

THE STRANGE CASE OF A HEW LOVE

The married life between Clarence Hooper and Edna Worth was very happy. When they were united Clarence was twenty-one and Edna nineteen. Ten years later the husband was obliged to make a business trip to Russia. His wife being in delicate health at the time, it was not deemed best that she should accompany him.

From Russia Clarence wrote often to his wife, at times mentioning in glowing terms a certain prima donna, Veltvolsky, a Russian Pole. He was not aware that there was anything said in these letters to lead his wife to believe that his feeling for the singer was anything more than friendship. She did not write him that she was jealous of his new found friend. Indeed, she never mentioned the singer in any of her letters.

One day he received a cablegram from his wife's bosom friend, Sarah Ingalls, that Mrs. Hooper had been caught in one of those terrible railroad accidents which kill and maim so many people and had been crushed to death. He had seen an account of the accident the day before cabled to an English paper, but did not dream of his wife having been on the train.

A death of one very dear to us in the events of which we do not participate personally is very different from one where we are present. Clarence Hooper could not realize that his wife was dead. It was only when he returned to his desolate home that his bereavement appeared to him as a reality, and then it rushed upon him with its full force.

When the opera season came to a close Hooper went to his home. The first thing he did after his return was to visit his wife's grave. He did so with mingled emotions, among which was a desire to see if there was any further evidence of the unknown friend or lover.

He found the grave strewn with fresh cut flowers. A cry escaped him. Had the grave been desecrated he would have been enraged. This token of an unknown affection filled him with agony.

The mystery, with its distressing attendant conditions, began to wear upon the widower that he feared they might unbalance his brain. Could he have found a clue to work on his investigations would have been a relief. As it was he could only brood.

One day he formed a resolution to bury it all in a new interest. Mme. Veltvolsky had shown great partiality to him, but that she would marry him he did not know. She had gone to the country, and there he followed her. He told her that through her, and her alone, he could secure comfort. Would she receive a love that had withered, but which she could warm into a new life?

Then she confessed that she had loved him during their meeting in Russia and had loved him ever since. "But, knowing that you had a wife," she added, "whom you loved I gave no sign. I only feared that you might be drawn from her to me. You were unconscious of your danger."

Then Hooper remembered the mention he had made in his letters to his wife of his new found friend and wondered if she had been jealous. Veltvolsky soon after passed through the place where Hooper lived, and he had persuaded her to stop over for a day that he might show her the home in which it was expected she would live in future life.

After inspecting it she expressed a desire to visit his dead wife's grave. When he asked her why she could not tell him. It was a bright morning in early summer when they drove to the cemetery. As they walked along one of the avenues leading to the lot Hooper's quick eye discerned a figure trimming a rosebush that hung over the grave of his wife.

His heart throbbed with a sudden relief when he saw it was a woman. They were about entering the gate when the figure turned Hooper staggered and caught at the iron fence. He saw his wife in the flesh. "Clarence," she said, "I lie in that grave. By your letters I knew that your heart had been given to another. I took advantage of the disaster that occurred at the time to die to you. Sarah Ingalls helped me, and I went to Europe with her before you returned. I did this to give you every opportunity to win your new love, she whom I see with you. I have devoted myself to bringing you together. To suggest to you the fact that you loved I wrote the item that prematurely announced your engagement. I have known of your every movement and have calmly awaited this result. Go and make your application for divorce and I will aid you to get it."

Six months from that time Hooper had divorced his wife and married his new love. An Odd Wish. A student at a technical school in Boston who had too frequently asked leave of absence offered on one occasion as a reason the necessity of attending the funeral of a cousin. "Well," said the doubting instructor "I suppose I must let you go, but I do wish it were a nearer relative."—Lippincott's.

after she had become a wife. Hooper inflicted upon himself a succession of such torturing hypotheses and when they had been all applied began again and went through the process anew.

One day Hooper saw in a paper that Veltvolsky was coming to America to sing in opera. The thought that he might meet her again was pleasant to him. When she arrived he went to the metropolis where she was singing and called upon her. He told her of his bereavement, and she sympathized with him. With kindly tact she diverted his mind. When she had time to spare from study and rehearsals they drove out together. Hooper was a frequent attendant at the opera house where Veltvolsky sang, and evenings when she didn't sing he frequented her apartments. He confided to her his discovery that some one who had loved his wife was caring for her grave. The prima donna deprecated his fears that his wife had a lover, explaining the episode by the supposition that the unknown friend was some poor creature whom the dead had befriended. This temporarily at least relieved his mind.

Hooper was seen so much at the opera, applauded so enthusiastically, drove so often with Veltvolsky and spent so much time in her apartments that the little coterie of singers at last began to connect her name with his in a more tender connection than friendship. Then one day he saw a notice in a newspaper that the prima donna was to marry an American gentleman whom she had met in Russia shortly before her visit to the United States.

Hooper was naturally very angry at the publication of this bit of information, which had not been authorized. He went to the office of the paper containing it and complained. He was shown the manuscript of the item which had come in from an unknown person. He did not recognize the name signed to it as belonging to any one he knew. Nevertheless there was something about the handwriting, which was evidently a woman's, that was familiar to him. It looked like an unsuccessful attempt at disguise. He could not divest himself of the feeling that he had known the writer or had at least seen her handwriting.

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A Stage Performance That Took Place Under Difficulties.

In an article on barnstorming in the Wide World Magazine P. R. Eaton describes a performance which took place under certain difficulties. There had been an ice cream sociable just prior to our arrival in the hall, and no one had cleaned the stage. Mac had a new pair of broadcloth trousers and my scarlet tunic, also new. When a shot was fired he was to fall and before dying confess that he had killed old Fitzgerald.

The juvenile down front was not to speak till Mac had fallen and confessed. There he stood while Mac staggered about the stage looking for a clean place on which to fall. Mixed with his lines he was making remarks to us in the wings sotto voce, while we were convulsed with laughter at his antics.

"I cannot die—oh, why didn't you have a grass mat?—I must not die—I shall ruin my breeches—I can't die—oh, this stage is afloat with ice cream—I—must—not—die."

Here the juvenile put in some side remarks of his own. "Oh, hurry up and die or I'll walk off!" "Go ahead," retorted Mac, "and bring me a sack. I must—not—die. Well, if I must here goes—it's ruin to your tunic. Perce, and my breeches—oh, oh!" (He went down on one knee, then on one elbow and finally lay full length.) "The deed is done—I confess—I—murdered—Old Fitzgerald"—A realistic shiver and all was over, including the ruining of our clothes, as prophesied. The natives said it was the "best and most likeliest death scene that had ever been given in that town."

More People Trap This Little Animal Than Any Other.

In America nearly 10,000 people trap the musquash, or muskrat, every year. More people trap this little animal than any other. It is claimed that the greatest number of skins are taken in Minnesota and the Red River district. Most of the pelts are exported. The skins are very uniform in color, usually a dark brown. However, those of Alaska and the Mackenzie district are very light in color. The black pelts or those which are nearly so come from the southern sections, although occasionally a few are found in other localities.

The muskrat is very prolific. In some latitudes, says Fur News, it has three litters of young in a summer and from three to five young in each litter. The animals are nocturnal in their habits, but are often seen during the day. Musquash, it is said, thrive best in sluggish streams, lakes and marshes. In appearance it is very much like the beaver, and its habits are very similar.

The muskrats that inhabit the ponds, marshes and shallow lakes build their houses of grass, weeds, etc., and place

ter them together with mud. The house is built in the shape of a dome and is usually several feet above the water. The musquash that lives along the streams usually has its home in the banks of them. The entrance to this den is almost always beneath the water, but as the burrows range upward the dens are never filled with water except in times of freshets.

Color Blindness.

One thing is definitely shown by the tests that have been made for color blindness in various races—no race, however primitive, has been discovered in which red-green blindness was the universal or general condition, and this is a fact of some interest in connection with the physiology of color vision, for it seems probable that red-green blindness since it is not by any means a diseased condition represents a reversion to a more primitive state of the color sense. If this is so no race of men remains in the primitive stages of the evolution of the color sense. The development of a color sense substantially to the condition in which we have it was probably a preliminary achievement.—Professor R. S. Woodworth in Science.

A Gambler's Philosophy.

"There's no use in trying to buck against bad luck," said the successful gambler as he put down his glass of vichy and milk. "If you see luck 's going against you, drop out. If the fickle goddess of fortune is with you, woo her for all you are worth. That's the whole secret of the game. I've been gambling all my life, and I rarely lose. Why? Because I never take a chance against bad luck. Luck is bound to be either with you or against you. You win or you lose. The chances of breaking even are mighty slim. So I never buck bad luck."—New York Times.

A Better Position.

"Why did Dollarby sell his hotel?" "He wasn't making money fast enough." "What is he doing now?" "He's luxuriating in the position of head waiter."—Pearson's Weekly.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures thousands of cases every year, tones the Stomach, aids the digestion, cleanses and revitalizes the blood, gives vigor and vim.

ROOTS, BARKS AND HERBS—Hood's Sarsaparilla so combines the great curative principles of roots, barks and herbs as to raise them to their highest efficiency for the cure of all spring urticaria, all blood diseases, and run-down conditions.

No REAL SUBSTITUTE—There is no real substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Any preparation said to be "just as good," you may be sure is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer a larger profit. Insist on having Hood's.

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Inertia of the Nerves.

The researches and experiments of a French scientist have led him to the conclusion that the cerebral nervous system is incapable of perceiving more than an average of ten separate impressions per second. After each excitation of the nerves a period of inertia follows, lasting about one-tenth of a second, and during this period a new impression cannot be made. According to the investigations of this scientist a person cannot make more than ten or at the most a dozen separate voluntary movements of any kind in a second, although the muscles, independently of the will, are capable of making as many as thirty or forty.

A Romantic Career.

The romantic career of a very remarkable man, John Gully, who seconded Cribb in his battle with Molineux, is thus summed up in the "Dictionary of National Biography": "Prizefighter, horse racer, legislator and colliery proprietor." Gully fought his first fight just before Trafalgar. He fought his last and retired from the prize ring in a blaze of triumph seven years before Waterloo. Gully rose to be a rich man and a member of parliament. He won the Derby three times and was the owner of a large and prosperous colliery. He died in 1863, the father of twenty-four children.

Compensation.

"I felt so sorry when I heard your house was burned down, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Hawkins. "It was too bad," said Mrs. Jones, "but it had its bright side. John and I were both afraid to discharge our cook, but now that the house is gone of course we don't have to."—Harper's Weekly.

Old School Prejudice.

"Doctor, I met a medical practitioner of a new kind the other day, and I can't classify him. He diagnoses all diseases by looking at the finger nails of his patients. What would you call him?" "I should call him a humbug."—Chicago Tribune.

Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA. Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1909.

Table with columns: READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP. Lists stations like Bellefonte, Altoona, etc. with times.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Schedule to take effect Monday, Jan. 6, 1910

Table with columns: WESTWARD, STATIONS, EASTWARD. Lists stations like Altoona, etc. with times.

Patents.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS, etc. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications are strictly confidential.

HAIR DRESSER.

FOR THE LADIES—Miss Jennie Morgan in her rooms on Spring Street, is ready to meet any and all patients wishing treatment by electricity, treatments of the scalp, facial massage or neck and shoulder massage.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's Castoria.

Clothing.

Clothing.

It's the Particular Man

The fellow who thinks his clothes must be made to special measurements to be satisfactory, THAT WE ARE AFTER The Clothes we show this season will remove that prejudice.

We will show you clothes that are Better Tailored,

That Have More Style, that will fit you as well, and in nine cases out of ten better than the ones you had made to your order, and the saving will be from five to ten dollars—don't you think it worth while.



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