

THE TURN OF THE PAGE.

BY FRANK FILSON.  
(Copyright by W. G. Chapman)

"Come along, 752," said the head warden cheerfully, clapping an enormous hand upon the young man's shoulder. "The chief wants to say good-bye to you."

The convict stepped out of his cell and followed the head warden obediently. Three years of discipline had taught him to ask no questions, to demand no reasons. He hardly dared to hope that the pardon board had granted his petition.

"Tention! Eyes front!" said the head warden mechanically, and the convict mechanically obeyed. But the governor stretched out his hand and took the convict's in a hearty clasp. "The board of pardons has granted you your freedom, Graves," he said. "I strongly recommended it at the last monthly meeting. I know that you will run straight in future. If you shouldn't, remember that the dishonor and shame will be mine, and it will be just so much harder for the rest of us. Here's a letter from your mother in Mapleton," he added, handing the missive to the prisoner.

Graves read it and the governor watched him curiously. The young fellow had impressed him favorably ever since he had entered the penitentiary three years before to serve a first sentence for forgery. He had been a model prisoner; but he seemed unaffected either by the letter or by his release.

"Yes, sir, I'll run straight in future," he answered.

"Good," answered the governor. "And my advice to you is, go home to your mother. You have about thirty-seven dollars coming to you. Go home, face the world in your home town, be a man and begin your life anew. You will find people kinder than you imagine. Good morning."

He grasped the prisoner's hand again and dismissed him. Graves went out. Subdued and deferential though he seemed, he remained totally unmoved.

As a matter of fact, Philip Graves was deeply moved, but for all that he had not the least intention of returning home. He took the train to the capital and spent his money in two days of riotous living.

The second evening found him penniless. It was cold and dimly wet, and the long tramp through the dismal suburbs had not raised his spirits. He sat down on the sidewalk and buried his head in his hands. That was the first time he had ever seriously considered the future.

"Forging's a mutt's game," one of the other prisoners had told him soon after he was brought to the jail. "Take my tip, lad, cracking a crib's the only thing worth while. Why, all you've got to do is to walk in after the lights are out, take your pick, and walk out again. But say, don't carry a gun, for that don't pay. Just trust to your legs if you have to get away quick."

Graves felt in his pockets. At the bottom of one, hitherto overlooked by him, was a dime. Graves knew where he could get all the whisky he wanted for a dime—if he chose the time when the bartender was not looking his way. He went there.

Graves tossed off the fiery liquid, set down the glass, and went out. New Year's eve! He had not thought of that. This was the evening for making good resolutions. The recording angel was writing the title at the head of a new page of life. What record would his page show this time next year?

He walked the streets until his head swam from the liquor. It was very dark and the rain fell steadily. Graves was wet to the skin. He walked an immeasurable time, until at last, looking up, he saw a house.

A flame of anger burned in his heart, hotter than the fire in his brains. Good resolutions! What were they for such as he? They were for the rich, for those who could afford to keep the laws! He was no fool to be bound by such a code.

He crept up the garden, felt a lower window, and found that he could raise it. A minute later he was groping inside a dining room.

Cautiously he struck and lit a match. Then he gasped in astonishment. For on the buffet, carelessly laid out, was a galaxy of silver plate. That central piece—that flat tray, which he could put under his coat and walk away with, must be worth a couple of hundred dollars alone! He would take it on his way out. He opened the door and crept upstairs.

There were two rooms at the head of the first flight. The door of one was closed; the second door was open, and inside, by the light of the lowered gas jet, Graves could see a table strewn with rings. He crept in and stood staring at them. There were nearly a dozen of them—diamond, pearl, sapphire, cat's eye, flashing emeralds and rubies. It was the dressing table of some wealthy woman who. . .

There was somebody in the bed! An old, white-haired woman who lay there, hardly breathing, flat, with white hands picking at the bed covers! Graves snatched up a handful of the haubles and turned. Suddenly two powerful arms caught him as in a vise and he looked up into the face of the middle-aged man.

"Come outside, you—you dog!" whispered the other. "Caught in the



# A Backward Look

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

"Add ye year to year."—Isaiah xxxix, 1.

So goes the old year forth, as goes  
A king with no attending train,  
As goes a monarch old, who knows  
His further effort is in vain.  
In stately sequence they have gone—  
The courtier months—and now, alone,  
The old year proudly falters on,  
The new year comes to claim his throne.

But we that stand as subjects stand  
Within the temple of the years  
While faints the narrow thread of sand  
That in the timeglass now appears—  
Should we look out adown the way  
Whereon our eager feet would fare,  
Or should we gaze at yesterday  
And see what is recorded there?

Aye, backward then a moment's space—  
Look backward at the dimming hills  
Ere yet old time with gentle grace  
With drifting haze the distance fills;  
Count now the heights which held the goals  
Which had been ours to win and keep,  
Save that we in our shrinking souls  
Feared that the climb was long and steep.

Now the horizon whence we wend  
Seems but a path all smooth and fair  
Where frowning hill and valley blend,  
And any load were light to bear.  
Could we go back! Ah, might we go  
Once more upon the dwindling way!  
The trials would not fret us so—  
The trifles, now, of yesterday.

So, in the temple of the years  
We gaze back at the fading view—  
The composite of laughs and tears—  
Then turn to face the roadway new.  
The new year comes, as comes a king,  
Apparelled in rich stuffs and gold—  
Grant that unto it we may bring  
The good we garnered from the old.



(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

act, you dirty sneak-thief! Let me look at your face! So you would rob a dying woman, would you? I'm going to strip the hide off you before I call the police."

"I didn't know—" Graves babbled.

A feeble voice from the sick bed made both start.

"John!" whispered the sick woman.

"John! It's you, dear John! I knew you would come home!"

The captor and the captive stood motionless, thrilled by the pity in the voice.

"John, won't you come here and kiss your old mother?" pleaded the voice.

"I knew that I should live to see you again."

The middle-aged man whispered into the ear of the thief.

"Her son was killed in an automobile accident last week. Now's your chance. I'll let you go if—"

"You're coming to me, aren't you, John?"

"Yes," muttered the thief, and with unsteady footsteps he staggered toward the bed, found it, and sank down upon a chair. He felt the hand of the old woman close upon his.

"Are you John? Are you my boy? I cannot see. Tell me that you are John," the old woman whispered.

"Yes, I am John," the convict whispered back.

She said no more for a while but seemed to doze. Gently, by almost imperceptible degrees, the man in the room lowered the gas light till it was only a little twinkling flame in the darkness. And the thief sat motionless, his hand held tightly in the light clasp of the dying woman.

After a long time she roused herself. "Johnny," she whispered, "turn me so that I can put my lips to your ear." And the convict turned the shrunken old body reverently, and with a new and strange fearlessness. Then the old woman spoke again, and so low and weak were her tones that he could only grasp them by bending his ear till her lips touched it.

"Johnny," she said, "I want you to be a good boy after I am gone. I want you to be good for your old mother's sake, Johnny. There's nobody will ever love you as I have done—nobody in the whole world. You've been wild, Johnny, dear, and people have said hard things about you and called you hard names, but I knew that you were my boy Johnny, my good boy, and that you were good at heart. Promise me you'll always run straight, Johnny!"

Graves promised.

"Then I can go in peace, Johnny,

dear. Kiss me." The dying woman half raised herself and Graves took her in his arms and pressed his lips



There Was Somebody in Bed.

reverently to her forehead. And not daring to stir, he remained thus half through the night.

The vital fires had burned themselves out; gently and imperceptibly the life had faded out of the old frame. The dead woman's placid smile seemed like a benediction.

Graves rose up. "I'm ready now," he said to the man.

"Go!" answered the man, pointing to the door; and the ex-convict shuffled along the carpet, his face working, his cheeks stained with tears. He halted at the door, hesitated, and shuffled back again. He went up to the man.

"I don't want to go," he muttered. "I want you to call the police. Say," he went on, in impassioned accents, "I've got an old mother like that in Mapleton, and she's alive and wants me to come home. Do you think if I went that I could ever become a man again? I've been in prison three years."

The man's hand fell on his shoulder, just as the head warden's had fallen. He seemed sorry for him; it was odd, to come to think of it, how kind men were to one another.

"My dear fellow, I believe that Providence sent you here—Providence, which is only another name for God," said the man. "Go back and face the world anew in your home town."

Why, that was just what the governor had said!

He held his hand out and the other took it and grasped it warmly. Suddenly Graves remembered. He pulled out from his pocket a handful of shimmering rings. He placed them upon the dressing table and walked lightly out of the room. He did not shuffle now, for his heart was filled with lightness and for the first time in years he was at peace.

"I'm going home!" he murmured.

The rain had ceased and the air was keen with frost. From the four quarters came the sound of distant bells. And then Graves remembered that this was the New Year.

The book was still open and the new page had been auspiciously begun.

THE MAN IN BUTTERNUT.

BY CAPT. F. A. MITCHEL.

There are natures to which danger is too fascinating to be resisted. This cropped out especially in our own war on both the Union and Confederate sides. There was another faculty akin to the love for danger, though much more rare. This was that cool assurance some men used in carrying out their operations, especially when cornered. Perhaps the most famous of these men was General Morgan when, as untitled John Morgan, with a small band of some fifty rangers, he was constantly harassing the Army of the Ohio, at that time advancing southward through middle Tennessee. He would walk up to a Union picket who was off his guard, rate him soundly for his carelessness, take his gun from him and make him a prisoner.

Hanc Barton when he went into the Union service was a green Kentucky farmer's boy. He was long, lanky and had never worn anything better than "butternut." His brothers had joined the Confederate army, and Hanc, being on the other side, thought it his duty to "balance up" so far as he could by enlisting for the Union. It took time to make soldiers out of farmers, and there were cases wherein it was impossible. This was because there is nothing in farm work that is akin to military life.

Barton was one of those who could never be turned into shipshape soldiers. He was slow at learning the manual of arms, slow at learning to march, slow at every methodical duty. Soldiers are not allowed to leave camp limits without permission, yet Barton would make his way out between sentries, steal through the pickets and wander about on the enemy's territory.

The matter having been reported to his captain, he was called up before that officer and, when questioned as to where he had been, told so much about the enemy, their camp, their movements, their forces, their armament, that the captain spoke of the matter to the colonel. The colonel mentioned it to the general commanding, and the result was that the delinquent was directed to report himself at headquarters.

Barton supposed that he was sent up to the general to receive a reprimand for his unsoldierly conduct. Instead, the general made him tell all about where he had been when he had surreptitiously left camp and what he had seen and, when he had finished, told him that he was appointed scout under the commander's own orders and need not return to his regiment except to get his effects. Since Hanc had no effects except what he had on his person he did not return at all. The arms of an infantryman would not serve him in his new duties, and, as to uniform, he was to wear the "butternut" to which he had been accustomed, except when in camp, when he could wear what he pleased.

Hanc Barton breathed a sigh of relief at the change in the situation. He was henceforth relieved of the interminable duties of a soldier—no answering of his name at reveille roll call, no guard mounting, no inspection, no turning in at tattoo and lights out at taps. All this irksome routine had been exchanged for the indescribable privilege of running the risk of getting himself hanged.

Barton was just the man for the required service. His accent was distinctly southern, he had been accustomed to the people of the south, and, as to getting about over a country region, he had learned it so perfectly in his native state that he did not need to learn it again in Tennessee. The general sent him on several minor scouting expeditions, but it was not till the Army of the Cumberland was confronting the Confederates—the former at Murfreesboro, the latter at Tullahoma—that Hanc got in his most remarkable work.

He left Murfreesboro one evening after dark on horseback with an order directing the guards to pass Richard Venables. He was mounted on a high, lean horse, furnished by the quartermaster from a lot that had not yet been branded. He found no trouble in personating a poor white citizen of the country, for that was exactly what he was. Indeed, no one would have taken him for anything else.

When he reached a Confederate vedette he said:

"Mr. Sojer, I'm goin' south fo' to get outen the way o' the Yankees that's comin' down yere. Do you mind my ridin' right on?"

"You can go back there to the picket post, and they'll take charge of you," said the vedette.

Hanc rode on to the picket and was

[Continued on page 7, Col. 3.]

Dry Goods, Etc.

## LYON & COMPANY.

### CLEARANCE SALE

—) of all (—

# Winter Goods

We begin our Pre-Inventory Clearance Sale of

## FURS, COATS AND SUITS

We are determined to close out all now, they must be sold regardless of cost.

Broad Cloths, Heavy Suitings, Serges, Diagonal and Whip Cords at clearance sale prices.

Buy your Blankets and Comfortables now, it will mean a big saving to you.

Men, Women and Children's Winter Underwear and Hosiery at clearance prices.

—( WATCH FOR OUR (—

## Mid-January White Sale.

and Rummage Table.

Lyon & Co. 57-54-17 Bellefonte

Shoes.

Shoes.

## Yeager's Shoe Store

"FITZEZY"

The

Ladies' Shoe

that

Cures Corns

Sold only at

Yeager's Shoe Store,

Bush Arcade Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.

58-27