

THE HARVEST MOON.

Over fields that are ripe with the sweetness That hides the full tasseled corn.

For the seed that slept long in the furrow Hath wakened to life and to death.

Hath risen to passionate breath, Hath laughed in the sunlight and starlight.

O moon of the harvest's rich glory, Thy banners outflame in the sky.

THE RIVIERA ROAD.

They were escaping. The man, notorious for his cleverness at cards and for his hard, lean jaw and perfect manner of a fighting Frenchman, had the wheel.

Their former life was behind them now. Their flight from Paris to the Riviera marked its end.

"Possibly it is. One grows honest as one grows weary. I shall be glad to get to Cannes, you may believe."

The high road ran through vast gold and gray country, stark at this winter season. At times the rock slopes of the ranges seemed to hem them in hopelessly, showing them nothing but the short strip of road, peasant villages, small tiled fields, and gray-blue air that, though spicy, seemed filled with desolation.

He poured out more wine for her. Though it was no later than three, daylight had begun to ebb in the room. By four-thirty it would be nearly dark.

He smiled to himself. Some of the bills in the vast roll that they had stolen might be marked, but tossed about on the Casino tables they could never be traced.

"How sweet of you to say such things!" "Why was it, do you suppose," he continued, "that we never knew each other before? God knows we must have knocked elbows in every capital in Europe!"

"I know it is strange. Why, your face has been familiar to me for years."

"And yours to me. You've always brought me luck."

"Yes, and now you've brought me—don't smile, Madeleine—now you've brought me love as well."

"Oh, Raoul, you are a darling! Imagine your saying that to me! Me of all people!" His face clouded and still, without looking at her, but divining quite well her thoughts, he said gruffly:

"I don't care what you've been. That's past now!"

The noon sun did not warm the cold air, and a bright mockery of golden light was flung back from every wall turning past them, from every pale blotch on the unending lines of leafless plane-trees shedding their bark in coin-shaped spots.

"I thought we might have luncheon at St. Maximin and rest there," suggested her companion. "Then go on to Hyeres for the night. That's far enough for today."

"Oh, could we do that? I've always wanted to stop in St. Maximin."

In another hour they came in sight of the houses of St. Maximin, with the old Gothic church in their midst, which for all its years looked unfinished, uncouth—a monstrous crouched mass of masonry painted thin gold by the weak sunlight.

They turned into the narrow streets along to a public square full of market-stalls, and down to the front of an inn. The man drew the car to a stop beside its wide doorway, and helped the woman out. She stood for a second stiffly, seeming to find it hard to get her balance. Then she went in with him.

The stout, middle-aged patron showed them the way in past the kitchen through a veil of savory food smells to a small salon, where a fire burned briskly in the wide fireplace. The woman bent toward the flames, and the man, unfastening the muffler from about his neck, turned to the patron.

"Bring us some brandy quickly," he said. "Madame is very cold." And he drew up a bench for her close to the fire.

Over the top of their lifted glasses the man and woman caught each other's glance, and between them passed a look like a faint, sweet clash of cymbals.

They had luncheon in the bare dining-room that was furnished with wooden benches for tables, and heated by a glowing coal-stove in the centre of the wide, low-ceiled room. But for them a table was placed near the stove, and with it two stuffy chairs, with tattered red brocade coverings indicating the last of a faded grandeur.

"It's like being on a wedding-trip," said Madeleine. "Did you notice the maid's eyes on us? She thinks we're almost as happy as we are!"

"She knows! These peasants are wise people. She can read us, because we're both quite simple for once."

"And quite—quite free!" "Almost!" His voice held a mixture of joy and anxiety in it. There was no one in the long room but themselves, save when the maid came to bring them food and to lay the fresh plates which stood in a rack against the coal-stove to heat.

"Almost," Madeleine. But I shall not rest until we are in Cannes—or really, my dear, until we are out of it again and have found some spacious place where we can be together, away from pursuits and questionings."

"That will not be long." She smiled up at him sweetly, thinking ahead. But it was the immediate present, as always, that claimed his real attention. For the future he could only arrange simple and practical plans, bound to the present by a chain of fortune and circumstance. But she had faith. She could see ahead. She could believe in what had not, and even might not, come to pass.

"How much time have we here, Raoul?" she asked.

"As much as you wish. It's only two hours to Hyeres. Why?"

"I'd like to go to the church."

"You shall." He was pleased at her request, for though gambling had long been his profession, art was, and always would be, as important to him as bread or wine.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, E. R. Taylor, High Sheriff of the County of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid that an election will be held in the said County of Centre on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, being the 8th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1927, for the purpose of electing several persons hereinafter named, to-wit:

- One person for Judge of the Courts of Centre County. One person for Sheriff. One person for Prothonotary. One person for County Treasurer. One person for Register of Wills. One person for Recorder of Deeds. Two persons for County Commissioner. Two persons for County Auditor. One person for County Coroner. One person for County Surveyor.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the elections in the several wards, boroughs, districts and townships within the County of Centre is as follows:

- For the North Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the carriage shop of S. A. McQuiston. For the West Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the carriage shop of S. A. McQuiston. For the North Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the Undine Fire Co. building. For the West Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the carriage shop of S. A. McQuiston. For the borough of Centre Hall, in a room at Runkle's Hotel. For the borough of Howard, in the public school building in said borough. For the borough of Millheim, in the new Municipal building. For the borough of Milesburg, in the borough building on Market street. For the First Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at Bratton's Garage, northeast corner of Seventh and Pine streets. For the Second Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at the Public Building at the corner of Third Centre and Presqueisle streets. For the Third Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at Bratton's Garage, northeast corner of Seventh and Pine streets. For the borough of Port Matilda, in the hall of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, in said borough. For the borough of South Philipsburg, at the City Hall in South Philipsburg. For the borough of Snow Shoe, in the Borough Building. For the borough of State College, East Precinct, on College Avenue at the Odd Fellows Hall. For the borough of State College, West Precinct, on Frazier street at the Firemen's hall. For the borough of Unionville, in Grange Hall, in said borough. For the township of Benner, North Precinct, at the Knox school house. For the township of Benner, South Precinct, at the new brick school house at Rockview. For the township of Boggs, North Precinct, at Walker's school house. For the township of Boggs, East Precinct, at the hall of Knights of Labor, in the village of Curtin. For the township of Boggs, West Precinct, at the Grange Hall, Central City. For the township of Burnside, in the building owned by William Hipple, in the village of Pine Glenn. For the township of College, at the school house in the village of Lemont. For the township of Curtin, North Precinct, at the school house in the village of Orriston. For the township of Curtin, South Precinct, at the school house, near Robert Mann's. For the township of Ferguson, East Precinct, at the public house of R. R. Randolph, in Pine Grove Mills. For the township of Ferguson, West Precinct, at Baileyville school house, in the village of Baileyville. For the township of Ferguson, North Precinct, at Grange Hall. For the township of Ferguson, North West Precinct, at Marengo school house. For the township of Gregg, North Precinct, at the Murray school house. For the township of Gregg, East Precinct, at the house occupied by William A. Sinkabine, at Penn Hall. For the township of Gregg, West Precinct, in Grange Hall at Spring Mills. For the township of Haines, East Precinct, at the school house in the village of Woodward. For the township of Haines, West Precinct, at the residence of E. A. Bower in Aaronsburg. For the township of Half Moon, in the I. O. O. F. hall in the village of Stormstown. For the township of Harris, East Precinct, in the building owned by Harry McCellan, in the village of Linden Hall. For the township of Harris, West Precinct, in Malta Hall, Boalsburg.

Sheriff's Election Proclamation

- For the township of Howard, in the township public building. For the township of Huston, in the township building in Julian. For the township of Liberty, East Precinct, at the school house in Eagleville. For the township of Marion, in the Grange Hall in the village of Jacksonville. For the township of Miles, East Precinct, at the dwelling house of G. H. Showers at Wolf's Store. For the township of Miles, Middle Precinct, in Bank building at Rebersburg. For the township of Miles, West Precinct, at the store room of Elias Miller in Madisonburg. For the township of Patton, in the shop of John Hoy at Waddle. For the township of Penn, in a building formerly owned by Luther Guisewitz at Coburn. For the township of Potter, North Precinct, at the Old Fort Hotel. For the township of Potter, South Precinct, at the Hotel in the village of Pottery Mills. For the township of Potter, West Precinct, at the store of George Meiss, at Colyer. For the township of Rush, North Precinct, at the township Poor House. For the township of Rush, East Precinct, at the school house in the village of Casanova. For the township of Rush, South Precinct, at the school house in the village of Fowclon. For the township of Snow Shoe, East Precinct, at the school house in the village of Clarence. For the township of Snow Shoe, West Precinct, at the house of Alonzo D. Groe in the village of Moshannon. For the township of Spring, North Precinct, at the township building erected near Mallory's blacksmith shop. For the township of Spring, South Precinct, at the public house formerly owned by John C. Mullinger in Pleasant Gap. For the township of Spring, West Precinct, in the township building in Coleville. For the township of Taylor, in the house erected for the purpose at Leonard Merryman's.

For the township of Union, in the township public building. For the township of Walker, East Precinct, in a building owned by Solomon Peck, in the village of Huston. For the township of Walker, Middle Precinct, in the Grange Hall, in the village of Hubersburg. For the township of Walker, West Precinct, at the dwelling house of John Royer, in the village of Zion. For the township of Worth, in the Laurel Run school house in said township.

LIST OF NOMINATIONS.

The official list of nominations made by the several parties, and as their names will appear upon the ticket to be voted for on the eighth day of November, 1927, at the different voting places in Centre County, as certified to respectively by the Commissioners of Centre County are given in the accompanying form of ballot.

Notice is hereby given that every person, excepting Justice of the Peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the Government of the United States or this State, or of any City or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of the State or the United States or any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature, and of the Select or Common Council of any city, of Commissioners of any incorporated district, is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at any same time the office or appointment of judge, inspector or clerk of any district of this Commonwealth, and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such elections shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for except that an election officer.

Under the law of the Commonwealth for holding elections, the polls shall be open at 7 o'clock A. M. and closed at 7 o'clock P. M. GIVEN under my hand and seal at my office in Bellefonte this 13th day of October, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty seven and in the one hundred and fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America. E. R. TAYLOR, (Seal.) Sheriff of Centre County.

SPECIMEN BALLOT

To vote a straight party ticket, mark a cross (X) in square in the FIRST COLUMN, opposite the name of the party of your choice. A cross mark in the square opposite the name of any candidate indicates a vote for that candidate. To vote for a person whose name is not on the ballot, write or paste his or her name in the blank space provided for that purpose. This shall count as a vote either with or without the cross mark. To vote for an individual candidate of another party after making a mark in the party square, mark a cross (X) opposite his or her name. For an office where more than one candidate is to be elected, the voter after marking in the party square, may divide his or her vote by marking a cross (X) to the right of each candidate for whom he or she desires to vote.

First Column

To Vote a Straight Party Ticket Mark a Cross (X) in this Column

Republican Democratic Prohibition

JUDGE OF THE COURTS OF CENTRE COUNTY (Vote for One) M. Waro Fleming (Rep./Proh.) W. Harrison Walker (Dem.)

SHERIFF (Vote for One) Harry Dukeman (Rep./Proh.) Harry E. Dunlap (Dem.)

PROTHONOTARY (Vote for one) Roy Wilkinson (Rep./Dem./Proh.) S. Claude Herr (Dem./Proh.)

COUNTY TREASURER (Vote for One) H. E. Holtzworth (Rep./Dem./Proh.) Lyman L. Smith (Dem./Proh.)

REGISTER OF WILLS (Vote for One) Harry A. Rossman (Rep./Proh.) B. F. Boal (Dem.)

RECORDER OF DEEDS (Vote for One) Lloyd A. Stover (Rep.) Sinie H. Hoy (Dem./Proh.)

COUNTY COMMISSIONER (Vote for Two) Howard M. Miles (Rep./Proh.) Newton I. Wilson (Rep.) John S. Searly (Dem./Proh.) C. M. Parrish (Dem.)

COUNTY AUDITOR (Vote for Two) Samuel W. Holter (Rep./Proh.) Robert G. Musser (Rep.) O. J. Stover (Dem./Proh.) Harry E. Garbrick (Dem.)

CORONER (Vote for One) Dr. W. R. Heaton (Rep./Dem./Proh.)

COUNTY SURVEYOR (Vote for One) H. B. Shattuck (Rep./Dem./Proh.)

can't tell you the story exactly, for I don't really know quite how the relic got there. It's something about the Magdalen's having sailed to the coast here somewhere, after the Crucifixion, and founded a religious order. The last of her life was very holy. And there is this skull—I should like to see it. "You shall, my dear." They had finished with their fruit now, and were tasting of liqueurs from the small thick peasant glasses. Raoul lighted a cigarette and passed it across the table to the woman. Then he lighted one for himself. "It would be a pity," he continued, "not to see the inside of the church, since we are here. You have something before you if you've never seen it. It's both famous and ancient, as of course you know—the sort of place architects all come to visit. But it is not exactly for the multitude—more, I should say, for those of esoteric taste, lovers of the pure Gothic—the purest; and then, it is for those who feel."

though I hate to have this luncheon over, Raoul. I'm sentimental, I know, but when you think of all the gay places in which we've lunched and dined—every single Ritz hotel—and then look at this! My dear, it's so simple, so wholesome! It's good—I don't know what else to say of it. And consider the food. Have you ever tasted better?" They left the car by the curb, and walked the short distance up a narrow street to the open square in which the church is set. Through wide stone doorways they had glimpses of peasants and their crude housekeeping—shops and cellars below, dwellings above, all the walls old, with their tight piled masonry shutting out light and air, leaning in picturesque evenness from the grooved pavement of cobbles smoothed by centuries of footsteps. And inside the church door, in the dim light, they stood for a moment of silence. There is no colored splendor in this church. From the tall windows a silvery radiance falls through the old, nearly white glass. It touched along every surface of that rising, breath-taking symmetry—that ecstatic pur-

ity of line. High above, the air is moulded by distant arches closing in shadow. The columns, the heights, roar upward with a far, unearthly music; you can hear it, as you hear your own breath or the beating of your heart. For a time the pure passion that is not limited by human desire held them both. Their hands were at their sides, and their faces, lifted into the waning light of the nave, were carved by that uncolored gleaming into a monotone of rapture like that on the stone faces of saints. And when they were themselves again, and just two people standing in a church, the man said softly: "You see—it is the soul. They understood it; they shaped it out of the air that any one may shape as he chooses. They drew its outlines here, and so well, so truly, that it forever transcends their work, yet it does not elude them." For he knew too much to be naive about it. Sooner or later his analytic sense would invade his instinctive delight in art, and words would be formed. The woman paid no attention to his words. While Raoul walked about

slowly, she found the guide, a little old woman, who offered to direct her to the Roman chapel under the church where are the tombs and sarcophagi of saints, and the skull of Mary Magdalen. The guide preceded her down several stone steps into a small vaulted chamber, dank and cold. Then she stood aside. Two lighted candle-ends which she held in her gnarled hands dripped their wax audibly onto the floor. Madeleine saw before her, above a bench where many had knelt to pray, a golden face gleaming serenely in the wavering candle-light. Features of perfect calm, framed in eternal beaten gold tresses, looked steadily down at her. As Madeleine fell on her knees the guide came up beside her and, leaning forward, unclasped the golden face and swung it aside like an opened door. The hair now framed an oval of blackness, and in the blackness glimmered a skull. Madeleine closed her eyes. She tried to pray, but neither her mind nor her lips would shape words. Instead, a choking feeling bore up through her body and filled her throat until she

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