

The Governor's Lady.

(Continued from page 6, Col. 3.)

to entertain here. You'd have me sit back and take it easy and—rust!"

"You deserve everything you've got, Dan," answered Mrs. Slade, inconsequently, entirely losing the point of his tirade. "You struggled like a dog. Nobody knows, only you and me. We've been through it together."

"Well," demanded Slade eagerly and hopefully, "why don't you march along with me then, Mary?"

His wife turned to him earnestly. For a moment Dan Slade thought the woman he loved was about to rise to the occasion.

"Dan," she said, "I'll tell you something. These expensive laundries ruin your shirts right off, and when I washed 'em they lasted a whole year. They ain't ironed right, either."

"Oh, my God!" groaned Slade, helplessly, pitying her lack of understanding rather than being angry with her.

"I wish you'd forget, Mary, that I had to let you wash and scrub once. We're up now. Let us kick the ladder out from under us and stay up—forget how we got here."

"But I don't want to forget," remonstrated the little wisp of a woman opposite him. "I was perfectly contented those days. I ain't now. I hate this house. I hate it. It's too big. The help scare me, so many of 'em. I'd like jest one hired girl and my old sitting-room set." She stopped meditatively, her thoughts wandering back to the early days when her husband took his pick and dinner pail and tramped off to the mines, and she sang as she bent over the washtub and busied herself at the kitchen stove.

Her husband sat with face averted, his imagination carrying him far into the future—a vision of honor as chief executive of the state and power in keeping with the untold riches he had accumulated.

"That's it," he finally exclaimed, "I want to go ahead and you want to stick over your washtubs. I need the support of big people—got to mix with 'em, and be one of 'em. And you won't."

"No, I don't have to," replied Mary. "I needn't."

"You don't see the necessity of joining me?" he asked, testily.

"I don't know how."

"Do you want to know how?" he persisted.

"No," came the provokingly indifferent answer.

"You're putting the bars up in the



"This is Some of Wesley Merritt's Tin-Horn Tooting Writing."

middle of the road," he continued, "and I'm making up my mind to change things."

Suddenly Mary's lips quivered and a hurt look showed in her eyes behind the misty tears as she realized that whatever she did irritated her husband. She started to speak, but was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announced that Senator Strickland and his daughter had just phoned to say that he and his daughter would call on their way to the opera.

Slade's face flushed and paled at the thought—flushed at the pleasurable surprise at this unlooked-for attention from the senator, and paled as he thought of the senator's stunningly gowned daughter arriving to find his wife in a cheap, ill-fitting dress that would have looked badly even for morning wear.

"Mary, you look like a steerage passenger," he exclaimed suddenly, turning on the flustered little woman, who was aghast at the very thought of a call from the senator and his daughter. "Go upstairs and dress. I'll make excuses and hold them till you come down."

"I can't," she gasped. "I ain't got time, anyway, and I haven't anything to go to the opera in."

Slade leaned forward and struck the table with his clenched fist. "Don't you understand? You must see these people. Tonight's paper names me for governor. Strickland's influence is more necessary to me than any other man's in the whole state. He controls the party. He's bringing his daughter to my house. You're meeting them socially. Come on, now, come on—he became persuasive—but put on a nice little gown and come along and show them you can do something. We'll hold a reception here and it'll be a direct answer to Wesley Merritt's slur on you in tonight's paper."

Go to the opera with Katherine

Strickland—with a woman who had just returned from Europe—the woman who had dined with a queen and been feted all over the continent. Hold a reception—hostess in this house where she felt, save for her Dan, a stranger. Meet people who spoke in what to her was a strange and altogether unmanageable fashion—with an accent she did not recognize as belonging to her own plain western speech.

Mary caught her breath with a sob of dismay. The very thought paralyzed her. "I can't, Dan," she finally managed to blurt out. "I'd do any thing else for you—but not this."

"I'll not ask you again," replied Slade, ominously, and poor Mary, too excited to interpret the threat, picked up her sewing and her newspapers and made for the door.

"Tell them," she exclaimed breathlessly, "tell them I had a headache—that's a fashionable enough excuse anyway." And, terrified, she fled out of the room as Katherine Strickland and her father were announced.

(Continued next week.)

GO TRAWLING IN LAGOONS

Whole Community Indulges in Pastime of Fishing in South Pacific Islands.

The natives of Barotonga, one of the islands in the South Pacific ocean, have a singular method of catching fish in which the whole community takes part, according to the New York Evening Journal. On the shore of the island there are many long, narrow lagoons, each lying between a beach and an outer reef of coral, that usually swarm with fish. The natives choose one of these stretches of shallow water for the fish drive, and close all breaks in the reef by laying nets across them or building up rough barriers with pieces of coral.

When they have done that, 600 or 700 men, women and children wade into one end of the lagoon carrying little plaited fiber bags filled with utu nut. In most places the water is about three feet deep and nowhere more than four feet; so the natives march slowly up the lagoon, trailing behind them the bags of utu nut. As this substance is wet it forms a peculiar narcotic, which it diffuses through the water. The process is called poisoning the lagoon.

Half an hour is allowed for the "poison" to spread, and at the end of that time all the fish are under the influence of the drug and are swimming about in a confused and aimless manner. The natives, armed with long-pronged spears, form a line that reaches from side to side of the lagoon, and drive the intoxicated fish before them. When the fish are all collected at the farther end of the lagoon the natives begin to cry. "Eh-hu-hu-u-u!" and the barbed spears fly in all directions. The natives are very dexterous with the spears and the fish are so sluggish, owing to the effects of the utu nut, that very few of them escape.

Many of the "poisoned" fish seek the shelter of the coral reef and hide in the crevices, and so some of the natives "fish" the reef. They put on glass goggles and sink beneath the water, where they remain submerged for one or two minutes. They feel about among the coral for the listless fish, which they get with a short thrusting spear. These methodical fishermen usually make the biggest catches, but the "merry men" in the open water enjoy the best sport.

BROOKLYN MAN A BARONET

American-Born Citizen Can Claim British Honor If He Should Be So Minded.

In the news recently there appeared the statement that P. H. Graham & Co. of 17 Battery place, New York, the charterers of the steamship Winneconne, taking noncontraband goods to Swedish or Danish ports, declared everyone concerned in the ownership or charter of the vessel to be a native-born American. While Mr. Graham was born in this country, his father, Sir Robert James Stuart Graham, is the tenth baronet of Esk, the creation of the title dating from 1629. He succeeded to the title in 1867 and in 1874 married Miss Eliza J. Burn of Brooklyn, where he has lived ever since. His eldest son and heir to the title, Mr. Montrose Stuart Graham, also lives in Brooklyn. Mr. Percival Harris Graham, head of the shipping firm, is the second son, and lives at Bay Ridge.

The first baronet of Esk distinguished himself at the battle of Edgehill, and the third baronet was a British ambassador to France and a one-time secretary to James II.

Upholder of Spontaneous Life Dead.

The death of Dr. Henry Charlton Bastian removes the last member of the great scientific school which numbered among its associates Pasteur and Darwin and Huxley," says the London Times.

"Doctor Bastian was one of the fighting men of science; he knew no compromise, he sought no discharge. All his life he did battle for ideas which were unacceptable and which, in spite of his labors, never achieved acceptance."

"These ideas may be stated shortly as the conception of life as a form of energy which is capable of arising spontaneously. Doctor Bastian denied the theory that life arises always from other life—the theory of Pasteur and his disciples; he claimed that he had proved conclusively that life could arise of itself from inorganic material."

ROYAL ADMIRER OF AMERICA

Queen Sophia of Greece Invariably Employs Architects Trained in This Country.

Queen Sophia of Greece is a great admirer of American country homes and knows many of our finer places well, remarks the Saturday Evening Post. She takes regularly all our publications devoted to country life, and studies in detail our methods of landscape gardening, tree culture and floral display. She thinks we have the most cheerfully and brilliantly beautiful homes in the world—"brilliantly cheerful" was her phrase, in fact—and is trying to adapt American ideas to the ornamentation of the royal residences not only in the country, but in Athens as well.

Her majesty does us the honor to employ American architects on all the buildings in which she is personally interested, and an American has made the plan for the model Greek hospital which she hopes to build as soon as the funds accumulate. There are practically no Greek nurses and no training school for nurses in Greece, and as it is a part of her majesty's plan to have such a school in connection with the new hospital when it is built, she has a dozen or more Greek girls in the United States now being trained at her personal expense in one or two of our hospitals and at a school in Boston for teachers and supervisors' positions.

"DEAD" MAN WRITES HOME

His Sister Had Taken a Spiritualist Medium's Assurance of a Tragedy.

A letter received in Baltimore from the British trenches in France put the nose of one spiritualist medium in that city out of joint. The letter was from a man who, the medium declared several months ago, was dead.

The medium disclosed the sad news to Mrs. Emma Berman, who sought information of her brother. Mrs. Berman accepted the medium's word and went into mourning.

The letter was received by Police Captain Henry from "Sergeant Harman, No. 25784, master cook, Company A, Seventeenth battery, R. M. M., British expeditionary force, France," asking for information of his brother, who is a patrolman. Sergeant Harman is the brother of Mrs. Berman who has been mourning him as dead.

Just as Fond of Monkeys.

The number of famous literary men who are now serving in his majesty's forces is so great that the happy idea has been conceived of publishing a book, the contributors to which are all celebrated authors who have become soldiers.

Among the long list of names to be found in the volume, one of the best known is that of Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the novelist.

Formerly, Mr. Mason was a member of parliament, and he tells of a man who wrote a certain M. P. asking for a ticket of admission to the gallery of the house of commons.

The M. P. wrote back saying that he was very sorry that he could not send the ticket because the gallery was closed.

The next day, he was astonished to receive from the stranger the following note: "As the gallery is closed, will you please send me six tickets for the zoo?"—Exchange.

CASTORIA.

CASTORIA.

Children Cry for Fletcher's



The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

PEARLS IN TOY DOG'S TAIL

Man From Tokyo Had Gems in Silk Vest and Cigarette Box Worth Large Sum.

A little toy dog, with a stubby tail and a pointed nose, which would emit a bark like a grunt when pressed, stood on the table in the office of Justice Wardell, surveyor of the port of San Francisco, surrounded by a collection of cultivated pearls.

The tip of his tail was missing, as was the end of his nose, both of which had been cut away by customs inspectors.

The dog was only one of many clever contrivances used by Y. Nakane, wealthy pearl merchant, when he made a declaration at the customhouse saying that he carried only \$400 worth of pearls.

An investigation of his baggage by Custom Inspector J. B. Brosman revealed pearls valued at more than \$5,000.

Nakane arrived in San Francisco aboard the Tenyo Maru and declared to the customs inspector that he had \$400 worth of pearls in a small jewel case. An examination of the case showed that it had a false bottom, and pearls valued at \$1,000 were revealed with the destruction of the case. This was the first lot to be discovered.

While the jewel case was being taken apart Nakane drew from his pocket a dainty Japanese tobacco box and proceeded to roll a cigarette.

The beauty of the box attracted the attention of Wardell, who asked to see it at closer range. The box, when examined, revealed another \$1,000 worth of the precious gems. Nakane removed his coat to assist in the work of unpacking his cases.

Again Wardell was attracted by the beauty of a silk vest and made an examination and found that in the center of each of the buttons was set a small pearl, which was so near the color of the shell-like buttons that the gems could only be detected by an expert.

In the bottom of one of the merchant's trunks the inspector found a toy dog carefully wrapped in tissue paper. Nakane explained that it was to be a gift to a child relative here.

An examination of the outside of the toy revealed nothing; finally the tip of the tail was removed with a pair of scissors and it was found to be filled with pearls. A like find was made in the dog's nose.

Nakane then confessed he had tried to smuggle the jewels into this country. The gems were confiscated.

Public Defender's Idea.

"What in heaven's name is the use of sending to jail a man who ought to be with his family? What's the use of giving a man a bad name when a good word will set him right?"

That's what the first public defender to appear in Pittsburgh's police courts asked at the end of his first day's work.

There's no use following that old method, but we've been a long time finding it out. Sending a man to jail is a poor way to take care of the man's family, but it's the way we've taken for ages.

Giving a man a bad name instead of offering him the good word his heart is aching to hear is wasteful, but it was easier, we thought, than the right way. The strange thing about these matters is that the wrong way always seems easier.—Pittsburgh Leader.

Shoes.

Hats and Caps.

Clothing.

FIFTY

MEN'S SUITS

(SELECTED)

18, 20 and \$22 Values

While They Last

At \$10 and \$12

Your Size is Here.

Don't Miss This

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.