

Bertie Courtenay.

"Charlie, let me tell you something. I think I know where you can get a first class twirler for the match game."

"Don't want any twirler. Dan Simpson is good enough."

"How about a batter?"

"Don't want any batter either."

This dialogue was spoken between Charles Wilkins, captain of the Roslyn Athletic club's baseball team, and his cousin, Kate Hathaway. Kate was an enthusiastic baseball girl—that is, she was infatuated with the game and a member of a girls' team that occasionally played on the diamond of the gymnasium club.

There was more between Wilkins and Miss Hathaway than a common interest in baseball. A lawsuit of long standing between their respective families over property acquired by a Wilkins three generations before was to be settled by their union—that is, it was hoped by their parents that the interest might be united in them.

The match referred to was to take place between the Roslyn club and the Ringolds, a champion game. Both teams were training hard, and both managers were testing and picking up the best men they could find. Ned Paddock, manager of the Ringolds, would require an infielder and Wilkins an outfielder. This was smooth sailing. But when both men wanted an outfielder and there was just one good man in that line to be secured the friction emitted more sparks than a skyrocket.

There had come to Roslyn that spring an invalid named Albert Courtenay. He was suffering from bronchitis and had been recommended to come to Roslyn on account of its dry air. For a couple of months he went about coughing and hawking, looking as though, having one foot in the grave, he was struggling to keep out the other. Then he began to get better and the flesh came back on his bones. One could tell of his improvement by his clothes—the better his health the finer his garments. At last when he was quite recovered he bloomed into a first class dude. He manifested an interest in the society of Roslyn, joined the Roslyn Country club and showed a mild interest in the young ladies of the place. They were inclined to make fun of him, calling him "Bertie."

Bertie Courtenay seemed more inclined to bestow his attentions on Kate Hathaway than any other girl. Charlie Wilkins didn't object to his preference, for he considered him altogether too contemptible for a rival. Besides, Charlie was too much absorbed in preparations for the great game soon to come off to take any interest in anything else. But one day when Courtenay, who drew his words, was sitting chatting with Kate and watching a game of tennis Wilkins came up. Courtenay drew on. Wilkins "batted in," mimicking Courtenay's speech. Courtenay imperturbably changed from English to Latin. Neither Kate nor Wilkins understood a word he said until Kate caught the meaning of "carissimus Katherineina" (dear Katherineina) and blushed. Wilkins, with a growl, turned on his heel and left them.

This incident when repeated—that is, that Bertie Courtenay could speak Latin—occasioned a halt in the opinion of the young people of Roslyn were forming of him. Then one day, having appeared in a flannel tennis suit, white as an angel's wing, to play a game with a member of the Country club, he soon collected a crowd by sending the balls from his racket as if they had been fired from a roman candle.

Here was a second gain. Bertie could not only talk Latin, but he was a marvel at tennis.

From this point Kate Hathaway began to show an interest in him. As soon as Wilkins noticed that the "dude," as he called Courtenay, had found any favor whatever in Katherineina's eyes he ceased his own attentions, indicating to her that a girl who could see anything interesting in a "chump like that" was of no use to him. As for Courtenay himself, Wilkins treated him with supreme contempt.

"He's one of these college men," said Wilkins, "they make professors of—a great capacity for taking in knowledge and never making any practical use of it."

"But he's remarkable at tennis," suggested one who had seen Courtenay make fireworks of the balls over the net.

"Oh, that's a sort of slight of hand, like billiards. There's nothing manly in the game."

one who looked at it laughing. The bluff baseball man against the versatile scholar was like a bread club against a rapier of Damascus steel. Wilkins became furious at this unknown creature who had crossed his path and who returned his thrusts with satire. Courtenay did not seem to mind Wilkins any more than he would a goat, never manifesting toward him the slightest hostility.

Kate Hathaway was no less at sea with regard to Mr. Courtenay than were the others. He seemed to like her society, but never made love to her, nor did he tell her more about himself than he told them. There was certainly a fascination in the man she could not account for. When listening to what he said she felt lifted into a different atmosphere. At times he would chat with her about the politics of their native land, but no sooner had he interested her in the subject than he would skim away like a bird to ancient Greece, Rome or Egypt.

Meanwhile the competing clubs were making up and practicing. Paddock had selected the better team, and Wilkins, who knew his enemy's strength and the weakness of several of his own men, was feeling very much discouraged. But during the term of practice the Ringold team had a streak of bad luck. First their best infielder was hit in the face by a ball and incapacitated, then their next strongest man fell and broke his leg, and lastly their pitcher was taken down with typhoid fever. Thus in the space of a month the Ringolds were reduced from the better to a far inferior team.

"Why don't you try Courtenay?" asked a man who was sympathizing with Captain Paddock.

"What! That Miss Nancy? What could he do at baseball? He'd be all right for tiddledewinks, but baseball—never."

"You can at least try him in a practice game."

"Yes; I can do that. But what's the use? It would be time lost."

Paddock's friend insisted, and Courtenay was invited to show what he could do. He accepted the invitation. What he did on the diamond was kept a secret. But on the day of the game when the Ringold team was walking out on to the oval Bertie, conspicuous in a crimson silk handkerchief around his neck, was among them. Wilkins remarked him with unconcealed astonishment.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Is that all they could do in making up their deficiency? We've got them sure."

The game opened with inconspicuous play on the part of the Ringold team, which had the inning, till it came Courtenay's turn at the bat. The first ball sent him he knocked straight up in the air, dropped the bat and walked leisurely around the bases. Every man of the opposing team stood looking up for the ball to come down, but either it did not come down or if it did it landed in some other place. Courtenay completed his walk, and every one looked mystified. Some maintained that the ball had gone far out of bounds, but the majority declared that it had gone up in a straight line and should have fallen on the plate.

After ten minutes spent in hunting all over the field for it the hit was declared foul. The next ball received by Courtenay he sent diagonally into the corner of the fence inclosing the field and again began his walk around the bases, completing it before the ball was found.

During the game Captain Paddock put the substitute into various positions, and he did as well in one as in another. He would catch a ball whether it came down in a curve or whether it was sent from the bat in a line parallel to the ground. When he pitched the batter never touched the ball. When behind the batter no pitcher could give a ball that he could not catch. He declined to use a body protector; indeed, there seemed no need for one, since he could catch any ball.

When the game was over the Ringolds had scored largely, while the Roslyn had made but three or four runs. Courtenay had carried the game on his shoulders, and that without any apparent effort. He had made but few runs himself, and then it seemed that he had been shot out of a gun.

The Ringolds wanted to take him up on their shoulders and carry him around the oval, but he protested so firmly that they desisted.

Courtenay was last seen, with the others, walking toward the dressing rooms. No one could say that he had seen him there or seen him leave there. Some thought that he had taken a train that passed about the time the game was over and gone to his home, wherever that was. Nevertheless the fact remains that without a word of farewell to any one he left the oval and the town.

Months afterward Kate Hathaway met a student of — university, to whom she told the story of Albert Courtenay.

"Oh, I know who that is! He's Ad Crichton."

"And who is Ad Crichton?"

"So called from the Admirable Crichton who lived in the sixteenth century. He knew everything, beat every one at any sort of exercise and spoke ten different languages. Courtenay is his counterpart. He's a queer duck. He's the wonder of our college."

Kate married Charlie Wilkins.

Lost Both Ways.

"Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?"

"No, and I didn't get in without hearing her, either."—Houston Post.

Between friends frequent reproof makes the friendship distant.—Confucius.

The Love of Sea Food Was a Mania in the Time of Lucullus.

Many famous persons both in modern and ancient times have been known as devoted fish eaters. Gaius, queen of Syria, was so fond of fish that she ordered all caught within the limit of her kingdom to be brought to her in order that she might be continually supplied with the choicest quality. Philoxenes of Cytheria, on learning from his physician that he must die of indigestion from having eaten excessively of a delicious fish, said, "Be it so, but before I go allow me to finish what remains."

Athens was a city of fish eaters, and its cooks were famous for their knowledge of cooking fish. The wise writers of the day spent much time in recording recipes for preserving fish in salt, oil or herbs. There was a law in the city that forbade a fishmonger to sit down until he had disposed of all his stock on the ground that a standing position made him more submissive and inclined to sell at a reasonable price.

The Romans inherited from the Greeks their love for fish. Rome's soldiers were fed on fish, her generals ate fish, her senators were epicures in fish, and her emperors recognized no dish more desirable than fish.

Lucullus caused a canal to be cut through a mountain near Naples to bring up the sea and its fishes to the center of the gardens of his sumptuous villa. The love of fish in those days was a mania. The red mullet was prized beyond all food. A sauce called garum, made from the entrails and blood of mackerel and other fishes, brought high prices, and great prizes were offered the man who could make a similar sauce out of the liver of the red mullet.

In more modern times kings have been known for their liking of fish. In the reign of Edward II. in England sturgeon could be served only on the king's table. In France fishmongers were licensed by the king. Louis XII. was so fond of fish he appointed six fishmongers to supply his table. Francis I. had twenty-two and Henry the Great twenty-four.

Under the reign of Louis XIV. fish eating became as popular at the French court as it had ever been in Rome. A story is told that when fish failed to arrive from the sea-coast in time for a grand dinner being given by the Prince of Condé to the king the prince's chef, an illustrious purveyor of fish, was so chagrined he ran to his chamber, took his sword and pierced his heart.—Boston Globe.

Supplying a Want.

Shabby Individual (to painter up ladder)—Hi, you're dropping your paint all over me.

Painter—Well, you're badly in need of a coat of some sort.—London Tit-Bits.

The Old Fashioned Woman.

"What caused your sudden blowing in?" asked a veteran in Shade Land of a woman who just arrived. The woman gave a sigh that blew over a tombstone as she replied: "I am an old-fashioned woman, and I did my work in a kitchen with a six hole range, a big sink, three long tables, two pantries and a dishpan large enough to wash a turkey in. Two days ago I went to visit my daughter in a big city and found her cooking for her family in a chafing dish, doing her dishes in a washbowl and keeping them stored in the lower part of the washstand. When I saw her get the bread out of a big bowl on the piano called a jardiniere and reach for the butter out of the window I felt a cold chill come over me, and when she made soup by opening a tin can and pouring out a mess to which she added water from the wash pitcher I knew no more." Then the old-fashioned woman gave such a sniff of disgust it blew all the shades over into the next county.—Atchison Globe.

Trapped.

The man was neither neatly nor well dressed. He was plainly a tramp, begging, and had just turned away from one passerby when he saw a young man walking briskly toward him. "Please, mister," said the tramp, "can you give me a dime to get something to eat?"

The young man stopped. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Can't get work," said the other glibly. "I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday morning. Panned all my clothes 'cepting these. Slept under a wharf for a week, and I don't know anybody in the whole city—honest. I don't."

The young man looked at the tramp's smooth face, over which a razor had evidently passed very recently.

"Who shaved you this morning?" he asked, and as the beggar faded away the young man grinned and walked on down the street.—Youth's Companion.

A Master Tactician.

"Why," expostulated the lady in the brown dress when the artist who had

paid a portrait of her little daughter said the price of the picture was \$100, "you charged Mrs. Crawford only \$68 for the picture you painted of her Lacy."

"I am aware of that fact, my dear madam," the suave and polite artist hastened to explain. "but you must consider the great difference in the costs of the paints used for the hair of the two children. The scant, drab colored hair of the Crawford child required just a touch of the cheapest kind of pigment, but the wonderfully beautiful and luxuriant curls of your lovely daughter required a large quantity of the best paints on the market."

Then the lady in the brown dress smiled, took out her purse and begged the artist's pardon for having spoken rudely to him.—Chicago News.

Birds and Lightning.

Birds are sometimes struck by lightning. Darwin records the case of a wild duck that he saw struck by a bolt while flying. It was killed instantly and fell to the ground. But birds seem to know instinctively that lightning is to be feared. That perhaps is why they seek shelter in thin derstroms. The sudden disappearance of the birds is, indeed, in the country one of the surest signs of an approaching tempest.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Paid For Style.

"Room and a bath, sir," said the hotel clerk politely. "\$2 a day." "I said room and bath, young man," interrupted the pompous man. "Understand—bath!" "Oh, room and bath? Beg pardon, sir. Then the rates will be \$5 a day."—Pittsburg Press.

A Gentle Hint.

Young Man—Your twin daughters seem absolutely inseparable. The Mother—Oh, I don't know. A young man with half a million, like yourself, ought to make good as a separator. Chicago News.

A Clumsy Compliment.

She (to partner claiming first dance)—You are an early bird, Mr. Glossiest. He (gallantly)—Yes; and by Jove, I've caught the worm!—London M. A. P.

Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1910.

Table with columns: READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP. Lists stations like Bellefonte, Hecla Park, Hubersburg, Snyder, etc.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Schedule to take effect Monday, Jan. 6, 1910.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, STATIONS, EASTWARD. Lists stations like Bellefonte, Coleville, Morris, etc.

Patents.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS, &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probable 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.

Advertisement for M. Fauble & Son. Text: "Do it now, the Time is Here. You must surely be ready for that new Summer Suit. See them all, then come to the Fauble Stores and you will realize the difference. We will show you more new, up-to-date Clothes for Men and Young Men than all of Bellefonte's other stores combined. The snappiest lot of Ready to put on Clothes you ever saw anywhere, the kind that makes the custom tailor green-eyed, and then, they are priced honestly. M. Fauble & Son." Includes illustration of a man in a suit.