

Bellefonte, Pa., August 28, 1908.

ONCE IN A WHILE

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while clouds of doubt
Hope's brightest stars come peeping through.

MISS HAMILTON'S ENDURANCE

My car is a "Catacar" runabout. That is, it was; I've sold it now, and it makes me sick—I know I'll never have so much fun again even if I should get a 90 H. P. Mercedes.

I worked started out, late one afternoon, for a run from Boston to Arlington. The Bug worked like a gold watch. I just soared over all hills—grades didn't seem to matter at all—and my throttle was never more than half open.

On Massachusetts Avenue, beyond Cambridge, they were paving the road. There was a steam roller at work, and the street was fouled off with one of these saw-horse things with a sign on it.

I had just finished when the prettiest girl in the world came up. She was smallish and dark and brown, with what poets call "orb" that hypnotized me.

"Here he comes! He's been following me!" she gasped.
In another moment the big auto had slowed up to us, and the chap driving her yelled out:

It yet. The girl went right up and down in the air like a rubber ball, holding on with two hands as if she were in a dentist's chair. She was trying to talk, too. All I heard was:

"He's got bet—ter springs—than you ought to get—shock absor—bers you ride as if you were in a feather—bed—but if you can—beat him I—can stand it!"

"I wasn't particularly impressed, for I was rather proud of the way the Bug was lying down to her work. Of course she was light and didn't have 'U' springs, but you can hardly expect a one-ton runabout to behave like a car.

"What is his car, a 'Matchless'?" I asked, after a while.
"Yep—thirty horse power!"

"And you expect me to save your life with a one cylinder machine? Thanks for the compliment!" I remarked, grimly.
"I expect you to try!" she said, and then she smiled at me. It was like opening the throttle eight more notches, with it made me feel.

"By this time, the other fellow was about three blocks behind, and his siren was lowing like a bull for a thick night at sea. The girl watched him from over the back of her seat.

"He's gaining on us," she announced quite calmly. "You've got to dodge him, somehow!"
"All right!" I said. The next minute she was piled up in my arms again, and I had shaved a quick corner, diving down into a little cross street.

"I do, but I prefer to travel on four wheels part of the time. Who are you, anyway? Barney Oldfield?"
"Och, this is nothing—wait till we get to a good road."

"I'll be a quivering mass of pink jelly by that time. You ought to call this thing the 'Corn-Popper.' I'm not afraid to try the 'Loop the Gap' upside down now. Couldn't you try a somersault with your wagon, just to let me see how the 'Dip of Death' feels?"

We were running as slowly as the Bug would go on the high speed. As I was watching her we came to a little rise, and the engine pounded and stopped. I took the crank and got out. The girl looked down at me, her face very near mine. I must confess that I was glad to hear that her engagement was broken.

"Well, I guess we've beaten him now anyway," I said.
"Yep? That sounds funny, doesn't it?"
"Sounds all right to me." I threw the wheel over viciously, and the engine broke to race. The girl shut down the throttle as if she knew all about it, and I got in beside her. "Well, then—Arlington?" I asked.

"If you would! And, you haven't an extra pair of goggles, have you?"
"Ye and a veil." I took out my sister's outfit.
"Do you think he recognized me?" she asked.

"I thought he called you 'Milly.'" I replied.
"But he might have been mistaken, you know."
"Sure. You mean it perhaps wasn't you, after all?"

"You know what I mean. I turned my head away, didn't I?"
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I turned and turned to no avail.
"Where's your switch? This is a funny little car, isn't it?"

I pointed to the switch, looked, and gave a yell like a view-halloo. The switch, for some unaccounted reason, had got turned off. No wonder the Bug wouldn't go. I snapped it on and started to crank.

Just then the "Matchless" broke down on us and stopped alongside. I knew that we were in for a scene this time. John Wentworth Forbes had put on his brakes with a jar. I got a good look at him, for we were right under his electric light pole. He was a clean-cut, gentlemanly sort of chap, smooth-shaven, the big and handsome sort.

"I don't like to say a few things to you, Milly," he said, "and if you won't get in I'll have to say them right out here."
"Say anything you like," she retorted.
"The lady we were speaking of is engaged to my brother," he said.

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" she asked.
"It was to have been kept a secret. He's away, and while he was in Boston he wanted me to be nice to her."
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and stopped. There was nobody in sight. Miss Hamilton grew alarmed.
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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

The real joy of leisure is known only to the people who have contracted the habit of work without becoming entranced to the vice of over-work.—Henry Van Dyke.

At this season of the year it is a mistake to overeat. Snostrokes and discomfort, prickly heat and trying hot weather rashes are almost invariably traceable to the condition of the stomach.

We do not require as much food in summer as in other seasons, certainly not as strong food. Simplify the diet, also eliminate as far as possible rich and greasy foods.

Fruit that is absolutely fresh, and new vegetables are both health and beauty makers. Live on them chiefly, unless forbidden by some physical disorder.

Eat poultry rather than meat, and white meats and lamb rather than beef during very hot days. Never have meat often than once a day during the summer.

Don't wash down your food with ice water and avoid too many soft drinks. If you use them take as little sugar as possible.

Cut out rich chocolate and whipped cream. Don't get the lead tea habit. Drinking buttermilk quenches thirst and at the same time cools the blood.

Although this advice is more directly for babies during the first year of life, the sense of it applies quite as well to other children.

Don't overfeed them, and don't let them overfeed themselves.

Don't give them rich foods—meats, gravies, pastries, cake, etc.—nor a great quantity of the simpler and plainer the better—plenty of whole wheat bread, oatmeal, baked potatoes, baked apples and fresh fruits of all kinds, except bananas, in season, but be sure the fruit is ripe and fresh.

Keep up the daily bath until it becomes a fixed habit.

Keep them out in the open air as much as possible the whole year round, and send them into the country whenever you can do so, but only to places where the water is pure.

Keep them cool.

Don't overfeed them. The fewer and simpler the clothing the better.

For Branched Peaches.—Make a syrup the same as for preserving; let it come to a boil, then skim; lay in peaches enough to cover the bottom of the preserving kettle and cook until they are tender and transparent, but not "mushy." Take out the fruit with a skimmer and place carefully in jars. Crack some of the pits, put in the syrup and cook 15 minutes, or until slightly thickened, add brandy half a cupful to each pound of fruit, and take at once from the fire; strain the hot syrup, then pour it over the peaches in the jars and seal at once.

For Tomato Sauce.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and cook in it half an onion cut fine. When the onion is yellow add two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook until it is slightly browned.

Stones and Glass Houses.

The origin of the saying, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," is as follows: At the time of the union of England and Scotland London was inundated with Scotchmen, and the London roughs used to go about at night breaking their windows. Buckingham being considered the chief instigator of the mischief, a party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the duke's mansion, known as the Glass House. The court favorite appealed to the king, who replied, "Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stones!"—New York American.

Mathematics at Oxford.

There is an interesting story which shows the disposition of Oxford toward mathematics. A venerable old man who had bought half a dozen books at 3s. 6d. each requested the bookseller to give him a piece of paper for the purpose of arriving at the amount. He then wrote down 3s. 6d. six times, one under the other, and was slowly adding them up when the shopman ventured to point out the shorter method of multiplying one 3s. 6d. by 6. "Dear me," exclaimed the don. "Really, that is most ingenious, most ingenious!"—London Globe.

His Idea of Him.

Bill—Did you go to see that boy actor last night? Jill—Yes. "Did he get a hand?" "What he ought to have was a shingle."—Yonkers Statesman.

He Asked.

He had been courting a girl for a long time. It happened on Sunday night after church. They were sitting on the sofa, and she looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

Boys and Girls of Arabia.

A traveler in Arabia who passed a year among the people tells that he did not see a single doll in the hands of a girl nor observe one playing at "keeping house" in any way. Neither did the traveler notice an Arabian boy playing at ball or marbles.

Speaking with a grave sheik on the subject, the latter said to the stranger, "You must be queer people in the west to let your young folks get their hands dirtied in sport!"

The Arabian lads, it seems, walk about trying to look like little men as much as they can when not engaged in acts of duty or in learning essential things.