

### SYNOPSIS.

SYNOPSIS. rington that Setty has promised to marry

#### (CHAPTER XIV-(Continued).

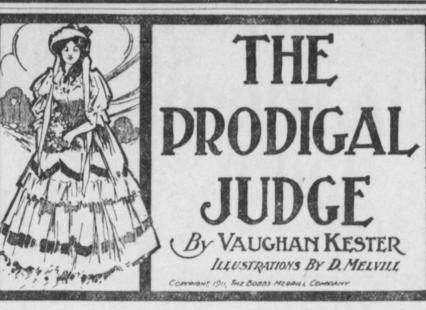
The stranger, his business concludabove his desk, was making an entry exclaimed as she appeared. in one of his ledgers. The judge shuffied to his side.

thickly, resting a shatting hand on the clerk's arm.

"That ?-- Oh, that was Colonel Fentress I was just telling you about." "Has he always lived here?"

"No; he came into the county about ten years ago, and bought a place called The Oaks."

"Has he-a family?" The judge ap



"Now, what do you wish to say to ! me?" he asked.

"We want your word that you'll keep away from Belle Plain." "Well, you won't get it!" respond-

ed Norton. In the same instant one of the men moaned. "Now I am going to be mar- Betts, the sheriff, and his deputies. raised his fist and struck the young ried tomorrow. I am to meet him at planter in the back of the neck. "You cur!" cried Norton, as he o'clock."

wheeled on him. "Damn him-let him have it!"

. . . . . . It was mid-afternoon of the day fol- leaning against the trunk of a tree lowing before Betty heard of the at- burled his face in his hands. Betty tack on Norton. She ordered her watched him for a moment in horse saddled and was soon out on wretched slience. the river road with a groom in her wake. Betty never drew rein until

galloped into the yard Bruce Carring- neck. ton came from the house.

"How is Mr. Norton?" she asked, extending her hand.

"The doctor says he'll be up and | about inside of a week. If you'll wait I'll tell him you are here."

Norton lay.

"Miss Malroy is here," he said. "Betty ?- bless her dear heart!" what his happiness had cost her. cried Charley weakly. "Just toss my clothes into the closet and draw up covered a third of the distance that

Bruce-let her come along in now."

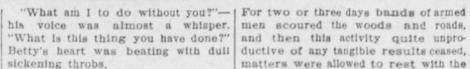
quitted the office. Mr. Saul, bending worth several beatings, Betty!" he be our witnesses, dear."

"Who was that magif" he asked Then he looked up into her face and fierce morning light; she heard Mr. Pegloe, and the religion of the Persaw her eyes swimming with tears. Bowen's voice, she heard Charley's sian fire-worshipers with Mr. Bowen; "What-tears?" and he was much voice, she heard another voice-her he permited never a pause and they moved.

"It's a perfect outrage!" Betty It. paused irresolutely. "Charley-" "Yes, dear?"

"Can't you be happy without me?" MNO.

"But you don't try to be!



"If you had only come!" she the Spring Bank church at ten greater zeal than Judge Slocum Price.

"How can I give you up?" he said, his voice hoarse with emotion. He · put her from him almost roughly, and

"It's good-by-" he muttered. She went to him, and, as he bent it, sir?" she reached Thicket Point. As she above her, slipped her arms about his

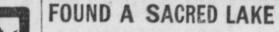
> "Kiss me-" she breathed He kissed her hair, her soft cheek

then their lips met. . . . .

Another hot September sun was sheriff came direct from Mr. Saul and beating upon the earth as Betty gal- arrived out of breath, but the letter Carrington passed on into the loped down the lane and swung her house. He entered the room where horse's head in the direction of Raleigh. She would keep her promise rain, and the intricacies of county to Charley and he should never know

Norton joined her before she had

And as Carrington quitted the room, Bowen will be there; I arranged with and on the heels of the tavern-keeper Norton drew himself up on the pil- him last night; he will drive over came Mr. Bowen. Judge Price reed, swung about on his heel and lows and faced the door. "This is with his wife and daughter, who will ceived them with condescension but . . . . . He bent to kiss the hand she gave Afterward Betty could remember tions. The judge discussed the extenhim, but groaned with the exertion, standing before the church in the sion of the national roads with Mr.



# GOLDEN ORNAMENTS RECOVERED

FROM GUATAVITA SHOWN.

Treasures That Were Thrown Into the Water by Indians of Colombia, in Their Religious Rites, Before the Spanish Conquest,

Scores of antiquarians and others interested in the races that inhabit. 1.D. Gmerie Inc. J. Lowan ed the American continent before the coming of the white man visited the assembly room at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel to see the relics recently taken . from the sacred lake of Guatavita, processors to ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS near Bogota, Colombia, and brought to Consultation in English and German. New York by Mr. Hartley Knowles of London, the New York Herald reports.

The story of the finding of the relics, which consist of gold ornaments, emeralds and pottery, reads like a romance. Ever since the Spaniards conquered the Indian race that inhabited the fertile plateau in Colombia efforts have been made to recover treasures sunk in the lake each year by the Indians as a religious rite. Spanlards undertook the task, but draining the lake was too difficult for them. Another determined attempt was made in 1823 by Capt. Charles Stuart Cochrane, an Englishman, but it ended in failure. In 1900 a British corporation was formed, and , it tunneled the monutains and drained the lake. It has now begun to mine

the relics buried deep in the mud. Lake Guatavita is almost in the center of the Great Andean plateau that was the home of the Chibch kingdom, composed of Indians who lived by agriculture and who had a civilized form of government. One of their cities, Usaquen, is said to have had more than a million inhabitants.

The Chibchas paid homage to two gods. The sun was the beneficent deity, and the antithesis of the sun or evil spirit they believed was a huge serpent, which lived in the center of lake Guatavita and which when angered brought storms, drought and all the other evils which sometimes afflict an agricultural population. Therefore, though they hated the serpent, they pretended to worship him and sought to propitiate his wrath by gifts.

Four temples to the serpent stood on the bank of the lake, which was only a mile across, but very deep. Once a year a great feast was given the serpent devil. The chief ceremony consisted of casting gold or-The judge's office became a perfect Mecca for the idle and the curi- naments and other precious objects He had reached the edge of the ous, and while he overflowed with into the center of the lake, where oaks when from the silent depths of high-bred courtesy he had never the god could get them. The exact the denser woods came the sharp re- seemed so unapproachable-never so center was found by stretching two

ropes in the form of a cross, from

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a chair. . . . There-thank you, separated the two plantations.

"We are to go to the church. Mr

own, though she scarcely recognized retired as the sheriff had done with-

"I'll tie the horses, Betty," said Norton.

matters were allowed to rest with the constituted authorities, namely Mr. No private citizen had shown

One morning he found under his door a folded paper: "You talk too much. Shut up, or you'll go where Norton went" A few moments later he burst in

on Mr. Saul. "Glance at that, my friend!" he cried, as he tossed the paper on the clerk's desk. "What do you make of

"Well, I'd keep still." The judge laughed derisively as be bowed himself out.

He established himself in his office. He had scarcely done so when Mr. Betts knocked at the door. The was not mentioned by the judge. He spoke of the crops, the chance of

politics. The sheriff withdrew mystified, wondering why it was he had not felt at liberty to broach the subject which was uppermost in his

mind. His place was taken by Mr. Pegloe back of the condescension was an air of reserve that did not invite ques-

peared to be having difficulty with his speech.

"Not that anybody knows of. Some ure." say he's a widower, others again say he's an old bachelor; but he don't gosay nothing. The colonel's got his friends, to be sure, but he don't mix much with the real quality. One of his particular intimates is a gentle man by the name of Murrell."

The judge nodded.

"I've met him," he said briefly.

Acting on a sudden impulse, the judge muttered something about returning later, and hastily quitted the office,

In the hall the judge's steps dragged him?" and his head was bowed. He was busy with his memorics. Thep pas- about again." sion shook him.

breath, in a flerce whisper.

They finished supper, the dishes quickly. were cleared away and the candles lighted, when the judge produced a there?" mysterious leather-covered case. This be opened, and Mahaffy and Hannibal reckon there's been pretty near saw that it held a handsome pair of dueling pistols.

"Where did you get 'em, judge?--Oh, ain't they beautiful!" cried Han- risk a break by any open show of nibal, circling about the table in his authority. excitement

"My dear lad, they were purchased only a few hours ago," said the judge again," said Betty indifferently. quietly, as he began to load them. . . . . . . . .

Norton had ridden down to Belle Plain ostensibly to view certain of those improvements that went so far toward embittering Tom Ware's existence.

"Do you think Belle Plain is ever going to look as it did. Charley ?---as we remember it when we were children?" asked Betty.

"Why of course, it is, dear, you are doing wonders!"

Ware stalked toward them. Having dined with Betty as recently as the day before, he contented himself with a nod in her direction. His greeting to Norton was a more ambitious undertaking.

"I understand you've a new overseer?

"Then you understand wrong-Carrington's my guest," said Norton. the window. "He's talking of putting in a crop for himself next season, so he's willing to help me make mine."

"Going to turn farmer, is he?" asked Ware.

"So he says." Norton was extreme- \* ly disappointed when the planter them, where his presence was such foot and then on the other near the a hardship that Norton shortly took door. his leave.

issuing from the lane he turned his curtains drawn, stood open. She riding-whip.

"Good-by, Charley-1 really must covered graves.

He looked up yearningly into her had happened, only there was Norton are suffering for a sight of it?" face, and yielding to a sudden im. who seemed to grope strangely among pulse, she stooped and kissed him on the graves. He had fallen now, Even became thoughtful. "Solomon, 1 am the forehead, then she fied from the as the shadows deepened he was aware thinking of offering a reward for any room.

## CHAPTER XV.

At the Church Door. Tom found Betty at supper.

"You were over to see Norton, weren't you, Bet? How did you find

"The doctor says he will soon be

"Betty, I wish you wouldn't go "Damn him-may God-for ever there again-that's a good girl!" he damn him!" he cried under his said tactfully, and as he conceived it. affectionately. Betty glanced up

"Why, Tom, why shouldn't I go

"It might set people gossiping. 1 enough talk about you and Charley Norton." The planter's tone was conciliatory in the extreme, he dared not

"You needn't distress yourself, Tom. I don't know that I shall go there

. . . . . At Thicket Point Charley Norton, greatly excited, hobbled into the library in search of Carrington. He found him reading by the open window.

"Look here, Bruce!" he cried. "It's settled; she's going to marry me! Can't you wish me joy?"

Carrington held out his hand. "You are not going to take any

risks now, you have too much to live for," he said haltingly. "No, I'm to keep away from Belle

Plain," said Norton Lappily. "She insists on that. Everything is to be kept a secret until we are actually married; it's her wish-'

"It's to be soon, then?" Carrington asked, still haltingly.

"Very soon." There was a brief silence. Carrington, with face averted, looked from

"I am going to stay here as long as you need me," he presently said. 'Miss Malroy asked me to, and then I am going back to the river, where I

belong. . . . . . . Betty ate supper with big Steve gathering him to her breast. manifested a disposition to play the standing behind her chair and little He looked up into her face. host and returned to the house with Steve balancing himself first on one "It's all over-" he said, but as much in wonder as in fear. "But 1

The long French windows, their he added in a whisper.

She felt a shudder pass through face in the direction of home. He wandered down to the terrace. There him. He did not speak again. was within two miles of Thicket Point | was the sound of a step on the path. when, passing a turn in the road, he Betty turned. It was Carrington who found himself confronted by three stood before her, his face haggard. men. One of them selzed his horse Without a word he stepped to her by the bit. Norton had not even a side and took her hands rather rough-117.

"No use in my making any such port of a rifle. The shock of the bul- remote from matters of local and confoolish effort, i'd be doomed to fail- let sent the young fellow staggering temporary interest. back among the mossy and myrtle-

> For a moment no one grasped what they were alone. "Can't you see they him

difficulty.

"I'm shot-" he said, speaking with ent," he at length observed with a

the four temples. Rafts were then "Why don't you show 'em the letter?" demanded Mr. Mahaffy, when "All in good time, Solomon." He

covery of my anonymous correspond. off the gold.

out sight of the letter.

finely casual air, as if the idea had

propelled toward the center of the lake, amid the din of musical instruments and the cheering of the multitude. One raft was occupied by the uler, whose body was covered with gold dust. When the precious objects were dumped overboard the ruler himthat Betty was coming swiftly toward information that will lead to the dis. self jumped into the lake and washed

> The first Spaniards to visit the country witnessed these ceremonies, and the practice gave rise to the Spanish legend of El Dorado.

#### Skipper's Good-By

The captain of one of the "crack" American liners used to say that his wife was always the last person he spoke to on leaving port and the first on returning. In a sense, though not in the one understood by most of those who heard him make the statement, this was perfectly true, says the Liverpool Mercury. His house was on the banks of the Mersey, and he never pased it without "speaking" It by means of the ship's whistle. For the occasions he had a special code. which none of the crew, who all knew of the practice, could understand. One has under his control a powerful siren. on which he blows three terrific wails as a signal to his wife. At night they are sufficient to wake her from her first sleep. Another captain, who retired not long since, had a certain whistle for goodby when he was dropping down the Mersey, and another for "all well" as he was coming up, and he invariably blew one or the other when passing a point to which his thoughts often turned when he was on the trackless deep. Both of these signals were well understood. by many of his friends.

### Must Master the Iron Clubs

The true secret of successful golf is accurate iron play. A man cannot be a really first-class player unless he is more or less a master of all manner of iron clubs. Deadly accurate approaching will make up for many defects in wooden club play, and, in consequence, it is the iron clubs above any other with which a player should practice. I am not going to say that it is necessary for a player to be a complete master of every class of iron shot and to have intimate knowledge of the correct way of playing them. "Charley-Charley-" she moaned, just occurred to him, and had not but I will say that it is absolutely necessary for a player who is anxious to attain any great measure of scccess to have a good command of his iron clubs .- Harold H. Hilton, in the Out-

> The Inquisitive Old Woman-Guard, why did the train stop before we came to the station? The Guard-Ran over a plg, mum. The Inquisitive Old Woman-What, was it on the line? The Guard-No-oh, no; we chased t up the embankment!





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herself. you?" was asked.

The Judge Offers a Reward. der spread quickly over the county. work I can do?"

"Charley-Charley!" She Moaned.

CHAPTER XVI.

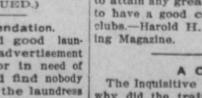
Her Own Recommendation. "Lady can recommend good laun- ing Magazine. knew you could come to me-dear-" dress," was what the advertisement said, but the investigator in need of that rare specimen could find nobody

slipping her arms about him and been seething in his brain all day. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

at the given address but the laundress "Who is the lady that recommends

The news of Charley Norton's mur- better than anybody else what kind of

"Me," was the reply. "Don't I know



A Chaser.