

Trespasser Was Not One of the "Seven Sleepers."

By CATHERINE COOPE.

Joan sped down through the riot of flowers to the foot of the garden path; there, she stopped to catch her breath before continuing on through the hawthorn lanes that led to the fruit orchard.

She stood for a moment poised under the old ivy-covered arch that admitted her to the orchard and drew in long breaths of delight. The great gnarled trees were weighted with blossoms and the air was heavy with the sweetness of their perfume.

Joan made a swift dart and with the agility of a squirrel climbed into the topmost branches of her favorite tree. There she sighed happily, then laughed at the shower of pink and white petals that her ascent brought down.

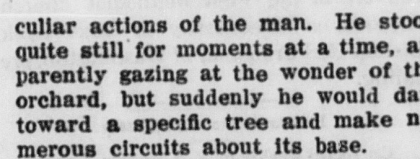
"Now I am monarch of all I survey," she told herself gleefully, and settled herself in the secure seat the gardener had made for her.

Because their orchard was only a sixteenth part of the original orchard that had been the pride of the one-time Lambeth estate, it was not walled in, but merely inclosed by hawthorn hedges. Joan regretted that necessity had called for a division of the property, yet she rejoiced that the lot which her grandmother had purchased possessed the most beautiful tree in the entire orchard.

She gazed out over the vista of pink and white, and from her high perch could see the various winding lanes that divided the properties. Suddenly she leaned forward, her eyes focused upon a figure that was moving about among the private gardens.

"He must be trespassing," was Joan's mental comment. "I have never seen him before."

She watched him intently, half out of feminine interest for a masculine person and half because of the pe-



"Now I Am Monarch of All I Survey."

culiar actions of the man. He stood quite still for moments at a time, apparently gazing at the wonder of the orchard, but suddenly he would dart toward a specific tree and make numerous circuits about its base.

Joan began to fear for his sanity and for her own safety. Certainly his actions were not those of an evenly balanced man. She felt reasonably sure that neither an insane nor a sane man would catch sight of her in her bower of thick foliage, but her heart beat rapidly.

"You never can tell," she told herself "what any man is likely to see."

With considerable trepidation she watched the man drawing gradually nearer and nearer to her retreat. Would he or would he not venture within her grandmother's private orchard? Joan felt reasonably sure now that the trespasser was mentally unbalanced.

"He is coming in!" Joan caught a sharp breath and drew up into the branches of her tree. He seemed to catch sight of the great tree the moment he stood within the arch and made straight for it. As he came forward, Joan again drew a quick breath. The man was undoubtedly good to look at and his shoulders were big and broad. He had taken off his cap and the sun shone on a head of thick, red-brown hair. Joan's grandmother had a miniature of a man with just such a head of hair.

The girl in the tree-top sighed, partly because she felt a strong desire to drop twigs down on the good-looking young fellow whose wanderings had brought him into her garden.

"But I do not dare," she told herself and realized that her fear of the man had vanished. "I suppose his eyes are brown," Joan decided. She leaned forward cautiously and watched him prowling about the foot of the tree. Suddenly he threw himself down on the wide bench that encircled the tree.

"Discovered!" she heard him mutter, and peered down to see him draw a great knife from his pocket. He brandished it about and the blood in Joan's veins stood still. He opened the evil-looking blade and ran his finger along it. Joan gripped the branches to keep from tumbling headlong out of the tree.

The man was silent for a moment, then he began very calmly to carve his initials in the bark of the tree. The blood in Joan's veins took up its course and she drew a long breath of relief.

"Rather nervy, however," she commented, forgetting that her grandmother abominated slang.

Evidently the young man had finished his carving for he returned his knife to his pocket and cast a glance about the orchard. Seeing no one about, he threw himself full length on the soft turf and prepared for a nap.

"I certainly hope he is not one of the seven sleepers," Joan thought petulantly, "my left foot is already a-sleep—Oh-h!" She uttered a half cry and tried to drag her foot from the crutch of the branch into which she had pressed it.

The young man below blinked his eyes in the sunlight, then sat bolt upright. His eyes, blue as the summer sky, gazed up into the branches of the tree as if an apparition had suddenly appeared.

"My foot is caught," cried Joan, accusingly, "and you did it!"

"I!" The man's breathless ejaculation brought the color to Joan's cheeks. She frowned.

"Besides," he continued, "you have been trespassing for the last half hour."

A slow smile dawned in the man's eyes, as if he were glad that he had been watched for so long a time. Joan blushed furiously at herself, then retreated behind a mask of light fabrication. "I suppose you were going to take some of the apple blossoms for a wedding or something—so I kept my eye on you," she finished, lamely.

"Not both eyes?" he questioned, with a merry look. He was suddenly serious. "But this is not getting your foot out of the branches of my grandfather's tree." He climbed up with a quick movement and placed himself beside her before Joan could gasp indignantly.

"Your grandfather's tree, indeed! It is my very own grandmother's tree and she did all her courting under it on that very branch," Joan informed the young man's back, "but she didn't marry the man."

He turned about, having extricated her ankle from the crutch and gazed back at her.

"In that case," he informed her, "it was your grandmother who filled my grandfather because he lost all his money and had to sell the Lambeth estate."

"She did no such thing," retorted Joan. "She gazes at his miniature every day in this world." She cast a quick glance at him. "I know now," she exclaimed, "you look exactly like that miniature."

"My grandfather was very handsome," laughed young Lambeth; then growing serious again, he continued: "When he sent me to England he told me very particularly to look for this tree, which he said bore the best apples in the whole orchard, also to look closely to see his initials carved with those of the only girl he ever loved."

"When the estate was cut up into building lots," said Joan, taking up the thread of the story, "my grandmother made a bid for this special piece because it had that tree on it."

"I have carved my initials on it," said Lambeth, "and they look a bit lonesome." His eyes met her appealingly.

"We will go in now and have tea and a proper introduction from my grandmother, and after that we will discuss whose initials would look well entwined with yours."

"That discussion will be short. Come," he said, "give me your hands—I want to help you down from the apple blossoms."

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WOULD RETAIN ART TREASURE

English Antiquarians Up in Arms at Prospect of Loss of Cromwell's Staircase.

London antiquarians are up in arms against a proposal to sell to wealthy Americans the famous carved staircase in what is known as Cromwell's house, Highgate Hill, a fine seventeenth century mansion, presented, according to tradition, by Cromwell to his eldest daughter Bridget.

Cromwell's house is a red brick house faced with stone. A boundary stone in the adjoining wall bears the date of 1614, and this is generally accepted as the year of its construction. The house was occupied at one time by General Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, and it is suggested that it formed part of the dowry of Cromwell's eldest daughter Bridget.

The whole of the internal ornaments bear evidence of military occupancy. Unfortunately the greater portion of the drawing room ceiling was destroyed by fire nearly a century ago, but some exquisite woodwork has been revealed during recent renovation.

The main staircase, which is the immediate subject of concern, is of handsome proportions, and bears at its various corners beautifully carved figures of soldiers of the commonwealth period. The handrail is of distinctive molding, whilst the balustrades are rich with cleverly executed devices emblematic of warfare. Hand-somely carved oak pendants appear at intervals above the staircase.

His Catch.

A man with a fishing pole sat on the river bank near the Atchison waterworks intake. "How many have you caught?" some one asked him. "When I get another I'll have one," he replied.—Kansas City Star.

NO MIRRORS IN ELEVATORS

Reasons for Their Removal in Public Buildings and Hotels in Philadelphia.

Mirrors in Philadelphia elevators are doomed says a New York World's correspondent. The order for their removal from elevators at city hall went out recently, and will be followed by similar orders in the leading hotels and office buildings, notably the Bellevue, Stratford and the Land Title.

The mirrors are being done away with as the result of numerous complaints made. Conductors in the city hall elevators assert that nearly every girl who rides becomes so engrossed in "primping" before the silvered glasses in the elevators that they forget what floor they want and cause delay.

In the hotels and office buildings the conductors of the elevators, who are instructed not to speak to the occupants, utilize the mirrors to flirt with fair passengers, with the result that they pass the floors while ogling the girl. Another reason why the hotels will eliminate mirrors is that occasionally a passenger from the roof gardens becomes too boisterous and puts his fist through the glass, cutting his hand and afterward suing the hotel company.

Liquid Air as Motive Power. Scientists declare that as a motive power for operating automobiles and the electric storage air is superior to that electric storage battery, since it

requires no tedious waiting for the process of recharging and it delivers more than double the power of former, with half the weight. Gasoline is not in the same class with liquid air, for the latter emits no noxious odors, nor is there any danger of explosions. As a refrigerant there is no source of cold like liquid air. Other than operating automobiles and serving as a refrigerant there is hardly a thing the human mind can think of that liquid air cannot do, from providing a magical entertainment to the production of continuous power. Yet there is lacking a process by which it can be produced cheaply enough to compete with other sources of motive forces now in use.

Suicidal Habit of Butterfly. Considerable interest attaches to a migration of butterflies to this country from the continent which recently took place, remarks the London Standard. The migration in question consisted chiefly of the pretty "Clouded Yellow" and the well-known "Painted Lady." The extraordinary part of the story is this, that none of either species will ever get through the British winter. All true British butterflies sleep from October to March, either as eggs, caterpillars, pupae or butterflies, but the Painted Lady and Clouded Yellow perish. It has long been suggested that they migrate back again to France, but the necessity of waiting for a north wind and the fact that such a wind in October is invariably too cold casts some doubt upon this theory. The Red Admiral is another victim to suicidal migration.

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Aggregate Statement of the Tri-ennial Assessment of Centre Co., Pa., as made by the Assessors for 1913.

Table with columns: Districts, Houses and Lots, Seated Lands, Unseated Lands, Horses and Mules, Cows, Occupations, For State Tax, Dogs. Lists various townships like Bellefonte Boro, Centre Hall Boro, etc., with their respective values and counts.

In accordance with the Act of General Assembly, regulating the Triennial Assessments and constituting a Board of Revision, the County Commissioners of Centre County publish the above statements made by the Assessors for the several districts of the County for the year 1913 upon all property taxable by law.

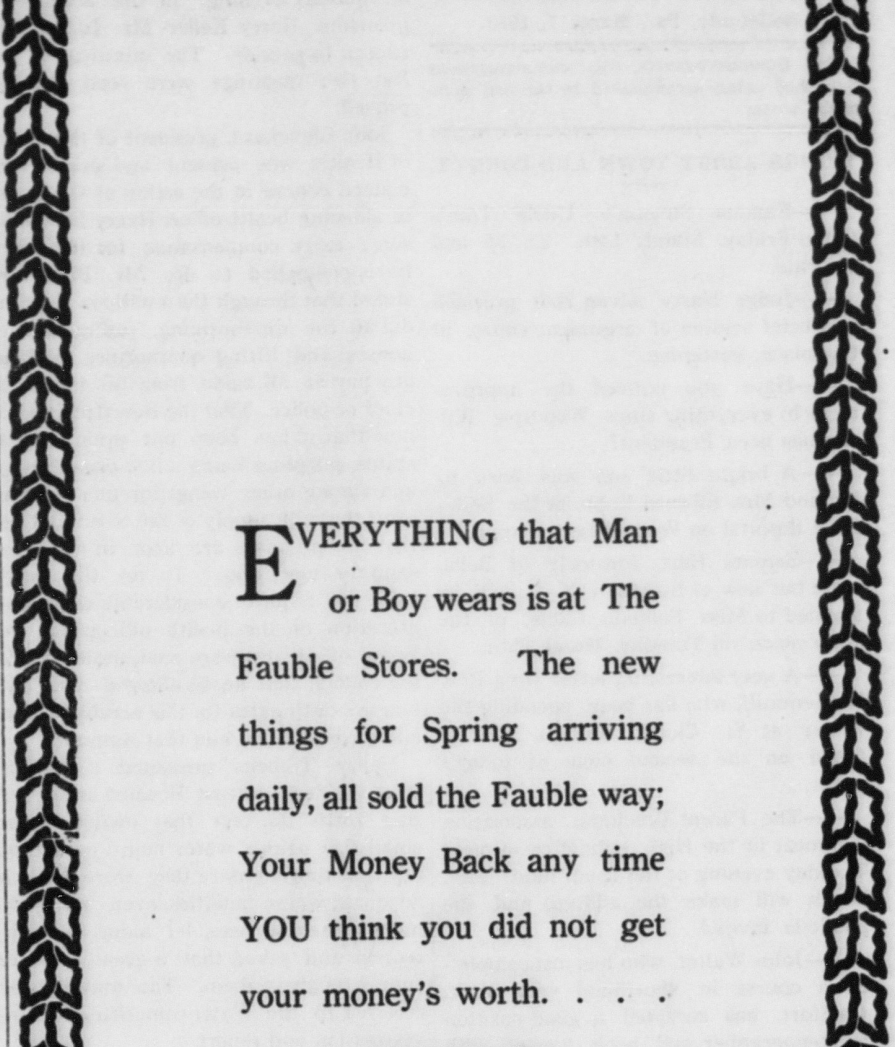
And further give notice that Friday, February 22nd, and Saturday, March 1st, 1913, have been fixed upon which finally to determine whether any of the valuations of the Assessors have been made below a just rate; reserving, however, the right to perform the duties of a Board of Revision upon the same day, and at the same time, for the purpose of hearing appeals from the several townships and boroughs, as provided by Act of 27th of April 1909, P. L. 344.

The rate of millage for 1913 has been fixed at 7 mills, and includes millage to raise funds for the annual sinking fund, and interest on county bonds, and for outstanding notes and other current obligations of the county.

Monday, April 14. Worth, Taylor, Patton and Half Moon Townships at the Hotel at Port Matilda. Tuesday, April 15. Unionville Borough, Union Township and Huston Township, at the Election House in Union Township. Wednesday, April 16. State College Borough, College, Harris and Ferguson Townships, at the hotel at State College. Thursday, April 17. Centre Hall Borough, Potter and Gregg Townships, at the Hotel at Centre Hall. Friday, April 18. Millheim Borough, Haines, Penn and Miles Townships at the Hotel at Millheim. Tuesday, April 22. Howard, Curtin and Liberty Townships and Burnside Township, at the Hotel at Howard. Thursday, April 24. Walkers and Marion Townships, at the Public House at Hublersburg.

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