

## SAD IRONY OF FATE

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"You high-handed rascals!" stormed John Marsh. "If I was only able to get on my feet I'd make you suffer!"

Writhing in his invalid chair and shaking his crutch through the open window at the two local constables who were leading away with a rope a beautiful collie dog, the old man seemed on the verge of a fit.

It was a sad irony of fate that John Marsh, the confirmed litigant, the willful tyrant, should be helpless and at the mercy of two subordinate minions of the law. Helplessly raving after them he saw the petty officials disappear from sight, and covered down with a bitter curse amid a new and appalling loneliness and misery.

"Pretty hard on the old man to have to give in to the law," observed one of the constables.

"Huh! If he was well and about he'd carry the case to the supreme court and beat us out, if it took years and a fortune to do it."

"I don't fancy getting his ill will along of this dog of his."

"Neither do I, and outside of that I hate to shoot the poor animal."

"Duty is duty and orders is orders," rejoined the first speaker. "We'll take Jackzie over by the river and dispatch him and end the matter."

This had happened: A mean-souled traveling salesman had passed the Marsh house, ventured to enter the yard and appropriate some apples. Loyal Jackzie, ever on the alert, made a dash for the intruder, nearly tore his coat from his back and left the scars of conflict on the body of the frightened stranger. The latter complained, Marsh could not get to court to testify and poor, faithful Jackzie was sentenced to execution.

It was not until the sole companion of his later years in the dreary old home was gone that John Marsh realized his utter wretchedness. And, besides Jackzie, he realized he had no friends in the wide world. Then, too, the thought that the law, his favorite familiar weapon, should be turned against him, fairly maddened him.

For years he had kept the community in hot water with his disputes and

dreaming bright day dreams in a boat, and startled into attention as the collie came hurtling through space. She was Naomi Barton, the daughter of John Marsh's alleged enemy, and she recognized the animal at once.

"Quick, Jackzie!" she cried at once, and in another moment the animal was in the boat and crouched down, concealed by a shawl thrown over him.

From the shots, from the voices overhead, from some stray fragments of rumor that had come to her ears, Naomi comprehended the situation. A bright dream of love—for she was engaged to honest, hard-working Abern Gale—had been drifting through her mind when the interruption had come. But her vision of domestic bliss had seemed very far away. Since the great lawsuit the Bartons had been brought very low financially. She could not leave the old folks to struggle on alone. She was too proud to have her lover care for them. So the wedding had been postponed indefinitely.

Naomi waited until she was sure that the constables had returned to the town. Then she ran the boat nearer to the home farm. She took Jackzie with her, housed him in the barn, fed him and attended to his slight wound. At dusk she stole from the house and by secluded paths started for the home where Mr. Marsh lived.

At supper time, when the men folk had come home, the rage and misery of old Marsh was discussed. There was a vengeful satisfaction in the community that "the old reprobate" had got his deserts. Gentle, humane, although he had wronged them, Naomi pictured his sordid misery and loneliness and resolved to restore to him his only friend.

"Come in," spoke a gruff voice as Naomi knocked at the door.

She stood aside smiling through her tears as Jackzie sprang upon his master. The beautiful affection of the dog, the almost insane delight of Marsh were touching in the extreme. Finally Marsh eyed her keenly.

"You are Robert Barton's daughter?" he said.

"Yes."

"Tell me about the dog."

Naomi did so. Her auditor listened. A strange expression stole over his time-scarred face. He drew towards him from the stand at his side a tin box and took some papers out of it.

"Give those to your father and tell him to burn them up," he said huskily. "I do this because you are the first human being who in years has done me a kind act."

And the next morning he wrote a brief note to his lawyer, which ran:

"Sell two of my bonds and send the \$1,000 to Naomi Barton for a wedding present."

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)



"You High-Handed Rascals!"

law suits. Why, even now amid his wretchedness, the confirmed old litigant experienced a thrill of pride as he recalled the Barton case. Ah, there was a suit with a vengeance! Robert Barton had defied him in a trivial matter and Marsh had set about it to get his revenge. For over five years the legal squabble had dragged its slow and costly length through court after court and had tied up the Barton property.

"I hate those Bartons like poison!" Marsh had declared on many occasions, and he thought they were mean when they were only meek, and took their sheer desperation for viciousness, so perverted had his cramped, sour nature become.

Meantime Jackzie had allowed himself to be led beyond the limits of the town with downcast eyes and all the resemblance of a culprit. His guides and guards finally halted at a stretch of underbrush near the bluffs overlooking the river.

"Come on," spoke one of the constables, "let's get to work."

He let go of the rope as he spoke and both drew their revolvers. The idea was to release the dog and shoot him running. Instantly, however, Jackzie, as though suspecting something, made a spring, upsetting one of the officers, darted past the other and made for a copse near the edge of the bluff.

Bang—bang! Two reports rang out. The dog gave a loud yelp of pain, sprang into the air and disappeared over the edge of the bluff.

Splash! The two constables ran to the edge of the stream and peered over. They waited for a few minutes, but only the fading ripples showed.

"He's sunk. That ends our job, and I'm glad of it," spoke one of the officers. "Now then, to return the warrant and enter the record: 'Duly dispatched according to the law.'"

Poor Jackzie, one paw ridged with a bullet, had indeed sunk under the water, but had come up again. Sheltered by some vines, right at the bottom of the bluff a fair young girl was seated

### RIGHT SPOT FOR MEMORIAL

Empress Eugenie Has Done Well in Selecting Site for Monument to Her Dead Son.

It is announced that the aged Empress Eugenie has bought a piece of land adjoining the park of Malmaison, France, and intends to erect there a memorial of her son which she placed some years ago in the garden of a house in Paris which belongs to her.

Nothing could be more appropriate than the presence of a memorial of the unhappy young prince who might have been Napoleon IV., in a spot so redolent of Napoleonic memories as Malmaison, where Napoleon I. spent so many happy hours.

The house and its park have been put into beautiful order, and the man must indeed own an insensible soul who can wander through the rooms in which he and Josephine lived, and look upon the penishings that were theirs, without a thrill of historic emotion. The very spirit of history broods within its modest but elegant walls—the ingenious traveling writing desk, made at Florence, which still stands in the emperor's library, must in its time have concealed many a fateful secret.

### Too Much Cavity.

When the conversation in a Washington club turned to things tonsorial the other night, Congressman Frank P. Woods of Iowa was reminded of a little incident that occurred in a southern barber shop.

One afternoon an esteemed citizen went into the aforesaid barber shop to have his briars reaped, but no sooner had he taken a seat in one of the chairs than he dropped off into heavy slumber. Apparently the shave artist was having his own troubles in manipulating the customer, and after making several attempts, he thoughtfully paused.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, gently shaking the man in the chair, "but would you mind waking up. I can't shave you while you are asleep."

"Can't shave me while I'm asleep?" exclaimed the victim, with a wondering expression. "Why not?"

"Because," explained the barber as softly as possible, "when you fall into slumber your mouth opens so wide that I can't find your face."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### Gyroscope System.

For steadying a vessel of 5,000 tons rolling 35 degrees, Prof. E. Sperry reports that two stabilizing reservoirs weighing 900 tons would be required. The gyroscope system, taking a tenth of the space, would occupy but 51 tons, and would have the advantage of being able to create a roll of 8 degrees or 10 degrees to prevent being caught in ice.

### Linoleum and Oilcloth.

British linoleum and oilcloth exports last year amounted to 55,463,200 square yards.

## NEW NECKWEAR STYLE

GREATER VARIETY NOW THAN FOR MANY SEASONS.

Taffeta, in the Prettiest of Colorings, as Popular as Ever—High Standing Medici Collar Also Much Liked.

Even to give a general description of the new neckwear is difficult, because there is such a wide range of styles. One might say that the list starts with the plain flare collar and ends with a soft vest girle. So varied in length are these accessories that

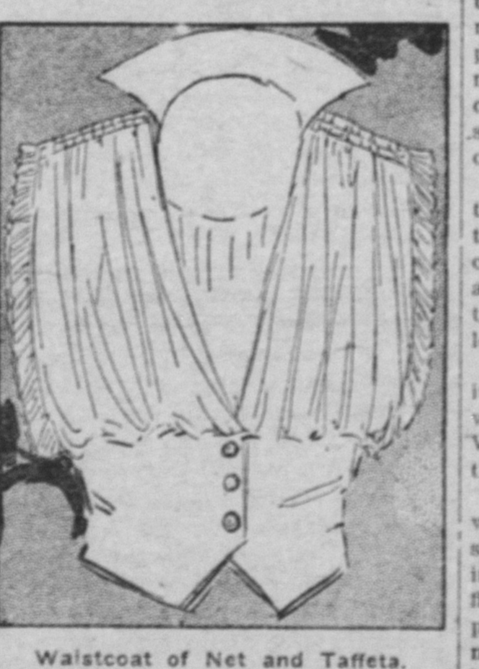


Princess Lace, Ribbon Bow.

they may finish with only an ordinary collar, or they may lengthen until they verge into a soft girle at the waistline.

Taffeta, as in dresses and coats, is much in evidence in the latest neckwear. It is seen in pompadour weaves with their lovely colorings, as well as in the shaded weaves and solid colors.

Taffeta ruches and Medici collars of the same silk will in a measure take the place of the ostrich feather and maline neckpieces which have been in favor so long, and which are worn in the early autumn and in the first warm days of spring when neckpieces of fur would be too clumsy and warm. One of the most attractive of the taf-



Waistcoat of Net and Taffeta.

feta neckpieces introduced this season consisted of a high standing Medici collar of pompadour silk softened by frills of cream-tinted lace. The taffeta had a black ground strewn over with large, red roses and green leaves in soft tones. The wide lace frills were placed inside next the neck and fell over the high standing collar of taffeta, extending in jabot effect down each side of a V front.

There is quite a vogue for waistcoats this spring. They are fashioned from all sorts of material, in-

### Arm Coverings.

Sheer long sleeves continue good.

### REALLY A FORM OF SANDAL

Lace Top Shoes Highly Desirable Accessories Worn With Stockings of a Different Shade.

Lace top shoes sound alluring, don't they? They are really high shoes, cut in every way like ordinary dress shoes—but the vamp is of colored satin, the top of linen lace, fitting as snugly as a gaiter.

One pair, particularly pretty, showed top and heel of cloth of gold, with top of Plauen lace. Sometimes colored satin and lace colored to match is seen, a combination that shows up well when stockings of a different shade are worn beneath. One pair, a little more extreme than the others, has merely the toe part of satin—the heel of the stocking being allowed to show through the meshes of the lace. Here indeed we come back to the sandal, since nothing could exceed this lace shoe for transparency.

### Blouses and Fichus.

Warm blouses are made of poplin, plain or figured, and others are in fancy woolen materials with a slight admixture of silk in them, cleverly thrown up to the surface in the weaving. Many are high in the neck, but the majority are collarless and open at the throat. There are, however, deep, all-round collars which can be donned on very cold days and provide some modicum of warmth. Silk blouses are warm when lined with light woolen material, such as voile or delaine, and these are trimmed with ecru lace or embroidery, and, like everything else, with quantities of beads in the same color with the silk.

## A THOUSAND LIVES LOST IN TIDAL WAVE

Two Russian Towns Swept By Sea of Azov Waters.

### HURRICANE WITH DISASTER.

Greater Part of City Flooded and Many Persons Drowned in Addition To Hundreds Who Perished in the Tidal Wave.

Ekaterinodar, Russia.—Over 1,000 persons perished in the inundation of the towns of Stanitzka and Achtyraskaja by a tidal wave from the Sea of Azov.

The wave struck the town during a violent hurricane, which swept the Province of Kuban.

Over 150 persons were drowned also in the floods of Yassenkaja.

A dam collapsed in the town of Temryuk, on the Taman peninsula, 98 miles northwest of this city, flooding the greater part of the city and drowning many persons.

The sea washed away 380 buildings in Achtyraskaja.

Temryuk is a historic town with a population of 16,000. It once was the seat of the Turkish Fortress Adass.

### PLANTS BY PARCEL POST NOW.

Washington, D. C.—Extension of the parcel post rates to seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, scions and various kinds of plants became effective as the result of an order issued by Postmaster-General Burleson. The order puts into effect the recent act of Congress which repeals the special rate of postage heretofore chargeable on seeds, plants, etc., and makes the regular parcel post rates of postage applicable to parcels of such articles. Under the law just enacted parcels of seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, scions and plants, weighing four ounces or less, are subject to postage at the flat rate of 1 cent for each ounce or fraction thereof, regardless of distance. On parcels exceeding four ounces in weight the pound rates applicable to the respective zones apply.

### GIRL'S DEATH PROBE IS ENDED.

Salisbury, Md.—Practically the fifth investigation which was held by coroner's jury and grand jury inquiries into the mysterious death of Miss Florence Wainwright, the pretty book-keeper of the Home Gas Company, who was found dead in the company's offices last June, again ended before the present grand jury with the report "ignored." This means the jurors were unable to place the responsibility upon anyone for the girl's death.

### PALACE OF MACHINERY READY.

San Francisco, Cal.—Except for a few pieces of statuary yet to be set in their niches, the palace of machinery of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was pronounced completed and the first exhibit will be installed April 1. The building is not only the largest in the exposition, but the largest wooden structure ever built. It is 985 feet long by 368 feet wide and 136 feet high and cost \$659,655. Plaster and staff mask the wood.

### AGRICULTURAL BILL MOVES.

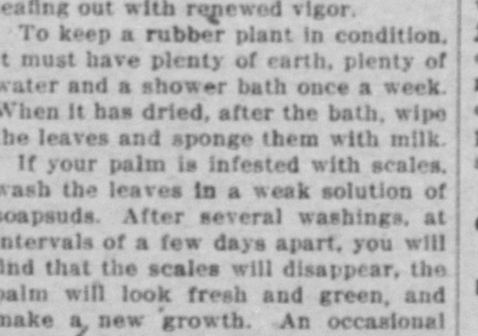
Washington, D. C.—The Agricultural Appropriation bill, carrying \$19,000,000, passed the House without substantial amendment. It now goes to the Senate. The House will take up the Rivers and Harbors bill this week and consideration of the Sims bill, providing for the repeal of the exemption clause of the Panama Canal act will follow.

### A NEW EGG-EATING CHAMPION.

Bristol Boy Eats Twenty-Nine Raw in Forty-Eight Seconds.

Bristol, Tenn.—Edward Shouse, of Winston-Salem, N. C., who claimed the world's championship as an egg-eater, has lost that title, Harrison Smithson, a Bristol boy, having eaten 29 raw eggs in 48 seconds. Smithson claims to have beaten the world's record by four eggs. Shouse's record was 25 eggs in 53 seconds.

### FASHIONABLE LINGERIE



Wash net is much made use of by the makers of lingerie. This combination underbodice and petticoat in the illustration, made of batiste, is edged with a net ruffle, and a narrow plaited frill of net heads the tucked flounce. Blue shoulder straps, a blue band of satin ribbon, to hold the bodice frill of lace in place, and a band of blue ribbon, ending in a bow under the net frill, complete this slip. The underbodice of flesh-pink chiffon, is much beribboned in pale blue and is strengthened by a band of wide maline lace about the top.

### Blossoms and Girdles.

The flowers worn are enormously large, such as passion flowers, poppies and chrysanthemums. These are introduced on the bodice drapery or at the waist. Wide ribbon girdles are arranged so that one end falls at the side, sometimes two.

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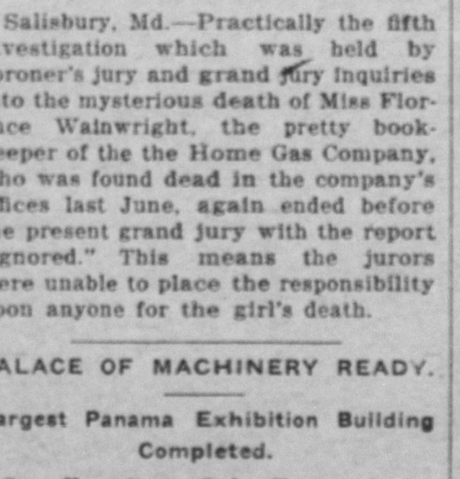
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