Bellefonte, Pa., March 11, 1910.

KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE.

It was on the top of Blarney castle, 150 feet from the ground, that the affair began. They say there are a thousand shades of green in Ireland, and Gertrude, reaching back to the iron bars of the blarney stone, grasping them in a vise of fear, thought when she looked down that all the shades were mingled in one mazy mass. She bent her head down, pursed her red lips and pressed them to the cold undersurface of the stone. Heavens! What a depth down! Her head swam, her beart beat madly, her hands began to cramp. She was loosing her grasp, she was falling. "Help!" Her stiffened lips managed to frame the appeal, and almost instantly she was lifted by strong arms and set squarely on her

Once erect. Gertrude was brave enough and ashamed that she had lost her courage at a critical moment. She looked curiously at her preserver. He was a fine muscular fellow. He must have been, of course, or he could not have lifted her 140 pounds of avoirdupois so easily.

Nevertheless she raged inwardly that she should have needed his help. The idea of this cool, collected, rath-

er supercilious Englishman laughing at her! With an effort she collected herself

and looked her preserver in the eyes. "It is a foolish thing to do," the young man said as he touched his hat. "You know, or perhaps you do not know, that several persons have fallen from the top of Blarney castle while endeavoring to kiss the blarney stone. Of course you are an American. Only Americans kiss the blarney stone." And, with a smile of amusement, he again touched his hat and turned away.

Gertrude was furious. What right had he to be so impertinent even if he had saved her life? He was an odious Englishman, of course. She turned her back to his retreating form, but her sense of gratitude would not allow her to dismiss the subject in that way, and she called to him:

"Am I not to know to whom I am indebted for the saving of my life?" "You put it altogether too strong," he replied, coming back at once. "I am not so sure that you would have fallen." And he handed her a bit of pasteboard on which was engraved, "Edward Harcourt, Hyde park, London."

"Just as I thought, a conceited Englishman; thinks no one but himself knows anything." Gertrude did not speak her thought; but, smiling her sweetest, she said:

"I am Gertrude Clinton, Mr. Harcourt, of New York. 1 certainly owe you my life. I was foolish; but, as you say. Americans do like to kiss the blarney stone. I am very grateful to you for your service."

"Pray do not mention it. Miss Clinton," responded Harcourt rather stiffly. "I feel sure you would not have fallen. It was only a temporary dizziness, which you would have overcome. However, I am glad you are safe." And, lifting his hat, he was

"He is edious," muttered Gertrude. "perfectly edious." But she wished he had remained to go down the long flights of steep stone stairs with her. It was growing dark. The stairs were interminable, and there were many dark nooks and crannies. She thought of the tortured prisoners once confined in the dungeous and of all the dark tales told of the castle, and before she had reached the ground she had firmly made up her mind that it was not so pleasant, after all, to travel alone. Her adventure on the top of the castle was certainly not a pleasant thing to look back upon. She might have been lying a bruised, inert mass at the foot of the castle if it had not been for the young fellow who even as he rescued her had looked at her so superciliously.

"I hate him." she thought, and she stamped her little foot viciously. "I hope I will never lay eyes on him again." But when she entered the steam tram for Cork she found the only other occupant of the tram was the Englishman. He looked at her with a smile as she entered, but she studiously avoided his glance, and after that he paid no attention to her. He was a handsome fellow, with broad shoulders and a strong, earnest face. Gertrude could not help but look at him, and before they reached Cork she had wished more than once that he would talk to her. Apparently, however, nothing was further from his intentions, and when they reached Cork he alighted without ever looking at her.

A few days after Gertrude started out to make a tour of the Killarney lakes. When at Ross castle she was assisted into a boat for a fifteen mile tour of the lakes. To her astonishment and disgust she found that her vis-a-vis was Harcourt. He acknowledged her presence with a nod and then, apparently forgetting she was there, applied himself with diligence to looking at the wild and mountainous scenery along the shores of the celebrated lakes. Very soon the treacherous irish skies began to weep, and it was a bedraggled lot of passengers that disembarked preparatory to which had been unasked and evidently the horseback trip through the Gap o' | undesired was far greater torture. By

Dunloe. Gertrude's mount was a great the time she had reached London she rawboned animal, and she looked at it with dismay. How on earth would she ever scale its slippery sides to the saddle. Harcourt, watching her out of the tail of his eye, stepped forward to assist her, but she turned her back on him, led her horse over to a fence and from that position of vantage mounted. After that she lost sight of the Englishman. In fact, it would have been difficult for her to keep anything in sight, for she had all she could do to remain on her horse. The beast stumbled and floundered in the mud of the gap, and finally when the shrill notes of a bugle split the air the horse ignominiously slipped and fell. throwing Gertrude prone into the mud. But that was not the worst of it. for the horse in struggling to regain its feet threatened to strike the frightened girl with its hoofs. Once again she felt herself set fairly on her feet. and once again she saw her preserver

was the Englishman. This time be laughed. "I see we are fated to meet Miss Clinton." he said. his eyes twinkling with merriment. but Gertrude did not see the funny side, and when her horse was righted again she mounted it in silence and

"I am going to lead this horse of yours, Miss Cilnton," said Harcourt. "I have noticed all the way that it is not at all safe." And, suiting the action to the word, he took the bridle with that of his own animal and stalked on toward Kate Kearney's cot-

Humiliated and ashamed, the girl watched him, admiring the set of his broad shoulders and the poise of his well shaped head, but she could not and would not accept his services.

"I cannot allow you to walk in this mud," she said. "Please give me the bridle. I really must insist that you ride.

"My dear Miss Clinton," was the reply, given somewhat with an air of amusement which grated on Gertrude sorely, "I shall certainly see you safe ly through this gap. I am sorry if my company disturbs you. I will not talk to you, but I will lead your horse.' And lead it he did until Kate Kearnev's cottage was reached.

But during the coach ride back to Killarney village Gertrude was ashamed of her sulkiness. She and Harcourt sat side by side and became very chummy before the ride was over. Harcourt was cheerful and chatty, and Gertrude made up her mind that he was not so odious as she had first thought him. He was communicative, and she discovered that he was a man of leisure, traveling about for pleasure. He, in his turn, found that Gertrude was making her first trip abroad and was a teacher in a New York city school. He had never cared much for self supporting women. They had, in fact, not been common in his experience. He had always felt that they must be strong minded and obnoxious. But how pretty this girl was! What lovely brown eyes and hair and what a graceful figure! Harcourt, who thought himself a connoisseur in women, acknowledged that he was pleased with Gertrude.

They saw each other often in the next few weeks, for both were making the same tour of Ireland, and both were to go through the lake country of Scotland. They were soon numbered with a good sized touring party and were surrounded by a gay coterie of friends, who admired the stalwart young fellow and the lovely girl who was so often by his side. Their relations from being friendly grew to a warmth which ought to have opened their eyes wide to the direction in which they were traveling. but both were blissfully unconscious. taking the good the gods provided without questioning.

Gertrude, however, was destined to abbey Harcourt was enthusiastically greeted by a party of friends, one of whom was a tall black eved girl, who

him and called him "Edward." With a sinking at her heart Gertrude

watched the young Englishman. She noted how oblivious he was to her presence, and, with the impetuosity which was so apt to characterize her actions, she left the abbey. Going rapidly back to her hotel and finding that she could leave Melrose at once, she packed her few belongings, made her way to the station, and when Harcourt returned and called for her she was gone. He was mystified enough. What had happened? He could not mous telegram, the shortest and most he had received for stopping a runaimagine. He had not knowingly hurt momentous ever dispatched, "Krieg, way trolley car and saving the lives her in any way. How lonely it was Mobil," went forth from the headquarwithout her! How he missed her bright, cheery ways, the sparkle of her brown eyes, her girlish laughter! "Can it be," thought the young fel-

low, "that I am in love?" Before the next day he felt there could not be much doubt about it, for he had never spent a more miserable twenty-four hours. Then it was that he determined to follow her and tell her he loved her with all the ardor of a nature that had never frittered itself away in the love of many women. He traveled day after day, getting now and then a clew of the girl, but he never found her, and when he finally reached London he was almost discouraged. He could not remember the steamer she was to take back to America nor the port from which she was to sail, but he scanned passenger lists and haunted steamboat offices with a pertinacity that laid him open to criticism by his friends, who one and all

declared the truth-that he was in love. Gertrude, for her part, was misera ble indeed. The thought of the black eyed beauty who had kissed the Englishman and called him Edward was torture, but the thought she had so tamely surrendered herself to a love

was a very weary girl indeed, and she waited impatiently for the time when she was to return to America. In a sort of aimless way she did Westduring those days of waiting she took a fancy to the omnibuses, which are so great a feature of London life. Day after day she rode on the tops of the buses, looking at the sights of Loudon, listening to the sounds, but for the most part thinking of the young fellow who had become so much to her. She was impatient with herself. but she felt a little sorry for herself also, and when one begins to pity oneself one is in bad condition.

One evening she felt so thoroughly blue and discouraged that she did that which she had never attempted be fore in the evening-took a bus ride. She was just homesick enough and out of sorts enough to want to lose her self for a time in London traffic. She went out to Trafalgar square, signaled a bus, mounted to its top and gave berself up to the contemplation of London streets in the evening from the top of a motor bus. She rode an hour or so until, finally arousing herself with a start, she saw that she was approaching her starting point. She started down the steep flight of little stairs to the ground. Just before she reached the bottom step the bus gave a lurch, and Gertrude was precipitated to the ground. It seemed as if thousands of vehicles were ready and waiting to pass over her body. There was shouting and oaths and shrill screams from women, but in the midst of it all she felt herself lifted by two strong arms, set on her feet and hurried to a place of safety. Trembling and shaken, she looked up to her preserver. Of course it could be none other than the Englishman There was only one pair of strong

arms like that in the world. "Three times and out, my darling." said Harcourt. "You are not to be trusted alone ever any more. You are my little love, my wife that is to be. Never again will I trust you out of my sight."

the thoroughly unnerved girl. "Was that the reason?" almost

will introduce you to her tomorrow." Blissfully happy, yet with a little had been good to an orphan. common sense mingled with her hapniness. Gertrude persuaded her lover

Grim Scot Wit. A Scottish minister had among his parishioners a man who dealt in old horses, alternating his spells of labor with heavy sprees. During the pe- allowed him lobster salad once a day. riod of depression which followed each and he was feeling that he had somegence John habitually took to bed and there diligently studied the family Bible. During one of these fits of attempted reformation his condition prompted his wife to call in the Rev. Mr. Wallace, the parish minister, who at the time happened to be passing.

"Oh, Maister Wallace, come in and see our John; he's rale bad!" "What's vrang wi' him?"

"He's feart to meet his Makker," said Mrs. John.

Quick as fire came the crushing re-"Humph! Thell'm he need na be feart for that: he'll never see'm."

The Taj Mahal.

Europe and America. - New York fathomable. American.

ters at Berlin, and within a fortnight an army of 500,000 men, fully uniformed, equipped and provided with commissariat, was on its way to the French frontier. Of course it must be

tary training.-London Answers. There Is No Right. "What is the right thing to do when your wife asks you for money and you haven't got it?" "Under those circumstances anything you do will be wrong."-New

remembered that all these men had

been previously warned and that all

had been through their period of mili-

York Herald. Short Stories. She-Short stories seem quite the thing just now. He-I should say so. Nearly every fellow I meet stops and tells me how short he is .- Boston Transcript.

The Chatterbox. "Miss Chatter is a sort of talking machine, isn't she?" "No, not a perfect machine. She lacks the 'exhaust.' "-Baltimore Amer-

A good man does good merely by

HIMMIE THE KID.

Miss Alice Denton, stenographer, was a reformer in a very quiet way. In the village she had left behind her minster abbey and the galleries, and there was no show to carry out her ideas, but she had not been in the city a month when she had Jimmie the Kid on her hands. She picked him up on the street one evening. He was fighting with a bigger boy and getting the worst of it, though doing his best, when Miss Denton rushed to the rescue, and the bigger boy fled. By that act she made Jimmie her friend.

Jimmie was taken into the boarding house and the blood washed off his face and his hair combed, and then he was questioned. His name was Jimmie Skate-so named because he was an orphan skating around for a living, no home, no relatives, the coppers hounding him from morning until night because he would not steal pea- isfaction spread over his face as he nuts and divide with them. When answered proudly: his story was finished he had the girl in tears. At the end of another half hour, by talking to Jimmie of his dead mother in heaven. Sunday school, the ways of goodness, and so on, she had him in tears. A partnership was formed. She was to be a guardian angel to Jimmie, and he was to mend his ways. Five dollars was handed him to get a suit of clothes, and his profits seiling newspapers would rent bim a cheap room and buy his daily bread. At frequent intervals he was to call on Miss Deuton and report and receive further advice and encouragement. He was not to swear, fight. smoke or do aught else to militate against the career mapped out for him. Two evenings later Jimmle called.

wearing his new suit. He had had his hair cut also. He quite looked the orphan whose motto was excelsion. Thank you, he didn't need any more money; he was getting along famously. As he said this he winked in an expressive way at Miss Denton. She didn't understand it, and she didn't quite like it, but she didn't want to push a poor orphan to the wall all at once. Two hours were spent in trying to teach the boy the first four letters "But the black eyed girl who called of the alphabet, and then he took his you Edward and kissed you!" sobbed departure. Later on the girl found the sum of \$13.50 on the stand. She knew It was not her money, and she racked shouted Harcourt. "You little goose, her brains in vain to solve the probyou blessed little goose, it just hap- lem. Next morning the landlady solvpened to be my sister; that is all, I ed it in a moment. She said it was money sent by Providence to one who

Two or three evenings later Jimmle called again. The collar had been ripto curb his impatience for a hasty ped off the new coat, and he was about marriage, but it was only a few short to be charged with fighting when he weeks when over in America another explained that he had jumped off a alliance was made between England ferrybeat to save a would be suicide and America which made two hearts and the would be had torn the collar from its fastenings. He was kissed instead of scolded, and he felt so good over it that he went right at it and learned to distinguish the letter "U" from the letter "O." His daily profits thing to live for. He winked the same bit piqued. An hour after Jimmie's departure she found a new silver purse with \$4 in it under a chair. Here was a new mystery for the landlady to solve. She was equal to the emergency, however. It was explained that when Providence began rewarding a see a horse and buggy driven into the house some evening.

Jimmie never missed two calls per week and sometimes made three. He was eager to make mental progress. The Taj Mahal, at Agra, India, is and at some stage in the proceedings said to be the most beautiful structure he always indulged in that expressive in the world. It was built by Shah wink. One evening he was taken to Jehan as a tomb for his wife and is task for it, but instead of being cast a rude awakening. One day when of the purest white marble. It shines down he winked again and muttered they were making a tour of Melrose so dazzilingly in the sun that you can something about "pards." Sooner or scarcely look at it except in the morn- later after he left Miss Denton made ing or evening. Every part is inlaid a find of money or jewelry. One aftwith the most exquisite designs in ernoon a messenger left a valuable threw her arms about his neck, kissed marble of different colors, the finish muff at the house for her. Again it being so perfect that the entire build- was a new jacket. If she hadn't been ing may be said to resemble in the a reformer and if the landlady hadn't delicacy of its workmanship one of been a believer in Providence the key those Chinese caskets of ivory and of the mystery might have been soonebony which are now so common in er grasped. As it was it seemed un-

> Two months had passed and Jimmie had come so near the governorship that he had learned the alphabet down The finest example of rapid organ- to "G" when Providence let go of the ization of an army was certainly the case and a detective took it up. The mobilization of the German army in boy called one evening and handed 1870. On July 17 in that year the fa- out a diamond bracelet which he said of forty people. He was praised for his gallantry and a promise made to keep the jewel safe for him, and just then the detective entered and took him by the neck. This was practically. He took Miss Denton by the neck theoretically. When the landlady came in and talked about the ways of Providence she was also invited to go along to the station house.

All the plunder had been preserved. Miss Denton and the landlady had to get a lawyer and do a great deal of weeping besides to get out of it, but Jimmie did no weeping. He just winked. He continued to wink until the two women took the stand against him, and he was sentenced to the reform school, and then he ceased to wink and said in a voice of reproach | Library. to Miss Denton:

"I t'ought youse understood dat I was to do all de stealin' and make a fair divvy. What youse t'ink I was doin' all dat winkin' fur?"

Narrow Escape. She-Of course he bored me awfully, but I don't think I showed it. Every time I yawned I just hid it with my

hand. He (trying to be gallant)-Really I don't see how a hand so small could-er-hide - er - that is - beastly weather we're having, isn't it?-Phila-

delphia Press.

A Reluctant Candidate. During a local election in a German

town only one man appeared at the nomination desk. "Whom do you nominate?" inquired

the official.

"Myself," was the answer. "Do you accept the nomination?"

"Well, no." The officer laughed and said: Then we must try again. Whom do you nominate?"

"Myself." "You accept the nomination?" "No.

A subdued "Donnerwetter!" escaped the lips of the perplexed official, but he went on:

"For the third time, whom do you nominate?"

"Myself," came the invariable reply. "Do you accept the nomination?" The man rose up, and a smile of sat- going on. She appeared to be going

"Having been three times solicited by my fellow citizens to accept the nomination. I can no longer decline to accede to their wishes." He then retired.

The Opal. In judging an opal color is of the greatest importance. Red fire or red in combination with yellow, blue and green is the best. Blue by itself is quite valueless, and the green onal is not of great value unless the color is very vivid and the pattern very good. The color must be true-that is to say, it must not run in streaks or Pledmont plateau, thirteen miles above patches, alternating with a colorless or inferior quality. Pattern is an important factor, the several varieties being known as "pin fire" when the grain is very small, "harlequin" when the color is in small squares the more regular the better, and the "flash fire," or "flash opal." when the color shows as a single flash or in very large pattern. Harleavin is the mest common and is also popularly considered the most beautiful. When the squares of color are regular and show as distinct minute checks of red, yellow, blue and green it is considered ma. nificent. Some stones show better on edge than on top .- Exchange.

Kept Them Dancing.

A Washington official, speaking of blunders in the diplomatic service, told of a mistake committed by an American in Afghanistan. He said:

"This American entertained the shahzada for three days, giving him a very handsome suit of rooms in his house. The morning of the shahzada's arrival the American host visited him in his apartment and was amazed to see the royal guest and his entire staff hopping about the floor in the oddest way. They conversed politely and gravely; but, instead of walking, they hopped, taking great leans of eight or nine feet. The host ventured to ask the reason of this hopping. The shahzada politely replied:

"'You see, this carpet is green, with pink roses here and there. Green is understood by a man to mean that the a sacred color with us, so we are pair understood each other, but the obliged to hop from rose to rose. It is girl failed to make it out and was a good exercise, but rather fatiguing, I confess.'"

A Lively Office.

In his recollections in Blackwood's Magazine Sir Robert Anderson tells an amusing story of the days when he was employed at the home office. On reformer it kept it right up and that his arrival one morning at the office she would not be at all surprised to be found a note from Sir James Fergusson's private secretary-his intimates called him "Creeper"-announcing that at 3 o'clock precisely an old hat, lately the property of the chief clerk, would be kicked off from the end of the corridor and requesting the favor of Sir Robert's presence. When Big Ben struck 3. Sir Robert heard Creeper's cheery voice ring out. "All on side; play!" They all turned out and the game began. On emerging from an unusually hot scrimmage Sir Robert became conscious of the presence of a stranger at his side, a timid little Frenchman, who meekly inquired, "Is ziss ze office for ze naturalization?" Sir Robert adds, "It was!"

Why He Cried.

The sympathetic neighbor asked: "Is your little brother ill this morning. quired. Johnnie? I heard him crying in the most heartrending manner."

"No; not exactly." Johnnie explained, dy.' "but Willie pulled down a jug of molasses on himself in the pantry, and mother has been trying to comb his hair."-Exchange.

Livingstone. Of Dr. Livingstone it was said by Stanley that the missionary lived for years among the most cruel and ignorant savages in the world, but he never fired a shot in anger, never "clubbed or clouted or banned or blasted." His manner was that of a "cool, wise old man who felt offended and looked grave."

Unkempt Smith-Mister, would youse kindly help a poor man as is all in. down and out? Jocular Citizen-Why, certainly. Just climb the fire escape on that skyscraper across the street and walk in on the top floor. Then you will be all out, up and in.-Judge's

It's Good Point. "But," asked the long haired young man. "is there nothing at all about

poetry that you like?" "Yes," replied Crabbe. "Whenever I see a poem it makes me feel good to realize that there's no law to compel me to read it."-Catholic Standard and Times.

Thompson.

The Pip and the Slip. Too much mince ple had done the

trick. Little Maimie got a pain in her sash and had to go to bed.

The family physician and his top hat called and prescribed a pill. Maimie's mother said very well, but the family physician did not know Maimie and she was quite sure Maimie would not take the pill. The family physician said he would make it a sweet pill, but Maimie's mother replied that so long as it was a pill it would be

Then the family physician was struck with a brilliant idea. The pill should be craftily concealed in the center of a preserved pear and sent up to little Maimie to eat.

An hour later Maimie's mother went to see how her sweetest dear was on excellently.

"And did my pet eat all her pear?" inquired the fond mother. "Yes, mumsie," replied the little dar-

ling, "all but the nasty seed." There's many a slip 'twixt the pear and the pip. - London Answers.

Bituminous Coal.

The arst bituminous coal mined in the United States, states the United States geological survey, was taken from what is usually termed the Richmond basin, a small area in the southeastern portion of Virginia, near the city of Richmond. This basin is situated on the eastern margin of the tidewater, on the James river. It lies in Goochland, Henrico, Powhatan and Chesterfield counties. The coal beds are much distorted, and the coal is of rather low grade when compared with that from other districts with which it has to come into competition. The occurrence of coal was known in the Richmond basin as early as 1700, and in 1789 shipments were made to some of the northern states. At present what little coal is produced in this field is for local consumption only .-Scientific American.

Movement of Icebergs. In the investigation of the currents round the coast of Newfoundland it has been observed that there is at times a wide difference in the direction of the drift of icebergs and that of the flat or pan ice, which, having no great depth, is governed in its motions by the surface currents and the winds. whereas the icebergs, the larger parts of which are submerged to a great depth, follow only the movement of the ocean water as a whole and are uninfluenced by the winds. In consequence a huge berg may often be seen majestically maintaining its slow advance in opposition to the wind and across the general motion of the fields of flat ice surrounding it. The sealers often take advantage of this fact by mooring their vessels to an iceberg in order to prevent a drift to leeward.

Hunting the Kangaroo.

-Philadelphia Record.

When brought to bay the kangaroo jumps like a flash for the hunter's chest and tries to crush it in with his fore feet. To prevent this each man wears across his breast a two or three inch thick matting Armed with a spear, with a club attachment at the other end, they ride upon swift horses into a herd. With the agility and equipoise of circus riders they stand erect upon their horses and use their spears and clubs.

The kangaroo is able to jump clear over a horse. As the game is bagged it is skinned, and the skin is stretched on the ground and pegged down to prevent shrinkage. The flesh furnishes ment for the camp. Each man places his private mark upon his booty, and when they have 100 apiece they return back to civilization

Why He Searched.

The old man had evidently dropped something in the muddy road, and he began searching for it. In three minutes about thirty strangers had joined in the search, and every additional minute brought additional searchers, till at last one, bolder than the rest, plucked up heart and spoke: "What are you looking for?" he in-

"My friend," mumbled the old man, "I have dropped a piece of taffy can-

"But, great Scott," cried another of the crowd angrily, "why do you go looking for it when it will be covered with dirt?" "Because, my inquisitive friend," re-

plied the old man, "my false teeth are sticking to that taffy."

Strange Hiding Place. False teeth are occasionally used for

secretive purposes. An eccentric old lady boasts of a roof plate which consists of two thin sheets of gold between which a miniature copy of her will is inserted. In a similar manner a dyer preserves a prescription which he declares he would not disclose for a large sum .- London Mail.

"Just think of it!" said the student of immigration. "Many men who come to this country cannot write their own names."

"Yes," answered Mr. Pinchpenny, "and when I get down my check book on the first of the month I am inclined to envy them."-Washington Star.

Fixing the Break. "They were both broken up by their

separation." "But I understand they've effected a reconciliation and are now re-paired." -St. Louis Star.

There is no teacher like necessity: it No grip is so hard to shake off as has been the making of man; it wakes that of early convictions.-Maurice up his dormant faculties and stimulates to action his latent talents.