

**THE LION AND THE LAMB.**

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6.)

He wasn't afraid to die and he wasn't afraid to walk to meet his death, but he was afraid to let this skunk Bowker dishonor him and force him to stay in the house. And he and Bowker were the only two men in Dos Rios who never doubted that the end of the story was to be, for the rest of the town had finally got to regard Bowker as a bluff.

Those were hard days on Mendel. His wife had died about a year before and his children had grown up and pulled out of quiet little Dos Rios. So Mendel's alone, except for the servants, and what he's going through would have rasped the nerves of a family man of larger caliber.

One day as the Judge is leaving his chambers to go home Sheila O'Hara looms up in the doorway. Sheila's over fifty now, but still not hard to look at. Her life's trial, O'Hara, has recently passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds, since which welcome event Sheila's not averse to chatting with Mendel Silverberg whenever opportunity offers.

"Come in, Sheila, and set," says Mendel. "You got a look in them Irish eyes of yours that spells strict business. Can I be of assistance to you, my friend?"

"You certainly can," says Sheila. "Mendel, you're crackin' under the strain of this Bowker animal's torture. You wasn't meant for torture. You got a soul too fine for a warrior's body and a body too small for your fine soul. You're the dearest man in all Texas and I want that you should know I think so. And I've made up my mind you can't be rode with spurs no more by this Bowker. You got to end this business or I'll end you."

"I know it, Sheila," says Mendel. "But I don't know anything about shooting a pistol. I have never shot one. I have every legal right to kill Bowker in self-defense without waiting for him to attack me, but—he has never made his threat public in the presence of witnesses. That is, since he returned from the penitentiary. And if I should shoot at him, I doubt if I could succeed in hitting him. He would, of course, shoot back, in self-defense, and I'm sure he'd hit me if and when he shot at me. Then I'd be dead and nobody could convict him of murder. On the other hand, if I should, by some miracle, kill him, and no weapon should be found on his body, you can realize what a predicament I'd be in."

"Yes," says Sheila, "I reckon I can see through a ladder. You got heaps of courage, but not fighting courage. You'd die for a principle but you just couldn't roll around in the dirt with an enemy and gouge his eyes out or strangle him. Well, the Cosgraves and O'Haras thrive on stuff like that, so I reckon we'll have to give you some moral assistance."

"Now, you listen to me, Mendel. Uncertainty is what's driving you crazy, not the fear of being killed. If you knew Bowker would pull off his job tomorrow at eight o'clock, then at eight o'clock a. m. tomorrow you'd walk out of your house as usual, would you?"

"Yes, I would, Sheila," says Mendel.

"Well, now, you listen to me. When you meet Bowker on your way home this evening, you tell him you're plumb weary of his nasty attentions; that the next time you meet him you'll be armed and you'll just tunnel him without further warning. Tell him you know he's a lunatic and a fool and a coward and that he hasn't got you bluffed for a split second, but it's come to the point where patience ceases to be a virtue and you're all washed up on him. Mendel, you tell him that and he as fierce as a weasel while you're telling him, and I'll bet a cooky you outgame him and he quits bothering you."

"I don't believe that," says Mendel. "Well, says Sheila, 'it's worth trying, ain't it?'"

Mendel agreed it was and finally Sheila got him to make her a solemn promise to give Bowker his warning that very afternoon. He did, within the hour, while Bowker stood staring at him, not quite believing him and yet—

When the Judge comes out of his house next morning and looks around for Jim Bowker, the feller is nowhere in sight. Mendel heaves a sigh of relief. "That Sheila's a smart one and a better judge of human nature than I am," says he to himself. "I've bluffed that scrub out of his boots. He walks down the quiet, shady street and a stranger comes out of an intersecting street, and walks casually behind him."

Suddenly, at the next cross street, Bowker steps into the Judge's path and stands there grinning an evil grin at him. "Well, you runt," he says, "pull and get busy. I'll let you get your gun out before I even reach for mine."

"I'm not armed, Bowker," says Mendel.

"That's unfortunate, because today's the day I'm going to kill you, Silverberg," says Bowker. "I'll probably swing for it, but I don't care," and his right hand goes reaching beneath his coat and under his left armpit.

It never comes out in life. Behind the Judge a pistol spoke six times and Mendel heard six bullets whiz by his ears and slap into Bowker's body—the skunk was dead before he hit the sidewalk and the Judge, turning, sees a total stranger strolling casual-like toward him while he fills his pistol cylinder with fresh cartridges. Without a word he walks up to the corpse and pulls a six-shooter out of a shoulder holster. The dead man's fingers are still closed on the butt.

"It worked, by the Lord!" says this strange hombre. "Judge Silverberg, Sir," he continues, lifting his sombrero with much respect, "vaya usted

con Dios! Which, if you don't know Spanish, is a sweet line, even in English. It means 'Go you with God!'"

"So it's—over," says the Judge in a whisper.

"All but the funeral, your Honor."

"I seem to have known you somewhere, my friend," says Mendel, "but your name has escaped my memory."

"I'm Dennis O'Hara. I used to steal cattle, but you reformed me. I'm a captain in the Texas Rangers, and last week my mother wrote down and told me to come up at once and do her a favor. When I got here yesterday she told me what you were up against and asked me to kill this Bowker lunatic before he killed you. Of course, I realized that if I could find a gun on the body—and in the presence of witnesses—the proposition was simple. All I had to do was to induce Bowker to heel himself this morning; then arrange to be within distance and when he reaches for his weapon, beat him to the draw. So I made a plan and Ma she undertook to put it through for me. She said she figured you wouldn't defy this here animal for anybody but her—and she was right. Didn't you tell the diseased here you would shoot at sight?"

"You devious young son of a gun," says Mendel Silverberg. "I did! I didn't want to bluff Bowker because I knew I'd never make good on the bluff and I was certain, too, he'd call my bluff. But I disliked very much to appear—well—cowardly—to such an extent that I might—ah—forget the respect and—er—friendship of your excellent mother—so I performed—to please the extraordinary woman."

"Well, he swallowed the bluff and got him his gun and made up his mind he couldn't play with you any longer."

"And your mother sent for you to do this job?"

"Of course—why not? Ma had an old score to settle and so did I. One good turn deserves another, you know."

"But suppose your plan hadn't worked. Suppose I had refused to cooperate and Bowker hadn't armed himself—"

"Why my orders from Ma was to bust him anyhow," says young Dennis. "However, I promised you, the last time we had an executive conference, that hereafter I'd operate strictly within the law, so I arranged to make this a legal killing. I promised you I'd tote square and totting square means paying my debts—and interest was accumulating on my debt to you, Judge Silverberg."

"In my youth," says Mendel, "it was my ambition to marry you—er—remarkable mother, but—er—"

"Well, is's never too late to reform," says young Dennis. "I'm exhibit A to prove that. Many's the time I've heard Ma say she'd have married you if she'd ever figured you'd have had the guts to take a wagon spoke to her when she spoke out of her turn."

The Judge looked at his watch. "Son," he says, "you drop into the district attorney's office and tell him I'll not hold court today. I think I'll drive out to see your mother."

"Which I reckon he did," Dad Tully continued, "because they were both up visiting me last fall and while I didn't see no marriage certificate, Mendel told me they were man and wife. Nothing romantic, of course, but excellent friends and sort of looking forward to an old age free from loneliness. Mendel, he's bought back the old Broken Arrow outfit and set young Dennis up in the cook business and that's why I says that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world and don't you forget it."—Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

**Furniture Beetle Is a Busy Pest This Season.**

A little bug that was first noticed in a chair that came from the White House has started its annual program of destruction of mohair tapestried furniture.

Dr. A. E. Back of the bureau of entomology in the Department of Agriculture reports that his recent correspondence is chiefly from housewives who look with dismay upon the wilted davenport and the chair cushions.

"This insect, commonly called the furniture carpet beetle," Doctor Back says, "was first noticed in America in 1911 by the American Museum of National History in some specimens of curled hair from furniture that came to this country from Russia."

"It made its appearance in the Nation's Capital in a chair that had been given to the executive mansion by the Turkish government in 1915. Since that time it has become a serious pest and is particularly bad this season, judging from the number of requests our office has for remedies."

Thorough fumigation of the entire house or the particular piece of furniture affected is suggested by the bureau as the best means of combating the destructive pest.

**Jewish Fund**

The United Palestine Appeal has collected for all its constituent organizations \$9,911,077, from Oct. 1, 1925, to July 31, 1928, an increase of \$3,160,748 over a similar period prior to the organization of the appeal.

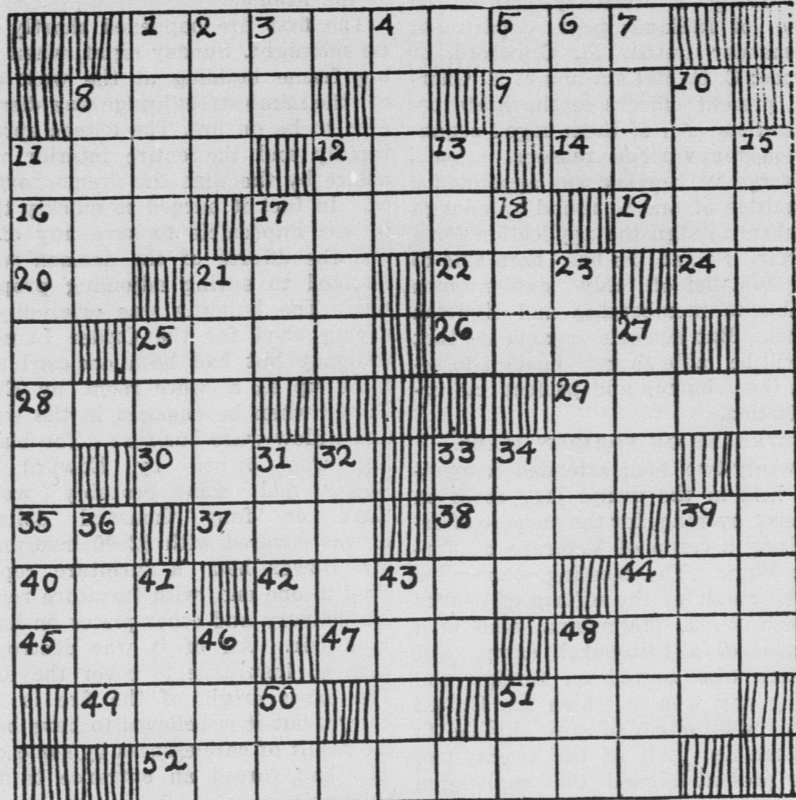
This was announced recently by Morris Rothenberg, chairman of the board of directors. In three years ending July 31, 1925, the total collected amounted to \$6,750,334.

The organizations benefiting from the appeal are Keren Hayesod (Palestine foundation fund), Hadassah medical organization, Junior Hadassah, Jewish national fund, Hebrew university and Mizrahi institutions. Hadassah was the largest beneficiary, receiving for medical work in Palestine \$1,000,000 more in the past three years than in the corresponding period when it conducted an independent campaign.

From 1922 to 1925 Hadassah sent to Palestine \$408,879, while during the three years from 1925 to 1928 the medical organization in Palestine received \$1,407,155. In the three years of the existence of the United Palestine Appeal \$7,264,787 was remitted to Palestine.

**HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE**  
When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

**CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 1.**



- Horizontal.**
- 1—Fat
  - 8—Rabbit
  - 9—Cry of pain
  - 11—Vitality
  - 12—Moist
  - 14—To enclose in paper
  - 15—Part of "to be"
  - 17—Buffalo
  - 19—To bind
  - 20—You and I
  - 21—Animal's coat
  - 22—Animal's foot
  - 24—Note of scale
  - 25—Money paid for services
  - 26—To box
  - 28—Always
  - 29—Group of Scandinavian legends
  - 30—Amount owed
  - 33—Metropolis
  - 35—Street (abbr.)
  - 37—To look at
  - 38—"Part of 'to be'"
  - 39—Preposition
  - 40—To allow
  - 42—To shine dazzlingly
  - 44—Evergreen tree
  - 45—Three feet
  - 47—Ignited
  - 48—In Colonial times, a British sympathizer
  - 49—To disgrace
  - 51—Succeeds against competitors
  - 52—Made flawless
- Vertical.**
- 1—Restaurant
  - 2—Native metal
  - 3—Note of scale
  - 4—Employs
  - 5—Printing measure
  - 6—At this time
  - 7—Sour
  - 8—To put on the payroll
  - 10—Splice
  - 11—In a manner showing contempt for organized rule
  - 12—Thread of metal
  - 13—Boys' plaything (pl.)
  - 15—Peasants (collectively)
  - 17—Insect
  - 18—Short sleep
  - 21—Money collected for transportation (pl.)
  - 23—To use wantonly
  - 25—To marry
  - 27—A beam
  - 31—To ask
  - 32—To relate
  - 33—Two-wheeled vehicle
  - 34—Anger
  - 36—Pair working in harmony
  - 38—Melodies
  - 41—A snare
  - 43—Military assistant
  - 44—Affectionate
  - 46—To expire
  - 48—To bind
  - 50—Man's polite title
  - 51—Weight (abbr.)

Solution will appear in next issue.

**67 Killed During August By Autos.**

Benjamin G. Eynon, registrar of motor vehicles, Pennsylvania department of highways, today announced that automobile accidents in Pennsylvania for the month of August totaled 2779 and were responsible for sixty-seven deaths, injuries to 2131 persons and property damages to 2252 vehicles. Eynon pointed out that during crossing accidents numbered but four, one being fatal. Pedestrians, numbering 446, were victims of motor vehicles, and 2059 were injured while riding or driving in automobiles. Twenty-one children, between the ages of 5 and 14, were killed in motor accidents, and 278 children between these ages were injured.

**Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.**

BREEZE WINDS  
BLOWN STORY P  
RATE SCARE LA  
ODE SHARK CID  
WE WEEPS FREE  
N WHALE WOUND  
TRILL CORES  
GRITS CARAT M  
RITE MARRY ME  
ATE CADDY HAT  
ME BASES BARE  
M LIGHT TARTS  
EVADE STORMS

**To Dr. Straton from a Baptist.**

Among the reactions to the Rev. John Roach Straton's attacks on Gov. Smith was a telegram to the minister from John Trotwood Moore, of Nashville, Tenn.:

"Your father was pastor of the Siloam Baptist Church at Marion, Ala. My father and mother worshipped there. I grew up in it. I love it and whatever it stands for. Your card in today's paper quoted you as saying that your challenge to Gov. Smith was a joke. I do not mind yourself, but I resent your making a joke of my church. We are going to vote for Al Smith down here."

The Baptist who thus resents the activities of Dr. Straton is and has long been the State Librarian of Tennessee, in charge of the archives in Nashville, to whom many historians and scholars are indebted for helpful services and suggestions. A scholar himself, a man of intellectual capacity and self-respect, he naturally despises bigotry and hates hypocrisy.

The best reply Dr. Straton can make to him is that the attack on the Governor was not addressed to men of Mr. Moore's intellectual attainments, but to a much lower order.

**Littered City Marks Lack of Civic Pride.**

Litter is what makes a city look dowdy. Wind-blown, gutter-soaked rubbish that rides on every breeze, swirls around the corners and finds lodgment finally where it makes the most mess.

The odd fact about litter is that it never originates itself; nor does it germinate and grow like weeds. It springs from human indifference. Some foreign cities, notably Munich, make a point of keeping their streets and sidewalks clean; Americans merely talk about it, and keep on strewn litter.

A city provides a great park and thousands gather on Sundays and holidays for recreation. The next day the place looks like the path of a cyclone, and it requires the labor of many men many hours to clean up the rubbish with which the public desecrates its own premises.

In the country tourists lunch by the roadside and contribute the leavings to the god of disorder. Beauty of wood and landscape is marred by shrubbery blown full of the relics of the last week's repasts.

Rubbish in city or country is a personal matter in the scattering but a community offense in the end. Cure of the evil must depend on an aroused sense of public decency. Cities, towns and country districts should have pride in being known by something else than the litter they tolerate.

**Distribute 503,000 Bass During the Month of August.**

The Board of Fish Commissioners during August distributed to the streams and waters in the Commonwealth 503,000 black bass, ranging in size from two to four inches and representing a value of \$150,900 if purchased from a commercial hatchery.

For several years the Board of Fish Commissioners has been developing waters at the Pleasant Mount Hatchery which are suitable for black bass. This is one of the most difficult and expensive fish to propagate artificially, as it requires large ranges of feeding grounds.

During the last year Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries C. R. Buller has developed a system for the propagation of the daphniae, which is very essential in the life of the young bass. The board is now constructing in the neighborhood of 100 ponds for propagation of the daphniae, and next year should show a great increase in the distribution of this species.

**Third Liberty Loan**

BONDS of this issue are still being presented for payment, although interest ceased September 15th.

If you hold any of these bonds, they should be collected at once. We shall be glad to attend to the collection.

**The First National Bank**  
BELLEFONTE, PA.

**Cost of a College Course**

A man of affairs recently remarked, "My college course cost me four hundred dollars a year." To provide for your children's education, maintain an account with us.

3 per cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
STATE COLLEGE, PA.  
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM



**Troubadour Weaves**

YOUNG men who appreciate fine materials will fall in love at first sight with "Nottingham, Troubadour Weaves!"

They're new! They're distinctive! They're colorful! Yet at the same time they are subdued in character, and refined in tone; the shadings are subtle; the design is modest.

And so are the prices! Let us show you.

**JAUBLE'S**