

The Witch of Cragenstone

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

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"Methinks thou couldst have chosen a cheerier subject, Hetty, wherewith to while away the hours of a gloomy morning," she said reproachfully.

Rising from the couch, she walked to the window and, throwing open the lattice, looked out of doors.

"Ah, happy day!" she exclaimed. "Sunshine at last! See yonder cloud, cousin. Bright rays are breaking through it. Old Giles was right this morning when he said that the fierce wind had shifted and now lay in the western quarter, promising that we would see the sun before night. Rejoice with me, sweet Hetty."

For a time in silence they watched the beauty of the golden tinted clouds breaking apart and drifting about under the blue sky; then Margaret, whose face expressed great happiness and who seemed unable to contain her high spirits, said: "Art not weary of the close, damp air of the house? Come, let us walk on the old stone wall by the pasture, for the ground is much too water soaked, and witness for ourselves what havoc the storm hath played."

Hastily procuring a light cape, she threw it over the muslin house dress she wore, and, Hetty following, the girls, refusing to listen to the protests of Elisabeth, who met them on the stairs, against going out of doors on such a morning, stepped out on to the ground, picked their way daintily—with much light laughter—over the wet paths, climbed the wall and, holding hands, ran gaily with the light heartedness of school children set free after long confinement along the top of the broad stone wall.

"I faith, 'tis worth a pound to get out into the open and breathe fresh air again!" Margaret exclaimed, her blue eyes sparkling and her cheeks aglow.

The ribbon that bound her hair came loose, and in very abandonment of youth and health she threw it away, freeing her heavy masses of hair to the embraces of the wind, which caught it up tenderly, allowing the sun to kiss it with its sparkling rays, gently tossed it about her head; then, as if catching the gay mood of its owner, it grew more playful and roughly swept the tresses before Margaret's eyes, so that she almost stumbled as she ran. A large oak branch hung low over the wall. With a cry of pleasure Margaret caught hold of it, and, lifting her feet, swung out into the air and back to the wall again, laughing joyfully at her achievement as she ran on to the end of the wall.

"Margaret!" Hetty exclaimed, running after her cousin, rather breathless at the whole proceeding. "What merry spirit of mischief dost possess thee?"

"Take my hand, sweet cousin, and run some of the Puritan stiffness out of thee," Margaret replied with flushed face and smiling lips. "My blood is coursing through my veins and my heart beats gaily today because the roads are drying up that lead from London to this village. Look not so bewildered, sweet. Thou'lt know anon why thy cousin welcomes wind and sun. See, the clouds are scattering and drifting far away! Come, Hetty, once more!" And, taking her cousin's hand, they ran together to the end of the wall.

"I'm out o' breath, but back again! I'll show thee I'll get there before thee, slow Hetty."

She paused a moment, looking toward the house.

"What man is that demanding admittance?" she asked. "Methinks he looks on us with disapproval."

"Thou knowest well 'tis Josiah," faltered Hetty. "Dost think he saw us running, cousin?"

"Aye, even so he did. What carest thou or I?" Margaret replied indifferently as she proceeded calmly toward the house along the top of the wall, followed by Hetty, now white faced and greatly abashed.

"We will go to meet him, Hetty, and give him greeting."

Josiah Taunston busied himself with tying his horse to a tree until his cousin and sister approached, then, standing erect, regarded them coldly, with an unsmiling expression in his small gray eyes.

"I give thee good day, Cousin Josiah," Margaret said quietly. "How can I serve thee? Wilt enter?"

She threw open the door.

"Thank thee, Cousin Margaret," he replied in a hard, rasping voice. "I but rode up with a message for my sister."

Until then he had ignored Hetty, but now turned upon her suddenly with great sternness in his manner.

"But before I deliver it, Hetty, I would like to ask thee if in thy recent conduct on yonder wall thou behavest thee that the servants were taking notice, also neighbors who might be passing by?"

Margaret, tossing her hair back with her hand, disdained to answer, and Hetty, much crestfallen, replied hastily: "Twas but the pleasure of an idle moment, Josiah. What message sent my mother?"

"She thinks, as I do, that thou hast been here long enough," he said significantly. "Thy mother hath need of thee."

"I'll go at once, brother," she answered in nervous haste.

"It is well, Margaret," turning again to her. "I would have converse with

ly of thy beauty of face and form, but agreed that we liked not thy gay and frivolous taste in dressing. Then my mother, loving thee so truly, made excuses for thee, saying that thy father wronged thee when he sent thee to thine aunt in Paris to grow up in the worldly ways of that wicked city, where all the women are vain and frivolous and all the men poltroons, blackguards."

"I deny that all the men are poltroons and blackguards!" Margaret cried, her face flushing with anger. "Heed thy words, Josiah!"

He went on in his cold, immovable way, as if she had not spoken:

"An', though we fully recognize his mistake in that particular, we rejoice in thy father's wisdom that ordered thy return to thy native land when thou hadst reached thy majority, here to spend the remainder of thy days."

Margaret made no response, but sat before him quietly, indifferent to his words, finding him even more tiresome than usual and inwardly wondering when he would consider it expedient to take his departure, and Josiah, mistaking her silence for acquiescence and approval of his remarks, took courage to advance a step farther in his deep rooted scheme to win the young mistress of the Mayland farm.

"Hast ever thought, Margaret, what idea thy father had in his mind when he did select me for the manager of thine estate?"

"Thou didst ask me that before, and I truth, good cousin, I am fain to confess that I never gave much thought on the subject," Margaret replied indifferently. "Perchance he knew of thy good business ability and that thou wouldst order all things well for his daughter's benefit."

Josiah, leaning forward, spoke impressively.

"His idea was that I should learn the land, so that one day I would be master here. Knowest thou that he named me for thy husband, cousin?"

"Nay, 'tis not so," Margaret cried excitedly, rising and confronting him, "or else it would be so stated in his documents. In them it is most clearly writ that only at my death, should I die without issue, art thou successor here!"

"Calm thyself, good cousin. The thought is new to thee, and therefore thou'rt disturbed. To me," he added in a low voice, "this thought hath been food and drink since thy father—I mean," hastily correcting himself—"since first I saw thee."

He rose and came to her.

"Take time to think on the words I ha' just spoken. Pray for guidance to see the wisdom of accepting the love and protection of a true hearted, righteous and God fearing man, Margaret, an' trust not aside carelessly the offer of marriage he now makes to thee."

She lifted her head hastily as if to speak, but Josiah stopped her with a stern, peremptory motion of his hand.

"Nay, cousin, answer not now. Such grave consideration as is now before thee takes time to think on. I'll speak with thee on the subject again when thou hath let the thought of me in the position of thy husband dwell longer in thy heart. God guide thee to a right decision. Fare thee well, Margaret Mayland."

She courted stiffly, and he, after inclining his head, strode through the open doorway and, mounting his horse, rode toward the village.

At the sound of the closing of the door Margaret ran to the window and threw open the lattice, exclaiming with a shiver: "Tis damp and musty in this room, or else 'tis my cousin's proposal that hath chilled me. I'll let the sunshine in, and Giles can put some logs to burn in the chimney place. Prithce, the room must be warm and cheerful for Godfrey, who," she whispered happily, "now that the storm is broken, will come ere nightfall."

For a time she looked out of doors, humming a gay tune lightly, then, leaving the room, ran up the stairs and, bursting into the chamber where Elisabeth was sitting mending linen, stood before her with flushed face and sparkling eyes.

"What frock shall I wear for Godfrey, Elisabeth?"

"Sir Godfrey hath come?" the woman laid down her work and looked at Margaret in surprise, who answered petulantly: "Nay, dullard. How could he travel in such awful storms o'er mountain roads he knows not?"

She drew a piece of paper from her bosom, reading slowly, "Tuesday I shall reach the inn at Hacklow, lay there one night and will be with thee on the morrow, Wednesday."

She raised the paper to her lips.

"Thus reads his missive, Elisabeth. Thou'lt remember that the storm rose wild Wednesday, now six days gone by. An' so, ah, me," she sighed dismally, "poor Godfrey hath been imprisoned all these dreary hours in that foul tavern, the Puritan, where we were forced to rest when we journeyed hither. For a moment she was silent.

"But the storm hath broken and set him free!" she cried triumphantly, lifting her radiant face to the sunlight.

"And now, I promise thee, he rideth fast to Cragenstone!"

Suddenly she grew more serious and, seating herself on a little stool at Elisabeth's feet, rested her elbows on the woman's lap above the mending, covered her face with her hands and appeared to be in deep thought.

"What thinkest thou, Elisabeth, of my cousin Josiah?" she asked after a time.

"He hath the appearance of an upright man and godly," the other replied thoughtfully, "but, I ween, hard and stern, even above his kind, who, with their long, sad faces, do dwell upon this mountain."

"He asked this morning to wed with me," Margaret observed quietly.

"What saidst thou?" Elisabeth exclaimed, indignation in her tone and glance.

"The sour-visaged churl, to want my bonny Margaret! Didst tell him of Sir Godfrey?"

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"Take time to think on the words I ha' just spoken."

"Nay," blushing softly. "There are few to whom I care to say that name. I would have told Josiah, 'Nay, nay, nay' and thrice more nay and sent him roundly to the right about on the instant for his presumption, but he would not take mine answer, and, forsooth, commanding me harshly to let thoughts of him dwell in my heart until his haughty lordship would speak with me on the subject again, he took his departure. It was this manner. Look, Elisabeth."

Rising to her feet, Margaret strode with stiff awkwardness toward the door.

"Ugh!" with a shudder. "I was forced to open the lattice to let the sunlight in after he left, the room had grown so damp and cold from his chilling presence! So thou'lt not give thy consent for thy Margaret's marriage with him, Elisabeth?" teasingly.

Elisbeth shook her head in a knowing manner.

"Forsooth, pretty, I trow thou'lt wed thy lover that rideth here anon, that thy young heart is set on, with my consent or without it, but," she continued thoughtfully, "ever will it seem strange to me that such a hard man as thy cousin Josiah doth appear to be should have a desire for anything so soft as the love of a woman."

(To be Continued.)

The Prudence of Man to Lay the Blame Upon Woman.

"Never kiss and tell is, I believe, an 'unwritten law of civility.' This law, so I understand, Coward Adam does sometimes manage to obey, albeit reluctantly. Because he would like to tell—he would very much like to tell—if the story of the kiss did not involve himself in the telling! But at this juncture 'the unwritten laws of civility' step in, and he is saved. And civility is the tree up which he climbs, chattering to himself the usual formula, 'The woman whom thou gavest to be with me,' etc. Alas, poor woman! She has heard him saying this ever since she in an unselfish desire to spare her food with him gave him the forbidden apple. No doubt she offered him his rosiest and ripest side! She always does—at first. Not afterward! As soon as he turns traitor and runs up a tree she takes to pelting him, metaphorically speaking, with coconuts. This is quite natural on her part. She had thought him a man—and when he suddenly changes into a monkey she doesn't understand it. To this cause may possibly be attributed some of the ructions which occasionally jar the harmonious estate of matrimony.—From Marie Corelli's 'Frea Opinions.'

Now Fumes of Alcohol and Poisons May Endanger Health.

Burton-on-Trent, the center of the English brewing industries, has the peculiar faculty of mildly intoxicating the stranger within its gates. The resident has become accustomed to the mildly alcoholic fumes which arise from the innumerable brewing vats, but the susceptible stranger finds exhilaration and finally a mild form of intoxication in the atmosphere—an effect which does not wear off for several hours after his arrival. On every hand the big brewing houses are throwing off fumes from the vats of malted liquors, and, while these are imperceptible to the resident, more than a thousand authentic instances are said to have been recorded of persons to whom the air has proved to possess properties that both cheer and inebriate.

Just as in certain parts of the west the arsenious fumes from the smelters destroy vegetation and imperil health, the vapors of the English brewing capital destroy the sobriety of the abstemious and all his head with vagrant fancies. As many visitors to the place are actuated by a desire to see for themselves the great industry which they are doing their modest best to suppress and as they are the most sensitive to the atmosphere of the town, those who gain their living from the brew houses take great delight in observing these involuntary lapses from principles.—New York Herald.

The French of It.

"Why do you call it a French opera?"

"Why not?"

"Well, every one of them sang in Italian."

"On the stage, yes; but what does that amount to? All the gowns in the boxes were from Paris."

Saucy.

Edith—I told Mr. Converse the other night that I resembled him in one respect. Clara—What was that? Edith—That I always enjoyed hearing him talk.

A Bad Soap.

"You seemed pretty familiar with that last chap," remarked the soap.

"Not at all," replied the Turkish towel. "I was merely trying to scrape an acquaintance."—Chicago News.

Defer not charities till death. He that does so is rather liberal of another man's substance than of his own.—Stretch.

Rose Cuttings.

Country Life advises taking cuttings of roses in the fall and says: They should be about eight inches long and covered with sand about a foot deep through the winter. In the spring set in rows in good garden soil, upright. Trim to six inches in setting out. They will take root and can then be transplanted into nursery beds. This is for outdoor culture. The cuttings should be taken just before frost arrives and from nearly matured wood.

Idleness.

It is an undoubted truth that the less one has to do the less one finds time to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at all, whereas those who have a great deal of business must buckle to it, and then they always find time enough to do it in.

A Judicial Reproof.

A justice once reproved a would be suicide thus: "Young man, you have been found guilty of attempting to drown yourself in the river. Only consider what your feelings would have been had you succeeded."—Green Bag.

Business Notice.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

Medical.

A WOMAN'S BACK.

THE ACHES AND PAINS WILL DISAPPEAR IF THE ADVICE OF THIS BELLEFONTE CITIZEN IS FOLLOWED.

A Woman's back has many aches and pains. Most time 'tis the kidney's fault. Backache is really kidney ache. That's why Doan's Kidney Pills cure it. Many Bellefonte women know this. Read what one has to say about it.

Mrs. Nancy Davis, of 246 East Logan Street, says: "I suffered a bad fall some years ago when living in Rochester. I thought at first that I had broken my back. I was unable to get up without assistance and from that time I suffered for weeks with a weak back and excruciating pains through the loins and through the small of my back. Sometimes I was completely prostrated and helpless. Doctors and medicines failed to help me and the pain continued until I got Doan's Kidney Pills. I took only a few doses before I began to feel better and when I had continued using them for a while I was thoroughly cured. My back regained its strength and the pain left me. I have had no return of my trouble since."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Posters-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

PILES. A cure guaranteed if you use RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY.

D. Math. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devere, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksville, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 75 cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists, and in Bellefonte by C. M. Parrish, Call for Free Sample.

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Condensed Time Table effective Nov. 29, 1904.

READ DOWN. READ UP.

No. 1	No. 6	No. 3	Stations	No. 6	No. 4	No. 2
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