

The Light of Western Stars.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6).

lowed involuntarily. "I choose to overlook what you did because you were not wholly accountable, and because there must be no trouble between Alfred and you. May I rely on you to keep silence and to seal the lips of that priest? You will spare me further distress, will you not, please?"

His hoarse reply was incoherent, but she needed only to see his working face to know his remorse and gratitude.

Madeline went back to her room; and presently Florence came for her, and directly they were sitting at breakfast. Madeline Hammond's impression of her brother's friend had to be reconstructed in the morning light. She felt a wholesome, frank, sweet nature. She liked the slow southern drawl. And she was puzzled to know whether Florence Kingsley was pretty or striking or unusual. She had a youthful glow and flush, the clear tan of outdoors, a face that lacked the soft curves and lines of eastern women, and her eyes were light gray, like crystal, steady, almost piercing, and her hair was a beautiful bright waving mass.

A sharp knock on the parlor door interrupted conversation. Florence's sister went to open it. She returned presently and said:

"It's Gene. He's been dawdlin' out there on the front porch, and he knocked to let us know Miss Hammond's brother is comin'."

Florence hurried into the parlor, followed by Madeline. The door stood open, and disclosed Stewart sitting on the porch steps. From down the road came a clatter of hoofs. Madeline looked out over Florence's shoulder and saw a cloud of dust approaching and in it she distinguished outlines of horses and riders. A warmth spread over her, a little tingle of gladness, and the feeling recalled her girlish love for her brother. What would he be like after long years?

Looking out, Madeline saw a bunch of dusty, wiry horses pawing the gravel and tossing lean heads. Her swift glance ran over the lithe horsemen, trying to pick out the one who was her brother. But she could not. Her glance, however, caught the same rough dress and hard aspect that characterized the cowboy Stewart. Then one rider threw his reins, leaped from the saddle, and came bounding up the porch steps. Florence met him at the door.

"Hello, Flo. Where is she?" he called, eagerly. With that he looked over her shoulder to spy Madeline. He actually jumped at her. She hardly knew the tall form and the bronzed face, but the warm flash of blue eyes was familiar. As for him, he had no doubt of his sister, it appeared, for with broken welcome he threw his arms around her, then held her off and looked searchingly at her.

"Well, sister," he began, when Florence turned hurriedly from the door and interrupted him.

"Al, I think you'd better stop the wrangling out there."

He stared at her, appeared suddenly to hear the loud voices from the street, and then, releasing Madeline, he said:

"By George! I forgot, Flo. There is a little business to see to. Keep my sister in here, please, and don't be fussed up, now."

He went out on the porch and called to his men:

"Shut off your wind, Jack! And you, too, Blaze! I didn't want you fellows to come here. But as you would come, you've got to shut up. This is my business."

Whereupon he turned to Stewart, who was sitting on the fence.

"Hello, Stewart!" he said.

It was a greeting; but there was that in the voice which alarmed Madeline.

Stewart leisurely got up and leisurely advanced to the porch.

"Hello, Hammond!" he drawled.

"Drunk again last night?"

"Well, if you want to know, and if it's any of your mix, yes, I was—pretty drunk," replied Stewart.

It was a kind of cool speech that showed the cowboy in control of himself and master of the situation—not an easy speech to follow up with undue inquisitiveness. There was a short silence.

"D— it, Stewart," said the speaker, presently, "here's the situation: It's all over town that you met my sister last night at the station and—insulted her. Gene, you've been on the wrong trail for some time, drinking and all that. You're going to the bad. But Bill thinks, and I think, you're still a man. We never knew you to lie. Now what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nobody is insinuating that I am a liar?" drawled Stewart.

"No."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. You see, Al, I was pretty drunk last night, but not drunk enough to forget the least thing I did. I found Miss Hammond waiting alone at the station. She wore a veil, but I knew she was a lady, of course. I imagine, now that I think of it, that Miss Hammond found my gallantry rather startling, and—"

At this point Madeline, answering to unconsidered impulse, eluded Florence and walked out upon the porch.

"Gentlemen," said Madeline, rather breathlessly; and it did not add to

her calmness to feel a hot flush in her cheeks. "I am very new to western ways, but I think you are laboring under a mistake, which, in justice to Mr. Stewart, I want to correct. Indeed, he was rather—rather abrupt and strange when he came up to me last night; but as I understand him now, I can attribute that to his gallantry. He was somewhat wild and sudden and—sentimental in his demand to protect me—and it was not clear whether he meant his protection for last night or forever; but I am happy to say he offered me no word that was not honorable. And he saw me safely here to Miss Kingsley's home."

(To be continued.)

PULLED COMRADE TO SAFETY

Amazing Act of Airedale Who Rescued His Playmate From Wheels of Speeding Train.

The Airedale who saved the life of his mate, a large setter, by snatching him off the railway tracks near Cincinnati only an instant before a B. & O. train whizzed over the spot, performed a very remarkable and heroic act. There can be no question about this, says Our Dumb Animals. There were at least two reliable witnesses of the rescue who reported the facts, which were substantially as follows:

Both dogs belonged to one owner. They had been inseparable companions. The setter was subject to fits, and when the locomotive gave its warning whistle he was suddenly stricken and dropped between the rails paralyzed. The Airedale was a smaller dog, but quick and wiry. All of his breed are fast workers. The Airedale grasped the situation instinctively, if you must have it so, but with every indication of rapid reasoning. His mental processes prompted him to act instantly and desperately. He achieved his purpose and dragged him over the rail, not a second too soon, and then down the declivity to a safe place; there to revive him from coma by licking him with his tongue. The account of this rescue at once stirred up the old controversy of instinct versus reason in the dog among psychologists and dog fanciers. It is our opinion that one need not be either of these to discern and determine intelligence and reason in the animal that has associated himself closest with man.

A sharp knock on the parlor door interrupted conversation. Florence's sister went to open it. She returned presently and said:

"It's Gene. He's been dawdlin' out there on the front porch, and he knocked to let us know Miss Hammond's brother is comin'."

Florence hurried into the parlor, followed by Madeline. The door stood open, and disclosed Stewart sitting on the porch steps. From down the road came a clatter of hoofs. Madeline looked out over Florence's shoulder and saw a cloud of dust approaching and in it she distinguished outlines of horses and riders. A warmth spread over her, a little tingle of gladness, and the feeling recalled her girlish love for her brother. What would he be like after long years?

Looking out, Madeline saw a bunch of dusty, wiry horses pawing the gravel and tossing lean heads. Her swift glance ran over the lithe horsemen, trying to pick out the one who was her brother. But she could not. Her glance, however, caught the same rough dress and hard aspect that characterized the cowboy Stewart. Then one rider threw his reins, leaped from the saddle, and came bounding up the porch steps. Florence met him at the door.

"Hello, Flo. Where is she?" he called, eagerly. With that he looked over her shoulder to spy Madeline. He actually jumped at her. She hardly knew the tall form and the bronzed face, but the warm flash of blue eyes was familiar. As for him, he had no doubt of his sister, it appeared, for with broken welcome he threw his arms around her, then held her off and looked searchingly at her.

"Well, sister," he began, when Florence turned hurriedly from the door and interrupted him.

"Al, I think you'd better stop the wrangling out there."

He stared at her, appeared suddenly to hear the loud voices from the street, and then, releasing Madeline, he said:

"By George! I forgot, Flo. There is a little business to see to. Keep my sister in here, please, and don't be fussed up, now."

He went out on the porch and called to his men:

"Shut off your wind, Jack! And you, too, Blaze! I didn't want you fellows to come here. But as you would come, you've got to shut up. This is my business."

Whereupon he turned to Stewart, who was sitting on the fence.

"Hello, Stewart!" he said.

It was a greeting; but there was that in the voice which alarmed Madeline.

Stewart leisurely got up and leisurely advanced to the porch.

"Hello, Hammond!" he drawled.

"Drunk again last night?"

"Well, if you want to know, and if it's any of your mix, yes, I was—pretty drunk," replied Stewart.

It was a kind of cool speech that showed the cowboy in control of himself and master of the situation—not an easy speech to follow up with undue inquisitiveness. There was a short silence.

"D— it, Stewart," said the speaker, presently, "here's the situation: It's all over town that you met my sister last night at the station and—insulted her. Gene, you've been on the wrong trail for some time, drinking and all that. You're going to the bad. But Bill thinks, and I think, you're still a man. We never knew you to lie. Now what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nobody is insinuating that I am a liar?" drawled Stewart.

"No."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. You see, Al, I was pretty drunk last night, but not drunk enough to forget the least thing I did. I found Miss Hammond waiting alone at the station. She wore a veil, but I knew she was a lady, of course. I imagine, now that I think of it, that Miss Hammond found my gallantry rather startling, and—"

At this point Madeline, answering to unconsidered impulse, eluded Florence and walked out upon the porch.

"Gentlemen," said Madeline, rather breathlessly; and it did not add to

It Was an Affair of Charity

By ARTHUR W. PEACH

(Copyright, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Ted, you have more money than you know what to do with. Now I want to help you part with a little of it!" Margaret Ames looked with amused and tender eyes at the clear-cut face that was lifted to hers from a newspaper.

Emerson smiled at the dark-eyed girl in turn. "Another affair of charity? It seems to me that I have parted with quite a bit since you won me to that settlement work of yours. But I am game; I'll help—what is it?"

Peggy Ames knew the secret of her power over him; that secret was one of the great and precious possessions of her life. Once had he loved her, and she had almost loved him. Though she had married another, something of the fragrance of his love for her shed its fragrance down the years and had kept their companionship sweet.

"I'll tell you. I want you to furnish funds enough to aid a young singer to complete her last year at the conservatory."

A quick shadow rose and darkened in his eyes, and she was surprised at the swift bitterness in his tone. "That is the last thing I care to do. Peggy. Please don't ask me to do it."

She looked at him with questioning eyes—there was some mystery behind his sudden and unusual stern answer.

"But it's a small thing, Ted; and I am anxious to help her. Please!"

"If I could only learn to refuse you," he said, the shadow still in his eyes, "but I cannot. So what is my contribution to be?"

He paid the succeeding installments, as he did that one, with good grace, but Peggy was constantly tantalized by his evident feeling that it was the last thing he wanted to do. She came to the conclusion that there was some

transaction did not last certain circumstances induced man who sold himself for a hog, to repay money.

Once upon a time, Mr. Rarick, an early settler residing north of Glen Elder, brought one hog to town, selling the animal to the buyer, relates the Glen Elder Sentinel. After unloading the hog and weighing the empty wagon, it was learned that Mr. Rarick was mistaken in his belief that he had brought a hog to market. The empty wagon weighed more than it did when the presumed-to-be hog was in it. Nothing daunted, Mr. Rarick told the buyer he would return and bring him another hog, as he had no notion of cheating an honest man.

There used to be a man near Toronto who raised hogs to sell. He also was peculiar. On one occasion, as E. E. Kelley tells it, he sold a load of hogs to a local buyer named Tom Hargis. Hargis was a Texan and held his word in high regard. Hargis received the load of hogs, weighed them and left another man to weigh the empty wagon. The seller took his weights to Hargis and received the money for the hogs. Later, Hargis found the hog man had weighed "on" with the load and "off" with the empty wagon. He mounted a horse and overtook the seller just at a place on the creek where they were fishing. Hargis made short work of it. "Mister, you sold me a hawg today I don't want. I ain't got no use for it. You weighed yo'self and sold yo'self for a fat hawg at 3 cents a pound. I hate mighty bad to go back on a deal, but yo' ain't w'oth it. Yo' wouldn't make good soap grease. So I sort o' expect you'd better buy yo'self right back, right now, if yo' count on drivin' on home." And the man who sold himself for a hog promptly bought himself back again.

"A Snap of the Fingers." In southern countries the fig is the commonest of fruits, so to say that "I don't care a fig" means "I care nothing."

Now, the action of pushing the thumb between the two first fingers produces a shape roughly like a fig, and to hold up the hand thus means that you don't care a fig. That this gesture has become corrupted into the contemptuous snap of the fingers is one explanation.

A far more probable supposition is that our snap of contempt is the descendant of the old snap with which the ancient Romans used to summon their slaves, much as one would click to a dog, and that when we snap our fingers today, we are merely showing the contempt that we would feel for the meanest of slaves.

Elimination of Radio Noises. Howls and noises coming through a receiving set may be reduced with tinfoil. Paint the interior with shellac (not glue—glue is not an insulator) and stick the tinfoil to the wet shellac. After the tinfoil is in place, it should be grounded. In addition, if necessary, place aluminum sheets between the vacuum tubes and ground these.

He seemed to grow rigid and quiet, mystery tucked away into his life which she, as his first and only love, should know.

So one day she said frankly: "Ted, why were you so quick to say you didn't want to help in my little singer's case?"

The dark shadows rose into his serene eyes. "My reason, my dear, belongs to a past over which I have dropped a veil, and not even you can lift it," he answered quietly.

"Did it have to do with some girl?" she persisted. "I have always thought I was the only one!"

He laughed. "You are—but you weren't. Now, look here, mischief, you have pumped my innermost secrets from me, but this one you won't!"

"Is—that—so?"

He looked at her quickly, puzzled by the tone of her voice; then, evidently satisfied that she really knew nothing about that secret, he answered: "That—is—so!"

A month later she announced that he was to escort her to the recital at which their little singer was to appear. He demurred, but she had her way.

"I have a lovely little plot all in mind, Ted. She is a beautiful thing, and—I noticed the other day that the gray frost is gathering at your temples. You really must settle down; and it would be fine if you could get interested in her!" she advised him.

He grinned a grin that was still boyish. "Marry me to a temperamental songbird? Peggy, where is your common sense? I don't want a lark in my home; they fit in better outside. Now, if you had married me—"

"What a life you would have led!" she parried.

Peggy guided him to the hall where the recital was to be held. Their seats were in a favorable location to see the stage, and she gossiped merrily by reason of the sheltered position. He listened with interest to the earlier numbers, and followed her chatter with his quiet regard, but she could see that on the whole he was bored.

"Oh, now it's lovelier still!"

"Oh, now it's lovelier still!"

"What does the object of our charity appear?" he queried finally, pointing to the name on the program, Priscilla Hope.

"There she is now!" she said, watching him closely.

He was suddenly tense, as a golden-haired girl came gracefully forward. She was beautiful, and the God who made her beautiful gave her a beautiful voice.

As she sang and replied to encore after encore, he seemed to grow rigid and quiet. When she had finished, returning to bow her appreciation of the applause given her, Peggy said to him:

"Now, aren't you glad you spent some of your money in such an investment?"

He was silent for a moment. "I hardly know."

"Aren't you interested in her?"

He turned to her, his voice full of pain. "Oh, Peggy, be merciful! What do you know? What have you been up to? You know her real name is not Priscilla Hope but Mary Lane—what else?"

"Hush, dear lad, I know a great deal. I know that you loved her once, and that because she thought she was more interested in her music than in you and a home she refused you. I did not know all this at first, but I have learned it."

"Well, it is true," he said a bit sadly.

"I have learned something else—that she really does love you. I have managed it—oh, so cleverly, dear lad, and all you have to do is to go behind that door and she—"

"Peggy, are you crazy? Why, we have not spoken for—"

"Some precious things we keep in our hearts, and they grow and blossom, season after season, and I know—I know—"

"You are mistaken," he said firmly, his face grave with pain. "Suppose we go!"

He reached the end of the aisle in the darkening auditorium before he realized that she was not with him; then out of the shadows, summoned evidently by Peggy, came a golden figure that passed before him, and spoke in a breathless, half cry:

"Ted, I wanted to succeed—and I have—but I—I want you so much more. Don't you want me?"

Peggy, looking from the stage door, saw what made the tears of happiness gather in her eyes, even as she closed a little door in her own heart over whose threshold Ted never more would care to go.

TRANSACTION DID NOT LAST Certain Circumstances Induced Man Who Sold Himself for a Hog, to Repay Money.

Once upon a time, Mr. Rarick, an early settler residing north of Glen Elder, brought one hog to town, selling the animal to the buyer, relates the Glen Elder Sentinel. After unloading the hog and weighing the empty wagon, it was learned that Mr. Rarick was mistaken in his belief that he had brought a hog to market. The empty wagon weighed more than it did when the presumed-to-be hog was in it. Nothing daunted, Mr. Rarick told the buyer he would return and bring him another hog, as he had no notion of cheating an honest man.

There used to be a man near Toronto who raised hogs to sell. He also was peculiar. On one occasion, as E. E. Kelley tells it, he sold a load of hogs to a local buyer named Tom Hargis. Hargis was a Texan and held his word in high regard. Hargis received the load of hogs, weighed them and left another man to weigh the empty wagon. The seller took his weights to Hargis and received the money for the hogs. Later, Hargis found the hog man had weighed "on" with the load and "off" with the empty wagon. He mounted a horse and overtook the seller just at a place on the creek where they were fishing. Hargis made short work of it. "Mister, you sold me a hawg today I don't want. I ain't got no use for it. You weighed yo'self and sold yo'self for a fat hawg at 3 cents a pound. I hate mighty bad to go back on a deal, but yo' ain't w'oth it. Yo' wouldn't make good soap grease. So I sort o' expect you'd better buy yo'self right back, right now, if yo' count on drivin' on home." And the man who sold himself for a hog promptly bought himself back again.

"A Snap of the Fingers." In southern countries the fig is the commonest of fruits, so to say that "I don't care a fig" means "I care nothing."

Now, the action of pushing the thumb between the two first fingers produces a shape roughly like a fig, and to hold up the hand thus means that you don't care a fig. That this gesture has become corrupted into the contemptuous snap of the fingers is one explanation.

A far more probable supposition is that our snap of contempt is the descendant of the old snap with which the ancient Romans used to summon their slaves, much as one would click to a dog, and that when we snap our fingers today, we are merely showing the contempt that we would feel for the meanest of slaves.

Elimination of Radio Noises. Howls and noises coming through a receiving set may be reduced with tinfoil. Paint the interior with shellac (not glue—glue is not an insulator) and stick the tinfoil to the wet shellac. After the tinfoil is in place, it should be grounded. In addition, if necessary, place aluminum sheets between the vacuum tubes and ground these.

He seemed to grow rigid and quiet, mystery tucked away into his life which she, as his first and only love, should know.

So one day she said frankly: "Ted, why were you so quick to say you didn't want to help in my little singer's case?"

The dark shadows rose into his serene eyes. "My reason, my dear, belongs to a past over which I have dropped a veil, and not even you can lift it," he answered quietly.

"Did it have to do with some girl?" she persisted. "I have always thought I was the only one!"

He laughed. "You are—but you weren't. Now, look here, mischief, you have pumped my innermost secrets from me, but this one you won't!"

"Is—that—so?"

He looked at her quickly, puzzled by the tone of her voice; then, evidently satisfied that she really knew nothing about that secret, he answered: "That—is—so!"

A month later she announced that he was to escort her to the recital at which their little singer was to appear. He demurred, but she had her way.

"I have a lovely little plot all in mind, Ted. She is a beautiful thing, and—I noticed the other day that the gray frost is gathering at your temples. You really must settle down; and it would be fine if you could get interested in her!" she advised him.

He grinned a grin that was still boyish. "Marry me to a temperamental songbird? Peggy, where is your common sense? I don't want a lark in my home; they fit in better outside. Now, if you had married me—"

"What a life you would have led!" she parried.

Peggy guided him to the hall where the recital was to be held. Their seats were in a favorable location to see the stage, and she gossiped merrily by reason of the sheltered position. He listened with interest to the earlier numbers, and followed her chatter with his quiet regard, but she could see that on the whole he was bored.

"Oh, now it's lovelier still!"

Select a Good Bank---and Begin to Save

Those who have made a habit of systematic saving know what pleasure a bank book, showing a growing balance, affords. Those who do not save, know what hardship the lack of money brings. Why not save a little of what you earn? We are ready to help you do it.

The First National Bank

61-46 Bellefonte, Pa.

All the remaining stock of Rogers & Bro. "Star Brand" Knives, Forks and Spoons will be sold at \$2 per half dozen. These are the remaining articles of our sale.

F. P. Blair & Son,
Jewelers and Optometrists
Bellefonte, Pa.




FIGURE IT OUT for yourself. Griffon Clothes are distinguished-looking in their style. They are lastingly tailored. Their cloths are all wool and enduring as the year is long. Are they worth \$30 and \$35?

A. Fauble

