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SYNOPSIS.

At a vestry meeting of the Market Square church Gail Sargent tells Rev. Smith Boyd that Market Square church is apparently a lucrative business enterprise. Allison takes Gail riding in his motor car. She finds cold disapproval in the eyes of Rev. Smith Boyd. Allison starts a campaign for consolidation and control of the entire transportation system of the world. Gail becomes popular. Allison gains control of transcontinental traffic and arranges to absorb the Vedder court tenement property of Market Square church. Gail tells Boyd that the cathedral Market Square church proposes to build will be out of profits wrung from squalor. At a meeting of the seven financlal magnates of the country, Allison organizes the International Transportation company. Rev. Smith Boyd undertakes Gail's spiritual instruction and Gail unconsciously gives Allison a hint that solves the Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new substate Ve --11--

CHAPTER XV-Continued.

The wide-set sanitary policeman paused in his survey long enough to wag a thick forefinger at the outraged householder.

"Don't start anything," he advised. 'There's some tough mugs in this block, but you go down to the places I've been, and you'll find that they're all clean "

With these few simple remarks, he turned his back indifferently to Mr. Rogers, and, catching hold of the carpet in the corner with his fingers. he lifted it up by the roots.

"There's no use buckin' the government," Mr. Rogers decided, after a critical study of the sanitary policeman's back, which was extremely impressive. "It's a government of the rich for the rich. Has a poor man got any show? I'm a capable stationary engineer. All I ask is a chance to work-at my trade." This by an afterthought. "If you'll give me two dollars to tide me over-

Rev. Smith Boyd stepped out of the way of the sanitary policeman, and then stepped out of the door.

"And you call yourself a minister of

That was a sample of the morning's there were the hideous sick to see. terrific drain, both upon his sympathies and his personal pocket.

He felt that this was an exceptionally long day.

Home in a hurry at twelve-thirty. A scrub, a complete change of everything and a general feeling that he should have been sterilized and baked as well. Luncheon with the mother who saw what a long day this was. then a far different type of calls; in a sedate black car this time, up along instant, and gave him the heart to the avenue, and in and out of the clean side streets, where there was little danger of baving a tire punctured by a wanton knife, as so often happened in Vedder court.

Away to Vedder court again, dismissing his car at the door of Temple range of the leers of those senile old which manifested itself most clearly to the olfactory sense.

The organ was playing when he enthought that one greater than he had and thankfulness, too! derful voice to the blasphemy.

old man who kept a shoemaker's shop depths of these, the numb: around the corner, and who played sincerely in the name of helpfulpess was pure of heart.

The men with the rough-hewn countenance, unfortunately not here today. was also sincere in an entirely unspiritual way; but, with these excep | gentleman waiting at the station, with tions, and himself, of course, the rec. a bunch of violets in his hand, and the tor knew positively that there was not light in his countenance which was another uncalloused creature in the never on sea or land? It was Gerald room not one who could be reached Fosland, and he astonished all bethe hymn, he rose to cast his pearls tirely unrepressed smile, springing seemed disposed to linger. before swine, without heart and with from the balls of his feet with a buoyout interest; for no man is interested ancy too active to be quite in good go upstairs after that, and she glanced in anything which cannot possibly be form. He took Arly's hand in his, but into the music room as she passed. accomplished.

held by the thought that he was hold he drew her slightly towards him, ally fine looking tonight, stood leaning ing out the way and the light, not with a firm and deliberate movement, against the plane, watching Gail with only seven times but seventy times and, bending his head sidewise under an almost incendiary gaze. That seven times, to whatever shred or the brite of her hat, kissed her; young lady steadily resisting an imcrumb of divinity might lie unsuspect | kissed her on the lips! ed in these sterile breasts, he strove | Immediately thereafter he gave a of her hand, sat on the end of the earnestly to arouse enthusiasm in him dignified welcome to Gail, and with plane bench farthest removed from

self so that he might stir these dead ghosts, even in some minute and re-

money till a week from next Satur- devotion, he is a big man indeed! day night; and he had come to expose

discipline, without which the dignity ing her to him. and effectiveness of the cause could Mr. Rogers, with a flood of abuse ning frock without having been slowly, and turned to come back, but he paused to take a good look at the stalwart young perpetrator, and remembered that be was thirsty.

Rev. Smith Boyd found himself standing in the middle of the sidewalk. the Gospel!" Mr. Rogers yelled after with fists clenched and his blood surging. The atmosphere before his eyes work, and Rev. Smith Boyd felt more dened slightly. He was tingling from and more, as he neared luncheon time. head to foot with a passion which he that he merited some consideration, if had repressed and throttled and only for the weight of the cross he smothered since the days of his boybore. There were worse incidents hood! He had striven, with a than the abuse of men like Rogers; strength which was the secret of his compelling voice, to drive out of him and the genuinely distressed to com- all earthly dross, to found himself on fort, and depthless misery to relieve; the great example which was without and any day in Vedder court was a the cravings of the body; he had sought to make himself spiritual; but, all at once, this conflict had roused in him a raging something, which swept up from the very soles of his foot to his twirling brain, and called him man!

For a quivering moment he stood there, alive with all the virility which was the richer because of his long repression. He knew many things now. many things which ripened him in an touch and the mind to understand and the soul to flame. He knew himself he knew life, he knew, yes, and that was the wonderful miracle of the flood For a Quivering Moment He Stood which poured in on him, he knew love!

He reached suddenly for his watch. Six-ten. He could make it! Still immission, and walking inside, out of pelled by this new creature which had sprung up in him, he started; but at buildings, but not out of the range of the curb he stopped. He had been in the peculiar spirit of Vedder court. such a whirl of emotion that he had not realized the absence of his hat. He strode into the mission door, and the rays of the declining sun, strugtered, and the benches were half filled gling dimly through the dingy glass, by battered old human remnants, who fell on the scattered little assempretended conversion in order to pick blage—as if it had been sent to touch up the crumbs which fell from the them in mercy and compassion-on table of Market Square church. Chid the weak and the poor and the piteing himself for weariness of the spirit, ously crippled of soul; and a great and comforting himself with the wave of shame came to him; shame

faltered on the way to Golgotha he He walked slowly up to the plat- might think that he was complimentsat on the little platform, with a hymn form, and, turning to that reddened book in his hand, and, when the prel sunlight which bathed his upturned cussing a new operetta; but he made ude was finished, he devoted his won- face as if with a benediction, he said, her blush, which was the intention in in a voice which, in its new sweetness the depths of his black eyes. It seemed The organist, a volunteer, a little of vibration, stirred even the murky that she was in a perpetual blush to-

"Let us pray."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Creed of Gail. Who was that tall, severely correct With a feeling of mockery, yet up tomary courteous gallantry. Instead, Rev. Smith Boyd, who seemed unusu

carriage entrance, she skipped.

the station; something so infinitely was doing the family worrying. more than pleasure that her eyes | She could have bidden Allison adieu dropped, and her hand trembled as had she waited a very few minutes. his physical dominance. He took im and he abided unwaveringly by his deby while she greeted her uncle and nature of the change which was so apaunt and other friends, and beaming parent in Rev. Smith Boyd; but Alli-Suddenly a harsh and raucous voice with justifiably proud proprietorship, son, after careful thought on the mat- felt in her hand even now. interrupted him. It was the voice of Gail had laughed as she recognized ter, was able to take a comparatively Mr. Rogers, and that gentleman, who that attitude. Allison was really a early departure. had apparently secured somewhere big man, one born to command, to the two dollars to tide him over, was sway things, to move and shift and re- served finally. Rising, he crossed to heard from his mother, and which she now embarked on the tide. He had arrange great forces; and that, of where she sat, and, reaching into her had unconsciously linked with her taken just enough drinks to make him course, was his manner in everything. lap, he took both her hands. He let thoughts of him. "There could never ugly, if that process were possible. She flushed each time she looked in her arms swing from his clasp, and be a unity of purpose in us," and now, and he had developed a particularly his direction; for he never removed looking down into her eyes with smil. for the first time, she gently withdrew strong resentment of the latest injus- his gaze from her; bold, confident, su- ing regard, he gave her hands an extra her hand. "I could never be in symtice which had been perpetrated on preme. When a man like that is kind pressure, which sent, for the hun pathy with your work, nor you with him. That injustice consisted of Rev. and gentle and considerate, when he dredth time that night, a surge of my views. Have you noticed that we Smith Boyd's refusal to lend him is tender and thoughtful and full of color over her face.

the rector's shallow hypocrisy. This the Sargent house to greet her, and crushing under his hand. It was the he proceeded to do, in language quite her heart leaped as she recognized light runner board of the music rack unsuited to the chapel of Temple mis- another of the dear familiar faces. and three hairs, which had lain in a child's. sion and to the ears of the ladies This was her world, after all; not that placid place at the crown of his head. then present, most of whom grinned. world of her childhood. How differ- suddenly popped erect. Ten thousand The proceedings which followed ent the rector looked; or was it that years before, had these three been so were but brief. Rev. Smith Boyd re- she had needed to go away in order grouped, Allison would have felt a quested the intruder to stop. The in- to judge her friends anew? His eyes stone ax on the back of his neck, but truder had rights, and he stood on were different; deeper, steadier and as it was he passed out unmolested. them! Rev. Smith Boyd ordered him more penetrating into her own; and nodding carelessly to the young recto stop; but the intruder had a free yes, bolder. She was forced to look tor, and bestowing on Gail a parting and independent spirit, which forbade away from them for a moment. There look which was the perfection of easy him to accept orders from any man! seemed a warm eagerness in his greet- assurance. Rev. Smith Boyd, in the interests of ing, as if everything in him were draw-

With a rapidity which was a marvel preliminary conversation. not be upheld, and pleased that this to all her girl friends, Gail had slipped was so, ordered him out of the room. upstairs and into a creamy lace evel chimed of all the love songs ever writwhich displayed some versatility, in missed; and she was in this acutely passion ever breathed, which pleaded vited Rev. Smith Boyd to put him out; harmonious setting when Rev. Smith with the love appeal of all the dom:and Rev. Smith Boyd did so. It was Boyd called, with his beautiful mother nant forces since creation. Gail had not much of a struggle, though Mr. on his arm. The beautiful mother was resumed her seat on the end of the Rogers tore two benches loose on his in an exceptional flurry of delight to piano bench, and now he reached way, and, at the narrow door through see Gail, and kissed that charming down and took her hand, and held it, which it is difficult to thrust even a young lady with clinging warmth. The unresisting. She was weak and limp. weak man, because there are so many rector's eyes were even more strik- and she averted her eyes from the arms and legs attached to the human ingly changed than they had been burning gaze which beamed down on torso, he was compelled to practically when he had first met her on the pitch him, headlong, across the side steps, as they looked on Gail in her the hand which lay in her lap was cold walk and over the curb and into the creamy lace, and after she had read and trembling. "Gail, I love you!" He gutter! The victim of injustice arose that new intense look in his eyes for



There.

the second time that evening, she hurried away, with the license of a busy hostess, and cooled her face at an open window in the side vestibule. There was a new note in Rev. Smith Boyd's voice; not a greater depth nor mellowness nor sweetness, but a something else. What was it? It was a call, that was it; a call across the gulf of futurity.

They came after her. Ted and Lucile had arrived. She was in a vortex. Dick Rodley hemmed her in a corner, and proposed to her again, just for practice, within eyeshot of a dozen people, and he did it so that onlookers ing her on her clever coiffure or disnight, and something within ber seemed to be surging and balting and wavering and quivering! Her Aunt Helen Davies, rather early in the evening, began to act stiff and formal.

"Go home," she murmured to Lucile. "All this excitement is bad for Gail's

beauty." After that the exodus became general, until only Allison and Rev. Smith Boyd remained. The latter young gentleman had taken his flutteringly hapby argument, sympathy or fear! They holders by his extraordinary conduct. py mother home early in the evening. were past redemption, every last man | As the beautiful Arly stepped through and he had resorted to duliness with and woman; and, at the conclusion of the gates, he advanced with an en- such of the thinning guests as had

Aunt Helen thought she had better he did not bend over it with his cus- and knitted her brows at the tableau pulse to feel her cheek with the back ganism.

Arly's arm clutched tightly in his own, the rector, and directed the most of ing senses, and in which he sat. he then disappeared. As they walked her attention to Allison, who was less shocked, stunned, disbelieving his own rapidly away. Arly looked up at him disconcerting. Allison, casting an oclears. Why, he had known, as positivein bewilderment; then she suddenly casional glance at the intense young ly, and more positively, than if she hugged herself closer to him with a rector, seemed preoccupied tonight; had told him, that there was a perfect jerk. As they went out through the and Mrs. Helen Davies, pausing to response in her to the great desire take her sister Grace with her, walked which throbbed within him. It had It was good to see Allison, big, up the stairs with a forefinger tapping come to him from her like the waverstrong, forceful, typical of the city and at her well-shaped chin. She seemed ing of soft music, music which had its mighty deeds. His eye had lighted to have reversed places with her siswith something more than pleasure as | ter tonight, for Mrs. Sargent was su- in a melody so subtle that it drowned Gail stepped out through the gates of premely happy, while Helen Davies the senses to languorous swooning;

she felt that same old warm thrill of He was a man who had spent a life to him as a fragrance, as a radiance, his clasp. He was so overwhelming in time in linking two and two together. mediate possession of her, standing ductions. There was no mistaking the and deeper, and sweeter, than the

"I'll see you tomorrow, Gail," he ob- consciously used the name she had

Rev. Smith Boyd, blazing down at Rev. Smith Boyd was at the steps of that scene, suddenly felt something

> Rev. Smith Beyd wasted not a minute in purposeless hesitation or idle

"Gail!" he said, in a voice which ten, which vibrated with all the love her. Her breath was fluttering, and bent his head and kissed her hand. The touch was fire, and she felt her blood leap to it. "Gail, dear," and his corded his first impression of Tenevoice was like the suppressed crescendo of a tremendous organ flute; I come to you with the love of a man inspired to do great deeds, not just and deep subdued tones. In the farto lay them at your feet, but because ther foreground trudged two figures, you are in the world!" He bent lower, silhouetted in the gloom almost dead and tried to gaze into the brown eyes black against the gleam of a wet under those fluttering lashes. He held road. It was a faithful record, but of her hand more tightly to him, clasped | Teneriffe in a rare mood; and everyit to his breast, oppressed her with one who saw it, said at once, "Oh, the tremendous desire of his whole yes-Dutch." This is an example, being to draw her to him, and hold such as most artists could multiply, of her close, as one and a part of him for that instinctive habit by which we seall time to come, mingling and merg lect for notice the things which we ing them into one ecstatic harmony.

"Gail! Oh, Gail, Gail!" There was a cry in that repetition of her name, almost an anguish. She almost diametrically opposed impresstole an unward glance at him, ber slone of the same scene. It may furface pale, her beautiful lips half part ther point to an explanation, in part, ed, and in her depthless brown eyes, of many wide differences of opinion alive now with a new light which had among experts, even upon matters of been born within her, there was no fact - scientific, social, national. forbiddance, though she dropped them Trained observers are likely to be hastily, and bent her head still lower. She had made herself an eternal part | trained to see, and nothing else. They of him just then, had he but seized go in blinkers, of which each pair is upon that unspoken assent, and taken made on a different and the only corher in his arms, and breathed to her rect pattern. of the love of man for woman, the love so long as the human race shall endura

He bent still closer to her, so that he all but enfolded her. His warm breath was upon her cheek. The sympathy which was between them bridged the narrow chasm of air, and enveloped them in an ethereal flame which coursed them from head to foot. and had already nigh welded them into one.

"I need you, Gail!" he told her. "I need you to be my wife, my sweetheart, my companion. I need you to go with me through life, to walk hand in hand with me about the greatest work in the world, the redemption of the fallen and helpless, into whose lives we may shed some of the beauty which blossoms in our own."

There was a low cry from Gail, a cry which was half a sob, which came with a sharp intake of the breath, and carried with it pain and sorrow and protest. She had been so happy, in what she fancied to be the near fulfillment of the promptings which had grown so strong within her. No surge of emotion like this had ever swept over her: no such wave of yearning had ever carried her impetuously up and out of herself as this had done. It had been the ecstatic answer to all her dreams, the ripe and rich and perfect completion of every longing within her; yet, in the very midst of it had come a word which broke the magic thrall; a thought which had torn the fairy web like a rude storm from out the icy north; a devouring genie which, dark and frightening, advanced to destroy all the happiness which might follow this first inrushing I had been Guliver, I should have commingling of these two perfectly

correlated elements! "I can't!" she breathed, but she did non threads. -- Scribner's Magazine. not withdraw her hand from his clasp. She could not! It was as if those two palms had welded together, and had become parts of one and the same or-

There was an instant of silence. in

blended with his own pulsing diapason it had come to him with the delicate far-off pervasiveness of the birth of a new star in the heavens; it had come as the beautiful tints of spring blossoms, as something infinitely stronger, sleep of death. That tremendous and perfect fitness and accord with him he

"I can't, Tod," she said again, and neither one noticed that she had unhave never held a serious dispute over any topic but one?"

He drew a chair before her, and took her hand again, but this time he Penns Valley Banking Company patted it between his own as if it were

"Gail, dear, that is an obstacle which will melt away. There was a time when I felt as you do. The time will

come when you, too, will change." "You don't understand," she gently told him. "I believe in God the Creator: the maker of my conscience; my friend and my father. I am in no doubt, no quandary, no struggle between faith and disbelief. I see my way clearly, and there are no thorns to cut for me. I shall never change."

He looked at her searchingly for a moment, and then his face grew grave; but there was no coldness in it, nor any alteration in the blueness of his eyes.

"I shall pray for you," he said, with simple faith. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIMIT TO THE OBSERVATION

Peculiar Fact That Most People Can See Only What They Are Trained to See.

There once visited the Canary islands a painter who had lately come from Holland. The picture which reriffe gave, not the hot, clear, flattish coloring which is typical of the island, but a study of a windmill, shown I come to you with the love of one atmospherically among gray mists have grown accustomed to seeing. It may partly explain how two thoroughly "realistic" painters can record men who see what they have been

that never dies nor wavers nor falters. JUST A GENERAL NUISANCE

Oat Smudge, or Oat Louse, One of the Most Annoying Small Things in the Universe.

The oat louse has no wings, and yet it flies through the air, borne on the gentle breezes which waft over the fields. It has no legs, and yet it adheres to the flesh of man with a devotion that is inspiring. Some persons call it the oat smudge, but most persons call it by some harder name

A fine way to accumulate the tribe is to take a trolley trip near fields where the honest husbandman has been garnering his crops. There the oat lice, which are about the size of overgrown black fleas, fill the air quite numerously.

After such a ride they can be found adhering to the arms and face, with a small sprinkling down the neck. At heart they are innocent young things, neither biting nor stinging, and yet, because of their peculiar rolling motion, they are ticklish little devils. So people shake them off.

The particular niche in nature filled by oat lice is not quite clear, so it is quite reasonable to assume that they have been set apart to offset the manifold joys of the suburbanite.

People One "Runs Across." "I don't like people I run acrosswomen, especially. I should be a nervous ghost by this time if I had stopped to like people. Fancy all one's chance encounters, turning into pulls on one's affection-like the ropes the Lilliputians tied round Gulliver. If gone mad. I'd rather be tied with one stout steel cable than with a mil-

Weighing a Fly's Wing. A scale in the bureau of standards at Washington-one of five similar ones in the world-will weigh with absolute accuracy anything from a which she slowly gathered her swirt- fiy's wing to a 50-pound piece of steel.

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