30,000 years old 25,000 years an approximate mean. The one point which I wish to emphasize from my own observations is that its age must be the equivalent of the age of the beginning of the ice accumulation along the Missouri River. With this point definitely fixed every one may draw his own conclusions as to how long ago it was."

Pushed Rival into River. Legal Technicality Saves Girl Who Confessed from Punishment. The grand jury at Wheeling, W. Va., recently acquitted Miss Rodella Bain of the charge of murdering her rival, Miss Gay Smith, because she would not give up Henry Nolan, whom both girls loved and to whom Miss Bain asserted a prior right.

The jury held that there was no incriminating evidence outside of Miss Bain's confession that she pushed Miss Smith into the river, and her confession could not be introduced under the statutes until the crime was first established by other proof.

Miss Bain, who tried to commit suicide previous to her confession which cleared up the mystery of her rival's death, is still in a hospital suffering from nervous prostration, and it is feared her reason is gone. She has become a shadow of her former self in six weeks. The dead girl's father is indignant at the failure of the jury to indict Miss Bain.

The Bubonic Plague a Real Peril.

The spread of the bubonic plague in California is increasing and causing considerable alarm. The health boards of the country in conference at New Haven have urged the Government to prompt measures to stamp out the disease completely. The number of cases in California is increasing rapidly. Since February there have been 2,230 deaths from the plague in San Francisco, every case reported having proved fatal.

The plague was brought to San Francisco from the Philippines on Government transports. The public health and marine hospital services describe the disease as being more than ever dangerous in the United States because of the rapid means of transit and the habits of the Americans to travel. It is but three days from San Francisco to New Orleans or Chicago, and in this time a traveler could carry the germ of the disease in his clothes or baggage from one city to the other. It is not likely that an exposed or infected case could carry disease in this way, for the disease works so rapidly that death often follows in forty-eight hours. It is said that the business men of San Francisco have used their influence to keep their health authorities from publishing the facts in regard to the cases that have occurred, and have in this way aided in the spread of the disease. It is now believed that the time has come for the general Government to act. It is astonishing that this condition of affairs could have existed in San Francisco with out creating alarm through out the country; but the fact is that little is known of the plague in this country. The reports of its ravages in India and other parts of the East are far distant, and create no alarm in the United States, supposed to be isolated. The facts are that it is a very contagious and most deadly disease. In the Philippines and in China the death rate has reached 75 per cent, which mortality is much greater than that of the most frightful battles in the history of the world. The Chinese colonies in American cities, so difficult of sanitary regulation, afford field and scope for the bubonic plague that shows a general peril in the spread of the terrible disease. An epidemic of the plague, even in a single American city, would add materially to the frightful cost in life and treasure that the country has paid for the Philippines.—Pittsburg Post.

Cheap Colt Lands a Winner. When Tribes Hill won the first race at Aqueduct N. Y., Election Day Jack McGinnis, the well-known betting commissioner, was happy. The colt, who is a three-year-old son of Clifford-Garoga, was once the property of S. Sanford & Sons, but during the recent Morris Park meeting he was put up at auction. In spite of William Easton's earnest request for bids nobody seemed to want Tribes Hill, so he was let out of the ring. Somebody offered \$25 for him, but it was refused. Then McGinnis put in a \$50 offer, but this was turned down. "I'll give \$100 for him, rather than see him go back to the farm at Amsterdam," said McGinnis, and Tribes Hill became his property. When McGinnis decided to start the colt Tuesday he also concluded to bet on him. A commissioner was sent into the ring with \$325, instructed to bet \$75 straight and \$250 to show. He had no trouble in getting the money down, scoring sixty to one straight and twelve to one triple, or \$4,500 to \$75 and \$3,000 to \$250. Scott, the stable boy, had the mount and he rode a fine race. Tribes Hill won by a head and McGinnis pocketed \$7,000 in addition to \$780, which was his share of the purse, and all with a \$100 colt. In the days of Gutenberg, McGinnis was struggling alone in a precarious way, but in recent years he has amassed quite a snug fortune. He won a barrel of money at Brighton Beach with his colt Reformer, when the latter came home with forty to one against him.

Woman as a Repeater. Arrested in Denver as She Was About to Cast Her Third Vote. For the first time in the history of Colorado politics a woman was arrested in Denver Saturday on the charge of repeating. When booked at the city jail she gave the name of Jennie Sanderson, but was subsequently identified as Mrs. Harriet Hibbard, a widow, fifty years old. She was neatly dressed and had the appearance of refinement. It is alleged that she was casting her third ballot when arrested. She admitted her guilt and said she could give no reason for her acts, except her desire to make some extra money. She told the police she was a Republican.

A Comic Valentine which Cost a Woman a Legacy. James Becket, a farmer who had lived near Campton, Bradford County, for many years, died recently, worth \$15,000, and left his daughter nothing but a comic valentine which caused the grudge. Half a century ago Becket received a valentine from a girl who was turned down in sending the thing to him, and as time passed on his antipathy to her increased.

He died the other day and his legacy to his daughter consisted of a small parcel, wrapped up in paper. She opened it and found the valentine.

DuBois Woman Missing. Mrs. Jennie Fugate left her home which is a few miles from DuBois to go to that place Thursday to do some shopping and has not been seen or heard of since. She is the wife of J. L. Fugate, a school teacher. When she started for DuBois she left her child in the care of a neighbor, saying she would be back soon. She is of slender build, has light hair and eyes and was dressed in a blue and gray turban, a black dress and black cap. No cause can be assigned for her strange disappearance and it is thought she may have met with foul play.

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