

WATERWAY'S WAR.

By Plimmer Erskine

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Carrville set him down for a drummer the very first evening. He was not the advance agent of some theater company or he would have hung a show bill in the bar room of the Eagle hotel the first thing. Since there were no show bills in evidence, he must be a salesman even though he carried no sample trunks. Outside of Col. Carr and his guests at the old Carr homestead, the only well dressed men to drop off at Carrville were drummers and advance agents.

But though Frederick Waterbury (they got the name from the register) arrived on the noon train, he made no effort to see his customers, a proceeding which surprised the hotel habitués greatly.

He smiled tolerantly at the very obvious efforts made to pump him, and seemed to delight in returning answers concealing in their very frankness. In the end, even Jed Hawkins, the lawyer, abandoned his cross questioning.

For two or three days Waterbury idled about the town, driving occasionally, but for the most part hanging about the hotel, the center of the town's gossip. Then he furnished a real sensation. He had taken title to the west side of Bailey's pond.

"He got it, sure enough," declared Hawkins. I saw the papers. He's got the old Bailey place and a strip off the Mehan farm and ten acres from the old Coon farm. That gives him about two-thirds of the pond. Won't the old colonel be mad, though, when he finds out? I know he wanted to get the Bailey place for himself."

Carrville had been the home of the Carr family for a century and a quarter, but Col. Cephas Carr was the only one who had fared well in worldly goods. The whole township had belonged to the Carrs once but now the entire estate consisted of some hundred and forty acres. Carr had sought to repurchase the land about the little

The colonel, with growing uneasiness, observed the change of sentiment. He had been accustomed to dominate the small community and now he found that Waterbury's more practical ideas were being accorded the greater respect. It was intolerable that this enemy should invade his own town and destroy his prestige, but it was none the less a fact though the colonel stormed.

Ever since the day Fred Waterbury, in all innocence, had raided the colonel's pet stock and had cost him half a million in less than six hours. Waterbury had been regarded as a thing of evil. The tacit acceptance of his attentions to Clio Carr became active opposition. He was attacked in his stock operations until he quietly dropped from the street and then, because he had done so, the colonel had made this his excuse for refusing his consent to Fred's marriage to Clio.

To justify himself in his daughter's eyes, he had pleaded that Waterbury had no means of gaining a livelihood, ignoring his millions. Until he arrived in Carrville he had congratulated himself upon the success of his strategy, yet here was Waterbury calmly establishing what he could see was going to be a very profitable business.

Not only that, but he had utterly destroyed the picturesqueness of the little lake that had added so much to the view from Castle Carr. The huts of the muskrat tenants were not so unsightly, though they were too crowded to be picturesque, too suggestive of man's industry, but the fence poles stuck gauntly from the water, and, of course, boating was impossible.

An offer of purchase was treated with disdain, and Carrville grinned delightedly. They had suffered from the colonel. In Waterbury he had more than met his match and they appreciated Waterbury accordingly.

Then came the final straw in the indignation that a scion of royalty had decided to visit "the States" and would accept the colonel's repeated invitations.

"I am anticipating with great pleasure," wrote the Personage, "a visit to Castle Carr. I recall the photographs you showed me and am anxious to see an American country place."

For an hour the colonel sat before the window, looking out across the rank marsh grass to the ugly wall and the colony of muskrats on the further side. At last he went over to the table and drew out a telegraph blank.

Clio appeared three days later in answer to the summons. It was too dark to see the lake when she arrived, but early the next morning she looked out of her window and giggled with a most unflattering appreciation of Waterbury's attack.

She preserved a grave face at the interview with her father, and presently she departed behind the Carr chestnuts, clothed with plenipotentiary powers.

Apparently Waterbury had some knowledge of her coming, for he was waiting for her on the piazza.

"What do you think of the fur farm?" he asked. "Look good from your side of the water?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Fred," she scolded. "It's perfectly horrid."

"It's your father's fault," he defended. "I didn't want to make trouble, and I wasn't going to see my muskrats go homeless this winter, nor was I going to have my frog industry interfered with."

"I know," she agreed. "But father's in an awful fix."

"Look here, Clio," he said earnestly. "I've either got to lick or be licked. I've licked him good and I'm going to rub it in. It's the price of peace, dear. Your father will respect the man who has defeated him. He never will if I appear to give in. I've worked like a day laborer ever since spring and I'm entitled to my victory. You come to make terms, don't you?"

"To plead with you," she corrected. "To ask you, for the sake of old friendship, to give up this idea. You will be paid all you have expended and a handsome profit."

"And if I refuse?"

"Well, as a last resort," she confessed, "I think father might be willing to merge the two properties. We could build on this side of the lake. It would help the view."

"I think I'll drop over," laughed Waterbury, "and talk over building plans. Come and see the place."

With little exclamations of wonder and delight she accompanied him over the farm. Waterbury could afford the best and his place was most complete.

"It seems a shame that this will all have to go," she said, regretfully. "I suppose you will give it up."

"For you, yes," he assented. "And count it well lost in the bargain. I think I'll keep a couple of muskrat families, though, as a sort of reminder to the colonel."

The colonel stared when he saw the two leave the carriage together, and Clio, tripping up the steps, explained:

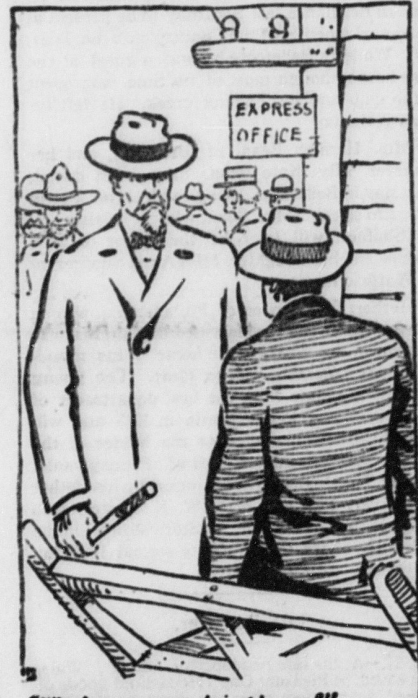
"He says that I am the price of the property, father. You told me to make the best bargain I could. He would not listen to any other terms."

The colonel sank back in his chair and helplessly regarded his prospective son-in-law. Only surrender was possible.

"You have stood my test," he said with dignity. "I wanted to prove you before I gave my consent."

Waterbury, his arm round Clio's waist, smiled pleasantly.

"You don't expect me to believe that, do you?" he asked. The colonel's head sank. Even from the last ditch he had been driven in defeat.



"What are you doing here?"

lake that had been sold to pay the debts of his ancestors, but his domineering ways had not gained friends for him.

Carrville, fully appreciative of the situation, chuckled to itself and prayed that it might be there to see when the colonel heard the news. As most of them were in daily attendance on the arrival of trains, the wish was gratified some three weeks later, for the Carr carriage drew up at the station shortly before the arrival of the noon train.

Waterbury, whose frank good nature had made the whole town his friends, was sitting on the baggage truck when the train pulled in. From the Pullman, at the forward end of the train, emerged the colonel, tall, severe and stately. His townsmen regarded him curiously but they gasped when with a start the colonel paused in front of Waterbury.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded imperiously.

"Following your advice," explained Waterbury. "You suggested that I was more ornamental than useful, so I've gone to work."

"And have selected Carrville as the narrow field for your somewhat limited abilities?"

"Precisely. Small beginnings make big endings," reminded the younger man. "I've taken the old Bailey farm and am going to raise fur."

"To raise fur?"

"Precisely. Muskrats, squirrels, perhaps foxes and bullfrogs. Of course the frogs are not fur bearing, but there's a good market for their legs."

"On my pond?" The colonel was incredulous.

"On my two-thirds," corrected Waterbury. "If any of the muskrats or frogs get over on your side, just wade out and chase them home."

The hands holding the heavy cane twitched nervously, but by a violent effort the colonel retained command of his temper, and passed on.

Fresh sensation was found that evening in a telegram that was sent to New York. It may have been a violation of regulations, but the entire town knew that the colonel had wired:

"Keep Clio in city. Young Waterbury here."

It was brief enough, but sufficient to give the hint that a romance lay behind the matter, and interest grew at more than compound rates.

The KITCHEN CABINET



THE great difficulty is always to open people's eyes: to touch their feelings and break their hearts is easy; the difficult thing is to break their heads.

USES FOR SOUR CREAM.

Sour cream is such a valuable aid in cookery that not a tablespoonful of it should ever be wasted.

To each cup of thick sour cream, beat in a half teaspoonful of soda, then use with a scant amount of baking powder. With cream very little shortening need be used, one to three tablespoonfuls, according to the richness of the cream.

Drop Cookies.—Use half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg beaten light, half a cup of sour cream, one-fourth of a teaspoon of soda, two and a half cups of flour and three and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix in the usual manner and drop from a spoon upon buttered tins, shaping each portion into a smooth round. Dredge with granulated sugar and bake in a moderate oven. Half a cup of coconut may be added before the flour and the quantity of flour reduced a little.

Sour cream used in a white sauce served with codfish is a new dish to many, but once tried it will often be repeated.

It often happens in warm weather, with even a limited supply, that some of the milk will get sour before it can be used. If a quart or more is on hand some of the delicious cottage cheese may be prepared. Set the thickened milk on the back part of the stove, and when a curd is formed, drain off the whey and season with salt, butter and a little thick sour cream.

Sour Cream Filling for Cake.—Sweeten and chill a cup of sour cream. Whip it, keeping it cold while doing so, and when stiff fold in a cup of nuts; hickory are best. This is excellent for layer cakes.

Raisins added to the above filling makes a variety. Lemon juice and powdered sugar may be added with the raisins.

Graham Bread.—Sift together one cup of graham and one cup of wheat flour; add a teaspoonful of soda, a half teaspoonful of baking powder, a cup of sour milk, a half cup of molasses, a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt; combine the ingredients and bake in a bread pan one and one-half hours.

THE most solid comfort one can fall back upon, is the thought that the business of one's life—the work at home after the holiday is done—is to help in some small nibbling way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation and misery on the face of this beautiful earth.

HOUSEKEEPING NECESSITIES.

To many some of these may come under the head of luxuries; but most of us are able to do without the necessities if we can have the luxuries.

Seasonings, spices and herbs of all kinds, including cayenne pepper and paprika.

Catsups and piquant sauces. Small cans of vegetables, meats, soups and fish.

Extract of beef and bouillon cubes. Canned sweet peppers. Salad dressings. Jar of grated cheese. Crackers and cans of condensed milk.

For utensils, a double boiler or two, several wooden spoons. Wire whisk and Dover egg beater. Frying basket and individual baking dishes.

Coffee percolator. Zinc covered table. Meat chopper. Bread mixer.

These are a few of the indispensables in a well-ordered household.

Hot Chicken Salad.—Mix a pint of cooked chicken cut in cubes with a cup of cooked peas, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little red pepper, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a sweet red pepper cut fine, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and set aside to season. Make a sauce of a fourth of a cup of butter, the same amount of flour, seasonings, a cup of cream, a cup of chicken broth; add the other ingredients and let stand over water to become hot.

This is good served from a chafing dish.

A pretty luncheon biscuit is made by putting three small biscuits in each of a set of patty pans. They will look like a clover leaf when baked and are called clover biscuit.

Willing to Help.

"Look here, waiter, this oyster is still alive."

"Yes, sir. Do you want to kill it with your fork or shall I get a hammer?"

PREPARING THE STEAK

SOME TIME-HONORED WAYS OF COOKING AND SERVING.

"Blanketed" is One of the Best That Has Been Devised—Delicious in the Form of a Pie—For Those Fond of Hamburg.

Blanketed Steak.—Wipe a sirloin steak, cut one and one-half inches thick, and broil five minutes. Remove to platter, spread with butter, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Clean one quart of clams and discard tough muscles. Cover steak with soft portions, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dot over with one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter. Place on grate in hot oven, and bake until clams are done. Garnish at ends with sprigs of parsley.

Beefsteak Pie.—Wipe one and one-half pounds of round steak with a piece of cheesecloth wrung out of cold water, and cut beefsteak in one inch cubes. Put in a stewpan, add half an onion, peeled and thinly sliced, and pour over four cupfuls of cold water. Cover, and bring quickly to the boiling point, and then let simmer until meat is tender, the time required being about two hours. Add one teaspoonful of salt after the first hour of the cooking. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter; add four tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then add gradually to hot stock. Wash and pare potatoes, and cut in one-fourth inch slices; there should be one and one-half cupfuls. Parboil in boiling salted water eight minutes, drain, add to meat, and cook three minutes. Turn into a buttered baking dish, cover with pie paste or baking powder biscuit mixture, and bake in a hot oven. If covered with pie paste, make several incisions in crust, to admit of the escape of gases. This is a good way to cook tough steak.

Hamburg steaks should be chopped to order, the meat coming from the round. Season one pound of Hamburg steak with salt and pepper and a few drops of onion juice, and form into six cakes, handling as little as possible if cakes are pressed too compactly they will be solid. Put in a slightly greased hot iron frying pan, sear on one side, turn, sear on other side, and cook six minutes if liked rare; eight minutes if liked well done. Let stand around edge of frying pan to brown edges. Remove to hot platter, put around mound of julienne potatoes and spread with maitre-d'hotel butter. Pour buttered cauliflower in four corners of platter and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Planked sirloin steak is prepared on one of the up-to-date planks that fit into a nickel frame with nickel and ebony handles. Remove flank end from a sirloin steak. Wipe steak and broil or pan-broil until nearly done. Pipe a border of highly seasoned mashed potatoes around edge of slightly buttered plank and make nests of mashed potatoes. Place steak on plank and put in hot oven to brown potatoes and finish cooking steak. Fill mashed potato nests with canned peas reheated and arrange around, at equal distances, piles of buttered carrot cuges and stuffed tomatoes.—Woman's Home Companion.

Laundering Soiled Towels. Oftentimes the towels become gray and dingy looking. Treat them in this manner and they will become white again: Place them in a kettle and cover with cold water. Add shavings of pure white soap and the juice of a lemon. Place on the back of the stove and allow the water to gradually come to a boil. If very much soiled, the process may have to be repeated. Rinse in tepid water, then in slightly blue water and hang in the air to dry.

Medical.

Does your back ache, feel weak and painful? Do you suffer headaches, languor and depression? Is the urine discolored, passages irregular?

The kidneys are calling for help. Sick kidneys cannot do their work. Give them the help they need. Backache is generally kidney ache. To cure it you must cure the kidneys. Use a tested and proven kidney remedy. Doan's Kidney Pills have stood the test. A remedy especially for kidney ailments.

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