

AFWARDS.

There's never a storm so wild
But after it follows a calm;
There's never a hurt so great;
But somewhere's provided a balm;

REVOLT

"So now, old folks, it's up to you
to pack your duds and be quick about it."
The superintendent's voice was
gentle, but businesslike, with a ring

"Come, come, Grandfather," broke
in the superintendent, testily. "We've
no time for all that, now. You're
going, just as all the rest of the inmates

"I shan't go," protested the old
man, and he sat down again, crying
weakly on his coat sleeve.
All about him began the tap-tap of
sticks. The sixty or more blind old

"I'm going to protest!" he shouted
shakily; and turned and shuffled
stampingly down the aisle to the
door, his bearded old head held high,

"What's up, Fraser?" he asked.
"Your men upset about something. I
haven't time to listen to any complaints,

er Home—a better one than this—
bigger, and better, and newer—where
there are a lot of nice old people already.

"Friends—an' me eighty-two years
old? We can't make new friends!
An' we don't wish to! We—
"That's all, Fraser," said the superintendent

He had been turned out of many
places in his life, but he had never
expected to be turned out of this.
They had told him it was to be his
home always. But then perhaps they

"I was my father's! An' many's
the time I've seen him fasten his
plaidie with it. 'Twill be pinned on
my shoulder when I'm low in my coffin,"

It had been taken on their wedding
day; and the good-looking couple
were in gala attire, the bridegroom
in kilt and sporran, with his "plaidie"

"All packed up, Grandfather?"
came the brisk voice of one of the
institution's attendants.
"No! I'm not packed!" croaked the old man.

"There, there Grandfather, calm
down."
"TI not shut up," cried James.
lugged with all his strength.

"The dirk that had defended Prince
Charlie at Culloden Moor hit nothing."
The sightless eyes could not direct;
and so great was James' rage

"There, there," interrupted the
harassed superintendent. "There's no
use in your saying another word. You

much was familiar to him. He drew
a long, quivering breath.
Beyond, the blackness was unknown
land. He would have to begin

"Step up, Grandfather," said the
superintendent. "Pick up your feet.
Here's a great big motor-bus going
to carry a lot of you at once. Get in.

Only he and the Home itself, left
there silent and tenantless, understood.
The Home would be lonely.
It would miss him! Its windows,
with no lights showing through them

"An' they say there's a sunny window
in all the rooms, an' muslin curtains,"
chimed in a woman on the other side.
"Who wants a sunny window?"

"Yes, that's it. Well, the superintendent
says that they're all nice,
gentle folks from the Norton Home,
and we'll enjoy—"

"What's come over you, Mr. Fraser?"
said the man on his left. "As long
as I've known you, I never learned
before that you was a groucher!"

"This well for you that you're still
able to learn something at your age!"
blared Fraser, the storm of his sorrow
turning his usually sweet temper

Over the portal of the institution
was this simple legend.
"Old Folks are at Home."
Robins and orioles were twittering
gaily in the big trees, and somewhere

"The letter never came," murmured
James. "It never, never came! And
I couldn't stay in Scotland without ye—
so I sailed over here! Ach! Ye

faucets, as timorously he turned on
the hot water, then the cold. Fascinated,
he played with them a moment
or two, then went on with his

"They never said a word about the
posies!" he added dreamily. "And I
didn't believe the rest. But it's all
gospel truth!"

Smiling a little, he smoothed a petal
of the pink geranium as tenderly
as if it were a baby's cheek. From
below the music of the strings came

"James McLeod Fraser!" called the
attendant.
"Aye!" answered James, a new,
vigorous ring in his voice.

"Two never-to-be-forgotten little
hands—grasped James' arm and that
queer thrill went through him again.
If the roll-call went on, he knew

"The title of remembrance swept
them both swiftly into a sea of long-
for-gotten dialect.
"Jamie!" pleaded the lovely old

"Ish dead?" asked James huskily.
"These forty years: an' the batras
are all grown up with bairns o' their
ain an' no time nor money to take

"Listen to the music," said Eppie
presently.
"The Campbells are Coming!"
It takes us home!"

"The letter never came," murmured
James. "It never, never came! And
I couldn't stay in Scotland without ye—
so I sailed over here! Ach! Ye

der the trees, now. I know you're
hungry!"
James Fraser grabbed at the superintendent's
coat as he hurried by. Grabbed and would not let go.

"I've no time to listen to your
complaints now, Grandfather," the superintendent
said kindly, but a bit impatiently.
He had a trying and anxious day.

"Let go my coat. I'm in a hurry.
You'll get used to everything and like
it, in a little while—"

"Na—na!" James broke in; then,
still holding the superintendent's coat
in one hand and Eppie's hand tightly
in the other, he said slowly and with

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.
Grace R. Dashem, et bar, to Boyd
E. Smith, tract in Potter Twp.; \$1,200.

John E. Ertle, trustee, to Miles
Rachau, tract in Miles Twp.; \$395.
Daniel Auman, et al, to J. G. Meyer,
et al, tract in Penn Twp.; \$412.

John H. Kerstetter to Alice Kerstetter,
tract in Millheim; \$1.
A. S. Bailey to M. C. Wieland, tract
in Ferguson Twp.; \$175.

Norman E. Lighthamer, et ux, to
Claude R. Moore, et ux, tract in Howard;
\$1,600.
Charles D. Norton, et ux, to Milfred
C. Yandes, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; \$15.

Bellefonte Trust company, Exec. to
John T. Merryman, et al, tract in
Boggs Twp.; \$705.
William Weber to Frank T. Butler,
tract in Howard; \$1.

APPROPRIATION BILLS

PLEASE STATE COLLEGE

Gratification is expressed by faculty
and students of the Pennsylvania
State college in the unanimous passage
by the general assembly of the college
appropriation measures called for

Just as the State accepted the original
land grant college act of Congress
and pledged its faith to carry the same
into effect through support of State
College, the recent Legislature

THEIR ANCESTORS.
The New-Voes have discovered their
ancestors.
At least they've hired some one who
says that he has.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS
FOR TAX COLLECTOR
We are authorized to announce Orian
A. Kline as a candidate for Tax Collector
of the Borough of Belleville, subject

COURT PROCLAMATION—WHEREAS
AS the Honorable M. Ward Fleming,
Judge of the Borough of Belleville,
County of Centre, Pa., in and for the
County of Centre

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner
Justice of the Peace, Alderman and
such Constables, (that may have business
in their respective districts, requiring a
report to the Honorable Court) that:

NOTICE—IN RE Application of the
Pennsylvania Theta Chapter of the
Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, for a
satisfaction of two mortgages.

NOTICE—IN RE Application of the
Pennsylvania Theta Chapter of the
Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, for a
satisfaction of two mortgages.