

THE QUESTION.

Were the whole world good as you—not an atom better—

Were it just as pure and true, Just as pure and true as you;

THE CANOPY BED.

"My great-grandfather slept in it," Van Alen told the caretaker, as he ushered him into the big stuffy bedroom.

The old woman set her candle-stick down on the quaint dresser. "He must have been a little man," she said; "none of my sons could sleep in it. Their feet would hang over."

Van Alen eyed the big bed curiously. All his life he had heard of it, and now he had traveled far to see it.

"I think I shall fit it," he said slowly. Mrs. Brand's critical glance weighed his smallness, his immaculateness, his difference from her own great sons.

"Yes," she said, with the open rudeness of the country-bred; "yes, you ain't very big."

Van Alen winced. Even from the lips of this uncouth woman the truth struck hard. But he carried the topic forward with a light ease of a man of the world.

"My grandfather had the bed sawed to his own length," he explained; "did you ever hear the story?"

"No," she said; "I ain't been here long. They kept the house shut up till this year."

"Well, I'll tell you when I come down," and Van Alen opened his bag with a finality that sent the old woman to the door.

"Supper's ready," she told him, "when ever you are."

At the supper table the four big sons towered above Van Alen. They ate with appetites like giants, and they had big ways and hearty laughs that seemed to dwarf their guest into insignificance.

But the insignificance was that of body only, for Van Alen, fresh from the outside world and a good talker at all times, dominated the table conversationally.

To what he had to say the men listened eagerly, and the girl who waited on the table listened.

She was a vivid personality, with burnished hair, flaming cheeks, eyes like the sea. Her hands, as she passed the biscuits, were white, and the fingers went down delicately to little points. Van Alen, noting these things keenly, knew that she was out of her place, and wondered how she came there.

At the end of the meal he told the story of the Canopy Bed.

"My great-grandfather was a little man, and very sensitive about his height. In the days of his early manhood he spent much time in devising ways to deceive people into thinking him taller. He surrounded himself with big things, had a big bed made, wore high-heeled boots, and the crown of his hat was so tall that he was almost overbalanced."

"But for all that, he was a little man among the sturdy men of his generation, and if it had not been for the Revolution I think he would have died railing of fate. But the war brought him opportunity. My little great-grandfather fought in it, and won great honors, and straight back home he came and had the bed sawed off! He wanted future generations to see what a little man could do, and his will provided that this house should not be sold, and that, when his sons and grandsons had proved themselves worthy of it by some achievement, they should come here and sleep. I think he swaggered a little when he wrote that will, and he has put his descendants in an embarrassing position. We can never sleep in the canopy bed without taking more upon ourselves than modesty permits!"

He laughed, and instinctively his eyes sought those of the girl who waited on the table. Somehow he felt that she was the only one who could understand.

She came back at him with a question: "What have you done?"

"I have written a book," he told her.

She shook her head and there were little sparks of light in her eyes. "I don't believe that was what your grandfather meant," she said, slowly.

They stared at her—three of the brothers with their knives and forks uplifted, the fourth, a blond Titanic youngster, with his elbows on the table, his face turned to her, as to the sun.

"I don't believe he meant something done with your brains, but something fine, heroic—" There was a hint of scorn in her voice.

Van Alen flushed. He was fresh from the adulation of his bookish world.

"I should not have come," he explained, uncomfortably, "if my mother had not desired that I preserve the tradition of the family."

"It is a great thing to write a book"—she was leaning forward, aflame with interest—"but I don't believe he meant just that—"

He laughed. "Then I am not to sleep in the canopy bed."

The girl laughed too. "Not unless you want to be haunted by his ghost."

With a backward flashing glance, she went into the kitchen, and Van Alen, lighting a cigarette, started to explore the old house.

Except for the wing, occupied by the caretaker, nothing had been disturbed since the family, seeking new fortunes in the city, had left the old homestead to decay among the desolate fields that yielded now a meagre living for Mrs. Brand and her four strapping sons.

In the old parlor, where the ancient furniture showed ghostlike shapes in the dimness, and the dead air was like a tomb, Van Alen found a picture of his great-grandfather.

The little man had been painted without flattery. There he sat—Liliputian on

the great charger! At that moment Van Alen hated him—that Hop-o'-my-Thumb of another age, founder of a pigmy race, who, by his braggart will, had that night brought upon this one of his descendants the scorn of a woman.

And even as he thought of her, she came in with the yellow flare of a candle lighting her vivid face.

"I thought you might need a light," she said; "it grows dark so soon."

As he took the candle from her, he said abruptly: "I shall not sleep in the canopy bed; there is a couch in the room."

"Oh," her tone was startled, "you shouldn't have taken all that I said in earnest."

"But you meant it?"

"In a way, yes. I have been here so often and have looked at your grandfather's picture. He was a great little man—you can tell from his eyes—they seem to speak at times."

"To you?"

"Yes. Of how he hated to be little, and how he triumphed when fame came at last."

"I hate to be little—"

It was the first time that he had ever owned it. Even as a tiny boy he had brazened it out, boasting of his mental achievements and sturring the weakness of his stunted body.

"I know," she had shut the kitchen door behind her, and they were standing in the hallway alone, "I know. 'Every man must want to be big.'"

She was only the girl who had waited on the table, but as she stood there, looking at him with luminous eyes, he burned with dull resentment, envying the blond boy who had sprawled at the head of the supper table. After all, it was to such a man as Otto Brand that this woman would some day turn.

He spoke almost roughly: "Size isn't everything." She flushed. "How rude you must think me," she said; "but I have been so interested in dissecting your grandfather that I forgot—you—"

Van Alen was moved by an impulse that he could not control, a primitive impulse that was not in line with his usual repression.

"I am tempted to make you remember me," he said slowly, and after that there was a startled silence. And then she went away.

As he passed the sitting-room on his way upstairs, he looked in, and spoke to Otto Brand.

More than any of the other brothers, Otto typified strength and beauty, but in his eyes was never a dream, his brain had mastered nothing. He was playing idly with the yellow cat, but he stopped at Van Alen's question.

"Her great-grandfather and yours were neighbors," the boy said, with his cheeks flushing; "they own the next farm."

"The Wetherells?" Van Alen inquired. The boy nodded. They ain't got a cent. They're land poor. That's why she's here. But she don't need to work."

"Why not?"

"There's plenty that wants to marry her round about," was the boy's self-conscious summing up.

With a sense of revolt, Van Alen left him, and, undressing in the room with the canopy bed, he called up vaguely the vision of a little girl who had visited them in the city. She had had green eyes and freckles and red hair. Beyond that she had made no impression on his callowness. And her name was Mazie Wetherell.

He threw himself on the couch, and the night winds, coming in through the open window, stirred the curtains of the canopy bed with the light touch of a ghostly hand.

Then dreams came, and through them ran the thread of his hope of seeing Mazie Wetherell in the morning.

But even with such preparation, her beauty seemed to come upon him unawares when he saw her at breakfast. And again at noon, and again at night. But it was the third day before he saw her alone.

All that day he had explored the length and breadth of the family estate, finding that the population of the little village at its edge had decreased to a mere handful of laggards, finding that there was no lawyer within miles and but one doctor; gaining a final impression that back here in the hills men would come no more where once men had thronged.

It was almost evening when he followed a furrowed brown road that led westward. Above the bleak line of the horizon the sun hung, a red gold disk. There were other roads, too, along the way—the sumac flaming scarlet against the gray fence-rails; the sweetbrier, crimson-spotted with berries; the creeper, clinging with ruddy fingers to dead tree-trunks; the maple leaves rosy with first frosts.

And into this vividness came the girl who had waited on the table, and her flaming cheeks and copper hair seemed to challenge the glow of the autumn landscape.

She would have passed him with a nod, but he stopped her.

"You must not run away, Mazie Wetherell," he said; "you used to treat me better than that when you were a little girl."

She laughed. "Do you remember my freckles and red hair?"

"I remember your lovely manners."

"I had to have nice manners. It is only pretty children who can afford to be bad."

"And pretty women?" he asked, with his eyes on the color that came and went.

She flung out her hands in a gesture of protest. "I have seen so few."

His lips were opened to tell her of her own beauty, but something restrained him, some perception of maidenly dignity that enfolded her and made her more than the girl who had waited on the table.

"You were a polite little boy," she recalled, filling the breach made by his silence. "Remember that you carried me from the wet. I thought you were wonderful. I have never forgotten."

Neither had Van Alen forgotten. It had been a great feat for his little strength. There had been other boys there, bigger boys, but he had offered, and had been saved humiliated, by her girlish aliveness and feather weight.

"I was a strong little fellow then," was his comment; "I am a strong little fellow now."

She turned on him reproachful eyes. "Why do you always harp on it?" she demanded.

"On what?"

"Your size. You twist everything, turn everything, so that we come back to it." He tried to answer lightly, but his voice shook. "Perhaps it is because in your presence I desire more than ever the full stature of a man."

He was in deadly earnest. Hitherto he had been willing to match his brain,

The Japanese Long-tailed Rooster.

From the common barnyard fowl the Japanese have evolved a rooster with tail feathers three yards long. The tails of these rare products of science and patience have been created during a century of effort. In prize birds they often measure as much as five and even six yards in length.

The birds are kept in long, narrow cages darkened to prevent the bird from making attempts to look downward. When the tail-feathers have grown to reach the bottom a bamboo perch is set back in the cage and bent so as to form an arc. Thus set, the perch permits the feathers to hang free. The hapless curiosity sets all day on a bar a few centimetres broad with head up and body straight. He is not permitted to leave the cage more than once in two days. After close confinement of between twenty-four and forty-eight hours, his keeper takes him out and permits him to walk for one-half hour. While the bird walks a man holds up the long tail feathers to prevent them from being worn and soiled. Once or twice during the month the bird is washed carefully with warm water and exposed to the air and sun to dry. When a bird is to travel, it is put into a long, narrow box similar to the boxes used by the Japanese for carrying their rolls of paintings. The tail is rolled up as closely as possible and shut into a compartment just fitted to its dimensions. Despite their close confinement, these

Medical.

Signals of Distress

BELLEFONTE PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW HOW TO READ AND HEED THEM.

Sick kidneys give many signals of distress. The secretions are dark, contain a sediment. Passages are frequent, scanty, painful. Backache is constant day and night. Headaches and dizzy spells are frequent.

The weakened kidneys need quick help. Don't delay! Use a special kidney remedy.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys, backache and urinary disorders. Bellefonte evidence proves this statement.

Mrs. B. N. Dietrich, 319 E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I know that Doan's Kidney Pills are a good remedy for kidney disorders and I do not hesitate one moment in confirming the public statement I gave in their praise in Oct. 1907. A member of my family complained a great deal of backache and headaches and I heard so much about Doan's Kidney Pills that I procured a supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. Their use effected a complete cure and also strengthened my kidneys. The benefit received has been permanent and I have thus been convinced that Doan's Kidney Pills live up to representations."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. 56-21

Plumbing.

Good Health and Good Plumbing GO TOGETHER.

When you have dripping steam pipes, leaky water-fixture, foul sewerage, or escaping gas, you can't have good Health. The air you breathe is poisonous; your system becomes poisoned and invalidism is sure to come.

SANITARY PLUMBING

is the kind we do. It's the only kind you ought to have. We don't trust this work to boys. Our workmen are Skilled Mechanics, no better anywhere. Our

Material and Fixtures are the Best

Not a cheap or inferior article in our entire establishment. And with good work and the finest material, our

Prices are lower

than many who give you poor, unsanitary work and the lowest grade of finishings. For the Best Work try

ARCHIBALD ALLISON,

Opposite Bush House - Bellefonte, Pa. 56-14-1v.

Automobiles.

"Do you remember my freckles and red hair?"

"I remember your lovely manners."

"I had to have nice manners. It is only pretty children who can afford to be bad."

"And pretty women?" he asked, with his eyes on the color that came and went.

She flung out her hands in a gesture of protest. "I have seen so few."

His lips were opened to tell her of her own beauty, but something restrained him, some perception of maidenly dignity that enfolded her and made her more than the girl who had waited on the table.

"You were a polite little boy," she recalled, filling the breach made by his silence. "Remember that you carried me from the wet. I thought you were wonderful. I have never forgotten."

Neither had Van Alen forgotten. It had been a great feat for his little strength. There had been other boys there, bigger boys, but he had offered, and had been saved humiliated, by her girlish aliveness and feather weight.

"I was a strong little fellow then," was his comment; "I am a strong little fellow now."

She turned on him reproachful eyes. "Why do you always harp on it?" she demanded.

"On what?"

"Your size. You twist everything, turn everything, so that we come back to it." He tried to answer lightly, but his voice shook. "Perhaps it is because in your presence I desire more than ever the full stature of a man."

He was in deadly earnest. Hitherto he had been willing to match his brain,

birds are robust. They resist the heat and the cold remarkably well. Some of them live to the age of nine years. They are very tame and affectionate, not to say timid. The hens of this improved race are very pretty fowl, though not to be compared with their mates. They lay about thirty eggs a year.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Wm. H. Stearns* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

When a man is crazy about one thing, he is usually a little off about everything else.

Machinery, Etc.

WAGON AND MACHINE

Umbrellas

Given Away

Absolutely free. Look us over. You may want a Sprayer or Spray Material.

56-15-4t JOHN G. DUBBS, Bellefonte, Pa.

Fine Job Printing.

FINE JOB PRINTING

—A SPECIALTY—

WATCHMAN OFFICE.

There is no style of work from the cheapest 'Dodger' to the finest.

BOOK WORK.

that we can not do in the most satisfactory manner, and at Prices consistent with the class of work. Call on or communicate with this office.

Saddlery.

New Departure in Business

Surely, you must think well of any plan that will save you some dollars on a set of Single Harness. Now it is up to you to make us good.

SCHOFIELD'S MAIL ORDER DEPT.

Why send your money away when you can buy at home goods better in quality at less money, with a guarantee to be as represented or money refunded and all freight charges prepaid.

A Set of Harness in Nickle or Imitation Rubber, at..... \$12.85

This harness is equal to any \$15 set on the market.

Genuine Rubber..... \$14.85

which has no equal for less than \$17.

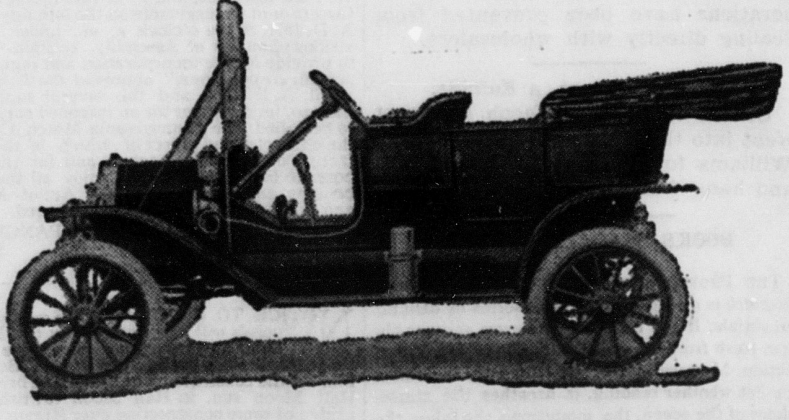
To insure prompt shipment money should accompany order. A cut of the harness will be mailed upon request.

Address all communications to E. N. SCHOFIELD, Mail Order Dept., Bellefonte Pa.

to which he will cheerfully give his prompt attention.

GUARANTEE—The above goods are as represented or money refunded.

James Schofield, Spring Street 55-32 Bellefonte, Pa.



The "FORD" AUTOMOBILE

Needs no boosting. It's smooth-running motor, ample power and durability tells the tale. Every car sold helps to sell others. It is the one car that speaks for itself and the prices commend it to would-be purchasers: Read the list.

Touring Car, fully equipped, like above picture \$ 780.00  
Torpedo Body, fully equipped 725.00  
Runabout, fully equipped 680.00

ANOTHER CARLOAD DUE MAY 30th. W. W. KEICHLINE & Co., Agent Centre County Branch 56-21-4f. Bellefonte, Pa.

Shoes. Shoes.

Yeagers Shoe Store

Are Children Worth Bringing Up? It can't be done without RUBBERS.

This is what appeared in a recent number of the American Journal of Health:

The family doctor should din it into the mother's head all the time, that the health of their children lies in the feet. Keep the feet dry. Never let them get wet. No child should be allowed to go out in snow or rain, or when walking is wet, without Rubbers.

REMEMBER, Yeager's Rubbers are the best and the prices just a little cheaper than the other fellows.

Yeager's Shoe Store,

Bush Arcade Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Dry Goods. Dry Goods.

LYON & CO.

Our Summer White Sale is now on at our store. The largest assortment of Muslin Underwear for Women and Children at Reduced Prices.

A full line of Gauze Underwear for Men, Women and Children at reduced prices.

Silk Lisle and Cotton Hose for Ladies. Lisle and Cotton Hose for Men. A big assortment in Socks for Children, in all colors.

One Piece Dresses.—Just received a fine assortment of one-piece Dresses for Ladies, our line of Children's Dresses in White and Gingham is again complete.

The best assortment of Washable Dress Goods now on hand. White and all colors in the new shades, trimming to match every color.

SHOES SHOES

Our line of Shoes is now complete: Ladies Slippers and Oxfords in tan and black. Ladies' one strap Slippers in tan and black. Ladies' two strap Slippers in black and tan. Children's Slippers in black, tan and Patent Leather. Men's Working Shoes. Boy's Fine Shoes. Boy's Working Shoes. All at Reduced Prices.

Come in and See Our Large Stock Before Buying Elsewhere.

LYON & COMPANY, Allegheny St. 47-12 Bellefonte, Pa.