

THE SUNBEAM.

A ladder from the land of light
I rest upon the sod,
Whence dewy angels of the night
Climb back again to God.
—John B. Tabb.

A Game of Chess

BY ANNIE ASHMORE.

"Your move, Mr. Stanley; and, if you observe, your queen is in danger."
"If I lose her I may yet win another."
"Not at your rate of playing, sir. You would have to advance a pawn."
"Pardon, Miss Cheswick, but do I play the game so badly? The loss is mine. I would play better if I could. Teach me how, Miss Cheswick."
"I will take you through this one move, but I fear you do not attend to my instructions. My bishop may be removed by your knight, which, however, is at once sacrificed to my rook, which commands that square if I choose to take him."
"Thank you. I take your bishop, then, and offer you this knight, emblem of myself."
"I am not obliged to take him."
"No; but I hope you will not reject him."
A short pause, while the dark, rich face of the young lady bends studiously over the glittering board of mother-of-pearl and pink cornelian, while the pallid, russet-bearded face of the gentleman quivers and waxes paler yet.
"Not obliged to take him," murmurs the lady again, her white hand hovering over the mimic field of war. "In fact, if I do, you will win the game, in spite of all your bad play, so—"
"Take him—pray, pray do!" almost whispers her adversary.
Miss Cheswick's hand descends on her rook, and twirling it undecidedly she lifts her eyes with a look of surprise and questioning to Mr. Stanley's.
"Are you so very anxious to win a game of chess?" asks she.
He looks at her silently. That "white flush," as the poet has aptly called it, is drifting over her countenance. In his eyes there is a look of which no woman can misunderstand. "This is but the emblem of another," he says, at last, in a low, but intensely passionate tone.
The lady drops her eyes and ponders. Her gay smile has faded; there is a troubled frown faintly carved upon her smooth brow.
"We will consider this a drawn game," she says, quietly; "and, instead of playing another, I will, if you choose, tell you a story. It will amuse and instruct you."
Pale and hopeless, Mr. Stanley leans upon the shining chess-table, with his eyes half-shaded by his hand.
With a quick glance at his dejected attitude, and a deepening of the troubled frown, the lady speaks.
"Have you ever been at Baden-Baden? But of course you have; who has not? Do you remember 'Die Hohe Felsen' and 'Das Alte Schloss,' on the side of the hill, and how the road winds down into the valley through the Black Forest, with the lovely village lying beneath?"
"Some years ago I was spending a few months at Baden with my mother," she glances at her black garments with a heavy sigh, "who was ordered there to drink the waters. One afternoon we had driven up to the 'Alte Schloss,' and while my mother rested there I climbed up above to view the 'Hohe Felsen.' You know they are within ten minutes' walk of the castle, and I never dreamed of danger. However, I was mistaken. It was so early in the season that the forest was not swarming with tourists and pleasure-parties—in fact, it seemed quite deserted."
"I sat down at the foot of one of the rocks and was soon lost in contemplation of the sublime view below. It was not long before I heard voices, and, before I could rise from the sort of niche which I had chosen, two rough-looking Frenchmen fung themselves upon the moss within six feet of me, and, all unaware of my presence, began to discuss a plot which caused me to tremble with horror."
"It appeared from their conversation that a certain baron was becoming celebrated in the Kurtaal for his unprecedented run of luck at the gaming tables—that, in fact, the bankers had that day entreated him to seek some other field wherein to pursue his successes, as they were well-nigh ruined; that he was, no consequence, going to leave Baden-Baden, and should drive through the Black Forest on his way to Freiburg, starting at midnight."
"The plan of the two robbers (for, to my terror, I discovered that to be nothing else) was to waylay the baron's carriage near the 'Alte Schloss,' demand his money, and, if he resisted, to back the horses over the precipice, and descending after the wreck help themselves to the plunder. It was not without much wrangling, however, that they finally agreed upon this fiendish course of action, and meantime I crouched in my nook, quaking lest they should discover me, while the sun sank low, and the music from the 'Conversationshaus Gardens' stole up on the breeze, warning me that it was time for mother to be at the 'Tringhalls' for her draught of water, and that she must even now be in a state of great disquietude concerning my long absence."
"I think I have told you that my mother died of heart disease, and that for years before her death our great aim was to preserve her from every

mental shock. Imagine, then, my extreme anxiety to return to her, and to return safely.
"So urgent did this necessity become, that at length I arose, determined to slip away so softly that they should not perceive me. I had not gone many paces, however, until an angry exclamation from one of them warned me that I was discovered. I rushed down the path at the top of my speed, without looking behind; but I heard their heavy feet close on my heels, and I knew that did they but lay a finger on me my life was gone."
"Scarcely had this last thought shaped itself in my mind, when my foot slipped, and I stumbled to my knees. The next moment I was in their hands."
"Spy!" hissed one, furiously; 'who sent you here?'
"If I had any presence of mind, I would have feigned ignorance of French; but I began to implore their mercy, and to explain how I happened to be alone on the 'Hohe Felsen.'"
"Throw her over the rocks, or she'll alarm the whole duchy before morning."
"One of them threw his cloak over my head and began to drag me back to the 'High Rocks,' despite my frenzied struggles. All at once there was a crashing among the fallen branches, and while a soft, strong hand caught mine, a threatening voice cried out in English, my own blessed tongue:
"Unhand her, you villains! or I'll shoot you through the heads!"
"I was whirled in the grasp of the stranger to a position in his rear, and before I could tear the cloak from my head, the sharp report of pistol told me that he was as good as word. When I could see I found them all engaged in a fierce melee, while my deliverer, a fair-haired young Englishman, cried frantically:
"Fly, madam, to the Alte Schloss—fly!"
"You may be sure I obeyed him. In five minutes I had reached the old castle and was telling a party of French tourists, who had just arrived, of the combat going on."
"My mother was wild with alarm. She had heard the report of the pistol, and marked with terror my pale face and disordered appearance. I calmed her as well as I could, saying I had lost the path, and then I hurried her into the carriage and we drove down to Baden-Baden in hot haste, lest news of my peril should reach her ears."
"That night I told my adventure to the councilor, and committed to his care a letter, expressing my gratitude to my brave deliverer, when he should should make himself known."
"We left Baden-Baden the next morning, a telegram from home requiring our immediate presence there; and so I never met again the fair-haired Englishman. But he did a heroic thing—did he not?"
"He could scarcely do less, could he?" replies Mr. Stanley, with a deep red stain in each thin cheek.
Miss Cheswick marks the grudging praise, the flushed cheek, and her face grows stern.
"That man lives in my memory," she says with cold distinctness, while her large eyes deepen and glow. "He is the one hero whom I have met—the one man whom I would wed."
"Would you?" murmurs Mr. Stanley, and he laughs incredulously, and his lips quiver as if in scorn.
"At least," says the lady, goaded into hostility by his scant, "while that man's noble courage lives in my heart I will never love a lesser hero. I shall remain faithful to his memory forever."
"Perhaps if you met him you would not love him," remarks Mr. Stanley.
"Ah! that I should. If he were the poorest, and plainest, and humblest man on earth, he would still be my hero."
"But, if you did not know he was your hero—if he loved you madly, neither knowing you had met each other before—"
"Oh, if he would only love me!" sighs Miss Cheswick, clasping her hands, while a rich flush bathes her yearning face. "I could never, never mistake him."
"Then your heart must sometimes have pleaded for—me," murmurs her companion, a strange light in his eyes.
"For you? Oh, sir, why are you so mad? Have I not told you this story because I esteem you too much to allow you—"
"Miss Cheswick, your hero got the letter, but after weeks of illness, the pistol-shot which you heard was not fired by him, but by one of the robbers at him, and it pierced through the neck, placing his life in danger for ten weeks. When he shouted to fly it was because he felt himself falling. He was found alone and insensible by the tourists whom you sent to help him. He has never been strong or like a hero since, though I think his heart is the same; and I fear he will never inspire love in anyone's soul again—indeed, you yourself have said so."
Miss Cheswick is eying him speechlessly. Her dark face is as white as his own, but she takes his trembling hands, and presses them in hers, while her pale lips smile.
"Your letter—you will know it again," breathes Mr. Stanley, and gently withdrawing his hand he takes from his pocket a memorandum book and from its leaves selects a sheet of dainty writing, which he places before her.
"You see," he says, wistfully, "that you did not meet your imaginary

hero, and could not love him, though he loves you madly." And he tries to smile cheerfully, though there is a spasm of pain on his too delicate face.
"Nay," cries Miss Cheswick, a hot flame shooting over her velvet cheeks, "if you are my hero I love you, and would have loved you long ago but for my constancy to yourself."
"Oh, my dear one, is this true?"
"Ah, yes, Mr. Stanley. But where is our game of chess? I take your knight, lo, and there! you have won the game!"—New York Weekly.

HOLDS RECORD AS EATER.

Ohio Doctor Closes Business With a Four-Pound Steak and Side Dishes.

Stories concerning the feats of Dr. H. L. Bonner of Marion, O., as an eater have savored so strongly of Munchausen, the classic prevaricator, that the Parkersburg Sentinel has been loath to believe them, but careful inquiry into the case by that newspaper has convinced it beyond a doubt that the most amazing of these reports are literally true, and that in Dr. Bonner Ohio can boast of a man who can stow away more food in his interior department at a single sitting than any other living man.

A correspondent writes as follows concerning this great eater:
"It is strictly, though we can hardly say painfully, true that Dr. Bonner has been known to eat twenty-five pounds of grapes between meals of an afternoon, and thinks no more of treating himself to a whole bunch of bananas when he feels that way, or incidentally making away with a crate of strawberries or a basket of peaches, than an ordinary person would think of taking two bites at a cherry."
"And when the doctor really gets down to business at a regular meal his bill of fare generally runs about as follows:
"One five-pound steak smothered in onions.
"Four dozen hard boiled eggs.
"Eighteen boiled potatoes.
"A quart can of tomatoes.
"Two or three pies and from six to nine glasses of milk fill in the chinks."
"Often when the doctor comes home late of a winter night after a long, hard drive he will take a few 'light refreshments' before retiring in the shape of a four-pound steak, fifty-six hard boiled eggs, three and one-half pumpkin pies, and a gallon of milk, and we have it as the direct testimony of a personal friend that Dr. Bonner never had the nightmare in his life."
"This same friend tells us of a chance acquaintance of the doctor's who happened to meet him on the street one day about noon and invited him into a restaurant to luncheon. The doctor suggested that it had better be a 'Dutch treat,' but his new friend objected to that, and asked what he would have. The doctor said that if it was 'all the same' he would take a five-pound steak smothered in mushrooms to begin with, and after that he 'wouldn't mind' having three dozen fried eggs, a can or two of tomatoes, a dozen cucumbers, and such little side dishes as there were on the bill."
"The acquaintance thought the doctor was putting up a bluff, but he ordered two five-pound steaks, the eggs, and the other things on the list. After the order was served the friend engaged in conversation with a gentleman passing by, and turned his back to the table, whereupon the doctor, just for a joke, cleared off every thing, so that when his host was ready for his meal there was nothing left but the toothpicks. The host's remarks on this occasion are discreetly left to the imagination."
"It would be wholly unjust to Dr. Bonner to close this account of his extraordinary achievements at the table without stating in all seriousness that he is by no means a glutton or a man who cares to pose as a great eater. On the contrary, he is a refined gentleman, a graduate of Edinburgh College, a lover of art and literature, and a successful and highly respected physician. Nature seems to have endowed him with an abnormal capacity for food, and he only eats what he craves and what he needs, as other men do. He is a well proportioned man, his weight being 220 pounds, and his age sixty-three years.—Baltimore Sun.

Sending for the Doctor.

When a child is sent to summon a physician, the experienced person gives him a written message to deliver at the door. It requires but a few seconds to write the note, and it is safer and better to do so. Childrer have been known to summon a physician, who, upon arriving at the house, found that it was a child's joke. Then again, a timid child is apt to stand around the door, not daring to go inside, if he is obliged to speak his message, while merely presenting a note requires no special effort in the way of courage. If the physician is not at home, the note can be left on the table, or tucked underneath the door, when a child might not be able to reach the slate that is usually hung outside for calls. In the note it is possible to tell in a few words, which of the family is ill, and what the symptoms may be, which it is desirable for a country doctor to know, so that he may not find at the end of a long trip that he lacks some special medicine or instrument that is necessary, and be obliged either to go for it himself or to send someone to bring it.—Mary Taylor Ross, in Good Housekeeping.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Coats made in Prince Albert style are among the latest shown and are exceedingly smart. This May Manton one is made of plum



PRINCE ALBERT COAT.

cut in dip outline and under-faced or bound. The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and one-fourth yards; twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide or three and one-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide when material has figure or nap; three yards forty-four or two and three-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap.

Popular Color For Hats.

A very striking hat, an importation, is made of that vivid dark blue color which is so popular this season. There is a rolled brim of the blue, and the top of the crown repeats the color. The sides of the crown and the edge of the brim consist of rows of bright red, white, and flax-blue braids. The hat tilts well over the face of the wearer, and is lifted behind with a bunch of cherries and leaves. It has no other trimming.

Pictureque Scarfs.

Veils continue to grow in length and breadth as well as thickness with the coming of cold weather, and the latest "automobile veils" are really pictureque scarfs, passing completely around the head and tied in an artistically careless knot on the left shoulder that can be accomplished only by a study of the model, considerably placed upon the veiling counters of the leading department stores.—New York Mail and Express.

A Handsomely Trimmed Waist.

A dinner waist of tucked café au lait crepe de chine is trimmed with straps of brown velvet, ending in gold and amber buttons. It has a vest of Cluny lace over ivory silk. The bodice is fastened by bows of brown velvet tied through small round buckles of gold and amber. The collar and cuffs



RUSSIAN COAT AND FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

sighth yards forty-four inches wide, two and one-half yards fifty-two inches wide.

A Seasonable Costume.

Long coats are much in vogue and gain favor with each succeeding week. The May Manton one shown in the large drawing is made in Russian style and is well adapted both to the entire suit and the general wrap. The model is made of black taffeta stitched with corticell silk, but all coat and suit materials, both silk and wool, are equally appropriate.

The coat consists of a blouse portion, that is made with applied box pleats at front and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and underarm seams, and the skirt which is attached thereto beneath the belt. The skirt includes applied pleats that form continuous lines with the blouse and is laid in inverted pleats at the centre back, which provide graceful fullness. The right front laps over the left to close in double-breasted style beneath the edge of the pleat. The sleeves are box pleated from the elbows to the shoulders, so providing the snug fit required by fashion, but form full puffs at the wrists, where they are finished by flare cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, four yards fifty-two inches wide, four yards forty-four inches wide or Skirts that just clear the ground are among the latest decreed by fashion and can be relied upon as correct both for the present and the season to come. The very excellent one in the large picture provides a graceful flare about the feet and is available for the entire range of skirt and suit materials, but, as shown, is made of Sicilian mohair stitched with corticell silk.

The skirt is cut in five gore, which are so shaped as to fit with perfect snugness about the hips, while they flare freely and gracefully below the knees. The fullness at the back is laid in inverted pleats and can be stitched as illustrated or simply pressed flat as preferred. The upper edge can be finished with a belt or

are of silk embroidery in delicate Persian colors.

Rain Coat.

Coats that afford perfect protection against the rain are essential to every woman's health as well as comfort. This one is adapted to covert cloth and all the materials used for coats of the sort, but is shown in Oxford gray cravenette cloth and stitched with black corticell silk.

The coat consists of the fronts, backs and side backs. The fronts are without fullness, but the back is drawn in at the waist line and held by means of the belt. Over the shoulders is a circular cape and the neck is finished with a shaped and stitched collar. The sleeves are the ample ones of the season.



RAIN COAT.

son and are finished with straight cuffs pointed at their ends. The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide or five yards fifty-two inches wide.

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BARGAINS!

The readers of this paper are constantly upon the alert to ascertain where goods can be purchased at the lowest prices, and if a merchant does not advertise and keep the buyer conversant with his line of goods, how can he expect to sell them?

THINK OVER THIS!