

PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

In high social circles the girl who wants to cut out another girl orders new dresses and more hats. Among savages she sticks on a few more beads and feathers. But in some middle western towns she rolls up her sleeves, opens the flour bin and cooks something calculated to knock the spots off anything culinary the other girl ever dared dream of.

That was why Mrs. Fruby said to her daughter with a hint of excitement in her voice, "Try him on beaten biscuits, Sadie! And your chocolate marshmallow pudding!"

It had been hard enough all her life for Mrs. Fruby to be outdone by Mary Sandler without having to endure seeing Mary Sandler's daughter get ahead of her own Sadie. And of late Rosa Sandler had asked Peter Vernon to dinner entirely too often to suit Mrs. Fruby's plans. So had half a dozen other girls. For Peter Vernon was a matrimonial prize, the like of which a small town does not see more than once in a generation. He had an interest in the big engine works, which made money so fast that it gave the populace the hiccoughs trying to count it.

Natural jealousy of Mary Sandler made Mrs. Fruby consider Rosa a deadly rival. Rosa was nearly as pretty as Sadie and, moreover, she was a good cook. So were Margaret and Agnes and Carrie, other aspirants. Louise—Mrs. Fruby merely smiled at the idea of Louise.

Being built on solid lines herself, Mrs. Fruby had an imagined contempt for ethereal creatures like Louise, who looked as though a puff of wind might easily remove her from the scene. Louise was of the ethereal, useless kind and Mrs. Fruby knew that no sensible man wanted a helpless wife. Men, she often told Sadie, liked energy and ability in a girl. As for cooking, it was doubtful if Louise could even cook a pan of fudge without burning it.

Peter Vernon was a tall, thin young man with a well set head and a kindly, if shrewd, smile.

"He's not the sort to get taken in!" Mrs. Fruby said thoughtfully as she superintended Sadie's work making the beaten biscuit for that night's supper, to which Peter Vernon was coming. "Does your arm ache? Let me beat awhile!"

Peter Vernon liked the beaten biscuit immensely. He ate six. And he had two helpings of the chocolate marshmallow pudding.

"She nearly beat her arm off making those," Sadie's mother confided to him. "But I tell you, nothing dunts Sadie! When she does a thing she does it!"

"They certainly were mighty good," repeated Peter Vernon.

"We always have 'em Wednesday evenings," said Sadie's mother with a sudden inspiration. "And you drop in that night without wanting to be asked, since you're so fond of 'em!"

"Yes, do!" echoed Sadie.

Beaten biscuits are hard to make. Many were the weary hours Sadie Fruby put in over them, because they had to be made regularly on Wednesday. Sometimes Peter dropped in, and if he did not he was certain to be met on the street the next day by Sadie or her mother and pinned down to another date. Mrs. Fruby took his fondness for the marshmallow pudding as an especially good sign.

"You keep it up, Sadie," she told her daughter the evening Peter had stayed a half-hour beyond his usual time. "I can begin to see that you're winning out!"

"He's not," Sadie said dubiously. "He goes to Isabel's and Margaret's, too—and Louise's!"

"I wouldn't worry," declared her mother. "I guess Isabel can't make biscuits like yours and Margaret's cake is a joke. And you know Louise! Why, you've got 'em all on the run!"

"But he never says anything," Sadie protested. "I mean anything that I could take as—"

"He ain't that kind," declared Mrs. Fruby. "He ain't going to make love to a girl till he's engaged to her! You beat those biscuits longer next time!"

Shortly after that the local newspaper contained the unexpected announcement of the quiet marriage of Peter Vernon and Louise, the ethereal. Mrs. Fruby, after a hysterical scream when she read the news, told Sadie plainly what she thought of Peter. She talked so vehemently that she did not notice how pale Sadie's cheeks were. Sadie usually was stolid and unmoved.

"Well," Mrs. Fruby said at last, wiping her eyes, "it can't be helped. You'd better stir up some beaten biscuit for supper tonight—it's Wednesday! Habit was strong in her. It was then that Sadie voiced a brand new theory of life. "Beaten biscuit!" she echoed grimly. "I never want to see one again! I guess what you eat doesn't count for much, after all!"

Not Looking Too Far Ahead. "What is your boy going to be when he grows up?"

"I don't know. We've not got that far yet. We're devoting all our time to ways and means of bringing him safely through his college football period. After that we probably choose a career for—"

—There are many good newspapers published, but none that is quite as good as the DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN. Try it.

HER CHOICE OF METHODS.

Mrs. Briggs had passed the afternoon at her club, where she had listened to a dear young girl, direct from the chautauqua platform, deliver an inspiring, uplifting discourse on the benefits of moral suasion.

Therefore, when she arrived home and was met at the door with a tale of woe relating to the behavior of her only offspring—of his refusal to go to school, his stealing all the doughnuts the cook had hidden for supper, his unforgetable rudeness to his maiden aunt and his taking his father's fishing tackle from its sacred box and mixing the contents together on the parlor floor—of all these and sundry other misdemeanors, each sufficient to merit a physical reproof, she bit her lip nervously and asked where she might find her son.

Having found him in the laundry, where he was prepared to spend the night in case of necessity, she led him gently up to her room, asking not to be disturbed by any one whatsoever. "Son," she said, sorrowfully. "I've been told that you were very naughty today."

"Do I get licked?" asked son, irrelevantly.

"You realize, don't you, that you were naughty?" she repeated, ignoring his question.

"Then I don't get licked?" Son was anxious to know.

"Listen to mother, dear." Son winced at the endearment. "You are my only boy, and I feel so proud to own you. But—" She drew him closer to her and endeavored to lift him to her lap.

"Gee, I ain't a baby," he objected, strenuously, as he wriggled away.

Mrs. Briggs breathed a deep sigh. Then she began again: "Mother is proud of her boy, but she wants him to deserve her pride. You want mother to always be proud of you, don't you?"

"Say, you've got powder all over one side of your nose," exclaimed the object of her pride.

She wiped her face quietly, then she waited a moment to collect her wits.

Her son didn't seem to respond to mother love, so she thought that perhaps she would better try something else.

"When you refused to go to school today, dear, you knew, didn't you, that even if I didn't find it out, even if your teacher didn't send a note home to me, your conscience disapproved of your actions? Your conscience was sorry that you weren't trustworthy."

"Teacher wouldn't have sent a note home, because they haven't got us fixed in our own rooms yet, and they don't know where we belong," son objected.

"But never mind what your teacher does, son. Think of your own better nature, to which you have done an injustice."

Son made no comment. Encouraged, his mother proceeded.

"You knew it was wrong, too, to take Mary's doughnuts, didn't you? And you are sorry, aren't you, that you offended your Aunt Alice?"

"Still no comment."

"Son, are you listening? Son!"

He turned toward her. "Huh?" he asked. Then his eyes were again directed out of the window. She followed his gaze, and saw behind the lilac bushes, where they felt that they were free from public eyes, Mary and her husband-to-be bidding each other a tender farewell. Son saw his mother's eyes taking in the scene.

"Say!" he remarked. "What do you know about that!" He nodded his head sagely. "I've seen them doing that 'most every day, but I never told, for I wanted something to hold over her, when she started to tell on me. Going to fire her?"

Mrs. Briggs exclaimed gently that it was perfectly proper for Mary to kiss her future husband. Then she drew the shade, that no further interference from outside should prolong their conference.

"Now, son," she began again, as she drew him firmly toward her, "mother wants you to say that you are very sorry and to promise her—"

"Aw, son ain't my name," broke in the boy, crossly. "An' you ain't 'mother'—you're ma. An' you're talkin' like the teacher does, 'cause she doesn't lick us. What's the matter?"

"George," called Mrs. Briggs to her husband, whose steps she heard descending the stairs. "Come here and deal with this impudent young one. He needs a good whipping, if ever any boy did!" As her husband entered the room she added, to insure good measure. "He's ruined your fishing tackle—you'd better use your slipper on him."

A Good Demonstrator. The car had wheezed slowly along, until finally Jobleigh grew impatient. "Look here, my good man," he said to the demonstrator, "I don't want an old snail of a car like this. I want some speed!"

"But just think of the economy of a car like this," said the demonstrator. "Economy?" retorted Jobleigh. "Where does the economy come in? It costs just as much as run as any other car, doesn't it?"

"Yes," replied the demonstrator, "but think of what you'll save on insurance."—Harper's Weekly.

The story of Tantalus mocked by the food he could not touch, the fountain he could not taste, is the story of every dyspeptic. Life to him must be an endless fast, a ceaseless mortification of the flesh. Dyspepsia can be cured. It is being cured every day by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Cases of the most complicated character and of long standing have yielded to this medicine, when every other means had been tried in vain. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures 98 per cent of all those who give it a fair and faithful trial.

More Appropriate. Representative Henry, condemning the international marriage, said at a dinner in Waco: "What kind of men are these dukes and earls, anyway, that they can frankly admit marrying heiresses for their money?"

"I heard a story the other day, a story about an heiress who said to her titled fiancé: "My dear, I'm rather a new woman, you know, so do you mind asking the bishop to omit the word 'obey' in our wedding ceremony?"

"Lord Lucian stroked his mustache, smiled slyly, and answered: "No, I don't mind, my love. I'll just tell the old boy to make it 'love, honor and supply.'"

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla for Spring Troubles.

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TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LAND FOR NON-PAYMENT OF TAXES FOR 1910 AND 1911.

Agreeable to the provisions of law relating to the sale of unseated lands for the non-payment of taxes, notice is hereby given that there will be exposed to public sale or outcry the following tracts or parts of tracts of unseated lands in Centre county, Pennsylvania, for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, June 10th, 1912, at 10 o'clock in a. m., to continue from day to day, if necessary, by adjournment, until all are sold.

Table with columns: Acres Per., Warrantee, Owners, Taxes. Lists various land parcels and owners across multiple townships including Banner, Boggs, Half Moon, Harris, Howard, Huston, and Liberty.

Table with columns: Name, Address, Amount. Lists individuals and their associated amounts, organized by township such as Miles, Patton, and Rush.

Table with columns: Name, Address, Amount. Lists individuals and their associated amounts, organized by township such as Taylor, Union, and Walker.

Table with columns: Name, Address, Amount. Lists individuals and their associated amounts, organized by township such as Worth and other local areas.

JOHN D. MILLER, County Treasurer.