

A Belated Traveler.

The village of Enderley was looking forward to an era of prosperity. When a strapping in the postoffice called it a boom Deacon Carder launched forth into a tirade against such a proposition.

"Butterworth's givin' good wages," he said, "but you wait till he gets in a passel of foreign hands."

"Easy, Carder, easy! They do say he's buying land all along the river road and going to put up these new-fangled model tenements," pacified the postmaster.

Passing down the street, the deacon saw young Jack Butterworth rapping at the door of the Dyer girls and exclaimed:

"Either on 'em old 'nough to be his grandmother, an' Annelie bedridden at that. Humph! Prob'ly he's up to his pa's tricks an' wantin' to buy there an' start a bifalutin sulphite mill. Stuff an' nonsense, I say!"

Meantime the young man was vigorously using the ancient knocker on the door of the small white house, but receiving no response, was about to turn away when the sudden shrill blast of a horn from within assured him that the dwelling was not tenanted.

"I'm coming," called a high pitched voice, and a wily little old lady in a gingham gown and flapping sunbonnet appeared from the garden at the rear. "Deary me! I was out getting butter beans, and when I heard sister's horn I was all of a fluster. But come right in now, do!"

"Sister, this is Mr. Butterworth," introduced Miss Caroline deprecatingly. But the sister, an invalid, waved her hand with impatience. "Don't mind me, I ain't to home. Been in Japan the whole afternoon. Just going to ride out in one o' them jiny goarbs this minute. Say," she continued irreverently, with a birdlike change of demeanor, "did you hear my horn?" She proudly tapped an old cornet as she spoke.

"Hear it, Miss Annelie! My ears are ringing yet. Do you play often?" he asked, with lingering amusement. "Sister doesn't really play," Miss Caroline hastened to explain.

"No, but she can blow like old Borax," the invalid rejoined, with a shrewd twinkle in her eyes.

"Boreas, Boreas, you mean, sister," corrected the other gently.

"Well, I call him Borax." There was the insistence of a spoiled child in the sick woman's tone. "One toot means 'Some one at the door.' Two toots mean 'I want you myself.'"

Then she gravely observed, "The jiny goarbs waiting," and withdrew her interest from the conversation.

"I'm afraid it's hopeless," he admitted ruefully to his father afterward. "If the Dyer place didn't happen to be located exactly as it is—fairly adjoining the 'river road' property—of course we'd never give it another thought. And what would ever induce that quaint old pair to give up their home? Those poor souls! By the way, father, have you ever seen Miss Annelie, the bedridden one, who has a mania for traveling and so pretends she's constantly on the road?"

Mr. Butterworth drummed abstractedly on his office desk before answering. "No, but I should think the change would suit the old lady to a T from all accounts."

"By Jove, father, do you know I believe I have a scheme! I'm determined to win yet, but I'll keep my plan to myself for the present."

"Well, success to you, Jack," was the hearty wish as the paternal gaze rested admiringly on the animated face. "I judge the Dyer girls are likely to have a persistent caller."

Subsequent events proved the truth of the prophecy, for the following afternoon saw the runaway again before the old house. The front door was ajar, and Miss Annelie called with unwonted graciousness: "Come in! Come in if you want to! Caroline's over to Mis' Skillins, but I'm just getting back from Venice myself. I'll be home in a jiffy. My," she exulted, "but it's fine goodoling on the Grand canal!" She breathed a sigh of rapture as she looked up.

"Enderley, too, is an uncommonly pretty place to any one who has an eye for natural beauty," he finally ventured.

Miss Annelie's face clouded. "Maybe," she assented reluctantly. "The 'own is improving fast," pursued the undaunted youth, launching into a glowing account of recent changes and bettered conditions. "Down in the village, now, on Main street, there's so much passing it's sometimes absolutely lively."

The black eyes in the withered countenance shone with speculative appreciation, and the speaker resumed: "I should think you and Miss Caroline would—ahem!—take a notion one of these days to move down in the midst of things, where you'd have more neighbors. Haven't you ever thought of selling the farm and taking a smaller place there?"

Mr. Butterworth, Sr., would have detected germs of diplomatic talent in the apparent innocence with which the question was proffered, but the old lady was wholly unsuspecting and retorted with a sniff of scorn: "What Yankee would ever lack gumption had enough to buy this farm, do you suppose? Caroline can't raise a thing on it but hay 'n' potatoes 'n' pusley, with a mess of butter beans now 'n' then. Besides, though I'm away from home a good deal myself, I do seem to need this place for a kind of depot."

An expression of sly humor lighted the invalid's countenance, but her listener's manner was merely one of grave attention. "I see," he remarked quietly. "But, Miss Annelie, some people travel in their own private cars. How would it strike you and your sister if you could get a good price for the farm and still keep the house here for a sort of car perhaps? Travel in it to your new home, say?"

"Young man, be you crazy?" Red spots burned in the faded cheeks, and there was stern interrogation in the voice.

"Listen, Miss Annelie," was the earnest entreaty, and in reassuring tones the plan was little by little unfolded by which the Butterworth company might gain possession of the coveted land and yet the two old ladies be at the same time enriched, while, best of all, the belated traveler could at last take a trip in very truth.

Therefore when Miss Caroline made her tardy appearance she found her sister sitting upright in excitement, so engrossed in conversation with Jack Butterworth that she was utterly oblivious to the fact that Snooks, the gray kitten, was playing with the map of Africa in a way which threatened the immediate destruction of the dark continent.

"Caroline," summoned an imperious voice, "it's high time you got here. We're going to sell this farm, you 'n' I, and take a trip abroad. My, but won't the Enderley folks stare!"

"Remember," admonished the autocrat, "not a word of this is to be lisp'd till we're ready to start on our trip. Won't it give Enderley a turn, though!" She chuckled as she packed her books and maps in a neat pile on the stand at the side of the bed. "Tomorrow, sister," she proclaimed, "we'll begin to make over my brown alpaca for a traveling dress. I wonder if ruffles or bias folds would look best for any one going away."

But there was no reply, for the mind of the other was busy with both prospect and retrospect. "How can I give up the dear old place?" she finally asked, with a groan. "But such an offer as he made! 'Twould seem like flyin' in the face of Providence to refuse. Laud sakes, though, how upset I am!" she wailed.

"That's just it," retorted the invalid with asperity. "It's 'land sakes' and nothing else. Haven't we still got the house, and aren't we going to live in a good lot down next to the Baptist minister's when we get home from our travels? Caroline Dyer, if you'd been around the world as much as some folks you'd likely have more sense than you've ever got yet. I should think you'd go now and get supper with a glad heart like a Christian, I feel to eat a hefty meal myself."

Thus admonished, the mournful one was forced to bestir herself. Succeeding morrows rolled into the present and then the past until one morning a smiling youth arrived with the gay announcement: "The private car is ready and horses are in sight for the baggage, shall I say? 'All aboard,' Miss Annelie?"

"Wait till my bonnet and shawl's on," commanded the bedridden traveler. Then, noting an involuntary smile, she grimly added, "When you're making a real start for the first time in a good many years, young man, I think you'll want to go seemly and prepared."

Miss Annelie "received" at different stages of her triumphal progress, and the unusual excitement served as a bracing tonic. "We stop down by the Carder farm tonight," she announced on the second day with the manner of one about to behold untold glories, but it was the following noon that a discovery was made which thrilled Miss Caroline with the awakening of a hope long deferred.

She was getting dinner at what they termed a "way station" when she remarked with a perturbed expression, "I declare, Annelie, I'm coming to be as forgetful as old Grandma Skillins. Why, I should have vowed I had a big piece of berry pie in the buttry for your dinner, but there ain't so much as a bite."

She looked at the scanty repast with regret, but great was her amazement to hear her sister acknowledge with a mixture of pride and contrition, "Come to think of it, that must have been the identical pie I ate last night."

Miss Caroline dropped into a chair. "Annelie Dyer," she gasped, "tell me the truth! How'd you happen to get that when 'twas in the buttry?"

There was no attempt at concealment, but a characteristic explanation was in readiness. "Don't get flustered, Caroline. You act as floppy as if you was car sick. You see, 'twas this way: I got to sort of dwelling on the subject of China in the night, and from thinking how pesky the famine was there I happened to feel a hankering for something to nibble on myself, and I found I could and did get to the buttry. So there, that's all. Now, there's no call to take on," she finished, for Miss Caroline had thrown her apron over her head and was rocking back and forth, shedding tears of joy.

The room seemed suddenly filled with contentment. A vista of peaceful days in which to continue their brief journey together toward the setting sun opened before the pair, and two old hands were tightly clasped in each other as a cheery voice outside called "All aboard!"

A Natural Cause. "Do you notice that most dog stories are funny ones?"

"Why not? A dog story ought naturally to be something of a waggish tale."—New York Journal.

Few things are necessary for the wants of this life, but it takes an infinite number to satisfy the demands of opinion.

A Painful Jolt For the Good Roads Ambassador.

I'll never forget the night I called on the Widow Yarn. She owned forty acres on the main road, which I hoped to have improved. In practically every house in the county I had been hospitably received because I was a human being. A pioneer citizen, member of the Good Roads club, took me in a carriage to see the widow. "I'll watch the horses," this wise old citizen said.

"I don't know what would frighten them," I suggested, but he seemed to expect a brass band or some other unusual sight, although it was 8 o'clock at night. I soon knew why he preferred to sit out there in the cold.

"Mrs. Yarn, I believe?" I began ingratiatingly when the door was opened.

"Well," the person who stood there observed, "I've been here forty years. You ought to believe it."

"This," thinks I to myself, "is a strange place for curbstone humor." And then aloud: "I have been talking for good roads, madam. We have decided to run a rock road by here, and as—"

"Who has decided?" This in the voice of a conductor when he asks you how old your little boy is.

"Why," I stammered, "the Good Roads club, and—"

"I don't belong to it, do I? They wouldn't have a woman member, would they?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I have been chiefly—"

"Sure you don't!" the Widow Yarn snapped. "You're chiefly concerned about taxing my forty acres into the county treasury without letting me vote on it. What right have you to come over here to build roads? Are you a road builder? Did you ever build a road or pay for one?"

"Madam," I said, "you really do have a vote on this question if a road district is organized. You have forty votes—one for every acre you own, and—"

Her face lighted up with a light that never was seen before on human face unless perhaps in riding on an old transfer or getting rid of a bad nickel. She opened the door wider—I had not been admitted up to that moment—and asked me to enter.

"You say I have forty votes?" she inquired.

"You have," I assured her, feeling like the bearer of good news.

"Well, glory be!" the Widow Yarn sighed, rocking herself comfortably. "Glory be, say I! I'll cast them all against your old rock road. Now I must be getting ready for prayer meeting."—Charles Dillon in Harper's Weekly.

The Terrors of Frankness. "There is no worse vice than frankness," said a playwright. "How should

I feel, for example, if I asked you for your opinion of my plays and you answered me frankly, quite frankly? Why, I should feel like the poor lady at the bridge drive who said to her hostess' little daughter:

"Your eyes are such a heavenly blue. And what color are my eyes, darling?"

"The child's high treble traveled easily to the farthest corner of the quiet room as she replied, looking earnestly up into her questioner's face: "Dwab middles, yellow whites and wed wims!"—Exchange.

Ruskin and the Turners. How closely famous pictures can be imitated by skillful artists was proved by an exhibition by Ruskin in 1875 of a series of facsimiles of Turner's pictures in the National gallery, London. The collection was accompanied by a characteristic note from Ruskin, in which he said, "I have given my best attention during upward of ten years to train a copyist to perfect fidelity in rendering the works of Turner and have now succeeded in enabling him to produce facsimiles so close as to look like replicas—facsimiles which I must sign with my own name to prevent their being sold for real Turners."

Kith and Kin. "Very interesting conversation in here?" asked papa, suddenly thrusting his head through the conservatory window, where Ethel, Mr. Tomkins and little Eva sat very quietly.

"Yes, indeed," said Ethel, ready on the instant with a reply. "Mr. Tomkins and I were discussing our kith and kin, weren't we, Eva?"

"Yeth, you wath," replied little Eva. "Mr. Tomkins said, 'May I have a kith?' and Ethel said, 'You kin.'"—London Tit-Bits.

A Deduction. "Little Willie Withers is the brightest and best behaved boy in the neighborhood."

"Allow me to deduce."

"Go ahead."

"You don't know little Willie, and you've recently been chatting with his mother."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Envious. Howell—I'm engaged to Miss Rowell. Congratulate me, old man. Powell—I would if I did not know that in her case a nomination is not equivalent to an election.—Smart Set.

Another of Woman's Rights. "How are Brown and his suffragette wife getting along?"

"Not at all. She insists on reading the sporting page before he does."—Detroit Free Press.

Time ripens all things. No man is born wise.—Cervantes.

Ancient Emblem Used in the House of Representatives.

With all its dignity, its senatorial courtesy and the forms and ceremonies that always are observed, the senate is far behind the house of representatives in the matter of one antiquated piece of furniture. The senate has no mace. Now, a mace is not much in the way of furniture. It is a silver eagle mounted upon a staff around which are bands of silver.

This mace is always an emblem of the house of representatives. It is the duty of one employee to look after it. Just before a session of the house begins he takes it from the office of the sergeant-at-arms into the house chamber, and as soon as the speaker's gavel falls he inserts it in a socket in a stone pillar at the right of the speaker's chair. The mace remains there while the house is in session and is taken out and stood beside its pedestal when the house is in committee of the whole. When the house adjourns the mace is carried back to the office of the sergeant-at-arms.

This ancient emblem has not a thing to do with the order of business of the house, save as one of the old time regulations that are continued. When the house is turbulent an officer seizes the mace and walks through the aisles. Only once or twice when the speaker failed to preserve order have I seen an officer seize the mace and walk through the house, waving it backward and forward. Possibly the sight of it brought members to their senses and they retired to their seats. At all events, that is about the only real use for the mace that I ever have observed.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Star.

Sensitiveness of the Phone. Preece has calculated that an audible sound is produced in a telephone by a current of 6 to 10.13 amperes, and Pellat has calculated that a sound is produced by a difference of potential between the two stations amounting to only one two-thousandth volt. These statements give some idea of the great sensitiveness of the modern telephone, but the sensitiveness of the human ear, which perceives the invisible vibration of the telephone diaphragm, is no less remarkable.—Washington Star.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cures all humors, catarrh and rheumatism, relieves that tired feeling, restores the appetite, cures paleness, nervousness, builds up the whole system. It purifies, enriches and revitalizes the blood as no other medicine does. If urged to buy any preparation said to be "just as good," you may be sure it is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer a larger profit. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA. Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1910.

Table with columns: READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP. Rows for No 1, No 3, No 6, No 4, No 2.

Table with columns: a. m. p. m. a. m. p. m. Rows for BELLEFONTE, HECLA PARK, Hubbersburg, Snyderstown, Nittany, Huston, Lamer, Clintondale, Krider's Siding, Mackeyville, Cedar Spring, Salona, MILL HALL.

Table with columns: (N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.) Rows for Jersey Shore, WM'PORT, (Phila. & Reading Ry.), PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, (Via Phila.).

Table with columns: WESTWARD, STATIONS, EASTWARD. Rows for No 5, No 3, No 1, No 2, No 4, No 6.

Table with columns: a. m. p. m. a. m. p. m. Rows for Bellefonte, Coleville, Morris, Stevens, Hunter's Park, Fillmore, Briarty, Krumping, State College, Strubens, Bloomsdorf, Pine Grove Mt.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Hair Dresser.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

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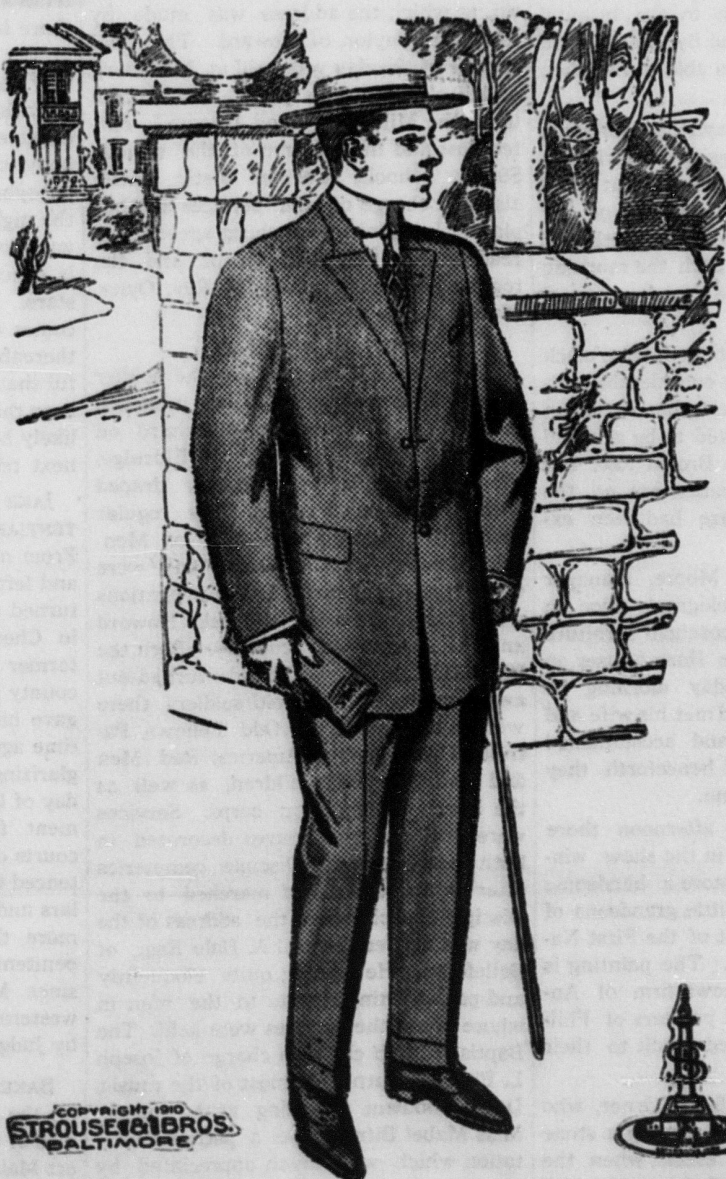
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