

# The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,  
Author of "In Love and Truth"

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## CHAPTER I.

ALL the long Sabbath day a mist hung over the mountain so heavy and gray that twilight came almost unperceived. In the quaint old English village of Cragenstone, situated near the top-most peak of this particular mountain, the early evening services were just being completed in the meeting house, a wooden structure that stood prominently on an elevation of rocks and sand in the center of the village, with its sharp steep rising dark and stern above the shadows of the gathering gloom. Droning voices chanting an anthem were heard. Then the door was opened and the congregation fled out in reverent silence down the rocky pathways leading to their several homes, nodding seriously to each other when the time of parting came. The solemn stillness of a Puritan Sabbath day pervaded the atmosphere, and all felt its influence, from the old Father Farris, with homespun suit and gray wool stockings, leaning heavily on his staff, to pretty Hetty Taunston, who walked slowly at her mother's side, forcing a look of seriousness on her dimpled face and dropping her eyelids demurely to cover the brightness of her sparkling eyes as she passed young Simon Kempster, who stood waiting at the door, his gaze intent upon her. Mistress Taunston, her best gray bonnet projecting well over her austere countenance and tied securely under her chin, rested her hand proudly on the arm of her son Josiah, who, tall, spare and grim visaged, strode on in silence, the grave solemnity of his manner giving evidence of his firm belief in the strict and narrow teachings of the Puritan sect to which he belonged.

The mist of the day had lifted, and through the breaking clouds overhead an early evening star was bravely endeavoring to send down a gleam to lighten the path of the wayfarer when mother and son entered the gateway before their home, a low, rambling farmhouse built securely of logs and cement. Pausing at the door, Mistress Taunston, with her hand on the latch, bent forward and looked down the dark roadway with a searching glance. "Hetty! That trifling maid!" she exclaimed in a tone of vexation. "I should not have granted her request to walk with Cynthia Camett, for I might have known the twain would loiter on the way, indulging in idle chatter and forgetting the holy day."

"Fret not, mother," Taunston said in a repellent voice, harsh and discordant, "and enter, for I am chilled with the dampness of the night. No harm can befall the girl, who doth but desire to exchange greetings quietly with her friends."

Accustomed to do her son's bidding at the slightest word, his mother lifted the latch, and soon the flickering light of several candles disclosed the living room of the farmhouse—the large kitchen. Throwing his hat and cloak on a bench near at hand, Taunston sank into a seat on the high backed settle in the chimney place, stretching out his legs shivering to receive the heat from the burning logs, observing his mother's movements in silence as she removed her bonnet and cap, then drew forward a small pine table, scrubbed to shining whiteness, and laid a Bible upon it. Seeing that she was about to become absorbed in reading the customary evening chapter, he observed suddenly, with an ill concealed attempt at carelessness, "Our cousin Margaret must be on her way by now, mother."

"Her missive sent to us by special messenger doth state that she arrived safely in London," his mother replied, lifting her glance from the page, "and that she would proceed on her way speedily. The frost coming out of the roads and recent heavy rains combine to make traveling tedious, as thou dost know, Josiah. But I expect within the week to welcome thy cousin back to the village of her birth."

She shook her head, sighing dolefully, "I wot 'twill be but a sad homecoming for the maid, with no father here to greet her."

"Her house and lands are in readiness for her to take possession," Josiah interposed gravely.

"Aye, thou hast been a good steward, my son," she replied, "since thine uncle, showing rare wisdom in his dying hour, chose thee to manage his daughter's estate."

She sat erect in her chair, speaking earnestly.

"For who in this rocky country hath broader pasture lands, better sheep and cattle, finer horseflesh, an' whose hirelings are trained to labor with more economy and speed? In the two years thou hast been in charge of her estate, Josiah, thou hast proved thyself unerring in thy zeal and worthy."

"I had my yearly stipend that was not ungenerous, mother."

"Thou hast been faithful and zealous for thy cousin's interests," his mother asserted, with stern emphasis, disregarding his observation entirely, "an' thou shouldst have a reward, my son. Forsooth, thou art entitled to a rich reward," she repeated.

The ungainly fellow moved slowly on the settle, a dull red glow of color mounting to his forehead. "Lately I ha' thought," he said, with slight hesitation, "that mayhap our cousin Margaret would be much changed after her long sojourn in France. Belike she may return to find us dull and our ways too quiet for her taste. Have such thoughts e'er come to thy mind, mother?"

"Nay, not to speak on," she replied, "for I know that thy cousin will realize her obligations to thee and unless her early teachings are entirely swept away will heed the advice of her aunt and listen to her counsels with respect."

She raised her hand and shook her finger sternly.

"But think not it was with my consent that Andrew Mayland sent Margaret away to his sister in Paris," she said, "there to remain until she was twenty-one. I tell thee, Josiah, that Andrew wronged his only child, who should have been raised there in yonder gray stone house, built by her grandfather, and allowed to grow to womanhood among her own kind and in the God fearing ways of her kinsfolk. Education, forsooth! Can Hetty not read and write and do her numbering skillfully? Prithce, 'tis enough knowledge for a maid! As my good father, now dead, hath often said, 'Fill thy daughter's heart with a dread of sin, raise her in fear of the wrath of the Lord, an' thou hath done thy duty.'"

Josiah acquiesced by an emphatic movement of his head. "Mother," he said, recurring again to the subject of his cousin Margaret, "I ha' been thinking much on the coming home of our kinswoman. Often my mind hath dwelt upon her youth and inexperience. What knoweth she of the care of a household and the management of so many acres as are hers entirely now. I—thou"—he hesitated—"we must keep close to her, direct her endeavors, and from the first"—he raised his voice, speaking with harsh emphasis—"allow no other influence to crowd in to push ours out. On our counsel she must be taught to rely, and she must ever find us to be towers of strength upon which she may lean with confidence."

"Thou hast spoken wisely, Josiah," the dame replied. "If my memory doth serve me well, Margaret was ever an obedient child to her father, so will come naturally, methinks, to place reliance on her kinsfolk. Hast thought, Josiah," she continued, lowering her voice almost to a whisper and looking toward the door, "that thy cousin's lands adjoin thine and what great benefit could be derived from being master of it all?"

Taunston rose and paced rapidly up and down the dimly lighted kitchen.

"Thought! Of course I ha' thought!" he exclaimed. "For two years I have watched over everything on the Mayland farm lands, from the littlest newborn lamb to the fleetest horse, and given orders as if I were the owner there."

He drew a sharp breath.

"And now—God's pity—I must give place to a chit of a girl, who happen will bring disorder where I ha' had order and put wasterful French notions above good Puritan thrift and care."

As if the thought were intolerable to him, he gave his shoulders a despairing shrug, strode to the window and looked out long and silently over the blackened landscape in the direction of the Mayland estate. His mother sat for a time looking with sympathetic anxiety at the tall, disconsolate figure of her son. At last she observed quietly: "In doing thy duty so well, thou hast grown to love those lands above all reasoning, Josiah. Methinks by every right thou shouldst be master there."

"Mother," he came and stood before her, with his hand upraised, in a state of unusual excitement, "I dreamt last night that the vessel on which Margaret Mayland sailed from Paris was lost with all on board, and my cousin, she who stands between me and the estate, for I am the next heir, as thou dost know, was gone forever. It was a dream, but for a night all was mine. I was in truth master there, and I lived. I was rich in this world's goods, busy, important, prosperous."

His pale blue eyes glittered covetously with the feeling that possessed him as he brushed his hand over his hair.

"Ha, an' were it so 'twould be well!" Mistress Taunston cried sharply, "provided, of course, it were the good Lord's will," she added piously. "But there are other ways, my son. Hast thou given consideration to the fact that Margaret will need a husband now? An' who more suitable than thou, Josiah?"

He shuffled nervously on his feet, unable to meet her glance.

"Dost think she would regard my suit with favor?" he asked. "Although an upright an' honorable man, I ha' never thought I had much attractiveness for a woman."

His mother threw up her head with a quick motion, her glance containing both pride and confidence.

"Aye, that she will, Josiah," she announced emphatically. "Of a truth, thou'rt not oversoft with woman, but thou art so tall and doth walk about

with such an air an' stride that, I ween, scarce a maid thou didst set thy heart on could resist thee."

"If it be that my cousin hath an eye to her purse strings," he observed thoughtfully, "my frugal and thrifty management of her farm lands may appeal to her."

"Those facts and others to thine advantage will be placed before our kinswoman with proper judgment and skill upon her arrival," his mother announced. "My son, thou dost know that 'tis thine own lookout to win thy Cousin Margaret, for 'tis ever a man's place to do the courting, but that I will keep a close shadow and watch well for these and thine interests thou canst not doubt. Ah, welladay," she drew a deep breath, " 'twill be a happy time for thy mother, Josiah, when she can sit before yon doorway at her spinning and, ever and anon raising her eyes to look at the wide acres of green pasture surmounted by the gray house on the hill, know that thou art master there."

Taunston, looking intently into space with covetous eyes, made no reply.

Soon the candles having burned almost to their sockets and the bright flare of the logs given place to dull



blackness, emitting a few dying sparks, Mistress Taunston bethought herself of the lateness of the hour.

"Hetty not come in!" she exclaimed, walking to the window and looking out with impatient anxiety. "Ah, I hear her voice!"

Then throwing open the door she cried sharply: "Hetty, come in! 'Tis unseemly for a maid to be dawdling out of doors on a Sabbath evening. Thou shouldst be at thy prayers! Who is it thou hast with thee?"

"Only Simon, mother."

The merry faced little creature in her severe gray bonnet and plain dress of homespun came forward hurriedly.

"As I was returning from leaving Cynthia Camett at the gate I met Simon near the turnstile, and he ventured to walk with me. Be not angry, mother," as the woman, towering above her, frowned wrathfully, "Prithce, a little gossip with good Simon would not hurt a maid!"

"Gossip on the Lord's day! Light and trifling talk on a Sabbath night!" her mother cried in stern rebuke. "And think not that sounds of thy wicked laughter did not reach mine ears! To thy room, hussy! Nay, let the candle remain," as Hetty lifted one from the table. "In darkness canst thou better put thy mind on thy prayers and ask the Lord's forgiveness for thy sins!"

Then shutting the door with intentional violence upon the retreating form of the young farmer she fastened the wooden bolts securely for the night.

(To be Continued.)

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers were recorded during the past week by Recorder J. C. Rowe:

A. W. Finkle et ux to N. F. Smith, Feb. 4, '05; 19 acres in Gregg Twp. Consideration \$300

John W. Crotzer et ux to Joseph Confer, Oct. 22, '05; 33 acres in Gregg and Potter Twp. Consideration \$65.

Bellefonte Cemetery Assn. to J. W. Rightmire, Apr. 19, '05; lot No. 386 in Bellefonte. Consideration \$25.

Kate L. Shoemaker et al to Homer Shoemaker, Mar. 25, '05; land in Philipsburg. Consideration \$1.

J. E. Fryberger trustee to W. H. Garland et al, Mar. 31, '05; land in Philipsburg. Consideration \$935.

Amos Alexander Exr. to Samuel Krise, Mar. 28, 1879; 40 sq perches in Centre Hall. Consideration \$1300.

Nittany Printing & Publishing Co to Nittany Real Estate Co. Apr. 1, 1905; land in State College. Consideration \$13,500.

Chas. T. Aikens et ux to Nittany Real Estate Co. Apr. 1, 1905; land in State College. Consideration \$1,000.

Wm. P. Humes et al to Chas. T. Aikens, Mch. 18, '05; land in State College. Consideration \$900.

Amelia H. Linget et bar to G. F. Dunkle, Apr. 11, 1905; house and lot in Philipsburg. Consideration \$2650

Anna M. Weaver Exr. to Mrs. Emma E. Tyson, Mar. 24, '05; land in Miles Twp. Consideration \$1750.

Henry Showers et ux to E. E. Herlacher, Apr. 3, '05; 300 acres in Gregg Twp. Consideration \$900.

Abram V. Miller to Edw. T. Cole, Apr. 11, 1905; 44 sq rds in Spring Twp. Consideration \$50

Thos. C. Van Tries et ux to Samuel Durst, Mar. 21, '04; 1 a 97 per in Potter Twp. Consideration \$1

Mrs. Laura Elliott to Samuel Durst, Mar. 1, 1901; 141 a, 117 per in Potter Twp. Consideration \$3183 95

E. J. Finkle et al to F. P. Auman, Mar. 31, '05; 50 acres in Gregg Twp. Consideration \$100.

John G. Platt et ux to Platt Barber Co., Dec. 23, '04; 2 building lots in Philipsburg. Consideration \$1.

John Ardell Jr. et ux to Jno. P. Harris, Apr. 21, '05; 433 acres in Rush Twp. Consideration \$1.

Mrs. J. A. Aikens et al to W. C. Kline, Sept. 3, '04; land in State College. Consideration \$125.

Joseph Strouse's Exrs. to Pine Hall Cemetery Assn., Apr. 10, '05; 113 per in State College. Consideration \$350.

T. F. Kennedy et al to Chas. T. Aikens, Apr. 5, '05; land in State College. Consideration \$500.

Andrew M. Reese et ux to Elizabeth Glenn, Apr. 5, '05; house and lot in Snow Shoe. Consideration \$500.

Mary E. Conahan et al to H. C. Armour, Feb. 24, 1903, land in Spring Twp. Consideration \$315.

Heirs of Jane W. Love to W. O. Strunk, Apr. 24, '04; 50 per in Centre. Consideration \$475.

W. E. Gray's Adms. to Jemima H. Parsons, Jan. 5, '05; lot No. 45 in Centre City. Consideration \$500

Ellis L. Orvis et al to Sarah Breen, Feb. 6, '05; 1/4 of an acre in Penn Twp. Consideration \$300.

Anna R. Kreichtbaum et bar to Elias Bressler, Mch. 25, '05; 3 lots in Aaronsburg. Consideration \$800.

Thos. E. Royer et ux et al to Laurelton Lumber Co., Apr. 1, '05; 133 acres, 36 per in Miles Twp. Consideration 1600.

Jas. H. Corl et ux to W. D. Strunk, Jan. 21, 1905; Spring Twp. Consideration \$175.

Mary A. Sterrett to Chas. H. Sterrett, Mch. 25, 1895; land in Philipsburg. Consideration \$1.

Wm. Eisenhauer et al to Mary M. McKinney, Mch. 7, '05; land in Burnside Twp. Consideration \$1000.

Geo. Turbetza et ux to Snow Shoe Twp., Consideration \$1050.

Jno. Burchell et ux to Mrs. Mary Donovan, July 8, '05; 1 acre in Spring Twp. Consideration \$100.

Jno. G. Uzzle et ux to Jas. F. Uzzle, Apr. 6, '05; 1-10 acres in Snow Shoe. Consideration \$30.

A. P. Luse et ux to John M. Luse, Apr. 1, 1904; 1/2 acre in Centre Hall. Consideration \$150.

Wm. Colyer et ux to Fred K. Carter, Apr. 26, 1901; 1/2 acre in Centre Hall. Consideration \$600.

Jno. I. Thompson Exr. to Mrs. Maria A. Gilliland, Dec. 31, 1901; 11,660 ft in State College. Consideration \$100.

Cyrus Gordon et ux to John Walker Stein, April 22, '05; 52 acres in Jacob Twp. Consideration \$2350.

Business Notice.

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49-9 Agent, Bellefonte, Pa.

Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.  
Condensed Time Table effective Nov. 23, 1904.

READ DOWN	STATIONS	READ UP
No. 1	No. 6 No. 3	No. 6 No. 4 No. 2

A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
7:10	7:40	8:30	9:00	10:10	10:40	11:30	12:00

(N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.)

READ DOWN	STATIONS	READ UP
No. 1	No. 6 No. 3	No. 6 No. 4 No. 2

WALLACE H. GEPHART,  
General Superintendent.

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

WESTWARD	STATIONS	EASTWARD
read down		read up

A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30

H. F. THOMAS, Supt.

Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.  
Schedule in effect Nov. 27th 1904.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.  
Leave Bellefonte, 8:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:05 a. m., at Altoona, 1:00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 3:50 p. m.  
Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2:10 p. m., at Altoona, 3:10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6:55 p. m.

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

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.  
Leave Bellefonte, 1:25 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:10 p. m., arrive at Buffalo, 7:40 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3:20 p. m., at Philadelphia at 4:25 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.  
Leave Bellefonte, 1:25 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:10 p. m., leave Williamsport, 2:53 p. m., Philadelphia at 4:25 p. m., Harrisburg, 5:00 p. m., Philadelphia 7:32 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8:16 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9:15 p. m., leave Williamsport, 1:35 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 4:15 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 7:17 a. m.

Leave Bellefonte, at 6:40 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, at 9:05 a. m., Montandon, 9:15, Harrisburg, 11:30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3:17 p. m., Leave Bellefonte, 2:00 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:25 p. m., at Harrisburg, 6:50 p. m., Philadelphia at 10:47 p. m.

For full information, time tables, etc., call on ticket agent, or address Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent, Western District, No. 360 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.

NORTHWARD	SOUTHWARD
EXP. DAY	EXP. DAY

N. P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6:56	7:01	8:06	9:20	11:20

N. P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6:58	7:03	8:08	9:22	11:22

N. P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
7:01	7:06	8:11	9:25	11:25

N. P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
7:04	7:09	8:14	9:28	11:28

N. P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
7:07	7:12	8:17	9:31	11:31

N. P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
7:10	7:15	8:20	9:34	11:34

N. P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
7:13	7:18	8:23	9:37	11:37

N. P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
7:16	7:21	8:26	9:40	11:40

N. P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
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