

What's in a Name?

[By F. A. Mitchell.]

Caspar Kneibltz's great-great-grandfather was a German. He was not a Prussian nor a warrior, but a Hanoverian and a professor. Indeed, the old fellow was a bookworm, who, if a fly had attacked the tip of his nose, would have been too absorbed in his studies to have defended himself. And if the fly had succeeded in arresting his attention he would not have injured the intruder for the world. He would have opened a window and put it out.

His son, Caspar, was called to the chair of a university in France. Thenceforth the family became French. The men, of course, kept the German surname, but by the time the fourth Caspar Kneibltz came this was all the German there was about them. Not one of them could speak a word of German, and the third Kneibltz had given his life for France in the war of 1870.

When Germany advanced into Belgium to seize Paris, Caspar Kneibltz of the fourth generation, the hero of this story—if the word hero is a proper appellation—was twenty-one years old. He was only deterred from joining the colors by being so desperately in love with Hortense le Verrier that he was unable to tear himself away from her, though it must be admitted that if he had been able to master his own feelings sufficiently to leave her she would not have let him go.

For a Frenchman to have a German name accrued to his disadvantage as soon as the war broke out. Caspar Kneibltz was at last driven to part with his beloved Hortense on this account. When others had joined the colors and Caspar remained at home it was suspected that the reason he did not go to the war was because of German sympathies. When he came to know of this suspicion he was much pained. He told Hortense that he must not listen to the voice of love any longer and at once began to make preparations to go to the front.

Of course he met with great opposition. Hortense was sure that she would never see him again and that her life would be blighted. He tried to reassure her, but in vain. However, since the suspicions of his countrymen that he was loyal to a country he had never seen and of whose language he did not know a word had been aroused his resolution was taken.

In order to make the separation easier for his sweetheart he promised to write her a letter every day that it would be possible for him to write. Another thing she insisted on which would not likely be possible was that after every battle, if he came out alive, he telegraph her to that effect. Caspar fully realized the crowded conditions of the telegraph lines, especially immediately after a battle, and that they were under control of the government, but he had not the heart to make it known to the girl, thus denying her this crumb of comfort. However, not knowing what possibilities might arise, he drew up a cipher code by which he might add a few endearing words of information concerning himself.

It was decided by the lovers that they would be married before a separation that might last forever. The ceremony was performed privately with few persons present. Within a week after its conclusion Caspar departed for the front.

While Caspar's loyalty to France was not questioned by those who knew him personally, his name at once excited suspicion in strangers. He had scarcely broken away from the clinging Hortense and gained his regiment before he began to be looked upon as a possible German sympathizer, though why he should be in the French army if he was loyal to Germany was not explained. Truth is that many a man loyal to France or England who had German blood in his veins experienced a like suspicion.

Caspar joined the army as a private and would have been promoted had it not been for his German name. Several times he distinguished himself, and officers immediately above him having been killed off, there were vacancies. But when it came to a question of filling them and Caspar was proposed his name caused his rejection.

there was nothing in the dispatch that would be of the slightest injury to France, and this turned the scale.

M. Larrabee, deputed to examine telegrams received in Paris, was sitting at his desk when an operator handed him Caspar's dispatch. The moment he read the name of the person to whom it was addressed and noticed that the message was in cipher his face assumed the expression of one who had unearthed an announcement to German sympathizers that Paris was about to be attacked by a hundred Zeppelins.

"Mille tonnerres!" he exclaimed. "Has it come to this? Do the enemy send cipher messages to their spies in Paris over our telegraph lines? To Mme. Kneibltz, 21 Rue Pomponer. Could there be better evidence that this message is intended for one of the horde of German spies in our midst, who are watching our every act?"

Taking up a telephone receiver, he called up the officer in charge of the military telegraph and informed him of the message, stating that he did not doubt that it had been surreptitiously sent in the expectation that it would be delivered by some one in the telegraph department who was working secretly in the German interest. Colonel Bombardier, the officer telephoned, directed that the dispatch be sent to him and, after receiving and examining it, called a council of war to decide what to do in the premises.

When the council assembled experts in interpreting cipher telegrams were introduced and began the work of translating it. This was not easy to do, for it consisted in certain sentences which doubtless had a meaning for the receiver. However, the experts, not daring to acknowledge that they could make nothing of it, gave a possible translation, admitting that they could not vouch for its correctness. The meaning they placed upon it was that it announced a meeting of the German spies in Paris to receive one high in the German secret service.

Meanwhile Hortense was arrested and taken to Colonel Bombardier's office, where she was kept in an ante-room awaiting the result of the work of the experts. In time she was called in to face an array of men who looked ready to send her to the gallows.

"Frau Kneibltz," said the colonel. "do you speak French?"

"I don't speak any other language," was the meek reply.

"Do not try to deceive me. You are German, as your name indicates. A dispatch in cipher addressed to you has been intercepted. It is an announcement that an officer of high rank in the German secret service is coming to Paris to meet the spy corps in Paris."

This was said because if it were the true interpretation of the dispatch the young woman would likely collapse. She did no such thing. She simply looked at her accusers wonderingly.

"Who is Caspar?" asked the colonel severely.

"Monsieur, he is my husband. Has anything happened to him?" she asked, palling.

"You play your part well, but it will not serve."

"Have you a dispatch from him to me? Oh, give it to me!"

After a conference it was decided to read the dispatch aloud to her. The colonel began with the first sentence, "The weather is very fine," and asked her what it meant. She did not need the key to tell him; she knew it by heart.

"I am well," she replied.

The second sentence read was, "Yesterday it was hot."

Hortense, somewhat abashed, replied, "Sweetheart, I love you."

The members of the council looked at one another incredulously.

Again, "We are expecting cooler weather tomorrow."

"That means a thousand kisses," replied the bride, dropping her eyes to the floor.

"This climate is trying."

"I shall never see you again till France is victorious."

"The mud is very deep."

"Goodby, sweetheart. I shall love you forever."

Several of the men who had been impressed with Hortense's gentleness, honesty and, above all, that she was essentially French smiled. Colonel Bombardier's countenance assumed a shamefaced expression. He stood with the dispatch in his hand wondering what next to do.

"Colonel," said one of the council, "you've struck what they call in America 'a mare's nest.'"

"The case," said the colonel, maintaining an official tone, "will be better examined into by a woman. I shall send Mme. Kneibltz to Mme. Leblanc, head of our woman's detective bureau, and if she reports favorably the prisoner will be discharged."

Mme. Leblanc, instead of assuming the pomposity of the officers, began by soothing the poor little bride and soon discerned that she was wrapped up in her husband and had no other concern. Hortense produced the cipher code, and Mme. Leblanc saw that every sentence in it was nothing more than a love message. Then she reported to Colonel Bombardier, who pigeonholed the matter.

When Hortense wrote an account of the affair Caspar Kneibltz applied to his superior to be entered on the army roster as Charles Nightingale.

His Long Suit.
Mr. Swiggs—Anyway, you can't accuse me of contracting bad habits.
Mrs. Swiggs—No, indeed. You invariably expand them.

—Have you tried the "Sheridan Troop" 5ct. cigar? It makes a mighty satisfactory smoke. 61-17-3t
—Have your Job Work done here.

HOW SLEUTHS MARK MONEY

Pinpricks Made in Certain Places on Currency Gives Evidence That Usually Convicts.

In their surveillance and apprehension of suspected persons government secret service officers often find it necessary to "make the money" handled by such persons. There are various methods of so marking the national currency, one of the most novel of which is the pinprick.

The note to be marked is, say, the \$5 silver certificate bearing the vignette of an Indian chief in his full regalia of feathers and trappings and presenting a full-face view. With the aid of a pin the secret service man makes two punctures in the bill directly in the pupils of the Indian's eyes. To the casual and sometimes even critical inspector of the note these pinpricks are invisible. If raised to the light, however, the bill will distinctly reveal them.

The markings are complicated by the following process: The pinpoint is applied in the "twist" of the large figure 5 at the two upper corners of the note. These tiny twists do not appear in the "necks" of the two figures 5 that are at both ends of the bottom of the note. The note is now pierced again, this time in the ends of the scrolls on each side of the word "five" in the lower center of the bill. The marking is now complete. In secret it is exhibited to one or more persons for purposes of identification and is then placed in the till or money drawer to which the suspected person has access.

It is said that the pinpricks will remain perfect for some time. When such bills are produced in court and their markings are explained under oath, conviction is practically certain. —Literary Digest.

SAMOANS IMITATE EUROPE

They Wear Civilized Clothing and Eat Fancy Food—Native Homes Now Made of Sawed Pine.

The natives of Samoa are exhibiting a marked inclination to imitate European manners. The beautiful siapos, hallowed by age-long usage, are disappearing more and more, their places

being taken by imported cloth. Women and girls like to put on greater quantities of European wearing apparel.

In the vicinity of Apia native Samoan house and kitchen utensils have been replaced by European articles of less worth. New foods are being introduced. Instead of taro, bananas and yams, the natives now eat rice, biscuits and bread, and even drink coffee in the morning. The new foods however have but a limited number of consumers at present.

The native huts were formerly covered with thatches of sugar cane. Insects have destroyed the sugar-cane plantations, and the natives now cover their dwellings with corrugated iron, which gives them much less protection against the sun during the day and against the cold at night. The Samoan house is disappearing, too, and its place is being taken by square buildings of American pine.

The total native population of the Samoan group is about 42,000. There are 1,500 whites and half-castes.

His Curiosity Satisfied.
"I just want to see what this will do to me," said Louis Annesser, twenty-seven years old, of Wapakoneta, while in a drug store. He took a drink out of a bottle which stood on the counter.

Clerks, knowing the danger of the poison, rushed to him and gave emetics, and ten minutes later he was writhing in pain in a local hospital. Before he lapsed into unconsciousness he said: "Well, I guess I saw all right."

Physicians in attendance say the man cannot recover. Annesser denied that he had suicidal intentions.—Lima (O.) Dispatch Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cuts Third Teeth at 94.
Jonathan Fisher, ninety-four years old, came from Vincentown, Burlington county, to spend the holidays with his daughter, Mrs. L. L. Wallace of this city. Despite his extreme age, he made the trip unaccompanied and stood the journey well.

Mr. Fisher is cutting his third set of teeth. He has had his second set, but now is compelled to wear glasses when reading.—New York dispatch Philadelphia Record.

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32 x 4	24.90	\$24.90	4.65
33	25.65	25.65	4.25
34	28.95	28.95	5.00
36	27.95	27.95	5.30
34 x 4 1/2	33.00	33.00	6.55
35	34.75	34.75	5.90
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35 x 5	40.50	40.50	8.55
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One lot of Washable Coats for Children, pique, poplin, and granite weaves, all white and white with colored collars and cuffs, and pretty shades in tan, quality \$1.75 to \$2.50 now must go at \$1.35.

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We are sole agents for this brand of under muslins, accurate fit, high grade materials. Nightgowns, corset covers, envelope chemise, combinations, princess slips, drawers and skirts, at all the popular prices.

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