A Chemist, A Teacher, A Lawyer, A Physician An Engineer, An Electrician A Journalist. A Scientic Farmer,

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 16, 1903.

MY DAY'S A-COMING

But it's no less wrong for that. (It's like some other proverbs

I know my saying's commo

That we rattle off so pat).

For it brings too little cheer

Don't say, "My day's a-comin' "-

Why, your day is always here!

It's not a healthy doctrine,

None of the days is labeled,

They are every one for you

For the best that you can do.

Your day-and the one who gave it

Don't say, "My day's a comin'"-

'Twill be asked of you and me

In God's last grand accounting

Just how we used our day store

In the place where mortals be

Then, if you spent them waiting,

Your day was never "comin"-

-S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

All the wasted days you'll rue.

You'll find they were all for you

ONE RESULT.

Beautiful Mrs. Haviland was dashing

replica of the other, made a rare picture.

Almost every one turned to look at them as they passed. Those who knew the lady

bowed and smiled, or bowed and did not

but captivating glance of recognition for each. A gentleman on a fine bay joined

her before she had gone far, and made the

rose of her cheek was somewhat deeper, so

was the boy's, and the afternoon was grown

It was five o'clock when the victoria left

the Park, and, rolling down the avenue,

turned into the broad, substantially built

lady's home. The gentleman on the bay accompanied her as far as the street corner,

and there took leave. A little girl, watch-

ing with straining eyes from an upstairs window, saw him as he lifted his hat from

his bandsome blonde head, and wondered

vaguely who he was. Any one of Mrs.

Haviland's many servants could have told her. But Ruth never talked with the serv-

ants. She rarely talked even with the

nurse or with Miss Murray, her governess,

who, however, though a miracle of gentleness and well preserved if characterless

prettiness, was not precisely a confidenceeliciting person. She did not talk much even with her little brother, though she

played with him by the hour on rainy af-

ternoons, keeping him absorbed from first

She went out to the head of the stairs

partly to meet Harry, but more to catch a glimpee of her idolized mother. Harry did

not come up, however. Mrs. Haviland's maid was sent for downstairs to remove her

wraps, and Ruth, peeping over the banis-

ters, had a gratifying vision of her mother reflected in the long hall glass, as the lady stood before it while the maid deftly pin-

ned back a lock escaped from the loose coil

of her hair. Do mirrors realize when they

are blest? Not to many is it given to re

flect so complete and satisfying a beauty as was this lady's. But all too soon she turn-

ed away, and, calling to Harry, took him

in with her to the tea table to stand at her

elbow like a bewitching little page while she poured tea. She often took bim in with her so—that is, if people were com-

Ruth went slowly away from her post, therefore, knowing that Harry would not come up as long as the good time lasted.

On her way to the school room she passed her father coming down from his study. He did not see her in the semi-darkness—

nobody ever seemed to see Ruth unless there were a bright light—and she slipped silently by, not caring in the least that he

had not seen her, nor that if he had he might not have noticed her save by a grave

nod. It was Harry whom he always saw

and always stopped to speak to. Why should he or any one speak to her? For there was nothing about her even remotely like her mother. She was a singularly plain child, upon whom no amount of taste-

ful dressing conferred any saving distinc-tion, and the consciousness of her unattrac-tiveness lay like an added blight upon her

It was past the children's supper hour

when Harry came dancing into the nursery, where he and Ruth took their meals. Mrs.

Haviland, too, would soon be coming up-stairs to dress for dinner. Ruth was medi-tating slipping out into the hall for anoth-

er sight of her as she swept radiantly down

the passage to her room, when-wonder of wonders!—the nursery door opened and she

came in. It was only to give the nurse

some directions about Harry's toilette for the next day's drive, but Ruth's heart beat

Harry was looking particularly charming

with joy at the sight of her.

personality.

time.

side street near the corner of which was the

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Your day, if you'll but use it

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snatch at a charm banging from the glittering chain about her neck, she actually stooped and kissed him. Ruth held her breath, marveling at Harry's stolidity. She knew well that at the bottom of his selfish, hard little heart Harry cared less for his mother than for the least precious of his countless toys; but the surprise of it hurt the little girl like a fresh wound at each ever did you find out that-that your mothwas their beautiful mother for, if not to be worshiped by all with the intense, self-ef-Sophie. She said that the new marriage facing adoration which in Ruth's soul was

love's only form? Late that evening the nurse called her from her hed to look at Mrs. Haviland as she passed through the corridor, arrayed for a ball in all her diamonds, looking like Haviland glanced toward it, smiling the same lovely impersonal smile that she had estowed on her acquaintances in the afternoon's drive, Ruth's heart beat even faster than before, and she crept back to bed in a silent rapture that kept her wide awake for some time. It was such wonderful mo-ments as these that had counted for the chief pleasures in the child's ten short years of life.

The autumn passed and still Mrs. Haviland drove in the Park in her open victoria, while the handsome blonde gentleman reined in his bay by its side; and fewer and fewer people smiled as they bowed. Then came an afternoon in early December, when the sun was a glory and the earth seemed a heaven, and Mrs. Haviland went for her drive somewhat earlier than her wont. She now." went alone this time. Ruth, just returned from a demure little walk with Miss Murray, knelt at the school room window and breathlessly watched her as she drove away. There was always the chance that she might look back-might look up-though she never did. She did not now.

The carriage came back almost at once, but Mrs. Haviland was not in it. There were only the two men on the box, and a note from Mrs. Haviland to her husband. When the footman brought it in Mr. Haviland was in the hall putting on his overcoat to go for a walk up the avenue. He took the note, and as he read, his face turned to stone. He read it twice from beginning to end-it was not long. Then, quite quietly, he refolded the dainty sheet and returned it to its envelope, put it in his pocket, took off his overcoat and handed it to the waiting hutler, all without a word, but still with that face of stone, and, turning, went slowly up the two long flights of stairs to his study, and there shut

An extraordinary stillness settled down singled her out for favor all at once over the house. The servants, craftily matured her plan. mysteriously sagacious, went noiselessly about their business as usual, lighting all the lights in all the great empty rooms, and setting out the dining table with its customary elegance. But Mr. Haviland mained shut up in his study, and no dinner was served, and no orders were given, and Mrs. Haviland did not return. through the Park in her victoria, her six-year-old son by her side. The autumn Murray looked agitated and scared, and as if she would like to shrink into herself out breeze was blowing freshly, and the two of the way of an impending shower bath, exquisite rose tinged faces, one a smaller and Ruth was sent to bed long before her

The next morning Mrs. Haviland still had not come back, and the same hush of uneasy expectancy pervaded the house like smile, while she had only the same slight a noxious atmosphere. Ruth had no idea of what had happened. She knew only that her adored mother did not come, though she watched and watched all the day long, tour beside her carriage. After that still and could scarcely be gotten away from the

fewer smiled as they bowed. But the ra-diance of her look never faltered, and if the So some vacuous, miserable days went one morning Mr. Haviland summoned Miss Murray from the school room to his study, and she was gone some time. When she came back, her soft, young-old face had lost its delicate color, and she could hardly take the seat at her desk for a nervous tremor through her. But the children's wide eyed stare of curiosity forced her to pull herself together, and after a few moments she said to them quite simply, just as if she were stating a fact in physical geography. though with an uncontrollable twitching of her thin, ladylike lips, that Mr. Haviland wished them to know that their mother The mai was never coming back at all, but was the same as dead to them, and that they must be obedient children and never so much as like that, Miss Ruth! I should lose my

Harry did not mind a whit that his mother was gone away for always. He just opened his glorious eyes wider and asked: "Then who will take me out to to last when no one else could manage the self willed little fellow for ten minutes at a drive when I have my good clothes on?" Ruth made no outery and asked no ques-tion. But the blackness of night descend-

ed upon her soul. ry gave a whoop of delight, dashing his slate to the floor, ran to him, tempetuously, shouting, "I want a nickel! Dad, give me a nickel!"

Mr. Haviland stood stock still and look mr. Haviland stood stock still and look-ed fixedly at his boy, the shadow on his marble face deepening into something al-most like contempt. Then he flung down a handful of small coins upon the carpet quite angrily, and went out of the room immediately, without having said a sylla-

quite angrily, and went out of the room immediately, without having said a syllable to anyone.

Harry laughed with glee as he flung himself upon the rolling bits of silver. The nurse chanced to be in the room, and Ruth saw her glance meaningly at Miss Murray as she muttered: "It's Master Harry's looks the is a tilke her at the same and the same at the looks. He is as like her as two peas, and

not in looks only, more's the pity!"

Ruth did not understand the full import of the words, though their dimly apprehended scorn roused in her impotent fury, and she clenched her tiny hands under the table. No one ever guessed what of deso-lation it meant to the child when her beautiful mother disappeared so suddenly out of her life. But they all saw how listless and apathetic she grew, and how dully she went through her routine of small duties and pleasures, no one of which interested or aroused her in the least. The moment she was left to herself she always went directly to the school room window, and sat there with her arms folded on the sill and her chin resting upon them, motionless save for the restless, roving eyes that missed no fig-

one for whom she was watching.

Her father came regularly now to the nursery, where he had been used to come only occasionally. It was, however, merely to ask perfunctory questions of the nurse or governess as to the welfare of his children, and he was so changed, so silent and stern, where formerly he had been only grave, that Ruth shrauk from him. With her mother's going, a blank wall seemed to have risen between her and everything else on earth. Miss Murray said of her with solicitous discontent that she was a singularly odd little girl. And so she was, since

heart aches count for years.

By degrees, as time went by and Ruth's

her straight to her governess with a point- shame for the child to miss what she had blank question

"Please. Miss Murray, where in this city is my mother's new home?" Miss Murray was so taken aback and so

gown were set to quivering.
"Why, Ruthie-child-nowever-howmanifestation of his indifference. What er was in the city at all?" she stammered. was no better than a mock marriage. She said that she was brazen faced to come back and take a house not ten squares away from us." The child's tones were fierce with

uncomprehending resentment. Miss Murray's gentle face wrinkled all a dream of light. And when, attracted by over with perturbation. She laid a fright-the little group at the bedroom door, Mrs. ened, bloodless hand against Ruth's mouth. "Hush, dear, hush! Ellen must have meant some one else. Ellen had no idea what she was saying. Ellen never meant

any thing." Ruth pushed aside Miss Murray's hand roughly. An obstinate determination was

over all her face. 'I want to see my mother. Where my mother?" she said, doggedly. The direct, insistent gaze was not to be

oked at the child. "Don't ask me, dear," she said, tremulously, vaguely conscious of some hitherto unperceived need of pity. "I may not tell you. You will know all soon enough, poor child! You are too young to be told

"I want to see her. I want to see her,"
Ruth repeated, stubbornly.
But the firmness of the gentle is not to be overcome, and Ruth received no more elucidating answer. The insistence went out of her face at last, and she returned to the window, sitting there in a submissive, Ruth scarcely breathed. In her cestasy patient way that lulled Miss Murray's dis-

quiet to rest.
Shortly afterward Ellen disappeared, and Ruth rightly guessed that she had been dismissed as a warning to the household against further indiscretions. The child apparently took no notice, but despair seized upon her. The desire to see her mother

was eating up her soul. In the extremity of her need a daring scheme shaped itself in her quickening brain. The maid who took Ellen's place was a kindly, light hearted girl, and Ruth, in pursuance of her ends, began to make friends with her in a covert, shy way, to which the maid responded with easy good nature, soon coming to feel a genuine lik-ing for the reserved, odd child who thus singled her out for favor. And so Ruth

"Aggie," she said one night, as the maid was putting her to bed in her lonely little

"Where are you going?" "I don't know, Miss. To see some friends, maybe." Ruth looked at her with troubled, unchildlike eyes.

"Do you know where the opera house is, Aggie 277 "Certainly, Miss. 'Tisn't so far from here. I've passed it often."

"Did you ever go there at night, Aggie? Did you ever stand outside and watch the people go in and out? Did you?"
"Why, no, Miss, I can't say as I have."
Ruth had tight hold of the girl's arm. A

suppressed excitement had taken the place of her usual apathy.

heard Miss Murray say so. She said every-

"But, Miss Ruth-" began the girl, protestingly. The child shook her by the arm in her

frenzy of desire. "You are not to say anything to any body, Aggie, or they would not let me go. But we can just slip out after I have said good night, and nobody will know, and you can take the latch key to let us in when we come back. Oh, don't say no, Aggie Don't! Don't! I want to go so much! I must go and nobody else would take me if

The maid stood aghast at the audacity of

mention her name in his hearing. That place the minute it come to be known, and was the point that Miss Murray laid the most stress on—that they were never to speak of her again.

good enough for me, too, if I did. You know I can't, dear. You must see I can't, or, indeed, I wouldn't want no praying."

Ruth pressed close. Her agony of longing was like an outgoing, compelling force. "Aggie you must! You must! Where's the harm? I only want to see all the pretty ladies in their fine gowns and gay cloaks, and the carriages hurrying up, and the horses jumping and kicking, and everybody shouting and calling. You never saw anything like it, Aggie! I heard somebody tell Harry once. We will just stand close by the door a tiny little bit of a while, and nobody will ever know we have been. Oh, Aggie !" she suddenly threw her frail arms chokingly around the girl's neck, and her voice broke into a childish, tearful, irresis-tible quaver. "Oh, Aggie, darling, I never wanted to do anything so much in all my whole life! Take me! Take me! If you do, I will love you as long as I live! I will love you with all my heart and soul!"

The girl hesitated, frightened yet fasoinated at the bold idea. She was thought-less and lively, eager to please and easily led, and she saw no risk to the child in the proposed escapade. And if Miss Ruth real-ly wanted a bit of frolic so much—

Thus it happened that on the following night little Ruth found herself on the street of the huge city, with only a foolish young nursemaid for protector. It was an alto-gether new world to the child—a world full of distortions, dangers and alarms. All the familiar landmarks were obliterated. Everything was changed. The houses were taller and wider, and closed in before her crushingly. What lurking horrors might not spring out upon her from any one of their dark vestibules! It was like walk-ing through a lane lined with Jack-in-theoxes. The electric lights glanced at her savagely, with great angry eyes through monstrous radiating lashes. A deadly ter-ror was upon her. But her purpose was stronger than her fear, and she kept ou her stronger than her fear, and she kept ou her way by Aggie's side, no sound of fright escaping her, not even when she was nearly run over by a cab, nor yet again whenmore terrifying still—a policeman seized her and swung her over a puddle at a street

crossing. So much time had been consumed in seouring an unobserved exit from her home that when they reached the opera house it was already late, and there was nothing to be seen except rows of waiting carriages and dwadling footmen.

Ruth rallied from her disappointment as soon as its cause had been explained to her. "We will go to see your friends, Aggie," she said, with quick decision. "You needn't mind taking me along. Then we

Two hours later they stood in the mids of a dense throng at the doors of the vast building. The evening was turned damp flustered that all the little laces on her gown were set to quivering.

and chilly, and the wind blew in rude gusts down the avenue. But the scene was all that Ruth had depicted, and more and Aggie became instantly an absorbed

"Nearer, Aggie! Nearer!" the child whispered, excitedly. "I must see them all. I mustn't miss any!"

She tugged at the maid's sleeve, her eyes hunting hungrily through the crowd. What if she had not come!

The people streamed out. Aggie and her charge were pushed mercilessly to one side. The child's heart beat to suffocation. What if she were there, and she should miss seeng her! She gave a sobbing cry.

"I can't see, Aggie! Oh, I can't see!"
It had begun to snow. The wind lifted the awnings, and the wet flakes blew in under. Ruth felt cold, moist touches on her face and neck. Her feet and hands were ice. She shivered, and big despairing tears welled over on her cheeks.

Then suddenly the crowd parted, and she saw her mother standing at the foot of the avoided. Miss Murray's anxious brown eyes twinkled through a blur of tears as she prance their way to the curbstone. She was holding the arm of the tall blonde gentleman whom Ruth had once seen riding beside her carriage, and was talking gayly to a group of young men. An electric light blazed down upon her. The wind turned back the edges of her ermine cloak, disclosing the splendor of the gown beneath. Oh, how bewilderingly beautiful she was! How her smile flashed! How her jewels gleamed! How the white fur about her throat set off the face above-the

> Ruth scarcely breathed. In her ecstasy the slow, long torture of the past months was as if it had never been. Her non-de-script little face was transfigured. For the moment her ineffable love made her beau-

But the brougham was drawing up to the sidewalk. The gentleman whom Ruth remembered was moving toward it. The was bowing her adieux. Now her arched foot was upon the step. In another instant she would be gone—gone, lost forever!

"Mother! Mother! Come back?" The cry rang out, importunate, passionate, agonized

The lady half turned, and threw a start led glance over her shoulder at the crowd. But the gentleman hurried her into the brougham and entered after her. She sank down on the cushions, her adorable face quite pale.
"I thought-I almost thought that was

Ruth's voice," she said.
"Nousense," the gentleman answered lightly, "how could it be? Besides, it would have been Harry's voice, not Ruth's, if you had heard it. Home John." The footman touched his hat, sprang to the box, and the brougham whirled away

through the sleet. It was half past eight of the evening a week later. The same lady, still more charmingly dressed, still more ravishingly beautiful, sat in her new drawing room, an opera cloak about her, fan and flowers ly-ing beside her on a table. The gentleman

whom Ruth had recognized stood by the mantelpiece. He took out his watch. "Patrick is late." 'Aggie, you must take me there to-mor-ow night. There is to be a new opera. I Shesaid every'Yes. It is the second time. He should

She let the cloak drop from her shoulders, and, drawing the evening paper to-ward her, looked lazily down its columns.

The gentleman yawned. Suddenly she gave a wild cry, and leaped to her feet. "George! George!"

He was at her side instantly. "Darling, what is it?" She clutched at his arm, pointing to an item in the paper. He bent over and read it aloud.

"'On Monday, March twenty-fifth, pneumonia, Ruth, daughter of Harold Haviland. aged ten years and nine months.'''

The lady fell back into the chair, white as death, twisting her hands as if in bodily

pain.
"It is my child—my Ruth! He calls her only his daughter—do you see? But she was mine, too. Ruth! Ob, Ruth!" She gasped as if for air, pulling at the necklace about her throat. The string broke and the great pearls rained down over her bosom. Again she wrung her hands, lifting her head with a long, convulsive sob that seemed to rack her body. A new, strange look swept blightingly across her

Her companion laid his band upon her shoulder. The change in her appalled

"It is a frightful shock, of course, but why should you take it quite like this?" he said, in constrained remonstrance. "You never cared for her, you know, and you were willing to give her up—to leave them both."

She was looking up at him, and all her frame cowered at his words. Yes, she had not cared, and she had been willing to leave her. The thought gripped her as in a vice, resolving every sense into a frightened consciousness of an intolerable anguish. Was this remorse? Is it in such wise that souls are horn? souls are born?

She dropped her face on the table speech-lessly. She did not guess whose had been the cry of love and longing that a short week before had faintly stirred a response n her slumbering mother heart. But deep down in that region so seldom entered, known to each as his true self, she knew that from henceforth the little daughter she had never loved would call to her forever from her grave to come back.—By Grace Denio Litchfield in The Outlook for January

Raids on Millinery Stores Rame Wardens of Toledo Seize Birds' Wings In tended for Hats.

Deputy game wardens recently made a general tour of Toledo, O., visiting every millinery store and seizing large quantities of wings and bodies of birds that are within the class specified by the game laws of Ohio as not game birds.

The game wardens of the state have been active of late; and as their fees are largely

contingent upon the arrests and conviction they secure, they are doing a large business. Few of the milliners and dealers in such goods have offered any resistance yet. However, several of them decided to make a test of the law.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES. - It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life just then. His curls were tumbled all over this forehead, and his face was flushed with the heat of the room till it looked like a ripe peach. As he ran up to his mother to ets out."

And again Aggie yielded. It would be a cure. 25c. at Green's Drug Store.

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