

A MOONLIGHT IDYL.

[By Mildred Caroline Goodridge.]

Hans Breitung, fat, slow to move, a first-class musician but a better gourmand, seated himself at the stern of the excursion steamer Dryad with a grunt of satisfaction.

He was glad to rest and to be away from the noisy clatter of band music—martial, rag time and sentimental.

Hans was the violinist of the excursion boat band. At the picnic grounds he and his fellow musician had discoursed varied melodious strains at intervals all day long. Now returning after dark, the celebrants were too tired out to dance, the instruments were packed away, and, his cherished violin in his lap, he settled himself to take a nap after the arduous exertion of the day.

Alas for poor Hans! The camp stool he sat in had not been made to sustain the weight of two hundred and forty pounds afloat. The rail against which it rested was flexible. The stool collapsed, Hans was thrown under the rail, he rolled—

Splash!

The water choked him and prevented an immediate outcry. That part of the boat where he had sought seclusion was deserted and dark. He went under the surface to come up with the boat lights fading fast and far.

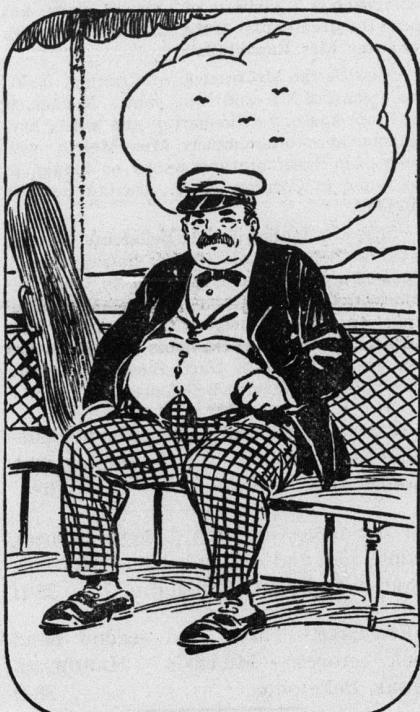
Ach! the instrument—my Cremona! was his first thought and he shot out a hand to seize and stay his drifting violin case.

Its floating qualities might have helped sustain him. His feet assisted. He was too clumsily built for an expert swimmer, yet he managed to keep afloat. Then hope shone in his eyes. The bright moonlight showed land not fifty feet distant.

But not the mainland. As Hans, panting, dripping, well-nigh exhausted, struggled up a sandy incline, a sudden shock assailed him.

"Ach!" he gasped, "I remember now—the haunted island!"

He stood spellbound, an eerie chill overspreading him. On the way down the lake a fellow musician had told him a weird story of the little island.



He Was Glad to Rest and to Be Away From the Noisy Clatter.

It was called haunted. Years ago, the story ran, a young musician and a virtuoso in the refined arts, had lived in the select summer resort over the mainland. He was a genius, he had money, he was an idolized pet of society, but all soul and sentiment.

He had loved the fairest of the fair among the aristocratic coterie. The end was disappointment and heart-break. She had wedded another. The stricken lover had immediately abandoned the social world. He had purchased the lonely isle. He had become a recluse. Hans recalled warning signs, forbidding trespassers, scattered over the little body of land. He had been told that the exiled lover was rarely seen. Perhaps he was dead now. At all events, old settlers on the mainland spoke gruesomely of the desolate island.

So Hans wondered, in his superstitious way, if he had not jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Finally he summoned up the courage to advance farther to where the beach melted into the green sward. He tripped over what seemed to be a taut string set low in the grass—

Bang!

With a resonant yell Hans dropped his violin and ran. He dashed wildly through a nest of underbrush. He was out of breath, frightened and weak. He got into the middle of a prickly cove. The wiry thorns held him a prisoner. He sank with a crash to the ground and declined to keep up the fight.

Had Hans gone a hundred feet farther, he would have come to a clearing and in its center he would have discovered a neat rustic hut. Through its doorway, as the spring gun went off, a human form passed. The explosion warned of intruders. The hermit of Lone Isle set forth to investigate.

He was a thin, pale young man, but his eyes, burning like two animated coals of fire, told of vast pent up emotion. His restless probing glance roved everywhere as he strode on. At last he came to the beach. He halted as he came to the violin case aban-

doned by Hans in his mad flight. He picked it up, observed that it dripped water and opened it.

In the clear moonlight a strangely-subdued expression crossed the classic face of the recluse.

"Five years," he murmured in a hushed but intense tone—"five years!"

Ah! what did they not comprise of anguish and sorrow and heartbreak? Like one in a trance he stood, dreamily, reverentially regarding the first violin he had seen since he had dashed his own favorite Stradivarius to atoms in a mad fit of fury.

Music! How foreign had it become to that music-loving soul! He recalled the effort of his life, a love cadenza, composed only for the woman he loved. He recalled that last night of their meeting, just such a night as this, when he had rowed her out into the lake and had played for her ears only his great composition.

Memory seemed to leave him. And most involuntarily he carried the violin to a moss-covered rock, seated himself, wiped the wet and damp from the instrument, and, his bosom heaving, his eyes blinded with tears, drew the bow across the strings.

His heart cadenza! Ah, he could never forget it! Like a sob it began, its mellow tones growing into solace and then the wild passionate longing of triumph and love. He was absorbed, his soul seemed telling his sad story to the mystic spirits of the night.

So lost was he in his weird occupation, that he did not notice a small boat rowed by a woman, another woman seated at its stern, approach the spot. The latter was dressed in deep mourning. Was it coincidence or destiny that had brought this being upon that fateful night, widowed only a short time since, to the scene of her early girlhood, to revive sad memories, while they floated along? Was she thinking of Adrian Hope? Aye, and of the cruel persistence of her selfish father, who for the sake of wealth had forced her to wed a man she despised!

And now that music—the love cadenza! It seemed to wrench her heart-strings. The frail boat floated ashore. She sprang out, sobbing, in tears.

"Adrian—it is I, Roselle!"

A new form came stumbling along towards the spot as those two stood facing one another, and explanation and pleadings for forgiveness poured brokenly from the lips of the woman at whom the recluse stood gazing as though she were a wrath from the unknown.

The woman in the boat sat spell-bound. The man coming down the beach, Hans Breitung, heard all, marveled at it all, and then comprehended all.

As the two so long separated drew nearer and nearer until their arms entwined, Hans Breitung reached out and took up his precious violin.

He was wet, he was cold, but his heart was warm, and sterling, and true.

"Ach!" he whispered, "softly it is like a play on the stage. It is love and happiness in the moonlight—it is romance-cadenza, so—"

He drew the bow softly, and there stole forth upon the ambient air, soft and liquid as a vesper's echo, the mellow notes of a wedding fantasia.

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Home of Edward Lear.

Knowsley, England, should be dear to all children as the birthplace of many of their favorite rhymes. Edward Lear lived there for four years during the time of the thirteenth Lord Derby, and invented his first book of nonsense verses for the amusement of his patron's children.

The idea of composing these was suggested to him by a friend at Knowsley, who in an unguarded moment uttered the pregnant words: "There was an old man of Tobago." "That was enough for Lear," writes Mr. Ian Malcolm "and he ransacked the index to the Atlas of the World to find the names of places from which 'an old man' or 'an old lady' might have come. Thus he commanded Smyrna, Ischia, Columbia and Moldavia; but for ingenuity of rhyme I should divide the first prize between the old man

of Abruzzi, so blind that he couldn't find his foot, and the old man

of Thermopylae, who never did anything properly.

The English of the Irish.

Until something less than 100 years ago the inhabitants of Forth and of Bargo spoke a language different from that spoken in the rest of Wexford or in any other part of the country. It was a language that Chaucer and Spenser would have understood. To this day some of the old words still survive, such as "let" for "hindered," "kennen" for "know," "mate" for "meadow," "fash" for "shame," "ractsome" for "fair," "redemen" for "adviser," "choir" for "lewd" for "ashamed." Any angry person will still say, "I'll make goblets of you!" Other Wexford expressions, rarely to be heard in other parts of Ireland, are "renegged," meaning "change of mind," "coknowsare" for a knowing person, "ramshogues" for "foolish stories," "shandrudandy," for "broken down," "sharoose" for "displeased."—Maudie Radford Warren in Harper's Magazine.

Wealthy Germans.

Germany nowadays has a large class who belong to that increasing number of extraordinary people who want money without even knowing how to get on without it. The only satisfactory test of the right to wealth is the ability to get on without it. One of modern civilization's most dangerous pitfalls is the subversive doctrine that all men shall have wealth, even before they have proved their ability to do without it.

THRONGS GATHER IN "ZONE"

Part of the Great Exposition That Has Strong Attraction for the Majority of Visitors.

In the later evening the throngs naturally drift to the Zone, where the rollicking sense of humor of the American people asserts itself. The Midway of Chicago and the Pike at St. Louis is appropriately christened the "Zone" at San Francisco.

There are the Pagd! auto trains, long jaunting cars with seats sideways, propelled by a magic little auto. The passengers view the building first on this side and then on that—a simple idea that has already made a fortune for the inventor, with a name where the letters seem "pied." There are no weary marches to see the exposition of 1915, so compact and so convenient are the little automobile trains, to say nothing of the tiny railroad reaching all parts of the ground. The tendency of the expositor of today is to neglect to enter the buildings and see the exhibits which in themselves represent the tremendous progress since former expositions. The historic declaration of William McKinley at Buffalo that "expositions are the timekeepers of progress" is again exemplified.

The first place I visited was the "Panama Canal" with Congressman Kahn and wife, where, seated on a moving platform traveling over a quarter of a mile with a telephone at my ears telling me this point and that, I saw the canal again as vividly as if looking down from Balboa heights. Even after two visits to Panama, this attraction was most fascinating, as the boats passed through the locks and across the lake with every light, shoal and mountain revealed.—"A Trip Overland—The Exposition," by Joe Mitchell Chapple, in National Magazine.

SANITY IN MUSICAL WORLD

War Has Failed to Produce the Discard That at One Time Seemed Sure to Come.

Summing up of the musical year has begun—through the drums, fife, trumpets and bands in certain of our parks are stimulating the public spirits and keeping up the popular energy. On the whole we have been generous. Mr. Percy Scholes' list of interned musicians contains no alien composers and performers in English prisons. But harmony was split. Brodsky (of Manchester and Russia) was caught in Germany, Rieter renounced his English honors, Kreisler went to fight for Austria, and Lamond was shut up at Ruhleben. Harmony was disturbed. In England the war threatened for a moment to banish the music made in Germany. But sanity prevailed. Wagner could not be banished. The Royal Philharmonic refused to abolish the bust of Beethoven from its place before the orchestra—possibly because Beethoven's ancestry was proved to be Flemish. Bach and Brahms have had their celebration upon English strings and wind. And rightly!—London Chronicle.

Awakening of Chinese Women.

Miss Ruth Phillimore of Peking, speaking at a conference of missionaries in England some little time ago, said that people in England had hardly any idea how much Chinese women had altered since the revolution. In Peking it was now a common sight to see a husband and wife driving out side by side, showing how the position of woman in the household has changed. Women were taking a very keen interest in politics, and one girl of eighteen was considered dangerous enough to be beheaded, while another was compelled to escape to Japan. In missionary work both old country and American missions are doing much for these women, and the Christian schools established by them are looked to hopefully in the way of results. Their aim is to train up Christian teachers, as it is considered that the Chinese women will do far more valuable work in evangelizing their own people than could be done by women of other countries.

Canary Courts Death.

Nellie, a canary heretofore of joyous disposition, is expected to die within a day or two of starvation, says a New York dispatch. She has refused to eat since her mate, Dick, died three days ago. Dick is believed to have committed suicide, as he was found dead with head thrust between the bars of his cage.

John Deertz of 3009 Jamaica avenue, Richmond Hill, owner of the birds, mourned the loss of Dick, of whom he was very fond. But Mrs. Dick, known to the family as Nellie, has been inconsolable ever since. Nothing tempts her appetite. "She seems to be dying of grief," said Mr. Deertz.

Wants His Ring; Sues Fiancee.

Because she broke her engagement to be married to Frederick L. Galm, 297 South Eighth street, Newark, and refused to return to him the diamond engagement ring which he gave her last April, Miss May E. Piche, 208 Bergen street, Newark, will have to explain why she insists on keeping the ring.

Galm said their courtship proceeded smoothly until a few weeks ago, when Miss Piche broke off the engagement. He says he asked for the return of the ring, but Miss Piche refused to give it back. Galm then began a replevin suit.—Orange (N. J.) Dispatch New York Sun.

Altoona Tribune Will Observe 60th Anniversary.

Former residents of Altoona and Blair county will be interested in the announcement of the Altoona Tribune's Sixtieth Anniversary Edition.

The event will be celebrated by the publication of a big newspaper, containing scores of illustrations and special articles on the industrial, commercial, religious, civic, educational, agricultural, scenic and historical phases of Blair county's progress.

Biographies of leading citizens will also be a feature, and a prize of \$5.00 is offered for the best reminiscence concerning the early history of Altoona.

The edition will be on sale at five cents a copy, Saturday, January 15th, 1916.

The Tribune desires the names and addresses of all persons who subscribed for the first copy of the Weekly Tribune. A special distinction will be conferred upon original subscribers by Col. Henry W. Shoemaker, president of the Altoona Tribune Company.

Fuller information may be had by addressing Anniversary Editor, Altoona Tribune, Altoona, Pa.

Clean Up the Restaurant Kitchens.

Many of the cities of the United States have appointed women as food inspectors, feeling that their training and the direction of their labors for generations have given them a peculiar fitness for this task. In Salt Lake City for the past two years a woman of talent and achievement in the lines of art and music has proved herself possessed of equal ability in the work of providing clean, pure food for her community. Mrs. Elizabeth Cook has inspected restaurants, hotels, candy factories, bakeries and stores, finding in the majority of them conditions which would have rendered their patrons ill if they had known of them. The workers were ill-kempt and of the worst element in the city, the kitchens were dirty, the food impure and prepared by unclean hands. By threatening public exposure of these conditions Mrs. Cook succeeded in having the places cleaned and made sanitary immediately. The inspector was appointed by the Mayor, at the request of the Women's Clubs of Salt Lake City, and her description of the kitchens as she found them may well induce clubs elsewhere to take up a similar campaign.

Medical.

HEALTH OF WOMEN WRECKED BY IGNORANCE

A Prominent Pennsylvania Woman's Advice.

Franklin, Pa. — "When passing through the symptoms which come to women of 45, I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is just right for that period of life, and I do not hesitate to recommend it."—Mrs. MARY E. LUCAS, No. 1163 Otter St., Franklin, Pa.

For every disease or ailment of a womanly character, no matter how recent or long standing, the one sure, reliable remedy of proved merit is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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Women are earnestly advised to take it for irregular or painful periods, backache, headache, displacement, catarrhal condition, hot flashes, sallow complexion and nervousness.

For girls about to enter womanhood, women about to become mothers and for the changing days of middle age Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription should always be on hand.

Any medicine dealer can supply it in either liquid or tablet form. Write Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free, confidential medical advice, or free book on Diseases of Women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original Little Liver Pills. These tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules—the smallest and the easiest to take. One little "Pellet" for a laxative—three for cathartic.

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