

A Girl of the Limberlost.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.]
 team and entertaining Billy and entered the swamp.
 Elnora and Pete had left a wide trail behind them. Before Sinton had thought of calling he heard voices and approached with some caution. Soon he saw Elnora, her flushed face beaming as she bent with an armload of twigs and branches and talked to kneeling man.
 "Now go cautiously," she was saying. "I am just sure we will find an imperialis here. It's that very kind of a place. There! What did I tell you! Isn't that splendid? Oh, I am so glad you came with me!"
 Sinton stood and stared in speechless astonishment, for the man had risen, brushed the dirt from his hands and held out to Elnora a small shining dark pupa case. As his face swung into view Sinton almost cried out, for he was the man of all others Wesley knew with whom he most feared for Elnora's safety. She had him on his knees digging pupae cases for her from the loose swamp loam.
 "Elnora!" called Sinton. "Elnora!"
 "Oh, Uncle Wesley," cried the girl, "see what luck we've had! I know we have a dozen and a half cocoons, and we have three pupae cases. It's much harder to get the cases because you have to dig for them, and you can't see where to look. But Pete is fine at it. He's found three, and he says he will keep watch along the roads and through the woods as he hunts. Isn't that splendid of him? Uncle Wesley, there is a college over there on the western edge of the swamp. Look closely and you can see the great dome up among the clouds."
 "I should say you have had luck," said Sinton, striving to make his voice natural. "But I thought you were not coming to the swamp?"
 "Well, I wasn't," said Elnora. "but I couldn't find many anywhere else, honest I couldn't, and just as soon as I came to the edge I began to see them here. I kept my promise. I didn't come in alone. Pete came with me. He's so strong. He isn't afraid of anything, and he's perfectly splendid to locate cocoons. He's found half of these. Come on, Pete. It's getting dark now, and we must go."
 They started for the trail, Pete carrying the cocoons. He left them at the case, while Elnora and Sinton went on to the carriage together.
 "Elnora Comstock, what does this mean?" demanded her mother.
 "It's all right. One of the neighbors was with her, and she got several dollars' worth of stuff," interposed Sinton.

CHAPTER XII.
Wherein Elnora Discovers a Violin and Billy Disciplines Margaret.

Elnora missed the little figure at the bridge the next morning. She slowly walked up the street and turned in at the wide entrance to the school grounds. She scarcely could comprehend that only a week ago she had gone there friendless, alone, and so sick at heart that she was physically ill. Today she had decent clothing, books, friends and her mind was at ease to work on her studies.
 As she approached home that night the girl paused in amazement. Her mother had company, and she was laughing. Elnora entered the kitchen softly and peeped into the sitting room. Mrs. Comstock sat in her chair holding a book and every few seconds a soft chuckle broke into a real laugh. Mark Twain was doing his work, while Mrs. Comstock was not lacking in a sense of humor. Elnora entered the room before her mother saw her. Mrs. Comstock looked up with flushed face.
 "Where did you get this?" she demanded.
 "I bought it," said Elnora.
 "Bought it! With all the taxes due?"
 "I paid for it out of my Indian money, mother," said Elnora. "I couldn't bear to spend so much on myself and nothing at all on you. I was afraid to buy the dress I should have liked to, and I thought the book would be company while I was gone. I haven't read it, but I do hope it's good."
 "Good! It's the biggest piece of foolishness I have read in all my life. I've laughed all day ever since I found it. I had a notion to go out and read some of it to the cows and see if they wouldn't laugh."
 "If it made you laugh, it's a wise book," said Elnora.
 "Wise!" cried Mrs. Comstock. "You can stake your life it's a wise book. It takes the smartest man there is to do this kind of fooling." And she began laughing again.
 Elnora, highly satisfied with her purchase, went to her room and put on her working clothes. Thereafter she made a point of getting a book that she thought would interest her mother from the library every week and leaving it on the sitting room table. Every night she carried home at least two schoolbooks and studied until she had mastered the points of each lesson. She did her share of the work faithfully, and every available minute she was in the fields searching for cocoons, for the moths promised to become her best source of income.
 She gathered large baskets of nests, flowers, mosses, insects and all sorts of natural history specimens and sold them to the grade teachers. At first she tried to tell these instructors what to teach their pupils about the specimens, but, recognizing how much more she knew than they, one after another begged her to study at home

and use her spare hours in school to exhibit and explain nature subjects to their pupils. Elnora loved the work, and she needed the money, for every few days some matter of expense arose that she had not expected.
 When the music swelled from the school orchestra Elnora's heart almost broke with throbbing joy, for music always had affected her strangely, and, since she had been comfortable enough in her surroundings to notice things, she had listened to every note to find what it was that literally hurt her heart, and at last she knew. It was the talking of the violins. They were human voices, and they spoke a language Elnora understood. It seemed to her that she must climb up on the stage, take the instruments from the fingers of the players and make them speak what was in her heart. She fairly prayed to get hold of one, if only for a second.
 "That night she said to her mother: 'I am perfectly crazy for a violin. I am sure I could play one; sure as I live. Did any one?' Elnora never completed that sentence.
 "Hush!" thundered Mrs. Comstock. "Be quiet. Never mention those things before me again—never as long as you live. I loathe them. They are a snare of the very devil himself. They were made to lure men and women from their homes and their honor. If ever I see you with one in your fingers I will smash it in pieces."
 Naturally Elnora hushed, but she thought of nothing else after she had done justice to her lessons. At last there came a day when for some reason the leader of the orchestra left his violin on the grand piano. That morning Elnora made her first mistake in algebra. At noon, as soon as the great building was empty, she slipped into the auditorium, found the side door which led to the stage, and, going through the musicians' entrance, she took the violin. She carried it back into the little side room where the orchestra assembled, closed all the doors, opened the case and lifted out the instrument.
 She laid it on her breast, dropped her chin on it and drew the bow softly across the strings. One after another she tested the open notes. They reminded her of things. Gradually her stroke ceased to tremble and she drew the bow firmly. Then her fingers began to fall, and softly, slowly she searched up and down those strings for sounds she knew. Standing in the middle of the floor, she tried over and over. It seemed scarcely a minute before the hall was filled with the sound of hurrying feet, and she was forced to put away the violin and go to her classes. Of food she never thought until she noticed how heavy her lunch box was on the way home, so she sat on the log by the swamp and remedied that. The next day she prayed that the violin would be left again, but her petition was not answered.
 That night when she returned from the school she made an excuse to go

down to see Billy. He was engaged in hulling walnuts by driving them through holes in a board. His hands were protected by a pair of Margaret's old gloves, but he had speckled his face generously. He looked well and greeted Elnora hilariously.
 "Me an' the squirrels are laying up our winter stores," he shouted. "Cos the cold is coming, an' the snow, an' if we have any nuts we have to fix 'em now. But I'm ahead, 'cos Uncle Wesley made me this board, and I can hull a big pile while the old squirrel does only one with his teeth."
 Elnora picked him up and kissed him.
 "Billy, are you happy?" she asked.
 "Yes, and so's Snap," answered Billy.
 "You ought to see him make the dirt fly when he gets after a chipmunk."
 He espied Wesley and ran to show him a walnut too big to go through the holes, and Elnora and Margaret went into the house.

[Continued next week.]
Wellesley College in Lead.
 Wellesley college is said to have more graduates in the mission field than any other woman's college in this country. Gertrude Chandler, of the class of 1879, now Mrs. Mychoff, was the first Wellesley missionary in the field. She went to Bombay immediately after taking her degree in the first class graduated from Wellesley. The college is represented in the mission field of every country in Asia with the single exception of Korea. There are Wellesley missionaries scattered through South America, Spain, the Philippines, Mexico and Africa.

Finance Has No Boundaries.
 Finance nowadays is limited by no national boundaries. American newspapers contain advertisements of a "City of Tokio (Japan) Loan" for the purchase of that city of electric tramways and electric lighting systems. The loan, amounting to about \$45,000,000, is apportioned between New York, London and Paris.

Explaining an Oversight.
 "George," she said sweetly, "didn't you know that Lent is over?"
 "Of course I did," he replied.
 "Then possibly you didn't pass a candy store on your way here to-night."—Detroit Free Press.

Maude—Yes, Jack is a veterinarian.
 Mrs. Malaprop—Nonsense, child! Don't you try to tell me that such a young man is a veteran.

Who Wants Our Share?
 "Mong other things,
 We do not sigh
 For buttermilk
 And ribubarb pie."

Not the Kind.
 "Here's some fish, sir, marked G. O. D."
 "Send it away. I ordered shad."

Divorce in Ohio.

There were 7,500 divorces granted in the State of Ohio last year. Women who are unhealthy and unhappy often look to divorce as the one way of relief from a life of suffering. There is another way, and a better. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the diseases which are commonly behind the irritation, unrest and misery of so many women. Ulceration, inflammation, bearing down pains and other diseases of the delicate womanly organs, yield promptly to this wonderful medicine. It contains no alcohol, no opium, cocaine or other narcotic and cannot disagree with the weakest constitution.

Many laxative medicines do nothing more than remove the immediate obstruction or discomfort. The use of such medicines makes constipated people more constipated. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure the causes of constipation, and so cure biliousness, sick headache, and other ailments resulting from constipated habit.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Buggies.

New Buggies and Carriages

Forrest L. Bullock, the Water street dealer, has just received a carload of fine New Rubber and Steel Tire Buggies and Carriages. They are all the product of the Ligonier Carriage Co., and in workmanship, quality and finish can't be surpassed at the price. If you are thinking of buying a new vehicle this spring you would do well to look this shipment over because he guarantees them and will sell them all at a figure that marks them as bargains.

57-20-11 Forrest L. Bullock.

Telephone.



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In times of accident or sudden illness your first thought should be the telephone, to call the doctor and find out what should be done while he is on his way. That simple first-aid method has forestalled many a serious complication.

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