

Belletonte, Pa., October 1, 1915.

# THE GREATER LOVE.

#### [By Clarissa Mackie.]

Uncle Gregory waved his arms in a gesture of dismissal.

"Very well, Roy, marry the girl if you wish to ruin your career. I have financed your art studies to the point where all you need is a couple years of perfect freedom abroad, where you can absorb the best there is in painting and sculpture. Then, and then only, will you be able to throw yourself into the work and produce, perhaps, a masterpiece-for, boy, you can paint!

Roy Benton listened and knew that his uncle spoke the truth, but his heart rebelled.

There was Eve Alison, to whom he had been engaged for many months. His acceptance of Uncle Gregory's offer meant their marriage must be postponed for two years. He would not let her decide, for women were self-sacrificing, but she must be told of Uncle Gregory's ultimatum, so she could understand why he was going to give up his painting and return to the profitable, though inglorious, business of commercial art-the illustrating of high-class advertisements. He could earn enough to support them in comfort, and some day he might be able to save enough to pay for his trip abroad-with Eve, of coursewhen he would take time to paint the great picture "Silence" that had found form in his fancy.

Anyway, he would have Eve, and Eve Alison would make up for everything else, even for the abandonment of a career. Eve was poor, a selfsupporting girl who was making her lonely way in New York. She had been a bookkeeper in that great advertising company which was anxious to secure more of Roy's work.

Oh, there was absolutely no choice in the matter! Roy shrugged his shoulders and told Uncle Gregory just how matters stood. "I'll marry her now and go back to illustrating advertisements," he told the old man.

"Very well, Roy, marry her now and you need never expect a penny of my money! I'll leave it all to the Puddiford Orphan asylum. I won't take your final decision now. Go and tell the girl what I've said and let her decide.

Roy picked up his hat and left his uncle without another word. He was to meet Eve at six o'clock and they were to dine together at a quiet little restaurant. His mind was entirely clear as to what course he should fol-Gregory. How dared the cynical old man insinuate that Eve-whom he had never seen and whose name he

fumed Mr. Benton. "Here is my nephew sending his pictures to you to dispose of, and I can't get hold of one to hang in my home! Who is this-this person who has bought each one before I could get hold of it?"

"She is a Miss Alison; beyond that I know nothing," said the man. "She has paid the price named without demur, although to outward appearances she is far from rich; in fact she is quite shabby."

"I would have paid you ten times the amount you placed on each picture," went on Mr. Benton. "I want to encourage the boy in his workit's all I've got to live for. Now, Smith, save the next picture for me -no matter what it is!"

"Very well, Mr. Benton," said the dealer

A year later Mr. Gregory Benton was standing in a well-known art gallery in which was hung the beautiful painting by his nephew. The picture had been accepted by the Paris salon and was now on exhibition in New York

Uncle Gregory stood before the picture enraptured with its beautiful significance, its charm and mystery. "Silence," as it was called, represented the seated form of a beautiful woman-a woman with lovely, woebegone eyes of rich hazel, with softly tinted cheeks and with tender lips closed as if locking in some secret sorrow. The white gown falling mistily about her, the crown of dark hair, the round chin cupped in one curved hand were masterly in line and treatment, but the loneliness and were its dominating features.

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Gregory Benton, at last, when an odd mistiness caused him to polish his eyeglasses. "The lad never found that inspiration in the silences of India, China or Japan-it came from his heart, and, hang it all, why should he have any feeling like that in his heart?"

He looked fiercely around as if to challenge any possible hearer of his unspoken question. There was only one other person besides himself before the picture in this first hour of its exhibition.

The other one was girl gowned in shabby black serge, with a once smart little black hat on her dark hair. She was sitting on the bench looking up at the picture of "Silence" with woe begone eyes that were strangely like the painted ones.

Gregory Benton stared at the girl with growing wonderment. Then he studied the picture and looked from one to the other, his glasses poised on his hawk-like nose-first at the girl and then at the picture. At last he could bear the suspense no longer. low. He was in a rage with Uncle He bowed apologetically to the silent girl and spoke.

"I beg pardon, madam, but the resemblance is remarkable-remarkdid not even know-would refuse to able. You must have posed for that picture yourself. were you Mr. Bei

-They are all good enough, but the WATCHMAN is always the best.

## Medical.

### Girls With Beautiful Faces or Graceful Figures.

American girls have a world-wide reputation for beauty, but, at the same time, there are girls in Pennsylvania who possess neither beauty of face nor form because in these instances they suffer from nervousness, the result of disorders of the womanly organism. At regular intervals they suffer so much that their strength leaves them; they are so prostrated that it takes days for them to recover their strength. Of course, such periodic distress has its bad effect on the nervous system. The withered and drawn faces, the dark circles and crow's feet about the eyes, the straight figure without those curves which lend so much to feminine beauty are the unmistakable signs of womanly disorders.

Johnstown, Pa.- "I was always ailing and had severe headaches up to the time I used 'Favorite Prescription.' I used remedies from several doctors but none helped me much. I learned of 'Favorite Prescription' through a little book thrown in the door. I had also heard of Dr. Fierce's remedies through some friends. so I began using the 'Prescription.' I was glad to see that it helped me, so I kept on using it until 6 or 7 bottles had been used. I got all over my headaches and my health was im-proved — I was put on my reet. The awful headaches never came back and my general health has been better than in years. If I should again feel the need of a woman's medicine I would use 'Favorite Prescripthe speechless woe of the silent figure tion' on account of what it did for me on the above mentioned occasion." - MRS. LILA BUTLER, 307 Market St.,

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That certain "something" is the key to the situation in clothes that makes your friends ask "where did you get that suit?"

Our precious reputation is fast growing for our ability to tog



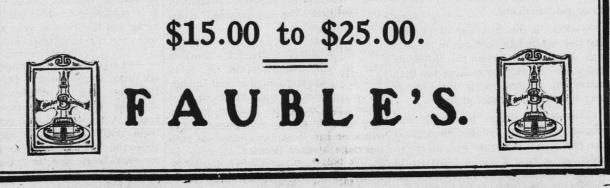
out men in clothes that become them-not just because Beau Brummel says they're in style-but because they fit the individual's personality and figure.

Our display of "High Art" is most complete. We are not backward in cautioning as of old "that the early bird catches the worm."

Shoes.

5

All good models-all right sizes-and all wool fabrics in very best values await your coming



Shoes.

marry Roy if she found his uncle's heir?

Eve, cool and fresh in her white frock and smart little hat, looked voice, "I was not Mr. Benton's model. across the table at her big lover with It is a wonderful picture, is it not? hazel eyes meltingly lovely. Her clear olive skin was pink-tinted, and her dark hair, delicately arched brows and roseleaf lips made her look like an ex- tist in her tone, and Uncle Gregory quisitely painted Japanese miniature. "Well?" she asked, when their of what the art dealer had told him.

greetings were over.

"We will be married at once-next week!" he said, finality in his tone. "And, Eve, darling, I hope you won't | Alison." mind very much if I go back to Denbigh's."

Her eyes widened with dismay. "Denbigh's?" she faltered. "And give up your career-give up 'Silence'?"

He nodded. "And give up Uncle Gregory's help, too. He thinks that I ought to travel for a couple of years, and I simply don't see it that way. A wife and a home look good to me, darling. We will be just as happy in our humble way, eh?"

All the lovely light died out of Eve's eyes and left them dark and brooding. Her face was white and wistful and her little hands were tightly clinched her image away in his heart and in her lap. At last her pale lips spoke.

"I think you are very foolish to antagonize your uncle, Roy-and-and-I've been thinking for some time that our engagement was a mistake-a bitter mistake-and-you will understand some day. Good-by."

She picked up her gloves and van-ished from the table before he had time to rise. His bewildered eyes saw on the white cloth the little pearly engagement ring which had plighted their troth.

So Eve had only cared for Uncle Gregory's money after all. The old man had been right-of course, his years of experience would endow him with an understanding of women.

Roy groaned bitterly, put the ring in his pocket, called for his check and went back to Uncle Gregory.

On the deck of the great liner which was to bear Roy away, Uncle Gregory uttered a last word of advice. "Seek the silences, my lad-in the loneliness of the Sahara, the temples of India, the great bronze Buddha at Kamakura—and your picture will come to you!"

Roy smiled cynically. As if he could ever see any other picture save that sudden, woebegone face of the girl he loved! And he would not forget it-it would be his amulet against the charms of women the rest of his life.

. . . . .

Mr. Gregory Benton's little nutcracker face looked more irritated than asual as he spoke to the proprietor of a certain art store which had handled several of Roy Benton's charming little studies of peasant life in Europe.

"It's a pertty state of affairs!"

dinarily fine grade of spring wheat Patent Flour ton's model, may I ask?" "No," she said, in a sweet, tired can be secured. Also International Stock Food and feed of all kinds. But to one who had seen his earlier work it is not surprising, is it?" All kinds of Grain bought at the office There was a sort of price in the ar-OFFICE and STORE-BISHOP STREET. started violently at the recollection 7-19

"Are you by any chance Miss Alison?" he asked courteously.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I am Eve "Eve-Eve?" repeated Uncle Greg-

"Why, that was the name of ory. Roy's girl-I never knew her last name. Did you buy his pictures from Smith?"

"Yes," said the girl in a shaking tone, and now he saw that the poverty of her dress told a story of woman's sacrifice for the man she loved. Not only had Eve Alison given up her 'over for his career, but she had deprived herself of comfortsnay, necessities, in order to buy his little pictures and thus encourage him in his work. And the boy had taken made a masterpiece on canvas.

He, Gregory Benton, had dared to interfere between such a noble woman as this and the man she loved.

"God forgive me," he muttered as he lcaned over and took her hands in his. "I am Roy's uncle-and I owe

you a great apology." Half an hour later Roy Benton discovered them sitting together, the girl's eyes shining like stars and her cheeks pink with excitement.

"Eve," said Roy bluntly, "Smith has told me about your buying my pictures. Why did you starve yourself to do it?"

"Oh, because-because-well!" She looked in distress at Uncle Gregory. The old man placed her hand in Roy's.

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Chili Pushes Nitrate Trade.

Chili, through its minister at Washington, has offered to send experts to this country to teach American farmers how to use nitrate of soda as a fertilizer. To obtain the best results, the nitrate is placed on top of the soil soon after the plants begin to grow. While nitrate of soda is usually sold for about eighteen cents a pound, it may be obtained in large quantities at much smaller price.

Narrow Escape. Teacher-Willie, what is the difference between gastronomy and astronomy?

Willie (up against it)-Gee! Teacher-That certainly is one difference, Willie. Now, Bobbie, you tell us the real difference.

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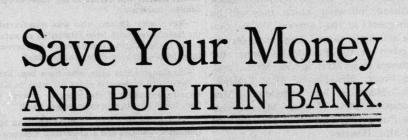
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