

A Man, a Maid, and Two Minds

By SUSANNE GLENN

Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press

The man leaned his head back against the clasped hands and gazed long at the maid. He looked very big and easy and comfortable, with a certain clearness in his face that inspired confidence.

The maid was intensely pretty, with an outward elaborate calmness belied by the light in her eyes and the color in her cheeks.

"Dear girl," said the man at last, "why do you not make up your mind to marry me?"

"Is it not tiresome?" answered the maid. "I think I prefer the weather as a continuous topic for conversation! You sit for hours and say nothing—when you do speak, it is always on this same impossible subject."

"Because it is the only one upon which I can think when I am with—or at any time! Why do you not answer me? You always evade! When you will answer my questions, I will not trouble you any longer."

"What is it you wish to know?" she asked.

"Why you will not marry me. Why you have changed toward me in these past weeks. You used to care

could hardly suppress a cry of joy at sight of a tall figure standing protectively beside her.

"You are going alone—tonight?" asked the man a little sharply.

"It seems necessary, and I am perfectly safe," she answered, with a calmness she was far from feeling.

"Necessary? Well, I shall at least put you safely in your train. Come!" She followed meekly. It was a new experience to have her baggage attended to as if by magic, and to be looked after in this high-handed manner.

"Necessary? Well, I shall at least put you safely in your train. Come!" She followed meekly. It was a new experience to have her baggage attended to as if by magic, and to be looked after in this high-handed manner. She was several minutes before she realized that he was still sitting beside her and that the train was moving rapidly.

At her look of astonishment, he smiled reassuringly, and covered her hand protectively with his own.

"Did you think I ought to let you go like this? I still have a great deal to say to you. I am going to sit here quietly, and I want you to think it all over honestly and fairly to both of us; then we will talk about it!"

Suddenly the maid felt her resolution weakening. She was tired of taking the lead in everything, and this feeling of being cared for brought such peace and happiness. She wanted with all her heart to be loved. She was tired of the war she was waging against her feelings for this man, who could be so charming even while so undeserving. But the mother and the sister, who depended upon her so completely!

"Don't you think," said the man as if in answer to her thoughts, "that it is time they began doing something for themselves? We need each other, dear, you cannot deny it, and they will be really better and stronger if left to their own resources. Look at me."

She raised her eyes breathlessly, but the tenderness in his face changed to a look of horror as the car careened with a grinding sound; then the lights went out, leaving them in a terrible darkness. Through the frightened moments that followed, filled with the splintering and crashing of wood and glass, and the hoarse, agonized cries of the passengers, the maid was conscious only of the protecting arm about her and the words of encouragement so quietly spoken.

A blast of damp night air against her face revived her; the man was leaving her gently on a grassy bank.

"You will be safe here, dear," he said hastily. "Stay here so I can find you, I must go back!" He kissed her tenderly, and was swallowed up in the horrible scene.

"Oh, he isn't selfish—he is brave and generous and good," she sobbed, alone in an agony of waiting. She strained her eyes for a sight of him in the medley below her, but could see only the limp forms being borne out by the black, hurrying figures.

After what seemed hours of painful waiting, she saw him coming up the bank to her again. He sank down wearily.

"Thank God they are all safely out," he said, quietly, "and not many hurt beyond a general scare and shaking up; we got the fire out, too, by a miracle. The relief train will soon be here, now. You are all right—you are not hurt!" he asked, turning to her suddenly.

"No—no!" she answered impatiently, "and you?"

"Why, I'm all right, child!" She looked at him closely, at his smoke-stained face and torn clothing, and the ugly red burns on his grimy hands. And suddenly she sank in sobbing abandon in the grass.

With a joyous comprehension, the man drew her into his arms.

When the incompetent mother and sister arrived at their home station they were met by a strange boy directing them to the leading hotel; and their bewilderment changed to impatience at sight of the radiant maid who met them in a pleasant private parlor.

"You were not hurt in the wreck?" asked the mother casually, thinking of her own discomfort and this unnecessary delay. "Then why do we not go home? Is everything ready for our reception?"

"I phoned Ellen to prepare for you; I think everything will be all right. I have not been to the house myself."

"Not been to the house! What have you been doing, pray?" cried the mother in high dudgeon.

"Caring for my husband, who was rather badly burned rescuing people from the wreck. You know," added the maid, holding the door open for them, with a new and disconcerting dignity, "I was married yesterday morning!"

The Ink Plant. The ink of every-day life may be perhaps described as of mixed animal, vegetable and mineral origin. Sometimes, however, the juice of a plant can be used directly for writing. This is the case with the ink plant, which occurs in South America and New Zealand.

The juice of the plant is red, but it becomes rapidly black on exposure to oxidation. It gives a permanent stain on paper and can be used as ink without further preparation. All the early documents in Spanish South America were written with the juice of the ink plant.

Nervously she dismissed the cabman, and hastened into the bright, crowded station. A feeling of utter loneliness enveloped her, and she



Hastened into the bright, crowded station.

—you cannot deny it! Now, you are cool and sharp and distant!"

"A most delightful description of an object so ardently adored!" she said, crisply.

"See, you do evade! I really wish to know, so you need not be afraid of hurting me. What is there that makes this so impossible between us?"

The maid looked down at him critically.

"We should not be happy—we are not suited to each other!"

"Why?" he persisted.

"You love ease and comfort; I love activity. You have always had yourself alone to consider; I have spent my life thinking of others. I should weary you, and you would exasperate me! We are much better apart, my friend!"

"You honestly believe that? Why, you simply justify the step—you would kill my loneliness and selfishness; I would be a balance wheel to the enthusiasm that is continually undermining your strength! That will not do for an answer. Will you tell me that you no longer care?"

"That seems superfluous after all I have told you," she murmured evenly.

The man rose, moved out of his usual calm.

"Good-by," he said, gently.

"We are parting friends?" she asked, kindly.

"Perhaps I shall be grateful for that after a while; just now it seems a poor sort of thing to offer me."

In the weeks that followed there was little outward change in the man, though he pondered deeply. What was this shadow that had come between the maid and him? Never in his life had he been so happy as he had been this summer until the advent of the incapable mother and sister upon whom the maid lavished her young life brought the beginning of the end.

And the maid, watching him furtively, goaded her pride with his indifference; her mother had been right, he cared for nothing but himself. She ought to be happy that she had found it out in time. And she renewed her devotion to the loved one to whom she meant so much.

A night journey alone in the jolting local train was very distasteful—even a little fearful—to the maid, but it seemed advisable that she go ahead to have everything prepared for the reception of her mother and sister when they should return home from this outing that meant merely a pleasant recreation to them, and so much misery to her! Just what this return to the old life would be she dared not consider; he might not be deserving, yet her heart ached under its jaunty garment of pride.

TWENTY-FOUR DEAD IN FIRE

Scores of Girls Leap Out of Windows of Factory.

THE STAIRWAYS WERE IN FLAMES.

In a Four-Story, Oil-Soaked Structure a Gasoline Can Explodes—Scores Of Working Girls, Finding Elevator and Stairways Aflame, Plunge Headlong From Fire-Escapes, Many To Death on the Pavements.

Perish Within 10 Minutes.

Twenty-five working girls are known to have perished, 6 others are missing and 50 are injured as a result of the burning of a factory building at Orange and High streets, Newark, New Jersey.

The fire started on the third floor by an explosion of gasoline.

Within 10 minutes the whole four-story structure was a blazing furnace.

Hundreds of working girls were trapped on the upper floors by the rapid spread of the fire, their only escape being by way of two insufficient fire-escapes.

These were quickly overcrowded. A wild panic ensued, and dozens leaped from the windows and fire-escapes.

One girl was burned to death sitting at her sewing machine.

The financial loss is said to be \$165,000.

Newark, N. J. (Special).—Twenty-five girls were burned alive or crushed to death on the pavement in leaping from windows and fire-escapes within 10 minutes Saturday morning.

The tragedy occurred at a fire in the factory building at Orange and High streets.

The latest count shows that 20 of the 25 bodies recovered have been identified and that six girls are still missing.

They may be among the unidentified dead or they may be in the ruins.

Fifty persons were taken to hospitals, of whom two may die. Among the injured is Joseph E. Sloane, deputy fire chief, who was overtaken by the falling wall and buried in bricks and rubbish. He is badly hurt, but may recover.

The rush of the flames was so incredibly swift and threw such unreasoning terror into the huddled working girls on the top floor that the body of one was found still seated on a charred stool beside the machine at which she had been busy when the first cry of "fire" petrified her with fright.

Trapped in a Tinder Box.

Horrible as must have been the tragedy in the smoke that crowded upper room, what befell outside in the bright sunlight was more horrible still.

The building was furiously inflammable, and the first rush of flames had cut off all possibility of escape by the stairways. The elevators made one trip, but took down no passengers and never came back. The only exit was by two narrow fire-escapes, the lower platforms of which were 25 feet from the street.

On these overcrowded and steep exits, made hot by the flames from the lower windows, pressed forward a mob of women, blind with panic, driven by the fire, and the others behind them.

Out Of Windows To Death.

A net had been spread beneath the windows, and the girls began to jump.

"Like rats out of a burning bin" was the way a fireman described that pellmell descent. They bolted out of the windows, rolled up on the heads of those below them and cascaded off the fire-escape to the pavement 60 feet below.

Some of them stood in the windows outlined against the flames and jumped clear; others from the landings; still others from the steps where they stood.

The air was full of them and they fell everywhere—into the net, on the necks of firemen, and 15 of them on the hard stone slabs.

When the jumping ceased there were eight dead in the street and the gutters ran red with blood.

Eleven more were so badly crushed that they died in hospitals.

Clouds of smoke and showers of burning embers spread over the city and rained down on neighboring roofs. As the news flew—and it lost nothing in the telling—panic spread to other factories, where many of the girls in peril had friends and relatives, and several firms had to shut down for the day.

Prayer in the Street.

Italian silk workers fell in the

Two Boys Murdered in Woods.

Columbia, S. C. (Special).—Guy Rogers and Prentiss Moore, aged 15 and 11, respectively, went hunting Thanksgiving Day in the swamps of the Reedy river, near Bennettsville, and their bodies were found Saturday in a ditch near their buggy. They had been murdered. Circuit Court was adjourned and practically the entire population of Bennettsville is engaged in searching for the assassins of the lads. Rogers was a son of the County Treasurer.

streets and prayed and lamented pitifully. Priests and clergymen worked their way through the press to give the last consolations to those of their different faiths. Ambulances and automobiles, commandeered for emergency service, were hurrying in opposite streams to the hospitals and back again.

Floor Soaked With Oils.

The building was a four-story brick structure occupied on the two lower floors by the Newark Paper Box Company and the A. A. Drake Paper Box Company; on the third floor, where the fire started, by the Anchor Lamp Company and the Aetna Electric Company, and on the top floor, where the death list ran heaviest, by the Wolf Manufacturing Company, makers of underwear.

The wooden floors were soaked with oil drippings from the machinery and the flames ate through them like pasteboard.

When they warped and weakened, the weight of the machinery tore them from the walls and they fell into the basement in a horrible tangle of hot iron and mangled humanity.

Sadie Benson, an employee of the Aetna Electric Company, was cleaning an electric light fixture in a gasoline bath.

Gasoline Can Explodes.

The gasoline took fire—she does not know how—and trickled in a little rivulet of flame on the floor where stood a full can of gasoline. The can exploded and the burning liquid flew far and wide.

Lewis Cox, an employee of the box factory on the second floor, was standing in the hallway at the time of the explosion. The shock was strong enough, he says, to hurl him against the wall, but the girls upstairs at their whirring sewing machines heard nothing.

Fireman Brown, who turned in the alarm, was at work directly opposite the building, cleaning the windows of the engine house where he is stationed. He saw a girl rush out of the factory into the street, screaming and wringing her hands.

"There's fire in there," she cried pointing back to the hallway she had left.

Brown did not wait to ask any questions. He turned in an alarm and then dashed up the fire-escape. Already he found 40 girls at the fourth-story windows, some of them so dazed with terror that they hadn't the wit to pull down the ashes and climb out. Brown smashed in the window and began pulling girls out upon the fire-escape. He counted 40 that fled past him.

Face Scorched By Heat.

The floor was far from cleared, but the heat had then grown so intense that the skin was beginning to scorch on his face. He pulled himself up to the window for a last look in, but at that moment a gush of red-streaked smoke blinded and almost smothered him, and he was forced to drop into the lee of the wall.

"It was the most horrible thing I've ever seen," he said afterward. "The girls were dropping from every window. I never saw a fire spread so fast once it got started. Before we could get the girls through the windows on the fire-escapes the flames were licking the wooden sashes."

Fire Chief Astley laid the responsibility for loss of life on delay in turning in an alarm. He says that five minutes were lost in trying to fight the blazing gasoline with sand in a barrel. "If those precious minutes had not been wasted," he almost sobbed, "we would not have lost one single life."

Owners In Tears.

David Levy, president of the Wolf Manufacturing Company, and Alfred M. Wolf, secretary and treasurer, broke into tears when they were asked for an estimate of the loss.

"What is lost in the face of this disaster?" said Mr. Wolf. "What is any investment against the life of one of those poor girls? When we can talk coherently we'll give out a statement."

Frederick Weimer, chief inspector of the public prosecutor's office, is making an investigation to determine the responsibility of the tenants and owners.

NAVY WINS GREAT GAME.

Dalton's Placement Kick the Only Score—Desperate Battle.

Philadelphia (Special).—Standing on the Army's 30-yard line in the last period of Saturday's big football match Dalton, the Navy's tall half-back, kicked a goal from placement which was the only score of the contest, and disposed of the West Pointers unexpectedly by 3 to 0. Dalton had previously attempted six goal trials without success, so that when he shot the oval squarely between the posts and over the crossbars the blue and gold enthusiasts indulged in one of the wildest demonstrations of joy ever seen at a struggle between Uncle Sam's young soldiers and sailors.

Five Hundred Flyers.

Paris (Special).—Prof. Soreau, lecturing before the civil engineers, said the dangers of aviation should not be exaggerated. The Aero Club of France has issued over 270 licenses and the total number of aviators in the world is about 500. The deaths have been about 6 per cent. The total distance flown may be estimated at 125,000 miles, or one death for 4,166 2-3 miles.

IN FIGHT FOR LIFE

MAN'S THRILLING ESCAPE FROM JAWS OF CROCODILE.

Story of an Old Sailor's Determination to Bag His Game After Being Injured in Encounter With Monster.

It is only a few months since the incidents happened that I am about to relate, writes A. Cavendish in Chamber's Journal. My work took me on a visit up a river to one of those timber-cutting camps where are felled and rafted the great hardwood logs so valued in the Chinese market.

G., the white man in charge, was a characteristic old "hard case," who had started life before the mast in a sailing ship and drifted in a beach-combing fashion to our colony, where he had been given, almost in charity, a subordinate billet in one of the large timber companies. Arriving in my boat at the little jetty or landing stage, I was astonished to find G. lying on a rattan couch within a few yards of the bank with a heavy expression across his knees gazing intently at a rough pagur or fence erected in the stream.

Hanging from this fence and a few feet above the water were the corpses of a monkey and several pariah dogs; while half a dozen ducks, each tied to the fence by the leg with a long string, flapped about on the water and quacked dismally in their efforts to escape. I was just wondering whether the whisky bottle or too much soft-drift accounted for this state of affairs, when I noticed that G.'s leg was swathed in rough bandages from knee to ankle.

Throwing myself down near him in the welcome shade I learned the following story: Two nights before G. was sleeping peacefully in his little palm leaf house in a clearing about 20 yards from the river bank when his dog began to growl and refused to be silenced. G. turned out and walked around the hut to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, but seeing nothing addressed himself to the dog in his usual laud and picturesque sailing ship language and retired to bed again. Five minutes later he was once more aroused by a yelp from the dog, and this time really annoyed he seized a stick and sallied forth to inflict dire punishment on the disturber of his dreams. Suddenly a dark form glided swiftly from the shadows and G. felt himself seized by the right knee as in a vice.

Stooping to free himself, he found he was in the grip of a large crocodile whose teeth were firmly imbedded in flesh and bone. Backward and forward the struggle awayed, the crocodile striving to pull its destined victim to the water's edge and G., hampered as he was by his imprisoned leg, fighting for his life to reach higher ground. At last the beast, hurling its victim to the ground with a shake of its powerful head, began to drag him swiftly toward the water. Poor G., feeling, as he expressed it, that it was "all over bar the shouting," determined to make one last effort for his life, and taking advantage of a momentary halt as the brute was steering past a tree stump, he sat up and succeeded in getting both his thumbs into the reptile's eye sockets, the only vulnerable part of a crocodile's head.

The rest of the story is perhaps best told in G.'s own words, or as nearly as circumstances (and the editor) will permit: "So soon as I gets me thumbs made fast in 'is eyes 'e opens 'is mouth to shout and lets go my leg. Then first thing next mornin' the coolies lays 'is breakfast for 'em, as you see, an' I gets into this chair, an' 'ere I stays if it's a month." Valiantly I tried to persuade G. to come away with me to the next station and see a doctor. He refused to move from that chair until he had bagged his crocodile.

I met him again a week later in a hospital bed suffering severely, but quite happy in the knowledge that the bones of that crocodile were bleaching in the sun outside his house. Poor old G.: Only a few weeks afterward the habit of clearing crocoders from his path in the jungle with the butt end of his loaded and cocked rifle proved fatal to him.

There are people in the world who will hardly believe that fish can be trained to be shy. Training, they apprehend, has the effect of producing confidence, and even boldness in some creatures. Shyness is a quality inherited by nature, they say, and is a trait, under some circumstances, to be eliminated. This is a case illustrative of the wonderful play which it is possible to place upon many of our English words. We are reminded of the Frenchman who enlarged upon this peculiarity of our tongue. "You say 'fine' for beeg tings and 'fine' for leetle tings. You say elephant is 'fine' animal and the needle be 'fine.' You say 'fine' day when it is glorious, and the rain when it is 'fine,' very 'fine.'" After all, it very economical to be able to condense, so to speak, our vocabulary in this way and utilize one small word to convey so much. The fact is, we say that fish are shy when they really are cunning—but it is the kind of cunning which is indicated by this word—shy. We find also that there are degrees and varying qualities of shyness, judged by fishermen's parlance. The fish are said to be gut shy, hook shy, shy this and shy that, which indicates that the evolution along this line is going ahead.

Fish Trained to Be Shy.

There are people in the world who will hardly believe that fish can be trained to be shy. Training, they apprehend, has the effect of producing confidence, and even boldness in some creatures. Shyness is a quality inherited by nature, they say, and is a trait, under some circumstances, to be eliminated. This is a case illustrative of the wonderful play which it is possible to place upon many of our English words. We are reminded of the Frenchman who enlarged upon this peculiarity of our tongue. "You say 'fine' for beeg tings and 'fine' for leetle tings. You say elephant is 'fine' animal and the needle be 'fine.' You say 'fine' day when it is glorious, and the rain when it is 'fine,' very 'fine.'" After all, it very economical to be able to condense, so to speak, our vocabulary in this way and utilize one small word to convey so much. The fact is, we say that fish are shy when they really are cunning—but it is the kind of cunning which is indicated by this word—shy. We find also that there are degrees and varying qualities of shyness, judged by fishermen's parlance. The fish are said to be gut shy, hook shy, shy this and shy that, which indicates that the evolution along this line is going ahead.

Man's Thrilling Escape From Jaws of Crocodile.

It is only a few months since the incidents happened that I am about to relate, writes A. Cavendish in Chamber's Journal. My work took me on a visit up a river to one of those timber-cutting camps where are felled and rafted the great hardwood logs so valued in the Chinese market.

G., the white man in charge, was a characteristic old "hard case," who had started life before the mast in a sailing ship and drifted in a beach-combing fashion to our colony, where he had been given, almost in charity, a subordinate billet in one of the large timber companies. Arriving in my boat at the little jetty or landing stage, I was astonished to find G. lying on a rattan couch within a few yards of the bank with a heavy expression across his knees gazing intently at a rough pagur or fence erected in the stream.

Hanging from this fence and a few feet above the water were the corpses of a monkey and several pariah dogs; while half a dozen ducks, each tied to the fence by the leg with a long string, flapped about on the water and quacked dismally in their efforts to escape. I was just wondering whether the whisky bottle or too much soft-drift accounted for this state of affairs, when I noticed that G.'s leg was swathed in rough bandages from knee to ankle.

ATTORNEYS.

D. F. FORTNEY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Offices North of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
No. 19 W. High Street.
All professional business promptly attended to

A. D. GENTIS Jno. J. BOWEN W. D. KRANZ
LETTIG, BOWER & ZEBBY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
KAGLE BLOOR
BELLEFONTE, PA.
SUCCESSIONS TO ORVIG, BOWER & ORVIG
Constitutions in English and German.

G. B. SPANGLER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Orviger's Exchange Building.

CLEMENT DALE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.

Penn's Valley Banking Company
CENTRE HALL, PA.
W. B. MINIGLE, Cashier
Receives Deposits . . .
Discounts Notes . . .

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. without special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year (four months, \$1). Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co., 311 Broadway, New York

Jno. F. Gray & Son
(Successors to GRANT HOOPER)
Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World. . . .
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST
No Mutual
No Assessments
Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.
Money to Loan on First Mortgage
Office in Orviger's Stone Building
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Telephone Connection

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.
 H. O. STROHMMEIER,
CENTRE HALL, PENNA.
Manufacturer of and Dealer in HIGH GRADE . . . MONUMENTAL WORK
In all kinds of Marble and Granite. Don't fail to get my price.

LARGEST INSURANCE
Agency
IN CENTRE COUNTY
H. E. FENLON
Agent
Bellefonte, Penna.
The Largest and Best Accident Ins. Companies
Bonds of Every Description. Plate Glass Insurance at low rates.