

What Will Become of Annie

(Continued from page 6, Col. 4)

prisoners over to their wives. Now his weary visage was relaxed in patient waiting. At last the locksmith dropped his tools, and said:

"There!"

The thick steel doors swung out on their noiseless hinges. The two aldermen sprang to the side of the safe. The priest drew near slowly, but his little eyes were turned on the aldermen, and they fell back a pace. Then the priest's long figure sank to a kneeling posture, and he peered into the safe. There was nothing in view. It was strangely empty, for a safe of its monstrous size and mystery, and the tenacity of its combination. He thrust in his hand and fumbled through all its hollow interior, and then he drew forth—a soiled linen collar! It was ludicrous, and for once he laughed, a little laugh. There was not a ledger, not a book.

"He kept no accounts, your reverence," said McQuirk.

"It was just like him," said Father Daugherty. But he kept on with his search. And when he opened the little drawer of maplewood, he found a parcel, done snugly up in thick brown paper. He tore it open, and there swelled into his sight packages of bank notes almost bursting in their yellow paper straps. The bills were new, and as freshly green as the spring itself; more tempting thus, some way, to the reluctant conscience. The two aldermen bent over the black, stooping figure of the priest, their eyes fixed on the money. There it was at last, the bundle itself, the price of, or a part of the price of the new gas franchise. The priest straightened painfully, and got to his feet. He held the bundle in his thin fingers, and glanced at his witnesses, with a keen and curious eye. They met his gaze, expectant, eager, drawing dry, hot breaths. Involuntarily, they extended their hands. Father Daugherty looked at them, and a little twinkle of amusement showed in the eyes that were wontedly so mild and sad.

"Would you?" he said.

The two aldermen hastily raised their hands, and together, in strange unison, wiped their brows. The room had suddenly grown hot for them, and their brows were wet, though Father Daugherty was cool and composed, as he ever was. Yet they remembered; they could not so easily give up; it was theirs by every right. They could have cursed Jimmy just then for his excessive caution. It was McQuirk's quick mind that thought first.

"Maybe there's writing," he said.

Father Daugherty looked long and thoroughly, running his thin hand deep into pigeon-holes and back into the partitions, until the sleeves of his shabby coat were pushed far up his lean wrist.

"Not a scrap," he said.

"Then, maybe—" But McQuirk drew Bretzenger away, and they went into the darkness that lay thick as dust in the back of the long room. Meanwhile, Father Daugherty searched the safe through and through. He found nothing more. The strong-box had had but one purpose, and it had served it well. Then slowly, painfully, with the clumsy, unaccustomed fingers that had had small chance to count money, he turned the packages over, counting them carefully, wetting his trembling fingers now and then. The man who had drilled the safe stood looking on, with eyes that widened more and more.

"How much is there, Father?" he said, at length. He extended a grimy forefinger hesitatingly, as if to touch the package the priest balanced on his palm. But he did not touch it, any more than if it had been something sacred in that clean, sacerdotal hand.

"Fifty thousand," the priest answered. His voice was a trifle husky.

"Fifty thousand!" the man exclaimed. And then he added, in awe: "Dollars! Doesn't look like that much, does it?"

"No," Father Daugherty answered. He had been a little surprised himself. There was something disappointing in the size of the package. He had never seen so much money before, and its tremendous power, its tremendous power for evil, as he suddenly thought, was concentrated in a compass so small that the mind could but slowly wheel about to the new conception. The locksmith spoke.

"Might I—might I—hold it a second—in my own hand?" he said.

The priest gave the bundle into the hand hardened by so much honest toil. The man held it, heaving it up and down incredulously, testing its weight. Then he gave it back.

"Thanks," he said, and sighed.

The two aldermen had returned from their little conference.

"Your reverence," began McQuirk hesitatingly, "might we have a word with you—in private?" He looked suspiciously at the workman. The priest went with them a little way apart.

"We know about that," McQuirk pointed to the bundle.

"You do, do you?" said the priest sharply.

"Yes, father," Bretzenger said. "It's—it's—well, it belongs to the company, sir."

"What company?"

"Well, you know, the new gas—ah, that is, Mr. Baldwin, the lawyer. You know him?"

"George R.?" asked Father Daugherty.

"Yes, your reverence," said both men hopefully. "It should go back to him."

The priest looked at them, and they

caught again that amused expression in his face. It put them ill at ease, and it roused resentment in Bretzenger, who felt that this calm priest could read him too well.

"None of it belongs to you, then, I suppose?" observed Father Daugherty.

"Ah, well—of course," McQuirk urged, and his tone showed that he was trying, in his crude way, to impress the priest with an honest disinterestedness. "Of course, Jimmy was entitled to his piece."

"Sure!" Bretzenger said, swelling with the little virtue he had found to help him.

"But you say it ought to go back to Baldwin, eh?"

"That's what we think, sir," they chimed.

"Well, he can come and identify it," said Father Daugherty. He slowly wrapped the package up, and, unbuttoning his long, rusty coat a little way down from the throat, stuffed the money into an inner pocket. The deed seemed to madden Bretzenger, and he moved a step forward. The two others saw his motion. The priest did not move, but he turned a look on them, and raised his hand, and McQuirk quailed, a superstitious fear in his eyes. He stiffened his arm before Bretzenger, and stayed him. And then the priest stepped quietly to the safe, and pushed its door to with an arm that seemed too weak and frail to stir the heavy steel.

"It looks to me, Michael," he was saying gently, as if addressing McQuirk alone, "like personal property, and, as I'm the administrator, I suppose I'll have to take charge of it. If any beside our dead friend own it, let them come forward and prove their claim, and identify their property in open court."

Father Daugherty reported the whole affair to the probate court, and the judge when the time for filing claims had elapsed, and he had waited for the particular claim he knew would not be presented, ordered a distribution of the property. Then Father Daugherty went to the flat to see Annie, bearing the bundle, the original bundle, the bundle that had bought the new gas franchise. Something of the dramatic quality in the situation had got into the old priest's heart. He knew that Annie would appreciate it all so much better if she could see the fortune, and feel it, and he would let her do so for an instant before he put it away in the safety deposit vaults to await opportunity for its investment.

She looked at it long and long, lying there in the lap of her black gown. She could not grasp the amount, though the old priest, leaning forward, with the enthusiasm of a boy shining once more, after so many years, in his hollow eyes, said over and over: "Look at it, my child! Feel it! It's fifty thousand dollars! And it's all yours!"

She patted it, tenderly and affectionately, with a soft and reminiscent caress, so that the priest knew that it was not for anything that package of money might hold for her in a material way, then or afterward, but rather for what it gave back for a moment to her desolated heart. And the priest was glad of that, and thereafter silent. He had had doubts. He would feel better when the money had passed out of his hands, and he sometimes questioned whether it would ever do good in any one's hands. But he had a sense of humor, too, a grim sense in this instance, when he thought of certain political and financial circles, even if he did dust his thin hands carefully with his spotless handkerchief when he laid the money down.

Annie's eyes had filled with the ready tears that welled to their sweeping, black lashes, and trembled there as she raised her eyes to him.

"Ah, father," she said, "he was so good to me, always—and so kind! And see how thoughtful he was—to leave me all this! Oh, Jimmy, my poor Jimmy!"

And she rocked forward, like an old woman, and wept.

Socrates and Beauty.

All visitors to the museums of Rome become familiar with the busts of Socrates. Who does not recognize at first glance the almost comic face with its turn-up nose and utter absence of the slightest claim to good looks? We cannot help smiling at it, and yet when we think of the man, the ugliness of his face becomes pathetic. He worshiped beauty, his life was devoted to teaching how life could be made harmonious in every way and such a nose must, in spite of his philosophy, have been a constant trial to him. His prayer was: "Grant me to be beautiful in the inner man and all I love of outward things to be at peace with those within. May I count the wise man only rich; and may my store of gold be such as none but the good can bear."

He counted material wealth without wealth of spirit a mockery and to have outward beauty without inward beauty was to be an imposter. All the same, to have one's inward beauty so denied by one's face must have been very annoying and our smile at Socrates may well be mixed with a little sympathy.

Have Analyzed Gases.

By the use of a new German instrument, which takes the index of refraction of mixed gases, Haber and Lowe are able to find the amount of carbon dioxide and methane contained in mine gases. The method is also useful in many other cases, such as for benzol vapors in the gas distilled by gas or coke plants, also sulphurous anhydride in the gases coming from pyrites roasting, as well as percentages of ozone in the air. They are also able to check the purity of hydro-

gen made by the electrolytic process, observe the gases in human breath and carry out other very useful tests.

We desire to be classified according to our exceptional virtues; we are apt to classify our neighbor according to his exceptional faults.—Henry Bates Diamond.

Was Believed to Promote Health, and Certainly Was a Protection to the Head Both in Summer and Winter.

A great many people have, no doubt, wondered just why the Chinese should cultivate queues. It has been claimed that the queue was sacred to them, that it was a disgrace to injure those long braids of shiny black hair, just as it was considered nearly a sacrilege in Bible times to injure the beard.

No doubt the Chinaman took pride in his long braid of hair, because his fathers before him took pride in it, but, according to several authorities who have long studied the customs and history of China and the Chinese, there were other reasons for the queue, and apparently quite good reasons at that.

In the first place, the Chinaman believed that it was far more healthful to wear his head shaven, except at the top of his head, and let it grow in a long mass to be braided. One belief was that wearing the hair in this manner increased the circulation of blood in the brain and therefore made the Chinaman healthier and keener.

Then again, during cold weather the queue could be braided about the head, providing the protection of a thick warm cap. And in extremely hot weather the queue was again braided about the top of the head, this time to protect the wearer from sunstroke.

The long queue is also used as a sort of neck-cloth, to wrap about the neck, and it is bound loosely on the back of the head to serve as a pillow at night. Perhaps one of the most peculiar uses attributed to it is in sudden illness or injury, especially in the old days of warfare when swords were the general weapons. Then it was used as a tourniquet to bind about the injury and prevent too great a loss of blood.

It was for these reasons as well as for any reasons of sentiment or religion that the Chinamen hesitated so long before agreeing to sacrifice their queues, but it is evident that the custom of wearing queues was not what might be termed a "foolish habit," as it was really made to serve a number of uses.

Fable of a Dog That Misunderstood.

Once there was a motley little yellow dog that was picked up in the street by a kind man. The man, feeling sorry for him and being afraid no one else would be good to such a homely cur, kept him and bought him a handsome collar and treated him so well that the dog soon began to strut and grow very proud and vain.

"Surely," he said to the house cat, "I must be a very fine dog to be so much admired and petted," and with that he began to bark at the solemn old Persian cat, which ignored him entirely.

"She is rather a well trained old thing," thought the dog. "She knows enough not to talk back to her betters."

Then he ran out in the street and barked at a beautiful horse that was passing the house, but neither the driver nor the horse paid any attention to him.

"Ah," said the dog, "I must be a very fine dog, indeed—they, too, realize they must not reprove their superiors."

Moral: To the conceited all signs are compliments.

Romantic Salute.

The young lieutenant in his trim and elegant uniform saluted in the stiff and yet somehow graceful military manner, a pretty matron promenading the hotel piazza at Old Point Comfort.

"The military salute," he said, "is peculiarly appropriate to you, madam. Do you happen to know its origin?"

"No."

"Well, its origin goes back to the days of chivalry, to the tournaments of the Middle Ages. In those tournaments the knights before the combat began rode past the queen of beauty on her throne. As they caroled by her they simultaneously brought the hand to a horizontal position above the brows, then dropped it to the side again—a genuine military salute. And this they did, in their chivalrous way, to protect their eyes from the blinding rays of the queen of beauty's loveliness. That, madam, is the origin of the military salute, and that is why the military salute is so appropriate to one like you."

Perhaps Wanted to Purchase.

William Draper Lewis, at a dinner in Chicago, said of a squabble between two factions:

"If they knew European history, they would not find these proposals so unprecedented. But they are ignorant. They are as ignorant of European history as Cornelius Husk was ignorant of European art."

"Husk entered the national gallery in Trafalgar square one day. He watched a young student copying the Yated Rokeby Venus; then he watched another young student copying a cracked Holbein; then he watched a third student copying a dim Raphael."

"Finally he bent over the easel of the last young man and asked: 'Say, mister, what do you do with the old pictures when the new ones are finished?'" —The Home Budget.

FORMS OF CURRENCY

MANY DIFFERENT BASES OF FINANCE IN HISTORY.

Old Civilization Knew No Such Thing as Money, and Legal Tender Was Simply What Could Be Agreed Upon.

Do you ever stop to think, when you have a dollar in your hand, just when it first came into existence, and what people used hundreds of years ago, before such a coin had ever been heard of?

In the old civilizations of Italy, Greece, Egypt and Asia Minor there was no such thing as money. Instead, the most valued possession of each country served as a basis for finance, and troublesome times they did have, when one race of people traded with another and did not agree at all on each other's standards of value.

In ancient Sparta, for instance, huge, gorgeous chariots served as dollars. If a man wanted to buy a house and lot he had to drive a certain number of chariots to his desired place of abode, and then give them in exchange for

the land he wished. Sometimes whole days were spent in deciding, and outsiders had to be called in to assist in determining the value of the goods to be bartered.

In Africa they were a little more sensible in choosing for money articles of smaller size. The natives were extremely fond of jewelry and fancy decorations of all kinds, and so for coin they used delicate shells of various sizes. To be sure they were a bit unsubstantial, and if a man broke his shell the loss was his. There was no government back of him to redeem the currency. But the arrangement seemed to satisfy on the whole, for it was in vogue for many centuries.

In old Japan daggers were made into money. They did not seem to find it hard determining the value, and the metal was practical and substantial and lasted indefinitely.

The most terrible form of money the world has ever known was that in vogue in the days of the early

Roman empire, when women were used quite frequently for money. If a man owned a beautiful slave and preferred land, the bargain was speedily made. And if the land or object desired were very valuable he might have to yield several of his women slaves.

Turbulent times there have been in the course of the long centuries on the subject of money, and many quarrels have arisen and many battles have been fought. And really we don't half appreciate the value of our simple dollar or the thousands of years it took to bring it to its present simple form.

Sweets to the Sweet.

A truthful maiden with a sweet tooth says two's a crowd when you have a good novel and a box of chocolates.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Years of Suffering

CATARRH AND BLOOD DISEASE—DOCTORS FAILED TO CURE.

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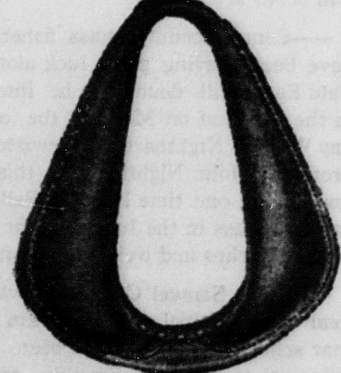
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