A Girl of the Limberlost.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.]

"I seriously doubt that," said Elnora, "But I am perfectly willing that you should make the test. I will call him." "Stop!" commanded Edith Carr. "I told you that it was you I came to

"I remember." said Elnora. "Mr. Ammon is my betrothed," continued Edith Carr. "I expect to take him back to Chicago with me."

"Then it is untrue that you twice rejected his ring, repeatedly insulted him and publicly renounced him?"

"That was through you!" cried Edith Carr. "I realize the speil of this



"I want a minute with you," said Miss

place for a summer season. I can see just how you have worked to ensnare "Men would call that lying," said El-

nora calmly. "The second time I met Philip Ammon he told me of his engagement to you, and I respected it. When he left me I did not hope or expect to see him again." Elnora's voice fell soft and low. "And, behold, you sent him-and free!"

"You exult in that!" cried Edith Carr. "Let me tell you he is not free! If he man off the boat. married you before a month you would He could not love me as he has done and give me up for a little scene like that!"

"You killed his love everlastingly when you disgraced him in public," said Elnora. "Killed it so completely he does not even feel resentment to-

ward you." Edith Carr stood truly regal and filled with scorn. "You are mistaken! Nothing on earth could kill that!" she cried, and Elnora saw that the girl

really believed what she said. "You are very sure of yourself!" said

"I have reason to be sure." answered Edith Carr. "We have lived and loved too long. I have had years with him to match against your days. He is mine! His work, his ambitious, his friends, his place in society are with me. You may have a summer charm for a sick man in the country. If he tried placing you in society you would put him to shame in a week."

"I hardly think I should follow your example so far." said Elnora dryly. "I have a feeling for Philip that would prevent my hurting him purposely either in public or private. As for managing a social career for him he never mentioned that he desired such a thing. What he asked of me was that I should be his wife. I understood that to mean that he desired me to keep him a clean house, serve him digestible food, mother his children and give him loving sympathy and

"Such vulgarity" panted Edith Carr. "How can a man like Ammon endure it? You know perfectly that if your puny hold on him were broken, if he were back in his home among his friends and where he was meeting me, in one little week he would be mine again as he always has been."

"That will do!" said Elnora. "I shall not act until I know there will be nothing to regret. I have decided on my course. You may return to your

"What do you mean?" demanded Edith Carr.

"That is my affair," replied Elnora. "Only this: When your opportunity comes, seize it! Any time you are in Philip Ammon's presence, exert the charms of which you boast and take him. Take him to Onabasha and to Chicago with you. Use every art you possess. If the old charm can be revived I will be the first to wish both of you well. Now, I must return to my guests. Kindly excuse me."

Elnora turned and went back to the arbor. Edith Carr followed the fence and passed through the gate into the west woods where she asked Henderson if the car was ready. As she stood near him she whispered, "Take

Phil back to Onabasha with us." "I say, Ammon. can't you go to the city with us and help me find a shop asked Henderson. "We want to lunch be were away from her an hour and

and start back by 5. That will get us

ome by midnight." Philip went into the arbor.

"Elnora," he said, "Henderson is in trouble with his automobile. He wants me to go to Onabasha with him to show him where the doctor lives and help him get fixed so he can start back this evening. It will take about two hours. May I go?"

"Of course you must go," she said, laughing lightly. "You can't leave your sister. Why don't you go back to Chicago with them? There is plenty of room, and you could have a fine

"I'll be back in just two hours," said Ammon, "While I am gone you be thinking over what we were talking of

when the folks came." Elnora offered her hand to all of them, and when she came to Ammon she gave him one long steady look in the eyes, then shook hands with him

When Philip returned to the Limbernote for him, saying that even her mother did not know where she had sought refuge. On or before the 1st of September, she wrote, she would let him know where she was and her decision. Philip, deeply disappointed, reingiy. "Just try to get past the landturned to Chicago. There Edith Carr, ing before the boat anchors. If I only in a meeting at which Philip's father was present, begged his forgiveness, told him she had always loved him and asked for his love again. But he told her any love he had ever had for her was dead. He was going back to the Limberlost, he said.

Elnora, feeling the need of rest, went to the summer home of the Angel and Freckles, on Mackinac island, and received a warm welcome from Mr. and Mrs. O'More and their four young children.

CHAPTER XXV. Wherein Edith Carr Wages a Battle and Hart Henderson Stands Guard.

ANY people looked, a few followed, as Edith Carr slowly came down the main street of Mackinac, pausing here and there to note the glow of color in one small booth after another, overflowing with curios. Despite the effort she made to move lightly she was very tired and dragged her heavy feet with

She turned at the little street leading down to the dock and went out to meet the big lake steamer ploughing up the straits from Chicago. Past the landing place, on to the very end of the pier she went, then sat down, leaned against a dock support and closed her tired eyes. When the steamer came very near she languidly watched the people lining the railing. Instantly she marked one lean, anxious face turned toward hers and with a throb of pity she lifted a hand and waved to Hart Henderson. He was the first

"Did you have a successful trip?"

"I accomplished my purpose. Edith, I saw some one today in the Lake mighty poor salesmanship." Shore private hospital."

"An accident?" "No. Nervous and physical break-

"Phil said he was going back to

the Limberlost." "He went. He was there three weeks, but the strain broke him. He has an old letter in his hands that he has handled until it is ragged. He held

it up to me and said, 'You can see for yourself that she says she will be well and happy, but we can't know until we see her again, and that may never be. She may have gone too near that place her father went down, some of that Limberlost gang may have found her some city morgue this instant waiting general. for me to find her body."

"Hart. for pity's sake stop!"

"I can't," cried Henderson desperate- ger ly. "I am forced to tell you. They are fighting brain fever. He did go back to the swamp and he prowled it night and day. The days down there are hot now, and the nights wet with dew and cold. He paid no attention and forgot his food. A fever started, and his uncle brought him home. They've never had a word from her or found a trace of her. Mrs. Comstock thought she had gone to O'More's at Grand Rapids, so when Phil got sick she telegraphed there. They had been gone all summer,

so her mother is as anxious as Phil." "The O'Mores are here," said Edith. "I haven't seen any of them, because I haven't gone out much in the few days since we came, but this is their

summer home.' "Edith, they say at the hospital that it will take careful nursing to save Phil. He says he will stay there just two days longer. The doctors say he will kill himself when he goes. He is a sick man. Edith. His hands are burning and shaky and his breath was hot against my face."

"Why are you telling me?" It was a cry of acute anguish.

"He thinks you know where she is." "I do not! I haven't an idea!" "He said it was something you said

to her that made her go." "That may be, but it doesn't prove that I know where she went." Henderson looked across the water

and suffered keenly. At last he turned to Edith and laid a firm, strong hand

"Edith," he said, "do you realize how serious this is?"

"I suppose ! do." "Do you want as fine a fellow as Phil driven any further? If he leaves that hospital now and goes out to the exposure and anxiety of a search for her there will be a tragedy that no after regrets can avert. Edith, what did you say to Miss Comstock that made

her run away from Phil?" "I told her Phil was mine! That if

back it my presence he would be

me as he always had been. Edith, do you believe that now?" The beautiful head barely moved in

negation Henderson gatherest both her hands in one of his and stretched an arm across her shoulders to the post from him and twisted them together.

"No! I do not believe it now! I this world!"

She dropped back against his arm exhausted. Henderson held her and learned what suffering truly means. He fanned her with his hat, rubbed her cold hands and murmured broken, incoherent things. By and by great slow tears slipped from under ber closed lids, but when she opened them her eyes were dull and hard. Henderson thrust his handkerchief

into her tingers and whispered, "Edith, the boat has been creeping up. It's lost Elnora was gone. There was a very near. Maybe some of our crowd are on it. Hadn't we better get away from here before it lands?"

"If I can walk," she said. "Oh, I am so dead tired, Hart!" "Yes, dear," said Henderson sooth-

dared carry you!" They struggled through the waiting masses, but directly opposite the landing there was a backward movement in the happy, laughing crowd, the gang plank came down with a slam and people began hurrying from the boat. Crowded against the fish house on the dock Henderson could only ad-

straining every nerve to protect and assist Edith. [Concluded next week.]

vance a few steps at a time. He was

CUT GROUND UNDER BOASTER

Exceedingly Neat Rejoinder Made by Salesman to His Puffed-Up Rival.

Rivalry among motor car manufacturers is acute, if good natured. At a dinner of manufacturers' representatives one guest dwelt at length on the remarkable popularity of his car and the wonderful organization of its selling force.

"Why, just think of it, gentlemen." said he, "last month our sales aver- tails. aged a car every two minutes of each working day. There was never any-

thing like it." When he had concluded the representative of a rival factory arose and "With the last speaker's remarked: permission, I would like to offer my compliment on his statement that there's one of his cars sold every two minutes." Permission was granted. "I understood you to say that you call that good salesmanship. Am I right?"

"I certainly do," affirmed the previous speaker. "Well, I don't; that's all. I call

"What do you mean?" demanded the boaster. "A car every two min-

"Poor salesmanship-there's no other name for it. The gentleman forgets that there's a sucker born ev-

After which the next speaker was introduced.

Misjudged the Uniform. During the war in the Philippines General Charles King, one day while resplendent in his uniform, which was made especially brilliant by several rows of new brass buttons, came upon a raw recruit. The latter was on in the forest. She may lie dead in post duty and failed to salute the

"Are you on duty here?" asked General King, with a show of an-

"I guess so," said the recruit. "They sent me out here, anyway." "Do you remember your general orders?" asked the general.

"I guess I do-some of them," said the raw recruit. "Well," said the general, "don't you know that you are supposed to salute your officers? Don't you know I am

the general of this brigade?" "You the general?" said the new recruit. "Gosh, no; I didn't know it. I thought you was the chief of the fire department."—Kansas City Star.

First Use of Asphalt.

Asphalt, with which so many roads are paved, was found by accident. Many years ago, in Switzerland, natural rock asphalt was discovered, and for more than a century it was used for the purpose of extracting the rich stores of bitumen it contained. In time it was noticed that pieces of rock interceded. "Ah, judge, don't be hard which fell from the wagons and were on him-he was only playin'," she crushed by the wheels formed a mar- pleaded; then added by way of qualivelously fine road surface when assisted by the heat of the sun. A proper road of asphalt rock was then made, following upon the discovery, and in 1854 an experimental roadway was laid in Paris. From that time the use of rock asphalt for the making of roads and pavements has increased dria, says a writer in the Christian and extended to many countries.

No Kiss With Alimony.

When a man has been divorced and ordered by the court to pay his wife by Magistrate Morris of Denver. Mrs. Vincent, a motorman, told Magistrate Morris that when she called on her former husband to collect her \$20 fused the money.

BLINDNESS MADE THEM KIN

Joseph Pulitzer Could Feel Favorite Animal Afflicted as He Himself Was.

The late Joseph Pulitzer's years of to support her. She dragged her hands blindness gave him a deep sympathy for any creature similarly afflicted For years he had a saddle horse know it is not true! I killed his love named Mac, of which he was very for me. It is dead and gone forever. fond. When he went abroad, Mac Nothing will revive it-nothing in all went along, too, and came to know Rotten Row and Hyde Park corner. Unter den Linden and the Bois de Boulogne as well as the bridle paths of Central park and Riverside drive. The horse made at least a dozen

transatlantic voyages with its master. "What is the matter with Mac-he seems to go strangely?" asked Mr. Pulitzer one morning when he was riding with his secretary in Central park. The horse was not so surefooted as it had been before, and Mr. Pulitzer, whose other senses were the keener because of his blindness, was quick to notice it.

Investigation showed that the horse was going blind. His master had accidentally flicked Mac in the eye with the leather of his riding stock some time before, and he was deeply af-

fected when he learned the cause. "Poor Mac! Poor Mac! To think that I should have been the cause of his blindness!" mourned Mr. Pulitzer. He had the horse sent abroad, to a farm near Nice, where he might end his days happily in knee-high meadows, under the azure skies of southern France.-Youth's Companion.

OF COURSE HE MEANT THAT

Man With Hair Lip Had Rather the Better of the Bartender in This Particular Deal.

A man with a hair lip strolled into a saloon one day, orderd a drink and, after "putting it away," offered to match the bartender for the price of it. The bartender consented, and, taking out a coin, threw it into the air and told the hair-lip man to "call" it. The coin came down and the bartender's palm hid it from view on the coun-

"What do you cry?" he asked. "Tneah." said the man, making such a peculiar grunt that no one could have said whether he meant heads or

"Tneah," again. "Is that what you mean?" asked the

bartender, lifting his hand, exposing "Yeth," replied the man, and he walked out, leaving the bartender to figure out whether he'd been "done"

or not.-New York World,

What Perfumes Are Made Of. There are few perfumes today that cannot be made from chemicals, synthetically, as the chemists call it. Formerly all perfumes were extracted from flowers, fruits, spices, other vegetable and animal substances. The first perfume to be imitated was vanilla, in 1876. Heliotropine followed, being obtained by oxidation of a byproduct of camphor. Terpinol is one of the most freely used constituents of perfumes. This is a near relation of turpentine. With this, a little oil, and aqua fortis a chemist can produce a perfume that can scarcely be distinguished from those exhaled by the lily of the valley, lilac, and Cape jessamine, varying according to the proportions in which the chemicals are blended. Artificial violet is a combination of citrol (an essence extracted from lemon), Indian vervaine, or lemon verbena, with common acetoe, a substance very like pyroligneous acid. Most of the cheap perfumes are imitations, and they are almost always inferior to the flower extracts. So it might properly be said that it is a wise flower that knows

its own perfume.

He "Played Rough." The man who, inspired by the mug that cheers, maintains his prestige as head of the house by chastising his wife, is often saved from the indignity of the stonepile by the eternal feminine. Without the condemning testimony of the wife the court cannot do much with him, and, though her anger may be such as to countenance his arrest and arraignment, the chances are about ten to one that at the last pinch it weakens and fails her, as one or two stories from the city court will

illusrate. A woman with a badly blackened eye came before Judge Collins' bar for an adjustment of domestic affairs. The case looked bad and the judge intimated his intention of making an "example" of the culprit; but the woman fication. "But he do play so rough, judge!"-Indianapolis News.

Cornstalks Used in Building. It is three hours to Cairo by train, and every inch of the way is interesting. Even on the outskirts of Alexan-Herald, we passed nomadic groups of Bedouins, camping by the side of the Mahmoudieh canal. Out in the fields men and women, dressed alike in the loose cotton gown of the country, alimony, the law does not require that were busily at work. The fields were he kiss her every time he makes his dotted with curious doorless strucpayments, according to a ruling made tures made of cornstalks. They are used as temporary homes at certain Emathia Vincent, who recently got a seasons of the year, as, for instance, divorce in the county court from Bean when the crops are being gathered. Later on I entered one and found it to be not more than five feet square; one could not stand upright inside. The place contained nothing but a few but refused to kiss her, and she re- jars and cooking utensils. In the winter the occupants wrap themselves up in their clothes at night.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Hard to Rouse. 'Clare to goodness! When a fellow Sorely needs his morning nap, Fortune on his name may bellow, But he doesn't care a rap.

Work for Both. Farmer-I see you're painting these old trees.

Artist-What's that got to do with you? Get on with your work. Farmer-Well, since my work is to cut them down, you'd better get on

with yours .- Pele Mele. Stuck Tight. New York.-Doctors labored two hours to remove an agate soup kettle from the head of two-year-old Peter

Waverly Oils.

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-Prof. George K. Pattee, of the Department of English, returned to State College last week, after an absence of two years on account of illness. Mrs. Pattee will not join him there until next

—Garbe—Has Jones a good memory? Steve—I should say he has. He can name you the last six vice presidents of the United States.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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 work-manship, 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-tf Forrest L. Bullock.

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