

YVETTE'S GHOST.

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"Are you a ghost?" asked little Yvette.

The ghost smiled. "Now you know as well as I do," he told her, "that there are no ghosts left—the sensible people have killed them all."

"What I can't make out," pursued Yvette, unheeding, "is how you got in here, and why no one else seems to see you—this morning, for instance, when I was sitting with my auntie in the morning room. The windows were shut, the door did not open, and yet all at once I looked up, and there you were standing smiling. And auntie got up suddenly—she said she felt a change—and left the room without seeing you?"

"Now, I ask you, do I look like a ghost?" said the handsome man in the well fitting tweed suit, as he rose from his chair and made a leisurely inspection of himself in the glass over the mantelpiece. "Do I clank? All respectable ghosts clank. Do I appear at midnight and point a spectral finger? Not a bit. My entrances are as you have just observed, noiseless. The latest visit I have ever paid you was well within the conventional calling time. No, Yvette, I am too respectable to be a ghost."

He dropped back into his armchair. Yvette crossed the room with a pleasant little rustle of silk skirts, sat herself down on the sofa facing him, and considered him gravely.

"It's six months since you've been coming and going like this," she said reflectively. "The first time you came I remember you nearly frightened me to death. It was a winter's afternoon. I was sitting by the fire reading, and all of a sudden there you were sitting in the same chair staring at me."

"Well, you stared back at me," remarked the ghost. "You looked so pretty, too, with your flushed cheeks and the flame light dancing on your



"'I'm nothing but your ghost, Yvette'—"

hair that I wonder I didn't kiss you then and there." His merry eyes danced as he noted her rising color. "Alas, that ghosts don't kiss, Yvette!" he finished whimsically.

"And when I asked you how you got in," pursued Yvette, pretending not to hear, "you told me you were a relative of the people we had just taken the house from, and had lived here so long you couldn't keep away. You said, too, you came to look for something; but you never told me what it was."

"Perhaps it was only a memory," said the ghost; and suddenly, though it was a warm afternoon, the room seemed very cold, so that Yvette shivered and was glad when a long streak of belated sunlight came gliding suddenly across the floor.

"And then you asked me not to tell any one I had seen you"—she returned bravely to the attack, though the fading day had stolen the sunshine back. "You said you knew a secret way of coming and going, and that no one but we would ever know you came."

"Well, no one does," retorted the ghost, "though I will admit I've had one or two narrow shaves. This morning, for instance, if your aunt had looked up before I slipped behind her I'd have been caught sure."

"Why, of course; how stupid of me!" cried Yvette joyfully. "That's how you arranged it, and auntie is short-sighted. Then you aren't a ghost after all. I'm so glad. Because sometimes, you know, I've been frightened about it, and wondered—"

"Foolish little Yvette," said the ghost tenderly. "Haven't I warned you not to take me seriously? No man, be he human flesh and blood and not merely dust and bones, is worth taking seriously. Smile, Yvette, and let me see how blue your eyes are when they look into mine. Love is short as life, Yvette; we must make what use of it we can."

"Have you ever loved?" asked Yvette, her white fingers pulling restlessly at the lace of her blouse.

"Heaps of times," replied the ghost promptly. "Some for a week and a day others for an hour. Once I loved till—a town creased his brow—but let us talk of other things. Had I a heart left, Yvette, I would give it to you, but the worms have sucked the life from it. I'm nothing but your ghost, Yvette."

There came a clatter of high-heeled shoes. The door flew open suddenly, and the noise of a gay voice tumbled into the room.

"Dreaming in the dark, as usual," it called, while its owner stood hovering at the threshold. "Shall I come in and disturb you?"

"No," said Yvette, scrambling hurriedly to her feet, almost stumbling in her eagerness. "I was just coming down."

She passed her arm beneath that of the intruder, but her heart was fluttering still as they descended the stairs. Supposing he had been discovered? She needn't have troubled. Had she glanced back into the room as she came out she would have seen that anybody entering would have found nothing but the twilight and emptiness.

Some few days afterward Yvette, chancing to be in need of some quaint garments to help in the dressing of some quaint characters she was getting up, persuaded the old housekeeper to let her rummage in an old attic at the top of the house, where all such treasure trove was to be found. Yvette was repaid by the rare spoils brought to light. Yvette's laughter and chatter filled the room and deafened the sound of the rain outside. But presently the laughter stopped, and only the rain beat loudly on the sill.

"Who—who is that?" asked Yvette, white lipped as she held out a dusty photograph to the staring housekeeper, the photograph of a tall young man in tweed, with an exceedingly merry smile.

"Why, bless me," said the housekeeper, "if it isn't the picture of the young squire—him who owned Fox Craft manor. He was killed out hunting—a terrible stir it caused in the countryside, I remember."

"How long ago was this?" asked Yvette dully.

"Let me see," said the housekeeper, pondering; "a matter of 20 years or more, I should say. I was 'tweedy' maid in those days in this very house. Many and many a time have I seen him come riding up to this door. He was engaged to our young lady—a fine young lady she was, too—he was fair set on her. It seemed as if he was fair keep away from the house. She took on terrible when he died."

"Is she dead, too, then?" queried Yvette, still in that pale, small voice.

"She married a London gentleman afterward," said the housekeeper, "and had seven children. But I have heard she wasn't happy. She's been dead these four years or more," she added.

"Why did you think it necessary to lie to me?" asked Yvette very coldly of the ghost that evening.

The ghost, who was lounging comfortably in his favorite arm chair, suddenly sat upright. His dark eyes lingered long on her white face.

"So, little Yvette, you've found me out at last," he said quickly. "Well, I had meant to ring down the curtain myself on the little comedy long before this; but I was a coward, Yvette, afraid to face the dark, for I shall be very lonely, little Yvette, out there, all alone in the cold and the never ending night."

"But it wasn't me you came to see," said Yvette, standing before him, slim and drooping, in her white apron; "it was that other girl—the one you were engaged to."

The ghost rose suddenly and came and stood beside her.

"I came to see you always after the first time," he said softly. "This first time I admit it was to revisit the spot where I had spent my happiest days, but afterward—Ah, Yvette, no one has eyes so blue as you. They make it hard for me to say goodbye."

"But why should it be goodbye?" cried Yvette, sharply, and moved toward him with extended arms. "Ghost or no ghost, I love you!" She strove to clasp him, but gently he eluded her.

"No one may love the dead," he told her gently. "The dead are beyond love, they are beyond life. My little Yvette, it must be goodbye."

"Then if that is so," cried Yvette, weeping, "ah, kiss me once before you go! Only to feel your arms around me, only to feel your lips on mine, will comfort me in all the empty years."

She stopped. A strangled cry broke from her, a great gulf of cold air seemed suddenly to envelop her. She was frozen, frozen to the bone; then a merciful darkness came upon her, and she fell forward on her face.

In after years Yvette married, and was happy in her choice, but she never loved her husband as she had loved the ghost.—The Sketch.

Snowstorm in London.

There is always a touch of incongruity about snow in London. Gilbert White, who visited London on January 22, 1776, in a snowstorm, was surprised at the changed aspect of the city. He journeyed "through a sort of Lapland scene, very wild and grotesque indeed. But the metropolis itself exhibited a still more singular appearance than the country; for, being bedded deep in snow, the pavement of the streets could not be touched by the wheels or the horses' feet, so that the carriage ran about without the least noise. Such an exemption from din and clatter was strange, but not pleasant; it seemed to convey an uncomfortable idea of desolation; ipso silencia terrent."—London Chronicle.

Nothing Insurmountable.

Nothing is impossible; there are ways which lead to everything; and if we had sufficient will we should all ways have sufficient means.—La Rochefoucauld.

German Folklore.

One of the delights of traveling in Germany is the familiarity one soon acquires, or, more properly speaking, perhaps, renews, with the familiar folklore and fairy legend of the country. If, in England, one can scarcely escape the Charles Dickens characters, in Germany one is constantly noting the types immortalized by the brothers Grimm. Indeed it would be quite as difficult to imagine Germany without Mother Hulda, Goldilocks, Red Riding Hood, the Brementown Musicians, Hansel and Gretel and the rest of the company of dear familiars, as it would be to think of old London without the Pickwickians. German painters, sculptors, musicians invariably try their talents of portraying their ideals among the children's fairytale folk, and it must be a fine bit of work indeed that passes the muster of German criticism. One of the strongest bonds that holds the German in the characteristic grip of loyalty to the fatherland is this very pronounced love of children and fairy tales.—The Christian Herald.

Sleep.

Investigation by scientists of the nature of the sleep of persons in normal health shows that it varies according to the daily diet and the different hours at which sleep is begun. Altogether, the ideal hour for retiring is ten o'clock. The sleep of a person going to bed regularly at approximately this time gradually augments in intensity for the space of an hour. It then suddenly becomes very profound, reaching its maximum intensity at about eleven-thirty o'clock. Within five or six minutes from this time it has been found that the sleep begins to be less deep. In an hour the sleeper is again in the same condition of slumber as at about a quarter after eleven. From that time until after two o'clock the rest is steady and light; from two until four it augments and then it consistently diminishes until it ceases at the customary time of rising.

Filled Icehouse With Hoes.

According to an account included in a letter received here from the northern part of the state, the farmers up there are not going to be bothered about ice prices this year. The letter was recounting the conditions of the exceptionally cold winter. "We filled our icehouse earlier this winter than ever before," the letter said. "When the cold was at its height we attached the garden hose to the gasoline force pump, and turned the water into the icehouse, which had previously been lined with frozen cakes of sawdust. One night was sufficient. Next morning the icehouse was filled with a solid cake of ice, frozen to an unusual degree of hardness. We merely nailed up the door, and have ice enough to last all summer."—Indianapolis News.

His Cursory Glances.

Aunt Caroline and the partner of her woes evidently found connubial bliss a misnomer, for the sounds of war were often heard down in the little cabin in the hollow. Finally the pair were haled into court, and the dusky lady entered a charge of abusive language against her spouse. The judge, who had known them both all his life, endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters. "What did he say to you, Caroline?" he asked. "Why, judge, I jes' can't tell you all dat man do say to me." "Does he ever use hard language?" "Does yo' mean cussin'? Yes, ehn; not wif his mouf, but he's always givin' me dem cursory glances."—Lippiscott's.

Horse's Charge Scattered Soldiers.

A sensational incident attended the recent Australian military maneuvers at Oakleigh, Vic. Some drivers belonging to the field artillery were having lunch outside a tent, when a horse in the vicinity bolted. The animal made straight for the soldiers, who, being unprepared for attack, could not withstand the charge. Half a dozen men were knocked in confused fashion amongst dishes and miscellaneous articles, and most of them received some injury.

Demand for Black Fox Skins.

According to government reports, there are only a few dozen genuine black fox skins in North America each year in the wild state and there is great demand for the skins in Europe. As the black puppies usually fall a prey to the red females in the wild state, the market is almost dependent upon the animals raised in captivity. A farm of twenty pairs of grown foxes should produce from 40 to 60 puppies in a year.

Lion's Brief hour of Freedom.

The only lion in the menagerie at Lal Bagh, Bengal, India, escaped from its cage recently, and attacked a pair of bullocks drawing a cart within the garden. The driver just contrived to escape by scrambling up a tree. The lion afterwards concealed itself, and two Mahomedan shikaris were called in to shoot it, but they only managed to wound the beast. An hour later a resident of Lal Bagh Road cycled up with a rifle and killed it.

Poets Are Sometimes Made.

"Poets are born and not made," said the young man with the pale, interesting face and the long hair. "Are they?" replied his wife. "Well, I'll show you that they are made sometimes. I'll make you watch the baby while I go shopping this morning or you shall never have another dollar that my father sends to me."

Uses of the Sunflower.

There are more than forty different species of sunflower scattered from New England to the Gulf of Mexico and from ocean to ocean. Generally the plant is not esteemed, but it has many valuable uses. Many of our Indians make bread of the seeds. It is cultivated in the south of Europe sometimes as a field crop, the seeds being used as food for cattle and poultry and also for making oil of a quality little inferior to olive oil. It is burned in lamps and used in the manufacture of soap. Meal and bread are said to be got from the seeds in Portugal, and these, roasted, are often substituted for coffee. The seeds are also used, like almonds, for making soothing emulsions, and in some parts of the old world are boiled and fed to infants. The leaves are good fodder for cattle; the stems serve for fuel and contain much potash.—Harper's Weekly.

The Simple Life.

The charm of the bungalow is not in the main due to its little cost or to convenience of its plan or to its artistic exterior, but to the fact that there is a great proportion of the American people who desire to live more simply and with less convention than they find necessary in the typical suburban community, says a writer in Leslie's. There is probably no one of us who does not occasionally long for a place in which he can wear his old clothes with comfort, and bring up his children in the simple and natural way impossible in the city and difficult in the suburbs, and it is to this vague longing for a simpler and less artificial life that the great popularity of the little, rough-built houses we call bungalows is due.

Just a Girl.

Wanted—Girl. Just plain girl. Should not be addicted to the harem skirt habit; rats and puffs not required. She need know nothing about bridge whist or social scandal. Inability to decipher a French bill of fare will not count against her. Need not have done and have been done by foreign countries. If she can sing and play a bit, sew and cook a trifle, so much the better. It is desirable that she have a little kindness of heart—for people, young, middle aged, and old, and for animals. Need not be versed in church creed, but should believe in decency. In a word, we want just a wholesome, lovable, good, old fashioned girl. No others need to apply. Will come after you.—Judge's Library.

Lincoln's Rules for Life.

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of billiousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift.—Abraham Lincoln.

Bad for Chickens.

"I think, dear, we may as well give up the idea of raising chickens this year." "Why? Don't you think it will be a good year for chickens?" "No. It will cost too much to feed them. The man next door tells me that he has joined a golf club, so he isn't likely to have a garden."

Medical.

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