

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1926

REBERSBURG.

Mr. and Mrs. John Metzger and son, from Harrisburg, are at the home of Mrs. Metzger's mother, Mrs. Ida Weaver, for their annual vacation.

George Weber and bride, from Washington, D. C., are visitors at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. Mattie Meyer.

Randal Brungart and Stanley Bierly will enter State College at the opening of college on Wednesday.

Lorraine Sechrist will go to Williamsport this week to take up her second year's work at the Seminary.

Richard Detwiler, who had been employed at the Sesqui grounds at Philadelphia since the closing of Camp Meade where he had been in training, returned home and will enter High School for the senior year.

Prof. Earl Smull and family from Nesquehoning, are at the home of his father, "Charlie" Smull, for a day or two.

Mrs. Stover Detwiler, from Philadelphia, joined her husband and children who have been among relatives for the past three weeks.

The many friends of Mrs. Oliver Stover who has been in the Gelsinger hospital for some time, will be pleased to hear that she is improving in health.

Charles Malloy, who recently sold his town home, moved on the farm which he purchased from Harvey Mark.

Rumor has it that Wm. Hubler will occupy the Zeigler home recently purchased by his son, Harry Hubler, and that Samuel Hubler will move from Millheim to the William Hubler home.

Orvis Swartz is the obliging clerk in the M. C. Haines store since Mr. Haines has started teaching the 8th grade in the Millheim schools.

Raymond Ziegler and family, of Lock Haven, were recent visitors at the home of W. H. Ziegler.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Meek, from Waddle, were visitors at the home of Mrs. Meek's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smull, on Sunday.

(Received too late for last week.)

Rev. Orvis Frank and family, from New Castle, were visitors at the home of C. M. Bierly.

Edwin Brungart and family, from Selinsgrove were assisting at the sale of the personal property of Mrs. Ziegler, deceased.

Alma Detwiler is visiting her mother, Mrs. Carry Detwiler, at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hubler and family, of Pittsburgh, are visiting among friends and relatives.

Gladya Corman, who spent the summer with her sister in Ohio, returned home on Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. Catherman and son Charles Wesley, were visiting at the home of Mrs. Catherman's parents, Mrs. and Mrs. Wesley Hackenbarg.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Best and family, of Williamsport, were visitors at the home of H. A. Meyer.

Dr. McClellan and family, of Rockwood, spent a short time with his father, Rev. W. A. McClellan.

Claude Haines is sporting a brand new Chevrolet sedan.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Ocker recently moved back to Rebersburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Weaver from Lemont, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Weaver.

The personal property of Mrs. Anna Ziegler fetched top-notch prices. The home was bought by Harry Hubler for \$2810.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Alexander, of Belleville, spent several days at the home of Arthur Cummings.

Wilbur Meyer, from Williamsport, is visiting his parents, H. H. Meyer's.

GEORGES VALLEY

Edward Ungard and son Kyle and family, of Lock Haven, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. J. B. Ripka.

Those who visited at the F. W. Zettle home on Sunday were Mrs. Alvin Stump, of Altoona; S. E. Klinefelter, of Tusseyville, and Roy Zettle and family, of near Farmers Mills.

Ellis Ripka, wife and little son, motored to Tyrone on Sunday and spent the day with friends.

Miss Jennie Ripka has gone to Centre Hall where she is employed in the Harry McClellan home.

Miss Carrie Barger spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Barger, and on Monday she left for Philadelphia where she will visit friends before returning to Chicago.

E. D. Foust and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Barger.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lingle, Miss Mary Goble and Randall Stiger visited at the John Stiger home at Coburn on Sunday.

Ellis Hennigh went to Union county one day last week, and brought back with him a load of fine peaches.

A Robber of the Road

A STORY OF THE LAST DAYS OF DAVID LEWIS
—By—
HENRY W. SHOEMAKER

(Continued from last week.)

They sat down by a spring which flowed from under the roots of a great hemlock along the path, and "Coutreman" confessed his love for the exquisitely beautiful mountain girl. To her surprise, Dally told of her love affair with Lewis, of his promise to return in about a week's time and take her to Europe, that her unhappy days with her ill-tempered step-mother were nearing the end, that she returned his love fully and completely. Signa Kahruhn's pride was somewhat hurt by Lewis' duplicity, but she loved the girl, and was glad she was to escape her dreadful environment, even though it involved making a fool of the proud Ironmaster's niece who had followed a robber of the road. Dally permitted her friend to kiss her, and they walked home, arms entwined, in the true manner of girl friends. The week which ensued was full of ill-treatment accorded Dally with the hazel rod, which she bore patiently, and her friend made no effort to interfere, as she knew that the hour of release was coming soon. One afternoon Dally started away after the old cow, and did not return. Long after dark the cow's bell was heard tinkling, and she turned up at the shed, more dead than alive, having been chased in off the mountain by six coal black wolves—the Swartzgoelste for which High Valley in the old days was famed. Dally had found the cow on the top of the first ridge, had put the "dornicks" to her, as they say in the mountains, and started her homeward; she had probably met the wolves at the foot of the mountain and they had done the rest. Then the girl slipped down through the dark gorge of Young's Gap; the timber grew to the edge of the "winter siew" road, and formed a canopy over it; she crossed the road with the fleetness of a deer, and disappeared among the tall, dark boles of the white hemlocks which darkened the hollow of Pine Creek. She had previously hidden provisions and a drinking cup in a cog, or wooden pall, under a log along the way, and with these was prepared to wait her lover's coming in Red Panther's Cave. But David Lewis did not keep his trust that night, nor the next night nor the next. Dally's disappearance surprised and vexed her home folks, particularly her step-mother, and they hunted for her "high and low." Young Josh Roush, the terrible hunter, was enlisted for his skill at tracking, but the best he could do was to come to the camp one night with news he heard at the "Bank" that David Lewis had been mortally wounded on the East Fork of Sinnemahoning, and died shortly after being admitted to Bellefonte jail. Signa Kahruhn was present when the tale was told, and drew out her silver cigarette case, and lit cigarette with her flint and steel, and smoked it to recover her self-control. She alone knew where Dally was, and how the dear girl's whole life might be changed for the worse by this disaster. No one paid much attention to her with Dally gone, and the famous Lewis, who "took it from the rich and gave it to the poor" lying dead in his cell in Bellefonte jail. The mountain people were already flocking there for a last look at his dead face. It was easy for her to slip away unnoticed, taking her horse and belongings with her. She knew the way to the cave, and got there after much careful detouring. Tying her spindled black horse to a huge knobelndron near the entrance, and lighting her tin lantern she entered the dismal labyrinth. She traveled a long distance through devious passage-ways, and shouted along and loud before she received a faint answer. Finally she came across the fair Dally lying on a stalagmite on a panther hid, half fainting, her long shapely legs limp and dangling, for her provisions had run out, but she would starve rather than desert her post. When she saw the lantern shining she looked down and screamed, "Oh, oh, it's not David!" "Don't be frightened, it's all right, take a drink of this," said Signa, as she handed her a leather bottle filled with Sugar Valley whiskey, white and thick as syrup and of about one thousand proof. Dally after taking a good drink, brightened up and was reassured. Then the blow fell. "David Lewis is dead in Bellefonte jail."

"Oh, what am I to do; oh, what am I to do?" screamed the suddenly bereaved girl, tears appearing in her marvelous amber eyes. Signa who had climbed up the stalagmite, lifted her and held her in her arms. Don't sorrow, don't be alarmed, it is all right; I love you." Dally looked into her friends' delicately handsome face to see if she could suddenly shift her affections, if it would be the means of making her escape. "I can read your thought, my darling Dally," said Signa, "you have nothing to fear, for I am a girl, dressed in boy's clothing, who took to the road with David out of love for him; but when I saw that of all women he alone loved you I made no move to interfere, because I loved you, you the most beautiful person I have ever seen in all the world over." Dally was staring hard, as if starvation, the dreadful news, and the syrup-like, Sugar Valley whiskey had gone to her head. "You are coming with me this very night, Dally dearest, I have a swift horse as you know; you'll ride behind me, and we will be at Derrstown in the morning, or to make the night Packet to Harrisburg, and I will take you to foreign ports, across the ocean, as my dearest friend, to be mine forever, away from this horrid cramped existence." "Will we visit Spain," said the thoroughly bewildered Dally. "Yes, darling," replied Signa, and everywhere that David was going to take you, only we will end our journeys in an old castle in Livonia where some of my distant cousins are located." "Will you always dress as a

boy?" said Dally, still not back to a normal poise. "Of course not, you silly dear," replied Signa, kissing her on both cheeks, "as soon as we get into a safe place I'll alter my boy's clothes to look more feminine, and make a complete change when we leave the Packet at Harrisburg. Everybody knows me from there down the Cumberland Valley to Casey's Knob." There was no time to lose. Helping the lovely Dally off the stalagmite, and tenderly placing her on her feet, and with one arm around her slim waist, Signa Coutreman led her to the entrance of Red Panther's Cave, and putting her hand under her, lifted her on the restive horse's back, and leaped on in front of her. And they were off like a shot out of a gun through the darkness. They followed a lane that Lewis had showed her, that led around the sleeping village of Motz's Knob, and came out not a hundred yards from the Birchmill winter home in the Narrows, which they swept through like the Wild Huntman. It is said that some one at Hairy John's fired a shot at them, but the charge went wide. They rested in the woods, in Lewis' old haunt in the Big Pine Swamp, all the next day, where Signa altered her suit, and made the night Packet east to Derrstown. Next morning they disembarked at Market Street, and going to a posting house engaged a private coach, and drove down to Signa's old stone mansion near Falling Springs Church in the shadow of Clark's Knob. That closed the chapter as far as Daltera Sanry and Signa Coutreman are concerned, for they soon after embarked for a port in Spain, and never returned to Pennsylvania. Rumor has it that both married noblemen of Livonia.

But as for David Lewis he has never ceased to be a lonely seeker. It is said that the limit of a disembodied spirit's earthly peregrinations is the spot that he was thinking about when overtaken by death. With David Lewis that spot was the innermost labyrinth of Red Panther's Cave, on Pine Creek, in Penns Valley, where Daltera Sanry, "Dally the tall," "Dally the fair," "Dally the magnificent," was awaiting him, her poor hazel-scoured body aquiver with loving expectations. And there, on some dark nights, and always on St. George's Eve (May 5), and All Souls night (November 2), a heavy-set, bent-over figure, cloaked to his heels, is seen, groping about in the gloomy passages, with cold, white hands outstretched as a blind man feels his way, and those who stop in fright to let him pass, feel a cold breath on their faces, coming from dead lips, which whisper: "Dally, Dally, Dally the tall, come back to me, my love."—THE END.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Honorable Harry Keller, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the County of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date of the 10th day of August, 1926, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the County of Centre and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1926, being the 27th day of September, 1926, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and also such Constables, (that may have business in their respective districts, requiring to report to the Honorable Court) that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of the 27th day of Sept., for the first week, with their records, inquisitions and their own remembrances to do those things to their offices appertaining to

be done, and those who are bound in recognizance to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 24th day of August in the year of our Lord, 1926, and the one hundred and fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

E. R. TAYLOR, Sheriff,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.,
August 24th, 1926.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

In the Estate of ALVIN STUMP, late of Potter Township, deceased. Letters testamentary on above estate having been duly granted the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES W. SWABB, Milesburg, Pa.
BRUCE STUMP, Altoona, Pa.
Executors.

FOR RENT—Three living apartments in the Colyer house at the Centre Hall R. R. station are offered for rent. One contains 7 rooms, located on corner; another contains 8 rooms, also located on corner; middle apartment has 4 rooms. Electric light in all three. For further particulars inquire of W. F. Colyer, Centre Hall, Penna. 291f

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—Motor West, June 15th.

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