

Bellefonte Pa., February 3, 1905.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY

We shall do so much in the years to come But what have we done to-day? We shall give our gold in a princely sum

But what did we give to-day ? We shall lift the heart and dry the tear, We shall speak the words of love and cheer,

But what did we speak to-day ? We shall be so kind in the after-a-while,

But what have we been to-day ? We shall bring to each lonely life a smile, But what have we brought to-day ? We shall give to truth a grander birth, And to steadfast faith a deeper worth, We shall feed the hungering souls of earth.

But whom have we fed to-day

We shall reap such joys in the by and by, But what have we sown to-day ? We shall build us mansions in the sky,

But what have we built to-day ? 'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask, But here and now do we do our task?

Yes, this is the thing our soul must ask : "What have we done to-day ?"

-Christian Intelligencer

to a stranger.

fond of the others."

sombre eves.

A LITTLE TANGLE AT CRAGS MOOR.

Engine 47, which had been climbing a steep grade for many hours, slowly dragged its train into the mountain hamlet of Cragsmoor, cougned spasmodically several times, and finally stopped short with a patient snort of exhaustion. Three passengers in the parlor-car, roused to sudden action by the voice of the porter automatically announcing the name of their station, rose stiffly, straightened themselves, collected their hand luggage, and gazed in outraged disapproval at the thoughtless rain that poured outside. In each of them was a clearly defined consciousness of the harbetween the general conditions conmony fronting them and their individual frames of mind. It was ten o'clock at night, the train was two hours late, a November storm was raging, and they had quite possibly missed the stage connection to their destination-the great sanitarium six miles further up the mountain.

One of the three, a slender, good-looking youth of twenty-four, with hollow cheeks, whose lung-fed flush told its hyporitical tale, struggled into his greatcoat and laughed softly to himself with the grim comfort of defiant acceptance. The second, who might have been ten years older, a singu-larly handsome man in well-fitting gray tweed, merely raised his eyebrows. The third, Miss Grace Beresford, turned toward the porter a face that was very charming, despite the absence of deeper feeling than that of determination to have him carry her luggage out into the night. She indicated it by the gesture of a hand not gloved out of expression. All three, however, being thoroughly trained American travel-lers, responded with a practised composure to the trainman's curt injunction to "step lively." In another moment they were out of the warm car and on the dripping, deserted platform, catching, with the agility of long experience, books, umbrellas, and other impedimenta the porter tossed to them. With a hoarse farewell cough, that seemed somebow horribly suggestive in that famed resort for victims of tuberculosis, the tired engine resumed its weary climb, threw back toward them a few friendly sparks of warmth and light, and writhed around a curve.

The three travellers, strangers until now, but brought int ig app

she turned to the young man, who was "We have never met before. We are thrown together under abnormal condi-tions. Therefore, let us make a fair start. now looking out of the window with eyes that apparently saw nothing of what they rested on. She was struck by the delicate Let us indulge in the luxury of speaking beauty of his face and the tragic reserve of to each other with absolute candor, of tellhis expression. He was dressed in deep mourning, and the dark circles under his ing each other the exact and the whole truth—as if we had already finished with the small affairs of this old world, as if we mourning, and the dark circles under his eyes suggested lack of sleep. He wheeled about as she approached and looked at her closely, with an expression which puzzled her until he spoke. He had brown eyes, and there was now a quick, almost boyish, sympathy in their direct glance. "I beg your pardon," he said, deprecat-ingly. "I hope you won't mind my tell-ing you how awfully sorry I am you have to join this melancholy colony of ours--and on such a night at that. It's not a cheerful human experience. But you look were three ghosts." Miss Beresford shivered, but the man be

side her replied, the quiet amusement in his tones contrasting sharply with the rush of the other's words. "It sounds diverting, at least," he ob-

served, calmly. 'Possibly you will go still further and suggest the lines along which these frightful revelations are to be What are we to talk about ?''

cheerful human experience. But you look so weak---you will be leaving us cured in a few months. Lots of them do, you know. My name is Allen," he added. "Ourselves, of course !" The boy flung the words back at him almost before he had finished speaking. "Ourselves ! Our noble, ignoble, wholly unsatisfactory, and intensely interesting selves. Let us turn from the contemplation of our flower-strewn, neatly marked graves for two hours She extended her hand impulsively. On the instant she liked him and felt almost strewn, neatly marked graves for two hours, as if she had grown suddenly to know him. "It is very kind of you to care," she and tell each other what we are and what we'd be if we were—alive !" The man laughed again, good-naturedly.

He interrupted her, possibly inferring that she might not care to speak of herself "One serious objection to your plan is talking long enough to give us a chance." he commented. "If you will, you know, for just a little while, we might begin. The 'You will forgive my lack of ceremony. won't you? but there's a good deal of the brotherhood feeling up here. It is one of lady may ask any leading question she pleases, and I will answer as well as I can." "It's a bargain !" cried the other. "But

the compensations. We help each other all we can. Still, at the best, as I said, it's not a pleasant experience. However'' no nonsense, mind. Play fair. It's the real thing, you know; the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." -he made an effort to be more cheerful-"we rub along fairly well. Fellow feeling makes us 'wondrons kind.' I've known

"Very well. It shall be the truth, what there is of it; but not necessarily the whole patients who seemed almost sorry to leave when they got better; they had become so truth. However, if you speak again I stop short." The sound of voices at the door inter-

Allen nodded. Miss Beresford's eyes rupted him. The man in gray tweed ap-peared, soaked but philosophic. Behind him, in the darkness, loomed a covered veturned toward the man with a sudden interest in their brilliant depths. She might as well wring from the situation what it hicle which the driver was backing up to might hold. the platform. Miss Beresford hoped the thought of the vehicle which always re-

"Then you really mean to do it ?" she asked.

"Yes."

"No matter what I ask ?" "Er-yes, I suppose so, if it's in the

ceives its passengers ... occur to her companions. "Here is the carriage," their unknown "Here is the carriage," their unknown bond." with two seats. I shall sit in front and "But I haven't promised to do it. remem

you will be very cozy here behind." Hedrew back a wide flap as he spoke, ber." "Oh, but you will. You'll be led into

Allen, bag in hand, jumped forward, sprang into the seat beside the driver, drew the abandoned recklessness by my shameless betravals."

He leaned back comfortably in his seat, rug carefully around his knees, and looked replaced a rug that was slipping from his back at them with a glint of humor in his knee, and turned his gray eyes on her with peculiar gleam in their depths. Miss Beresford thought a moment.

"Thank you," he said, almost curtly, "but I don't demand all the good things of life just yet. I'll sit here." He drew "We cannot see you very well. Describe your appearance," she commanded.

his hat lower over his eyes as he spoke and "A man of thirty-five; five feet eleven pulled closer together the heavy collar of his coat, between the edges of which a silk inches tall; weight, one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Eyes gray, hair and mustache brown. Figure good, carriage muffler gleamed white against the darkgraceful, features strikingly handsome. ness. The driver, to whom he had nodded as he took his place, drew a rubber storm-Dressed carefully and in perfect taste," remarked the interviewed one briskly and cartain from under their feet and fastened with unemotional veracity. it in front of them to the ribs of the car-

The description was as exactly true as it was unlooked for. Miss Beresford laughed riage, folding the edge in under Allen's chin with a deft and friendly hand. Then he touched the off horse with his whip and outright, with delicious candor ; and a the slow ascent of the bills began. To Miss Beresford the whole experience chuckle of appreciation came from the

front seat. "Are you vain ?"

"Yes."

Evidently one left conventionalities be-"Do you consider yourself irresistible to moor; and why not? One presumably left them behind when one reached the gates of vomen?'

"Not to all."

"To a good many ?"

The victim writhed beside her. "Erno," he stammered. "Isn't that about all along these special lines?" ly, as the now silent young man in front "Dear me, no. It is precisely along

these lines that a man shows what he is. Are you married ?" "Yes."

"Are you a good husband ?" "Yes."

It was only a moment before he opened "Allen !" his eyes, but it seemed a long time. She and the driver had worked with a will, but it was the man in gray who finally brought

Allen to consciousness, examined him rapidly for possible injuries, and lifted his emaciated body into the carriage, to which the driver had again harnessed the horses. "Better let him sit behind here now she q meted. languidly. "The tangle seems rather a hopeless ne," Miss Beresford reflected, aloud. one. Her friend sighed wearily. 'On no,'' she said. ''it is not hopeless, for two rea-

with me, so I can hold him," he said, tersely. "He's very faint and muddy." So she sat beside the driver, turning to watch the man as he wrapped the boy up like a mummy and held him in the curve sons. One is that Mis. Chester really does love her husband and will probably eventually come to her senses and care only for bim. Most women would certainly select him of the two to fall in love with." speaker paused a moment, then resumed: "The other is that Mr. Allen must, unfortunately for himself, soon be out of it alto-gether. He comes of a line of tuberculosis time with a gentleness that held an almost tender note, she thought. Allen seemed victims. His father and mother both died of it many years ago, and a week ago he went to Chicago to attend the funeral of his only sister. Tuberculosis, also. They pro-tested here, for it was a reckless thing for dazed and in a kind of stupor. He roused a little, however, as they drove up to the him to do at this season, but he went. He

and an older brother lived together. He and this young Allen (he is hardly more than a boy) are the only ones left now. Six months more will probably eliminate Allen from Mr. Chester's unsus

The voice in the next room sang on: The invalid turned with sudden restless-ess. "Deep, indeed," she said. "But

An hour later, after various scenes of excitement due to rousing nuises and doctors and caring for the young man, Mr. Ches ter paused for a good-night word with Miss Beresford.

scandle about my neighbors, at that !" ing a brisk stroll in the grounds, encoun-

tered Mr. Chester. He stopped at once. "I hope you found Mrs. Chester better," she said as they shook hands. There was a friendly, rather personal touch in her

"And I'm so glad you're not ! Of course I couldn't say it before that young fellow, but I felt it, I assure you."

He took her hand and held it a moment. smiling down at her. "I didn't like to deny it before him," he said. "Somehow it seemed to comfort him to think we were all in the same boat. And he was in such a queer mood. He's in some big trouble, aside from his illness,

"I wonder why my name-" he began. Then another thought came to him and

faced house physician came to them in the small reception-room. abruptness, ''is a very sick man. In fact, he is sinking fast. We have telegraphed for his brother. I doubt"—his voice soft-ened a little—"if he gets here in time."

For thus the night will oft repay

The invalid lay back among her pillows with a long sigh of satisfaction. "Now we'll have a treat," she said, con-

HISTORY OF THE POTTER FAMILY. The invalid missed the slight start that Including a Sketch of the Life of Gen. James Potaccompanied the words. ter, and His Descendants, 'Yes. 'for such is indeed his name.''

The

"How deep the slumber of the flood-"

Late that afternoon Miss Beresford, tak-

He shook his head. "On the contrary,"

he replied, gravely; "she is much worse. She has learned within the last hour, in

take a strong interest in each other, and

"Oh, I'm so sorry !" Miss Beresford ex-claimed. "And about Mr. Allen, too. Is

in the infirmary, they say. We might go

"Mr. Allen," he said, with professional

Out in the bracing mountain air again, away from the odor of antiseptics and the

dreary rows of patients quiescent in loung-

ing-chairs along the veranda, Miss Beres-

came out for a turn."

he really critically ill ?"

sympathy.

and ask.'

COLLATED BY DR. THOMAS C. VAN TRIES

Apologies are commonplace. Perhaps they are, generally, out of place; yet the writer begs pardon for offering a word of explanation by way of introduction. History, in its literal sense, is the compi-

lation and classification of historic facts. The facts in the following sketch have been gathered with much care from various sources, each one of them being regarded as entirely authentic and reliable. The writer especially takes pleasure in acknowl-edging himself to be very largely indebted to that prince of local historians, the late Hon. John Blair Linn, for numerons extracts from his learned and elaborate "History of Centre and Clinton Counties." Also him to do at this season, but he went. He adored the girl. She was here, too, for a while, and then went home to die. She and an older brother lived together. He and this young Allen (he is hardly more the Colonial Records of Pennsylvania had eminently qualified him for this work.

The writer is also under special obligation to the surviving members of his family for free access to his extensive library of rare historical works. Many important items have also been gathered from various other sources.

John Potter, the father of Gen. James Potter, was a native of Tyrone, Ireland, born of Scotch parentage in 1705. He and his wife came to America with John Hamilton and Isabella Potter Hamilton, a sister of Mr. Potter, in 1741, "aboard ye goode ship Dannegal," landing at Newcastle, Delaware, in September of that year. He first located near the site of the present town of Shippensburg, Pa., but was settled in Antrim township, near Greencastle, in what is now Franklin county. Pa., as early as 1746. On October 6, 1750, he was commis-sioned first sheriff of Cumberland county, which was organized the same year. He was again commissioned sheriff for a second term in 1753 or 1754. He died about 1758. His wife died at the home of her son, Gen. She has learned within the last hour, in Jis we some way, of our mishap of last night and of the consequences to Mr. Allen, who is very ill, I'm sorry to say. It seems she knows him. All the patients, apparently, Th James Potter, at Middle Creek, now in Snyder county, Pa., after the runaway of

The general impression among the descendants of John Potter has been that she is so sympathetic that it has upset her terribly. The doctor has just given her a good sedative, and she is dozing, so I to Ireland some three years ago, as the agent of Hon. Thomas R. Bard, United States Senator from California, to look up the ancestry of the Bard, Potter, and Poe "I believe they are very anxious. He is families, resulted in his discovering upon the records in Dublin the marriage in 1726, of a John Potter to Catharine Crozier, by They walked together to the detached Rev. Baptist Boyd of the diocese of Clagbuilding which sheltered those patients re-quiring special attention. A young, stern-of the Blackwater river, which is much nearer Dublin, and probably 150 miles from the banks of the Foyle.

The children of Sheriff John Potter were Thomas, who was captured with Richard Bard and killed by the Indians; James, Samuel, Anne, Catharine, Mary, Hannah and Isabella. It is impossible at this distant day to give their names in the order of their birth.

(1) Samuel, son of Sheriff Potter, mar-ried Susannah Poe, half-sister of Capt. James Poe, of Antrim township.

ford drew a long breath. "Ob," she cried, "I shall be glad to Their children were (1) John, who lived leave this horrible place !" She darted a leave this horrible place !" She darted a and died in Mercer county, Pa.; (2) look at his face as she spoke. There had Thomas, (3) Martha, who married William been something so cheery about him that his quiet gravity moved her deeply Hill, father of State Senator Hill of Westmoreland county, Pa.; (4) Annie, married Robert Brown, father of Dr. S. P. Brown of "There seems to be a special pall hang-ing over it today," he said, slowly. "I've been conscious of it all the afternoon-of of Gen. Charles S. Campbell, wife Charles S. something unusual in the atmosphere. dier, and cousin of the writer. (5) Cath-I've decided to take my wife away next arine, married Capt. James Carnahan of the 8th Pennsylvania (1776), father of Rev. James Carnahan, D. D., L L.D., who was President of Princeton College from 1823 (2) Catharine, daughter of Sheriff Potorange blossoms were in bloom, and she loved the place. Perhaps—" his face bright-ter (3) Hannab, married John McMillan. These two families removed to Westmoreland county at an early date. From bequests made by Gen. James Potter in his will to several of his nephews, we learn that his sister (4) Anne, married a Young, his sister (5) Isabella, a Jordan, and his sister (6) Mary, a Beard. He alto the unconscious man at her side, but his so mentions in his will, "John Latimer, problem suddenly turned her thoughts to-ward him. For even as Chester's confident in-law, Mrs. Margaret Latimer, of Philadelphia. The use of the term sister for sister-in-law has always been very common among relatives, as everybody knows. Gen. James Potter, son of Sheriff John Potter, was born in Ireland in 1729, and was about twelve years of age when he landed with his parents at Newcastle, Delaware. He had no advantages of education, but fine natural abilities and great energy overcame that want. He, early in life, evinced a military spirit, and soon became conspicuous in Indian warfare. At twentyive years of age he was a lieutenant in a border militia company. February 17, 1756, he was commissioned an ensign (color bearer) in a company of which his father was captain, and served under Col. Armstrong in the famous Kittanning campaign, and was wounded in the attack of September 8, 1756. October 23, 1757, he was commissioned lieutenant of the Second Battalion, and promoted captain, February 17, 1759, and October 2, 1764, he was in command of three companies on the northern frontier. Gen. Potter resided during his early manhood on the banks of the Conococh eague creek, near Greencastle, in what is now Antrim township, Franklin county, Pa His first wife was Elizabeth Cathcart. Her sister Margaret was married to George Latimer, of Philadelphia. a descendant of Bishop Latimer, of England. Their fami-lies were very intimate. Hence "George Latimer" has been perpetuated as a family name among the Potters for several generations. Gen. Potter's first wife lived only a few years. She died in Antrim township, leaving one son, John, and an infant daughter, Elizabeth, only six months old. This daughter in after years married Capt. James Poe, of Antrim township and became the grandmother of the writer of this article. Mrs. Potter was buried in Brown's graveyard, about four miles from Greencastle. Pa. Gen. Potter's second wife was Mary, widow of Thomas Chambers, and daughter of James and Mary Patterson, of Fermenagh towhship, now in Juniata county, Pa. The second Mrs. Potter died in 1791 or 1792, and is buried in the old Stanford, It's far more healthy exercise to scrub the kitchen floor, or Cedar Creek graveyard, about half a mile southeast of Linden Hall, Centre county, Pa. Gen. Potter removed to Suphury, now in Northumberland county, Pa., soon after the purchase of 1768; and on March 24, 1772, he was appointed one of the justices of Northumberland county at its organization, and was one of the commissioners appointed to run its lines. He soon after-Continued ou Page 4

I think. Didn't you feel it ?" She nodded.

The next morning, as Miss Beresford sat by the bedside of the stricken woman friend she had traveled so far to see, a few chords were played on a piano in the next room, and a rich baritone voice began to sing, softly, but with marvellous expression. The words of Matthew Arnold's "Longing" came distinctly to her ears :

"Come to me in my dreams and then

The hopeless longing of the day.

tentedly. "That is Mr. Chester singing to his wife. He always does when he comes,

and I enjoy it as much as she, for their rooms are next to mine." Miss Beresford hesitated. She had not uentioned to her the accident of the night before; plainly she was in no condition to

his face clouded. "I have come here every Friday for two years, to spend Saturday

and Sunday with my wife-who is a pa-tient. Good night."

By day I shall be well again.

now.

recognized the man. "Why, Mr. Chester-" he began, then stopped short as the meaning of the di-shevelled condition of the travellers dawn-

aspiration, or commentary, Mr. Allen resumed his unconscionsness as apparently the only thing befitting the occasion.

ness. who can tell when it may awake?" Then she closed her eyes. "Let us listen and doze," she suggested, drowsily. afraid I've been talking too much-the

"I can't imagine why my name excited him so," he mused. "I've never heard

Miss Beresford looked at him as he stood

before her in the strong light of the hall lamps.

"Then you're not a patient," she said, warmly. "I'm so glad."

his, nor seen him before, as often as I've visited here."

"Chester!" he oried. "Are you Chester ?"

that you evidently are not going to stop Allen sat up, a slow, comprehending fear ed on him. At the sound of the name

pected problem. By the way," she added, curionsly, "I wonder if he is back yet?"

dawning in his eyes. And then under his breath: "Chester-Chester. Good God !" With which

intimacy by their common sense of injury, exchanged glances of sympathy and understanding. There was no stage or other ve hicle in sight. Then the man in tweed turned to Miss Beresford. Raising his hat, he spoke to her with a pleasant assumption of authority.

"You two run for shelter," he suggested. "Go into the waiting-room, and I will attend to these things," indicating the heap at their feet.

The younger man at once grasped his own suit-case and reached down for the woman's. She made an instinctive movement of protest.

"Please go in," repeated the first speaker. His voice was more urgent, but as he spoke he touched the boy's shoulder with a hand that expressed comprehension. The other flushed, then laughed a little, and, quietly picking up as much as he could carry, started off obediently.

'Come," he said to Miss Beresford; "you mustn't get wet."

She followed with docile alertness, the third traveller close behind them with her remaining possessions. Cool and steady of ugh she was, Miss Beresford was nerve tho conscious of a depression even deeper than the gloom of the situation warranted. So this was Cragsmoor ! The chill of death seemed in the rain and on the breath of the wind that howled around them. Her eyes turned to the young man now striding rapidly a little in advance. He was well mufiled up and apparently wholly indif-ferent to the weather, but she knew such exposure might hold serious consequences, and she sighed for him and for those who loved him.

The waiting-room, when they reached it, was already affording hospitality to a red-hot coal stove, which seemed to enhance the permeating odor of a badly trimmed kerosene-lamp. The two faltered at the threshold, but their mentor in tweed push-

ed them gently forward. "Pretty bad, I admit," he said, cheer-fully, "but better than the rain—especial-ly if we leave the door open. Now I will try to get a carriage. I am right, am I not"-bis pleasant baritone voice besitated for the first time and his gray eyes turned uncertainly on the woman-"I am right in thinking we are all for Cragsmoor Sanitarinm ?'

"I am going there," she answered, quietly.

As the young man started to speak the kerosene-scented atmosphere precipitated an attack of coughing, and they could only wait with cloaked sympathy until it ceased "You can read my tag" he then remarked, briefly.

it seems," he said, lightly, "and I can get something to take us, I think. If this is your first journey there"-he hesitated again- "the ride may seem rather alarmravine on one side, and at first glance it modesty. looks treacherous. But there is really no The oth dauger. The drivers go slowly, and they are very careful. However, as we are starting so late, I doubt if we reach the sani-tarium before midnight."

She smiled at him brightly. "I am not ervous," she assured him. "But I think nervous," she assured him. we should start as soon as we can."

He left the waiting-room at once, and

help. She recalled how quietly, how naturally, these two men had taken her under their care. To them she was evidently a fellow patient, sick and alone. Allen, who could not show the active usefulness that lay in the power of the other, had made up for his enforced inaction by his gentle sympathy. Miss Beresford had pictured them all as members of a stricken colony of dying men and women, waiting grimly for the inevitable end with a certain dogged hardness of spirit. Already, and still miles away from the sanitarium itself,

she began to realize her mistake. This quick response to need in another, this ready helpfulness, must sweeten even such surroundings. She assured herself that these men could not be alone in their brave acceptance of one of Fate's most malignant deor

held a strange, rather awful fascination.

hind, if not hope, when one entered Crags-

death; and to the inexperience of the girl,

wholly new to close knowledge of serious

illness, Cragsmoor and those grim gates seemed almost synonymous. But evident-

had said, even here there were compensa-

tions-humanity, brotherhood, kindness,

Her thoughts turned to the man at her side. His familiarity with the place be-spoke him a patient, but evidently, she decided, one with a good fighting chance. He was pale, and now seemed a little tired as he sat back after tucking the rugs around her and carefully fastening the flapping leather into place. On the thought she spoke.

"'I am afraid we have let you do too much," she murmared, with an acute pang of self-reproof. "I should have attended to my own things. I am ashamed."

He laughed softly. She saw the flash of his white teeth under his brown mustache. "The whole transaction did not take ten minutes," he answered, "and I am almost dry now. Besides, what is a drenching more or less? It's all in the day's work." Allen, who had been wrapped in silence

as in his garments, turned quickly at this.

"If that is a conundrum," he announced, casually, "I can answer it. A drenching more or less is a funeral more or less."

tonight. Make allowance for me if you can."

seat !"

versation in the back seat."

"Our duty is large hefore us." Her neighbor turned to Miss Beresford in frank 'if only to keep him quiet."

The young man protested quickly. "Ob, ness, storm, the wild mountains all around, here together. We could make literature in these hours if you two had the dramatic

and Suffering. "Most assuredly I have," he responded. save him, to get him home.

"What are your most serious faults ?"

"Jealousy and stubbornuess." "And your best qualities ?" "Loyalty, I imagine, and being sincere. Can you doubt that? And, possibly, gen-

erosity. But I have a great many others.' "Sneh as_"

"Patience, for one. Witness this occa-

Miss Beresford smiled back at him. "I admit," she said, "that I have asked almost as many questions as even an 'abnormal situation, justifies."

"Thanks. Now it is your turn to give up your life." The words died on his lips, for they as-

sumed an unforeseen prophetic character. They had been proceeding slowly, the horses slipping and stumbling on the loy road from time to time in the darkness of the storm. Now, without warning, there was a scramble, the sound of falling rocks, a crash, pitchblackness, and then oblivio for Miss Beresford at least.

When she opened her eyes it was to receive directly in them the bright flash of a carriage-lamp held close to her face. She was inside the overturned vehicle, close to the edge of the ravine, and the horses, too, were down and struggling ineffectually in of a mountain—bleak, forbidding. "Why?" their tangled harness. Her companion of the back seat knelt before her, the blood "The old story-another man. He also

flowing from an ugly cut in his forehead, but otherwise apparently unburt. "Drink this," he said, urgently, as he

caught her startled gaze. She swallowed a mouthful from the flask he held to her lips, and the sting and warmth of the brandy revived her. She struggled out onto the road, he helping her as gently as a woman could have done it.

"How do you feel ?" he asked, anxious-

The silence in which this was received by his companions evidently filled him with quick compunction. "I beg your pardon," he added, bastily; "I shouldn't here are d look for the others," she said. "Wan are mistaken in thinking me an invalid. I am perfectly well. See to them and let me belp if I can.

As she spoke a head appeared over the "Of course you know you should not side of the ravine near them and the driver talk in this weather," suggested the man, quietly. "And out there on the front he explained, succinctly, if unnecessarily. he explained, succinctly, if unnecessarily. full charge. One night he carried her up seat !'' "I shall not—not much, that is. But while I'm at it, I will add handsomely that I have no narrow prejudice against con-I have no narrow prejudice against con-

The two men plunged on the same impulse toward the overturned carriage. The rain sitll fell steadily, and the absolute busband goes, he comes. By remaining cameraderie. "We must talk," he added, blackness around them was broken only by the flickering gleam of the carriage-lamp Miss Beresford hurried into speech. "You are very kind," she said. "I am afraid I am—" He interrupted her. "We are all going, ly the driver uttered an exclamation and fell upon his knees. Miss Beresford ran to accountable fashion turned on him as they the world a million miles away, and we- all went over. He was on his back, and his white face shone weirdly out of the ing. It is up a steep mountain, with a instinct as I have it," he added, with black curly head rested in a little pool gloom. His hat had fallen off, and his formed by the rain. The realization of all

The others smiled. "Then possibly you the scene might imply rushed over her, and may have something to suggest," Miss she groaned inepressibly. As in a nightmare she watched the two men unharness He shifted round in his seat, epough to the horses, which now lay quietly where reveal fully to them an exquisite profile. in which each feature was sharply etched by the twin artists in line effects, Disease the wish to be of some use to the boy-to in order here, as you must feel. Besides,

But

do no harm to speak of Chester. "He is charming, I think," she said,

quietly. "I drove up from the station with him last night." The invalid's eyes widened in sudden in terest.

"Did you really ?" she exclaimed. "Then you found him-all that he is: the sweetest, the dearest, almost the finest man I've ever known. Every woman in the sanitarium is enthusiastic over him, except"-she hesitated a moment, and low ered her voice-"except his wife," she added at last.

Miss Beresford looked a question.

"It's a tragedy,"went on the other, slow-ly. "She has been here two years, and every week of that time he has come to spend the week end with her. She has gained rapidly this past year. She could have left long ago if she wished. But instead, as regularly as he comes she has a relapse, lies around on couches, has nervous attacks, and the rest, all to the end that he may think her worse and let her stay longer."

"But why, in Heaven's name?" Miss Beresford looked around the chill white walls with an inward shudder. Through the great open windows that filled one side of a mountain-bleak, forbidding. "Why?"

ss a patient here, and they are together conttantly through the week, until Mr. Chester comes. Then the other disappearsiakes to the woods or stays in his room At all events, he never appears, and they have never met. He has been at the sanitarium more than a year and is constantly losing weight and strength. She could leave, you see, but he cannot. And so she

stays." "But-how ghastly!" exclaimed the

here she keeps him beside her every moment and he fetches and carries for her like a little spaniel. He sings to her, reads to her; he almost dresses and undresses her. All her nurses have a vacation ; he takes on him absolutely and evidently loves him in a way. But her mad infatuation for the other is obvious to every one. When the here she can have them both. Hence again she remains."

Silence fell. The voice in the next room was still singing. As they listened it stopped suddenly, answered soothingly some remark in fretful, bigh-pitched feminine tones, and then went on again; this time in the words of a quaint Irish love-song:

"Put your head, my darling, darling, darling, Your bonnie black head my heart above; Oh, mouth of honey, wild thyme of fragrance.

Who could deny you love ?" "And he doesn't suspect at all?" Miss

Beresford asked. "Dear, no ! He hasn't the remotest idea And, of course, no absolute wrong has been

done him, except in a deal of love-making, I fancy, on the verandas and under the Tempestuous erotics are scarcely

Mr. Allen is a gentleman."

week if I can persuade her to consent. She has made a good start toward recovery, and I know she will come out all right in the eud. We'll try Florida. We went to 1854. there on our honeymoon, when all the orange blossoms were in bloom, and she

ened as the inspiration came to him. "Yes," he added alertly, "I'll take her down there for a supplementary honeymoon ! That may complete ber cure." "I hope so," said Miss Beresford, rather

breathlessly. Unconsciously she touched his arm. She felt her sympathy going out rival's contribution to the solution of a son of my sister, Margaret Latimer." tones ceased a nurse came to the window of young Alleu's room and quietly drew down the shade .- By Elizabeth Jordan, in Harper's Bazar.

Shortage in Peanut Crop.

The peanut has always been regarded so entirely an American product that it will, perhaps, occasion much surprise to many persons to learn that \$25,000 worth of them were imported into the United States last year. A report from Consul General Hennis at Marseilles says that for the first time African peanuts (arachides) have been received at Marseilles and have been re-exported to the United States. The value of these exports during the fiscal year 1904 was \$25,065-shelled \$17,411; nuts in the shell, \$7,654. puts.

As some sample lots of American pea-nuts had been received in Marseilles the year before this turning of the tables may occasion surprise. It appears, however, that the exports of the nuts from Europe to the United States were in consequence of an unusual shortage in the American crop and consequent advance in price.

A repetition of this shortage in the United States is unlikely, although home buyers will now have to consider the foreign market in establishing their prices. The African nuts are inferior to the American for comestible purposes, although richer in oil. The Virginia peanut is undoubtedly the finest in the world in quality, but yields so poorly in oil as to render improbable the creation of an American oil crushing industry unless steps are taken to seoure a new variety combining the advantage of the standard American nut with the percentage of oil in the foreign nut.

-If the world seems dark, dear Madam, and you don't feel very well, If your enervated system need correction,

- If a month or two of dances has at last begun to tell
- On the freshness of your exquisite complexion;
- Oh ! seek not on the cricket field to drive the ball for four,
- Oh ! sport not on the tennis court or river !

And extremely beneficial to the liver. -The Bystander.

-Don't ever grieve to death if you can belp it. Such a death is very unsatisfac-tory to the doctors, as it affords them nothing to cut ont.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.