

"BELLE FONTE."

A copious fount of beauty rare, So gurgled, gurgled up, Within a shady valley, where 'Twas so inclosed, that nature there Seemed formed in one huge cup.

'Twas thus a wand'rer first had seen It gurgling brightly up; And nothing in proportions, mean,— He saw its glories had not been, As down he knelt to sup.

When quenched his thirst, he rose to gaze Upon this cool retreat: Shut in by hills, the woods, a maze, It seemed as if no end of days Could make 't a village seat.

For thus it was, his thoughts would take A quite ambitious stand; "A spot so grand, oh! who'd forsake, Although it all his genius wake To clear and till the land!"

But thwarted not by such a doubt, He first began to think, "I'll workmen bring, this pool scoop out, And put a wall of stone about, And put a cup to drink."

"And soon the world will learn its fame, And some will come and stay; And by degrees 'twill get a name When nature wild turns nature tame, And then, a town, we'll say."

"The iron rail will pierce you hill, And science find us out, Where deep the vale, there'll be a will To bridge it so that trade may still, Come in, and stir us 'bout."

"Thus, I foresee a town will rise, Around this lovely spot, And it will grow to wondrous size, And when this generation dies, This scene there's naught can blot."

Thus quered he; the dream seemed wild It grew to be a taunt; He acted as the dream had styled, And proved at last 'twas very mild, He called that town Bellefonte.

—From the Watchman of August 1900. —Written by Rev. W. A. C.

THE UNHAPPY STORY OF MARY TODD, THE WOMAN LINCOLN LOVED.

Mary Todd, daughter of Robert Todd, President of the First National Bank of Lexington, Kentucky. We come upon her at an embarrassing moment, perhaps. She is fourteen years old and determined to attend the Derby Day races, in spite of the fact that her Presbyterian father and still more Presbyterian mother have forbidden her to do so and have locked her in her room.

Mary is not as much cast down as might be supposed. She stands by the window, wearing one of her mother's best frocks—a deep rose silk, with a skimpily gathered skirt cut six inches from the ground, a high Byron collar, enormous puff sleeves and a huge hat with a rose-colored plume standing a foot above the crown.

She is decidedly pretty. The hat cannot conceal the mass of chestnut curls over her shoulders. Her eyes are beautiful, a deep blue, large and set well apart. She has a round little face and a pink-and-white skin. She puts one foot out of the window, follows it with its painted fellow, scuttles across the porch roof, goes monkey fashion down the clematis vine and for the moment we lose her.

It was a long time ago—in 1832, to be exact. But still the story of that escapade of Mary's persists. It was early afternoon and the street, on which stood the Todds' house, was almost deserted. Almost! As Mary ran under the shadow of the syringa hedges, her father appeared from nowhere.

Mary got her lifelong love of finery from her father. He wore a black-shaped blue broadcloth coat and white linen trousers strapped under his boots, and a bell-shaped hat, and a chokingly high stock, and he halted his daughter by obtruding a gold-mounted cane across her path. His temper flared.

"What are you doing here and in your mother's dress? Go home to bed, Miss."

A temper like his own crackled in Mary's blue eyes. "I won't! I'm going to the races with the Thurstona."

for Mary to lose her temper in French completely that the preceptress took an hour to bring her to a proper state of contrition.

Mary was a sensitive, ardent child. It was difficult not to excite her to too great repentance. That night Mary set a punishment upon herself for impertinence to the preceptress.

She appeared the next morning in the astronomy class wearing a dreadful-looking frock of linsey-woolsey, dyed with walnut juice. When the preceptress demanded an explanation, Mary replied that as love of clothes was one of her besetting sins, she had decided to remove the object of sin.

Therefore she had exchanged her own wardrobe for that of Tessie Grey, a poor white who lived in a cabin out on the Frankfort turnpike.

She threw the class into convulsions of merriment as she mimicked Tessie's agony of joy over the transaction. Standing with arms akimbo, her body slack, her little feet in Tessie's huge brogans, Mary drewled through her nose:

"I ain't goin's to give these hyer cambric pants up, Miss Mary, now you say they're mine, not if the Almighty says He wants to wear 'em in Heaven."

The preceptress, who had caught herself joining with the children in their avid following of Mary's inimitable description of the details of her penance, rapped on the desk and sent Mary home.

How could one punish a child like Mary Todd so as to teach her self-control? Certainly the preceptress did not know how. Nor her parents.

Her father said she'd outgrow her bad temper, quite oblivious to the fact that he'd never outgrown the habit of letting go when he wanted to let go.

Her mother hoped that her good blood would tell. For Mary was not only of distinguished stock on her father's side, with a grandfather who succeeded Daniel Boone as Chief Military Commander of the State, but her mother's people were of the best in the Union.

Her maternal grandfather was General Andrew Porter of Revolutionary fame, one uncle was Governor of Michigan, another of Pennsylvania, and still another was to be Secretary of State under Tyler.

But even if her good blood did not teach her self-control, it combined with her mother's training, made of her that good old-fashioned thing, a lady. Mary was accustomed from birth to a home where guests were frequent and were beautifully entertained.

By the time Mary was through school, she was fitted to carry on the family's social traditions.

But she was to have little opportunity to do this in Lexington. Mary's own dear mother died and a step-mother came to the house on Short Street. Elizabeth married and went to live in Illinois.

The new Mrs. Todd had little patience with what she called Mary's saucy tongue. There was constant friction that ended one day, when Mary was nineteen, in Mary's furiously packing her trunk and furiously departing for Springfield, Illinois.

Elizabeth had married Ninan Edwards, Attorney General of Illinois. It was in the Edwards' home Mary settled and it was in the Edwardses' home that she met the young intellectual elite of the town, among others Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln.

Immediately after Mary's arrival in Springfield, the young men organized a cotillion party for her and thus gave her instant opportunity to take her place as a belle of the town.

Which she did. She waltzed divinely. Stephen Douglas told Lincoln so, after dancing three times in succession with her.

Lincoln was near the refreshment table, telling a story to a large group of young men. He paused, looked down from his enormous height at the dwarfish Douglas in his impeccable black broadcloth and ambled over to Miss Todd. He asked her to be his partner in the next square dance.

Mary looked up at this careless giant in shabby, snuff-colored clothes and heavy shoes. She was much too finicky about people's dress. Yet as she felt her lips curl in scorn, she caught the look of his eyes and told herself that she never had seen such beautiful eyes in a man—gray eyes and an unfathomable sadness and tenderness. She rose and took Lincoln's arm for the dance.

After the quadrille Lincoln found himself telling her about his night study of Euclid. Mary knew Euclid and engaged him to come the following evening to see her, bringing his book along. He discovered at the moment that Mary knew French and German and her stock with him took another bound. And she was so dainty with all her erudition, so pretty!

He kept his engagement the next night and for many nights.

Mary had a gift for friendship with men of the mental type, a gift few women possess. She had not a few in Springfield a year before she had established several such friendships.

The most solid of these were with Douglas and with Lincoln. Long before they knew it she recognized that both were in love with her.

Her brother-in-law, Ninan Edwards, and her sister, Elizabeth, watched with not unanxious interest. Mary was a flirt but one never could tell! Douglas, whose brilliant future was obvious, was entirely eligible as a suitor. Lincoln, no! A likeable fellow but socially an outsider.

When Edwards protested against Lincoln's constant presence, Elizabeth insisted that Mary's sense of humor and her social ambitions would protect her.

"Why, Mary made fun of him yesterday," she said, "for the benefit of the sewing circle. She had us in convulsions showing how he led her through the Virginia reel. And she can tell a story with every one of Abe's grimaces. One doesn't do that with a man one loves."

"Mary does. Mary would poke fun at the twelve Apostles."

"And was their feet afterward with tears!" said Elizabeth.

"Yes, but that doesn't do away with the hurt to the heart. I wish she'd control that tongue of hers. Just because she's so lovable makes it all the worse." He sighed and picked up his

hat, then came back to say, "You warn Mary that Abe Lincoln as a friend is delightful but as a suitor he won't do."

Dutifully, Elizabeth issued the warning the first time she was alone with her sister. Mary tossed her curls with a laugh.

"The man I'm going to marry, dear Elizabeth, will one day be President of the United States!

That evening Elizabeth reported to her husband that Mary was planning to marry Stephen Douglas.

In the two years that followed their meeting Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln grew to know each other intimately. Lincoln saw many unhappy exhibitions of her hasty tongue. Sometimes he himself was the victim. On the other hand, she represented to him all that he lacked in family background, in culture, in refinement of mind and manner. More than that, she was utterly lovable and she crept into his heart as a brilliant child might have crept.

Lincoln's uncontentious irritability, she had not known him a month before her capacity for keen estimates of human beings told her that the stuff of Lincoln's brain was as much above that of Douglas's as quartz crystal is above glass. Lincoln excelled anyone she'd ever known in mental and moral power. He was the only person she'd ever known whose sense of humor exceeded her own. Her temper at times interfered with hers, as she ruefully admitted to herself. Lincoln's never.

She was of a type that could love greatly only where she admired greatly. It was not six months after this meeting that Lincoln's brain was as much above that of Douglas's as quartz crystal is above glass. Lincoln excelled anyone she'd ever known in mental and moral power. He was the only person she'd ever known whose sense of humor exceeded her own. Her temper at times interfered with hers, as she ruefully admitted to herself. Lincoln's never.

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coln went on huskily, "I am the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth."

She looked up into the gray eyes that were so inexpressively dear to her and although her lips quivered she appeared at the corner of her mouth as she said, "Miserable loves company."

But for once Lincoln would not smile. "I've reached the point where I realize I'll never be anything but a husk of a man without you. I don't see how you could mourn for a fellow like me, but Francis says you have."

Mary threw her pride to the winds. "I shall go widowed all my life, Abraham, without you!"

Lincoln turned her face up to his. "Then we're going to be married before your friends or your relatives know what's happening. I reckon I've learned my lesson."

A few days later, Lincoln met Ninian Edwards on the street and informed him that he and Mary were going to be married that evening in the Episcopal church.

Edwards, who was over six feet tall, drew himself up to utter a retort that should once and for all put the quietus on Lincoln. But the look he caught in the gaunt face above his own caused a sudden change in his words. What came forth, though grudgingly, was:

"No, Mary is my ward and must be married from my house."

Thus on the rainy evening of November 4, 1842, in the parlor of the Edwardses' home, Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln were married. There were not attendants. There were not Mary, who had all her life looked forward to the magnificence of her wedding dress and outfit, was married in a muslin dress with neither veil nor flowers.

Lincoln had prepared no home for Mary. They went to live in the Globe Tavern, kept by the Widow Beck. Their room and board cost them four dollars a week. But they did not stay in the tavern long after Bobbie was born in the summer of 1843.

Mary induced her husband to make the plunge and they bought a story-and-a-half frame house with a barn and well fenced yard in a good neighborhood.

Temperamentally, Mary was a sybarite. She could not have endured without breaking the labor and the deprivations of those early years of marriage had she not finally achieved the finest luxury that can be vouchsafed to marriage—complete mental companionship with the man she had married.

They both cherished that companionship. After his marriage Lincoln spent less and less time sitting round the sawdust spittoons in the stores of Springfield, arguing and swapping yarns. Mary was educating him. He spent more and more time in study and in general reading. However scantily the larger might be supplied, Mary saw to it that in the parlor there were always good books and she made her husband read these books aloud to her and discuss them with her. She regularly read French and German poetry and philosophy and a French journal to him, translating as she read in her vivid, eager voice no one could read or tell a story more expressively.

One marvels at her energy. She did all her own sewing and housework. She kept everlastingly at Lincoln about his bad manners. She saw that he was dressed properly—at least he ceased to wear jeans in court and top-boots to dinner parties. Their home was beautifully ordered and in spite of poverty they began to build a reputation for hospitality.

Bobbie was almost three years old when their second son was born and named after their close friend, Edward D. Baker. Bobbie was a precocious youngster whom Lincoln spoiled outrageously. Lincoln's incapacity as a father was rapidly becoming a real anxiety to Mary. There were days when Bob was so naughty and his father so lackadaisical that Mary's nerves flew to pieces and Lincoln fled the house, leaving Mary to wrestle alone with the child he had spoiled, the empty larder, the teething little Eddie.

Lincoln often mourned to his friends that he was not a "good provider." Poor Mary at first was content with dogging him to split the kindling, to attend to the winter's supply of wood, to lay in the stock of winter vegetables. But finally she saw that, herein, she could not change him and ceased to demand anything of him in pushing him forward in his profession and in politics.

Both of them having such pronounced characteristics it took a long time for them to make the marriage adjustment. But they climbed the final hilltop to understanding when they had been married about seven years. Lincoln had been backsliding in the matter of spending evenings at home. He was running for Congress and that gave him an excuse for many a long evening in his office with Herndon, his partner, swapping yarns in the old bachelor snapper. After all, a spoiled boy, a sickly baby, a peppy wife at times take the savor out of the most orderly home.

Mary was hurt and worried. She didn't like Herndon. With her uncanny skill at sizing up men, she had seen his dangerous weaknesses. He drank too much, used drugs, was lax with women. He had a strong hold on her husband's affection and admiration. She had right to worry. And the more she fussed, the more Herndon stayed away from home.

Eddie was the very darling of Mary's heart. He was the quaintest baby in the world. At four he was a long, lean, brown little chap with pathetic gray eyes and a humorous, full mouth, the image of his father. In the middle of January, 1850, he was taken ill. It did not seem serious, but his deep affection for the child made Lincoln anxious and he did his utmost to share the nursing with Mary.

After two weeks of slow fever, it looked as if the worst was over and Lincoln ventured to stay down-town until midnight one evening, talking at length with Herndon. About the time he started for home, a little moan from Eddie startled Mary, reading beside him. The child was in a violent convulsion and before she could apply a single remedy he was dead.

Lincoln heard her shriek as he entered the back door. He made the stairs in a leap and rushed into the bedroom.

"Eddie! Look! Look!"—holding the little body toward him. "Dead! My baby! My little son!"

Lincoln stared, horrified. "It can't be! It's just a fit! I'll get the doctor!"

But Mary knew. It was death. She could not let Lincoln go. "Don't leave me alone again! I shall go mad."

Lincoln gave a great groan. "You were alone with him while I fooled with Herndon! If I had been here to get the doctor—"

But Mary would not blame him now. "If I'd not been a shrew," she wept, "you'd have been here!"

"God has punished us both!" Great tears ran down Lincoln's cheeks, and clasped in each other's arms, Eddie's father and mother mingled bitter tears of loss and of regret.

Long after the little fellow's death, they grieved for Eddie with the extravagance inherent in their peculiar natures. But, as if God had, indeed, a purpose in the tragedy, the Lincolns found themselves working together in a harmony they never before had achieved. Their love deepened to a complete understanding.

More and more Mary gave the force of her tremendous personality to moving Lincoln forward on his career. She entertained more and more. People who went to the Lincoln home said that the two were utterly unique; Lincoln with his perpetual fund of stories and his wife with her witty tongue that sometimes hurt but was always funny, and with her kindness of heart that permitted no grudge, however humble, to feel that he was not one of the important personages present.

In December, 1850, another son, William Wallace, was born and, in April, 1853, a fourth son, Thomas, whom his father called Tadpole. Just before Willie's birth, a crisis came in Lincoln's career. He came home one day and said that he'd been offered the job of territorial Governor of Oregon and wanted to accept.

to his astonishment, Mary shook her head vehemently. "No! They are merely trying to hide you on the Pacific Coast, Abraham, because they fear you on the Atlantic."

"Nonsense!" protested Lincoln. "I've no more reputation than a yellow dog in the East. I'd like to go out into the wonderful new country. I think we'd do well. Perhaps we could get out of debt."

"You are meant for better things, Abraham. The Almighty had a reason for giving you your wonderful brain and your unassailable balance. Some day He'll show you that reason unmistakably, and you must be free to follow."

And although different committees of politicians waited on her urging her to change her decision, Mary remained the same.

The terrible question of slavery was now tearing at the vitals of the nation. Mary studied the question with Lincoln, read omnivorously, handing him no time to read himself. She took notes on his speeches whenever she could leave the babies, criticized them and made suggestions. When his friends suggested that he debate the slavery question with Stephen A. Douglas, Mary was enthusiastic. Money? She'd find it somehow. The children? She'd manage somehow. And she did.

She wrote her sister while the debates were going on that although she was sitting in the kitchen, one foot on the cradle rocker, one hand stirring the stew pot while the other held the pen, she wished her sister to realize that Mary Todd was married not to one of the Lord's saints but to a saint who was one of the intellectual marvels of the world. "And I know his intellect, for I've helped to stock it with facts!"

He needed a manager for all the externals of life and Mary was that manager during all the years of preparation for the "far-off, divine event."

The debates with Douglas launched him well on the road to the Presidency. During the summer of 1860 Mary entertained extensively. She acquired a hired girl, used a Chicago caterer when necessary, made herself as enormous as those of any Broadway belle and kept open house for the well known who came from all parts of the United States.

On Election Day Mary suffered more from nerves than did her husband. He spent the day in his crowded office. There were a good many callers at the Lincoln home in the afternoon, but in the evening the house was deserted. Mary, with the boys, went down-town for a little while and looked in at the hall, where her husband was surrounded by an enormous and noisy crowd of men and women shouting out the early returns and singing: "Oh, ain't you glad you joined the Republican Party!"

She felt that the boys ought to see the acclaim their father was receiving. Her only regret was that Eddie had not lived to witness it. But she could not bear the excitement and shortly she returned with the children to the quiet house. The boys went to bed. Mary sat beside the lamp sewing and thinking. It was nearing dawn when her husband came in. His face was ghastly white in the lamplight.

"Mary," he said huskily, "God help us, they have elected me!"

She rose and stood for a moment supporting her weak knees against her chair, a sudden and inexplicable sadness choking her. Lincoln held out his arms and husband and wife clasped each other in a long embrace.

The White House was in a badly run-down condition when the Lincolns moved into it. Mary had no idea how much it would cost to renovate it or how many servants were actually needed to run it. With the common sense of the experienced housewife, she discharged the steward and un-

derstood to run the place until she understood its need. With this more rose the first whisper of gossip.

The Lincolns had been in the White House about a week when Mary, splendid in a purple grenadine, swept into young Stoddard's office. Stoddard was the third of Lincoln's secretaries and among other duties he was to help Mary with the social work of the Administration.

She tossed a letter before him. "How can I have the author of that arrested?" she cried.

Stoddard read—"You do your own work because you have been a servant yourself. Both you and your husband are known to have nigger blood in your veins. You had better not insult the Southern aristocracy of Washington by making any advances toward them."

Young Stoddard flushed. "It's annoying. You'll receive many such, Madam President. Don't read them!"

He threw the letter in the grate. Mary set her lips firmly and went on with her task of inspecting the contents of the White House.

(Continued until next week.)

Two Bus Lines Planned by Pennsylvania Road.

The Pennsylvania General Transit Company, the bus subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Railroad and R. K. Stackhouse, of Philadelphia, a director of the transit company made application to the Public Service Commission to operate the first interstate bus service across the entire State.

Two routes are proposed in the petition as presented. The bus company would operate through the central part of Pennsylvania, while the route described in the Stackhouse application is along the southern tier counties. Six busses capable of carrying 29 passengers each would be placed in operation.

The transit company's service would begin in Philadelphia and extend to the Ohio State line at a point near East Palestine. The cities and towns along the proposed route are Paoli, Downingtown, Lancaster, Harborsburg, Lewisport, Hollidaysburg, Ebensburg, Blairsville, Pittsburgh and Beaver Falls along the northern tier counties. Some of the busses would deviate from this route at Huntingdon and go to Tyrone and Altoona and thence back to the main route at Ebensburg.

The southern line, as proposed by Stackhouse, presenting his petition as an individual because Franklin county was not included in the charter recently granted by Gov. Fisher permitting the bus subsidiary to operate in 55 counties, originates in Philadelphia also. It follows the other route to Lancaster, where it branches off to York, Gettysburg, Chambersburg, Bedford, Greensburg, Pittsburgh and Beaver Falls and thence to the Ohio boundary line.

Other busses would go to towns south of Gettysburg, visiting Emmitsburg, Waynesboro, Green Castle, Myersburg, and thence to McConnellsburg, where they would continue along the main southern line.

Silence Band In Honor Of Armistice.

To celebrate the tenth anniversary of Armistice Day on Nov. 11 a demonstration of silence at 11 a. m., literally world encircling in its scope, has been arranged.

For this purpose the League of Remembrance, with headquarters in New York, has sent invitations to the heads of every country within the latitudes of 90 degrees and 45 degrees to cooperate in the suspension of all industrial activity as far as