"Doughnuts!" Ned Travers sniffed the air deliclously, smacked his lips and peered through the trees towards a neat little

farmhouse on the edge of the town. From its kitchen there came a constant odorous steam. It made Ned think of home and mother in its patent suggestiveness of brown, crisp dough puffing up into comely knobs and rings. Then he saw through an open window a dainty bustling young lady with tucked up sleeves and

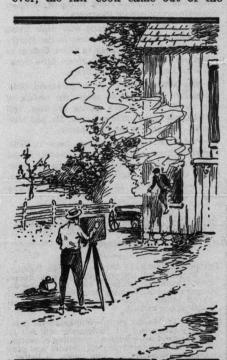
aproned and Ned thought of his sister. And then as the pretty maid set a great earthen bowl in the window, piled high with the creamy goldenflaked results of her labor, Ned caught a full view of her winsome face. It gave his heart a warning thrill-and

then a twinge. Wherefore the latter? His pride answered promptly. Contrast brought a sudden blur to a manly longing heart. The picture before him was so sweet, so solacing that he would have liked to become a vital part of it. Of course the lovely face influenced this particular sentiment.

Ned was fairly down and out. Worse than that just at this especial moment he was dust laden, travel worn, thirsty and hungry. He had but one possession of value with him, oddly out of place for negotiation just here and now. This was his rather bulky outfit for taking moving pictures.

Ned had been out for a month with a "movies" crew that had gone to pieces for lack of capital. A lesson well learned at heart, he was returning home, wiser, though chastened.

So he had little part in or claim toe the social or esthetic phases of life just at the present time. With a sigh, for he was a poet and a dreamer at heart, he started in the direction of the near village. Just then, however, the fair cook came out of the



"It Will Work in Well In Some Good 'Movies' Story," He Told Himself.

house and went to the well near by. An inverted goblet decorated the pump post. She drew it full of water with a healthy farm girl's will, drained it and returned to the house.

The sight of the clear, sparkling water aggravated the thirst of the weary wayfarer. He boldly entered the yard and took half a dozen cool refreshing drafts. There was a rustic bench near at hand. He sat down to rest, appreciating the haven of peace about him. Then his glance fell upon the piled up heap of rich cookery set to cool on the window sill.

"Wish I was a boy again," murmured Ned. "It makes me think of the old happy days," and then he arose quickly from his careless attitude of repose. Either the young lady was lonely or she had noted his ardent glance at the doughnuts. She came tripping towards him, a plate in her hand well loaded with the product of her labor.

"I thought maybe you would be obliging enough to test my first attempt at doughnuts," she said quaint-

"I am hungry enough," admitted Ned, in love with that bonny face twice as much as before.

She stood near by as he devoured the first of her kindly offerings with a bright satisfied smile.

"Well, what is the verdict," she challenged with teasing eyes. "More!" answered Ned gallantly. "This must be the original land of

milk and honey." "I was flustered, I feared I might have spoiled them," said Eva Dodge with a sigh of relief.

"They will be spoiled quick enough if you are as liberal with others as myself," he responded and then Miss Dodge told of a prospective barn dance. with the accompaniments of doughnuts, cider and chicken sandwiches. She pouted anon as she looked at the sun and told of how her brother Alan should have reported two hours agone

to help trim up the barn. "Suppose I try to earn the most, famous meal I have enjoyed in a year by acting as his substitute," suggested

They were like old acquaintances within an hour, she directing, he nailing up wreaths and festoons of shrubs and flowers. . . nd furt as she had

clapped her pretty pink palms in delight at the general effect, brother

Alan appeared. Nothing would do but that the stranger must stay for the evening and for the night and when they learned that Ned played the violin

they were more insistent than ever. Ned felt as if he was leaving paradise as he departed from the Dodge home the next afternoon. He carried with him a memory of his charming hostess that he knew would be abid-

It was probably an hour later when he passed down a lane to notice a large barn building with smoke pouring from its lower story. In a trice business instinct assailed him. Any odd or picturesque scene was worth the money in the "movies." ran within the right focus and set his machine going. Absorbed in getting explain. it in correct operation, he looked less at the burning building than to the

details of operation. "It will work in well in some good 'movies' story," he told himself, and crowd and the varied incidents of ex-

citement in the episode. A month later when the film was produced. Ned chanced to see it. Then for the first time he observed that its first scene showed a man in full view leaping from a window near the door, a burning piece of paper in his hand.

"There was an incendiary, then," he reflected, "just as I heard it hinted. Ah, me! how all this brings back that beautiful day in my life-pshaw! I must forget that."

But Ned could not forget. Eva-the name was on his lips in his dreams. That sweet face floated constantly through his mind. He had secured new and better work. He could afford a week's vacation. He resolved to see Eva, at least once more. Ned reached the Dodge home to find

it in a state of great commotion. All hands were anxious and troubled. Alan, the brother of Eva, had been accused of burning the barn Ned had

caught with his camera. His pocket knife, it seemed, had been found near the structure. Then, too, its owner had quarreled with him

and did not like him. Alan claimed he had loaned his knife to a young fellow who worked for the owner of the barn, who had been beaten by the farmer in a quarrel and had afterward disappeared.

Ned felt that he was going to be of some use when he got a description of the missing man. It tallied to the one shown in the fire film. Ned sent to the city for a duplicate. Half the town was at the motion picture playhouse the night it was shown. Half the town recognized the one figure in the foreground.

"You have saved my brother from disgrace," spoke Eva warmly to Ned. 'How can I show my appreciation?"

ggested Ned, smiling. And because the contract of supplying his favorite dainty for the reminder of their mu

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Hands of Surgeon, Before Performing Operations, Are Washed in Most Thorough Manner.

Most people attribute the immensely decreased rate of mortality in cases of severe surgical operations to the increased skill of the profession, to their greatly improved instruments, and the more skilful nursing which is obtained in these days. But the surgeon himself would tell you that it is almost all a matter of absolute cleanliness, the fact that nothing is left undone to insure absolute freedom from infection of any kind. This fact is emphasized by the extraordinary hand-washing regulations which are in force at the various hospitals. Everybody who is even remotely connected with an approaching operation is supposed to spend 20 minutes in the all-important process of washing his hands.

For five minutes the surgeon washes his hands with soap and water, and then cleans his finger-nails. When he has done this he spends another five minutes doing it all over again. But this is but a preparation for a third and far more drastic ablution, for this time he must wash his hands in alcohol Not content with this cleansing process, he must now put his hands through a process of sterilization by soaking them for at least five minutes in a wash of corrosive sublimate. By that time he may commence his duties, which mean life or death to some patient, with the satisfactory feeling that he has done his best to approach his task with clean hands.

Family Secrets.

A man with an uncanny mania for juggling with figures produced pencil and paper and commanded a friend to "put down the number of your living brothers, Multiply by two. Add three. Multiply the result by five. Add the number of living sisters. Multiply by ten. Add the number of dead brothers and sisters. Subtract 150 from the result." It was done.

"Now," he said with a cunning smile, "the right-hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle figure the number of living sisters, and the left-hand figure the number of living

And it was so.

SAVED TRAIN BY SAFETY PIN

New-Fangled Gown Caused Something of a Confusion at New York Dance.

One of those new-fangled trains became unswitched at a recent dance at the Claridge, according to the New York Times, and when the owner discovered her loss she and the man at the hotel desk had a lot of trouble. It seems that the new train is made so that it can be worn or not worn, just as the owner of the freak to which it belongs fancies. When her friends expressed their admiration of Mrs. Camille Roe's new frock, all went merry as a marriage bell until one of these friends became so enthusiastic over the way Mrs. Roe managed her new train that the latter drew out of the dance to

"You see, it is like this," she began, catching at her skirt. She caught in vain. There was nothing but the skirt. The train had left the station. After a hurried search about the room, Mrs. ran a full reel, taking in the gathering | Roe went out to see if the train had arrived at the desk.

"I've lost my train," she announced, somewhat breathlessly. The clerk immediately got out his

train guide. He thought she was a commuter who had overstayed her time limit in town, and that she wished to catch a later train. "New Haven or New York Central,

ma'am?" he inquired, sympathetically, as he hurriedly turned over the leaves. The lady explained. The clerk rummaged among the things under the counter. "Nothing like a train here, ma'am," he reported. "The only thing we have is a girdle that the assistant manager picked up and turned in here a little while ago." He held it up. It was the train Mrs. Roe had missed. Pretty soon it was flying through a one-step, but its ordinary couplings had been re-enforced with small safety

RISKS OF RED CROSS WORK

Doctors Who Operate on the Field Under Fire Require Nerves That Are Steady.

In the fighting area Red Cross workers are running greater risks than they have ever done in past campaigns. Those who succor the wounded do not now wait until the end of a battle before they commence their humane work, neither do they remain in safety some distance at the rear. The numbers of the wounded in modern battle are too great for that, and assistance must be given to them on the battlefield itself, with shot and shell whis tling around. Surgeons now make their way along the trenches under heavy fire, carrying small surgical cases which contain a number of absolutely necessary medicines. These "Some more of those wonderful include pain-killing drugs, such as doughnuts would be a grand reward," morphine, antiseptics and syringes. On her hand was just then resting within outfit can be found, as every military his own, he had the courage to tell man carries in his knapsack a little Eva also how much he loved the mak- packet of antiseptic gauze and a roll er of those same famous doughnuts. of bandages. The surgeon makes his And Eva blushingly agreed to take patient as comfortable as possible and, if he can, drags him to a point where the bursting shells are not likely to injure him. Then, on his hands and knees; the plucky worker makes his way along the rows of dead and wounded, taking as many, if not more, MUST BE ABSOLUTELY CLEAN

risks than the "Tommies" themselves. Of course, working under such trying conditions the surgeon cannot do all he would wish for the wounded. By means of injections from his hypodermic syringe he temporarily alleviates their pain, and in serious cases stops bleeding by tightly knotted bandages placed round the injured limb, while broken bones he puts in a "splint," provided, in many instances,

by the stricken soldier's bayonet. An Institute of Agriculture. More scientific farming resulting in lower food prices in cities is the avowed object of the free institute of agriculture which has been in progress in New York city throughout 20 weeks of the present year. The institution depends upon co-operation between the national department of agriculture, Columbia university and the New York state department of agriculture. It is intended that persons who intend to go into farming shall be better prepared for this purpose, while those who are not fitted for that occupation may be deterred from attempting it. It is also the hope that abandoned farms near the city may be subjected to proper development.

Saving the Babies.

A recent mayor of Huddersfield offered one pound to every mother who brought to him a year-old baby of a certain weight, and the result was that a great many babies which used to die did not die. The babies at the end of the year not only came up alive but they came up to weight. In commenting on this fact, Bernard Shaw said Mr. Broadbent knew that a pound extra in a baby at a certain age was an enormous municipal profit.-The Living Church.

In Your Own Home Town. Your preacher talks to you about the sin in the great cities and your heart is heavy with sorrow at the thought of wrong and suffering. You may feel called upon to spend your time and money preparing baskets and barrels of Christmas goodies to be sent to some of the miserable, with whom, thank goodness, you do not have to come in contact. But please don't forget that there's a devil in your own home town.-Kansas IndusA Daily Bath for the Eye.

A daily "eye bath" is an excellent means of preserving the sight and beauty of the eyes, and is particularly valuable for persons who motor a good deal, for nothing is more injurious to eyes than frequent contact with dust. Dissolve one teaspoonful of boracic acid powder in one pint of rosewater. Every night pour some of the lotion into a glass eyebath, add enough hot water to render it tepid, and bathe each eye in turn by opening and shutting it in the lotion.

Why Rice Is Thrown. The meaning of throwing rice after weddings as an auspicious sendoff to the happy couple is not far to seek. Inasmuch as rice is the most prolific of grains it has always and everywhere been regarded as emblematical of God's command to Adam and Eve, and after the deluge to Noah to increase and multiply, and replenish the

Humanitarian.

At an evening party a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Douglas-Jerrold, who was looking on, and said: "Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that elderly lady?" "One of the humane society, I should judge," replied Jerrold.—Exchange.

Home-Made Ointment.

The following is a recipe for a sim ple home-made ointment, which is excellent for applying to cuts and bruises: One teaspoonful each of olive oil, turpentine, spirits of camphor and coal oil. Of course, any amount desired may be made, but the proportion must be as given here.

Shadows. "Could you sing that song about the twilight when the flickering shadows softly come and go?" said the senti-mental youth. "Sir!" exclaimed the lady at the piano. "I don't approve either of the current fashions in gowns or of the promiscuous references to them."

Great Relief.

"John," she said, as he settled down for his afternoon smoke, "I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about-" "Good," said her husband, affably; "I'm glad to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."-Exchange.

Naturally Regretted.

Stranger-"The whole town seems to be turning out to this funeral. The deceased must have been very popular." Native-"Stranger, he was one man in a million. After he bought his car he gave everybody a ride that he had promised."-Judge.

To look well you must be well. When figure loses its roundness and the face its fairness, there is some disease at work which is robbing the body of its vitality. That disease will generally be found preying upon the delicate woman-ly organs. The surest way to look well, therefore, is to get well, and the sure way to get well is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of women have been cured by its use, and many have expressed wonder and delight at the restoration of their good looks, with the cure of local disease. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of "Favorite Prescription," when there is a constipated habit of body to be overcome.

Your Five Hundred Muscles.

The five hundred muscles in the human body depend on pure and rich blood for the r health and contractile energy which is the ability to labor. If they are given impure blood they become enfeebled, the step lesses its elasticity there is incapacity to perform the usual amount

What a great blessing Hood's Sarsaparilla has been to the many toiling thousands whose blood it has made and kept pure and rich! This medi-cine cleanses the blood of all humors, inherited or acquired, and strengthens and tones the whole system. It is important to be sure that you get Hood's Sarsaparilla when you ask for it. No substitute for it is like it.

Medical.

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