

Her Husband's Twin Brother

A Story of a Deserted Wife

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Donald Brewer, a handsome young fellow with light hair, blue eyes and a pleasant smile on his lips, was walking on Main street swinging a light cane. Pretty girls were moving hither and thither, for Donald was in the shopping district, and it was the hour when the stores were much crowded. He was an admirer of beauty, and his expression indicated that he was reveling in the display. His heart was light, and when a young man in a happy mood the appeal of fair faces and trim figures is especially strong.

Who is this young woman advancing slowly with a little girl not four years old clinging to her skirt? Donald thought her prettier than any one he had yet met. Her glance met his, and with a cry she sprang to him, threw her arms about his neck and cried out in a sweet, appealing voice:

"Oh, Walter, why did you leave me? Come back! Do, Walter, dearest, come back and all will be forgiven."

Donald Brewer's admiration for the fair sex was general, and he preferred that the favors he received should be general. This was altogether too particular. Besides, it was too public, and, like most men worthy of the name, he detested "scenes."

He assured the lady that she had mistaken him for some one else. This only occasioned a burst of grief and reproaches. The child began to cry, a crowd collected, and a policeman came hurrying up to discover the cause of the blocking of the sidewalk. He saw a young woman clinging to a young man who was evidently not as well pleased as he should have been. Donald explained that she had mistaken him for some one else. The lady explained that he was her husband, who had deserted her. The policeman evidently believed the latter story and viewed Donald with disfavor.

"I think," he said to the woman "we'd better go to the police office. You can make a charge against him if you like, and that'll bring the matter into the courts."

"Don't, Walter; don't force me to do that. Come home, and we will again be happy."

And she wept on his bosom. Walter signified to the policeman that he preferred to go with him. So the party adjourned to the police station, where Walter sent out for his mother and other friends to identify him, and the lady sent for a sister-in-law. All of the former pronounced him Donald Brewer, and the latter declared that, though he resembled him, he was not her brother. This satisfied every one except the lady, who was amazed and disappointed that they should be so obtuse. When Donald left her she took his hand and, looking at him appealingly out of a pair of liquid brown eyes, made a last appeal while the pretty little girl begged papa to come home and not make mamma cry.

It makes a lot of difference to a man when appealed to by a pretty woman whether he is free or wedlocked. Under certain circumstances—action for alimony, for instance—the word wedlock is suggestive of bolts and bars. Donald, being exonerated from being a fugitive husband, assured the poor woman of his deep sympathy and that he was deeply touched by her faith, despite proof to the contrary, that he belonged to her. If she would give him her address he would call upon her and would be glad to serve her in any way.

A beautiful hope shone in her eyes, and, giving him a parting look, she said that she would trust him once more, sure that he would not fail her. Then, to evade observation, she asked him to call a carriage, and, getting into it with her little girl, who insisted on giving papa a parting kiss, she was driven away smiling through tears.

A few days later Donald called upon the grass widow. He found her a good deal changed. Her sister-in-law had convinced her that there was a doubt as to Donald being her husband. When she came into the room to receive him she paused on the threshold, searching every line of his countenance. Then beautiful blushes rose to her cheeks at remembering the caresses she had given him, and she hung her head in shame at the remembrance of the caresses she had bestowed upon one who had turned out to be a stranger.

What is forced upon us we don't want. What we cannot get we crave. Donald, who up to this moment feared the lady would claim him, was now disappointed that she did not. Those who are chained wish to be free; those who are free wish to be chained. In the words of the crusty old bachelor, marriage is something one half the world is trying to get into and the other half is trying to get out of.

Donald had not experienced any pleasurable sensation in the caresses he had received the day before; he was dreading being forced into great trouble at establishing his identity. Now he longed to have those arms about his neck and those appealing eyes looking into his. An idea occurred to him. It was an idea not worthy of him, but it was irresistible. While a few days be-

The Comforters

"What's the Use of Worrying?"

By EDWARD BOLTWOOD
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In the kitchen beneath Jernigan's bedroom the clock whirred and began to sound the hour. At the first jangling stroke Jernigan lifted his head and became aware, with a quick throb of gratitude, that he had been asleep. The question was, for how long? There was no daylight at the curtained window, but he was sure that it must be nearly sunrise and in alert anxiety he counted the strokes of the clock.

Nine, ten, eleven—and silence. Jernigan groaned wearily. He had been in bed only thirty minutes, after all.

Through the doorway of the adjoining room, where his wife slept with the two children, he blinked at the white, dim hummock of Lizzie's back and listened to her placid breathing. Noiselessly he drew on some clothes, found a pair of slippers and glided swiftly down the dark stairway.

With a hand on the knob of the front door he turned and peered into his narrow parlor. The blue glare from an arc lamp in the street faintly illuminated the parlor table, revealing the bank book on it and his private account book and the sheets of paper covered with penciled figures. He hastily secreted them before he went out of doors.

Jernigan was the bookkeeper for Mr. Ellice at the Rudale mill, as his father had been before him. He was a skilled and honest accountant. The tormenting figures had nothing to do with his employer's affairs. They represented his own endeavor to deal with the terrible fact that during the past two years he had diminished by nearly \$1,000 the modest capital which he had inherited from his parents.

He looked morosely down the deserted street toward the huge mill. Its windows glowed; its looms chanted their endless, sonorous hymn of prosperity. On a hill near by was the stately, old fashioned Ellice mansion, with its tall columns of white stone. Mr. Ellice was evidently entertaining an evening party there. The lamps of motorcars shot their golden beams over the lawn, and Jernigan heard a va grant strain of dance music.

His vague plan was to stroll as far as the office of the mill before turning back.

Behind the building he halted in bewilderment. A light gleamed from a rear window. Somebody was in the office!

Now, it was impossible for Jernigan to believe that any one had rightful business there by night without his knowledge, so he crept close to the window. He saw a man standing beside the office table. On the table were books of account and sheets of paper covered with penciled figures. The man bent over them, then paced the room, then returned doggedly to the table, then paced the room again. Jernigan caught his breath, for the man was John Ellice.

The bookkeeper stared, as if in a theater, at a counterfeit presentment of himself pacing his own parlor. Ellice's unbuttoned coat showed a loose pajama jacket; he wore slippers, and his hair was ruffled like that of one driven from his bed. His face, as he bent at the table under the light, was drawn and white.

Jernigan interpreted the picture swiftly. Indeed, there was only a single possible meaning for him, and this was a meaning which swept everything else out of his simple soul as a gigantic and appalling torrent sweeps a humble valley. The sight of an Ellice of Rudale in the torment of financial worry was to a Jernigan what the sight of a collapse of the great pyramid would have been to an ancient Egyptian. Other affairs of life for Jernigan were totally obliterated by awe stricken consternation and a sympathy almost reverent.

Ellice snapped off the electric lamp, pushed the papers into a drawer of the table and locked it. He decided that his daughter's dance would be over, and he wondered if he could sleep. Then he smiled grimly, knowing well enough that it was not dance music which had kept him awake. His neck contracted sharply, as if something was perched on his shoulder.

His thoughts whirled back to the papers in the table drawer. Had he forgotten to jot down the loan from the Samson Trust? Of course he had! He began to compute the interest for the coming term. And what, in heaven's name, would be his next month's balance with the Atlas people? True, he might tide over this year, but— He threw open the outer door with a gesture of hopeless desperation and descended the steps.

"Who's that? Not Jernigan?"

"Yes, sir," faltered Jernigan. "If—if you can spare me a minute?"

"Why, certainly!" Ellice managed to pull himself together. He glanced at his clerk's upturned coat collar and tremulous chin.

"You're not ill, Albert?"

"No, sir; just out for a little air."

"Quite right," approved Ellice. "Best thing in the world after a hard day's work. We're all right busy at Rudale

THE PATRIOT
Published weekly by
THE PATRIOT PUB. COMPANY
Office: No. 15 Carpenter ave.
Marshall Bldg., Indiana, Pa.
J. BIAMONTE, Editor & Manager
F. SMITH, English Editor.
B. COLETTI, Italian Editor.
Entered as second-class matter
September 26, 1914, at the postoffice at Indiana, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Local Phone 250Z.
Bell Phone 49-W.

(Continued from Page 1.)
Harry W. Liekert to Mike Kosolko, 3 lots in Burrell, \$70.
Sophia Wissinger to George R. McAbee, 10,607 acres in Conemaugh, \$200.
Manor Real Estate & Trust Co. to George R. McAbee, 169.09 acres in Conemaugh, \$5,000.
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M. PACE.
Mr. Marino Pace, a well known merchant of North Homer City, broke the county, if not the state, record last Saturday when he held his 41st christening.
Mr. Pace has reached this number in the period of 15 years which he has been in this country. He is nearly 41 years of age and a good musician.

ISOLATED ISLANDS.

Lonely Tristan da Cunha Gets Outside News Once in Two Years.

Though scientific progress has made it possible to do a double journey between England and America in a fortnight, there remain many islands with which it takes years to communicate.

Off the Scottish coast are the groups of islands known as the Hebrides, Orkneys and Shetlands. Of these the most isolated island is St. Kilda, some three miles long and two miles broad. The inhabitants lead lives of great loneliness, for it takes a month to get to the next island, and the sea often makes any communication with St. Kilda impossible for months.

The group of eight Phoenix islands in the Pacific has a total population of only 158, while another little bit of the British empire is Fanning island. This is a landing place for the Pacific submarine cable, and usually there are about 100 people in the place.

The loneliest of all parts of British territory is the island of Tristan da Cunha, in the south Atlantic, which is also the smallest inhabited island in the empire. It is 1,800 miles from land, has a population of seventy-four Scottish Americans, and the inhabitants get news of the outer world usually once every two years.—London Stray Stories.

The Drummer.
"I sometimes think," remarked the regular patron, "that the snare drummer should be the best musician in the theater orchestra."
"He usually is," said the drummer.—Chicago Tribune.

Aye, There's the Rub.
If we had to turn our own grindstones we wouldn't have so many axes to grind.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The New Neutrality

George Washington's birthday this year had better in silence be passed; He walloped our cousins And licked them by dozens— The day might offend them at last.

The Fourth of July should be skipped, The great Declaration ignored; The date is so recent It wouldn't be decent To hint how America scored.

The "Star Spangled Banner" should hush, 'Tis really a dangerous screech, For those words were written While fighting Great Britain And might make a terrible breach.—McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

WHAT A GOOD
YOU SHOULD KNOW
Do you read the Constitution of the United States?
In what form of Government do we live?
Who is the chief executive of the United States?
Who makes the laws of the United States?
What does Congress consist of?
Senate and House of Representatives.
Who is the chief executive of the United States?
President.
How long is the President of the United States elected?
4 years.
Who takes the place of the President in case he dies?
The Vice President.
What is his name?
Thomas R. Marshall.
By whom is the President of the United States elected?
By the electors.
By whom are the electors elected?
By the people.
Who makes the laws for the state of Pennsylvania?
The Legislature.
What does the Legislature consist of?
Senate and Assembly.
How many State in the union?
48.
When was the Declaration of Independence signed?
July 4, 1776.
By whom was it written?
Thomas Jefferson.
Which is the capital of the United States?
Washington.
Which is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania?
Harrisburg.
How many Senators has each state in the United States Senate?
Two.
By whom are they elected?
By the people.
For how long?
6 years.
How many representatives are there?
435. According to the population one to every 211,000, (the ratio fixed by Congress after each decennial census.)
For how long are they elected?
2 years.
How many electoral votes has the state of Pennsylvania?
38.
Who is the chief executive of the state of Pennsylvania?
The Governor.
For how long is he elected?
4 years.
Who is the Governor?
Brumbaugh.
Do you believe in organized government?
Yes.
Are you opposed to organized government?
No.
Are you an anarchist?
No.
What is an anarchist?
A person who does not believe in organized government.
Are you a bigamist or polygamist?
No.
What is a bigamist or polygamist?
One who believes in having more than one wife.
Do you belong to any secret Society who teaches to disbelieve in organized government?
No.
Have you ever violated any laws of the United States?
No.
Who makes the ordinances for the City?
The board of Aldermen.
Do you intend to remain permanently in the U. S.?
Yes.

A Stagecoach Wedding
By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I was standing in a room crowded with men and women in evening dress when I heard a cheery feminine voice near me exclaim: "Why, Tom!" "What luck!" responded a young man, with blond hair, parted in the middle, and his chin held up by a very high collar.

"I don't know a person here," said the girl, who had spoken first. "Nor I. I would rather have met you than own a gold mine."

"Isn't it nice to meet some one you don't expect, but whom you wish to meet?" Happy smiles illuminated the faces of these two youngsters, whom it made me happy to look at. Indeed, there was one especial reason for my enjoyment of this pleasant surprise, for it reminded me of one that had occurred in my own family years before.

In the sixties—I refer to the last century—my father, then a young man, went out to Denver to grow up with a new town. Albert Reeder had gone there a few years before with his family for the purpose of building a stamp mill on Clear creek, up in the mountains, and had become interested in the extraction of gold from ore. My father, who was as poor as a church mouse, found work in the service of Mr. Reeder and was sent up to one of his stamp mills, where he soon became superintendent.

Mr. Reeder thought my father one of the brightest young men in the world and was ready to do anything for him till he discovered that his employee had a love affair with his daughter, Agnes. Then he suddenly turned against him. The trouble was that Reeder had a prospect of soon becoming very rich and had begun to cherish expectations of Agnes marrying either a duke or a prince or something of that order.

The young couple were in a peck of trouble in consequence of the old man's refusal to consent to their union. Of course the matter rested with Agnes. My father couldn't do anything without her concurrence, and she was indisposed to break with her father. But her father must have been uncertain of her, for he ordered her to get ready to go back east to stay awhile with an aunt. Agnes seemed disposed to yield to his commands. She wrote my father that he might come down from the mill and say goodby to her. He did so and there was a very affecting scene between the lovers.

Inasmuch as Agnes was making her preparations to go east and it was supposed that she was bidding her lover a last farewell, no opposition was made to the two youngsters seeing as much of each other as they liked. They spent a whole evening together, during which Agnes told my father that if she married him her father would disinherit her and that she would lose a very large fortune. Her mother was bitterly opposed to her marriage with my father, for it was she who was determined to exchange the wealth she would inherit for one of those rundown titled foreigners who are in the market for American heiresses.

My father was the more cast down because, while Agnes talked about her mother's wishes in this matter, he was not quite sure that Agnes herself was not inclined to the plan of marrying a title and was accustomed to do pretty much as she pleased.

However, there was nothing for my father to do but submit, and he said goodby to Agnes lugubriously. One thing he knew—if she was disposed to obedience he could not move her, and if she was not disposed to obedience her parents could not hold her.

My father, notwithstanding his employer's opposition to his marriage, was continued in his position and the morning after his farewell left for the mill. He always rode on the outside of the coach and climbed on top, where he resigned himself to brooding over the severest blow one can receive, whether young or old—separation from a mate.

From Denver the road westward extends for fifteen miles to the base of the mountains, then rises abruptly. The morning was bright to every one on the coach except my father, and those inside seemed to be having a hilarious time. My father thought nothing of this, for stagecoach travelers always become acquainted, and he supposed they were enjoying each other's companionship.

They were approaching the base of the mountains when a voice from below called out that Jim Harkaway—that was my father—was wanted inside. Nothing was further from his inclination, and he refused to descend. But the request was repeated, and at last he climbed down and entered the coach. All looked at him expectantly, and one of the men said smilingly: "Every one loves a lover. Cheer up, young man! If you must have a girl here's one for you."

He pointed to an old lady on the back seat. My father looked at her wonderingly, and suddenly she threw back a veil and exposed the smiling features of Agnes.

This meeting between my father and mother came back to me as I looked upon the young couple and saw their expression of pleased surprise, only I fancy my father's was far more radiant.

There was a clergyman in the coach, and the wedding took place then and there.