

MATTER OF TEMPER.

(By Louise Driscoll.)
(Copyright.)

Elsworth pushed the little electric button and turned to look again about the neighborhood. A long line of brownstone houses stretched on either side of the way, little pointed bay windows displaying a variety of cheap net or Nottingham lace curtains. The street had never been fashionable. Numerous ash barrels stood quite frankly on the sidewalk and the mistress of the house, as a rule, answered the bell.

A maid admitted Elsworth, regarding him with the indifference born of long service in a lodging house. "Madam will be right down," she said, and left him standing in the narrow parlor.

He recognized some of the furniture. There was a rocking chair he had chosen himself. He felt a little pain creep into his throat as he looked at it. It was as though the inanimate thing had risen to strike him. And there was the piano.

So Rose had kept the piano. It showed the effect of having been moved more times than was good for it.

There was an air of disorder in the room, little wads of dust lay on the floor against the wall, where the rug didn't meet the baseboard. The table was overlaid with a light cloud of dust.

An impulse to run away seized him, a new fear joining the old repugnance; but he conquered both and rose to greet her, looking quiet, only his eyes were tense.

Rose had come in carelessly. She supposed he was looking for rooms. "Well, of all things!" she said, and sat down suddenly; and then: "I suppose you're looking for rooms? Ain't it funny?"

Elsworth found his voice. "Why, no," he said. He found it was not easy to tell her the truth. "You see—I was looking for you. I met Sara Walton in London last month. She told me about you. All you had been doing these last years. The time you were on the stage—in the store—keeping boarders—"

She interrupted him. "You didn't think I was living on what you sent, did you?" she inquired tartly.

"I sent all I could," he protested, "and as long as I knew how to reach you; but after Desborough died I couldn't find out where you were. I have more money now. My last book really paid—you find it hard to believe that?" he smiled for the first time.

She refused to meet his jest. "I got along," she said sullenly.

He felt very awkward. Rose hadn't changed. He laughed uneasily. "We made rather a mess of things, Rose," he said.

She flashed another look at him without making any answer, so he spoke again:

"It was rather a shock to meet Sara as I did. She brought it all back to me so vividly. She set me wondering how much of it could have been helped. I know I was wrong a good deal of the time. I want to be fair about that."

"You haven't changed a bit," she declared hotly. "You just sit there and talk; and you'll sit there and talk all night, if I'll let you."

Elsworth was slightly offended. It was all ridiculously like the past they had both dropped.

"I only wanted to make the thing clear," he told her; "if we could talk it over quietly, we might both feel better."

Rose shook herself impatiently. "What's the use of talking it over?" she exclaimed. "Who wants to talk it over? I've got along all right and you look as though you had. People are good to me—I'm that kind. You got notice of the divorce, didn't you?"

"Yes—yes," he said, "from Dakota. Yes. To tell you the truth—I confess—I didn't pay much attention to it. I've never thought of marrying again, and I was so busy with my book—"

Rose sniffed audibly. "I can believe that," she remarked with some asperity.

"Perhaps I gave too much attention to my work," he confessed. "I can see that now. At first it was with the idea of making more money—you always needed money, Rose." He was very uncomfortable. "What ground did you give for divorce?" he asked with a new curiosity as he reviewed their life together.

"Nonsupport and extreme cruelty," replied Rose glibly.

He laughed involuntarily, and Rose stiffened perceptibly, half insulted.

Then he rose and paced the little parlor; twice and three times he went before he stopped in front of her chair.

"Of course that's all nonsense," he said. "You know that as well as I do. I gave you more than I could afford, and you didn't know what cruelty was. I probably did spend too much time over my work. You needed a lot of things I never thought of. I don't blame you for being dissatisfied. I was so tired of quarrels and worried with debts that I wasn't really sorry when I found you'd gone. We may as well be honest about that. I just went into my work a little harder and left the country before long."

"I sent you money through Desborough as long as I could. After he died I couldn't seem to reach you."

"Oh, I got along," she said. "I always do. I'm the kind people look out for. I got paid pretty well in the chorus because I'm pretty, and they

put me in the front row. But I couldn't learn to dance, so I couldn't get in the next show. Then I went in Oppersham's and sold lace for a while till they put me in the millinery to show off hats. Then I had a friend who had a boarding house and she wanted me to come with her, so I did and stayed until she died. We did pretty good, but since then I've only kept lodgers because I wasn't going to bother to try to suit people with meals."

Elsworth stood looking at the rocking chair. It seemed to understand him better than she did. After a minute he came back to her.

"There is one thing, Rose, I've got to know," he said. "Sara said—the child—was that true? Was there a child, Rose?"

Rose's eyes went wide with a look that flashed deep into his soul. She clenched her little hands and opened them before he spoke.

"That was soon over. It was born dead," she said.

"When?"

"It was eight months after I left. I didn't know till I'd gone. Then it was too late. I went to a hospital. It was born dead. It was a girl. I didn't think I had to tell you."

"How you must have hated me," he said.

Rose moved uneasily. "Oh, I don't hate you now," she assured him. "I'm like that. I get over things."

Elsworth paced the floor and came back to her again.

"Will you try it again, Rose?" he said gently. "I was very wrong. I wish you'd try it again."

Rose edged away from him, shrinking. "Oh, no!" she said. "Oh—no—no! It's too late. You're all right. I'm not mad at you. Only—"

The door bell rang briskly three times. A sudden change crept into Rose's manner, a shade of anxiety came into her blue eyes.

"You better go," she urged. "You're all right. I'm not your kind. It was a mistake always. You'd be sorry. I wish you would go."

She pushed him gently out of the room. It was impossible to mistake her sincerity in wishing him to leave.

At the door he passed a portly, red-faced man of prosperous appearance who vouchsafed him a civil nod and entered as one who knew the place.

Elsworth hardly saw him, but stood for a minute looking back at the house before he went on down the shabby street. He had no regret for what he left, but his breath came unevenly because he thought he felt a little hand laid on his heart.

The prosperous gentleman gave Rose a cordial greeting. "Got a new lodger?" he inquired.

"No," said Rose. "He's not going to stay. I'm awful sorry I'm not ready—I hadn't finished dressing."

"That's all right," he said indulgently. "You run along and get ready. I'll wait. And, say—don't take any more lodgers, anyway. We better get married right away. There ain't no use waiting as I can see. I don't want you working so hard."

Rose looked at him with real affection. "You're awful good," she said.

Hardware.



Vudor
Porch Shades

Street Temperature Up? Porch Temperature is Down—When the VUDORS are.

A porch that is a porch should be cool—where you can eat delightful meals and even sleep. Vudor Porch Shades give you complete privacy and help you to cool air, which makes sleep o' nights, the deep sleep you thought you'd lost with childhood. When it's blazing outside, you're cool. When it's sticky inside, you have the "I want food" feeling Air gives. Get Summer's joys without its inconveniences!

The Potter-Hoy Hardware Co.

59-11-ly BELLEFONTE, PA.

Read The World.

A GREAT OFFER!

The Thrice-a-Week Edition of
The New York World and Democratic Watchman
Both for \$2.15 the Year.

The World is Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly. No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

The year 1914 has been the most extraordinary in the history of modern times. It has witnessed the outbreak of the European war, a struggle so titanic that it makes all others look small.

You live in momentous times, and you should not miss any of the tremendous events that are occurring. No other newspaper will inform you with the promptness and cheapness of the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World. Moreover, a year's subscription to it will take you far into our next Presidential campaign.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and

THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN
together for one year for \$2.15.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.50.

The Democratic Watchman, recognized as the Best County Paper Published in Pennsylvania, and by far the Best and Most Reliable Democratic Paper Printed in Centre County, the regular price of which is \$1.50 per year. In connection with the World, it will be furnished for \$2.15.

This combination of papers will give you all the news, both General and Local, and will secure you papers that will tell you the truth and papers that your family can read without fear of having untruthful and indecent matters thrust upon them.

TRY THIS COMBINATION and see how well it will suit you.

Shoes. **Shoes.**

GOOD RESULTS OF ACCIDENTS

Some of the Most Valuable Discoveries Have Been Brought About by Chance.

How to make starch from corn (maize) was discovered accidentally by Thomas Kingsford, a mechanic. One day he threw a mess of corn meal mush into the garbage pail. His wife emptied some lye into the same pail and in the morning when he emptied the pail he was astonished to find a small quantity of starch at the bottom.

Thomas Bolsover, a Sheffield mechanic, was mending the handle of a knife made of copper and silver. He saw these metals fuse together and the idea of silver plating was born in his mind. He laid a thin plate of silver on a heavier one of copper and heated them till the edge of the silver began to melt. He took them from the fire, let them cool slightly, then rolled and hammered them to the desired thickness. This was the origin of "Sheffield plate," all of which was made in this way until electroplating was invented.

Cornelius Dubbel left a bottle of aqua regia (a mixture of nitric and muriatic acids) on a shelf. It fell over; the acid ran down over a window and dropped into a bottle containing an extract of cochineal. This turned to a vivid scarlet. Dubbel found that the acid had dissolved some of the tin of the window casing and the combination had produced a new color. A few experiments added the most brilliant color to the list of dyes.

Pollah That Brings Out Natural Tint. A superior polish that is said to have been kept always on hand a century ago in the best households is a simple mixture and is made so inexpensively at home that it can be used as freely to keep the hardwood floors in order as for polishing furniture, says the Washington Herald.

A quart of turpentine may be used and added, cut into fine pieces, a quarter of a pound of the beeswax—the old yellow variety. It will take several days to dissolve the wax, but a little shaking at intervals will shorten the time. When it is ready to use it will be of the consistency of cream, and should be used sparingly and rubbed in well with an old piece of flannel. If used lavishly as one is tempted to do with things that are cheap, it will look smeary.

The luster from this polish is beautiful and enduring. Every time it is used it seems to enrich and bring out the natural tints of the grain.

Shoes. Hats and Caps. Clothing.

**No Fancy Prices
HERE**

\$12 and \$15

will buy you a Suit that we WILL STAND BACK OF. You will be surprised at the values we are giving at these prices. Five Dollars More Money won't match them in any other store in Bellefonte. Let us show you Clothing for

Men AND Young Men

as good as they are made. But we are especially proud of the ones we are showing

at \$12 and \$15

FAUBLE'S
BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

Dry Goods, Etc.

LYON & COMPANY.

New Fashions
For Spring and Summer.
SPECIALLY PRICED.

Washable Fabrics.

Raimie Linen, white, natural and all colors, Fancy Chiffon Voiles, white, colored stripes and floral designs, dashe, seed and other styles make splendid warm weather dresses. Crepes in silk, wool and cotton, all light and dark colors, also black, suitable for street and evening wear. A large assortment of the finest washable organdies, French Muslin, Persians, and Lingerie Lawn suitable for graduation and party dresses with the finest Embroideries and Laces for trimming.

Embroidered Organdies.

Embroidered Organdies in different widths for dresses and trimmings, in white and colors. Embroidered nets in white, black and sand shades in 18, 27 and 45 inches wide.

Ready-to-Wear Department.

Just opened a fine line of Waldorf Dresses, Voiles, Lawns, white and sand shade, black and white, also white and grounds with floral designs, with new wide skirt, fancy girdle, from \$2.50 to \$5.00, real value \$4.00 to \$10.00.

Coats and Coat Suits.

LaVogue Coats and Coat Suits are still in the lead. Style, workmanship, quality of materials the best. Prices to suit all buyers.

Shirt Waists.

Waists in Silk Crepe, Washable Crepe, Voiles, all the new styles. All colors, black and white.

Summer Draperies.

New Window Draperies in Scrim, Voile and Marquessette to match any color room, also the new changeable effects, Lace, Voile and Dotted Swiss Curtains.

Silk Hosiery.

Silk Hose for Men, Women and Children, in black, white and colors. Also childrens Silk Socks, in white and colors.

New Carpets, Linoleums, Oil Cloths and Window Shades. See our line and the prices will suit all economical buyers.

Lyon & Co. Bellefonte