

A DOUBLE IDENTITY.

[By Augustus G. Sherwin.]

Whatever was stirring—or wouldn't stir—in the mind of the man dubbed "Johnson," he kept along with his work, acting in a dense automatic fashion. Always a question in his thoughts as to his environment, the circumstances, his companions! Always a dim picture of some far past where he had been quite another individual—or was it a dream?

He was "Johnson," for those in the boarding house called him that. He was listed as "Johnson" at the plant. In the midst of occupation a sudden spur of awakening thought would halt him in the work he was at. His mind went groping, but not far. He would shake his head dubiously and resume the dreary treadmill of accepted routine.

One evening when he arrived at the old boarding house, the landlady called him into her own living rooms. There sat two little children—a girl of four, and a lad of six.

"Your dead brother's children," introduced the landlady bluntly.

"My—dead—brother's children!" murmured Johnson mechanically. "Oh, yes, yes. Yes, indeed!"

"You see, they are without a home or relative, except you. He died in Macon, fifty miles away, and told the neighbors you would care for them. You look troubled, sir, and confused, I will harbor the dear little ones until you get your bearings and decide what you will do with them."

"I see," nodded Johnson in a lost dreary way. "Thanks."

The puzzle of existence was now humbly accepted by him. He kept on working at the plant. He shut out the strange dreams that came into his mind. Evenings he would sit with the children and amuse them. His life became work and they—that only.

All this time Mrs. Alice Messenger, a lady residing in a fashionable quarter of the big city, was mourning her life away over the strange inexplicable disappearance of her husband, Arnold Messenger.

He had been a good husband, but not good to himself. Left a fortune, he had married a woman he loved and who returned the affection, but he had a serious fault—he was a convivialist, always that, and fast degenerating into a confirmed inebriate.

Mrs. Messenger sat in tears in her elegant drawing room. With her was the family doctor and the family lawyer.

"No trace, madam, I am grieved to say," the latter was remarking. "I fear foul play."

"I do not countenance that decision," demurred the doctor. "As I have often told Mr. Messenger, he was slowly undermining brain and nerves by the use of stimulants and narcotics. I believe these have overcome him, casting a cloud over his brain, and, while thus temporarily deranged, he has wandered away to a distance."

"Oh, try, try to find him," sobbed Mrs. Messenger.

Rewards were offered in the newspapers, but no trace discovered as to the whereabouts or fate of the missing man. Then one day Mrs. Messenger, gazing listlessly from a window, uttered a scream as she saw a man come up the front steps.

Then her eager loyal heart died down within her, for then she saw that the person she had mistaken for her husband was quite another person. She went to the door and opened it.

"Mrs. Messenger?" questioned the visitor, a shifty-eyed, coarse-looking man. Then, as she nodded assent, he added: "I am wearing your husband's clothes, as I believe you perceive. I saw your advertisement. I have not come for the reward. On the contrary, I ask you to deliver me up to justice."

"But—my husband!" cried the lady. "He is—"

"Alive, madam."

"Oh, take me to him, bring him here!" pleaded the distracted wife. "When I have told my cruel, wicked story, madam," insisted this strange visitor. "Listen, madam; my name is Johnson. I tried to find honest work. I failed. I came across your husband in a hopeless condition. I drugged his drink. I led him to the wretched quarters where I lived, appropriated his clothes and what money they contained—and eloped."

"Where is he? oh, tell me quickly!" begged the anxious lady.

"I will, in a moment. When I absconded, I supposed your husband would wake up in the morning, realize that he had received a good lesson and go his way. The strong drug I used, along with the drink, must have turned his brain, for yesterday I sneaked back to the old tenement house to find that he had taken my place as if he had been Mr. Johnson all his life. Madam," and the man's voice broke, "I found something else. A poor dead brother of mine had sent two little tots to me. Your husband, loving them, caring for them, shows the good man he is. Come, and I will take you to your lost husband."

It was a swift automobile that took Mrs. Messenger, the real Johnson and the doctor and the lawyer in quest of the real Arnold Messenger.

Science and medical skill soon restored the clouded mind to its normal functions.

The lonely home greeted the two little children lovingly. Johnson was found decent employment, and Arnold Messenger was a changed and a better man.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

STREET LOST TO HISTORY

Main Thoroughfare of Arras Reduced to Utter Ruin by Guns of German Invaders.

To the right of the town hall of Arras, looking at it from the rear, we saw a curving double row of mounds of brick, stone and refuse. Under stand—these had no resemblance to houses; they had no resemblance to anything whatever except mounds of brick, stone and refuse. The sight of them acutely tickled my curiosity.

"What is this?"

"It is the principal business street in Arras."

The mind could picture it at once—one of those narrow, winding streets which in ancient cities perpetuate the most ancient habits of the citizens, maintaining their commercial pre-eminence in the face of all town planning; a street full of jewelers' shops and ornamented women, and correctness and the triumph of correctness; a street of the best shops, of high rents, of famous names, of picturesque signs; a street where the wheels of traffic were continually interlocking—but a street which would not under any consideration have widened itself by a single foot, because its narrowness was part of its prestige. Well, German gunnery has brought that street to an end past all resuscitation. It may be rebuilt—it will never be the same street.

"What's the name of the street?" I asked.

None of the officers in the party could recall the name of the principal business street in Arras, and there was no citizen within hail. The very name had gone, like the forms of the houses. I have since searched for it in guides, encyclopedias and plans; but it has escaped me—withdrawn and lost, for me, in the depths of history.—Arnold Bennett, in Saturday Evening Post.

BRAIN POWER IN THE SEXES

One Authority Declares That Woman Is the Equal of Man in Respect of Ability.

Doctors have been discussing the comparative brilliancy of woman's brain as compared with man's.

Doctor Baruch of Columbia, says that woman's gray matter does not compare in brilliant manifestations with that of man. Now to their rescue has come Doctor Dorland of Chicago, who maintains that woman has every whit as much brain as man and quite as much brilliancy, proving his contention by the names of 400 women.

He further says that woman has only really emerged from the background during the last seventy-five years, not long enough for her to achieve those heights reached by unfettered man. Her finer sensibilities, her quick intuition have been a powerful incentive in the building up of civilization. What matter if she is inconsistent, illogical, physically frail? These qualities do not discount the fact that all the same she may possess deep penetration and a keen mind.

Who denies mentality to man even though he is known to possess boastfulness, conceit and pride, which qualities he is pleased to call foibles?

Among the four hundred women cited as proving the contention of woman's brilliancy equaling man's, are Queen Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, Mme. Curie, Rosa Bonheur, Ellen Terry, Frances Willard, George Sand, Julia Ward Howe, and Florence Nightingale.

Comrades Offered Sympathy.

A French soldier allowed to visit Paris for a few days in order to see his three motherless children has been base enough to marry a widow with three children of her own and so to place himself beyond the reach of the military law, which excuses from service all fathers of six or more. And now his comrades at the front have sent him a letter of commiseration, assuring him that should he at any time feel the need of repose he may remember that the trenches are always open to him and that the comparatively peaceful tranquillities of the firing line are always at his service.

Movies Replace Throne.

The spirits of China's dead emperors must shiver as they pass over the Forbidden City between the hours of eight and midnight in the evening. An extensive section of the "city" has been opened as a public park, in the center of which stands an imperial pavilion which has been given over to a modern moving picture show. Any coolie who will pay the price of admission, a few cents, may sit beneath the eaves of the pavilion which in recent years contained a throne. The decorations of the great, heavy-roofed buildings are continued in the style of the late dynasty, dragons forming a conspicuous part.

Still Whales in the Ocean.

The catch of 400 whales on the Pacific coast off Washington, more than ever before taken in that section in a single season, is the report from a whaling station in the Northwest. This news comes only shortly after the announcement that New Bedford has permanently given up the industry and turned her famous old vessels to other uses. There are evidently still whales in the seas, sperm whales, too, for the report says that "the proportion of these taken was large." Whaling, like most other industries, is apparently susceptible to improvement through modern methods.

PIANOS

SPECIAL REDUCTION SALE

—) CONTINUED (—

FOR THIRTY DAYS

During which time Great Reduction Prices will be given on all goods, as advertised. This is strictly The Peoples Sale, for their benefit, if they will profit by it. Any one, if at all interested, will not miss this opportunity of the Real Values we are Offering for 30 Days Only.

Finest Pianos and Player Pianos

Stringed Instruments, and Musical Merchandise, having the CELEBRATED AUTOPLAYER PIANOS, as a specialty. They are endorsed by the U. S. Government, and used exclusively in their public buildings as well as on all Sea-going Ships. Also having been used in all State public buildings at our present Pan-American Exposition, California, having drawn while there First Premiums.

Violins and Violin Outfits.

We are offering at our Sacrifice Prices, Violins and Violin Outfits from \$2.00 up. Values never excelled by any one, anywhere.

Sheet Music. Sheet Music.

200 Copies Latest Popular Sheet Music we will sell at 5 cents per copy and upwards. Every one who visits our store during this time will get one (1) copy Sheet Music FREE.

Duet Piano Benches

Will be sold at a Special Reduced Price, and will take the Piano Stool in exchange. A Splendid Opportunity.

COME AND SEE US.

Home Dealers, Sure Guarantee on all you buy.

M. C. GEPHART,

19 N. Allegheny St. 60-51-3t Bellefonte, Pa.

The First National Bank.

The First National Bank

of Bellefonte,

Begins the New Year equipped for the transaction of any business connected with banking.

The First National Bank

59-1-ly BELLEFONTE, PA.

The Centre County Banking Company.

Protect Yourself Against Illness!

You may be enjoying the best of health to-day. There may come a siege of illness. Are you prepared for it?

Doctor's bills and enforced idleness are expensive. When you have a bank account you are prepared to combat illness.

Can you conceive of anything more tragic than a long period of illness without funds?

Therefore, if You Haven't a Bank Account, Start One To-day.....

THE CENTRE COUNTY BANK,

56-6 BELLEFONTE, PA.

Shoes. Hats and Caps. Clothing.

The Fauble Store

MID-WINTER

Reduction Sale

IS NOW ON

One-Fourth Off

the regular price on all Suits, Overcoats and Single Pants.

Don't Miss It

It's Your Opportunity.

FAUBLE'S

BELLEFONTE, 58-4 PENNA.

Shoes. Shoes.

\$3.50 SHOES

Reduced to \$2.25

NOW ON SALE

Ladies \$3.00 and \$3.50 Shoes Reduced to \$2.25 Per Pair.

ALL NEW GOODS, Latest Styles, Good Sizes and Widths. This sale is

FOR CASH ONLY.

Shoes must be fitted in the store, as they will not be exchanged.

H. C. YEAGER,

THE SHOE MAN,

Bush Arcade Bldg, 58-27 BELLEFONTE, PA.