

A Girl of the Lumberlost.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.]
tell her carefully what it was and from where it came. She studied the faces of Elnora's particular friends intently. The gifts from them had to be selected and set in a group. Several times she started to speak and then stopped. At last between her dry lips came a harsh whisper.
"Elnora, what did you give back for these things?"
Elnora handed her mother a handsome black walnut frame a foot and a half wide by two long. It finished a small shallow glass covered box of birch bark, to the bottom of which clung a big night moth with delicate pale green wings and long, exquisite trailers. A more beautiful thing would have been difficult to imagine.
"I must get to work, for it is almost June, and there are a few more I want dreadfully," said Elnora. "When I get them I will be paid some money for which I have worked a long time."

CHAPTER XVII.

Wherein Margaret Sinton Reveals a Secret.

"Elnora, bring me the towel, quick!" cried Mrs. Comstock. "Hurry! There's a varmint of some kind!"

Elnora ran into the sitting room and thrust the heavy kitchen towel into her mother's hand. Mrs. Comstock swung open the screen door and struck at some object. Elnora screamed wildly. "Don't, mother, don't!"

Mrs. Comstock struck again. Elnora caught her arm.

"It's the one I want! It's worth a lot of money! Don't! Oh, you shall not!"

"Shan't, missy?" blazed Mrs. Comstock. "When did you get to bossing me?"

The hand that held the screen swept a half circle and stopped at Elnora's cheek. She staggered with the blow, and across her face, pale with excitement, a red mark rose rapidly. The screen slammed shut, throwing the creature on the floor before them. Instantly Mrs. Comstock's foot crushed it. Elnora stepped back. Excepting the red mark, her face was very white.

"That was the last moth I needed," she said, "to complete a collection worth \$300. You've ruined it before my eyes!"

"If I had known it was a moth!" Mrs. Comstock wavered.

"They are what have paid for books, tuition and clothes for the last four years. They are what I could have started on to college. You've crushed the last one I needed before my face. You never have made any pretense of loving me. At last I'll be equally frank with you. I hate you! You are a selfish, wicked woman! I hate you!"

Elnora turned, went through the kitchen and out the back door. She followed the garden path to the gate and walked toward the swamp a short distance when reaction overtook her. She dropped on the ground and leaned against a big log. When a little child, desperate as now, she had tried to die by holding her breath.

As Elnora left the room Mrs. Comstock took one step after her.

"You little hussy!" she gasped.

But Elnora was gone. Her mother stood staring.

"She never did lie to me," she muttered. "I guess it was a moth and the only one she needed to get \$300, she said. I wish I hadn't been so fast. Pahaw! She can find another. Maybe moths are like snakes, where there's one there's two."

Mrs. Comstock took the broom and swept the moth out of the door. So it was from creatures like that Elnora had got her school money. In one sickening sweep there rushed into the heart of the woman a full realization of the width of the gulf which separated her from her child.

"We are nearer strangers with each other than we are with any of the neighbors," she muttered.

So one of the Almighty's most delicate and beautiful creations was sacrificed without fulfilling the law, yet none of its species ever served so glorious a cause, for at last Mrs. Comstock's inner vision had cleared. She went through the cabin mechanically. Every few minutes she glanced toward the back walk to see if Elnora was coming. She knew arrangements had been made with Margaret to go to the city some time that day, so she grew more nervous and uneasy every moment.

Noon came, and she prepared dinner, calling, as she always did, when Elnora was in the garden, but she got no response, and the girl did not come. A little after 1 o'clock Margaret stopped at the gate.

"Elnora has changed her mind. She is not going," called Mrs. Comstock. "You must be mistaken," said Margaret. "I was going on purpose for her. She asked me to take her. I had no errand. Where is she?"

"I will call her," said Mrs. Comstock. She followed the path again and this time found Elnora sitting on the log. Her face was swollen and discolored and her eyes red with crying. She paid no attention to her mother.

"Mag Sinton is here," said Mrs. Comstock harshly. "I told her you had changed your mind, but she said you asked her to go with you, and she had nothing to go for herself."

Elnora arose, recklessly took a short cut through the deep swamp grasses and so reached the path ahead of her mother. Mrs. Comstock followed as far as the garden, but she could not enter the cabin. Margaret Sinton ap-

proached colorless and with such flaming eyes that Mrs. Comstock shrank back.

"What's the matter with Elnora's face?" demanded Margaret. Mrs. Comstock made no reply.

"You struck her, did you?" "I thought you wasn't blind!"

"I have been for twenty long years now, Kate Comstock," said Margaret Sinton, "but my eyes are open at last. What I see is that I've done you no good and Elnora a big wrong. I had an idea that it would kill you to know, but I guess you are tough enough to stand anything. Kill or cure, you get it now. You! The woman who don't pretend to love her only child, and all for a fool idea about a man who wasn't worth his salt!"

Mrs. Comstock picked up a hoe. "Go right on!" she said. "Empty yourself. It's the last thing you'll ever do."

"Then I'll make a tidy job of it," said Margaret. "You'll not touch me. When Robert Comstock shaved that quagmire out there so close he went in, he wanted to keep you from seeing where he was coming from. He'd been to see Elvira Carney. They had plans to go to a dance that night!"

"Close your lips!" said Mrs. Comstock in a voice of deadly quiet.

"You know I wouldn't dare open them if I was not telling you the truth. It was hot in the woods, and I stopped at Carney's as I passed for a drink. Elvira's bedridden old mother heard me, and she was so crazy for some one to talk with I stepped in a minute. I saw Robert come down the path. Elvira saw him, too, and she ran out of the house to head him off. He brought her his violin and told her to get ready and meet him in the woods with it that night and they would go to a dance. She took it and hid it in the little loft to the wellhouse and promised she'd go."

"Are you done?" demanded Mrs. Comstock. "No, I am going to tell you the whole story. You don't spare Elnora anything. I shan't spare you. I went to Elvira, told her what I knew and made her give me Comstock's violin for Elnora over three years ago. She's been playing it ever since. I won't see her slighted and abused another day on account of a man who would have broken your heart if he had lived. He was one of those men who couldn't trust himself, and so no woman was safe with him. Now, will you drop grieving over him and do Elnora justice?"

Mrs. Comstock gripped the hoe tighter, and, turning, she went down the walk and started across the woods to the home of Elvira Carney. With averted head she passed the pool, steadily pursuing her way. Elvira Carney, hanging towels across the back fence, saw her coming and went toward the gate to meet her. Twenty years she had dreaded that visit. Mrs. Comstock's face and hair were so white that her dark eyes seemed burned into their setting. Silently she stared at the woman before her a long time.

"I might have saved myself the trouble of coming," she said at last. "I see you are guilty as sin."

"What has Mag Sinton been telling you?" panted the miserable woman, gripping the fence.

"The truth," answered Mrs. Comstock succinctly. "Guilt is in every line of your face, in your eyes, all over your wretched body."

"If you knew what I've suffered!" "Suffered?" jeered Mrs. Comstock. "That's interesting. And pray, what have you suffered?"

"All the neighbors have suspected and been down on me. I ain't had a friend. I've always felt guilty of his death! I've seen him go down a thousand times, plain as ever you did. Many's the night I've stood on the other bank of that pool and listened to you, and I tried to throw myself in to keep from hearing you, but I didn't dare. I knew God would send me to burn forever, but I'd better done it, for now he has set the burning on my body, and every hour it is slowly eating the life out of me. The doctor says it's a cancer!"

Mrs. Comstock exhaled a long breath. Her grip on the hoe relaxed, and her stature lifted to towering height.

"I didn't know or care when I came here just what I did," she said. "But my way is beginning to clear. If the guilt of your soul has come to a head in a cancer on your body, it looks as if the Almighty didn't need any of my help in meting out his punishments. I really couldn't fix up anything to come anywhere near that. If you are going to burn until your life goes out with that sort of fire, you don't owe me anything."

"If you will gather a lot of red clover bloom and make a tea strong as lye of it and drink quarts I think likely it will help you, if you are not too far gone. Anyway, it will cool your blood and make the burning easier to bear."

Then she swiftly walked home. Enter the lonely cabin she could not, neither could she sit outside and think. She attacked a bed of beets and hoed until the perspiration ran from her face and body, then she began on the potatoes. When she was too tired to take another stroke she bathed and put on dry clothing. In securing her dress she noticed her husband's carefully preserved clothing lining one wall. She gathered it in a great armload and carried it out to the swamp. Piece by piece she pitched into the green maw of the quagmire all those articles she had dusted carefully and fought moths from for years and stood watching as it slowly sucked them down. She went back to her room and gathered every scrap that had in any way belonged to Robert Comstock, excepting his gun and revolver, and threw it into the swamp. Then for the first time she set her door wide open.

She was too weary now to do more, but an urging unrest drove her. She wanted Elnora. It seemed to her she never could wait until the girl came and delivered her judgment. At last in an effort to get nearer to her, Mrs. Comstock climbed the stairs and stood looking around Elnora's room. It was very unfamiliar. The pictures were strange to her. Commencement had filled it with packages and bundles. The walls were covered with cocoons, moths and dragon flies were pinned about.

Under the bed she could see a half dozen large white boxes. She did not know what they contained. She pulled out one and lifted the lid. The bottom was covered with a sheet of thin cork, and on long pins sticking in it were dozens of great, velvet winged moths. Each one was labeled, always there were two of a kind, in many cases four, showing under and upper wings of both male and female. They were of every color and shape.

Mrs. Comstock carefully closed and replaced the boxes and again stood looking around the room. This time she remembered having seen before, so she picked up one and found that it was a moth book. She glanced over the first pages and was soon eagerly reading. When the text reached the classification of species she laid it down, took up another and read its introductory chapters. Then she found some papers and studied them.

She went downstairs thinking deeply. Being unable to sit still and having nothing else to do, she glanced at the clock and prepared supper. She went out and sat on the front doorstep watching night creep all around her. She started eagerly as the gate creaked, but it was only Wesley Sinton coming down the walk.

"Katharine, Margaret and Elnora passed where I was working this afternoon, and Margaret got out of the carriage and called me to the fence. She told me what she had done. I've come to say to you that I am sorry. She has heard me threaten to do it a good many times, but I never would have got it done. I'd give a good deal if I could undo it, but I can't, so I've come to tell you how sorry I am."

"You've got something to be sorry for," said Mrs. Comstock, "but likely we ain't thinking of the same thing. It hurts me less to know the truth than to live in ignorance. Now, if Elnora will forgive me we will take a new start and see what we can make out of what is left of life. If she won't then it will be my time to learn what suffering really means."

[Continued next week.]

America is teaching Europe how to dress its windows. Europe is teaching America how to dress its girls in gaudy clothing, which is most unbecoming.

FEWER STORKS IN ALSACE

System of Registration is Being Tried to Learn About Migratory Habits.

Every year the number of storks to be seen in Alsace becomes less. Of the four nests perched on the big chimneys on the old roofs of Strassburg, only one has been occupied this year.

In many of the villages the great migrators have ceased for a long time to relieve the landscape, and it seems only a question of time when the stork in Alsace will be a memory. Various are the causes assigned for this desertion—the draining of the marshes, the multiplication of telephone and telegraph wires and the smoke from factory chimneys.

In Germany for the better study of storks there has been created a sort of service in connection with the Education Department which tends to set up an "etat civil" for each bird, or, in other words, to register them after the manner which obtains for citizens in France.

Each bird is captured where possible and a metallic disk affixed to its leg, and German officials, wherever the birds are believed to migrate, have instructions to send to the department any information they can gather concerning storks who are German subjects. (Possibly this labeling may have something to do with the scarcity.) By this system of registration the authorities have learned something of the migratory habits of the bird; for instance, one was found dead at the Cape of Good Hope whose place of origin was eastern Prussia.

A point of interest relative to the scarcity of the stork has been brought under the notice of the German authorities by a doctor at Port Elizabeth, who suggests that they have been poisoned through eating grasshoppers or locusts which have been killed by arsenic. A correspondent, however, of an Alsace-Lorraine journal hints that the cause is to be found nearer at home.

Jack—I bet that fellow dented the ice all right. Jim—That's all right; that's Bill Molar the dentist.

A Recipe. However dark and drear the moon, if work's to do, begin it. And though the day seem quite forlorn, You'll find some gladness in it.

Perpetual Worth. "Why was it you never married again, Aunt Sallie?" Inquired Mrs. McClane of an old colored woman in West Virginia.

"Deed, Miss Ellie," replied the old woman, earnestly, "dat dald nigger's wuth moah to me dan a live one. gits a pension."—Lippincott's.

Mill Hands.

The fact that a great body of industrious people are referred to as "hands," shows how small account is taken of their human necessities. They are just "hands" to the mill owner because it is the labor of their hands which makes his profits. But hands can't work unless the brain guides, and the blood supply is pure and plentiful. For those who undergo the careless strain of daily toil, there is no medicine so helpful as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures disorders of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, purifies the blood, heals "weak lungs" and bronchial affections. It cures ninety eight in every hundred who use it.

—Don't read an out-of-date paper. Get all the news in the WATCHMAN.

Don't take pills unless you have to. If you do need a laxative medicine, use the kind that will not make you a victim to the pill habit—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

—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.

Forrest L. Bullock.

Telephone.

The Telephone "Right of Way" advertisement. It compares Party Line and Direct Line telephone services. Party Line is described as a "Party Line Possibility" where one person answers for many. Direct Line is described as "Direct Line Certainty" where each person has their own line. The ad includes a diagram showing a central office connected to multiple party lines and direct lines. Text includes: "The Telephone 'Right of Way'", "There is just this difference between Party Line and Direct Line Telephone Service as applied to your business:", "No one on a Party Line can be assured that the service is his at the very moment he wants it or when someone is in a rush to reach him, for another party on the line may be using it and the delay signal is hung up for traffic both ways.", "Direct Line Service is the service of certainty, yours exclusively every hour in the day. It will cost you only a few pennies more a week. Why hesitate?", "Call the Bell Business Office To-day.", "The Bell Telephone Co. of Pa.", "W. S. MALLALIEU, Local Manager, 58-4-2t, Bellefonte, Pa."

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