

Bellefonte, Pa., June 26, 1908.

## The falling of Lucy.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Elwood craned his neck as the train drew in at the little station. Yes, here was the low, red brick structure, from either end of which the road wound away between the young oaks, now showing a faint misty brown in the

late April sunshine. With a sudden impulse he arose and grasped his hat and grip. In another instant he stood before the station house, while the train screamed away through the wooded tunnel of oaks.

He looked around at the familiar scene, slightly bewildered at the result of his impulsive action. He had left New York with the intention of spending the week end with friends at Shrimp Cove, but the familiar scenes through which the train had sped and which marked milestones in his memory had roused within him depths of feeling that he thought could not now exist.

Evading the puzzled glance of the station agent, he turned down the right hand road. Ultimately it would take him to the village hostelry. Incidentally it would lead him over old paths and permit his fancy to revel in banished dreams.

He plodded through the thick yellow sand with eager eyes on the budding hedges. Gratefully he inhaled the delicate spring odors that seemed to emanate from the golden afternoon

He paused, once beside a foaming spring where sweetflag was shooting green blades from the black, oozy mud, and again in the Honeyspot road, where arbutus clung to the steep banks and the pink pouch of the moccasin flower sprang from the lichened tree stumps. Each time he removed his hat and stood with painfully knitted brow and reflective eyes. Then he moved on.

The village hotel was under new management, and he passed unchallenged by old acquaintances. He strolled down the irregular street after the evening meal was over and in the spring twilight revisited old haunts and revived old memories until his mind was a chaos of rage with himself and grief for the unattainable.

The next morning when clamoring bells rang out from the white painted churches and the quiet streets were gay with the Easter finery of the village belles Elwood made his way to a quaint old edifice tucked away on the shore road, so that when he was seated in a familiar place he could see the white sails in the harbor and the thin drift of smoke from passing steamers

on the sound. The gathering congregation looked stranger who sat in the old Elwood pew, but he maintained an attitude of motionless rigidity, with eyes fixed steadily on the rippling water beyond the window. He was listening with painful eagerness for a light step.

It came. He heard the swish of silk and the soft slip of her feet as she ascended the steps of the chancel and took her place among the assembled choir. In his eyes' mind he could see her, cool and pale, with flaxen hair and dark blue eyes.

There would be little change in her appearance after fifteen years. Her fair skin might have faded a little, and her slimness might have become angularity, but there would be no other visible alteration. Still, he could not look.

Two women rustled into the seat behind him and conversed in hissing whispers that reached his ear with annoying distinctness.

"Lucy Clifford's got on her blue foulard silk, ain't she?"

"Yes! I wender if she's going to sing

"I suppose so. Mr. Larkin said it would be the last year she could sing in the choir."

"Her voice is getting terrible thin,

and once in awhile it gives out. She ain't sung for two or three weeks now. I guess she was saving it so's she

could sing today." "Lucy's getting to be a regular old maid. Now that she's left alone down to the old place, I guess she wishes she'd taken up with young Elwood

"I hope her voice don't fail today," remarked one of the women as the low tones of the organ rumbled through the church.

Elwood turned his head. Yes; there she sat, her pale, pure profile outlined against the red and purple of the chancel window.

She looked as his memory had limned her save that she was not angular; she still retained her youthful slimness. There was a pathetic droop to her once proudly lifted head and a wistfulness in the full lidded eyes as

she turned toward the congregation. The organ ceased, the white robed minister entered and knelt in prayer, and then with a triumphant burst of music the choir arose and the notes of the anthem rang through the little church. Elwood pressed a hand across his stinging eyes as the familiar melody proceeded. It seemed but yesterday that he had stood beside Lucy Clifford in the choir and lifted his strong young

voice in that same strain. He heard the high notes of her thin soprano above the reedy tenor and the rumble of alto and bass, and there was an uncertain quality in it that caused his heart to beat a little faster in the

fear that her voice might fail altogether. Anxiously he followed her through the anthem and sighed with relief when the final "Amen" died away in the rustle of the kneeling people.

The service proceeded as it had proceeded fifteen years ago. There was another minister and, save for Lucy Clifford, other voices in the choir. There were strangely familiar faces in the congregation, and his eyes eluded many a glance of recognition. It was enough for him that he could look upon Lucy Clifford's sweet face once again. In the morning he would go away.

When the long sermon was finished the organ commenced a well known prelude, two gray haired wardens creaked up the aisle and received the oaken contribution boxes, while the choir arose to sing the offertory.

"Christ the Lord is risen today. Al-

le-lu-ia!" That was Lucy's voice rising high above the other singers, and again Elwood felt that tender apprehension lest she should fail. When the second stanza was begun her tones were

strained and tremulous. "She's going to break down!" whispered one of the women in the seat behind him.

"Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er"— It had happened. With a discordant wail like the breaking of a violin string Lucy Clifford's voice died out. The startled choir paused for an instant, and then from the congregation burst a man's strong voice, "Al-le-lu-ia!" To a triumphant conclusion he carried the fine old melody, his rich tenor supporting the wavering voices of the agitated choir. He had seen the white, frightened face of Lucy Clifford turned in his direction, and he threw all the vigor and force of his nature into the

third stanza. Almost unconsciously her tremulous voice took up the refrain, and once more their tones were united. It seemcuriously at the dignified, middle aged ed as though her weak utterance rested on the assured strength of his, and he carried it up-up-to an exultant close until their voices blended in final

joyous "Al-le-lu-ia!" Lucy Clifford sank back in her seat with trembling hands and a flickering color in her pale cheeks. She did not glance at Allen Elwood. It was sufficient for her that he was present and that in the hour of her distress he had come to her rescue.

It was like him to have done that. It was strange that she had permitted that escapade of his youth to blind her to his many noble qualities. Well, it was too late now, but she could remember this day. It would be a pleas-

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THE REGISTRAR, State College, Centre County. Pa. ant memory to be stored away against

a dreary future. When the service was concluded, Lucy Clifford slipped through the side door into the churchyard and thence toward the opening in the stone wall that led to the homeward path across

Elwood did not follow her. It would be of no use. He was too much of a black sheep. But when the dusk fell he walked slowly along the shore road until he came to the old Clifford place. It was a long, low, brown house facing the harbor. Tall cherry trees overshadowed its gabled roof, and thick hedges of pungent box bordered the winding paths. A wind swept up from the bay, and a shower of blossoms fell about him. A whipporwill throbbed from the bough of an apple tree. It

was like another night that was past. There was a light step on the graveled path, a startled exclamation, and he was holding Lucy's unresisting

hands in his own. "I have come to ask your forgiveness. Lucy," he began tenderly.

"Nay," she murmured tremulously; "it is I who should ask yours for my narrow minded prejudices. But that is past-I-I tried to steel my heart and failed-and the years have been so long, Allen"- Her voice broke.

"I know," he said slowly, "but the years that are to come will be long and sweet, God willing!"

The whipporwill whirred away through the darkness, while again the cherry trees swayed in the breeze and sent a shower of bridal whiteness over the lovers at the gate.

Philosophy of Good Clothes.

Besides the sentimental and aesthetic reasons that exist for dressing well it seems there is a scientific one, if we accept the statement of a London medical man that a good suit of clothes acts as a tonic on the mind of the wearer, while the consciousness that one is not at one's best in appearance if wearing shabby or ill fitting clothes may be reckoned as one of life's real handicaps. In the morai support that smart clothing furnishes he thinks there is a source of mental strength and activity that aids one to center one's thoughts on the things that lead to success in one's trade and profession. To be shockingly attired and to be constantly conscious of the condition leads the mind into worrying ways that dissipate healthy energy.-Boston Transcript.

A Different Brand.

An eminent medical gentleman engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting the patient and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him if he "began to see snakes again." At the next call the physician found the patient again raving. To his puzzled inquiry the nurse replied that the man had been going on that way for several hours and that she had not

given him any medicine.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" demanded the physician.

"But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently. "He saw red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on."-Lippincott's Maga-

A Triple Coincidence. An almost incredible triple coincidence was noted in France some years ago. In 1894 the deputy for the Ardennes was M. Ferry; for Loir et Cher, M. Brisson, and for the Vosges, M. Hugo. In 1793, 101 years earlier, each district had been represented in the chamber by a man of exactly the same

Pleasant. Mistress (midnight)-I don't intend to come downstairs to let you in at this time of night again. New Girl (reassuringly)-You won't have to, mum. One of my friends took an impression of your lock, and he's making a nice key for me.-London Globe.

Fatal Error. "N. Peck's wife leads him a rather merry gait, I fancy.

"Oh, yes When he was courting her he told her one day she looked pretty where she was augry, and now t has got to be a habit."

He is lifeless that is faultless. French Proverb.

Health is the vital force of woman's attractiveness. When she loses her health she loses her charm. Nothing can stimulate the sparkle health gives to the eye, the mirth it lends to laugh. The general health of woman is bound up with the local health of the delicate womanly organs, and any attempt to re-establish the health of woman must begin by curing the ulceration, inflammation or female weak-ness, or stopping the debilitating drains which sap the strength and mar the beauty. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription works wonders in restoring the general health. "Friends hardly know me." "I am again robust and rosy cheeked," are only some of the frequent testimonies to the rejuvenating power of "Favorite Pre-

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