

# His Dreams

By EDITH GRAY

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Outside the shack a Mexican half-breed strummed his guitar and sang in a voice inclined to nasality, but not utterly unmusical, the refrain of a popular song then much in vogue at Vera Cruz.

Richard Marston, the young American seated within, translated to himself, "My soul, my life, I love you," and flung aside his cigarette in a sudden gesture of despair. "My soul, my life, I love you! Truly, of what use is this daring plunge into the mountain lumber camp of El Oro, this exile from friends and family in persistent quest of forgetfulness? Of what use when the forgetting is as far distant, now, in the continual round of tedious duties, the overseeing of Indian gangs and balancing of numberless accounts, as it was in the first days?"

The long hours of morning toil brought, for a time, detachment and mental relaxation, but when evening came with its crying demand for physical rest, its breathing of wind in the oak trees and glittering of first stars above the shadowy pines, Marston was invariably overwhelmed with old memories, and a slender girl, red-cloaked, her hood drawn over her soft brown hair, stood once more before him, gazing wistfully outward through her tear-dimmed eyes. Unnumbered times, had the bitterness of that parting been renewed.

"My soul, my life, I love you!" Marston tilted his chair legs back against the crude, unfinished boards, and stared meditatively out through the open window. His glance ignored the miserable out-lying huts of the laboring half-breeds, passed along the narrow dirt road, cut and seamed with the continual repassing of the heavy loads, and lingered above on the hillside, where, its lights gleaming



"My Soul, My Life, I Love You."

brightly through the intervening trees, stood the comparatively princely cottage of his friend and employer, Lewis Pemberton, promoter and engineer.

Several days ago Lewis Pemberton had designed to confide in his attendant corps a fact that had long since been suggested by the radiant shining of his eyes and his frequent outbursts of gay, impulsive laughter—that the young lady, back home, had finally come to a favorable decision, and was now expected, accompanied by her mother and several friends, to spend a month or so in the crude but hospitable shelter of her fiance's cottage. Pemberton had selected three of the boys to act as guides and general cavaliers to the ladies during of hours—Newton, Jim Howard and young Dick Marston.

Newton and Howard had jumped at the invitation but Dick had shaken his head with finality, pleading that he was too busy. Pemberton had replied, "Wait till you see the girls, my boy," and had laughed immoderately. What pleasure could companionship with any girl be since Natalie had gone? At best these friends of Pemberton's betrothed would be colorless, insipid creatures, or the usual forward type of chattering girls. Natalie, with her deep, grave eyes, her tactful understanding, her unflinching sympathy, had so filled him for the frivolous banter of the girls whom Newton and Jim Howard were now finding so enchanting in their first enthusiastic greetings at Pemberton's festive little cottage on the hillside.

To Marston, accompanied by his loneliness and sorrow, occasional peals of girlish laughter mingled with broken snatches of conversation and song, softened by the distance and the trees, floated downward through the night. He closed his eyes in hopeless surrender to homesick, longing depression. And even now, in the midst of gloom, seared and overshadowed by the contrasting gaiety above, his thoughts turned to Natalie and the days long past.

How sweet she had been! How brave! How loyal to her cross-grained old father, who, in a burst of un-governable rage, had forbidden Marston the house and further communication with his only daughter! It was on that never-to-be-forgotten night of

humiliation and dismay that Natalie had explained, but under the stars of the great suburban estate.

"You see, Dick, he's very old, and mother left him to me when she died. Always think first of your father," she said, and so, Dick dear, you had better go away somewhere, for I can't possibly marry you. Go away some where and forget."

He had gone away, to the ends of the earth, it had seemed. At first, he had received unselfish little letters from his far-away sweetheart, but soon these were entirely dropped, and his only news of her was gleaned from the month-old newspapers from home. But, in spite of seeming indifference on her part, and persistent endeavor on his, he had in no way followed out the injunction of the piteous, pleading girl: "Dick, please, Dick, forget."

Not even, after a long period of neglect on the part of the social section, when he had perceived this glaring headline, final and complete, "Broker's Daughter Betrothed—Miss Vernon to Wed Son of British Peer," had he denounced the loved one.

Natalie, Natalie. Without, the wind whispered tender things to the towering pines, and the stars still shone, unheeding and un mindful of his hurt. Only the guitar, sounding mellow and deep toned, seemed in sympathy with the throbbing tyrant, bound fast within his breast. "My heart, my soul, I love you."

For a long time he sat there, his eyes closed, oblivious to his surroundings. So completely had he been swept onward by the ever-increasing current of his deep imaginings, that when he opened his eyes again, it seemed that a strangely familiar figure stood framed within the doorway. The rising moon from without enshined her soft brown hair, a heavy cloak enfolded her; her hands reached outward, and even in the shadows he saw the questioning wonder of her eyes.

She stepped forward, trembling and half afraid. "Dick, you haven't forgotten? I came with Ellen Du Val, Lewis Pemberton's fiancee. Lewis knew from the beginning. He told me to find you here."

The boy's chair legs were still tilted carelessly against the wall, his mud-caked boots twisted rakishly about them, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Though he had been lounging thus for the last hour in meditative abandon of despair, he did not feel the cramped unnaturalness of his position, nor the growing ache across the muscles of his back, so forgetful had he been of his physical self in the pain of despondency.

Even now, confronted by the entrancing little figure, he did not move a muscle, so assured was he that it was but the embodiment of his dreams before him. Surely, if he quivered a fraction of an inch, the silvery shimmering of the moon-crowned head would vanish utterly into the fathomless nowhere whence it had so suddenly arisen. Dreams are good. He would go on dreaming.

"Dick, you don't understand. You see father—father—!" The voice faltered, then continued brokenly. "Father died and there is no one to care now. I thought that you might still want me, Dick, and so I came."

He managed to stammer, as one addressing a pleasantly shimmering but utterly impractical delusion. "The Englishman!"

She laughed. "Dick, foolish Dick, it was only a rumor! Surely you never believed!"

He stood then, his arms stretched outward in a great longing for possession, and she found her way to them.

Without a voice was raised, sweet-toned, melodious.

"My soul, my life, I love you."

Seen and Heard on Long Island.

A teacher tells me that at a Brooklyn school, not long since, the class in geography was asked: "What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?" The pupils tried to think, and after a while a boy raised his hand. "I know," said he. "Well, what are they?" asked the teacher. "Why," said the boy, with a triumphant look, "on the south side you can see the sea, and on the north side you hear the sound."—Spare Moments.

The "Alpenzug." After five years Interlaken has revived its "Alpenzug," a curious and pretty spring festival. It is the procession of the cattle, with their herds men, from the low lying meadows, where they have passed the long winter, to the Alpen, where they will have their summer quarters. "Alp" is used here in the local Swiss sense as meaning a high mountain meadow not a mountain peak.

New Wrinkles. An Irishman desired to become naturalized, and after the papers were signed the judge turned to him. "Now, Dennis," he said, "you can vote." "Will this ceremony," inquired the new citizen, "help me to do uttany better than Ol have been votin' for th' last tin years?"—Success.

Why Business Lags. Gloomy Party—I bought a revolver from you yesterday. I wish you'd take it back. I've changed my mind.—Fliegende Blaetter.

## NEW USE FOR PANS

RED MEN FIND A SOURCE OF AMUSEMENT.

Indian Agent Wonders at Sudden Demand for Frying Pans—Finds Earthen Toboggan Slide on Mountain Side.

The Indian, however averse he may be to any kind of useful labor, is not slow to avail himself of a new source of amusement. This was shown some years ago, when among the supplies sent by the government to a certain agency in the west were several hundred large frying pans with long handles.

These the Indian agent found in stock when he took possession, and at the end of the year the number had not been diminished. Thinking that perhaps he had not discharged his whole duty in the matter of supplying Uncle Sam's wards with these culinary utensils, the agent began making special efforts to induce the red men to use them.

At first, says Harper's Weekly, it was hard work, but by the time he had given out about two dozen there came a sudden change. Not a day passed in which the agent did not have applications for at least a dozen and some days he disposed of twice that number.

When the supply was nearly exhausted he noticed among the applicants some to whom he had previously given pans, and naturally enough he became a trifle curious to know what use they were making of them. He questioned several of the men to no purpose, but at length a young buck more communicative than the rest gave him to understand that if he would visit a certain part of the reservation not far away he would find his inquiry answered.

The next day, therefore, the agent rode out in the direction indicated. About two miles from the agency he noticed on the crest of a narrow spur of the mountain three or four Indians who suddenly disappeared on the opposite side of the ridge. At the same time he heard faintly the cry of many voices.

On turning the point of the ridge he saw a crowd of several hundred Indians who were shouting as if greatly excited. He noticed also several objects, which he at first supposed to be boulders, descending the side of the mountain toward them with tremendous rapidity.

Instead of fleeing from these moving objects, the Indians simply applauded and shouted. Soon he saw other objects like the first descending and in a short time the whole situation was plain to him.

Having elected a long, smooth slope of the mountain where there were no stones, the Indians had converted it into a sort of earthen toboggan slide and were utilizing the frying pans as toboggans.

Seating themselves in the pans they grasped the handles with both hands; then crossing their legs over their arms they went spinning down the slide with great rapidity. The agent let them have the few pans that remained in the storehouse, but did not order a new supply.

Value of Employment. The beginning of all true reformations among the criminal classes depends on the establishment of institutions for their active employment while their criminality is still unripe and their feelings of self-respect, capacities of affection and sense of justice not altogether quenched. That those who are desirous of employment should always be able to find it will hardly, at the present day, be disputed; but that those who are un desirous of employment should, of all persons, be the most strictly compelled to it, the public is hardly yet convinced, and they must be convinced.

If the danger of the principal thoroughfares in their capital city, and the multiplication of crimes more ghastly than ever yet disgraced a nominal civilization are not enough, they will not have to wait long before they receive sterner lessons. For our neglect of the lower orders has reached a point at which it begins to bear its necessary fruit, and every day makes our fields not whiter, but more sable, to harvest.—Ruskin.

Pinched the Wrong One. Among the passengers on a Pennsylvania train leaving Newark about four o'clock a day or so ago for New York was a group of four, father, mother, a boy about five years old and a girl about three years younger. Nearly all the way to Jersey City the head of the family was trying to convince his wife that there was no danger in going by the tube, but the woman seemed nervous and kept repeating, "Let's take the boat." At Jersey City the father guided them to the elevator, and they entered the car in waiting. No sooner had it started than the woman gave signs of hysterics, but the man, alive to the situation, pinched the baby. It squaled lustily, diverting the mother's attention from imaginary danger. A number of passengers witnessed the performance, one of whom when the short trip was over asked the man: "Why didn't you pinch the woman?"

Valid Excuse. Mrs. Subbuss—Henry, that's twice you've come home and forgotten to bring the lard. Subbuss—Yes, my love; it's so greasy it slipped my mind.



## STYLES FOR MISSES

MORE NEARLY RIGHT THING THAN THOSE FOR WOMEN.

Look Actually Adorable in Baglike Skirts of Hour—Many Dressy Frocks Are in One-Piece Models.

All the fall clothes provided for misses strike the heart disgruntled with fashion's follies as more nearly the right thing than those provided for women. True, the small woman may find them to her taste, but the styles are created for the girl, and it is not entirely the traditions of girlhood that make them attractive. Perhaps it is the charm of the very short skirts and the slim figures—it may be that the young girl is more suited to the present frivolities than the woman who is supposed to have come to the age of reason.

Everywhere one encounters the maidenly wisp of humanity looking actually adorable in the baglike skirts of the hour, with their restraining bands or skimpy cut, with the overskirt that looks as if it has a right to be, the short sleeve that seems legitimate and so on. In the field of practicalities a mannish little coat suit represents the proper caper for street wear, and in its most killing phases it looks as if it might be made out of three yards of stuff. A trim, dinky sort of little jacket, with coat sleeves fitting all but to the skin and a single-breasted front, is completed with a skirt without a gather and with only two seams—these at the sides. Mannish materials, too, are being used for it, and for all the apparent simplicity of such suits they require the touch of accomplished tailoring.

Many dressy little frocks are in one-piece models, or they may be in two sections, with the upper part of the skirt simulating, with a yoke or trimming, some basque finish for the bodice. When the waist and skirt join perfectly it is impossible to see at first glance that these frocks are not in one. Then there is the straight overskirt still with us, and just now it is the merest cap, hugging the hips tightly and finished with the inevitable

back. It is edged with wide braid and narrow sewn inside in little loops, this also edged trimming on skirt which is formed by two large points arranged one over the other.

The collar, cuffs, and front of coat are trimmed to match; fancy buttons form fastening. Hat of light straw lined with black and trimmed with silk bows.

## IS SMART WALKING DRESS

Designed for Plain Bronze Cloth, Though Other Material Might Be Utilized.

The smartness of this would show to perfection in plain bronze cloth. The coat fits tightly and has the long basque partly cut in with sides and taken nearly to hem of skirt at



back. It is edged with wide braid and narrow sewn inside in little loops, this also edged trimming on skirt which is formed by two large points arranged one over the other.

The collar, cuffs, and front of coat are trimmed to match; fancy buttons form fastening. Hat of light straw lined with black and trimmed with silk bows.

## "FAIR APRON" MAKES A HIT

Designed by Clever Young Woman Who Found No Further Space for Table at Fair.

"The 'Fair Apron' it is called by the clever young woman who is its originator. There being no further space for a table at the church fair in which she was anxious to help, she conceived the idea of making a big, stout apron of denim, with plenty of spacious pockets, and going around with it, selling small toys to the visitors at the bazaar.

No sooner thought than done. The apron was made of dark green denim, reached to the knees, and was provided across the base with three roomy pockets, made in the deep turn-over of the hem by two straight lines of stitching. These divided the band into three divisions, which were trimmed with a triple row of narrow white braid. Two smaller pockets were made higher up. All of these pockets were hastily ornamented by pictures of Teddy bears, etc., outlined in thick white floss. The apron was fastened around the waist by two stout cords, which helped support its weight.

So great was the success of this plan with the children who were too small to get near the big tables that the second day of the fair she was obliged to hang a tray around her neck to hold the further wares demanded of her!

Hat Trimmings. Flowers are no more to be seen on the best Paris hats; feathers have entirely taken their place. Black and white ostrich plumes are first in favor, especially in the willow curl.

Parade girettes in the same shades are also popular with the Parisienne, though fortunately most of our really well-dressed women refuse to wear feathers that are obtained at the cost of so much slaughter.

Fancy Straw Baskets. Fancy straw baskets which so many of us accumulate can be put to a graceful use by filling with fresh fruit and sending it to an invalid or to a friend starting upon a journey. The artistic effect is enhanced by adding some of the foliage

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