Bellefonte, Pa., May 30, 1930.

SUMMER: A RHAPSODY.

Howdy, Mr. Summer-time? Glad to see you here: Life becomes a pretty rhyme When your glows appear. All the world seems full of love When your roses bloom, And your azure skies above Drive away all gloom.

Like to feel the touch so soft In your balmy air, And the breezes from aloft Tousling my hair. Love the rustling of the trees Like some fairy's sigh, And to listen to the bees Droning lullaby.

Love the scent of heliotrope, Pink, and mignonette; Love to watch the pansies open And the violet. Love to hear the cattle call O'er the clovered mere, And to watch the waters fall O'er the silvery weir.

Love to sit and watch the moon Smiling down on me, While the wavelets softly croon By the summer sea. Love to listen to the song Of the birds at morn. When the sunbeams come along With the day new-born.

Love to hear the katydids Out there in the night. Like a lot of noisy kids In an endless fight. Love to hear the mercury Clicking with the heat-When it comes to little me Summer can't be beat.

Carlyle Smith.

## FANCHOT.

You will remember-if you have sat in the stalls of the old French Opera House on Bourbon street, to hear "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" you will remember Fanchot.

Fanchot was Le Jongleur. I do not say he sang it. Mary Garden did that. Fanchot was the creature -body and blood and motley. A shrinking, undersized boy, meagerly fleshed; an eager body inside the juggler's gauds; great gentle, sad, gray eyes; and a mouth pitifully young, forever twitching between pain and laughter-that was Le Jongleur. Incidentally, that was

When they took him from his

fore the Blessed Mother—the only offering he knew how to make her —was something not easily to be laughed aside. Like a gallant toy soldier come to life, he strutted up and down, his little drum throbbed beneath his fingers, and his bells glowed, with lights like jewels. purr." When he looked up to the pictured face of Mary, his feet faltered, and his voice broke; but then he soon yet smarted. went on again, more eagerly than best one could do made always an acceptable offering in Her sight? hausted near to death, and the came to her wicked mill. white hand of the Virgin was diction—you credited the miracle evening at dinner, when the ed prayers for what they were, tense. sick, sorry things in the light of that boy's white faith.

Fanchot was not always Le Jong- known!" leur, else this story need not be written. There is not much ma- in white heat rage, terial in mere goodness for the stories that people will read.

and godparents in baptism, was ness—like a cast." Camille Jean Marie, which goes far to explain why he sang in a lyric tween his teeth, "in my eye." tenor and wore neckties of delicate taxicabs—a recreation which he adored-he lived at the Hotel de Paris, which, every one knows, is French Opera House, and shelters the latter's song-birds.

Fanchot had a room there and, home for them, three plentiful meals to flat so dreadfully!" a day. On the whole, he found it an easy and a pleasant life. Of an evening, he sat cosily ensconced blood swept up into her cheeks. ing of Handel, the premiere dan-

scene, the little Martier.

imploring managerial telegrams, took to put his lips to her hand; and cause of the eye. Is it not quaint? her place. Further, there being no while he laughed lightest at the other seat for the new-comer, she fiatting of her notes, mentally he his hope once more flung back upon was put tete a tete with Fanchot at was down in the dust at her feet, itself. the little table. Further yet she praying that for her own sake, was so pretty as to be proud, and she might not do it again, so petted as to be spoiled—a dark, Nothing of this came home to scornful little creature, rose-cheeked, Martier, though beside herself there all, upon the first evening, Fanchot with truth temperamental wit, to had spoken quite kindly, meaning to make a jest of it. put her at ease, and the hussy had The season mar

gent as an old gentleman in spats. "That runs without speaking," ne returned coolly, "else what

yawn.
"The bread, if you please." Fanchot presented it.

"You cannot have had much experience."

"You would sing Musette, one supposes—a very delightful Musette."
Now it is not Musette who has the important role in "Boheme."

Now it is not Musette who has the important role in "Boheme."

Now it is not Musette who has the important role in "Boheme."

Now it is not Musette who has accompaniment that Martier played him. pertly, "but enough." The little chanteuse flung Fanchot a disdainful look.

"Mimi," she corrected laconically. "Ah?" said Fanchot, still quite innocent of any desire to offend, Nedda ?"

She merely nodded. "'Michalea?"

An affirmative motion of the eyebrows. "Juliette?"

Another nod. At that, he smiled, with pleasure -the boyish, deprecating smile of

Le Jongleur. "I also sing Romeo. It is of my

best.' She looked him over accurately. "One would not have supposed it. We have no sugar at this place?" Fanchot signalled the disinterested wielded the lash once more.

waiter. Having a friendly heart, Fanchot endeavored still to condescend. 'You will not find us difficultwe little ones of the Opera."

"What does it matter?" inquired the insolent Martier, and rose from the table, having finished her meal. She left Fanchot staring.

There you have in its beginnings a very pretty feud, for Martier continued to sit at Fanchot's table, balls and tricks to put a monk's and soon his spirit rose against her robe on him, it tied a knot about continued flagellation. It was not a your heart swelled to bursting. If great spirit, if you like, having its so young, so eager, so full of quaint finest expression in juggling balls bravado, and passionate desire to before an altar; but clean it wasplease—but when in the last act as spirits go-and childishly sweet. he came before the altar, casting that robe aside, the knot broke, and when someone prodded it, as Martier that robe aside, the knot broke, and the little was one of Fanchot's few ishly upon the back of his head. rasped at the wall, and the little The underlying idea was that one of the little was the little was that one of the little was the little was that one of the little was the little was that one of the little was the little wa that robe aside, the knot broke, and when someone product it, as marked your heart swelled to bursting. If chose to do invariably. It was as you were human, and had not the you were human, and had not the temper of cold steel, you put a for him, unsheathing her claws whender of cold steel, you put a for him, unsheathing her claws whender of cold steel, you put a for him, unsheathing her claws whender of cold steel, you put a for him, unsheathing her claws whender of cold steel, you put a for him, unsheathing her claws whender of cold steel, you put a for him, unsheathing her claws whender of cold steel, you put a for him, unsheathing her claws whender of cold steel, you put a for him, unsheathing her claws whender of cold steel, you put a for him, unsheathing her claws whender of cold steel, you put a for him, unsheathing her claws whender of the present of the pr his songs, dancing his dances, and open war between them, to the juggling his bright swift balls be- good-natured amusement of the rest tain. of the troupe.

"She is a cat, that little Martier,"

one day.
"Yes, but I had rather have her scratch than purr," was the basso's deep-voiced condolence. "It is so jingled. Above him, the high altar hard to be rid of them-when they

Fanchot shrugged. He was fresh from an encounter, and his wounds

ever, leaping and whirling like mad had inflicted, and continued to rub in the earnest of his dance. Had with salt, concerned acutely the pernot Boniface told him that the sonal comeliness of the little tenor. Fanchot had a cast in one eyea very slight cast—scarcely cast— And, this was his best-his highest to be noticed, and surely not to be reach—his Art. So when he fell remarked upon. Martier observed panting upon the altar steps, ex- it, however, and all was grist that

white hand of the Virgin was "You have perhaps an eye of stretched out above him in bene-glass?" she inquired pleasantly one More, you saw your own accustom- had been more than usually in-

Fanchot indignantly denied it. that boy's white faith.

That, as I have said, was Le a very good eye—the difference is Jongleur who was Fanchot. But slight. I should scarecely have

"It is my own eye, he assured her

"But yes," she murmured sooth-ngly, "it becomes your own, since ingly, Fanchot in his ordinary self, was it is paid for. A perfect match, I somewhat otherwise. His name, assure you, I should never have given him by certain doting parents known, except for a little crooked-

> "It is a cast," said Fanchot be-"One understands," she agreed in-

Thereafter she lost no occasion of just across the street from the perceptible flatting of Mimi's notes' by right of tradition, converted on other time." in its capacious gray bosom most of Next day at luncheon, he rose to Not more than two nights out of a the occasion.

in addition, when he chose to be at fied!" he consoled her, "last night—

of them in demand. They took adhome for them, three plentiful meals to flat so dreadfully!"

of them in demand. They took adhome for them, three plentiful meals to flat so dreadfully!"

States

of them in demand. They took adhome for them, three plentiful meals to flat so dreadfully!"

States

of them in demand. They took adyantage joyfully of their increasSo softly, and with a beautiful "Doubtless," she nodded sweetly, found. upon analysis, to be the

"I?" cried Martier, "to flat!"

and Fanchot who was Le Jongleur, hours of ease. Fanchot sat quite alone, yet was had come to love the one who flaynot lonely, till there came upon the ed him. Slowly, but with the surecene, the little Martier.

ness of a Funrise it had come to when Fanchot, hoping against hope, his weazened face. He was an old shapes revealed themselves about the Martier, to admit the grievous him that his taunts were so many greeted her tentatively, she trod up-man, and in his time had slept room. truth, was an inerloper. Poor, pret-ty Guyol, the original chanteuse ricades against an encroaching tide. her little French heels, dappled legere of the troupe, had quarrelled While he answered her with a with blood, tapping blithely, nonewith the manager, and departed in sneer, his eyes were hungry upon theless, upon their way.

haste, thereby forfeiting a month's the curl that touched her cheek. "Ah!" she would cry, unfolding burns in the dining room—and he shirt was open at the throat, are salary; whereupon Martier, coming, While he parried and thrust in the her napkin daintly, you? How this sits there still."

As Fanchot justly considered, from vendictive fence she forced upon place is dull—eh? Are you looking "Put our your light," the basso Cautiously, he crossed the room, are the salary with the parried and thrust in the her napkin daintly, you? How this sits there still." Heaven-knows where, in answer to him, he would have given his soul at me? I cannot always tell-be-

with eyes like the evening star's re- was no soul in the troupe who did flection in twin pools. Furthest of not know the truth, or who failed,

The season marched, as seasons flouted him. Somewhat after this do, and one after another, subscripfashion:

"You have sunk elsewhere?" inquired Fanchot with an air—indulgent as an old gentleman in spats.

"Hou thin is somewhat arter this state of the past to neights were added to the past.

By some quaint chance, the fickle public chose to be pleased with Fanchot and Martier in "Pagliacci" credible number of times, with in itself, so strange a thing. We should I be doing here?"

"But your so charming youth," and Fanchot, a poignantly impashe persisted kindly. Just at the sioned Canio. Something more than first, she pleased his artistic eye.

"But your so charming youth," and Fanchot, a poignantly impashour door. Charpren the sad clown's fury burned in Charpren the sad clown rst, she pleased his artistic eye. the sad clown's fury burned in Martier bit her lower lip to stifle Fanchot's gray eyes on such nights. A fire of longing touched him, and a flame of wild regret. "In "Romeo et Juliette" he was the wistfullest lover those walls had seen—as pleasantry about his lateness,
Juliette was the shyest maid—what said five words, his kind son "Not too much," she retorted Fanchot lacked in impressiveness of stature, he atoned for in earnest-

When, for example, she leaned from the balcony into his yearning arms, he having gallantly ascended the rope-ladder and pledged him her tender heart—between the outbursts one would not have supposed it. of their duet, she tortured him in a delicate whisper.

"Do not jut your face so near-I cannot sing—"
"Oh la! la!—if you regard me so girl.

mournfully with the eye of glass, I shall undoubtedly laugh." "If only you do not flat!" hissed Fanchot, before vowing, in exquisite limpid harmonies, that yonder moon

might prove his constancy. By reason of the merciless exigencies of Gounod's music Juliette was thereupon faint with happiness, but in a murmur following sweetly, that her red lips barely moved, she "I do not care that you should

hold me so close." And Romeo, swearing his soul to her service, muttered in the first free second, with dry lips-"T have no wish-

Wherein he lied shamefully-from the depths of a fiery furnace, as it

But Martier did not laugh. Being But Martier did not laugh. Being Juilette, she flung instead both white arms about his neck, and uttended a trill of ecstatic emotion—

The men clogged the of re-visioning, a shadow fell and prehistoric times. Dr. Laufer sa that wavered. It grew, misting faintly this atmosphere of darkness and into form beside that empty chair. tered a trill of ecstatic emotiononly as her dark hair swept his cheek where the blood leaped up to welcome it, she cooed softly, with a refinement of derision, with an absolute quintessence of unkindliness:

"That sees itself."

said Fanchot gloomily to Charprent one sees that delightful tradition, shelter its agony. It occurred to him not once in the course of a tumultuous season that no woman is won by humility, and that trifle of brute force will move he too clutching the ordinary, for mountains. It may be he had never comfort: heard of a Cave-Man, or, having heard, may be that he shuddered at the heresy. In any case, where rudeness and determination might One deep wound which Martier have been wisdom most effective, he preferred to rely upon caustic epigrams, which broke beneath his weight-added to their own.

So things grew no better between the little tenor and the chanteuse cloth, and stared at the empty legere—if anything, they altered for the worse. Day after day the which stood there facing him. All tle table, and scorned each other dream, not deliberately, but with furiously above the salt. The audiences that filled the Opera House besides her plate were awry, and from parquet to gallery that winter, he set them straight. Then he sat never knew that each red-rose mo-ment of "Pagliacci" was a delicious agony to Fanchot who sang it. They applauded—those big stupid audiences—and in the boxes, the debutantes, all white and pink like wild flowers, murmured, rustling among themselves:

"Isn't he sweet?-Fanchot! Those eyes, my dear! No less than burning!-and eyelashes long as your

Poor Fanchot! Martier had not observed those eyelashes, or she another, would doubtless have asked, with a touched. delicate sniff, if perhaps he braided them before retiring at night.

gray. When he was not rehearsing dulgently, "in your eye—not in the the first slackening of work appear-nor performing, nor riding about in one of glass. No matter!" ed and with it the first easier days ed and with it the first easier days for the singers. Mardi Gras came "if you could perhaps eat—"

She nodded her head, an ethereal early, with a rout of balls preced- "Eh?" Fanchot did not look up, mirth narrowing the beautiful eyes. tormenting him. Fanchot was im- early, with a rout of balls preced- "Eh?" Fanchot did not look potent, till an unexpected, but quite ing it, and the Opera House was, he merely moved his head. one night, gave him his opportunity. such occasions into a ball-room. week, therefore, were Bergere and "How you must have been morti- Charprent and Martier and the rest vantage joyfully of their increasing idleness. Charprent and his wife understanding that seemed not to "doubtless you lied." Her brown eyes flamed fury. The made long excursions into the coun- be aware of Fanchot's presence, try, returning foot-sore and jubliant. the company slipped out, the wait-chot hoarsely, "my little, little love!" was sold to food retailers, par Bergere and her little white dog ers cleared the tables deftly, and A silence came between them. larly those in the small towns benind the little table nearest the "The papers speak of it— you Bergere and her little white dog ers cleared the tables deftly, and window—which was nearest the not seen?" suggested Fanchot mild- underwent a rest cure with a mas- the dining room was again deserted. window—which was nearest the not seen?" suggested Fanchot milddoor—and sipped his sour, red wine, ly. No matter! Let us talk of
and gulped his cafe noir, and rolled something more pleasant—"

and lit his subsequent cigarettes,

Wastmonysted to the tables derily, and A silence came between them. larly those in the small towns the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania, direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania, direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania, direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania, direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania, direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direct is the dining room was again deserted. Across the table, his eyes devoured weter Pennsylvania direc with no interruption other than the halfway up the stairs in quest of a solemn, aimless rides in buzzing showed eerlly. An air of weariness held, for suddenly a spoon clinked Somerset, Westmoretand, and genial nod of Charroom with his morning paper, before the last taxicabs. And Martier—Martier went hovered about the place, an air of beneath it and at that a great shudwife; or the shrill, commarkly greet- word left his lips.

The bureau of foods and charroom with his greet- word left his lips. "Touche!" chuckled Fanchot to to a certain charming plantation seuse; or the languishing glances of himself. But he pushed his plate house, in one of the Parishes, where Bergere, the fat soprano, who hugg- aside, and ate no more lunch that the hostess, a poet in a small and still, and outside, at intervals, the that they might make no sound.

The structure of the structure of the paign to break up this ring still, and outside, at intervals, the that they might make no sound.

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All dealers who are approared to the paign to break up this ring still the structure of the paign to break up this ring still the structure of the paign to break up this ring still the structure of the paign to break up this ring still the structure of the paign to break up this ring structure of the paign to break up this ring structure of the paign to break up this ring structure of the paign to break up this ring structure of the paign to break up this ring structure of the paign to break up this ring structure of the paign to break up the structure of the paign to be structure of the paign to be structured of the paign to be st ed a little white dog with one hand, day.

delicate way, d

She was a witch, that small waiter came quietly to Charprent, with dawn. At the windows, the genuine product are urged to b Martier. Upon each fresh return, an air of sympathetic apology upon dark grew slowly pallid. Vague guard and to notify the bureau

"Tonight," he would remind her "there is Juliette. I trust she will one." Nothing of this came home to not flat one little note. I have an ear so delicate."

But it grew tiresome, that game! Then at the end of a certain week, the last in January, Martier, who had gone as usual to the plantation, failed to return one morning: and evening papers, hawked about the street by careless boys, printed her name in little black letters, midway of a pitiful little list. There had been a wreck—a spreading rail -so "Pagliacci" was sung, an in- and four lives lost. This was not, must have wrecks, we who travel ner. But when the wreck is at

Charprent, the paper crackling in the hold of his great fist, came first to the Hotel de Paris with the news To his wife who had met him on the stairs with some inconsequent said five words, his kind squarejawed face paling dreadfully, his voice a husk.

"The little Martier." he told

shrieked madame, clutching the railing. In a moment she essayed to laugh, timorously.

"Macaque! You jest." "Read, said Charprent, and held the paper up before her eyes, whereupon madame went presently, and with no warning beyond one strangled gulp, into a clamor of hysterics. had been fond of the willful

"That is well enough, "muttered Beloved!" Charprent, "we must all grieve, we others-but who is to tell Fanchot?" heard of the tragedy, clutched her cheek, and wept loudly. She had stilly; one might have thought, to been jealous of Martier, but one hear him, he held his breath becan't be jealous of the dead. Her tears were real.

that she would not dare, she could not bear to hurt a fly. The rest were no less stubbornlike frightened children.

"Then I, myself,—sighed Charprent.

Hotel de Paris, like a clinging black into palm, rigid with agony. "Dear pall. The women gathered in Berg- God!—my Well-Beloved!" ere's room weeping, and remembering little sunny episodes of the dead and strained with the hopeless hope color, came Fanchot, and closed the door behind him.

At first they thought, Charprent perfume; against the silence as a nd one other who went gravely heartbeat. and one other who went gravely to meet him, that he did not know. He wore a gray suit, with a red Fanchot, and that was all. The soul the chair that had been empty that endured to the fall of the cur- of the man, like a naked thing across the table, smiled the little seeking cover, caught up the first Martier, and Fanchot sensed a Fanchot was not a Cave-Man, as flimsy commonplace it could find to voice.

tender, "you are not late, my boy." And the third man added eagerly,

"There is perhaps an hour yet." slightly "That is good," said Fanchot, but again. when they looked to see him go up the stairs carrying his grief like a burden, he crossed the threshold of to the little table by the window, placed his hat upon the floor, sat down, rested his elbows upon the two broke bread together at the lit- of this he did like a man in a once more quiet, looking across table, his hands clasped loosely be-

fore him, his shoulders drooping. He was like that, while Charprent stood and watched him. When Charprent went away, he did not move; and he was like that, yet later, a live man, stiffening to stone, while the Hotel de Paris ate its sorrowful dinner around him, muffling the noises of fork on platter, that grief might go undisturbed. The waiter brought him one course after another, and took each away un-

Charprent, stopping on the way —beyond all hope—beyond all peace. mer sovereigns and their court out, his big face distorted with feel- For every jest you flung at me I who availed themselves of such out, his big face distorted with feel- For every jest you flung at me I consist for getting royally drunk It was well into January when ing, laid a hand on the nearest gray love you more—for every sneer—for casion for getting royally drunk "My boy,,' he suggested huskily, any night. I shall never forget."

"An-

"I am waiting," said Fanchot. So softly, and with a beautiful

cars roared by like rushing winds. In the street outside a cart went All dealers who are approaughter than tweet and still by, clattering horribly, and after by persons selling maple syrup the little tenor had not moved, a a little, another. The air was chill low the prevailing price for with sorrow.

tomorrows.

told him. "Have no concern. I shall laid his kindly hand on Fanchot be here."

The waiter hung back a moment, wistfully.

ply, "but the good God knows." She was there, said Fa
The waiter went back to the and pointed across the table. dining room, walking softly, and turned out the single gas jet that soothingly. "Now, let us go, befo had been burning upon the chande-lier. It left the place in a musty a length—this night!" shadow. Only the gloom of an arc-light across the street sifted

"If there is anything monsieur wishes," offered the waiter, hesitat- They went up the stairs together ing before the little table in the cor- Fanchot stumbling a little, like

"Eh?" said Fanchot, answering as if from a great distance, but quiet- Charprent when they had reach ly. He added, after a moment, seeming to remember, "There is Art—love, life and death." nothing.

When the waiter had gone, time had no answer. He lay, face dow passed unremarked. Noises in the across the bed, and wept.—By Fa street grew less. There had been no performance intended for the opera that night, and the hotel went early to bed. The sound of the infrequent cars came like a crash across the stillness. One might have heard the wire singing. And the dark-

ness was without comfort. It was perhaps a little past the third hour after midnight, when Fanchot moved in his chair. He stretched both hands softly across the table, turned them palm up-ward, as a man who begs, and whispered a name. In that long. silent room, its echo did not cross the threshhold.

"Well-Beloved!" he said, and again, shaken with longing, "my Well-

A little mouse came out of its hole, and gnawed raspingly beside Not Bergere— who, when she the fireplace—no sound but that. eard of the tragedy, clutched her "Juliette!" said Fanchot, very tween words—they do, who listen for an answer. "My Well-Beloved! ears were real.

Handel cried out between her sobs Dear God—My Well-Beloved!" A little wind came up, and fretted

at the windows. A sob caught suddenly in Fanchot's throat. "But I have waited!" he said. desperately low, and his hands A gloom settled down upon the clenched in upon themselves, nail

> Before his eyes, dark with pain, Against the darkness, it was as a film; against the close air, as a

Fanchot sat wrung and tortured. He scarcely breathed. His eyes

"Oh la! la!" it murmured, "if you "No," said big Charprent, clumsily regard me so mournfully with the eye of glass, I shall undoubtedly

"My Well-Beloved!" said Fanchot in his heart. His lips moved but slightly, yet he said it again and

"One would not have supposed that you sang Romeo," the eyes swept him with a delicate the dining-room, walked straight disdain, the red mouth curled into a smile.

Fanchot's face paled, till even in that darkness, it showed a blur of light. A breathless ecstasy tremat a ceremonial banquet of the co bled in his voice. He spoke so low munity that usually ends in a v you might not have heard him, though you stood at his elbow.
"Romeo?" he said it after her, lingeringly. "Romeo was a poor exalted as cult objects. fellow—he could only die when Juliette was gone. I have called the aboriginal hill-tribe of sor you back, my Well-Beloved-I have ern China and Indo-China, in called you back!"

"Do you so flatter yourself?" She mocked him. "There you are," he pleaded, "and the victor being awarded a phere am I! Has it been one hour Bullfights are still common in or twelve I have sat here? I can- Malay states not under British r not tell. I have taken my heart in It is a curious fact that the Ma my hands and wrung it dry. I state of Menang-kabau in Suma only know I called you-and you owes its name to a contest of

have come."

"To see—" her chin lifted prettily century, the name meaning "century, the name meaning quished karaboa' (water-buffalo.)

every taunt. I have not forgotten She nodded her head, an ethereal "That sees itself," she murmur-

ed. "The good God knows we can "There is no music in heaven," a heavy fine for selling "boot only wait," the older man continued. he told her, in broken passionate maple syrup in western Pennsylva whispers, "like the notes you have And there was no answer to that, flatted. If I have laughed at them, ported into Pennsylvania by m

He shivered pitifully, like a man try is making a determined of

"One would not disturb him," stair, and Charprent stood in the tion and prosecute every case we he said, "but it is the rule of the doorway, in the twilight, he looked a careful analysis indicates that house. After nine hours, no light haggard and large and old. His product is not as represented.

"Put our your light," the basso Cautiously, he crossed the room, as

shoulder. "It is not long, he muttered, "b fore the house awakes—and of 'If one might remark it—she was would be alone with his grief. A a child of the sunshine, that little night, is it not? I have watche It may be that you would slee

"It is true," said Charprent sim-"It is true," said Charprent sim-"She was there, said Fanche "But yes," said the older ma

Fanchot's tired mouth twitche

his shoulders heaved with a lot through the closed windows, and shudddering breath. thinned the blackness. "See now!" coa "See now!" coaxed Charpren "shall we go?"

> man who has drunk too deep. "The good God knows," But Fanchot, who was Le Jongle

## BULL FIGHTING ONCE A RELIGIOUS SPOR

nie Heaslip Lea.

Bull fighting, now regarded me ly as a sport, and confined large to Mexico and Spain, once had religious significance and was co. mon in many parts of the wor according to Dr. Bertthold Lauf curator of anthropology at the Fig Museum of Natural History,

Chicago. Among six cast brass figur from Borneo recently presented the museum by N. H. Heerama eck of New York there is one th represents two fighting bulls w lowered heads, intense with motitrying to gore each other. Star ing behind each is depicted a m eagerly watching the outcome

the duel. In its origin, the custom of ho ing public contests between bu or bulls and men, formed part of ritual in connection with agricultu according to Dr. Laufer. The r of the bullfight was supposed promote the fertility of the fie or to forecast the crop output, says. The ox, domesticated chie for drawing the plow and thus he ing man to secure his daily bre was regarded as sacred ancient civilizations of Asia, a there is evidence that ritual bu fights date back as early even tests between bulls and young n or women are represented. In cient Greece 'bull-baiting,' as it v called, was held in honor of Pos don, god of the sea. In anci-China the living ox was replace by an earthenware image which p sonified the spring; it was bea

growing crops. "Where ritual bullfights place, the animals are carefully lected and trained. Shortly bef the combat their pugnacity aroused by forcing potent liqu down their throats. The visitor the duel is lead in triumphal p cession to the accompaniment drums and chants. He is then s rificed to the guardian deity of crops whose representative he by the chief of the tribe in capacity as priest. No blood is lowed to flow; the animal is eit clubbed to death or a spike is d en into its forehead. His flesh then divided and solemly consur drinking orgy. Finally the ho of a slain animal are set up o tall pole in a public place

"This custom is still observed laysia and in Korea. At Memi in Egypt bulls bred for the puri were made to fight one anot the victor being awarded a pr sort as far back as the fourtee -- 'to see poor Romeo pray."

Fanchot's dry lips twitched.

"I love you," he said, "I love you!

-- beyond all hope—beyond all peace.

The see poor Romeo pray."

Madagascar fights between the favorite sport of the mer sovereigns and their court:

who availed themselves of such

## FAKE MAPLE SYRUP CAUSES JAIL TER

One Pittsburgh man is in jai default of bail and another has "There is no music in heaven," a heavy fine for selling "boot "pure maple syrup" being The truck from adjoining States dinary cane sugar syrup, artific My Well Beloved," breathed Fan-colored and flavored.

The bureau of foods and che

There was a careful step upon the The bureau will take prompt