

# He Changed His Mind

"Every once in a while I change my mind about a few things," remarked the youngish bachelor. "Just now I'm away out on a limb, scarcely knowing which way to jump in regard to the matrimonial possibilities of this life."

"You know, ever since I've been old enough to think out my wants for myself I've planned to wait until I could make satisfactory arrangements with some young creature with a fair assortment of personal charms and also a few baubles of the negotiable yellowbacks in her own right, besides a sterling silver key ring containing keys to safety deposit boxes, summer homes and all such things."

"Of course, I never went into the boss and told him I was going to quit my job pending final arrangements for winning out a home with eight baths and hired help. No, I've kept plugging along all the time, and it looks as if I ought to be fairly well heeled some day, even I should have to work for it. But up to day before yesterday I was still counting on facing a world some day that would say: 'Yes, he married her just for her money.'"

"It wasn't that I was so sordid as to leave all such items as mutual personal regard out of consideration. I figured that with all the hard working fathers there are dying of and leaving their money to daughters who don't know how to invest it or look after it, there surely ought to be one that would appreciate my true worth and who also would have every desirable personal quality that I would find in one with no chattels or prospects beyond a \$40 trousseau."

"But I've changed my mind since I passed a day last week with a fellow whom I've been envying for several years because things seemed to break so well for him. The last time I saw him before this visit he was about to be married to the daughter of his employer. Her dad gave 'em a bungalow in this suburb for a wedding present, and she bought a red touring car as long as a five room flat, out of her own funds. Then an uncle of hers turned a summer camp of his in the St. Lawrence over to them to use when they wanted it. Since then I've heard from my old friend Jim by souvenir postal, first from different places in Europe, then from Palm Beach or New Brunswick, according to the season of the year."

"That was pretty soft for old Jim. It seemed to me, especially on hot days, when I would be sweltering away at my office and the letter carrier would bring me a card that he'd sent me from some big resort off in the mountains or at the seashore. I felt that I could enjoy that sybaritic life just as well as he could."

"Well, as I started to tell you, I visited Jim a day or so ago. He apologized for meeting me with the limousine on such a warm day, but he said the touring car was in the shop for repairs after a jaunt he'd made up to some lake in Wisconsin."

"I saw at once that Jim was changed. Four or five years ago, before he was married, he was one of those positive, table pounding fellows in his talk—had strong opinions about everything, and didn't mind telling them. Now he acted so subdued and had such a hangdog look that I wondered if high living had knocked all the old-time ginger out of him."

"After we got to his home and had handed our hats to a servant in the front hall I began to discover what was wrong. Jim's wife was a demure little thing to look at, but she had Jim jumping every minute of the time. Honestly, he didn't cut any more of a figure around that place than a four ounce piece of ice in a six-foot refrigerator."

"Nice sort of a girl, too, Jim's wife was, you understand. She fairly outdid herself to show me a good time. First, she had Jim hustle upstairs after some new records for the phonograph. Then she chided him for being so ditatory about getting me a 'resh cigar. Oh, it was Jim this and Jim that all the time. She did it in a pleasant sort of way, but Jim knew what he had to do, all right. He came about as near being the head of that house as a minority stockholder does to getting on the executive committee of a trust. Jim just helped around, that was all."

"The next day he got to talking to me confidently. He said he was so sick and tired of Europe and summer resorts and winter resorts and society and money and the people who had it that he knew he would have been happy if he could just have married some miller's daughter in a jay own and then could have got a job as bookkeeper in a feed store and lived quietly in a drab cottage back of a sawmill."

"I saw where Jim was right, too."

Not Edible.  
"What are you raising on your place this summer?"  
"The mortgage."

# She Was Jim's Sister

"What are you staring at?" asked Jim.  
"At that stunning girl over there," replied Lawrence.  
"Not that brunette with a figure like an hour glass. She's some chorus lady."

"No, the slender blonde with her back towards you, standing in the entrance to the cafe. She doesn't look coarse to me."

"How can you admire anyone who affects those new-fangled extreme fashions?" questioned Jim.  
"I'd sure like to meet her. By the way, old chap, I thought you intended introducing me to your sister."

"If you admire that girl, sis wouldn't interest you. None of those tube-like skirts, fly-away hats and vivid showy colors for her. If my sister would be gowned like your fair friend I'd tell her a thing or two."

"Does your sister allow you to dictate to her?" asked Lawrence, fast losing his desire to meet the girl.  
"Oh, I give her brotherly advice occasionally. She's all a twitter just now. A crowd of girls are learning to build their own dresses in a school. I've offered her five dollars for the first time she wears a home-made creation."

"Turn around," exclaimed Lawrence. "That girl is trying to flirt with us. She just smiled the most adorable smile."

"He who flirts and runs away, lives to flirt another day," suggested Jim in a blase tone.

"Why, she's coming toward us. Must have made a 'hit with her. I've read oceans about love at first sight, but this is the first time the waves have struck me."

Jim was so bored by his friend's conversation that he didn't lift his eyes from the plate until a voice near him said:

"Jim, can't you make room for us at your table? All the others are taken."

"Surely," he said rising. "This is my friend Lawrence Hancock; my sister, Florence."

"Your sister," exclaimed Lawrence in astonishment. "Miss Allen? Why, your brother Jim was just talking about you, but somehow he failed to recognize you from a distance."

"It's a wise brother who recognizes his sister when she wears a new dress and hat which she made herself," laughed Florence. "What do you think of my skill?"

"You're as sharp as a needle," said Lawrence admiringly.

"It's fierce, abominable and hideous," broke in Jim. "Florence, for every frock that you don't make I'll give you five dollars. It's so tight it looks as though it had been made out of remnants, and a cow would run a mile if she saw that corset coming along."

"Gee, but Jim's a brute," thought Lawrence. "I only hope that some day I will have the privilege of paying for her frocks," he said aloud.

"I presume your brother's word is law with you, Miss Allen."

"Indeed not," she answered airily. "I believe in woman's rights and its every woman's right to do just as she pleases; anyway brother's opinions about dress don't count."

"You look all right to me. May I call on you tomorrow evening?"

"Do come," answered Florence cordially.

"Thank you," responded Lawrence. After calling on Florence for about a month she gave him the hope he desired, that in the near future he could pay for her gowns."

Cork Leg Nearly Drowned Him.  
William Green's cork leg nearly caused his death recently at Wynn, Mass. He got beyond his depth while bathing, and his artificial leg was so buoyant that his feet went up in the air and his head was forced under water. Happily, he was saved by a college girl, who was out bathing with a companion. She managed to get hold of Greene by the hair and held his head out of water, while her escort rowed to shore with Greene dragging behind.

# Disposing of Veronica

"There is one peculiarity about getting exasperated at a man," wrote the girl at a summer resort to her dearest friend at home. "It is that you think you never can be more exasperated than on that special occasion—and then the very next time you get exasperated you are astonished to find how much more so you can be!"

"I don't know anything better calculated to infuriate one than to see a perfectly nice man idiotically in the toils of another girl whose motive is transparent to every woman in sight, though the men are blind and imbecile in her presence."

"When Veronica Bondy first appeared on the hotel veranda and I had watched her ten seconds I sighed because I knew what was ahead of me. I was to view the spectacle of every man on the place trotting around in her wake carrying things and asking her anxiously if the hot sun didn't make her head ache and couldn't they get her something cool to drink and didn't she want to go and look at the moon!"

"Nevertheless, I privately excepted Arthur Daw from the list of lunatics because—well, just because. And that very night at a dance he said in the middle of a waltz: 'Hasn't that new girl, Miss Bondy, the most wonderful face? Like a child's in its innocent appeal!'"

"I think I exhibited great self-control. Instead of telling Arthur that she was a selfish, cold blooded, designing little mix with no sense and whose motto in regard to womankind was 'No quarter!' I agreed with him. This encouraged him to add that such a girl, who was so helpless and confiding and trustful always brought out the best in a man, somehow. Whereupon I told him I'd like to sit down and rest."

"Of course there is nothing else so plentiful in the world as men; still, I didn't fancy letting Veronica Bondy walk off with Arthur just to show me that she could do it."

"So when Veronica blockaded the way as Arthur and I started out to walk three miles through the woods to a farm house where they sell apples, and said pathetically that she was so lonesome and there was nothing to do, I promptly asked her to come along. That three miles is mostly climbing hills or coming down them, and part of the way the sand is deep. She had on delicate pumps and silk stockings and a frilly dress—and I was garbed in khaki and walking boots."

"She hated to walk—I saw it in her eyes—but she hated worse to let me escape with Arthur for the whole afternoon. So she started. When Arthur walks he walks—and though he slowed down when I murmured that we were tiring Miss Bondy he chafed under it. He dislikes sauntering. When we had stopped for the fourth time so he could help Veronica remove the sand from her absurd shoes, his lips were setting in a straight line and he looked to me for sympathy, but I merely beamed."

"When we started back it began to rain steadily. If there is anything soppy and wetter than the woods when it pours rain I'd like to be informed of it. My hair curls naturally and rain doesn't hurt khaki, so I didn't care, but Veronica was indignant. She complained 'dreadfully and somehow conveyed the idea that the rain was due solely to Arthur's carelessness. The more her complexion ran off the more she complained, and at the end of a mile her hair looked like seaweed. Her style demands fluffiness or coiffure to appear well. At every hill she stormed. She said once that it must be nice to be a greasy, husky, muscular creature like me and be able to negotiate bad roads like an amazon, but as for a delicate, woolly person like herself, it was different."

"That was when I blithely suggested to Arthur that he carry her. She'd have let him, I truly believe, only he pretended not to hear me. She insisted on clinging to his arm, however, and being dragged up the hill. Now, a man has got to be utterly hopelessly in love with a woman before he enjoys dragging her up a hill when she is quite capable of walking by herself. I think the sight of me ambling merrily along as though I was good for another 25 miles added to his irritation."

"When we were in sight of the hotel I turned around and smiled happily at them. At that moment I appreciated to the utmost my curly hair and the color the rain had brought to my cheeks. And Arthur had had to look at her for three solid miles."

"I've had a perfectly beautiful time! I was hateful enough to say. 'I hope,' said Veronica, in a voice of rage—for she knew how she looked—that I don't have pneumonia and die from this!'"

"Here, Arthur stormed the minute he got me alone. 'What on earth did you ever ask her to go along for?'"

"Don't you like to have the best that is in you brought out? I asked reproachfully."

"And he said one of the most brief and expressive words in the English language under his breath—but I heard him. Then I knew that Veronica had been wiped off the map!"



"I'd Sure Like to Meet Her."

# Don't Overlook This.

A CAREFUL PERUSAL WILL PROVE ITS VALUE TO EVERY BELLEFONTE READER.

The average man is a doubter, and there is little wonder that is so. Misrepresentations make people skeptics. Now-a-days the public asks for better evidence than the testimony of strangers. Here is proof which should convince every Bellefonte reader.

Mrs. C. Johnson, 365 E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I cannot say too much in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills, for they are the best remedy I ever used for back-ache and other symptoms of kidney complaint. At one time my back was so lame and painful that I could hardly get around and dizzy spells were common. I was restless at night and my kidneys secretions being unnatural. On the advice of a member of my family who had used Doan's Kidney Pills with benefit, I procured a supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. and they did me so much more good than any other medicine I had previously taken. The kidney secretions became natural and the pains and lameness in my back was removed. I heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone afflicted with kidney complaint." (Statement given October 21st, 1907.)

PERMANENT RELIEF.  
On November 23rd, 1909, Mrs. Johnson was interviewed and she said: "I still have confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills. They permanently cured me of kidney trouble and I have had no more of a kidney medicine during the past two years. Other members of my family have taken Doan's Kidney Pills and in each case benefit has been derived." Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

# Waverly Oils



A good motor is worthy of the very best gasoline. The three famous Waverly Gasolines—

76° Special—Motor Give Power Without Carbon

They are all refined, distilled and treated. They contain no "natural" gasolines, which are crude and unrefined and which carry the maximum of carbon-producing elements.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO. Independent Refiners PITTSBURGH, PA. Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Family Favorite Oil. FREE 200 Page Book tells all about oil.

# Money to Loan.

MONEY TO LOAN, on good security and houses to rent. J. M. KEICHLINE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. 51-14-ly.

# Butterine.

TRY My Maple Leaf Brand -- Butterine --

Better Than Butter ONLY 25c A LB.

R. S. Brouse, BUSH ARCADE BUILDING, BELLEFONTE, PA. 56-48-ly.

# Fine Job Printing.

FINE JOB PRINTING —A SPECIALTY— AT THE WATCHMAN OFFICE.

There is no style of work, from the cheapest "Dodger" to the finest BOOK WORK.

that we can not do in the most satisfactory manner, and at prices consistent with the class of work. Call on or communicate with this office.

# Lumber.

BUILDING MATERIAL —When you are ready for it, you will get it here. On LUMBER, MILL WORK, ROOFING, SHINGLES AND GLASS.

This is the place where close prices and prompt shipments of reliable materials get the orders of all who know of them.

AN ESTIMATE? BELLEFONTE LUMBER CO. 52-5-ly. Bellefonte, Pa.

# Dry Goods

LYON & CO.

New Spring Goods are Coming in Every Day.

New Dress Goods in Wools, Silks, Messalines, Marquissettes, Voiles in all the new colors and black.

Ginghams and Percales.—150 pieces of new Ginghams, stripes and Checks, in all colors from 10c up.

Percales.—75 new pieces Percales in the new colors and styles.

Flaxons Gaze Marvels and Poplins. All the new colors in stripes and checks.

Voile Waist Patterns. Just opened a new Voile Waist Pattern, stamped in Punch work and French Knots for 50c.

Clearance Sale of All Winter Coats, Suits and Furs at less than cost.

LYON & CO. Allegheny St. 47-12 Bellefonte, Pa

# Shoes.

Yeager's Shoe Store

The Ladies' Shoe that Cures Corns

Sold only at

Yeager's Shoe Store, Bush Arcade Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.