Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 23, 1912.

The End of It All.

[By Blanche E. Weeks.]

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"What's the matter, Elizabeth?" said Aunt Bess as she caught sight of her niece's downcast face.

The girl did not answer immediately but continued to gaze over the sunlit fields. When she did speak it was in a voice that she strove to keep from trembling.

"Nothing, really, Aunt Bess. The people over at the hotel asked me to take part in the tableaux they are having Saturday night and I told them I couldn't. She choked over the last word.

"Said you couldn't, Elizabeth? What did you say that for?"

"I had to." They wanted me to be from plays and things like that-and they said I was to wear white satin and of course I knew I had to refuse, then."

"Couldn't you wear any other kind of a white dress; your white mull-" "That wouldn't do at all; the whole thing is going to be a dress show; they're just too glad to have a chance to show off their clothes. O, dear, ft's awful to be poor."

"If they want you to help them why wouldn't one of them lend you a dress?'

"O, Aunt Bess, I-I wouldn't ask them for the world; if they offered, it might be different, but they didn't. And there is to be a dance."

Aunt Bess sighed and looked out into the brilliant sunshine. Neither spoke. Suddenly the older woman clasped her hands so tightly that the knuckles showed white, and her lips set in a straight line. She looked once more at the downcast face; then without a word turned and walked upstairs to her own room. She paused in front of the great wardrobe for a moment, then flung herself down on the bed and buried her face in the pillows. When she sat up it was tear-stained but resolute. She drew a chair in front of the wardrobe, mounted it and from the "well" at the top drew forth a great pasteboard box, covered with dust. She stared at it a moment, then sat down on the floor with the box across her lap, the tears making big splotches in the dust.

"I can't-I can't look at it again," she whispered. She laid it on the floor and walked to the old-fashioned dressing table and looked at her reflection.

"I'm old," she said bitterly, "old! Thirty-seven this month. An old maid. It's time I had some sense." Her eyes filled again. "I thought I forgotten-but I haven't. All

den increase of the pink color in her iast AUNT JENNIE "Mr. Carter who was here **INTERVENES** "Yes, Aunt Bess, and I did want to look nice. I've always felt so shabby-not that he cared, but I did." By M. DIBBELL

It would have been hard to find a

humor, which began to assert itself,

and a smile showed through the dirt

more disgusted youth than was Alfred

Aunt Bess nodded. "He's a nice young fellow," she said. "I-I hope everything will turn out all right." Then she kissed the young face. When the girl had left the room

night and Sunday." There was a sud-

cheeks

month?"

Gilson as he plodded along the dry country road. When nearly an hour her aunt stood before the open door earlier he had alighted from the train, where the odorous honeysuckle hung expecting to find his uncle's team in like a curtain that has been drawn waiting for him, not a solitary turnback. She looked out on the brilliant out was visible; and as the tiny vilflower garden with unseeing eyes, lage boasted no livery stable, this thinking of the time when she, too. meant a six-mile tramp to his uncle's had lived only for the time when "he" farm. would come back.

. . . . It was the opinion of everyone when the curtain rose on "Marguerite" in her softly clinging satin, a daisy in her slender hands, that it was the fairest picture of them all. "Isn't she lovely?" said Lawrence Carter to the elderly man beside him

whose acquaintance he had made on the train that afternoon. There was no answer but, turning, Lawrence saw that his companion

was staring thoughtfully at the program in his hands. "Do you know her?" he asked at

"Do I?" Then with a little tender laugh, "She's-mine. My sweetheart!" The elder man shook his head silently. After a long pause he spoke again

"I'd like to meet her. I think I knew her people some years ago, back in Indiana."

"Yes; they used to live there, a good many years ago, though. After this next tableaux there'll be a dance and I'll introduce you," answered the other.

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In the shadow of the vines the other Elizabeth sat alone. She had pleaded a sudden headache after dressing the girl in the white gown and had left her to the care of Mrs. Harris and Mr. Carter. Try as she would she could not shake off the memories of the past: she lived the days over and over again, and wept ished bitter tears.

back into the shadow. Elizabeth was returning early. Up the steps came a to the girl's eyes, but she replied: heavy tread, surely not Elizabeth's! She moved forward quickly. "Who is there?" she asked, step-

ping into the brilliant moonlight. A man stood in the shadow, but at

the light. "It's I." he said in a low tone. "You!" For a minute she stared into his

face and then fell a limp heap at his When she came back to her feet. senses she found herself on the old sofa in the hall where he had laid her; the same old sofa where they had sat so often in days gone by

"No," said Aunt Jennie. "Her marlinge is really a family arrangement. and as she has known Matthew Chase all her life, she would not hear of a ANOTHER ring. He is years older than Sydney. but I hope he will make her happy,' she sighed. Alfred rose and said bitterly: "I

wish you had told me sooner. Now that I have learned to love Sydney better than life it is hard to find she is bound to another man." He left his astonished aunt and strode savagely

down the driveway. Aunt Jennie gazed after him with mingled feelings of pity and dismay. "Poor Alfred, why did I not guess what might happen and warn him?" She spoke aloud in her excitement; and received a second surprise when a second voice asked: "Oh, Aunt Jennie, why didn't you No rain had fallen for over two

warn me, too?" Sydney came through weeks, and it was not long before Althe open door back of her aunt, and fred's perspiring face began to assume sank down beside her. a streaky look from the settling dust. There were tears in her eyes as she Fortunately he possessed a sense of

continued: "I was just coming out to you, and could not help hearing what Alfred Gilson said when he left you. Oh. Auntie. I never did love Matthew." Aunt Jennie was at her wits' end. "Don't cry, Sydney, dear," she pleaded. "I am sure it will all come right. Have you learned to care for Alfred?"

"I am afraid so," said Sydney, "for said he loved me-until I thought of Matthew." The tears came in a flood, and breaking away from her aunt, she fled into the house.

Left alone, Mrs. Biglow did some serious thinking, and apparently was satisfied with the result, for her troubled face grew calm, and rising she limped in to the big desk. She speedily wrote a letter, addressing it to Matthew Chase. Several days passed uneventfully.

Sydney and Alfred, though apparently on friendly terms, took no more long walks or drives together. On the fifth day after the sending

of the epistle to Matthew Chase, Mr. Biglow handed Sydney a letter. "That was all for you today," he remarked. Seeing it was from her future husband. Sydney sought her own room to read it. Mrs. Biglow was alone when

a very bewildered looking anti yet happy Sydney, came to her after reading Matthew's communication. 'Aunt Jennie, I can't understand it,"

"RAFFLES"

By CASPER GREEN

"Pooh! Pooh! It's all nonsense!" They had been talking at the club about a new "Raffles" who was doing some daring things in the way of entering houses in the city and sub-

urbs. His exploits numbered 30, and the police had not even caught sight of him as yet. Some of his victims had seen a dark figure and fired at it, but there had been no bloody trails to follow to success. He had robbed householders at dinner time and he had robbed others as they slept the sleep of the just. In the instance most talked about, he had visited seven different bedrooms in a country house and robbed each one, and had then sat down in the dining room for a lunch and a smoke before departing. Half a dozen of the club members agreed that he must have nerves of steel, but the seventh was the exception. It was Howard Burt, a young broker, who had sat quietly listening for the last half hour.

"Yes, it's all nonsense," he repeated as the others turned to him in surprise. "There is no 'nerve' in robbing a sleeping house, or in porchclimbing when you know that there is not one chance in fifty of meeting anyone upstairs."

Thereupon arose a discussion in which there was considerable acrimony, and in which the seventh man held his own against the six so well that one of them finally resorted to bluff and said:"

"There is a way to prove your contention. Turn 'Raffles' and give us the honest results of the experiment.'

"There are six of you," slowly replied the young man. "I'll lay you one hundred each that I enter some house within a week as a 'Raffles' and bring to this club some article that you will all recognize."

'Done! Done! Done!" was shouted at him from all sides, and with a laugh he rose and left the club to keep an engagement.

The family of General Birney, ocshe began. "Matthew asks me to recupying a manor house ten miles out lease him from his engagement. He of the city, consisted of the general says he fears he is too old to make and his wife, both of whom were well me happy, and that he has always along in years, their son, Fred, who known I cared for him only as a was in an insurance office in the city, friend. He thinks we would be wiser and Edith, who had finished her educajust to continue being friends. Do you tion at Vassar and had returned home suppose he has thought it all over to wait the great event of the life of since I came away and feels as I do?" every young woman, matrimony. Raf-Aunt Jennie smiled. Her letter to fles had visited the houses to the east Matthew Chase had been written in and west, but had deferred his call on the hope that Sydney's happiness need the general. There was plunder there. not be sacrificed. but it was taken by the general to "Matthew Chase is a good man," signify that the robber was afraid to she answered, "and I am sure he thinks of your happiness first of all. had turned the family bedroom into down stairs right away. There is a I think he has made a wise decision, an armory and had had the house Sydney, and you may feel you are do- rigg with all ing right in ending your engagement." alarms and electric bells and traps Later Aunt Jennie told Alfred of for the unwary. this sudden termination to the engagement, and he went in search of for prince charming turn to poetry. Sydney. He found her in the old-fash-Others write a play. Miss Edith had ioned flower garden. had the plot of a comedy-drama in "Aunt Jennie has told me that you her head ever since she was ten years are free, and I have come to ask if old. The time had now arrived to you can ever care a little for me, Syddevelop it. For a month she had ney? I love you more than I can been resting and thinking all day and tell-I have known you were the dearworking with her pen until 12 or 1 est thing on earth to me, since I first o'clock at night. There came a parsaw your face." ticular night when she was bothered

her play would have done. When the heroine followed the James brothers, she had only a club in her hand. Here was a firearm ready at hand, and though it was not loaded, how was Raffles to know?

"A play, is it?" queried the masked man as he bent forward to look. "Yes."

"A useless waste of time. I have been told that there are 500 plays written for every one accepted. What is the plot? Perhaps I can give you a pointer or two."

"It is this!" said Miss Edith as she pulled the drawer open and seized the revolver and pointed it straight at him. "There is a closet over there. If you do not enter it I will shoot you dead!

"Don't trouble yourself. In the first place, I am not armed, and if I were there would be no shooting on my side. In the second, I wish to identify myself and explain my presence here. If you will kindly call your brother Fred, whom I presume is in the house, and whom I have known personally for the last five years-"

"I shall do nothing of the kind, sir, Into that closet or I fire!"

"I am not the rascal Raffles. We were discussing him at the club a few nights ago and-"

The revolver that did not know it was loaded seemed about to go off and send a bullet into his brain, and the intruder rose and walked over to the closet indicated and opened the door and entered. The girl followed at his heels and turned the key and then sat down all of a tremble and began to cry. She had not made up her mind what further to do when the father came downstairs with a shotgun in his hand. He had heard some noise that aroused him. In the front hall he stumbled over a silver trophy that Fred had won in his athletic days.

"What the devil is happening here?" he demanded in official language as he looked from the tearful daughter to the trophy and back.

"Oh, Daddy, I have cap-captured Raffles! He is in that closet!'

"Then I'll have him out and blow the top of his head off! What in blazes are you doing capturing robbers without saying anything to your superior officer about it? Things have came to a pretty pass in the service. Now, then, stand back while I have the scoundrel out. Say, you in thereif you make the least resistance I'll blow you into dogs' meat!"

The door was flung wide open and Raffies walked out. He had removed his mask and was trying to smile, but it was a sickly effort. He began to apologize and explain, but the general cut him short until he had been bound with a cord torn from a portiere. Then the general continued to menace him with the shotgun while the daughter ran upstairs to wake up Fred. Fred came down with a couple of "guns," the mother descended with a bottle of witch hazel clutched by the neck, and the two women servants were ready to ta

position on the right or the left flank,

as he said to himself: "Blest if I don't play them a little joke for this. If they are not willing to receive a respectable nephew, I'll see how a disreputable one goes. Can't look much worse than I do, anyhow." He proceeded to remove cuffs, collar and necktie, turn up his coat collar, rumble his hair and tilt his soft it made me feel so happy when he hat, punched all out of shape, far over

one eye. Before long, the tall white gates of Biglow Farm loomed up before him through the descending twilight. Agsuming the wanderer's slouch, Alfred went up the long drive and to the rear of the big farmhouse. He pasued at the kitchen door and knocked vigorously; then waited in mischievous anticil tion of the surprise he should give Melissa. When the door opened was not upon the good humored face of Melissa, the servant, that he gazed, but into a pair of clear gray

eyes, whose owner Alfred thought was the prettiest young woman he had ever beheld.

"Good evening," she said kindly. What can I do for you?" But all Alfred's ideas as to the yarn

he should tell Melissa if he succeedd in concealing his identity had van-

"I beg your pardon, but I am Mr. A step on the gravel made her draw Biglow's nephew," he stammered. An astonished expression flashed in-

"Come in and I will call him. He

is with Aunt Jennie." Feeling decidedly small, Alfred entered the kitchen and seated himself near the door, while the girl went in the sound of her voice he moved into search of his uncle. She ran swiftly up the stairs and into the room where Mr. Biglow and Melissa were in attendance on Mrs. Biglow, who had sprained her ankle.

Mrs. Biglow was finishing the supper Melissa had brought her, when her niece entered.

who says he is your nephew; and I

thought the best way to soothe him

was to pretend I believed it, and come

Mr. Biglow rose at once, saying:

"You were right, my dear, and we will

soon find out who this impostor is."

poor, miserable looking

for you.'

there

these years and it still hurts-Tom!-Tom! How could you treat me so?" Turning away she crept blindly back to the bed and lay there sobbing pitifully.

The sound of music from the great hotel, under whose shadow rested her little brown cottage, woke her to the plain realities of her daily life.

"Lunch time," she said aloud, "and I haven't done a thing this whole morning."

She poured some water into the wide basin and bathed her face; then brushed back the soft curls, so like the younger Elizabeth's in spite of the threads of grey, and without a look towards the box on the floor went quickly down stairs and out on the porch.

"Elizabeth."

"Yes, Aunt Bess."

'Elizabeth, run up to my room and on the floor near the big wardrobe you'll see a box. It's pretty dusty. It's been stowed away somewhere for ten years, ever since we moved here. And-what's inside is for you, Elizabeth."

"For me? Why, Aunt Bess, what is 1t?"

"Run and see. It's-a surprise for you."

The box lay where it had been dropped and Elizabeth, kneeling down, world for me fifteen years ago and no untied the cords. First there was a other woman has taken your place." covering of wrapping paper; then white tissue paper, and then blue, and last of all lay soft folds of shining her close in his arms. white satin. With an exclamation of amazement she held it up, and saw it was a dress in the style of many years ago. Catching it up in her established what must be pretty near arms, she ran down to the kitchen a record in the shark catching line. where she knew her aunt was making biscuits for the noonday meal.

"Aunt Bess, you're a fairy god mother. Where did you get this loveby the name of Richardson came pretly thing?" ty close to Wilson's score by finding

"That? O. I've had it a long time. I'd almost forgotten it," sifting the flour vigorously. "When you spoke about the tableaux I-thought it might be some use."

could before they were able to get "It's just lovely. It looks like a them out of the nets. The sharks had wedding dress." The sifter dropped teeth an inch long and could have cut on the floor, sprinkling the linoleum off a man's leg like a broadaxe .-- Lewwith a sudden shower of flour. The older woman moved to the door and iston Journal. took the broom from behind it.

"Let me, Aunt Bess.". The other waved her off.

"If ever I get a girl again," she began vigorously, "I'll make her promise to stay a year before I engage her. I declare I've lost my knack of doing things."

Elizabeth looked at her keenly, then gathered up the dress again.

"I think I better run over and sho it to Mrs. Harris and ask her if it him. He must become full grown bewill do," she said. She went up to fore he would hide his poverty or exher aunt and kissed her softly. pose his wealth. His grief is real and

"Aunt Bess, I'm so happy I don't thorough-going, and he weeps without know what to say, not because I can affection .-- William Austin Smith, in he in the tableaux but"--shyly--"Ma the Atlantic. Opster is coming down for Saturday

was on his knees beside her. "Bess!" he whispered, "Bess!" Then he leaned his forehead on the cushion under her head.

the end."

"It was all my fault. I'm sorry. Sorry! That's not the word for it. Forgive me."

ly. "Dear, we've lost fifteen years

out of our lives, but it's not too late

for us to find happiness, is it? I

won't let it be, if you care for me

She gave a little gasp. "I-thought

-aren't you married yet?" she cried.

"You were the only woman in the

He made no answer except to hold

Sharks on the Maine Coast.

Two Orrs Island fishermen recently

Sincerity of Childhood.

even a little. I love you, dear."

"Tom-Tom!"

Alfred, meantime, was making the "The fault was all mine," she said most of his solitude. The instant the tremulously. "I saw it tonight when door closed he gave his face a vig-I was sitting out there by myself. I had no right to let anyone come beorous scrubbing, smoothed his hair. replaced his collar and was adjusting tween us. My sister could have taken Elizabeth, just as well as I, but I his tie before the small looking glass loved her father so; he was always when his uncle and the strange young woman appeared. my big brother, and then, she was The change produced was almost named for me and looked so like me

equal to one of the lightning acts of a every one said I couldn't let her go stage professional, and Mr. Biglow adaway from me. It was a mistake. I vanced, saving: see it now. She's going to leave me

"Well, Alfred, I don't see but that here alone and make a home for heryou look natural. I guess the sudden self. I've tried and tried to do what was right, 'brokenly,' but it always entrance of a stranger must have turned out to be the wrong thing in given Sydney a scare."

Alfred felt decidedly foolish as he encountered the look of bewilderment "You're the most self-sacrificing woman God ever made," he said softin Sydney's eyes.

"I looked badly enough to frighten anybody, when I came in, uncle," and then he explained his intended joke on Melissa. "It was nearly a week ago I wrote you of my coming, and when no one showed up at the station I thought I would have my revenge." Mr. Biglow laughed heartily. "We

have all been so occupied in looking after Aunt Jennie for the last few days, that no one has thought of the postoffice," he said. "Your letter is still there. But let me introduce you to your cousin by marriage, Sydney Thompson.

Sydney looked as if she hardly knew whether to laugh or be angry, when Alfred said earnestly:

"Please forgive me for frightening David Wilson took ten of these monyou-I will never try to be funny sters in his mackerel net, each weighagain.' ing from 500 to 700 pounds. A man

"Oh don't say that," she replied, this would be a very dismal world. if there were no fun in it."

seven of these monsters in his nets. Then they all went up to Aunt Jen-The nets of both of these men were nie, and found her anxiously waiting badly torn. The fishermen cut off the an explanation of the "poor, miseratails of the sharks as far up as they ble man" who had startled Sydney. Alfred found that Sydney's society became an ever increasing delight to him as the days passed. One morning, a week after his arrival at Biglow Farm, he sat on the veranda with Aunt Jennie, who was now able to get about a little.

"How is it that I have never met Children are never ridiculous. The your niece until now?" asked Alfred. Comic finds in them no vulnerable "I thought I knew all the family." point: which may help us to under

"Sydney has been studying hard for stand why Christ chose them as the years, and has just finished college," favorite symbol of Christian attainshe replied. "I could not get her to ment. The child thinks himself neithspare the time for a visit to me beer good nor bad. The false solemnifore. But she feels the need of rest, ties of his elders, their egoisms and and as her marriage will probably take pretentions, are foreign matters to place next spring, she concluded to give me a few weeks now."

Alfred felt as if the bright world had turned suddenly black. "I did not know she was engaged; she wears no

Sydney laughed happily. "The first time I saw your face it was so dirty-" she began, but Alfred caught her in his arms.

HAVE THEIR O'VN TROUBLES

American Ambassadors Called on by **Compatriots to Perform Some** Queer "Stunts."

The American taxpayer at home and the taxpayer traveling in foreign figuring out that he was not the hired countries both look upon Uncle Sam's embassies, legations and consulates as a sort of clearing house for trouble. No matter what form their demands take, they consider that they must be instantly complied with by their representatives abroad.

Some good Americans apparently labor under the delusion that an embassy is argus-eyed and omnipotent. At Easter one fond lover living in the far west cabled to our ambassador at Paris that he wished a bunch of violets, to cost \$10, sent to his best girl, Miss Blank. With the best will in the world his request could not be complied with, as he gave no address beyond "Miss Blank, Paris," and he

During the last season before King Edward's death, the American ambassador to the court of St. James reposing in the place of her heroine. ceived a note from a compatriot. In part it read as follows: after he was comfortably seated. "I am in London for a short visit.

and wish to attend one of the balls here?" she asked in reply. given at Buckingham palace, so please procure an invitation for me. As my first question will answer the sechusband is not here, I also desire that ond." one of the attaches of your embassy, He had a pleasant voice. He had no matter how insignificant, accom an aristocratic foot and hand. While pany me to the ball." he lounged carelessly, his attitude was

The phrase became a catchword a that of a gentleman. As her first chill the embassy. If any particular work of fear passed away, the girl noticed outside of the regular routine turned up, the members of the staff would laugh and point to his neighbor, saying:

"You do it, Tom, you're more in-significant than I," and so on down the line.

Still Problem to Be Solved.

The offer of a prize has not solved the problem of the profitable use of wind mills in the Netherlands for the generation of electricity. Fourteen cents an hour a lamp was the best that could be done. That was exactly what the heroine of

as ordered by the general. Apologies Some young ladies, while waiting and explanations were renewed, and after a time they prevailed. Miss Edith was glad she had not shot anybody with an unloaded revolver. The general was sorry that he had had all his trouble for nothing, and Fred said that he would be at dinner where the \$600 were laid out. The next time Raffles appeared at

the manor house it was under his own name and he was on his best behavior. more than usual. She had brought Some few remarks were made to call her hero under such a cloud of susfor blushes on his part, and the genpicion that it seemed as if career eral still insisted that he had not been must end in his being clubbed by a treated according to the rules of warpoliceman and dragged to jail, and fare, but things passed off so well that the girl was thinking deeply when a Howard Burt was asked to call again. slight noise behind her made her After that he did not appear to need turn. She turned to see "Raffles." any special invitation, and it may be She was in the library on the first that by the time the play is finished floor, and father, mother, brother and the hero and heroine will decide that servants were all on the second and the hand of Providence threw them third, sound asleep. Raffles was together to prevent Edith's becoming masked, but there was no trouble in an old maid.

THIEF ESCAPES BY BALLOON

Not Quite Up to Date, as It Was Not a Dirigible, but It Served Purpose.

Hot-footing it some distance in advance of the town marshal his pursuer, a pickpocket made a strenuous leap into the basket of a balloon near Sayre, Okla, just as the air craft was leaving the ground, and sailed away to safety.

The balloon had been filled with gas and the aeronaut, George Harvey, was in the basket ready to start when the marshal discovered the pickpocket taking a wallet from a pocket of a membered that there was a revolver in a drawer of the desk at which she citizen whose attention was centered was writing. She had used it when on the balloon

The marshal attempted to catch the thief and the pursued man ran and leaped into the basket as it cleared the earth. He refused to heed the marshal's warning cry of "Stop thief!" At the height of several hundred "Just Raffles, if you please. The feet the thief drew a revolver and warned Harvey not to release the rip

cord on his balloon until he was or dered to do so. After the pair had traveled 50 miles

the unwelcome passenger gave the word and the balloon was lowered Ten feet from the ground the thies leaped from the basket and ran. Re lieved of part of its burden, the bal loon again shot upward.

When Harvey finally effected a landing, several hundreds yards from where the thief had alighted, he had disappeared .- New York World.

From Art's Viewpoint. "What do you think of those Camos rists?"

"Well," replied the impress 'their technique isn't much, but they certainly have temperament."

these things. They counted in his favor, but only to an extent. The newspapers and the police had said that Raffles was a gentleman. If you must be robbed, it is better to be

"You are up late," observed Raffles,

"Who are you, and why are you

robbed by a gentleman than by a tramp, but it is still better not to be robbed at all. Miss Edith figured that the intrduer must have been in the house for some time, and that he had made up his bundle of plunder and was ready to lave when he had discovered her light. A sudden resolve to capture Raffles came to her.

man who had come in to tell her that one of the horses in the stable had the colic or that he was the gardener with the announcement that a cow had broken into the grounds and eaten up her favorite rose bush. It was well for Miss Edith that she

had been writing a play in which her heroine swam rivers, jumped over cliffs and pursued the James brothers to their lair. She represented the heroine. It would not do for her to faint away in the presence of one robber, who did not even display a pistol. The two looked at each other for half a minute, and then Raffles quietly sat down in a chair a few feet away. At the same moment the young lady resent no money for the flowers.