## Democratic Watchman.

#### Bellefonte, Pa., December 15, 1922.

#### WAITING.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea; I rave no more 'gainst time or fate For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays, For what avails this eager pace? I stand amid the eternal ways, And what is mine shall see my face

Asleep, awake, by night or day, The friends I seek are seeking me. No wind can drive my bark astray,

Nor change the tide of destiny. What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years; My heart shall reap where it hath sown, And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own and draw The brook that springs in yonder

heights, So flows the good with equal law Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky; The tidal wave unto the sea, Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high Can keep my own away from me.

-John Burroughs

#### UPSTAGE.

#### (Concluded from last week). III

"Gracie, deah—will you gaze!" Miss Mallard's wide, wondering orbs, accompanied by Grace's, turned toward the door. Sallie MacMahon had just entered, resplendent in spring outfit. Above silk ankles billowed a skirt of silk the color of her eyes. The ankles ended in slippers mounted with buckles of cut steel. Her arms gleamed white through transparent clinging sleeves. A necklace of pearls clasped her throat and over the golden head brimmed a wide hat weighted with roses.

She disrobed nonchalantly, hanging her garments against the sheet that ran round the wall for their protection. She pretended not to see the nudges of the girls, but her heart sang a paean of triumph. Now they would stop laughing at

her!

Now they would treat her with respect!

Yea—weep for her, ye wise ones! Sallie's day had come. She had fallen from grace. Worse, actually reveled in her downfall! That very morning, without a struggle, she had gone to the savings bank and wantonly depleted her little horde. There had followed a wild debauch of spending such as her own mother had indulged in years before. Silks, laces, chiffons, a few hours' sleep, and later embark-feathers! Shades of Scotland, the ed on another shopping tour. Irish had won out!

have gone on enduring, but nightly to ball into the darkness.

At the curb that night she found a blinding glare. "Gad, what an ass ray roadster barking its haste to be I've been!" it spat out. gray roadster barking its haste to be "Don't talk like that-don't." off like a pert Pomeranian. Mr. J. F.

"I mean it-a saphead! Swallowed Patterson stepped out, then stopped that diamond yarn whole-hook, line short with a gasp as he took in the glory of her. She gave him her hand —and waited. To her amazement he and sinker."

"It—it wasn't a yarn!" "You'll tell me next your mother said not a word, merely helped her bought the pearls, too." into the car. It snorted and raced up "No-I did." Broadway. Still not a word! She snuggled into the low seat, turned to

look up at him. He was frowning. "What's the matter, Jimmie?"

bringing brows together. Sallie's eyes filled. She had pic-

tured something different-Jimmic bounding with delight when he saw

her! Jimmie covering her with ad-

"Why didn't you ever come in it

"Jimmie-I-I don't want any sup

"I-I think I want to go home."

"Just as you say." "Jimmie—what—what's wrong?"

of violets. They made her eyes the

same color. During a night of tearful

and bewildered groping, she had ar-

rived at a conclusion. Jimmie hadn't liked the way she looked! He wasn't

thing. Maybe he didn't think they

perately to make conversation.

"In the repair shop."

"Yes. It's so--so cozy."

Silence-a long one.

speech snapped shut.

lifted his cap.

"What way?"

fled up the steps.

"So-so queer."

He gave a short laugh.

"Is this a new car, Jimmie?"

"Nothing."

miration!

"No."

before?

"Oh!"

Silence

"Is it?"

"Why?"

per."

hat.

"I like it."

"Do you?"

caught. "It's true, I tell you! I bought them

myself—they're imitation." He flung back his head. His laugh

"Something is." "Nothing, I tell you!" His tone was brusque. The frown settled deeper, frightened her. "Oh-won't you believe me?"

"No!"

"Won't you-please?" But his mood did not change. Throughout the ride he brooded, si-lent, absorbed—though she tried despearls-a diamond! Sit down! Sit makes. down, I say! I'll get you home soon enough."

White and terrified, she subsided. Words rushed to her lips, clung there. He crashed on.

"But you did put it over! Had me going so that I'd have staked my life were there. on you. Got me with the baby stare stuff. 'Baby'—huh! It's a lesson—I won't be such a damn fool next time!" "Jimmie"-the voice struggled to

keep steady—"I swear to you—!" "I wouldn't believe you on a stack of Bibles! Down on your luckthought you had an easy mark. Then something better — pearls! — came along-

"Jimmie-I-I'll never forgive-" "That's right! Injured innocence." "I—I could die this minute!"

"It's tough, though-when the first His eyes scanned the beauty of her, time a man really—cares—more than he ever thought——" The words haltsteel buckles, silken dress, rose laden They ended on the glossy pearls ed painfully. "Oh, won't you listen? Jimmieand his lips which had opened for

ou--you had so much-and I-He drove her home, without a word "But the other fellow's got more! Like all the rest-"Jimmie-please please don't act that way."

They stopped with a jump that made the roadster snort in protest. "You-you don't understand," the sobs clamored to her lips. "Tomorrow—please—please listen——" She sprang out of the car and up

She clapped a hand over her mouth, stared at him, eyes swimming, then the steps, clinging to the iron rail. But tomorrow when she hurried out

The following night Mr. Patterson was late for the first time. He swung round the corner just as Sallie appear-was not there. ed. She was wearing a violet suit, fluffy lace colar and cuffs, and a hat

"My deah—what has become of the prange motah?" Miss Mariette turned her round stare on Sallie. "Oh! He-he's out of town."

"M'm! Been 'out' some time, I take

pleased with her dress or hat or some-"F-four weeks." Sallie found it impossible to talk these days without were becoming and hadn't wanted to hurt her feelings. A lighter color, perhaps, something gayer! After which she rolled over with relief, stole quiver. And the wells that had been her eyes were wept dry.

"When does he return, my deah?" "Oh, s-soon now, I guess." "H'm!" Merciless blue eyes took in

But the violet, apparently, made no the small white face, listless shoulders And having recklessly started at high speed, she could not stop. She had no desire to. Ridicule she might er hummed low and langourously, "When I Come Back to You." After which she proceeded, "and the cob-

After what he had said, she couldn't Her diamond! She could get enough bear to touch them. The necklace on that! A few months in which to on that! A few months in which to curled in her hand like some wrigtear up to the curb and spring out, to display the shining body to startled gling reptile. Her first impulse had eyes, to make them believe he had been to toss it into an ash can, but eventually she found herself back at come back. Jimmie-who never the near pearl shop. A sauve sales- would! She gazed out through the man after much fingering and testing streaky window pane and for a time reminded her that they did not refund on merchandise but added that he When the chorus had assembled for the money—something more than half the amount she had paid—that his smooth hands finally counted into hers. One thing though she did determine in the long nights. There must be a car! Never must they be certain that Jimmie had gone for The volcano roared a warning. might be able to resell at a loss if she cared to leave it. Sallie even hated

most precious possession passed into other hands—probably for all time. like Pegasus, soar winged in the clouds and June had come gliding into "And I put you above them—way on top." The volcano erupted with thunderous crash. "But you're like the rest of them! Price—a string of At last the night arrived when the girls sighted at the curb a little car blue as the heavens. One of them step-

> en, young and not so young, answered Sallie's plea of "Won't you smile at me?" Sallie did not hear them. Oth-

> er eyes sought hers from motors at the curb. Sallie did not know they She was in her room balancing ac-

dreams, figures and Jimmie's face. Then in the murky dawn of one

June day came an inspiration. Yesterday she had seen a second-hand ner. runabout painted a beautiful blue for A only two hundred and fifty dollars with a week's trial before buying.

Santa Says

**BUY IT** 

AT

**Faubles** 

ped lightly from the stage entrance, fetched a key from her bag, bent down, paused, then sprang in and took Other lips, mustached, clean shavthe wheel as though running a motor were a daily pastime. Miss Mallard stopped in the center

of the pavement. "I'll tell the world!" she breathed, forgetting Fifth Avenue. "She wasn't lying, Grace—she wasn't!"

couts at eleven-thirty p. m. When she did sleep, figures whirled through her Sallie MacMahon smiled upon them, put her foot on the self-starter, heard the cheerful chug chug of the engine

responding, and with terror chasing down her spine, spun round the cor-As she disapepared, Grace's reply

wafted on the breeze:

"But he's a piker, anyhow. It's as big as a minute!" Up Broadway, eyes starting with fear, heart pounding, went Sallie. And every instant's progress petrified her. Buildings descended. Motor trucks loomed up. Trolleys tore, gigantic, within an inch of the blue mite that held her. It was completely, totally swamped. For the first time alone in it, she clung wildly to the wheel while

all Broadway danced. Never had she traveled a distance to equal those ten blocks. Never before had the thought of the sagging brownstone house been a welcome one. A century later she reached her own street, turned in. Then something snapped. The runabout stood stock still. Sallie tried to recall the varied instructions of the garage man who had taught her to drive it. Without

his guiding hand, they were Greek. She fled in the direction of a pass ing policeman, caught his arm. "Please, would you mind? Something

has happened. It—it stuck." He grinned as he took in the blue mite. "Better go and phone your ga-rage, Miss. I'll take care of it till you get back." Sallie dropped his arm.

"Why, I—I haven't any—"What?" "Garage." "What do you do with it at night? Take it to bed with you?"

"N-nothing. It—it's new. I-I never thought

"Then find some place to put itquick. They'll send you a man-Sallie stood stock still as the car, then turned on her heel and dashed in (Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)

#### HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

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conscious of the variety and extent of them—that had been the straw that slipped round to smiler side of the world. broke the backbone of resistance.

Once and once only had Mr. Jimmie essayed the role of godfather. Reaching home one evening after a long drive in the moonlight, he had followed her up the ladderlike steps to the dim vestibule and, standing there, had clasped quickly round her wrist a narrow glittering bracelet. "To match the ring," he had whis-nored

pered. Sallie's gaze had fastened on the

jewels that laughed up through semidarkness

"Oh—I—couldn't!" she breathed at last. And don't imagine it was easy. "Please! Just because I want you to."

"But I—I couldn't, Jimmie." "But if I ask you? I'm crazy about you, Baby. Never was so keen on a girl in my life."

Sallie gulped hard and without look-ing at it unclasped the clinging circlet. "Please," he protested as she hand-ed it back. "Please—dear!"

She shook her head decisively.

"But I want to see you in pretty

things. I want you to have them." "Thanks, Jimmie-for wanting to give it to me. But you musn't—ever do that again. It wouldn't be right for me to take it."

And Jimmie had been forced to content himself with flowers and kid gloves and perfume—French stuff at Jimmie, this—this nasty one! He was eight-eighty an ounce.

That phrase of his, however,---"I want to see you in pretty things"clung to her consciousness. She want-ed him to see her in them. She want-ed to see herself in them. She wanted those girls to see her in them. After which the savings bank sim-

After which the savings bank sim-ply flew to meet her, "Well," observed Miss Mallard, still devouring the new costume. "I'm glad you're learning how to handle him." Sallie slipped into her chair. "May we inspect the dog collar, my "deah?" Miss Mallard pursued. With large indifference Sallie hand-

With large indifference Sallie hand-ed over the necklace and watched the blue eyes widen. Not hers to inform the lady that it had been purchased at

even to the tiny barrel of brilliants that formed the clasp. "Atta boy!" she breathed and as she turned it let fall upon Sallie a look approaching

of scoring at last against her enemies. "I'm going to get a car of my own soon." And promptly wondered how she was going to get it. But feminine imagination, given full rein, took the bit between its teeth and galloped beyond Sallie's control.

She spoke of champagne supper par-ties and a house on Long Island and sables, with the largesse of an "Arabian Nights." She tasted the sweets of seeing baby blue eyes and impudent black ones dilate with envy impudent black ones dilate with envy as the other girls gathered round. She swept on, heedless of sharp turns ahead, and not until the callboy shouted the half hour did she halt.

There were no stars. The moon bles?" ad reached the full, dwindled and "What?" son in his perfectly tailored clothes, had reached the full, dwindled and slipped round to smile upon the oth-

Sallie gulped, groped for a fitting subject and finally burst out:

"Jimmie, tell me about yourself. You never have told me much." "Nothing to tell." "How does it feel to have so much

money?" she proceeded for want of something better to say. The effect was electric. He turned

on her. The car jerked to the other about," side of the road. "You ought to "Oh-

know!'

"I? Stop kidding!" "Yes, you!" "But " "But-"Look as if you'd come into a Rock-efeller income!"

"Well, I haven't." "No?"

"You know it!"

"I don't know anything about wom-

"Well, you ought to know all about

but in his eyes was real pain. "But lard. who knows what to expect of a chorus

queen!" "Jimmie!"

"Oh, what's the use?" came in hus-ky desperation. "Let's be merry!" Sallie stared, choked and bewilder-

ed, into the darkness. She didn't know how to answer, how to act. This new a stranger. Small teeth settled into

her lower lip to halt its trembling. For three nights they followed the same program—she bewitching in a new costume chosen tearfully to con-ciliate the mysterious male—he taciturn, unresponsive, answering her la-bored conversation with husky monosyllables or hard cynicism that hurt without enlightening. Twice during those three days it drizzled, and in-

stead of suggesting supper in the neighborhood as had been their habit in bad weather, he drove the short ten blocks to the weary brownstone house

"As if he wanted to get rid of me," sobbed Sallie into her pillow. To dust and ashes in her mouth

the lady that it had been purchased at a near pearl establishment guarantee-ing that "Our pearls rival the real." Miss Mariette fingered it lovingly, ting that the part of brilliants To dust and ashes in her through over turned the sweets of her triumph over the girls. Though she continued to weave stories for their benefit, to elab-

out of it. "Oh, that's nothing," Sallie found herself saying, drunk with the dazzle of scoring at last against her enemies. By Friday she felt she couldn't stand it another minute. What had she done? Under the glimmering stars she gazed up first in mute plead-

"Jimmie," she 'choked, "take me home. I-I-guess I'd better-" The roadster snarled at the tug that

sent it round the corner. "Oh-another date?" "Maybe!" His tone had brought de-

fiance into hers. "H'm! Thought so!"

"You-you're horrid!"

"Well-I can't blame you. What chance has a mean little bracelet against a string of oyster tears like that?" The volcano that had been rumbling all week sent up a sudden

"The dog collar, my deah." "Oh-I-I put it away." "Ah?"

"I-it-I thought I'd better not wear it round all the time."

After a moment of slow scrutiny Miss Mariette cast her eyes heavenward. "You were wise, child, not to let him get back the diamond, too," she drawled.

"I d-don't know what you're talking

"Oh--d-don't you? My deah, do I look as easy as that? It's plain he's gone his merry way tra-la." Like a whip Sallie snapped back at

her. "He hasn't!" "Tra-la, tra-la-la!"

"Don't you dare\_\_\_\_" "Then where's the car, tra-la?" "I told you-

"The car he was giving you, I mean.

Grace, who had entered in time for the last words, tittered with all the

me." "Yes—I ought to." He gave the same ugly laugh of the night before Gracie, deah," announced Miss Mal-

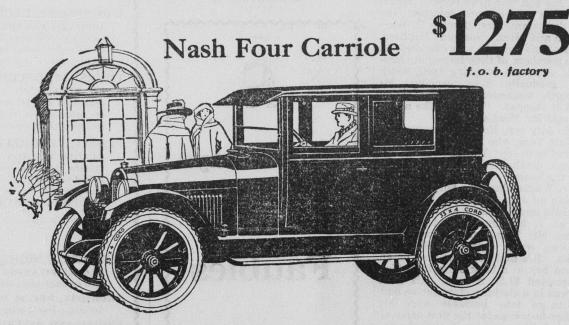
Sallie's throat closed in a hard knot. Her head almost dropped on the ta-ble. But not quite. Pride kept it up. Pride and the determination never to let them know how right they were. Yet Miss Mariette Mallard, having

resumed her tactics of warfare, allowed to slip no opportunity for attack. She teased and tormented and tra-la'd with purring delight, sharp little tal-

ons inflicting new wounds. Sallie began to slink into the dress-ing room as if to hide from insinuat-ing smiles, and coming out of the stage door she fairly tore round the corner to escape the torturing vision of that line at the curb.

The pearls she had recklessly let go.



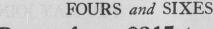


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