

**WHEN ONE GOES WRONG.**

Before leaving his desk to start on his annual two weeks' vacation, Lanyon stuffed twenty-one thousand dollars in bills into the inside pocket of his coat. Three thousand dollars more were already stowed away in another pocket, and, as he intended to take both rolls with him, he was pretty well equipped for such a short period of rest.

It must not be inferred, however, that he was a spendthrift or a millionaire. He was very far from being either. Frugality was his most distinguishing characteristic. A modest glass of beer, a cigar now and then, an occasional shot at the races—even such small vices never entered into his sphere of life.

For ten years he had lived in an unpretentious boarding-house across the bridge. For ten years he had gone to bed at ten o'clock sharp with machine-like regularity, with the exception of Saturday nights, when invariably he allowed himself the luxury of taking his landlady's pretty daughter to the theater. That, so far as anybody knew, had been his only indulgence.

Yet he felt that for the vacation he was about to take he needed every penny of the large amount with which he had provided himself. He needed all this money to live on during his vacation in his usual thrifty fashion in a town where living was considerably cheaper than in New York, and where the opportunities for a spendthrift would have been exceedingly meager.

The fact of the matter was that Lanyon had made up his mind to prolong this particular vacation indefinitely. He had kept this resolution a strict secret.

Not even his landlady had received so much as a hint of it. What was stranger still, he had breathed not a word of it to Dwyer, his employer, and he did not intend to.

The fact would have to dawn upon Dwyer gradually, and the longer the truth took to penetrate to the old gentleman's understanding, the more would Lanyon be pleased. For the roll he had stuffed into his inside pocket was Dwyer's money.

The smaller amount represented his own savings of ten years of hard and faithful work. It might have been a good deal more if he had not sent a tidy sum each month to his old mother, who lived alone in a sleepy little village on the Maine coast.

After stowing the money away, he arranged the things in his desk very neatly, brushed it off with a little broom that he kept for the purpose, and gently closed the roll-top. He took a last look at it as he went out of the door.

On the way down-town he stopped at a wholesale house in lower Broad way where his friend Berrian was employed, to say good-by.

"You look run down," observed Berrian. "Old Dwyer's been working you too hard. But never mind. Maine will fix you up, all right."

"It's not going to be Maine this time, Freddie," returned Lanyon with a serious air. "It's going to be Trujillo."

"What! Trujillo! Where the deuce is Trujillo?"

"Nice little town in Honduras. Sea air, beautiful tropical scenery—an ideal place for a vacation if the fever don't get you."

Berrian merely stared, his mouth hanging open in astonishment. Looking cautiously around to make sure that nobody was within ear-shot, Lanyon continued:

"Fred, you're the only real friend I've got in the world. You're the only man in this city I've told about my having been in prison. I can trust you."

"Now, perhaps you'll understand when I tell you that, in the noble words of its constitution, 'the republic of Honduras is a sacred asylum to every person fleeing to its territory.'"

Berrian drew back with a gasp. "You mean—you mean—you've gone wrong again?" he demanded.

"Just that," admitted Lanyon gravely. "I've come to tell you because I don't want you to have any worse opinion of me than you can help having under the circumstances."

"I don't suppose a man ever can have a good excuse for turning crooked, but mine is as good a one as there ever was, I guess. I've got an old mother up in Maine dependent on me. If my reputation were the best in the world, I'd rather lose it than see her starve."

"But—I don't understand," stammered Berrian. "You've managed to look after her all right, haven't you?"

"I wouldn't, though, if I were out of a job, with a prison record keeping me from getting another. And if I don't get now, Dwyer would see that I'd next week, even if I hadn't taken a cent from him."

"An old enemy of mine drifted into town last week. He's going to send Dwyer my history in a day or two."

"I know Dwyer well enough to know what that would mean. So, you see how it is. If I had only myself to look after, I wouldn't care much—and I'd get out with clean hands. As it is, I'd rather turn thief than face the alternative."

The next moment he was in the street running for a car. Berrian had started to follow; but, seeing the futility of pursuit, stood staring after his retreating figure.

"To think that he's come to this

on the News, for instance, but it won't go here. I had it rewritten. Here is the story as seen through Mr. Snead's eyes."

Morrison was deeply humiliated. He took the copy mechanically and returned to his desk. His glance fell on the manuscript. Interest, surprise, amazement, gave place to suppressed but unholy mirth. Snead's article read:

"Thank God!" cried Mrs. Edith M. Lindeman of 125 Calvert street. "My children will live!"

In a home made desolate by the death of a husband, with gaunt hunger talking at the door, with two tots weak from want of the bare necessities of life, a reporter for the World appeared this morning, and in the twinkling of an eye that dreary abode was changed into a haven of comfort.

It was a pathetic story that Mrs. Lindeman had to tell of a husband untrue to his vow to protect her, who had abandoned her in the heart of a cruel winter and left his family to its fate. Tears flowed down the woman's cheeks as she recited the story of his perjury.

"God knows," she told the reporter. "I was a good wife to him."

There was more—about half a column more—of harrowing details, but Morrison had had enough. His mind was firmly made up. Walking to Duffy's desk, he laid down the copy.

"Very good indeed, Mr. Duffy," he said quietly. "But if I could write like that I wouldn't be working for you at ten dollars a week."

Duffy granted.

"For God's sake, Edith, what sort of a ghastly joke is this?"

Andrew K. Lindeman, broker and clubman, stood in the drawing-room of his former home in Calvert street, hat and gloves in his hand.

He flourished a copy of the World excitedly.

The woman took it in silence. As she read the head-lines her face was a study.

"The idiots!" she cried.

Then the ridiculousness of the thing struck her, and she laughed outright.

"You didn't really think we were starving here, did you, Andrew?" she said, when she had recovered her breath. "And did you really care? Strange! I thought you had forgotten you had a wife or children," and her eyes regarded him sorrowfully.

"That's right," said the man bitterly. "Blame it all on me."

"It's the Sonnatinis, in the rear. A reporter came here this morning; but I saw him myself. I can't imagine how the mistake occurred."

"Well, I'll have something to say over there in the morning. Good-by. I'm going back to the hotel, Edith."

The woman looked at him wistfully, but said nothing. He had almost reached the door when there was a shout, and two white-gowned tots rushed through the hall and were caught in their father's arms.

"Daddy! Daddy!" they cried in delight.

"You's doin' to stay, daddy," cried one curly-head, "cause mamma said you was when you came back."

"Does mamma want me to stay, do you think, Mildred?"

"Oh, yes, daddy. I heard mamma ask Dod to send you home to her."

An instant later daddy was holding a half-faint but happy woman in his arms.

Duffy was crushed; the business manager was wild; the entire town of Madison was in hysterics. Wilson, the business manager, had caught the edition, but only after some five thousand papers had reached the streets.

"Nobody but a fool would have made such a bull," he stormed. "Lindeman, a well-known broker; wife lives in a palace; footman, coachman, automobiles, and all that sort of thing."

"Why, it'll cost us \$10,000 even to compromise it. Didn't anybody in this d-d office recognize the name? By Gad, I'll cripple the staff. I'll discharge every man—"

The telephone bell stopped him. Wilson was standing near by, and he jerked the receiver off the hook.

"Eh? Mr. Lindeman? What's that? Oh, yes, I'll send him over right away. Mr. Lindeman, this is Wilson, business manager. I'm going to see you—How? Never mind? I assure you, Mr.— All right, sir."

"Duffy, get hold of that young Morrison and send him to Lindeman's office at once. Tell him to explain the whole business. We've got to throw ourselves on his mercy."

"Give the story a two-column display—same place as the other—first edition. Gad, what a lot of fat-heads," and Wilson withered the staff with his glance as he strode toward the elevator.

An hour later, Morrison entered the office, smiling.

"It's all right, Mr. Duffy. Mr. Lindeman says for you people to rest easy. He won't sue. He's satisfied to let the matter drop."

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Duffy. I've got to quit you. Sorry, too, but Mr. Lindeman has offered me a job."

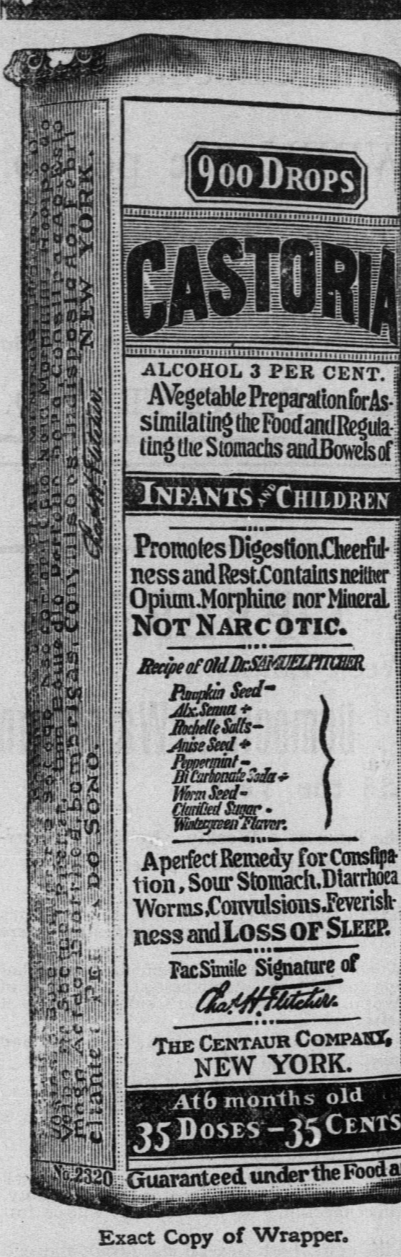
Just then the elevator stopped at the office floor. Morrison took it.

"D—n that cub!" murmured Duffy.

One Long Record of Wars.

The first accounts we have of mankind are but so many accounts of their butcheries. All empires have been cemented in blood; and, in those early periods, when the race of mankind began first to form themselves into parties and combinations, the first effect of the combination, and indeed the end for which it seems purposely formed, and best calculated, was their mutual destruction. One thing, however, is clear—there were conquerors and conquests in those days; and, consequently, all that devastation by which they are formed, and all that oppression by which they are maintained.—Burke.

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