

Bellefonte, Pa., January 29, 1909.

## Cupid on The Air Line.

By LITTELL M'CLUNG.

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"Look, Grant!" exclaimed the girl, touching the arm of her companion as they passed the exhibit of vegetables on the fair grounds. "There's the captive balloon they've all been talking so much about. Bessie and Sam went up in it yesterday, and they thought it

simply dandy." The young man glanced ahead to where a crowd surrounded some taut guys that stretched up to a big balloon floating gracefully in the air 300 feet

over their heads. A man stepped upon a platform and began to address his auditors in stentorian yet persuasive tones.

"All right, Lila, we'll see it through, too," declared Grant Allen, and they hurried up close to the speaker.

"This way, ladies and gentlemen!" he cried. "Who'll be the next to go up in the big gas bag? Here's a glorious chance to see the world as a bird sees it! This balloon is as safe as a trolley car and safer. Experts say so.

"It is fastened securely to the earth, ladies and gentlemen, and stays up ten minutes with each ascension, giving you plenty of time to enjoy the magnificent scenery. Come! Who'll be the next? The balloon holds only two at a time. Tickets are 50 cents apiece, two

"I'll take two tickets for the next trip," said Grant, pushing forward with the necessary dollar in his hand. The man handed him the coupons to fame and stepped down from the platform to engineer the next ascension.

By turning a sort of handle and wheel device that resembled a windlass the balloon was towed back to earth. A young man and a girl stepped out of the "basket" smiling triumphantly, and Lila and Grant stepped in. The wheel to which the guide rope was attached began to turn again, and slowly the balloon rose above the fair grounds. When the rope gave out the basket was high enough for its occupants to see the level country for

miles around. "Oh, isn't it just perfectly grand!" cooed the girl, clapping her hands and peering down at the upturned faces.

"Yes, it really is," he answered. "You feel apart from the world and above everything in more senses than one. No wonder aeronautics are almost epi-

demic." The great bag above them swung off in a semicircle and then stood motionless, the basket swinging gently to and fro. Suddenly Lila glimpsed a thick cloud of dust whirling spiral

fashion across the fair grounds. "What is all that dust, Grant?" she

asked innocently. "Why, it's a whirlwind," he exclaimed, "and a big one at that, and, what's more, it's coming directly toward us. If it strikes us we'll get a

lively little swing around in the air. I hope it does!" But the girl seemed apprehensive and clung to his arm. Evidently his wish was about to be realized, for the whirlwind, gathering momentum every second, was bearing straight down on the guide ropes of the balloon, carrying with it a dozen or more hats it

had gathered from the crowds. In another second it hit the balloon, whirling it around like a bubble in a hundred foot circle. Lila gave a little shriek of fear, but Grant laughed.

"Don't be nervous," he said. "We're getting a fine ride."

Then his face whitened as the sound of snapping ropes struck his ears. He glanced below to see uprooted pegs and stakes flying into the air. Another crack followed, and the balloon tore loose the last line that bound it to

For a second it paused; then, like a rocket, it shot cloudward several hundred feet and, encountering "upper currents," floated off across the fair

Over the girl's face flashed an expression of terror, but by a superhuman effort Grant kept calm. Below they could hear the wild shouts of the people who were running in the direc-

tion the balloon had taken. "Keep your nerve, Lila," urged Grant quietly. "There is really no danger. Don't you see the gas can't possibly get out of the bag, and we'll begin to go down when the wind slack-

ens a little." But the wind continued strong, and the balloon declined to descend an inch. Neither did it rise. It simply floated along rapidly, but steadily, about six or seven hundred feet above the ground. In five minutes the fair inclosure was fading in the distance. and in another five minutes so was the

"Don't you see, Lila," said Grant, with assurance, "we are perfectly safe? We've joined the first class aeronauts, and we're going on a tour of the world. Just think how famous we'll be

if we discover the north pole." This forced levity dispelled Lila's terrified look, and gradually the color

came back into her face. "I'm glad of one thing." she said as her courage returned. "Papa, mamma and all the folks are up in the country today. Maybe they won't hear of our aerial disappearance until we land somewhere and start back. They'd be frightened to death if they did."

"Don't worry, Lila," he answered, eeling now that there really was very little danger, after all. "Just look out over the country and let's enjoy the trip. Maybe we won't have another one like this soon."

Their airship was sailing beautifully now, flying over orchards and farm lands and throwing into a state of intense excitement hundreds of peaceful

"It is simply heavenly," the girl suddenly exclaimed. "I'm not a bit afraid now. Grant, and I don't care much how hard we sail. I've always longed for some exciting adventure, and surely this is it, and you are with me. I'm so glad it's you!"

"Why are you glad it's me?" he demanded, seizing her hand and ignoring the cries of the farm hands in the vallev below.

"Oh, I don't know exactly, just because-isn't that reason enough?" she

questioned, her eyes a-twinkle. "Guess it is, dear girl," he replied. and he might have, but at that second the careless balloon careened sharply to starboard, reminding him that he must keep the ship "trimmed" if he

ever expected to land safely. They were now passing over a good sized town, and hundreds of people were out in the streets gazing skyward. Of a sudden the wind died away, and the balloon sank within 200 feet of the housetops. Then, without an instant's warning, there was a violent tug at the basket, and its flight ended with startling abruptness. Grant felt his heart bob up in his throat, but he peered over the side; then he drew breath again. An iron peg dangling from the end of one of the ropes had

caught under the edge of a slate roof. "Well, Lila, we're certainly anchored at last!" he announced. "Guess they'll be hauling us down pretty quick, for

they're running into the house." His surmise was correct, for in a moment several men climbed out on to the roof through the skylight and seized the rope. Then hand over hand they began pulling down the balloon, while the street throngs shouted en-

thusiastically. In another moment Lila and Grant clambered out of the basket, to be barded them with questions. They did THE PENNSYLVANIA not know which way to turn until a tall, mild eyed man in clerical garb

made his way through the throng. "It's my house that caught you." he laughed. "We received a telephone message asking us to be on the lookout for a runaway balloon with two passengers which was drifting in our di rection, and we are more than glad to have been able to rescue both you and

the balloon." Rapid fire thanks and introductions followed, with handshaking all around, and after the balloon was made fast to a chimney and a man set to guard it the minister led the way to the skylight. In a few minutes the young aeronauts found themselves in a spacious parlor hemmed in by an animated, question-

"Lila," whispered Grant at the first

opportunity The girl inclined her head. "Lila, don't you think, dearie, it is sort of providential that—that we landed at a minister's house? Don't you

hope so, at any rate?" For a moment she was silent, the

color deepening in her cheek. "Don't you?" he repeated eagerly. "No-that is, yes. Yes, I do, Grant, dear," she whispered back, giving his arm a little corroborating squeeze. Five minutes later Grant Allen was hurrying up the street. On the corner he met a policeman. "Which way to the office of the marriage license

clerk?" he asked breathlessly. Weeping Marble.

The activity of surrounding businesses may have jeopardized more than one portion of the sacred edifice of St. Bartholomew the Great, but it was not always safe even at the hands of its own congregation. In the seventeenth century the parishioners, in their combined wisdom, thought the cloisters would look better if they were whitewashed and promptly proceeded to carry out their original idea. They then found, however, that two marble statues, which may still be seen, did not show up well enough against the white background, so in order to remedy this defect they had the images tarred! The same people wanted to get rid of the fourteenth century baptismal font in the church on the ground that it was too old for use. The most curious monument is that in "weeping marble" to Edward Cooke, scholar and physician, with the

inscription: Unsluice, ye briny floods. What! Can ye keep Your eyes from teares and see the marble

Burst out for shame, or if ye find no vent For teares yet stay and see the stones re-

For a long time the marble "wept" without restraint, but since the church has been reroofed and heated its peculiarity of "relenting" through damp has ceased to exhibit itself.-London

Whistler and a Supper.

Though frequently hard up. Whistler had an income which seemed princely to students who lived on nothing at all. If Whistler had money in his pockets, Mr. lonides says, he spent it royally on others. If his pockets were empty, he managed to refill them in a way that still amazes M. Oulevey, who, in proof of it, told us of the night when, after the cafe where they had squandered their last sous on kirsch had closed, he and Lambert and Whistler adjourned to the Halles for supper, ordered the best and ate it. Then he and Lambert stayed in the restaurant as hostages while Whistler, at dawn, went off to find money to pay. He was back when they awoke with 300 or 400 francs in his pocket. He had been to see an American friend,

he said, a painter, "And, do you know. he had the bad manners to abuse the situation; he insisted on my looking at his pictures."-"The Life of James MacHelll Whistler." by E. R. and J. Pennell.

The Assassins. The Assassins were a religious and military order who came into existence during the eleventh century in Persia and who devoted themselves to the destruction after stealthy approach of all who opposed the Moslem faith in any way. The crusaders met with a branch of these desperate zealots in Syria, and many of the warriors of the cross were slain relentlessly and with mysterious suddenness in consequence. The Tartars exterminated the Persian Assassins in 1256, and fourteen years later the Syrian band of murderers was wiped out by an Egyptian ruler.

designation of dread.

Herbert Spencer's Regret. Mr. Tollemache in his reminiscences tells this story about Herbert Spencer: "Toward the close of his life Spencer frequented a boarding house, and. chancing to meet a lady who had often dined within earshot of him, I asked her if she could remember any wise sayings of his. After pondering for some time she answered: 'I can remember one of his remarks. He said that "making good melted butter is a lost art in England."'"

The Eccentrics. "I understand the Neweds are having trouble," remarked the spinster

boarder. "Come people take her part. and some others side with him." "And I suppose," growled the scanty

haired bachelor at the pedal extremity of the mahogany, "there are a few eccentric people who mind their own business."-Chicago News.

Unconcerned. An incident illustrating the placidity, if so it may be called, of the Duke of Wellington has reference to a naval officer, a near connection of the duke The ship which this officer commanded was lost, and he himself was drowned. When the news was communicated to the duke, he merely exclaimed, "That's the second ship he has lost!"

Hard to Please. "Your audiences seemed shocked by

the show.' "At first," answered the manager, "but we expurgated it."

"And then?" "Then they seemed disappointed."-Exchange. But the name they bore remains as a

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