

BEACH MUSINGS.

The sands are crowded with little ones. And they run and work and play. They dig trenches deep with loopholes for guns.

"TWO WOMEN AT A MILL"

Old Hettie Featherly tramped down the steep path by her spring-house, a bucket of milk in her hands.

She crushed the passionate mint under her broad shoes as she stalked across the little plank bridge and flung open the spring-house door.

Poetry of soul, even that instinctive, inarticulate kind which thrills mutely when dogwoods set white harlequin balloons afloat in the solemn cathedral woods, was as foreign to Hettie Featherly as the occult.

"No," she cried, "you ain't got no objections. If it wasn't for me, I reckon Strong Bailey could tie his horse to the block and cross my threshold!

"No," said Hettie tragically, "I couldn't nor nobody else. You'd brazen it out—just like you're doing now!

"All right," returned Turley dully picking up the two buckets. "Go on and shoot him. I expect the gun is loaded!"

"You get away!" shrieked Turley desperately. "You get back on your own land—and don't you ride up here no more!"

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Turley Featherly, young and wispy, with skin a trifle too white and chest a bit sunken, sat by the window cutting the eyes out of sprouting potatoes.

lence maddened old Hettie more than insults would have done. For two years Hettie Featherly and Turley had lived alone in the old Featherly house, hating each other as only two women who have loved the same man can hate.

By the will of Hume Featherly the farm belonged to Turley, his widow. But his mother's dower right gave her a leasehold over it until her death.

Hettie, who had come to the place a bride, daily announced her intention of remaining until she was carried away in mortuary pomp.

By an unspoken agreement, the feud between the two women was not allowed to hinder the work on the farm. Hettie managed the field work and the stock. Turley kept the house, working doggedly in spite of her weak body.

To outsiders they presented a united front, proud and repellent. Their mutual antipathy was their own affair, and if a field hand or an obliging neighbor suspected their animosity, they wisely kept silence.

Hettie bounced the churn dasher with a sulky thud. "I reckon," she said sourly, "that Strong Bailey's got a reason for ridin' that boundary lane!"

Turley trimmed a potato elaborately. There was a faint twitching at the corners of her lips, but her face kept its controlled look of utter apathy.

Hettie grew dark with fury, goaded by the girl's indifference. "If Strong Bailey wasn't encouraged by somebody, he wouldn't dast to ride my boundaries!"

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Turley leaped back tensely. "Leave me alone!" she cried. "I hate you. I could—kill you—myself!"

"I ain't going to have any more killin'," she announced, in a strange, dry voice. Before the man could move, she had climbed the fence swiftly and was running down the lane. She ran uncer-

tainly, as one bewildered, and she met old Hettie in a plunging collision which sent the older woman reeling backward. Turley snatched at the shotgun, and the two struggled for it, stumbling about in the mud, breathing in sobbing, furious gasps, twisting, clinging, each trying to wrest the black barrel from the other.

Suddenly Turley's small teeth bit into Hettie's sinewy wrist. With a cry the other woman jerked back, and with a flash the girl wrenched the gun away and swung it viciously above a boulder by the fence.

"I ain't going to have no more killin'," repeated Turley monotonously. "Hussy!" shrieked old Hettie furiously as the girl threw the ruined gun over the fence.

Old Hettie did not hear. Without a backward look she turned doggedly toward the house. She was tired, and fevered. She ached to lie down and never get up any more!

When the milk was strained in the spring-house, and every crock meticulously skimmed, and the calves fed, old Hettie found Turley still across her bed, her drabbed gingham skirt rumpled under her.

"Pore as a snake!" she snapped as she poked Turley's sunken chest and bulging collar bones.

It was raining outside, and a raw, friendless chill stole in around the windows and made the old woman's hands clumsy. Awkwardly she dressed the fevered, muttering girl in a starched cotton nightgown and rolled her between icy sheets.

A thought occurred to Hettie—an idea so insidious, so arresting, that she let the hoarhound mixture boil over on the immaculate stove.

"She's crazy!" declared Turley to herself. "She's crazy wild! There ain't goin' to be no more killin' on this place!"

She reached the fence and crashed weakly against it. Her head felt light and strangely detached from her shaking body.

"Get away!" she shrieked at him. "She's a-comin'. Mis' Featherly's comin'. She's crazy! She's got a gun! You get out of our lane."

Strong turned slowly and looked across the field toward the weather-beaten Featherly house where the silhouetted grimly against the twilight sky. Then he laughed aloud, and the laugh turned Turley cold as ice.

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of his own pistol was still indented in the mud in spite of the rains, past the boulders of the fence where Hume Featherly's shotgun lay, broken and rusted, until he gained the miry yard and the trampled stables.

Here he waited, but there was no challenge, no shrill voice evicting him, and he waited, and he could hear horses tramping, but there was no sign of the two women.

Strong leaped down and tethered the mare to the barn door. Then he saw Hettie Featherly. With the bridle across her body, she lay in the shadow between the wheels of the wagon. Her black bonnet had fallen off, and her haggard face was upturned in the straw with the cleansed pallor of peace upon it.

Strong Bailey, who had slain a man and laughed, stood up a bit white about his lips, and took off his hat. Hettie had been a woman hewn of iron, but so worn was she that the man lifted her easily.

"Mother!" It was a hoarse and feeble cry. "Mother!"

Strong tipped into the other room. The air was icy, and the stove cold. A night and a dragging day had passed since Hettie Featherly had staggered out of the house, herself already smitten to death.

"I want mother," wailed Turley. "And something in the cry sweetened the bleak house of its sour and stormy loneliness, crept on the reeling April air through the rooms made squalid with quarrels, pugged away the bitterness and the memory of bitterness. Love was in it, low which levels dead, decaying hates so that little sunny flowers may grow above the stubble."

Strong Bailey, groping out of the room because his eyes were dim, his boyish insolence gone, his only thought how quickest to fetch his mother, saw that the quaver of Turley's waking cry had reached the dull, dead ears of stern old Hettie Featherly.

Very still and cold she lay. But on her face was a smile—a mother smile! —By Helen Topping Miller, in Century Magazine.

Marriage Licenses.

- Charles R. Korman, Howard and Myra C. Gummo, Port Matilda. Charles F. Vonada, Zion, and Ethel J. Kellerman, State College. Thomas H. Hartwick and Sarah E. Heckman, State College. Charles G. Rimmer, Boalsburg, and Esther R. Bitner, Centre Hall. Earl R. Snavely, Clearfield, and Frances Lucille Davis, Altoona. Jay A. Smith and Doris A. Bryan, Bellefonte. John H. McCulley and Ruth I. Bryan, Bellefonte. Harry S. Searly and Ethel M. Brennan, Bellefonte. Joseph H. Owens and Carrie R. Kauffman, Zion. Lawrence Jones and Eva Joyce Gates, Bellefonte.

STORMSTOWN.

George Loner, of Altoona, a veteran of the Civil war, visited his son, William Loner, last week. Mrs. William Baer and son Maurice, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mrs. Baer's sister, Mrs. Alice Mong. Miss Kate Walker and her aged aunt, Miss Henrietta Hartwick, of Williamsport, spent two weeks at their old home here. On Saturday Dr. Charles Walker and wife drove from Williamsport and were accompanied home by his aunt and sister.

MEDICAL.

Straighten that Bent Back

No need to suffer from that tired, dead ache in your back, that lameness, those distressing urinary disorders, Bellefonte people have found how to get relief. Follow this Bellefonte resident's example.

Mrs. J. C. Johnson, 356 E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, says: "I was a great sufferer from kidney trouble. I could hardly straighten up or get around the house. I had dizzy spells and nearly fell over. My kidneys acted very irregularly. On the advice of a member of the family I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills from the Green Pharmacy Co. They did me more good than anything I ever used and I am now enjoying good health. Doan's cured me."

Eleven years later, Mrs. Johnson added: "I am very glad to confirm my former endorsement. No one knows better than I what wonderful benefit Doan's have been. They cured me of kidney trouble." Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Johnson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 66-37