

JUST A CHICKENFOOT.

(Copyright.) It was the romance belt of the Southwest which that tenderest of tenderfoots, Chick Saunders, struck.

Farther West is the land of the outlaw and desperado; back East commercialism makes 'em eat folks alive, and up on the North plains the cold grips a man's soul and makes him kinder brutal.

But we take things easy here and jog along, everybody friendly amongst themselves, savin' all the joshin' and raw remarks for the fellow from back East that busts in on our peace and goodwill.

Chick Saunders blowed into Floretta off a west-bound passenger one bleak November day, which havin' only fifteen cents in his pocket he couldn't have rode but five miles further anyhow.

As that would have set him down in the middle of the prairie, he alights at Floretta, which is only redeemed from bein' in said middle by a half-dozen cottages, a general store and a post office, a two-story frame hotel, a lumber yard minus the lumber, and just such a school buildin' as you'd have to come to Texas to see.

All this was south of the railroad track. On the roof of a big barn a quarter of a mile north, painted in bold letters, Chick saw "Bar C Ranch," and he hotfooted it thereto, inquired timidly if old man Cranch was in, got the laugh from a bunch of cowboys that was standin' around the door, it bein' 'chuck time, then walked in and got a job.

That job was to cut wood. Old man Crozier, the owner, had just looked out the window and observed that where was winter comin' on, a regular blizzard of a norther blowin' and no wood cut.

Chick was the man of the hour. The boy's name on the payroll was set down as Willie Saunders, but we're too uncertain out here about whether a fellow gives his right name or not, so him bein' such a rank chickenfoot, we just christen him Chick from the start.

He'd crawl on any horse you told him to, but he'd almost be whimperin' from fear. He thought he'd leave when he went down some day to get a drink on the train, as quick as he got paid off; but no, he was here to stay if it killed every animal in the pasture, includin' of himself.

Every spare minute he had, he hung around the Hotel Dalhart, for little Elsie Delhart and her mother showed him all the humane treatment he found, and it turned out he told them about his folks and read letters to 'em that he got from home, and let himself be known to them in a way us fellows knew nothing of.

And Elsie! You put a wild rose amongst a bouquet of American Beauties in some house, and I guess it wouldn't be noticed much; but out here on these wind-swept plains we ain't spectin' to see even a wild one, and they look awful good to us.

And, by the way, the thorns wasn't missin' neither. Elsie was the pride of this country, but she wouldn't stand for no foolishness off of us cow-punchers if she was the queen there of.

she was one of those outdoor girls, though she helped her ma faithful around the house and kitchen. In summer she wore them sailor collar, polka-dotted affairs that look so well where they roll back from a soft, girlish throat. And any time of year there was a golden curl or two that bobbed around her face, and the eyes that kinder peeped out at you from beneath the long lashes made you want to dig your spurs in to the bronc' you was ridin' and wish to the kingdom come he'd pitch and run so you could show how good you could ride. We all felt that way, but she was Mexico Charlie's girl.

At least he said so, and folks didn't dispute Mexico's word, him bein' of a different temperament from us other buttons, and his word bein' about all the law there was around Floretta way.

After eight months Chick began to look different. He got him a full-cow-puncher outfit, a swell California saddle, a Navajo of gorgeous reds and greens, big rattlin' spurs, and 30 foot of rope.

He had to accumulate them things as he got hold of money, and this was slow at first. But after he got to gambolin' it was the rest of us that couldn't lay up a cent.

It seemed like he just couldn't lose, whether he was shootin' craps or matchin' money, playin' cards or just plain bettin' on how much a steer would weigh.

This was powerful aggravatin' to Mexico, and he made us assist frequent in standin' Chick on his head to see if his hoodoo wouldn't fall out of his pockets.

bronc' ridin', and it bein' covered with tow sacks was shore cool and shady. "Look at the boots!" says Mexico loud. "It costs Chick as much to buy 'em as it does a cat to get life insurance. Both bein' nine times what they ought to be."

Everybody laughs and Chick rides off bashful toward the Hotel Dalhart, and I see Mexico's eyes narrow to two dark slits when Elsie bounds out on the gallery with one of them polka-dot effects on, and gives Willie the glad hand.

Even this far off you can tell she's braggin' on his clothes the way she stands back and looks at him, her head on one side and her hands clasped in front of her.

And all day Chick stayed by her. Not engagin' in the cigar race and contests of various kinds, he just stayed by Elsie's side, and took her from stand to stand buyin' her everything in sight.

Mexico Charlie always took first money on these occasions, him bein' the star ropo and rider in these parts; but today he couldn't win nothin', and when at last a bronc' threwed him, he got up with a wicked look, and never even smiled when Elsie rushed over to ask if he was hurt.

Just before sundown when it was all over but the biley, which was to be in the schoolhouse that night, the crowd had dispersed and a little bunch of three or four cow-punchers in front of the hotel was all there was in sight.

Chick was leannin' against a post listenin' to the rest of us auger, when Mexico Charlie walks out of the hotel and stands on the gallery lookin' down at Chick's feet.

"Fellows," he says short, "do you know why I got throwed today?" Course we didn't. "Some low-lived son-of-a-gun swapped his dull spurs for my sharp ones," he says, "and there they are," he says, pointin' to Chick's feet. "You all know 'em."

Nobody says a word, for shore enough Chick is wearin' different spurs from the ones he bought down at Headwater about a month before, and shore enough they're just like Mexico's.

Chick looks up at Mexico to see what kind of a joke it is, then he crooks one leg and begins to spin the rowel around foolish.

"These here," he says, "are my spurs. I traded for 'em today with Wild Cat Mike." "And Wild Cat Mike's gone home, I suppose," says Mexico suggestive.

"Yes, he's gone home," answers Chick still twirlin' the spur. Mexico steps down and forces Chick to look at him.

"I'm goin' for my gun," he says furious. "I'll fix you for this." And he rushes off toward the store. Chick looks at us kinder bewildered.

"Now what did he mean?" he asks innocent. Then we all explain at once, for we know this Mexico of old and that's why nobody else has ever throwed in too much with Elsie.

"Have you got a gun?" I asks excited. Chicks puts down his foot and reached back to his hip pocket.

"Yes," he says, drawin' out, not a 45, but a sack of tobacco and a book of cigarette papers. "Heavens, man," says Johnny Carlton, "where is it?"

"In my pocket," says Chick, cool as a refrigerator. "I guess I'll have time to roll a cigarette before he gets back," he adds in his injured tone. "I've got a date with Elsie for the dance, too," he says regretful.

Well, we all looked foolish. This was the coward we had laughed at, and tortured, now ready to face the Bad Man of Floretta in the worst of his moods!

The whole group sauntered off a bit from the hotel, for there were ladies inside and they must not be disturbed. It was only a step to the store, and Mexico was comin' back now. Nobody made a move while he walked up to within twenty steps of where we stood, his back to the hotel gallery.

Chick spat out his cigarette. Mexico whipped out his gun, and I glanced at the tenderfoot. It was all over so quick, and a man can't see everything at once. I remember Chick had his gun—then I saw the wildest look of misery come into his eyes. Almost at the same moment came the sound of a sharp step on the gallery, there was a whir of polka-dots, and then I heard the report of Mexico's gun.

Chick had failed to shoot. We all looked from one of the combatants to the other, too dazed to speak for there stood Chick unhurt, while Mexico was lookin' at a place on his right arm from which we could see the blood was tricklin', him havin' the sleeves of his shirt rolled up.

Little Elsie Dalhart was standin' there. A pair of spurs was in her hand. "Here's your spurs, Mr. Mexico Charlie," she was sayin'. "I'm sorry I cut your arm, but it only serves you right. Between the mattress and the spring," she says contemptuous, "is no place for a pair of spurs. I cut my own hand on 'em while puttin' on the clean sheets," she says, puttin' her hurt hand to her lips like a woman does when she burns, or cuts, or scratches it.

A tree in the orchard begins to droop, its leaves begin to wither. There's no apparent injury to the tree, no visible parasite preying on its life. But the tree keeps on failing. At length the farmer digs around it to loosen the soil at the roots, and in digging he comes on a great, flat stone, which had cut the tree off from proper nourishment. When the stone is taken away the tree regains its original beauty and strength.

Women fail in a drop sometimes. There's no apparent cause. They take care of themselves but in spite of all they droop daily. They begin to think the cause must be within them and hidden. When, in this condition, they turn to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the result is almost always complete recovery. "Favorite Prescription" searches out and removes the obstructions to woman's health. It not only heals the local organs but enriches the whole body.

For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

Medical. When Run Down HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, THE RELIABLE TONIC MEDICINE, BUILDS UP.

The reason why you feel so tired all the time at this season is that your blood is impure and impoverished. It lacks vitality. It is not the rich red blood that gives life to the whole body, perfects digestion and enables all the organs to perform their functions as they should.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla from any drug store. It will make you feel better, look better, eat and sleep better. It is the old reliable and true all-year-round blood purifier and enricher, tonic and appetizer. It revitalizes the blood, and is especially useful in building up the debilitated and run-down.

Hood's Sarsaparilla helping thousands at this time of year. Let it help you. Get a bottle today and begin taking it at once. Be sure to get Hood's. Nothing else acts like it.

CASTORIA Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In use for over thirty years, and The Kind You Have Always Bought.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT—Notice is given that the following persons and firms have been appraised and are hereby liable for mercantile license taxes for the year 1915:

Table with columns: NAME, BUSINESS, NAME, BUSINESS, NAME, BUSINESS. Lists various merchants and their businesses across different locations like AARONSBURG, AXEMANN, BOALSBURG, etc.

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Above Them All. Homan—"One of the waiters at this place was formerly a duke, one of the chefs was a count and the bellhop was a prince." Ryntoo—"I suppose the manager was formerly a king or emperor?" Homan—"No; he was a milk wagon driver."—New York Sun.

Restaurant. Bellefonte now has a First-Class Restaurant where Meals are Served at All Hours.

Steaks, Chops, Roasts, Oysters on the half shell or in any style desired, Sandwiches, Soups, and anything eatable, can be had in a few minutes any time. In addition I have a complete plant, prepared to furnish Soft Drinks in bottles such as SODAS, SALSAPARILLA, SALTZER SYPHONS, ETC.

for pic-nics, families and the public generally all of which are manufactured out of the purest syrups and properly carbonated.

C. MOERSCHBACHER, High St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Little Hotel Wilmot. The Little Hotel Wilmot IN PENN SQUARE One minute from the Penna Ry. Station PHILADELPHIA

We have quite a few customers from Bellefonte. We can take care of some more. They'll like us. A good room for \$1. If you bring your wife, \$2. Hot and cold running water in every room.

Meat Market. You save nothing by buying poor, thin or gratty meats. I use only the LARGEST AND FATTTEST CATTLE and supply my customers with the freshest, choicest, best blood and muscle making Steaks and Roasts. My prices are no higher than poorer meats are elsewhere, if always have DRESSED POULTRY

Game in season, and any kinds of good meats you want. TRY MY SHOP. P. L. BEEZER, High Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT OF CENTRE COUNTY.

Large table with columns: NAME, BUSINESS, NAME, BUSINESS, NAME, BUSINESS. Lists numerous merchants and their businesses across various locations in Centre County.

N. T. KREBS, Mercantile Appraiser 60-18-4r