

NOW OR NEVER

By...
Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1905,
by Martha McCulloch-Williams

Billy Wharton's coming did not surprise Joe in the least. She had known something out of the common was going to happen ever since Saturday, when she had seen the new moon clear, had a black cat follow her home and then dreamed of getting safe across a clear running stream. All these were omens of good luck. It was the best sort of luck to have a boarder in the big front room upstairs, a gentleman evidently craving quiet, solitude and country fare. Mrs. Greer, Joe's stepmother, had been set against boarders. She would have none of them even yet but for that dreadful doctor's bill. She had been at death's door last winter, her first real illness. Though the doctor was in no hurry for his fee, her independence chafed mightily against having him wait.

Therefore Joe had had no new summer frocks. Therefore also she was not going to picnics and parties and things—anywhere, indeed, but to church, where the wearing of old clothes might be regarded as a sign of piety rather than poverty. The board money would change all that. In fancy Joe saw herself brave in new winter finery, holding up her head with the best. Her head had not really been drooped, for she was by nature spirited and full of fun. But the stepmother was a little morbid on the point of Joe's lacks. In fear, it might be said, she neglected the girl, who, it was well known, she did not love. Still they had got on fairly together until the epoch of Ransom Farley.

It was Mrs. Greer's nephew and prospective heir; hence it seemed to him but right and natural that he should marry Joe, who held a mortgage on the farm. Mrs. Greer had fetched her husband and his daughter home with her to live, and the Greer estate had been turned into cash and used to free the homestead from sundry incumbrances. Thus common interest had kept the two women together after Squire Greer died. Ransom thought it beautifully fit that they should go on living together and letting him take care of them. At least that was his way of saying it. Joe snapped that the caretaking would be all the other way. She had hated Ransom as a pink and white curly haired model child. She did not hate him less now that, although his curls were cropped and his complexion was somewhat tanned, he still held himself to the model standard.

Joe was slim and dusky—lithe as a sapling, with floss silk hair and eyes outflashing black diamonds. Wild roses blushed in her olive cheeks, her lips were cherry red and her voice full of flute notes. Billy Wharton had a weakness for pretty girls. He made love to all fate threw in his way. Naturally he made love to Joe. Naturally also he made her love him. He was the man of her dreams, in every way the opposite of Ransom and very unlike any of the farmer lads or callow city youngsters with whom she had been brought in contact. But because she loved Billy with heart and soul and strength she flouted him, laughed at him, made a pretense of quarreling and so kept him puzzled as to her frame of mind. Puzzling over a very pretty girl is bad for the affections if the puzzler wishes to escape free, but Billy did not know that in time. He tried all a man might to read this maiden riddle. He had been quite fair, he thought—had told her in the outset he couldn't afford to marry until he was gray and bald.

"I've nothing in the world now but myself," he had said. "And, though space rates give a decent living for one, it's little short of criminal undertaking to make them furnish rations for two." Then straightway he had made Joe guide him to the deepest pool of the trout brook and stay with him at the stream side all through a summer morning. In course of the talk there she had somehow gathered that a long time ahead when certain lives and leases lapsed Billy would have a snug maintenance. Possibly the information had its weight. Possibly also it went over her head. Certainly, when in the sixth week of Billy's stay at the farmhouse Ransom was pleased to grow furiously jealous of him, Joe decided something must be done—and did it.

"Did you know there was a wedding coming off Sunday?" she asked of Billy Thursday at noon. Billy pulled out pencil and notebook, putting on his most professional air as he asked: "Will you give me the names of the victims, please, Miss Greer? Also any other particulars of interest?"

"No! Go ask the preacher," Joe said, smiling mysteriously.

Billy went, but came back more than ever mystified. "The wedding is a fact," he said, "but a solitary fact. Brother Jones knows no more than we do—only that he has been asked to hold himself in readiness at the close of the morning service. Furthermore, he says you asked him. Confess, young lady. You are getting up a fine hoax."

"See if I am," Joe retorted, her head higher than common. She ran off almost instantly and was well nigh unapproachable throughout the next two days. But Saturday evening she walked with Billy all up and down the yard, the moon shedding silver flecks upon them, the roses in the garden filling the air with perfume. As they walked Billy held her hand, and insensibly, it seemed, she drooped toward him. Neither said very much. As the clock struck 10 Joe drew away from him with a little shudder, saying very low,

"Maybe this is our last walk together."

But Billy, quite beyond prudence, flung his arms about her and kissed her full on the mouth, saying "Quickly, 'It shall not be—I want you—always.'"

He slept little that night, but fell into a heavy doze at daylight. It lasted until it was almost time for church. The sight of her set his heart beating madly. She was all in white, bridelike indeed, with a knot of pale roses nodding on her breast. By their rising and falling he knew she was strangely stirred, yet when she motioned him to follow and sit beside her he obeyed, although Ransom Farley, whom he cordially disliked, was at her other elbow. All through the service she sat statue still notwithstanding he felt the tension of her mood increase. After the prayer and the closing hymn there was a general stir of people half rising or craning their necks to see who might be going up to the altar.

"I'm going to marry—somebody. Which shall it be?" Joe breathed rather than whispered in Billy's ear, glancing alternately at him and at Farley. He understood. With almost a bound he was up and in the aisle, holding her hand tight and almost dragging her forward. And then before he knew what was happening he heard the solemn, "I pronounce you man and wife."

The church buzzed like a hive, but through the buzzing Billy heard Farley Ransom shrieking hysterically, "I'll make you sorry for this, sir, before you are much older!"

Joe looked up at him, flushing a lovely scarlet. "It was the only way," she said. "I had to marry you now. You never would have come back."

Forming Characters.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness not only of the present but every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of nonexistence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt. Everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying and one of fearful and fathomless import that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? Our own or others? Both, and in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger marks in their primary formations and in their successive strata of thought and life.—Elihu Burritt.

Hunting Foxes With Eagles.

The hunting of foxes with eagles takes place among the Kirghese in the southwest district of Siberia in the autumn and early winter, when the foxes' coats are ruddy and perfect. The eagles are powerful birds, of such weight that a small wooden support is carried by the eagle bearer. A well grown bird of more than usually fierce temperament will occasionally kill a wolf. Directly any game is seen the birds make their flight and swoop down with great precision.

"One of these birds has to my knowledge," writes our correspondent, "killed seventeen foxes in six weeks. I can vouch for this killing of foxes by eagles, for I personally took photographs and saw the whole sport from beginning to end."

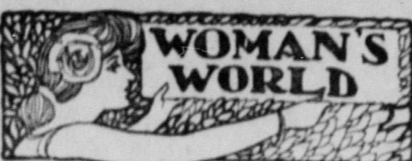
"Years ago I wrote a letter to the Field, telling how foxes swarm up small pine trees in Florida when a 'kill' appears imminent. I have frequently seen them do so, but I was politely told what an Ananias I must be."—London Sphere.

Insisted on the Contract.

Many of the best Patti stories are concerned with her early girlhood in the United States, when she was beginning to realize the great hold she had on the public with her voice. After a concert in which she took part in Ohio on one occasion a supper was given to the singers, at which many notabilities, including Judge Matthews, were present. Supper over, Judge Matthews pressed little Adeline to sing. Adeline, however, showed no inclination to oblige, so Matthews in desperation said, "Sing, and I'll do anything you like." "Anything?" asked Patti. "Anything," repeated the grave lawyer decisively. So the little girl sang "Home, Sweet Home." Hardly had she given the last note, however, than she said, "Now, Mr. Matthews, please stand on your head!" "You're joking, child," gasped the judge. "A bargain's a bargain," murmured the future diva. "Well," said Matthews, "here goes." And up went his feet amid the frantic applause of the company.

Fishermen's Patron Saint.

St. Peter, of course, is the fisherman; but anglers may find a saint of their own in St. Zeno, who is commemorated on April 12. Verona's patron saint is conventionally represented holding a fishing rod, with a fish at the end of the line, the reference being to the tradition that he used to enjoy fishing in the Adige during his episcopate. He must have commanded good sport if he exercised as much control over that river in life as he is said to have done two centuries after his death. In 589 Italy was visited by terrific floods, and the Adige threatened to swamp much of Verona. But the faithful gathered in St. Zeno's church by the river, and though the water rose to the windows outside, none of it could pass the doors, and after twenty-four hours of prayer it subsided. This rests on the authority of Gregory the Great.—London Chronicle.



MRS. M. C. GOODLETT.

Founder of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Few have accomplished more for living patriotism as well as perpetuating the memory of the heroic dead of the southland than Mrs. M. C. Goodlett of Nashville, Tenn., the founder and first president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. No one but a woman of such force of character united to the social training that comes from inheritance through a long line of ancestors, together with parliamentary experience, could have conceived and firmly established in so short a time a society that now has 40,000 members.

Mrs. Goodlett is most modest in speaking of this cherished child of hers, whose birth has given monuments and loving tribute to both living and dead southern heroes. Her object in uniting the women of the south was to bring them together, to pull shoulder to shoulder with the Confederate veterans in extending all necessary aid to the needy survivors of the war between the states, to protect historic places of the Confederacy, to record the part taken by southern women, as



MRS. M. C. GOODLETT.

well in untiring effort after the war in the reconstruction of the south as in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle; to honor the memory of those who fell in the service of the Confederate states and to cherish ties of friendship among the members of the society.

She worked four years striving to organize the United Daughters of the Confederacy before even her own association, of which she was president, would co-operate with her in calling a convention and inviting other Daughters of the Confederacy to take in forming a national association. At this time, besides being president of the Tennessee Daughters, she was a member of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, the National Prisoners' association and the National Humane association and was educated up to the point where she could see the advantage of consolidating the scattered forces of Confederate workers, who were few and far apart. Her work with the national associations showed her the great possibilities of concert of action, and, having time, means and social influence to back her in the work, she determined to carry out her plans and unflinchingly fought opposition from start to finish. The result was that on Sept. 10, 1894, the Society of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized at Nashville, Tenn.—Washington Post.

Taking Trouble Lightly.

When one cake has fallen or one shirt waist pattern been spoiled the world seems a wilderness with neither truth nor virtue under the sun. Here are the wasted materials, time, labor, patience. There are some things which are gained only by losing them and others which we cannot lose. Spending them, we still have them in our possession. The materials are spoiled—perhaps. If they are quite hopeless it is best to thrust them far away, lest they tempt to further lamentation. The time—why throw good time after a bad time? Then let the next hour be all the more profitable because of the one wasted. The patience—the patience is one of the blessed possessions which are gained by spending, of which the store is increased by paying out. The labor, being honest labor, cannot be really lost, though its end we cannot see and though its present result be accounted failure.

Choosing a Hat.

The following advice is given by a well known fashionable milliner: "I have one rule for most women. I match the hat to the hair. The result is always good. Of course if the woman is old, with white hair, it is not so satisfactory. But the woman with brown hair should wear a brown hat, and the woman with red hair should wear a hat in dark red tones, and so on. If you are going to buy a hat, match your hair.

"The second best thing is to match the hat to the eyes. The woman with big brown eyes should wear a big brown hat. The girl with saucer blue eyes can wear a blue hat, and the girl with hazel eyes ought to cultivate hats that are hazel and light brown and yellow brown.

"That is a splendid rule for any woman to remember. Match the hat to the hair or the eyes. It is sure to be a success."

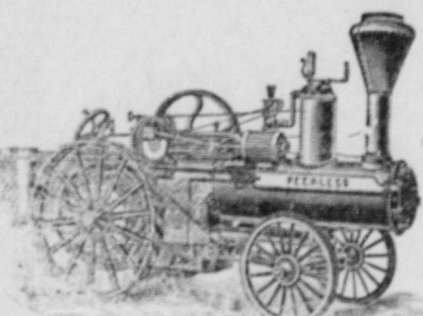
Serving Dinner.

In serving dinner the maid holds plates and large dishes in her hand,

but passes sugar, cream, olives and small dishes from a small tray covered with a doily. Service plates which remain on the table generally during the soup and shellfish courses are removed by the maid with her left hand when she slips the plate of the meat course into place with her right hand. When the hostess has unusually handsome plates she wishes to display, they remain through the meal up to the dessert. All dishes are removed by the maid before serving the dessert and the table gone over with a silver crumb knife. Fancy plates holding finger bowls and tiny dollies are placed before the guest when the dessert is of fruit or cold dishes.

Thin Eyebrows.

The nervous rush of modern society is held responsible by the beauty doctors for the thinning of the eyebrows and lashes among fashionable women. A physician should be first consulted, so that the general system can be re-toned, but a good local application to the eyebrows and lashes must assist the doctor's science. A good wash may be made from one ounce of glycerin, two ounces violet water and a dram of powdered quinine. Mix thoroughly and apply with a small fine brush. Great care must be taken to prevent the tonic from getting into the eyes, as it would result in painful inflammation.



Bargains In 2d Hand Machinery

(SUBJECT TO PRIOR SALE.)

At the Factory:
A number of rebuilt and repainted 10, 13 and 15 H. P. TRACTION ENGINES, GRAIN SEPARATORS, and CLOVER HULLERS in first class condition. 20 H. P. Portable Engine on wheels with SAW MILL complete.

At Bellefonte:
One 10 H. P. Peerless Traction Engine.
One 12 H. P. Huber Traction Engine.
One 10 H. P. Ellis Portable on wheels.
One 20 H. P. Peerless Portable on wheels.
One 20x40 Peerless Grain Separator with windstacker.
One 20x40 Peerless Grain Separator with drag stacker.
25 inch J. L. Case Separator with or without wind stacker—has not threshed 1000 bushels of grain and no reasonable offer will be refused.
One 56 inch Dixon chisel-point Saw. Stock constantly changing.
Call on or write your wants to

Isaac Underwood,
District Agent for Geiser Mfg. Co.,
Bellefonte, Penn'a.

CUT PRICES

Wall Paper!

For the months of July and August. Don't fail to take advantage of THIS OPPORTUNITY by securing some of the rare bargains we are offering in this line. One and two room lots at one-third and one-half off. A general clearance sale of job lots to make room for the fall stock now coming in.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!

to have those Porch Chairs, Swings, etc., done over at a moderate cost and made look like new. All annoyance and trouble saved you by us calling for them, doing them over at our shop and returning them within a limited time.

A FINE ASSORTMENT

of Mouldings to select from in Picture Framing. Also some very pretty and attractive frames ready made at very low prices.

A new supply of JAP-A-LAC and SAPO-LIN Varnish Stains just received.

Furniture Polish "Best on Earth." Window Shades, Curtain Poles, Oils, Glass, etc.,

Eckenroth Brothers,

Painters and Decorators,
BUSH ARCADE.

Captured a Snake.
Edward Yost, who resides at Queens Run, set in a steel trap in his house to catch a supposed rat that was making away with his young ducks. About midnight he was awakened by a noise and after listening for some time decided that he must have caught a monster rat, judging from the amount of noise coming from the direction of the trap. He lighted a lamp and went to investigate and found a big copper-head snake fast in the trap. The steel jaws had closed on him about the middle and he was thrashing about at a great rate. Mr. Yost killed the snake, which measured over three feet in length.

Fire at Beaver Springs.
On Monday, 17th, shortly after noon, fire broke out in the stable of Mrs. Elizabeth Greenhoe, in Beaver Springs, and before it was subdued this stable and some outbuildings and those of Dr. A. M. Smith, Anis Gross and J. W. Snook, and outbuildings of Rev. Spangler were destroyed. The fire is said to have been caused by children playing with matches in the Greenhoe barn.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome in every Home.
KIDNEY and LIVER cure.
Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording prompt relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all weak, nervous, and debilitated conditions. Successful for 30 years. Prepared by DR. J. C. KENNEDY'S SONS, London, N. Y. Sold all over the world.

DR. J. JONES, VETERINARY SURGEON,

A graduate of the University of London, has located at the PALACE LIVERY STABLES, Bellefonte, Pa., where he will answer all calls for work in his profession. Dr. Jones served four years under State Veterinary Surgeon Pierson and has held several other important positions. Calls by telephone will be answered promptly day or night.

BEEZER'S MEAT MARKET,

ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE.
We keep none but the best quality of BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, SLICED HAM all kinds of Smoked Meat, Pork Sausage, etc. If you want a nice juicy Steak go to PHILIP BEEZER.

SHOES

For the

"Good Old Summer Time"

Yes, sir, we have just the Shoes you want for "The Good Old Summer Time." Linen and canvas Shoes in high and low cut are "it" this summer. Tennis Shoes, Yachting Shoes, Shoes for Outing and all kinds of Summer sport. A pair of Linen Shoes are the swell things to wear with your Outing Suit. They are just the proper caper. You'll need a pair, when you are ready for your summer vacation. All the snappy styles are here, 85c to \$2.00.

Mingle's Shoe Store, BELLEFONTE.

How the Washboard wears out Clothes.



TAKE a new shirt. Soak it well! Then soap it, and rub the stains out of it on a Washboard.

Do this six times. Then look at the hems, collar and cuff edges, and the button holes, closely.

You'll find them all badly frayed, ripped, thinned,—worn out more than from three months' hard steady use.

Half the life of the garment gone—eaten up by the Washboard.

Shirt cost a dollar, say,—washboard takes 50 per cent. of wear out of it—you get what's left.

Why don't you cut out the washboard? Use a "Water Witch" instead.

This is a new wrinkle. It drives the water through the clothes like a force pump. It takes out all the stains, in half the time, without wearing a single thread, or cracking a button.

No rubbing, scrubbing, wearing, nor tearing, the clothes against a hard metal Washboard. That costs twice as much for hard work, and wears out twice as many clothes in a year.

Try the "Water Witch" for four washings! 'Won't cost you a cent to try it, either. You write to me for a "Water Witch" and I'll send it to any reliable person without a cent of deposit, or a cent of risk on their part.

I'll pay the freight, too, so that you may test my offer entirely at my expense. Use it a month, free of charge.

If you like it then, you may keep it.

If you don't like it, send it back to me, at my expense.

If you keep it you pay for it out of the work and the wear it saves you,—at, say, 50 cents a week. Remember it washes clothes in half the time they can be washed by hand, it does this by simply driving soapy water swiftly through their threads.

It works like a spinning top and runs as easy as a sewing machine. A child of 10 can wash with it as well as a strong woman. You may prove this for yourself, and at my expense; I'll send the "Water Witch" free for a month anywhere so you can prove this without risk.

I'll take it back then, if you think you can get along without it. And I'll pay the freight both ways out of my own pocket.

How could I make a cent out of that deal, if the "Water Witch" wouldn't actually wash clothes in half the time, with half the wear, and do all that I say it will?

Write me today for particulars. If you say so I'll send on the machine for a month, so that you can be using it in a week or ten days, 200,000 people are now using our "Water Witch" Washers. Write today to me, thus—R. F. Bieber, Binghamton, New York.