SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Keziah Coffin, supposed widow, is arranging to move from Trumet to Boston, following the death of her brother, for whom she had kept house. Kyan Pepper, widower, offers marriage, and is indignantly refused.

CHAPTER I-Continued. There was a sound of scrambling. More soot floated in the air. Then around the corner of the high-boy appeared Mr. Pepper, crawling on his hands and knees. His hair was me credit for a little delicacy." streaked with black; his shirt front and collar and shirt sleeves were spotted and smeared with black; and from his blackened cheeks his red whiskers flamed like the last glowing embers in

a fire-scarred ruin. "I was just tryin' to help Keziah take down her stovepipe," he explained. "You see, she didn't have no man to-"

"Yes, I see. Well, I judge you got it down. Now you go out to the sink and wash your face. Heavens and earth! Look at them clothes!"

"I do hope you didn't hurt yourself, Abishai," said the sympathetic Keziah. Then, as remembrance of what had led to the upset came to her, she added: "Though I will say 'twas your own fault and nobody else's."

Lavinia whirled on her. "Dear me! Ain't we innocent! We've got plenty of money, we have. Widowers with property ain't no at--oh, yes! And they never talk of such a thing-oh, no! Folks don't say the direction of the kitchen, "are you anywheres nigh clean yet? Get your coat and hat on and come home with

She jerked her brother into the blue coat, jammed the tall hat down upon his head, and, seizing him by the arm. stalked to the door.

"Good day, marm," she said. "I do hope the next widower you get to take stay. down your stovepipe-yes, indeed! ha! ha!-I hope you'll have better luck in town that I know of. Good day, and Grace, what is it? You ain't real hank you kindly for your attentions to our family."

Keziah turned from the door she had closed behind her visitor.

"Well!" she ejaculated. "Well!" Steps, measured, dignified steps, sounded on the walk. From without came a "Hum-ha!" a portentous combination of cough and grunt. Grace dodged back from the window and hastily began donning her hat and

"It's Cap'n Elkanah & she whispered. "I must go. This seems to be your busy morning, Aunt Keziah. I"-here she choked again-"really, I didn't know you were so popular."

Keziah opened the door. Captain Elkanah Daniels, prosperous, pompous and unbending, crossed the threshold. Richest man in the village, retired shipowner, pillar of the Regular church and leading member of its parish committee, Captain Elkanah looked the part. He removed his hat, cleared his turned to her guest. throat behind his black stock, and spoke with impressive deliberation.

"Keziah," he said, "Keziah, I came to see you on a somewhat important cobwebs tonight, but tomorrow those matter. I have a proposal I wish to

make you." He must have been surprised at the effect of his words. Keziah's face was a picture, a crimson picture of paralyzed amazement. As for Miss Van Horne, that young lady gave vent to what her friend described afterwards as a "squeal," and bolted out of the door and into the grateful seclusion of the fog.

## CHAPTER II.

In Which Keziah Unearths a Prowler. The fog was cruel to the gossips of Trumet that day. Mrs. Didama Rogers, who lived all alone, except for the society of three cats, a canary, and a white poodle named "Bunch," in the little house next to Captain Elkanan's establishment, never entirely recovered from the chagrin and disappointment caused by that provoking

The fog prevented Mrs. Rogers' noting the entrance of Mr. Pepper at the Coffin front gate. Also his exit, under sisterly arrest. It shut from her view the majestic approach of Captain Elkanah Daniels and Grace's flight, her face dimpled with smiles and breaking | spiders had better, put on their asceninto laughter at frequent intervals. For a young lady, supposed to be a devout Come-Outer, to hurry along the main road, a handkerchief at her mouth and her eyes sparkling with can stay here and wait, if 'twon't be fun, was a circumstance calculated to too lonesome. We'll have supper when furnish material for enjoyable scandal. I get back."

And Didama missed it. Other happenings she missed, also. Not knowing of Captain Daniels' call upon Keziah, she was deprived of the a key, attached by a strong cord to pleasure of wonder at the length of a block of wood eight inches long. his stay. She did not see him, in company with Mrs. Coffin, go down the observed. "No danger of losin' it, is pered Kezlah. "I thought I heardroad in the opposite direction from that taken by Grace. Nor their return | yard." and parting at the gate, two hours later. It was three o'clock in the afternoon before a visitor -ame again to and rapped at the side door.

Keziah opered the door.

"Halloa!" she exclaimed. "Back, are you? I begun to think you'd been scared away for good."

Grace laughed as she entered. "Well, auntie," she said, "I don't wonder you thought I was scared. Truly, I didn't think it was proper for me to stay. First Kyan and then Cap'n Elkanah, and both of them expressing their wishes to see you alone so-er-pointedly. I thought it was time for me to go. Surely, you give

"Grace Van Horne! there's born fools enough in this town without your tryin' to be one. Grace, I ain't goin' to leave Trumet, not for the present, anyhow. I've got a way of earnin' my livin' right here. I'm goin' to keep house for the new minister."

The girl turned, her hat in her hand. "Oh!" she cried in utter astonish-

Keziah nodded. "Yes," she affirmed 'That was what Elkanah's proposal amounted to. Ha, ha! Deary me! When he said 'proposal,' I own up for a minute I didn't know what was comin'. After Kyan I was prepared for 'most anything. But he told me that Lurany Phelps, who the parish committee had counted on to keep house for Mr. Ellery, had sent word her sister was sick and couldn't be left, and that somebody must be hired right off 'cause the minister's expected by day after tomorrow's coach. And the cap'n traction to us. Everybody knows that, was made a delegate to come and see me about it. Come he did, and we settled it. I went down to the parsonthat-that- Well," with a snarl in age with him before dinner and looked the place over. There's an awful lot of sweepin' and dustin' to be done afore it's fit for a body to live in."

Grace extended her hand. "Well, Aunt Keziah," she said, "I'm ever and ever so glad for you. I know you didn't want to leave Trumet and I'm sure everyone will be delighted when they learn that you're going to

"Humph! that includes Laviny Pepper, of course. I cal'late Laviny's dewith him. Though I don't know who light won't keep her up nights. But I 'twould be; there ain't no more idiots guess I can stand it if she can. Now,

pleased? Why not?" The girl hesitated.

"Auntie," she said, "I'm selfish, I guess. I'm glad for your sake; you mustn't think I'm not. But I almost wish you were going to do something else. You are going to live in the Regular parsonage and keep house for, of all parsons, a Regular minister. Why, so far as my seeing you is concerned, you might as well be in China. You know Uncle Eben."

"Yes," she said, "I know him. Eben Hammond thinks that parsonage is the presence chamber of the Evil One, I presume likely. But, Grace, you mustn't blame me, and if you don't call I'll know why and I shan't blame you. We'll see each other once in a while; I'll take care of that."

The packing took about an hour. When it was finished, the carpet rolled up, and the last piece of linen placed in the old trunk, Keziah

"Now, Gracie," she said, "I feel as though I ought to go to the parsonage. I can't do much more'n look at the



"Cheerful's a Tomb, Ain't It?" Was Mrs. Coffin's Comment.

sion robes. The end of the world's comin' for them, even though it missed fire for the Millerites when they had their doin's a few years ago. You

She threw a shawl over her shoulders, draped a white knitted "cloud" over her head, and took from a nail "Elkanah left the key with me," she

there. Might as well lose a lumber They left the house and came out into the wet mist. Then, turning to the right, in the direction which Tru the Coffin front gate, entered the yard | met, with unconscious frony, calls 'downtown," they climbed the long slope where the main road mounts the | She grasped the stubby broom by

Captain Mayo's big house-the finest ward the front hall. Grace seized her in Trumet, with the exception of the by the arm. Daniels mansion-and descended into the hollow beyond. Here, at the cor- pered frantically. "Don't you do it! ner where the "Lighthouse Lane" be- It may be a tramp." gins its winding way over the rolling "I don't care. Whoever or whatknolls and dunes to the light and the ever it is, it has no business in this fish shanties on the "ocean side," stood | house, and I'll make that plain in a the plain, straight-up-and-down meet- | hurry. Just like as not it's a cat got ing house of the Regular society. Di- in when Elkanah was here this forerectly opposite was the little parson- noon. Don't be scared, Grace. Come age, also very straight up and down. Both were painted white with green blinds. This statement is superfluous enthusiasm. They tiptoed through the to those who remember Cape architec- dark, narrow hall and peered into the

town was white and green. They entered the yard, through the gap in the white fence, and went around the house, past the dripping the hall with a strange expression on evergreens and the bare, wet lilac her face. Her grip upon the broom bushes, to the side door, the lock of handle tightened. which Keziah's key fitted. There was a lock on the front door, of course, but no one thought of meddling with that. That door had been opened but just remembered somethin'. That once during the late pastor's thirty- study door isn't stuck from the damp, year tenantry. On the occasion of his because-well, because I remember

Mrs. Coffin thrust the key into the keyhole of the side door and essayed grasp the import of this paralyzing to turn it.

no purpose; "I don't see why- This must be the right key, becausealready! That's some of Cap'n Elkanah's doin's. For a critter as fussy we ain't had any tramps around here lately. Come in."

She led the way into the dining coom of the parsonage. Two of the just be patientblinds shading the windows of that apartment had been opened when she and Captain Daniels made their visit, and the dim gray light made the room more lonesome and forsaken in appearance than a deeper gloom could possibly have done. The black walnut extension table in the center, closed to its smallest dimensions because Parson Langley had eaten alone for so many years; the black walnut chairs set back against the wall at regular intervals; the rug carpet and braided mats-homemade donations from the ladies of the parish-on the green painted floor; the dolorous pictures on the walls; "Death of Washington," "Stoning of Stephen," and a still more deadly "fruit piece" committed in oils years ago by a now deceased boat painter. The blinds and a window being opened, more light entered the room. Grace glanced about it curi-

ously. "So this is going to be your new home now, Aunt Keziah," she observed. "How queer that seems."

"Um-h'm. Does seem queer, don't it? Must seem queer to you to be so near the headquarters of everything your uncle thinks is wicked. Smell of brimstone any, does it?" she asked From the Dimness of the Tightly Shutwith a smile.

She threw open another door. A room gloomy with black walnut and fragrant with camphor was dimly vis-

"Cheerful's a tomb, ain't it?" was Mrs. Coffin's comment, "Well, we'll get some light and air in here pretty soon. Here's the front hall and there's the front stairs. The parlor's off to the left. We won't bother with that yet a while. This little place in here is what Mr. Langley used to call his 'study.' Halloa! how this door sticks!' The door did stick, and no amount of tugging could get it open, though

ziah "'Tain't locked," commented Mrs. Coffin, "cause there ain't any lock on it. I guess it's fust swelled and stuck from the damp. Though it's odd, I don't remember- Oh, well! never mind. Let's sweeten up this settin' room a little. Open a window or two want to do anything before it gets dark. I'm goin' into the kitchen to get

Grace added her efforts to those of Ke-

a broom.' She hurried out, returning in a moment or two with a broom and a most disgusted expression.

"How's a body goin 'to sweep with that?" she demanded, exhibiting the frayed utensil, the business end of which was worn to a stub. "More like a shovel, enough sight. Well, there's pretty nigh dust enough for a shovel, so maybe this'll take off the top layers. S'pose I'll ever get this house fit for Mr. Ellery to live in before he comes? I wonder if he's a particular man?'

Grace, who was struggling with a refractory window, paused for breath. "I'm sure I don't know," she re

plied. "I've never seen him." "Nor I either. Sol was so bad the Sunday he preached that I couldn't go to meetin'. They say his sermon was fine; all about those who go down to the sea in ships. That's what got the parish committee, I guess; they're all old salts. I wonder if he's as fine-lookin' as they say?"

Miss Van Horne tossed her head. She was resting, prior to making another assault on the window.

"I don't care. I know he'll be a con ceited little snippet and I shall hate the sight of him. There! there! Auntie, you musn't mind me. I told you I was a selfish pig. But don't you his mouth—"I tried to hurry still fastask me to like this precious minister of yours, because I shan't do it. He I could make my appearance-or my has no business to come and separate me from the best friend I've got. I'd tell him so if he was here- What was that?"

Both women looked at each other tently.

"Why, wa'n't that funny!" whis-"You did hear. So did I. What do you suppose-"S-s-s-h-h! It sounded from the

front room somewhere. And yet there an't be anybody in there, because-My soul! there 'tis again. I'm goin' to find out."

outlying ridge of Cannon wifi, passed the handle and moved determined's to-

"Don't you do it, auntie!" she whis-

right along.

The girl came along, but not with ture at this period; practically every parlor. This apartment was dim and building from Sandwich to Province- still and gloomy, as all proper parlors should be, but there was no sign of life.

Mrs. Coffin was glancing back down

"What is it?" pleaded the girl in an agonized whisper.

"Grace," was the low reply, "I've funeral the mourners came and went. now that it was open this mornin'."

Before her companion could fully fact, Keziah strode down the hall and "Humph!" she muttered, twisting to seized the knob of the study door.

"Whoever you are in there," she commanded sternly, "open this door Well, I declare, if it ain't unlocked and come out this minute. Do you hear? I'm orderin' you to come out." There was an instant of silence: and particular about some things, he's then a voice from within made answer, careless enough about others. Mercy a man's voice, and its tone indicated embarrassment.

"Madam," it said, "I-I am-I will be out in another minute. If you will

"Come out then!" snapped Keziah. Come out! Patience! Of all the cheek! Why don't you come out now?

"Well, to be frank, since you insist,"



tered Study Stepped the Owner of

the Voice. snapped the voice, "I'm not fully

This was a staggerer. For once Keziah did not have a reply ready. She looked at Grace and the latter at her. Then, without words, they retreated to the sitting room.

"I hope you won't be alarmed," continued the voice, broken by panting pauses, as if the speaker was struggling into a garment. "I know this must seem strange. You see, I came on the coach as far as Bayport and then we lost a wheel in a rut. There was a-oh, dear! where is that-this is supremely idiotic!-I was saying there happened to be a man coming this way with a buggy and he offered to help me along. He was on his way to Wellmouth. So I left my trunk to come later and took my valise. It rained on the way and I was wet through, I stopped at Captain Daniels' house and the girl said he had gone with his daughter to the next town. but that they were to stop here at the parsonage on their way. So-there! that's right, at last! -- so I came, hoping to find them. The door was open and I came in. The captain and his daughter were not here, but, as I was pretty wet, I thoughht I would seize the opportunity to change my clothes. I had some dry-er-things in my valise and I-well, then you came, you the most embarrassing-I'm coming now

The door opened. The two in the sitting room huddled close together. Keziah holding the broom like a battle-ax, ready for whatsoever might develop. From the dimness of the tightly shuttered study stepped the owner of the voice, a stranger, a young man, his hair rumpled, his tie disarranged, and the buttons of his waistcoat filling the wrong buttonholes. Despite this evidence of the hasty tollet in semidarkness, he was not unprepossessing.

Incidentally, he was blushing furiously. "I didn't speak," he said, "because you took me by surprise and I wasn't, as I explained-er-presentable. Be sides, I was afraid of frightening you. I assure you I hurried as fast as I talk"-his expression changed and there was a twitch at the corner of er, hoping you might not hear me and escape-sooner. As for entering the house-well, I considered it, in a way, my house; at least, I knew I should live in it for a time, and-"

"Live in it?" repeated Keziah. "Live with startled faces. They listened in it? Why! mercy on us! you don't mean to say you're-"

She stopped to look at Grace. That young lady was looking at her with an expression which, as it expressed sc very much, is beyond ordinary powers of description. "My name is Ellery," said the stranger, "I am the minister-the new

minister of the Regular society." Then even Keziah blushed. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## ATROCITIES IN THE WAR ZONE

Boston Girl's Story of Outrages By Turks.

MANY CHRISTIANS KILLED

Writes That the Ferocious Arabs, Kurds and Tartars Are Armed and Incited To Terrofize Christians.

Boston.-Horrible atrocities perpetrated by the Turks against Christians in the war zone are charged in a letter received here from a Boston girl, Olympia A. Bosdan, Greek by birth, now in the Balkans. Torture, rapine and merciless slaughter are abroad through every land where the Moslem hordes, crazed by the defeat of theirs arms, are swarming to wreak their vengeance on the unarmed "infidels," writes the girl in an urgent appeal to American missionary societies to bring their influence to the aid of the victims.

The letter was wired from Saloniki to Brandizzi and mailed from there to Miss Bosdan's brother in Boston. It is the most definite and startling bit of description that so far has escaped the censorship of the Turkish authori-

"Today the inlands of Asia Minor are what Macedonia was before the war," writes the girl. "In Armenia murder and rapine are in full sway. Not a day passes unless some Moslem tribe, armed to the teeth, attacks some defenseless Christian villager. Ferocious Arabs, Pharsys, Kurds, Tartars and Cherkesses of the Far Eastern Provinces are being armed, incited and financed to terrorize Chris-

"The Moslem refugees from Mace donia were sent to the Asiatic provinces to wreak vengeance upon the Anatolian Christians. Every day thousands of Christian petitioners are coming to Constantinople to pray for protection for their wives, sisters and daughters. These unfortunates are compelled to witness the outrage of their women.

"The enlightened and progressive Turks rejoice in the fall of the Ottoman arms in the Balkans as sincerely as they have rejoiced in the fall of the Red Sultan.

"Thousands of Christian women are still missing and the brutes, the Young Turks, who allow these conditions, call themselves the Party of Union and Progress.' And this same 'Party of Union and Progress' is now threatening the massacre of the Christians in Asia Minor, should the allies

march into the capital of Turkey. "Since the beginning of the Balkan War, many thousand Christians have been killed in Anatolia by the Moslem

fanatics. "During the Young Turk regime. down to the opening of the Balkan War, according to the per capita list, 15,000 Christians were killed. These figures do not include the victims of the infamous Adana massacre. The Moslem courts of the Empire are deaf to the appeals of the Christians for fustice. The Anatolian regulars, who on horseback are leading the fanatical Moslem mobs toward the Christian districts, and carrying as booty scores of Christian maidens, are being rewarded as noble knights, patriots and the mighty defenders of their faith. Throughout all the Asiatic provinces life and honor are at a premium."

SENATORS ARE EXONERATED.

Committee Acts On Charges Against

Watson and Chilton. Washington.-Senators Watson and Chilton of West Virginia, are completely exonerated of the charge of corruption in connection with elections two years ago in a report decided upon by the Senate Elections see, and-I assure you I-well, it was | Committee. The only charge was traceable to the assertion by Delegate L. G. Shock, of the West Virginia legislature, that he had been paid \$1,000 and promised more if he would vote for the two senators. He has retracted the charge, and with that retraction the entire accusation falls to the ground.

> LOCKS GUARD IN AND ESCAPES. Clerk Was Taken To Explain Certain Accounts.

Pittsburgh, Pa. - G. W. Hall, a former clerk in the office of Customs Collector M. M. Garland, was taken from the county jail to his former office to explain to Special Agent W. S. Chance, of the Treasury Departcould, quietly, and when you began to ment, certain accounts in his books. While Chance and clerks in the office were looking over the books Hall walked out of the room, turned the key in the door and escaped.

> TWO KILLED IN ICEBOAT CRASH. Weather Forecaster Oberholzer At

Erie, Pa., One Of Victims. Erie, Pa.-George R. Oberholzer, aged 45, United States weather forecaster here, and Glenis H. Meehan, Birmingham and her famil will ocin which the ywere seated crashed into a water works pier in the Erie harbor. Another occupant of the boat, George Final, aged 22, had his skull fractured and will probably die.

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