

For Governor, EDWIN S. STUART, of Philadelphia. For Lieutenant Governor, ROBERT S. MURPHY, of Cambria. For Auditor General, ROBERT K. YOUNG, of Tioga. For Secretary of Internal Affairs, HENRY HOUCK, of Lebanon.

Announcement. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Associate Judge, subject to the decision of the Republican Primary election. CHARLES A. WAGNER, Ottawa, Pa.

THE BIRTH OF WORDS

A WEALTH OF EXPRESSIONS FROM THE HUMAN BODY.

More than Four Hundred Words in Our Language Are Related to the Hand Alone and Almost as Many Are Derived From the Hand.

The human body—its limbs, fingers, toes, mouth, nose, ears, head and some of the internal organs has originated hundreds of words. In one of the large dictionaries more than 400 are found related to the hand alone and almost as many to the hand.

The heart trembles to be observed in a cordial, or heartening, drink; a cordial, or hearty, manner; the core of an apple. Beats in wood or metal get their name from their resemblance to tooth marks. The tongue sticks out and several words, like language and linguist.

In some countries anybody may rise by his own merits to be somebody, even to the "head" of the nation or of the church; to be a head master of a school, head of a revolution, take up arms and proceed to capture a capital—that is, a headmost soldier and the chief head of the army.

Corporal punishment is bodily punishment; capital punishment is punishment by decapitation, or taking off the head. A corporal—a man in a corporal's uniform—is a corporal in a corporal's uniform.

A heady and headstrong ruler sometimes makes people wish he were headless. To make headway against his foes he may have to rush headlong into difficulties or take a header into the unknown sea of politics.

Some men "play their hand" for all there is in it. Some stretch out the hand to every one. Some keep hand in glove with those engaged in underhand proceedings as well as with those who have climbed to high places hand over hand.

There were actual tears in Alberta's eyes. Homely as was the setting, simple as was the scene, it had brought to her a revelation, after all that was the real sum of life, was it not, dear God—love and a home and a clear, unbartered conscience?

"Well, if you still want to stay, I'm going out for a whisky and soda," Smart laughed unctuously, laying his heavy hand on hers as the curtain drew the curly hair. Then he drew the woman to him. "Goodby, and God bless you, dear, till I come home tonight," he said in a voice softened with reverence.

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While the Play Was On

By Virginia Leila Wentz

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They came in rather late—the first act was well under way. The girl in her soft evening gown swept quietly down the aisle and took the seat indicated by the usher with serene noiselessness. The man with waxed mustaches and flashy diamond studs followed ostentatiously. He sat down, much to the annoyance of the party directly behind, after unduly pompous delay. Ostentation and pomposity were in Mr. Smart's line.

Mechanically the girl drew out her opera glasses from her bag, but she did not use them. Instead, with a little sigh of content, she leaned back against her wrap, a gorgeous thing, emerald lined, belonging to her aunt, which she had once coveted into wearing. The lights of the house were low, and as she leaned for a second, a billowy mass of chiffon and lace against the emerald, her heavily lashed eyelids half closed, and she smiled faintly.

Ah, it was so good to be faultlessly dressed from the top of her head to the tip of her shoe all at once—just once since herself all around! Not as it had always been with her down in dear old Kentucky—a gown achieved just as her hat was going out of fashion, a new wrap when her evening dresses were beginning to look a bit worn, boots a little shabby just as she was able to get fresh gloves and veil. Her eye fell on the billowy blouse of her bodice. How all her life she had loved lace—real, cowdoby lace! And ermine to nestle against—the loryly "Well, now things are in the way to have it all. This month's visit with her aunt in New York had been found in results. Dances and dinners, suppers, theater parties, had filled the hurrying days and nights, but still, with her aunt's worldly insistence, she had found time to engage herself to the man beside her. "Capital, my dear," her aunt had said when she heard the news, kissing her lightly on the cheek. "You see, Albert, I knew what I was doing when I sent for you to come up from that poverty stricken Kentucky, and you had only to come to me. Of course Mr. Smart isn't exactly a paragon of beauty, and he's a bit new," but think of his cool little million, his yacht, his horses, his splendid motor and all that sort of thing. Oh, I'll be proud of you yet, my poor little southern niece!"

"Heavily," she broke in upon Albert's reverie. Mr. Smart spoke in a voice a trifle louder than conventional form allows. "The girl lifted her eyebrows slightly and then nodded her head in indifferent acquiescence. As a matter of fact, she hadn't noticed a single bit of 'business' on the lady's nose or a single line. Now, however, she raised her glasses. It gave her right hand some occupation. It had been lying perilously close to his, she observed.

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Suspicion and Sentiment

By Carter Cooverly

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"Why don't you strike for him, Maude, and let the Louisville girl out?" came a laughing voice. "Or wasn't he looking for a rich wife?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," was the response. "But anyhow he's not rich. Got the information from his chum coming over—the one who's going to take us to the house before which she should be treated as 'Gains.'"

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"Why don't you strike for him, Maude, and let the Louisville girl out?" came a laughing voice. "Or wasn't he looking for a rich wife?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," was the response. "But anyhow he's not rich. Got the information from his chum coming over—the one who's going to take us to the house before which she should be treated as 'Gains.'"

"He had come among them as the bearer of letters from the Garfields, who merely explained that they had met him abroad and understood that he was coming to America and that he might come to Cosgrove."

"I think," said Mr. Linden mildly, "that none of us can well afford to rest under suspicion. There has been considerable talk of late that there is a Raffles among us. It is time that a stop was put to such suggestions. I am sure that no one else will object to being searched."

"Oh, what does a little thing like that matter?" cried she, with almost a child's fresh joy in her voice. "Nothing, but the lady's nose is a shame. And, gathering up her skirts, she added, half to herself, with a queer little thrill: 'I'm going home tomorrow! I'm going home to Louisville tomorrow!'"

"Heavily," she broke in upon Albert's reverie. Mr. Smart spoke in a voice a trifle louder than conventional form allows. "The girl lifted her eyebrows slightly and then nodded her head in indifferent acquiescence. As a matter of fact, she hadn't noticed a single bit of 'business' on the lady's nose or a single line. Now, however, she raised her glasses. It gave her right hand some occupation. It had been lying perilously close to his, she observed.

During the second act the man figured more than ever. "Come," he said finally, and you had only to come to me. Of course Mr. Smart isn't exactly a paragon of beauty, and he's a bit new," but think of his cool little million, his yacht, his horses, his splendid motor and all that sort of thing. Oh, I'll be proud of you yet, my poor little southern niece!"

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