

HER LITTLE DAUGHTER.

[By Victor Radcliffe.]

"The poor, dear little thing!" said Miss Delevan, pityingly and indignantly.

She was a child of emotions, was Clytie Delevan, and her gentle but forceful soul was moved to its depths. For the moment all her thoughts and sympathies were with a strange girl she had never spoken to and had seen but once—just now.

Clytie was passing an obscure cottage. Three or four little children were playing about the rear porch. Beside it was a young girl at a wash tub, fair and energetic. This was Vivian Grey, the "poor, dear little thing."

"Well!" suddenly challenged the preoccupied Clytie, and a handsome young man startled her by stepping into view from behind a tree.

"Dear! How you frightened me," said Clytie chidingly, but with gentleness.

"Did you find out what you wanted?" asked Paul Sercombe, her lover.

"I have made all kinds of inquiries," replied Clytie buoyantly. "I have even seen her. Oh, Paul! she is such a sweet, patient self-sacrificing little creature, I just love her. There she is with an invalid mother and five little brothers and sisters, bravely fighting her way, and this horrid Uncle Wyman has passed them by, who have nothing and need so much, for selfish he, who has everything in the world."

"Including myself," suggested Paul with a smile.

"I won't answer that until I see how you will carry out your part in a certain plot I am about to set afoot. You know Uncle Wyman sent for me to stay a month, and if I pleased him I am to become his heiress."

"Yes, I know," nodded Paul. "Well, I found out that he has had nearly all his relatives on the same basis, and has scared them all off with his gruff tyrannical ways. I have found out that if I don't suit he is going to decide on the Grey family. That is as it should be, for Vivian is his own niece and deserves good fortune. And she is going to have it, if my helping can bring it to her."

"As how, now?" queried Paul. "Whisper—I'll tell you all about my plan," said Clytie.

A precious plan it was! Paul looked dubious, but entered into its details



"Eh! Where? When? How?"

to please his peremptory lady love. The program was set and started in motion the following day.

Paul called at the Wyman home. Clytie introduced him to her uncle, who bristled up and looked sullen and suspicious, but when Clytie suggested that he show her "dear friend" from her home town around the place, Mr. Wyman ungraciously assented to the proposition. He came back to the house half an hour later, alone. He was fairly quivering with indignation and rage.

"Why, where is Mr. Sercombe?" inquired Clytie in her sweetest, but falsest tone, well knowing. "Gone!" roared the old tyro. "If he ever shows his face here again I'll have him horsewhipped from the place!"

"Uncle!" cried Clytie in affected horror and dismay.

"Why," shouted Mr. Wyman, "he actually criticized my chickens, said they were half-breeds, called me 'Old Top,' asked me how much I was worth, and said he believed he'd become my son-in-law. Yes, he will!" bellowed the irate old man.

"I am so sorry, uncle," declared Clytie. "I—I think a great deal of Mr. Sercombe."

"Well, forget him!" fired up her intractable relative, "or give up all hopes of ever inheriting any of my wealth. Now, young lady, you listen to me; if you ever meet this young man again or go to skylarking around with him secretly, I'll pack you off home and settle the whole business by taking in the Greys. They're a brood, but the girl is a worker and she's the last pick, so mind your p's and q's, if you're wise."

Clytie went away by herself and laughed in high glee. Then, notwithstanding the dreadful threats of her uncle, that same evening she met her

devoted lover in a remote lane of the village, as prearranged.

"I don't see any way to cut this Gordian knot," said Paul, after a full hour of conversation, "except to settle the whole matter by following our own minds and getting married at once."

"But the folks at home won't consent," said Clytie. "And they have set their hearts on my being an heiress."

"Haven't I got enough to care for both of us?" demanded Paul. "Yes, indeed, so I want to fix it so Uncle Wyman will surely drop me as the prospective heiress and take up that dear, little, deserving, hard worker, Vivian Grey."

"Let us elope." "Audacious!" "But it seemed the only way out of the dilemma. They carried out the program in due romantic style, too.

The next morning there was a wild time around the Wyman home. A servant came to her master, pale and breathless.

"Oh, sir," she gasped, "burglars!" "Eh! Where? When? How?" challenged the old man, startled.

"Miss Clytie, sir!"

"What about her?"

"Gone. Ladder up to the window. Left this note."

"Dear uncle," it read, "I love Paul so I couldn't disappoint him. We will be Mr. and Mrs. Sercombe and off on our wedding trip inside of an hour. Forgive."

"I discard her forever!" yelled the irate old curmudgeon. "She shan't have a cent of my money. I'll act quick, before her father comes snooping around to influence me to change my mind."

Then Mr. Wyman primped up and went down to the humble Grey home. As he rounded the shabby house he heard a bright cheery voice singing. He peeped in at the window.

Busy-bee Vivian was ironing and singing to sleep her little brother in a chair near the table. Everything was poor, but scrupulously clean.

"I'd like to have that music down at the big house," chuckled the old tyrant. "That girl knows how to make things look home-like, and that's what I want. Morning, Vivian," he greeted, as he entered the kitchen.

"Why, Uncle Wyman, this is a real pleasure," said Vivian, sincerely, glad to see her arbitrary relative, and he was convinced that the expression was genuine.

"You can drop that ironing," he observed.

"What for, uncle?"

"Going to move, all of you. I'm through experimenting with my kin of high ideas. I'm going to adopt the whole family and make you my heiress."

Grateful little soul! Vivian sat down and cried like a tired baby. It seemed as if the burden of the ages had rolled away from her weary shoulders.

It was two years later, and she was happily married, and old Uncle Wyman had found peace and comfort amid true family surroundings, when Vivian met Clytie.

Then the whole story came out, and there began a rare friendship that beautified the whole of their lives.

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WORK OF ANCIENT DENTISTS

Remarkable Teeth Decoration Shows That They Possessed Considerable Skill.

By far the most transcendent example of teeth decoration which has at present come to light in America is in a skull discovered in 1909 at a place called La Piedra, near the point on the right bank of the Esmeraldas river where it empties into San Mateo bay. It was accidentally found by Mr. Pinzon and Mr. George D. Hedman, the latter an American consular agent at Esmeraldas, and was kindly presented by Mr. Hedman for the Heyne museum during my visit to Ecuador last summer. The skull was seen projecting from the bank, but no other parts of the skeleton were uncovered, probably having been washed away after the bank was undermined.

The upper part of the skull is in fragments, but is restorable. The skull, slightly deformed, is that of an adult female. The decoration of the teeth is unique and presents a new type of facial ornamentation. Instead of small disks being set into artificial cavities we find in this case that certain teeth of the upper jaw were almost entirely covered on the outer face by an overlay of gold. The entire enamel of the teeth decorated has been removed, with the exception of narrow bands at the bases and the upper parts, where they were close to the flesh and embedded in the jaw.

The removal of the enamel is through to the dentine and was skillfully accomplished. It appears that in some instances sawing was done slightly under the enamel, at the upper part, so that the gold overlay, or covering, might be fitted under it in order to make it more secure. The teeth thus practically "face-crowned" are the four incisors and the two canines. The overlays are missing in all but one of the teeth, the left lateral incisor. This gold covering is slightly folded or bent over each side of the tooth for greater security.

A Real Wonder.

Snooker (fiercely)—Your fowls have been over the wall and scratched my garden.

Chanks (coolly)—Well, there's nothing extraordinary in that. It's their nature to scratch. Now, if your garden were to come over the wall and scratch my fowls it would be extraordinary and something worth communitating.—Pearson's Weekly.

HOW TO KNOW RABIES

Symptoms in Dogs a Layman May Understand.

Hydrophobia is Usually Spread by the Infected, Ownerless Cur Traveling Far and Wide, Says a Philadelphia Veterinarian.

Philadelphia.—"Mad dog!" A terrible cry, and one that sends the bravest stampeding frantically. It has always been, in the imagination of men, one of the most dreadful warnings. And why not? The statistics show that among hydrophobia patients the mortality is 100 per cent, says the Philadelphia North American.

Then, too, there are people who say there is no such thing as rabies, that it is all the wild-eyed superstition of a fright-crazed people. In these summer months, when the rumors fly, which are you to believe?

Here below is the expert testimony of an authority upon the disease and situation, Dr. C. J. Marshall, the state veterinarian. He tells just how you may know a mad dog, and discusses the state of affairs with evident surety.

The symptoms of rabies are very easily recognized by a person who is familiar with the disease, yet the average layman seldom recognizes it, Doctor Marshall says. Among the ordinary symptoms observed is a change in the disposition of the animal. If he has been affectionate, he often becomes cross and irritable, while dogs that are of a nervous, ferocious temperament frequently become very affectionate and timid. In many cases the animal goes away from home and may travel several miles, and on his return will show that he has been in a number of fights with other dogs.

There is always a change in the voice of the animal. Instead of a bark he makes more of a cry and does more barking than usual. In some cases dogs that are affected are constantly licking or biting the body, sometimes even licking through the skin and doing extensive damage to that particular part. They usually have a depraved appetite, and will eat pieces of wood, cloth, leather or any rubbish that they may find. Dogs that are kept in the house or in kennels frequently chew up the furniture or tear the bars of the cage with their teeth, and sometimes even tear their teeth out or lacerate their mouths through such violence.

Doctor Marshall has very dubious opinions of those who deny that there is such a thing as rabies. He says: "There is such a disease as rabies. I have seen hundreds of dogs, a number of cats, many head of cattle and a large number of horses die of the disease which has been, by all the means of establishing a diagnosis known to our profession, declared and verified as rabies. There is no disease of which I know that is more easily recognized or more sure to cause death, or one that causes more intense suffering in its victims than rabies. In my opinion it is unwise for intelligent persons to deny its existence, or to minimize or magnify the losses and suffering occasioned by it. I know very well that all animals and all persons bitten by a rabid animal do not develop rabies, but I know of no transmissible disease in which all animals that are susceptible will develop the disease when exposed to it. The best records I have at hand show where rabid dogs have bitten persons around the extremities 17 out of 100 have developed the disease, while 80 out of 100 bitten about the face have produced the malady. This is because the teeth of the animal when slashing at the legs become cleaned of the poisonous saliva, and usually do not carry, by the time they cut through to the skin, enough disease germs to impregnate the torn flesh."

"On the other hand, when an uncovered portion of the body is bitten all of the deadly bacteria are on the points of the dog's teeth and tear into the flesh fully armed. I know that the British isles have exterminated the disease by judicious use of muzzles and by proper quarantine measures. No cases have been reported from Australia, and probably never will be as long as the present system of quarantine is in vogue. The only way that rabies can be spread is by the bite of an animal. Dogs, being loose and free to roam, are naturally subject to it. No dogs have, so far as my records or knowledge of them go, been known to go mad of their own accord. It is simply a disease which is carried from place to place by dogs which have been bitten by other dogs and which will bite still other dogs in their turn. The mad cats which are occasionally seen have been bitten by mad dogs. The horses and cattle have been contaminated in the same way. If every dog in the United States were muzzled and quarantined as they are restricted in England and Australia there would be no rabies."

"It is the ownerless dog which causes the trouble. He travels far and wide, fighting over a wide range of territory. In one of the strays furries he may be nipped by a dog which is in the early stages of rabies. He may be caught by a raving rabies sufferer and bitten before he can escape. In any event, he develops the disease. "The household pet, no matter how carefully he is watched, may on some pleasant little jog, when out for exercise only a few minutes, perhaps be cut by a contaminated hound and doomed. However, these animals rarely spread rabies."

TELEPATHY IS WIDESPREAD

Instances Frequently Indicate a Transmission of Thought, Says One Who Should Know.

Are we all mind readers? Can any business or professional man, with proper development, become an accomplished psychic, receiving and transmitting ideas without the use of a medium so gross as the spoken word? Recent experiments in the Charcot institute in France, and in the psychiatric clinic of the Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore would seem to lead to this belief, and Norman R. Prescott states his belief that this is true.

"There is not a man or woman alive today," said Prescott recently, "who has not been at some time or another the 'receiver' or 'transmitter' in a telepathic experiment. At times, it may have been wholly unconscious; at others it may have been dimly guessed; then again, it may have been thoroughly appreciated, but attributed to that very convenient old invention, the law of coincidence. One is talking to a friend, perhaps. He stops and when his friend replies, he realizes that he knew before just what his friend was going to say, and the exact language in which he would clothe his ideas. All of us have felt that, day after day, many, many times."

"That is telepathy; the transmission of thought through ether without physical aid. The more you study this wonderful science, the more you will be impressed with the fact that, for its success, it depends largely on two minds being closely attuned; there must be absolute harmony if there is to be success. Such instances as I have mentioned a little before are found in their greatest frequency, between husband and wife. And this is natural because of all persons in the world husbands and wives are most closely associated and bound by the closest, dearest, most binding ties. Two minds with but a single thought; two hearts that beat as one, really expresses the idea perfectly. It is, I might say, the philosophy of telepathy crystallized in an epigram."

Obstacle to Enjoyment.

Many of us are plenty old enough to remember the big open fireplace, the enormous amount of wood it required to keep it going, how the cord sticks had to be dug out of the ice and snow, how it was a struggle to get the big back log in place, how every morning the fire had to be started over again, unless you were cunning enough in woodcraft to hide some coals deep enough under the ashes to keep them until morning, how in the early hours of the bleak days the rooms of the house were so cold it required great courage or the insistent commands of the head of the house to get up to make that fire. But this is not all. It will be remembered also that in real weather the fire from the open side of the room baked you on one side while the other side was frozen, and all the day long the frost on the windows maintained the beauty of the formation into pictured mountains and valleys undisturbed by the heat from the burning logs.

The Earth Breathes.

It has been proved that there is a regular exchange of gas between the interior of the earth and the surrounding atmosphere corresponding to human breathing. Doctor Boernstein, an Austrian physician, sank a tube in the ground to a depth of more than ninety feet, connected with a mercury barometer on the surface. From 7 a. m. to 5 or 6 p. m. the pressure of gases given out by the earth was found to be less than the atmospheric pressure. During the night the condition was reversed. The earth for ten or eleven hours absorbs air which it gives out during the other hours of the 24. The cause has not been defined, but it is surmised that, considering light as a material physical agent, the pressure of light is added to that of the air.—Harper's Weekly.

Supreme Excellence.

In character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—Longfellow.

As Poor Richard Says.

A penny saved is two pence clear, a penny a day is a groat a year. Save and prosper.

Medical.

It Happened in Bellefonte.

AND IS HAPPENING TO BELLEFONTE PEOPLE EVERY WEEK.

The case told below is not an uncommon thing. The same occurs frequently and will continue to happen as long as folks have kidneys and over-tax the kidneys.

Mrs. Isaac Wyland, Wilson St., Bellefonte, says: "Last winter I caught a cold, which settled on my kidneys. My back began to ache and I was in bed for a week. I didn't rest properly and in the morning felt all out of sorts. Often the pains were so severe that I cried. My housework was a burden. Dizzy spells were common and my sight was blurred. Doan's Kidney Pills took hold of the trouble at once and after I had finished one box, the pain in my back left and I was strong as ever."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Wyland had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. 60-6-11

Pimples. Are looked upon generally only as an annoying disfigurement, something to be got rid of in some way as speedily as possible. But the pimple is only a symptom, and though the symptom be suppressed the disease is unaffected. Pimples, blotches, eruptions, are the signs of bad blood. Make the blood pure and the pimples will go away and the skin become clear and smooth. The blood can be cleansed perfectly by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It pushes out of the body the waste matter which corrupts the blood. It increases the blood supply, and enriches every vein with a full flow of rich, pure blood. When the blood is pure the skin diseases, which are caused by impure blood, are naturally and permanently cured.

Prove of insanity. A Pittsburgh boarder is beaten up by his landlady, armed with a flatiron, because he demanded prunes for breakfast. Well, how would one expect a woman to deal with an insane man?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Little Hotel Wilmot.

The Little Hotel Wilmot IN PENN SQUARE One minute from the Penna Ry. Station PHILADELPHIA

We have quite a few customers from Bellefonte. We can take care of some more. They'll like us. A good room for \$1. If you bring your wife, \$2. Hot and cold running water in every room. The Ryerson W. Jennings Co. 59-46

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