Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 26, 1909.

# Cupid In the Blizzard.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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The Silver-Hess wedding, the absentmindedness of Mrs. Graves and the unprecedented November blizzard worked together for the good of Roland Baxter.

The Silver-Hess wedding was scheduled for Denver. The absentminded Mrs. Graves and the relentless blizzard met in Chicago.

Polly Hess had recently moved to Chicago, and when her brother's fiancee wrote that the wedding would occur directly before Thanksgiving day and would she please have a ducky frock of leaf green chiffon cloth to wear as maid of honor Polly instantly decided that Chicago was a very big city and one in which a new dressmaker must be sought with discretion.

Upon her musings entered Mrs. Graves, whose faculty for switching from one topic of conversation to another with lightning rapidity was as amusing to her friends as it was bewildering to new acquaintances. Said Mrs. Graves:

"Of course I can help you out. My friend, Mrs. Baxter—you never did see such clothes. By the way, didn't Mrs. Daly look like a frump at the club meeting Thursday? Now, Mrs. Baxter, my dear—did you ever hear worse violin music than we had on that program? Her address—oh, yes—672 Boulevard. Dear child, however did you train your lashes to curl like that?"

An hour later Roland Baxter, looking into the wonderful violet eyes beneath those same curling lashes, immediately decided that eyes, lashes and the owner thereof had dropped straight from heaven.

The Baxter maid was standing in the private hallway of the Baxter apartment explaining to Polly Hess that Mrs. Baxter was not yet up. Would Miss Hess call later in the day? Mrs. Baxter expected to be home all afternoon.

And at this instant the eldest scion of the house of Baxter added earnestly: "You'll surely find her here about 4. Do come back. She would be sorry to miss you."

Then by exerting all his will power he managed to stand perfectly still and watch the violet eyed angel take her departure.

Polly Hess walked through the sharp November air, feeling oddly bewildered.

"It must have been the place, and her name is Baxter, but I'm afraid her prices are way beyond me. She must be dreadfully smart, and I suppose she has to go out late to theaters and things to see the styles, but she ought to be up by 10 o'clock. Maybe she has a good forewoman. Anyhow, I am coming back. Dear me, it must be lovely to be able to buy frocks without figuring on the rent the dressmaker makes you help to pay."

At 3:50 Roland Baxter strolled into his mother's drawing room. The tea things were arranged on a convenient table, but the afternoon lowered, and guests would probably be few. Mrs. Baxter closed her magazine.

"Anything wrong at the office, Roland?" she inquired.

"No. Just thought I'd knock off. It's a hideous afternoon downtown, and pretty women around a tea table can make you forget the worst weather."

His astute mother was for once nonplused. Roland a willing sacrifice on the altar of her afternoon tea table! And then the maid announced Miss Hess.

"Oh, dear!" mourned Mrs. Baxter as she laid down her magazine. "I wonder what charity she represents."

Polly Hess paused, bewildered, in the doorway. Then, with a laugh tinged with dismay and just a little hysteria, she cried:

"Oh, now I know there is something wrong. Please, please forgive me. I've made such a dreadful mistake."

Mrs. Baxter stood midway between her chair and her flushed guest.

"Perhaps if you would explain"—

"Yes, do let me explain. I was looking for a dressmaker, and Mrs. Graves"—

"Mrs. Graves! Do not say another word. I can say it for you. Mrs. Graves admired a new frock I was showing her yesterday. She asked me for the address of my dressmaker. You asked her about a dressmaker, and she gave you my address when she thought she was giving you the dressmaker's. That's just like her."

The two women laughed in concert and then suddenly paused. Both had caught the rumble of masculine laughter and realized that Roland had risen and was standing, altogether expectant in attitude and expression.

"My son, Miss— Do tell me your name and stop for a cup of tea," murmured Mrs. Baxter, eager to relieve the girl's embarrassment. "Miss Hess? My son. Roland, light the alcohol stove and ring for some of that strawberry jam you love."

Mrs. Baxter meant only to undo the mischief wrought by her voluble and inaccurate friend, but in a few minutes she was sincerely interested in her charming if unexpected guest.

They had mutual friends in Denver, and Polly's great-grandfather and Mrs. Baxter's great-uncle had fought in the same regiment during the war of 1812.

So it happened that Roland Baxter was just wondering whether the ambrosia of the gods and strawberry jam sandwiches were interchangeable terms when somewhere far off a soft chime struck five times.

With the exquisite flush which was one of her best points Polly sprang to her feet.

"You've been so perfectly charming, Mrs. Baxter, that I've lost all track of time, and now it must be quite dark."

Mrs. Baxter was bending her head in listening attitude.

"Roland, that sounds like sleet. It must be storming."

Young Baxter hastened to the window and uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"The worst ever. You can't think of going out in it, Miss Hess."

"Oh, but I must! Please telephone for a cab. Mother will be so anxious."

Baxter rang up the nearest cab station.

"What's that? You wouldn't send a horse out in this storm? Are you running an animal society or a transportation line?"

Brief silence, then a prolonged whistle, and the receiver was hung up with decision.

"No venturing out for you, Miss Hess," he remarked, with unconcealed satisfaction. "It's a blizzard, the sort we usually get in February, and it's been tying up the town while we've been drinking tea."

"Oh, but I must. Mother will worry. Whatever shall I do?"

Polly's cheeks were pale now, and her dimples had faded.

"Do, my dear? Why, we will telephone your mother before the wires are down," interrupted Mrs. Baxter. "I trust your grocer and butcher beat the blizzard, and if you will be my guest until the storm is over"—

Impulsive Polly sprang forward and clasped the hand of her hostess.

"You are so splendid. I wish I could say what I feel"— And then, catching the light of a pair of hazel eyes watching her above the telephone book, she said "Oh!" very suddenly and turned her face the other way.

* * * * * * *

It was 11. The couple from the floor below who had come up for a game of whist had taken their departure. Mrs. Baxter was making the rounds of her apartment to be sure that all was fast against the storm, which still raged furiously. Polly and Roland stood in the round bay window looking down the storm blocked boulevard.

"What a cruel thing a big storm is!" said Polly.

"Not this storm. I think it is the finest old blizzard that ever blizzed." He tried hard to look into her eyes. "If I could just tell you what this blizzard means to me"—

He had been drawing her toward him with his glance, but now she drew back and summoned all her dimples.

"Please, please, not now, not here. It is your house, you see, and I'd have to be polite."

"Don't you want to be polite?" urged Roland Baxter significantly.

"I don't know. Oh, you are not playing fair. It's so soon"—

"Nothing of the sort," interrupted Roland recklessly. "It happened at 10 o'clock this morning. I remember the chimes ringing just as I looked into your eyes for the first time."

And again Polly Hess said "Oh!" which, oddly enough, seemed to satisfy her companion, for he dropped the heavy curtains, blotting out all sight of the raging elements, and drew her back into the circle of crimson shaded lamplight.

### Cannibal Cows.

"Now, children," said the pretty teacher, "I want you all to write a composition on the cow. You know what a cow is. You know that a cow gives us all the milk we drink. Now, write me something original about the cow as you know her, nothing commonplace." It would take several pages to print the results, but there is room for at least one composition by a girl of seven:

"A cow is a quadruped having four legs and four feet. She gives milk and sometimes has horns, but not always. The cow's baby is called a calf and sometimes bossy. When a cow talks she lows. A cow with horns can hook, but a cow without horns is helpless. A cow is a carnivorous animal when she has a chance, but she ordinarily eats grass, if there is any. A cow is a cannibal if you let her alone, for she will eat her own kind."

The horrified teacher exclaimed: "Sallie May, where on earth did you get the idea, the ridiculous idea, that a cow is carnivorous and a cannibal? You meant to say that a cow is herbivorous or graminivorous."

"No, teacher. I read it in the Holy Bible. Don't you remember there were seven fine fat cows feeding near a brook and seven lean and hungry cows came and ate them up? See Genesis xli, 4."

Teacher reserved decision.—New York Press.

### What Generosity Means.

"Many people get the credit of being generous who never felt a single generous impulse in their lives," says a close student of human nature.

"Their generosity, so called, has consisted simply in formal, cold, grudging almsgiving, carried out at the call of duty and unaccompanied by any spontaneous burst of feeling or sympathy.

"The highest generosity is full of strong, unhesitating self effacement and always inspires, except in debased natures, feelings of gratitude and affection. Almsgiving is one of the least of its attributes. It more often takes the form of helpfulness, sympathy and understanding. It gives forth compassion and encouragement of a kind which is far beyond money value.

"The secret of generosity is unselfishness, and the way to acquire it is to cultivate universal love and sympathy."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

### How the Culprit Was Detected.

Of a certain Harrow master whom Mr. Tollemache in his reminiscences refers to as Mr. Y. the following story is told. Dr. Vaughan was master of Harrow at the time:

"Mr. Y.—I am sorry, Dr. Vaughan, to have to report to you two of your monitors for drinking. Dr. V.—This is a very serious charge. When and where did it happen? Mr. Y.—This afternoon in a public house in Pinner. Dr. V.—Did you catch them flagrante delicto? Mr. Y.—No, Dr. Vaughan, I was in my study. Dr. V.—But surely you cannot possibly have seen from your study to Pinner? Mr. Y.—I have a strong telescope, Dr. Vaughan. Dr. V.—But how can you tell that it was not water they were drinking? Mr. Y.—It was gin and water. I noticed a sediment of sugar at the bottom of their glasses.

### The Poor Woman.

"He climbed almost to the top of the ladder—and then fell off."

"What was the trouble?"

"There was a woman at the bottom of it."—Life.

Liberty cannot be established without morality nor morality without faith.—Greeley.

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—"Why," asked the teacher, "do we celebrate 'Landing Day?'"

"I guess," answered little Albert, "it's because that was the day when 'Ty' Cobb landed for two singles, a three-bagger and a home run."

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**Travelers Guide**

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1908

| Read down No 1 | No 5 | No 3 | Stations | Read up No 6 | No 4 | No 2 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| a. m. | p. m. | p. m. | Lve. Ar. | p. m. | p. m. | a. m |
| †7 05 | 6 55 | 2 20 | BELLEFONTE. | 9 10 | 5 05 | 9 40 |
| 7 15 | 7 06 | 2 32 | .....Nigh..... | 8 57 | 4 52 | 9 27 |
| 7 20 | †7 11 | 2 37 | .....Zion..... | 18 51 | 4 47 | ‖9 21 |
| 7 27 | 7 18 | 2 45 | ..HECLA PARK.. | 8 45 | 4 41 | 9 15 |
| 7 29 | | 2 47 | ..... Dunkles..... | 8 43 | 4 38 | 9 13 |
| 7 33 | †7 23 | 2 51 | ....Hublersburg... | 18 39 | 4 34 | ‖9 09 |
| 7 37 | 7 28 | 2 55 | ...Snydertown.... | 8 36 | 4 29 | 9 05 |
| 7 40 | †7 30 | 2 58 | .....Nittany..... | 18 34 | 4 27 | ‖9 02 |
| 7 42 | †7 33 | 3 01 | .....Huston..... | 18 32 | 4 24 | ‖9 00 |
| 7 46 | 7 38 | 3 05 | .....Lamar..... | 18 29 | 4 21 | ‖8 57 |
| 7 48 | †7 40 | 3 08 | ....Clintondale.... | 18 26 | 4 18 | ‖8 54 |
| 7 52 | 7 44 | 3 12 | ..Krider's Siding. | 8 22 | 4 14 | 8 50 |
| 7 56 | †7 49 | 3 16 | ...Mackeyville.... | 18 18 | 4 09 | ‖8 48 |
| 8 02 | 7 54 | 3 22 | ...Cedar Spring... | 8 12 | 4 03 | ‖8 43 |
| 8 05 | 7 57 | 3 25 | .....Salona..... | 8 10 | 4 01 | ‖8 41 |
| 8 10 | 8 02 | 3 30 | ...MILL HALL... | 8 05 | 3 56 | ‖8 36 |

(*N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.*)

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 40 | 8 53 | | .....Jersey Shore..... | | 3 09 | 7 52 |
| 12 15 | 9 30 | Arr. | WMs'PORT | Lve | 2 35 | †7 20 |
| †12 29 | 11 30 | Lve | WMs'PORT (*Phila. & Reading Ry.*) | Arr. | 2 30 | 6 50 |
| 7 30 | 6 50 | | .....PHILA..... | | †8 26 | 11 30 |
| 10 10 | 9 00 | | .....NEW YORK..... (Via Phila.) | | | 9 00 |
| p. m. | a. m. | Arr. | | Lve. | a. m. | p. m. |

†Week Days

WALLACE H. GEPHART,
General Superintendent.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Schedule to take effect Monday Jan. 6, 1908.

| WESTWARD read down †No. 5 | †No. 3 | No. 1 | Stations. | EASTWARD read up †No. 2 | †No. 4 | No. 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | Lv Ar. | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. |
| 2 00 | 10 15 | 6 30 | ...Bellefonte.... | 8 50 | 12 50 | 6 00 |
| 2 07 | 10 20 | 6 35 | .... Coleville..... | 8 40 | 12 40 | 5 50 |
| 2 12 | 10 23 | 6 38 | ..... Morris..... | 8 37 | 12 37 | 5 47 |
| 2 17 | 10 27 | 6 43 | .....Stevens..... | 8 35 | 12 35 | 5 |
| | | | ..Lime Centre.. | | | |
| 2 21 | 10 30 | 6 46 | ..Hunter's Park. | 8 31 | 12 31 | 5 40 |
| 2 26 | 10 34 | 6 50 | .....Fillmore..... | 8 28 | 12 28 | 5 35 |
| 2 32 | 10 40 | 6 55 | .....Briarly..... | 8 24 | 12 24 | 5 30 |
| 2 35 | 10 45 | 7 00 | .....Waddles..... | 8 20 | 12 20 | 5 25 |
| 2 50 | 10 57 | 7 12 | ....Krumrine..... | 8 07 | 12 07 | 5 07 |
| 3 20 | 11 10 | 7 25 | ..State College.. | 8 00 | 12 00 | 5 |
| | | 7 27 | .....Strubles | 8 45 | | 3 30 |
| | | 7 31 | ...Blanchard..... | 7 40 | | |
| 3 40 | | 7 35 | Pine Grove M'ls | 7 35 | | 3 20 |

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