Bellefonte, Pa., May 10, 1912.

REBELLION.

Billy sat on the extreme edge of the last stone forming the low wall bordering the grounds about his home. There was a lowering expression upon his face. Now and then he beat his heels viciously against the stones of

the wall. Around the corner swung Mrs. Donnell. Billy and Mrs. Donnell were chums, so she beamed and called "Hello!" as a chum should. Billy looked up from under his frowning

brows and made no answer. "My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. the matter with you this morning? Where's your taugh? And your dim-

Billy growled something and shifted around. Then he spoke with a great effort. "They've got-" He actually choked over the word. "They've gone and got a-a baby at our house!" He jerked his head toward what had been home to him. The expression of his face signified that his connection with little rosebuds on her dress. the place was now completely sev-

"O-o-oh! I see," said Mrs. Donnell. She flicked the top of the wall | week-day garb. with an absurd handkerchief and then sat down beside Billy. Her seriousness was very comforting. "No wonder you are excited."

"I'm not excited," contradicted Billy, flatly. "I'm mad. I don't want it. What good is a baby? Nobody buttoned my shoes for me this morning!"

"Horrible!" sympathized Mrs. Donnell. She pulled one fat leg up on her lap and proceeded to remedy the defect in Billy's toilet. "Well, you see, the baby's new, and you must expect them to be dreadfully interested in it. People are that way. You've no idea how foolish they can be over a red, homely little new baby, Billy."

"Theirs is awful red," Billy declared scornfully. "And it yells. That isn't the worst, though—it's a girl!" He shot out the words in explosive contempt. "What good's a girl?"

"They certainly have piled it up on you, haven't they?" cried Mrs. Don-

nell. "Whatever are you going to do?" "I'm thinkin'," announced Billy. "First I thought I'd run away. It ain't going to be any fun at home any more. All they do is look at the baby and act silly over it. I can wait an' wait for somebody to pour the cream on my peaches, an' there's nobody to do it. Mother she stays right with that baby and father he stays with it, and Mary she just runs around from the kitchen to upstairs and back again and says 'The darlin'! Ain't it sww-w-e-et!'

"Well, isn't it?" queried Mrs. Donnell in suspiciously shaky tones. Billy glared at her in reproach. "Sweet!" he almost yelled. "It's just ugly and red, and I hate it!" "Billy!"

"I do!" repeated Billy. "It can't do a thing! It doesn't know anything! When father took me in to see it this morning I showed it my new knife and it wouldn't even look at it! It would if it had been a boy! Boys have some sense! Father just laughed. And anyhow I didn't have any use for

"I know," said Mrs. Donnell. "I'll go and buy the baby and take it away and that will rid you of it."

Wild hope sprung into Billy's eyes. Then it died out. "You don't want it," looked again at Jasper. Shyness, in he said, disgustedly. "After you take the face of all the advancing crowd, a good look at it you wouldn't even let | was overpowering him. He had turn-'em give it to you!"

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Donnell. "Is it as bad as that? Well, I might take it anyway just to oblige an old friend like you. Here comes your father-I'll see about it now!"

"Good morning, Mr. Baxter! I was just talking business with your son. He says there is a superfluous baby up at the house that is in his way, and he'd like to dispose of it. If you'll sell it I'll take it off your hands. What price do you ask?"

"Um-m!" said Billy's father, frowning thoughtfully. "Now, that's kind of you. What shall we sell it for,

"A quarter," Billy suggested tenta-

"Oh, I think we ought to ask at least 30 cents," said his father. "But shouldn't go," she stammered. wouldn't your mother object? I think she'd feel sorry if we sold it!" "Would she?" asked Billy in sur-

"Yes," said his father. "It's queer, but she's just crazy about it. You and I have got to stand together and bear shortly. it! We don't want to hurt mother's feelings, do we?"

"No-o!" admitted Billy, irresolutely. "Have you seen what funny fingers it has? They curl around one of yours, tight!"

"Do they?" asked Billy, interestedly. "That's what they do," said his father. "Come with me and I'll show you. You can have lots of fun with

it, Billy. Come on!" "All right," said Billy, sliding down from the wall and joining his father. "I guess we won't sell it," he called back to Mrs. Donnell. "But thank you,

just the same!"

"Why do you insist on carrying that umbrella?" asked the bridegroom. "For purposes of domestic economy," replied the bride. "I'm going to turn it upside down and catch enough rice to do the family for sev-

the WATCHMAN Office.

IN STRESS OF PITY.

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"Work is work, but picnics is only picnics," summed up Aunt Hepzibah tartly. "I'm goin' to town and you'll stay here and do that ironin', so don't let's have another word about it."

Barbara Larsen stood, meek and submissive, bravely holding back the tears till her aunt's gaunt form had turned down the road and disappeared trolleyward. Then she threw herself down in the old rocker and sobbed unrestrainedly.

She had told Jasper Burnham she was going-Jasper, who had never before mustered up courage to ask her to go anywhere. And now he'd think she was doing it on purpose-that she didn't care.

She rose at last. The ironing must Donnell, pausing in surprise. "What's be done. But as she reached the tion in great beads to his brow. kitchen door some wayward impulse turned her steps and forced her up into her own tiny bedroom, where lay in all their dear, seductive glory her "best things" that she had laid out ready to wear. Sobs shook her anew as she gazed at them. She moved over to the bureau and opening the bottom drawer took from it a shining length of ribbon that matched the

With a sudden impulse she began to unbook the unbecoming brown gingham that was her invariable

"I'll try them on, anyway," she re-

Fully arrayed, the pink ribbon gleaming around her waving brown hair, she surveyed herself with a mournful satisfaction. She hadn't known she could be so pretty. She looked longingly out at the radiant afternoon. Swinging down the road, with furtive, bashful glances toward down the stairway and out on the vine-covered porch.

"I'll let him see I was ready, anythen he'll think something happened afterward."

Jasper paused uncertainly at the

"Coming?" he called. Barbara looked up the road and saw the other girls chattering along with their sweethearts, all bound for the



Aunt Hepzibah Sat Waiting.

great picnic of the year. Then she ed to go. Barbara's heart gave an agonized throb.

"Yes," she called suddenly.

She ran down the path, through the gate, and paused beside him. Without a word he started on, hands plunged deep in his pockets, speechless and overcome by his own daring. Barbara walked beside him with downcast eyes. Presently, stealing a glance at her, he saw the signs of tears on her face. A rush of pitying indigantion banished self-consciousness for the moment.

"Who's been hurting you?" he demanded. "No one," she denied.

"Then what've you been crying

"Because—because aunt said

A sudden, terrifying sense of what she had done overwhelmed her. Then the sound of happy, laughing voices behind brought a wave of defiant ex-

"What'll she do?" asked Jasper "I don't know-don't let's think

about it," she begged. But Jasper's mind clung to the sub-

"Darn her!" he burst forth. "Why ion't you leave? She's not your real unt, is she?"

"No. but she took me when I was ttle, and she's kept me and raised e, and all for nothing." 'For nothing, yes, and you've work-

l like a slave for her. She couldn't ay a hired girl to do what you've one," avowed Jasper heatedly. As silence fell his shyness returnd. He walked awkwardly, kicking at the stones in his path or switching aimlessly at the tall reedy growth by

the roadside. When they reached the picnic ground, a wide, cleared space in the woods by a rushing stream, he withdrew to a distance and Barbara joined a group of chattering girls by one of the swings.

He kept shyly apart from her during the afternoon, though his eyes "Have no regrets on that score. I -For high class Job Work come to followed her everywhere with a dumb worship. When twilight came and

they began to flock homeward ... chattering groups of twos and threes, Barbara had an instant's pang lest he should fail her, but a moment later he fell into step at her side.

With the homeward walk came back the crushing fear of what might befall her as a result of her disobedience. She knew only too well the harsh ill-temper of her aunt. She lagged more and more slowly, till all the happy, laughter-loving crowd had left them. Jasper lagged even one step slower, seeming loath to bring the silent walk to an end. Yet the twilight, the solitariness, the very nearness to the object of his devotion bred in him a paralyzing shyness, a very agony of self-consciousness. Never, perhaps, would he have a chance like this again, yet the very thought of speaking, of even reaching out and touching the little hand that swung near him, brought the perspira-

Barbara, with the growing intuition of awakened womanhood, vaguely realized all this.

As they came in sight of the house her heart began to beat painfully. She moved closer to Jasper.

"I'm frightened" she whisnered. For the second time that day a fire of indignation swept Jasper's selfconsciousness from him. His hand went out suddenly and grasped her small one.

"Don't you be afraid," he said soothingly. They came opposite the window.

Inside Aunt Hepzibah sat, waiting. Her jaws were set in a heavy, purposeful revenge. Barbara grasped Jasper's arm with a little half-soh.

"Oh I-I hate her!" she whispered. Jasper stood silent, staring at the woman, and with the helpless, trembling touch on his arm there surged up within him a mighty passion. He shook Barbara's hand from his arm the house, came Jasper. Barbara's almost roughly and took three great heart beat hard. Turning, she ran strides toward the house. Then he halted, suddenly, and turned, "You come with me." he said.

She had to run to keep up with way," she thought defiantly, "and him. There was no breath left for speech. Presently they turned in at a gateway.

"Why, it's the minister's," panted Barbara.

Jasper knocked loudly at the door. "We want to get married." announced Jasper, a steady fire burning in his eyes.

"Well, now, I'm sure!" exclaimed the minister's wife bewilderedly. "Why, it's little Barbara Larsen and -and Jasper! Well, well, well!" She led them into the front room and disappeared.

"Mighty good thing!" they heard the minister say. "That child leads a dog's life." He strode into the room. 'Well, well!" he said kindly, "so you want to get married! That's right, Jasper. You're doing fine with

the farm now. A wife is just what you need to make the old place look right." He stood them up before him. When it was over and they were

hand in his. They walked, hand in hand and speechless, down the village street ! and along the road that led to Jasper's farm. As they reached the gateway the moon peeped out from under a cloud and flooded the orchard with silver light. Jasper stopped and gazed dazedly about at the familiar scene, then down at his

wife's drooping head. "Barbara!" he whispered unbeliev-She looked up, her eyes still dark

with wonder. He took her suddenly in his arms. The pent-up longing of two endless years seemed to culminate in that moment.

"Why, Barbara!" he cried passion-"you're mine-you're mine! And I didn't know I was doing it!"

Here Today, Gone Tomorrow. In 1901 Vancouver, B. C., had only 27,000 inhabitants. With its suburbs it has now 127,000. But it is at this moment engaged in revising its list of voters. The list under revision contains some 20,000 names and from it no less than 6,000 are to be removed as no longer resident.

If the last revision occurred three years ago this means that every year one-tenth of its voters leave Vancouver. As the larger proportion of its floating population cannot consist of voters this would imply that during the last ten years some 200,000 people have spent some time in Vancouver, and of them nearly half have declined to settle there.

Some of course have gone to other parts of the province, but it seems more than probable that the greater number have crossed the border to the United States. Altogether the immigrant population of Canada is in a very fluid condition. If this be the case after ten years of apparent prosperity one can judge what will be ita condition if a reaction should set in .-America.

Long Haul. First Hobo-Strange how few of our youthful dreams come true, ain't it? Second Hobo-Oh, I don't know. I remember how I once yearned to wear long pants. Now I guess I wear them longer than most any man in the

Pleasing Humor. Tell a girl she has a musical laugh and she will think you the funniest

Not Worth Five. "Marry me?" said the duke. "But, duke," responded the heiress, "I feel somewhat committed to the count." gave the count a five-dollar note and bought him off."

VERA'S VACATION.

"I intended to stay the week end, but remained a month," said Vera. "A month?" echoed Corrine.

"Yes; mother forwarded my trunk." "Were you well acquainted at the

"Didn't know a soul, excepting my cousin, who introduced me upon my arrival to five girls and one fellow. That fellow was simply crazy about tennis, golf and launching." "Did you have your middy blouses with you?"

"Of course. I could see myself sailing already, when he grasped my hand, saying "Good-bye, hope we meet again. I must hustle, as my train en identity. He mistook me for my leaves in five minutes."

"That evening while waiting at the desk for some mail I did not expect, I met Mr. Evers. We stepped out on the porch and talked about sororities and fraternities until I was hoarse. Never before or since have I been so adiant. Just as I was trying to nake my eyes not behave, he said: If you play bridge, my wife and I would be delighted to have you join us.' But I wasn't keen about it and begged to be excused as I felt chilled."

"Another young man would sit on the beach glancing admiringly at my stunning bathing suit. Once when I fropped my handkerchief, accidentally on purpose, he picked it up. 'Thank you kindly,' I said. Can you beat it? Taking an ear trumpet from his pocket, he explained that he was stone

1eaf."
"How tragic," interrupted Corrine. "There was one prosperous, well groomed athletic person, who was recently imported from France and

couldn't converse in English." "I thought you studied French?" "Certainly, but all I could remember was 'Je vous aime and Tres bien.'" "Did you like the hotel?"

"Oh, who wouldn't? Printed menu and finger bowls three times a day. Besides, the old ladies sat on the veranda, rocking and knocking, added

zest to the visit. "I forgot about Mr. Wilson, who escorted me to a dance across the bay. Upon entering the hall he said, 'I

don't dance.' " "Exciting; did you decorate the wall?"

"Until I met a young man who was devotion itself. I saw his constantly after that. The money he spent on candy and flowers!"

"You're too particular, Vera. What was the trouble with him?"

"The trouble was a case of mistakcousin, Vera Carter, who is heiress to a couple of millions. I suppose he works a year to make a splurge for a few days."

"Another day a Mr. Johnston invited me to go automobiling. Everything was ideal until we had a puncture. The village was five miles away. We had to sit in the broiling sun for four hours, as Mr. Johnston protested he could not walk because he was subject to epileptic fits and had to be careful."

"It's a wonder you stayed away so

"On, there was a bachelor about 50

years old with loads of money." "Vera!" declared Corrine in surprise. "You couldn't care for an old

man like that?" "No, because he was damaged. Had lost his right arm in an accident. But I was courteous to him because he expected his nephew home from Europe soon."

"I suppose you never saw the

"Indeed I have. I've seen him every evening since I came back and his uncle is going to be my uncle."

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lished about Doan's Kidney Pills. Read it.

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