

Bellefonte, Pa., August 11, 1911.

SUMMER: A RHAPSODY.

Howdy, Mr. Summer-Time? Glad to see you here: Life becomes a pretty rhyme...

FANCHOT.

You will remember—if you have sat in the stalls of the old French Opera House on Bourbon street, to hear "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"—you will remember Fanchot.

turned coolly, "else what should I be doing here?" "But your so charming youth," he persisted still kindly. Just at the first, she pleased his artistic eye.

By reason of the merciless exigencies of Gounod's music, Juliette was thereupon faint with happiness, but in a murmur following sweetly, so that her red lips barely moved, she wielded the lash once more.

"Am I late for dinner?" asked Fanchot, and that was all. The soul of the man, like a naked thing seeking cover, caught up the first flimsy commonplace it could find to shelter its agony.

"To see—" her chin lifted prettily—"to see poor Romeo pray." Fanchot's dry lips twitched.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. To feel much for others and little for ourselves to restrain our selfish and to indulge our benevolent affections, constitute the perfection of human nature.—Adam Smith.