

**A CHANGE OF MASTERS.**

(Continued from page 2, Col. 3.)

al about it, anyway. You go away with one master, get rid of him, and take another. You haven't missed the first one much, I fancy, but when it comes to this one—

Recognizing at last the personal motive behind the change in him, she got up with a little cry of joy and clasped his head with her hands, sinking her slim fingers in his hair, her wrists showing the tendons as she held his head firmly so he could not avoid looking down at her.

"You," she said, "a man of science, my lover, and jealous of a drug! Oh, Carl, listen! Every word I say is true. This thing has its hold on me in one way only. My character, truth, everything about me, they are not changed; they are as they always were; my vision—but free me, you shall see the vision. No, the effect is on my body. Why, you have just seen it. It's here. This terrible gnawing anguish here." She released him and sank back on the divan, her hand to her heart.

He leaned over her anxiously, felt her pulse, and swung away, sneering. "Oh, I know," he said, "the cardiac form. But the morphine habit takes a thousand different physical forms. It shows itself as pain when it really is desire. It can begin with the wrist and end up with the heart, or anywhere. But all forms mean the same thing. They all mean that the person lives for one thing, and for nothing else, cares for nothing if he can't have that. It's regression; it's vice; it's a dissolution of the self."

He was pacing up and down, drunk with the spirit of his own pronouncements, white, alert again, she watched as a prisoner watches when he listens to the words of his indictment.

"Not with me," she cried. "Cure my heart and you can trust my self. Don't you suppose I hate the thing as much as you do? Don't you suppose I've tried?" She waited for an answer, but, getting none, went on, tremulously: "I have done all I could—all any woman or man, either, could. I haven't failed; it's been the doctors who have failed; they come fast enough up to the danger line, but then they balk—refuse to see it through. The prince was hardly buried before I had the interne back to cure what he had brought about. He tried ten days and then, 'threatened heart failure,' he said, and gave it up. Mickulitz in Prague might have done it, but he fell ill, and his assistant was a mouse. Raynaud in Paris tried, less than a month ago. He stopped in twenty-four hours and told me never to try again. 'Keep on using it in moderation,' he said."

"In moderation, yes," Michaelis repeated, still pacing, his hands in his pockets to keep them still.

"And now," she said, "Carl, it's for some one who won't fail himself or who won't fail me; some one who loves me too much to try to fail me."

Michaelis started and tried to look away, but it would have taken a stronger man than he was to avoid her eyes. "Oh no! don't ask me that. I couldn't. I will arrange everything—see to everything—but I can't do it myself."

"But you are the only one in the world who can." She turned toward him, stretching out her arms, but he shook his head.

"But if you love me as you say you do, tell me why not, please?"

"That's the reason—because I love you." He went to her, took both her hands, spontaneous again, while she looked pleadingly at him. "Dear love, forgive me. I have been unfeeling, hard, cruel. Forgive me. But I hate it so; my profession makes me; but now I hate it ten thousand times more than ever. You do not understand. The roots of this horrid thing go into your heart, your mind, your soul—everywhere. Could I stand by and see you lacerated as they are pulled out one by one? It must be done by some stranger, some one who could forget—laugh about it, even—some one who really doesn't care. But I?—could I refuse you, when I saw you, hunted, tortured, turning your big eyes and asking me—

"But I won't ask you," she interrupted, eagerly, tightening the grasp that still held them together.

"You wouldn't have to ask me; I would know, and I could no more refuse you—There are better men than I am, anyway. I will get Jackson, or better still, Smythe. Smythe is fine! Scientist! Strong as an ox, and then he has been through it himself and knows what it means."

She freed her hands and threw herself face downward, sobbing, in the pillows. He put his arms about her.

"Oh, dear, dear Sylvia," he said, "have pity on me. Don't ask me. It's not a lovers' work. It's a butcher's work. It's a brutal, cruel, unfeeling mastery. I would know your wishes unexpressed. You couldn't hide them so deep I wouldn't know them. I would weaken, fail; I would—I would give in—do anything—rather than see you suffer."

"Then," she said, sitting up dry-eyed, "if you refuse there is no one, can be no one. It must be some one who loves me enough to endure with me—suffer with me. Anybody else would fail. He would be like the others—he would give it up when the real struggle came. It would be so much easier."

He tried to reassure her, to encourage her; told her of Dr. Smythe's wonderful cures. But she had become impatient, listened no longer, and got up, pushing him aside. With a quick, nervous movement, as she walked across the room, she took from her bosom a little gold frame which held his photograph, taken as a child, which she had fancied and he had given her years ago. Placing it face downward on the mantelpiece, she turned on him, the vigor of some great male ancestor behind her.

"That has always been there since you gave it to me. But I'll carry it no longer till I'm free. If I must have a master I'll not have more than one—and my master must serve me. Now—if you love me—prove it."

Michaelis walked past her to the window and looked out over the Park, at its lakes, its dotted evergreens, its long, curving driveways over which motor cars were crawling, and far beyond, on the heights, at a white marble structure where he had made his first successes in therapeutics.

He turned and went over to the door. Sylvia, still challenging, had not quitted him with her eyes, but it was not until he had picked up his hat and coat and stood with the door half open that he turned and met them.

"Tomorrow, at three," he said, quietly, as he went out.

The next afternoon, clear and crisp, his motor swept her up through the Park. She had taken half her usual quantity of the drug, and sat back deep in the soft cushions, pale and languid, eluding observation. At Seventy-second Street a rustic arbor, with thick vine trunks lacing through its peeling frame, caught her eye. The odor of wisteria came to her memory. Fifteen years ago, a night in June, two days before her wedding, when she had sat there an hour with Michaelis. It had always been a moving recollection. But now all she imagined or wished was for some one to take her and cradle her, without motive or desire, as this gentle, undulating motor was doing.

The little car, cutting the air gaily, shot up a sharp incline and, gracefully rounding the curved entrance to the hospital, slid gently under its white porch. Before it had fully come to rest Lynnhart opened its shining door. "In Lynnhart," he explained, "the chief's assistant."

He carried her hand-bag, the only luggage, through the arched hallway, till the elevator door clanged behind them like the portal of a jail. On reaching a room marked "reserved" he handed the bag to a young woman with brown, curly hair, on top of which a tiny cap floated like a cobweb.

"Miss Morse will unpack it for you," Lynnhart said, gallantly.

"I see," Sylvia said, "you don't trust me."

The young doctor stammered awkwardly. "It isn't that, really it isn't. Don't be offended please. But you see, in things like this—it's only a kind of game you know—we don't trust anybody, we don't even trust ourselves."

Sylvia nodded knowingly as she removed her wrap and, turning the pocket inside out, handed it to the nurse, saying, "In a moment you'll dress me, won't you?" She stepped back a little, and made them both a low courtesy. "Now, friends and enemies," she said, "come on."

In the treatment of this case Michaelis reversed his usual form. He had always recommended to his students instruments of accuracy, of precision, delicate evaluations and comparisons. But he himself, too often, perhaps, brushed them aside, striving for something out of sight, out of reach, which he fancied he could reach and remedy without scaled measurement or material aid. But with Sylvia every instrument was called into service—the glittering cardiograph to register each fluttering of the heart, pulse-measuring mechanisms, and many others, filled with mirrors, batteries, and complicated springs.

Everything was recorded and every record was written on a yellow-covered book, carefully charted, studied and compared, and then looked up. And Michaelis, in his visits, which, contrary to his custom, he never made alone, preserved the calm mathematical exterior of the man of science with all his magnetism collected in his instruments and all his personal budding.

Lynnhart, who admired most the psychic in him, neither understood nor approved this way of doing things.

"Never saw him treat a case like this before," he said one night to Hodgson, house physician, over a mug of beer. "He treats it like a proposition in geometry."

"How old is he now?" the younger man inquired, wiping a fringe of foam from his blond mustache.

"Rot! It isn't age. It's some queer streak. Something's up with him; he hasn't seen a patient in his office for a week."

The drug was slowly but inevitably withdrawn by dimunitions slight in themselves, but which, taken together, soon became substantial. Sometimes, compelled by an alarming symptom or some acute distress, amounts omitted would have to be replaced. But with the re-establishment of balance they were withdrawn again, and others with them.

From the first Sylvia had shown signs of great physical prostration, and more than once Lynnhart had been obliged to call his chief in haste. Her energy and co-operation had merged into a state of restless apathy, later becoming drowsiness, until finally she was never either wide awake or fast asleep.

After four weeks, when the drug had been reduced to almost nothing, a Sunday morning was computed to be the day for the final test. The hour for the customary dose came and passed away without its being given, and for some time Sylvia showed no signs of special illness, but at five o'clock collapsed. She could not answer questions, and although the electro-cardiograph showed motion in all chambers of the heart, no fingers were deft enough to detect the pulse at the wrist. Stimulants, restoratives, heat, and all the various remedies were instantly made use of, but without effect. Michaelis was pacing up and down the room, his jaws working, his hands clenched tightly, when Lynnhart came up to him, walking with him, following him, saying, "For God's sake, chief, give her some morphine!" Michaelis shook his head.

"Only try it—an eighth—a quarter—that is nothing; it will give her a chance; then begin the cure again—tomorrow—next day—as soon as this is over."

Without looking Michaelis answered: "No, no. It's now or never. But it's too much to carry, too much for any man to carry."

Lynnhart, standing by Michaelis but looking at the bed, his homely face convulsed, at last said, "Please excuse me—but this is awful. May I call Smythe?"

He dashed from the room without waiting for an answer and was almost instantly back again with Smythe, the other physician to the hospital, who

happened to be on his rounds.

Smythe was a man of fifty, seeming years younger, whose honest blue eyes looked so straight ahead they sometimes missed things lurking on the side. Square of jaw and of shoulder, he made his decisions promptly, and action soon followed; with him it was black or white, A or not A, plus or minus, with no place for half-way measures. Lynnhart told him the history and read the records, while Michaelis stood by the bedside, seeing only Sylvia.

Smythe cleared his throat and stroked his powerful knotted neck, a trick he had made use of for years, unknown to himself, to call attention to his manly fiber. He listened to the heart and shook his head, raised the eyelids to meet a dull stare; lifted an arm, which, when he released it, fell back lifeless on the bed.

"Well," he said, looking about as though appealing to a larger audience, "is there any question, any doubt? Cardiac asthenia from lack of morphine. Heart won't beat without it's tonic. Ergo, give it to her."

"But—" Michaelis objected.

Smythe showed a little glitter of anger in his clear eyes. "There is no room for 'buts.' It's as plain as day. The cardiac form of morphinism. Morphine is indispensable. Try this fresh solution on her and she'll be around in twenty minutes. See if she isn't."

Michaelis mechanically took the bottle which Smythe pressed on him. "But I promised to cure her," he said.

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mured one sounded to him like "master." Then she turned away and dropped off to sleep.

He began to pace the floor, coughing at intervals, wiping his face with his handkerchief, dusting lint from his coat, until finally, in answer to the electric bell, Lynnhart stood framed in the doorway. Michaelis held up his hand in warning.

"The crisis is over," he said. "You watch her; I shan't be back till eight."

Lynnhart, his horse-like face bursting into smiles, reached the bed in a step and grabbed her wrist. By George! he cried, unable to contain himself, "that did the trick."

Michaelis coughed. "It's a tricky drug," he said, as he went out and closed the door.—By Pearce Bailey, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

**The Glove Waist and Coat Society.**

Save your old gloves, furs and all leather articles to provide wind-proof waist-coats for a few pence for soldiers and sailors.

To employ on useful work women distressed through the war, and unable to go into workshops.

To utilize for those purposes in the interest of national economy material hitherto thrown away.

One of the greatest hardships of a winter campaign is the suffering caused by icy winds on sea and land. Leather is the only effective protection, but is generally beyond the means of those who need it so sorely. The glove waist-coat society has solved the difficulty of supplying leather coats by utilizing waste leather of every possible description, such as cast off gloves, (kid, suede, etc.) discarded furniture covers, if of leather, and also the worn-out fur coats. Fur-coats are much in demand by the mine-sweepers, as are also the overall gloves made from very small pieces of fur.

Those materials are applied by machine onto a brown linen foundation, making an entirely wind-proof waistcoat, weighing if of old gloves from 7 to 9 ounces.

By the sale of the waistcoats at two-sixth and five-sixth each, and the seaman's over-all gloves at one-sixth each the work is now self-supporting.

Though small profit of those sold singly covers the cost of the necessary assistance, rent, printing, carriage, postage, etc.

The work has been carried on since the beginning of the war for the benefit of soldiers and sailors and the waist-coats are in such demand by both officers and men alike that the society does beg most earnestly for supplies of gloves, etc., to enable them to "carry through."

**NO MONEY CONTRIBUTIONS ARE REQUIRED.**

The finger tips are converted into glue.

The glove buttons are sewn onto cards by children and sold.

The cuttings from wash leather linings are strung into household rubbers.

The large linen cuttings are made into dust-sheets.

The small cuttings form stuffing for mattresses for infants home at Finchley.

Many people have adopted this idea and make waistcoats themselves, but have overlooked this important point, that the society's scheme gives paid employment to distressed workers, and contributors may be assured that their help means work for women, and warmth for a man.

So please do send as many old gloves as you can collect, no matter how worn, how soiled, or how torn, to Arista Association, L. R. Kenyon, 2800 City Investing Building, 165 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**New Fall Suits**  
FOR  
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THERE'S a certain Clothes feeling within every Young Man that makes him want "The Thing."

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There's no radical departure in style of cut this season, but there are many new fabrics and colorings and many little "Tailor touches and kinks" that are new and very artistic.

We were never better prepared to give the Young Man his Ideal Suit than we are at this present writing, and we're always pleased to show.

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**COATS and SUITS**

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All the new weaves—Velours, Silk Plushes, Pom Poms, Broad Cloths, Vicunas, Burrellas and the staple Serges and Poplins, in black and all the new colors. We can fit the largest or smallest woman.

A Big Line of Misses' and Children's Coats.

**New Dress Fabrics**

We have just opened a big assortment of fine Woolen Dress Goods in plains, checks and stripes.

**Shoes**

Our new Shoes for Fall and Winter are here. Shoes for Men and Women, and a special line for the School Children. Prices the lowest

**Lyon & Co.** 60-10-17 **Bellefonte.**

**Smoked Glass Why?**

Turn it up, turn it down. Smokes just the same! What is the matter with this wick, anyway? Ten to one it isn't the wick at all. It's the kerosene you're using. Your lamp simply can't give best service unless you use

**ATLANTIC Rayolight LAMPS**

Rayolight Oil gives a brilliant yet mellow light, and a sure, steady heat without smoke, sputter or odor. Go to the store that displays the sign: "Atlantic Rayolight Oil for Sale Here." Then you'll be sure to get the genuine and it costs no more than the ordinary, unsatisfactory kinds. You'll likely find that store a good place to deal regularly, too.

*It's a scientific fact that, of any artificial light, a kerosene lamp is the most restful and pleasing to the eyes.*

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Never smoke, soot or cause unpleasant odors. Keep any room in the house warm and comfortable with its cheerful, radiating heat. Ask your dealer. Price, \$4.50 to \$8.50.

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For perfect results, always use Rayo Lamps. The ideal light for all purposes. Made of best materials. Designs for every room. Ask your dealer. Price, \$1.50 up.

**Rayo Lanterns**  
Your best friend on dark, stormy nights. Never blow out or jar out. Construction insures perfect oil combustion. Ask your dealer. Price 50c up.