

Rainbow Gold

By Temple Bailey

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The dimness of the big drawing room was slightly lessened by the glow of the light through the perforations of the saporar. Evelyn Herrick was pouring the tea.

"I had a letter from Christine this morning," she said as she handed a cup to Bruce McKenzie.

"What did she say?" he asked, eagerly.

"Wait until these people go," she murmured, "and then I will read it to you."

It was an hour before the crowd melted away, and even then they were not alone, for Philip Herrick lounged on the couch in the corner. Evelyn read the note in an undertone.

"I am coming home, Evelyn. After all these years of study my voice is a failure. Do you remember that I used to say that I would find my pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and Bruce would tell me that no one ever really found rainbow gold? All these years I have been seeking a thing that did not exist, and you have stayed at home and have found happiness. I often think of you and Bruce and of the friendship that has grown up between you. Something you said in your last letter makes me feel that you two are about to enter upon a dearer relationship than friendship, and I wish you happiness, I who have missed happiness in my search for rainbow gold."

Bruce and Evelyn looked at each other. "You see, she knows," Evelyn said at last.

From out of the shadows Philip Herrick asked, "Has she lost her voice?"

"Yes," Evelyn told him, "her beautiful voice; and she gave up everything for it."

She did not say, however, what was in the thoughts of each one of the



Philip Sank Down on the Fur Rug in Front of Her.

three as they sat in the dim room. They had all loved Christine, and she had been engaged to Bruce; but feeling the call of her genius, she had chosen a career rather than marriage. And now Evelyn and Bruce were engaged and Christine was coming back.

Behind the samovar Evelyn whispered to her lover, "I am afraid."

"Of what?" he demanded.

"That when she comes back you will find that you have not forgotten her."

He shook his head. "She did not love me, and now I know that I did not love her—not in the way that I love you, Evelyn."

Their voices after that sank into a murmured monotone. The darkness gathered, and the man on the couch, looking through the parted curtains, could see the stars. He thought of the girl who was coming back. When she had gone away she had been radiant with hope and beauty. She had been courted by a dozen admirers. And she was coming back a failure; coming back to find her lover ready to marry another woman.

His heart ached for her as it had never ached for himself. His own love had been hidden that she might not be hurt by seeing it, but through all the years there had been for him no other woman.

And even as he thought of her she came, parting the curtains softly and standing there in the dimness before any of them saw her.

She laughed a little as she came toward them, and they jumped to their feet in startled amazement.

"You didn't expect me so soon?" she asked, and kissed Evelyn and gave her hands to Bruce and to Philip. She had lost some of her beauty. She was paler and thinner, and the light was gone from her eyes. She gave a little tired sigh as she dropped into the chair that Philip had placed in front of the fire for her.

"How good it seems to be with you all again," she said, "the three dear people with whom I played as a child."

Presently she went on, "And now, Evelyn is going to marry Bruce, which is as it should be. I have come back to give you my blessing."

The word was said lightly, but Philip, watching her, saw the trouble in her face. Did she still love Bruce? Would this marriage make her still more unhappy?

"When I went away," she said

after a silence, "I thought that my return would be a triumphal entry. Everyone would want to hear me sing—and now no one will care to hear me."

"Philip sank down on the fur rug in front of her. 'Is it all gone, your voice?' he asked softly.

"I still have a little voice," she said, "but no one cares to hear it."

And again there was silence. There was constraint, too, in the atmosphere, for Bruce and Evelyn had grown into each other's lives and away from Christine's. Only in Philip's heart was the real welcome that she craved.

She felt this instinctively, and it was her need of him, perhaps, that made her ask later, when the four had talked of many things, "Will you ride back to the hotel with me, Philip? I know Evelyn had a dinner engagement and Bruce will want to say good-by to her without us."

Philip insisted upon a stop at a tea-room, where they ordered ices as an excuse but ate nothing.

They talked of Bruce and of Evelyn and of the coming marriage. "Evelyn chooses the better part," Christine said. "A woman is only a woman after all, and home-keeping hearts are happiest."

He felt that she regretted the loss of Bruce, and tried to comfort her. "I don't believe that you would have been happy with him, Christine," he said.

She looked at him startled. "With whom?" she demanded.

"With Bruce, of course," he said. "Oh!" she laughed a little. "Did you think—why, Philip, I am glad I gave up Bruce. If I had loved him I could not have given him up. If I had loved him no career could have taken me away from him, and that was why I went away to search for my pot of gold."

She stopped for a moment; then she went on with some hesitation: "There was some one else that I loved, Philip, but I was not light enough or frivolous enough to turn from one man to another. I felt that I must give up Bruce and test myself—but the other man never told me, Philip, that he cared."

Something in her voice made him look at her startled.

"Would you have given up your career for that other man?" he demanded.

"Yes," she said softly. "I would have been glad to have used my voice for love songs and lullabies, Philip. I knew that I was following a phantom, that my greatest happiness would not come from a career. But I felt that I must go away—because this other man was true to his friend, and because I felt that I must be very sure of myself."

"I could not tell you. You understand?" he asked eagerly. "I did not dream that you cared, and I thought Bruce's life was bound up in you."

"I knew it wasn't," she said. "But that had to be proved, and only my going away could prove it. And I am more than glad that I went away, Philip, because I have learned now that love is the greatest thing in the world. I saw so many women over there living their pitiful little lives—women eaten up by jealousies and ambitions and the craving for excitement, and I learned that nothing makes a woman happy but love and a home. All the modern theories, all the advanced arguments can never make me believe anything else."

And then he knew that all his waiting was to have its reward. He told her, then, of his dreams and of his desires. He wanted her in his life. It seemed to them both, as they went out, that the world had changed; there was a radiance about the starlighted evening that was a reflection of the radiance within themselves.

As he left her at her hotel, Christine whispered, "I have found my pot of gold, Philip."

"Where?" he demanded.

"At the other end of the rainbow," she said. "At the end that was nearest home, Philip."

Major Shurtz.

Lou Emerson, a state senator in New York, owns some big shirt factories up in the northern part of the state and is very rich.

One day he visited Republican headquarters in New York when B. B. Odell, Jr., was chairman. Odell was out and had left a flip young man in charge.

"Emerson walked in. 'Is Odell here?' he asked.

"None," replied the flip young man without getting up.

"Where is he?"

"Dunno."

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno."

Emerson turned to leave. "Who shall I say called?" asked the flip young man.

Emerson went over to the flip young man, caught hold of his shirt by the bosom, and said: "Tell him the man who made that 50-cent shirt you are wearing called."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Not Qualified.

"Here's a man whom I can commend to you as a writer. He is possessed of a great deal of rude strength."

"Oh, then, he wouldn't do for polite literature."

Summer Robes



The robe at the left is of sage green crepon, prettily trimmed with bands, and a scarf of dotted foulard to match. The yoke is of white lace and the skirt is of plain silk passed through slits cut in the material.

The more elaborate robe at the right is of yellow crepe de chine. It forms a sort of draped cuirasse, finished in front with a chou and long knotted sash ends. It is finished at the bottom with two flounces that may be set on with little frills or headings.

The chemisette and undersleeves are of Irish gipure.

SUGGESTIVE FAREWELL GIFT

Box of Correspondence Paper Is Considered a Most Acceptable Present.

A delicately suggestive as well as acceptable farewell present is a box of correspondence paper. For foreign use there are gray white sheets accompanied by gray or metal blue tissue lined envelopes, pure white with envelopes lined with clan plaid and various colors with double faced envelopes of a contrasting shade.

Ultra smart are the pale gray dimity stationery having envelopes lined with a darker shade of gray, the French lawn in pale tan and dull blue and the squares of white fabric which fold once into their casings.

For quite small children there are special sizes in dimity and lawn sheets which fit into envelopes of from one and a half to two inches square.

The correct way of presenting a stationery gift is to place it in a cabinet of cretonne, pigskin or silk, which emptied will answer perfectly for handkerchiefs, ribbons and gewgaws and will continually serve to remind the possessor of the donor.

Madeira Embroidery.

Madeira embroidery, which has become so fashionable in handkerchiefs, low collars, jabots, lingerie and table and bureau sets, as well as in allover embroidered gowns and skirt and jacket suits, is all made in the Madeira Islands, off the western shore of Africa, opposite Morocco. Funchal, the only town of any size, is the port of exportation.

The native workers who produce this exquisite embroidery are paid from ten to seventy-five cents a day for their labor, the former wage being much nearer the average. Men, women and children work together, sitting on the grass outside their thatched-roof huts. Thread, material and the modern patterns are all supplied to the local houses near Funchal by French and German designers, these two countries being the markets for the world of this Madeira work.

Made-Over Garment.

"When I have a dress to make over," said the practical woman, "I always rip it completely, clean and press it, and put it away for two seasons. Then, when I take it out again and refashion it in the latest mode, I have a dress that not my closest friends will recognize. People's memories last over one season, but never over two."

"If the material is of a very striking color, I often dye it a slightly darker shade. Then if anybody remarks that my new garnet is very like my old cerise, I answer composedly, 'Yes, very like,' and no one is the wiser."

For Stout Women.

When the stout woman buys a silk petticoat, she will seldom find one to fit her; they seem to come only in the smaller sizes. But let her buy one so much too long that it will fit around the waist, and then shorten it by a deep tuck, or by cutting it off at the top and finishing it by a bias seam that will make the petticoat snug over her hips.

She will find that she is not then debarrated from that extravagance which is really the greatest economy—a good silk petticoat.

ONE OF THE SEASON'S WRAPS

New Raglan Styles Afford Comfort for Woman Who Must Do With One Wrap.

The woman who must make one wrap do duty for many purposes, can compromise happily this year on the new raglan styles. They are neither coat nor cape, but a graceful combination of both.

One of the best looking of these styles is called the Parsifal. It is cut circular with seamless shoulders which merge into raglan sleeves. The neck is collarless and cut slightly rounding.

Around the neck down each side of front and edging the sleeves are braided bands of the material, stitched bias bands or embroidered or braided trimmings.

The wrap is cut slightly double-breasted in front and fastens just above the bust line and at one side of the waist with buttons and loops. Similar buttons are put opposite on other side of front.

By this arrangement when the wrap is wished for more formal occasions the upper part can be turned back into one or two revers as preferred.

BATISTE WAIST.



This dandy waist is of white batiste made with tucks and trimmings with embroidery and valenciennes lace. The yoke is of Irish lace.

The sleeves are encircled their entire length with tucks and are finished with cuffs of the embroidery.

Padding Under Color.

Often in padding a buttonhole edge or a design for solid embroidery, the white padding shows through the color that is afterward stitched under it. This is especially noticeable and disagreeable in a dark shade.

One woman solved the problem by doing her padding in cotton as near the shade of the silk as she could get. The result was eminently satisfactory. It may seem extravagant, but the cotton was only three cents a spool, and the extra expense was worth while.

To Prevent Slipping.

When sewing a hem or straight seam, pin the material to your knee, and you will be sure of keeping the goods even and preventing slipping. Every few inches move the goods on and pin again.

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"Big Ben" Incorrectly Named. "Big Ben," the bell in Westminster clock tower, London, is known the world over, but it is incorrectly named. Sir Benjamin Hall, the first commissioner of works, during whose tenure of office the clock was erected, had far less to do with it than Lord Grimthorpe, who designed it, and was the moving spirit in its erection. In justice to him it should be known as Old Grim.

Accompaniments of Eating. Meals are best taken during those periods when the body is at rest. The time for taking food must not be too short. During the meal it is better not to think of business or serious or, perhaps, even sad things. Our whole and undivided attention should be given to our meals. Pleasant company, light conversation, jokes and stories add to the enjoyment of food.—Medical Record.

Cleaning Woodwork. For natural finish woodwork that has become scratched or dented there is nothing better than a coat or two of shellac.

It is prepared at home by adding the dry yellow flakes to about 95 per cent. alcohol. If shaken occasionally, it will dissolve in a few hours. Shellac is a convenient form of varnish to have in a house, as it readily covers any mark on furniture.

A Canary's Ears. A canary's ears are back of and a little below its eyes. They are not hard to find when one has learned where to look. There is no outer ear, such as animals have, but simply a small opening which is covered by feathers. It is quite surprising that birds possess the very acute hearing which they do, while lacking the fleshy flap which enables the animals to catch sound.—St. Nicholas

The Philosopher of Folly. "The world owes you a living," says the Philosopher of Folly, "but it isn't running a delivery wagon to save you the trouble of carrying it home."

The Poor Kin. As a general thing the richer a man gets the more he thinks his kin ought to be too proud to ask him for anything.

Never Die. To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.—Campbell.

Swarm of Worms to the Acre. There are about 26,800 worms to an acre of cultivated land.

For Mixing Concrete. For mixing concrete a spade has been invented with long, oval holes in the blade, the perforations allowing the finer cement to flow through and give the face a finer finish.

Editorial. The editor who gave up his seat to a lady on the train said he "was crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."—Judge

Why Say It? A correspondent wishes to know whether it is proper to say "politics is boiling," or "politics are boiling." We can't imagine why anybody should wish to say it, anyhow.

Fresh Young People. As some of us understand it, a fresh young girl is one who has just bloomed out and a fresh young man is one who has budded in.—Dallas News.

On His Arm. We rather like to see a woman hang onto her husband's arm, if she does it because she loves him; but we don't like it if she hangs on because he's hers.—Athenian Globe.

Light Portable Balloon. A French aeronaut has patented a balloon which, when deflated, can be packed in its basket and the entire equipment carried on a man's back.

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