

A DIVIDED DUTY.

(Continued from last week.)

When Mrs. Keith had asked Constance Fleming to come to her for an indefinite stay, she had anticipated no such awkward complications as has arisen. Supposing Dallas safe-guarded by the last of series of mild love affairs, she had never once dreamed of such a state of things as his confession revealed, and though she had no intention of allowing it to interfere with her arrangements, she sorrowed for the lad as she ascended the stairs and turned her steps toward the room where her eldest son sat bending his scholarly face over his book.

"Roger," she began, as he arose to place a chair for her, "I have come to tell you my troubles. This you will admit, is a luxury in which I seldom indulge, so you must be patient with me."

Roger smiled upon her from his imposing height. The Keiths were all handsome men, but the face of the eldest was perhaps the finest and strongest of the three. "Could anyone be less than patient with you?" he said, gently.

"It seems Dallas could be—he has been indeed," the mother answered with a rueful little laugh. "He ventured just now, for the first time in his life, to question my judgment, though I cannot quite blame the lad. He fancied himself in love with Constance"—the man facing her started slightly—"and Constance has given me her promise to marry Cathcart."

Roger's face had not quite come back to his mother, but his voice, when he spoke, was steady. "Mother," he said, "don't you see how much you are asking of Miss Fleming, upon whom you have no claim whatever, except an ancient friendship with her mother? Do you not realize that if Dallas loves her and has any reason to fancy she loves him, you are asking her to marry him? The sacrifice would be fearful even if she loved Cathcart, but if she does not—"

"Dallas has no reason whatever for imagining that Constance cares for him," the mother interposed impatiently. "She herself told me that she was no one in her life—except some man she had seen ago and foolishly idealized, and for whom, if she should meet him to-day, she probably wouldn't care in the least. As for not loving Cathcart, that will come in time. Love is largely a matter of habit and proximity with women. Nine-tenths of them make marriages of convenience. As all events Cathcart's happiness is at stake, I shall do everything in my power to secure it."

Roger, looking at the small, resolute face, knew that his mother was determined to compass her son's wishes at whatever cost to others. "In that case, mother," he said quietly, "there is nothing more to be said. I fear that in establishing yourself the arbiter of three destinies you are assuming a heavy responsibility."

"Mrs. Keith arose. "Very well. I accept it," she said. Her son made no answer, but when he closed the door after her he threw himself heavily into a chair and sat for a long time, staring straight before him.

One afternoon in the early autumn, Mrs. Keith and Constance, returning from a drive, were struck as they approached the house by an unwonted air of subdued excitement. A strange horse stood at the hitching-post; the library blinds were close drawn; an atmosphere was of calamity. By that singular prescience which inheres in all womankind, each knew intuitively that this whatever it might mean, had to do with the man who was the lover of the one and the idol of the other. Breathless and faint with an indefinable fear, they hurried up the steps. Roger, with a face like death, met them at the door.

"Cathcart?" the mother breathed. "Cathcart has been hurt, Mother. How seriously we do not know. He was trying a new horse which threw him. He's injured internally, we fear."

Without a word Mrs. Keith away and sank unconscious into her son's arms. He turned to the trembling girl: "He's dying, Constance," he said harshly. "It's a matter of moments. He's been asking for you. Go to him. He's in the library. And for pity's sake play your part a little longer if you can."

For a moment the girl stood stunned. This was the awful answer to her prayer for release from a bondage which had grown well-nigh intolerable. Every rebel impulse, every disloyal thought she had known since she had promised to marry Cathcart rose accusingly to confront her. She could not hold herself guiltless since she had yearned for freedom at any cost. Her duty had been appointed her and she had failed. She had been weak where she should have been strong. She cried out, and the cry had been heard.

As she went into the great dim library she saw her lover lying white and still on a couch at the further end of the room. The agony of the first moment had passed. He suffered still at intervals, though they dragged him into some semblance of peace. "Constance," he said, "Constance! Ah! I'm glad, dear. I feared you might be—too late."

A great wave of tenderness surged over the girl. She threw herself down beside him, and he drew her head feebly to his breast. A pang of regret assailed her like a physical pain—a keen sense of sorrow and remorse that though she had given him her best, that best had been so poor. She broke into convulsive sobbing. The dying man touched her hair gently.

"Don't grieve, Constance," he whispered, "it's better so. I am glad I shall not have to linger—a burden to myself and to you. This cannot last long, they tell me. It was pretty bad at first, but"—he tried to smile—"it's better now."

Even as she spoke a sudden spasm of pain, an awful racking which not even the opiates could dull, came upon him. He did not cry out, but unconsciously he gripped the girl's arm until his grasp hurt her. She did not flinch. The pain helped to steady her. Presently the paroxysm passed, leaving him breathless. He lay very still. Then, with painful effort, he spoke, slowly and brokenly.

"Constance—there may not be much time. I want to tell you—how much you've been—to me. I don't mind dying since I've had—my little hour. I've won this—to have known your love. You do love me, Constance? I know it, though you've never told me. You'll tell me—now? I want to hear you say it—before I go."

dozen in fact. Will you have them all at once, or piecemeal to prolong the pleasure?"

Constance, sitting alone on the balcony in the early twilight, smiled up at Dallas as he approached, looking very strong and straight and handsome in his riding clothes. "I fear it doesn't matter," she said. "My mail is not very interesting."

"This is from Lucy Lindsay announcing the interesting fact that her little Lucy has a new tooth. This is from the best of brothers. This is from Kitty Hyde, who wants my opinion as to whether she shall be married in satin or chiffon; and this—"

The last letter fell from her shaking hand, Dallas, stooping to restore it noted, involuntarily, that it was addressed in a bold, masculine hand. The color had left Constance's face, and she was trembling visibly, despite her effort at composure. She opened and read the letter, which was brief, then held it up to Dallas.

"Will you read it please?" she said. "The signature upon which Dallas's eyes fell was that of a man of international repute, a name synonymous with wealth, position and power. By the gift of divination common to lovers, he knew that this was the man whose image had stood between him and happiness."

"I—I think if you don't mind," he said, hesitatingly, "I'd rather not read this—"

"Please," the girl urged. "I wish you to."

The letter, written with evident effort for control, touched briefly upon a marriage which had not been happy; upon a later estrangement; and finally, upon the freedom which had come at last, and the hope it brought with it. Dallas shrank from reading the few sentences that followed, which were the cry of a strong man to a woman he had loved.

With hands that were not quite steady he folded the letter and held it out to Constance. He knew that his own dream was ended. For the second time he must stand by her.

Two personal attractiveness and success. Success depends in the largest measure upon health and the personal impression one makes upon his fellowmen; and properly to develop and to maintain the "points" that make for personal attractiveness is to develop and maintain health.

For example, how many men and women stop drinking and overeating because fat is fatal to good looks. The struggle to keep looking young is a struggle to keep in perfect health—and what a blessing that is to the present and all future generations.

The price of good looks is right living. And the reward of right living is health. —Saturday Evening Post.

Committee Wants Correct Names of Centre County Soldiers.

In order to secure absolute accuracy in the names and spelling thereof on our soldiers' monument, we will publish from time to time the lists of certain companies so as to enable those who are interested to suggest changes in initials or spelling, and also to suggest the names of any persons who may have been omitted from the rolls. This is the last opportunity which will be given to our people and to the survivors or friends of deceased soldiers who served from Centre county to have these names corrected. The Committee, therefore, appeals very earnestly to all who are interested in the subject to carefully scan all the names to ascertain.

1st, whether any have been omitted; and 2nd, whether the names of those already contained in the rolls are properly spelled. It is also very important that the names of soldiers who enlisted in organizations outside of the county or State should be secured, in order that they may find their place among the nation's defenders upon the monument. This is perhaps the most important thing which the Committee has in charge, the organizations from our own county being already well known. If, therefore, any person, in or out of the county who enlisted in organizations outside of the county and State, it is especially important that their names should be ascertained, so that they may find a place among those who enlisted at home.

Any communication in regard to these names addressed to Gen. John I. Curtin or William H. Musser, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention.

- Company "C" 148 Regiment P. V. Robert M. Forster, Captain. John B. Edmonds, Captain. William E. Graham, Captain. Jacob F. Bender, Captain. William H. Bible, 1st Lieutenant. Jacob S. Lander, 1st Lieutenant. Samuel Everhart, 1st Lieutenant. Daniel Shney, 1st Lieutenant. John Stevenson, 1st Lieut. Ezra B. Walter, 1st Sergt. Frederick Youm, " " John Craig, " " Chas. C. Herman, " " James Knox, Sergeant. John F. Swanson, " " William C. Huey, " " Abraham G. Carter, " " William F. Ward, Corporal. Abraham Wertz, " " James Ellinger, " " John G. Robinson, " " Christian Lowry, " " Michael Hart, " " Fritz Campbell, " " Christian Swartz, " " Samuel Bortner, " " James Ray, " " James T. Beck, " " Robert T. Calmont, " " Nathan M. Yarnell, " " Hiland Biddle, " " Thomas C. Keys, " " John G. Matross, Musician. Albert Adams, " " George Brown, " " Webster D. Baker, " " Isaac B. Baird, " " Jacob Baird, " " John Coble, Jr., " " Jacob L. Carter, " " James Carver, " " Henry J. Cartin, " " William C. Campbell, " " William Carner, " " William Carver, " " William Campbell, " " Samuel Miller, " " Joseph Carver, " " John A. Cline, " " John P. DeMont, " " Jacob Dorman, " " Abraham Fulton, " " Lewis F. Fulton, " " Martin H. Fulton, " " Smith Swiler, " " Amos Garbrick, " " Robert G. Garlick, " " George Gates, " " Daniel Gates, " " Samuel G. Gates, " " Andrew Johnson, " " John Jackson, " " John C. Jones, " " William Lytle, " " William Lambert, " " Joseph L. Linn, " " Samuel Lawson, " " Ephraim Lytle, " " Falk N. Matross, Musician. Company "D" 148 Regiment P. V. Andrew Musser, Captain. Alfred A. Rhinehart, Captain. John A. Thomas, 1st Lieut. Israel F. Musser, 1st Lieut. John A. Birchfield, 1st Lieut. Jacob C. Edmonds, 1st Lieut. William Gemmill, " " Luther D. Korte, " " Henry C. Stoenant, " " S. Lauberty, " " Allen B. Cross, " " George M. Boal, " " Samuel D. Muser, " " John C. Bathgate, " " Sam'l Harshbarger, " " David L. Kerr, " " John C. Odenkirk, " " Simon Vonada, " " Charles F. Speaker, " " Samuel C. Holloway, " " James Osman, " " William H. Weaver, " " George W. Seal, " " John B. Holloway, Musician. Franklin Matross, " " George W. Allen, " " David Acker, " " Robert G. Gullock, " " Michael Bower, " " Nathaniel Brown, " " Benjamin F. Brown, " " Archibald M. Bell, " " William A. Carter, " " Henry Coufoure, " " James J. Drescher, " " Samuel B. DeBull, " " Leonard Dieblich, " " Jacob Dieblich, " " John Durs, " " Louis H. Davidson, " " Franklin Durs, " " Jacob Dunkle, " " David Eiters, " " John H. Fortney, " " Jacob A. Fisher, " " David F. Fortney, " " Emmanuel D. Fox, " " Alfred Frazer, " " Henry Griner, " " James H. Griner, " " William Gable, " " David Harshbarger, " " John H. Heberling, " " Jacob Harner, " " Charles Hart, " " Daniel H. Harter, " " Israel Hoover, " " Samuel Holloway, " " Abraham Hill, " " Falser S. Imboden, " " Jacob Koch, " " John L. Kremer, " " John M. Kepler, " " William E. Krapp, " " David S. Keys, " " Tassler K. Koch, " " Jacob G. Kain, " " William Knarr, " " Franklin Koch, " " William Long, " " Emanuel M. Lytle, " " Samuel Lytle, " " Henry Long, " " Jacob Lytle, " " David Miller, " " Daniel Miller, " " Leonard Messmer, " " John A. Murphy, " " Henry V. M'Alister, " " Adam Nearhood, " " Daniel Osman, " " John Pugh, " " Alfred A. Rankin, " " George Reeser, " " John C. Reifender, " " Charles D. Runkle, " " Chas. A. Ramsey, " " Jacob Reiser, " " John T. Stover, " " Jacob Stover, " " Thaddeus D. Stover, " " George Sweeney, " " Joseph Shirle, " " Peter Swisher, " " Oliver E. Sherman, " " Cornelius Stover, " " John J. Stover, " " Samuel Stinson, " " David H. Weaver, " " Henry H. Weaver, " " David H. Wance, " " David N. Wight, " " George E. Wolf, " " Jonathan E. Williams, " " F. Winklerbeck, " " David Young.

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

One of the Great Naval Incidents of This Great Naval Conflict.

This strange incident of a great naval battle was told by Commissioner McGiffin of one of the Chinese warships in the battle of the Yalu between the Chinese and Japanese fleets in 1894: "About this time the Chih Yuen boldly if somewhat foolhardily bore down on the Japanese squadron's line. Just what happened no one seems to know, but apparently she was struck below the water line by a heavy shell, either a ten inch or a thirteen inch. Be that as it may, she took a heavy list, and, thus fatally injured, her commander, Tang Shi Chen, a most courageous albeit a most obstinate officer, resolved at least to avenge himself and charged one of the largest of the enemy's ships, intending to ram.

"A hurricane of projectiles from both heavy and machine guns swept down upon his ship. The list became more pronounced, and just before getting home to his intended victim his ship rolled over and then plunged bow first into the depths. She righted herself as she sank, her screws whirling in the air and carrying down all hands, including her chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, shut up in the engine room. Seven of her crew clung to one of the circular life buoys kept on the bridge and were drifted by the tide toward the coast, where they were rescued by a junk.

"Stories told by these men vary so much as to be unreliable, but all agree on one incident: Captain Tang had a large dog of most vicious temper, unruly at times even with his master. After the ship sank Captain Tang, who could not swim, managed to get an oar or some small piece of wood. This would have been enough to support him had not his dog swum to him and, climbing up on him, forced him to release his grasp. Thus he miserably drowned, and the brute shared his fate, perhaps the only case on record of a man being drowned by his dog."

ETIQUETTE OF CALLS.

Some of the Things That Are and Are Not in Good Taste.

Every one is aware that a married woman when paying a formal call on another married couple leaves two of her husband's cards in the hall when coming in or going out. But every one does not know that when the hostess is a widow only one card should be left.

Punctilious people always call at a house from whence they have received an invitation, and this whether it has been declined or accepted. But with the one exception of returning a first call, which should be done as reasonably soon as possible, the question as to what time should elapse between social visits is one that must be left to the good taste and good sense of the caller.

Many people with a large and increasing circle keep a book in which they note the date of their calls, and in this connection it should be stated that it is a compliment to call on the right day—that is, when the hostess is known to be at home to her friends.

It used to be considered the right thing for a formal visit only to last about a quarter of an hour. It is not infrequently happens that an idle woman will arrive early and stay late if she happens to be amused and if she has nowhere else to go. Such behavior is particularly inconsiderate when the drawing room of her hostess happens to be a small one and when other visitors are many.

In the country long calls are, of course, permissible, but not in a town. Again, it is not good taste to make appointments to meet a friend at another friend's house, and yet this is frequently done, to the natural annoyance of the hostess, who feels that her reception room is being used much as might be a station waiting room.—New York American.

BULWER'S ODDITIES.

The Fight the Author Made Against Signs of Old Age.

Bulwer's appearance was decidedly what is generally understood by "aristocratic" or what the French call "distingue." Tall, slim, with finely cut features, prominent among which was a long aquiline nose, with an abundant crop of curly brown hair and a full beard, the first impression he produced, aided by a careful toilet, was one of ease and elegance. At a dinner table, where he liked to speak, and, if possible, to speak alone, he was certainly useful as well as ornamental with his large blue ribbon and star of the Order of the Bath. There was a certain naivete, strange as that word may sound when applied to so confirmed a man of the world, in his vain and very apparent struggle against the irresistible encroachment of age. He did not give in with that philosophical resignation which might have been expected of one so clever and in some respects so wise. He fought against it tooth and nail. Lord Lytton's hair seemed dyed, and his face looked as if art had been called in to rejuvenate it. A quack in Paris had pretended to cure his growing deafness, a constant source of legitimate grief to him. He was radiant one autumn on his return to town because he thought he was cured, but not for long. The copious use of snuff was no doubt part of the attempted cure, of which the most palpable results were large dark red or blue pocket handkerchiefs, quite out of harmony with his otherwise elegant toilet. His expressions of regret at his impaired digestive organs had something ludicrous about it. He would point with a sigh to a rosy cheeked American apple and say, "To think that there are people who can eat that!"

One of his physical infirmities—his deafness—proved a bar to his ambition. He was sorely disappointed when Lord Beaconsfield, instead of including him in his last cabinet, "kicked him upstairs" into the house of lords, principally because he could not follow the debate.—Rudolph Lehman's "Recollections."

CARE OF BOOKS.

Marginal notes are usually superfluous and undesirable. Corners should not be turned down or leaves folded in halves. Exposing books to heat or strong sunlight warps the binding. Never bend back the covers of a book, but keep them both level. Do not turn a book on its face or place any weight on an open book. Never open a large book from the ends or cover, but from the center. Bookcases should not be placed against outside walls on account of the probable dampness. A blunt knife of ivory, wood or metal should be used for cutting new books, not a sharp instrument. If any liquid be spilt on a book, wipe it off at once gently with a soft cloth or absorb it with blotting paper. Do not dry it by a fire. Dragging a book out from the shelf by the binding at the top is hurtful. If books are wedged in too tightly in a case they become shabby.

American Manners.

The average American man is so much more polite, agreeable and considerate to the average woman than all other men seem rough and indifferent by comparison. In this department if in no other the American man has no rival. He is the best mannered creature in the world to the casual human being—especially female human being—he brushes elbows with in the course of the day's march. He doesn't use half as many "Thank you's" as the French or bow and smile so much, but he will give himself trouble to open doors, to hail carriages, to get up and offer his seat in omnibuses, to help the baby while the mother helps off the rest of her offspring.—New York World.

Swedish Music.

Anton Rubinstein had this to say in reference to women artists: "I think ladies ought never to study music as an art. At least they ought not to take up the time of teachers who are able to teach and make true artists. And I will tell you why. There is no question but there are twenty musical ladies to one musical man, and my own experience is that they learn more quickly, have more poetry and, in fact, are more diligent pupils than men. But what is the invariable result? When a young lady has become a perfect artist, some handsome mustache comes along, and she chooses the handsome mustache in preference to art."

Contrary Winds.

Tommy (looking over the weather predictions)—Mamma, what is a contrary wind? Mrs. Tucker (putting an other pin or two in her hair)—Any wind, Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Strong Will.

Tess—She's a very strong-minded girl, isn't she? Bess—Oh, yes! She tells me she can quit chewing her gum the very minute her jaws get tired.—Detroit Tribune.

No Choice.

Ted—Do you think that old millionaire will do any good with his money? Ned—He'll have to. He has six marriageable daughters.—Illustrated Bits.

For His Appetite.

"I'm takin' somethin' fer me appe-tite—three times a day." "Wot?" "Breakfas', dinner an' supper!"