

Bellefonte, Pa., April 19, 1912.

#### PENELOPE PONDERS.

[By Dorothy Douglass.]

Bob had taken his dismissal: his eves were black with increasing gloom. Julia, the proud little recipient of his affections, smiled; but there was

tenderness in her smile. "Things might be entirely different," she continued, "if I didn't think there was something in that head of yours that is worth getting out. I feel sure that you could make your presence known in the world if you only would -instead, you drift about spending

money with every breath." "It is honestly acquired money-and my own." Bob glowered at her.

"I am perfectly well aware of that," Julia said a triffe coldly, "but if you hadn't been lucky with stocks you might have continued to develop your talents and try to do something worth while."

Her words were true. Bob Stanley was not of an analytical mind or he would have realized that the days spent in trying his pen in the literary field had been strangely happy ones. He failed to remember that the occasional shafts of light, in the way of successes had brightened the days as nothing had brightened them since.

"Anyway." Julia went on in a hard little voice, "I will not marry a man who is wasting his life as you are. If you make your name ring, even a tittle-perhaps I will reconsider my an-

With a swift, unexpected movement, Bob caught her in his arms. He bent his head over hers intending to kiss her, but he released her as suddenly, and without another word turned and

Well, that was the end-the end of all things. Bob Stanley ambled on and on until he found that he had dropped onto one of the benches in the park. A grim smile twisted his lips. It was amusing to find how naturally he had fallen into the way of all loafers and failures. They all sought out a bench in the park and there, with variable imaginations, pictured

their last miserable hours. Stanley felt that any way out of existence would suit him, whether it be long and torturing, or swift and sure. He found gloomy enjoyment when he first pictured his name in big headlines and that of Julia Stearns figuring in the tragic affair. His imagination carried him on to one line that would stand out in big letters: "Just what was to be expected of a man of Rob-

ert Stanley's kind.' The man on the bench straightened his shoulders and his eyes narrowed with momentary freedom from gloom.

"I have walked past exactly five times," said a voice at his elbow. "Which route have you decided up on?" she inquired laughingly, seating herself beside him. "I am sure it will be a pistol-your eyes are so desperately eager to get there."

Bob laughed sheepishly and covered the hand she had put on his arm to belie the frivolity of her words.

"She refused me, Penelope," he said.

and all his past misery returned. "I more than half expected it, Bob by,' Penelope told him. "You see Julia is ambitious, not only for herself, but for others. She wants to be married to a man about whom people

will say, 'Oh, there's So-and-so!" "They say that in one tone about me

now," Bob gloomed. Penelope looked tenderly at the artistically handsome head so appealing in its misery and pondered long and seriously. What would be the best and quickest way to awaken the slumbering genius in him? It was there in every little quick turn of temperament. in the big loves of his nature, but he was a soul struggling in the dark.

He turned toward her unexpectedly and met the pain in her eyes.

"I've hurt the very best friend 1 have in the world!" he cried contritely. "I will do anything you say if you can help me to be worthy of Julia

Penelope laughed quickly. "If you won't buy the pistol, you may come to see me tonight, and we'll see what is to be done.

A dull color swept up to the auburn at his temples. Penelope regretted her words.

"That was only for a second," Bob said looking into her eyes; "the strength of the weak is not mine." "The weakness of strength," corrected Penelope. "Come early tonight

and let us get a good start toward making you famous."

"I hope it won't be inamous," muttered Bob. His gloom had lightened. He could more easily picture Julia in his big

mansion on the hill because he feit that Penelope would help him. Bob Stanley was of a type of man that requires the help of a woman and in getting it, gets all.

That night when Penelope greeted him on the veranda of her home he drew her hand close within his own.

"You are looking unusually beautiful," he said; "you should always wear those Burne Jonesy things—they make you look like a symbol of purity."

Penelope blushed. "I don't return from Paris-always." She made him comfortable in the wide swing. "I want you to hear one or two of my new songs-I never know whether or not they will take until you have told me," she said prettily.

While Penelope sang in her deep soothing contraito, Bob felt thankful that Julia, too, sang He wouldn't love a woman who couldn't sing to him when he was tired or when he wanted

When she came out and sank into a

low chair at his side it was not unnatural that they should fall into discussing the latest novels From that the conversation turned to Penelope's latest trip and the plot she had thought of while in Paris It was a splendid story to work out and as she narrated the incidents she had the pleasure of watching Bob Stanley awaken to, first polite, and finally animated interest in the story.

"I wish I could write it," Penelope said and fixed wistful eves in which the wisdom was concealed, upon Bob. "If I could write that story-I would win Julia!" Bob remarked.

"Fame and Julia!" laughed Pene lope. "I am sure you are welcome to the plot," she said, "but I don't see how you can concentrate on anything here-you will be mooning and gloom

ing about Julia." Bob looked into her wise eyes and laughed. "One summer," he said pointedly, "your mother asked me to join your camp in the Adirondacks.'

"We leave next Saturday." Penelope kept the triumph well under control. "It would be a splendid opportunity to work," she said, "and I will be there always to-give you the atmosphere of Normandy for the story." "Would I bother you " Bob asked

with tardy modesty. "You are like one of the family," Penelope laughed frankly. "If you can stand my practicing-"I began to think I can stand any

thing from you, Penny." "That is your writer's imagination, Penelope suggested.

Six weeks later Penelope and Bob strolled through the trail and up to the hotel for mail. The first check

had arrived. "I suppose it will take at least tifty successes-before Julia will listen to me again?" Bob asked half seriously.

"One good novel would get you there quicker than many short storles," Penelope thought. "We will put up a lunch and row over to the island this afternoon and talk-povel."

Bob laughed. "Yet: are a little schemer-holding out bait to me." "You and Julia will both thank

me-later on," she made answer. Bob Stanley would never again lose his interest in writing. He had been awakened now to the full joy of real inspirational work.

"I rejoice every day, Bob," Penelope said later on when they had reached the little deserted Island, "that Julia refused to marry a nonen-She has really been the means writer. I know you will be that some

They drafted out the lines of a novel during the day and toward dusk | feet that men take. sat down for their tea.

"Bob," Penelope spoke seriously, "I want you to do me a favor." Stanley only looked at ner and

"Julia refused you when you were a nonentity-I want her to accept you disappearance of the arch love you if she waits-for more." "For more?"

a little flush colored each cheek, "that essary. I have been with you all summerfame. If Julia expects any moreshe doesn't deserve you and I shall lone. "Will you please-for my bene-

to Julia?" Bob laughed. Penn."

A young moon had lighted the dusk when they returned to the camp.

Bob said as he turned toward the sta- down.

"All the joy in the world!" Penelope cried from the depths of her

When he had gone she sank into a heap because the light of the world had gone and she was blinded to all gencies save darkness

She stood up and listened with bated breath. He was returning. "What is it, Bob! What has hap pened?" she cried quickly.

She scarcely knew his voice he spoke.

"Nothing. Penelope, except that the whole earth grew dark-without you beside me." He drew a deep breath when she was safe in his arms.

#### W. Shakespeare Paid.

Nobody knows what Lord Bacon would have done if he had been con fronted by the necessity of settling with the driver of a New York cab, but what William Shakespeare did in such an emergency was discovered the other night when he arrived from England. The Mr. Shakespeare who has come to town is a singing teacher of London.

The first intimation of Mr. Shakespeare's arrival came in conversation wafted through the entrance and up the stairway into the lobby.

"I shan't, I won't. I'll be demmed if I shall. I shan't pay. I won't pay it; it's a-er-what do you call it?a holdup!" And Mr. Shakespeare burst into the hotel and hurried up to the desk looking as nearly apopletic as might be expected of a Briton asked to pay \$3 for what in London is less than a two-shilling fare. He was told that the regular fare is \$3,

"Oh!" said Mr. Shakespeare solemn-"Oh! Why, they told me on the bo: it would be only \$2."-New York

Argument Still Open. Disputatious Boarder - There's something in this Fletcherizing fad, sure as you live. Remember about Gladstone? He used to chew every

bite thirty-two times. Taciturn Boarder-Yes, but he got tired of it and quit it when he was only eighty-five.

#### HARD ON THE HEART

GERMAN PHYSICIAN FINDS FAULT WITH OUR ELEVATORS.

Advises Walking Downstairs, but Says Use Elevator Going Up, as It Undoubtedly Helps to Save the Organs of Life.

A German physician who has been visiting this country is said to have declared that riding in our swift elevators is the cause of the increase of heart trouble in this country. He holds the involuntary catching of the breath when the elevator starts or stops as responsible

"Far from causing injury to the neart," says the Independent, "elevators have spared that important organ much unnecessary strain. There is probably nothing harder on the heart than the going up many flights of stairs. The pumping of blood through tightly contracted muscles during the process of lifting the body up to a height is one of the hardest that the heart can have.

"Men who are suffering from heart disease have been kept at work and enabled to do their work longer because of the presence of the elevator than by any advance that there is in therapeutics. While the elevator is thus so important an adjunct for the heart so far as going epstairs is concerned, it is probable that most people would be benefited by walking downstairs occasionally.

"A distinguished German authority in the treatment of obesity has recommended walking downstairs rather rapidly as probably the best possible means of taking off the surplus tissue, and particularly that which collects in the abdominal region and is hard to move by ordinary forms of exercise, such as walking and the like. The gentle jolting motion tends to lead to the reabsorption of the fatty material that is accumulated. Some American physicians have tried the suggestion Penelope knew in her heart that on a number of patients with reported success.

Besides this there is probably no better exercise for the ankle joints than that of coming downstairs. One of the most frequent sources of complaint of extreme fatigue and of achy feelings that are often supposed to be rheumatic is the yielding of the arch of the foot with a tendency of giving the world another great to the development of flatfootedness. This has grown very common in recent years, mainly because of the small amount of brisk exercise of the

> We do much standing, often standing even on long rides, but little rapid walking. The consequence is that the muscles which normally hold the joints of the ankle firmly together become flabby and allow the gradual relaxation of the ligaments of the ankle joints. Many people wear flatfoot braces for this, and in advanced cases such a crutch is probably nec-

In most cases, and particularly at and have learned that you are-well, the beginning of yielding of the arch fot such a bad specimen-without it would be much better if exercises were practiced to restore the strength and firmness and contour of the arch write and tell her so!" declared Pene- rather than support it by artificial means. The elevator has taken away fit-leave tonight and propose again the exercise for the feet that used to be obtained in going up and com-"Why certainly, ing down the stairs. So far as it is of use in facilitating ascent in the high buildings it is an advantage. It would be probably much better, however, if "Wish me success little helper." is were not used so much for coming

> Woman and Justice to Man. In the past, because of what we commonly call chivalry, men have been at a disadvantage in many emer-

It sometimes happens, for example, that a man, in spite of his nobler desires, is compelled to go to law with a woman. She commits trespass or fails to pay a debt, and there is no remedy but a suit in court. How does it stand with the unhappy man who brings the action? All his fellows denounce him as a brute. The lawyers make him the butt of their antediluvian jokes and the jury give a verdict against him without leaving their seats. Will it be so now that women can vote? There will soon be female lawyers, judges and jurors. Will a woman fare quite as well with a dozen of her fair sisters to pass upon her rights and wrongs as she does now? Perhaps she will have a more difficult road to walk, but there will be compensations. Men will stand a far better chance of obtaining justice where women are concerned than they do at present. Tears and sobs are far more persuasive with a jury of males than they are likely to be with women.-Portland Oregonian.

A Misunderstanding. A young lady who wished to purchase a bicycle entered a shop and, according to the Christian Register, began looking at the different wheels and asking questions about their price and quality. Young Lady-What is the

The Clerk-That's a Belvidere. Young Lady (after a stony glare at the clerk)-Can you recommend the

Age Limit. Boss-"Well, you've been with us for over fifty years now, and I guess we won': require your services any

longer. Nibbs-"Er-I wouldn't a-started with you if I had known it wasn't to be a steady job."-Judge.

Evil Bound to Spread. There is no sort of wrong deeds of

which a man can bear the punishment alone. You cannot isolate yourself and say that the evil that is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe. Evil spreads as necessarily as disease.—George Eliot.

Miss Scribble-The heroine of my next story is to be one of those modern advanced girls who have ideas of their own and don't want to get married. The colonel (politely)-Ah, indeed, I don't think I ever met that type.-Life.

Boarders Take Risks. If a boarding-house keeper in Austria having a leased house sublets rooms to boarders and then fails to pay the rent of the house the lessor may levy for payment against everything in the house, regardless of the ownership thereof.

Nature's Beauty Hidden.

Nature, as we all know, is never at home to the mere sightseer or idle spectator. Stare at her straight in the face, and you will see nothing; it is only the casual side glance which is rewarded by the sight of anything new or substantial.-Henry C. Merwin.

"It is never too late to mend," is one of those deceiving proverbs which seem born of human fatality. It is often too late to mend the health which has been neglected until Nature herself is exhausted and gives up in despair. There are some people who procrastinate until their opportunity is gone forever. The wiser proverb is "never put off until to-morrow, what you may do to-day. If you have undue fullness after eating, eructations, sour risings, bad taste in the mouth; if you are nervous, irritable, sleepless, don't wait a day before beginning the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The first dose is the first step toward a cure. Persons suffering with chronic forms of disease of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition are invited to consult Dr. R. V. Pierce, by letter *free*. All correspondence confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Cure the kidneys and you cure the cause.
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Doan's Kidney Pills cure kidney ills;
Prove it by your neighbor's case.
Here's Bellefonte testimony.

The story of a permanent cure.

Hiram Fetterhoff, 28 W. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I have no hesitation in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, knowing them to be a first-class kidney remedy. For some time I was annoyed by irregular passages of the kidney secretions and reading that Doan's Kidney Pills were good for kidney complaint, I procured a supply a. Green's Pharmacy Co. Their use relieved me and I am now in much better health. Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly an effective kidney medicine." (Statement given October 21, 1907.)

NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT SINCE. The story of a permanent cure

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National Delegates: Boose 1663, majority 941, Mayo 1604, majority 882; Gleason 722; Swope 653. Alternates: Mattern 1759, majority 1138; Slocum 1637, majority 1016; State Delegate: Wood 278; Fleming 230; Symmonds 86.

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