

ROB ROY

A LEGEND OF OLD McVEY TOWN

From Legends Collected in Central Pennsylvania

By HENRY W. SHOEMAKER

Along the old canal bank, below the picturesque village of McVeytown, for a full century stood a certain public house, a tavern stand with a history. Long before the building of the canal it had been a noted hostelry, a favored stopping place for travelers along the pike, a neighborhood for the hardy settlers and hunters of the neighborhood. It had been in the hands of one family for nearly the entire span of the century, a family of more than ordinary refinement and common sense, who had raised inn-keeping almost to the level of a profession. For that reason they attracted the best class of custom and many were the travelers who journeyed miles further enduring fatigue and cold, so that they could spend the night under this hospitable roof.

And many were the travelers who went off their regular roads purposely that they might be entertained there. Even the roughest customers from the Blue Ridge and Jack's Mountain maintained a respectable demeanor within the heavy walls of the old stone tavern; the few Indians who strolled there recalled that it had been built originally as a fort, as was evidenced by the thickness of the walls—the entire atmosphere was one of genial charm. It reflected the English inns of romance in this wild mountainous section of the new world.

The family who kept the stand were of English descent, of exceptionally good stock, being related to the nobility; the head of the family had been a baronet's younger son who emigrated to Pennsylvania, marrying there a beautiful girl of lesser rank but of solid north of Ireland forbears. The first landlord had married the oldest daughter of the family, an attractive girl, who maintained her dignity, yet left no detail of her hotel business neglected.

She was a favorite with all travelers, especially with gentlemen travelers from a distance, who detected in her qualities of mind and heart of no mean order. Often these fine gentlemen tarried for a number of days, appreciating the home atmosphere, while they questioned the regular patrons from the mountains concerning the tracks and trails of the wilderness. The good name of the house was passed from one dignitary to another, for gentlemen always recognize one another at sight, and "go to the stone tavern, 'The Bounding Elk,'" became a password assuring a kindly reception and genuine comforts for the most exacting tourist.

Among the visitors were many foreigners, principally Scotchmen, Ulster Scots, and a few Englishmen, who made the Juniata Valley the veritable Celtic trail in Pennsylvania. For there they found most of the early settlers descended from their own stock, and their clanish names found greatest happiness among persons of kindred names, customs and religion. Some of these British travelers were scientists, writers, artists, or teachers, but there were numerous "younger sons" of the British in the new country, traveling from place to place, yet never finding any spot attractive enough to settle in permanently, no calling suited to their luxurious natures. Some of these gentlemen were young, others middle-aged, a few of them were quite old and proportionately more restless.

It was in the early spring of 1791, the year after the young landlady's marriage, that a stranger of more than usual interest enquired himself at the stone tavern known as the Bounding Elk. At first he had not intended to stop, but struck by the name, paused to inquire its meaning. He was met by the comely young landlady who smilingly informed him that it was named for a famed and probably mythical elk, which pursued by Indians in days gone by, "had cleared the Juniata with a single bound near where the tavern stood.

Evidently the stranger was an antiquary, as he seemed greatly pleased with the information. Dinner hour being near at hand, he turned his horse over to the colored stable boy, Patterson, and entered the tavern. He was so well received by the stalwart young landlady, to say nothing of the charming better half's attentions, that he decided to remain over night. Going to the barn, he unstrapped his saddle bags, and proceeded to make himself at home. He gave his name as "Mr. Campbell," which caused the landlady to inquire if he were related to persons of that name residing further up the valley. The stranger shook his head, saying that he had no relatives in the Confederation, as far as he knew.

He seemed to be quite a young man, but it was hard to guess his correct age, as he was of that sandy complexion which so often defies the inroads of time. He was of medium height, sturdily built, with a clear-cut aquiline nose, deep-set Celtic blue eyes, and, though his lips were somewhat full, he always kept his mouth tight shut and compressed. He had good color, good teeth, there was a slight curl to his auburn locks. His manner was sprightly, yet underneath it all was a vein of seriousness which expressed itself most noticeably in moments of abstraction and silence. Polite, yet reserved to all classes of people, he had the gift of making friends easily.

Prolonging his stay at the Bounding Elk from day to day, he soon became a fixture about the premises. His chief interest seemed to be in listening to the Indian legends of the mountains which the old trappers loved to relate in the tap room. Occasionally Indians stopped at the hotel, and the stranger made a point to become acquainted with them. He seemed to possess the power of penetrating their stolidity and reserve, for they talked freely of the grand days when the Juniata and its surrounding regions was their earthly paradise.

From remarks dropped by one of the old Indians, he was led, late in October, to make a journey on horseback to the headwaters of Moose Run, a tributary of Bald Eagle Creek, although previously hardly a week had passed but he had made some shorter pilgrimages to others of the historic shrines in the Blue Ridge, or Fack's Ridge, or Jack's Mountain.

But the ascent of several ranges of mountains and valleys to the Snow Shoe region was his longest excursion; he was gone nearly two weeks. At times the young landlady and his wife feared that their visitor might never return; he had come mysteriously, he might depart in the same manner. But when almost given up as lost, he rode up unconcernedly, his face beaming with evident pleasure and satisfaction. He had been in a fierce snow storm, had almost perished in the impenetrable forest one cold windy night, but when that was passed and gone, he could only say that the trip had been well worth the effort.

The night of his return the stone tavern did fair to re-establish its claim to the name of "The Bounding Elk." Just before supper time a loud barking of dogs was heard a short distance down the river. A gigantic bull moose, on his southerly migration, had been driven into the water by a nondescript pack of hounds, which were yelping and leaping about his huge swart form. With his massive palmated antlers he defended himself as best he could, until, stepping into a deep hole, he was almost swept off his feet by the current. Just at this moment the landlady, a couple of old hunters, and the stable boy arrived on the scene armed with flintlocks. The appearance of the Nimrod spurred the desperate moose to greater efforts, and he managed to reach the south shore at a spot where the bank was level, and with a mighty plunge took harbor in the forest. Dogs and men were after him, they could not allow such a superb quarry to escape.

Black moose were practically extinct at that time, although the grey moose or elk were still fairly numerous in Jack's Mountains and in the Seven Brothers.

The disappearance of the hunters on what might be an all-night's chase left the stranger and the young landlady alone in the tavern. Had he not just returned from a long horseback journey he might have accompanied them, but as it was he preferred to enjoy a quiet supper with his hostess.

That night blew bitterly cold, the winds, "in their wrenly play," hurried themselves against the gables and roof with a ghostly woo, woo, woo. All souls' night was past, else the winds might have been mistaken for the

outcries of angry spirits. After supper the young couple sat before the huge open fireplace, watching the sparks from the great black log fly up the chimney, and listening to the unhappy wind. The stranger was stroking a large black cat, his favorite animal, which stretched on his lap and shoulders, arching its back and purring affectionately. After a while, when the man and girl felt in harmony with one another, the stranger's reserve vanished, he began talking about his trip, of the legends he had heard while in the high mountains.

Several weeks before an Indian named Nicodemus had begged a meal at the tavern. He said that he was over a hundred years old, and he certainly looked it. He claimed to have been one of the Pequot Indians converted by the Moravians at Shekomeo, in Dutchess County, New York, who followed the missionaries into Pennsylvania after their persecutions at the hands of the New Yorkers.

This Indian told of his accompanying the missionary Eitwein on his journey to the Ohio in 1782, and how they had camped for several days at Snow Shoe on the backbone of the Alleghenies. While there another Pequot named Nathan, a member of the party, fell in love with Paalochquen, a Shawnee maid of rare beauty, the daughter of a hunter of that tribe camped in the neighborhood. His ardor was reciprocated, and Eitwein was preparing to baptize the beautiful girl when the Pequot lover fell ill. Though he had everything to live for, the unfortunate Indian died in a few days and was buried at the foot of a giant mountain, the spot ever after being known as Indian Grave Hill. Eitwein had uttered a prayer at the grave and carved the deceased's name on a nearby beech tree. The bereaved maiden was inconsolable, and sat by the grave grieving in silence. Vainly did her father try to make her return to his camp at the head of the stream whose name commemorated one of his great kills in the hunting field, Moose Run, but the girl was obdurate. Sorrow drove her out of her mind, she forgot all else except the loss of her lover. Her equally grief-stricken relatives brought her food and drink, but she fasted until the new phase of the moon, when she recovered her reason. But she refused to return to Moose Run. Life never again could flow in its old channels, she said.

Her father moved to another hunting ground across the ridge where she consented to go. When the moon took on the demi-lune the girl was out of her mind again. She fasted and went without sleep, claiming that she saw and with her beloved Nathan. In time she became known as Half Moon Maid, and the camping ground later was called Half Moon Lick. For over a century afterward it was a famous locality for deer.

The stranger was seized with a desire to meet the Half Moon Maid and perhaps she could answer a riddle which was tearing at his heart. So he had journeyed to the wilderness and met the unhappy woman, now middle-aged and minus her former beauty. But she had promised to put him in touch with some one across the seas, some one whom he had not heard from for several years. He had come back from the high mountains jubilant, like one reborn; he was to receive more than a wireless message can give today, a sight of and an interview with his sweetheart.

But before going on further with his story the stranger revealed his identity. His name, Campbell, had been assumed by his grandfather in Scotland, who was none other than the famous outlaw, Rob Roy. His father, James MacGregor Campbell, had escaped from Edinburgh, Scotland, where he had been imprisoned after the Battle of Prestonpans, and there the younger James Campbell was born. His life had run smoothly enough except for several military experiences, until when on a visit to Florence, in northern Italy, he noticed one afternoon, when walking along the Arno, much as Dante had observed the immortal Beatrice, the beautiful Countess Angiere Agnes Garliardini.

This young noblewoman was an orphan of Italian, English and German blood and heiress to considerable property. Though she spent most of the time with Italian relatives, her guardian was a Bavarian, a Baron Lindrum, who had served with her father under Marshal Saxe at Fontenoy, both being youthful cavalry officers in their teens at the time of the memorable battle.

The appearance to the young countess made an impression on young Campbell's sensitive soul, a soul like Byron's that was always "wax to receive, marble to retain," that time could not lessen or separation efface. The oval face, with its reticulate nose and full lips, the blue eyes, the pale hair, crisp like spun sugar, the slender form, all to him made a picture of exquisite loveliness.

As it was a case of love at first sight with the youth, it was equally so with the girl, and she leaned against the parapet gazing after him as he strolled along toward the Casino Park. So strong was the impression that the young lover could have peace until presented to his charmer. As acquaintances, both found themselves most congenial, the words of love were soon spoken and on both sides. Then came the breaking of the news to the guardian, whose rage knew no bounds. He had other plans for the fair girl's future, he made it known. The lover was warned away, to get out into the big world and win a name for himself. If successful, he might come back and again pay his addresses, if by that time the girl had not married someone else.

Not having a regular occupation, not even a commission at that moment, with his father, a penniless exile, beset with enemies, there was nothing to do but to turn away with a heavy heart, to seek success in some other part of the world. The social position of Countess Angiere Agnes made her too conspicuous a personage to figure in an elopement; at any rate she did not enthrall over such a proposition, though he made it to her. Therefore, alone and sunk deep in hopelessness, the young man made his way to America. There he saw many opportunities to prosper, but his soul was filled with such a great unrest and emptiness that he could not concentrate his mind on any given task. He had been a wanderer, filled with many vague hopes and wild fancies until he found his ultimate islands in the hospitable walls of the Bounding Elk.

The beautiful Angiere Agnes had promised to write to him regularly in America and he gave her the addresses of family friends in Philadelphia who would forward his mail to wherever he might be. He wrote her every day until he reached the ship, every day on shipboard, and daily for weeks after his arrival in the Quaker City.

When the time eagerly watched for had rolled around and he might expect letters from his beloved he was cast into the depths of despondency by the non-arrival of a single line, directly or indirectly. Though he kept on writing letters at intervals of every week or two for a period of over four years, silence was profound as far as Angiere Agnes was concerned. Though he could not understand the girl's instability after so many protestations of love, he kept his faith through it all—he never even looked at any other woman.

His first ray of real hope came when old Paalochquen, the erstwhile "Half Moon Maid," told him to return to the Bounding Elk and learn the true state of affairs. He hoped that this glimpse into the world of his dreams would set his soul's house in order, so that he might find his place in the world and cease the foolish career of "rolling stone." He felt firmly convinced that Angiere Agnes loved him, that there was some cause for her silence, but it would have been useless to return to Europe before she came of age, which event had happened in the previous December.

As he was speaking these final words of faith, the great clock in the corner of the room began striking twelve the sleeping black cat on his lap raised its head and curved its back, as such grimalkins always do at the signal of the witching hour. When the last stroke had sounded, the young man put the cat down gently, and rising from the settee, bade his hostess good-night. Lighting his ruihlight, he passed out into the dark cold hall, to bell, it said, had been married over two years to an

Keystone News Chips

Aged Brothers Badly Injured.

Two aged brothers, Thomas H. Myers, aged 79, and John Myers, aged 87, both of Ashville, were seriously injured at 10 o'clock Sunday night in a head-on collision between Coupon and Gallitzin. Thomas Myers is said to have been driving his machine west when it collided on a slight right turn with a car operated by Joseph Zwiolski of Gallitzin. The brothers were caught in the front seat of their machine, being extricated by three youths from Coupon and taken to the Mercy Hospital at Altoona. John Myers, the most seriously injured, suffered possible internal injuries, a possible fracture of the skull, a fractured nose and severe bruises about both eyes. His brother, Thomas, suffered fractures of the ribs on both sides and a severe laceration above the right eye. Mandichak, an occupant of Zwiolski's machine, received a severe laceration of the left cheek which required 14 sutures to close.

Former Juniata Man Killed.

Ralph C. Musser, aged 30, of Battle Creek, Mich., formerly a resident of Juniata, was instantly killed about 6 o'clock Sunday morning in an automobile collision near Battle Creek, according to word received by his father and mother. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Musser, of Juniata, Sunday Musser, who where he had been living with his parents about six years ago, is survived by them, his wife, Betty, and one small son, Billy. His parents left Altoona Sunday night for their only son's home in Battle Creek. When they arrive there they will determine whether the body will be brought back to Altoona.

Col. Jones Wins Promotion.

Lieutenant Colonel B. C. Jones, of Tyrone, acting executive officer of the 52nd cavalry brigade, 104th cavalry, Pennsylvania National Guard, has been promoted to major by the War Department. Colonel Jones will be in charge of the 103rd cavalry, with rank of colonel. The promotion of Colonel Jones, well known Blair county lawyer and publisher, was announced Sunday night by the department of military affairs, Harrisburg. He will succeed Col. M. G. Baker, who resigned two weeks ago to devote his full time to his duties as superintendent of the Valley Forge Military Academy. Colonel Jones will be the youngest colonel in the Pennsylvania National Guard, being only 40 years old at the present time. At the

ascend the broad staircase to his room, a sad and solitary figure. After he had gone the landlady, the fair Dorcas, sat by the fire meditating. Surely this youth, whom she ever afterwards called "The Rob Roy," was different from any man she had ever met before; his love story above all others had the power, she thought, for the future. Then she asked after young Campbell the Rob Roy. Patterson, the stable boy, spoke up saying that he had met him going out of the house as they were coming in. He had asked him to go back to the stable and saddle his horse for him—he must hurry there now.

Anxiously Dorcas inquired where Campbell was going. The boy could not tell, except that he was carrying the saddle-bags with him, which seemed to indicate a long journey. Suddenly losing interest in the hunters grouped about the remains of the bull moose, the young woman ran out to the stableyard. No horse was to be seen. In the barn the Rob Roy's mount was not in its box. The young man had departed without revealing if he had had his horse across the sea, and if his faith had proved true. And the fair Dorcas hung her head, as if slighted.

At that moment the Rob Roy was riding to the East as fast as his horse could travel over the frosty roads. With blind purpose he urged the faithful animal on until he reached Philadelphia, where he put up at an inn on the waterfront. While in the city he met several friends to whom he imparted the information of his intended return to France. To all of these friends he said he was rejoining the army, that was brewing, but in a letter posted to Dorcas on the eve of departure at sea he confided the real reason for the journey, a strange happening last midnight in his room at the Bounding Elk.

The letter recited that after he left his landlady at the inn, he repaired to his room, lighting the way with the single rushlight. As he opened the door, by the rich flickering light, he saw his beloved Angiere Agnes standing in the middle of the room. Her face was ghastly pale, of a greenish hue; she held her left hand, the long fingers greenish white, over her heart, and spread beneath her hand was a sheet of letter paper. As the surprised lover advanced toward her she extended her hand to him, giving him the scrap of paper. As she moved her arm away from her breast he could see a gaping hole in the black silk bodice, and something that looked like black clotted blood. And as he took the paper in his hand, which was in the form of an old-time letter with cracked red seals, there was a ragged hole in the center of it, the edges of which were much powder marked.

The young man's lips moved as if to speak, but he checked himself, knowing that it was dangerous to address a ghost—the phantom was certain to fade away—so he waited for the shadow of what was once the fair Angiere Agnes to speak. He could see her full lips (with curve and the movement of cold clay, which the familiar tones were heard. The story which she related chilled his heart and made him bite his lips in rage.

It seemed that when he had gone away to seek his fortune in the New World she had resolved to be true to him, she had written him every day and expected to hear from him in return. But no answers came to her letters. The long silence almost broke her heart. She questioned her guardian, but he could tell her nothing. In her desperation she wrote to a man of prominence in Philadelphia, one of her guardian's friends, asking about the absent lover, whether he was alive or dead.

Meanwhile the old Baron approached her with a proposal of marriage, which she indignantly refused. The elderly guardian did not seem rebuffed, but passed the episode over, apparently continuing to be as polite and considerate as if nothing of a serious nature had happened. One evening, she was at the Baron's castle in Munich at the time, the old man asked her to accompany him to a reception at the royal armory or "Rust Kammer," where some distinguished savants from England and Spain, including a noble writer on armor, were to be entertained.

While dressing for the occasion a letter covered with seals and postmarks was handed to her. Breaking it open she saw that it was headed "Philadelphia, April 27, 1791." But, alas, it was not in her lover's handwriting, but from the prominent Quaker whom her guardian knew. Breathlessly she read it; it contained bad news. James Camp-

outbreak of the war in 1717, Col. Jones enlisted and was named first lieutenant in August, 1717, and assigned to the 31st machine gun battalion with which he served throughout the war.

Youth Fatally Hurt.

Willis Klock, 20, of Wellersho, died in the Wellersho Hospital Saturday morning of injuries received about midnight Friday in an automobile accident on the Roosevelt highway west of Ansonia. He suffered a fractured skull, fractured arm and punctured right eye. The car in which Klock was a passenger failed to negotiate a curve, left the road and overturned. The machine was wrecked. The only other occupant was the driver, F. Cooper, 20, of Tyrone, a Pennsylvania State College student, who was visiting in Wellersho. His injuries, the extent of which have not been determined, include lacerations of the arm, a sprained back and severe shock.

Three-Day-Old Fawn Cared For.

A three-day-old fawn picked up in the upper end of Columbia county, was brought to game protector Mark Hagenbuch at Bloomsburg, and has been turned over by him to the state game farm at Loyalsock for rearing. The fawn could not stand up when it was found, and was fed on milk from a bottle during the brief period the game protector had it.

May Have Old Home Week.

Montoursville will celebrate an Old Home Week this summer, probably in August, according to preliminary plans made at a joint meeting of the Willing Hand Hose Company and the Eugene Grafius Post, No. 104, American Legion held last week. Both the Legion and the Fire Company have appointed committees to draft the arrangements.

Travels 1,800 Miles for Reunion.

Mrs. Janet Gregory Gillespie, class of 1907, of Westminster, Colorado, is traveling 1,800 miles to return to Mansfield for her class reunion. Mrs. Gillespie is coming east for the first time since her graduation 30 years ago.

The sick ailments are looking over their slender lists, convinced that the season is about to begin all over the United States.

So long as past wars are profitable to veterans you may expect the glorification of "war sacrifices."

John McCloskey, of Millheim, forestry superintendent at Rockview Penitentiary, was housed up practically all of last week because of bealed ears. Surgery was resorted to in the one member, the other responding to local treatment.

While climbing a tree William Daup, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel S. Daup, of Centre Hall, fell and struck his arm against a snag, cutting a gash in the forearm on the under side close to the elbow. In dressing it several stitches were required to close the wound.

Snow Shoe, Newton and Clarence in Centre county, are among the twenty-five areas in Pennsylvania which will be continued or placed under quarantine for the control of potato wart by an order issued by J. Hansell French, Secretary of Agriculture. The quarantine became effective June 1.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bame and children, of Aaronsburg, left last Monday on an extended trip to visit with friends in Illinois and Kansas. They also plan to visit the Yellowstone National Park before returning home. The Bame Service Station, at the west end of Aaronsburg, will be open each evening and Sundays, in charge of Homer Keen.

Yvonne, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Malone, of Millheim, who is under quarantine for scarlet fever, underwent a mastoidotomy, performed by Dr. Allis, Lewistown specialist, at her home last Tuesday night. The surgeon was assisted by Dr. Thos. C. McQueen, and the small patient is in the nursing care of Miss Alice Burkholder, of the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia.

August J. Plubell died at his home in Kartaus early Tuesday morning last week, following an illness of diabetes. Although he had been ill for several years he worked as janitor at the Kartaus high school until a few days before his death. He was 66 years old. Mr. Plubell is survived by his wife, the former Nora Coudriell, two sons and two daughters. Funeral services were held Friday morning at the Frenchville church with burial in the cemetery adjoining the church.

Miss Rosalyn Nieman was the hostess at a miscellaneous shower and bridge party in the Nieman apartment, Millheim, recently, in honor of Miss Kathryn Smith, whose wedding will take place this month. Miss Smith was presented with lovely gifts by the hostess and the following friends: Mrs. Paul Smith, of Huntingdon; Mr. Reba Ed Smith, of Millroy; Mrs. Dorothy Deiss, of Millroy; Miss

estimable young lady of Philadelphia, giving her name, and was living with her in excellent style within a few squares of the residence of the writer of the letter.

In her grief Angiere Agnes almost fell to the floor. As it was, she recited, and had to be supported by her maid-servants. But though full of tenderness and sentiment, she was of proud nature and resolved to conceal the tragedy from all, especially from her guardian. So she finished her simple toilette, dined with the old nobleman in his state dining-hall, laughing gaily as though nothing had happened, yet when she looked in the long mirror opposite to where she sat she could see that she was deadly pale.

After the repast she drove with the Baron to the armory, and was soon in the midst of the large assemblage, which embraced all the nobility, as well as the intellectuals of the city and vicinity. The armory was a quaint old place, with stone floors, iron stoves, and benches after paying their respects to the distinguished guests the old soldier desired to show his fair ward the wonders of the collection.

In the armory were contained many antique treasures, such as figures of men-at-arms in harness of plate or mail, and weaponed with swords, partizans or iron-studded clubs, and shields emblazoned with armorial bearings. Around these were ranged, in various trophies, banners, lances, pikes, halberds, morning-stars, and iron-mounted flails, herald's batons, etc.

All of this was highly edifying to a lover of military science, and the old veteran feasted his eyes on these relics of his art of war as if they were so many beautiful old places. At the side of the armory chamber were numerous chapels or alcoves, faintly lit by tapers.

While the old soldier stopped to converse with a fellow-veteran of Saxe's Wars, Angiere Agnes slipped unnoticed into one of these shadowy recesses. On a table, uncovered, lay a number of pistols of cumbersome and antique design. Picking up one after another she primed them until she found one that was loaded: some armorer must have been experimenting with it. It would be a risky thing to do, as the old weapon might explode, but she determined to end her sorrow then and there.

Laying the letter from Philadelphia, the death knell of all her hopes, over her heart, she placed the pistol on the table, and pulled the clumsy rusty trigger. There was a sickening report, a lot of foul smoke, a crash on the stone floor, and all was over. Baron Lindrum heard the shot, and with his aged friend, ran forward. When they reached the dim chapel Angiere Agnes, Countess Garliardini, was beyond all mortal aid.

The armorers swept away the collection of ancient pistols, and gently placed the body on the antique table, where it made an admirable bier for the lovely corpse. When the Baron had first rushed to the spot he had seen the short-torn letter lying over the girl's heart, he had divined the meaning. It is well that his thoughts are unrecorded. When he viewed the body lying on the table, with the long white hands folded across the lacerated breast, the letter was gone. He had charged the armorers with concealing it, but could get no satisfaction from them.

All that was mortal of his still-born romance was laid to rest in the family vault of his Schloss, and he retired to a life of solitude until he might be placed in death by her side, amid ancestors reaching back in unbroken line almost a thousand years.

These patients were admitted Friday and were discharged the following day: Mary Elizabeth Corman, Donald W. Corman, Bellefonte; William T. Conroy, Bellefonte; Paul D. Gentesel, Bellefonte, R. D. 3; Mrs. N. I. Harter, Blanchard; Master Kenneth C. Rocky, of Reobensburg, was admitted Friday and was discharged on Sunday.

Births: An infant daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. James G. Corman, of Reobensburg; an infant son was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Stover, Centre Hall.

Betty Snyder, Miss Louise Miller, Miss Betty Van Sant and Miss Helen Houser, of State College; Mrs. John E. Smith and Miss Jean Hosterman, of Millheim, and Miss Margaret Cunningham, of Aaronsburg. A midnight luncheon was served in the dining room, the table being appropriately decorated for the occasion. Prizes at bridge were awarded to Miss Hosterman, Mrs. John Smith and Mrs. Paul Smith.

George Smith of Centre Hall, is again regularly employed by the Reddish Bros. Limestone company, State College, in the capacity of a power shovel operator. In a fall of rock at the quarry, Mr. Smith was seriously injured, and at this time has a pronounced limp due to one of the leg injuries received last fall.

Five State College fishermen spent two days at Bowers Beach, Delaware, and caught 768 crokers and weakfish as the result of their efforts. This is the largest noncommercial fishing boat catch made in that town. Members of the party were N. E. Hess, I. C. Holmes, Hassel Hurwitz, John Resides, and Harry Resides.

Alfalfa fields in this county have an exceptionally promising appearance at this time. This applies to fields sown last autumn and old fields. Clover and timothy on stubble fields appears spotty, due to at least some extent to excessive pasturing last summer and fall. Timothy on fields mowed for hay last year is making a good growth.

Last Saturday a double mastoid operation was performed in the Lewis-town City Hospital for Harriet Ann Vogt, aged 2½ years, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Vogt, Centre Hall. The child had been having ear trouble for some time previous to the operation, and one ear had been lacerated, but afforded only temporary relief. The mother, a graduate nurse, remained with her daughter after the operation. Her condition was regarded very fair.

The following brief notice appeared in last Tuesday's Altoona Tribune, as being one of the arrivals at the Altoona hospital last week: George Michael Clark, May 20, son of M. A. and Lillian C. (Sheffer) Clark, Hillside, Boalsburg. Mr. Clark is proprietor of a motor transfer route between State College and Williamsport and the mother of the child is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sheffer, of College township. She is well known throughout Centre county, having held several State positions during her life.

CENTRE COUNTY HOSPITAL NOTES

Monday of Last Week
Admitted: Miss Mary S. Gibbon, Pennsylvania Furnace, R. D. 1; Miss Mary Toner, Bellefonte.
Discharged: Harry J. Holz, Bellefonte; Mrs. Paul F. Rosman, and infant daughter, Bellefonte; William Baney, Bellefonte, R. D. 3; Mrs. Annie C. Kramer, Bellefonte.
Doreen Marie Jones, of State College, was admitted Monday and was discharged the following day.
Births: A daughter, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dean K. Wagner, of State College.

Tuesday of Last Week
Admitted: Miss Dorothy Fishburn, Bellefonte, R. D. 1; Mrs. Guy W. Stearns, State College; Patrick H. Martin, Bellefonte; Alex. Morris, 3rd, Bellefonte; Discharged: Mrs. Robert R. McCool, Spring Mills, R. D. 1; Ella-wend E. Ardry, Bellefonte; Mrs. Vincent W. Hoover, Pleasant Gap; the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Rocky, Bellefonte.
The following patients were admitted Tuesday and were discharged Wednesday: Miss Barbara Grassmire, Spring Mills; Master Marvin Fanning, Snow Shoe; Kathryn Stambaugh, Fleming.

Wednesday of last week
Admitted: Luther Campbell, State College, R. D. 3.
Discharged: Walter E. Scott, Had-donfield, N. J.

Thursday of Last Week
Admitted: Master Pacific Smith, Bellefonte, R. D. 1; Mrs. Ira W. Langie, of Spring Mills, R. D. 1.
Discharged: Mrs. William L. Cleven-stine, Bellefonte, R. D. 2; Donald G. Fortner, State College, R. D. 1; Mrs. J. Clair Ebert and infant son, State College.
These patients were admitted Thursday and were discharged Friday: Lynn E. Blaser, Centre Hall, R. D. 1; Mrs. John D. Lee, State College.

Friday
Admitted: Daniel Weller, Julian.
Discharged: Mrs. James Morrison, Jr., and infant daughter, Bellefonte; James R. Fanning, Bellefonte.
These patients were admitted Friday and were discharged the following day: Mary Elizabeth Corman, Donald W. Corman, Bellefonte; William T. Conroy, Bellefonte; Paul D. Gentesel, Bellefonte, R. D. 3; Mrs. N. I. Harter, Blanchard; Master Kenneth C. Rocky, of Reobensburg, was admitted Friday and was discharged on Sunday.

Births: An infant daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. James G. Corman, of Reobensburg; an infant son was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Stover, Centre Hall.

Saturday
Admitted: George Gehrel, Bellefonte; Floyd F. Hest, Clarence.
Discharged: Carolyn Brouse, Bellefonte. Expired: Christian C. Durst, Centre Hall R. D. 1.

Sunday
Admitted: Henry J. McChesney, State College; Erma M. Emel, Bellefonte, R. D. 3; Discharged: Helen L. Emel, Bellefonte, R. D. 3; Mrs. Emma S. Knapp and infant son, Pleasant Gap.
Births: A daughter was born to Mr. (Continued on page fourteen)