

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., September 11, 1908.

## THE UNDOING OF THE BUM.

By Emma Archer Osborne.

EARLY summer had arrived and the population of the great city had turned itself out of doors en masse. The season of grand opera had long since passed, but a reminder of its glories in the form of an aria loaded hurdy gurdy, manipulated by a vigorous, swarthy Italian, was pang-pang something from "La Sonnambula." The machine was crashing away in hard, metallic precision and with the courage and confidence of a five thousand dollar a night prima donna.

The Bum, perspiring and asleep in a lumpy mass on the end of a bench in Paradise park, awoke with such a start that several of the perpetual sons of rest near by were visibly alarmed. Some of them moved away hurriedly.

But the Bum's movement proved not menacing. He merely shook himself, listened a moment, glanced at the hand organ in no pleasant mood and shuffled away in the direction of Chatham square.

The hurdy gurdy, as if with malicious intent, moved also and right at his heels broke into something sturdy from "William Tell."

The Bum now seemed roused to anger. He turned savagely and was on the point of engaging in pedal combat with the instrument when, as if to call off hostilities, it struck into "Yankee Doodle." The Bum, desisting from his intentions of maltreatment, fled for his favorite gin shop, where he sank into the farthest corner.

Commencing with the heavy noises of the streets and the rattling elevated trains was "Yankee Doodle." The stirring old tune seemed bent on a new march to victory, for on it came, sometimes so indistinct that it was almost lost, but its unconquerable resistibilities bringing it out every time above the city's roar, louder, stronger and fiercer until it was at the very door of the gin shop, arousing and beating human emotions into activity.

The Bum lifted his head and listened. The anger so recently in his countenance had disappeared. He arose; he straightened his big, gaunt self; he carried his head high; he walked to the door of the gin shop with a firm step, passed out and down the street.

And a new light shone pitifully from his deeply sunken dark eyes.

On he went, traveling a little more than a mile—the mile that was destined to prove the most momentous of his life. He hesitated not until he caught a glimpse through the canyon-like street of his objective point. Then he felt a bit uncertain.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, and perhaps from a long established habit of leaning against things for support, he reached out a hand and rested it for a moment against that mountain of strength, the subway. New energy seemed to be imparted to him by the act, for he stepped boldly across Wall street and entered a great granite building.

His personal valuation was materially depreciated when he was summarily ejected not two minutes later by a functionary in servile blue and many brass buttons.

"Beggars not allowed," he snarled, pointing to a framed sign hanging in the corridor.

But the Bum had a mission to perform, regardless of unfeeling bouncers. He went away for awhile, came back and stood gazing wearily at the debris being swung in and out of the big building unrestrained, while they in turn looked contemptuously down upon him from the superior heights of their good clothes.

The Bum seemed not perturbed by their superiority. Indeed, he was wholly careless to it. He was occupied deeply on how he might elude the vigilant doorkeeper.

"I must get in there," he muttered. "I can't go back without hearing something about them and her." Then he looked doubtful. "Perhaps Bill wouldn't see me, after all."

He was startled from his perplexities by a motor car dashing close to the curb and stopping beside where he was slowly passing.

A large, well built man sprang from the machine and in doing so jolted against him accidentally.

The Bum didn't notice the incongruity of Higginson's language. He was struggling with his own emotions. He was trying to venture that one question that had been uppermost in his heart since "Yankee Doodle" had sent the blood coursing through his veins and dragged him from his wretched abode into the atmosphere of better things, into the presence of representative men. Now, powerless with fear, he could not so much as mention their names—her name.

He would go. He wouldn't remain even though Higginson was most hospitable. Better tormenting uncertainty than torturing truth. He rose.

"I can't stay, Bill. You're too busy a man to be bothered with—"

"Sit right down there," said Higginson, forcing the Bum back in a quiet, masterful way. Then, with a quaver of tenderness in his voice, "Jim, I know what brought you back, and the sooner you know the better."

The Bum's heart came dangerously near stopping. It was, then, as he feared, would Billy say "married" or—"dead?" He wouldn't wait to hear. Again he rose for flight. Higginson placed kindly restraining hands upon him.

"Beatrice Cuyler—is not married. She's still in love with you," said Higginson, looking at the Bum steadily.

Then he set his captive free, and the Bum walked to a window, where he stood looking out for a long time, but he was not studying the beauties or monstrosities of neighboring skyscrapers. He was dwelling on what seemed to him, as nearly as he could figure things out, possible impossibilities. And there was a warm, happy feeling within him, the like of which he had long since relinquished. He whistled "Yankee Doodle" softly, and Higginson wondered as he slipped into an adjoining room beyond the hearing of the Bum.

"Bring a complete outfit of my clothes," he telephoned in a low voice; "yes, everything—hat, necktie, shoes, the whole business. What? No, nothing's happened to me. I just want them for— Well, bring them along, and right away. And, say, Thomas, don't mention this to Mrs. Higginson."

The Bum turned as Higginson re-entered the room.

"Tell me about the others," he said. For a long time Higginson talked. Things of vital interest had transpired since that mad, wild day of the Bum's disappearance.

His father had died leaving him a small fortune if he were ever found. His mother still lived. His sister Laura, as the Bum had already surmised, had married Higginson, and it was only a year since the marriage had occurred. Higginson and Laura were living in the old home with the Bum's mother.

Every known means of money spent in the search for the Bum, and year after year the family had remained in town late into the heat of the summer and had returned early in autumn, hoping against hope that he might come and there would be some one to welcome him.

Beatrice Cuyler cared little for social matters these days. She was going a good deal into the poor parts of the city trying to lessen the pangs of her own sorrowing heart by helping to alleviate the woes of others.

But Laura knew—and Laura hesitated not a moment to impart her knowledge to the sympathetic ears of Bill—that Beatrice Cuyler would go down to her grave unmarried unless Jim returned.

"Now, Jim Pierson," suddenly broke out Higginson—"now, I've something else to tell you. Blamed if I don't half believe you're the biggest fool ever was."

"I admit it," sadly replied the Bum, wriggling uncomfortably.

"Why, see here! After you lit out, some time within a year and a half, your brokers, Hopkins & Co., redeemed themselves. They made good up to 80 per cent on all accounts, yours among the rest. We've got it in trust for you right here in the bank, drawing interest. It's something like—well, I don't know exactly, but on toward a hundred thousand, I should say. And to think you've been—oh, blazes! Why didn't you come home long ago?"

For a moment the Bum's eyes bulged.

Then, little by little, he commenced to give way until he found himself as powerless to resist the strong love of the insistent man as he had been to stay the desire that turned his footsteps in the direction of Wall street.

Higginson saw the Bum was weakening and in desperation made his last attack.

"Jim"—his voice was heart reaching in its tenderness—"you couldn't have the heart to forsake us again just when we're—when we're expecting a little chap we've already named Jim?"

There was a long silence.

The dogged look in the Bum's eyes slowly disappeared. They became overcast with moisture. He reached a hand to Higginson, which Higginson did not now ignore.

"I'll go home with you," he said.

The offices of Higginson, Matthews & Pollock were located in one of those modern structures that afford tenants every convenience. A luxurious bathroom was one of the attachments, and it was here that the first move was made toward the outward transformation of the Bum. Merely a bath and clean linen have materially assisted many a bum on his way toward reformation. And Higginson's valet was a host within himself in the matter of grooming.

James Harvey Pierson surveyed himself in the long mirror and for the first time in the five years of his self exile smiled happily into his own eyes, not so much in satisfaction with his improved appearance as with newly awakened hope and the anticipation of going home and to those who were longing to greet him.

He forgot for the moment that desolate day when, with fortune irrevocably swept away, he had voluntarily chosen complete isolation. For the moment also the bitter years that followed faded from his memory.

"By Jingo!" exclaimed the delighted Higginson as Pierson emerged to view. "Man alive, you look as well as anybody. All you need is a little bracing up and filling out and somebody to put new heart into you, and I guess it won't be long before your heart will be all right," he added, with a significant wink.

"Now," he continued, reverting to the eternal masculine, "let's go and have something to eat."

The Old and the New.

Little Johnny's father is a physician, and his mother is a Christian Scientist. Recently the little boy was threatened with appendicitis. His sister, going into the room where Johnny was in bed, found a very indignant little boy, who made this complaint:

"Father and mother won't let me talk slang, but when I told mother how sick I was she said, 'Forget it' and when I told father he said, 'Cut it out.'—Judge's Library.

Not the Suitor's Fault.

Fond Father (trembling with emotion)—You are audacious! You are heartless! She is my only child! Suitor (wishing to pacify)—But, my dear sir, you—er—you can't blame me for that.—Illustrated Bits.

Woman as a Slave.

In the far past woman was a "lave. She had no right and few privileges. Today she advances along a shining path of liberty. Yet she cannot altogether emancipate herself from some of the old slave superstitions. Even today many a woman believes that a period of monthly misery is a necessity, that she must suffer agony in attaining the dignity of motherhood. But it is not so. Half a million women and more have been emancipated from this idea by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals diseases that affect the delicate organs. It does away with monthly suffering. It makes motherhood practical, painless. Its mission is to make weak women strong and sick women well, and it fulfills that mission.

WHAT IS CASTORIA

Medical.

STRAIN TOO GREAT.

HUNDREDS OF BELLEFONTE READERS FIND TOIL A BURDEN.

The hustling busy of business men, the hard work and stooping of workmen, the woman's household cares, are too great a strain on the kidneys. Backache, headache, dizziness, kidney troubles, urinary troubles follow.

W. C. Young, living one and one-half miles west of Bellefonte, Pa., says: "My work is of a heavy nature and as I had to do a great deal of lifting I think this brought on my kidney trouble. My back was very weak and gave me a great deal of trouble at times. I suffered with pains through my kidneys and across my loins, and although I used plasters and liniments and many other remedies I got no relief. I could hardly straighten after stooping and every more I made was so painful that it seemed as if someone were thrusting a knife into me. I began to think that nothing would relieve the trouble when I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills, and being so much impressed with the good results others had obtained from their use, I procured a box at Green's Pharmacy and began taking them. The lameness left my back, and the sharp pains through my loins vanished. I never took a remedy that acted so quickly and gave such good results. I have told others about Doan's Kidney Pills, and can recommend them for lame backs for I know them to be a sure cure for this trouble."

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