

THE SURVIVAL.

[By Ella Randall Pearce.]

When Dudley Saxe stalked out of the Evers cottage that May evening, wild with resentment and sick with disappointment, his first mad idea was that this was the end—the end of everything between him and Marian Evers, the end of all things for him, the end of living! Of course, there was nothing else left for him to do. Life had become suddenly empty and useless; therefore, he would make his exit.

An hour's tramping over the hard roads with the cool night winds on his feverish brow brought him to a different point of view. His strong, healthy mind revolted from the gruesome visions that succeeded each other when he contemplated the ways and means of the end. No, he would live, but—he would make her sorry. He would show her how fast a man—a good man—could be sent to the devil! His would stop at the Red Inn on his way home, and there begin a wild season of debauch that would make his friends stand aghast.

Common sense took up the argument just then. Why had Marian Evers dismissed him? Because of his seeming instability, his lack of purpose and pleasure loving ways. Because, to her unsophisticated, orderly mind, his youthful restlessness and impulses, his superabundance of spirits and democratic good-fellowship seemed to portend a reckless, undependable, prodigal nature. Why turn to evil ways and prove her words true, and himself as she had intimated, unworthy of her love? No, he would not have judgment pronounced upon him like that. He would prove her wrong. He would rise, he would shine, and she would live to regret this night's work. Then, as this noble resolution uplifted him, he thought of West Bradley—West Bradley, dapper and dignified, polite and precise, with his dancing-master airs and graces and his flowery compliments such as even sensible women seem to delight in. How welcome he had always been at the Evers cottage—and he would still be welcome! Jealousy stung Dudley Saxe then into swift, hot temper that, uncommendable as it was, served to sweep his mind of all morbid ideas.

Perhaps Marian had not been honest with him, after all; perhaps he had been banished to make way for his rival. "Well, she's welcome to him," Saxe thought, in disgust, flinging about and facing a homeward way through the dark woodland. "I know his kind—with his gimlet eyes and thin lips. He'd grind a woman down, all right. West Bradley—bah!"

The next morning Dudley Saxe left town, and no one knew whether he had gone. When Marian Evers heard the news, she cried until her pretty face was disfigured, and when West Bradley called that evening, even a careful coiffure could not conceal the damage.

"I hear that Saxe has gone away for good," commented her caller. "Eaton-town's too slow for him, I guess. He's got to have his fling in the world."

"Where ever Dudley Saxe has gone, his right fling, as you call it, will be in the right direction," said Marian, quietly, but with a flash of her blue eyes.

"Why—er—I hope so," replied Bradley, smoothly. "But you must admit that our young friend has a wild, untamed spirit and—"

"I do not wish to hear anything against Dudley Saxe," said Marian, proudly. "He has heart—and principles. We have both lost a good friend."

"Lost indeed! Without a word or sign, Dudley Saxe had dropped out of his little circle, and no one knew how much Marian Evers cared. In fact, rumor was soon busy with her name and West Bradley's, and he danced attendance on her with all the grace, gallantry and diplomacy of a court attaché.

Meanwhile, Dudley Saxe was trying to forget his troubles, in a distant city. He had found congenial occupation and ready friends. For the latter he had little time, as he devoted his evenings to literary work which had always attracted him. But somehow, the story he had begun failed to interest him or to progress properly. Marian Evers and West Bradley were the only persons that seemed real to him, and his own life story the only record of vital importance. Then he met a friend who was successfully engaged in the moving picture business.

"What are you doing with your spare time, Saxe?" he had questioned. "You're pretty clever with the pen—why don't you write a play?"

"A play?"

"Yes, for our company—a moving picture play. We need good stuff, and there's money in it; something sentimental and strong, you know. Come down to the place and look the thing over. We're going to take some indoor pictures today—got a fine stock company. Come down and get acquainted." That was Dudley's chance. Before night, he had a scenario in mind that revolved around the subject nearest his heart. "The Survival!"

It was a touching story of a sweet young girl, with two suitors for her hand; one, ardent, impulsive and noble, the other sleek and crafty, with the soul of a shrimp. Saxe chuckled in unholly glee as he drew that pen picture of his hated rival. He drew on memory for many of his scenes, and killed in with a vivid imagination. There was the vine-clad cottage with the orphan girl living with an

ancient relative. The rivals appear and cross lances for her favor, the crafty villain poisons her mind against the noble lover, and he is dismissed coldly. Then the girl realizes her mistake—too late! There is a mortgage on her home, and the villain, obtaining possession of the papers, presses his suit under threat of foreclosure. The noble lover returns secretly, buys in the estate, thwarts his rival and wins the girl—at last.

It was a pretty play, and well written. Impelled by a sudden whim, Saxe offered his services to pose as the noble lover, and two members of the stock company who, with a little make-up, closely resembled the characters he had in mind, were selected. Saxe's friend, the manager, and every member of the company agreed that he had missed his calling when he went into business life.

"You should have been a dramatist or an actor—or both," said his friend. "Anyway, don't forget to send us down a little sketch once in a while."

When "The Survival" was first unrolled, the author had an exceedingly uncomfortable half hour. It was one thing to put his thoughts into dramatic expression, and another to see them in bold black and white scenes on the canvas. Still—how deserving was the hero and how craven his rival! And it was a good play; the public testified to that. It was also unlikely that any Eatontown folks would ever see it. He did not reckon on the far-reaching influence of the moving picture industry.

"The Survival" was sent abroad throughout the land with several other entertaining products of the camera. Saxe wrote a little, worked much, and thought every day of his old sweetheart. No bright eyes or smiling lips of the city could banish the image of Marian Evers. He could shut his eyes at any time, and see the sweet mouth, the tender, steady eyes of pensive blue, the capricious little chestnut curls that fell upon her brow and slender white neck. It seemed impossible that she had gone out of his life forever!

All the wrath and bitterness had left his heart with the making of his little play; he had only sadness and a great longing to return to his native town. "But I will never go back," he said, when he first felt the longing; and a year later he said it again. Then came a letter that made his hands tremble while he opened it. How had she known where a letter would reach him?

"Dear Dudley:

"I have seen your play, 'The Survival.' How could you ever have written it?"

"What does she mean by that?" thought Dudley.

"Of course, I knew you at a glance; and I wrote to the company for your address. Some parts of your story are very true. I have lost my home, and I am leaving Eatontown. Will you come and say good-by?"

"MARIAN."

Would he come? The first train out bore him to Eatontown. Marian seemed changed when he saw her in her dismantled home. She was thinner and more serious-looking; a new shyness was in her manner, and yet her eyes were very soft and friendly when she greeted him.

"How well you are looking, Dudley," she said.

"I am feeling well—and doing well," he replied, with an expression to the words that made her blush.

"Don't be unkind," she murmured. "Remember, we are to say good-by. I am leaving this place forever."

"With West Bradley?"

"A deeper blush. "No, I want to tell you about something—your play, Dudley. The hero was noble—"

"Don't talk about that absurd thing," protested Saxe, uneasy.

"But I want you to know, I misjudged you, Dudley. I had lived in such a narrow world, I was not fair to you. And West Bradley was never half the man you are—there!"

Dudley colored with pleasure, but his brow wrinkled.

"What has he done?"

"Nothing—nothing much. Oh, he's not as black as you painted him, but he's so small and selfish. And he has got this house—my home—"

"Got your home? Foreclosed the mortgage and put you out?" cried Dudley, in indignant excitement. "The scoundrel! Why didn't you let me know before?"

"Wait, wait," said Marian, softly. "There was a mortgage, and West Bradley got possession of it and was rather mean about it, but I didn't care. I've got some money and I'm tired of living here, anyway. So I let him have the house to live in with his new wife, a widow from the south. He was married last week, Dudley. She was visiting Eatontown, and he paid court to her as soon as I—I refused him, Dudley!"

"For, with a bang, that took no regard of obstacles between them, material or otherwise, Dudley Saxe had caught the girl in his arms, clasping her powerfully and pressing kisses upon her face with all the pent-up emotion of many months.

"No Desire to 'Hog' Things. Her father—So my daughter has consented to become your wife. Have you fixed the day of the wedding?"

Suitor—I will leave that to my fiancée.

H. F.—Will you have a church or a private wedding?

S.—Her mother can decide that, sir.

H. F.—What have you to live on?

S.—I will leave that entirely to you, sir.

Softer.

"If I buy you a seat in the stock exchange, will you agree to go to work?"

"I ain't crazy for work, dad. Make it a seat in the senate."

COSTLY 3-CENT PIECE

PITTSBURG MERCHANT HAS ONE THAT COST HIM \$75.

Tells of the Time He Bet With Affordable Stranger in Kansas City—Keepsake From Young Man's Grandmother.

"See that three-cent piece?" said John M. Gardner, a retired Pittsburg merchant, who formerly lived near Kansas City. He was at the Union depot the other morning on his way to visit friends in Wichita, says the Kansas City Star. "That coin cost me \$75 right here in front of this depot, and I would not take a hundred for it."

"Twenty years ago this month I was waiting for a train here. Along came a stranger, with a smile, and held out his hand. He said he knew me, but I convinced him he didn't, and after he apologized, we went to get a drink. When we came out we saw a young man directly in front of us pull out a handkerchief, and as he did so something fell from his pocket. The stranger, who we will call 'Bud,' called my attention to it. He picked up the article, which proved to be a heavy piece of cardboard folded several times and tied with pink ribbon. Bud untied the paper and inside was a three-cent piece, the very one you see here. Bud told me to put it in my pocket and the paper again without the coin inside. We thought we would have some fun. We went over to the depot and found the fellow.

"Lost anything, stranger?" asked Bud.

"Not that I know of," was the reply.

"We insisted on him searching. Suddenly he looked up with disappointment written all over his face.

"Yes, boy, I lost a piece of paper tied up with ribbon, have you fellows seen it?"

"Is this it?" I asked, holding out the paper.

"He made a grab for it. Bud asked him what he had inside the paper. The fellow said it was a keepsake, a three-cent piece which his grandmother had given him. Bud nudged me and laughed.

"You mean to say you carry a three-cent piece in that paper?" said Bud. Bud then offered to bet there was not any coin in that paper. They bet \$20. Bud did not have any more to bet, he said. Then I thought I saw a chance to make some easy money, so I bet the fellow \$10. He raised me \$20, and we argued back and forth until I had \$75 up. I knew I couldn't lose as I had that three-cent piece right in my pocket. Then the fellow took the paper and, without untying it, tore it in two. When I saw a three-cent piece come out of that paper, I was madder than a hornet. Bud was holding stakes.

"Several years after I learned that these two were working that game as a regular business. Now, every time some one approaches me with a scheme I don't know much about, I reach into my pocket and rub this three-cent piece, just as a matter of precaution, you know."

Money's Part in Marriage.

Scores of persons lose their chances of being happily married through making an unnecessary obstacle of money. The importance of it is often exaggerated. Many a man hesitates to propose to a girl because of his small income. Very often much misery, misunderstanding and tangled lives result from the silence. More unfortunate love affairs are the result of what has not been said than of spoken words.

When a man has a small sure income, and a prospect of increase, there is no legitimate reason for his not speaking of his love; no reason, for that matter, to prevent marriage. People are so desperately afraid, though, of beginning married life in a small way. They fear the sacrifices which they will be called upon to make—of the criticism to which they will be subjected. Many years of happiness are lost in this way. It is such a mistake for young people to want to start marriage in the state that their parents are ending it.

To delay marriage until a "comfortable" income is available is to prove something lacking in the love.—Answers, London.

Equal to the Occasion.

He had been a writer of novelettes, but now he was a tramp. The imaginative instinct remained with him, however.

"Well," demanded the cold-visaged lady as she opened the door.

"Madam," he replied, "I am the exiled king of Cambria. I was hunting in yonder forest, but in some way I became separated from my retainers, likewise my gun and purse. I am footsore and weary, and I would fain tarry awhile and partake of refreshment at your hospitable board."

"We've got nothing in the house fit for a king to eat," said the lady, in the same lofty tone; "but I pray thee tarry while I unchain my bull-hound Tearum. He will escort your majesty with all ceremony to the gates, and methinks—"

But the king remembered a pressing engagement elsewhere.

Carefree Bohemians.

"How would you like to go to a Bohemian supper? Lots of literate people and all that."

"No, the Bohemians are too free and easy for me. Last time I went they ran out of cheese and spread the sandwiches with library paste."

TO HANG BEDROOM CURTAINS

Necessity for Fresh Air at Night Makes Question a Most Important One.

Since fresh air at night has become imperative the right way to curtain a bedroom must be studied. Every window must be raised at top and bottom, which is better for lungs and complexion than for hangings.

The specialist advises no curtains; so will most men, who rarely like the dainty draperies dear to women. Few householders agree with this, even the health fanatics. Nothing furnishes a room like fresh white curtains; besides, the publicity of the uncurtained room is objectionable, not to mention the bare look of the outside of a house.

The woman who believes in fresh air never hangs at her bedroom windows curtains that cannot be laundered easily or that are ruined by dampness. Windows up the year around soon works havoc on delicate lace or colored curtains.

Double draperies are not advisable for the bedroom. Too much air is shut out, though they are lifted back each night. When one will have them, choose denim, wash prints or heavy wash silks that stand tubbing.

One woman fastens to the side linteol of her window high above the middle sash, a small hook. In a convenient place she keeps cords for each half of curtain and her maids are taught when preparing the room for the night to loop the curtains up and back, thus giving free current of air.

The most practical method of curtaining a bedroom is to divide the curtain in two sections horizontally. A rod is run at the top of the lower sash and the lower half run on it by a narrow casing. The upper curtain is cut longer than the lower one and hung on a rod at the top of the casing so they conceal the lower rod.

By this arrangement the window can be lifted with no floating draperies to blow out the window and get stinky, yet the room has the benefit of curtains.

Telephone Snipe.

A "telephone snipe" is a man who habitually uses some other man's telephone at no other expense to himself than a "thank you." He flourishes, perhaps, because he is not a game bird.

What Men Escape.

Of course men have their little worries and troubles but they don't have to go to bed night after night with a complexion as bad as Dudley Saxe's.

The Turbine.

The first steam turbine-fitted vessel was constructed by the Hon. C. A. Parsons at his works at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Turbinia, a small vessel 100 feet in length, made her trial trip November 4, 1894. The system rapidly developed owing to increased speed of the vessels fitted with turbine engines and the economy effected in coal; improvements were made in the construction, and today the turbine ship is popular the world over.

His Economy.

The children in the Blank family were taught habits of neatness at the table by being compelled to pay a fine of 1 cent for every spot they put on the tablecloth. One day Harold, a boy of seven years, was discovered rubbing the overhanging part of the cloth between his fingers, and, when taken to task for it, he said: "Why, Mummy, I was just trying to rub two spots into one!"—Woman's Home Companion.

London Good Oyster Market.

London is a great consumer of oysters. The cheapness of the delicacy half a century ago created a demand for it, which has hung with the appetites of the people as tenaciously as the habit of smoking a pipe has among the men. It is estimated that London consumes a billion a year, and the record shows that in 1864, when prices were very low, 700,000,000 were eaten.

Foolish Question.

The editor of the woman's page was on his vacation and the sporting editor had jumped into the breach. "Well, what do you think of this?" he snorted, as he held up a perfumed communication. "Here's a fool woman wants to know how to make a lemon tart; just as though a lemon wasn't tart enough already."—Life.

The Preacher Knew.

When volunteer prayers were called for a man struck in and prayed very earnestly for his poor land, and asked the Lord to give him a good crop. "What that land of yours needs, brother, is not prayer, but manure," said the preacher, as he gave out. "Work, For the Night Is Coming."

Orthodox.

"If St. James' Bible was good enough for St. Paul, it is good enough for me." This was the emphatic protest of a New England deacon against the reading of the Revised instead of the King James version.—Congregationalist.

Clothing.

Our Best Friends Are the MEN Who Wear Clothes THEY KNOW That the Biggest Clothing Values in America are always found at The Fauble Stores. It's no different this Season. Let Us Show YOU. We will save you Dollars and you will get the Best Clothes you ever wore. FAUBLES

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Medical.

The Proper Course.

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THEY NEVER FAIL.

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