

Bellefonte, Pa., September 21, 1906.

**The Girl and the Davenport**

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

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In the twilight of a secondhand shop on Royal street Van Holden saw her first. She came toward him down an aisle of shadow between old mahogany sideboards and dusty armchairs and laid her gray gloved hand upon one end of a quaint davenport on whose other end reposed the hand of Van Holden.

"This davenport," she said to the shopkeeper, "is the one you reserved for me, is it not?"

"Pardon me," said Van Holden firmly—the davenport was genuine mahogany and of a good shape—"I have just bought it."

The shopkeeper, a little creole with voluble eyes and a fierce mustache, looked from one to the other. "Mais oui," he murmured politely, "it is your good davenport?"

"You promised yesterday afternoon," she said with icy dignity, "to reserve it for me. I must have it. I wish it upholstered in the green rep you showed me, and I want it by Thursday morning."

"Pardon me"—Van Holden began again.

She ignored his existence and drew a card from her case of snakeskin.

"Here is my address," she said, scribbling something thereon, "and I will give you a check on delivery of the davenport. Eighty dollars I think you hold."

Van Holden's sense of humor, assisted by the pleasing picture of pale hair and gray eyes in a cool pale face against a background of cobwebbed walls, began to rise.

"I was to have had it for fifty," he suggested plaintively.

"I will give you eighty for it," she said to the shopkeeper. And her face was noticeably less pale.

"It is your good davenport," said the shopkeeper, twisting his fierce mustache. "I pay hundred dollar for it, but I take eighty. Yes, I take eighty."

"Oh, you do?" said Van Holden sarcastically. "What about the fifty I'm giving you? I suppose you take that too? Now, see here, my man. He smoothed out the check between his fingers.

"If you have paid for it," said the lady idly, "I shall of course not take it. I had not understood—"

"Pray do not consider me in the matter," said Van Holden, with equal promptness. "I shall not take it now." He thrust the check into his vest pocket as the shopkeeper's dirty fingers closed clawlike over the lady's card.

"Upholster in green rep? Varnish? Me, I lose \$20, yes—but—you take it—I keep my word."

"No," said the lady; "I shall not take it. My card." She slipped it back into the case. "I do not care for the davenport." She walked to the door, holding her skirts away from contamination, and turned into the hot, narrow street, a slender figure in a gray gown and a gray hat with pale roses on the wide brim.

Van Holden lit a cigarette in the interval of regarding the shopkeeper with a piercing interest. "Overreached yourself that time, Mr. Montague," he remarked pleasantly.

"Dose Yankees," said Mr. Montague innocently.

"I dare say," said Van Holden. He walked to the front of the shop, the creole at his heels, and a humorous smile twitched the corners of his mouth. "That was a dirty trick of yours. And, by the way, you needn't send up that chair I looked at. I don't care to deal with you in future."

Mr. Montague shrugged his shoulders and lifted up his eyes. Van Holden turned on his heel and walked leisurely down the street, his annoyance lost in a sense of amusement.

"Dose Yankees," he echoed to himself. Then his meditation took the form of manifest approval. "She would have been a picture on that davenport after it was done in green, with her coloring—lack of coloring, rather. Hello Berden! Anything doing? Come

over and have lunch at the Cosmopolitan."

"That's where I'm going now," said Berden. "You are just the man I want. I'm taking the girls to lunch today. Molly has a girl visiting her, you know. You'll just round out the party and make us happy foursome. Oh, come on. And see here, Van—what about that deal you made in cotton yesterday?"

They sauntered down the street, deep in discussion, until Berden stopped suddenly. "Jove! I've got to go over to some blamed store and meet those girls. You go on and engage a table; that's a good fellow. Order the lunch, if you want to; you do it better than I do anyhow. I shan't be long."

He darted off, like a distracted water bug in linen clothes and a Panama, and Van Holden set forth upon his quest of a table. He found one in a cool corner of the dining room and consumed some time in the ordering of a luncheon that should combine delicacy and a good deal of ice.

When the waiter had left him, he fell to drumming on the table and thinking of the davenport girl, as he called her to himself. "Cool," he mused, "and self-possessed—and, Lord, what a face—prettier, perhaps, for a touch of color."

Vaguely he remembered something about "the beauty of a blush to him who has caused it" and smiled to think that he had made her blush for anger.

"Heigh-ho," he sighed, entirely without reason, and on the moment Berden's voice was in his ears. "Wake up, boy! Look as if you were seeing ghosts, doesn't he, Molly? Miss McCollough, Mr. Van Holden. Did you order lunch, old chap?"

"I did," said Van Holden steadily.

"It ought to be here in a moment. Mrs. Berden, sit here; then the light won't be in your eyes."

He changed seats with her deftly and faced across the white tablecloth, accusing gray eyes under a wide brimmed gray hat with pale roses. There was a hint of color in the face.

"Say, Van," cried the irrepressible Berden, "you ought to hear Miss McCollough's story of the way she was 'done' by an antique dealer today—promised to hold a desk or something for her—"

"Don't tell on me," pleaded Miss McCollough nervously, "please, Mr. Berden."

"Oh, the joke's not on you," said Berden consolingly. "And when she went there she found a chap engaged in buying her piece—a very decent looking chap, she says."

"Do make him hush, Molly." Miss McCollough's glass of water answered a despairing and surreptitious push by flowing across the tablecloth on to Berden's knees.

Miss McCollough gasped.

"Oh, that's all right," said Berden, jumping up. He beckoned a waiter and presently resumed his seat and his story.

"Chap was awfully good looking," he rattled on, "well-dressed—manner—what was his manner, Molly? Oh, yes, 'the perfection of indifference and the dearest smile.'"

The quick crimson swept up to the gray hat brim, but Berden was merciful.

"She insisted on having the thing; so did he. She spoke of paying \$80 for it. He let out that he was getting it for \$50. I tell you those dealers are regular sharks. So she didn't take it, and listen to this, Van Holden—she says she's willing to lose the furniture for the sake of the adventure—says she's found her affinity."

"For pity's sake, Bobbie, hush!" cried his wife. "Can't you see you're worrying Nora? Do eat your lunch."

"Did the man get the desk, Miss McCollough?" inquired Van Holden, with courteous interest.

"Probably so. I left him there," she answered vindictively. "Mr. Berden, is the old Hotel Royal open to visitors?"

"Why don't you go back and see?" asked the man across the table insistently.

"The hotel?" she inquired, surprised.

"No; the antique store—"

"Because I am not sufficiently interested," Van Holden smiled confidently and applied himself to the salad.

With the arrival of the finger bowls the conversation by easy stages, in which Berden's new motor, the last regatta and a projected house party across the lake were discussed, came back to Miss McCollough's adventure.

"So you think the man bought your desk?" said Van Holden. "If he didn't—I'll wager he will."

Mrs. Berden arose, shaking out her skirts. "If he saw his affinity as she saw her," she laughed, "he may have bought it for her sake."

"I was thinking of that," said Van Holden.

"And some day," said Mrs. Berden teasingly, "she may sit on it before his library fire—in a soft gray gown—the davenport was to be upholstered in dull green, you know."

"Don't be silly, Molly. We shall be late if you talk so long." Miss McCollough insisted feverishly.

"Well, you never can tell," said Berden. "Anything might happen, eh, Van?"

"I should think that was quite possible," said Van Holden.

"Of course," said Berden. "Come up and see us, old chap."

"We're going to motor out to west end for dinner tomorrow night. Don't you want to come?" echoed his wife.

"I do," said Van Holden earnestly. "But Miss McCollough hasn't asked me yet."

"Will you come?" asked Miss McCollough, with level defiance and something else in her gray eyes.

That day Mr. Montague sold the davenport.

**THE EQUITY SUIT POSTPONED**

Philadelphia, Sept. 18.—Incensed by the postponement granted of the trial of the city's equity suit against D. J. McNichol & Co. for an accounting in the municipal filtration contract, State Senator J. P. McNichol, a member of the firm, declared that within 48 hours he will institute proceedings against the city for breach of contract. The trial of the city's suit had been scheduled for Monday, and the defendants were anxious to proceed, but City Solicitor Kinsey and Major Gillette, chief of the filtration bureau, requested a postponement on the ground that John D. MacLennan, of New York, an expert engineer, could not be produced at this time to testify. The city still owes Mr. MacLennan \$22,000, his bill for expert services in connection with the investigation of the filter plant. It was stated in court that Mr. MacLennan had refused to testify unless his bill was paid. The court fixed December 3 as the date for the trial.

The suit against D. J. McNichol & Co. is one result of Mayor Weaver's move for reform after his break with the regular Republican organization in May, 1905. An investigation of the city's filtration plant in course of construction by D. J. McNichol & Co. resulted in the arrest of John W. Hill, then chief of the filtration bureau, on charges of conspiracy to defraud the city. Mr. Hill was acquitted. The report of Major Gillette, J. Barclay Parsons and J. D. MacLennan, the experts engaged by Mayor Weaver to investigate the work, charged that the city had been defrauded of about \$6,000,000 in excess profits to the contracting firm. Suit was entered to recover this amount, and it was the trial of this suit which was postponed. In the meantime the McNichol contract was annulled.

**Locomotive Blown Up; Two Killed.**  
Monongahela City, Pa., Sept. 18.—By the explosion of a boiler of a Pittsburg, Virginia & Charleston freight engine, the engineer and fireman were killed, four severely injured and the engine and caboose reduced to scrap iron. All the injured were scalded about the face and hands, and received severe bruises. They were taken to a hospital and will probably recover. The cause of the explosion is not known.

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CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

**Travelers Guide.**

**CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.**  
Condensed Time Table effective June 18, 1906

READ DOWN		STATIONS	READ UP	
No. 1	No. 3		No. 4	No. 2
8 a. m.	9 p. m.	Bellefonte	8 a. m.	9 p. m.
7 19	10 42	Bellevue	9 40	5 15
7 21	6 51	Nanticoke	9 47	5 02
7 26	6 56	Mifflin	9 54	4 57
7 33	7 03	Hercules Park	10 01	4 51
7 35	7 05	Duncansville	10 03	4 48
7 39	7 09	Hubbardsburg	10 09	4 44
7 43	7 13	Snyderstown	10 16	4 40
7 45	7 15	Nittany	10 21	4 38
7 47	7 17	Huston	10 26	4 35
7 51	7 21	Lanark	10 32	4 32
7 53	7 23	Clintonville	10 36	4 29
7 57	7 27	Krider'siding	10 42	4 25
8 01	7 31	Mackeyville	10 48	4 21
8 07	7 37	Cedar Springs	10 54	4 14
8 10	7 42	Salona	11 00	4 12
8 15	7 47	MILLS HALL	11 05	4 07

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

WESTWARD		STATIONS	EASTWARD	
(No. 5)	(No. 3)		(No. 2)	(No. 4)
11 45	9 04	Jersey Shore	5 26	7 52
12 29	9 35	WM's POST	7 59	9 29
12 29	11 39	Phil. & Reading Ry.	8 30	6 50
7 30	6 50	PHIL.	4 50	11 30
10 20	9 02	NEW YORK	11 20	9 00
P. m. a. m.	Arr.	(Via Phila.)	Lve.	a. m. p. m.
10 40	Ar.	(Via Tanquet)	Lv	4 00
		WEEK DAYS		
		General Superintendent		

**BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.**

Schedule to take effect Monday, May 29, 1906.

WESTWARD		STATIONS	EASTWARD	
(No. 5)	(No. 3)		(No. 2)	(No. 4)
P. M.	A. M.	Lv	A. M.	P. M.
3 00	10 15	Bellefonte	8 50	12 50
3 07	10 22	Covertville	8 50	12 46
3 12	10 27	Morris	8 57	12 37
3 17	10 32	Stevens	9 05	12 28
3 21	10 36	Hunt Centre	9 11	12 21
3 26	10 41	Fillmore	9 18	12 15
3 32	10 46	Brady	9 26	12 08
3 35	10 47	Wadleys	9 30	12 03
3 38	10 47	Rumrine	9 37	11 57
4 05	11 10	State College	10 00	12 00
4 15	7 27	Struble	9 55	4 35
4 16	7 31	Bloomington	9 55	4 35
4 20	7 35	Pine Grove Mills	9 55	4 30

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3 17	10 32	Stevens	9 05	12 28
3 21	10 36	Hunt Centre	9 11	12 21
3 26	10 41	Fillmore	9 18	12 15
3 32	10 46	Brady	9 26	12 08
3 35	10 47	Wadleys	9 30	12 03
3 38	10 47	Rumrine	9 37	11 57
4 05	11 10	State College	10 00	12 00
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