

WHILE WAITING.

"Two days' limit," said Willis Bates as he looked doubtfully at the ticket. "Can I make it in that time?"

"Yes," and the agent pushed some change through the window and waited expectantly for the next man in the line.

"That's your train on the outside track," the agent called warningly. "Better hurry."

As this advice was accentuated by a sharp "All aboard!" and a rush of a few belated passengers toward the outside track, Bates snatched up his hand bag and sprang forward.

"Whew, that was certainly a close connection!" he said grimly as he swung himself on the rear car of the moving train. "If I keep on at this rate I'll get through in time for the sale, and that will mean a thousand dollars in my pocket. Lucky I thought of it."

The parlor car was full, so Bates went on until he found a seat with a loganous, insistent hotel runner. Just across was a bright looking woman in a plain traveling suit, and he glanced at her with sudden, half recognizing inquiry.

But a traveler is always running across faces that look familiar, and his attention was soon engrossed in warding off the advances of the hotel runner.

The train rushed on with the vehement, noisy impetuosity peculiar to southern trains, as though striving to give an impression of terrific speed, and the fine South Carolina dust sifted in through the windows and spread thickly over the dingy push seats, calling forth handkerchiefs and impatient exclamations from the passengers and swirling now and then into angry clouds at the feeble onslaught of the train boy's broom.

Once he noticed the woman of the opposite seat looking at him inquiringly, as though she, too, was trying to recall something familiar. But when he turned to her she was gazing from the window.

At Columbia he spent the ten minutes in a forced defense of politics and at Charlotte was glad to leave his companion and join the rush toward the railroad restaurant. As a general thing he avoided such places. There were apt to be poor food and service, and not infrequently one was served so late that he could only snatch a few mouthfuls before it was time to hurry for the train.

But here he was agreeably disappointed, and when he went to the desk near the door to leave his 75 cents it was with a feeling of satisfaction at not having been imposed upon. Outside he looked at his watch. It still lacked five minutes of train time, so he walked leisurely down the platform.

As he turned to come back he found himself face to face with the woman who sat opposite him in the car. For a moment they gazed squarely into each other's eyes, then both started forward.

"Aren't you Charlie Holbrook?" the woman asked eagerly. "I thought I knew you on the train."

"Yes, and you are, or was, Alice Durfee," Bates said, no less eagerly. "My, but I'm glad to meet you! Let me see, it's eighteen years since I left the old village, and I haven't seen a soul from there since. How are they all—your mother, and Henry Taber, and my cousin, Bob Bates? Bob's the only kin I have, but he and I never did get on well together. Oh, I beg your pardon—hurriedly—I forgot."

"My mother died ten years ago," she answered steadily. "After that I came south and have only been back once since. Henry Taber had the postoffice the last I knew, and Bob—"

"There was a significant movement across the platform, and Bates glanced at his watch.

"It's time to get on board!" he exclaimed. "We'll finish our talk in the car."

But the woman drew back. "This isn't my train," she said. "I wait here two hours."

"Really?" with sudden dismay in his voice. "Why, I was counting on a good long talk. Is Bob—your husband—slong?"

"She looked surprised. "I don't know what you mean," she answered. "I have never married. I came south ten years ago in search of work and have been teaching school ever since. You'll miss your train."

It was already gliding down the platform, but he neither noticed it nor he warning. In his eyes was an expression of incredulous inquiry.

"Isn't Bob Bates?"

She motioned toward the train. "You'll miss it!" she cried again; then her hand dropped to her side. "There, it is too late! Was it very important?" anxiously.

"Yes—that is, I guess so," he answered indifferently. "A thousand dollars, I believe."

A man with the emblematic S. R. on his cap came down the platform, and Bates called him with a gesture.

"How long before the next train north?" he demanded.

"An hour and forty minutes."

"Good!" turning to her, with beaming satisfaction. "And you have to wait two hours. That will give us plenty of time to talk. Now," with a strange earnestness in his voice, "do you mean to tell me that you did not marry Bob after the fall I left?"

"Certainly I did not," wonderingly "I never married anybody, much less Bob Bates. I never liked that man."

"Strange, and he told me—"

"What?" she demanded sharply. "Why, that you were promised to him and that—well, what he told me was the cause of my leaving and of my not communicating with any one in the old village during all these years. And to think—"

Here a truck load of trunks was pushed rapidly toward them, and they were forced aside. Bates caught the eye of a waiting hackman and nodded. A moment later the carriage stood beside the platform, with the driver holding open the door for them to enter.

"A station platform is no place to talk," said Bates genially. "Suppose we take a drive through some of the quiet streets of the city. We have plenty of time." Then he looked at her with a new thought in his eyes.

"I didn't see you in the"—he began, then added hastily, "You haven't had dinner, I suppose."

"No," hesitating and flushing a little. "I—"

"Oh, I understand," quickly. "You are like me and can't put up with the makeshifts of a railroad restaurant. Now, I'll tell you what, unobtrusively. I'm about as hungry as a man can be. There's a nice hotel in back somewhere. We'll go to that and have dinner, and then we'll drive about the city and talk until train time."

There was hesitation, almost refusal, on her face; but, feigning not to notice it, he urged her into the carriage and then sprang in himself and motioned for the driver to close the door.

An hour passed and then a half hour, and soon after a train rumbled into the station and then rumbled away. Twenty minutes more and another train arrived and departed. As it disappeared the carriage again whirled up beside the station.

"Has my train gone?" the woman asked anxiously as she reached the platform.

Bates took out his watch and looked at it meditatively.

"I'm afraid it has," he answered, "and my train, too, with its possible thousand dollars. We've been gone a little over two hours. Driver," severely, "you ought not to have taken us so far."

There was grave concern in his voice, but in his eyes was a sly twinkle, which she did not notice. The driver twisted his hat apologetically in one hand, but into the other a generous tip had been slipped, so he was silent.

"It is really too bad," Bates continued sympathetically. "There is only one more train out today, and that goes toward Richmond. But I'll tell you what. You know what you have promised me at the end of three months. Now, what is the use of waiting that long? You have no people, and I have none, and if you go back to that school you have been telling me about it will be to unappreciative employers and at wages that will scarce pay your expenses. I have a good house waiting for somebody to look after it and more money in the bank than I know what to do with. Now, my idea is for us to go to a minister. You know where a minister lives, don't you?" to the driver.

"Yes, sorr," grinning.

"And then come back and take the train for Richmond. It is a very nice city, and you are bound to like it. How does the scheme strike you?"

Evidently it struck her unfavorably or as something too astounding to admit even of a reply.

"Good!" he said beamingly. "Silence means consent. Now we will drive back to the hotel and write a couple of letters. You tell the school committee that unforeseen circumstances prevented your returning, and I will write that the same kind of circumstances have kept me from attending the sale. Come."

She parted her lips as though to protest and even tried to draw back, but her heart was with this man who had been so much to her youth and who had returned, and in the end she entered the carriage with him and the door was again closed by the driver.

It is said that the groom is usually the one to show trepidation at a wedding, but in this case it was the bride. In a twinkling the whole course of her life had been turned. She was being transformed from a schoolteacher to a wife. But in her breast was that satisfaction at being permitted to give up that struggle with the world which is natural to men and usually distasteful to women. Instead a vision glimmered before her eyes—a vision of home, husband and children—and, despite such gasps as one will take at being swung over a precipice, she was happy.

An hour later this driver was standing on the platform of the station watching the train rumble away toward Richmond. Not until it had disappeared did he climb back to his box and drive toward home. Bridget, his wife, was preparing supper when he came in from the stable.

"Och, Pat," she called in sudden apprehension, "how come yez so soon? It is bad luck yez've been havin' the day?"

"Troth, no, Biddy," catching her in his arms and swinging her about the room and then slipping a crisp new ten dollar bill in her hand. "That's for the new clothes the childers made."

His Specialty.

"That clerk of yours seems to be a hard worker." "Yes, that's his specialty." "What—working?" "No. Seemingly to."—Boston Transcript.

One Difference.

Examiner—Now, children, what is the difference between "pro" and "con?" Bright Boy—Please, sir, they're spelt different.—London Punch.

Her Little Bluff.

"Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones as he dropped his slice of bread in the plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage overhead chirping merrily—"Ethel, I have something to say to you."

They had been married only four weeks, and the time had not arrived when she did all the saying.

"Do you remember the day on which I proposed to you?"

"Yes," she replied. "I will never forget it."

"Do you remember," he went on as he abstractedly drilled a hole in the loaf with the point of a carving knife, "how when I rang the bell you came to the door with your fingers sticky with dough and said you thought it was your little brother who wanted to get in?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Ethel! How could you? How could you?"

"How could I what?" she responded as a guilty look crept into her face.

"How could you make me the victim of such a swindle?"

It Was Mistaken Charity.

The athletic girl had been out in the woods taking pictures, and at evening she started for the car, wearily lugging the camera and tripod. The cars were thronged with workmen returning to their homes, and she had to wait some time before there came one with even standing room inside. She pushed her way across the platform and just inside the doorway. The legs of the tripod rested on the floor at her side, and she was trying to brace herself against the door when a woman who had been sitting in the corner suddenly rose from her seat and gently but firmly pushed the young woman into it, with the remark, "Now you sit right there, you poor thing!"

The girl remained seated passively and looked puzzled for a moment. Then a dull flush covered her face.

"How awful!" she thought. "That woman saw the tripod legs and thought they were crutches. She thinks I'm lame." Then she shrunk back in the seat and tried not to show her face.—Exchange.

The Nerve of a Boy.

"Speaking of the nerve displayed by small boys," said a man who had a trip through the southwest, "reminds me of an incident that occurred in the Santa Ana mountains, in southern California. An eleven-year-old boy, a member of a family making their way to the coast, left the camp early one morning to stink deer. He found tracks and had followed them until he was five or six miles from camp. In reaching up on a rock he disturbed a huge rattlesnake that was sunning himself, and the snake without warning struck, wounding the boy on the middle finger of his right hand. Knowing that unless prompt action was tak-

en the wound would prove fatal, the youth placed the finger over the muzzle of the gun and pulled the trigger. Making a ligature above the wound to stop the flow of blood, he killed the snake and walked back to camp, where he fainted. The finger was blown off close to his hand, but he recovered."—Exchange.

Not Appreciated.

Apropos of the "delusion deep rooted in the minds of innumerable voters that a man can only be 'putting up for parliament' in order to better himself one way or another" and that no sacrifice has to be made by the candidate there is the speech that was made by Sir Richard Temple, who had returned poste haste from his duties in India, arriving after his own contest had begun. Sir Richard used words to the following effect, "I have traveled 8,000 miles and surrendered £5,000 a year for the privilege of representing this great constituency," but the proper sense of his generosity and public spirit was entirely marred by a remark from a loud voice in the crowd. "Oh, what a — fool you must be!"—Ian Malcolm in Cornhill Magazine.

Money and Politics.

In his reminiscences of Grover Cleveland George F. Parker tells a story of the prodigal expenditures in politics.

Claster's Underselling Store.

Having bought the entire Shoe stock of Henry Kline, consisting of the following best grades of shoes such as

Just Right Shoes for Men,

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and Messenger Shoes for Boys.

We will offer these Shoes at exceptionally low prices. Watch for particulars in this paper.

CLASTER'S UNDERSELLING STORE.

THE BIRTH PLACE OF LOW PRICES.

Crider's Exchange, Allegheny St.

Bellefonte, Penna.

A rich man who had been nibbling at the Democratic nomination for governor of New York asked William C. Whitney's advice. This is the advice: "Of course you ought to run. Make your preliminary canvass, and when you have put in \$200,000 you will have become so much interested in it that you will feel like going ahead and spending some money."

Impossible. Dr. Chargin—Your friend needs vigorous treatment. I never saw a man in such a state of mental depression. Can't you convince him that the future holds some brightness for him? Sympathetic Friend—That is unfortunately impossible. He has drawn his salary for three weeks ahead and spent the money.—Exchange.

Tricks of Short Sight. Not only the inanimate but the animate world presents itself in strange forms to the myopic. Humanity, for instance, is often revealed in somewhat inhuman guise. Thus, so far as ocular demonstration goes, the world to the shortsighted is peopled by men and women as faceless, sometimes even as headless, as the horseman of legendary fame. Indoors myopic persons get quite accustomed to talking with persons who have neither eyes nor nose. Out of doors the phenomenon is more striking because oftener repeated. At quite a short distance the face melts into the atmosphere and becomes either a cloud or, like H. G. Wells' invisible man, a nothingness. "I see the hat and the figure, sometimes the beard. I see the walking stick. If the hand is ungloved this stick is waving miraculously a little way from the sleeve edge, for the hand, like the face, has vanished."—Straud Magazine.

Police and Press. It was Senator Ervarts who paid this compliment to the police of New York at an annual dinner of the force: "As compared with the press you exhibit a striking contrast. You know a great many things about our citizens that you don't tell, and the press tells a great many things about our citizens that it doesn't know."

Torture. A cowboy stopped a stage full of passengers and made them all wait while he read a poem of thirty-two verses dedicated to his Mary Jane. There are some things as bad as shooting.—Argonaut.

If wisdom was to cease throughout the world no one would suspect himself of ignorance.

The best excuses are never given.—French Proverb.

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Shoes.

Dry Goods.

Dry Goods.

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