

Miss Calliope's Cure

The Good Result of a Shock
By EUNICE DRAKE

"Poor Calliope!" murmured Hester Seton as she glanced up at the windows of the Delmore house on the hill. "Lazy Calliope Delmore!" sniffed her mother, panting as her too abundant flesh trudged up the gravelled path to the front door. "Did you ever see such a neglected dooryard in all your life?"

"You're her second cousin, ma. Why don't you try to give her a mite of a piece of your mind—kind of a second cousin's slice?" asked Hester sarcastically.

"And have my head bit off!" retorted her mother. "I spoke to Calliope fifteen years ago when Carrol Fenton went off and married that city girl. Says I, 'Cal, for the land's sake don't take to your bed' (she was acting all broken up about the matter); just turn your face to the world and act like you don't care."

"What did she say?" asked Hester curiously.

"Say? Says she: 'Emmeline Seton, I'd thank you to mind your own business! When the rheumatiz goes out of my legs I reckon I'll get up and walk with the best of 'em. I ain't a-grieving over Carrol Fenton. I'm suffering with rheumatiz! My advice to you is that if you've got any business of your own to tend to it and let mine alone! So I don't never interfere with Calliope Delmore. She can lay abed till the judgment day.'"

"Well, she don't lay abed much, and you must admit that she's busy as a bee with her fingers from morning till night. She cuts and sells carpet rags enough to make a living for 'em."

"Humph! A woman forty years old ain't no right to be chair rid as I can see. Knock again, Hester, and if Isabel don't come I shall walk right in."

Hester rapped loudly and once more pulled the knob of the rusty bell wire.

A window sash screeched up, and a woman's voice called musically: "Come in, whoever you be. Isabel ain't home."

Mrs. Seton and Hester tried the door and, finding it locked, walked around the path to the side entrance. They pushed open the screen door and walked into Calliope Delmore's sitting room.

"That you, Emmeline and Hester? How do you do?" Calliope looked up to comfortable cushioned chairs. "Give your mother that fan, Hester, and take off her bonnet. Lay aside your own hat, child, and if you'll go to the cellar you'll find some root beer. Isabel made it three days ago, and it's just right now."

"How be you, Calliope?" asked Mrs. Seton reluctantly, for she made it a point not to acknowledge that anything was seriously amiss with her second cousin. She always spoke impatiently to Calliope, just as if she would like to pick her out of the big Boston rocker and send her hurrying around the house in a healthy, normal manner.

"Well," said Calliope cheerfully, "it's dreadful hot, ain't it, Em?"

"Awful. You must appreciate this call. It's tuckered me out to climb the hill," said Mrs. Seton, fanning herself vigorously. "Who is the carpet for now, Calliope?"

"Lida Soper. She's been saving rags for years for this sitting room carpet."

"It's going to be real bright and pretty," nodded Mrs. Seton over the glass of root beer that Hester had brought to her. "Where's Isabel, Calliope?"

"Gone riding with Newton Deane," said Calliope hardily.

"Newton Deane!" exclaimed Hester jealously.

Mrs. Seton blinked rapidly. "Newton's half nephew to Carrol Fenton, ain't he?"

"You ought to know, Em," retorted Calliope dryly, "seeing that you almost married Newton's father."

Mrs. Seton bridled as she threw up her large pink hand.

"Don't get to talking to Hester about my beaux, Calliope. The child won't have any respect for her ma if you tell her what a madcap I was in them days."

Hester giggled. "You can't cut up much now, ma," she said wickedly.

"I have no desire to," said Mrs. Seton primly, suddenly remembering her great bulk. "We was speaking of Carrol Fenton, Calliope. I was over to Millerton last week, and I saw him. He's grown considerable old looking."

"Apt to. Don't get any younger with the years," rapped out Calliope in the crisp phrases she adopted when remarks became personal.

"Some say his wife's death broke him up, and others say it was a blessed relief and that he looks better than he ever did since he married her. She kept his nose to the grindstone always, so they say; extravagant and flighty—too flighty for a minister's wife."

"Minister's wives are only human. Churches don't pay salaries big enough to give 'em much of a good time. I guess Lena Fenton took what fun she could as she went along."

Mrs. Seton gasped. "I didn't expect you'd be standing up for Carrol Fenton's wife," she said acidly.

Calliope turned a white and resolute face to the other. "Why not? I don't owe her any grudge because she mar-

ried Carrol. Most every girl in Little Ave was setting a cap for him."

Emmeline winced, and her double chin quivered.

"There ain't many of 'em gone to bed sick over it," she said hopefully, and without waiting for a reply she trembled to her feet and walked to the door. "Come, Hester; we got to be going."

"I wondered what brought Emmeline here," murmured Calliope, taking up her work again. "Of course after she'd visited in Millerton she had to come around and see how I took news of Carrol Fenton. What fends women can be!" She bit off her thread with her strong white teeth and looked dreamily out of the window and sniffed the spicy fragrance of the cinnamon roses.

"Happened right here by the cinnamon roses," she whispered to herself. "I was so happy, and he said he was afraid he had made a mistake, and I gave him back the ring. Seems like all the strength went out of my legs that very minute. I s'pose, coming so soon after mother's long sickness and death, it upset me. If they all knew how I wanted to stand and walk around and be like other folks, only somehow there's no spring back of it all. Dr. Brown says he can't do a thing, and he talks about will power. I'm a useless mortal. But, there; Isabel says I ain't and if it wasn't for me she wouldn't have a home!" Calliope smiled through sudden tears. "Looks like she'd soon have a handsome home if she marries Newton. He's a fine fellow; but, Lord forgive me, it does rattle to think my girl should marry Carrol's nephew!"

She leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes. Her helpless feet rested on a hassock, and across her lap there rippled streams of bright colored carpet rags. From the rosebushes came the deep hum of bees, and the tall tops of the locust trees rustled a pleasant monotone.

Suddenly there broke into the sweet harmony of the summer afternoon other sounds—the sharp raps of a horse's hoofs on the hard oyster shell road, a man's voice shouting, then just the pounding hoofs and the rattle of carriage wheels.

Calliope leaned forward and looked out of the window. A sorrel horse with four white feet was plunging madly past the house. Behind him swung a low phaeton containing a man. Just beyond Calliope's front gate the phaeton swayed and caught upon a large rock. The horse tore himself loose from the shafts and disappeared beyond the turn of the road. The phaeton toppled and overturned and plumed the man underneath.

It was very silent after that. It was a lonely road, and from her window on the hill Calliope Delmore could see beyond the turn of the road, and she noticed that the runaway horse had stopped and turned into an open field to graze.

beating tumultuously, and her blood seemed to flow through her veins in a sustaining food that gave strength to her weak body.

White lipped, she stared down at the wrecked phaeton and the still form beneath it. That was Carrol Fenton. Perhaps Carrol was dying down there alone in the road! Who would go for help? If only Isabel was there! The horse might return and trample him. Calliope was afraid of horses.

She closed her eyes and prayed for help. When she opened them she smiled oddly and placed her hands on the arms of her chair. She kicked aside the hassock and stood upon her feet.

She put out one foot, and it supported her weight. She stood upon the other. Then with sudden energy she picked up the untouched glass of root beer that Hester had poured for her, staggered across the room to the door and stumbled to the porch and down the steps.

Then Calliope Delmore, who had sat in a chair for fifteen years with helpless limbs, ran down the inclined path to the front gate and gained the road.

With the action came renewed life and a sense of buoyancy and youth.

Newton Deane and Isabel Delmore, driving slowly home through the golden afternoon, saw Calliope run down the path, and Isabel was so frightened that she hid her face on Newton's shoulder. It was easier to do it because his arm was already around her.

The horse stopped stock still, and they watched Calliope as they might have witnessed the ghost scene in a play.

She darted out of the gate and down the sloping path to the shattered phaeton. Carrol Fenton's eyes were wide open, and his face was white and drawn. The body of the vehicle rested on one of his legs.

"Calliope!" he gasped when she knelt beside him and held the root beer to his lips. "I was just coming to see you, dear," he whispered—"coming to ask your forgiveness, and you know the rest," he murmured.

"Of course I know it," said Calliope, practically not knowing that her eyes were full of tears. "Your coming this way has worked a miracle. I've run every step of the way, and I guess I can keep on my feet now. I s'pose I ought to be mad at you, Fenton, but how can I be when we all make such mistakes?" They were holding hands and smiling at each other with the deeper understanding of matured love, the woman who had just recovered her power to walk and the middle aged minister, suffering agonies from a broken leg.

Newton Deane and Isabel, watching them from the buggy, suddenly understood. They too, smiled at each other. "I guess we'll have a double wedding," whispered Newton, and Isabel nodded and murmured in reply: "Isn't it beautiful?"

Mechanism of the Ear.

Comparatively few people thoroughly realize what a delicate and sensitive structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate so lightly after all, only the outer porch of a series of winding passages which, lead from the lobes of a great building, lead from the world without to the world within. Certain of these passages contain liquid, and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridor of different places and can be thrown into vibrations or made to tremble like the head of a drum or as the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or with the fingers. Between two or three parchment-like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all a row of white threads, called nerves, stretches like the strings of a piano from the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach and pass inward to the brain.

Keeps Tab on the Shipowners.

The captains' register at Lloyd's, the great English insurance concern, has aptly been described as the biographical dictionary of the whole of the certificated commanders of the British mercantile marine. In the register are entered the date and place of the worthy skipper's birth, the record of his progress at sea, the ships he has commanded and the ships, if he has been unfortunate, that he has lost.

There is also another register, a confidential index of British shipowners and the history of their ships, the number of shares held by the owners, the accidents which have befallen them and other important information. If a firm loses ship after ship, if the entries "foundered," "wrecked" and "missing" appear in succession against the names of their vessels, here is a moral to be drawn by the broker and underwriter.

Medical Ethics in China.

In an article in the Journal of Race Development on the practice of medicine in China, Dr. C. W. Young of the Union Medical College of Peking quotes this from a work on medical ethics:

"When a patient is severely ill treat him as thou wouldst wish to be treated thyself. If thou art called to a consultation go at once, and do not delay. If he ask thee for medicine give it to him at once, and do not ask if he be rich or poor. Use thy heart always to save life and to please all. So will thine own happiness be exalted. In the midst of the darkness of the world be sure there is some one who is protecting thee. When thou art called to an acute illness and thinkest with all thy might of nothing but making money out of the patient, if thy heart be sure that in the world there is some one who will punish thee."

Early New York.

New York city had become one of the most important places on the coast before 1750. Its great advantages were its fine harbor and the noble river which emptied into it. The other towns on the coast were shut off from the far west by the Appalachian mountains or the Alleghenies, which follow the Atlantic coast at a distance of 100 to 200 miles from it from Georgia to Maine. But the Hudson river broke through this barrier and gave New York easy access to Canada and the profitable Indian trade. In 1697 the city contained about 4,300 inhabitants, about one-third being slaves. It extended from the Battery to a palisaded wall, where Wall street now runs. All above Wall street was in the country. The population grew to about 8,500 in 1730 and about 12,000 in 1750.

Test For Silk Goods.

There is a simple method of finding out whether a piece of silk goods has been adulterated or weighted, as the manufacturers call it, with tin, and that is to cut off a small sample and burn it. Pure silk is animal matter, just as feathers or hair, made, as every one knows, by the silkworm. Now, if pure silk is burned it will instantly curl up into a crisp mass, just as a burnt hair or feather will do, but if the silk goods has been adulterated with from 60 to 75 per cent of tin it will not do this. It will leave an ash in the semblance of the fabric, much as a burned piece of newspaper will leave an ash that still shows the printing. The harder and more firm this ash the more tin there was in the silk. —New York American.

Painless Portraits.

"A famous artist has it so much easier than an unknown painter."

"How so?"

"The unknown painter has to make his portraits look like the people he paints. The people a famous artist paints are willing to try to look like their portraits." —Pittsburgh Post.

An Oversight.

"I want to pay this bill," he said at the hotel bar. "but I think you have made a slight error here in my favor. I've been reading over the extras, and I cannot find that you have charged anything for telling me you thought it might rain."

Secured.

Bellboy—Guy in 13 wants to know where the fire escapes are! Clerk—Well, show him—he's paid in advance! —Kansas City Star.

A weak nature is injured by prosperity; a finer by adversity; the finest by neither.

TENER'S TREACHERY.

Mr. Editor:—

It seems our honorable Governor didn't see sufficient merit in the state soldier to give his approval to the pension bill passed by the last legislature. It seems after fifty years' patient waiting, Mr. Tener wasn't willing to allow the soldier who helped to save the state and nation the small pittance of seven dollars and fifty cents per month—not enough to buy the old man's tobacco. A person would think that those who are made the beneficiaries of the soldiers' suffering and privations would deem it proper to show some expressions of gratitude in the way of helping him to a little mite of Uncle Sam's bounty. Those men have been elevated by the assistance of the soldiers' votes to high, honorable and lucrative positions. It would seem that the soldier would have a claim on their generosity. But no; they stand like a lot of dastardly cowards with their gleaming poniards ready to stab the poor old man in the back. How much better are such men than the Captain Jack, Aaron Burr or Wilks Booth! It is useless to quote Captain Jack or Aaron Burr for it is not supposed that Tener ever read history enough to know there ever was such men. If those men are any better than those above named it would take a microscope to see the difference. When Wilks Booth went into Ford Theater he didn't go up to Lincoln and smile in his face and give him a hearty hand shake, then shoot him. Booth did do business that way and didn't pretend to be Lincoln's friend. When Tener went to Gettysburg he crowded through the soldiers with his face lit with smiles and dealt out his handshakes right and left, and seemed ready to slobber over every soldier's face with kisses. He knew in his heart that it was all hypocrisy and deceit and that he was playing old Judas to perfection. Mr. Tener had the veto business in contemplation before he went to Gettysburg but he knew if he done what he did, he wouldn't have met with a very warm reception. Mr. Tener promised to sign those pension bills while at Gettysburg but when he got home his henchmen told him that it wouldn't and he had to go back to the city having made any such promise. It is now for Tener's constituents to decide who is lying, the soldier or Tener. It is very generally believed that it is Tener.

EMERGENCY SOLDIER.

Centre County, Pa.

AN EVIL TONGUE.

Gossip is said to have been the inciting cause of the murder of his wife and three children and the subsequent taking of his own life by a foreigner in a Western Pennsylvania town not long ago. Tale bearers slandered the wife, inciting the insanely jealous husband to slay almost his entire family. The lesson is of universal application. The evil tongue of gossip is the cause of more heartaches and misery than all the small vices of a community put together. Not always are the consequences so terrible as in the case in question, but the suffering is hardly less keen in many instances where no public sign is made. The slander uttered by the malicious tongue, or even the wag of the head by the malicious mischief maker, may blast the happiness and ruin the lives of some innocent persons. Slander is so hard to catch up with; it works in the dark and by the wayside. —Small communities are generally the centers for the dissemination of gossip. Not always intended to be evil in its inception, the idle word or the rumor given currency in jest or ignorance may work untold suffering and misery.

But where the purpose is to do evil there is hardly a more contemptible crime in the whole catalogue. The guilty disseminators of gossip are not only injuring others but fouling their own characters. Hawthorne's famous story of the Scarlet Letter stands as one of the most moving and pathetic recitals of the evil of gossip and the deplorable consequences of intolerance. If it were possible to bring all the evil and malicious tongues in a community to answer for their crimes, known and unknown, the rest of the people would be insured safer and more peaceful lives.

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Letters testamentary in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated for settlement without delay to
LIDEB. FISHER, Executrix.
State College, Pa. x36

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters of administration on the estate of Dallas Chronister, late of Huston Township, deceased.
Letters of Administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to
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