

WHEN THE SIGN FAILED.

By Nellie T. Anderson

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Miss Bab Ellerton sat down and wept. A healthy, good-looking girl of eighteen does not weep just for the fun of pulling her own nose as her tears fall. Miss Bab had cause—great cause. Her cat was dead.

There is no particular way to describe a dead cat except to say that she was loyal and faithful, a good mouster and her name was "Pink." She had been a cat for several years and had got used to it, and she knew that she was beloved by Miss Bab. That love was returned. Never had that cat given the girl an hour's uneasiness. She had occasionally taken an hour off to stroll among the hollyhocks or interview "tater-bugs," but she had never failed to come running when her name was called in loving tones.

"Pink" was missed and called right after breakfast. The calling was in vain. She was hunted for under beds, in the garden, all around the pergola, under the currant bushes, and at length there was a find. Alas, it was only her dead body! She had climbed an apple tree after a sparrow, and in descending had slipped and caught her neck in a crotch and strangled to death.

There was no one else but the cook at home. She heard the girl's wailing and ran out, but there was nothing to be done. While every cat has nine lives, if eight of them are choked out of her the ninth gives up in despair and after a kick or two follows the others.

It was when the cook reached up and lifted poor dead "Pink" down that the weeping took place. The cook also wept. She was a good cook, and her pumpkin pies had no rivals. As she had left her bread in the oven, how-



Gregg felt it his duty to investigate. Ever, she could not stay to weep o'er long. She therefore dashed away her tears to say:

"Never mind, dearie—you shall have another."

"But she won't be 'Pink' to me!" was the wailing reply.

"You can call her 'Rose' or 'Violet,' then. You mustn't take on so. S'pose your dear mother had climbed that tree and got hung by the neck! Think how awfully it would have been!"

"Yes, I know, but 'Pink' may have called to me when she found herself strangling."

"But she never did. Her first thought was that she had made a fool of herself getting up that tree. It's another cat we'll have inside of three days. Now be good and don't try any more."

"I wouldn't feel so bad if—if—"

"If what, dearie?"

"If it wasn't for the sign."

"What sign?"

"Why, one day when I was at the gate with the cat an old woman came along and said if 'Pink' died within a year I must take it as a sign that I'd lose the love of my lover. The year sn't up yet."

"Nonsense on the old woman and her signs."

"Don't you believe it?"

"Of course not. You should have made up faces at her."

"Oh, but I did!"

"That's proper and right, honey. As you have no lover how can you lose his love?"

"But I'm going to have, you know, and I don't want any signs to come poking along."

"Don't you fear. Some signs are sure to come true, but this one is going to fail. If you bury 'Pink' that will surely make it fail. There's an old suit case in the woodshed. Put the body in that and take it away."

Forty rods down the highway was a grove of beeches. It was a quiet, restful spot. Now and then an auto went honking by, but as a dead cat is not too particular, "Pink" would sleep there without waking. With the spade in one hand and the suit case in the other, Miss Bab made her way to the grove. She did not have to look long for a spot. Where the violets bloomed and the green leaves cast their shade she dug the grave, or she had begun to when there came an interruption.

Gregg Fenlon was home from college on his vacation, and was tearing around the country in his racing machine in a way to set the bridges on fire. As the spade was turning up the soil he came scorching along looking for something to devour, and there was a sudden stop as he caught sight of the girl. She was only fifty feet

from the road, and he could almost see the tears in her eyes! At least, he could see that her mouth was puckered up in a way that betokened grief, and he felt it his duty to investigate.

"I—I was just burying a cat," explained Miss Bab as the collegian approached and lifted his cap.

"Dead, eh?"

"Yes, got hung."

"Particular cat? That is, an extra lovable cat?"

"Just the nicest cat in all this world! Her name was 'Pink.' She was my pet."

"And you have been crying?" he asked as he took the spade from her hands and began to dig.

"Just—just a little. Her name was 'Pink,' you know, and her death was so very sudden."

"I lost a dog once."

"And you buried him?"

"Sure. Yes, he has a grave."

"And you felt bad?"

"Took me a month to get over it."

"I'm glad of that. It shows you have a heart. When I first saw you I thought you looked reckless. I guess the hole is deep enough now for poor 'Pink's' body. I thank you ever so much."

"Oh, but I'm not through yet. Body in the suitcase, eh? I see. Well, we'll drop it in gently—so. Now I'll pull down a lot of twigs and leaves to cover it in. Now for the dirt and our mournful task is done."

"But you don't think me silly?" she anxiously asked.

"Not a bit of it. Lord, miss, but if the coll's dog I've got now should die I'd sure put up a headstone for him and sing a hymn over his grave. I suppose you live in the white house back there? I'll carry the spade and suitcase. Don't weep any more over the cat. You've done all you could in the case."

There was almost a smile on Miss Bab's face as she entered the house. The cook had been peering, and she stood with her hands on her hips and demanded:

"And now about that old woman's sign?"

"Why—what?"

"That young man!"

"He just came along."

"And he dug the grave for poor 'Pink'?"

"And he was so kind and gentle about it."

"Yes, so kind and gentle!"

"And he lost a dog once."

"Yes, lost a dog once!"

"Why cook what have I done?" asked Miss Bab.

"Done! Done! Why, you've gone and knocked the old woman's cat-sign into a Continental cocked hat. Just as I told you would, and it won't be a year before your engagement will be announced."

"W-h-y, cook!"

"Lost a cat and gained a lover!"

"I—I—"

"Just as I said—just as I said. If you are chasing a rooster and fall over the fence that's a sign you won't have a beau for five years to come, but if you find your pet cat hanging dead in an apple tree all the doughnuts ever made can't keep you from marrying the nicest man in the state within two years, and the two years are to be spent in the sweetest courting ever written of in a ten-cent novel!"

Miss Bab is courting, and it was only the other day that she confessed to the cook:

"I'm not a hard-hearted girl, but really I'm almost glad the cat died!"

WONDERFUL SAVING OF LIFE

Modern Sanitary Measure Have Cut the Death Rate of Chicago Almost in Half, Statistics Show.

Modern sanitary measures and preventive medicine (which means no medicine at all) are chiefly responsible for nearly doubling the average length of human life in Chicago, and that within only one generation.

This statement is clearly borne out by statistics published by the Chicago Health Department, and is only slightly less true of some other localities. But the bald statement does not sufficiently convey the whole truth. Look at the figures: An average death rate in Chicago during the whole forty years previous to the last decade of 21.9 per thousand of population. During the past ten years the average has been only 14.7. This means a saving of 124,421 lives, for the ten years, or 12,442 per year. That is, there were just that many less deaths from all causes than there would have been under former measures and methods.

Does not that make the work appear worth while?

Nothing is plainer than that education of the people, combined with a willingness on their part to do the best they know how, in the various ways of taking better care of themselves, is the main source of this splendid result. The greatest saving of life has been among those diseases most affected by sanitary administration and control.

A still better story is to be told. If the people will do as the Health Department teaches there will be still greater saving during the next ten years.

Tooth-Pulling in Japan.

The Japanese dentists perform all their operations in tooth-drawing with the thumb and forefinger of one hand. The skill necessary to do this is acquired only after long practice, but when once it is obtained the operator is able to extract half-a-dozen teeth about half a minute without once moving his fingers from the patient's mouth.

The KITCHEN CABINET

HOW much there is in this world that I do not want.—Socrates.

All that a man hath will he give for his life.

Oh, cheese it is a surly elf, Digesting all things but itself.

LEFT-OVER WHITES OR YOLKS OF EGGS.

If eggs are washed in cold water before breaking, the shells are ready for clearing soup, jelly or coffee.

If out of salad dressing, take equal quantities of beaten egg yolks and mild vinegar; cook together until thick, fold in a beaten white or two and set away in a cool place for salad dressing. Add any desired seasoning to a portion, and with a little whipped cream an ideal salad dressing may always be had.

Little Gold Cakes.—Cream a tablespoonful of butter, add a half a cup of sugar and the beaten yolks of four eggs; beat hard. Dissolve an eighth of a teaspoonful of soda in a very little hot water; add a fourth of a cup of sour cream, a bit of salt and nutmeg. Bake in small tins. Frost, when cold, and place a candied cherry on top of each.

Scrambled Eggs.—Prepare crisp dry toast. Beat the yolks of three eggs and a whole egg lightly; add two tablespoonfuls of bacon cut in bits and a half cup of milk. Melt a half tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, add the egg mixture and cook lightly. Dip toast in hot milk. Lay on a platter and pour over the scrambled eggs.

Apple and Ginger Fluff.—For a half cup of left-over whites use two-thirds of a cup of sifted apple, one-fourth of a cup of powdered sugar, a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of crystallized ginger cut fine. Take baked apples or apple sauce, put through a strainer. Beat eggs very stiff, add salt, ginger, sugar and a little apple at a time, beating very hard. Pile in a glass dish and put in a cool place until ready to serve.

Blanc Mange.—Scald a pint of milk, add five tablespoonfuls of cornstarch blended with a little cold milk; cook for ten minutes. Add a tablespoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff and fold into the cornstarch mixture. Mold and serve cold with sugar and cream.

Nellie Maxwell.

"Man, Know Thyself." Such an inscription was carved on the front of a Grecian temple. It is an inscription which should be carved on the public buildings of every city. Doubtless there are thousands who die every year because of their ignorance of their own bodies. The value of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser may be judged from this one fact—it makes men and women to know themselves, and the faculties and functions of the several organs of the body. This great work contains 1008 pages and 700 illustrations. It is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

—Wimmin is the limit, with the lid off. The feller that said you never can tell what a woman is goin' to do next had misfit works in his thought plant. You can always tell what a woman is goin' to do next. She's goin' to do somethin' crazy.

"My first husband never treated me as you do," she whimpered.

"Oh, didn't he? But what about your second and third?"

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

Medical.

A Stitch in Time

BELLEFONTE PEOPLE SHOULD NOT NEGLECT THEIR KIDNEYS.

No kidney ailment is unimportant. Don't overlook the slightest backache or urinary irregularity. Nature may be warning you of approaching dropsy, or fatal Bright's disease. Kidney disease is seldom fatal if treated in time but neglect paves the way for serious kidney troubles. Don't neglect a lame or aching back another day. Don't ignore dizzy spells, irregular or discolored urine, headaches, weariness or depression. Begin treating the kidneys with the reliable, time-tried remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills. For 75 years Doan's have been curing sick kidneys and curing permanently. Endorsed by Bellefonte people.

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