

The Lost Friend.

(By H. M. Ebert.)

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Col. Jim Slee sat in his swivel chair and looked at Miss Elizabeth Ray and pulled his drooping mustache.
Colonel Slee was the last man in the world whom one would have associated with a large city store. A little over fifty, perhaps, with a splendid figure and military bearing, there was something chivalrous about the man in spite of his reputation. If there can be grades of fast livers, the colonel undoubtedly belonged to the highest grade. In 50 homes he was regarded as a man of unblemished reputation; and those who knew what his life was somehow exonerated him.
The colonel had fallen heir to the store on his brother's death, and he had not known what to do with it.
His first act was to call all the employees together and raise their salaries. Then he promoted all the pretty girl clerks. The colonel's old-fashioned idea was that the prettier a girl was—and every girl was pretty if she had health and a sweet temper—the less right she had to labor for a pittance. Miss Ray, being the prettiest and most innocent of the lot, was appointed the colonel's private secretary.
That was as far as the colonel got, before the departmental managers interfered and told him, with firm politeness, that he would have to leave the charge of affairs to them unless he wished to drive the store into bankruptcy.
The colonel made them agree that the revised salary schedule should stand, and after that he came down to the store for about two hours a day and pretended to answer letters.
It is doubtful whether he would have come more than twice a week but for Miss Ray. She was about twenty, and she came from a little town in



Looked at Miss Ray and Pulled His Drooping Mustache.

Connecticut. She was one of the prettiest girls the colonel had ever seen, with her fluffy brown hair, gray eyes, red lips and unsophisticated ways. The colonel was a little afraid of her at first, but after a while he won her confidence. He knew how to do that; he was always gentle and always a gentleman.
He had employed her as his secretary, at twenty dollars, for about a month when he learned about Tom. Tom was a young farmer in her home town, and they were engaged to be married—perhaps in a year's time, when she had saved her trousseau money and he had begun to make things go better. He had only lately taken over the land, and it was heavily mortgaged.
"Miss Elizabeth," said the colonel, and though it was the first time he had ever called her by her Christian name, his tone was so respectful that it was impossible to take exception to his words—"Miss Elizabeth, you are much too charming a girl to take up country life. Why, here you could have your pick of a dozen millionaires."
Miss Elizabeth laughed softly and looked at the colonel with that innocent expression that always puzzled him.
"I'll prove it," said the colonel. "I'm going to take you out to lunch with me, and just you watch the men stare at you."
Miss Elizabeth put on her hat and accompanied him. She had never been into a big restaurant before, had never eaten cold jellied consommé or tasted champagne. She sipped about two teaspoonsful of the ice cold wine out of courtesy, although her parents had been prohibitionists. Still, she'd not want to hurt the colonel.
"I have had a most delightful time; you are very good to me," she said, when they returned to the office.
"Feel like repeating the experiment?" inquired the colonel, and Miss Elizabeth nodded gayly.
That was the beginning of many luncheons. At times the girl's heart misgave her; she felt that she ought not to accept so much kindness from this friend. But he was always so gentle, so entirely respectful to her. Then one day the colonel invited her to dine with him and go to the theater.
For the first time that night, after she had left him at her door, Miss Elizabeth began to dread that his interest in her was not wholly platonic. There had been an undertone of something

that she did not understand in his demeanor that evening. And, what troubled her most, she had somehow felt that it was not advisable to make any reference to him in her letters to Tom.

Tom was looking forward anxiously to seeing her when her vacation came, the following month. Perhaps then she would tell Tom. Perhaps . . . She went to bed with a conscience not wholly free from problems.

It was a day or two later that Miss Elizabeth spoke of her vacation to the colonel.

"Why, I have been thinking of that," he said. "I shall want you—at least, I should like to have you help me, if you can. You see, Miss Elizabeth, I am taking a little yachting party to Key West, and I ought to keep in touch with business affairs. If you could accompany us, you can have another holiday when we get back."

The yachting trip was to take about six weeks. Miss Elizabeth had never been at sea; much as she wanted to see Tom again the invitation was irresistible. The colonel told her that there were to be three or four other ladies. They were to go aboard the vessel at the little private dock at seven in the evening, a week thence.

Miss Elizabeth wrote a letter to Tom, explaining the situation and promising to come home as soon as she returned. Then, at the appointed hour, she accompanied the colonel, who called at her boarding house in a taxicab, to the pier.

The yacht lay alongside the wharf. A watchman paced her decks, but, though they inspected her from stem to stern, there was no sign of the others. They had sat down for a moment in the dining saloon. The girl was becoming a little nervous.

"We will have dinner now," said the colonel.

"Wait a minute," said the girl hurriedly. "When will the others be here? Your sister—is she not expected before we dine?"

The colonel pulled his mustache and looked hard at her. Then he stretched out one hand and patted hers gently.

"My dear," he said, "we are going to be the only two passengers aboard this trip."

The girl looked at him with terrified eyes and rose from her chair with a little gasp. To the last day of her life she always pictured the colonel thus, seated before her, pulling his drooping mustache, and smiling at her with such a kind expression on his face.

"I thought you understood, Elizabeth," said the colonel in tones of grave politeness. There was reproach in his voice, but Colonel Slee could never be anything but a gentleman.

"But—you said—you said—" the girl exclaimed; and even then she could not quite believe it. But presently she understood. She was not at all angry. She felt the tears of humiliation rush to her eyes, that he should have misunderstood her so. And there was more than humiliation—there was real sorrow for the loss of a friend, the only friend she had had, except Tom, since her parents died.

"Are you going Elizabeth?" asked the colonel, watching her.

She began buttoning her coat. "You ought not to ask me that—O, what have I done to make you think otherwise?" she pleaded.

"My dear," said the colonel, "I thought you understood the situation. Perhaps I was wrong; I had no wish to deceive you. That is not my way. There are certain conventions . . . why did you think I was taking you out to luncheons and dinners?"

"As a friend," she cried hotly, feeling her cheeks burning.

He shook his head. "Men of fifty do not make friends of their lady employees in that way, my dear," he answered. "I am sorry. Let me help you with your coat."

They went up the stairs to the deck and stood side by side there for a moment. Everything in Elizabeth's life seemed to have crumbled into ashes. She turned.

"I am sorry," she said. "I wish I had understood. Good-by."

For the life of her she could not summon any indignation against him. She did not feel the insult then, only the unbearable loss.

Colonel Slee took her hand in his and bent over it. They strolled up the dock; he called a taxicab and escorted her to her door. Then he raised his hat and left her.

On the following morning a special delivery message arrived for the girl, asking her to hold her position at the store till the colonel's return. They need not meet, he said, but he trusted she would take charge of his interests till he could make arrangements. Elizabeth went back to business.

She did not see him again. The yacht was wrecked in the great storm that ravaged the Florida coast that summer. Colonel Slee never appeared again. He doubtless died, with all the crew. But he had had time to make certain arrangements. The girl found herself the possessor of a substantial legacy. But she never told Tom all the circumstances. That was a page of her life that she tore out of the book.

Keeping Wine Properly.
To keep wine properly, the liquid must actually touch the cork, for any air that is compressed here by corking the bottle is very injurious. Air can be removed by taking a small copper tube about the size of a quill and filling it so as to make a semi-tube, then fixing a thumb ring at the top and sharpening the bottom end. Place the tube in the neck with the flat side against the glass, and the cork is driven in so that the air comes off through the tube. When corked, the tube is withdrawn and no air is left in the bottle.

Life's Autumn.
In Autumn there is a gradual withdrawing of the vital forces of nature. The sap ceases to flow, the leaves wither and fall, the grass dies. In man's physical nature there is a corresponding loss of vitality in the Autumn of life. At about fifty years, man's vitality is low and there is need to re-inforce Nature if health and strength are to be retained. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is to the body what sap is to the tree; it contains and combines the vital elements out of which Nature builds her fabric of beauty. Strengthened by this great medicine, their blood increased in quantity and in richness, men will pass across life's autumn landscape with healthy step and keen enjoyment of a season which is in itself beautiful to the healthy man or woman.
Whenever a laxative is needed, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are sure and safe.

Rooting Slips in Water.
The amateur flower grower will find that the quickest and best method of rooting slips of geraniums, nasturtiums, etc., is by placing them in a glass of water in a sunny window. In a few days the roots start, and they can then be planted in soil. From a single plant one may have a collection of plants for bedding, such as would cost a dollar or two at the greenhouse.

More Than a Cackle.
It was the first time that Johnny had ever heard a guinea hen. "Oh, ma," he shouted, "come and hear this chicken a-windin' itself up!"

Path to Complete Success.
Man is the most successful creature so far, because he has kept his balance, but the worst thing about him is the size of his brain, for it indicates that he has let himself grow too much in one direction. Biology teaches us that success is attained by keeping the power to improve; by going out and struggling; by not looking around for a snap, but principally by not permitting oneself to grow into a rut.

Domestic Economist.
The man who grows the most about household economy is usually one who won't smoke anything cheaper than a 10-cent cigar.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Banish Scrofula
HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA CLEANSSES THE BLOOD, SKIN TROUBLES VANISH.

Scrofula eruptions on the face and body are both annoying and disfiguring. Many a complexion would be perfect if they were not present!
This disease shows itself in other ways, as bunces in the neck, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, wasting of the muscles, a form of dyspepsia, and general debility.
Ask your druggist for Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine completely eradicates scrofula. It purifies and enriches the blood, removes humors, and builds up the whole system. It has stood the test of forty years, and has received thousands of testimonials of the entire satisfaction it has given.
Scrofula is either inherited or acquired. Better be sure you are quite free from it. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla and begin taking it today.

CASTORIA. CASTORIA.

Children Cry for Fletcher's



The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.
Chas. H. Fletcher Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Horse That Drew the Load

By HERBERT KAUFMAN
Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

A MOVING van came rolling down the street the other day with a big-spirited Percheron in the center and two wretched nags on either side. The Percheron was doing all the work, and it seemed that he would have got along far better in single harness, than he managed with his inferior mates retarding his speed.

The advertiser who selects a group of newspapers usually harnesses two lame propositions to every pulling newspaper on his list, and just as the van driver probably dealt out an equal portion of feed to each of his animals, just so many a merchant is paying practically the same rate to a weak paper that he is allowing the sturdy profitable sheet.

Unfortunately the accepted custom of inserting the same advertisement in every paper acts to the distinct disadvantage of the meritorious medium. The advertiser charges the sum total of his expense against the sum total of his returns, and thereby does himself and the best puller an injustice, by crediting the less productive sheets with results that they have not earned.

There are newspapers in many a town that are, single handed, able to build up businesses. Their circulation is solid muscle and sinew—all pull. It isn't the number of copies printed but the number of copies that reach the hands of buyers—it isn't the number of readers but the number of readers with money to spend—it isn't the bulk of a circulation but the amount of the circulation which is available to the advertiser—it isn't fat but brawn—that tell in the long run.

There are certain earmarks that indicate these strengths and weaknesses. They are as plain to the observing eye as the signs of the woods are significant to the trapper. The news columns tell you what you can expect out of the advertising columns. A newspaper always finds the class of readers to which it is edited. When its mental tone is low and its moral tone is careless depend upon it—the readers match the medium.

No gun can hit a target outside of its range. No newspaper can aim its policy in one direction and score in another. No advertiser can find a different class of men and women than the publisher has found for himself. He is judged by the company he keeps. If he lies down with dogs he will arise with fleas.

(Copyright.)

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

Dry Goods, Etc.

LYON & COMPANY.

Spring Coats and Suits
We extend a cordial invitation to the women of this community to inspect the new spring styles of the La Vogue Coats and suits.

Shirt Waists
The new styles in Shirt Waists are here. Silk, Crepe de Chine, Silk Messaline, Embroidered Voiles, Swiss and Crepes, in white and all the new shades.

Spring Dress Goods
All the new fabrics in Silk, Wool and Cotton. The Beach Cloths in the sand shades are the very latest in Woolen. Taffetas, Crepe de Chines, Satin Dutchess, and Chiffon cloth are some of the popular weaves. The largest lines of washable stuffs.

Clearance Sale
All Winter Coats, Suits and Furs must be sold. The low price will do it.

Lyon & Co. Bellefonte