

Sally's Knight Errant

By MAY CLENDENNING.

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"He did smile!" Sally's eyes glowed with excitement and her glance followed the gayly caparisoned horse with its mail clad rider down the crowded thoroughfare.

Mary McCann, at the next table, gave a snort of contempt.

"Sure he did," she conceded good humoredly. "He'll smile at any little softy he thinks is fool enough to smile back. I'll bet Miss Cady won't be smiling when she sees how far behind you are with your wrappin'."

Sally flushed as she cast an apprehensive look in search of the dreaded forewoman and bent to her task with nimble fingers. She was one of the fastest wrappers in the room, but ever since the knight had taken to riding by her work had suffered, and Miss Cady, who trusted to Sally to set the pace for the other girls in friendly rivalry, frowned over Sally's piecework tickets at the end of the day.

Until that week Sally had been the record holder for more than a year. It looked as though a girl on the other side of the room would wrest her laurels from her.

Sally only tossed her head indifferently. The new champion could not even see the knight from where she worked, and that to Sally was the important thing.

She was an omnivorous reader of fiction, and the romances of the novelette and the cheaper theaters had filled her brain. When her knight rode past the first time and cast a gallant glance toward the window beside which she worked it seemed to her that the romance of the dead ages was revived again. The grimy factory building became a castle, Miss Cady was her hard hearted jailer and the knight in the street below was her true love and rescuer.

A dozen times that day he rode past the factory on his mettlesome horse, and each time there was the same up-



ward glance, the same lifting of his lance, and Sally's heart beat more rapidly as she bent over the piles of cans which were to be wrapped and stacked in the trays to go to the packing room.

That night the knight rode on and on through her dreams. Always the same he seemed to be, and yet ever he grew more glorious in Sally's dreamy eyes as he suffered untold miseries and braved perils innumerable for her sake. He was the hero of "Ivanhoe" and tales of the Round Table. He was of all countries and times, but always he was the man of the day before, and Sally went to her work with eagerness, because she knew that presently the knight would come riding past and that he would look up and salute her with his lance.

And come he presently did. His helmet shone gleamingly in the sun; his chain armor displayed to the best advantage the finely muscled shoulders and set off well against the rich caparisoning of his steed. That there was a theatrical advertisement embroidered upon the trappings of the horse she did not care. She was looking for the silent lifting of the lance and wondering whether the eyes were blue or brown beneath the heavy brows.

She could shut her eyes and remember every detail of face and costume long after he had passed, every detail save that golden legend, "A Knight of Old, the Adelphi," that gleamed against the crimson velvet of the saddlecloth.

She recalled the heavy frowning mustache, with its graceful droop, the clear color of the skin and the ruddiness of the cheeks, and then remembered with distaste Tim Holran's stubby, determined chin, with its blue black tinge of clean shaven skin. Tim was already in disgrace because he was out of a job, and when he called that evening the chill reception he received laughed even that self confident young man.

For two years they had been "keeping company," and he had entered with the air of one assured of welcome and with a light apology for the lateness of his arrival, only to be informed that it was a matter of indifference to Sally whether he came or remained away. Presently he slipped out of the

little parlor with the optimistic suggestion that Sally would be feeling better on the morrow and that he would try to get around early.

He was unprepared for the snappish declaration that she did not expect to be home at all, and he fung down the stairs in the heat of an anger that rose as quickly as it fell.

Once down the cool street he told himself that Sally had a headache, so he built castles in the air—four room castles in which Sally presided as mistress and to which he came home when his day's toil was done to sit down to a savory mess of corned beef and cabbage with Sally across the table from him.

But Sally's castles in Spain were stately edifices, thronged by knights and ladies, wherein her knight led all the others in beauty, grace and daring. She wondered how she had ever thought Tim Holran good looking and shuddered at her own want of taste. She was glad that she knew better now; glad that she had found out before it was too late.

She did not even miss Tim when he failed to call for two evenings, for her anticipations were all centered about the knightly figure on the coal black charger who spent the entire day riding up and down before her window at the factory and who always as he rode gave silent salute.

The girls were held for a couple of hours Friday evening to get out a rush order, and it was late when Sally hurried home. There was a short cut through an unsavory portion of the town, and, unmindful of the leering glances thrown at her, she hurried along, intent only upon getting home to supper as quickly as possible.

She had almost cleared the section when, with a shout, a young fellow lurched out from one of the corner saloons and threw his arm about her shoulders.

Sally screamed in terror, but the man standing in the doorway or lounging on the corner regarded the scene indulgently. Dago Joe probably meant only to kiss the girl, and anyhow he was notably quick with a knife. They were not minded to make it any concern of theirs.

Sally fought as best she could, but the leering face approached closer to hers, and the man's breath beat hotly against her cheek. Then she heard the clatter of hoofs, a whoop unmistakably Irish, and her assailant went reeling across the sidewalk from the force of a smart blow on the head from a club.

With a cry of relief, Sally sprang toward her rescuer. It was her knight, who, turning the corner, had come upon the scene and had charged the Italian with his lance. Now he slipped off his horse and finished off the job with his fists. Only once the knife flashed, slipping through the coat of mail and scratching the shoulder. Then the weapon was knocked from the Italian's hand, and he was done up in approved style until the conveniently neighted policeman interfered out of pity for the battered wreck.

Then the knight turned to Sally. His flowing hair had fallen in the gutter along with his glittering helmet. His flowing mustaches hung lonesomely from one corner of his mouth. His eyebrows, too, were sadly askew and blood stained the shirt of mail over the shoulder.

"Come around to the stable until I can put me horse up, and I'll take you home," offered the knight. "I was afraid you would find out I was doing this 'supper' job until I could get me old place back."

"Is it you, Tim?" gasped Sally.

"Sure," was the sheepish reply. "A fellow offered me \$5 to advertise his show for a week. I needed some money to take you to the lady telephoners' ball tomorrow night, and I took him up. I thought you was wise when you threw a kiss to me yesterday."

They were walking toward the stable as they talked, and now Tim led his horse inside. The coat of mail, made of cords daubed with aluminium paint, was soon stripped off and the cut found to be a mere scratch. In a box stall Tim discarded the remainder of his gorgeous outfit and resumed his own well worn suit.

As they passed down the street in the direction of Sally's home she slipped her arm through his confidently.

"I'm glad it was you and not a make believe knight who rescued me," she whispered.

"It was both of us," reminded Tim. "But I won't be a fake knight arter tomorrow. I'm goin' on the traffic police. The captain likes the way I ride and can get me right through. Now we can get married in spite of my losin' me job."

"I'm glad of that, too," said Sally contentedly as her castle in Spain shrunk to a four room flat.

A Feast of the Pharaohs.

Just in proportion as the Roman banquet surpassed in extravagance modern affairs of the kind, so may the Roman functions be classed as imitations of those of the potentates of the east. We are told that during the reign of the pharaohs the guests would arrive at midday. A slave stationed behind each guest was ready to obey the least command, and time passed quickly in feasting and merrymaking. And when the senses seemed almost satisfied a slave appeared bearing a small figure of a mummy, which he exhibited portentously to the revelers, saying: "Gaze here! Drink and be merry, for when you die such will you be!" One writer says that the proof still exists plethorally that the fair sex of that time and country drank more than was good for them, due to this grossome stimulation probably, while their lords and masters had frequently to be carried home from a festive gathering limp as the faded lotus blossoms on their fevered brows.—New York Tribune.

FEDERAL BIRD PROTECTION.

If the reports in the public press during the past few months relative to the destruction of migratory song birds in southern states can be accepted with any degree of accuracy, it would seem high time that our chief executive and our representatives in congress were coming forward and espousing the cause of the protection of our useful birds by federal statute. It is reported that in the state of Louisiana alone there were killed by pot hunters during five or six weeks during January and February the enormous number of 1,000,000 robins. What the slaughter of this enormous number of useful birds means along the line of a destruction of power to hold insect pests in check can hardly be estimated. Yet it is quite likely that these birds were but a small portion of the total number of this and other varieties killed. Not only is the robin a friend of the southern gardener and cotton grower in destroying the common insects and the cotton boll weevil, but he is the main standby of the northern agriculturist. Every argument, both of sentiment and utility, would seem to demand that he and others be protected by federal laws which would levy a heavy fine for killing such birds, whether by providing wings and feathers for my lady's hat or to furnish the filling for potpies. Along with and in return for protection by people of the south of the robin and his like, birds which spend their winters there, the northern farmer could well afford to provide more nesting places and protect the purple martin, which, in addition to paying for his keep in the north, is considered one of the most valuable birds to the cotton growers in the destruction of the cotton boll weevil. The species of birds mentioned as well as many others are from their migratory habits factors of interstate interest and traffic, even if they do provide for their own transportation, and would therefore seem to come quite properly within the scope of federal or interstate legislation.

THE CORN QUESTION.

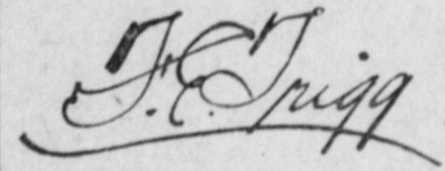
Viewed from several sides, it is questionable if in the end fifty cent corn is as great a boon for the agricultural interests of the country as many are wont to hold. In the first place, unless both hogs and cattle fetch an extremely high price, there is insufficient margin to justify extensive feeding operations. The result of this condition is that much of the grain is sold in the raw state, a large amount of fertility being removed from the farm in the process. With twenty-five cent corn, on the other hand, the temptation to sell the grain is greatly reduced, while if fed to stock it can be counted on with fair prices to yield 50 cents or better per bushel. The lower priced corn is not only a boon to the fellow who raises what he feeds because stock feeding tends to increase the fertility of his land, but it is also a distinct advantage to the fellow who has to buy all his feed. The above remarks would hardly hold good if fifty cent corn were always accompanied by \$7.50 hogs, but this is not the case. The past winter season found corn between 50 and 60 cents per bushel, depending somewhat upon quality and locality, while hogs brought barely \$4 per hundredweight on the central markets. The whole effect of this situation was to discourage or stop almost entirely stock feeding operations and dump a horde of unfinished stock upon a slump market, and this, whatever the price received for corn, can only be viewed as an agricultural calamity.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE DEVIL. They possess an unfortunate disposition who are so warped or jealous that they can see little or no good in their fellows. We have in mind an acquaintance who is of this type. He almost unconsciously minimizes and discounts the good traits and deeds of his fellows and in the same way magnifies their defects and misconduct. This view of life always places human beings below par, is as pessimistic as it is unfair and brings no comfort or satisfaction.

shine into life. Rather should be cultivated the habit of the good old sister who had such a way of saying a good word for all that when some one to test her began to upbraid the devil as a pretty tough character she replied that if Christian people were as energetic and industrious in working at their profession as he was at his the world would be a good deal better off. While the old lady may have carried her doctrine to an extreme, she was certainly working along the right line.

OPENING FOR HOME SEEKERS.

Under the provisions of the Carey federal irrigation act there will be offered for sale by the government this spring 412 forty-acre farms in the Yellowstone river valley, in the state of Montana. The farms are three miles from a railway station, while the climate of the section is delightful and the soil most fertile and responsive when quickened with the water from the irrigation system. Wheat, oats, rye and barley are all grown successfully, while apples and small fruits do exceptionally well. Alfalfa yields five tons per acre and fetches \$5 per ton in the stack, while as high as \$50 per acre is made from the culture of sugar beets. These small farms can be secured at a very reasonable figure, detailed information regarding them and the conditions under which they may be secured being obtainable from the statistician of the United States reclamation service, Washington. This is a bona fide proposition and is worth looking into.



Baby Coverlets.

Coverlets that are as entertaining as toys are among the novelties offered for baby's crib or bassinet. These quaint elder or wool comfortables may be bought ready to use or they may be made very easily at home. The foundation is elder down in whatever color matches baby's belongings. Pink, blue, white and pearl gray are substantial colors and form excellent backgrounds for the odd decorations to be put on. These consist of dolls, toys, trees and similar objects stamped on cloth in bright colors, then cut out and sewed flat on the coverlet. The idea has evidently been suggested by the nursery decorations now in vogue.

There is no rule to follow in placing the toy decorations. They are put on wherever they fit, but not too close together, and after being carefully basted in position they are sewed down all around the edge with a fancy embroidery stitch as a finish.

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There are numerous wheat foods—numerous flaked foods. But we spend four times the time that some others spend in the preparing.

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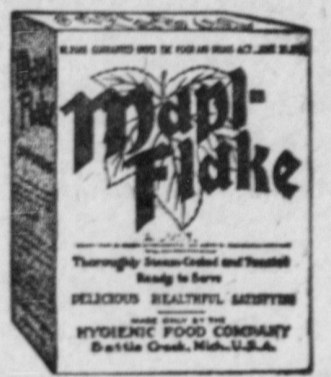
Raw starch gives scarcely more nourishment than chalk. Half-cooked starch yields half its possible nourishment. But from Mapl-Flake you get the benefit of every atom of food that is in it.

What if Mapl-Flake does cost 15 cents, while other flakes cost 10 cents? The cream costs the same on both. And the cream cost is more than the food cost.

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