

**MISSING LETTERS.**

[Clarissa Mackie.]

Three months ago they had been strangers. Now Barry's ring gleamed on Ruth's slim, sun-tanned finger. In the shadow of the hedge Barry bent his tall head to exchange the parting kiss.

"Remember, dear," he said, that I will come in the spring to claim my wife! In the meantime, we shall see each other often—the city is only two hours distant, and besides, I shall expect a letter every day!"

So they parted, Barry waving his hat from the stage until it vanished over the brow of the hill. Then Ruth turned and went slowly toward home.

Her eyes were so heavy with unshed tears that she did not see an approaching runaway until the horn blared sonorously in her ears. She turned aside.

"Is that you, Ruth?" asked a man's surprised voice.

"Oh, Dan!" she laughed, shakily brushing away the telltale tears. "How you frightened me!"

Dan Wales looked down at the girl's slim figure and noted with a frown that she had been crying. He had loved Ruth, always, long before the handsome city chap had cut him out.

"Where is Barry Lane?" he asked abruptly.

Ruth's face grew scarlet and then white. How readily Dan had connected Barry with her tears!

"He has gone home," said Ruth, coldly, "and I must be hurrying along." With a hasty gesture of farewell she disappeared down the road.

That evening in the library of his handsome home, Barry Lane told his parents of his love for Ruth Fielding and showed them her picture. Two hours later he stepped out to the nearest letter-box and mailed a letter to the girl he had left behind in Seaport.

The morning after Barry's departure from Seaport the little post office was crowded with its usual expectant throng. Eva White, behind the partition, peered at the gossiping crowd, her lip curling knowingly as she identified each and mentally guessed the hopes and fears that brought them there so regularly three times a day.

She did not see the face of Ruth Fielding until the crowd had departed. Ruth looked sweet and dewy in her pink gingham and nodded a greeting to Eva White before she peered into her own letter-box.

It was empty!

Ruth grew pale. How confident she had been that Barry would keep his promise and write to her. She laughed at her fears and left the office, but she could not forget the contemptuous smile that hovered about Eva's face.

Eva White had made no secret of her infatuation for Barry, and his unswerving devotion to Ruth had embittered the post office assistant.

Ruth went home and wrote her promised letter to Barry Lane, and resigned herself to waiting until the evening mail should bring her Barry's belated letter.

But day after day passed, the autumn waned, the first snow fell, and Ruth had not received that promised letter. At New Year's Ruth returned Barry's ring by registered mail. The usual receipt card came back to her, signed with Barry's firm hand, and the episode was ended.

Gradually Dan Wales renewed his wooing of Ruth, and by June their wedding day was set. Dan knew that he did not possess Ruth's entire heart, but he was confident of winning it in the end.

It was a beautiful day late in June when Ruth Fielding stood in her bridal attire before her simple dressing table. Suddenly she went to her bed and knelt, praying.

While she knelt the door opened and Eva White, dressed to attend the wedding, peered in and then entered softly, locked the door and went and dropped to her knees beside Ruth.

"Oh! Ruth, pray for me, too!" she sobbed wildly. "Forgive me if you can, I have wronged you!"

With their arms around each other, Ruth heard Eva White's confession. The package of suppressed letters—there were eight of them in Barry's bold writing—all unopened, besides the single letter Ruth had sent to him.

And the letters! Ruth read them with streaming eyes. Barry had been faithful. His parents would welcome her with open arms. Barry now believed Ruth to have been the faithless one. She had returned his ring and he had never received a letter from her.

While they talked, Mrs. Fielding brought the smiling bridegroom to see his bride—and in their presence Eva White repeated her amazing confession.

Fifteen minutes later, Dan Wales, white and grim looking, went down and dismissed the wedding guests and the astonished minister.

"Indefinitely postponed," he told them all. When he was alone he went to the telephone and called Barry Lane on the long distance wire.

In Seaport they still talk about that June day. They tell about the marriage in the Fielding house, and add that Barry Lane was the happy bridegroom, while Dan Wales was best man and Eva White was the bride's attendant.

In the end Dan married Eva White, and out of the sin and pride and pain of that bitter year came quiet happiness and content.

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**VISIONS SEEN BY SOLDIERS**

Men at the Front Firmly Convinced They Have Been Witnesses of Supernatural Things.

In periods of great national stress, when the responsibilities facing a people call for an effort superhuman, the mind is more prone than in times less tense to place dependence upon divine aid and to believe that supernatural powers are exerting their might.

This tendency is embodied in a little column entitled "The Bowmen and Other Legends of the War," written by Arthur Machen.

The potent character of these tales of latter-day miracles is well exemplified by the fact that the story of "The Bowmen," with its allusion to the appearance of a supernatural host, has been accepted widely in England as fact.

Upon its publication in serial form, there came to the author scattered inquiries from editors of occult journals as to the foundation of the story. When the author denied that his composition had any basis in fact, to his amazement, some of his correspondents maintained that he must be mistaken. In provincial papers hot controversy was waged regarding the exact nature of the appearance.

Bishop Weldon, Dean Hensley, Henson, Bishop Taylor Smith (the chaplain-General), and many other clergy have occupied themselves with the matter. Doctor Horton preached about the "Angels," at Manchester; Sir Joseph Compton Rickett (president of the National Federation of Free Church Councils), stated that the soldiers at the front had seen visions and dreamed dreams, and had given testimony of powers and principalities fighting for them or against them.

**MANY BELIEVE IN CHARMS**

Soldiers of the Kaiser's Army Put Their Faith in All Kinds of Peculiar Amulets.

The soldiers of the kaiser are very superstitious, from the men in the ranks clear up to the crown prince. Wilhelm's eldest son carries a horse shoe with him on all his auto trips, and the crown prince spends most of the day in his auto. The horse shoe is attached to one of the doors of the car and when being photographed in his auto, the prince always insists on the photographer "taking" the side of the car with the horse shoe.

The soldiers of Wuerttemberg pin their faith upon a little bag containing the dry pollen of flowers, which, they believe, has the power of warding off the bullets.

The Saxons sew into the lining of their waistcoats the wings of a bat, and think themselves to be invincible.

The Bavarians hold on tenaciously to a still more bizarre custom. Before going into battle each soldier finds a birch tree, cuts his skin, and lets a few drops of blood fall upon the tree. This ceremony, they assert, assures recovery, no matter what the nature of the wound, when the leaves begin to grow again.

**Flying War Horse.**

A correspondent of the Milan "Corriere della Sera" reports the following story:

"An Italian lieutenant recently rode through one of the villages on the Isonzo front. He dismounted before the temporary quarters of the commander of his regiment and tied his horse to a tree. When he entered the house he heard the humming noise of a large Austrian shell and a moment later a terrible explosion followed. The shell had struck a small building on the opposite side of the street. An immense cloud of smoke and dust rose and when it disappeared the horse of the officer was gone.

"The air pressure caused by the explosion had lifted the animal from the ground and thrown it on the flat roof of a nearby house, where it was found almost unhurt. It was no easy job to get the horse to the street again, as this could only be accomplished with the aid of a large crane."

**Washrag's Turn to Go.**

Washrag! The washrag must go. The United States public health service agency has so decided. It must follow the towel, the drinking cup, the hairbrush and the habit of kissing. We knew it was coming. Next we expect that an embargo will be placed on shaking hands and on the use of straps for the stand-ups in street cars. After they have once been handled, they will have to be destroyed. There might be a wandering germ that would locate on somebody's palm, you know. With all our fads, and fancies, are we any healthier than our forbears were? Do we live longer? Do we bring up better children? Are we better ourselves physically or morally? But what's the use?—Leslie's.

**Boy Wins War Cross.**

Gustav Chaton, fourteen years old, who is just out of the Brest hospital, has been awarded a cross for valiant service in the French army. Because of his age Minister Millerand has decided he is too young to fight and has ordered him back to his family. Chaton is recognized as the youngest soldier in the French army.

Chaton left his home in Fontainebleau in August, 1914. He was told he was too young to enlist, but he followed a regiment of infantry and managed to stay with it. He took part in the Marne and Aisne battles. At Fontenoy, despite the fact he was shot through the shoulder, he managed to capture two Germans. Later he was badly wounded in the knee.

**USED BRAINS TO WIN**

HOW ATHLETE ACHIEVED TRIUMPH IN RACES.

Ted Meredith of University of Pennsylvania Had Carefully Thought Out Methods That Brought Him Victory in Contests.

There is a belated story of how Ted Meredith of the University of Pennsylvania defeated Bill Bingham of Harvard in the half-mile race in the intercollegiate championships, which carries with it a lesson valuable to participants in practically all lines of sport, the New York Times remarks. Meredith, it will be remembered, won both the quarter and half-mile races.

The quarter was won in his usual style. Meredith allowed one of his competitors to go out and make the pace, and then came like a streak in the last furlong and won about as he pleased.

When it came to the half Meredith completely reversed the order of things. He raced at top speed in the first quarter and had all the rest of the field on their toes and practically beaten, doing the quarter in :54. He then slowed down and even allowed a couple of his competitors to pass him, content with the fact that Bingham, whom alone he feared, was plugging along in the rear, hopelessly out of it.

With him disposed of, Meredith again sped up in the last furlong, caught and passed the two who had headed him for a short distance, and won very cleverly without being exhausted.

Meredith's overwhelming triumph was due to the use of brains coupled with his powers as a racer. Before the race he had taken the trouble to find out the way in which Bingham, the Harvard man, ran his races. He discovered it was his habit to take it easy in the first quarter, running the distance in about a minute flat, and reserving himself for the final quarter, which he would do in the neighborhood of fifty seconds. Meredith's heart-breaking pace in the first quarter completely upset Bingham's plan for the race, and so bewildered the fleet Harvard runner that the latter had no time to think out and put into operation a new plan.

Possibly there is no better example of the superiority of brain over brawn than in the career of George Bothermer, the wrestler. His lack of bulk was more than compensated for in the ability to think quickly and almost uncanonically to anticipate and thwart the particular "hold" his opponent intended making.

John McGraw's success as a baseball manager has been entirely due to exceptionally acute brain power. From the beginning of his career on the diamond he analyzed every play made in a game in which he participated or witnessed. It was the study that developed the baseball strategy he made his own, and which made him so much of a clairvoyant in foreseeing the "breaks" of a game for or against his team.

If Jim Jeffries had been possessed of enough gray matter he might never have lost the heavyweight championship to Jack Johnson. But the punch in the eye in the second round, which was the turning point in the contest, angered him. After that it was brute force against brute force.

Football is so entirely a matter of brains that everybody familiar with sports admits that the best eleven of the physical boxers or wrestlers, for instance, would have no chance whatever against an eleven such as represents any one of the great universities on the gridiron each fall.

The thinking athlete gets more sport out of the game he happens to indulge in, also, than he would if merely an exceptionally good natured athlete or one who is able to absorb the ideas of a trainer and carry them out in purely mechanical fashion.

To the young athlete the lesson modern sports teaches us: Attend as well to the cultivation of the mind as to the training of the body and its muscles if you would enjoy competitive athletics to the full. The first is as necessary as the last to become superexcellent at any sport, to get the greatest enjoyment from sport and to cope with its emergencies.

**Victorian Hobby.**

The announcement offering for sale the wedding shoes of Queen Victoria recalls the fact that her majesty was a keen collector of historical relics. At a sale held in November, 1899, she commissioned a well-known dealer to secure for her a walking-stick carved to represent "Wisdom and Folly," once the property of Prince Charles Edward. The royal agent had carte blanche, and the stick was knocked down to him for \$160. This was a monstrous price when we consider that shortly before the young pretender's dirk, with flint-lock pistol attached, realized only \$3 15s; while the great Rob Roy's claymore, made by Andrea Ferrara, with its shark's skin grip and all, went for £37 16s. At the Stuart exhibition organized in London some twenty years ago a number of most interesting exhibits came from Queen Victoria's collection.—Dundee Advertiser.

**Too Suggestive.**

Manager—If you want to make any money from the audiences at your new play, change its name.  
Playwright—Why so?  
Manager—What can you expect from a play you call "A Passing Crowd?"



**YOU** as a good housekeeper are particular about the coffee you buy. Experience has taught you that an expensive percolator, a dainty coffee service or a skilled cook cannot of themselves make good coffee. Hence you buy only that coffee whose quality is assured.

Just as surely as coffee to be fragrantly delicious must originate from a good bean, correctly and freshly ground, so also the best crude petroleum and careful scientific refining are necessary to a high-grade kerosene. There is such a kerosene—it's

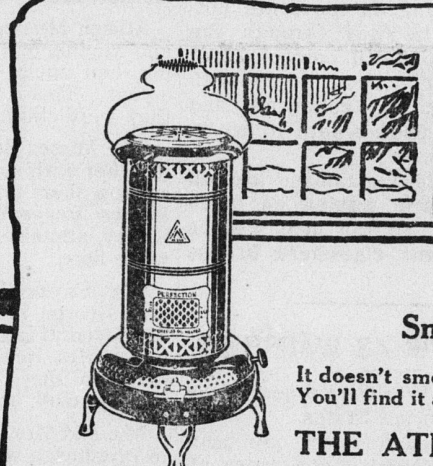
**ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL**

It's the one kerosene you can buy by name. It will leave no soot and it doesn't smoke. It burns without smell, shedding an even, soft yet brilliant light, and, when put in a stove or heater, it gives quick, certain results at a low fuel cost.

But, with all these qualities, its price is identical with the unknown and possibly poorly refined kind. Ask for Atlantic Rayolight Oil and then you can be certain you're buying the best at a price you'd pay for the ordinary product.

Give your rubber plants a bath of Atlantic Rayolight Oil and tepid water—it makes them glossy and beautiful and kills the bugs that would otherwise eventually wither them up.

That's only one use out of many. What do you do with kerosene? If you've got a good use, perhaps you may be able to exchange it for a beautiful stove. See these advertisements.



**Keep the Bathroom Well Ventilated**  
Not only in the summer months, but every day of the year—it's necessary to the family health. Too cold in the winter time, you say. Not a bit of it, if you'll get a

**PERFECTION Smokeless Oil Heater**

It doesn't smoke, is inexpensive to buy and to use. You'll find it at practically all dealers.

**THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO.**  
Pittsburgh and Philadelphia

**Funeral Director.**

**H. N. KOCH**  
Funeral Director  
Successor to R. M. Gordner.  
STATE COLLEGE, PENNA.

**Day and Night Service.**

60-21-ft. Bell and Commercial Phones.

**Flour and Feed.**

**CURTIS Y. WAGNER,**  
BROCKERTHOFF MILLS,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Manufacturer, Wholesaler and Retailer of

**Roller Flour Feed Corn Meal and Grain**

Manufactures and has on hand at all times the following brands of high grade flour:

**WHITE STAR OUR BEST HIGH GRADE VICTORY PATENT FANCY PATENT**

The only place in the county where that extraordinarily fine grade of spring wheat Patent Flour

**SPRAY**

can be secured. Also International Stock Food and feed of all kinds. All kinds of Grain bought at the office Flour exchanged for wheat. OFFICE and STORE—BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA. 7-19 MILL AT ROOPSBURG.

**Meat Market.**

**Get the Best Meats.**

You save nothing by buying poor, thin or gristly meats. I use only the LARGEST AND FATTEST CATTLE and supply my customers with the freshest, choicest, best blood and muscle making Steaks and Roasts. My prices are no higher than poorer meats are elsewhere.

I always have DRESSED POULTRY Game in season, and any kinds of good meats you want.

TRY MY SHOP. P. L. BEEZER, High Street. 34-34-ly. Bellefonte, Pa.

**Announcement.**

**The Farmers' Supply Store**

We are Headquarters for the Dollyless Electric Washing Machines

Weard Reversible Sulky Riding Plows and Walking Plows, Disc Harrows, Spring-tooth Harrows, Spike-tooth Lever Harrows, Land Rollers; 9-Hole Spring Brake Fertilizer Grain Drill—and the price is \$70.

**POTATO DIGGERS,**  
Brookville Wagons—all sizes in stock. Buggies and Buggy Poles, Manure Spreaders, Galvanized Water Troughs, Cast Iron Hog and Poultry Troughs, Galvanized Stock Chain Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps for any depth of wells, Extension and Step Ladders, Poultry Supplies and

**All Kinds of Field Seeds.**  
Nitrate of Soda and Fertilizer for all crops, carried at my warehouse where you can get it when you are ready to use it.

Soliciting a share of your wants, I am respectfully yours,  
**JOHN G. DUBBS,**  
60-14-ft. Both Phones Bellefonte, Pa.