

Bellefonte, Pa., September 2, 1904.

HOME.

Whether in the Arctic Circle Or on India's coral strands, Where the winds are perfume laden And warm waves caress the sands, Whether eastward, whether westward, When the daylight fades to gloom Where a baby runs to meet you, And to kiss you, that is home.

There is home—sweet home—forever, Where the hills of laughter run, Of a tinkle-headed baby, Sitting playing in the sun; It is home where every night time As the evening shadows creep A we nightrobed figure whispers: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"STAR-DUST."

It was for sheer devilry that Andrew Ambrose made love to brown Marty. Brown as a nut she was—hair, eyes, skin, and her life was brown to match; for the farm, when it paid, wrung too much sweat out of its toilers, draining life's sweetness especially when there was little in the home life to redeem. The father was tyrannical of will and surly, the mother feeble of health and always timid and subdued, and Marty herself a scorned girl.

For that mistake, the husband lacking justice and humor, had always blamed the wife; but the unforgivable sin was that the scorned girl did not care. She worked, worked like a boy or at man, just for her mother's sake, not to leave her, but to help her taskmaster at bay. If anything, she feared her, and for this she hated her. "There is no devil but fear." But Marty would much rather have feared. For no noble nature wishes to be feared.

And then into Marty's brown life came Andrew Ambrose. And this is how it came about. Andrew had returned from one of his hunting expeditions, to the success of which two bear-skins testified, and was standing outside the grocery-store with three other young men, when Marty passed by with Fred Williams, Rose Martin's "boy," and when she was out of hearing one said, with a laugh: "It's full time Marty had a beau of her own."

Said another: "She's too homely." And added, sadly reminiscent of a certain exciting beauty: "But perhaps homely girls don't expect so much. I guess they might even be grateful some."

Not much, Marty! said the first one. "She's blamed proud, and as shy as a bird. You have to stroke or trap her, or shoot her in the wing, to catch her at all."

Andrew smiled at this, showing the strong white teeth, and when he smiled that way there was a little devil in each eye, and the end of a woman's little finger would have fitted into the clefts in his chin. Hadn't a woman held him by the chin and tried it? The words took his fancy and the hunter's blood in him stirred.

"What do you bet I'll have her in my hand within two months and that when I open it she'll perch on it?"

And he threw his hand upward slightly, a gesture significant of the throwing off of a bird into the air, and then he put it in his pocket. Presumably the bird was speechless.

to Andrew Ambrose? You'd be plumb crazy!

"He's splendid to look at, and I like him around for a while, and he seems very very kind, but that isn't all, is it? I'd have to love him and I might not find him very lovable. Besides, how can he love me?"

"Why, child, you are a woman, ain't you. And when he can come courting you don't it show at once he's lovable? He ain't after money and beauty, he looks deeper. Marty, at the pace he's going there'll be a wedding before the year's out!"

But in her excitement she had unduly raised her voice, and immediately the familiar yell from the next room recalled her there on deprecating tiptoe.

"Will Andrew ever yell at me like that? Never twice! I'd kill myself rather!" said Marty to herself.

But in the days that followed, if she thought of all, she had to own that Andrew was lovable. Who could have withstood, even knowingly, a pursuit so quiet, so relentless, so skilled, and withal so gentle? And yet to Andrew the chase was a hard one, harder than he expected; he had to admit it was hard enough to be exciting and pleasurable, and that the quarry was worth the trouble if only because she gave trouble. Yet her deceptions and defenses were those of sincerity and candor, not of prudery and coquetry.

Without meaning to be so, she was proud, elusive, fearless; and the knowledge of her shortcomings in the way of good looks and education gave her just the requisite softening touch of timidity. Occasionally in the breathing-places of the chase she would look at him almost with petition. Love was such a torment of joy, such a fulness of life to her, that at times she almost prayed to be delivered from it. And in those days, the mother, looking on tenderly and silently, fancied that even the outside Marty changed. Her brown skin took a rose tint, her hair seemed burnished, her eyes to have golden lights.

Her rich nature, that no hardships had impoverished, only held in check, once placed full in the sun, became almost ecstatic for its native austerity of truth. No wonder Andrew found himself looking forward with a beating pulse to the moment of capture.

And there came a day when he said: "Marty, you've got to give in." And her reply was: "I want to be free." "It's the last thing you'll always want if you're a true woman," he said.

"I want to be a true woman from head to foot." Andrew laughed aloud. "Choose then," he said.

quietly, but her gaze now was on the stove. For one thing she hated to see his face change, as change it did, but he answered steadily enough:

"I don't know what you mean, Marty." "Yes, you do. You made a bet or something that you would catch me, like you hunt and catch a bird. But two can play at that game, can't they? Can you blame me if I wanted to get the better of you when you were trying to get the better of me?"

He was silent for several moments; then he said quite calmly: "I don't blame you at all. I rather admire you. Sometimes it happens that a hunter is caught in his own trap, and he would be a damned fool to kick."

"Yes, we see then what stuff he's made of. You are made of good stuff, Andrew. You have fine qualities, but I want you to be finer."

"Thank you." He laughed lightly, and said, as lightly: "So you did not love me, Marty. So much the better." Marty was silent for a moment, then she said, quietly: "Yes, I loved you. And I must love you for a time, yet, anyway, because I can't tear you out of my heart, Andrew, in a day or an hour, perhaps never. But what does it matter? It matters only to me. Is there anything to be ashamed of in that? I can't think so. I should only be ashamed if I tried now to save my pride—I will never believe myself and my love—the love that has been so perfectly beautiful—her voice broke and she turned away her face from him. But in spite of her heart she would look at him almost with petition.

Love was such a torment of joy, such a fulness of life to her, that at times she almost prayed to be delivered from it. And in those days, the mother, looking on tenderly and silently, fancied that even the outside Marty changed. Her brown skin took a rose tint, her hair seemed burnished, her eyes to have golden lights.

Her rich nature, that no hardships had impoverished, only held in check, once placed full in the sun, became almost ecstatic for its native austerity of truth. No wonder Andrew found himself looking forward with a beating pulse to the moment of capture.

And there came a day when he said: "Marty, you've got to give in." And her reply was: "I want to be free." "It's the last thing you'll always want if you're a true woman," he said.

"I want to be a true woman from head to foot." Andrew laughed aloud. "Choose then," he said.

And he threw his hand upward slightly, a gesture significant of the throwing off of a bird into the air, and then he put it in his pocket. Presumably the bird was speechless.

The effects of cigarettes using by young boys was a startling revelation to many of their mothers if they understood the alarming proportions to which it has grown in this country.

A magistrate in Harlem court, New York, made the following significant declaration the other day: "Yesterday I had before me thirty-five boy prisoners. Thirty-three of them were confirmed cigarette smokers. To-day from a reliable source, I have made the gruesome discovery that two of the largest cigarette manufacturers in this country seek their product in a weak solution of opium."

The fact that out of thirty-five prisoners thirty-three smoked cigarettes might seem to indicate some direct connection between cigarettes and crime.

And when it is announced on authority that most cigarettes are doped with opium, this connection is not hard to understand. The cigarette is to young boys very much like what whiskey is to grown men. If it does not directly cause crime it at least accompanies it in nine cases out of ten.

It must be universally admitted that the majority of young boys addicted to cigarettes are generally regarded as bad boys. It is an addition that does not ally itself with the high virtues of manly youth. It leads to bad associations and bad environments. He must be a strange boy indeed who can derive moral and physical good from cigarettes.

Opium is like whiskey—it creates an increasing appetite that grows with what it feeds upon. Even pure tobacco has the same effect.

The growing boy who lets tobacco and opium get a hold upon his senses is never long in coming under the domination of whiskey, too.

Tobacco is the boy's easiest and most direct road to whiskey. When opium is added, the young man's chance of resisting the combined forces of and escaping physical, mental, and moral harm is slim indeed.

It is a deadly combination in most cases. There are few, if any, cases in which it is not more or less harmful. Stomach and nerves will power weakened for life is the common result, even though the habits finally be mastered.

Hold the head up. Lift the chin high. Throw the shoulders back. Inflate the chest. Draw in the abdomen. Take very long steps, probably twice the length of your usual ones. Turn the foot almost at right angles with the leg. Walk from the knees. Throw the foot out and forward at the same time. Practice your walking experiments in your own room at first.

Buggies, Etc.

BUGGIES AT KNOCK-DOWN PRICES

McQUISTON & CO. offer a large assortment of Buggies and other wheeled vehicles to the trade just now. We are making a special drive on Buggies AT \$55.00 Buggies AT \$60.00 Buggies AT \$75.00 Buggies AT \$85.00

GOOD SECOND HAND BUGGIES That we have built over and will sell cheap.

REPAIRING—Repairing of all sorts, painting, trimming is better done at the McQuiston shops than anywhere else.

McQUISTON & CO. BELLEFONTE, PA.

New Advertisements.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—A very desirable home on east Bishop St. Bellefonte, is offered for sale. The house is modern and stands on a lot that also has a frontage on Logan St. Call on or write to Mrs. SARA A. TEATS, Bellefonte, Pa.

Saddlery.

WHAT SHOULD YOU DO— DO YOU ASK?

the answer is plain, and your duty is easy..... BUY YOUR HARNESS, NETS, DUSTERS, WHIPS, PADS, COLLARS, AXEL GREASE and everything you want at SCHOFIELD'S.

SCHOFIELD has the largest stock of everything in his line, in the town or country.

CALL AND EXAMINE AND GET PRICES.

Andrew Patterson, a fireman on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, had both legs and one arm crushed in the Newberry yard Thursday morning. The engine ran into a string of cars doubling the tender against the engine and catching Patterson. He died an hour later.

Business Notice.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

Medical.

THE TESTIMONY OF BELLEFONTE PEOPLE STAND THE TEST

James Rine of High street employed in the planing mill, says: I can speak as highly now of Dean's Kidney Pills as I did years ago and my case is pretty good evidence that the cures made by them are not temporary. I have not had any of the severe pain in my back since I used Dean's Kidney Pills while before I could not get on my feet and could hardly drag myself around.

PHILADELPHIA SLEEPERS CAR attached to East-bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 P.M. and West-bound from Philadelphia at 11:30 P.M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. Schedule to take effect Monday, Apr. 3rd, 1899.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, READ DOWN, EASTWARD, READ UP, Stations, Time. Includes routes to Harrisburg, York, and Philadelphia.

Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND Schedule in effect May 30th 1904.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:05 a. m., at Altoona, 1:00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 3:50 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6:00, at Altoona, 7:05, at Pittsburg at 10:50.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11:05 a. m., at Harrisburg, 2:40 p. m., at Philadelphia, 5:47 p. m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6:00 p. m., at Harrisburg, 6:35 p. m., at Philadelphia 8:23 a. m.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R. NORTHWARD. SOUTHWARD. Express, Mail, Day, Night, etc.

BAIRD EAGLE VALLEY BRANCH. WESTWARD. EASTWARD. Express, Mail, Day, Night, etc.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. EASTWARD. WESTWARD. Express, Mail, Day, Night, etc.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. EASTWARD. UPPER END. WESTWARD. Express, Mail, Day, Night, etc.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 29th 1903. Mix [ Mix ] Stations. [ Mix ] [ Mix ]

Money to Loan. MONEY TO LOAN on good security and houses for rent. M. E. KEICHLINE, Atty at Law