The Witch of Cragenstone By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ. Author of "In Love and Truth" Coparight, 1905, by Anita Clau Musoz

"Poor little Mistress Hetty!" he ex- and had worn my new lace tucker, claimed. "Didst never have other mayhap he would ha' admired me

church?'

cently.

Then, as he laughed again, this time blushed and hung her head. The sight of her pretty confusion touched Sir Godfrey.

"Here, Margaret, string thy lute," he cried, "and Mistress Hetty and I will tread a measure."

Margaret, smiling, touched the cords gently, and La Fabienne, bowing low, offered his hand to Hetty, who when she understood his meaning shrank back in alarm, with white face and parted lins.

"Nay, nay, sir," she stammered. "I must refuse thee. In our belief danc-



"I must refuse thee."

ing is a sin that sends the soul to eternal punishment, for so our preacher hath ever taught us, and my brother Josiah would cast me out of the house an he heard I indulged in such practices."

Sir Godfrey, inclining his head courteously, walked away, and Margaret threw down her lute, interposing hastily to cover Hetty's embarrassment.

"What ails thee, man, that thou would ask a Puritan maid to dance? Thou must excuse him, Hetty, as he knows not the pious customs of our mountain people. Come, dear Godfrey, read to us from thy new volume of Will Shakespeare. 'Twill delight sweet

pleasure than singing psalms in the more," she said. "As 'tis, perchance, he might speak o' me to a comrade high "Nay, unless 'tis walking home from ' in favor at the French court who would prayers o' nights," she replied inno- fall in love with his description and come bravely here to woo me."

The thought was so pleasant to the more loudly, Hetty became conscious, imaginative, romantic soul of little Hetty that, forgetting to pour the milk into the pans and set them away for the cream to rise, she sat on the edge of the churn, her head resting against the wall, lost in her rosy hued day dreams. With her hand in her imaginary lover's, who wore a suit of light blue velvet trimmed with silver braiding, she was just making a low courtesy before the king of France when her illusions were roughly dispelled by the loud, hearty voice of Simon Kempster, who having seen his adored Hetty enter the dairy, followed in her wake to have a chat with her: From the excessive heat and the exercise of carrying a sack of potatoes a long dis-

tance Simon's face was red and perspiring; his rough suit of homespun, unbuttoned at the throat, soiled' and shabby, hung loosely on his sturdy figure, and his broad farming hat made of reeds was torn and broken at the edges. He laid down the sack and entered

Startled from her brilliant dreams by Simon's appearance, Hetty's thoughts fied from the court of the king of France and fastened themselves upon matters of the present, the most important of which were the full milk pails. Springing off the churn and returning Simon's pleased grin with an absent smile of greeting; she proceeded to fill the row of pewter pans with the white foaming milk.

Fanning himself with his Broken hat, Simon watched her from his place at the door with admiring eyes. It occurred to him that Hetty had never before looked so pretty. The red color in her cheeks had heightened; her eyes were brighter; she held her little head higher, and in his estimation went about her homely task in the same manner as would have a queen. Looking at her white throat, he thought of the silver heart lying on her fair bosom that he had given her and that she had received with so much pleasure-a sweet secret safe between him and Hetty-and his honest heart gave a great throb.

Stepping to her side, he asked her for a mug of milk. Hetty's pleasant afteron and her hanny day dreams had left her in sort of an uplifted state. She wished good fortune to all and gave Simon the refreshment he demanded, with a smile of happi-

that I'll ha' none of thee. Dost think I would bother with thy little scraggly farm when I can be mistress of a grand estate? However," she concluded condescendingly, her foolish little

mind slightly troubled by the broken hearted expression in her companion's eyes, "think not that I will forget thee. Simon. Why, who knoweth but I may make thee overseer of one of my farms in the provinces. Think on that-thy bright future-with joyful anticipation, good Simon."

He came and stood before her with white, drawn face, depicting desperate earnestness.

"Then thou hast meant nothing by any fair words thou might have spoken?"

"Fie, Simon," she giggled nervously, more affected than she knew by his seriousness, "out upon thy cross looks! Thy solemn countenance would give a body the megrims! Who said we could not be friends?"

Kempster turned his back upon her and walked away. At the door be paused

"By all this talk then thou doth mean that thou canst not love me-that thou'lt never be my wife?"

"Thy wife! A common farmer's wife?" Hetty laughed a low, rippling laugh of amusement. "Nay, good Simon, thou must seek thy mate among thine own farm loving kind. As for me, I will wait the arrival of my gallant courtier."

"Hetty, hast forgotten the love erses?" His voice was entreating. "The verses! Ha, ha!"

She laughed again, this time more merrily. "To speak o' your silly rhymes as verses, forsooth! Why, body of me, good Simon, thou shouldst buy a book of good Will Shakespeare's verses, an' then thou'dst know what poetry is, an' ne'er more speak again. I warrant thee, o' thy monsensical rhyming."

Something must have snapped in Simon's heart, it went down with such a bound. Blindly he turned and groped his way out of the house, not seeing the sack of potatoes resting on the ground, tripped and almost fell over the house dog lying asleep in the shade and strode on with head downcast over the wet roadway, into the dull shadows of the approaching twilight.

CHAPTER XVI.

DAM, the goldsmith, waited late that afternoon for Christopher's return. Impatient at his delay and angry at the sight of the unfinished chores, he paced up and down the room restlessly, pausing at frequent intervals to look out of the doorway with nervous anxiety toward the forest footpath.

"'Tis passing strange," he muttered. 'The lad's ne'er done the like before. If he'd a thought of fear I'd say the storm delayed him, but such things as thunder showers 'ud ne'er bother Christopher. Nay," shaking his head, 'the lad's willful and careth not that the chores are undone."

Just then a shadow fell across the nreshold.

the missing lad, calling his name loud- | am's cottage, the goldsmith, where poor "But know this, Simon Kempster, 1y, then listening with straining ears for a response. But none came to their strong and eager cries, the accustomed stillness of midnight on the mountain being broken only by sounds of hurry

ing feet, shrieks of birds, roused from their nests by the unusual disturbance and glare of lights, as they flew through the trees with noisy clapping of wings, and the peculiar wailing sound of the wildcat as with gleaming eyes and showing its teeth savagely it slunk among the underbrush.

But it was not until morn that they found him. At the peaceful hour of dawn, when the sun was sending its first warm rays of light across the horizon line, tinting the sky with rosy pink that presaged the coming of another glorious day of life and activity, Taunston shouted to the others that he had found him, and his companions, running to the edge of the precipice, saw the bruised and swollen body of poor Christopher, held securely by a protruding root of a gnarled oak tree that had caught under his jacket, tossing up and down on the rushing, tumbling waters of the stream below, his glazed eyes wide open and staring, looking vacantly into the shocked and sorrowing faces above him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE next day Sir Godfrey La Fabienne, accompanying the mistress of the Mayland farm, was riding up the mountain toward the village, slowly and with slackened rein, talking earnestly in low tones.

"Nay, Godfrey, I am not ill. But since the shocking news of Christo pher's death I cannot lift his trouble from my heart," she was saying in reply, evidently, to some remark he had just made: "I do reproach myself that in mine own security I allowed the lad to follow his inclination and go into danger: One commanding word from me, with assurances that I would take all blame of the goldsmith's anger; would have sent him to the kitchen. Ah. lackadav!"

"Thou'rt over seasitive, my love, and must needs bear the suffering of all about thee," La Fabienne said. "Blame not thyself for what was not thy fault. By the Lord, thou asked the lad to remain and he would not. None other. Margaret, unless she had thy tender conscience, would so unjustly reproach herself. Come, cheer thee. Laugh, smile, sweet, or else, I swear, I'll get the blue megrims myself!"

"Jest not, dear Godfrey, for methinks that others hold my carelessness against me, for yesternight, when riding through the village, I noticed sullen looks, and instead of the usual formal greetings saw only frowning glances or averted faces."

"Again 'tis thine imagination that's at fault," her companion insisted, in gay good humor. "God's pity, but I cannot much blame thee, sweet, for of all lean shanked, sour faced folk I e'er have met these mountain folk take precedence. Thou should hear good Gaston's surly jests at their expense! Right merrily would thou laugh, my

Christopher's body lieth awaiting burial. Methinks the wreath of roses I sent yesterday was not enough to express my sympathy. I would like to

offer Adam some gold, Godfrey. Happen the old man is in need in his hour of trouble."

At the sound of horses' hoofs Adam Browdie appeared at the door, and when he saw who it was drew back. with blanched face, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth.

"I give thee good day, Adam," Margaret said, riding closer, "and I have much sympathy with thee in thy sorrow. Wilt take this small handful of gold, good man, as at times like these folk have many extra needs?" The sun, glittering over the house, fell on the cross lying on her bosom, illuminating it. In Adam's fear and terror it was all he saw, and to his excited imagination it appeared to blazen forth, covering the whole front of her

(To be Continued.)

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Travelers Guide.

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Trains arrive at and depart from BELLEFONTE as follows :--

as follows :-VIA TYRONE-WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., week-days arrive at Tyrone, 11.05 a. m., at Altoona, 1.00 p. m., at Pittsburg 5.50 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1.05 p. m., week-days, arrive at Tyrone, 2.10 p. m., at Altoona, 3.10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6.5 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 4.44 daily p. m., arrive at Tyrone 6.00, at Altoona, 6.55, at Pittsburg at 10.45. VIA TYRONE-EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., week-days, arrive at Tyrone, 11.05, a. m. at Harrisburg, 2.35 p. m., at Philadelphia, 5.47. p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 1.06 p. m., week-days, arrive at Tyrone, 2.10 p. m., at Harrisburg, 6.35 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10.47 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 1.44 p. m., daily, arrive at Tyrone, 6.00 p. m. at Harrisburg, at 10.00 p. m. Philadelphia, 12.3 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 1.26 p. m., daily, arrive at Tyrone, 6.00 p. m., at Harrisburg, at 10.00 p. m.
Philadelphia, 2.9 a. m.
VIA LOCK HAVEN-WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 1.26 p. m., week-days, arrive at Lock Haves 2.16 p. m., arrive at Buffalo, 7.40 p. m.

p. m.

Lock Havei 2.10 p. m., arrive at Buffalo, 7.40 p. m.
VIA LOCE BAVEN-EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a.m. week-days, arrive at Lock Have. 10.39, a.m. leave Williamsport, 12.35 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 1.25 p. m., week-days, arrive at Lock Have. 2.10 p m., leave Williamsport, at 2.53, p. m., arrive farrisburg, 5.00 p. m., Philadelphia 3.22 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 8.16 p. m., week-days, arrive at Lock Haven, 9.15 p. m., leave Williamsport, 1.35 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 4.15 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 4.15 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 4.15 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia 4.717 a.m.
Leave Bellefonte, at 6.40 a. m., week-days arrive at Lock Haven, 9.15 p. m., leave Williamsport, 1.35 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia 3.17 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 2.00 p. m., Week-days arrive at Lewisburg, at 9.05 a. m., Montandon, 9.15, Harrisburg, 4.35 p. m. at Montandon 4.45 p. Harrisburg, 7.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 10.47 p. m.

p. m. For full information, time tables, &c., call on ticket agent, or address Thos. E. Watt. Passen-ger Agent Western District, No.360 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.

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arriving there at 11:05. Returning it leaves Gram-pian at 2:50 p. m., and arrives in Tyrone at 5:35 p. m.

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On Sundays there is one train each way on the B. E. V. It runs on the same schedule as the morning train leaving Tyrone at 8:10 a. m., week days. And the afternoon train leaving Lock

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

Nov. 29th 1903.

STATIONS

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Nov. 29th.1908

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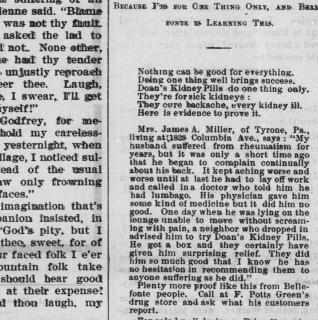
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Hetty, who hath great love for poetry, and as for me," she added, with a smile, "thou knowest the sound of thy voice is ever music in mine ears."

In reading and pleasant converse the afternoon passed so rapidly that it was after milking time when Hetty bethought herself of the lateness of the hour. Hurriedly saying her farewells, she ran down the roadway to the fence, sprang over the stile and went hastily in the direction of the pasture, where the cows, unaccustomed to such irregularity, had assembled at the gates, bellowing low plaintive calls for release.

Breathless and panting, Hetty let down the bars and, picking up a stick, proceeded to urge the cattle to a greater rate of speed than was usually necessary. If her mother had returned unexpectedly she was lost! Frightened at the thought, she gave the last cow in the line a sharp prod with the stick, who, not accustomed to such rough treatment, looked back at her reproachfully, then galloped awkwardly ahead of the others. The cows once In the barn, it was a matter of a few moments to collect the pails and stool for milking.

Other evenings Hetty sat down to this occupation cheerfully, usually singing lightly to the accompaniment of the soft sound of the milk streaming into the pail, but tonight the task was distasteful to her. She took her seat with a jerk and exclaimed irritably when the cow, in order to brush a fly from its back, whisked its tail across her face. "Keep still, thou old beldam cow! Dost think I want mine eyes scratched out o' my head?"

Although under the skillful manipulations of her hands the pails filled rapidly, Hetty's thoughts were not upon her occupation, but were over the meadows at the Mayland farmhouse, with La Fabienne and Margaret. The poetical and romantic vein that ran deep in this girl's nature had been touched by the afternoon's entertainment. The handsome dress of Sir Godfrey and his gallant bearing, combined with the exquisite beauty of Margaret in her soft flowing gown of white linen. caused Hetty's little heart to ache with sympathetic yearning.

Was ever seen such a bonny pair o' lovers?" she thought. "Such trust, such evidence of love in every action! Ah, lackaday, woe is me!"

She sighed hopelessly.

"No lover more gallant than a Puritan farmer, and instead of a lute a milk bucket!"

At last, her task finished, she carried the heavy pails to the dairy.

"Methought Sir Godfrey regarded me with a pleasant gaze," she said to herself as she rested on a churn near the door.

Then as a sudden thought seemed to strike her she raised her face quickly, her eyes beaming with brightness. 'An I had had the roses in my hair

"Poor Simon," she thought as she carried the first full pan to the but-"What a kind friend he hath tery. ever been to me. There's many a lonely hour I would ha' spent without him. When my lord doth come and I ride away I shall not forget Simon. Happen anon I may have influence to have him made lackey at the court."

Returning for another pan, with her heart and mind full of her good intentions, Hetty bestowed a more than ordinary sweet glance of esteem and kindly feeling upon her visitor, whose heart, always full of love for her, ached now to bursting with fancied encouragement. Only when wearing his new churchgoing black suit, he thought, had she ever given him kinder glances; so, regardless of his untidy appearance, he clasped the astonished Hetty in his arms and thoughts that for months had been filling his mind now took the form of words and sprang from his lips in sentences expressing his passionate love for her.

"Art gone daft, Simon? Ha' done, I tell thee!" she cried in angry surprise, struggling to free herself from his strong embrace.

"Hetty, say the word," he entreated. Promise to be my wife. Plight thy troth with me."

"Coward," she cried, "to hold a maid against her will! Dost think I want a cowboy for a husband?"

He loosed his hold and drew back as if stung, with staring eyes and a face from which all color had gone.

"Thou dost not love me. Hetty?" he asked solemnly. "An' all our sweet friendship is to go for naught?", "Love thee?" Hetty gave her head a

toss. "Whoe'er put thoughts of my loving thee into thine idle brain? Nay, silly. Look not so downcast," she cried, "an' take my best assurance that our friendship hath not been in vain, for so dear I hold thee in my heart that but e'en now before thou spokest thy foolish utterances I was making plans for thine advancement."

Unable to understand and much bewildered. Simon watched Hetty as she airily lifted her skirts and, holding her head very high, walked up and down the dairy in imitation of a grand lady.

"For thou knowest, Simon," she continued, with a patronizing nod, "methinks to marry a French courtier who will come anon on a white steed to woo me and take me back with him to Paris, there to set me up in a grand palace, with countless serving men and women to do my bidding."

"Hetty, what nonsense is this?" Simon cried in desperation. "What man is this thou lovest?'

"'Tis no man that I e'er seen as yet." Hetty continued her pacing up and

pectantly.

"Ah, bless me, Mistress Taunston!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Methought 'twas Christopher. Happen didst see that good for naught as thou didst come through the forest?"

"I saw him not, good Adam," the dame replied, "but I walked rapidly, as I am in haste to reach the house of Sister Hemming, that my son brought me word an hour since had been visited by the Lord with an affliction of numbness, so I bethought me that my prayers and services might be of use at the bedside. Did thy lad stray away?"

"'Twas after the hour of noon that I sent him to the Mayland farm with a trinket that I mended for the young mistress," he replied. "I' truth I would not ha' been in such good haste to send it had not thy good son Josiah warned me of possible evil contained in the papist symbol of the golden cross."

The woman threw out her hand in a manner that suggested hopeless resignation at the rashness of the old man's act and, addressing him harshly with tragic earnestness, said: "Thou didst send thy lad with that emblem of the black art, Adam Browdie. Forsooth," with an ominous shake of her head, 'twas no wonder then that the storm ose betimes, turning peaceful elements into devil's turmoil to bring honest folk to their knees calling on God to save them! Ah, sorrowful day!" she sighed drearily, then, raising her voice in rebuke, said, "'Twas thy duty, man, to ha' burned the wicked trinket instead o' sending an innocent lad with it to

bring destruction to him!" Adam, pale with apprehension, cowered back against the door. The words of his visitor were so positive and her manner carried such conviction with it that the old man was already aghast at the possible consequences of his foolish act.

"I must be on my way, good neighbor." Mistress Taunston lifted her skirts preparatory to leaving. "But happen thy lad returneth not by nightfall I would counsel thee to rouse the village, call the men out for a search, and if aught of harm hath befallen Christopher as a result of touching that cross," she continued sternly, with a threatening emphasis, "I wot measures must be taken at once to force the wearer of it to destroy it."

"Aye, aye!" the trembling old man concurred eagerly. "Such evil gimcracks worn for the sake o' wicked vanity should be destroyed. Mayhap, alas, enough harm hath been done a'ready! Ah, woe is me! 'Tis bad time we ha' fallen on!"

"Truth hast thou spoken. God keep thee, Adam." "And thee, good dame."

The woman passed on, grim and severe, and the shadow receded slowly from the threshold.

That night a party of men carrying torches searched the forest vainly for

sweet. Margaret not making reply, they pur-

sued their way in silence until they reached a low log house, where just before the door a group of children were throwing corn to a hen and her young brood. An elder girl, barefooted and dirty faced, looked up curiously at the approach of the riders; then, throwing back her tangled hair, opened her eyes in wonder at the sight of such unusual splendor, for the bright sun fell on Margaret's hair and lighted the threadwork of gold on her dress, the soft wind caught her long white veil of gossamer wound about her riding hat, tossing it lightly in the air, and La Fabienne, in his usual splendid dress, rode after her, smiling, his hand

sters. At that instant a woman in a torn cotton frock appeared at the doorway, her face drawn in terror and pointing a long finger toward Margaret.

in the leather purse of his belt, ready

to throw some loose coin to the young-

"Tirzah! Clarinda! Luke!" she shrieked. "Come in behind the doors! 'Tis the lady with the evil cross! Hast forgot the lad Christopher's fate? Run! I command ye to run!"

The panic stricken children, with white faces and in great fear, rushed to their mother's side, clinging to her skirts tremblingly as she slammed the door and noisily drew the bolt. "What said the shrewish wench?"

asked La Fabienne as he took his place beside Margaret.

"I did not exactly get her meaning, but she called the children from me, warning them of poor Christopher's sad death," she replied. "As I told thee, Godfrey, all blame of the lad's misfortune is laid to mine indifference." La Fabienne noting the cloud on his companion's face, his own grew dark, and he laid his hand upon his.sword. "By heaven, Margaret, an any man makes such insinuations in my hearing I'll run him through!" "Nay, talk not of bloodshed, God frey," she answered, with a gentle sigh, "but think rather of the time

when we will ride away together from these unjust people to a joyous and happy life in France." "Naught but that hope and the sweet

joy of thy presence doth keep me here, I do assure thee, Margaret," he replied seriously. "But, mark me, sweet, until we leave no man slights thee without settling the reckoning with me." Margaret, whose kind heart was full

of sorrow and trouble at the recent misadventure, also the consequent conduct of her neighbors, took heart at her lover's fond words.

"Thy protection and love giveth me great comfort, Godfrey," she replied. Then, with a little sigh, "But, I wot, this is a most depressing neighborhood."

La Fabienne laughed lightly, amused at her last observation. "See, yonder," she continued, "is Ad-

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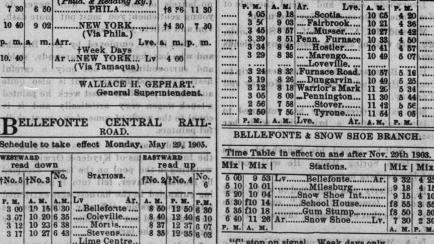
F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

8 28 12 28 5 8 24 12 24 5 8 20 12 20 5

3 26 10 34 6 50 ...,Fillmore..... 3 32 10 40 6 55Briarly..... 3 35 10 45 7 00Waddles.....

10 57 7 12 Krumrine.....

8 18 4 42 9 13 4 38 9 09 8 44 4 31 9 0 4 25 8 57 4 22 8 54 A. M. AI LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. 8 15 7 47 3 35 ...MILL HALL... †8 15 †4 00 †8 33 TWARD (N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.) 9 10 Arr. WMS FOR All. 11 30 Live J (Phila. & Reading Ry.) +8 ?6 11 30 7 30 P. M. | A. M. Ar.



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