

IN HER MOMENT OF WEAKNESS.

She had always been distressingly capable and competent.

"I don't believe Beatrice ever had a headache or a nervous spell like you girls have," Henry Dalton had remarked one day to his two sisters, absorbed by boubons and new novels, and wrapped in indifference and silk negligees.

And the tone in which he spoke was not entirely complimentary. In fact, a distinct note of personal injury rang through it, for how can a man assume an attitude of protective chivalry toward a girl entirely capable of doing for herself?

Beatrice never dropped her fan or her handkerchief, nor came into the drawing room with her glove unbuttoned, nor gave opportunity for the little services which other women seemed to have demanded of Henry Dalton since he had risen to the dignity of knickerbockers.

Yet withal Beatrice Craig was nothing if not feminine. She wore the softest and most clinging of fabrics. She played golf, but did not court bare arms and tan. She wore tailored suits, but she softened them with delicious froufrou bows of lace at her throat. She was ruffly and fluffy, but she never tore her ruffles and then asked for a pin to make repairs.

And if all these things she was before her father's failure and death she was doubly inaccessible and impregnable after reverses overtook her. Before that she had simply fenced with Dalton. Now she donned an armor that seemed well nigh invulnerable.

Directly the estate was settled up and the smallness of her inheritance was made known to her Beatrice Craig had turned breadwinner, investing the pitiful little heritage in a smart shop where layettes of the most superlative fineness and beauty were sold.

In the front room, with its exquisite fittings and scented presses, she exhibited wares selected to suit the matrons among whom she had grown from girlhood to womanhood. In the rear room she gathered the most expert needlewomen her purse could command, and all work was done under her direct supervision.

Her delighted clientele said that her success was founded on this personal oversight. Her doctor said that nervous prostration would inevitably result from her persistent close confinement to business. Her mother wept in sheer loneliness at first and later drifted from their tiny apartment back into the old brick playing, novel reading circle of gray haired friends. And what Henry Dalton said is not for repetition here, for, having no nieces or nephews, how could he offer a decent excuse for haunting a layette shop? And only at her shop was Beatrice to be found—save the cruelly few hours when outraged nature demanded rest and refreshment.

And now today, with Henry Dalton thrust into the dim background of the life when her mother made all things lovely for her well shod feet to walk upon, she was standing before her cheval mirror preparing for a return—just a brief return glimpse—to the old life.

Her mother had wept to some purpose. The doctor had said certain sharp things that were more effective than maternal tears, and so Beatrice had accepted the De Haven Smiths' warm invitation to spend the week end and perhaps a few days more at their lodge in the Catskills.

Beatrice surveyed with critical eye her smartly tailored traveling suit and then cast a smiling glance at the suitcase where rested a delightful matinee, product of her own workroom. It would be good to lie abed mornings and drink her chocolate in a love of a matinee like that. And she should read a couple of new books and wear the white crepe de chine, newly made over for the trip, to dinner. Old times—yes, she was strong enough now to stand an occasional dip back into old times.

"Beatrice, here's a C. O. D. parcel from Mason's. I picked up a love of a waist for \$13.75. Have you any money?"

Beatrice readjusted her veil to a more fetching angle and murmured as well as the pins in her mouth would permit:

"Yes, mother, there's a roll of bills in my bag, the large pocket. Take what you think will last you until I come back."

An hour later Beatrice leaned back luxuriously in the parlor car, her unseeing eyes fixed on the Hudson panorama. It was good—just to do nothing. And when the call for luncheon came she felt hungry—and smiled. The doctor had said a change was all she needed, and here she was hungry already for the first time in weeks.

The obsequious darky in charge of her table gave her the perfection of service, with one eye perhaps on the beautiful pigskin hand bag that rested against the window. That bag had been one of Dalton's gifts, and at that very moment the giver himself was sitting at a table behind Beatrice, watching her every move with hungry eyes. He knew that she was going to the De Haven Smith lodge. Mrs. Smith had boldly held this out as a bait in his invitation, but somehow he felt that the psychological moment for making his presence known had not yet arrived. He noted sometimes a new droop in her shoulders. Occasionally, too, she leaned her head on her hand between courses. This was the reaction which the doctor had predicted, but Henry Dalton did not know this. He thought only that she was slowly but surely killing herself by reason of her pride, and he must stand idly, dumbly by simply because he was so disgustingly rich that she would not listen.

And upon these bitter thoughts rushed the psychological moment.

Miss Beatrice Craig, the Independent

and competent, opened her hand bag, the darky keenly observant, and slipped her hand into the large pocket. Her finger tips touched naught but polished leather. She tried the small pocket and drew forth some cards. She sat up very straight and dipped into her change purse to find a dime, a quarter and an old German coin, souvenir of Henry Dalton's student days in Berlin.

Her face turned scarlet, then white. A horrible nervous tremor swept over her. Frantically she turned everything out of the bag to find almost anything a businesslike yet distinctly feminine person might own except money.

Like a flash she remembered her mother's request. She had kept it all, every penny of the fatly folded bills.

"Take what you think will last you until I come back."

Fateful words!

Beatrice sent for the dining car conductor and explained the situation. He was polite, but behind the mask of courtesy she read amusement, or was it distrust?

She became haughty.

"My host will meet me at the depot. Until then—well, here are my rings or my watch?"

The darkies had gathered at the table opposite Henry Dalton with heads together, lips parted in ironical smiles. He summoned his waiter sharply.

"Anything happened to the lady?"

"Seems like she ain't got the price of her lunch."

Just at the instant Henry Dalton rose precipitately. Beatrice came down the aisle, her head high, but her face ghastly. It was not the attitude of the conductor nor the grinning darkies, but a sudden faintness, a realization that for once her business ability, her supreme tact, her resourcefulness, had failed her. She did not read this as physical exhaustion. Her one grim thought was that she had lost her grip on herself.

And then came Henry Dalton with a hand outstretched and the love of her shining in his eyes.

"Beatrice, I am the most fortunate of men."

"Oh, Henry," she said, with a queer break in her clear voice, "will you please?"

Henry Dalton carried her back to the stateroom in the parlor car. Henry Dalton took firm possession of her luggage and firm control of the situation. Henry Dalton all but lifted her into the De Haven Smith wagonette when they left the train. And Henry Dalton read the telegram, for which he paid, though it was sent C. O. D. to Beatrice Craig.

"Forgot to put money back in purse. What shall I do with it?"

"Buy flowers for yourself—everybody," wired Henry Dalton to the first amazed and then understanding mother of Beatrice. "I am taking care of Beatrice and always shall."

And that was why the smartest layette shop in all New York passed to a new owner and love came into its own.

Ants and the Weather.

"When you go out on a cloudy morning and find the ants busily engaged in clearing out their nests and dragging the sand and bits of earth to the surface, you may be sure that, no matter how cloudy it is, there will be no rain that day, and the probabilities are for several days of good weather," says a gardener.

"On the other hand, if you see the ants about the middle of a spring or summer afternoon hurrying back to the nest and a sentinel out trotting round in every direction looking up stragglers and urging them to go home as soon as they can get there you may figure on a rain that afternoon or night. When the last of the wanderers is found the picket hurries in, and the nest is securely sealed from the inside to keep out the water. It is very seldom that ants are taken by surprise by the approach of a shower, but once in a while when belated or too far away to get home in time they mount a shrub and ensconce themselves under the thickest, broadest leaf they can find, and there they stay and huddle until the rain is over. When an ant's nest is washed out and the ants drawn an examination will always show that the disaster was due not so much to lack of preparation as to accident, a stream from an unexpected direction flowing down between two bricks or a downpour that caused a fall or the washing away of the bank in which the nest was placed."

Dangerous Ground.

"Bless me, Marthy!" exclaimed Uncle Cyrus, looking up from his magazine, says the Youth's Companion. "We're getting a navy that don't need to take a back seat for any of them European navies." Aunt Martha continued placidly measuring out the ingredients of "mountain" cake and manifestly was not unduly excited over naval affairs.

"Just listen to this. Some fellow has been making estimates. Any half dozen of our big cruisers have engine strength equal to the pulling power of all the horses in the Russian cavalry! The engines of one of our big battle-ships are strong enough—if they could be fastened somewhere—to pull the United States cavalry into the sea and!"

"Mercy sakes," cried Aunt Martha, with arrested spoon, for the first time impressed with these interesting statistics. "I hope to goodness our cavalry 'll keep away from the shore!"

Fair Warning.

He—I shall speak to your father to-night. How had I better begin? She—By calling his attention to the statutes governing assault, manslaughter and murder. Papa is so impulsive, you know.

If a man wishes to marry a woman forty years old, should he ask her father for her?—Aitchison Globe.

Philadelphia Doctor Was Victim of Cyanide of Potassium.

POLICE ON SLAYER'S TRAIL

Thinks Murderer Had a Grievance Against Physician About Death of Woman Patient and Sent Poison to Put An End to Doctor's Practices.

Philadelphia, June 30.—The laying bare of a most sensational murder is promised by the authorities in the case of Dr. William H. Wilson, of this city, who died at his home on Friday night after drinking a portion of a bottle of ale which had been sent to him through the mails. An autopsy performed by the coroner's physician and an examination made of the viscera taken from the body proves conclusively that Dr. Wilson died of cyanide of potassium poisoning. The ale came to the physician on Tuesday a week ago by express, and in the mail on the same day he received a letter in typewritten form, purporting to have been sent by the Peter Schem Brewing company, informing him that a sample bottle of ale had been shipped to him for trial. Investigation showed, according to the police, that Schem brews no ale and that the company never sent any such letter as that received by the physician. After receiving the ale Dr. Wilson put it in the refrigerator in his North Seventh street home and went to his country home at Cornwells, just outside the city. He returned on Friday, and on reaching home sat down with his wife and decided to try the pint bottle of ale which he had received. He had scarcely swallowed half a glass when he was seized with convulsions and rolled on the floor. It is declared that he immediately realized that he was the victim of poisoning, either by mistake or design, for in his agony he requested his wife, who had not yet touched her portion of the ale, to keep that which was left, as it did not taste right.

That was the last thing he was able to say, and he died before the hospital was reached.

Unusual as are the poisoning features of the case, more extraordinary is the motive which the police assign for what they are certain is a murder. Though Dr. Wilson had been living for more than twelve years in the house where he drank the fatal potion, he never put out a physician's sign and was not known in a general sense as a practitioner. Withal, he had a large clientele, made up mostly of wealthy women, and it is declared by the coroner and the police that he made an affluent living as a malpractitioner. In his practice, it is the theory of the police, Dr. Wilson caused the death of a member of the family of a young man who will be charged with being the poisoner. The death, it is alleged, caused the young man to brood until he could no longer contain himself, when he sought to put an end to the physician's practices by sending him poison, rather than going into court to have his family history exposed to the world.

This is the remarkable story which the police have unearthed in their three days' investigation of the strange death of Dr. Wilson. How soon the authorities will be ready to act in the case they will not say, nor will they make public any names in connection with the matter.

Schoolboys Revolt and Escape.

Baltimore, June 30.—With a suddenness that took all the officers by surprise, sixty boys at the Maryland School for Boys revolted and escaped from the institution. This was the second outbreak at the school inside of two months. Led by one of the larger boys, who was armed with a crowbar, they stormed the outer gate, demolished the lock and, streaming through the portals, scattered in all directions. Two of the guards in attempting to stop the flight of the boys tried to scare them by firing their pistols in the air. The only result was a shower of bricks and stones.

Ancient Waterworks.

Hezekiah, king of Judah, who reigned in the years 717 to 688 B. C., was a pioneer in constructing a system of waterworks, bringing water into the city of Jerusalem. In the holy book we read: "He made the pool and conduit and brought the water into the city, stopping the upper part of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David. And Hezekiah prospered in all his works." From the "pools of Solomon," near Bethlehem, water was conveyed to Jerusalem, a distance of six or seven miles, through a conduit of earthen pipe about ten inches in diameter. The pipe was incased within two stones, hewn out to fit it, then covered over with rough stones cemented together. Even in those days "boil the water" was a well known injunction.

The Summer Vacation Guide

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TO ATLANTIC CITY, CAPE MAY, Anglesea, Wildwood, Holly Beach, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, New Jersey.

Thursdays, July 16th and 30th, August 13th and 27th, 1908.

\$6.00 Round Trip from Bellefonte Via Delaware River Bridge.

\$5.75 Round Trip from Bellefonte Via Market Street Wharf.

TICKETS GOOD RETURNING WITHIN TEN DAYS. Stop-over Allowed at Philadelphia.

For full information concerning leaving time of trains, consult small hand bills, or nearest Ticket Agent.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager. 53 27-8t

GEORGE W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

Funeral of ex-President Marked by Extreme Simplicity.

HE PASSED AWAY SUDDENLY

Mitchell Not a Candidate For Office. His Heart On Right Side—Banker Confesses Theft of \$20,500 — Gray Won't Run With Bryan.

Grover Cleveland's body lies buried in the Cleveland plot in Princeton (N. J.) cemetery. Just as the sun was sinking in the west a distinguished company silently watched as the body was lowered into the grave. Then the simple burial service of the Presbyterian church was read, and before the last of the carriages in the cortege had driven up to the path leading to the burial place, the benediction had been pronounced and the members of the family, President Roosevelt and others, were leaving the cemetery. Many of the personal friends of the dead states-



GROVER CLEVELAND.

man lingered about the spot which was to mark his last resting place, and each in turn was permitted to cast a sheaf of earth into the grave.

Agreeable to the wishes of Mrs. Cleveland, the services, both at the house and at the cemetery, were of the simplest character. An invocation, scriptural reading, a brief prayer and the reading of a William Wordsworth poem, "Character of the Happy Warrior," constituted the services at the house, while the reading of the burial service at the grave was brief and impressive.

Although the funeral was of a strictly private nature, those in attendance numbered many distinguished citizens including President Roosevelt, Governor Fort, of New Jersey; Governor Hughes, of New York; Governor Hoke Smith, of Georgia; former members of President Cleveland's cabinet, officials of the Equitable Life Assurance society, members of the Princeton university faculty and friends and neighbors.

To Pension Mrs. Cleveland.

In view of the fact that former President Grover Cleveland left but a small estate, it is probable that Congress, at its next session, will pension Mrs. Cleveland.

The Presidential Campaign.

This Year Will Be the Greatest and Most Important in Our History.

The Democratic National convention meets in Denver on July 7, and the election takes place Tuesday, November 3. The grand old reliable morning news paper, "The Pittsburg Post," gives all the news all the time, and will be mailed regularly every day from this date until after the election for only one dollar.

Tell your friends and neighbors of this cheap rate for the presidential campaign and advise them to read a clean home paper that is up to date in every department and with market reports that are unquestionably the best. 53-27-1t

New Advertisements.

1907 BUICK TOURING CAR 2 Cyl for sale cheap, to quick buyer. Good as new. X-29. Address WATERMAN office. 53-23-3t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Let- ters of administration upon the estate of Samuel B. Moore, late of the Borough of State College, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ELLA M. MOORE, Administratrix, State College, Pa. 53-27-6t

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the or-phan's court of Centre county: In the matter of the estate of SIMON BARAS, late of Centre Hall Boro., Centre county, Penn'a. The undersigned, an auditor, appointed by the afore-named court, "to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the said accountant as shown by his account, confirmed absolutely on May 25th, 1908, to and among those legally entitled thereto," will meet the parties interested, or so many as choose to appear, at his office, No. 2, Eagle block, Bellefonte, Pa., on Friday, July 17th, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. All parties having claims against said estate are requested to present and prove their claims on or before the date above named, or they will be forever barred from coming in on said fund.

S. KLINE WOODRING, Auditor, June 16th, 1908. 53-25-3t

New Advertisements.

UPHOLSTERING.—Have you Sofas, Chairs, Mattresses or anything in that line to repair. If you have, call H. M. Bidwell on Commercial phone. He will come to see you about it. 53-4-6m

WANTED.—An experienced cook, in a family of two, to go to Lock Haven. No sweeping. Wages \$4.00 per week. Address, Mrs. WILLIAM KEINER, Lock Haven, Pa. 53-25-3t

NOTICE.—Bids will be received until 7 p.m. July 18, 1908, by secretary of Philadelphia borough council for brick paving, Pine street, from Third to Sixth street, and Laurel street from Front street to Second street, comprising about 2500 square yards paving. Plans and specifications can be seen or had by applying to Geo. H. Ayers, Borough Engineer. Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids. 53-25-3t

Buggies.

BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, ETC.

Whether you are a farmer, in the lively business, or living a life of ease, we can sell you the best

NEW BUGGIES, NEW CARRIAGES, NEW RUNABOUTS, ETC., with or without Rubber Tires.

— or — SECOND-HAND BUGGIES, CARRIAGES AND RUNABOUTS

Almost as good as new, at as reasonable prices as you can get them anywhere.

RUBBER TIRES A SPECIALTY.

AUTOMOBILES painted and repaired.

53-14-6m. S. A. McQUISTON & CO.

New Advertisements.

BEES FOR SALE.—Singly or all together thirteen hives of Italian bees, in the Danzenbaker hive. Am compelled to sell on account of ill health. Must be sold at once. Apply to THOMAS LAURIE, 120 Spring St., Bellefonte, Pa. 53-25-3t

FOR SALE.—A merry-go-round, used only three years, cost \$2,500. Will sell for \$1,100 cash or if more convenient payments can be extended on approved security. Machine set up and guaranteed in perfect order by present owner who will operate same this season himself if not sold in 10 days. Good reason for selling. A rare chance for an active man. Address Box 8, Benora, Pa. 53-21-1

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Let- ters of administration upon the estate of Edward L. Hoy, late of the Borough of Bellefonte, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

J. HARRIS HOY, Administrator, Bellefonte, Pa. 53-25-6t

Automobiles.

Wm. W. KEICHLINE & CO.

WE COME TO THE FRONT WITH AUTOMOBILES

Ford 4-cylinder 15-18 H. P. Runabout, Model H. \$900

Ford 4-cylinder 16-18 H. P. Runabout, Model S. \$700

Ford 4-cylinder 18-20 H. P. Touring Car, \$1000

The Best, Cheapest, Most Satisfactory Car on the market today. Call at our Garage and Shops, Water Street, BELLEFONTE, PA. 53-8-1f

Wm. W. KEICHLINE & CO.

Pennsylvania Railroad Excursions.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS

NIAGARA FALLS

July 8, 22, August 5, 19, September 9, 23, and October 7, 1908

Round Trip Rate \$7.10 FROM BELLEFONTE

Tickets good going on train leaving at 1:25 p. m., connecting with SPECIAL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Dining Car, and Day Coaches running via the

PICTURESQUE SUSQUEHANNA VALLEY ROUTE

Tickets good returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS, including date of excursion. Stop-off within limit allowed at Buffalo returning. Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager. 53-26-9t-eow

GEORGE W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Lumber Company.

WINDOW SCREENS

THE ONLY WAY to be comfortable in the summer is to have screens on your Windows. Then open the sashes whenever you care to

The only screens that will give you satisfaction always are made-to-the-measures of the outside of the window frames.

THEY fit exactly. Flies, mosquitoes, bugs and the balance of the insect and other kindgom have to remain hungrily outside when these screens are on the windows.

You, inside, get all the benefit of the wide open windows. They cost no more than other screens, and that is not enough to hesitate an instant over.

Why not send us your measurements now.

BELLEFONTE LUMBER CO.,

52-2-1y Bellefonte, Pa.

Wall Paper, Paints, Etc.

PAINT YOUR HOUSE

In attractive colors and it will stand out from its neighbors.

OUR EXPERIENCE

In combining colors harmoniously is our service, with Pure White Lead and Oil to back us up.

THE NEW WALL PAPERS

We have can be made to give many novel forms of decoration. We'd be glad to suggest original treatment for your house—They need not be expensive. Wall papers, Window Shades, Curtain Poles, Paints, Oil, Glass, &c., at

ECKENROTH BROTHERS,

Bush Arcade, Bellefonte, Pa. 53-9-1f