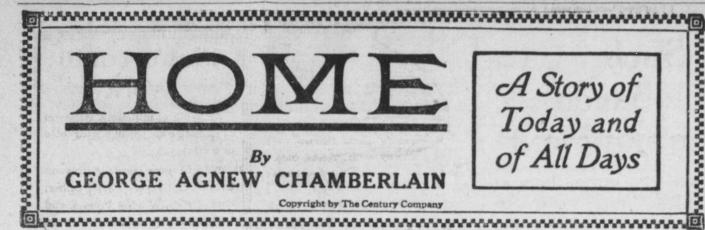
## THE CENTRE REPORTER. CENTRE HALL. PA.



CHAPTER XXXIV-Continued. stooped down, picked her up tenderly freshman year-center on the football

A hard light came into Alix' eyes, couch. He knelt beside her. On one chase and the capture, of how he and Alix," he begged, "please don't cry." into the clutch of the eddy and swirl laughing." the battle of his spirit, the utter ruin her lips broke into the old dear smile, of his downfall. He could not and in- the smile of an opening flower. "I am

stead he sighed. There was something in that sigh so (I'm almost hungrier than I am tired." eloquent of defeated expression that it "I'm glad you said it first," replied failed. It called to Alix with the fact that he was faint with hunger strong call of helpless things. It drew himself. "Ever since some funny back her mind to Gerry. With him Johnny wrote, 'Feed the brute,' we her through his eyes. With him she after lunch time." discovered the traces of an ancient "Really?" said Alix, nestling down the tale went on and finally to love about it- It isn't, is it?" him because of all things Lieber seemed to need love -- somebody else's love-most. She amused herself with Kemp and his drawl. She tried to keep her thoughts away from Margarita and at the coming of Margarita's boy, she winced.

As he finished telling of the coming of the Man, Gerry stopped short. The thought came to him with tremendous force that Alix too had gone through and throw himself before her and on from his seat but he fought it down. He hurried on with his story. He told day to the old fellow." of the coming of Alan and of the revelation he had brought. And then in a choked voice and only because he had set himself to tell the whole truth he pictured the flood, the death of True Blue, and the overwhelming by the waters before his very eyes of Margarita and the Man. Then he arose

and with hands braced on the table leaned towards Alix. "I have told you this so that perhaps you may understand what I am going to tell you now. If the flood had not come-if Margarita and the Man had lived-I would not have come back."

"Yes, perhaps," said Alix thought-Gerry felt himself suddenly alone. He arm he pillowed her head, with the fully. "Everybody calls him Fatty alwent doggedly on. He told of the other hand he sought hers. "Please, ready." the girl had seen the canoe drift out "I'm not crying," sobbed Alix, "I'm that Kemp was still in town closing up lost either. Shake." his connection with the orchid firm.

and laid her on the great leathern team."

ered. He wished he could tell in words then she opened her eyes again and word of comfort. tired-tired," she said, "but I believe

succeeded where words might have Gerry, giving serious thought to the the same way. Day after day, long he was off for a ten mile walk and the girl she threaded the path to men have been shy about echoing our Fazenda Flores. Its ruin sprang upon stomachs. It's four o'clock. Hours his way through a dew-soaked world.

ditch, with him and the old darky she closer to his arm and letting her smillevel eyes. dug along that line through long, hot ing eyes wander over him. "How well months. She grew to know Lieber as this suit fits you. There's something

> Gerry nodded. "Same old suit. By the way, when I came in John said you Lansing," he said, "I'll ride the cow.' told him to telephone to the club and say you wished to see me. What made horses themselves and started out. Onyou think I would go to the club first?" the top of old Bald Head Gerry dis-Alix looked puzzled. "I didn't. I mounted and sat down on a rock.

Kemp shook his head sadly.

ing hand.

"Ef yo' can't let me have a hoss, Mr.

Gerry laughed. They saddled the

"Kemp," said Gerry, "I want to

Kemp flushed and waved a deprecat-

"You saw things straight," went on

"I ain't curious about that, Mr. Lan-

"Well," said Gerry, "I've thought

"Sorry, Kemp. Orchids are ornamen-

"But that's neither here nor there.

pedium Vexillarium-"

"Hybrid," grunted Kemp.

Gerry, "and I want to thank you, too,

for letting me hog-tie myself."

didn't tell John to telephone." She Kemp followed suit. paused, still puzzling, then her face cleared. "Why-poor old John-he's thank you for the things you said to getting very old. you know, Gerry. my wife-Alix." That was three years ago I told him to that for him. The impulse to get up telephone-the day you never came back. It must have been the suit. He his knees to thank her almost tore him saw you standing there in the same suit and three years became as one

Gerry sighed. "Alix, do you want sing," said Kemp, "so much's about those three years to become as a day what you're goin' to do when yo' untie to us?"

yo'seff." Alix shook her head slowly from side to side. "No, dear, I don't. They that out too. For a while it used to have given me-given us both-far break my heart to think about Famore than they took away." She put zenda Flores but it came to me the her bare arms around his neck, drew other day that what there is of me that him down and kissed him. "You do amounts to anything is just Fazenda not know yet all that they have given Flores. you. You think you have come back

"When a man learns to eat work and found me, a frittering butterfly in just like he does food because he's a great empty house. But you've found hungry for it, there's bound to be a only my abandoned cocoon. I'm not place for him anywhere. It has struck here at all. I've packed myself into me there are a lot of fields

If the girl will he'p me I reckon that away, followed into the silence by soft the tops of the sorghum."

talk to me. Cut it out, Kemp." Kemp flushed slightly. "Some things

Is fittin' an' some ain't," he said, "an' to smoke a last cigar. He besitated a we can't always rightly say why. Some folks is governed by conscience but long grass laden with seed and just most by pride. Its goin' to be 'Kemp' decking itself with dewy jewels for the and 'Mister Lansing' to the end of the night. He crossed to the old church. It was from Alan that Gerry learned chapter, Mr. Lansing, an' no friendship The door was open. He entered and

They shook hands solemnly, mountout into the river and away. He told Gerry smiled and waited. Soon Alix Gerry wired him, begging him to come ed and started back to Red Hill. Gerry arches and sat down, his legs dangling. her of how they laughed and Alix became quiet. Her eyes closed. She to The Firs for a few days before he had found the key to Kemp's strength. shrank. Gerry paused, his brow puck- drew a long, quivering breath and went West. Alix had told of Kemp's It was the key of strength. Kemp belonged on the Hill, and with the people After the first excitement of getting of true blood anywhere, not only behome was over Gerry found himself cause he was himself always but be-

restless with the same restlessness that cause he defended what he could hold had attacked him during the days at and no more. He was a definition for Piranhas. He tried for a solution in independence.



gorgeous month. A shower had fallen Then Kemp arrived. Gerry tried to on Red Hill and after it had come the get him to join him in his walks but sun. Wisps of mare's-tail cloud hurried across the clean-washed heavens

in a small way we'll soon be growin' a laughter. From The Firs came the pu'ple city that will feed from yo' last angry wall of the fat young god, hand. Ef ever you feel the need of choked off in midflight by the soft some bran' new air, Mr. Lansing, you hand of sleep. Then the scurrying of come out to Big and Little. There many feet along the dusty road, silence, won't be much besides air but it'll be and last of all, the trailing whistle of fresh made on White mountain an' you a boy signaling good-night-sound saycan smell it comin' down through the ing good-by to a happy day. pines an' see it playin' with the leaves Hours passed before the moon on the cottonwoods an' plowin' through popped into the sky, hurrying just at

first as though she knew she were They sat for some time in slience forty minutes late again. One by one then Gerry said, "I've been calling you lights went out. Other lights gleamed 'Kemp' since I first saw you but you from upper windows; then they, in still hang on to the 'mister' when you | turn, went out. Red Hill had gone to bed.

From Maple house Alan slipped out

moment and then strode through the

climbed the crumbling stairs to the

beifry. He jumped into one of the

His eyes wandered slowly over the

familiar scene. From behind their

trees Maple house. The Firs and Eim

house blinked up at him dreamily. Be-

fore them ran the ribbon of road,

white under moonlight, dipping at each

end into the wide world. Up and down

Alan's wandering eyes settled on

Maple house. "Even as a hen gather-

eth her chickens under her wings," he

And then the peace of home descend-

ed upon him. On his scarred spirit he

felt the touch of the healing hands of

home. Its sweetness and its power, its

love everlasting demanding love for-

found the door open. Far, far had he

wandered in the world of mind and

had really come back.

whispered.

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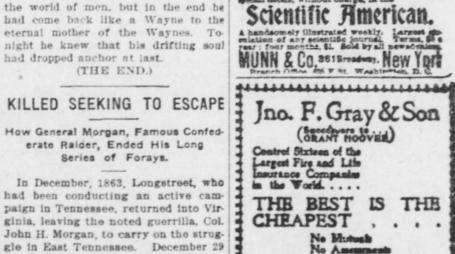
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Alix sat very still and studied Gerry's face. He had finished the task he had set himself to do and he was suddenly very tired. His eyes dropped as though from their own weight and then he raised them again to her inscrutable face.

"Well?" he asked after a long pause. "Well?" replied Alix.

Gerry's stalwart figure drooped. "It is quite just," he said, "after all that, that you should not want me. I have spent the last weeks making myself ready for that. You waited for me: I didn't wait for you. If you do not want me, I will go away."

Alix rose slowly to her feet. She looked very slim and tall in her cling-



Don't Cry."

would kiss me-once."

her slim body relaxed and slipped think?"

the dearest little bundle of pink fat. here, some of them mine, that are yellow curls and chubby legs, and left about ready for resurrection, and resthe bundle on Red Hill." Gerry nodded but he was grave and

silent. Not in a day nor a month could ing to start but it may be planting pohe altogether forget the Man.



Gerry had always been quiet but parasites-' during the long drive from the station to The Firs, his silence amounted to a

it did not depress her; she knew herself to be in the presence of a communion. Gerry was devoting the hour of his return to the scenes of his boyhood to a silent consecration. These cool valleys and hollows; the Low road, with its purling accompaniment of hidden waters; the embowered still nave of Long lane, were as the ancestral halls of the Lansings. It was right that he should do homage to the memories they evoked.

To his mother Gerry made no explanations. He knew that to her it was nursery. Together they looked down here." upon their sleeping child.

a split. His curly tow head was knife and gazed thoughtfully down tousled and on his brow a slight per- the valley. "It seems to me, Mr. Lanspiration testified to the labor of sound sing, that you 'nd me have been travsleep. His arms were outstretched. elin' diff'rent trails but come together His legs had kinks at the knees, they at the same gap. You remember "The were so chubby. His petulant little Pu'ple City'?" mouth was half open, disclosing tiny teeth.

'Wal, seems to me thet 'ceptin' in a "Isn't he a beauty ?" asked Alix a lit- man's own mind the' ain't no pu'ple tle loudly, wishing he would awaken. cities. What a man's got to find ain't Gerry nodded. With his eyes still pu'ple cities but the power to see one on the child he put his arm around when he's got it. You had yourn right Alix and drew her to him. What Mar- here in this valley an' yon side on Red garita had done for him, Alix had done. Hill. You growed up in it but you As he felt her frail body quivering in never seen it-not till you learned his embrace, as he looked back and how. What you been sayin' about the glow that climbed and climbed till the measured the sacrifice by what the simple things of life-the things thet "Please, Alix," He Begged, "Please awful night of the coming of the Man is at the bottom-has he'ped my seein'

had taught him, he was overwhelmed parts a powerful lot. I knowed before rosy light. by a new humility. He turned Alls's I come to Red Hill that I was goin' ing gown. To Gerry she looked very face up to his. His lips moved in an out West to stay but I didn't rightly cold. "Before you go," she said, effort to thank her but words failed know why. Now ef you ask me what night-caps. Those big sleepy clouds are "there is just one thing. I wish you him. Alix understood. She lifted her I know I can tell you I know con- putting them on because they are just arms around his neck and drew his sid'able.

Gerry nodded.

Gerry's body straightened and stif- head down. He held her body very "Out in Noo Mexico they's a ranch fened. He stared at her grave face close as he kissed her, softly, ador- in the fork of Big and Little creek with wondering eyes. Then he felt a ingly. Alix hid her face against his that's the greenest patch in the shadow for white-headed people and whitestrangy tingling ripple through his shoulder for a moment and then threw of White mountain. It's mine and it's headed clouds. Just wait until you're blood and before he knew what he did back her head and shook the tears got a three-room shack on it that could white-headed. Now climb into bed and he had swept her from her feet, from her eyelashes. She smiled through grow if need was. I know a girl that's I'll tell--" crushed her to him, brushed the crown wet eyes. "I am afraid he's not quite been holdin' a four-flush against an Beyond the mountain-ash thicket a of hair back from her brow and kissed perfect-inside. Such a temper, Gerry, orchid's weak pair till she's jest about love-sick Bob White kept saying tience finally. her eyes, her mouth, her throat. He I'm afmid he'll grow up into a man sick of the game, but she's drawed and "Good-night," to his mate. She anwas rough with her. He was bruising about town and awfully wild." She filled on the last hand though she hain't swered sleepily. her body, her lips, but Alix clung to turned grave eyes on Gerry, Jr., and had a chanst to look at her cards yet. him and laughed. Then suddenly all her brows puckered, "What do you "For some while the's been a pu'ple down the road, from Eim house warm

through his arms to a little white heap Gerry smiled. "From the looks of an' I reckon I'll be able to see it plain- into a steady glow. A burst of young

Und urrection is my job. "I don't know exactly how I'm go-

PARKER tatoes. You can begin a resurrection The Sun Took a Long, Last Look at with any one of a number of simple Red Hill. things. It doesn't matter much which one you pick on as long as you start as though they were ashamed to be

right down at the bottom and spread caught in their ragged clothes under a yourself in the subsoil of things. blue sky. Downy-topped masses of Everything that grows starts down cumulus poked drowsy heads over the deep except your orchids and they are horizon and watched them run. Out of the dome of heaven filtered a single "Easy on orchids," interjected Kemp. trill of song.

The Hill was very still but presently penetrating stillness. Alix felt it but tal but excepting your favorites they're from far away on the West Lake not even beautiful. Look at a Cypri- road came the whinny of a horse; a little later, a little nearer, a peal of laughter; then the sound of wheels and "A man in his D. T.'s couldn't beat chattering voices. A wagonette, two it for gorgeous horror," finished Gerry. spring wagons and a pony cart burst from Long lane and wheeled right and What I'm driving at is this. If I had left. They were full of grown-ups never been tossed over the home fence turned young for a day and youths I would have lived and died an orna- that thought they would be young formental citizen with the girth of a beer ever.

barrel. But now my eyes are a bit The wagonette, swinging down the open and I can see that the simple road toward Maple house, suddenly things of life are the big things, swerved and plowed through the tail Growth from the roots is the strength grass. Alan and Clem on the end seats enough that her boy had come back. of a man and of his people. I've were almost thrown out. Alan looked When Mrs. Lansing released him, Allx come home in more senses than one. back at the road and stared. A fat caught his hand and led him up to the I'm going to send down my roots right donkey had claimed the right of way and held it. Several lengths of legs stuck out from her bulging sides. Be-Kemp had been whittling. When Gerry, Jr., was fat to the verge of Gerry had finished he pocketed his hind her hurried a panting nurse. Alan turned to Clem. "Do donkeys

> never die?" "Oh! I hope not," said Clem grave-

ly. "You change them. We changed ours while you were away." "So she has been changed," said Alan. "Well, that's something."

"Silly," said Clem, "you've been seeing that donkey every day for weeks." "No," said Alan, "this is the first

"on the deaths of thousands, the povtime I've really seen her." erty of millions, the ruins of cities, and the desolation of provinces." He lived The sun took a last long look at Red Hill and dropped out of sight. Then, most extravagantly, and indulged in all sorts of wicked practices. But his as though he would come back and life of ostentatious profligacy was sudlook again, he sent up a broad afterdenly changed into one of abject poverty. Though guilty of many crimes, tip of the very clouds that peeped over

From an open upstairs window came Clem's soft voice. "Yes, dears, pink glad to go to bed."

East mountain were tinged with the

"I wanta pink night-cap." "Why, darling, night-caps are only

From Maple house, The Firs, and far ble with a rolling pin. light hangin' over Big and Little creek lights flashed out and settled down haughty look.

gle in East Tennessee. December 23 there was a fight between General Sturgis and Morgan-the latter having an army of about 6,000-near New Market, in which Morgan was defeated. In another fight January 16, 1864, Morgan made the attack and Sturgis was driven back to Strawberry Plains. Morgan lingered in East Tennessee

until May, and late in the month, with a small band of men, he went over the mountains and raided through eastern Kentucky, plundering the wealthy district as he went through. He captured several small towns, dashed into

Lexington, burning the railway station and other property there, and hurried on to Frankfort. But General Burbridge was in pursuit, and came up with Morgan's men near Cynthiana, and in the fight which followed, Morgan lost 200 in killed and wounded, 400 prisoners, and 1,000 horses captured. Morgan now retreated into East Tennessee. In September he had his force at\* Greenville, and Morgan himself and his staff were at the house of a Mrs. Williams. General Gillem, with troops, surrounded the house, and Morgan was killed while trying to escape. His body was sent through the lines by a flag of truce, and was buried with imposing ceremonies at Abingdon, Va.

Knew Extremes of Fortune.

tremes of fortune than did that of

John of Cappadocia. He was a Roman

officer of very high rank under Em-

peror Justinian, in the sixth cen-

Incidentally he amassed a great for-

tune for himself. But he was very

corrupt, and the revenues were raised

he was accused of one of which he

seems to have been innocent, and was

condemned to be scourged like the

lowest of criminals. Nothing of his

vast fortune was left him but one old

ragged cloak, and it is said that for

seven years he begged bread in the

streets of cities that once had trem-

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Infringing.

busy cook to death. The cook lost pa-

brat!" she shouted, thumping the ta-

The little girl gave the cook a

"I never allow anyone but my mothon the floor. She began to sob. Gerry him I predict he gets his letter in er an' plainer the nigher I get to it an' voices swept into the night and died | er to speak to me like that," she said.

One morning little Mary hung about the kitchen continually, bothering the

bled at his name.

"Clear out o' here, ye sassy little