

Meriden in the Mountains

By STANLEY E. BARTON

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For three months Mart Meriden lived in a hut in the mountains without seeing a soul. The mere thought of woman bred a nausea in him, and he frequently told himself that the hermits of the Old Testament had the right idea of things after all.

All of this would indicate that Meriden had collided head-on with the subtleness of woman—disastrously. He had. One Dolly Condon, an innocent-eyed blonde had recently taught Meriden things about her sex that his exalted ideas would have refused at one time to accept. Dolly was an expert at deceit. Her heart fed upon the love that she exacted from her admirers—and she gave nothing in return.

Meriden was only one of the many monks who had gone before, but he took the singeing of his own wings bitterly. His conception of the other sex underwent a complete change. He brooded over his treatment by this wisp of a woman who had seemed to embody all the essential points of his ideal, and at last the city with its constant memories of her became unbearable. He went into the mountains.

Meriden selected the Rockies as his point of solitude, and his assortment of guns and fishing tackle was of the best that could be procured in New York.

The Gothamite hunted, fished and gloomed over his disappointing love affair to his heart's content. No thought of business entered his mind. He had no business. Meriden's father had successfully battled with the bulls and bears of Wall street, and at his death there was no reason for his only heir to work. There was money enough and to spare—no matter how extravagant this scion of the house might be.

Gradually it came to Meriden, however, that thoughts of Dolly were becoming more and more infrequent. Now, too, his heart refused its customary thump. Meriden was shocked, pained. He was disappointed in himself.

Gloomily marveling over the inconsistency of a heart that he would have sworn must remain true forever,



"The Haunting Strains of an Old French Love Song."

the young hermit of the Rockies carefully joined together a steel rod and attached a gaudy fly to a silk line. A crystal stream swung its roving way past his very feet.

In the very act of whipping his long line to the scintillating ripples a good fifteen feet below, Meriden paused, a startled expression in his eyes. To him had come, on the clear wings of the morning, the haunting strains of an old French love song in a rich, girlish soprano. Silently the youth reeled his line and turned his feet in the direction from which the song had come.

As Meriden hurried on, glad that his long silence was at last to be ended, the song came to a thrilling close. Though the young New Yorker sought through the golden morning and afternoon he could not find the owner of the voice.

"A cultivated voice," said Meriden as he sat before the fireplace in his hut that evening and gave himself up to dreams. "A cultivated voice, if I ever heard one—and here in the mountains. It isn't so bad, after all, to be able to hear a woman's voice again. Three months ago—" Meriden stilled his monologue in disgust. It was a blow to romance to have his heart assure him that the Dolly Condon affair was only an episode and not a tragedy.

Ostensibly Meriden, rifle in hand, went squirrel hunting the next day; in reality, he sought only the fair—he was positive she was beautiful—singer of the day before.

The huntsman's quest was futile. If another camp existed near that of the youth, it was cleverly concealed. And yet the New Yorker was persistent. He searched day and night, and with a growing yearning in his heart.

A week later this yearning had become so strong that Meriden was seriously considering the advisability of packing up his traps and effects and returning to the city.

One morning he stood in a reverie by the banks of the very brook he had begun to fish when the mysterious singer had manifested her presence in the vicinity.

Crack! Smash! Bang! Noisily, and out of the brush at the mountain's ledge just above him, sprang a frightened Diana, capless, and with her dark hair over her shoulders as she sped silently toward Meriden. The keen eyes of the youth summed up the rare beauty of this forest-adventress before the grizzly that he instinctively knew was behind her came lumbering into the open.

There is little fear in the heart of a hungry bear. The great brute came on in its shambling, rapid pace, and the girl, without a word on her lips, but with eloquent appeal in her eyes, raced before the grotesque giant.

Meriden took steady aim and fired. The great brute wavered only for a minute. A face full of shot told a tale of torture to the Spartan-like savage, and again the brute rallied. The girl, with a gasp, dashed by and the youth pumped another offering into the face of the animal. Then Meriden felt a crushing blow on his head, and he knew no more.

"Are you better?" The young hermit came to his senses to find himself in a strange bunk. The cabin seemed to be one similar to his own. A cheery fire burned in the fireplace just opposite, and a fussy iron teakettle, hung on irons, gave the room a homelike appearance.

"Are you better?" reiterated the soothing little voice, and a cool hand sought the feverish brow of the man.

"What happened?" asked Meriden laconically. "The bear—you blinded it—struck you, before it turned to retreat. I had to leave you while I went for father, and then we brought you here to our cabin."

"But where are we?" came from Meriden. As he spoke his investigative fingers tenderly touched his aching head. It was bandaged.

"Not over a mile from your place," came from the smiling girl. "We are concealed by a large ledge." The maid was all that the man who hadn't seen a woman in months could desire. She was clad in a neat huntswoman's suit that served to accentuate her athletic shoulders.

The maid's eyes suddenly turned serious. "I don't know what I should have done," she said, simply. "If it hadn't been for you. You saved my life. Father has gone to dig some herbs for a liniment for your head—Oh, I forgot the conventions! Father is the Hon. Meri Harmon, of Denver. He made his money in the hills—gold, you know—and every year we two come out here to live close to nature. I am Daphne Harmon."

"You are not seriously hurt," she continued. "You will be all right in a few days, but of course I shall keep you here and nurse you until you have recovered."

Meriden became a wily pessimist. "I recover slowly," he said. "I always recover slowly from sickness—and accident. Slowly," he repeated with peculiar emphasis.

The girl blushed and suddenly turned away her head. In the heart of Meriden there was no thought of Dolly Condon.

Lincoln Liked Praise. At the Republican club Lincoln dinner in the Waldorf, William Barnes, Jr., showed a letter which, he said, Abraham Lincoln sent to his grand-father, Thurlow Weed. The letter is dated from the executive mansion, Washington, March 15, 1865, and is as follows:

"Every one likes a compliment. Thank you for yours on my little notification speech and on the recent inaugural address. I expect the latter to wear as well as—perhaps better than—anything I have produced, but I believe it is not immediately popular."

"Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case, is to deny that there is a God governing the world. It is a truth which I thought others might afford for me to tell it."

Mr. Barnes said the letter had never before been made public.—New York Times.

Considering the Price of Hats. The Parson—And you say your wife was thinking of the women's hats all the time she was in church.

Te Deacon—I'm afraid she was, parson.

I'm sorry. Her mind should be on higher things.

Great guns, parson! Are there any higher things than women's hats? Power From Strange Source. Water flowing from subterranean streams of unknown depth is used for power in a novel hydro-electric plant in Arizona.

THE BOUDOIR

Dame Fashions Diary

COLORS FOR SPRING

EDICT OF FASHION IN CHILDREN'S GARMENTS.

Should Be Combined With White to Have the Proper Effect—Long Bodice and Skirt Still Favored.

Children's fashions all have an especial charm when made up in spring materials, and this year a look of unusual novelty is added to this blitheness. Color put on white is immensely in vogue, bands, yokes and cuffs in the most vivid hues showing on snowy little frocks and aprons. This color note with white may take the form of a very effective if simple embroidery



on a fine frock of marquisette, which texture washes like a rag, and very often the needlework in heavy frocks will contain half a dozen rich colors. A deep red, blue of the most intense sort, black, orange, mahogany and green are tints that appear in this needlework, which, whether hand or machine made, is called Bulgarian embroidery. Of course the small frocks so treated need to be dry-cleaned as the vivid trimming used cannot be counted on to stand the rigors of the wash tub.

Nevertheless, many a little lawn and linen frock may show needlework in one or three of these rich colors, and if the garment comes from a first class place—perhaps a shop that makes a specialty of juvenile wear—it is pretty likely to be warranted as washable.

With the bordered muslins, lawns, swisses and challies,—for challie is included among the wash materials—the contrasting banding will be used with charming effect at the bottom of little skirts, about the cut-out neck and at the edge of sleeves. All white frocks are seen in plenty and surely nothing could be sweeter for very young children, but when the child has passed five a touch of color is newer, and it is apt to appear if only in the form of ribbon knots and sashes.

As to design, the garments of the girl of seven, perhaps, are pretty apt to show some of the lines of her mamma's frocks, for kimono cuts are used for bodices and there are many little one-piece gowns almost identical in line with those for grown-ups. The difference comes in an easy width of the skirt, in a décolletage of the neck and in very short sleeves, all raiment distinctly for summer wear showing these last points.

Models for the tinier children have the babyish features suited to pudgy infantile figures, and with the dress-up wash frock it is pretty much the rage to have the child look as much like a French doll as possible. The long bodice and skirt—that is no more than a tiny sounce with edge sometimes falling short of the child's knees—still comprise the favored model, but instead of the distinct sleeve the bodice portion of the smart garment is cut in one with these details. In fact, it is well nigh impossible to escape the kimono influence, and although it may be run in the ground after awhile for the moment it is all powerful.

Among the accessories for little girls are delightful aprons, which, since they are skirt length, may be used on a hot day in the house or country without a frock. These graceful and important details may be of the plainest linens or gingham, but mothers who like the neatness and coquetry of the apron often turn out cunning little affairs of dotted swiss with lace edges for wear with quite fine frocks.

The "cook's apron" is the next style, the rear bands fastening at the shoulders being an exact imitation of some

of the apron cuts used by chefs. The little quantity of goods needed for this apron should recommend it to mothers who like their children to present a neat appearance at home and who cannot afford too many changes of frocks. Then quite a gay and childish look can be given the small garment with the use of a colored cotton with small Mother Goose figures for the banding, one such being employed in this case on a brown linen.

FLOWERS ON THE FUR SCARF

Effective Touch That Gives Relief to Somber Garments Worn in Cold Weather.

One small touch of color makes sombre garments bloom with brightness. This is quite noticeable since the women began wearing a tiny bunch of artificial flowers or a single satin rose against the dark fur shoulder scarf. This fashion began just a few weeks ago, and it has been widely taken up since. It is interesting to watch a thing like this growing.

A woman came into an afternoon tea with a brilliant pink satin rose pinned on a black fox scarf. Twenty women discussed it later and the next day after that half the number were downtown shopping for colored flowers. On the succeeding days there were flowers in plenty on dark furs wherever women were foregathered.

It was a small touch, but it gave color and brilliancy to the dull tones that women wear on our streets. It was better than a gardenia in the buttonhole, and better than a bow of colored ribbon, although this fashion is being taken up by those who do not wish to pay the price for a good artificial blossom.

The fashion for satin flowers came in last summer, but did not meet with wide success in this particular spot. One saw roses of the material on hats and again on evening gowns as a rival to the rocco affairs of bullion cloth Empire gowns for young girls carried girdles of tiny satin buds on a green vine, and even slippers were finished off with a tiny satin blossom.

Yet the vogue of the single flower well made and attached to the costume as a note of rich color was not in general use. Then, without warning, came this attractive method of pinning such a color to one's furs. In the old days, when a fur piece was something to keep one warm in the street and to be laid aside indoors, the colored flower would not have served half as well as it does now, when furs are retained at all formal daytime affairs except luncheons.

USEFUL HANDBAG



1. Showing how to cut the material.
2. Showing how to gather the material over a wooden stick, which forms the top.
3. Showing how to make the inside neat by facing it with colored satin.
4. Useful bag of velvet; the top is made by gathering the velvet over the round sticks to which the cord and tassels are fastened.

LINGERIE THAT IS PRACTICAL

Least Possible Fluffiness in Undergarments Is Now the Order of the Day.

Lingerie this season is designed with the least possible fluffiness, from the corset cover to the matinee frock.

It is made of the finest of batiste, muslin or cambric and enriched by flat embroideries, which have replaced the frills and flounces which were usual when the skirts were full and waists permitted much more to be worn under them.

Flat, ungathered waists, petticoats that are nearly so, and matinee frocks which are finished without even so much as a frill at the neck or a collar are the sort which all but the most unfashionable adopt.

Two-thirds of the lingerie is hand-embroidered and in forms that the needlewoman can easily copy at home. Many women with much leisure time are doing this fine work on the summer frocks which they previously purchased already embroidered.

COMMERCIAL

Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

Bradstreet's says:

"Spring jobbing trade tends to expand, but does so gradually, and with conservatism still in evidence, and with small-lot buying for actual requirements very generally governing. As a whole, trade is larger than in the like period of the preceding month, but fails to show the improvement expected over the like period a year ago. Spring jobbing trade in dry goods is not yet under full headway, for which conservatism, uncertainty as to prices and the late date of the Easter season is probably responsible. Retail trade for spring has not opened actively as yet.

"Business failures in the United States for the week ending March 2 were 256, against 228 last week, 184 in the like week of 1910, 219 in 1909, 287 in 1908 and 172 in 1907. "Wheat, including flour, exports from the United States and Canada for the week aggregate 2,980,200 bushels against 1,905,559 last week and 1,845,807 this week, last year. Corn exports for the week are 2,861,527 bushels against 1,857,876 last week and 733,466 in 1910."

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, 93½¢ elevator and 94¢ f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 107½¢ f. o. b. afloat.

Corn—Spot firm; No. 2, 51½¢ f. o. b. afloat.

Oats—Spot firm; standard white, 35½¢; No. 2, 36¢; No. 3, 35¢; No. 4, 34¢.

Butter—Easy; receipts, 7,411 cases; creamery held, extras, 19¢; firsts, 17½¢@18½¢; seconds, 16¢@17¢; state dairy, common to fair, 15¢@19¢; factory current make, firsts, 16¢@16½¢.

Poultry—Alive steady; Western chickens, 15¢@15½¢; fowls, 17¢@18¢; turkeys, 15¢@18¢; dressed easy; Western chickens, 14¢; fowls, 14½¢@17¢; turkeys, 15¢@22¢.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wheat ½¢ higher; contract grade, No. 2 red, in export elevator, 90½¢@91½¢.

Corn—½¢ lower; March, 48½¢@49½¢; April, 48½¢@49½¢.

Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, natural, 35½¢@36¢.

Butter—Steady; extra Western creamery, 27¢; do, nearby prints, 29¢.

Eggs—Steady; Pennsylvania and other nearby firsts, f. c., 19¢ at mark; do, current receipts, f. c., 18¢ at mark; Western firsts, f. c., 19¢ at mark; do, current receipts, f. c., 18¢ at mark.

Live poultry—Firm; fowls, 15½¢@17¢; old roosters, 12¢; ducks, 18¢@19¢; geese, 13¢@14½¢; spring chickens choice, 16¢@17½¢.

BALTIMORE.—Wheat—No. 2 red Western, 91½¢; contract, 91½¢; No. 3 red, 89½¢; steamer No. 2 red, 89½¢; steamer No. 2 red Western, 87½¢.

Corn—May, 51½¢@51½¢; spot mixed, 49½¢@49½¢; March, 49½¢@49½¢; April, 50½¢@50½¢.

Oats—No. 2 white, 35½¢@35½¢; standard white, 35¢@35½¢; No. 3 white, 35¢; No. 4 white, 34½¢.

Hay—Timothy, No. 1, \$20.50@21; No. 2, \$19.50@20; No. 3, \$16@18; choice clover mixed, \$18.50@19; do, No. 1, \$17.50@18.50; do, No. 2, \$14@16; No. 1 clover, \$13@13.50; do, No. 2, \$10@12.

Butter—Creamery, fancy, 26¢@27¢; do, choice, 24¢@25¢; do, good, 20¢@23¢; do, imitation, 18¢@21¢; do, prints, 28¢@29¢.

Cheese—Jobbing lots, per lb., 15¢@16¢.

Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 18¢; Western firsts, 18¢; West Virginia firsts, 18¢; Southern firsts, 17¢@17½¢; duck eggs, nearby, 27¢@28¢; do, Southern, 25¢@26¢.

LIVE POULTRY—Old hens, heavy, per lb., 16¢; do, small to medium, 16¢; young, choice, 18¢@19¢; rough and poor, 14¢@15¢; old roosters, 10¢; ducks, White Pekings, 18¢; Muscovy and mongrel, 16¢@17¢; puddle, 18¢; geese, nearby, 14¢@15¢; Western and Southern, 12¢@13¢.

Live Stock

CHICAGO.—Cattle—Beeves, \$5.25@7; Texas steers, \$4.40@5.80; Western steers, \$4.75@5.85; stockers and feeders, \$4@5.90; cows and heifers, \$2.70@6; calves, \$7@9.25.

Hogs—Light, \$7@7.30; mixed, \$6.90@7.25; heavy, \$6.75@7.20; rough, \$6.75@6.90; good to choice, heavy, \$6.90@7.20; pigs, \$7.20@7.35; bulk of sales, \$7@7.20.

Sheep—Market strong; native, \$3@4.80; Western, \$3.25@4.80; yearlings, \$4.75@5.75; lambs, native, \$5@6.20; Western, \$5.20@6.20.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Cattle—Market steady; heavy steers weak; top, \$6.75; dressed beef and export steers, \$6@6.75; fair to good, \$5.50@6; Western steers, \$5.25@6.25; stockers and feeders, \$4.65@5.90; Southern steers, \$5.30@6; Southern cows, \$3@5.25; native cows, \$3.10@5.25; native heifers, \$4.50@6.25; bulls, \$4.25@5.25; calves, \$5@8.

Hogs—Market steady to 5¢ higher; bulk of sales, \$6.95@7.10; heavy, \$6.90@6.95; packers and butchers, \$6.95@7.10; light, \$7.05@7.15.

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