## Democratic Matchman.

## Bellefonte, Pa., September II. 1908.

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THE UNDOING OF THE BUM. By Emma Archer Osborne.

ARLY 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-panging something from "La Sonnambula." The machine was crushing 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 · loppy 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, glared at the hand organ in no pleasant mood and shuffled away in the direction of Chatham square.

The hurdy gurdy, as if with maliclous 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.

Commingling 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 risibilities bringing it out every time above the city's roar, louder, stronger and terret until it was at the very door of the : loon, arousing and beating human en tions 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 carred 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 in bit uncertain.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing and perhaps from a long established ing against hope that he migh' come habit of leaning against things for sup- and there would be some one to welport, he reached out a hand and rested | come him.

Then, little by little, he commenced to The Bum didn't notice the incongruity of Higginson's language. He was struggive way until he found himself as gling with his own emotions. He was powerless to resist the strong love of trying to venture that one question that the insistent man as he had been to had been uppermost in his heart since stay the desire that turned his foot-"Yankee Doodle" had sent the blood steps in the direction of Wall street. coursing through his veins and dragged Higginson saw the Bum was weak-

ening and in desperation made his him from his wretched abode into the atmosphere of better things, into the last attack. presence of representative men. Now,

"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 deso late day when, with fortune irretrievably 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." Things of vital interest had transpired

## 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 emtion) - You are audacious! You are heartless! She is my only child! Suitor (wishing to pacify)-But, my dear sir.



Medical.

Groceries.

Groceries.

W. C. Young, living one and one-half miles west of Beilefonte, Pa., says: "My work is of a heavy nature and as I had to do a great deat of lifting I think this work is of a heavy nature and as I had to do a great deat 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 al-hough I used plasters and lini-ments and many other remedies I got nc reief. I could hardly straighten after stooping and every move 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 pains through my blons vanished. I never took a remedy that acted so quickly and yave such good results. I have told others about Doan's Kidney Pills, and can rec-ommend them for lame backs for I know them to be a sure cure for this trouble." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, Sole zents for the United States. The member the name-Doan's-and take no other. <u>52-50</u>

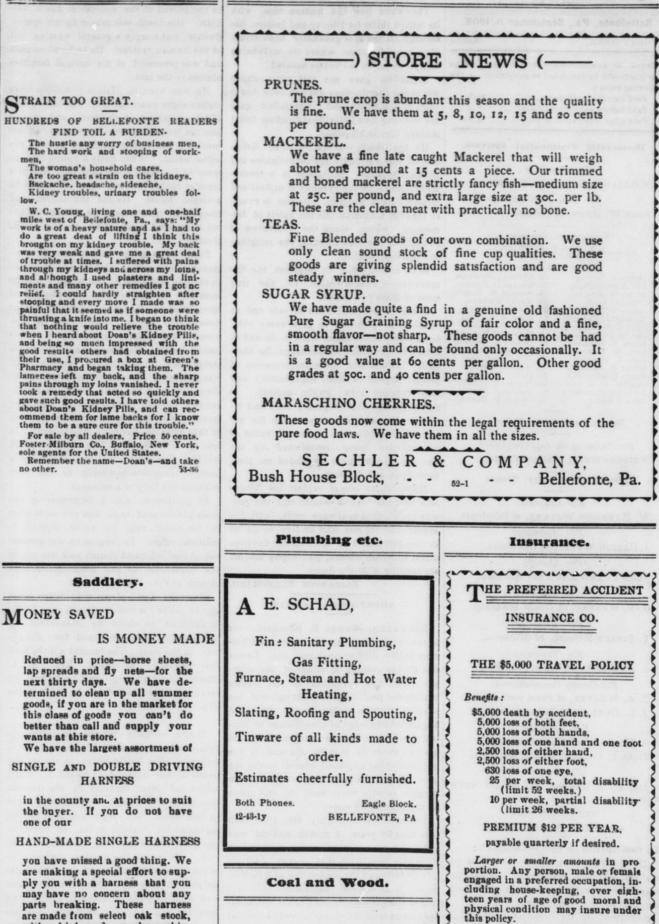
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it for a moment against that mountain of strength, the subtreasury. New energy seemed to be imparted to him by the act, for he stepped boldly across Wall street and entered a great granite building.

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 debonair beings swinging 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 callous 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 ooked doubtful. "Perhaps Bill wouldn't see me, after all."

He was startied 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.

"Your pardon, sir," apologized the man. The words were scarcely uttered when his face went aghast.

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"Merciful God!" he breathed. The Bum, too surprised to move and his own face ashy pale, mumbled something that sounded like "Bill!"

The hearty clasp that inclosed the trembling hand of the Bum dispelled all doubts as to how "Bill" would receive him. The other hand he brought down on the Bum's shoulder with a glad thump.

"Jim," almost shouted the man; "Jim, can it be possible this is you?" And tears, manly, shameless tears, were plainly visible in the blue eyes of William Van Camp Higginson. He linked an arm affectionately within that of the dirty, unkempt bum. "Come inside," he said.

There was business of importance that morning for the banking house of Higginson, Matthews & Pollock, and when Mr. Higginson's arrival was announced partners and clerks hurried to counsel with him, but Mr. Higginson waved them off. He passed on Higginson's forcefulness awoke the through the long hallway straight to his private offices.

He pushed the Bum in gently ahead of him, closed the door and locked it. "Jim Pierson, where in the devil have

you been all these years?" then adding. in a voice not devoid of emotion, "I've back.'

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 alle-

powerless with fear, he could not so

much as mention their names-her

He would go. He wouldn't remain

even though Higginson was most hos-

pitable. Better tormenting uncertainty

"I can't stay, Bill. You're too busy a

"Sit right down there," said Higgin-

son, 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 soon-

The Bum's heart came dangerously

near stopping. It was, then, as he fear-

ed. Would Billy say "married" or-or

-"dead?" He wouldn't wait to hear.

Again he rose for flight. Higginson

placed kindly restraining hands upon

"Beatrice Cuyler-is-not married.

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 skyscrap-

ers. 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 with-

in him, the like of which he had long

since relinquished. He whistled "Yan-

kee Doodle" softly, and Higginson won-

dered 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, noth-

ing's happened to me. I just want them

for- Well, bring them along, and

right away. And, say, Thomas, don't

The Bum turned as Higginson re-

"Tell me about the others," he said.

For a long time Higginson talked.

since that mad, wild day of the Bum's

His father had died leaving him a

small fortune if he were ever found.

His mother still lived. His sister Lau-

ra, 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

Every known means had been em-

ployed and large sums 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, hop-

old home with the Bum's mother.

mention this to Mrs. Higginson."

entered the room.

disappearance.

She's still in love with you," said Hig-

ginson, looking at the Bum steadily,

than torturing truth. He rose.

man to be bothered with"-

er you know the better."

name

viate the woes of others. But Laura knew-and Laura besitated not a moment to impart her knowledge to the sympathetic ears of Billthat Beatrice Cuyler would go dows to her grave unmarried unless Jim re-

turned. "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.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say I've something left out of that Hopkins mess?" His face CASTORIA beamed with incredulous hope. Then he remembered his present self. He raised his arms deprecatingly and shook his head.

"It's of no use to me," he sighed. "It's too late; I'm done for. You and Laura take it. There isn't enough man left in me to even so much as think of living the old life again, let alone making the effort."

He looked out of the window. Then, turning abruptly, he held out a hand. "Goodby." he said. "I must be off. This visit has been everything to me. Don't let them know."

"You surely don't mean that you came here merely for a word and with the intention of returning to your miserable existence? Why, we've grieved for you as for one dead, and do you imagine that I'm going to let you go? Don't you care any more for us than that?"

"I must go." stubbornly insisted the Bum

"By heavens, you shall .never leave this room except to come home to us!" Higginson was a man of strong nature. He was thoroughly aroused and was speaking forcefully. He could not allow the Bum to return to his misery. spirit of the man within the Bum.

"Do you suppose for one moment, Bill Higginson, that I-look at mewould face my mother, your wifeand her? Never! Let me go!"

Higginson broke into a torrent of implorations. Long, earnestly, he plead--I've actually prayed that you'd come ed. The Bum held out tenaciously.

menenenenenen an an an Black St.

you-er-you can't blame me for that -Illustrated Bits.

Steer a straight course and let the other fellow do the dodging. You'll find the world willing to step aside fora fellow who knows where he is going -Marcus,

Woman as a Slave.

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