

Bellefonte, Pa., September 23, 1921.

#### BEACH MUSINGS.

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

guns, Build castles rugged and gray; There are pictures and drawings, queer and strange,

And walls that stand tall and thin, A baseball field, and a rifle range, And then-the tide comes in.

Do they weep or grieve at the ruin deep Which they find when they come next day?

No; each girl and boy has a shout of joy At the sand, swept clean for play. Our lives are crowded with little cares, And we worry, awake or asleep; We are always climbing up endless stairs, Or digging in darkest deep.

There are great ambitions, and hope awakes As mighty tasks we begin,

There are burdens and troubles and sad mistakes. And then-our God steps in.

Should we fail to speak, or let faith grow weak Because our plans have gone wrong? No; we claim the clean page for a herit-

And begin the new day with a song. -H. H. Spooner.

# "TWO WOMEN AT A MILL."

standing, hewn frame of a woman,

army with banners. The spring-house was old and built of mossy stone, and creepers had made it beautiful. Pennyroyal and spearmint, lush with the crowding growth a reason for ridin' that boundary of spring, made green cushions along the little stream. A song-sparrow, tremulous upon a hackberry bush, spun himself out in a thread of music hke opals strung on silver. But Hettie Featherly halted neither to listen

She crushed the passionate mint under her broad shoes as she stalked body, he wouldn't dast to ride my across the little plank bridge and flung | boundaries!" open the spring-house door. The pool hid in the heart of the dark little house, shimmering like a moss agate, beaded like absinthe, was to her a utilitarian thing only, good to keep the milk cool and hatefully certain to roil

Which liever lake to rouse lief. This form belongs to me. Anybody can ride by it that wants to. I ain't got any objections."

Hettie's gaunt countenance grew muddily in rainy weather.

Poetry of soul, even of that instinctive, inarticulate kind which thrills objections. If it wasn't for me, I mutely when dogwoods set white harlequin balloons afloat in the solemn horse to the block and cross my cathedral woods, was as foreign to threshold! You—that ain't got no revanity, and vanity was conceived of sin. Pennyroyal was good for fevers, but birds—a vagabond set refusing to eat notate hugger and good sin. Some sine to be set to b fatherless—were good for nothing!

little, chill room, Hettie strained the was always savage in the springtime. Spring was a thing of youth, and youth reminded her of Turley Featherly, her daughter-in-law, whom she hated. Spring reminder her, too, of Hume, her one son, husband of Turley Featherly, her daughter-in-law, whom she hated. Spring reminder her, too, of Hume, her one son, husband of Turley has always savage in the springtime. Inettie did, but the baiting of her mother-in-law was the only thrill in her drab, dreary life. It gave her a sense of power, and because there was nothing better or nobler in her life she enjoyed this power. Turley has a spring time. ley. Hume had been killed in the spring, two years ago now. Shot like for being so much like his mother.
a mad dog in his own field, and left to "I ain't wantin' to look at men," she

leys, Strong had shot Hume Featherly tie plunged the skimmer into the cream vindictively, as though the ivory breast of it had been the throat of he lookin' for?"

was the King of Darkness? What's he lookin' for?" her enemy. Strong Bailey had come clear in the courts. They had found a knife in the fingers of Hume—who had carried a knife since he could open the blade!

But Hettie, abiding by no jury verdict, hung Strong vengefully in her heart every day. And in the spring, when remembrance was bitter upon her, she hung beside him upon her tragic gibbet the frail, wistful body of her daughter-in-law, Turley.

Turley had been the core of it, Hettie told herself for the thousandth time. There had been quarrels before Hume drained the cattle pond-hot words, recriminations, threats. The Baileys were a dark, passionate race of men, fearing nothing. Strong Bailey had cursed on the day that Turley married Hume Featherly. There were people who had heard him. Turley, with her eyes like blue glass and her yellow hair, was to blame!

And now Strong Bailey, magnificent in his youthful insolence, was rid- girl enter the barn. ing, the boundary lane again. Hettie had seen him that morning as she came to the spring-house.

With the crock of cream balanced gravelly rise to the farmhouse. A red cow, almost as gaunt and tragic of countenance as Hettie herself, thrust her head over the gate and bawled a maternal reproach, but Hettie did not in' out like the King of Darkness!" raise her eyes. She strode into the kitchen and thumped the churn down on the floor.

"I seen that feller again this morning," she announced with sinister ac-

Turley Featherly, young and wispy with skin a trifle too white and chest a bit sunken, sat by the window cut-ting the eyes out of sprouting potatoes. Hettie flung her searching look, tightened her mouth sternly, and jerking the churn dasher down from the shelf, scalded it briefly with a fling of boiling water and dropped it into the cream. Then she began to churn with

Turley had lived alone in the old Featherly house, hating each other as only two women who have loved the same man can hate; abiding in sullen silence for days, broken only by the rending of quarrels, sharp and bitter

as lightning.

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. Neither would leave, neither give way to the other. Turley, frail as a feathto the other. Turley, frail as a feather, with a perpetual, bewildered fright in her young eyes, clung to the farm with a dumb, steely stubbornness which resisted the acrid venom of her mother-in-law's tongue. Friendless and shy, it is likely that Turley's fear two the feather wonderful and featful and, Turley surmised, slightly wicked. It was her pride which fought with this amazing temptation, the pride that held her stubbornly unmoved before the scorning hate of her mother-in-law.

The youth in her smothered and gun over the fence. of the great, grinding, unknown world was stronger than her dislike for Het-

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 yet!" body; gardened and managed the poultry. If anything was sold, they divided the money scrupulously, penny for penny. Hettie kept her high oak bedstead by the sitting-room stove. Turley climbed the stairs to the icy chamber where the sun came in but seldoni in winter and spring. They ate in silence, sitting opposite each other at the kitchen table.

To outsiders they presented a unit-Old Hettie Featherly tramped down ed front, proud and repellant. Their the steep path to her spring-house, a bucket of milk in her hands. An upneighbor suspected their animosity, stubborn of sinew, with a face like a storm under hair not yet gray in spite of her fifty years, Hettie marched dominantly when she moved, like an and though there were people who waguely pitied Turley, there was none bold enough to say so.

Hettie bounced the churn dasher

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 some-

deadly.

reckon Strong Bailey could tie his Hettie Featherly as the occult. Beauspect for the dead in their graves! It ty, in her stern creed, was married to was you with your doll face and your otato bugs and gorging instead cuttin' your eye out the winder to see

on the berry rows of the widows and him ride up the hill—the murderer!" Turley's small chin went up a trifle. Stooping, her gaunt bulk filling the There was something grim about her, something that gave her the air of a milk and began to skim the crocks thing made of resilient metal and which stood knee-deep in the cold wappainted with pale-pink paint. She painted with pale-pink paint. She ter. Her movements were brisk, mas-culine, resentful. Hettie Featherly Hettie did, but the baiting of her Hume, her one son, husband of Tur- never been very happy, and she had never quite forgiven Hume Featherly

die with the curling crest of a new-turned furrow under his head.

Strong Bailey had done that!
Youngest, boldest, handsomest of all the handsome devil's-breed of Bailey Strong had shot Hume Featherly.

Strong had shot Hume Featherly.

now! What does Strong Bailey come in a dispute over a cattle pond. Het- ridin' up my lane for-and settin' on his horse lookin' over my land like he

Turley shrugged silently. She rose up, brushed the dust from her apron, and going to the sink, washed her hands and wrung a wet cloth to lay over the cut potatoes.

Hettie gave the churn a gathering swish. "I just got this to say," she cried angrily, tilting her black sunbonnet with a bony hand, her eyes glowing in the shadow of it. "If Strong Bailey sets a foot on my land, I'll shoot him like he was a varmint!" "All right," returned Turley dully picking up the two buckets. "Go on and shoot him. I expect the gun is loaded!"

She opened the door and went out, closing it listlessly behind her. Hettie halted her churning to listen. She heard Turley's footsteps going down the stairs to the cellar, heard the thump of the buckets on the floor. Then Turley came up again and crossed the yard. Standing well back from the window, old Hettie watched the

"Goin' up in the mow where she can see out the winder," she muttered to herself. "Pity them Bailey's ain't got her instead of Hume." She said this upon her hip, she marched up the every day like an office, and every day she said it with more bitterness.

She gave the churn a savage twist, could-kill you-myself!" and a wash of buttermilk slapped over

ness of winter was gilded with the slanting gold of the April sun, Turley Featherly sat on a sack of corn and looked across the brown, stubbled fields and the orchards, still black and misty.

She was not looking at the Bailey farm where a white house sprawled mud. cream. Then she began to churn with quick upliftings of her wrists, brown and fleshless as the forelegs of a colt. Turley gouged juicy circles from the potatoes, her small thumbs muddy. Her face was expressionless. Her si
Her face was expressionless. Her si
Then she began to churn with quick upliftings of new red. She scarcely thought of the Baileys, ing!" she announced, in a strange, dry ding as she dezed.

She scarcely thought of the Baileys, least of all of Strong, the younger, woice.

He rocker, her black sunbonnet noding as she dezed.

For three nights Hettie Featherly and was runtollerable to the fighting Baileys. Past the limber-twig tree where the mark co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 66-37 dominantly among barns of new red.

very dim, with only a feather of smoke For two years Hettie Featherly and to mark it, and Turley, looking at it, felt something strong and reckless stir in her heart. Something that was drugged by day until this hour and which was prone to wake at twilight and whisper folly as drugged things

> The whispering recklessness was her own hidden discontent, and the voice of it grew every day a little bolder. The distant town wore a glamour of mystery; the appeal of it was the lure of a thing unknown, wonderful and fearful and, Turley surpride which fought with this amazing temptation, the pride that held her stubbornly unmoved before the scorn
> "I ain't going to have no more killing," repeated Turley monotonously.
>
> "Hussy!" shrilled old Hettie furbody sagged.

browbeaten and weary, longed to run was stronger than her dislike for Hettie Featherly.

Hettie, who had come to the place a bride, daily announced her intention of remaining until she was carried of old Hettie and of their eternal fast and far, to close the door of the bickering was keener than her hate and more corrosive, but neither could bend her obstinate pride.

"If I go, she'll say she run me off!"
Turley told herself. "She'll glory in it forever. I ain't going to run off-

She sat by the window until the brief day was beginning to pale and the sun to be quenched. She heard the cows come in, bumping their bony hips against the stalls. It was milking time, yet she was loath to leave her place of peace. Somehow she dreaded to move, dreaded the renewal of the everlasting nag and tension, dreaded the pettiness of the tasks she must do.

She was tired now, always tired. Her skin felt hot and dry. When she rose up, there was a strange sense of lightness about her, and she drew a deep, steadying breath, her hands clenched. Then the breath hissed over her teeth suddenly.

Strong Bailey was riding the boundary lane. Like the King of Darkness, imperious, handsome in a dark, insolent fashion, he rode his chestunt mare slowly. His wide hat was tilted back over his dark hair. His eyes roved over the muddy Featherly fields. Turley's small fingernails bit into her palms. Strong was magnificent to look at—a glowing, virile animal. But she was not looking at him. She was looking at the kitchen door. It stood open a little way, and in the nar- | clothes. row shadow of it she saw the black. bonnet of Hettie Featherly and the blue of her apron. And she knew that Turley took up the one challenge Hettie's grim hands were clenched which never failed to rouse her. "This about the cold barrel of Hume's heavy shotgun.

Fleetly, as a frightened yellow kit-ten might run, Turley flew across the mow. She dropped down the ladder with one spring. A gaunt red cow barred her way in the back door, but she shoved her away roughly and sped across the miry barnyard to the orchard. Once behind the fence among the trees and old Hettie could not see her from the house.

"There's been enough killin'," gasped Turley to herself as she ran.
"There's been enough blood on this

She was sated with tragedy, worn with horror and misery. She told herself that she could not stand any more. She could not endure the sight of another man writhing horribly in a welter of blood and earth. She was too tired, too spent, too curiously buoyant and dazed. And she had seen Hettie Featherly once bring down a hawk in the orchard, cleanly, without a falling feather! She had to get to the boundary fence first!

The orchard was muddy, and the mud clung to her broken shoes and made her slip. She could see old Hettie now, marching militantly down the lane, her head very high, the tremor of her madness setting her gaunt old

body a-quiver.
"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. Her voice sounded hollow and alien as she shouted warning to Strong Bailey, who rode slowly a dozen yards away. He heard her and wheeling, kicked his horse and trotted nearer. He looked at her, at the flush on her face and the glitter in her eyes, and smiled an intimate, arrogant smile that made Turley burn with resenting

fury.

"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 weatherbeaten Featherly house where the lurching figure of the old woman was silhouetted grimly against the twilight sky. Then he laughed aloud, and the laugh turned Turley cold as ice. He had laughed like that when Hume Featherly had cursed and dared him. He had laughed like that when Hume

had fallen, horribly!
"You get away!" shrilled Turley desperately. "You get back on your own land-and don't you ride up here no more!"

But Strong Bailey swung down from the saddle audaciously and came on foot to the fence, the mare following. "You're a pretty thing," he said ing. "You're a pretty thing," he said as he laid his arms on top of the rail. "You sure are pretty when you're

Turley leaped back tensely. "Leave me alone!" she cried. "I hate you. I

The man smiled. It was a slow and a wash of buttermilk slapped over her wrist. She wiped it off mechanically with her apron. The apron was clean, but for once she did not care for that.

In the mow, where the dusty stale
"Go ahead and do it, then. Hold it

The girl drew back horrified. Her fingers recoiled from the pistol as though it had been flame. Then an impulse seized her, and she snatched it swiftly, and turning, flung it far into the orchard where it thudded into the

"I ain't going to have any more kill-

lence maddened old Hettie more than lay longest. There was a town there, tainly, as one bewildered, and she met and moaned with pain. Her emaciat- of his own pistol was still indented in shotgun, and the two struggled for it, down the gravelly slope to the springstumbling about in the mud, breathing house where the stream was roiled

> Suddenly Turley's small teeth bit into Hettie's sinewy wrist. With a cry the other woman jerked back, and swift as a flash the girl wrenched the gun away and swung it viciously above a boulder by the fence. It came down with a crash, the stock splinter- inveigled death into the house and she

iously as the girl threw the ruined gun over the fence. "Brazen hussy!"

a backward look she turned doggedly toward the house. She was tired, achingly tired. Her head felt strange and fevered. She ached to lie down and never get up any more She wondered dazedly if she might rest for a clean, cold bed and fell across it.

wrath overnight, found Turley in the not help it if Turley died. morning. The girl lay inert, her mud-dy heels on the spotless counterpane, her little, transparent fingers stained with earth and burning like flames in the cold room. Hettie, who had sulk- that the footsteps of a prowling cat ed all night in futile solitude, rolled of relenting.

"If you've caught the chills with hoarhound tea when I git the milkin' rating her own angry harangue! Only

done!" When the milk was strained in the when it ceasedspring-house, and every crock meticulously skimmed, and the calves fed, old Hettie found Turley still across ed and fled from the house, haunted spent heap of white ashes. her bed, her drabbled gingham skirt by that accusing voice cut to the mow rumpled under her. Hettie looked at where the spring sun came in warmly her, baffled. The Featherlys had never been sick. Hume's father had dropped dead, turning a cider press. Het misty—and upon far hills, where the spring sun came in warmly and where the window looked out upon brown fields and orchards black and misty—and upon far hills, where the tie had no instinct for nursing. In her light lay long and where a feather of mind illness was linked with shiftless- smoke plumed to the sky. There Hetness and other vices. She pulled off tie leaned against a rafter and looked the girl's shoes and unfastened her

she noted 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 ed very far away, and in between lay hands clumsy. Awkwardly she dress-ed the fevered, muttering girl in a belligerent, self-sufficiency which had ed the fevered, muttering girl in a starched cotton nightgown and rolled her between icy sheets. Then she crumbling into a whimpering weak-marched down stairs to the warm ness. She was afraid—afraid of bekitchen, a stern and virtuous tightness about her mouth. It was all of a piece for Hume's wife to take the chills now with planting time coming and lambs to tend to! Shameless piece-talking over the fence to Strong Bailey as bold as brass!

A thought occurred to Hettie-an dea so insidious, so arresting, that she let the hoarhound mixture boil over on the immaculate stove. She thrust it out of her mind swiftly, startled. Hettie Featherly was hard with the narrow, beaten hardness which grows out of solitude and the relentlessness of an iron code of duty, but she was not a wicked woman. Yet the thought came seeping back persistently, and a certain perverse niche in her brain harbored it.

Sick people died! Ignorant as Het-tie was, she knew Turley was desper-

Dutifully, as though her pious soul sought to do battle with the evil suggestion, she strained the hoarhound tea and rendered it palatable with su-Then she carried it up to the cold room and forced spoonfulls of it plaining about a pain. So Hettie concocted a hot poultice of bran and on-ions and put it on the sick girl's chest. Then she tramped out to feed, but the sly, sinister thought went with her. It troubled her peace, so that when a pitchfork clattered down in the mow, she trembled as though an accusation

and the rasp of it drifted down the the shafts fastened to the beams stairs. The cat, forgotten, mewed re- above. She climbed up weakly and proachfully on the cellar door, and struggled with the fastenings. Her two calves, accustomed to Turley's teeth were chattering, and her hands wheedling ways, had upset their buckets of feed and bawled hungrily. The laprobe and sat in the buggy, the brihouse was still with the hollow, waithouse was still with the hollow, wait-ing stillness that made Hettie lie stiff chill to pass. Her head fell backward and chilled in her bed, listening in with a jar, but she jerked upright, spite of herself for sounds from upstairs-for the monotonous breathing or a faint, delirious chatter.

Sick people died! By midnight Hettie was drawn with a taut fear which had in it the sickening heaviness of guilt. She told herself angrily that it was not her fault that Hume's wife lay gasping above. But the fear persisted, and her restlessness increased, until she crept shaking from her blankets and lighted a lamp. A gaunt shaking old specter in white, with a plaid shawl over her shoulders, she stirred the coals in the stove and put on more wood. Then she climbed the

Turley lay low in the bed, lips part-ed, eyes sunken. The chill of the room made Hettie's teeth rattle. Rain, the searching, icy deluge of early spring, swished cheerlessly against the thin clapboards and battered on the

Hettie looked at the sick girl speculatively. Turley was light—pitifully light. She slipped a brown, string. arm under the frail shoulders and lifted Turley as though she had been a child. Breathlessly she staggered with with her down the steep stairs. The room below was warm, and she laid the girl in her own bed. The wispy body sank gratefully into the warmth of the feathers. Dressing herself, Het-tie sat down grimly in the high-back-

in sobbing, furious gasps, twisting, clinging, each trying to wrest the black barrel from the other.

House where the stream was rolled with the rains and the butter floated unheeded, out to the lot, where the bewildered cows paced half-tended, and then back to the house to wait tensely at the door for the sound of that anguished breath. Each rasp of it sounded in Hettie's tormented old ears like a reprieve for her own soul. It was as if her treacherous thought had was made a reluctant conspirator with

She grew haggard and her militant body sagged. A nagging cough troubled her, and she brewed pennyroyal tea for that. There were doctors in But Turley did not hear. Without the town, but Hettie dreaded and distrusted them. She made poultices doggedly, and kept fires at night, and briefly dismissed the field hand who offered help.

From him, however, she gathered a little in the shelter of the trampled strawstack. The house was so far-so far! She staggered blindly and twice she fell, striking her palms in the mud. Somehow she reached her she mud. Somehow she reached her she was a signt of sickness around, he told her. People were dying like flies—there had been nine buryings in Bethel grave-yard that week. Hettie distilled a balm from this with which to salve drop of comfort. There was a sight her smarting conscience. She could Old Hettie, having fumed away her not help it if people died. She could

"You wanted her to die!" accused a voice within her. "You wanted the farm-alone!"

Alone! A house so hollowly still thundered through the rooms! A the girl over and regarded the glazed house so empty that the dust swam strangeness of her eyes with no trace giddily in wide spaces, possessing it as dust possesses a place forsaken! No footsteps moving lightly in the kitchshe said grimly. "Get your clothes off like a Christian! I'll make yer some the monotonous satisfaction of elabostillness and that labored breath-and

off into the kindling sky as though abparted in a weak, childish cry, that solution burned like a holy candle in made Strong Bailey's throat swell and "Pore as a snake!" she snapped as that sanctuary of gold and amethyst

She felt old, suddenly old and desoed very far away, and in between lay upheld her for fifty years seemed ing alone-afraid of her own warped and bittered soul!

She crept back into the house and halted at the door to listen. Turley was still breathing hoarsely. Hettie prodded the fire into life and boiled water fiercely. Until midnight she worked without slackening, fighting each labored, ragged respiration from alling breath, fairly dragging the girl's sunken chest. Then Turley began to writhe with pain, and Hettie sank dispiritedly into her chair. She did not know that her frantic efforts were opening seared, choked cells in the girl's lungs, that healing oxygen was fighting the devouring of disease, and that the battle was agony.

"She's a-goin'," whispered Hettie to herself. "It ain't no use—she's a dyin.

She slumped exhaustedly, a piteous brown huddle topped by a shuddering black bonnet. Her head throbbed dully. She had been so many nights without sleep. And though the spring night was warm and the stove glowed, she quaked in every muscle with a biting, clammy cold. She was oldbetween the girl's hot, twitching lips. old and lonely and worn with the war-Turley was babbling now, and com-ring of a storm soul. She was tired ring of a storm soul. She was tired with such weariness that her very limbs cried out in protest, and yet her tortured conscience goaded her on. "I've got to get a doctor," she said.

"I've got to fetch-somebody!"

She staggered up and lighted the lantern. The kitchen fire was nearly out, but she did not wait to replenish had been hurled at her.

That night Hettie could not sleep, though she ached with weariness. Turley's breathing had grown stertorious, fighting a smothering desire to sleep. A pain like a tightening band was girdling her body, shortening her breath. She gripped the bridle and slid stiffly out of the buggy.

She would ride the black mare. It would be warmer riding. She was so cold—so cold—

Strong Bailey, riding defiantly up the boundary lane that separated the Featherly orchard from the grazing lands of the Baileys, looked across the Featherly lands, his brow furrowed. Under the melting April sun the place wore a deathly stillness. The

barn doors were open, but the stock had not been turned out, though it was late afternoon. The little, weather-beaten cabin in the bottoms, where the hired hand lived, was bleakly still. Strong knew that Thad Burnet, who farmed the Featherly land, had died that morning.
So was the Featherly house still.

There was no smoke, no stir, no opened door, no blue apron flirted briefly at the pump, no black bonnet moving like a shadow toward the spring-house. Strong Bailey sat still, his hat tipped back, his dark, handsome face cured me.' troubled. Then with a sudden, plung- Eleven years later, Mrs. Johnson ing movement he drove his chestnut added: "I am very glad to confirm mare over the low rail fence into the Featherly orchard, where little green plants were spreading like tender

old Hettie in a plunging collision which sent the older woman reeling backward. Turley snatched at the boulders of the fence where Hume Featherly's shotgun lay, broken and rusted, until he gained the miry yard and the trampled stack.

Here he waited, but there was no challenge, no shrill voice evicting him furiously. A calf penned in a shed bleated in dreary woe, and he could hear horses tramping, but there was no sign of the two women.

Strong leaped down and tethered 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 street with the cleaned nelection. ed in the straw with the cleansed pallor of peace upon it. Her mouth was softened with a smile of absolved content. She was dead. Her hands, clutching the bridle, were already

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. He carried her into the kitchen, treading softly in the oppressive silence, and laid her on a lounge in the corner. The house was cold and still. A cat, curled on the

cramped hands across her breast. And then he heard a voice calling through the hollow house.

quilt for warmth, leaped up and spit

at him as he straightened Hettie's

"Mother!" It was a hoarse and fee-ble cry. "Mother!" Strong tiptoed 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. Sunk in the wide bed, her face so transparent and wasted that her eyes looked out of it like cornflowers blooming in a skull, Turley Featherly lay and stared at him. Strong saw that she had been very near to death and that her life

"I want mother," she said huskily. Strong Bailey came of a dark, passionate race of strong men, fearless, unscrupulous, but the piteous tragedy of Hettie Featherly lay over his young spirit like a blight. It showed in his face. The girl, too weak to lift her head, read it in his eyes, and her lips

"I want mother," wailed Turley. And something in the cry sweetened the bleak house of its sour and stormy loneliness, crept on the relenting April air through rooms made squalid with quarrels, purged away the bitterness and the memory of bit-terness. Love was in it, love 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 thought how quickest to fetch his mother, saw that the quaver of Turley's waking cry had reached the dulled, dead ears of stern old Hettie

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 Kellerman, State College.

Thomas H. Hartswick and Sarah E. Heckman, State College. Charles G. Rimmey, Boalsburg, and Esther R. Bitner, Centre Hall.

Earl R. Snavely, Clearfield, and Frances Lucille Davis, Altoona. Jay A. Smith and Doris A. Bryan, John H. McCulley and Ruth I. Bry-

an, Bellefonte. Harry S. Spearly and Ethel M. Brennan, Bellefonte. Joseph H. Owens and Carrie R. Kauffman, Zion.

### Gates, Bellefonte. STORMSTOWN.

Lawrence Jones and Eva Joyce

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 Hartswick, 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

my former endorsement. No one knows better than I what wonderful benefit Doan's have been. They cured