

Change of Heart

By DONALD ALLEN

The family of Judge Winters had known the family of Colonel Bellaire for years and years. That meant that Fred Bellaire and Agnes Winters had known each other as boy and girl. The fathers hadn't settled it over their wine and cigars that there should be a marriage. In fact, the two young people didn't take to each other very well. It was only in after years, when Fred had finished college and Miss Winters was in society, that there was any feeling stronger than acquaintanceship.

It was not necessary that young Bellaire should choose a profession. He had been left money, and he drifted along as other rich young men do—the clubs—travel—Newport—golf—autoing and the races. And in the intervals he spent his time admiring Agnes Winters and falling in love with her. On her side, she liked him but she had no stronger feeling. She was a bit of a prude and had old-fashioned notions.

He would have stood better in her estimation had she found him with a carpenter's apron on and a saw in his hand. He had asked for her hand, and without giving her time to reply had asked her to think over it for a week. "I have thought," she said when the week had expired and he was back for his answer.

"And—and you are going to decide against me!" he whispered as he read her answer in her face. "I am, and I want to give you my reasons. You are a butterfly—a fritterer. You have accomplished nothing, and you have nothing in view. Aside from the society journals, you are a nonentity."

"If you say so to the south pole I'm off!" stoutly replied Fred. "You wager on the races and other things. You play for high stakes at the club. You have the gambling spirit in you."

"But I almost always win."

"Then it's even worse. You've got money, but you throw it about in the

"Say, now, Agnes, you can't mean it! Just because a fellow—"

"I beg you to excuse me, Mr. Bellaire!"

Whether Fred went away or sat down and resolved to become an angel is really not known. He managed somehow to live through it and society didn't notice any great falling off in weight and appetite.

It was three months after he had received his conge and his boxing-master had said that he was in excellent condition when he motored out Westchester way to see an old chum.

On that very day Miss Agnes Winters had started out in her runabout alone for a bit of a spin. The two had not met since that evening. For a month afterwards she had been upheld by conscience. Then a still, small voice began to trouble her by asking if she hadn't been too hard on Fred. She had almost come to the conclusion that she had and she wanted to be out in the air and alone to settle the question with herself.

After a smooth run of two miles the runabout came to a halt. They do that sometimes. Then it is clearly the duty of the driver to find out why and go on again. Miss Winters was finding out why when three men from the bushes rushed out on her. She was wearing a diamond at her throat and they had a right to believe that her gloves concealed valuable rings.

Enter Fred Bellaire on the scene! He wasn't aching to be a hero, but it was forced on him. His auto came up in such a cloud of dust that he didn't at first recognize the girl who was screaming and battling. The three men threw her aside to meet the rescuer. They were a tough trio. In place of running away they stood to make a fight of it. Miss Agnes climbed back into her car and Fred's chauffeur crouched down behind the wheel like the cur he was.

The toughs must be given credit for fairness. Had they rushed Fred he must have gone down, but they didn't. They gave him time to peel off coat and waistcoat and then one of them stepped forward with fists up. In 30 seconds he was down and out. The second one lasted about a minute.

"Good!" exclaimed the third as he came forward. "You are a great little man. It's months since I had a scrap and I'm thankful you came along. It's Queensberry rules to govern and may the best man win. If that driver of yours hasn't swallowed his teeth let him act as timekeeper."

Did Miss Agnes jump out and run down the road screaming? Did she sit there with her hands over her face? Not quite. She sat there open-eyed and watched the prettiest little scrap that ever took place on a highway. Fred never looked her way, even during the rest between rounds. The two men who had been knocked out recovered in due time and sat up and watched the fun.

The fight was as fair as a ring battle, the contestants giving and taking and smiling as they got in or received a blow. The light of battle was in their eyes and the joy of contest in their hearts and the girl sat there and noted every move. Five—six—seven rounds. She even counted them, though she never would admit it afterwards. And then, just at the close of the eleventh round, Fred settled matters with a blow on the point of the chin and he stood puffing and blowing and leaning against the wheel of his auto while the man slept for a few seconds and then awoke to nod to his fellows. Then the three disappeared. When they had disappeared the girl called out:

"Fred, please come here!"

"Yes?" he answered as he advanced.

"I—I think I have undergone a change of heart. I shall be pleased to have you call this evening. Never mind your black eye and skinned nose!"

Fred called.

Fury of Wounded Rabbit.
Frank Pahl and William Ehrlert of Anaconda, who helped form a hunting party recently, are telling a story which sounds well for the kind of jack rabbits grown in the sagebrush hereabouts. The story is told on Charlie Laler, another Anacondan, and as he does not deny it it must be true. Ehrlert and Laler are great hunters, and when Frank Pahl joined them here they were given the tip that they might see some rabbits the size of which they had never dreamed of. After having bagged fifty odd specimens Charlie blazed away at an old jack, wounding it slightly, whereupon it turned and in rage made for the hunter, who dropped his gun and shinned up a tree. After awhile the calls of the tree Charlie attracted Pahl and Ehrlert, who came to the rescue and bowled over the enraged jack, which was chewing the tree down in a determined effort to get at his tormentor.

Mr. Laler was nearly frozen when rescued. He says that he will have the head mounted.—Twin Bridge Correspondence Anaconda Standard.

That Elusive Line.
Mrs. Crabshaw—You never put your arm around my waist as you used to. Crabshaw—You see, my dear, you keep moving your waist up and down so I wouldn't know where to find it.—Judge.



LACE AND GOLD RULE

LUXURIES IN MILLINERY WHICH WOMEN MUST HAVE.

Pretty Year-Round Hat of Golden Tissue and Net, and Another for Summer of White Hemp and Coral.

A gold hat for all the year round, and a spring round hat serve to show the growing furor for lace and gold. When you add to them the corals, and other beads and mock jewels, it is evident that a taste for the luxurious in millinery keeps pace with the higher cost of living that we hear so many murmurings over. Women positively refuse to allow their hats to reflect the chill of penury. In them they may indulge a little "the splendor dear to women" which is born in the eternal feminine. They are entirely right. If we must skimp on some items of the spring outfit, don't let it be on the hat. That catches the eye first and holds it longest; so it must be a real poem and not doggerel verse. Let it tell a cheerful story bespeaking plenty and a happy fancy.

The gold hat shown in the picture is made over a wire frame covered with gold tissue. An airy crown of gold net is draped over the tissue. The coronet is covered with a band of heavy Irish lace tinted to an ecru in a warm shade. The gardenia at the side might also be in gold, but is more effective with its waxen petals of white bearing a blush of pink. Mi lady with the gold hat is not so extravagant as we might conclude, because her hat is an all-the-year-round affair, which knows no special season or time. Besides, there is no gown for any sort of dress-up occasion with which she may not complete her toilette by donning the hat of gold.

The round hat of pure white hemp is a summer time affair with a band of lace decorated with coral beads in pink and white, and a bow and wings made of lace at the back. Coral velvet is

folded about the edge of the hat and supplies a knot for the lace bow. The whole combination is very rich and very generally useful for summer. Just at present white with black, and white with coral, appear to be uppermost in the minds of the designers and many are the lovely fancies that are translated into millinery.

It is true of us, as of the savage, that the strongest appeal comes from the decorative rather than the useful in apparel. Men are glorying in fur collars of pointed fox at six hundred dol-



lars per collar, and if not pointed fox, then sealskin or some other fine fur. And women are taking to gold and lace and corals, and jeweled bands, but more especially to lace. Lace petals are made in the millinery roses and many lace flowers show the beauty of these flower children of the brain.

PRACTICAL LITTLE PENWIPER

It Can Be Made in a Few Minutes and Is Suitable for Home Use or Bazaar.

Either for home use or for sale in a bazaar, the very practical little penwiper shown in our sketch is well worth remembering. In making articles for bazaars, they should, of course, always answer the purpose that they are intended for, and the more quickly they can be made the larger the stock on the stall will be.

This little pen-wiper can be made in a few moments, with the aid of any little china ornament of a suitable shape and size. Charming little Japanese ornaments in great variety can be bought at a trifling cost and are spe-



cially suitable for the purpose. All that has to be done is to cut a strip of cloth of a dark color for preference, as it will not show the ink stains as much as a light material, and on one side cut the edge into points. The cloth is then rolled up and tied tightly together on the opposite side to that on which the points have been made. The little sketch at the top left-hand side illustrates this. It can then be fitted into the neck of the little ornament and the pen-wiper is ready for use, or for sale as the case may be.

Hints for Womankind.
Gold dust is sprinkled in the hair. Heavy cords are used as trimming. Ribbon bows will be trimming for large flat hats.

The high turned-over director's collar is used on coat costumes. The satin cape coat lined with brilliant green velvet is a novelty.

The peasant coiffure is gaining in favor. The hair is parted, braided and wound in two disks over the ears. Little children also wear their hair in this style.

Evening dresses may now show the crown of the shoulder. This "cour de collette" is reminiscent of Empress Eugenie's time. A fichu of airy tulle is draped over the shoulders and brought to the front under a cluster of flowers.

LAMP SHADES MADE AT HOME

Pretty Little Affairs Can Be Constructed by Pasting Magazine Pictures of Women on Transparent Paper.

In this day of wonderful glass shades, constructed out of broken bits of colored glass or mosaics of colored crystals, it sounds rather old-fashioned to recommend hand-made lamp shades. Yet there are many of the latter in new and novel form that can be made without much expense and which will meet with approval.

Large lamp shades are not advisable. The fashion of the day calls for glass in some form, as soon as the lamp assumes robust proportions. It is the little lamps and the candles that call for these attractive shades.

Some years ago there came an agreeable method of making a lamp shade from magazine pictures of beautiful women. These were cut out and pasted on transparent rice paper and paneled with strips of gold braid or paper.

This was repeated at each edge of the finish. The best known of the actresses are usually chosen for these lamp shades, but if preferred one can use well known authors. This choice is especially good for a lamp to be used on a desk or in a library.

It would be very nice to get old pictures of the Bronte sisters, of Jane Austen, of Fanny Burney, of George Eliot and of Mrs. Norton, the heroine of "Diana of the Crossways."

Another way of making these shades is to cut out large flowers from scarlet and black paper, paste them on transparent white paper and passepantou the edges with black, and run strips of black between each two flowers.

More durable shades are made from stringing together crystal beads on thin silver wire. If one has any ingenuity at such things the beads can be used to form designs. If not, a straight up and down effect can be chosen, each string being a different color from its neighbor. A good many white ones should be used to give a chance for the light to get through.

For the Hair.

The woman who is at all artistic and handy with her needle may this season have ornaments for every occasion and every costume. She should provide herself with bits of velvet, silk and metal ribbon, and various jewels for making them. The jewels come in all shapes, sizes and coloring. They are flattened on one side and pierced. Bead needles should be used for sewing them on. Thus it comes to pass that the skill of the needlewoman can be transferred from her gown to her coiffure. She may have at small expense a delightful variety of ornaments to match her various evening and house gowns.—Harper's Bazar.

New Persian Scarf.
A new effect in Persian scarfs is one composed of alternate stripes of Paisley chiffon and wide checked white marquisette.

LIVE NEWS OF THE STATE

Chester.—"Papa, I am married and want to ask your forgiveness," was the telephone message received by Samuel Lax, a local real estate operator, from his pretty 18-year-old daughter, Margaret Lax, who was married in Wilmington, Del., to Adolph Tannebaum, of Toledo, O., who is a clerk in the Philadelphia Postoffice. The marriage was the culmination of a romance which began in Philadelphia several months ago when the couple met at a social gathering. Mr. Lax informed the supplicating bride that she and her husband were forgiven and would be welcomed home.

Scranton.—Inspector Augustus McDade, of the Fifth Anthracite district, made public his report for 1910. It showed the following: Fatal accidents inside, 26; fatal accidents outside, 3; total, 29. Non-fatal accidents, inside, 39; non-fatal accidents outside, 3; total, 42. Wives made widows, 21; children orphans, 55. The report shows that one person was killed for every 140,000 tons of coal mined, and one person either killed or injured for every 60,000 tons mined. The number killed in 1909 was 21, only a little more than half the number killed in 1910.

Reading.—At the annual county convention of the P. O. S. of A. camps of Berks county, at Birdsboro a resolution was passed condemning the bill now before Congress to increase the postage rate on second-class mail matter, since they believe that it will be detrimental to many magazines. It was decided to call upon the Congressman from this district and the two Senators to oppose the measure.

Mauch Chunk.—The opening of Leighton's new hose house by Leighton Engine Company, No. 2, under the immediate supervision of James I. Blakslee, was held Thursday evening. Hundreds of people inspected what is pronounced to be one of the finest engine houses in the county. The company's own band rendered the music.

Scranton.—Twelve-year-old Joseph Schoenover, of Hop Bottom, near here, deliberately ended his life by shooting. The boy had been confined to his home by illness four months, and going to a bureau he secured a revolver, loaded it and after bidding his little sister good-bye, placed the weapon to his heart and pulled the trigger. He died instantly.

Chester.—The police authorities were notified of the disappearance of Frederick Keim, proprietor of a barber shop, who has been missing since February 11. When last seen he was leaving his boarding house. Keim frequently carried large sums of money with him and some are of the opinion that he met with foul play.

Erie.—Alton V. Hoover, convicted of the murder of his wife, Mrs. Cora Fay Hoover, November 11, 1908, at Atlantic, whom he called to the door of her father's house and shot down after their separation, was hanged in the yard of the county jail. Fourteen minutes later he was pronounced dead.

Darby.—Following an agitation for the establishment of an Episcopal mission in Darby, announcement has been made that arrangements have been completed for the purchase of a plot of ground 175 by 216 feet on the northwest corner of Main and Summit streets, on which the mission will be erected.

Norristown.—Fire, which started supposedly from a cigarette in an Italian lodgeroom on Main street, did about \$500 damage. The room was on the third floor of the Henry Pagel Building and Pagel's clothing store on the first floor suffered probably \$50 damage by chemicals soaking through.

Reading.—Paul D. Kenderdine, the star forward of the Co. I, Fourth Regiment, N. G. P. basketball team and Miss Mabel E. Bankes were married by Rev. George W. Hangen. A large reception followed. The bridegroom met his wife at a basketball game several years ago.

Media.—Mrs. Dollie E. Lippincott of Ridley Park, has been granted a divorce from her husband, Frank C. Lippincott, on the ground of ill treatment, which she alleged occurred when they resided in Philadelphia.

Pittsburg.—County detectives are investigating the murder of James Barrell, who was shot five times and his body slashed with knives, in McCoy Road. A number of Italians have been arrested.

York.—Granville Hartman, secretary and treasurer of the Hart Kraft Motor Company, this city, and popular in social circles, has been arrested in New York on the charge of swindling relatives of dead persons. It is said he would watch death notices in newspapers and express a package containing a cheap piece of jewelry to the dead person's home. The relatives, assuming that the departed member had ordered it, would accept and pay the charges. Hartman's friends and relatives here are astounded at the charges.

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In 30 Seconds He Was Down and Out.

most reckless manner. You are senselessly extravagant. They tell me you have five autos.

"I'll sell four of them if you say so."

"That would make no difference. I must tell you that some of the things you do border on loafism."

"You don't mean it! Have you heard that I—I stumbled, one night, and upset a peanut cart?"

"You are learning to box, sir!" announced Miss Winters with great severity.

"Oh. But you—you—?"

"Yes, sir, I call that loafism. Why should a gentleman learn how to pound any one with his fists? No gentleman is ever attacked. Should he be, he carries a cane to defend himself with, or he can threaten to call the police. Neither your father nor mine has had to resort to such a practice as boxing."

Fred Bellaire could have told her that he had seen the judge and the colonel knocking each other about at the gymnasium at 50 years of age, and having a lot of fun out of it, too, but he knew there was more coming, and he was making ready for it.

"And lastly," continued Miss Bellaire, "I saw your name in the paper the other day among the list of attendants at a club where a prize fight was held. It's there in plain print. The next thing you will be figuring as one of the principals. I do not care to be the wife of a prize fighter."

"Oh, come, now," appealed Fred. "If you understood these things you know."

"But I don't and don't want to. When you enter the ring will it be as 'Battling Bellaire,' or what?"

"Agnes, you are altogether too severe and old-fashioned. I have seen the mayor of the city at a club fight, and he enjoyed every round of it. Your own father—"

"My father is not under discussion, sir, and there is no more to discuss. I must answer no to your proposal and hope that you will make a change for the better in your life."