

Bellefonte, Pa. July 27, 1906.

At the Top of the Road.

"But, lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—I have been used to bear the load so long; "And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road . . . " "Yet," said the stranger, "yield me now thy load."

In the Smart Little Trap

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

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"And he has the smartest looking trap you ever saw, Madge! It's champagne colored and a perfect love. What do you bet I don't land him, trap and all, before the summer's flown by?" Miss Irene Warden, a beauty (and aware of it), was writing to her girl chum concerning the bachelor who had just taken the big colonial house with the carriage road and iron archway which for several seasons now had abandoned hope of usefulness.

him driving now and then. Perhaps some day also he would take the professor's daughter. He liked her. He liked the natural, unabashed way in which she had acknowledged her father's presentation of him, with her sleeves rolled up and her arms full of sweet peas; he liked the width between her eyes, the breadth of her brow, the lines of her mouth. She was less pretty than many young girls, but there was about her a freshness, a sweetness, that pleased him, and he had noticed that her figure in her simple little gown was well molded and slim.

One evening toward twilight, when out in the open lawn bats were whirling aimlessly and tirelessly, Matlock dropped in upon the professor to make him a little call. He had fetched him his afternoon mail as pretext. While they were sitting out on the porch from the shadowy little parlor came the first chords of Beethoven's beautiful "Moonlight Sonata."

"That's Cynthia," said Professor Thornton in answer to his guest's start of surprise. "She's never too tired, no matter how hard or long the day has been, to play that sonata for me in the evening. I love it above all other written music, and she never forgets."

Then while the tree toads droned their harmonies he told Matlock a little about his daughter—how four years ago he had suffered a paralytic stroke and she had been obliged to leave school in her graduating year and nurse him night and day with untiring sweetness; how, when their slender income was exhausted a year back, she had been to make use of her musical skill and give lessons on the piano. And when the professor told of Cynthia's triweekly trips to Adams, the nearest town, his silvered head went down on his coat sleeve, and in the gloaming behind the honeysuckles the two men were silent.

Presently they smoked their usual cigars and indulged in their usual conversation—newspaper topics chopped fine by individual opinion, a good deal of politics, a little of art and science. Last of all, Cynthia came out.

"Delighted," she said, going prettily up to Matlock with outstretched hands. "While you two have been gossiping I've been remembering your weakness for tea and have drawn you a cup. Will you come in, or shall we have it out here?"

They went in. Near the little fern screened fireplace was a tea table, dainty in its array of polished silver and thin china. The hanging lamp shed the rich, soft glow of olive oil, and there was an air of intimate homelikeness about everything. Matlock had been a stranger to that sort of thing for so long that it sent a kind of thrill shivering through him. After all, to have a cozy tea table and a slim white hand to inclose in yours—Cynthia's hands were slim and white enough as they moved among the china in the half light. He pulled a chair close for the professor, and then sat down himself.

Before Mr. Horace Matlock went to bed that night he remembered that on the morrow Cynthia Thornton was to drive with him in his champagne colored trap. How it would harmonize with her soft hair before the ambitious sun touched it to gold! What a dear, womanly little treasure of girlish brightness she was, anyhow!

Cynthia only returned from Adams the next day a half hour before her drive and was, consequently, a bit tired. She was not one to make conversation, and the quiet and beauty of the scenes stretched out before her made her very silent. Matlock, as he handled the reins, watched both her and the landscape. There was a certain peace about them both. And peace was, above all things, what he wanted.

The next day Miss Warden wrote to her girl chum again: "In the beginning of the summer, Madge, dear, I wrote you that a certain matrimonial venture would be 'easy, plain sailing.' Alas! I'm afraid I shall never find port—not, at least, with my bachelor up on the hill. And with the name of wonders, who of all people do you suppose has taken the wind out of my sails? Cynthia Thornton, the old bookworm's daughter! He had her out driving in that little beauty of a trap three times during the last week of my knowledge! I'm afraid Cupid isn't very kind to me. You'll find I'll die an old maid after all, unless Tom!"

At this point Miss Warden's pretty teeth absently caught the top of her penholder, while she looked dreamily toward the sunny, tree lined street. Then she began to hum.

As she started on the fourth bar of her song a champagne colored trap skidded by. In it was the charming bachelor, and by his side was Cynthia Thornton.

His Two Thoughtful Wives. Several physicians were relating how carefully their wives looked after their interests and how diplomatic they were in saving them from doing unnecessary night work. One doctor gave an instance demonstrating how the best laid plans of men and mice oft miscarry.

FOOLING BENSON

By Charles Freeman Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"No one has been in your compartment since the money came in, has there?" demanded Robert Cable. "No one," admitted Jack Niblo, "but, on the other hand, I have handled no money from that drawer."

"Therefore it must have been a mistake in your addition. I am sorry, Jack, but we shall have to look to you to repay the loss."

"But this is the third time this week that this has happened," pleaded Niblo. "All the more reason why you should be more careful," said the president shortly. "It is inexcusable that a receiving teller should make three mistakes in a single week. If there is a repetition of this trouble I am afraid that I shall have to replace you."

Niblo bowed and left the private office. It seemed pretty hard to him that he should be required to make good a \$200 shortage in a single week, but three times when he had come to balance his accounts he had found that he was short. Once it had been a hundred dollar bill that was missing, and twice his sheet showed a fifty dollar shortage.

He had the money with which to make up the loss, for he had been saving up ever since Nettie Cable promised to marry him. At this rate the savings would soon vanish, yet if he was forced to give up his position because he was unreliable his savings would be gone before he could obtain another position without a recommendation from the bank.

It was with a heavy heart that he went to meet her. They were to go to a concert that evening. The girl's quick eyes perceived his despondency, and as they walked along she drew the story from him.

"Who do you think it is?" she asked. "That's the worst of it," he declared. "I have no grounds for suspecting any one. When I come back from lunch to

relieve Benson the money is right to a penny. The loss or mistake or whatever it is comes after that."

"But you can't be making mistakes all the time," she insisted. "Isn't it possible that some one comes into your cage for a moment?"

"Not a soul was in there all the afternoon," he said positively. "And Mr. Fell cannot reach over from his cage?"

"The money is all in the drawer. He would have to open that first."

"Have you looked behind the drawer?" she asked hopefully. "Perhaps it just fell down behind."

"I had the drawer out," he explained, "and looked behind it."

"Who is that in there?" she asked suddenly as they passed the bank building.

"It must be Benson," he answered carelessly. "He works late on the foreign business. I don't know whether he does it because he likes work or because he wants to make a good impression on your father, but he is in it all the time."

"Is the money all locked up?" "Benson wouldn't take it anyhow," he declared, "but the money is locked with a time lock. Benson merely uses the small safe with the books."

and as he turned over the bills he glanced at her. "Forty fifties," he laughed. "Do you make it the same?" Nettie nodded, and he turned to the rest of the money. Silently she checked the other items on the deposit slip, and as the boy turned away from the window she picked up one of the bills.

"What is that?" she demanded, pointing to some glistening particles. Niblo laughed. "That's from the foundry," he explained. "Gregson has been buying some steel."

"How do you know?" she asked. "Gregson is peculiar. He pays cash for everything he gets. The foundry sends him stuff for the houses he is building in the new section, and as the last load is dumped he sends over to pay for it. He will not use a bank, but pays in cash, and he never lets a bill run overnight."

"Does he buy much?" she asked as she fingered a bill. "They deposit cash about three times a week."

"And always with this thing on?" "It's steel filings," explained Niblo. "They are everywhere over at the foundry." He slipped the bills in the drawer and stuck the slip on the spindle.

"Jack," she said suddenly, "count the money again."

"I just did," he said, in surprise, as he opened the drawer. The other bills had been banded, and it was an easy matter to get only the foundry deposit. He ran the bills over rapidly, then turned to her with a puzzled expression.

"What do you make it?" he asked. "Thirty-nine," she declared as she picked up the pile of bills and laid them back in the drawer. "Don't find the other even if you can. Just wait. As soon as you are out of the bank come over to George Castle's."

All through the rest of the afternoon he wondered as he went about his work. There was trouble over the shortage, and Niblo left the bank with a warning that the next mistake would be his last.

He went straight across the street to the dental office in the postoffice building, where Nettie had told him to meet her, and in the darkness they watched the interior of the bank.

At last Benson came into the receiving teller's pen and fumbled there a moment. With a little cry Nettie ceased her vigil and went to the telephone. Half an hour later Nettie, her father and Niblo confronted Benson, still poring over his books.

In his pocket was a bill to which the steel filings still clung, and Nettie led the way to Niblo's compartment. Pulling out the drawer, she fumbled beneath for a second and drew out a heavy magnet.

"I noticed that the filings were pasted on the bills," she explained. "The treasurer at the foundry is Mr. Benson's cousin. They arranged that deposits should be made in the afternoon, when the drawer was already full and the bills would reach high. One bill would stick to the magnet on account of the filings. The drawer is not locked after the money is taken out, and it was easy when the watchman was in another part of the bank to slip in and take it off. If I had not tried to pick a speck off the bill Jack showed me no one would ever have guessed it. He gained his end and the money as well."

"A little while later Jack left Nettie at the gate. "With the salary that goes with the cashier's job I guess I can afford to get married now," he said.

"For what else did I fool Benson?" asked Nettie as she raised her lips for a kiss. "I told you I'd do it, and I did."

Facts About Mankind. Married people live longer than the unmarried, the temperate and industrious longer than the gluttons and idle, and civilized nations longer than the uncivilized. Tall persons enjoy a greater longevity than small ones.

Women have a more favorable chance of life before reaching their fiftieth year than men, but a less favorable one after that period. The proportion of married persons to single ones is as 75 to 1,000. Persons born in spring have a more robust constitution than those born at other seasons. Births and deaths occur all the world over more frequently at night than in the day time.

There are at present 3,000 languages spoken by the inhabitants of our globe, whose religious convictions are divided between 1,000 different confessions of faith.

The average duration of life is thirty-three years. One-fourth of the population of the earth dies before attaining the seventeenth year. Of a thousand persons only one reaches the age of a hundred years and not more than six that of sixty-five years.

The Most Useful Fish. The cod is the most useful fish in the world. As an article of food, wholesome and substantial, either fresh or salted and dried, it forms a valuable addition to the food resources of the world, and in this and other ways few members of the animal kingdom are more universally serviceable to mankind. Enormously prolific (one fish producing 9,000,000 eggs) and widely distributed, its usefulness is appreciated almost everywhere. The tongue is considered a delicacy, the swimming bladder furnishes isinglass equal to that got from the sturgeon, while cod liver oil has a worldwide reputation as a medicine and food in pulmonary and other wasting diseases, where its highly nutritive properties give it great value. The Norwegians give cod's heads, mixed with marine plants, to their cows to increase the yield of milk. The Icelanders give the bones to their cattle and in Kamchatka the dogs are fed on them, while in the icy wastes, destitute of trees, they are frequently dried and used as fuel.—London Answers.

The Cleanness of Water.

A scientist in the Department of Agriculture gives some interesting facts with reference to the color of water.

The fact is generally known that pure water appears blue when light is transmitted through a sufficient thickness of it, and that when opaque particles are suspended in it the hue of the water is greenish. But while pure water looks blue when light passes freely through it, yet when it is contained in a deep, opaque receptacle, like the basin of a lake or the ocean, it ought to absorb all light and look black.

Experience shows, however, that the deepest parts of the mediterranean, for instance, appear not black but intensely blue. This has been supposed to be caused by minute particles held in suspension, but the recent experience of the scientist quoted suggests a different explanation.

He has found that warm currents passing through pure water interrupt its transparency, even when the difference of temperature is very slight. Such currents may cause deep water to appear blue by reflecting light back from its depth through the transparent layers above. This, it is suggested, explains the fact that fresh-water lakes are more transparent in winter than in summer, because in winter currents of heated water are not traversing them. Even the shadow of a mountain falling on a lake may increase the transparency of the water by cooling the surface.

Farmer Destroys Famous Stone.

Indignation has been aroused in Washington county, this State, by the destruction of the "Painted Rocks" near Millboro. On the top of a hill rising above the Monongahela river stood an immense altar stone carved by Indians with figures of men, bears, wolves, snakes, and, strangest of all, a kangaroo. The rock was visited by thousands from all sections of the country, who stood on the ground owned by Joseph Horner, who became angered by the conduct of visitors and blew the historic altar into fragments with dynamite, a short time ago. Horner says he did it in self-protection, as his farm was being over-run.

This remarkable rock has attracted attention since the earliest discoveries made in Western Pennsylvania. It has formed the subject for numerous reports by parties sent out at different times by the United States government, and is spoken of and illustrated in many of the histories of the country. Hundreds of learned men in the United States, England and France have examined it and written about it in works designed to solve the origin of the North American Indians. For more than 100 years it has been considered one of the most important remains of the written characters of the Indians, and many interpretations have been made of the hieroglyphics. The news of the destruction of the rock will be learned with regret by many of the present-day students of the life and manners of the North American Indians.

"You say you never gossip?" "Never," answered Miss Cayenne. "When I feel disposed to hear my neighbors discussed, I merely mention a name and proceed to listen."

The Floor of the Pacific. The red clay which covers the deep floors of the Pacific and the Indian oceans is made up of refuse and residue—that which can withstand the strong chemical action of the gases. In it may be found decomposed volcanic rock, pumice, zeolitic crystals, manganese oxides, meteoric iron, teeth of sharks and ear bones of whales. Few if any shore deposits are apparent in it. The rock is vitreous refuse, belched forth by subterranean or insular volcanoes. The minerals are supposed to be of cosmic origin—planetary dust and meteoric fragments that have fallen into the sea and have become disintegrated. The great quantity of sharks' teeth remains quite unaccounted for—at least their apparent gathering together in these ocean basins is considered very strange.—J. C. Van Dyke in "The Opal Seal."

A Missing Five Franc Piece. Fully half the grownup people of France believe the old story that Napoleon Bonaparte put a check for 100,000 francs in a silver five franc piece and that the coin is yet in circulation. They say that the people did not want the five franc piece and that in order to create a demand for it Napoleon resorted to the device mentioned. The check or treasury order, it is said, was written upon asbestos paper and inclosed in the metal at the time the coin was made. Thousands of five franc pieces are annually broken open and have been so inspected since the story of the check was first circulated.

Right of Way in New York. Most people in New York think Uncle Sam's mail wagons are supreme. They are not. The hospital ambulance comes first. Life is more sacred than mail, and when the ambulance gong gongs clear the track. Next in importance is the fire engine. Property is more important than mail, and when the engine toots "and the bells ring clear the way. Then the mail wagons, which have precedence over everything but the ambulance and fire engine. This is settled by city ordinance.—New York Press.

Two Witnesses. In order to test a Chinese witness' qualification for taking the oath an English magistrate asked him the other day where he expected to go when he died. He replied, "Peking," and was disqualified.

One in another English court, a little girl, in answer to that question said, "I don't know." The horrified counsel called the judge's attention to the answer. "Oh, I don't know, either," said the judge. "Swear the witness."

Sam Worshippers. One of the best friends the tailor has is a spell of warm, bright sunshine. It shows up the shabby portions of dress and reveals its faded parts in unmistakable fashion, with the result that the wearers soon find their way to the tailor and order a fresh supply of up to date styles.—London Tailor and Cutter.

Cityman.—Are you afraid of burglars since you lost your dog? Subbubs.—No! at all. We've got a new baby at our house, you know.

What Visitors Think of the Bellefonte Fish Hatchery.

Sometime ago Mrs. M. F. Levan, of Muncy, was in Bellefonte and took occasion to visit the Bellefonte fish hatchery. On her return home she wrote her impressions of the place for the Muncy Luminary, which we republish as follows:

During a recent visit to Bellefonte we were taken by carriage over a delightful part of the country, and most of the drive was over a turnpike road with the old fashioned toll gate looming up, and the toll house keeper pleasantly waiting for his toll. After a drive of about five miles we reached the hatchery, consisting of a number of plain buildings surrounded by ponds and water courses, in the midst of twenty acres of land which is rapidly being converted into a park. Hundreds of shade trees of various kinds are being planted, and the place bids fair to be a great resort for visitors. We were requested to register our names, and found many visitors had preceded us but ours were the only names with Muncy attached. The article is written to induce our friends when in the vicinity of the hatchery to visit it for both knowledge and pleasure. We were shown many things of interest, with regard to the propagation of trout for planting purposes, a million of which have been sent out this season to Pennsylvania and central counties of Pennsylvania. The large fish did not appear to me to be as pretty as the brook trout I have often seen glittering in the water of Bear Creek, but it was a fine sight to see such a great number. One gentleman of our party remarked they might not be quite as pretty as wild ones, but would taste just as good if we could only have some for our supper.

Another great attraction is the frog pond, where frogs are propagated, a million of which will be hatched this season. They are queer looking little black things, one could scarcely tell what they would be when finished, but the pond looked very refreshing with its bed of water cress making plenty of hiding places for the modest little tad poles.

Once in a while we caught sight of a peculiar looking frog such as our boys catch in Muncy Creek with a piece of red flannel for bait.

Taste for Chocolate Grows.

Judging from the statistics that are being compiled by the Department of Commerce and Labor the taste for chocolate in the United States is increasing each year. In twenty years the importation of cacao (the chocolate bean) has grown from nine million pounds to sixty-three million pounds.

In this connection a word may be said as to the difference between "cocoa," "cacao" and "coca." Cocoa is the name of the palm tree that produces the cocconut, a fruit too well known to need description. Cacao is the fruit of another tree, which grows in Central America and in some parts of Asia and Africa. It is from this tree we obtain chocolate. Coca is the name given to a shrub of South Africa, the leaves of which are used by the natives to allay hunger and thirst and to deaden pain. From these we get cocaine.

Having once tasted the thick, delicious chocolate grown, made and brewed in Central America, one ceases to wonder at the early enthusiasts who named it "Theodrom" ("the nectar of the gods.") One reason why our chocolate is inferior to that of other countries is that ours is adulterated with pipe clay. Pipe clay is cheap and heavy, weighing five times as much as cacao, and is a regrettable fact that the enterprising Yankee is not above using tremendous quantities of it.

The finest cacao bean in the world grows in Luzon, Philippine Islands. These beans grow in a very odd fashion, in large, pear-shaped pods from five to ten inches in length. They are attached to the trunk of the tree by short stems. Ripeness is indicated by a delicious aroma of chocolate that pervades the orchard. The pods are cut off with sharp shears, or with a keen-edged hooked knife, fastened on the end of a bamboo pole. They are thrown into heaps and, within twenty-four hours, are opened. Each fruit is cut in half to remove the mass of pulp and seed. The beans are separated according to size, the largest, of course, bringing the highest prices in the chocolate markets of the world.

Monkeys, rats and porrets are the natural enemies the cacao farmer has to fear.

Irving Grinnell, treasurer of the Church Temperance Society of New York, told at a temperance meeting a dramatic story.

"A woman entered the barroom," he said, "and advanced quietly to her husband, who sat drinking with three other men.

"She placed a covered dish on the table and said: "Thinkin' ye'd be too busy to come home to supper, Jack, I've fetched it to you here."

And she departed. "The man looked awkwardly. He invited his friends to share the meal with him. Then he removed the cover from the dish.

"The dish was empty. It contained a slip of paper that said: "I hope you will enjoy your supper. It is the same as your wife and children have at home."

"There is no doubt," said the student of law, "that many people have been imprisoned, although innocent of any crime."

"I know that by sad experience." "You don't say so! Let's have the story."

"There's no story to it. I merely had the bad luck to be drawn on several juries that were locked up over night."

"Mother, if I should die, would I go to heaven?" "Yes dear; I think so." "If you should die, would you go to heaven?" "Why, my dear, I hope so."

"Well, I hope so, too. It would be awful for me up there to be pointed out as the little girl whose mother was in hell."

Uncle Josh.—It seems the minister has had remuneration for the last three years, but he hasn't said anything about it. Aunt Hetty.—Why, I could have told him just what to do for it. Uncle Josh.—Mebbe that's one of the reasons why he kept it quiet.

"Poor Bickers has a very hard hearted wife," said Trivet. "What's the trouble now?" asked Dier. "She not only broke the broomstick over his head, but made him go to the store and buy another."